

St. Peter's Seminary

London - Canada

27-6

Oct 19/54

Dear Charles,

What's the matter down there? Here it is past the middle of October and you haven't send me any MS. Are you stalled?

Perhaps you have been sharing my luck. I spent a week in bed with a strange sort of cold, and it has brought on an old stubborn complaint — laryngitis. I am just able to give my lectures (11 per week) and am refusing all outside engagements. If I were in California, I would feel very tempted to apply for a job.

Wildgen has read over the material I brought home with me and is not satisfied that the explanation of the causa universalis in causando has been made as clear as might be. I have not had time yet to learn just what his complaints are.

An American novelist, Thos. Wolfe, in 'You Can't Go Home Again', ch. 6. — has some powerful paragraphs on the misery of man. Here is a sentence: "He grinds out his life ~~and~~ to buy bad food, in order to grind out his life in distressful defecations."

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You will be to that, I am sure.

Well, don't hesitate to use me for your manual. I will do the very best I can with anything you send, although my life is interrupted a good deal, once the Seminary has started. We must provide 20¢ with something to buy pork chops.

Faithfully

A. W. Ward

November 18, 1954

Rev. Anthony Durand,
St. Peter's Seminary,
London,
Ontario.

Dear Father Durand,

I'm just too tired even to answer your letter of weeks ago. The forces of Hell seem to be very much against my work. Actually, I'm simply becoming more aware of the difference between teaching orally, and writing - along with the plain truth that I don't know how to compose a sentence. This is paralyzing me more than ever. I have also been overdoing things these last two years.

Since you left, I spent most of my time working on other subjects. The 75 page MS I wrote for Notre-Dame University just before you were here, had to be done all over again. No one understood it. Now it's 107 pp. I also had to make a brief lecture tour, besides revising MSS for others - then I think of you. Now I'm really back to the book, and hope to send you some material soon - though I feel you will throw most of it out. The possibility of finishing by Xmas has become a "futuribile".

Father Ring is absolutely right and I'll do something about it. The problem is not put clearly.

The weather is awful, too.

Avec les hommages d'usage.

Charles De Koninck.

R

St. Peter's Seminary
London - Canada



January 30 /55

Dear Charles,

I am sorry to be slow with the MS which you sent me -- although you don't seem to be crowding at my heels -- but examinations and other mechanical tasks kept me busy throughout Januray. Anyhow it is on its way back now and I do think that it is a considerable improvement. It is briefer and clearer; and an intelligent teacher ought to be able to take a ~~xxxx~~ class through it without much trouble.

My chief criticisms I can't formulate because they depend entirely on the final order and scope of the book. If you would only work like anybody else and make a rapid rough draught of the whole thing, or at least an elaborate schema, I would feel much more confident in making suggestions. I also think such a method would prevent you from haring off down all these brilliant and fascinating lines of thought, which really have no place in a manual.

Now do GET ON WITH IT. Rush it somehow. At its worst it will be the best thing on the market. The main thing is to get to the end of it; to set down all that is to go into the book. Once that is done, no matter how rapidly or obscurely, every revision will tell. Otherwise many of our painful efforts at clarification may go for nothing. From now until April, while not exactly idle, I should be able to handle anything that you will send. It does not trouble my conscience to give it a certain priority, since I am convinced that the project is a really important one for Catholic philosophy, and that your little manual may well be more influential than the the learned periodicals etc.

I doubt if you could come to understand Pogo properly from that last volume, which seems to be all that you have seen. Kelly's swamp characters were living for some years before the events recorded there. At any rate I resent your faint praise -- "good enough". To be a Fleming is a handicap, I suppose. The Fleming seems to like to take his humour with a manure-fork, in great gobs, and strong-smelling. You should begin with POGO, go on to the POGO PAPERS, then I GO POGO, working you way finally to the POGO SO-SO STORIES and crowning all with the POGO STEPMOTHER GOOSE. For one thing, he is in my judgement quite a subtle caricaturist, with an extraordinary economy of line.

