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Carroll Quarterly

Carroll Quarterly

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Every great artist and thinker needs living interpreters to keep his work fresh and available; otherwise the impact of his work is not felt, and he has to a great extent labored in vain. John Carroll has had the great honor during this semester in having Father Kevin Scannell present to both faculty and students some of the spirit of the great Gilbert Keith Chesterton. Father Scannell, we feel sure, has generated an interest in Chesterton that will make his works a force in the minds and hearts of many. It is just such an interpreter, able to communicate the "living presence" of G. K. Chesterton, that is needed to make his spirit and ideas operative and assume their rightful place in our intellectual endeavors. To commemorate Father Scannell's visit, the present issue of the Carroll Quarterly *presents the reflections of some John Carroll students on the works of G. K. Chesterton.*

Chesterton on Shakespeare

by Charles E. Hodges

"THAT Shakespeare is the English giant," wrote G. K. Chesterton, "all but alone in his stature among the sons of men, is a truth that does not really diminish with distance." And unlike a number of Chesterton's contemporaries, he was willing to acknowledge Shakespeare's genius and to respect his eminence. (Chesterton's criticism of the works of Shakespeare, therefore, is imbued with the recognition of Shakespeare, the master, at work.) The test of a classic, suggested Chesterton, is its ability to withstand attacks from opposite viewpoints. In practice, a classic would provide a meaning beyond its significance for its own age. A classic would have a meaning for modern man. Shakespeare's preeminence, then, rests on the fact that the meaning of his literary productions has not "diminished with the distance" of time. It is with an understanding of this "universality" that Chesterton, as a literary critic, approaches Shakespeare.

To an extent, Chesterton found in Shakespeare something of a "kindred spirit." For in Shakespeare, Chesterton discovered a man "possessed through and through with the feeling . . . that truth exists whether we like it or not, and that it is for us to accommodate ourselves to it." Certainly, the objective credo recognized in Shakespeare is one which prompted Chesterton to a life of seeking truth and, consequently, to a life of controversy. At the same time, Chester-

ton found Shakespeare "frivolous, irresponsible, gay," possessing an "elusive laughter" and a mystery that had something of a mockery in it. In much the same spirit Chesterton approached life, enjoying it to the fullest, even when embroiled in controversy, even when being lightly pessimistic.

With the same spirit, then, and with a desire to apply to modern life the truth found in Shakespeare, Chesterton appears as a Shakespearean critic. It is an academic commonplace to remonstrate that Chesterton did not give literary criticism enough attention, and justly so, for the views which Chesterton did present are remarkable for their insight and application.

Chesterton was most often drawn to the Shakespearean tragic heroes: Hamlet, Macbeth, and, to an extent, Lear. Hamlet and Macbeth, the first a "victim of temperament," the second a "victim of himself," presented Chesterton with excellent opportunity to discuss modern man in one instance as an instrument of his own vaccilating disposition and in another as an instrument of his own unworthy self.

Hamlet, suggested Chesterton, can be best appreciated by simple people. Those who lead a complex life are too jaded to appreciate the play as a great tragedy. The scholars and the educated theater-goer, Chesterton implies, fill *Hamlet* with a confusion of "intellectual" interpretations and finds its hero motivated by complex drives. Chesterton, the critic, comes to *Hamlet* as the voice of the "simple" people.

The Hamlet Chesterton finds is not, as popular opinion would have it, a sceptic, for Hamlet is too excellent a philosopher to be a sceptic. He did not doubt, except as any sane man doubts suggests Chesterton; if Hamlet is not "sensible" in the way ordinary men wish him to be, it is because the hero, being outside the world, "sees all around it; everybody else sees his own side of the world, his own worldly ambition, or hatered or love." Hamlet's madness is feigned madness. He recognizes, Chesterton implies, that there is an objective truth which man can know. Hamlet's difficulty lies in accommodating himself to that objective truth.

In the desire to absolve Hamlet of the guilt of his inattention to duty, modern critics have attempted to get at an

understanding of the hero by investigating the conscious and unconscious clash of interests. Such psychological interpretations are lost on G. K. Chesterton, who, in characteristic irreverence for the "learned" opinion and in characteristic dependence on common sense, suggests that Hamlet may be at an impasse because "it might be painful to murder." A man, Chesterton asserts, may be quite conscious of not liking to do his duty, even though he recognizes the necessity of duty being fulfilled. Duty had come to Hamlet in a dreadful and repulsive form and he was not fitted to accept that form of duty. Hamlet's drama was a conflict, but Hamlet was conscious of it.

Chesterton is further attracted to Hamlet's tragedy because he finds Shakespeare's character a man of intellect, a "fastidious and cultivated" prince who moves in his own "melancholy and purely mental world." The play itself, Chesterton suggests, exhibits a "murky and melodramatic" atmosphere, but the atmosphere of darkness serves only as a background for what Chesterton call Hamlet's "isolated star of intellect." Hamlet, then, is the reverse of a sceptic. He is a thinker who believes in reason, who knows that there is a truth beyond himself and who thinks that he is wrong.

Chesterton sees Shakespeare, in *Hamlet,* portraying the struggle a man undergoes when torn between duty and inclination. The basic ethics of *Hamlet,* Chesterton points out, is that 1) it may be our main business to do the right thing, even when we detest doing it; 2) the right thing may involve punishing some person, especially some powerful person; 3) the just process may take the form of fighting and killing. Those who do not understand or refuse to admit the morality of *Hamlet's* basic premises would give Shakespeare a new morality based on haphazard psychological principles.

The same melancholia and reverie that marked the characteristic mood of Hamlet, Chesterton prompts, can be identified with the laziness and procrastination exemplified in the collective attitude of mankind after the Great War. The *Hamlet* which appeals to the mind of G. K. Chesterton, then, is the drama concerned with an individual who knows duty exists, does not fail to see his duty, but who fails to do it.

This is the tragedy that "simple" people can understand and sympathize with; *this is the tragedy of modern man.*

Though Chesterton appreciated and acknowledged the simple subtley of *Hamlet,* he found most delight in a genuine understanding of *Macbeth.* With a characteristic literary gesture, Chesterton labeled Macbeth as a "good, solid, serious, self-respecting murderer." There can be no doubt that Macbeth took the plan of action. His tragedy rises from his choice, since his goal was evil and his means were as evil as his end.

Macbeth, to Chesterton, is the "one supreme drama because it is the one Christian drama." Because Macbeth knows what he is doing, that is, because he has Free Will, his tragedy exhibits "a strong sense of spiritual liberty and of sin; the idea that the best man can be as bad as he chooses." Chesterton admits that the tragic hero was tempted by evil, but if Macbeth was influenced, he consented to be influenced. As Chesterton aptly puts it, "He [Macbeth] is a good enlightened Christian, and sins against the light."

Chesterton respects Macbeth's bravery. Macbeth's physical courage, his moral courage — having made a decision to evil he stands by it — are exciting. His lack of spiritual courage engenders his downfall. For, Chesterton says, Macbeth's weakness is that he is too readily attracted by "that kind of spiritual fatalism which relieves the human creature of a great part of his responsibility." Macbeth's error is that he supposes one decisive action — even if evil — could cure the problems of his indecisiveness and irresolution. Chesterton here implies that sin does not cure sin but breeds it, and that Macbeth is the classic example of the Christian caught up with evil.

Chesterton was too aware of evil to suggest that *Macbeth* might illustrate the existence of the evils of sinful temptation all around us. The significance of the tragedy to the twentieth century audience, therefore, is concerned with the debilitating effects upon one who willingly seeks out or accepts sinful means, even to a good end. Chesterton discerns a twofold meaning of Macbeth's plight: 1) that sinful acts do not make the sinner free but set upon the evil-doer the infinite

bonds of limitation; 2) that man cannot escape his evil actions; that even in his "lowest and darkest manifestations" man has a "psychical and physiological unity" which permits him to know himself "long enough to see the end of many of his own acts." Man, asserts Chesterton, cannot be cut off from his past, especially when his past is evil.

As an orator, poet, and brave soldier, Macbeth appealed to that part of Chesterton which sought "quality" in other men. Though he might lament Macbeth's downfall, Chesterton respects Macbeth's heroic proportions. Perhaps because in his own time Chesterton saw familiar figures succumb to what is often thought of as "necessary evils." For Chesterton, Macbeth serves as the ideal example of a man, basically good, who knowingly adheres to evil and must suffer the consequences. Perhaps, in his commentaries, Chesterton failed to note that much of the modern world denied that evil existed, but the failure is not Chesterton's. It would appear that the failure is that of the modern world. Macbeth, writes Chesterton, lacks a "certain freedom and dignity of the human soul in the universe." That same "freedom and dignity," Chesterton is saying, is lacking in any man tinged with evil.

If Chesterton sympathized with Hamlet and respected Macbeth, it can be said that he admires Lear. Of King Lear's cry that he is "more sinned against than sinning," Chesterton remarks that "It is possibly the most tremendous thing a man ever said; whether or no any man had the right to say it. It would be hard to beat even in the book of Job." Chesterton sees Lear objectively, and in truth, challenging the powers which cause "universal uprooting" all around him. Lear affirms that his sufferings must still be greater than his sins. There is a double and, therefore, more damnable treason evidenced in *King Lear*. Lear is offended as both father and King by his traitorous daughters. Chesterton feels that force of double treachery when he professes that "Treason, or what is felt as treason, does break the heart of the world; and it has seldom been so nearly broken here [in *King Lear*]."

The alignment of *King Lear* and the Book of Job, both of which Chesterton knew intimately, strikes an interesting and typical Chesterton parallel. Job, too, appears to be "more

sinned against than sinning," and in *Lear* Chesterton sees a restatement of the Job theme. Job is a "sacred man" because he has been touched by the divine. Chesterton sees King Lear as a "sacred man" because he has been selected to govern men by the desire of men, thereby becoming "not divine, but different." Chesterton is hesitant, in his evaluation of the plight of Lear, to grant the king the right to question his tragic situation. Lear's duty, Chesterton seems to say, would be to withstand, as Job did, the onslaughts of forces greater than man. But, of course, Lear's tragedy was his inability to resolve "the sins against him." There seems to be no doubt, however, that Chesterton feels that modern man must take his cue, so to speak, from Job.

Chesterton's evaluations of Shakespeare's tragic heroes are based upon an understanding of the part of their nature which is applicable to man, not only in the twentieth century, but for all time. As Chesteron has defined him, a hero is a man of stature, a demi-god, a man on whom rests something of the mystery which is beyond man. Hamlet, Macbeth, and Lear are significant examples for the entire race of mankind.

In turning to Shakespeare's literary heroines, Chesterton discovers an author who was able to portray Woman, woman as she is and as she could be. As Chesterton sees it, the age of the English renaissance set up woman as an ideal, sacred being who captured the essence of a worshipping age. As such, the women Shakespeare characterized belong "more to an ideal and less to a real heroine." As an example, Chesterton displays Portia, not only as the heroine of *The Merchant of Venice,* but also as the embodiment of the ideals the play presents: the power of generosity, justice, compromise, and magnanimity. Interestingly enough, Portia serves as an excellent example for Chesterton to gently mock the introduction of lady barristers at English courts of justice." Those in favor of the feminist movement called the new "lady lawyers" "Portias." But the whole point of Portia's appeal is not that she is a "lady lawyer" but that she is indeed a "heroic and magnanimous fraud."

By pointing out that Portia did not enter the courts as a public venture but from private motives, Chesterton su-

perbly destroys the aura of romance surrounding the Feminist activity. In fact, says Chesterton, Portia breaks the law by her activity: by assuming legal powers she did not have; by intruding in civil jurisprudence; by dressing like a man. Chesterton makes a resounding cry for a "real" feminine movement by stipulating that Portia acted as any woman would. She sought individually to help as an individual.

The femininity Chesterton found in Portia is much the same one found in Lady Macbeth. Lady Macbeth is seen as the frail, clinging wife, ruling her husband precisely because she is feminine. As Chesterton suggests, Lady Macbeth fears the ultimate evil for all feminine souls; she feels that selfishness is a sin. From purely altruistic motives — and again, like Portia acting as an indivdual to help an individual — Lady Macbeth turns her husband's lazy strength into vigorous action. Chesterton is further charmed by the reality of Shakespeare's description of the marital bond that held Lady Macbeth and her husband together. "Nowhere else," says Chesterton, "does Shakespeare describe the real character of the relations of the sexes . . . so satisfactorily." In Lady Macbeth, then, Chesterton sees the perfect literary wife.

A third aspect of Chesterton's opinions of Shakespeare's heroines is given by his evaluation of Ophelia, who represents a "pictorial rather than psychological creation." To Chesterton, Shakespeare's creation of Ophelia meant more in terms of a "vision of weak, wild beauty, crowned with flowers and dancing to death . . . than he could express in character."

With an analysis of Portia, Lady Macbeth, and Ophelia, Chesterton has presented an arresting viewpoint, not only of Shakespeare's women, but also his own conception of the feminine position. The marked center of criticism is Chesterton's appreciation of the complete femininity of Shakespeare's women. Portia remains feminine even in a man's world; Lady Macbeth asserts her justification as the perfect wife; Ophelia is pictured as an example of ideal, elusive, but utterly feminine beauty. Chesterton's concern for the order of things — in this case, for the proper conception of woman as woman — seems to be revealed by his discussion of the feminine attributes of Shakespeare's heroines.

While Chesterton utilized the great tragic heroes to comment upon the modern human condition, he chose a comedy, *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* to illustrate Shakespeare's genius in the creation of an atmosphere, a spirit. No other literary work in the world, suggests Chesterton, is so "vividly rendered a social and spiritual atmosphere," the study "of the spirit which unites mankind." The spirit which Chesterton sees is the spirit of "merry supernaturalism," the result of a "mystical" experience brought on by being, not serious and meditative, but by being "extravagantly happy." When we come out from a performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* we feel as near to the stars as when we come out from *King Lear.*"

Significantly, Chesterton feels that the sense of spiritual exuberance which *A Midsummer Night's Dream* embodies has been destroyed by modern man. Chesterton blames the modern "logical and destructive attitude" which prevents man from understanding, much less experiencing, the mysticism of happiness. It is difficult, Chesterton is suggesting, to enjoy true happiness in an atmosphere in which a sense of the reality of the supernatural is missing.

Shakespeare's meaning to G. K. Chesterton is based primarily upon Shakespeare's ability to provide a message to the modern audience. As a literary critic, Chesterton employed his literary acumen by drawing upon the knowledge of life found in Shakespeare and by applying the understanding gained thereby to contemporary life. It was no mistake that Chesterton seemed to "stray" from his literary topic to "side" contemporary issues. Chesterton recognized the vitality of great literature, the living qualities in Shakespeare's plays that makes them as true in the twentieth century as they were in their own day.

Chesterton deplored the use of literary criticism for its own sake. The hero-worshipping Germans who romantically forgot that Shakespeare knew his art was an art and not a divine attribute come in for a brief scolding. Similarly, those who sought to replace Shakespeare by Bacon were often reminded that theirs was a "lifelong hobby for lunatics," that biographical problems provided no difficulty for a true love

of literature, and that one might rest content to understand Shakespeare's "clear song and eloquence." Again, Chesterton bemoaned the popular distortion of Shakespeare in the form of quotations taken out of context. Such popularization vulgarizes Shakespeare's lines and weakens their effectiveness, making Shakespeare an ideal to be knocked down by modern critics. At the same time, the meaning of these lines is distorted. Chesterton here reveals his own knowledge of and demand for a complete understanding of Shakespeare's works.

