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The Constantin Review, Volume II, Fall 1991

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THE CONSTANTIN REVIEW is a publication of the Constantin College of Liberal Arts at the University of Dallas. The College and this review are named in honor of Eugene Constantin, Jr., who served as chairman of the Board of Trustees and was a founder and generous benefactor of the College.

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After the *Review* comes out each Fall, a panel of Phi Beta Kappa alumni from the University judge the essays that are included in the *Review*, and a monetary award is given, toward the end of the academic year, to the two top pieces.

The 1991 editorial board is: Dr. Mark Lowery (faculty advisor), Carla Clardy (also on the 1990 board), Julia Bowen, Melinda Dang, Donna Kundert, and Alexander Tessnow.

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IN DEDICATION: This issue is dedicated to Fr. Placid Cszmazia, O. Cist. who this year celebrates 50 years as a priest and teacher.

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“Solamen Miseris Socios Habuisse Doloris”

by David Ian Banchs

The Elizabethan playwrights Christopher Marlowe, William Shakespeare and Ben Jonson were contemporary to each other, yet were also distinct from one another. Marlowe, the earliest of the three, was more medieval in his style, employing many of the conventions of the morality play in his dramatic works. Shakespeare, on the other hand, was more intuitive in his portrayal of man, creating poetic frameworks in which he developed startlingly complex and authentic characters. Jonson, of the three playwrights, was the most scholarly, writing plays that were consciously modeled on, or contrasted against, the classical theatrical tradition of Greece and Rome. Naturally enough, the differences of style manifested themselves in the characters, especially the villains, created by the playwrights. For Marlowe, the villain Mephistophilis is a confounding mixture of conventional and temporal wisdom and moral degeneration (with glimpses of truth peppering his legion lies). Shakespeare's Iago, a scheming, complex character, exhibits no divine consciousness. Iago is full of malice, but lacks a true motive; so, in the interest of justifying himself, he concocts motives at will, freely distorting reality in favor of damning appearances. By contrast, Jonson's Volpone is a wanton villain who sees no reason to dilute his malice, and much the same might be said of his minion Mosca, although Mosca's social class might have predisposed him to vice.

Marlowe's Mephistophilis is essentially a liar. As the minion of Lucifer, he could be nothing else. But it is in the truths and judicious lies he tells Dr. Faustus that his true genius as a villain is apparent. Mephistophilis begins his relationship with Faustus with a series of truths: when Faustus asks about Mephistophilis' relationship to Lucifer and God, and questions the cause for Lucifer and his legion's expulsion from heaven, Mephistophilis is honest, though cavalier, in his reply, "Oh, by aspiring pride and insolence" (*Doctor Faustus* I.iv.69). Faustus then inquires about the nature of hell, to which Mephistophilis replies, "Why this hell, nor am I out of it" (*DF* I.iv.76). This question of hell is repeated in Act Two with Mephistophilis' assertion that, "Where we [demons] are is hell" (*DF* II.i.122).

But Mephistophilis' candor is tempered by ulterior motives. Like any politician who wishes to survive, Mephistophilis must keep a rein on his constituency by shrewd manipulation of the truth. Marlowe understood this political necessity and manifested it in Mephistophilis' aside, "What will not I do to obtain his soul!" (*DF* II.i.71). The answer, quite simply, is nothing. Indeed, Mephistophilis lies, panders and deludes Faustus even to the point that the conjurer imagines he has no choice, "Ay, of necessity [emphasis mine], for here's the scroll / In which thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer" (*DF* II.i.131-32). In fact, Faustus is so deluded that when he resolves to repent, "fearful thunder" echoes in his ears crying, "Faustus, thou art damned!" (*DF* II.ii.20-21). The fact of Faustus' damnation is quite to the contrary, as is exemplified by the Old Man when he says, "Though thou hast now offended like a man, / Do not perserver [sic] in it like a devil" (*DF* V.i.41-42). In this comparison, the Old Man notes the theological differentiation between human decision and angelic/demonic decision: Man makes decisions in the dark, and so can repent when he sees the light; angels and demons decide with full knowledge of an act's nature and consequence, and so cannot repent. Mephistophilis leads Faustus to believe his nature was transformed from human to demonic. But it had not, nor could it have been.

Shakespeare's Iago shares several of Mephistophilis' characteristics, insofar as he needs deception *and* truth to manipulate Othello; where Iago differs from Mephistophilis is in motive. Demons and devils act out of malice and revenge: they wish to avenge themselves on God for depriving them of a state they can never again enjoy, and they wish to punish man for his ability to regain his former state of grace. Iago, too, acts out of malice and revenge, but of a different sort. Iago wishes to punish Othello for depriving him of an office he has never known, and wishes to punish Cassio for accepting the office denied him. Iago also professes to desire retribution for having been cuckolded by both Cassio and Othello, but these charges are never substantiated, nor does Iago ever confront Othello or Cassio with his suspicions at any point during the play. But Iago is to be relished more as the deceiver and illusionist than as the prosecutor. In Iago's own words:

With as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do! I will gyve thee in thine own courtship.

(*Othello* II.i.197-99)

Iago's deadly use of truth is not to be neglected, for his most potent attacks strike home through his effective use of camouflage and *seems*.

Iago's camouflage is the patina of honesty which lies above his rotten exterior. Iago even plays with the irony when he muses to himself that he is not a villain:

And what's he then that says I play the villain,
When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? ...

(*Othello* II.iii.338-41)

Naturally, he does not believe this, for he follows this rationalization with an outline of his plan:

When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now. For whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortune,
... I'll pour pestilence into his [Othello's] ear —
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

(*Othello* II.iii.353-64)

And all this he does by his use of his reputation as "honest Iago" (*Oth.* II.iii.337).

But even honest Iago must lie, on occasion, to further his goal. In Act Three, when Iago is voicing his suspicion of Cassio's affair with Desdemona, Othello remains unmoved. In an attempt to surmount the Moor's doubts, Iago testifies that of late he heard Cassio crying out in his sleep, "Sweet Desdemona, / Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!" (*Oth.* III.iii.469-70), and following his declaration with somnambulatory groping. Othello takes the bait wholeheartedly and leaps from the defense of his wife and lieutenant to cursing them and plotting their deaths. It is important, however, to realize that the real catalyst for Iago's transformation of Othello into a "green-eyed monster" (III.iii.192) was not so much Iago's lies, but his manipulation of truths and appearances. When Othello comes upon Cassio pleading his suit before Desdemona, Iago is quick to plant a seed of suspicion; when Iago asks Othello about Cassio's involvement in Othello's courtship of Desdemona, getting an answer and refusing to tell why he asked, he sets up the mind of Othello for the lie. This ability to confound Othello allows Iago to get Othello to abandon his demand for irrefutable proof of the *in flagrante delicto* sort. Rather, he settles for Iago's, "imputations and strong circumstances" (*Oth.* III.iii.456). In that respect, Iago is much like Mephistophilis, who causes Faustus to think himself helpless. A difference between the two, however, is that Mephistophilis did not err as Iago did.

Volpone, like Iago but unlike Mephistophilis, slips and falls in the end. His ploys gone awry, he despairs at losing his wealth and confesses to prevent others from enjoying the same. In this way, it is only in the end that Volpone acts out of malice *and* revenge, whereas he had been previously acting out of wanton malice.

Volpone is the least self-conscious of the three villains, and he serves no master save his whims. Volpone is free enough to even mock the tool of his whim: money. "Hail the world's soul, and mine!" (*Volpone* I.i.3), he declares in his opening lines, where he mocks himself, his city, his culture and his suitors. But Volpone is not a miser, "... I glory / More in the cunning purchase of wealth / Than in the glad possession, since I gain / No common way" (*Vol.* I.i.30-33). Volpone does not victimize the fools who court him because he wishes to punish them, nor does he abuse them for their wealth in a strict sense; rather, he strips his "birds of prey" (*Vol.* I.i.179) of their wealth and dignity much as a perverse child tears the wings off a housefly. In this manner Volpone differs markedly from Mephistophilis and Iago, both of whom at least claim a motive other than sheer wantonness. Volpone is beyond the need for motives, at least until the end, as he is too secure in his position and estate until then. He does, however, share a commodity with Mephistophilis and Iago: women. All three villains use women as means to their particular ends: Mephistophilis to help seduce the sensuous Faustus, Iago to effect the downfall of Othello the uxorist and Cassio the voluptuary, and Volpone to humiliate and compromise the greedy old fool Corvino. But the similarities do not stop there.

Jonson's play, like *Doctor Faustus* and *Othello*, revolves around the extensive use of deception by one considered honest. In *Volpone* it is Mosca and the imagined, and necessarily false, assumption of a certain state (for example, Faustus' damnation, Desdemona's adultery, and Volpone's terminal illness). Corbaccio tells Mosca, "I know thee honest," to which Mosca replies, "You do lie, sir!" (*Vol.* I.i.424). This remark is akin to Mephistophilis' "What will not I do" speech and Iago's "When devils will the blackest sins" speech. Essentially, what they all share is a desire to achieve an aim no

matter how far they have to go to do it: Mephistophilis chose it when he decided to war against God, while Iago chose it during his “web for Cassio” speech, and Volpone chose it when he pushed his ploy to the limits of probability by feigning death. What Iago and Mephistophilis lack and Volpone possesses is a great degree of control over his outcome.

The control Volpone could exercise is his valve on the damaging truth. Volpone did not need to expose his ploy to the authorities, he simply chose to do so rather than allow Mosca to take all the spoils. He opens the seventh scene of the fifth act condemning himself for his folly:

To make a snare for mine own neck! And run
My head into it willfully, with laughter!
When I had newly 'scaped, was free and clear!
Out of mere wantonness! ...

