

Trinity College

Trinity College Digital Repository

Trinity Review (1939 - 1980)

Trinity Publications (Newspapers, Yearbooks,
Catalogs, etc.)

5-1-1959

The Trinity Review, May 1959

Trinity College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalrepository.trincoll.edu/review>

Recommended Citation

Trinity College, "The Trinity Review, May 1959" (1959). *Trinity Review (1939 - 1980)*. 44.
<https://digitalrepository.trincoll.edu/review/44>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Trinity Publications (Newspapers, Yearbooks, Catalogs, etc.) at Trinity College Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Trinity Review (1939 - 1980) by an authorized administrator of Trinity College Digital Repository.

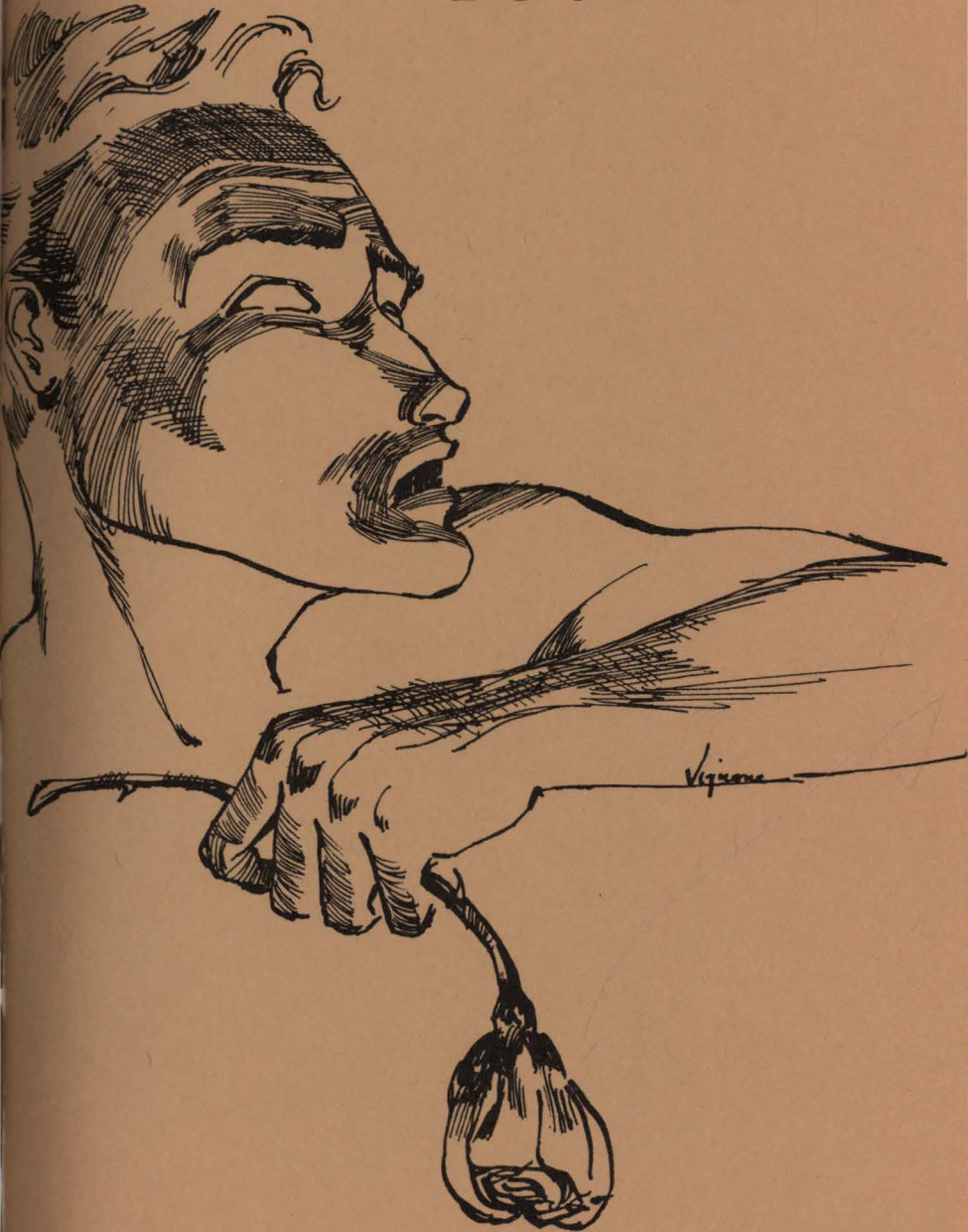
Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

TRINITY COLLEGE LIBRARY
RECEIVED

JUN 1 1959

HARTFORD, CONN.

the trinity review



Before man's fall the Rose was born,
St. Ambrose says, without the thorn.

— *Robert Herrick*

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Board of Editors of the *Trinity Review* regrettably announces the resignation of Professor George B. Cooper as Faculty Advisor to the *Trinity Review*. Founder of the *Review Society*, Professor Cooper was acting as an interim advisor.

We are looking forward to having Mr. Minot, who has been recently elected to the Trinity Faculty, as Faculty Advisor next year.

THE TRINITY REVIEW

Published by the Undergraduate Students
of Trinity College
Hartford, Connecticut

BOARD OF EDITORS

C. J. LONG

Editor-in-Chief

MICHAEL REWA

Literary Editor

DOUGLAS FROST

R. LOVEN

LEE KALCHEIM

P. H. BRIGER

S. CROCKETT

L. RENZA

FACULTY ADVISOR

GEORGE B. COOPER

Cover by

ANTHONY VIGNONE

VOLUME XIII MAY 1959 NUMBER 2

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
The City Spring <i>Samuel French Morse</i>	5
On the Back Road <i>Samuel French Morse</i>	7
Poem <i>L. Kalcheim</i>	8
The Eggshell <i>P. Houts</i>	9
Poem <i>K. Michaels</i>	13
A Child's Play <i>S. Crockett</i>	14
Bits on Beat <i>H. Segur</i>	15
Footnote to "The Happy Shepherd" <i>M. Rewa</i>	21
Down from Sturbridge <i>D. Stephenson</i>	22
When Johnny Comes Marching Home <i>L. Kalcheim</i>	23
Letter from Mrs. Hoshino <i>Elizabeth Jackson Barker</i>	28
First Period <i>Elizabeth Jackson Barker</i>	29
Davide E Batseba <i>P. Briger</i>	30
New Year's Eve <i>D. Frost</i>	33
March Thoroughfare <i>L. Renza</i>	34
Dorset: A Poem <i>J. Toyé</i>	35
On the Death of a Friend No More <i>T. Baum</i>	36
My Life is Spent <i>F. Gignoux</i>	41
Adolescence <i>P. Briger</i>	42
Of Ellyn <i>A. Dion</i>	43
Lora C. <i>D. Frost</i>	43
The Influences of Aristotle's Poetics <i>R. Winter</i>	44
"The Weather Today . . ." <i>M. Eichel</i>	55
Poem <i>M. Rewa</i>	55

Published two times during the college year at
Trinity College.

Address: Box 198, Trinity College.

Printed in U. S. A. by T. B. Simonds, Inc., Hartford, Conn.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Samuel French Morse, recipient of the New England Poetry Association's Golden Rose award and former member of the Trinity faculty, is well known to readers of the *Review* in both his capacity as a faculty advisor for the magazine and as a welcomed contributor. He is this year's *Trinity Review* Lecturer.

The *Review* is privileged to present Elizabeth Jackson Barker, a Trinity graduate student and winner of the University of Virginia Quarterly's poetry contest.

The City Spring

I

The State is artificial, like the hill
It rises from, as empty as the air
Blowing across the icy granite stair
Toward order, which is law like winter still.
The courthouse glows with light; and through the chill
Thin leaflessness the mind has learned to bear,
The early sunshine, tangible and rare,
Gleams in a pale abstraction of the will.

For spring is late this year. The only flower
Is a thin patch of snow, too fragile now
To be identified, and yet too much
Like winter for this early sun to touch
Its cold impermanence or disavow
The vacant certitude of makeshift power.

II

Winter has come to nothing but the spring,
The turning point, when longer days extend
Their stirring shadow to the changing end
Of light in March. The whitened grass-blades cling
Together still with frost; but time will bring
The small leaves out, and better weather send
The dandelions blowing, to attend
Their white dispersal like their blossoming.

They bloom already in some sheltered spots
Despite the cold—and they will spread and go
Blazing like hope, across the vacant lots
Into the park, before they disappear
In a warm gust of air, like summer snow
Suddenly bright against that time of year.

III

The public buildings poised across the park
Gather the humming light from April's high
Unclouded atmosphere that blinds the eye
With space too intricately blue and dark
For us to understand or more than mark.
The afterglow fades down; reflections die;
The gilded dome, grown black against the sky,
Describes like politics a broken arc.

Along the walks, like nebulae in grass
The dandelions, bright and perfect, bloom
More wonderful than summer, till they flow
To the late dusk; and lost above the glow
Of city light, the stars contain the gloom,
Still fixed and numberless, as in a glass.

IV

The light has grown. The changing year is set
Toward summer's green profusion in a spate
Of leaves and warmer days as profligate
As April's dandelions in the wet
Backyards the rain had filled. The alleys get
A little sun, where children lie in wait
For the long days to seize the shielded State.
They have the law, or they will have it yet.

A paper blows along the dusty street.
On the high statehouse lawn the tulips flare
Red, white and blue, like flags to guard the park
Where people come to take the evening air.
The blind paving echoes with their feet,
And voices whisper through the early dark.

Samuel French Morse

On The Back Road

The road ran almost straight up hill,
 But coming down the other side
 Went twisting back upon itself:
 Out past a pond, around a slide

Grown over now with maple trees,
 And then across the brook that dropped
 As easy as a striped snake
 Along the gully floor. I stopped

About the sixth or seventh turn
 To note the contour of the land,
 Though there was nothing much to see
 Except a half-cut-over stand

Of spruce and scrawny hackmatack
 On one side of the whitening stream
 And hardwood on the other, red
 And gold. The brook was like a dream

From where I stood, or where it showed,
 Not like a snake at all, I thought.
 It gleamed in places where the road
 Was hidden—where the sunlight caught

The little falls its quick descent
 Made now and then. I only heard
 A rustle faint as pulse at first,
 Then something like a whispered word:

The sound the water made. Too soft,
 Almost, to catch, it set my mind
 Off on its own uncertain course
 More devious than the road behind

But simple as the brook's below.
 If anyone had called my name,
 While I stood still there, listening,
 Swept clean outside the common frame

Of nature now for ear and eye
 (Time, place, and such uncertain chance),
 I doubt I should have answered back.
 The turns had left me in a trance.

Yet all the shining birds I saw
 And all the music in the air
 Were leaves and water just astir
 With light as wonderful and rare

As Persia. I could almost see
The royal huntsmen riding down
That golden slope, an ambushade
In wild disorder toward the town . . .

But then I felt, not heard, the roar.
A truck as big as time pulled by,
Raising the soft October dust,
And stopped. The dust got in my eye,

And I was on the back road, late
For supper—or I would be late
Unless I hitched a ride—and so
I did not even hesitate:

The driver brought me into town,
Two miles, and home. But I was still
A little less than talkative
When I looked back and up the hill.

Samuel French Morse

Poem

Time,
held tight by reins
of warped steel
in a dream world
of midwinters
and midsummers,
tossed by youth
over the falls
barreled,
shipped,
and eaten
to be remembered
as a long ride
we once took.

L. Kalcheim

THE EGGSHELL

The white hotel stood solitary and serene under a sparkling afternoon sun. Inside, in a lobby colored in shades of blue and white, the heat of the day seemed to evoke from the room a peaceful languor, gently disturbed only by an occasional puff of breeze, which rustled the pale silk drapes and then stopped as suddenly as it started, leaving the room again in a suspended stillness.