G. K. Chesterton, then, might be called a Shakespearean critic who drew upon the wealth of Shakespeare to illuminate modern life. Chesterton prized the genius of Shakespeare but realized that he would best be appreciated by being read in the twentieth century, not the Age of Elizabeth. In this way, Chesterton the critic brought Shakespeare nearer to the modern day, making him a playwright whose thoughts are applicable to modern life.

Jericho

The ceaseless swallows rose and dived
Under the setting sun
And Peter walked to think alone
Now that supper was done.

His Lord had told them once again,
In the afternoon forerun,
That He would be delivered up
Under the setting sun.

And Peter walked alone and thought
Of the shores of Galilee;
Clay ankles held his thoughts too long
On the shore of Galilee.

Three years it was since he left all
By the shore of Galilee
And followed the Son of the Living God
From the shore of Galilee.

That He would be delivered up!
Incomprehensible —
A kingdom must be gained with might
To be impregnable!

Outside the gate of Jericho
And walls impregnable,
He gazed at Djebel Quarantal,
Incomprehensible!

He watched the dull white chalky slopes
Where the eagles and jackals play.
And he looked toward the carmine Judean hills
Now fading to mauve and grey;

A manganese gorge revealed the road,
A sinister mouth for prey,
The prostrate path to Jerusalem
Where the eagles and jackals play.

Among the scented balsam and palms,
He hid his clandestine thought.
Among the almond, the citron, and cherry,
His senses were numbed with the thought;

Peter knew his Lord would not die,
Yet felt guilty in thinking the thought,
And Peter walked and was alone
And hid his clandestine thought.

— *John Grundman*

Chesterton on Modern Poetry

by Ann C. DeVaney

IN HIS essay, "On the New Poetry," Gilbert Keith Chesterton states,

> But there seems really to be an idea in some of the critics, that the poet should avoid pleasing the ear, quite apart from his primary duty to please the mind. . . . In plain words, imaginative poetry should not appeal to the sense of sound. The futurist poet is like the Early Victorian child. He must be seen and not heard.

This statement appears at the beginning of an essay which is primarily concerned with the language of modern poetry. It is the first argument leveled against this type of poetry, against the "futurist poet." Modern poetry, as Chesterton sees it, strives to rid itself of all musical sound, and he equates the musical with the poetical.

> It is fashionable now to slate poets for being poetical. The most crushing case against them is that they can be convicted of being musical.

Since critics of Chesterton's time were "slating" poets for being "poetical," Chesterton held that they were decrying the poets for being musical. To support his theory that there was no music in modern poetry, he called on the embryonic moderns, the Imagists. The Imagists, as their name suggests, sought only to create an image in a poem. They tried to make the image precise by dealing with what they called the

essentials of the image. The concentration, therefore, was on the image. This concentration, Chesterton believed, was one the sense of sight and it neglected the sense of sound. He developed this idea that modern poetry was meant to be seen and not heard.

Chesterton's first argument, for which he gives no concrete examples, needs, as he says, to be based on some fundamentals or some basic first principles. His first principle is that "the arts and crafts of man, from the beginning, have been arts and crafts of combination." To substantiate this basic principle, he cites the craft of oratory, words with message, and the art of music, words with tune. Culture depends on combinations to produce a unified whole. The architecture cannot be separated from the building, just as sound cannot be separated from the meaning in poetry. The words of a poem mean much more if they sound well. The modern poets are viewed as a "separist school" in an "Age of Divorce." With this defense, Chesterton dismisses the argument against sound and proceeds to discuss form in the new poetry.

Chesterton ascribes change of form, or the introduction of new forms in modern poetry, to the necessity of novelty. When one becomes tired of the old, he must have the new. But Chesterton does not hold with the law of the necessity of change in poetry. Poetry, he believes, should only change to "good poetry." If a poet wants to write a Shakespearean sonnet, he is not a bad poet. The moderns, then, are only childish in their desire for change. Change, he admits, does correspond to a certain historical pattern and does get "rid of a certain element called pride."

Chesterton returns to the image for his last argument against modern poetry. The modern poets seeks to isolate an image or a word, to cut it off from all connections. We cannot do this with words because they have a tradition. He uses Shelley's poem, *The Skylark*, as an example of the tradition of words. Even when Shelley tried to be a reactionary, he was traditional in idea. The poet, old or new, must use words and this supposes Chesterton's closing comment.

> We may treat the art as if it had no beginning. But the fact still remains that, since he has to use the words of some language,

> he has got the words from somewhere and learned them from somebody. And the words are, in fact, winged or weighted with the thoughts and associations of a thousand years.

In this essay, "On the New Poetry," Chesterton makes broad statements about modern poetry, with only the aid of phrases such as, "It is fashionable," and "there seems really to be an idea in some of the critics." His generalizations on the state of poetry in his world could be counted on to be true, since he was a perceptive, intelligent literary man of the age. When he states that "it is contended that the poet must seek to isolate an image," we may believe that this contention did exist. It was not, then, in his generalizations, nor in his knowledge of what was happening in the world that he was fallacious. But it was, I believe, in his conclusions, many times broad conclusions, that he was fallacious.

The Imagist school, however reactionary and concerned with sight in poetry, did not seek to eliminate the sound of poetry. They would have been defeating the purposes of their own art, if they had. The matter of poetry, as is the matter of any literary art, is words, and words do not only mean, but they sound. The Imagists were well aware of the sounding of words. They were used to reading words such as,

> Break, break, break,
> On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
> And I would that my tongue could utter
> The thoughts that arise in me.

It is evident, too, that Chesterton was well aware of words such as these, because *The Victorian Age in Literature* states, "For whatever else Tennyson was, he was a great poet." It was, however, the sound of these words, of poets such as Tennyson against which the Imagists reacted. They called this sound "poetical" because the concentration in poetry was, then on sound, and rhyme and meter. Superfluous "poetical" words were moving the poem further and further from one of its ends, which is to present essences. The Imagists, then, turned away from the "poetical" language and concentrated on the image, or what they considered the essence of a poem. This is not to say, as Chesterton did, that they excluded sound in

order to emphasize the visual. A concentration on one does not exclude the other.

I do not intend to say whether the Imagists were successful in their attempt to create "good poetry." I think that what they attempted to do must be understood, and the circumstances in which they attempted it must also be understood. This understanding is directly concerned with Chesterton's second argument against modern poetry. In this argument, Chesterton holds that change is not the thing that will make poetry "good." This fact is easily recognized, for no intelligent person would accept change for the sake of change. But, and here again he refers to language, he believes that a good poet may write a Shakespearean sonnet. The idea, then, is not a change, but to find the best existing form.

Chesterton was educated in the Romantic school of poetry. He lived during the Victorian Age and was constantly aware of the poets and poetry of the age. Proof of this is in his writing on poets. He lived also during a Modern Age, an "Age of Divorce," as he called it. It was an age of World War, mechanism, psychology, about all of which he speaks and of which he is aware. The English language itself was undergoing a change. There was the introduction of many "new" phrases from fields of science, medicine, psychology, etc. Speech was clipped for "giving orders," transferring messages by cable, for journalistic needs. The language was changing along with the society. Chesterton was aware of this change, and I truly wonder if he thought poetry would not change. I do not suppose he did think that it would not change, and so I ask in what other direction could poetry have moved? If Chesterton was aware of the modern world, as he was, why was he surprised that poetry would move in the direction it did. He did not, I think, understand the rationale of this poetry. Again, I am not saying that this poetic movement was good or bad, but I am saying that it was as necessary as the change which produced, what we now call, the modern world.

The modern poet, as Chesterton speaks of him, lived in an age in which things were defined, scientific. He lived in an age of psychoanalytic floundering, in a rushed, perplexed age, an age of concentration of things — from milk to literary styles.

The most logical conclusion, then, is that his poetry would reflect such an age. No human escapes the age in which he lives, and a poet, if he is going to be any poet at all, must not escape the age in which he lives. He must, first of all, be true to himself, and secondly, he must communicate to the people of that age. This was the direction of the movement of modern poetry. It was away from the old "poetical" language, which did not suit the age and would not communicate if it were used. If modern poets have contributed nothing else, they have succeeded in making the necessary change, in purifying the language of poetry and releasing it from strict form. Ideally any art should work well within a flexible form, and poetry is an art which should not only have a flexible form, but should have a language that deals with essences.

Chesterton's third argument is that modern poetry ignores the tradition of words. This can be disproved by the reading of any modern poet and examining the words of the poem. There is a concentration on symbol. If this is so, the word is standing for something else in the language. It is not, then, ignoring the tradition of words. Modern poetry has, however, tended to ignore a field of operation in which its symbols could move. It has tended to ignore, believing it could exist without, an outside tradition, such as the tradition of Christianity has given to the art of literature. What the poets were ignoring, then, was an artistic tradition.

Another Chesterton essay, "About Poetry," attacks a critic who, rather unfortunately, compared the change which preceded the Romantic Age to the change which was preceding the Modern Age.

> But it is rather a gloomy blasting prophecy to say that anyone who is to renew the life of English poetry must, of necessity, begin with writing such abominably bad poetry as some of the first poems of Wordsworth.

Again Chesterton's idea of any change is change to "good poetry." How can the movement to "good poetry" be accomplished, however, until some change is made? Later in the same essay he states, when speaking of the Victorians,

> They made far too much of this grouping of literature under

> labels; and as they made too much of the label of Classical poetry and the label of Romantic poetry, so they are now making too much of the label of Modern poetry.

It may be noted that the modern age does, however, group and label things. He is right, I believe, in saying that too much is made of this grouping.

Perhaps Chesterton was under a disadvantage in viewing modern poetry from the other side. He saw the beginnings of it, but that was all. He did, however, see that the modern poet was striving for simplicity. Maybe his statement in "The Romance of Rhyme" best applies to modern poetry as we know it today.

> What is the matter with the modern world is that it is trying to get simplicity in everything, except the soul.

Chesterton on America

by Theodore Valvoda

G. K. CHESTERTON wrote about America long before he came to visit it. But there is no knowledge as accurate as first-hand knowledge, and so after his American lecture tour in 1922, Chesterton published a lengthy book on the subject based on his own personal experiences. Ten years later he again wrote at length about America. From a study of these writings, one is able to formulate Chesterton's basic views toward our nation.

Chesterton's writings on America cover a period from 1906 to 1933. His critical views of the early years mellowed and softened somewhat in later years, but three main facets of American life were treated sternly throughout the entire twenty-seven years. Chesterton never ceased looking upon materialism, puritanism, and prohibition with distaste.

American materialism is by far the main target and most frequent subject of discussion in Chesterton's writings about the United States. In 1906, sixteen years before his visit to America, Chesterton wrote in his excellent book on Dickens: "There is one thing, at any rate, that must strike all Englishmen who have the good fortune to have American friends; that is, that while there is no materialism so crude or material as American materialism, there is no idealism so crude or so ideal as American idealism." His subsequent trip to America did not alter his opinion on either count.

In 1922 Chesterton lectured in several American cities. His ever-active mind was operating at its best, for later that year he published *What I Saw in America,* a book crammed

with impressions and analyses. The overall tone of the book was critical and evidently offended many Americans, for *Commonwealth* magazine in 1931 applauded Chesterton's milder remarks about the United States at that later date, and implied that he had partially removed the "et tu, Brute?" feelings occasioned by the 1922 publication.

In *What I Saw in America* Chesterton points a constant and unerring finger at materialism and its twin children, industrialism and capitalism, as forming the major flaw in American life. Thus nearly thirty years before Americans themselves took a serious look at this problem, G. K. Chesterton had identified and analyzed it. He felt that many problems, gaps, and false ideals in American life sprang ultimately from unanimous, unabashed embracing of materialism as a norm in life.

Chesterton was too shrewd an observer to overlook the vitality and "go-go-go" of the American people. They were due, he felt, to the fiercely competitive struggles they waged to get ahead, to make more money, to buy more goods. The capitalistic system thrives on such competition, and those who escape its influence are rare. Among the nations of the world, he said, only America makes a romance of business.

The constant capitalistic competition eliminates true democracy and equality in American cities, Chesterton felt. In the mad scramble to get ahead, no one is content to remain on a level with anyone else. The constant goal is rather to get ahead of others. The only true democracy and equality in America are found in the rural areas. The farms are the hope of the future for the United States. They are uninfected by the frenetic desires for success found in the cities. The cities are beyond hope. They are all "defiled and even diseased with industrialism." Chesterton fears, however, that the influence of the cities will reach out to the rural areas and poison them too. Already they are poisoning the countryside. Already farmers receive their culture from the cities where "all evil comes from," instead of forming their own. People are leaving the country to seek jobs in the city. Chesterton sees the American vision of our founding fathers as originally aimed at "an open agricultural commonwealth," but "Industrialism

is spreading because it is decaying; only the dust and ashes of its dissolution are choking up the growth of natural things everywhere and turning the green world grey."

Another aspect of capitalistic materialism that Chesterton found distasteful, before and after his visit, was American chest-thumping. In 1906 he wrote that American boasting, smug self-complacency, and conscious, open pride were what also irritated Charles Dickens most during his visit here. After his own tour, Chesterton saw this unabashed national pride reflected in such things as exaggerated advertising, a sensation-minded press, and commercially-inspired "skyscraper" architecture. Ten years later he restated his convictions in saying that Americans are educated to blow their own trumpets, that American advertising is based on pride and destroys humility, that Americans worship the false gods of self-praise and money, and that America suffers from "the heresy of self-praise."

Nor did Chesterton soften his view of American materialism in 1932. He still felt, as he had in 1922, that Americans confuse making good or achieving success with making money. He still felt that true equality was in effect only in rural areas. American skyscrapers, in his view, had cut man off from the land and encased him in towers of steel and concrete. There was no real stable property left in America. The business world world used it only to buy, sell, and speculate. Chesterton saw a new feudalism existing in America, a feudalism in which the working peasant swore fealty to his boss, his company, and his job. The commercial scramble had filled America with a mass of individual organizations and interests, killing any definite national organization. Money, machinery, and materialism had become the ruling American ideals.

Prohibition was in effect in America during Chesterton's visit, and apparently the strangest and most startling part of the trip for him was going about in a land where no liquor, wine, and beer were allowed to be sold. Passing references to this phenomenon, as well as passages of direct commentary, dot his writings on America. He seemed to dote on this piece of legal insanity and offered various explanations for it. In *What I Saw in America* he linked prohibition with capitalism.

The rich, who didn't observe prohibition, favored its passage so that their workers would remain sober and produce more goods. He also felt that prohibition interfered with personal liberty, because a man should be free to determine whether or not he would drink and how much he would drink. He felt that logically, prohibitionists, who opposed drink as being harmful to society, should ban all things that could be harmful to society if improperly used, e.g. talking.

A decade later he had evidently gotten over the shock of visiting a "dry" country, for he adopted a more benign attitude toward prohibition. Looking back, he recognized the evils that it had engendered — bootlegging, gangsterism, and murder. But he wryly observed that it had served the good purpose of encouraging the return of creative crafts in the home. At the same time he praised the courage of America in repealing prohibition and thus admitting to the world that it had made a colossal blunder. However, a year later, in 1933, he linked prohibition to United States insularity on the grounds that it had served to isolate America culturally from wine-drinking countries. All things considered, it is evident that a solid Christian like Chesterton, firmly rooted in the medieval tradition, thought very little of American Prohibition.

