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Full Issue

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"Not that I condemn any other men's conscience.

Their conscience may save them; and mine must save me."

ST. JOHN FISHER
"My bones, they still ache and those nightmares are . . ."

"Let's start from the beginning," Reporter Joe caustically interrupted.

Jonathan continued. "Well, we were about ten leagues off the coast of Punta Arenas when we sighted a fairly large school of whales. It was my first voyage aboard a whaler and the prospect of catching whales loomed invitingly before me despite the delicate relationship that existed between my stomach and the sea. The whales had already sensed the impending danger and before the 'Handsome Henry' had lowered the whale boats, the huge whales were sedulously submerging into the open sea."

"I take it you were in one of the boats," interjected Reporter Joe with a look of astonishment on his face, probably stemming from the incongruity of the speaker's appearance and the speaker's fluency.

"I was in the lead boat along with four sailors and two harpooners. The boat was quickly manoeuvred so as to allow the latter to test their art. The first harpoon fell short of its mark due to a slight snag in the coil of rope which connected the harpoon to the stern of the ship. The second try, however, hit the flank of the animal just as he was submerging, and as the whale reappeared on the surface, a wide wound revealed itself in his side. The shaft of the harpoon had plunged in angularly, yet deeply, and streams of blood were flowing from the mammal. Violently he plunged into the sea, again and again, each time hoping to rid himself of the tempestuous shaft.

"The whale's last plunge was in our direction, a fact which multiplied my nervousness and appeared to cause some uneasiness at the bow of the boat. The rope attached to the harpoon showed the animal to be just below our port side. A loud crash accompanied my next excited observation and I found myself at the mercy of an open sea and a wounded frenzied whale.

"I looked about to get my bearings when I skidded across a soft slippery surface, a bloody surface."

At this point Jonathan stopped, wiped his forehead in his sleeve and nervously lit a cigarette with the aid of Reporter Joe's match and comparatively steady hand.

"I was sliding," proceeded Jonathan, "I thought I was sliding for minutes when teeth and gums appeared on my right side.

"Desperately I tried to avoid my oncoming fate. My kicking and turning proved useless, for a big-ribbed canopy of light-pink and white was descending over me. I was being drawn downward, feet first. I felt a sharp pain in my side, which I was soon to forget when the
horrible thought finally struck me. I was being swallowed by a whale!

Report Joe tried in vain to interject another question but by this time Jonathan was so engrossed in his own tale that he seemed unaware of any reality other than the whale.

"Lower and lower I was being drawn, not drawn but sucked in, rubbed in, squeezed in, by the Fates. An intense wall of flesh surrounded me. A strange pressure tried to pull the skin from my bones, rip the flesh from my ribs and loose a hideous pain throughout my writhing torso.

"As quickly as I had felt the pressure, it stopped, and my head plopped in to a sac much larger than myself and completely devoid of light. The air was close and uncomfortable, yet breathing was impossible. I felt above me with my right arm and my hand touched numerous fish, some of which were alive. Gradually I became aware of an intense reek which so completely nauseated me that I vomited profusely. This didn't aid my wretched state.

"Sometime after this, I felt a violent pain in my head. Breathing became increasingly difficult and my fleshy confines surged with a hell-like heat. My fever turned to the chills and I shivered terrifically.

"Just as I had gradually become aware of the stench of my living prison, I soon realized that the sheer silence which surrounded me was to be my funeral march. The thought of dying there tormented me. Then came more heat, more cold, more silence, more nausea, and finally, unconsciousness."

Report Joe hadn't written a word for the last few minutes. So intrigued was he by this horrendous account that he was in a state of awe.

"Whiskey trickling down my throat was my next recollection. Looking up, I vaguely saw a face staring down at me. Gradually I became aware of my surroundings. It wasn't until the Captain appeared in the doorway that I could be sure. His first ejaculation proved that I wasn't in heaven and they never serve whiskey in hell. I was alive!"

Awaken from his trance, Reporter Joe inquired as to how Jonathan was saved.

"The Captain told me about that. They had seen the whale's jaws envelop my body and had given me up for lost. Later that same day, the body of a dead whale was spotted floating on the water. Lacking a full haul, the 'Handsome Henry' took it aboard and proceeded to remove its blubber. When they had finished, it occurred to one of the sailors that this might be the whale that swallowed me earlier. They decided it would do no harm to cut open the intestines and find out.

"As they cut into the stomach, to their amazement, the outline of a human body appeared through the membranes. With the utmost care, they uncovered my body, unconscious but still alive, as this testimony bears proof."