The intense heat of the day had emptied the lobby of all but the perpetually pale and wan, who remained seated in shadowy corners, relishing any shelter from the sun. Beside a panel of french windows, a woman sat dividing her attention between a magazine and the beach scene outside. In the past hour she had read an article entitled "Ten Easy Steps to Slimness and Beauty," watched a small girl build a castle in the sand, and thoroughly enjoyed a short story of young love in a New York advertising agency. And now she glanced about the room in a manner of nervous expectation, as if she were perhaps waiting for someone long overdue. But it was, in fact, nothing more than a nervous gesture. She was alone, waiting for no one, and at the moment feeling quite conspicuous. There was no reason for such a feeling, she told herself. She had paid, hadn't she, for the right to use the lobby? And other guests had and were sitting here alone. But it seemed to her that their temporary station in the room had been nothing more than a restful interlude between a mysterious past hour and a future one, which held the promise of exciting events—events that would be filled with pleasant company and easy laughter.

At the sight of a small group casually strolling towards her, she reached into her purse and took out a life saver with the intention of removing all traces of three noontime cocktails. But they passed by her and out the glass doors heading in the direction of the beach. And she turned again to the magazine lying open in her lap.

She should never have come to a place like this, she thought. There was so little for a single woman to do. A cruise might have been better. Yes, that would have been the answer. They always had planned recreation on something like that. And it would have been so much easier to have met someone. This wasn't any different from New York—eating alone, seeing other couples walking and laughing, the constant boredom and routine. And at this thought, a familiar feeling of depression and futility came back to her again. She remembered what the doctor had told her—"The rest alone, any change of scenery, will do you good. Get out, meet people, have some fun. Develop into something more than just a hollow egg shell."

A hollow egg shell, she thought. What a cruel thing to say. After forty years of life was that what it all added up to? But that was ridiculous. Why even if the shell was cracked, even if it had become worn and was never a pretty one, it wasn't hollow. It was still full of feeling. There was still love there. And she thought about all the things she was prepared to love—the little girl on the beach, and maybe someday—but it was best not to think. She shouldn't have had so much to drink. It hadn't done any good at all. It was just making her more depressed. Those awful thoughts had come back again. Well, she'd just close her eyes and push them right out of her mind—poof. No, she wouldn't do that at all. She'd count slowly to ten by fractions. That would be much better. One half and one half make one. One fourth and one fourth equal one half. One half plus one make one and a half. . . .

She leaned her head back on the sofa and closed her eyes for a few seconds. However, on looking up again, she saw a red balloon floating lazily through the door. It bounced across the floor in a lethargic movement that suggested it might have been manipulated by a set of invisible strings from somewhere far above. In a minute a small boy dressed in white ducks and a blue polo shirt ran through the door, scampering after it in diligent pursuit; his chin thrust forward with a fierce determination. He had almost captured it when, with an involuntary movement, he kicked it slightly. And it moved away from him. At this, he threw himself forward, landing on top of the balloon and breaking it with an explosive "bang". The noise shattered the quiet of the afternoon. And the woman gave a slight jump and then settled back in an attempt to regain her composure.

"It bursted," the boy said, looking up at her.

"Yes, I saw it," she remarked. "And it was such a pretty balloon too."

He sat on the floor staring at her, his mouth slightly open, as if wondering whether to go on with the conversation. On a thought he got up and walked over to the sofa opposite her and sat down; his legs crossed in Hindu fashion.

"Mommy bought it for me because I ate all my vegetables at lunch."

"Well, you certainly were a good boy, weren't you?" she said, feeling slightly uneasy under the constant stare of his enormous green eyes. "All little boys ought to eat their vegetables. It makes them grow up big and strong."

"I'm not little—not too little." And then after a thought he added rather belligerently, "Daddy said I shouldn't talk to strangers."

"Well now, we can take care of that soon enough. My name's Priscilla. What's yours?"

"Trennor. That's daddy's name too."

"Trennor," she repeated in mock examination of the word. "I like that name."

"I hate it," he said staring at her defiantly.

"Well, that is your privilege, Trennor. That certainly is your privilege. . . . You want to know something? I hate the name Priscilla."

This common distaste seemed to appeal to him for he giggled helplessly, causing him to drool slightly.

"There," she said leaning forward, "you see . . . we're not strangers anymore. You know my name and I know yours. And we both don't like our names."

"Where's your little boy?" he asked suddenly.

The question startled her for a minute. But she managed to say, "I don't have a little boy. No, Trennor, I have no little boy."

"Why not? Marigold, the lady who cleans our room has one. And so does Miss Williams in the toy shop. If you don't have a boy, where's your little girl?"

"I haven't a little girl either. No little girl . . . no little boy . . . maybe someday though. . . ."

But the boy had already become tired of this turn of the conversation and looked about the room distractedly.

"My daddy's out riding," he remarked, turning toward her again.

"Do you ride, Trennor?"

"No. I'm too small. Besides, I don't like horses. I'm scared of them," he added in a tone strictly confidential.

"Oh, but you musn't be. Horses have wonderful powers of magic."

"Like what?" he asked, his attention completely caught.

"Well, if I tell you something, will you promise me you won't tell anyone? Will you promise me that, Trennor?"

"Yea."

"Promise?"

"Yep," he said, thinking secretly that the woman herself looked a bit like a horse.

"You see, Trennor, horses have the power to change the color of the leaves. That is, some horses do—very special horses. They actually are able to change the color of the leaves."

"Daddy said the leaves change color because they die."

"That's what most people think—wise and intelligent people too, just like your father. That is most certainly what the majority of people think. Yes, that's certainly what they think. But once long ago, Trennor, in a country called Yorkland there was a prince. I'd say he was just about your age—maybe a little older . . . not too much older though.

And this prince had everything. Yes, this prince had everything any boy could want. He certainly did. He had toys, a big castle to live in, lots of playmates, 37 dogs and 12 cats, a few tame lions, and even his own pet monkey. And Yorkland was the most beautiful country in the world. There was only one thing wrong with it. Like all the countries at that time, there was never any change of season. It was summer every day of the year."

"I'd like that. I like the summertime."

"Well, the prince liked the summer too. He certainly did. Without a doubt, he liked the summertime very much. But, Trennor, he began to get tired of it too. He wished the air would get a little cooler and the rains would stay a little longer. So being the Prince of Yorkland, he went to the local miracle-maker and told him his problem. Now this miracle-maker didn't often get visits from the prince. So he was naturally eager to please the prince. At the time, Trennor, he was sending two sons through the College of Miracle-Making, and he needed all the money he could get. And he knew that if he helped the prince, it would be good for business. So he promised the prince that he would cast a spell over the prince's favorite horse along with nine other horses in the world. And he told him that if he would ride his horse through the countryside exactly five days from then, the leaves would change color wherever he went and the change of seasons would begin. And Trennor, from that day on, whenever anyone of the descendants of those ten horses are ridden through the countryside, the leaves start to change their color, and autumn comes."

"Is the horse daddy's riding one of those?"

"It could be. It could be. He may very well be riding one of those horses. It's very possible. But remember, Trennor . . . and you must remember this, the leaves won't change unless it's on the same day the prince rode his horse. And today is not that day. The leaves will not change today."

"Swing me," he said suddenly.

"Oh, I couldn't, Trennor. I'd like to swing you. But I couldn't . . . not here in the lobby."

"Mommy and Nanna swing me every day."

"Well, I'll tell you. I'll swing you for just a minute."

She got up, a little unsure of the advisability of such an action and walked over a short ways from the sofa. Grabbing both his hands, she began to swing him, first slowly. But at his cry of "faster", she moved herself about more quickly. The boy had begun to laugh by this time and squeal with delight. And as suddenly as the laughter hit her ears, she too began to laugh, taken up with its infectiousness. But it was an uncontrollable laughter. And it became louder and louder until it

reached almost the pitch of a shriek. And at this point, a sudden hysteria seemed to take hold of her. She closed her eyes and the two of them spun around faster and faster. Then she began to sob and laugh, alternating the two with complete abandon of any restraint. The boy looked up at her with horror. Her mascara had run down her heavily powdered cheeks. And her face had become grotesquely distorted with the emotion of the whole thing. By this time a large crowd had gathered in the lobby. They stood there transfixed by the spectacle, not knowing quite what to do. But at her first sight of them, she could only think of their insensibility to the whole situation.

What do they know about it, she thought. How do they know what it feels like to be an egg shell—a hollow egg shell, ugly and alone all the time. Why don't they go away? It isn't fair for them to look only now. Go away, go away, she thought. You could have looked before, when it would have been all right. Why couldn't you have looked before?

She felt herself growing dizzy, and she could feel the boy struggling to get away.

"Let me down. Let me down."

In a minute a woman broke through the crowd. She was dressed in white and her black hair hung casually about her beautiful face. She ran up to the boy and grabbed a hold of his hand.

"I'm terribly sorry," she said to the woman, wondering if apologies were at all due on her part. "You shouldn't bother strangers, Trennor. How many times has daddy told you that?"

The two of them walked quickly toward the elevator, whispering intently to each other . . . "like an alliance," the woman thought. And she walked over to the sofa and sat down again, trying not to look at the few stragglers still standing there watching her. She felt calmer now and she opened her magazine and after a minute glanced at her watch. It would be another hour before the cocktail lounge opened. She looked again at the magazine and stared at a cosmetics advertisement. Soon she began to count to herself, slowly. One third and one third make two thirds. Two thirds and one third are one. One third and one fourth equal. . . .

P. Houts

Pity the vegetable
 Vacantly staring,
 Contentedly preserved,
 Within the vacuum
 Of her smooth round jar.

K. Michaels.

A Child's Play

Straight out shot the cloud
of artificial breath
escaping from the window,
drawn,
released
and drawn again
swirled by an indifferent wind
that whipped the grey puff
into indecision
dispersing its many curlings
in busy air.

A lone late-migrating leaf
was drawn into view
onto whose back
an eager thread of smoke climbed.

Away from the window
bobbed the two gypsies
bouncing,
tumbling along
with no ground or tree to impede
their awkward dance
of skipping twirling
silence
that embalmed
their naive
with a wistful smile
of transference.

A hesitant wrinkled hand
sought unconsciously
to touch once again
the smooth elfish image
that was slowly
melting
away
through its fingers.

Yet there it stared
mute with a memory
that is so often unnoticed
or soon forgotten.

S. Crockett

BITS ON BEAT

There are simply too many words that appear synonymous: the beat generation, San Francisco Renaissance, Kerouac & Ginsberg, hipsters. They are not equivalent, but there is admittedly a tie of some sorts among them. *The Reporter*, in an article by Eugene Burdick, credits the creation of the beat generation to the dreams of Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, and John Clellon Holmes. Holmes' *Go!* was the start, then came Ginsberg's *Howl*, followed by Kerouac's *On the Road* through which Kerouac became the spokesman of the movement. These men could well fit into the "San Francisco Renaissance," but not so the hipsters of whom they write.

Holmes defines the beat generation as the post war group between the ages of 18 and 28, give or take a few years, the veterans of three wars, a hot war, a cold war, and something that has been incessantly called a police action, Korea. They are the products of the present world, their growth surrounded and influenced by psychiatry, genocide, brainwashing, motivational research, world nuclear destruction. Not having created and adjusted to this world as has the previous generation, they cannot accept it as their own. Consequently they are continually restless under foot, believers in pacifism, anarchism, the lost state of the individual, and looking desperately (usually in the Zen Buddhist direction) for some sort of spiritual belief. "To be beat is to be at the bottom of your personality, looking up; to be existential in the Kierkegaard, rather than the Jean-Paul Sartre sense." A rawness of nerves resulting from a violent historical climate coming at a most impressionable age, the exposure to political faiths that justified human slaughter, iconoclasm through the continuous scandals in labor, politics, and Hollywood. Holmes says all this is the hipster, "groping toward faith out of an intellectual despair and moral chaos in which they refuse to lose themselves," indulging in crime for crime's sake, respecting only the individual and taking their thrills anywhere and anyway possible. And from Norman Podhoretz, "the great thing is contact, communication, intimacy, sex, and let the rest of the world go by, preferably at ninety miles an hour."