The third Chestertonian complaint against America, Puritanism, is perhaps the most complex of the three to analyze. Chesterton, with his vast knowledge and gift for synthesis, ranged widely in discussing the whys and wherefores of its presence in America. He clearly linked it to materialism and capitalism. Using sound historical perspective, he pinpointed Calvinism as the root and traced it from Geneva, Switzerland, to the United States. A word of explanation may help here.

The Calvinists believed in predestination. A sign of predestination and assurance of God's favor, the Calvinists felt, was material prosperity. Thus a Calvinist whose business transactions thrived could feel fairly certain that he was among the elect. Calvinists bent all their energies toward material success as part of their religion. The Puritan founders of our country were Calvinists. It would have been better for America, Chesterton contends, if they had severed with their

religion when they severed themselves from Europe. As things happened, they brought with them to the new land capitalism and all its attendant evils.

In 1922 Chesterton called puritanism an aspect of American life that made America not only unlike any other democracy, but also undemocratic. This is due to the very nature of Calvinistic Puritanism — it seeks the right to place more and more restrictions upon a populace and to turn religion into a negative affair. The tyranny of public opinion, the demand that all conform to set norms in all phases of life, is another old Calvinistic trick that Chesterton notes as operating in America. The plea so often entered on behalf of American excesses and idiocies — that she is a young nation — carries little weight with Chesterton. She is actually very old in her puritanical aspects, he answers. America is full of practices that have long since failed or died out in Europe.

In 1932 Chesterton still felt the same. "Americans are all Puritans," he wrote. The new American Puritan has added beer-drinking to the list of targets for his misdirected moral anger. The new puritan thinks of such things as drink and gambling as intimately connected with religion and thinks of religion in terms of them. Religion is considered a matter of being against these things. Thus Chesterton sees American non-Catholic forms of religion as essentially negative in character.

Chesterton agrees that the American democratic ideal as originally formulated is a very fine one. However, European Calvinism and industrialism have entered into our national life, warping and obliterating that ideal. American spiritual ideals have not grown large enough to cope with American political ideals. The national religion is material success. Such a religion can scarcely support or forward a far-ranging, humanitarian political ideal. America has absorbed some of Europe's worst features, made them her own, and transferred them to other countries. It is significant that Chesterton praises Lincoln, not for the usual reason — that he was a fine, down-to-earth man — but for trying to save the United States from the chains of finance.

Chesterton deals with a great many other aspects of

American life: exaggerated humor, hustling journalists, feminism, child-adoration cults, sentimentalism, American speech, game laws, and imperialism. It is beyond the scope of this paper to treat them. It should be noted, however, that as with his considerations of the three main points discussed above, he is surprisingly accurate and modern in the sense of still having something to say to our own generation.

In the past some Americans may have been angered by Chesterton's observations about our country, for as he noted, Americans dislike criticism. Today, however, the people of America are almost painfully anxious to know what others think about them. They earnestly desire to be loved by all. They want to see themselves as others see them. There is a genuine spirit of self-improvement present in the United States. Earnest Americans in search of enlightenment could do worse than to turn to G. K. Chesterton for advice. He may touch upon sensitive wounds in his probings, but on one could ever accuse him of not being honest. There was not a malicious cell in the man's body. When Americans realize this, they may be able to draw genuine benefit from his writings about them.

'Woman' in Chesterton and Shaw

by Margaret Keefe

SOCIETY, according to Bernard Shaw in *The Quintessence of Ibsenism,* has imprisoned woman in a false, idealistic world. She has become the womanly woman brought up to believe in romantic love which results in the ideal marriage, the latter supposed to be an unselfish, loving relationship in which the husband and wife devote their lives to one another and to their children. It is a society that has compelled woman to think that the ideal wife is one who does everything that the ideal husband likes; she, rather than face the fact that she is regarded solely as a means of ministering to man's appetite, must deceive herself in the idealist fashion by declaring that love is not tainted with sexual appetite; rather, it is ". . . a beautiful, disinterested, pure, sublime devotion to another by which a man's life is exalted and purified, and a woman's rendered blest." The man keeps her confirmed in this illusion; for neither can he face up to the truth, the truth as Bernard Shaw sees it!

Mr. Shaw further depicts woman as being disillusioned once the honeymoon wears off: she is soon made aware of her dependance on her husband for her position, her livelihood, her very bread. Fortunately, self-respect is soon regained with motherhood, and she is felt needed once again, disillusioned but content to rear a family that will perpetuate the human race.

Mr. Shaw rebels against this false position that society has forced upon women. He tears down the false ideals that are supposed to uphold the womanly woman in her role as the submissive, self-sacrificing wife and mother. He claims that, contrary to the romantic notion that the self-sacrificing woman is a source of delight to the world, she, in reality ". . . is always a drag, a responsibility, a reproach, an everlasting and unnatural trouble with whom no really strong soul can live." Mr. Shaw also challenges the false conception that women have a natural vocation for domestic management and the care of children; the fact that they are kind to children, and prefer their own to other people's does not make them any more domestic than the fact that the same can be said of men who, nevertheless, do not consider that their proper sphere is the nursery.

Thus marriage, as Bernard Shaw sees it, is a legal enslavement where love is not free, and where woman is not just the slave of man, she is the slave of duty: this duty she must repudiate. She must emancipate herself by repudiating her womanliness, her duty to her husband, to her children, to society, to everyone but herself; in this repudiation lies her freedom and equality.

One of the men who does not agree with Mr. Shaw and men of his leanings on the theory of equality for men and women is Mr. G. K. Chesterton who, in his biography of G. B. Shaw, suggests that it is Mr. Shaw's Irish innocence that leads him astray in his ideas on sexual revolution. This innocence and Irish purity disables Mr. Shaw as a critic when it comes to dealing with the roots and reality of the marriage law. For powerful men who have powerful passions alone know how strong the chains must be to keep these passions in check. But Mr. Shaw, being comparatively clean in thought, ". . . forgets that those fierce and elementary functions which drive the universe have an impetus which goes beyond itself and cannot always easily be recovered."

Mr. Chesterton further questions the freedom of the emancipated woman, for it is his belief that no one has more freedom than the housewife; indeed, she is freer than her husband! She is in the more powerful position inasmuch as

she is at the head of a household with which she can do as she likes: she can cook what she wishes, inventing a new dish whenever she pleases, arrange furniture and flowers to suit herself, be as artistic as she likes in her selection of colors; in short, alter her small world whenever the whim strikes her. In contrast, the poor man is not so free in the outside world. He must conform to the rules and regulations of the business world, whether as a clerk or as a bricklayer.

As for freeing women for a higher culture, Mr. Chesterton berates such freedom, pouring out his scorn of that higher culture and its demoralizing effects on society: "The higher culture is sad, cheap, impudent, unkind, without honesty and without ease. In short, it is 'high.' That abominable word (also applied to game) admirably describes it." It is a degradation of womanhood, an enslavement that weakens the very sinews of civilization. Free women, yes, but only for more authority, more creative action in the home; for women were made to be more of a maker, not less.

To Mr. Chesterton, women must be left free to give her all in marriage. She is the universalist who must do a hundred things for the protection and development of her home. She has to caution the overzealous husband and encourage the timid one. She has to be teacher to her young children who require to be taught not so much anything as everything; to be an Aristotle in the teaching of morals, manners, theology, and hygiene. And these domestic duties may be difficult and certainly hard work, but hardly trivial and dreary. They may be laborious, but because they are gigantic, not because they are minute. "I will pity Mrs. Jones for the hugeness of her task; I will never pity her for its smallness."

Mr. Chesterton asserts marriage to be an ennobling state, an actual human relation like that of motherhood, involving certain habits and loyalties. It means being a wife who is insanely unselfish and yet quite cynically clear-sighted. It requires human sacrifices of the partners without in the least involving idolatry. The root of legal monogamy does not lie in the fact that the man is a mere tyrant and the woman a mere slave. "It lies in the fact that if their love for each other is the noblest and freest love conceivable, it can only find its heroic

expression in both becoming slaves."

Mr. Chesterton is all for women climbing into whatever cathedral or high places she can allow to her sexual dignity. But she must never belittle that dignity. This dignity is further enhanced with the wearing of skirts. For when men wish to be safely impressive, as judges, priests or kings, ". . . they do wear skirts, the long trailing robes of female dignity. The whole world is under petticoat government: for even men wear petticoats when they wish to govern." Thus the skirt could hardly connote female submission.

One must conclude that Mr. Chesterton emancipates women far more than Mr. Shaw and other emancipators, for he recognizes the fact that it is the women who hold up the pillars of civilization, safeguarding the home, and dignifing the role that God made her for. Mr. Chesterton's womanly woman connotes all those noble qualities one associates with a woman, namely: love, tenderness, heroism, compassion, understanding, and humility. She is the Beatitudes in action, guarding and guiding humanity in guarding and guiding the family and the home.

Chesterton and Cobbett

by Gladys Stahl

CHESTERTON was a philosopher, but he was a practical man. He was concerned with the thoughts of men because virtuous thinking leads to virtuous acting. Chesterton shows particular concern about the matter of social responsibility. He points out that the landed gentry had a sense of responsibility to the people dependent upon them, but business interests lack this social responsibility. In our industrialized and commercialized civilization we have completely lost sight of the tremendous and important fact that no one sustains life but from what the earth produces. We have become a land of commerce and finance and think of wealth in terms of money instead of the products of the land.

Chesterton points out that the real ownership of the world and all that is in it lies with God. God has given man stewardship over the goods necessary for him to sustain life, but these goods belong to all men. The fundamental thing in good government, therefore, is for rulers and lawmakers to see that a just and equitable distribution is maintained. Democracy—with its underlying principles of equality of rights, opportunity, and treatment—can be solidly established only when property and wealth are widely distributed.

In 1926, Chesterton wrote a book about William Cobbett, the sarcastic, witty, and violent British journalist and reformer. Chesterton states that many people now think of Cobbett as a crank whose theories have been thrashed out long ago and found to be empty and fallacious. Chesterton points out that although Cobbett was a man of the past, he lived in

the real future, having a notion of England as it was going to be. In the book, it is difficult to tell where Cobbett's words leave off and Chesterton's begin, because Cobbett prophesied with alarm the same ills which Chesterton decries a century and a half later.

Cobbett was a man who believed in democratic principles and fought for them, but never called them by this name. Cobbett's time was that of the American and French Revolutions, the time of freedom and equality. The idealists were building the future in terms of the past, thinking of the merchant and man of affairs as small and harmless by-products of the system to come. Cobbett, however, realized that the peril and oppression of the future lay in these men, not in kings and republics. In his usual paradoxical way, Chesterton states that Cobbett saw what we see, but he saw it when it was not there. Chestertin's England fulfilled all Cobbett's wild prophecies.

Cobbet saw that the industrial revolution had begun to produce the anti-industrial revolution because machines were busy and men were idle. The few men who were not idle were the political economists who were busy proving on paper that the machinery which had made people poor must really have made them rich. Cobbett did not deny that man must make money, but he felt the money should be as solid and honest as the realities it represented, and directly connected with them. The elaborate system of debts, shares, promises, and percentages were indirect and often imaginary processes which comprise the legal fiction we call finance.

Cobbett saw that this new capitalistic phase of England and her necessity would bring in a crisis, the crisis of industrial destruction. In some eras the poor had been taxed, enslaved, or massacred. English rulers were now simply forgetting the poor, pointing with pride to those reports of progress and prosperity in which the common people did not figure at all. The slave was always under the eye of his master, but the proletarian was forgotten because he was free. The process of hiring and firing men leads to the forgetting of men, which in turn causes men to be oppressed by oblivion. The political independence of the worker under capitalism was meaningless because of his economic dependence.

Chesterton and Cobbett

Cobbett knew that the American and French Revolutions had been made in the name of liberty and equality, but he saw beyond the idealists and their ideas of political independence. He saw the silent understanding in the new middle class that would not really rebel against the aristocracy, the silent understanding in the aristocracy that would not really resist the invasion of the middle class, and the silent alliance between the two that neither would really think about that third class which would be slowly crushed by the modern industrial society.

When Cobbett looked at his England he saw it as it was going to be in Chesterton's time. He saw the perishing of England's power of self-support, the growth of cities that drain the countryside, the growth of dense and independent populations unable to find their own food, the triumph of machines over men, the nomadic masses of humanity, the wealth that brings famine, and the victory of financiers over patriots.

Immediately before Chesterton wrote his book on Cobbett there had been a revival of interest in Cobbett's literary style. Chesterton pointed out that what Cobbett had to say was of much greater importance than the way in which he said it. Chesterton hoped that by writing his book he could create a revival of interest in Cobbett for the right reason — for his ideas — and thereby help cause "a real reckoning of ultimate loss and profit in the profit-and-loss philosophy." Chesterton wanted to remind men of what an industrialized and commercialized civilization had made them forget — that the goods of the earth belong to all men, that all property and wealth ultimately are derived from what the earth produces, and that wealth and property, therefore, must be justly and equitably distributed among all men.

Fabula

by Thomas J. Kasper

SQUATTING atop a high flat hill in the southernmost suburb of Carthage stood a rectangular granite building. Its long front side had few windows; a covered veranda, however, ran the whole length of the house. From this porch could be seen a panoramic view of sprawling Carthage and the placid Mediterranean.

A marble statue of Aphrodite was perched on the center of the veranda roof, its dirty marble illumined from behind by two lamps with red glass covers.

Evidently the house had no custodian, for all manner of litter and trash was strewn about the yard. Whenever the wind blew hard, as it often does in the heights, the rage and leaves and papers would scuttle about the yard; sometimes they would be scooped up onto the porch by a brisk breeze, whereupon Lady Maratricks would laboriously arise from her station, a leather-backed rocking chair near the front door, slowly plod into the house, and return shortly with a broom to sweep off the porch.

It was evening now. The desert nomads whom Dido had hired to hasten the completion of Carthage's protective wall were just about finished with their supper. A few workmen were already walking up the washed-out mud road leading to the house. From afar Lady Maratricks viewed them with pleasure. Business hadn't been so good since . . . well, it never had been so good. Not until Carthage became a boom town, teeming with government-paid construction workers, idle half of the time because of red tape or party disputes in the assembly. Behind these first patrons of the evening as they plodded up the rutted road, the sun hung, a red ball of flame ready to

drop into the shining Mediterranean. Towering purple storm clouds had been racing up from central Africa the whole day and were now on the verge of eclipsing the sun in its moment of glory.

The night wore on. Many more men came, many men left. About one or two hours before dawn three men came out on the front porch to talk with Lady Maratricks in the calm night. The sky, still cloud-covered, was black. The crickets had long since stopped chirping. Occasionally raucous laughter or a stream of unintelligible talk floated out of the front door, momentarily halting conversation.

Dido's hand-picked overseers, in charge of the labor gangs, were the men on the veranda. "This wall is gonna take one helluva long time to finish," said one of them. "Unless yer on their back all the time, they think you mean for 'em to take it easy."

"I know," said another of the men, "It took us a whole year to get the wall five feet high. At this rate we'll be on the job four years."

"I don't know," said Lady Maratricks. "If Dido and Aeneas keep it up we might not need a wall at all."