Please convey my thanks to Tom for finding me the address of the Bourgault wood-carvers. I would like to see some of their work enter our diocese and wrote to them for catalogues or photographs. They haven't answered at all. No desire for business with this benighted province, perhaps.

My kind regards to your whole household,

Sincerely . *A. Durand*

(I hear the Kolnais are shaking the snow of Quebec from their boots.
Where are they going, anyhow?)

St. Peter's Seminary

London - Canada

April 5, 1955

Dear Charles,

Now that I have a little more leisure, I would like to express my regret that, during your last visit, my mind and my time were so taken up with that domestic problem which I briefly described to you. It has been settled now, happily I think, and was really nothing but a tempest in a teacup. However, we could not know how to take it, or whether it was serious or not, and if we had made a pretty thorough investigation, and your visit & regret were in the midst of that task. Anyway, Mr. & Mrs. Ring were delighted to take charge of you.

May I remind you now — Holy Week is an important time — of my hope to work out a conference for priests' retreat on the subject of Hell. The retreat is not to be given until June, but I must work at it faithfully, since I have never done anything of that kind before, and look upon it as the most important study & duty which has ever been proposed to me. It has seemed to me that one should avoid a more miscellaneous string of conferences and so, as a central theme, I am taking the real possibility and obligation of sanctity. The wickedness of man is so deep that holiness has been offered to him in Christ as a sheer gift, and now we must humble ourselves and take it. I hope to make

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confesses on Humility, Obedience, Prayer, the Breivary, Our Lady of Humility, Celibacy, the Blessed Sacrament, etc.: all reinforce this theme. Well, if sanct. try consists in being saved from your miserable self; so as to be possessed by God for all eternity; sinfulness, and ultimate damnation must mean to be left to yourself and to your own devices for all eternity. Hence there seems no more striking way to drive home the main theme than by revealing the real horror of hell as simply this — that there we get at last what we have always wanted, our own way.

Unfortunately, I cannot get beyond a statement of what I want to teach. On the accompanying sheet you will read all that my own intelligence and the Holy Spirit have supplied so far — obviously not enough to go on with. So do your best to preach the Gospel through me.

I cannot remember if I ever loaned you The Young Sisters by Daisy Eschford. A few days ago I happened to pick up this little classic again and reflected that it would be a pity if Zoe never saw it. If she does not know it, please tell me and I will send a copy. (It is a novel by a nine-year old child, written about 76 years ago, in the hey-day of the Victorian novel).

At this point I had to leave my room to meet two men, reported to be waiting for me downstairs. I found them two complete

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Strangers, a Hungarian and a Ukrainian. The first could speak English not badly and served as interpreter for the second who knew none whatever. They were humbly dressed and obviously not well off. I suspected an appeal for help in some form and got ready to shell out, but their errand was of quite different nature. They were earnest haters of Communism and had come all the way out to the seminary to thank me for your lecture which they had attended, and to give me a book for our library by a victim of the great purge of 1938 in the Ukraine.

When you have suffered from a theory, it ceases to be a theory, doesn't it? (The book they gave me is another dreary tale of gratuitous arrest, extorted confessions and Siberia. Notes readable as many others but useful as confirming them.)

I hope my own letter just does not delay your resumption of work on the manual. And, for the love of heaven, forget about all this rubbish of tactile progression, and make a clear chart of the proposed contrasts. Like any Frenchman. Then stick to it. Gentie, whom I will not name, argues that you simply cannot write a manual because you cannot

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recover or enter into the state of mind of the beginner. I know he is wrong. I never knew any teacher who could appreciate so well what it was to be quite ignorant as you can. That is not where the trouble lies. The real trouble is that one idea suggests another to you, as you compose, ~~and~~ you are led off into some brilliant and different train of reflections, and the beginners are not there on the benches before you to make articulate protest or to warn you by their vacant faces that they are lost. If they were present, with their innocence and emptiness, you would immediately and unconsciously drop the digression and get back to teaching them how to spell cat. I see no remedy except a mechanical plan, and upholding resolve to stick to it.