San Francisco poet Kenneth Rexroth joins in. "Listen you—do you *really* think your kids act like the bobby soxers in those wholesome Coca-Cola ads? Don't you know that across the table from you at dinner sits somebody who looks on you as an enemy who is planning to kill him in the immediate future in an extremely disagreeable way? Don't you know that if you were to say to your English class, "It is raining," they would take it for granted you were a liar? Don't you know that they never tell you nothing? That they can't? That faced with the systems of

values which coats you like the insulating rompers of an aircraft carrier's "hot Papa"—they simply can't get through, can't, and won't even try any more to communicate? Don't you know this really?"

Yes, this might be the all-encompassing beat generation, the generation that has taken jazzman Charlie Parker, actor James Dean, and poet Dylan Thomas as its idols, as its inspirations. But how many of the Purple Jaguars on the East Side have ever read *Fern Hill*, or heard Bird cry through his tenor sax? How many of those between the ages of 18 and 28, give or take a few years, fall into Kerouac's description of "the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk; mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow roman candles"? How many can follow Kerouac in saying that they believe in prayer, "Praying for all living creatures," and seeing it "as the only decent activity left in the world"? Not a hell of a lot, dare say I!

The real beat generation, accepting this sobriquet, are those of whom Kerouac speaks, permitted we take him as the spokesman he is generally acknowledged to be, when he further adds, "they are hip without being slick, they are intelligent without being corny, they are intellectual as Hell and know all about Pound without being pretentious or talking too much about it, they are very quiet, they are very Christlike." This is the beat generation of San Francisco, the beat generation that has the hope and faith so evident in *On the Road* and *Howl*, this is the beat generation about whom *everything* so far mentioned holds true, these are the real pros of the movement being crowded and squeezed by bearded onlookers who "have a contempt for Squaresville (I shudder at this trite but still expressive term) but live there, who dig jazz but don't live it." This is the beat generation whose anti-commercialism is so vividly expressed in the Rexroth line, "Who killed Cock Robin/You did in your god damned Brooks Brothers Suit." These are the ones who Henry Miller says, "are not concerned with undermining a vicious system but with leading their own lives—on the fringe of society." There's a difference and it's not too difficult to detect. May we allow the beat generation to remain with Kerouac, Rexroth, their cohorts and followers?

The Method is the acting style of this group, poetry its dominate voice, and modern jazz its music. In The Method man as a spirit exposes himself. In their poetry they extensively examine Love, and strive to answer the question of how (not why) are we to live. And through jazz they find inner freedom, improvisation, and the dominance of creation rather than interpretation. These are the elements of their life which testify to the Kierkegaard precept that life is not a problem to be solved but a reality to be experienced.

It is the hope with which Kerouac, Ginsberg, etc. write that differentiates the beat from the hipster. It is the hope of Kerouac when he says, "This can't go on all the time—all this franticness and jumping around. We've got to go someplace, find something." It is the positivity of Ginsberg when he states, "We must love one another or die." Because they do contain a motivation, a concern, the cries of utter despondency and negativism are shattered. *The Nation's* Herbert Gold wrote, "That they care mostly for themselves is a sign of adolescence. But at least they care for something, and it's a beginning. The hipster is past caring." The beat generation is a movement against the adult, materialistic world and its effective stifling of the individual to which one is not recruited, but either belongs or doesn't.

San Francisco and her frantic writers are not alone in this type of thing. Japan has its Sun Children or Sun Tribers. France, undergoing American materialism, has an unorganized group headed by novelist Françoise Sagan, creating similar intimacy contacts and problems of the self (as Voltaire and others spin violently in their graves), painter Bernard Buffet, whose work decorated this year's first issue of *Time*, and a former husband and film director of B.B., Roger Vadim. Influenced by American culture and social life, England has developed its Angry Young Men headed by playwright John Osborne, author Kingsley Amis, and literary personalities Wain and Braine. The English group, however, gives evidence of combating a more realistic problem: a stagnant upper class and political life, an obvious omission of the San Franciscan lot, leaving them open to harsh critical comment. The similarities of the groups must remain only on general terms.

If we now focus our attention primarily on what might be called the San Francisco Renaissance, we can objectively attempt to delve into its creative worth and perhaps touch lightly on personalities. While art and music contain some significance, the most pronounced side of the Renaissance is its literary efforts.

Kerouac, of course, predominates. Now the author of four published books, the latest this fall's *The Dharma Bums*, his most noteworthy contribution is the novel *On the Road*. The *New York Times* hailed it as "the most beautifully executed, the clearest and most important utterance" yet made by a young writer, drawing analogies to Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* of the Lost Generation. The *Herald Tribune* stated that Kerouac "dreams of America in the authentic rolling rhythms of a Whitman or a Thomas Wolfe (the most common comparison), drunk with eagerness for life," while the *Library Journal's* Basil Ross claims his "descriptive passages . . . capture the true atmosphere of the Skid Row

areas of our cities." The poignantly expressive *Time* called it a "barbaric yawp of a book" recognizing a kind of literary James Dean, and adding, "the book's importance lies in Author Kerouac's attempt to create a rationale for the fevered young who twitch around the nation's juke boxes and brawl pointlessly in the midnight streets."

On the Road, is the rambling story of his continual flights across the country from New York to Denver to San Francisco and back, his frantic friends, their drinking bouts, wild parties, jazz diggings, and their obsession for speed. It centers on Dean Moriarty who "spent a third of his time in the pool hall, a third in jail, and a third in the public library," whose enthusiasm for life has him commenting "Yes, yes, yes" to everything, and is continually leaving his numerous wives and children to fly here or there preferably in someone else's car. It talks of contemplation sessions that last through the night and the endless quest for kicks, Truth, and the meaning of Time.

The Subterraneans, dealing with a Negro-white love relationship met with less favorable reviews. From the *Reporter*, "Kerouac is a bad writer and often a silly one, and his good reviews are only a reflection of the faint hearts of critics." Rexroth here accuses Kerouac of "Crow-Jimism" (reverse jim-crowism) believing he is too inexperienced to handle the depth of the situation he has created. And omnipresent *Time* renewed its cry of "a kind of latrine laureate of Hobohemia." *The Subterraneans* is considerably more stylized, but it is not uncommon to find single sentences, containing innumerable thoughts and running interjections, lasting for an entire paragraph that might well continue for a page and a half. Here, too, it becomes more evident of Kerouac's love for the "phrase hyphenated into adjective" prose. As a forinstance, "she has on this little heartbreaking never-seen-by-me before red raincoat", a style that might partially be attributed to poet Thomas, who manipulated such things as "the out-of-bed-sleepyhead-Polly-put-the-kettle-on townhall bell" in *Under Milk Wood*. It is also *The Subterraneans* of which Dan Puick, for the *New Republic*, writes of the continual references to Baudelaire, Kafka, Rimbaud, Vivaldi, "but nowhere is there any sign that either the author or his characters know what they are talking about. . . . Kerouac is simply ignorant, but a name dropper supreme." *The Dharma Bums* expands Kerouac's wanderings to the solitary life through Buddhist beliefs and seekings and has Kerouac envisioning "a great rucksack revolution of thousands or even millions of young Americans wandering around with rucksacks" searching for Dharma, or Truth.

Kerouac is a Lowell, Massachusetts product; now thirty-seven years old, a man who went to Columbia College, forsook a football scholarship, served as a merchant seaman, railroad brakeman, traveled our

country and parts of Europe and Mexico, and lives the life of which he writes. After struggling with New York literary life, Kerouac told a friend: "I have to make a choice between all *this* and the rattling trucks on the American road. And I think I'll choose the rattling trucks, on which I don't have to explain anything, and where nothing is explained, only *real*." The result was *On the Road*. A practitioner of timeliness, he has now six novels waiting to be published. *Visions of Neal* continues the Dean Moriarty biography, and of it he says, it's "the greatest I've done but the world isn't ready for it, and it won't be published for twenty years." *On the Road*, published in 1957, was completed in 1951.

With prose efforts otherwise nonexistent, Allen Ginsberg's lengthy poem *Howl* ranks next to *On the Road* as a movement utterance. Rexroth calls it "the confession of faith of the generation" and continues to say "nothing goes to show how square the squares are so much as the *favorable* reviews they've given it." Herbert Gold comments, the "blathering *Howl* really does contain some of the liveliest epithets in contemporary verse." A violent poem but not a brutal one, *Howl's* theme is set in the opening, "I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked/dragging themselves through the Negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix/angelheaded hipsters . . ." and is punctuated with four letter words that brought the San Francisco police to its censorship and immediate fame to Ginsberg. Among others to praise it have been Walter Van Tilburg Clark and Mark Schorer. It is a line in a poem of his that draws heavy criticism for his refusal to be concerned with political life and is taken as a movement landmark. Addressing America, he expressively wrote, "Go f--- yourself with your atom bomb."

Perhaps the most active of all San Franciscans is Kenneth Rexroth, the fifty-four year old Shelley Prize winner, broadcaster, critic, editor, playwright, translator, and creator, along with Lawrence Ferlinghetti, of the popular poetry-jazz sessions held in The Cellar (North Beach beer, wine, and sawdust frequent) and spreading to New York and even (ugh!) Hartford. Rexroth's work has been praised by critics Richard Eberhart and Vivienne Koch saying he is a convinced, absorbed artist, meriting acceptance as one of America's best active poets. He is, as perhaps you have noticed from the vibrant quotes used above, one of the most articulate and outspoken of the group. His battle against the trained intellects of the "Ivy League fog factories" is a deathless effort.

William Everson, "perhaps the most interesting of the San Francisco poets," is now Brother Antoninus, a Dominican Tertiary (a lay brother in a friary under renewable vows). Exemplifying the beat life, Everson

lived in San Joaquin Valley, California, before being sent to a camp in Oregon as a Conscientious Objector. The bulk of his work has been published by New Directions under the title *The Residual Years*. Since entering the Order in 1951, he has been primarily published in the *Catholic Worker*. His poems show a "rugged honesty" and a flare for nature, not often found in Catholic works.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti's work is most often likened to that of Jacques Prevert (of whom he has translated a considerable amount), James Laughlin, and e. e. cummings. Presently Ferlinghetti's chief interests are his City Lights Bookshop, a social center for local writers and artists as well as distributor for foreign literature and local poetry, and his publishing unit which he hopes might promote San Francisco as an alternative publishing center to New York. As aforementioned, he and Rexroth formed the jazz-poetry sessions that have since become symbolic to the movement.

Other poets worthy of more than passing mention are Robert Duncan and Philip Lamantia. Duncan is recognized as a member of the international *avant garde* and has been compared to Catholic writers David Gascoyne and Pierre Emmanuel for his continual questioning and examining of love. Having ingenuously utilized his central theme of the mind and body of Love has caused Basil Ross to comment, "Duncan's poetry will endure longer than Ginsberg's." Lamantia, another Catholic, has written and published little but remains in the top three or four poets of San Francisco, according to Rexroth. Gary Snyder, now taking formal training in Zen Buddhism, Jack Spicer, and Philip Whalen are among other notable contributors.

Our final question is, Why San Francisco? And again to Kenneth Rexroth, who offers simply, "It's one of the easiest cities in the world to live in," which figures for this group if one thinks about it.

P.S.: Kerouac, I heard, is soon coming out with his childhood memoirs, and Osborne, a musical comedy.

H. Segur

Footnote To "The Happy Shepherd"

Those in the woods of Arcady are dead,
But still the mountain shepherd bows his head;
The birds that sang in Arcady have gone;
In other fields the stag and faun
Limp slowly snatching tufts of grass.
The piped tune sounds in hollow vales;
Burned the trees and overgrown the trails
By kings and princes down in all our books
And standing proud in dusty nooks.
Their glory magnifies the past
For all but the shepherd last
Who sits upon a rock and plays
The saddest song of all our days.