(*Volpone* V.vii.1-4)

The snare, as Volpone discovers, is inescapable; so, despairing at the loss of his fortune to the backstabbing, ungrateful, all-too-well-taught Mosca, he resolves to confess the entire ploy to the judges, for, “If I confess, /It cannot be much more” than the whipping he was promised by the Avocatores for disrupting the Court (*Vol.* V.viii.83-84). But what makes the prospect of confession more appealing is the fact that “My ruins shall not come alone” (*Vol.* V.viii.85). This sentiment in the villain is the same as Mephistophilis’ reply to Faustus as to why Lucifer and his host court and seduce human souls into perdition (“*Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris,*” that is, “Misery loves company” [*DF* II.i.40]), but radically different from Iago’s “From this time forth I never will speak word” (*Oth.* V.ii.354). This reticence on Iago’s part as opposed to the volubility of Mephistophilis and Volpone seems to betray a philosophical difference of opinion between the three poets about the nature of the villain.

Ben Jonson and Christopher Marlowe seem to believe that the villain is moved by public or civic motives. For example, Mephistophilis is moved to express his contempt for God and man, expressing his fealty to Lucifer and himself by the corruption of men; and Volpone is moved by his contempt for those who purport to be moral and have no morals, as well as those who are humble even when they have cause to strike out in moral indignation, not to mention Volpone’s own inherent malicious nature. But opposite these two portrayals of villains there is Shakespeare’s Iago, who acts solely out of a personal need to express his malice; admittedly, he finds it necessary to concoct motives, but all his invented motives are personal (“I’ve been wronged,” not, “You’re all such fools; I think I’ll victimize you”). In simple terms, for Marlowe and Jonson, malice and evil are exterior phenomena; for Shakespeare, they are interior and exclusively personal phenomena, something one revelled in oneself, not to or among others. The philosophies of the differing playwrights, and the resulting characters which the philosophies generated, can be attributed to many causes, but chief among them must be background. Christopher Marlowe was working in a tradition in which the phenomenon of evil was attributed to an agent (Lucifer); therefore, his concept of evil will involve an external agent working towards a collective or socially motivated goal (for example, the seduction and corruption of man). For Jonson, whose background was steeped in classical studies, psychological phenomena were depicted mythologically (for example, Achilles’ hair being pulled by Athena, symbolizing reconsideration of a rash action); therefore, Jonson would also consider depicting agents working toward an abstract end (Volpone outsmarting himself and Mosca betraying him, consequently, symbolizing the way in which men betray themselves when they behave wantonly; as well as a playful fable about how the truth can set you free only if you start telling the truth, as opposed to telling the truth only when there is no other recourse). Compared to the relatively simple villains of Marlowe and Jonson, Iago is an enigma. He never gives a perfect motive, he does not feel compelled to substantiate any of his accusations, nor does he offer up a gratuitous confession or act of contrition. He does not even give the audience the satisfaction of revelling in the three corpses which are his handiwork.

Another difference among the villains is the result of their labor. For all his exertions, Mephistophilis takes only one soul to hell, and though Faustus was tricked into it, he deserved what happened to him. For all of Volpone’s wantonness, he did not harm anyone who did not deserve punishment, and those he had endangered ended up in better straits than they had previously (Celia and Bonario, that is). Iago’s carnage, on the other hand, is almost complete. Not only does he destroy Othello, which was a major part of his agenda, but he wounds Cassio sorely, murders his own wife Emilia, and causes the death of the innocent Desdemona. One even gets the impression from Iago that if given the opportunity he would do still more damage. This is different, markedly different, from Mephistophilis and Volpone, who set limits to their corruption by choosing to cannibalize, that is, prey, on souls of their own kind or type. Iago, on the other hand, is a predator.

Of the three depictions, though, there must be one that is most correct; and, in this case, I would confer the honor on Shakespeare for the simple reason that Iago is not a simplified villain. His complexity allows him the room to be either an almost noble man who believes himself wronged by two corrupt cronysts and cuckolders, or an absolutely diabolical villain who uses invented wrongs to convince himself and Roderigo that what they do is for a purpose. This great room for individual interpretation is more keenly what real-life villains resemble: there is nothing simple about the motives that cause "the evil that men do," (*Julius Caesar* III.ii.80); rather, they are a maze which men have, do, and will have to deal with for themselves.

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Solitaire in Superspace

—a consequence of quantum—

by Aimee Berger

The web stretches from here to nowhere
shimmering in eternity from the tears of the dead.
To touch it here would be to touch it
everywhere
and not only to wake the spider, but to turn the tables
on every strand
and change the hands
of nonexistent people
playing solitaire in superspace
where any hand is every hand and we
of the long ago striped festival tents
are nothing more than dead cats living and living cats dead
in wet cardboard boxes awaiting release.
We all have twins on Earth, you know.
I was not alone even then
born in tandem, forever linked to a person
who was not me
and yet was me in probability.
When twins are in the womb
and no one sees them
are they?
They can see each other, but one
is as likely to be me as the other
unless one dies and is absorbed into the body
of the living member to be forever
the unrealized possibility
the card not dealt.
We came in spaceships not seeking fame
no giant leaps, no flags in hand.
We came like so many paper kites
that fly with glass tails biting.
We came on a wind that died in the purple
and left us in the airless casinos
to play roulette with arachnids
and get stuck in the web for infinite time.
Each of us sitting on straight-backed chairs
forever turning up cards that have many faces
sit in the shadow

the impossible shadows of the other worlds.
And each of us has a tail
that grows from the shoulder
like Jiminy Crickets run amuck.
They perch there, one behind the other
incorporeal bleachers of stars turned to dust.
I turn up the card and at first I see
the Queen of Hearts
great ladies of my family
forever digging gardens in my mind
Forgive me.
Hearts, it is the eight of hearts, moon card.
The moon stole my first son
and took him there
where I could never go.
From his window with iron bars
I heard him calling that he loved you, only you.
The way back forgotten, he came new into your world
and grew old in mine
mumbling bits of rhyme and whatever else exists
on the plane between your world and mine.
Mikey, you were the boy who could fly.
Eight, eight of spades,
Eric was eight when I knew him well,
a boy with the fire of a thousand worlds
locked in the flat plane of one.
Eight of spades is trouble
a boy out of his bubble
drifting on the roads of Tennessee
under the eye of the moon
and the heavy hand of space.
I was not yet here and missed the fireworks
of Icarus exploding
and so for me he went on flying
and even the funeral did not impress me.
It could have been anyone in that coffin
and only Bobby who saw the blood
would have to claim the reality of the dead cat.

Everyone else did the limbo
to the Copenhagen orchestration of Potentia.
Spades, Ace of Spades
always means the same.
If she hadn't opened the door
he'd be alive today.
Or so they say, for to know one thing
is to kill another.
But in superspace we know all things
and probability does not exist.
So we play solitaire instead of poker
and I can see every angle
every hope and death denied
They stood to welcome me.
The deck was on the table
and I took it up.
Skip cut the cards because it was him
that I cut out
and stood silent at his funeral
while all around they wept
and grew deceitful dandelions
on the cemetery floor.
I pulled them up.
I stood on his grave and the coffin
seemed to fit all inside,
but Skip said he was never there,
said the coffin was too small,
the grave too tight
a contracted tunnel to my contracted train.

This is my glass tail.
This is why I fear the spider,
Mine is a universe split and shuffled,
I am the kite and the tail.
In my world, its blackjack
and in my world its all black.
Because I deal the cards in superspace
where all things are all things at once
and the dead and the insane live on planes
stacked like bleachers
just behind my back, casting shadows before my eyes.
I was born out of time, and never alone
and I know the hidden variables
My reality will never collapse
so long as no one disturbs the web.
Many of the worlds that were born
of the hybrid universe have disappeared
in the belly of the spider.
Many of the shadows are gone.
She once awakened can never find rest
and glass does not cut her mouth.
She would eat them if she could
like Bilbo's dwarves
and I would be left at solitaire
with many possibilities never to be seen
with felines doing the limbo in my mind
and empty bleachers littered by confetti
no shadows to guard my hand.

Pleasures Real and Feigned: The Irony of Pursuit in "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso"

by Mary M. Bick

Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" are companion poems because they depict two states of the soul which are often experienced consecutively. Indeed the former gives rise to the latter. "L'Allegro" portrays the expression of joy in which the soul is light and giddy, on a "sunshine holiday" (98). By contrast, "Il Penseroso" reveals the melancholy soul that is pensive and solitary, embracing the "cherub contemplation" (54). Furthermore, the activity of each poem illustrates the pleasures that joy and melancholy afford the soul, each initially disdained the other: "Hence loathed melancholy" and "Hence vain deluding joys." In "L'Allegro" the activity is immediate and entertaining, but the pleasures are easily exhausted, leaving the soul restless and unsated. On the other hand, the activity of "Il Penseroso" is that which cultivates virtue and exercises restraint, and cannot properly be called pleasures, yet they enrich the soul with lasting content. Though each poem offers pursuits that merit a certain degree of satisfaction, those of "Il Penseroso" are ultimately more rewarding, though not as attractive as those of "L'Allegro," as Milton maintains, for they are not temporal and external, but spiritual and internal.

Often mirthful, sometimes languid, the pleasures proffered by "L'Allegro" are simple and pastoral, partaken by swans and maidens. Indeed they exchange suggestive "Jest and youthful jollity / Quips and cranks and wanton wiles, / Nods and becks and wreathed smiles" (26-28), engaging in "Sport that wrinkled care derides" (31). Clearly the youths "buxom, blithe and debonair" seek pleasure where they may, heedless of propriety and mindful only of the dictates of nature and appetite (23). The character of these pleasures is ephemeral and transitory, evidenced by the brisk, trochaic pace of the verse, foreshadowed in the title. Nevertheless, the tone is beckoning and playful, inciting the reader to join the merriment: "Come, and trip it as you go / On the light fantastic toe" (33-34). Indeed there are milkmaids singing (65), plowmen and mowers plying their trade (63, 66), shepherds telling tales (67), even the clouds join in, now playing with the sun (62), now resting on a mountaintop (74). Nature, too, extends her welcome: "Sometimes with secure delight / The upland hamlets will invite" (91-91) so that "young and old come forth to play. . . / Till the livelong daylight fail" (97-99). Ensnared in such a setting, poets dream of lords and ladies costumed for ceremony, yet their pastoral heritage compels them to write verse

With wanton heed, and giddy cunning
The melting voice thru mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony. (141-144)

Embodied in the carefree, reckless country youths the life of joy makes light of work and seeks pleasure where it is found, in an almost desperate attempt to avoid sadness and reality in the midst of the progression of time.