Asked Reporter Joe, "Has this incident affected your life in any way?"

Jonathan scratched his white head of hair, more in a gesture of amazement at the naivete of the question than an indication of an inability to answer it. "Well," answered Jonathan with an air reflecting his attitude, "I was once a normal, healthy resident of the seaside town of Kennebunk, Maine. I am now a land-lovin' vegetarian who exhibits claustrophobic tendencies at times and who lives in Bodken, Nevada, a city 500 miles from the nearest waterhole."

Reporter Joe smiled at the last response and watched Jonathan wipe a layer of sweat from his brow. Jonathan told the story with such a degree of sincerity that Reporter Joe found it hard to disbelieve him. Pondered Reporter Joe, "Jonathan ... Jonah ... not much difference ... nah ... but Bridie ... a whale! ... not a chance ... besides what would the club think ... nah."

Reporter Joe arose from the bunk and pounded on the padded door for the guards to let him out. Jonathan stayed. Jonathan proceeded to carve a jar which he would put into a glass boat.

"AND THE LORD SPAKE UNTO THE FISH AND IT VOMITED OUT JONAH UPON DRY LAND."

RICHARD OSTERMAN '59

---

Man stood once
Yet went to his knees
Willingly enough.
Hands became feet
Feet hands
Brain and buttocks
On a level.

Poor fools we
Wait for eternity,
Live to die to live
Mistakenly.

In time and space
We wait to find
Our heaven
Or our hell
Blessed now
Damned now.

R. MOORE '57
There sucks the babe
On maiden breast.
There by sweet milk,
By mother ebb nourished.

Bundled Babe
Warm from the womb

Weary Woman
Weak from the wombing

Faithful father bowing
To the birth that is not yours.

Alleluia all three
Jesus
Mary
Joseph
Holy Family

Outward leisure
Inward seizure.
The wise
Psychoanalyze
The whys.

This man
Whose pleasure
Is pain;
A modern masochist?
With a twist?
No
But a poet.
His seed
Is not for women
But MAN.
our endowment

a Accessories, Adler and abortions
b Bail, bandwagons and Bélloc
c Chesterton, calendars and calumny
d Deductions, Darwin and dogs
e Electronics, Emerson and elegies
f Fosdick, fatigue and Fascism
g Gimmicks, glissandi and Galilei
h Hammerstein, hairdressers and hash marks
i Inc., international and ibn Rushd
j Jefferson, juries and junk
k Kisses, Kant and kindergarten
l Locomotives, lentissimo and Liszt
m Marx, make-up and money
n Napoleon, "no-dose," and normative
o Objective, Oppenheimer and 'oleo'
p Paint, primitive and Petrarch
q Quasi, quarterbacks and quirk
r Rembrandt, reciprocity and research
s Sin, sandpaper and Santayana
t TNT, tentative and Toynbee
u Unpaid, umlaut and unguarded
v Voltaire, vanity and Venus
w Wars, wages and Walpole
x Xerxes, Xmas and xenogenesis
y Yeast, yegg and Yeats
z Zola, zoot suit and zither

HIS ENDOWMENT

A Augustine, angels and art
B Beauty, Baptism and Basil
C Christ, Christmas and Charity
D Dominus Vobiscum, depth and Dominic
E Eternity, Easter and enlightenment
F Francis, freedom and Faith
G Gerard of Piffard, goodness and grace
H Holiness, happiness and Hope
I Ignatius, immediate and immaterial
J Joseph, justice and joy
K Knowledge, knights and Kempis
L Luke, love and life
M Mass, Mary and Marriage
N Nuns, New Testament and Neri
O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

AND

A D

INFINITUM

WILLIAM STEVE '56
"Witness"

Undoubtedly the greatest struggle of philosophies the world has ever known is being waged in today's world. These philosophies, manifested in two diametrically opposed political ideologies, are now both dedicated to an embroglio which promises to shape the life of all mankind for years to come. It requires no great investigation to determine with what forces we are herein concerned. Clearly, the struggle between Communism and Democracy is one which is of utmost significance to all serious peoples. We daily follow the progress of the cold war... the war of mental strategy, where men compete to capture the faith and support of the world. We, as Americans, and living in the stronghold of the Democratic system, the very stronghold which is the chief opponent of the Marxist theory in action, are very integrally a part of the great struggle. We are constantly made aware, by radio, television, newspapers, and every other possible means of communication, of the great threat posed by the ever-increasing power of Communism. We are constantly informed of the latest advances or defeats of the Iron Curtain. The oft times inhuman attitude of the Soviets is painstakingly made known to us despite the mask of peace which these people choose to wear.