M. Rewa

Aengus Learning

Aengus, son of Boann of the river,
Wasted from his lady's yearly charms,
For in the night she came to him
To play her lute:
When he awoke, she was gone.

But once with the Fairy King
In a glen with thrice two score and ten
As beautiful as she,
He saw her, shoulders above all,
With gold and silver strands about her neck.

His swan-Caer fluttered
Till he promised gentleness
And that to the lake she might return again.
And when she came and held her arms around him,
Three times around the lake, two swans, they swam.

To a feast they came singing,
And on the third day's night they lay,
Aengus lying next to Caer,
Encircled with her gold and silver chains.

M. Rewa

Down From Sturbridge

What I thought was a moose
humped over was a tree
stumped over hunched
and eating grass, or whatever
trees eat when not moose.

This, when looking for quail,
grouse, or ring-necked pheasant
from a car on the concrete way
is surprising; almost a touch
of autumnal alarum.

It is unseating, makes one wary
on a day like this
just down from Sturbridge
where scatter reaches of pine
mingle with birch and maple,

Coveting perhaps the red-capped
hunter, gun slung low, or
a slickered, oil-skinned artist
poised on his shooting stick
preparing the capture.

I am glad, in this particular mist,
that where moose aren't,
neither are men, nor birds,
nor muffled shots
from hand-tooled guns.

Storm-felled tree stump
in your sea of mountain grass,
I am not a hunter crouching
along a low farm wall, yet,
you are my moose for the moment.

D. Stephenson

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

If it had been a sunny day, more people might have been at the airport. That's the way people are. It wasn't raining hard, just a constant soupy drizzle. There weren't many umbrellas. A crowd of about twenty people were gathered around the gate entrance, huddled there by the long asphalt runway, slick with rain, disappearing into the fog. One could say the weather fit the occasion. The casket of John Driller was to arrive on the next plane. His body had been flown all the way from Korea, by a special request, and was to be buried in his home town. All those who waited for Johnny, his friends and relatives, were waiting for a hero. There should have been sun and clear skies and warmth. It wasn't a hero's weather, or was it? Or, what was?

The stiff breeze that sometimes whipped up out near the airport drove the soft drizzle hard against the faces of the crowd, and most of the people huddled closer. Some returned to the small waiting room. This airport serviced all the small towns in the area, and at that there were hardly two or three flights a day. The West was still open country you could say. A small town in Montana was still a small town. They never grew much and nothing much exciting ever happened. But people were important, what they did, what they said. Gossip was more than an interesting passtime, it was *the* passtime. You always talked about your friends and your enemies. And people always listened. And when they said that Johnny Driller was coming home from Korea in a casket, people started talking about how the hero was coming home. They talked a lot about Johnny. People can remember a lot if they want to, and forget just as easily.

Somebody ran out and said that the plane was coming in. Somebody else figured it would be rough landing in the rain. Everybody began scanning the sky, but there was nothing there but a great, quiet greyness. And the soundless rain.

Floyd Richards nervously paced back and forth in the middle of the crowd, hands deep in his pockets, a lit cigarette pinched between his lips. Floyd was twenty-two. He *was* one of Johnny's best friends. And one of his first. They always played together when they were younger, and Floyd was thinking about those days; about those games they used to play at the old quarry where everyone used to dump their rubbish.

"Now here's all you have to do Floyd. Just grab a handful of these rocks. We know that the rats are hiding over there where the tin cans

are piled up. I'll go down and shove this stick around in the pile. Pretty soon some of them grey fellas are gonna come runnin' out. That's when you let go. They move fast but you can wing 'em from up here."

"I don't get the point of this Johnny."

"Whatdaya mean, point? We're killin' em. That's the point."

"I'd hate to be a rat."

"Well you ain't, and they is."

"I still don't get this game."

Johnny made his way down the dirt wall of the quarry and moved to the pile of cans. He shouted to Floyd and began poking the pile. Soon a few rats scampered out.

"Throw, Floyd, throw!"

But Floyd just stood there. Johnny climbed back to the top of the hill.

"What's the matter with you? You afraid to kill some rats?"

"No I ain't afraid. . . . I just don't like it."

"Whatdaya mean you don't like it. You scared of 'em?"

"No, I don't like it. . . . I don't like killin'."

"You're 'fraid, that's why."

Floyd remembers how Johnny told everyone about the game at the quarry and how Floyd was a "yellow bugger," and he was 'fraid of field rats. He remembers how some of the boys called him "yellow bugger" who didn't even know the story. He remembered that. He hadn't been very close to Johnny since then, and that was ten years ago.

Somebody said they saw flashing lights through the mist. Somebody said he heard the engine, and everyone kept looking into the veil of rain.

Willard Harmon adjusted his cap, then removed his glasses, wiped them with his handkerchief and returned them to his sixty-four year old face. Willard was the owner of the gas station near Johnny Driller's home. He was a close friend of the family and gave Johnny his first job when the boy was fifteen. Johnny didn't work for him for long—only two weeks, but Willard couldn't forget what happened. Johnny used to wipe windows and pump gas and do all the odd jobs. Mr. Harmon didn't really know Johnny well, as an employer that is, and so overlooked some of the possible pit-falls of a hired hand; some important ones, carelessness and youth.

He had noticed many times that Johnny had left the oil spout in the used cans, and thrown it with the rubbish. He had noticed Johnny had let gasoline drip over a customer's fender, and he had noticed that Johnny, away from the eyes of his parents, was unusually cocky. But this was normal for a young boy starting work. And so one afternoon:

THE TRINITY REVIEW

"I've got to leave and run over to see Doctor Wells, Johnny. I'm going to leave you in charge around here for awhile. You just take care of the gas and oil, and if anyone drives in with something serious, tell 'em I'll be back in an hour or so."

Willard Harmon drove off and left Johnny alone at the station with two gas pumps, a twenty by thirty dirty white brick office, and a bright red half ton tow truck with white walls and "Harmon's Service", printed in white on the door of the cab. John wandered back into the office and sank down into the battered desk chair, posing as he had seen Mr. Harmon pose for the past two weeks. He reached over and picked a map from the shelf and began innocently unfolding it. Once it was open, realizing he really didn't want to read, and too lazy to figure out how it folded properly, he gathered it up into an accordion-like pile and stuffed it back in the shelf. John stood and stretched and looked out the window . . . at the two pumps, at a few fluttering pennants on a piece of line, and at the red, white-walled truck. It was a fine looking truck. "Shiny", "slick" and "racy". He'd always admired it when he'd passed the station, and when he'd seen it racing out to the highway after somebody's car. If he could only drive it. Just maybe start it up. He could do that. He started up his father's car. Why not? Will wouldn't mind if he just started it up.

Johnny turned, swept the keys from the nail by the door and bolted outside. He raced over to the truck. I'll just start it up, he thought. The cab door whined open and Johnny stepped up and in. He had suddenly grown as tall as the truck, as strong as the firm steering wheel and dangerously proud. The key clicked in, his right foot pressed down and, "choke, choke . . . vrrrrmmmm . . . vrrrrmmmm . . . vrrrrmmmm. Johnny Driller smiled and looked at the other world through the windshield. And, as if he had had one plan in mind all along, he eased the emergency brake down and felt the ground creep by under him.

Johnny told everyone he had only started it up because the lights had been left on. He had only wanted to charge it up. But a shiny red truck rammed against a telephone pole a block away, gave little sympathy to Johnny's story. The worst Willard could do was to take Johnny off the job. Some people said that Johnny was young, and no doubt had gotten excited. Others said he should have known better than to touch the truck at all. Johnny still insisted he had only tried to help Willard Harmon. Most people didn't care for that explanation.

Someone asked if the plane could see the field, because he couldn't see the plane. Someone asked the time. The wind whipped another wave of rain into the faces of the crowd.

Wilma Tabor dabbed her handkerchief to her nose and sniffed. The dampness was beginning to affect her. The light drizzle had settled on her soft brown hair and seemed to rest there like a fine crystalene net. Wilma had been Johnny's girlfriend. He was her *first* "steady" boy, she admitted. That was when Johnny was seventeen and she was two years younger. At first their relationship had been exciting and filled with evenings at the small town dances, parties and movies with their friends, but soon Johnny began acting strangely and wanted to be alone with her more.

"Why don't we go to the dance at the Legion Hall tonight Johnny?"

"I don't like those crowds. Come on, let's ride out the highway to that place I know."

And so Johnny would take Wilma and drive out to the deserted road and park. Wilma always turned on the radio and tried to talk for awhile, but Johnny would get annoyed and start making comments. "I didn't think what he did or said was right, but he was older than I and I had to respect him. I thought if I loved him, it must have been all right. Only I was never sure. Finally one of my girlfriends told me that Johnny had been boasting to the boys about what he 'could get off me'. I knew that I had been part of a game. Only I didn't know how long. I was sure we had loved or liked each other very much, but I was too hurt to even be sure of that."

Someone said, "Here it comes." Someone else didn't see it, but when the roar grew louder, most of the people said that, through the misty rain, they could see the incoming plane. The wheels squeaked on the runway. The plane touched down and rolled on through the guazy grey afternoon toward the awaiting crowd.

Mr. Harland Driller waited for his son. *This* was something he remembered that he'd done too often. He'd waited for Johnny to grow up, and it always seemed a year away. When Johnny was younger he had to be warned about his manners and his language. When Johnny grew older he had to be warned about his driving and his studies. Maybe all the things Johnny had to be warned about were normal. All fathers kept after their boys to behave. It was part of loving a son. But somehow keeping after John was a chore. There should have been the warmth in their relationship that comes when a father sees his son grow by his mistakes. But Johnny never grew. Mr. Driller waited many hours within those years; hours for Johnny to come home from what was to him an "early party", hours for Johnny to come home from a date with an "older" girl, hours to do a job he had asked him to do, or to do a job that should have needed no asking. What stood out most in

THE TRINITY REVIEW

Mr. Driller's mind was the time that Johnny had gotten a twenty-five dollar check from his grandfather, to have him take a trip to Duluth for a weekend in the city.

"Just put it aside now, John, where it won't disappear. Your grandfather would like you to see him one weekend. He's been wanting to give you a big weekend there for some time. I'm sure you have a little time for your own grandfather."

John, of course, agreed that he did. He'd like very much to visit the city again. He stuffed the check in his wallet and left the house for an evening with the gang.

John said he'd been robbed, no, it must have slipped out when he was paying for the movie. It didn't matter. No one else could cash it. It didn't matter anyway. But Mr. Driller had listened to Johnny too many times and knew that the check had passed into someone's hands across a card table. He'd have to wait some more . . . another year. Maybe *one* more. And the next year the army called Johnny, and Mr. Driller thought that possibly the time had come. The Army would make a man of him.

Someone rushed toward the plane as the engines died down. Someone said, "Stand back", and the grey door opened. A man stepped into the black square in the side of the plane and the steps were lowered. Two soldiers carried the casket down, to the crowd, through the rain. It was quiet.

A procession of cars followed Johnny's casket, and the funeral was impressive and well attended. The Pastor noted how honored the town was to have a war hero among them.

At 1:00 AM all the lights in the town were out. The drizzle had gotten no stronger and no weaker. It fell evenly, lightly, silently . . . like a whisper. Floyd Richards slept soundly in his shadow filled room. Willard Harmon snored peacefully beneath his large brass bedstead. Wilma Tabor had gone to bed two hours ago. Mr. and Mrs. Driller had calmed down after a restless hour, and were sleeping now. Johnny had come home. Home to be a hero.

Somewhere in the little town a dog stretched and yawned, then sat up. And, as if for all the world nothing mattered but the moment, he perked his ears and howled into the damp still night.

L. Kalcheim

Letter From Mrs. Hoshino

That garden in Manhattanville
we tended every year until
they tore the houses down to clear the slums:
now who comes?

The hyacinth is starred
and every twinkling shard
of bottle-glass that lies among the weeds
an amaranthine garden seeds
for growth that neither blooms nor fades.