Unlike joy, which does not provoke thought any deeper than itself, melancholy draws thought out of sadness into activity, lest to wallow in self-pity. In "Il Penseroso," melancholy is portrayed as a goddess summoned by the despair of man, bringing comfort an inspiration in his time of need: "Come pensive nun, devout and pure, / Sober, steadfast, and demure. . . / Come, but keep thy wonted state" (31-32, 36). In seeking melancholy, one is sure to receive the pleasure and the privilege to: "Join with the calm peach and quiet, / Spare fast that oft with gods doth diet" (45-46). The tone is resigned and dependent, yet receptive to the melancholy pleasure, especially saved for "The Immortal mind that hath forsook / Her mansion in this fleshly nook" (91-92) though it be "Far from all resort of mirth" (81). Indeed melancholy reward sacrifice and perseverance in the face of doom and moral turpitude, unlike the wanton youths in "L'Allegro": "O sad virgin, that they power. . . / Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek / And made hell grant what love did seek" (103,

107-108). Extolling the solitary life of ritual, restraint and piety arising from the industry melancholy advocates, "Il Penseroso" demonstrates that the reward of wisdom comes in suffering the turns of fortune, the rigors of atonement and the failings of shallow pursuits, "Till old experience do attain / To something like prophetic strain" (173-174). Thus, the pleasures melancholy advocates are not seized upon as if they were fleeting, as the voice recognizes in the self-control they do call for:

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale
And love the high embowed roof
With antique pillars massy proof. (155-158)

Of the two, the rewards of "Il Penseroso" prove richer than those of "L'Allegro." Those of melancholy are lasting, while those of joy tend to dissipate with age. So too are the rewards of joy uncertain, requiring an exchange of the voice to secure their delivery:

And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free. (37-40)

Melancholy, for its part, "shunnet the noise of folly" such as this (61). Whether the voice will avail himself of joy's promised pleasure or not remains to be seen, depending upon "The delights, if thou canst give, / Mirth with thee, I mean to live" (151-152).

Thus the voice of the soul must resort to making an agreement with joy in which the soul pledges allegiance to joy only on the condition that it delivers the said pleasures which will not even endure. Melancholy, however, requires no such contract of the soul — its rewards are certain and the soul can place its faith in this assertion. Though melancholy accompanies these pleasures, the soul has freely troubled itself to suffer on melancholy's behalf: "These pleasures melancholy give / And I with thee will choose to live" (175-176). The bond between the soul and melancholy is created freely without reservation or coercion, and is therefore more conducive to lasting contentment. For this reason, the pleasures that afford melancholy are adopted when the pleasures that bring joy also bring disappointment.

Thus the two are inseparable — melancholy follows joy, joy cannot exist without melancholy. Indeed the two can become indistinguishable, as when joy is derived from the wisdom afforded by the suffering of life paradox, and indeed indicative of it. This paradox is so in that joy avoids melancholy while melancholy gives joy in its spiritual wisdom, in much the same way that life denies death while death gives new life to those who believe. So too is this borne out and consolidated in the two poems: in "L'Allegro" the joyful, pastoral pleasures affirm life and flee those that bring thought of death, and in "Il Penseroso" the gloomy, melancholy pleasures subsume immediate, superficial satisfaction in favor of deeper spiritual contentment begotten by time and suffering with a view to death and an anticipation of new life. True, the rewards of melancholy are as steadfast as the souls who seek them, while pleasures of joy are elusive and fleeting, leaving the soul spiritually thirsty. Indeed, to Milton, joy never leaves its pastoral setting, so its pleasures cannot be but shallow and external, bound to the body and to nature. These pleasures are frenzied and rootless, to which the soul has nothing to cling. The pleasures associated with melancholy, however, provide an atemporal refuge for the soul, both in this life and the eternal life of the soul. Hence "Il Penseroso" faces the inevitability of man's death, and arms the soul with spiritual strength. Still, the soul is free to seek the merits of either poem, though it will find that those of joy are not secure in the way that those of melancholy are. More telling of the two pursuits is the fact that the pleasures that bring melancholy will bring joy later, as the body surrenders to death and the soul transcends it.

The Canyon de Chelly

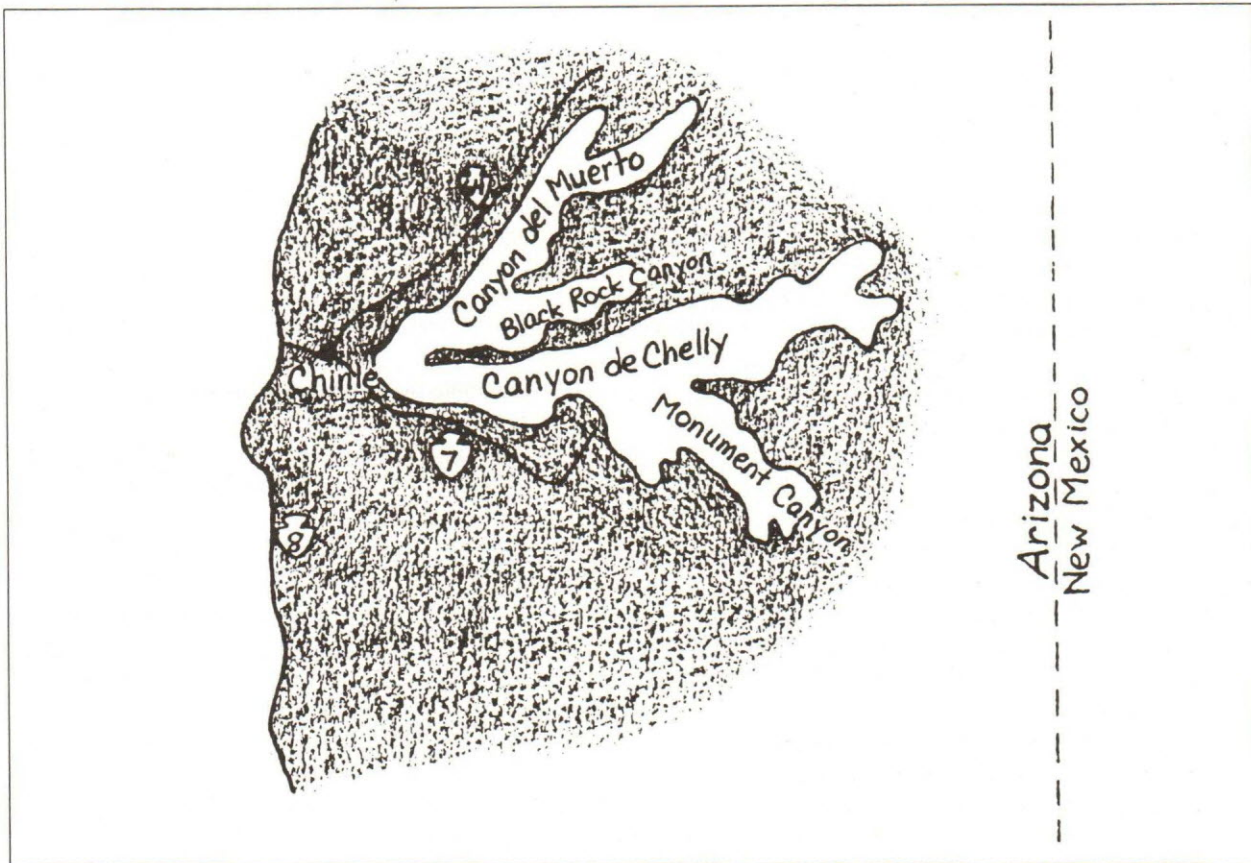
Winner-Clodecott Award-1991

Written and illustrated by Cindy Fluitt—Near and Far Publishing—Dallas

Dedicated to Travis and Russell

My family doesn't go on a vacation every year. When we do go, we usually drive. My dad says that is so we can see what is between our house and where we are going. It depends on how long it will take to get there because we can't be away from home too long.

This year mom and dad decided we would visit a canyon. I know of a very big canyon in Arizona. You can tell by its name that it must be big—the Grand Canyon. Dad said it was a very beautiful canyon, but we would go to a different one that was extra special. He said there were houses there that people lived in long long ago. My dad said he has always wanted to see the ancient houses shown in photographs. We would visit the Canyon de Chelly (day shay-yee.)



I want to tell you about the canyon because I liked it. This map will show you how to get there. I didn't make a big map because it would make the words too little. You can get a big map of Arizona and look in the upper right corner. The Canyon de Chelly is marked as a National Monument. It is on the Navajo Indian's land.

You have to be very careful at the Canyon de Chelly. The canyon is deep and there are places where you can walk right up to the edge and look 500 feet down. There is no rail to keep you from falling. That way you see the canyon the way it was when people started living there 2,000 years ago.



The Navajo call them Anasazi. It means "those who are gone." They left behind paintings on the rocks and the very old houses my dad wanted to see. The people who study people say they were hunters and farmers. The canyon was a good place to live for a very long time, but something happened and they left. Maybe there wasn't enough rain and their crops could not grow or maybe they were driven away by unfriendly people.

No one lived in the canyon for 400 years. In the late 1700's the Navajo came and they have been there ever since. The Navajo who live in the canyon now do not stay there all year. They only live in their homes called hogans during the nice weather of the spring and summer. then they raise crops like the Anasazi and they raise sheep and goats too.

It is very quiet in the canyon. You hear sounds that are lost in city noises. There is the sound of the wind and the sound made by the little bells that hang around the necks of the goats. The sheep bleat and their voices are carried up the high canyon walls.

The colors of the canyon are very beautiful. The sandstone cliffs are red and brown and golden. There are dark streaks on the canyon walls colored by minerals in the water that has streamed down their sides over many years. The colors change as the sun moves across the sky.