Lady Maratricks suddenly sat upright in her chair and strained toward Carthage. All of the men turned to find out what the attraction was and saw what appeared to be a huge blaze in the middle of the public beach. A faint echo of a mighty uproar down in the town was audible; all at once the city looked as it did from afar on one of the state-wide holidays.

"What the hell is this?" cried the first overseer.

"I don't know," said the second overseer, "but it probably isn't good. See that rainbow over there, that's always a sign of trouble."

"Be that as it may," said the first overseer, "I've got to get home and get some rest so I can work tomorrow, today, I mean. And you, Maratricks, better start sending the boys home or I'll report you to Dido for holding up the progress on the wall."

With that the overseers started home down the rough path, and Lady Maratricks went inside to close up shop.

The Auditory Nature of Poetry

by John Kenny

A RECENT conversation with a fellow college student clarified the disastrous concept of poetry that infects modern literature. He had attended a recital by a respected contemporary poet and was lamenting the intellectual poverty of the experience. His appraisal of the situation was straight to the point. He thought that the poetry had lost some of its impact by being read, that its presentation on the printed page would have heightened its effect. He was right; this poet's works are quite unsuitable for vocal communication. Yet my friend approved the poetry. And many a modern critic does likewise despite the fact that poetry, in its tradition and in its essence, demands a vocal presentation.

The origins of poetry, insofar as they can be discovered, are exclusively oral and predominantly musical. The primitive ballads and epics of every civilization were composed for the human voice as their medium and music as their foundation. Despite manuscripts, which were mainly an aid to memorization, poetry remained largely oral until the advent of the printing press. Although in drama it had begun to function independently of music, still its affinity to music was universally recognized and exploited by the use of essentially musical sounds and rhythms. Beneficial as it was, the printing press wrought poetry an unintentional disservice. As it was slowly losing the richness of melody, so poetry was to lose the inti-

macy of the human voice. The third tradition of poetry, the purely literary, has had a profound influence upon modern poets. It has forced them to search far and wide for expressive devices to compensate for the loss of the musical and vocal traditions. This search had some healthy results. The awareness of verbal nuance has heightened. The connotations of words are more thoroughly exploited. The cumulative effect of the literary tradition, however, has been destructive. Not only are modern poems not written to be presented vocally, but an increasing number cannot be so presented; and the silent poem is a perversion of poetry's essence.

The soul of poetry is rhythm, and rhythm is primarily an auditory phenomenon — at least it is most fully perceived and appreciated as such. When poetry is read silently, its rhythm is only comprehended by hearing it imaginatively, an experience far inferior to hearing it aloud. The ability to hear imaginatively while reading, however, seems to be decreasing both in readers and poets as the frequency of oral presentations diminishes. Thus we get poems too rhythmically garbled to be read aloud.

Nor is the disintegration of rhythm the only barrier to oral presentation raised by the literary tradition. A misdirected search for profundity has prompted poets to use esoteric and highly subjective references. Obviously these cannot be comprehended by the mere listener. They must be hunted down; they make the poem incommunicable in the immediacy of a performance.

While these particular departures from the long-standing concept of poetry were possible only under the literary tradition, the precipitating factors are, no doubt, to be found elsewhere. Important among them is the impact of modern science, with its skepticism of the past and hopes for the future. Once this impact is absorbed, the almost compulsive experimentation will probably diminish and poets will settle down to the best of both the old and the new forms. Undoubtedly these forms will put to use the auditory nature of poetry, particularly its relation to music, more fully. By doing less, they will thwart the inherent expressive range of the art. What is to be ardently desired is a rebirth of the Elizabethan spirit

whereby our musicians collaborate with our poets in setting poetry to appropriate music. Let us look now at modern music to determine where these settings will come from.

Music too has fallen victim to the intellectual disorientation wrought by contemporary science. Now that even his age-old "common sense" has failed him, man has been reluctant to become once more the dupe of the past; consequently, he has broken with artistic traditions. He has sought new forms and new subject matter. This attitude, while it has given rise to grotesque extremes, has produced beneficial results and surely will continue to do so. Already it has ceased to be heresy to defy tradition. When our rebellious generation understands this fact, the need to rebel, to conquer the dogmatic attitude, will diminish. Tradition can then assume its rightful influence: that of the considered opinion of the ages, to disregard which, would demand an artist of exceptional genius.

Music has indeed produced such geniuses. Whether it has produced one since 1900 is difficult to ascertain from this vantage point. It seems that any one of the various schools in modern music is too limited in scope to parallel the entire range of poetry. What is crucially needed is another Beethoven to organize the isolated voices of the present into an original and harmonious chorus, prophetic of the future. In its current stage of excessive experimentation, however, music is unlikely to provide poetry with another setting comparable to that of Beethoven for Schiller's *Ode to Joy.*

This discussion does not imply that musicians are unconcerned with the relationship of poetry and music. In fact, they seem more aware of it than poets. Howard Hanson has triumphantly scored Whitman's *Song of Democracy;* Benjamin Britten has sensitively essayed Rimbaud's *Les Illuminations;* many others have done likewise. Where they have failed is in establishing a tradition of setting our finest poems to music. The failure to exploit the intimate relationship of the two arts is a limitation that both poetry and music must outgrow if either art is to utilize the fullest of its capabilities.

The Gullible American

by Paul Kantz

AMERICANS are basically a race of sincere, unpretentious people. Yet they have one glaring fault. They are over-trusting and gullible, doomed by their very nature to "sucker-hood." History proves this point.

"There's a sucker born every minute," theorized P. T. Barnum, renowned confidence man of the nineteenth century, and few can dispute a man so successful in foisting bogus entertainment upon the public. Barnum's most lucrative bit of tomfoolery concerned a young gentleman who, because of his unusually small stature, was tagged with the name General Tom Thumb. Fascinated by his minute size (he was but two feet, four inches in height), crowds flocked to see the dwarf-like creature perform, while Barnum sat by, contentedly drawing in five hundred dollars a day in admission fees. It turned out, ironically enough, that Barnum, himself, was to end up a "sucker," for he died penniless after engaging in a bad business deal.

In more recent times, Barnum's chicanery has been adopted by numerous "swifties" in such fields as entertainment, sports, and even politics. The public definitely has the power to dethrone these sleight-of-hand operatives, but it lacks either the desire or sensibility to do so.

Look at how Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public were openly gulled by TV quiz programs. The heartbeat of the entire nation slowed down to a trickle each Monday night, as Charles Van Doren, the symbol and signpost of the American intellectual, struggled through a difficult question. Men, women, and

children everywhere bit their nails as the tension and strain was transmitted over the air waves into their own living rooms. In short, they enjoyed the vicarious pleasure of placing themselves in the shoes of their favorite "imprisoned" hero.

"This is on the level," they thought. "The intellectual is finally receiving the prominence that formerly was only accorded to athletes and world-famous people." Indeed, it was a triumph for the intellectual — but, alas, a short-lived one. When police investigation confirmed suspicions of quiz show riggings, the magic balloon that you and I pieced together while viewing the *$64,000 Question, 21* and the nine dozen other farces, suddenly burst, leaving our confidence destroyed and our minds in distress. We had fallen "hook-line-and-sinker" for this buncombe.

Everyday, the same Americans who were "sucker-bait" for quiz games display their cultured gullibility in other forms. The man who lays out a dollar or two to play the weekly football pool has sacrificed himself to the avaricious hands of the oddsmaker. Those who are foolhardy enough to wager hard-earned salaries upon the outcome of horse races or boxing matches are in need of psychiatric help. With the likes of Jim Norris, Frankie Carbo, and hosts of other shady figures stomping around in these athletic playgrounds, how could one in his right mind willfully fall into the malicious snares set by these men? Yet people do. In 1959, horse racing ranked close to the top in the category of spectator sports. This means that more bets were placed than ever before, and consequently, more money was taken from the public than at any previous time. It seems we are becoming easier to fool, instead of becoming more difficult to trick.

Further proof that a "sucker" tag dangles from the vest of every follower of Uncle Sam can be found in the advertising industry. In a relatively short period of time, modern advertising has advanced in gigantic strides, all the while gaining a greater hold over the public. Fancy slogans and half-truths, the backbone of the industry, have delighted and deluded a trusting democracy. Current trends seem to indicate that they will continue to do so.

The Gullible American

Ted Bates, a famous advertising executive, holds that any product can be sold as long as it has a Unique Selling Proposition. What does this USP consist of? Mainly it is an emotional appeal coupled with a quaint twisting and shaping of words which are intended to forcefully, but politely, designate the superiority of one's own product over that of the rival. When honed to the liking of the man-in-charge, ads are disseminated among the public. It is like putting a worm on a hook and dangling it into a barrel of live fish. A fabulous catch is always made.

At every turn, the unwary buyer encounters the propaganda boys from Madison Avenue, who have climbed upon their "blabber" pedestals to extol the merits of one product or another. The average American cannot set one foot outside his door without being caught in the welter of advertising. As a matter of fact, one is not even sheltered in his own home. Radio, television, magazines, and newspapers offer plenty of opportunity to once again play the role of Mr. Gullibility.

Newspapers make use of sure-fire "sucker bait" when they use those clever sales pitches based on high-flown scientific lingo. If there's anything that people love to see, it is lab reports, abstract percentage figures, and any other out-of-the-ordinary data. For instance, *Salem's* new cigarette paper discovery "air-softens" every puff! Besides this, it contains new HIGH POROSITY (always set in capitals) paper that is "menthol fresh," with "rich tobacco taste," and a "modern filter, too." What more could one want out of life? "Look at that clean, neat-looking *Salem* pack staring in its green and white brilliance from the page. This is the be-all and end-all of cigarettes. "This is for me," thinks the man who knows before rushing down to the store to pick up a package. It's difficult to believe that people act in this manner, yet I wouldn't be surprised at how many times the above scene has been enacted.

Most sickening of all ads is that which the makers of *Winston* use. They have inaugurated a series of ridiculous advertisements, featuring a well-known figure in history. On one there is pictured a half-visible man smoking a pipe.

Smoke swirls from his corncobbed furnace amidst the linotype, and there forms a convenient circle. In the circle are the words: "Omar Khayyam Writes a New Jingle." Then comes the *piece de resistance,* the jingle itself:

A jug of Wine
A loaf of Bread
And Winston's
Filter Blend!

Heaven help us! We accept this unadultered nonsense. Why! the poetry is not even good. Poor Omar must have turned over in his grave when he learned that some ad-man brainstormed his way to that tripe, and then had the audacity to link the Khayyam name to it.

The American's natural proclivity to gullibility drains off into other fields, some of which are exceedingly important. In politics, could we label the actions of President Roosevelt during the war years as anything but gullible? (I am speaking in particular of our relations with the Soviet Union at this time.) Obviously, he was taken in by the nice-sounding, double-tongued prolixity of our Russian comrades. The secret agreements at Teheran and Yalta, in which Eastern Germany, Poland, and the South-central European countries were "awarded" to the Bolsheviks for their "cooperation" in the war effort, prove but one thing: the United States, or rather the high officials of state, were again hood-winked into a one-sided proposition.

Today, our Congress sends millions of dollars in foreign aid to countries, such as Poland, which are Communist-run and bear only remote ties with the West. Why do we do this? It is, as Jacques Maritain comments in his book, *Reflections on America,* because Americans are generous, bubbling with good will and human fellowship. Again, blinded by their very nature, they curry to the needs of their less fortunate "brothers," thereby also strengthening the forces of the opposition.

Delving into the psychological foundation of gullibility, we find that Americans are very self critical. Combined with their willingness to put themselves out for their friends, this

leads one to believe that they are greatly influenced by others, and that they often hold the actions and opinions of their comrades as absolute. Americans make good listeners, and ever better followers. They will often accept the word of a complete stranger as gospel truth, while showering him with boyish admiration. They rely, much too frequently, on the aid of others, and unfortunately, receive a crude awakening when it comes in the wrong formula or the wrong dosage. But, nevertheless, they accept it, thinking that all men are as simon-pure as they.

Then, too, Americans have a strange addiction to finding light in the darkest places, a factor which contributes to our over-indulgent attitude. False optimism is, indeed, common in today's society. Reluctance to face unpleasant facts leads men to seek good where there is no good. In essence, we have developed a false conscience, one which is easily duped because it wants to be duped. We'd rather live a Walt Disneyish existence, than call a spade a spade, and accept things for what they really are. Our world has turned into a confidence-man's paradise!

That Americans seek escape and are willing to pay for it is displayed day-in and day-out in every segment of society. The teenager listens to the emotion-filled, instinct-stirring beat of rock-and-roll music to relieve him from the tensions of today's pressure-packed life. But does it really accomplish this? The men who make the discs don't care. They're piling up the greenbacks, and that's all that matters where they're concerned.

The same set of false values hounds the business man who places the dollar sign before professional integrity and his inborn code of ethics. He sacrifices personal respect for material pleasures. He is tapped by a false ideal. He has been conned by the ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

In education, Mr. USA rates college degrees as the epitome of good training. Off to the local state institution he sends his son, who, being a conscientious sort, dolefully reports back to his father a tale of woe. "Podunk U. is a play school," he writes. "It's nothing more than a glorified country Club. What we learn here has nothing to do with books."

Many a parent has seen the dollar bills float from his calloused hands for such a cause as this.

It is certain that Americans will not change overnight. How, then, can they conquer their affinity for complete, unquestioned trust? Maybe, they might start by becoming more aware of things. Instead of taking a passive, "let-it-happen-to-me" philosophy, why not exepriment with a more inquisitive, "why-did-it-happen-to-me?" outlook.

One may argue that mankind is caught in the grip of slothful tendencies. But surely these proclivities are not so deeply ingrained that we cannot work them out of our systems, disrupt the normal order, and produce cataclysmic results. Great men in history have done it and it was this that made them great. They are not curbstone conformists ready to be whisked away into "faddom," as leaves are swept down the street by a brisk fall breeze. No. they withstood these things and became better men for it. Why can't we do the same?

No will power, you say? Then why not develop some?

An Experiment in Paraguay

by William M. Brodhead

> The establishment in Paraguay of the Spanish Jesuits alone seems to be, in some respects, the triumph of Christianity.
> —Voltaire

TO EVOKE such praise from an avowed enemy of the Society of Jesus, the missions of Paraguay must have been truly outstanding; and outstanding they were. The Jesuits succeeded in establishing a truly Christian state among the Guarani Indians in the Spanish colony of Paraguay. This state has excited the admiration of historians and anthropologists of all religious beliefs. When the Jesuits came to Paraguay in about 1600, they found the Guarani to be barbaric incurably lazy, and addicted to drunkenness. Within a short time they were transformed by the Jesuits into religious, industrious citizens, loyal to Spain. This was most certainly a "triumph of Christianity."

As everywhere in the vast Spanish colonial domain, the missionaries came in the wake of the *conquistadores*, explorers, and freebooters. When the Jesuits first arrived in Paraguay they decided they would attempt to convert the Guarani. They made it their first objective to learn the Guarani language. Many Jesuits wrote dictionaries of the various dialects. Next, they tried to acquaint themselves with the people they

wished to bring to God. A Jesuit historian describes the Guarani Indians in this way:

> A large portion of them were cannibals, and all were distinguished by their deep-rooted aversion to regular labour, their love of a wandering and lawless existence, their personal courage and vindictiveness. Their religion was idolatry of the grossest description; some adored the moon, others paid homage to hideous idols, while others again, although believeing in the power of an evil spirit, practiced no religious ceremonies.