"What happened to the children with the spades?"

In Eden after Babel, these
never missed the apple trees:
for none would clear the innocence
of anyone who climbed the fence
and planted, rank and polyglot,
that vacant lot.

Now a last-week's green-sheet blows
and candy wrappers gather 'round the rose,
almost as gay.

"The children with the spades have moved away."

Bulbs they planted back in fifty-one
respond to April's touch, all diggers gone
these several years;
in the corner volunteers
of johnny jump-up still declare
that someone planted there.

Yet another crop now thrives . . .

"even in the twenty-story hives."

but no one stands beside the gate to call
them in from playing ball:
to start a garden there again
like ours, before the philanthropic men
sent us, child and parent, from that place,
fallen from grace.

Elizabeth Jackson Barker

First Period

That day a door that hitherto stood wide
(Of its existence we were just aware)
Banged shut, surprising one of us outside.
We hushed, with half a thought we'd hear him there,
Rattle the latch, indignant to get in;
But soft as chalk-dust in that vacancy
Misgiving settled, whether he had been
Excluded by the close event, or we.
The room was filled as fast as we could chatter;
Each told the other what each knew before,
For any fact about him seemed to matter
Now that it was clear there'd be no more.
 But what we mainly said remained unsaid,
 Such fine distinction comes of being dead.

Elizabeth Jackson Barker

DAVIDE E BATSEBA

Bleecher Street smells in the summer; it smells of fruit and vegetables too long in the heat; it smells of trucks and their hot rubber wheels and their gasoline leakage; it smells of houses dry and stale with pasta starch and boiling fresh olive oil; it smells of human bodies perspiring sweet nauseous vapor fumes and reeking garlic blossoms from the mouth. The sun shines only on one half of Bleecher Street at a time; yet, the shadow heat is migraine hot to the breathless choking heat of the sun side. And even in the sun, the street is dark; dark from the brownstone facade, dark from the rhythmic rippling summer flesh that does not walk but is rather carried by the heat. Bleecher bows in summer to Summer; all herald it with bare wet heads, and crumpled newspaper fans, and print cotton from seven steps. During the day a swarming noise of heat-tempered voices and engines heartlessly bellow, intensifying the sensation of being hot.

It was on a Saturday that Frank took his woman to the beach. They left the Street before high noon and suffered an extra hour in the pits of the city before the subway made its ascent into the sunlight by the beach station. The ride was not less than that across the Styx. The air outside the train was no less hot, but it was real air and had salt in it and a beckoning promise. Nicoletta smiled and raised her full jaw into a provocative breeze and shivered as it met her wet face. Frank drew her on toward the water. It was his last day with her for several weeks, and he was impatient to be relatively alone with her.

They raced out of the water, taking care not to step on any of the bodies scattered in the sun and threw themselves down on the sand.

"I feel like I'd been to mass in an air-conditioned church—so good it feels—I am clean with salt water," laughed Nicoletta. It is good of you to take me here—I die on the street—like flower, turn brown and even wrinkled—You would not like me wrinkled, eh? So you must take me here many times or I will look like my mother".

"Yes, I will take you here—after I come home—but we must come only together," Frank paused and then turned his face to meet Nicoletta." We can only be together—while I am away . . . you will be alone" he said half demanding, half in question.

"Of course, I am your woman, Frank—you do not fear? It should not be that way—I do not fear of you."

"I am sorry—it is only that I like not to leave you—I feel an empty can in my stomach that grows when I go away for long like this."

THE TRINITY REVIEW

"It is not so bad that you go away," she said jokingly, "perhaps I will meet rich man in a Cadillac and he will take me to the beach every day. You would want your Nicke to go and cool off—and not get wrinkled, no?"

For the first few days that Frank was away, Nicoletta busied herself cleaning their apartment and mending and idling with her idlers. She kept in the shade and ate ice and remained in cool movie theaters to keep herself from the heat. It seemed that the heat would never break; even the night was hospitable to the devil. One evening Nicoletta brought her mattress up to the roof to catch whatever breeze came by. She stood naked between the maze of television aerials and sponged herself with olive oil. The full moon reflected her silver, and each movement of her body was the flow of evening tide rolling over a gravel beach. The oil was cooling and delighted her as it ran down her body into a pool at her feet. The combination of the sensual touch of the oil and the compelling moon made Nicoletta feel a loneliness in the loins for her lover.

Marco Cantellupo could not sleep for the heat; he got up from his bed and walked to the open window. From his window, he saw a silver woman who was very beautiful to look upon. He soon recognized that she was Nicoletta Fernicola, the woman of Frank Barenzoni who was the driver of one of his trucks. He felt lust for her and went to her on her roof top. Without words, he lay with her. Afterward, he returned to his apartment in further silence. Later, Nicoletta, realizing that she had conceived, came to Marco and told him that she was with child.

Frank returned from his cross-country route and delivered his truck to the garage. He was met by Marco who greeted him warmly. He asked him of the journey and how was the sun in California, and how was his brother John, who was in charge of the Pasadena office.

"Frank, go home and eat, but return soon for I must send you out once more—I am without another driver and I need that this shipment be delivered immediately. It will be worth a bonus for you and a long vacation. As my friend, do this for me."

Frank was unable to protest to the man who had been responsible for helping him come to America, for giving him a job, and being almost a father to him in his loneliness before Nicoletta. He was dismayed to leave so soon again for he wished to be with Nicoletta, but, he could not possibly refuse the face that peered so intensely into his own. He acquiesced.

"Go to your house and to Nicoletta and have your meal and then return to me here," smiled Marco.

But Frank did not go home for he knew he would not be able to leave Nicoletta if he did. He thought to himself that he would return in a few more days and, with his bonus, perhaps, even take Nicoletta on a vacation. She would like that; he would take her to the sea for a week and she would lose all the city wrinkles, he mused happily.

While Frank was gone from the garage, Marco transferred a cargo of explosives to a truck that needed repair on the two back wheels; they were loose and in danger of falling off. Marco, who was not bad, had a heart of stone while he baited the death trap for his friend. He thought not of his former love for Frank but only of his lust, and guilt, and shame. Several hours later, Frank returned to Marco who gave him his route across the Appalachians to South Dakota.

The following day, Marco received a message that Frank Barenzoni was dead.

And when the woman of Frank Barenzoni heard that her lover was dead, she mourned for her lover. And she covered her face with black veil and wept so that the veil stuck to her face.

And when the mourning was over, Marco came to her and brought her to his apartment. All the people of the neighborhood praised the truck owner for his charity to the woman of his "son." And they brought him bread and confetti, they consoled Nicoletta and themselves with the wine of their host. Soon it was obvious that she was pregnant. In his magnanimity, Marco took her as his wife; and, he was as a saint out of heaven in the eyes of his flock.

But, the father of Marco Cantellupo did not believe that it was out of love for humanity that his son married Nicoletta. Old Cantellupo was shrewd and he went to Marco and said unto him,

"In Sicily, there were two men; there was one that was rich, and there was one that was poor. The rich man had many goats, and his house was bountiful; the poor man had only one goat; and with the milk from that goat he fed his children, and it was unto him as his children. But once, from the mountains came a bandit; he passed by the flock of the rich man but took and slew the goat of the poor man."

When Marco heard this, he became violently angry against his father, and dared to throw him out of the house. With a parting threat, the old man told him that the child in Nicoletta's womb would die before birth. Marco kept this interview to himself.

When the time for the birth of the child was at hand, Marco had forgotten the advice of his father and looked forward to the cries of life. And it happened that after seven hours of labor a child, strangled on the umbilical cord, was delivered from the body of its mother. The

doctor was sad to tell Marco that the child was dead, and he was reticent in delivering his message. Marco, however, perceived that the child was dead, and he was brought to grief.

Marco comforted Nicoletta as best he could; and, after several weeks had elapsed, he went into her and lay with her; and she conceived anew. Following news of the conception, Marco delivered himself into the hands of the police authorities and was convicted to prison for his wickedness.

Nicoletta bore a son who was in all ways perfect and beautiful; and she called him Salamone.

M. Crawford

New Year's Eve

I heard the town's horns blowing
And he said:

 "Good luck,"
 and I needed it and told him so,
 and wished him the best and the most in the coming . . .

I poured for us both.

"I measure time," I said,
"In wrinkling tubes of toothpaste."

 And he laughed:
 But asked later
 What I meant,
 But I didn't know.
 I didn't.
 But I know I do it.

And some girls were kissed
And some loves were missed;
A few drinks mixed,

As another ball fell on the Times . . .

D. L. Frost

March Thoroughfare

Sorrows
And silent cries
Falter through the road
Where trees have never wept
But drank the puddled sin and
Blew the winds that slept beyond
The twilight stars of sleep.
And
Lifeless water
Flows along the rut
Without a deviled wave
To bruise a leaf or kiss.
The holy rain, falling on a
Hut where old skies rave the
Graying of the sea and the wrinkling
Of the skin.
But
Shadows dry,
And soon the crimson
Moon beneath the empty
Sky begins to swell the swollen
Clouds, and trees begin to suck the
Milky nothing from the roads in hope,
And finally,
Their winds transport
Above the winter roads
The drums that drift and
Bring the storms and pregnant
Springs to thump the loins like babies
In an acorn shell.
And brooks begin to gush again.
And sorrows flood the roads.

L. Renza

DORSET: A POEM

Summer in Dorset is quiet. The oaks rustle gently, swinging with the breeze in wide silent circles. Away, beyond the oaks and cultivated grass, the moor runs endless and purple. Occasionally the jagged walls of some ancient ruin prick the horizon, dimly remembering the riches of some bygone time. Occasionally the people came, but not often. It is too quiet for people.

The grass was deep, and she lay so still that one might have thought her a part of the green and blue. Her black hair lay about her shoulders on the grass, which cushioned her softness. Her trance came as a surprise to him as he looked at her.

He said: "What do you think of?"

She turned to look at him. The movement was slow and full of wistfulness. She said: "I think that it is good to see the sky and to dream. I think that I should like to swim here forever. I love the softness of the grass and thought for thought's own sake."

He could not see her meaning. He wanted her thoughts to be of heat and sun, of life and movement, not of thinking. He wanted to move across the moor and see the river winding through the lower plain below the moor toward the sea.

Behind them, whistling brightly in the late afternoon, a skylark fluttered heavenward, looking for the clearer air. Its song came to them sweetly in their thoughts and etched the scene with sound almost undefinable. Beyond that sound there was no other there on the moor, save for the soft song of wind upon the grass and 'round the hummocks.

They walked across the rise and into the valley beyond. They saw the river and the place beyond, the abstract rambling of the wind across the grass. They saw the gorse bush yellow in the sun and then the patch of brackish bog, surrounded by the fertile grass. This too reached up toward the sky and wanted heaven, but its sucking was to the inner earth as well as to the sky. All this they saw and wanted nothing else but that they should see what more there was to see.

She said: "I could be happy here," and then as an addition whispered, "from where I stand it seems the blue will never end." It was too big for him to answer, only to wish that blue was yet for him unending. There was horizon for him here, and so he had to move, while still she said: "I could be happy here."

And suddenly the meadowlark was gone and in its place, the sullen silence of the wind. The looking was the hearing now and still the sun went on in its never ending search for green.

That evening, underneath the thatch, she said: "I thought today my heart would break because I loved so much." And he, within his counterpane of thought, could only think how much he wanted, but because of looking he still could not find the love she saw. She was an entity within herself, but he, alone, could not think of what he wanted, without her thought to show the beauty of the want. And yet he saw, through her, and she, by seeing this, could love the more.

This was not Eden, nor was it the ending of their walking. But within the warming of their lips and twining of fingers in hair, their search was ending.