The sky is very blue and little puffy clouds move in from the horizon as if they are coming to see the canyon too. As the day goes on more and more clouds gather around standing shoulder to shoulder by the end of the day.

There is only one place where you can go down into the canyon without a Navajo guide. That is where the old houses called the White House Ruins are. They are the ones my dad wanted to see. The houses look like apartments because they are joined together. The walk into the canyon takes less than an hour, but the path is steep and the hike takes a lot of energy.

The ruins are in the side of a huge wall of rock. You cannot get very close. The Anasazi must have felt safe there protected by the overhanging cliffs. It looks very sturdy for something so old.

Spider Rock is out in the middle of the canyon all by itself. It is very tall (800 feet) and slender. Spider Rock and the canyon walls around it have taken 230 million years to look the way we see them today. It is a mysterious rock. The Indians have legends about it that have special meaning to them. They pass the legends on by telling them over and over again.

I hope you will visit the canyon someday. Try to go before you are as old as my dad. You see, once you have been to the Canyon de Chelly you will want to go back again and again and again.

About the Author:

Cindy Fluitt was born in 1950 in Fort Worth, Texas. That was the year Silly Putty was introduced. She always loved to draw on everything. So, she studied art and kept her drawings on paper. She visited the Canyon de Chelly as a young adult and wants very much to go back.

A Review of Stratton's *Pioneer Women: Voices from the Kansas Frontier*

by John Stroud

Joanna L. Stratton's *Pioneer Women: Voices from the Kansas Frontier* is a collection of primary sources compiled from the memoirs of a varied group of women who shared the common experience of settling the Kansas frontier. Stratton, a graduate student of history at Stanford University, discovered the source materials for her work in the home of her grandmother by accident during a school vacation and soon identified them as an unfinished project started by her great-grandmother, Lilla Day Monroe, and continued by Lenore Monroe Stratton, her grandmother. Stratton took up where they had left off and organized the memoirs into a comprehensive portrait of the experience of a heretofore ignored subject of investigation: the female pioneer.

Stratton portrays the pioneer women as a diverse group who mainly shared a desire for improving the lives of themselves and their families, a desire that was expressed by a common migration to Kansas in order to pursue new lives. These women also shared similar social and religious backgrounds, and were essentially determined to define a brand new civilization through their control of the domestic affairs of their families and communities. Stratton stresses the ability of these women to face the untold hardships associated with pioneer life with bravery and determination, and she illustrates the development of the position of women in Kansas society as a result of their ability to demonstrate the inestimable benefits their participation could contribute.

Stratton also points out that her work is not intended to be a study either of the important political affairs of Kansas during the pioneer period or a chronicle of the important figures of the day, but rather is to be seen as a portrait of the pioneer experience of women primarily concerned with the daily activities of survival on the arid plains of their adopted home. She admits that the relatively small sampling of writings, which concern the experiences of eight hundred Kansas women, does not necessarily offer an overall cross-section of all the women of Kansas. The experiences of non-white women, as well as those women who were not members of "respectable" Kansas society, are not included in Stratton's work. Also, the subject matter discussed in each of the memoirs is not complete, and a level of self-censorship was practiced by each woman, which could result in a less than accurate picture of the totality of frontier life. In spite of these difficulties, Stratton's work is admirable in that it provides a much needed glimpse of the experiences of the average pioneer woman in her efforts to keep her family together throughout the harsh experiences of life on the frontier.

Stratton's methodological approach combines an emphasis on social history, and especially women's history, in her reconstruction of the experiences of the common pioneering people through a collection of memoirs that were compiled through the practice of oral history, a branch of history that is concerned with preserving the unwritten stories of the past by recording the reminiscences of ordinary people, with emphasis on their daily activities and their presence during events of historical importance. The value of social history as a discipline is something that cannot be denied; it serves to illuminate the important historical activities of the lower classes, a segment of the world's population virtually ignored by history until the recent upsurge in the popularity and usefulness of social history methodologies. Women's history, which is indeed an important element of this new social history in its emphasis on the positive benefits that women have brought to human history, is a field that is only now beginning to reach its full potential and has unlimited possibilities for the future. Oral history, on the other hand, is a much older phenomenon and reflects a long-standing historical practice, that of recording a long-remembered story or detailing the vivid memories of respected older people in an effort to preserve aspects of history that would be otherwise lost forever. Does such a practice, with its emphasis on the subjective nature of the human memory, prove to be a positive or negative influence on history in general?

The positive elements of oral history center around its ability to preserve aspects and perspectives of historical events that reflect a more personal element than formal historical writing can usually provide. Stratton provides numerous examples of the value of oral history in her work, including stories that would never have been included in more traditional frontier histories, but are nevertheless of great value in understanding the activities and feelings of the women who were a part of the pioneer movement. For example, Stratton's inclusion of stories dealing with everyday life and the seemingly mundane details about tools, clothing, food and other daily needs brings a depth of feeling usually absent from pioneering chronicles. One of Stratton's more striking images is of the cooperative effort between the pioneers in their efforts to fight the effects of natural disasters, such as raging prairie fires and grasshopper infestations. Such an image helps to contradict the stereotype of the pioneer as a solitary figure mostly concerned with his or her own

survival. Perhaps the most stunning example of the value of oral history is shown through Stratton's preservation of the unforgettable Stormy Petrel episode, a vivid example of the spirit of the pioneer woman in her determination to persevere in the face of unbelievable hardships. It is doubtful that such an episode would have ever been preserved as an important element in pioneer history without the aid of the techniques of oral history.

The negative elements of oral history center around its necessarily subjective nature. Although oral history does seek to preserve the memories of the past as told by selected individuals, the problem of objectivity is always inherent. How can an oral historian be sure that the story he or she is preserving is historically accurate if there are no other living witnesses to corroborate the story? Even if the story is not consciously distorted, the element of the human mind that tends to exaggerate a story in a way most favorable to the storyteller must also be considered. An example of this problem is clear in Stratton's presentation of the opinions of the pioneer women concerning the Indians of Kansas. Although some of the women professed a civilized attitude toward the Indians, many others showed the more characteristic attitudes of fear and distrust that usually defined relations between whites and Indians during the nineteenth century. Most of the latter group sought to portray the Indians as the aggressors in Kansas, implying that they were the cause of all the aggressive confrontations between whites and Indians. Such an attitude has been proven to be misguided by current interpretations of Indian history, which has shown that white usurpation of lands held under legal treaties by the Indians was the cause of most aggressive Indian behavior. This sort of discrepancy indicates the problems that can arise from the use of oral history.

If the problems of objectivity that oral history can present are taken into account, such an approach can yield new perspectives on historical events. The value of oral history as a primary source for historical events is undeniable, and Stratton makes good use of her primary sources in constructing a balanced study of the history of pioneer women that seeks above all to compile a record of the experiences of a forgotten element of human history, ensuring that future generations will understand the invaluable contributions that these women made to the history of Kansas and to the nation as well.

The Concept of Free Will in Augustine's *Confessions*

by Catherine May Hahn

In the *Confessions*, Saint Augustine explained his belief in man's freedom and in man's need for God's grace to achieve a good relationship with God. In the late fourth century Augustine wrote the *Confessions* to describe his experience with the saving grace of God and to correct the beliefs of the Manichees and the Neo-Platonists. Augustine's early life was influenced greatly by the Manichees, and it was not until later that he saw the fallacies in the Manichaean doctrine. He followed the Manichees in subscribing to their doctrine of a dualistic universe. The Manichees believed that the light elements in the universe were good and the dark evil. Following this belief, man was relieved of all responsibility for his actions because the light elements of his being were captured by the dark elements and held prisoner. Augustine seemed to have placed all his intellectual hopes in Manichaeism and, behind the Manichaean myths, he kept expecting a revelation or some type of illumination (*The New Catholic Encyclopedia*, 1041). When this revelation did not take place during his conversation with Faustus, the Manichaean wise man, Augustine then intellectually abandoned the Manichaean beliefs. Augustine's encounters with Saint Ambrose, the bishop of Milan, taught him to interpret the Scriptures figuratively, thus enabling Augustine to see the truth and significance of the Scriptures. Along with this new development in Augustine's progression toward the saving grace of God, Augustine's reading of the Neo-Platonists helped him understand the concept of a non-material existence enabling him to gain further insight into the Scriptures. Through the writings of Porphyry and Plotinus, the two major Neo-Platonists, Augustine was able to comprehend evil as a privation (Balas, 28 Sept 89). As time went on, he discovered man's personal responsibility for evil, and this became for him no longer a speculative question but an agonizing personal problem (*The New Catholic Encyclopedia*, 1043). As he fought with sin, he realized man's need for God's grace to help him turn back to God. Augustine's tragic experience with the powerlessness of the will to move toward the good when it was entangled in sin led him to develop his theory on man's need for God's help to achieve a good relationship with God (*The New Catholic Encyclopedia*, 1055). The development of this theme in the *Confessions* countered both the Manichaean doctrine and the Neo-Platonists' views. Augustine corrected both views by saying that there was no absolute evil. Rather, evil was the moving of the free will away from God (Balas, 28 Sept 89). Thus, man is responsible for his actions because he has the freedom to turn towards or away from the Lord. Augustine further contradicted the Neo-Platonists by saying that man cannot turn towards or away from the Lord. Augustine further contradicted the Neo-Platonists by saying that man cannot turn back to God on his own, but rather he needs God's help (Balas, 28 Sept 89). This directly opposed Porphyry who believed that man could achieve the divine life on his own accord. Thus, through refuting the beliefs of the Manichees and the Neo-Platonists, Augustine further developed his concept of God's grace and man's free will being necessary for the renewal of man's good relationship with God. This new self-consciousness and subjectivity present in Augustine's understanding of man's free will influenced later thinkers such as St. Thomas Aquinas, Kierkegaard and others (*The New Catholic Encyclopedia*, 1056). Augustine viewed man's return to God as an inner process by man as well as an infusion of grace by God. According to Augustine, man actively participates in this renewal of a good relationship with God by responding to God's call. Man falls, then God Calls, and man responds: these are the three conditions relating to the free will that Augustine expounded upon in the *Confessions*.