By hard work, patient understanding and good example, the Jesuits gradually won these people over to Christianity. It soon became evident to the missionaries, however, that it would be necessary to have the Indians settle in colonies, since their nomadic existence and lack of a regular occupation made it impossible to train them to lead Christian lives. Thus the Jesuits, with the approval and financial aid of the king of Spain, established mission villages called *reductions,* from the Spanish word, *reducciones,* meaning colonies.

In the center of the village was a large plaza, surrounded on three sides by the homes of the Indians. On the fourth side were the church, the home of the Jesuits, and the communal buildings, such as storehouses, workshop, and the school. There were generally two Jesuit priests and an Indian population of between 350 and 7,000 in each of the *reductions.* The Jesuits held all power, civil as well as ecclesiastical, in the *reductions.* The colonies maintained themselves chiefly by agriculture. A modified type of communism was established with each man holding some private land, though a certain portion of the land, and all the animals, were held in common. All of the Indians were required to put in a few hours of labor each day on the common fields, the harvest of which was put into a common storehouse and was used for the aged and for emergencies. The chief export was a type of tea called *yerba mate,* which was very much in demand among the Spaniards. The proceeds from the sale of the *mate* were used to pay the annual tribute to the crown and to purchase necessities as could not be produced in the *reductions.* The Jesuits also sold other agricultural and industrial products of the *reductions.*

An Experiment in Paraguay

The Indians became outstanding in their devotion to Christianity. They all began the day with Mass and ended it with Vespers in the evening. The days were spent in labor and in school. Under the guidance of the Jesuits, these people led upright and honorable lives, for they put into practice the principles they had been taught. These men, who had previously spent their lives in almost continuous warfare, gave their time and possessions to their neighbors in time of misfortune. Under the tutelage of the Jesuits they learned to become good farmers, carpenters, painters, weavers, sculptors, and musicians. A visitor to one of the *reductions* stated that he did not believe that a mortal sin had been committeed there in a year.

The chief threat to the *reductions* was a group called the Mamulecoes. Fr. Andrews, S.J., writes, "The Mamulecoes, half-breed offspring of the Portueguese of Sao Paulo, had raised slave-hunting to the level of a national profession . . . they enslaved over 100,000 Indians between 1600 and 1630." These fierce warriors would raid a settlement, sack and burn it, and carry off the Indians to sell to the plantation owners as slaves. In 1640, the Jesuit provincial obtained permission from the king to arm the Indians. The Jesuits, many of them former soldiers, trained the Indians and molded them into an effective fighting force. Military drill was held in each of the *reductions* every week. After this, the *reductions* were able to repulse the attacks of the Mamulecoes. Many times the Indian armies were used in the service of the Spanish governor. Without the Indian armies, Spain would have lost a great deal of territory to Portugal. These armies were, however only used defensively.

The *reductions* were under almost continual verbal attack. Fr. Stephenson, S.J., writes: "Early in their career in Paraguay the Jesuits antagonized the owners of the *encomienda* (plantations) by their public denunciation of Indian hunts and slave markets." The plantation owners were jealous because the *reductions* possessed some of the best farm-land and because they produced a better quality of product. The Jesuits had a rule that no Spaniards were to be allowed within the walls of the reductions, thus keeping the Indian

from contact with the drunkenness, covetous, and dishonesty of the Spaniards. All these things aroused the Spaniards to the point where they began to spread vicious rumors about the *reductions*. They stated that the Jesuits had secret gold mines and that they had made themselves rulers over the Indians. Other charges were that the Jesuits had created a sovereign state and that they were exploiting the Indians. There never was any proof of the existence of gold mines. As to the other charges, anyone who knew anything about the *reductions* knew that the Jesuit's rule was exersiced with the full consent of the people and that the Indians were very well satisfied with the *reductions*. Nevertheless, these eales were believed in far-off Spain and were one of the contributing factors to the suppression of the Society of Jesus in the Spanish empire. In 1767, an edict arrived from the king of Spain ordering all Jesuits to leave Paraguay at once. Since they had received so much aid from the Spanish government, both in establishing and in maintaining the *reductions*, the Jesuits felt compelled to leave.

The expulsion of the Jesuits from Paraguay is the subject of a modern play, *The Strong Are Lonely*, written in German by Fritz Hochwalder and translated into English by Eve Le Gallienne. The play, although almost pure fiction, nevertheless brings out the great accomplishments of the Jesuits and points out why they were forced to leave.

The play takes place in the headquarters of the Jesuit Provincial of Paraguay in the year 1767. The king of Spain sends a deputy to ascertain the truth of the reports that have come to him from the Spanish plantation owners concerning the *reductions*. The deputy orders the dissolution of the *reductions* and the immediate withdrawal of all the Jesuits from Paraguay. The Father Provincial is appalled by this injustice, and he fears for both the spiritual and physical welfare of the Indians if their Jesuit protectors leave. He decides to resist, and orders the Indian army to disarm and imprison the deputy and his retinue. At this point, an emissary arrives from the Father General of the Jesuits; the emissary orders the Provincial to submit. Torn by the conflict between his vow of obedience and his conviction, the Provincial finally yields.

Some of the priests, however, refuse to obey. Violence breaks out and the Father Provincial is mortally wounded. The deputy is forced to mete out stern punishment to the rebels. There are some intensely dramatic scenes as the Provincial tries to make up his mind whether or not to obey. However, the play is not historically accurate. History shows that the Jesuits offered no resistance to the order to leave Paraguay. However, the play accurately portrays the jealousy of the Spanish colonists and bring out some interesting questions concerning the missions in Paraguay.

The first of these questions is whether the Jesuits were unfaithful to their vocation by taking too much civil authority into their hands. The answer to this question is clearly in the negative, for two facts are emphasized. The first fact is that the people were not ready for democracy and that the Jesuit system of voluntary dictatorship was the only system that would enable these people to live happy, prosperous lives. The second fact is that the Jesuits held only local authority. The Spanish governor of Paraguay and the Spanish king held ultimate power.

The second question is whether the Jesuits should have concentrated on spreading the faith rather than on establishing a new type of political, social, and economic system. Some people say that many of the Indians were merely "rice Christians," that is, they became Christians to gain the prosperity and safety that the *reduction* offered. This is not a valid objection, however, when one looks at the situation objectively. The fact is that these Indians were properly instructed in their Faith and that they lived by the Moral Law. No one can impute false motives to one who knows, loves, and serves God and expect to be believed.

The third question and the most interesting question is whether the Jesuits would have been morally justified in resisting the edict of the Spanish king. The author of the play seems to think that they were not. I agree, since the Jesuits had so much aid from the Spanish government in establishing and in maintaining the *reductions*. The Jesuits realized that the Spanish used them as merely a part of their colonial system. When the Jesuits began to interfere with the Spanish

colonial policy, they had to be eliminated. The Spanish may have been unjust to the Indians, but the Jesuits had no right to interfere with the government.

Thus in 1767, the work of the Jesuits in Paraguay came to an end. The *reductions* were never the same after their departure. The Spaniards appointed other priests to take the Jesuits' places, but, even though they tried to follow the Jesuit system in many ways, they failed to win the confidence of the Indians, simply because they did not understand the Indians and because they did not trouble themselves to learn the Guarani language. Within five years after the Jesuits left, the population declined from 113,000 to 80,000. In 1796 there were merely 45,000 Indians left on the *reductions*. By 1817, there was just a handful of Indians left and the Paraguan dictator order the *reductions* to be abolished.

Thus did the great experiment in Paraguay came to an end. Yet who could deny that it had been a successful experiment? The Jesuits had established a state in which men lived together in peace, applying the teachings of the Gospels to their everyday lives. Crude savages had become industrious, religious, loyal citizens. The Jesuits had found a marvelous way to God through the establishment of a state where people co-operated with each other and with the grace of God. But, because this was only a way to God, the Jesuits could give it up, for His sake. God is greater than any way to Him.

The Summer Camp

by John Hussey

THERE was a sun, and it blazed down fiercely on the camp, but the women sitting on the wide, shaded front porch of the main lodge were cooled by a gentle lake breeze. It was early afternoon, just after the rest period, and the boys and girls were off swimming or taking a hike or making a plastic mold, or any one of a dozen other invigorating activities provided for them by the counselors of Summer Bay Camp.

The main lodge was a rambling, brown brick building with a lean bell tower on one end of it. Running along the length of the lodge was the porch which faced out to three mud brown Army tents and two white frame houses that served as the residence for the campers in their two-weeks stay.

Most of the twenty-odd women deciding they needed a rest from their housewifely duties had come to Summer Bay with their children for a little of it's well-advertised sun and rejuvenation. All of them, a bit to the happier side of middle age, sported bright ribbons in their hair and many, some rather ill-advisedly, wore short shorts and a halter. They lay back in the shade now, their swings and gliders shoved together in a rough semi-circle so they could joke, and gossip, and reminisce.

Mrs. Rascotti sat just outside this group, listening a little to their chatter, but for the most part daydreaming and thinking of her husband and son. Her dark hair was greying, her face was delicately lined. She wore a pink cotton dress which was a little too tight for her, though it was only a year old.

Earlier that year, her husband, Joe, had suggested they

send Richard to a summer camp for a couple of weeks. The boy was eleven, very small for his age, and he had never had too many friends because of his extreme shyness. However, even if Richard didn't make any friends at camp, he would at least get some sorely needed sun and exercise. She balked, though, when Joe suggested that the sun and rest would be good for her, and that she should go, too. Not that she wouldn't like a vacation, even though it would be something strange to her, but uneasiness with other people was imbedded in her almost as deeply as in her son. She herself had never had too many friends. She had married Joe in Sicily when she was sixteen, and they had come to America a year later. She lost two babies at birth, and for years their life was filled with hard work. Finally, when Richard was born, their life took on a new dimension. Even with all his crudeness, she realized that Joe was a proud and loving father. Mrs. Rascotti sometimes wondered why some of Joe's spirit and friendliness didn't rub off on Richard (or herself, for that matter).

She was eventually talked into coming, and it was now Wednesday, their third day at the camp. She couldn't tell yet whether or not Richard was getting along with the other boys in his group. She saw him quite often, but only when he came to talk to her, never while he was playing or swimming with the boys. However, it didn't seem to her that he was any happier here than he had been anywhere else.

Her attention drifted back to the women, as one of them was telling the punch line of a joke. Laughing boisterously, the woman sitting next to Mrs. Rascotti turned to share the laughter with her, but Mrs. Rascotti could only grin and pretend she had heard the joke. She liked these women. They were friendly and cheerful. But there seemed to be an invisible wall around the other women which separated them from her. Actually, she supposed, it's probably her own imagination.

As the laughter died down, her thoughts once again converged on her son. She wondered where he was just then, and what he was doing . . . .

Richard was standing on the dock, bent forward with his hands on the two 2x4s that were the extended sides of the

ladder which led down into the lake four feet below. He shivered and felt goose pimples pop up all over his frail white body. He hoped the boys who were watching him, and Mister 'Fish,' their swimming instructor, didn't notice how scared he was.

What he was about to do was to try to pass the camp's deepwater test. This had to be achieved before being allowed to swim on the far side of the three-sided dock, which formed with the shore a perfect rectangle. Inside this 'crib' the water wasn't over three feet deep. The test consisted of swimming, in deep water, the crawl, the backstroke, floating, the back float, and treading water. Richard had been taught by his father how to do the crawl, to float, and treading water had come naturally, but he knew, as he turned and lowered his foot onto the wet wooden step, that he would never be able to meet the other requirements. This wouldn't be so bad except that all the other boys in his 'tribe' — the Apaches — had passed the test, and that except for himself, the Apaches would be able to match the girls' group which prided itself on being 'all deepwater.'

Richard felt the water rise to his calves, to his thighs; and then, with a sharp, icy twinge, it dampened his blue trunks and he was in up to his waist. He could hear the half-hearted cheers of the boys above him on the dock. He could feel that they thought that that skinny little twerp would never be able to swim on his back, much less do the back float! They were almost resigned to being laughed at and kidded by the bratty girls for the rest of the two weeks. The kid wasn't worth anything in playing baseball or at shooting a bow and arrow, either.

Pushing himself away from the dock, Richard trod water until he heard Mister Fish's OK. Then he brought his legs up and lay face down in the water, his body looking like a white angular splotch floating on the green lake. He remembered the previous two times he had tried this test, and how he had practiced every spare minute during the 'free-swim' period in the afternoons. He tried not to think — softly muffled, he heard Mr. Fish's OK through the water.

He lifted his head and wiped the water from his eyes and shoved the streaming hair from his forehead. He looked down

the length of pillar supported dock which he had to swim. Realizing this was the last part of the test he could do, he determined to do it perfectly. Sooner, much sooner than he had wanted, he reached the last rotting wood pillar. Ahead of him, the wide, sparkling expanse of water danced in the sun; the breasts of tree covered hills lay far across it. For a moment he thought of keeping right on swimming till he landed on the hazy shore. But no, he knew he had to return, and supposedly by swimming on his back.

With a flash of determination, Richard took a deep gulp of air and threw himself on his back. Churning, kicking, flailing the water up to four feet above him, he could see nothing, hear nothing — here a glimpse of blue sky but nothing, no one else. His breast heaved, he felt it throb and start to split, split and feel stabbed by a rusty, jagged butcher knife. God, it can't be much further near there must be — got to stop must — be here — maybe maybe have done it.

He stopped then after what seemed like hours. Totally spent, weak, he looked up and at the same moment as he heard the loud laughs of the boys on the dock, he saw the reason for their laughter. If he had moved two feet from where he had started that frenzy it would have taken an exact ruler to prove it. Then the boys stopped laughing and as they walked down the dock off to the shore, he heard them mumble irritatedly to themselves. Alone, he swam to the ladder which he had so long ago descended, climbed up dripping, and followed them to the sand. As he walked, he saw only the canvas strip rolled over the slats of the boardwalk. He thought of his mother and how he didn't want her to know that he was the only one in his group that had failed; and he thought of his father and of how he had failed him once again.

Mrs. Rascotti walked into the campfire area by herself because she had forgotten something back at the lodge. The other women had gone on without her. It was dusk now; the crickets were starting to chirp, the head had died off a little, and down on the lake, the water was flat and still, disturbed only once in a while by a fish jumping for a bug.

This was campfire night. The campfire arena lay in a small

grassy gully with a blackened circle, some five or six feet around, laying like a scar in the center of the place. For years the campers of Summer Bay had convened here to roast marshmallows poked onto skinny sticks, to sing, and to hear ghost stories.

Mrs. Rascotti noticed as she sat down next to the mothers that all but her son's tribe were already there, and she wondered where they were. Already the first fire had been lit and one of the counselors was standing nevt to it, leading the campers encircled around him in 'O, You Can't Get to Heaven.'

"Eeyah!" The cry smote her ears, and she and the rest of the surprised campers looked up the hill and saw the scarcely recognizable Apaches swooping down on them, screaming all the way. They were stripped to the waist and daubed hideously with bright paint. Mrs. Rascotti had heard that a 'raid' was made on some of the campfires. She thought it a little silly, but the mothers next to her were saying how cute it was. She saw Richard behind the swarm of screaming boys, running as fast as he could.

The boys ran in and out of the group, smearing paint from their hands onto the faces of the defenseless victims. Mrs. Rascotti saw Richard rub his hand over the face of a girl about his own age, leaving a crimson blotch across her forehead. Then, as fast as they had come, the boys, still screaming, ran back up the hill and were gone. For a moment there was silence, and then a gentle lilt of relieved laughter arose and floated softly through the darkening countryside.