Sincerely in Christ

A. D.

April 5, 1955

Dear Charles,

May I remind you now - Holy Week is an appropriate time - of my hope to work out a conference for a priests' retreat on the subject of Hell. The retreat is not to be given until June, but I must work at it faithfully, since I have never done anything of that kind before, and look upon it as the most important single duty which has ever been proposed to me. It has seemed to me that one should avoid a mere miscellaneous string of conferences and so, as a central theme, I am taking the real possibility and obligation of sanctity. The wretchedness of man is so deep that holiness has been offered to him in Christ as a sheer gift, and now we must humble ourselves and take it. I hope to make conferences on Humility, Obedience, Prayer, the Breviary, Our Lady of Humility, Celibacy, the Blessed Sacrament, etc., all reinforce this theme. Well, if sanctity consists in being saved from your miserable self, so as to be possessed by God for all eternity; sinfulness, and ultimate damnation must mean to be left to yourself and to your own devices for all eternity. Hence there seems no more striking way to drive home the main theme than by revealing the real horror of hell as simply this - that there we get at last what we have always wanted, our own way.

Unfortunately, I cannot get beyond a statement of what I want to teach. On the accompanying sheet you will read all that my own intelligence and the Holy Spirit have supplied so far - obviously not enough to go on with. So do your best to preach the Gospel through me.

At this point I had to leave my room to meet two men, reported to be waiting for me downstairs. I found them two complete strangers, a Hungarian and a Ukrainian. The first could speak English not badly and served as interpreter for the second who knew none whatever. They were humbly dressed and obviously not well off. I suspected an appeal for help in some form and got ready to shell out, but their errand was of a quite different nature. They were earnest haters of Communism and had come all the way out to the seminary to thank me for your lecture which they had attended, and to give me a book for our library by a victim of the great purge of 1938 in the Ukraine.

I hope my own little request does not delay your resumption of work on the manual. And, for the love of heaven, forget about all this rubbish of tactile progression, and make a clear chart of the proposed contents, like any Frenchman. Then stick to it. A critic, whom I will not name, argues that you simply cannot write a manual because you cannot recover or enter into the state of mind of the beginner. I know he is wrong. I never knew any teacher who could appreciate so well what it was to be quite ignorant as you can. That is not where the trouble lies. The real trouble is that one idea suggests another to you, as you compose; you are led off into some brilliant and difficult train of reflexions, and the beginners are not there on the benches before you to make articulate protest or to warn you by their vacant faces that they are lost. If they were present, in all their innocence and emptiness, you would immediately and unconsciously drop the digression and get back to teaching them how to spell cat. I see no remedy except a mechanical plan, and a plodding resolve to stick to it.

Sincerely in Christ,

A. D.

Eternal Death

I. INTRODUCTION: Consideration of the state of our faith in the reality of Hell. That whatever the difficulty or mysteriousness of the idea of eternal punishment, however great natural human reluctance to accept it, however numerous the differences of opinion among sects, this much at least is clear: Christ Himself believed in it, and expresses Himself in the most terrible warnings.

Typical passages: "If thy eye scandalize thee etc.

"Where their worm dieth not.....

"Then shall He say to those on His left hand

For the rain it raineth every day.

A text from somewhere in the Book of Proverbs: "The fire never saith, it is enough". [^]Condemning ambition --- must be what our Lord meant by "where their worm dieth not etc.."

CONCLUSION? A poet, in a time of great spiritual darkness and abandonment, wrote these lines:

Selfyeast of spirit a dull dough sours. I see
The lost are like this, and their scourge to be,
As I am mine, their sweating selves, but worse.

(Selfyeast etc. is too difficult for my audience, I would not try to explain it)

In this life, our restlessness, our discontent when we don't get our own way; our irritation and resentment when our will is set aside, or when, by circumstance or the decisions of others, we are forced to abandon plans --- all unhappiness for all such causes is a tiny foretaste of the ultimate misery of Hell. For there we shall never consent, never obey, never surrender, never be content, never accept order or law. Forever and ever we shall be choosing ourselves, with nothing else to choose: our own will forever devouring our own will. We shall be ~~forever~~ forever free to choose as we please, but there will be nothing to choose but ourselves, and we shall be left to ourselves and to that choice for all eternity.