The first condition of man's fall was exemplified in Augustine's belief that man was given the ability to choose between God's will and the path of material pleasure. This free will allows man to either enter into himself and find the light of truth at created him or lose himself through his external desire (*The New Catholic Encyclopedia*, 1041). Augustine commented on the difficulty of turning towards God, a difficulty caused by Adam's fall. This difficulty falls heavily on all mankind. Augustine wrote:

If Adam had not fallen away from you [God], the seed that flowed from him would not have been this bitter sea, the human race, forever chafing for knowledge in the profound depths of its ignorance, buffeted by the storms of its pride, and never at rest from its surge and swell. XII, 20, 329)

Augustine believed that, without God's grace, man would be in darkness because man's will is not strong enough to turn away from the worldly pleasures to a life of fulfilling God's will:

The angels fell; man's soul fell; and their fall shows us that a deep chasm of darkness would still have engulfed the whole spiritual creation if you [God] had not said at the beginning 'Let there be light' and light began (XIII, 8, 316)

Augustine's belief that man's fall leads to unhappiness stemmed from his view that man desired and searched for happiness to temporal things and could not find it there. Augustine wrote on this idea of man's search for happiness: "All men are united by one purpose, temporal happiness on earth, and all they do is aimed at this goal, although in the

endless variety of their struggles to attain it they pitch and toss like the waves of the sea" (XII, 17, 324). Man's will pushes him toward attaining happiness, but his desire for material pleasures deludes him into thinking that he can obtain happiness on his own by turning towards earthly pleasures. Man's inability to attain this goal of happiness stems from his refusal to see the happiness resides in man's union with God. The unhappiness which follows man's choice of earthly pleasures reveals that happiness exists in God alone. Augustine professed this belief in the *Confessions*: By the misery and restlessness which they [fallen souls] then suffer you [God] make clear to us how noble a being is your rational creation, for nothing less than yourself suffices to give it rest and happiness. This means that it cannot find them in itself (XIII, 8, 316).

Augustine believed that because man's will is not strong enough to resist the temporal pleasures of this world: rather, he turns to these earthly desires for happiness. The freedom of man's will to choose between God and the pleasures of this world usually results in man's turning away from God:

It may be that all men do desire to be happy, but because the impulses of nature and the impulses of the spirit are at war with one another so that they cannot do all that their will approves they fall back upon what they are able to do and find contentment in this way. For their will to do what they cannot do is not strong enough to enable them to do it. (X, 23, 229)

According to Augustine, man's freedom of will is limited by the fact that his will is not strong enough to force him to do what is right. Man can choose between God's way or the path of material pleasure, but his body turns him away from God and towards bodily pleasures. Augustine brightened this dire prediction by saying that, although man turns from God, God calls man back to Him. It was through this calling from God that Augustine said he was converted. The conversion of Augustine said that this call from the Lord is what enable man's free will to turn back towards God. Augustine wrote of his own conversion: "You called me; you cried aloud to me; you broke my barrier of deafness" (X, 27, 232).

This calling of God does not destroy free will, according to Augustine, because man must respond to the Lord on his own accord. God calls man to turn to Him, but ultimately, man must freely choose to answer God's call. Augustine stressed the idea of the primacy of God's grace because he experienced the wound caused by sin (*The New Catholic Encyclopedia*, 1055-56). He stated that God saw his wound and tried to heal it by calling Augustine home to God: "I was in a state of misery and you [God] probed its wound to the quick, pricking it on to leave all else and turn to you to be healed, to turn to you who are above all things and without whom nothing could exist" (VI, 6, 118). Because Augustine had experienced the inability to turn to God without God's call and infusion of grace, he recognized the primacy of grace. Man gets his strength to obey God's will through God: "All this makes it clear, O holy God, that when your commands are obeyed, it is from you that we receive the power to obey them" (X, 31, 236). The grace and power of God enable man to turn away from sin. Augustine developed throughout the *Confessions* this idea that God first calls man to Him. Man chooses to ignore God's call, thus exercising his free will: "And all the while they turn their backs on you who are always present, calling them back and ready to pardon man's adulterous soul when it returns to you" (V, 12, 106). Augustine himself experienced this refusal to respond to God's call: "I searched for you outside myself, and, disfigured as I was, I fell upon the lovely things of your creation" (X, 27, 231). This concept of man's struggle with reuniting himself with God shows that man cannot achieve union with God without God's grace. Augustine believed that man was made in such a way that to fulfill his destiny of a reunion with God required God's external help (de Lubac 1). God does not withhold his help from man, but rather waits for man to respond to His call. Augustine, regarding this idea of God awaiting man's response: "For we were overwhelmed by our sins; we had fallen away from you into the depths of darkness, and your good spirit was moving over us, ready to bring help when time was due" (XIII, 34, 345). The participation of God and man is necessary for man to turn back towards God. Augustine believed that man could turn away from God on his own, but that God's help was required for man to turn back to God. Man can no way escape the action of grace (de Lubac 2). Thus, for man to turn to God, he must first receive God's call and help.

According to Augustine, the conversion of man to a child of God requires man's free decision to turn towards God's Light. The happiness and good which all men long for can be found through a union with God. Augustine wrote that man must turn to God internally and with the desire to obey his will. He quoted Paul: "There must be an inward change, a remaking of your minds, so that you can satisfy yourselves what is God's will, the good thing, the desirable thing, the perfect thing" (XIII, 22, 332). Augustine recognized that man must look to his inner self to reestablish his relationship with the Lord. He wrote: "If I am to reach him, it must be through my soul" (X, 7, 213). Augustine emphasized the role of the inner self in turning towards God. Man's will must turn to God by rising above oneself (*The New Catholic Encyclopedia*, 1049). Augustine wrote that man must confess his miserable state and "acknowledging your mercy towards us as we open our hearts to you, so that you may free us wholly as you have already begun to do" (XI, 1, 253). Man's role in this conversions to freely assent to God's grace. He cannot turn to the Lord without God's help, but neither can

God help him without his voluntary compliance. Man must try to obey God's will and in this effort will he receive God's grace: "The man who serves you [God] best is the one who is less intent on hearing from you what he wills to hear than shaping his will according to what he hears from you" (X, 26, 231). Once man has turned to God and molded his will to God's, he must cling to God and to the good relationship with Him. If man turns away from God again, he loses all that he gained:

The good of the spirit is to cling to you forever, so that it may not, by turning away from you, lose the light which it gained by turning towards you and relapse into that existence which resembles the dark depths of the sea. (XIII, 2, 312)

Augustine developed the argument of man's free will turning towards the good which is God by saying that he looked for God, but not in the right way. Instead of trying to find God through his intellect, he turned to his senses. This search for God outside of himself led to nothing but unhappiness:

My God, you had mercy on me even before I had confessed to you, but I now confess that all this was because I tried to find you, not through the understanding of the mind, by which you mean us to be superior to the beasts, but through the senses of the flesh. (III, 6, 62)

Thus, man must turn freely to God through his inner self to obtain the good and happiness which God offers. Man must commit himself to the Lord and turn away from the material objects of the world. He must love God truly and try to mold his will to God's will. Augustine commented on the necessity of man to turn from all things and love God over all else:

Truly it is by continence that we are made as one and regain that unity of self which we lost by falling apart in search for a variety of pleasures. for a man loves you much less if, besides you, he also loves something else which he does not love for your sake. (X, 29, 233)

Therefore, according to Augustine, for man to attain happiness he must choose to return the call with which the merciful Lord uses to call all of His children home, and he must choose to love the Lord over all else.

Augustine's treatment of free will in the *Confessions* is complex. The simple approach taken in this paper does not do justice to Augustine's concept. However, Augustine's concept of the free will may be simply understood as man's first choice of turning towards God or away from Him, and then his ultimate decision whether or not to answer God's call. Augustine realized that all men will fall away from God because of original sin and the desire for worldly pleasures, but Augustine's ray of hope is that God calls man back to Him. This grace of God enables man to have the strength to turn back to the Lord. However, Augustine pointed out that man must freely choose to answer God's call and not turn his back on the Lord. This shows the freedom involved in man's turning towards God. For Augustine, God's call to man did not destroy the freedom of the will because man has the freedom to respond. Thus, Augustine emphasized the importance of man's acceptance of God's grace. In Augustine's immortal words, man must knock at God's door for truth and happiness.

What man can teach another to understand this truth? What angel can teach it to an angel? What angel can teach it to a man? We must ask it of you, seek it in you; we must knock at your door. Only the shall we receive what we ask and find what we seek; only the will the door be opened to us. (XIII, 38, 347)

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Exorkismos

by Theresa Lang

This is dedicated to the people who touch your life, however fleetingly: the reason to fight the demons.

Christopher Alexander Pearce. Age seventeen. David glanced at the already memorized file. The information given there was sparse and general, but David had been previously given so much background, he felt that he already knew him. He entered the waiting room and the sight of the young man sitting at the table almost startled him. Five ten, brown hair, gray eyes; the physical description was accurate but it did not begin to describe him. David was not sure what else he would have said, but just by looking at him, he knew that there was more to Christopher Alexander Pearce than had been given. After a moment he realized that he was under as careful and thorough a scrutiny as he had been giving. Haunting gray eyes were taking in every detail of his appearance, perhaps much more, and giving no indication of what they saw.

"Christopher? Hi, I'm Dr. David Brice and..."

"Alex," he interrupted.

"Pardon?"

"My name is Alex. My father is Christopher."

"OK, Alex. I'm David and I believe that you and I are going to be spending some time together for a while."

"That was really good, no definitive statements — 'Some time, for a while.' You people have the ambiguity thing down to an art, or should I say a science." There was no mistaking the bitter sarcasm on the last word. "It was undoubtedly a class in shrink school."

"Just one class? No, it was a reinforced point throughout the education, along with dealing with the delicate bite of sarcasm from young men who appear to be quite intelligent."