J. Toyne

On The Death Of A Friend No More

Yesterday eyes which burned life,
 Today snuffed out and not a single spark
 to bear testimony,
 The oil has survived its short score,
 And now only an empty lamp.
 That body that was a machine,
 The fuel has been exhausted and 'the power
 and the glory' has turned to rust,
 The fire is extinguished and the men are
 out of work.
 Oh why, in this, an age of machines, why so
 prematurely disturb the progress?
 That miracle fuel, over five thousand years
 old,
 And still we cannot thwart the leak?
 Someone has stopped the assembly line.
 Gauges, transmission, chassis, body, check:
 Passed, New York State Inspection, September,
 1938;
 Article, Daily Journal, May, 1959:
 ". . . machine collapses . . . possibly a
 loose wire . . . some leakage in fuel tank
 . . . resuscitation unsuccessful—no spark
 given off . . ."

T. Baum

MY LIFE IS SPENT

"My life is spent," said the old man. "My body just a shell to hold the paraphernalia which synthesizes energy from other lifeless things. I am nothing more than a vegetable, taking nutrition from a soil which can't even support those who deserve it."

"No," said the young boy, "you live, you breath, like myself. We are both human beings who feel, love, and think."

"Ha," scoffed the old man, "you think I have feelings, and can love, and even bother to think. I have no time to do any of these things, all I have time for now is to hate. And until the day that I die I will hate—every nerve, every pore, every ounce of my body will hate. Hate the blues of the skies, the rustle of the wind through leaves, the flush of lovers. These are all things which I once loved—loved with the heart of a poet, but now swarm with the lice of contempt, maliciousness, and putridity. All the beauties of life covered with a black veil which screens out the beautiful vivid things I once knew. This veil leaves me nothing but the distorted picture of the ways of people who inhabit this world which dances around the bench which I sit upon from morning to night—day after day. The blotches that move around me go about their way of life paying no attention except to their own small matters.

I know them all . . .

They think of me as an old man sitting here in the sun, minding my own business, paying no harm to anyone, just reading my paper, gazing off into horizons of the past.

But little do they know my young friend; they think me senile and harmless, that I pay them no mind. But I know them; know them for what they are, the liar, the cheat, the adulterer. I watch them and find out these things. They think me harmless do they? I will show them some day. I know their weaknesses, their vices, and all of these I file away, to use, not today, not tomorrow, but someday—when the right time comes. You my little friend can help, you are able to move around much better than I. You can stand in places as a boy, and not be noticed. You can hear for me things which even I can not hear. Behind a door when guests are at your home. When your parents think you have gone to bed, you can creep to the head of the stairs, or to their bedroom door—and hear what they have to say. Maybe something about you even. Then it is more fun. They never know that you have heard them. You can keep it in your mind and think about it. Mull it over and explore it. All that is said is not always valuable, but if you listen carefully and well,

you can hear many things. There is nothing like listening to unguarded words. When you become as trained as I, the slightest slur, the dropping of an "ing" the catching of one's breath, a small stutter, they will all mean something to you. And when you have learned this well I will teach you other things; ways to watch peoples faces, their hands, their eyes. It is the eyes my son which tell all. They are the windows to men's minds, through these small panes you can bare the soul of the strongest. But later, this will all come later. And the time shall come when even you may be as good as I.

A man can control his fellow man by their foibles. Women too my lad. They are more difficult because they react as cats do, their feline qualities make them more difficult than their canine counterparts, men whose straightforwardness and sincerity makes them less a game than women. Women, yes, they are the challenge, they play the game well. They are a fitting match for the game. The gathering of information is, however, not complete until you have mastered this step. It is women who fear this discovering of their secrets even more than men. They have the cunning to make your job more difficult, but still they have their weaknesses too, and these can help you if you make use of them. Women love to pry and talk, to tell their secrets, knowing full well what they do, but they never tell them all, just enough to loosen the tongue of their women friends; and in exchange for these confidences they want some in return to appease that part of their mind which tells them that to cancel out this catharsis they must have something to fill the void, and this they do by pulling forth from the other members of their sex those things which women treasure, like the miser who hides his gold and removes it from its hiding place at times to play with it. Running it through his sensuous, fingers stroking it, and hiding it again to return to when his appetite hungers.

And so my lad listen to women talk, when they are together, nothing is barred. Especially listen for mens names in these conversations, they are what I want, two in one, two pigeons in my pot. Two small cards to add to my mental file, of people.

Your own friends too, they are bright and observant. And can come and go at will. Listen well to what they say, of their parents, and relations. Follow up what you hear, always check an interesting bit of gossip, which could lead further. Servants, everyone, is a potential source of information, my lad, leave no stone unturned, because the most interesting things are usually found in the most peculiar places; they are, also, many times minute, but from it these small tidbits, clues, that the most interesting things are uncovered. And my young friend always take things

to be as dirty, and despicable as possible, because in this world they are. If you assume this from the start, you will learn to sense the evil things which happen around you. You will acquire a sixth sense to the vices of the people about you. It is said that some people acquire this sense, and their body is so attuned that they can pick a Jew out of a crowd at a glance, just because this sense is so attuned characteristics are much more obvious to them than the normal person, and I have trained my senses and whetted my mind so that I can pass through crowds, and pick out people who would have some bit of information useful to me. You can see though that I am not able to get around as I once was able to, and so I have to rely on boys and girls like yourself to assist me. But it takes time to train you young ones. Even though you are quick to learn, your minds are filled with the frailties and particulars of consciences which the older people have forced you to form. To work for me you must do away with this block. To play the game well a person must not worry about the rights and wrongs of the situation, but rather the rewards of his work. To accomplish what is to be done in any matter which is at hand. Through any way possible—using stealth, lies, treachery—to watching out never to get caught—getting in the end what you wanted at the start.

See how perfect my disguise is. An old man with white hair, wrinkled cheeks, and bent back. No one gives me a second glance. And you little ones with your tanned cheeks, large blue eyes, and mop of unruly hair—butter would not melt in your mouth. They do not have the sense to fear you. How is it possible to fear something which does not look fearful. Is it possible for them to look at you and I, and to come to any other answer than—there is a boy and an old man. The boy is innocence himself; the old man nothing more than harmless. Even though you have the viper in your heart, you are young, your youth hides well your secret. I am old and I have trained myself. I told you before about when out looking for information watching the eyes, the hands, the facial muscles of people when you are talking to them, after being trained will learn to use these to your advantage as I do. The body is just a layer covered with apparatus, sealing in nerve, bones, juices. And this is all controlled from the mind. The mind pulls strings like a puppeteer, and the puppets, the smile, the grin, the pout all respond. You will learn how to do this as I have. To be able to use the outward signs of your emotions to your own advantage is a helpful thing. Hide your own wishes and desires behind a facade of mechanical contortions. Other people, those not trained, cannot do it and in these outward signs they mirror their most inward feeling.

It is a game, my boy, it is a game. The biggest game you have ever played, the control of the material by means of the mental. You, my little friend and all the rest of your little friends, with me, an old man, will spread out. There will be other old men in other towns and cities, in other countries. With his little friends who bring them these scraps of information.

Possibly you would like to know what we do with all of this information. It is all assimilated my boy in the brain of the old men in the workshop of the old. The facts are molded and consorted to fit the need and the story which is wanted. So many little tail ends of stories, inflections, so many inuendoes. Then they go out again. In a few more years you will do that, you and many other handsome young men and attractive young women. We choose them that way. They are the most charming of people. Their manners are impeccable, their dress perfect, their smile guileless. With that fresh look of the pure of heart. You will soon be that way, attentive to the problems of others. A good listener, a sympathetic person, still a storer of information, but with a much more important job at hand. You will use your tales, and helpfulness to corrupt and twist. To be helpful but still breed to seed of doubt. The small suspicion, the shadeing of a statement. You will watch the fleeting glance of doubt, the green eye of jealousy swell up. Your very existence will strive for these. To hate any boy, and to hate successfully is to fan the coals of life into a blaze, and to consume yourself in the delicious sensation of satisfaction, to have a fulfillment for this hate is wonderful and that's what I have to offer you. You are still too young to really hate. To feel the wheeling up inside of you of *real* emotion, but you will learn. To dislike things at your age is to be expected—to dislike school, parents, and discipline. But these are just a beginning, wait until these things are crossed and crisscrossed, interwoven with anxieties, and frustrations, distrust—then these petty things take on real meaning. They have the ability to commander your hate. And then you can strike back. Not back at the institutions themselves but rather—at the human beings who make them up. And that is what I will teach you my boy. And that is what I will teach you.

F. Gignoux

Adolescence

I

To those blistering
in full ripeness;
rich veins full of molasses
and acid tints
and heavy winds bellowing new flames
surging lightward with winter force
casting aside old leaves and rapping around sturdy trees
to be guided thru the marrow;
and to taste purple flowers at the bud
before the blossoms tarnish;
to touch the solid symphony of a mauve-colored dawn
slipping silently over a ivoried thigh and rippling endlessly
to a blind echo;
and knowing that peacocks' cries are harsh
but more so
that the neap tide comes but twice a month
and the golden nimbus of the newly born
shelters the dehiscence of the porous pod.

II

I feel in me a song running down a silver beach
and sliding into a summer sea;
Gliding gently on a wave and catching hold of a moonbeam floating
home in the evening's ebb,
the tone is caught in a languishing wind
and swept upward, brushing the hair of a palm
wet with salt water
and glistening with a thousand facets—each a mirror of the moon.
The echoes fall on the twinkling sand and bounce off
to the stars—twinkling.
and back again through glossy blackness into the hills
by the breast of the water
and there to lie waiting—amongst shades.

III

now that i have seen that tomorrow is only another day
i dream of yesterdays.

IV

I found a virgin meadow
beyond a distant hill
and all green and gold
shined through me as if
I were a welcome guest.

V

Sipping souls with strawberry straws;
a finger trembling on a breast
 round and small
and sharp.
 a heat up to red ears
 no less than red cheeks—a heat blush.
 a fear, a shadow,
 and a restless calm
 with excelsior tomorrow.

VI

Punching blindly,
 pausing in cool star night,
listening to a roar,
 a din,
 a bell,
and shouting with taut vocal chords
 on the edges of hills, and deserts, waters;
 and hearing the echo brought back
in kind but wait . . . what was it? . . . and then lost
gone,
 hiding in a snail shell.
 a feeling of depth and a tinsel humility
 groveling on a volcanic sand beach
at the lip of some red sea, pinched by crabs
 who are washed away by each recoiling wave.

P. Briger

Of Ellyn

Garbled laughter tones the air
In fragile melodies of light,
The pizzacato elegance
Of shadowed crystal delight,
Stumbling in green disorder
As a child would
Among polka-dotted clowns
Restless in a cardboard circus town
With gamboling heads,
Mouths askew,
And serves to me
The jingled tunes
Of her philosophy
Though an opaque pupil.

A. Dion

Lora C.

(Whose beerish blonde hair can do all
That Baudelaire and Budweiser can:
Flow, delight, excite . . .

Whose mind, outshining your own,
You can only marvel at,
Praise and laugh with . .

Whose dimensions, the stuff that dreams are made of,
Gives you faith in the existence
Of pin up girls . .

Whose cherry sponge lips
Said, "You're *so* nice,"
And then laughed . . .)

Is a memorable flirt.

D. L. Frost

THE INFLUENCES OF ARISTOTLE'S POETICS

Characteristic of modern poetry is the writer's delight in producing a style strange to both eye and mind as a revolt against the confines of poetry. This revolt is important, for it teaches the public that poetry is not exclusively the metrical verse type of the last century and the general product of amateur writing. Within the history of poetic theory, several of our contemporary ideas on the nature of this art have often appeared, running through different schools of thought, some of these ideas being as old as the history itself.

Aristotle as a critic revealed the essential nature of poetry with an insight that has often been criticized but not disproved. In his *Poetics*, I find far more sympathy with the contemporary cause than I can find for the cause of the last century. Though styles change to suit the tastes of different eras, antiquity does not invalidate the nature of poetry, which, in agreement with Aristotelian doctrine, has remained unchanged. So it would benefit our age to investigate some of these theories which have run throughout the history of poetic theory instead of turning a cold ear to the past for fear that it would reduce the writer's chance of being all the more original.