Because of this acute awareness of Communism which a troubled nation has dramatized and condemned with all its might, we have been conditioned to a position where we are like the immature movie-goer who, through constant exposure to Hollywood's horse operas, has identified the villain as the ugly man with the moustache and the hero as the handsome superman on a white stallion. We have come to the point where the Communist is automatically envisioned as a wicked evil man intent on carrying out all the harm that he possibly can. Our country, its government and the leaders of that government are immediately held as knights in shining armor who can do no wrong.

These are the positions and imaginings which Whittaker Chambers brilliantly crushes in his remarkable book, "Witness." Here, from the lips of an admitted one-time Communist, are the reasons, the methods, the dreams, the faith... the "soul" (if such a word dare be used here) of Communism.

The infiltration of Communism into the government of the United States and the unbelievable extent to which it has found acceptance among all kinds of Americans was a revelation which rocked our nation during the Alger Hiss trials and the Elizabeth Bentley Hearings. With Whittaker Chambers supplying information of secret and astonishing espionage activity carried on right beneath the nose of our government, Americans first became aware of the great danger of Communism. How, they asked, could so many ostensibly clear-headed and successful Americans betray their country for the infamous methods of Soviet Communism? How did such a movement find roots in some of the highest and most influential positions in our government? What is it about Communism that is so appealing?

Before reading the "Witness" these questions were largely nebulous and unanswered. After reading it one cannot help but feel that the long book (some 800 pages) was well worth the time it took to read. Few books are so completely able to convey to the reader the very interior of a man's soul... of his hopes, dreams, convictions, disillusionments and courage. As Whittaker Chambers reveals his life with all its errors and searching we are led to an excellent grasp of the whys and wherefores of this oft spoken of but little understood philosophy.

Chambers begins his book with an excellent forward entitled "Letter To My Children." In it, he attempts to explain to his children, and in effect to his readers, why he embraced Communism and then later repudiated it in so devastating a way.

Chambers, like many other men, saw in Western Civilization a decadence which he likened to the decadence of ancient Rome. He felt sincerely and deeply that the world was being led to a position; the position where the dignity of man was being trampled on through a system which allowed the few to possess wealth and the many to toil and struggle for these few. This crisis, he found, was written of by Karl Marx and here he read of a theory which promised a solution. In the writings of Lenin he found the theory was made practical with the call for action... the call for revolution. He found that he inevitably was drawn to the Communist Party.

When finally Chambers left the Party, the reason and strength which enabled this move, namely the awakening to God, also enabled him to understand clearly why the Communist is the manner of man that he is. He explains that the apparent dedication of the Communist is just that... true dedication. In the Communist is a strength of purpose and conviction which do justice to the most noble of causes. To become a Communist first means that the prospective Party member has realized the crisis of modern civilization and has felt the urgent need to act in some way to remedy it. This man finds in Communism and the Communist Party the release for his deep convictions. To join the Party requires of the man the utmost in dedication and sacrifice. This he knows before he joins and so when he does join it is an indication of the fervor and zeal that are his. To this man, the aim of Communism is uppermost in his mind. The method needed to attain this goal, he is convinced lies in the Communist call to worldwide revolution and he is dedicated to this objective. Therefore the means seem nothing in comparison to the end. That is why intelligent, conscientious men are able to live the Communist life in face of the harsh and often cruel methods inherent in the system. Chambers calls this a "Faith in Man"... a Godless faith. Truly this might be likened to a humanistic attitude... one noble in theoretical objective but sadly diseased in method and deplorable because of its Godlessness.
Chambers writes:

Economics is not the central problem of this century. It is a relative problem which can be solved in relative ways. Faith is the central problem of this age. The Western world does not know it, but it already possesses the answer to this problem—but only provided that its faith in God and the freedom He enjoins is as great as Communism's faith in Man.

One of the most important features of the book is the excellent insight the reader gains into the causative factors which lead both the rich and the poor into Communism. Chambers felt that the world was in a turmoil. He refers to Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" in describing his feelings:

The universe appeared to him like a vast disease; he perceived fever everywhere; he auscultated suffering everywhere. And without trying to solve the enigma, he sought to staunch the wound.

Chambers explained that it was the crisis of the World that made men Communists and kept men Communists. "For the Communist who breaks with Communism must break not only with the power of its vision and its faith. He must break in the full knowledge that he will find himself facing the crisis of history, but this time without even the solution which Communism presents and crushed by the knowledge that the solution which he sought through Communism is evil against God and man."