There was no response, and none was expected. It would take Alex a while to decide if David were genuine or just playing a game with him. David gave him a moment of brooding silence before he began again. "A nurse will show you to your room where you can get settled in and I will speak with you again tomorrow morning," the words carefully chosen. "Have a nice afternoon and make yourself at home."

"That sounds rather forboding," he said slowly. This time it was David who chose not to answer, giving Alex the needed last word. David was intrigued. The young man that he had just spoken with was intelligent and witty and full of the fire of life. He seemed to have no correlation to the painter of those horrendous images, except for the haunted look in his eyes. There was something that was trying to tear him apart from the inside, of that David was certain. Then and there, he resolved to make it leave.

At nine o'clock the next morning Alex was in David's office for their first session. His quick eyes seemed to take in the details of the room almost instantly. The muted colors and light wood created a very relaxed ambiance, but unlike the offices of many of his contemporaries, the decor was David's alone. He had not joined the ranks in consulting the interior designers who specialized in "psychologically sound" environments, but merely offered his patients his idea of comfort. David could not help being consciously aware of the sharp contrast between his haven and the adjacent stark, sterile hospital wards. In one of his more poetic moods, David imagined the patients as robots, faceless and nameless, and it was only through entering his office that they became human with desires and passions and dreams. Could the disinfectant that characterizes a hospital somehow impose an anonymity on its inhabitants? David shook himself out of his absurd thinking. Alex was wearing faded blue jeans and a dark gray sweatshirt that made his eyes appear almost

transparent. They sat across from each other on soft chairs, and at first neither said anything. David at last began. "Well, Alex, the point of these sessions is for you and me to get to know each other and at the same time try and figure some things out. We can talk about whatever you like. If something's bothering you in the slightest I want you to feel comfortable telling me whatever it is. Anything that is said is completely confidential, just between you and me. You should never feel embarrassed or uneasy — I won't be shocked by anything you may want to explore. I am here to help you, Alex; that is the bottom line. To start with I'd like to ask you a few questions. I warn you now, there are going to be a lot of questions, and I want you to be asking them as well. First of all, do you know why you are here?"

After a slight hesitation Alex said, "The basic gist of it all is that my parents and teachers and what have you, think I am nuts — or sorry — emotionally disturbed, and so they sent me to you to be cured." His voice was bored, as if he were an actor reciting lines written years ago that had no relevance today, or as if he were reading for a part he didn't want.

"Are you?" he asked simply.

"Am I what, insane?" At David's nod he leaned back in his chair and thought. "I used to wonder, I wondered what was the matter with me, but not any more. There is nothing the matter with me."

"Why do these people think there is something troubling you? Again, why are you here?"

Alex looked at David intently. "I see things," he began slowly. "Things that other people stay blind to, and I paint them. So people conclude that I am nuts. But you answer me something, am I insane because I see what's there or are they because they refuse to?"

"What is it that you see?"

"Have you seen my paintings? That's what I see. I see the evil lurking about and I see people welcoming that evil into their lives. It's there, no question it's there, I don't create it, I just paint it." His voice was rising with calm self-possession transforming into frantic intensity. "I try to make people see so that they might understand. That's the only difference, I want people to know what's out there so they can fight it. Is that so wrong, so bad?"

"OK, Alex, just relax. It's OK here."

"No, it's not, don't you understand? By ignoring it, it doesn't go away, it just sinks deeper into us until we are lost. It's not OK here. You're not and I'm not, no one is and they just don't give a damn. They smile at their own destruction." Alex sank back down exhausted.

"Do you want to go get some rest?" David ventured cautiously.

"Yeah. I'll see you later."

David was glad that Alex left before he noticed that his hands were shaking. There was an indescribable intensity in Alex that was almost frightening. David then realized what else besides fear was in those disturbing gray eyes. Desperation. He had been pleading, but David was not certain what he thought he so desperately needed.

Alex poked his head back into the office. "Look at my paintings, David. Really look at them."

The first thought then entered David's head as he stepped into the dank basement was that the dampness might damage the canvases, but then he remembered that the safety of the paintings was not exactly a priority. "They're over there, next to the water heater. If you don't mind, I'd really rather not...." Her voice trailed off.

"I understand, Mrs. Pearce, and thank you again for your trouble."

Susan Pearce paused at the bottom of the stairs, "I really don't see why you have to look at those hideous things. I don't even want them in this house, but Alex would...."

"It's imperative that I understand where Alex is coming from if I am going to be able to help him, and that includes what he's been painting," he said with a practiced indulgence reserved for parents. "I've spoken with Alex and there are some things I need to figure out, and I'm hoping these paintings will give me some insight."

"Listen, Dr. Brice, we love Alex, we really do, but to be perfectly honest, these things that he paints, well, they terrify me. I don't know where he gets them, and I really don't want to know. I just want my son back." She hurried up the stairs close to tears.

David never ceased to be amazed at the attitude that people have towards psychology. He wondered how many times in his career he had heard that very phrase — 'we love him, but.' So they would send their loved one away to be cured and then returned nice, neat, clean and fixed. It was almost like a television repair shop. Just fix this part that isn't working properly and then return it to me as good as new. "If only it were that simple," he mumbled to the empty room.

He found the unframed canvases on the floor leaning against one another on a wall. He picked up the first one and it startled him so much that he dropped it back onto the floor and it landed with an audible thud. He had seen pictures of a couple of the paintings but these had not prepared him for the spectacle which was before him. He sat down on the floor in front of it and carefully studied the depiction. It was a beautiful woman with auburn hair, green eyes and pale skin. She was naked and all around her were what David would expect the demons of hell to look like. The skin

was gray and hung in sheets with a consistency akin to weathered leather. The eyes were sickening yellow, rimmed in red. The gnarled hands ended in long, sharp nail-like claws. One of these demons was raping the woman, tearing into her, while another was shredding her breasts with its hellish claws. The most disturbing thing was that the woman was smiling along with the demons. In the midst of the desecration there was a sense of satisfaction in the painting, as if the woman were just as proud of herself as were the demons. It was, in plainest terms, an orgy. David slowly flipped through the paintings. They were all similarly disturbing, almost all women, all horrifyingly frank. There was only one painting that had a man in the foreground. It was a man and a woman engaged in what appeared to be normal sex. But the demons were there as well, and they were piercing through the couple with their hideous bodies, all were joined in some sort of a twisted, writhing union. A shiver tore through him when he caught sight of the next painting and he grew cold as he studied it. It featured a pregnant woman sprawled out on the floor. The demons were ripping the fetus out of her body, digging the devastating claws into the tiny head. And the woman was smiling as well, seeming to be encouraging the ceremony of blood. David tried to imagine Alex sitting in that basement, painting those pictures and for the first time really began to fear for Alex, and for himself. He had assured Alex that it would be OK, but how could he say that these haunting figures could not penetrate the sterility of the hospital, even the haven of his own office.

The final painting that he saw was very different than the rest. There was a tiny tow-headed boy all huddled up in himself, looking with terror at the demons circling him. They were not touching him, and it was as if there were some barrier preventing them from penetrating his soft skin. There was no semblance of the ritual contained in the others. It was a struggle, and the faces of the demons conveyed their unearthly rage.

David marveled at the insight displayed in the pieces that he had seen, yet at the same time was aware of his uncertainty as to what exactly it meant. These images that Alex had portrayed, were they what he had seen around him, or what he had found inside himself? For the first time David began to question the meaning society had fashioned for insanity. Looking at these paintings it was easy to understand why one would point fingers at Alex and label him unbalanced, disturbed and all the other flash phrases that people used. Is Christopher Alexander Pearce insane? David knew that a lot was dependent on how he answered that question. According to Alex there was nothing the matter with him and the fault was in human fallibility, but David could not accept that only at face value. His mind taunted him with a memory. He had read somewhere, "So man's insanity is Heaven's sense." Yet at the same time, the paintings depicted something which did not fall into the guidelines of a societal norm, and that had to mean something. But David wasn't sure anymore what exactly that meant.

He slowly ascended the staircase into the bright kitchen, accompanied by disturbing images that he knew would be with him for a long time.

Alex was in the office promptly at 9:00 the next morning and for the first time in his professional career, David had nothing to say. The two men watched each other in probing silence. "You saw them," a statement rather than a question. David nodded. "And what do you think?" Alex asked him, gray eyes not wavering from David's face.

"You definitely have an aptitude; your paintings reveal a lot of talent."

"That's not what I mean; I don't care about aptitude. Do you understand now?" Alex's voice was taking on a hint of desperation. The unspoken words were there, "You have to understand."

"Alex, do you know the people that you paint? I don't mean you knew the physical model, but some artists are acquainted — often intimately — with their subjects. Be it a painting, or a character in a book, the artist knows the story behind the person."

"Yes. I do."

"Will you tell me about them?" At Alex's nod he continued. "The first painting that I saw was of a beautiful young woman with green eyes and auburn hair. She was being raped by those demonic creatures. Who is this woman and how did she get into that situation?"

Alex leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. After a short silence he began, "She's twenty-four, be twenty-five next month. She's an executive secretary for a good-sized corporation. The diamond earrings were a gift from her lover who just left. She works for him, he's married and much older than she is, he's got a lot of money and he buys her lots of things. It's a comfortable set-up for her; no emotion, but she doesn't mind — she kind of prefers it that way. After her lover left, she had a diet coke and a cigarette and sat down to watch the soaps that she had videotaped during the day. That's her routine."

"There was one of a couple, what about them?"

"They've been married for twelve years, both are successful in their chosen careers. They talked about having a kid once, well, at least the subject was mentioned. They decided against it for all the appropriate yuppie reasons: not enough time, not enough money, overpopulation. They don't talk. I mean they say words to each other, they talk about work and trendy causes and current events, but they never really communicate. They don't share beauty, art, passion. The closest they come to sharing is sex, and that is even more empty than everything else in their lives."

"And the pregnant woman, what's her story?"