In this paper, sections of the *Poetics* will be considered, then the influence it had on the critics of the Italian Renaissance, the first writers and scholars outside of Aristotle's contemporary circle on whom the *Poetics* had any influence.

When he considered the nature of art, Aristotle, who was not an artist, was chiefly concerned with how art might fit into the principle of life. He does not offer a doctrine of aesthetic theory, as Plato did, but concerns himself with its nature, structure, function, and ultimate purpose. Short in length, the *Poetics* is estimated to make up a hundredth part of his extant works. The treatise is not completed; probably, it was a longer piece. Extant fragments of his dialogue, "On Poets" and his "Homeric Problems" show that this work was not his sole presentation of the subject, and it is believed that he planned a more extensive study, which he never wrote.

His love of logical thinking shows itself from the start, since the *Poetics* begin with a classification of poetry into the tragic, comic, and epic, as well as differentiating between fine and useful art. It has been estimated that Aristotle had a knowledge of close to a thousand Greek plays, which were the sources from which he drew his observations; a fraction of these plays now exist.

“Art imitates nature” is a conventional summary of his doctrine. S. H. Butcher clarifies “nature” as the creative force or productive principle of the universe. Art also takes over when nature fails, following her methods and supplying her defects, for supplying the deficiencies of nature is the function of useful art. Plato was the first to discover that imitation is the essential characteristic of fine art, though Platonic thought carries it further by adding that the real world is a weak and imperfect imitation of an ideal archetype. More realistically, Aristotle holds that imitation in art must center around human action. “Since the objects of imitation are men in action, and these men must be either of a higher or a lower type (for moral character mainly answers to these divisions, goodness and badness being the distinguishing marks of moral differences), it follows that we must represent men either as better than in real life (tragedy) or as worse (comedy) or as they are (history).”

Generalizing poetry, it springs from two causes, “each of them lying deep in our nature,”: imitation (the way a child learns his first lessons) and an “instinct for harmony and rhythm,” “The poet being an imitator, like a painter or any other artist, must of necessity imitate one of three objects—things as they were or are, things as they are said or thought to be, or things as they ought to be.” Thus, the matter, the imitation and not the technique (metrics) is the essential nature of poetry. Herodotus can be turned into verse, but not into poetry. Metre is only an adjunct of poetry. “It is not the function of the poet to relate what has happened, but what may happen—what is possible according to the law of probability or necessity. The poet and the historian differ not by writing in verse or in prose. . . . The true difference is that one relates what has happened, the other what may happen.” Poetry expresses the universal, history the particular.

Poetry is not a mere reproduction of empirical fact because it can conceive of a possible world, and here poetic truth differs from factual truth. Poetic truth can pass the bounds of empirical reality, but it may not deny it.

Finally, the end of fine art is pleasure. This pleasure may be of a higher or lower kind, depending upon the nature of the work. The aesthetic enjoyment of poetry proceeds from the emotional rather than the intellectual source, since the appeal is to feeling and not to reason. The pleasures of art are for the spectator not the artist. If the artist shares this pleasure, he is doing so as one of the public.

Working with these few principles of art, we can see how the Italian critics interpreted them after a short intervening background.

The second most important treatise on art in antiquity is the *Ars Poëtica* of Horace, a greater influence on the critics and writings on the Renaissance. It should be remembered that the Italian Renaissance was basically a revival of Latin culture centered around Virgil, not Greek. Horace was familiar with Plato, but it is not certain whether or not he read Aristotle. His work is not a study in theory, but an instruction on technique with stress on the mechanics of verse, its variety of style. Plato and Horace were the two schools which opened the Renaissance in literary technique and theory. The influence of Aristotle does not enter until the latter half of the 15th century, and does not become established until a century later.

With the exception of fragments, the Middle Ages lost sight of Aristotle. His work became known through what the Arabs preserved, but in the case of the *Poetics*, the Arab philosophers cared little for the work because poetics and rhetoric was secondary to logic in Arabic literature. Hermannus Alemannus wrote the first Latin translation from Averroes in 1256, followed by Martinus of Tortosa in the 14th century.

The modern study of the *Poetics* begins with Politian in the end of the 15th century. The Greek text was available at this time, and first printed in 1498 by Georgio Valla, appearing with the complete works in 1591, supervised by Erasmus. By the end of the 17th century, the greatest number of Italian treatises on the art of poetry were Aristotelian, though Aristotle as interpreted by followers of Horace. By 1700 there appeared over 25 editions of the texts and 100 commentaries and references to it. The two schools, then, neither of which were purists, were Aristotle (conventionalized by Horace) and Plato (mystified by Plotinus). The first school sought practical rules, the second a metaphysical system of aesthetics.

The school of Horace culminated in the *Ars Poëtica* of Vida, 1527; again, the rules which forbade deviations, incongruous or misplaced scenes in drama, pagentry on the stage, horror in tragedy or farce in comedy. Dignity and grace was the keynote, for Horace was not a poet to soar to great heights. Being essentially reflective, his taste and fancy were under the control of reason. The neo-classic school of France, particularly the controlled reasoner, Corneille, drew its influence from Horace through the Italians.

The decline in popularity of Horace was due to his lack of theory, which Plato had offered. The rise of Aristotle was hampered by prejudice in favor of the Platonic tradition, which carried through the Middle Ages and up through the 16th century. The tradition held that poetry must have a positive moral value and should please not for the sake of

pleasure but for the sake of instruction, its ultimate end. Another difficulty in establishing Aristotle was the favoritism shown the Latins above the Greeks in the Renaissance. Perhaps it took the Horatian distortions to make critics and writers more familiar with Aristotle. A final prejudice was the medieval tradition of subordinating poetics to logic, resulting in a poetic rationalization far beyond the intent of Aristotle.

It cannot be assumed that Aristotle was completely unknown, for the traditional university study of his *Poetics* was to compare it with Greek and Senecan tragedies; yet unappreciated and little defended, Aristotle was extensively attacked by Abelard through Ramus in the Parisian University; the latter in a sweeping statement warns "the utterances, one and all, of Aristotle are false, and vain imagination". A defense by the younger Pazzi, appearing in 1536, the same year as Ramus' attack, helps as a turning point in favor of the *Poetics*, and helped to place this work on an equal rating as Aristotle's other works. ". . . the precepts of poetic art are treated by Aristotle as divinely as he treated every other branch of learning."

Another early defender of Aristotle, though greatly misinterpreting because of Horatian doctrine, was Julius Caesar Scaliger (1484-1558), a soldier, physician, physicist, botanist, philologist, grammarian, critic, and poet. He titled Aristotle "our emperor, perpetual dictator in all the arts," (Compare this comment with one Ben Jonson made in the early part of the next century: "Nothing is more ridiculous than to make an author a dictator, as the Schools have done Aristotle." He also calls him "the first accurate critic and truest judge, nay, the greatest philosopher the world ever had.") To Scaliger, however, the material of poetry is verse and rhythmic order ornamented with appropriate styles and figures of speech. His encyclopediac *Poetices Libri Septem* (1561—quoted throughout this paper) was an attempt to adapt the poetic system of the ancients to that of a modern Renaissance scholar. To him, poetry was holding up a mirror to nature; since words are only images of an object, then there is no difference between the object in poetry or the object in nature. Where Scaliger and Aristotle will differ here is that Scaliger claims verse makes poetry regardless of subject, the influence of Horace's emphasis on techniques of versifying.

Girolamo Fracastoro (1483-1553), another physician and poet, attempted a reconciliation of Aristotelianism and Platonism, although he himself was basically Platonic. As mentioned, the critics sought Aristotle for the practical art of poetry, Plato for the aesthetic theory. Fracastoro in his *Naugerius, sive da Poetica* (quoted later), 1555, implies that beauty is an addition independent of the essential substance of the subject: hence, all subjects are suitable for art if artistically treated. There is no allowance for the ugly.

Antonio Minturno (1521-1574) was another defender of Aristotle, and another Horatian. His major work on the theory of art is the *De Poetica, Libra Sex* (quoted later), 1559, which was written in Latin. On request, in 1564 he wrote a shortened version in Italian, *Arte Poetica*.

The epic poet, Torquato Tasso (1544-1595), was typical of the critics of his age in his attempts to present side by side Horatian, Aristotelian, and Platonic thought, which he never attempted to combine or reconcile. Basically he was Platonic, more accurately neo-Platonic, which becomes evident when he is seen as possibly the greatest lyricist of his age. His defense of beauty, "for poetry considers things in so far as they are beautiful, philosophy in so far as they are good", appears in several works which make up his *Discorsi dell' Arte Poetica* (quoted).

The credit for the final victory of Aristotle goes to Lodovico Castelvetro (1505-1571), the closest any of the humanists came to being pure Aristotelian. The accomplishments of this scholar stand out as perhaps the greatest contribution to poetic theory in the Italian Renaissance, his great work being a translation and commentary on the *Poetics*, *La Poetica d'Aristotele, vulgarizzata et sposta*, (quoted throughout), 1570. Equally important as his theories which were interpretations and advancements of Aristotle's doctrines, is that he kept Aristotle from degenerating into pure formalism as he was being treated by Scaliger. There is no influence of Plato in his thinking, although he is not totally freed from Horace.

The most common misinterpretation of Aristotle was his idea of imitation, confused with that of Horace, who said, "Let your models be the writers of Greece." The Italians substituted Rome for Greece, but essentially, they interpreted imitation to mean copying, and set the precedence for many a minor poet down through the neo-classical era. Castelvetro stands out alone, having understood Aristotle almost as clearly as we understand him today. His three outstanding gifts to Renaissance criticism were the doctrines of decorum, verisimilitude, and the unities.

Concerning the unities first, they were not all formulated by Aristotle, only the unity of action, the organic oneness vital to a work of art. The unity of time was formulated by the dramatists of his generation, but the unity of place was deduced by the Italians from the other two unities, first appearing in the work of Giraldi Cintio. Castelvetro was the first, however, to distinctly formulate all three, establishing the rules the French neo-classicists, through the theorist De la Taille, followed so exactly.

THE TRINITY REVIEW

Decorum grew out of Aristotle's demand for the tragic figure to be "true to type" and "true to life." The Latin comedies emphasized the first definition of decorum at the sacrifice of the second, so stereotyping these established types that no real life interjections were allowed if they contradicted the rules for these types. The tradition of sacrificing realism for types was passed on down through the *Commedia dell' arte*, which flourished in the age of Castelvetro. The original concept of decorum was reestablished by Ben Jonson in his "humour" comedies in which characters remained true to type by "humours" (idiosyncrasies), but never at the violation of human character. Castelvetro insisted that the characters should suit the action and the parts should suit each other, all being appropriate. His reestablishment of decorum was a valuable gift to the neo-classic age. Milton comments that decorum "is the grand masterpiece to observe".

Verisimilitude is a more difficult doctrine, stemming from "Art imitates nature" of Aristotle, misinterpreted by the critics to mean that art must observe not only essentials but details of life, assuming that poetry was not subject to its own laws of selection and treatment of detail.

Butcher interprets Aristotle's imitations: "a work of art reproduces its original, not as it is in itself, but as it appears to the senses. . . . Art does not attempt to embody the objectives of reality of things, but only their sensible appearances." Thus, art depends upon illusion and not abstract reasoning.

To better understand the doctrine of verisimilitude, Castelvetro's chief contribution, it will help to study the views of the other critics.

"Poetry is an imitation of various manners or types of men." (Minturno). Castelvetro replies: "Poetry is a narration, according to verisimilitude, of human actions." (Aristotle: "the objects of imitation are men in action.") Therefore, any literary production which resembles men in action is poetic, whether drama, epic, lyric, fable, hymn, mime, dialogue, or novella. Verse is not the determining factor of poetry, nor is rhythm. Lucian as the writer of dialogues and Boccaccio as the author of the *Decameron* merit being called poets by these prose works. Poetry however should be written in verse, "as verse is the strongest argument to show that its subject is imagined," and poetry itself is essentially fiction. "Verse for poetry, prose for history. The difference of verse and prose is not essential . . . but verse adorns poetry, and prose adorns history like garments suited to their different subjects; and poetry ought not without blame to take prose, nor history verse." Prose is not fitting with epic dignity.