Once over the hill, Richard and the others stopped their yelling and went to where they had left their shirts. Richard bent over to get a rag to wipe his hands with, and suddenly felt himself given a hard shove. The moment he hit the ground, the wind was knocked out of him as someone jumped on his chest.

"Stupid, I told you to leave Betty alone, I wanted to get her. Remember that? Can you hear? I told you I wanted to paint her!"

Richard looked up and saw that this jabbing, panting voice was that of Woody Edwards, a heavy, blond boy with a fat, freckled face. And Richard did remember that before the

attack, Woody had said that Betty was his girl and was he going to paint her up! And everyone else had just better keep their hands off of her. But Richard also remembered that he wasn't quite sure which of the twenty-odd girls she was, and he'd feel kind of stupid asking, so he figured he'd just take a chance that the girl he'd smear wouldn't be Woody's Betty.

Looking far, far above Woody's hate-flushed face, Richard saw Bob, the Apaches' counselor, run up, grab Woody by the arms, and pulled him away. With relief and gratitude, Richard felt the weight being lifted from his chest. He started to get up, but was jolted back to the ground by a hard kick in his side. Bob pulled Woody farther back, and asked Richard if he was all right.

"Yeah, I'm OK," he said between deep gulps of air. And as he stood up and walked slowly to pick up his shirt, he heard Bob threaten Woody for losing his temper. Richard held down a laugh of contempt when he heard this, and hoped that Woody would get into even more trouble and get kicked out of camp. Serve him right!

"All right, Apaches," Bob said, "let's get back down to the fire. And remember what I said, Woody. You just watch yourself."

They had resumed singing when the boys came back down. And this time they were fully clothed and quiet. In the dim light, Mrs. Rascotti saw her son sit down with the other boys, and hoped that he was getting along a little better with them, and that he had enjoyed being in the little raiding stunt. She really didn't mind so much not getting along well with the other mothers (well, she thought, it's not that I don't get along, it's just that I don't seem to fit in exactly. And that's probably my own fault.) She didn't mind that, as long as her son was having fun and making some new friends. She thought then of Joe, and how she would much rather be home with him than where she was, but that it was all right as long as Richard was happy. Thinking of Richard reminded her of his jacket which she had gone back to the lodge for, and that it was getting cold enough so he could use it.

Richard was singing half-heartedly, but his real concern was how to get the guys to like him. He couldn't swim or play

baseball very well, and everything else he tried seemed to get botched up. Then an idea came to him which seemed little short of brilliant. Here was the way!

Just then, he saw a shadowy figure making her way towards him through the boys. With a gasp he realized that it was his mother, and at the same moment, all his hurts and embarrassments of the past week flooded back into him. God, this too? Does even she have to hurt me? He turned his face down and bit hard on his lower lip. His fists dug into the ground. In a moment, when he realized she was standing next to him, he looked up into her anxious, unsuspecting eyes. She whispered (and to him it seemed like a roar):

"Here, take this jacket. It's getting cold."

He almost snatched the jacket from her extended hand and mentally rushed her as fast as he could back into the shadows. Out of the corner of his eye he looked at the boys sitting around him and saw what he knew he would see: they were snickering silently among themselves and casting glances of contempt at him. The joyous singing of the others went unheard.

As Mrs. Rascotti sat down again she looked toward her son and wondered why he didn't put the jacket on. She didn't see disapproval mingled with understanding written on the faces of the other women. She thought that they probably were thinking a little better of her for being so considerate of her son. With a new enthusiasm, she joined in the singing.

Sitting at dinner the next evening, Richard determined that then was as good a time as any to put the plan that he had thought of at the campfire into operation. He had heard some of the bolder boys — the twelve-year-old guys and the one that had just turned thirteen — use what Richard supposed were dirty words, and they seemed to be well liked by all the other fellows. So why, if he used them, shouldn't they like him? He was a little afraid, though, because he had always been taught by his mother, father, and teachers that he shouldn't repeat some of the words he heard older boys say, because they weren't nice words. But yet, they didn't know how hard it was to get friends, and he promised himself never to say anything bad again if it helped him out, even a little

bit, now. He had given up hope that he would ever be completely 'one of the guys.'

Dinner was nearly over; the tinkling of silverware was dying down a little in the large dining hall, and there was more laughter and a little more talk than there had been for the last twenty minutes. Mrs. Rascotti would have liked to lean back and rest for a few minutes as she often did after dinner at home, but the bench had no back, so she couldn't.

She sighed and looked at her son at the Apaches' table, perpendicular to that of the mothers'. He seemed to be thinking about something. She knew now that he wasn't really happy here, that he hadn't made any friends as Joe and she had hoped, and that the first week was almost gone (it was Saturday).

The regular after dinner singing had begun while she was engrossed in these thoughts. During the last plaintive bars of "Show Me the Way to Go Home," she refocused her attention on Richard. He was hunched over and not singing, but tapping lightly on the table with the side of his fist, and biting his lip. It was obvious that he was trying to build up to something, or make some kind of a decision. She frowned and wondered just what it was that bothered him so much. As the song ended, she saw him sit up straight with a bold gleam in his eye. And then, just as the late note ended, he looked around at the boys at the table, and . . .

With the word still on his lips, Richard realized how monstrous a mistake he had made. Just at the moment of his saying it, the hall had fallen dead silent. And in his excitement, he had said it much too loudly. The boys turned to him with a bewilderment that slowly changed into amusement. They regarded him even lower than before. He knew everyone in the hall was watching him, especially his mother — whom he couldn't bring himself to face. Flushed, he looked down at his gravy-stained plate.

The startled song-leader had struck up "It Ain't Goin' to Rain No More," and slightly above the singing, Richard heard Bob say angrily that he wanted to talk with him right after dinner. Richard didn't care. He felt that the world had fallen in around him, that there was nowhere else to go, and noth-

ing more he could do. He stood alone outside the wall and could look up and see everyone else looking down at him and laughing. Everyone but his mother and father. But now, because of what he had just done, he had hurt them so badly that they, too, turned and entered the strong wooden gate in the wall. And they were gone, and the gate was closed behind them. He stood alone in the desert, alone and lost — forever and always, alone.

His mother did hear him and realized everyone else must have heard him also. At first, she felt nothing but shock and bewilderment. Why? Why, Richard? she asked. Then, she saw his blushing and nervousness, and knew that he, too, realized his obscenity had carried over the entire hall, and she understood and wanted only to say to him that it was all right, that she understood and that he needn't cry.

Apologetically, and with fear of their reproach, Mrs. Rascotti turned to the other women. She saw in their faces what she knew she should have expected: not hostility, nor disgust, but understanding and kindness. And she realized then that she not only wanted their friendship, but deeply needed it. The barriers she had erected were down. Not entirely, she realized, but enough so that she no longer need feel on the defensive, no longer saw them as the 'group.' They were Mrs. Wood, and Mrs. Inglefield, and Mrs. Hoftyzer, and all the other women who understood and shared with her, her sorrow and hurt for her son.

The singing ended in ten minutes, and everyone rose to go back to their tents and lodges. Mrs. Rascotti stood and was about to go to Richard when Mrs. Inglefield, a tall, very stout woman with smiling dark eyes, stopped her and said:

"Your son will be happier as he gets older. He'll find getting along with the gang isn't the most important thing in the world."

Some of the women were around her, and they smiled in agreement.

"Thank you," Mrs. Rascotti said. "Thank you." And she walked over to her son sitting alone at his table, and sat down beside him.

Reflections on 'The Two Cultures'

by Paul Fleury

WHEN Sir Charles P. Snow delivered his Rede Lecture, *The Two Cultures,* to a Cambridge University audience last May, he illuminated a problem which many have apparently chosen to ignore, but which, according to Sir Charles, could well bring about the dissolution of western culture if not solved quickly. Though several of Snow's comments will be discussed here, this discussion attempts to reflect on, rather than to paraphrase, Snow's lecture. Thus only where he is mentioned directly is Sir Charles liable to criticism. The responsibility for amplification of his comments lies with this author.

The problem involves two dominant and divergent intellectual orientations: the scientific and, for lack of a more accurately descriptive word, the humanistic. Of course, in dividing and labeling, there is a certain amount of inaccuracy introduced. And the truly educated man who is by profession involved in either science or the humanities will not fit neatly into either category. However, the procedure seems justified if the following problems are to be discussed. For Snow, not only are the two cultures professionally distinct and isolated, but they are also alarmingly ignorant of the methods, attitudes, and even the values of each other. Because of the preoccupation of each with his own culture, genuine communication between the scientist and the humanist is too often lack-

ing. Yet communication is necessary; for a broad acquaintance with the great minds and ideas of both past and present is essential rather than merely desirable. And once an individual has "completed his formal education," his most effective, and perhaps his only, method of enhancing this broad acquaintance is through direct communication with professionals in fields other than his own. It is obvious that, because scholarship in virtually every field has become progressively more involved, it is practically impossible for an individual to master more than one area of one discipline. Further, where the choice is to be made between gaining a still more specialized knowledge or understanding in one's own field and broadening his somewhat less profound acquaintance with another major area, the former is nearly always chosen. In fact, there may seldom be a real choice involved at all; for, unfortunately, the attitude of competition has tainted even the realm of scholarship. And many a man distorts his over-all development for the sake of emerging victorious over his fellows on some point of pedantry. Competition breeds specialization. Specialization breeds isolation. And it is one of Snow's major contentions that isolation may breed our destruction.

Even where there is not total ignorance of humanism on the part of the scientist, nor of science on the part of the humanist, a cultural dichotomy still often exists. Dealing with different areas of human problems, each culture tends to minimize, if not to dismiss altogther, the importance of the other's work. And so, through the failure of each to understand that both approaches are truly essential, the two cultures generally fail to communicate even when their respective members engage in conversation. This failure, of course, arises partially from the specialized training that each group has received. But also pertinent here, says Snow, is the ignorance of a clear distinction between the practical goals of the scientist and those of the humanist. The humanist is involved in treating those problems connected with what we might call the individual human condition. The poet, the philosopher, the novelist and the social critic all deal in some way with man's relationship to God or to his fellow man, though each approaches these relationships and the problems connected with

them from a different aspect. Thus, generally speaking, the humanist could be said to treat the condition of the individual from within. The humanist deals, as it were, with the moral character. On the other hand, the physical scientist (and usually only the applied scientist is involved professionally with problems of humankind) deals with the social, rather than the individual, condition. He is concerned with conditions exterior to a group of individuals and thus operates on the material, rather than the moral, level. Though many distinctions could be made here, let us state that applied science is generally concerned with bettering man's material environment and satisfying his physical needs.

Now science and technology have succeeded in satisfying the basic material wants of much of the West. Yet it is precisely for the stronger emphasis on the material order and the greater amount of individual leisure which have accompanied this satisfaction that science and its technological achievements have been criticised by many humanists. It is quite true, for example, that Americans are materially oriented and utilize their leisure more for cultivation and gratification of physical and psychological "needs" than for the development of intellectual or cultural potentialities. However, it seems a hasty and an incorrect judgement which holds science entirely responsible for the abuse made of the material advances it has wrought. The responsibility, it seems, must be shared in large measure by humanists whose partial function is to acquaint the members of society with the destiny and dignity of each man in such a manner that they will lead truly human lives. Admittedly, this is a more difficult task than is that of the applied scientist, just as it is easier to build a palce for a man than to render him fit to inhabit it properly.

Yet, rather than presenting itself as a challenge, this difficulty seems to have become an obstacle for the humanist. For, though modern poets and novelists often dwell at length on the problem of the individual maintaining his individuality and humanity in our complexly mechanized society, they are usually unable to advise anything else but the abandonment of technological developments. Many seem unwilling to

acknowledge the general achievements of the industrial revolution and are unaware of the extent of the scientific one (in which, for example, the recently discovered uses for atomic energy have been introduced into industry). And because of this unwillingness, such humanists render their already difficult task of improving the individual condition nearly impossible. Instead of accepting and adjusting to the obvious advances of technology, these Luddites advocate the impossible. They dream of a return to the simplicity and imagined moral cleanliness of the agricultural life. But because industrialization seems indeed to be the only hope of the poor, it is small wonder that their condemnations of science and technology and their pleas for abandonment of mass production find few receptive ears. Without mechanization and technical advance, the firm basis of material comfort, upon which rests the more properly human endeavors of the intellect, must be denied to the majority of the human race. A man is seldom interested in the finer aspects of intellectual or cultural development unless the possibility of his starving has been minimized. And in minimizing such possibilities, technology can perform acts of true humanism.

We are now in a position to see more precisely what Snow means when he warns that the cultural dichotomy may result in the West's destruction. He asserts that "since the gap between the rich and the poor countries *can* be overcome, it *will* be." If the poor countries are enriched, industrialized and indoctrinated through the efforts of the Communist world, we are in danger of being overcome and consumed in the process. Snow speculates that complete industrialization of Asia and Africa can be effected within half a century and that Russia intends to aid these countries by providing the necessary capital and manpower regardless of what the West decides on the matter. Specifically, the problem for the West arises from the fact that the existence of the two cultures renders a unified effort for Asian and African industrialization impossible. For, on the part of many of our humanists, that goal is not even universally understood, much less considered a desirable one.

On the other hand, the Russians seem to educate their

youth in such a manner that the two cultures are more communicative and understanding of each other than they are in he West. Snow observes that, where the English err by imposing too early a narrow training upon their students and where we fail to make pre-collegiate (and, too often, collegiate) academic life extensive, comprehensive, and rigorous, the Russians seem ever to be striving for curricula that are both rigorous and broad, as well as sensitive to current situations. For example, since Mr. Khrushchev ascended to power, two significant modifications have been introduced into the already strong Russian educational program. First, the proportion of the student's time devoted to the arts has been increased. Secondly, absolutely every student is required to have some training in direct connection with some industry or other. The former modification indicates Russian awareness of the values of the humanities; whereas the latter, coupled with the comparatively extensive acquaintance with science imparted to the Russian student, constitutes an obvious attempt to insure that the entire intellectual class be familiar, on a first hand basis, with the effects and present manifestations of both the industrial and scientific revolutions.

However, preventing the West from becoming an enclave in a different world is, of course, not the only, nor should it be the primary, motivation for re-evaluation and revision of the American educational system. It is unfortunate that criticism of American education has come into almost as great a vogue as has failure to act on such criticism. For in the case of an educational crisis, so much criticism has been leveled recently that any restatement of the problem is likely to be greeted with apathy rather than by proper action. Yet undeniably Snow has enunciated a note of urgency in pointing out that, unless we act soon on both the educational and professional levels to mould the two cultures into one awareness possessing merely two aspects, the extinction of the West is more than a remote possibility.

Finally, it may be intresting to note that students are often more impatient for active improvement and perhaps even more perceptive of their own deficiencies than are their academic administrators. Witness the occasion for the writ-

ing of *The Apple and the Spectroscope* by T. R. Henn of Cambridge in 1951. Cognizant of their lack of appreciation for the intellectually and morally important realm of poetry, a group of science students approached their administration, which apparently neither knew not nor cared about their level of development in any area save that of science. These students requested that a course be taught them which would provide at least a basis for a more profound understanding of poetry. The result of their request was a series of lectures which treated the appreciation, analysis, and interpretation of poetry and which provided the material for Henn's book.