"She's not married and she recently broke up with the baby's father. The baby is basically considered an inconvenience, or on a good day, a diversion. She just got home from the store, she was out of cigarettes." Alex paused. "You know what David, the purest thing in the world is mother's milk and the one place that we should be safe is in the womb, but you know, they can poison even that," there was a thoughtful mixture of anger and incredulity in his voice.

"Alex, why are all of these people smiling? The tone is not what one would expect given the circumstances. They contain an element of sexual gratification, giving the idea of some sort of demonic orgy."

"That's it!" Alex's eyes were shining almost like a teacher who had made a breakthrough with a rather dense child. "You do understand. It is an orgy, all of it. The people are welcoming the deterioration of what makes them human, their passions, beliefs, their capacity to feel, to love. They hold onto the things that strip them, use and degrade them, make them base and...empty."

"They're asking for it? The woman with the green eyes, she's asking to be raped?" David was trying hard to understand what was going on in Alex's mind.

"I'm not saying that literally a woman is ever asking to be raped, but these paintings are metaphorical. People have wondered why I almost always paint women, they think that I'm some sort of woman hater, which I'm not, not by a long shot." There was a quick glimpse of a purely seventeen-year-old glint in his eyes that disappeared as quickly as it came. "I paint women because they show the metaphor better, the ability to be violated on a physical basis. She demonstrates people in general and she is metaphorically raping herself over and over again, all of them are." David had to strain to catch the words for Alex's voice had grown very soft.

David sat motionless for a long time after Alex had quietly excused himself from the office. He had never been so torn about a patient. Every psychology class he had taken seemed to give him the answer. Alex's torments were, on the surface, relatively simple. But talking with him — knowing him — gave the matter a whole new dimension. He was calling into question the fundamental teachings of psychology, the ideas with which he had shaped his life were beginning to waver. The meaning was somehow slipping.

David was still amazed at how easily Alex had opened up. It usually took tricks, some combination of the devices that he had been taught in school to coerce someone into revealing himself. Yet Christopher Alexander Pearce so desperately needed to be heard and understood. He was occupied with these thoughts when Alex quietly came into the office.

"Morning." David was startled out of his thoughts.

"Good morning, Alex," he instantly became aware of the dark rings under the gray eyes. "Have trouble sleeping?"

"Nightmares."

"Tell me about them. It usually helps to get them off your chest."

The gray eyes clouded and he said in a husky voice, "Only one. I was walking around the hospital halls really late at night and something was weird. I don't know what it was but it was like things were out of proportion or something. Anyway, I was lost and just wandering around trying to find something I recognized. I turned this corner and someone grabbed my leg. I tried to pull away and run but all these hands were grabbing at me and tearing at my clothes, and pulling me down." His voice was thick with fear. "And as I was going into the ground I saw faces of the people pulling at me and they all had my face. I couldn't fight or scream. I could hardly breathe, and all I could see was all these people with my face. And then I woke up."

Both sat lost in thought, and before David could give his carefully worded response, Alex asked him, "What about you, David? What are the demons that surround Dr. David Brice, the psychologist?"

"Uncertainty," he answered truthfully after only a slight hesitation.

Alex's eyes narrowed slightly and studied David who met his gaze squarely.

"And you, Alex, what are the demons that threaten you? Do they have names?"

"Apathy, muteness. They surround me but I paint them so they can't touch me. David, make sure you fight yours, don't just hide here in your comfort. Don't embrace yours like the ones in the pictures, don't ever do that. When we do that we are gone."

"What about family and friends, Alex? Wouldn't you rather be in school with your friends? This alienates you from people; doesn't that bother you?"

"Well, yeah, I guess. Not so much now as before. Do you have any idea what it feels like to have your mom and dad look at you like...but it doesn't really bother me so much anymore."

"But why, Alex? You should be worrying about school, dating, getting ready for the prom. What are you doing in the psychiatric ward of a hospital?"

"David, you shouldn't have to ask that," he said with genuine confusion. "It's not like I really have a choice in the

matter you know. It's something I just have to do."

"But at what cost? In essence you are sacrificing yourself for people who probably won't even notice. Is that really worth it?"

"David, I have to do this not only for them but for me. It is the only way I can keep the demons from having me. What cost is greater than that? It's like that thing from the Bible about what use is it for a man to gain the whole world if he loses his immortal soul? That's kind of what I'm dealing with. Not my immortal soul, but my life. Not a physical life, but one just as important, maybe more important."

"Isn't it possible that there's another way?"

"What do you see when you leave your office? The hospital, right? The nice, neat, sterile hospital wards. David, have you ever realized that they completely surround your office? And what about outside those doors, what's around the hospital? Even if you are surrounded you can still hold onto yourself, but it has got to really be worth it and you have to measure the cost from there."

David had to make the choice. He was back to square one in the basement asking, Is Christopher Alexander Pearce insane? He was not any closer to the answer now. He knew what the books said, but the answer still eluded him. He made a professional decision.

The next morning he greeted Alex and, surveying him closely, said, "We are going to start your new therapy tomorrow." Alex said nothing and he went on casually, "Art therapy. You are a very talented young man and there are more constructive ways to channel that talent." He tried a casual laugh that sounded choked, "Draw your girlfriend." Alex still was impassive. "The images that haunt you can be worked out through your art — no more nightmares, you know?" David was immersed in the deadest silence he had ever experienced. Alex stood up and slowly walked to the door, moving like he had aged twenty years since he had sat down. Without turning around he said dispassionately, "I thought you understood. You of all people should have understood." And he left. David was suddenly conscious of the walls of his office. He could almost feel the hospital pushing against them.

David was tormented by nightmares all that night and he continually awoke in terror but could never quite remember what he had dreamed. He finally abandoned the notion and spent the early hours drinking coffee and watching the dew of the morning. By the time he was driving to work, he felt like he had been repeatedly beaten with a baseball bat. His senses were dulled and the dark rings beneath his eyes defined the pallor of his skin.

He listlessly entered the doors of the hospital and heard the thundering echo of his rubber-soled shoes in the empty hallway. He unconsciously wandered through the maze of the corridors to his office. As he reached the door he was met by a nurse. "Dr. Brice, we were trying to call you."

"What's the matter?"

"It's Alex Pearce, sir. We just found his body. He cut up his robe and hanged himself." Getting no reaction, she hurriedly continued, "He left this for you on his desk. A suicide note, I should expect. Um, I'll notify his parents." She seemed to wait for a response, and receiving none she nervously rushed off.

David mechanically unlocked the door and walked inside. He sat at his desk and looked at the folded piece of paper for a long time. Finally, he gingerly unfolded and examined it. The rendering was a rough pencil sketch on notebook paper, but even still David could clearly see the correlation. It was the same tow-headed boy from the painting in the basement. But now one of the demons had pierced his smooth chest with a claw.

Kuhn—In A Word

by Jeff Hermann

Almost two decades have passed since the Vietnam War. As a result, several generations of young Americans have grown up relatively unfamiliar with the language of modern warfare. In a society experiencing peacetime, the language of war finds little utility outside the military base. With the onset of the Gulf War, Americans, and indeed the world community, have been reminded recently of words such as “sortie.” However, after the war, the word will slowly fall off the tongues of all those not involved directly in war-related activities and will again resume its more limited reference on the military base and perhaps in history books.

Similarly, Thomas S. Kuhn’s focus on the concept of “paradigm” in his book, *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*, revived the term “paradigm” itself. Although Kuhn was discussing the term as it related to the philosophy of science, the profoundly prolific social sciences have adopted it as an official “buzz word.” Hence, practically no intellectual discipline exists free of its presence.

In the preface of *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*, Kuhn briefly and directly states his description of paradigms as “...universally recognized scientific achievements that for a time provide model problems and solutions to a community of practitioners” (*Structure* viii). Kuhn further argues that a paradigm must be sufficiently unprecedented, drawing followers of a competing viewpoint, and that it also must leave various problems for the new group of followers to resolve (*Structure* 10). A paradigm is “an object for further articulation and specification under new or more stringent conditions” (*Structure* 23). Kuhn indicates that “paradigms gain their status because they are more successful than their competitors in solving a few problems that the group of practitioners has come to recognize as acute” (*Structure* 23). If a concept, model or method fulfills these qualifications, one can easily see how such a paradigm necessarily structures science and governs its activity. This definition represents the function of a paradigm as it is realized in the practice of normal science. Kuhn elaborates upon this point, saying:

The success of a paradigm...is at the start largely a promise of success discoverable in selected and still incomplete examples. Normal science consists in the actualization of that promise, an actualization achieved by extending the knowledge of those facts that the paradigm displays as particularly revealing, by increasing the extent of the match between those facts and the paradigm’s predictions, and by further articulation of the paradigm itself. (*Structure* 24)

A paradigm thus creates a corpus of solvable problems to be answered, and the resolution of these problems describes the activity of normal science. The role of the scientist, therefore, is that of perquisitor within the bounds of the paradigm.

In his preceding book, *The Copernican Revolution*, Kuhn describes several paradigms that evolved through the study of astronomy. In the fourth century B.C., for instance, many Greek astronomers and philosophers envisioned the structure of the universe as geocentric, with a stationary earth surrounded by a rotating sphere in which the stars were held. The sun moved between the earth and the stars, and beyond the stars there was a void containing no matter (*Copernican* 27). Kuhn calls this paradigm the “two-sphere universe.” Its basic structure guided astronomical thought for almost two thousand years.

A problem, or anomaly, then arose that required a more specific explanation elucidating the irregular motion of the planets. Eudoxus, a pupil of Plato, hypothesized concentric spheres surrounding the earth between the exterior of the earth and the stars. The planets were arranged one to a sphere, but at different locations on their respective spheres. Eudoxus asserted that the relative motion of the planets in their spheres gave the appearance of one planet moving backward with respect to its fellows, and each planet demonstrated this behavior at different times. These homocentric spheres represented an addition to the previous conception of the structure of the universe. Since Aristotle utilized this notion of celestial orbs, its fame spread throughout the western world, and it was often reflected in medieval writings such as Dante Alighieri's *Divine Comedy*.