Scaliger disagrees. Verse is the essence of poetry, and poet means not "maker of fictions" but "maker of verses." Too, "metre is the soul of poetry," and not imitation.

Castelvetro holds strongly to following examples, but being original. Imitation does not mean copying, because poetry must idealize beyond copy. Not that idealization means making something new, but rather what ought to be based on what is and what is lacking. Nature in her intention is impeded by accidental obstacles; thus, her essential excellence rarely appears developed fully. But art seizes nature's aims, learns her methods, and brings them to a natural perfection.

He attacks the Platonic doctrine that the artist must hold the divine ideal before him, the perfect example of beauty, the doctrine Tasso defended. The artist, argues Castelvetro, must fix his eye on the object and not the ideal. By imitating the object, the writer becomes a poet and not a philosopher or scientist because imitation is resemblance, not cognition. "The function of a good poet is, through observation and insight, to imitate the truth of the accidents of humanity's lot, leaving the discovery of hidden truth of natural and accidental things to the philosopher and the scientist."

The art of poetry depends entirely upon the art of history, since truth comes before verisimilitude and versimilitude depends entirely upon truth. Castelvetro's distinction between poetry and history is primarily a distinction in material and function. History's material is fact, its function truth; poetry's material is resemblance, its function, pleasure. Of most importance is that the poet be artistic and not historic. True Platonism never prescribed what were the subjects of poetry, history, or philosophy.

While Scaliger holds that versimilitude can be divorced from art as long as the action resembles the occurrence, Castelvetro insists that versimilitude be strictly an artistic means for creating a semblance of actuality. Thus poetry becomes the imitation of history. "The matter of history is the recorded fact, its words, those of ordinary human speech; the matter of poetry is solely the invention of the poet's genius, and its words are not those of ordinary speech, but are composed of a metrical arrangement by the poet's genius." Versimilitude, then, means to be similar, but not the same, not a direct copy which depends upon the artist's ability to faithfully reproduce, for versimilitude rivals nature and human action, not copies it. Such is the essential difference between his-

tory and poetry, why Herodotus may be written in verse, but not poetry, a difference summed up by Tasso concerning each's point of view: "since the historian narrates them as true, and the poet imitates them as versimilar".

Concerning the subject matter of poetry, Scaliger and Minturno hold that everything may be the subject of poetry, that there is nothing with which poetry cannot deal. Fracastoro adds, "everything is suitable for the poet's matter, if only it can be adorned," but Tasso points out the fallacy of this position. ". . . above all, the poet must be careful to choose his matter such that it is capable in itself of receiving the more excellent form which the poet seeks to give it." Castelvetro is more direct. "There are inexcusable errors in the art of poetry; and the first of them consists in choosing an unpoetic subject." Aristotle is not so restrictive on subject matter as long as the search of poetic truth and not historic truth becomes the intent of the artist. Even when repulsive objects are imitated, "such as the forms of the most ignoble animals and of dead bodies," we "delight to contemplate when reproduced with minute fidelity" (*Poetics*). The reason for this delight is that it satisfied a desire to learn, for among human pleasures, learning is the keenest. Milton's attack on censorship is that it limits opportunity to learn, yet "aesthetic censorship" of the crude became doctrine to many of the Italian critics and later the French neo-classicists. Through the Italians, subject matter became so refined that passing into the French school it reached an aesthetic height in the plays of Racine, which are limited to a literary vocabulary that does not exceed 2000 words, and as Maurice Bowra points out is only one-tenth the vocabulary of Shakespeare.

Castelvetro supports Aristotle when he claims human action, whether physical, mental, or spiritual, is the whole scope of poetry. But the action must be human. Ovid, he adds, erred when he wrote in poetry his *Book of Fishes (Halieutica)*, a didactic poem in hexameters on the fish in the Black Sea. Science and philosophy are not subjects for poetry since they are not purely the creation of a poet's imagination, but the accumulative work of many philosophers and scientists. The implication here is that the nature of poetry is a subjective experience rather than in the nature of an objective dissertation. "If the poet makes them the unpoetic his subject, he is merely covering that subject with poetic words." This distinction eliminates Lucretius' *De rerum natura*, credited to be one of the finest Latin poems, as well as Hesiod and Virgil as writers of agriculture in verse.

Philosophers, and in particular Plato, have in general distrusted poetry's concern for truth. Aristotle grants that poetry may aim at expressing the universal; but unlike philosophy, it employs the medium of sensuous and imaginative forms. In this sense, poetry is a criticism of life. Poets may hold consistent philosophies of life, but their subjective nature separates it from true philosophy.

Going further, Castelvetro claims the action of men and not their manners is suitable for poetry. Satire is eliminated "for its subject is the manners of men and philosophic lessons in conduct," which strikes at Horace the satirist, not to mention Ennius, Lucilius, Persius, Juvenal, Varro, Petronius, and Seneca. Castelvetro's statement is entirely out of keeping with the revival of Latin literature, when it is considered that Quintilian calls the satire a thoroughly Roman species of poetry.

Plato condemned satire on moral grounds, but Aristotle in his disapproval does not become so exclusive. He ranks satire as an inferior type of art not because it debases and scandalizes character but because art ought to represent the general and not the particular.

Finally, the function and end of poetry. According to Aristotle, the end of fine art is to give pleasure or rational enjoyment, as already mentioned. Castelvetro brings up two points, one a repeat of Aristotle, the other a misinterpretation:

In the first point, "the aim of poetry is to give, by imitation, delight to its listeners, leaving the discovery of hidden truth of natural philosophy to the philosopher and the scientist, with their own method of delighting far removed from that of the poet." He remains firm defending that poetry has no didactic aims. ". . . poetry was fashioned principally for delight, and not for utility, as Aristotle has shown." It was fashioned thus, but Aristotle never overlooked the utility or he would be stepping out of the realm of the principles of life. Castelvetro holds that the achievement justifies the means: "an error in the very essence of the poetic art is justifiable, if the end is reached thereby," a divergence from poetic rules, which is particularly favored by modern writers.

Scaliger and Minturno hold opposing views. "The end of poetry is imitation, or its ulterior end, instruction . . . delightful teaching by which the mores of minds are led to right reason: so that by these means man may attain perfection which is called Happiness." To Scaliger, then, the end of poetry is to teach us to act. "The end of poetry is to teach us with delight" (Minturno). Fracastoro opposes the utilitarian view of art claiming poetry to be a discipline in beauty. Tasso holds delight to be

the means, not the ends, the ends being "an imitation of human action made for the direction of life." Castelvetro stands out singularly as expounding the doctrine of poetry for poetry's sake. Whether or not it is to be permitted into the state (censorship) is a political or moral issue, not an aesthetic one.

In the second point, Castelvetro furthers his imitative aim as not only pleasure, but pleasure for a certain class, the common people, pointing out that Aristotle only treats poetry read or performed in the city for the delight of the people: the tragedy, the comedy, and the epic. ". . . poetry was founded for the delight of the learned." He is overlooking the two degrees of pleasure Aristotle makes, the higher one appealing to the man of educated taste and representing the instructed public. Still, both Aristotle and Castelvetro stand out in their time. Typical of the Renaissance was Minturno's stand that "Plato disapproved of that poetry which was meant for the pleasure of the mob." Plato condemned music in his *Laws* because it sought to please the mass. Pythagoras in antiquity held that poetry was intended for the wise alone.

Tasso's view is more realistic—the mob cannot appreciate the perfect idea of beauty and art. As much as he admires the poetry of the learned, he admits "it is only by the universal consensus of all manners of men that the poet acquires eternal glory . . ." The appeal of poetry to the uncultured mob would eliminate science or the technical arts because of their terms.

Castelvetro argues that a poet may not devise a new philosophy, but use current popular beliefs, again appealing to verisimilitude. If the poet were a teacher, he would have to have an encyclopedic knowledge. Nothing is more pleasing to the scholar Scaliger. "Nothing of the more solid erudition is out of place in the temple of the Muses," holding poetry to be the reservoir of learning. To Fracastoro, erudition was a necessity, a point of view taken up by the French, particularly Voltaire.

The danger in Renaissance criticism was to limit art to mere scholasticism, anatomizing it. Their limitations then assumed art must accept certain inevitable conditions, fixed material, and only certain prescribed fields. Once these were accepted, reason elaborated the theory of fine art. It is doubtful whether or not the critics understood the nature of aesthetic pleasure in their arguments of pleasing either the uneducated or highly educated. Castelvetro saw originality in a field dominated largely by copy, and proved to be a liberating force to art by denouncing reproduction in the sense of denying individualized artistic quality (the subjective). In spite of his misinterpretations and what we might consider

narrow views, he stood out from his time and still remains an important figure in the history of poetic theory.

This paper has been little more than a quick investigation of Aristotelian poetic theory, directed towards the modern writer who insists on liberating himself from the past for the sake of newness and originality. It is difficult to determine how much the writer should imitate and how much he should rely strictly upon his imagination, but it can be agreed upon that art is the observation and interpretation of human actions.

R. Winter

BIBLIOGRAPHY

BOOKS:

- Butcher, S. H., *Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art*, Dover, 1951.
Charlton, H. B., *Castelvetro's Theory of Poetry*, Manchester, 1913.
Cooper, Lane, *The Poetics of Aristotle, Its Meaning and Influence*,
Marshall Jones, Boston, 1923.
Seyffert, Oskar, *A Dictionary of Classical Antiquity*, Meridian, New
York, 1957.

PAPERS:

- Bowra, Sir Maurice, "Simplicity of Racine," *Zakaroff Lecture for 1956*,
Clarendon, Oxford, 1956.
Hall, Vernon, Jr., "Life of Julius Caesar Scaliger," *Transactions of the
American Philosophical Society*, Philadelphia, 1950.

“The Weather Today . . .”

Two morning clouds struck by the rising sun,
Floating through dawn's ascending curtain—
Dovelike descending, they upon the city turn grey,
To cast their shadow with raven wings outstretched—
Dropping into heavy beads of rain.
The glistening city—mirrored by the sky
Again the face of heaven revealed.
I see two clouds at evening,
Smoldering embers tinged by a setting sun,
And the nocturnal curtain falls at my feet.

M. Eichel

Poem

The star of evening
Set against a darkling sky is lonely,
Orpheus sadly playing at the broken gate,
Standing on the outer sphere
Watching other merge with same
To cloud forever from his gaze
His once gained love—
A momentary respite from the Maenads,
His reward for playing sweetly.

M. Rewa

THE TRINITY REVIEW

MORE NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Douglas Frost, a senior Board member, is familiar to *Review* readers for his witty comments on the contemporary scene, particularly on college experiences.

Lee Kalchier, author-producer and director of "The Big Campaign," has been elected editor-in-chief of next year's *Review*.

Paul Houts is the winner of the *Review's* short story contest with his story, "The Eggshell."

K. Michaels, a pseudonym, has appeared in the *Review's* pages previously.

Stephen Crockett has recently been elected to the Board of the magazine.

Hub Segur, a graduate of the class of 1958, is familiar to *Review* readers for his satire on bird-watching.

Michael Rewa, this year's Literary Editor, again contributes three polished poems.

Duncan Stephenson is a Trinity graduate and a previous member of the *Review* board.

Paul Briger is the newly elected Literary Editor of the magazine.

Lou Renza is a new board member.

John Toye, known for his acting success, makes his first appearance in the magazine in this issue.

Tim Baum, too, makes his first appearance to *Review* readers.

Fred Gignoux, a graduating senior, has appeared before in the *Review's* pages.

A. Dion is Zagreus gone back.

Robert Winter has consistently contributed to the magazine.

M. Eichel the board understands to be a pseudonym.