There is reason to suspect that many such student groups exist, scattered throughout all the countries of the West; but their main fault is that they are both scattered and sporadic. It does seem rather incongruous that one should have to obtain his liberal education in spite of, rather than with the aid of, his liberal arts college. Yet, such is probably more often the rule than the exception. Snow has at least implicitly suggested that what is needed more than a radical departure from the traditional liberal core is a re-emphasis on the contemporaneous development of, and effective communication between, students who intend to specialize later in the divergent disciplines. Recognition of the value and importance of both pure and applied science — manifested through appropriate alterations of the curriculum — is as vital a need as is continued adherence to the traditional emphasis upon language, literature, history and philosophy. Only through such recognition and adherence can a single orientation be moulded from the two cultures which Snow has described. Only through emphasizing communication can our schools produce educated, truly human beings, who are cognizant of both major areas and who may later specialize, for their own benefit and that of society, in either science or the humanities. We may either heed or ignore the admonitions of Snow and others like him. Both the choice and the responsibility are ours.

From Misanthropy to Philanthropy: A Study of 'The Dyskolos'

by Thomas J. Kasper

This essay recently won second prize in a national contest sponsored by Eta Sigma Phi, national classics honorary fraternity.

MENANDER, who is reputed to have written over one hundred plays, won the festival prize only eight times. This is not necessarily a sign that he lacked ability as a playwright. On the contrary, many Roman dramatists held him in the same esteem which present-day dramatists reserve for Shakespeare. The analysis of *The Curmudgeon*, or *The Dyskolos*, contained in this study will substantiate the preceding statement, and prove that there is yet a strong cause for today's thespians to undertake a stduy of Menander.

On one level *The Dyskolos* is a contrast. A contrast between city people and country people, between the erudite, soft-living townsman and the boorish, self-denying farmer. Moreover, it is a contrast between those who have wealth at their disposal and those who must sweat incessantly for their daily bread.

Menander exploits this contract to the utmost. The cast is split in two: half are crude, half are cultured.

Callippides, father of Sostratus, easy-going, affable and rich	vs.	Cnemon, central character of the play, a slave-driving misanthropist
Sostratus, an idle-rich youth, but good at heart	vs.	Gorgias, son of Myrrhine by her first husband, also good at heart, but driven by necessity to spirit-crushing labor
Pyrrhias, Sostratus' servant, a sociable, lively type of fellow	vs.	Davus, Gorgias' servant, bitter at both his unending hard labor and those not forced to work as hard as he
Sostratus' mother, a party-planning socialite	vs.	Myrrhine, Cnemon's estranged wife, self-contained and long-suffering
Geta, servant of Callippides, and Sicon, the cook, jocose characters not accustomed to deprivations and unending drudgery	vs.	Cnemon's daughter and Simike, left with a sad, frightened outlook on life because of their severe existence

When these almost diametrically opposed characters converse with one another, intense drama ensues. Contrast is conflict, and conflict is the heart of the drama. The urbane Menander has no recourse to extraordinary events to drive home his point. And on the live stage the external appearances of the well-to-do character poised against those of the sorely-faring character would further intensify the difference.

One exemplary instance of such conflict is when, early in the play an integral comedy rather than a tragedy.

> Sostratus (aside): I wonder if he'll attack me?
>
> Cnemon: It seems to be impossible to find a crowd-free spot even if you want to take a rope and hang yourself.
>
> Sostratus (to himself): He's angry with me. (To Snemon): Sir, I'm waiting to meet someone here. I have an appointment with him.
>
> Cnemon (to himself): Didn't I say so? They all think this is a public park, or an open square. (To Sostratus): Look, if you want to see someone here outside my front door, organize the whole thing thoroughly and build a lounge: that will be the sensible notion — or even better, a public hall.

On another level, *The Curmudgeon* is a comedy. Five of

its characters operate almost entirely outside the basic structure of the play, and, though not necessary for the fulfillment of the plot, they are necessary as comic relief to make the play an integral comedy rather than a tragedy.[2]

Geta, as well as Sicon, the cook, whose chief purpose in the drama is the harrassment of Cnemon, who wishes only to be left alone, make sport of the old grump with ever-increasing intensity until the end of the play, when in an absolute rhapsody of abusive ridicule they finally force Cnemon to consent to their wishes, just for the sake of having them stop nagging. Besides this, Geta and Sicon serve Menander as a vivid means of showing exactly how far Cnemon's animosity toward mankind has progressed.

The main function of Chaereas, a very worldly friend of Sostratus, who appears only in the play's opening scenes, is to further confuse the already befuddled Sostratus and depict his character by contrast. Chaereas finds it very hard to conceive Sostratus pursuing Cnemon's daughter for honorable reasons.

Pyrrhias, a flippant, unreliable servant of Sostratus, who also appears only at the beginning of the play, does nothing but make Sostratus' position with regard to Cnemon all the worse by provoking Cnemon's anger and consequently being violently thrust off his property.

Simike is necessary in the sense that she brings about the play's crisis, Cnemon's fall into the well, but the crisis could have been brought about in many another way, and Simike's principal attraction is a trembling, almost ludicrous fear of the master's wrath.

The basic seed of this comedy is incongruity, as incongruity is the seed of all humor. Cnemon is abnormally introverted, he wants only to be left alone; Sostratus is abnormally drawn out, he desires only to cherish Cnemon's daughter forever. Normally a poor farmer would be only too glad to give his daughter's hand in marriage to a rich young man. But here is the incongruity; here is where the play gets its humorous attraction, its drawing power as a comedy. Cnemon is not an ordinary poor farmer; his character is exceedingly perverse. Thus Sostratus, on the other hand, is forced to take

very extraordinary and unseemly measures to obtain Cnemon's daughter in marriage. And he does so because his extreme love for her equals Cnemon's extreme and unorthodox distaste for humanity. Menander does not resort to the ridiculous, does not even leave the world of reality, to achieve his humor.

The comedy entailed in Sostratus' attempt to gain the love of Cnemon's daughter is greatly enhanced in the beginning of the play, when his true intention is misunderstood in turn by Chaereas, by Davus, servant of Gorgias, and by Gorgias himself. These three feel that Sostratus is attempting to take unfair advantage of Cnemon's daughter. However, Sostratus gets down to brass tacks with Gorgias, stepbrother to Cnemon's daughter, and explains away this misapprehension.

The Dyskolos is written on yet another level, its highest, which, for lack of a better word, we shall term the level of insight. Art conceals itself. The greater the art, the greater the self-concealment. Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, their stories can be read as adventures, romances, psychological tales, war stories, or histories. They can be read for the sheer joy their poetry excites, or read merely to pass time. Then again, one might read them to acquire a deeper understanding of life, to obtain a knowledge either not yet personally possessed or only vaguely comprehended.

One may say that Menander is the exponent of the theory that life is essentially good, at least, just as good as it is bad.

Were Menander Aeschylus, perhaps Cnemon would have drowned in the well, perhaps the members and descendants of his house would have suffered miserably and even unjustly for generations to come, because Cnemon had so rudely and audaciously shown contempt for Zeus' law of universal hospitality.

But, Menander being Menander, the timely rescue of Cnemon by those whom he dislikes and maltreats brings about a change of character in the grouch, from misanthropic to philanthropic, and because of Cnemon's reversal of character the fortunes of all in the play change from bad to good. The following diagram will illustrate this point.

Outline of Basic Dramatic Structure of *The Dyskolos.*

I. The fortunes of the play's characters progress from bad to worse to worst.

A. Pyrrhias, dispelled from Cnemon's farm by lumps of turf and pears, so agitates Cnemon against strangers that he would not be given to even talk of his daughter's marriage to another man, yet alone betroth her.

B. Cnemon finds Sostratus loitering in front of his farmhouse and administers a thorough tongue-lashing.

C. Simike accidentally drops a bucket into the well; Cnemon's daughter is fraught with grief, because Cnemon will be violent when he hears of it.

D. Davus comes upon the scene, and, distrustful of Sostratus, gives him a rude reception.

E. Gorgias, also lacking faith in Sostratus, encounters him and advises him to go his own way.

F. Sostratus, to win Cnemon's admiration and approval, goes off to the fields with Davus to spade the soil, thinking that if the old man sees him thus occupied he will deem him worthy of his daughter. Sostratus slaves all day, nearly breaking his back in the process, but the grouch, detained at home, fails to show up in the fields.

G. A band of pilgrims, led by Sostratus' mother, congregate at the shrine of Pan near Cnemon's home and force him, enraged beyond words, to remain on his farm to guard his possessions, thereby losing a full day's work in the fields.

H. The selfish Cnemon breaks out in a fit of anger at Geta's attempt, followed by another attempt of Sicon, to borrow a cooking-pan.

I. Simike, in attempting a recovery of the bucket from the well, drops in a mattock, which Cnemon was searching for that he might shift some dung in his yard.

II. The crisis of the play occurs when Cnemon falls into the well, nearly killing himself, in an attempt to retrieve the bucket and mattock. Sostratus, aided by Gorgias, saves him. Cnemon then suffers a complete change of heart, realizing the folly of attempting to lead an isolated existence in the hope of vain self-sufficiency.

III. With the crisis, an almost instantaneous change of fortune from miserable to miraculous is effected in the lives of the *dramatis personae.*

A. Cnemon adopts Gorgias as his own son, bequeathes all his property to him, and commissions him to find a husband for his daughter.

B. Gorgias betrothes his half sister, Cnemon's daughter, to Sostratus.

C. Callippides, Sostratus' father, betrothes his daughter to poor Gorgias with a dowry of three gold talents.

D. Together with Simike, Cnemon's daughter and Myrrhine, who, it is hinted, is reconciled with Cnemon, or is in the process thereof, cap the day's marvelous happenings by a get-acquainted party with their new relatives.

This appears to me an immutable and undeniable proof of Menander's philosophy of life. Namely: good is in no wise weaker than evil; evil things can be transformed. Evil need not necessarily be the cause of more evil; it can be altered as to produce good. Sostratus himself seems to feel this way when he exclaims:

> If you only have common sense, you never will despair of anything in the world. There's no prize you can't win with work and application, not one! Now I have an excellent proof of that. In just one single day I have achieved a marriage that everybody would have called simply impossible.

The fact that Menander preaches the doctrine of man's essential goodness should not be construed as a derogatory aspect of his craftsmanship. Rather, it ought to be looked upon as one of his strongest attributes. Without doubt it gives him a universal appeal. Artists unnumbered have bewailed the sad fate of the world, the sore plight of man in his weakness. Few and far between come the artists who give man credit, who realize, and who feel it is worth the telling, that for all man's baseness, on quite a few occasions at any rate, he is more worthy of admiration or praise than blame, ridicule, and lamentation. And harder yet to find is the poet who can thus evaluate man and not grow maudlin in the process. Menander is one of them.

Menander scarcely says a word about the goodness or

badness of man in *The Curmudgeon.* A story is merely told, and it is entirely credible. If anything inconceivable is in the play, it can be accredited to the artist's prerogative to go as far as is right in extending reality, that an over-all effect of reality may be accomplished. Menander hides what he wishes to tell the audience under the guise of action. Cnemon's change of character from misanthropic to philanthropic also brings about a change of fortunes from bad to good; thus does Menander say that good can and does prevail over bad.

Of Menander's extant works only three other plays, *The Girl From Samos, The Arbitration,* and *The Shearing of Glycera,* remain complete enough to warrant detailed literary analysis. The aforementioned plays, constructed along somewhat similar lines to *The Dyskolos,* could be taken as a proof that the writer's view of life expressed in *The Curmudgeon* was his tried and tested philosophy, and not a theme fabricated for only one play.

In a relatively mild play about the undaunted love of a young aristocrat for a beautiful peasant girl, the most violent action of which play being a non-fatal slip into a well, the throwing of some turf, a curved backbone and freshly calloused hands, not to mention a good deal of harmless bellowing, Menander, through finely delineated caricature, through conflict, contrast, and humor, created a comedy capable of imparting a deep, not-so-humorous realization of the innate nobility of life, and this drama should continue, as do the other plays written not of time but of man, as long as the theater lives.

Notes from a Refugee Camp

by A. B. Peter

IT WAS HOT that summer and people complained of many things. In our village, people usually complained of maladies ranging from war to colds to their ungrateful children.

The heat was almost unbearable, punctuated by rain about once every week, afterwards resuming its sweltering intensity. The heat got on people's nerves and after a while there were many senseless arguments among the adults and a number of bloody noses and black eyes among the children.

Violence was common among the children. As a matter of fact, when the adults argued, the children engaged in fighting and vandalizing. Even the dogs were uneasy.

There was a sugar-beet field on the east side of the village that belonged to a particularly irate farmer. This farmer hated children, especially boys, and he often whipped anyone that he found trespassing on his property. His animosity made the older boys hate him to the point where they decided to do something about it. One night three of them went out to the sugar-beet field with sticks and hatchets, and after digging up about half the crop, systematically chopped it up. This act of retailiation went unpunished because the farmer could prove nothing against anybody. He had no idea who did it because almost everybody hated him.

Many games were played that summer after the children were dismissed from their summer-school classes. One of the

more popular ones was a modified war game played with different sets of numbers for each team or 'army.' This was not really a war game, because there was no pretense to violence; rather it was a kind of hide-and-go-seek, where if somebody's number was called out, he was 'dead' and dropped out of the game.

The favorite place of all the children in the village was the creek that ran about half a mile to the south. It was a good place, for very few other people went there because the ground was muddy. All along the banks there were willow trees that afforded the children a measure of privacy from the rest of the world; and they were in the habit of considering it their own country — they did pretty much what they wanted at the creek.

. . . . .

old maids:

There were two old maids living in the village. They were sisters living with their mother, and all three of whom were a source of amusement to everybody. These pious women were so absent-minded and naive that they often did not realize what they were doing.

The thing that amused most people was the pretense of Margie that she was a virgin and a virtuous woman. What was so amusing about this is that she had a baby by a colored soldier 'via an innocent kiss,' as she would have everybody believe. This poor young woman (thirty at the time) was constantly tormented by an assortment of youthful bachelors, who pretended to believe Margie's story.

. . . . .

a stalled truck:

Sam Vas had a problem. He had an old Krupp truck that wouldn't start. This to him was disastrous. It was late fall and he wanted to steal a supply of wood before the snow came. He cursed and kicked the truck till his voice was hoarse and his foot was sore. But to no avail — the truck just wouldn't start. There were two little boys playing on the back of his truck at the time.

Notes from a Refugee Camp

As soon as Sam ran out of kicks and epithets, seven-year-old Barney very politely asked him if he and his brother could play in the cab. Sam assured them just as politely that he wouldn't give a damn if they ₶*@&*% the truck. With this, he turned to go. He was already at his door when the motor gave off an assortment of belches and coughs that scared Barney but which made Sam spin around with an expression of rapture on his face. Barney had started the old Krupp.

"I love you damn kids," is a pretty near approximation to what he said without getting too vulgar.

Ever after (for a couple of weeks, anyway) Sam loved children.

. . . . .

the fate of a certain telephone pole:

There was a pressing problem of firewood during the cold winters. Since firewood was expensive and hard to get legally, and since the adult male of the family had the God-given responsibility to provide warmth, sorties were often made to the nearby forests to acquire wood. This worked until the police put too many new guards on duty. This made wood-gathering sorties impractical.