One of the chief duties of a paradigm is to set the stage for contradictions or problems within the paradigm, which Kuhn calls anomalies. Anomalies, therefore, do not exist except in the presence of a paradigm. As Kuhn says:

Without the special apparatus that is constructed mainly for anticipated functions, the results that lead ultimately to novelty could not occur.... Novelty ordinarily emerges only for a man who, knowing with precision what he should expect, is able to recognize that something has gone wrong. Anomaly appears only against the background provided by the paradigm. The more precise and far-reaching the paradigm is, the more sensitive an indicator it provides of anomaly and hence of an occasion for paradigm change. (*Structure* 65)

As Kuhn indicates, anomaly provides the first phase in a change of paradigms. The observer discovers a problem that the existing paradigm cannot explain. More careful observation, advanced instrumentation, or even a well-reasoned hypothesis can provide the humus for a new paradigm. A reasonable resistance to paradigm change on the part of scientists helps to ensure that the very root of existing knowledge will be exhumed in the presence of an anomaly prior to paradigm change (*Structure* 65).

When an anomaly has enough power to cause the practitioners of a paradigm to collectively realize that something has gone wrong, Kuhn describes the situation as a scientific crisis. Crisis is a necessary part of scientific progress that acts as "a self-correcting mechanism which ensures that the rigidity of normal science will not forever go unchallenged" (*Structure* 181). Eudoxus' homocentric spheres provide an example of scientific crisis both in their inception and in their succession. Their inception was explained earlier and their succession shall now be discussed. Quite simply, because Eudoxus placed each planet on a concentric sphere, the distance between each planet and the earth should have remained constant. However, during retrogression planets appear brighter, and therefore must be closer to the earth than when not undergoing retrogression (*Copernican* 59). Hence, many scientists concluded that the planets could not be in fixed concentric spheres.

Planet brightness during retrogression is an anomaly with respect to Eudoxus' homocentric sphere theory. If a planet is held at a constant distance from the earth, it *cannot* approach the earth during retrogression. However, observation supports the "planets'-brightness-as-a-result-of-proximity" clause. Therefore, Eudoxus' theory cannot be correct because its assertion remains contradicted by observation. At this point, the anomaly led Eudoxian followers into a state of scientific crisis because reason could not defend the fundamental precepts of the theory against the witnessed reality. An opening for an improved paradigm had evolved through the logical rejection of the primary tenet of the previous paradigm. A new paradigm was sought and found, and replaced yet again. And, after a myriad of adaptations and rearrangements, one finds oneself on a relatively small planet, moving with great speed around the sun, unable to comprehend fully the surrounding infinity, confused and alone.

The Role of Realism in Dean Corrin's *Expectations*

by Sheila Reed

The play *Expectations*, written by Dean Corrin, calls indeed for a realistic production. The problems it deals with are prevalent in today's society, and this is perhaps why Corrin decided to present them in the manner in which he did. He wanted to show people what they were really like, to get them to rethink their values and their views on what is important in this age.

The play is contemporary, and deals with an old man, his son Sid, daughter Jan, her husband Roger, and Sid's live-in mate Annie. Everything takes place within a few days at Christmastime in the house of the old man. The problem dealt with is the relationship of Sid and Annie, since Annie is pregnant.

This pregnancy is brought up early in the play, and what proceeds after this are the reactions of the characters to the situation. One of the reasons realism with this subject matter works so well is that the problem of live-in mates and pregnancy outside of marriage has become an "issue" in our modern society. Corrin, thus, may have wanted to bring the subject into the open and show how "real" people can come to terms with the situation. He does not hide his purpose in another time period nor does he try to make a comedy out of a very serious issue. This is because Corrin indeed wants to make his purpose as clear as possible to the audience. He does not want them to become confused in satire and double meanings that may take away from the impact of the play.

In making the production realistic, Corrin allows the audience to sympathize with the characters. After all, they have probably seen a situation before like the one presented to them on stage. Maybe they even see themselves in Annie or Sid or Jan. It is this ability to identify with the characters and to see their struggles and eventual victory over the hurdles that is the success of realism. If the audience leaves the theater with a great sense of "social awareness" and if their traditional views on the subject have been somewhat altered or liberalized, then the purpose of the playwright has been fulfilled.

Of course the script is important, but the actors, the directors, and the designers must also work together in order to put on a successful production. In this particular piece, these aspects were very much in sync. The set was the kitchen of the old man's house. It, like the storyline, was contemporary. The kitchen could have been yours or mine, the Christmas decorations could have sat on my shelf at home, the Bud Lite in my refrigerator. The costumes, to go along with this, were also modern, everyday clothing. All this adds up to a visual spectacle which does in fact agree with the intent of the playwright.

The acting was probably the most impressive part of the whole production. In the old man, I saw my own Grandmother, right down to the way she makes her coffee on the stove. The friendly, sometimes tense, rivalry between Jan and Sid reminds me of my mom and her brother. And in Annie, with her portrayal of a both intelligent and confused young woman, some of myself was revealed. True, the circumstances are not the same, but in the way she acted, it was as if she was not acting at all. I almost believed that that person on stage could really be me. The way Annie tried to cover up her pregnancy, and then cautiously revealed it, seemed true to life. The true reality of the play hit me when Sid announced to the rest of the characters, "She doesn't even have to have the baby." It was at this point that I actually felt hatred towards him and real sympathy for Annie. If the quality of the acting had not been high, none of this character identification could have been possible, and thus the purpose of the realistic method of the playwright, designers and actors would have been defeated.

In conclusion it seems that, in order to deal with this subject seriously and to do it justice, realism would be the one way to do it. Corrin wanted to prove that a topic as delicate as the one presented could be shown with taste, and not just shown tastefully, but also in a manner which awakens the audience. It need not be shoved under the rug, nor should it be. Our modern age must learn to deal with serious issues such as the one presented by Corrin, and an excellent production such as *Expectations* shows us how this can be done.

Methods and Devices

by John Stokes

Polyphemos easily holds within him
the strengths of Hektor and Achilles combined,
being the very offspring of the one
who swallows the ships of men whole
who throws his strength against the boulders of shores
day and night, without ceasing
but never tires while whittling down the continents,
being built of such size and strength
as to consider
a monstrous piece of sky-towering cliff
only to be his door stop.
He certainly would have won glory beyond
that of any other man,
had he been on the plains of Troy.
He trods about his own lands
without gaining any knowledge
of the complaints of an empty stomach
or methods and devices to quiet these,
having only to stoop
to the wheat and barley and also grapevines
which grow for him without seed planting
and without cultivation.
Having such awesome strength as to arrange
the boulders of mountains as he pleases
and without strain, one-eyed Polyphemos sees
that a giant has no need
of any gray-eyed god or goddess.
Odysseus, the man of the many ways,
beloved of gray-eyed Pallas Athene
arrives among the waves,
the sharp prow of his ship slicing smartly
through the vastness of Poseidon.
Equal of Zeus in counsel
who spoke such words,
as to win the favor of the Phaikian princess,
though he addressed her while a gruesome sight,
a naked man when all his flesh was sick and swollen,
his face and hair crusted with brine.
Within his skull those forces churn
which shattered the monstrous walls of Troy
as even that multitude
of furious spears and terrible shields
could not.

* * *

Lumbering Polyphemos follows sheep
into his cave,
returning to find unwelcome strangers eating away
at his wealth and livelihood.
Having no reverence for guests or their deities,
he would turn the suppliants into meat

and feed his strength with them,
devouring them in pairs,
one victim's skull smashed
by the furious strength
in each of the Cyclops' terrible fists.
Such strength as could have cast
a brazen spear through the center
of Peleides' shield
and the full length of it
into his chest,
or could have sent an avenging spear
swiftly into the body of Paris,
before he could bend away to one side
and avoid the dark death.
Such strength would have brought each among the
suppliants
to such a horrible end
when the Cyclops chose him and one other
to be his feast for an evening,
had not the mind of brilliant Odysseus quickly devised
for their sake
the saving course.
Offering up the ivy bowl
full of the wine of Maron,
Odysseus invited the giant to fool his captives
into surrendering the riches of their ship's cargo
in hopes of mercy,
and then devour them just as savagely.
Polyphemos recklessly emptied this bowl
of the sweetest wine ever tasted,
and then a second, and even a third
of the dizzying unmixed drink
The drunken giant thanked this Nobody
with a promise to make him endure
the grotesque murder of his companions
and them be ripped apart and swallowed alone.
But now the fool lay prostrate
in a thoughtless sleep,
the vulnerable eye facing upward.
He lay still and unprotected
with the mind of Odysseus scheming nearby
and remembering that device
carved from the tree of she who fooled Hektor
despite all his strength
into death from Achilles' spear.
And now cunning Odysseus
with the bravest of his surviving companions
took up the massive spike,
the thickness of a cargo ship's mast
and its point glowing with heat.

Inhaling courage, then
throwing all of their strength into its course,
Polyphemus' only eye was blinded,
boiling blood and pain and slime.
And when Dawn showed again her rosy fingers,
then, by the mind within Odysseus
the Cyclops' own flocks betrayed him,
hiding his tormentors and smuggling them past,
out of the cave and into the sunlight.
From the ships now full
of Polyphemus' stolen wealth and livelihood
and relieved men, glad to be alive,
Odysseus mocked Polyphemus cruelly,
enraged him to hurling boulders
at the taunting voice.
But these casts were misguided
and the strength of the Cyclops,
no matter how great,

could not take any revenge
or bring back the stolen flocks
or heal the ruined eye,
was useless except to claw the sand
and pound upon the earth
in utter misery.

* * *

Odysseus the resourceful will sail on,
the sharp prow of his ship slicing smartly
through the strength of Poseidon.
Sail on, above the sunken shield of Achilles,
and though he must endure
the earth shaker's wrath,
the man of many ways' wisdom and piety will survive
and be tempered in the fire of his hunger
for the cattle of Helios
into something so great
as to be remembered forever.



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