This rejection of Communism came for Chambers after he had embraced it for some thirteen years. He had tasted the life dedicated to revolution and finally saw that it was evil. During those thirteen years he led the unique life of his singular dedication. Starting in the open Communist Party he quickly rose to prominence within the Party on the strength of his intellectual capacities and writing success. While on the staff of the Communist "Daily Worker" he established this literary ability. But his tasks were various and often changed. He was later made to join the Communist underground branch of the Party and there carry on the secret works of espionage. It was while in the underground that Chambers became aware of the "sources" which the Party had placed in many important positions in the nation. Here he worked with some of the top leaders of Communism in America and aided in the information gathering function of his particular "apparatus."

Of this period in Chambers' life the book is particularly interesting as it describes the secret intrigues and methods used by the Communist underground. The gigantic betrayal by men such as Alger Hiss and Harry Dexter White, to mention only two of many the book names, is described at first hand.

It took Chambers some ten years after leaving the Party to finally speak out publicly against his former comrades. After he had first broke with Communism he undertook a single handed task of trying to convince some of his former associates to leave the Party. When this failed the matter was temporarily held inactive. Finally, at the same time Elizabeth Bentley was making her startling revelations to the world, Chambers felt that the time had come to awaken a sleeping nation to the danger which was securely entrenched in their government and elsewhere.

Chambers explains, and calls on history as his witness, how he at first encountered many difficulties in attempting to tell his story. It seemed that the very people he hoped to warn and aid were his enemies and staunchest opposition. The government had been blind to the Communist infiltration and now refused to accept the fact. The calling of the Hiss-Chambers case a "red-herring" attempt to discredit the Administration is an indication of how the leaders of the land were determined to neglect Chambers and his accusations.

Finally, in the very dramatic Hiss Hearings, the revelations of Chambers were proven to be correct and the Communist threat was set back considerably.

In this book then, is one of the best explanations ever offered for the perplexing questions which arise when considering Communism and its phenomenal success. We learn that this movement is the result of dedication to an ideal and faith centered in man. It is in this complete anthropomorphism that the evil is violently displayed . . . that the method is seen to contradict the position of humanity as held in our Christian light. We are shown by Chambers that the struggle is more correctly a struggle of Godless men with zealous dedication to the ideal of world revolution and the man who accepts the reality of the soul . . . the reality of God. He warns that the victor of the struggle will be that side whose faith . . . be it in man or be it in God . . . proves to be the stronger.

Anthony Panzetta '56

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Wanderer
where
Are you now?
Some city where
Some three flight walk-up there
Is all the home you know?
Women voice
Deep animal soul-cry
When breath, blood and body
Break to create a new living thing.
Is any song sung sweeter
Than the long long music
Of you laughing?
And your wordless sobbing, moaning
When betrayed by man or man's created gods.

When heard no longer
When you are mute
Or man is dumb.
When man hears not
Your screaming
Your laughing
Your cry
All feeling has fled.
Then woman, pity man
To you to himself to God
Man is dead.

The voice
A dream?
Or scream,
Whisper,
Warning,
Call,
From the street
At man's feet
At God's hand
His own
Or
his own?

R. MOORE '57

bully

Bully....
He was.... they said.
He unafraid..... alone
They, together brave.... afraid.
A mob of guts
No soul of their own.

He, though bleeding
In defiance glared.
On all sides meeting
All eyes that dared
Carry the hateful rot
That cowardly arms would carry not.

Then as some bent they sprang as one
A charnal savage from within
Then lustful murderous crime was done
And he lay testament to their sin.
But in their midst he still stood
And in their souls he always would.

R. MOORE '57
Leave it behind
Violently, drunk.
Quietly at 3 a.m.
Carried by the loving touch of fingers on the piano.
And wander aimless, unhealed
Feel the latitudine of a whole peace of nothing
Retreat within
Until the skin turns inside and soul is naked
As a body too little bare to the sun.
It breathes now, feels, sucks in with a quiet passion
The pleasant company of aloneness.
Come to embrace the soul
This virgin, like in some Islam paradise.

Thought flows upon thought
In piddling surmise.
I fear that in isolating
The small goodnnesses
There is not some great evil
Left behind unattended.
I wonder about the sensation of happiness
Perhaps I ask too much of God and life.
To love is the greatest happiness.
To love all or love widely?
To love one or love deeply?
To love love or to be in love with loving?
Or to be but needed and to know need.

R. MOORE '57