After a hasty conference, four enterprising men devised a plan to get wood without running too great a risk.

They went out at night and returned a few hours later with wood. By morning it was sawed and hidden. That same morning, about a mile away, there was an irate farmer who cursed his dogs and invoked often both divine and diabolical sources because "how the hell could anyone steal a telephone pole from my front yard with two watch-dogs in it?" The dogs didn't seem very hungry that morning.

. . . . .

Good Friday, women, and a thief:

It was Good Friday and everybody had already gone to church. People congregated in front of the 'lager meister's' barrack talking about the Jew that had come into the village the night before. The man claimed that Tibor, one of the

younger bachelors, had stolen money from him. The German police had searched Tibor and his barrack, finding nothing. Still, they placed him under arrest.

So far there had been no trouble in the proceedings. But Tibor became angry and twisted the arresting officer's carbine out of his hand. After threatening his accuser with the carbine, the Jew admitted to having lied and the money was later found in the kit bag of his motor-cycle. The officer told the Jew to get out of town and that he was lucky to get out alive.

The police left and the Jew was getting ready also to leave. He didn't make it. Three of the women who had just come back from the local Calvinist church had caught the end of the argument, and then attacked the Jew as he was desperately trying to start his motorcycle. The Jew was kicked off balance and by the time he had a chance to run he was suffering more than a black eye.

He was chased down the road, and by the time he finally got away he was bleeding badly. A violent sort of justice— but justice.

Ever after that the Jew gave the 'lager' a wide berth.

. . . . .

the old Hussar:

There was an old Hussar living about two barracks away from ours. He was the last I saw of that patriarchal type of man who is loved and respected by everyone. What everybody especially loved him for was his violin playing and his unfailing sense of humor. About his playing the violin, it suffices to say that it was tremendous and wonderful in that he seemed to possess an unlimited number of good songs that he played often.

His sense of humor was one of the most refreshing sort that you could find in the camp, and he could often make people laugh who did not at all feel like laughing.

His kind of irreverence, which he would innocently flaunt when the occasion arose, no one could resent because it was so unexpected and fresh that one could only laugh.

One example of this: A man that everybody knew died in the nearby town. Most people could not go to the funeral, but

the old Hussar, since he was a very close friend of the deceased, attended.

In those early post-war days news of death always tended to make people morbid. When the Hussar returned, he met Dan, the jack-of-all-trades, and they talked about the funeral. The Hussar, in his account of the proceedings, mentioned balefully that his deceased friend was buried without a priest. When Dan incredulously inquired as to why this was so, the Hussar told him with the straightest-of-faces that with his own eyes he saw the priest walk away in the best of health.

Within minutes, this story was told throughout the 'lager' and people were laughing for days.

People like the old Hussar made life a little easier.

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a day of anger:

It was sweltering hot. There were no clouds at all in the sky and classes were called off because the teacher became sick from the heat.

Since there was no school that day, almost all of the children went down to the creek to swim and play. Almost all of them were between the ages of eight and fifteen, the older boys comprising one gang, the younger another. The only exception was Billy, who associated with the older crowd because he liked their recreation (usually fighting or football) better.

All day Julius had been harping at Billy. The harping was only at the kidding stage so far, and nothing serious happened, probably because Billy had a knife with him and Julius wanted to take no chances.

When they arrived at the creek, they all undressed and jumped into the water, which was at the most, four feet deep.

After an hour or so, Julius started his game again: prodding Billy. Billy didn't want to fight him because Julius now had a knife. After a while the prodding turned into physical aggression when Julius pushed Billy under water and held him there. If the other boys hadn't pulled Julius off, Billy would probably have drowned. By this time tension was building and the older boys split into factions. After about five minutes Billy recovered from his ordeal and decided to settle the whole af-

fair without a gang fight. Still dazed, but furious all the same, he jumped straight at Julius' throat. The attack was unexpected and Julius was caught off balance. As soon as Billy got hold of his throat, his fingers locked, and I doubt whether he could have stopped choking of his own free will. Two of the older boys tried to pry Billy off. Julius was almost dead when Billy was finally pacified by a good kick in the ribs.

Everybody was split into factions because of this incident. Much gang rivalry resulted.

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scandal:

The wife of an ex-army officer was trying to develop a sun-tan. To accomplish this she lay down on a blanket in front of their barrack, dressed, or rather, in an advanced stage of undress. If this had been done in a bathing suit, all would have been fine; but as it was, people, especially the women (the men didn't seem to mind it) began to grow resentful. There was much talk about safeguarding the morals of the children (who really didn't mind, either). Resentment built up until some of the women organized and protested.

This incident effected even the children, who all of a sudden became rather clothes conscious when they went swimming.

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a pig:

Mr. Bundas kept a pig illegally. The new government did not approve of refugees keeping private livestock, but the police never noticed the obvious if they were promised a few pounds of ham for the holydays.

The pig was a fine animal, indeed, and someone else must have thought so too, because it disappeared one morning. It was last seen travelling down the road with a small band of gypsies.

Uttering a stream of obscenities, Mr. Bundas jumed on his bicycle, all two hundred and fifty pounds of him, and he followed the pig (or the gypsies, if you prefer looking at it that way).

He came back a few hours later pushing the bicycle and driving the pig before him.

The upshot of the whole incident was that he slaughtered and dressed the animal that night, afraid that the affair would get to the ears of a police officer he hadn't bribed.

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confession:

One of the old maids, Ruth, went to confession Saturday afternoon. This was highly irregular, because she usually went to confession in the town nearby.

There was a large crowd waiting to be shriven, everybody in a pious mood, morose and resigned. They were suddenly startled by the very loud voice of Ruth, who was confessing sin upon sin as if they grew on trees. The priest tried in vain to quiet her. He finally became exasperated and told her to leave, in no mild language.

After this incident, there was much discussion of the hardships a priest must suffer in the line of duty.

Education's New Frontier

by Charles J. Montrose

WILL flesh-and-blood teachers eventually be replaced by audio-visual gadgets? It seems that many school officials believe they will. At a recent convention of the National Education Association's Department of Audio-Visual Instruction, some 2,000 educators "oh-ed" and "ah-ed" over electronic marvels designed for use in the classroom. Proclaimed outgoing DAVI President Walter S. Bell: "The familiar concept of a teacher in a classroom with only some books has completely broken down. The old methods simply cannot meet the challenge of the next decade, if education is to serve the humanities."

If, then, the traditional methods of education are outmoded in view of the nation's demands, what new methods are available to replace them? Scores of eye-boggling electronic machines have been devised — machines that flash answers across screens, teach foreign languages in deep, resonant voices, and light up with a cheerful "very good" when fed a correct answer — but as yet, none offer any immediate practical help. The greatest promise of a potential for education has been found in the popular mass medium, television.

Many educators have expressed a belief that television possesses advantages for education not enjoyed by any other avenue of communication. Some have claimed that it compares in its impact on education with Gutenberg's invention of the printing press five hundred years ago. Extensive research is being conducted in the science of visual and aural projection to determine just how great this impact will be. No

concrete evidence has yet been returned from this experimentation; the field is open to speculation.

There are two kinds of educational television: non-commercial general broadcasts and closed-circuit television in the classroom. The former are basically for mass audiences and are presented for viewing mainly in the home. Under this heading come programs originated by stations operated by universities, colleges, and municipalities. They include some academic courses in which listeners may enroll and for which they may receive academic credit. Most non-commercial programs, however, are simply attempts at high-level content which gives information and stimulation.

This kind of educational television is difficult to measure or evaluate as a teaching device. It is likely to be restricted to self-selected adult audiences with some desire to learn a particular subject. The requirements of scheduling and of giving students a compelling desire to study a subject mean that this type of television will have a limited classroom usefulness.

As a teaching aid, the second type — closed-circuit television in the classroom — is of more interest to the teacher and school administrator. During the past decade, dozens of magazine articles have appeared in the nationally circulated publications hailing classroom TV as the panacea for America's public educational ills. Nevertheless, many, both within the teaching profession and among school board members and public officials, are unconvinced of its value. Franklin Dunham, president of the Federal Committee for Education by Radio and Television, is particularly skeptical. In attempting to decide the controversy, a number of factors must be considered.

Obviously, classroom use of closed-circuit TV should be carefully evaluated in terms of what it might hope to accomplish. Although many extravagant claims have been made attesting to the ability of television in the classroom, numerous teaching functions are clearly beyond the capability of any machine. The teaching function involves far more than presenting information or making demonstrations. It also includes such operations as planning what is to be presented, arousing student enthusiasm to learn, assessing the readiness of the student to study the subject, creating opportunities for

the student to use learning, evaluating the students' accomplishment, and facilitating group discussions.

A mechanical device such as television can at best hope to accomplish only those parts of the teaching process which lend themselves to decisions — made in advance and apart from the immediate audience — that have to do with presenting or demonstrating information or using cinematic techniques. Several of the basic advantages offered by television are not peculiar to it; they are present, essentially the same, in other communications media, especially the film. Both the film and TV have the ability to attract and hold interest, while adding greatly to the retentiveness of knowledge acquired. They stimulate both the active mind and the imagination.

Certain elements present in the nature of television raise it in value for education above all other media. The chief factor of television's superiority is its immediacy — the realization that what we see and hear is actually happening at the instant we view it. Another aspect of television's character contributing greatly to its value is its flexibility; it is capable of correcting discoverable errors while in action or in any repeat performance.

Seen in this light, it is possible to assert that enough research has been completed to suggest that closed-circuit television in the classroom has a great potential usefulness. However, no reliable evidence has been presented to suggest that TV can replace the teacher or bring about large savings in educational expenditure. Nevertheless, the evidence does seem to indicate that effective learning can occur in teaching situations where television is used.

Testing conducted by Dr. Robert T. Rock of Fordham University with personnel from the United States Navy support this contention. His first series of tests were made on "The Comparative Effectiveness of Instruction by Television, Television Recordings, and Conventional Classroom Procedures." The results from these control-group tests show live television to possess superior means of teaching over the compared media, and an effectiveness "comparable to, and in several cases superior to traditional teaching methods." Analyzing the results of these and Dr. Rock's second tests, "A Study

in Learning and Retention," it is interesting to discover how TV makes its impact.

> It does this in three ways: (1) through appeal by emphasis to concepts already established in the mind; (2) through appeal to the emotions; and, (3) through appeal to the sense of enjoyment and pleasure associated with past experiences.

Initial reaction of both students and educators to the new medium has, for the most part, been enthusiastic. However, conclusions concerning these attitudes may not be meaningful. Experiments with television are seldom truly objective; the device is used only in instances where school officials consider it advantageous. Consequently, most of the TV experiments have involved teachers who were eager to try the new system and were thus predisposed toward it. It is also quite normal that students placed in an experimental situation should react with enthusiasm.

Investigations thus far usually have included a group of students taught with television and a similar group taught by traditional methods. In some cases, the TV students simply sit and watch a TV monitor with no teacher present. In other situations, the basic presentation is made by television with a classroom instructor present, who follows up the lecture with a discussion period. In still others, microphones are provided in the viewing classrooms to permit back and forth discussion. In some experimental studies the television teacher has worked in front of a live group, with all the normal classroom give-and-take; in others he has worked alone. As yet, however, none of these methods offers significant evidence of a major breakthrough in speed or effectiveness of learning brought about by classroom TV.

A wide variety of subject matter has been investigated. The tendency has been to experiment with science courses or other subjects in which demonstration is used. This has led to a common assumption that the new device is useless in trying to handle abstract material. The tests conducted by Dr. Rock in conjunction with the Navy have disproved this hypothesis. They provide a substantial body of testimony indicating effective learning of such subjects as history, psychol-

ogy, philosophy, and social science.

Along with the problem of teaching effectiveness, two closely related questions often arise in a discussion of classroom TV — can television reduce the costs of education? Can TV alleviate the shortage of teachers? Only as we gain greater perspective with the passage of time will we be able to reckon the full effects of television in these matters. At present, only conjectural answers are possible.

To date, almost all television teaching has been for experimental purposes, and the costs give little indication of what a full time operational program would involve. The regular teaching programs in a few localities are too new for accurate figures to be available. However, it appears that if the full potential of educational television is to be realized, substantial capital expenditures will have to be made, and no available evidence indicates that even this will reduce total school costs.

As for relief of the teacher shortage, experience suggests that in few cases can TV be expected to replace teaching personnel in the classroom, if only because the major elements of the teaching process, that is, planning, guiding, and evaluating, lie beyond the capability of the mechanism. Where television has been used effectively in the classroom, it has been an adjunct to the teacher, not a substitute for him.

When television is thought of as a device for saving money or relieving teacher shortage problems, the tendency is to utilize it in a way that limits its classroom effectiveness. This situation prevails where a large group of students is placed in a classroom with only a TV screen to serve as instructor. Classes of this type are inclined to be inattentive and disorderly. It seems, on the basis of what is now known about learning with special devices, that the greater the economy brought about by classroom television, the greater is the danger of less effective teaching. The new methods have thus far produced no significant advancement of learning; they do not yet give promise of any substantial economy in school budgets or staff reduction.

Several factors compel educators to re-examine with care and hope the possibilities of television. These factors have

little to do with cheaper or more massive teaching; they refer, rather, to a finer kind of teaching.

Television has the potential, as yet almost untouched, for disseminating the skills of the exceptionally gifted teacher beyond the walls of a single classroom. This is an important consideration that must be taken into account in assessing the experiments on the effectiveness of educational TV in the classroom.

Thus far there has been insufficient time for the development of really great TV teachers, although a few have already emerged to indicate how good classroom television can be. If national interest in educational television continues to develop (and all signs indicate that it will), there will be hundreds, or even thousands of them in a decade or two. The kinescopes and video tapes and presentations may help increase the quality of all American education.

Here a warning should be entered about the possible harmful effects of placing too great emphasis on the ability and skills of a single teacher or professor. Since the acquisition of skill in teaching requires practice, care must be taken lest one especially talented teacher have a monopoly in teaching a subject. If this situation were to develop, its effects woud prove gravely detrimental to the younger staff members who need this experience in order to become the great teachers of the future. And it must be remembered that no matter how great the teacher may be in any field, for maximum effectiveness he will always require the collaboration of the individual classroom instructors who elaborate, interpret, modify, and evaluate.

The individualization of instruction is another great promise of classroom television. Because of the ability of television to reach great groups of people, there has been a tendency to think of it (and to use it) as a *mass* media. Actually the greatest potential of educational TV may lie in the opportunity it affords to reduce the size of the learning groups. Communication devices could convey some of the rote material that must be taught and free the teacher for matter that requires individual or personal instruction. Classes of ten to twelve students would, if our current educational conceptions

are correct, be able to absorb material far more rapidly than normal groups two to three times this size. The reduced size of the classes would also facilitate group discussion, a tremendous aid to clarification of a subject.

Of all the uses to which television has been put, none has commanded more enthusiasm and at times led to as much disappointment as the educational uses of the telecasting medium. No other means of transmitting knowledge broadly would seem nearly as effective as television, which allows a single teacher to address an educational message to audiences of hundreds, or even thousands of students. Nevertheless, for a variety of reasons, television has not, and probably never will, displace traditional means of education. Instead, it will be used on a limited scale to supplement and enrich traditional modes of education. In certain instances, where traditional devices are found seriously wanting, it may serve to fill the educational needs. It must be remembered, however, that television is just another of the educator's powerful tools; it is not the educational revolution.

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