April 19, 1955.

Reverend Anthony Durand,
St. Peter's Seminary,
London, Ontario.

Dear Father Durand :

Hell will have to wait until I have waded through 20 papers I received, to reconstruct, for the Intern. Thom. Congress, Rome. The deadline is April 30.

Hell, you have the most detailed plan of my book right in Books I & II of Arist.'s Physics and St. Thomas's Commentary. So cut it. As to the difficulties I face and the criticism you mention, I'm satisfied with your interpretation. But don't forget that I always have the greatest difficulty in writing *ex genere suo*. Except, I must add, when treating of some question in Marian Theology; then I can be both lengthy and substantial.

Hell, I forgot all about the letter to an artist friend of mine on the diff. between artist and philosopher. This occurs to me while thinking of Aziz, who took us to see that painting of his at St. Brunon. It was extremely impressive. I had never seen an original of his. He is certainly a genius. By the way, to call a philosopher a genius is, to my mind (or better, to the Socrates of the *Apologia* and of the *Ion*), an insult. The Phil., like the Artist, must be endowed by nature; but the latter does nearly all the rest by nature and, preferably, doesn't know what the Hell he's doing.

Re. Hell, read St. Thomas with Cajetan's Commentary, IIaIIae, q. 34, aa. 1 & 2.

R

St. Peter's Seminary
London - Canada



April 25 (1955)

Dear Charles,

That the first 2 books of the Physics contains the plan of your manual, I am wellaware. What I am suggesting is that you put the plan down on a piece of paper, pin it on the wall, and stick to it (leaving out of course all the digressions on Parmenides, Anaxagoras, etc. and anything else which is too difficult or not strictly necessary).

That picture by Gizi in St. Bruno is one that I have not seen myself, except in a small coloured photograph. My impression is that his later work is freer, bolder, less imitative. Well, if ever there was a man who does not ~~know~~ what he is doing, he is that man. If I had him in one of my classes, I would rank him as average — average and exasperating, because giving the constant impression that he ought to know better. I wish, too, that you could see his first religious work, a picture of the Holy Family, now hanging in a retreat house near Windsor. It is simply lovely. A Florentine Madonna, an ancient Byzantine St Joseph, a XXC Child, and a vase of flowers with a few fruits etc. against a shiny gold ground. And the whole is executed with such fantastic, delicate skill as to take

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one's breath away. If I were the only picture I had seen by him — as I once told him — I would have dismissed its author as someone fit for high-class commercial art, enamels, or expensive china. No brains. Artists are queer customers.

I will read St. Thomas on Hell as you direct, but not just now. I am in a low state of nerves and not capable of much. The books I have been turning over lately are not calculated to cheer a man either — Thucydides, a Life of St. Joan — German War Memoirs — In every age the world has had a large overdose of dirty double-crossing bastards. And man does not want peace. The great masses want peace because it is in their interest, but let it become in the interest of any of them to seek war, and war becomes their aim. Those are my two conclusions. With which your conclusions in, I bid you farewell

Trusting fully yours

A. Durand

(If it ever comes your way, don't miss a Japanese film RASHOMON. The greatest film I ever saw. It will give you a catharsis such as you never had before)

St. Peter's Seminary

London - Canada

August 9 1955

Dear Charles,

What has happened to that manual?
Here I am, with the leisure to work for you,
and the mail brings me nothing to work
on. Our Seminary does not open this year
until September 19, and I have been loafing,
or almost so, since July 4.

Previous to that, however, I had to work
hard every day. In June I gave the priests'
retreat in Winnipeg, (for which you failed to
supply a conference); and then another to some
contemplatives (!) near the same city. It
is dreadful of me to reproach you with that
missing conference since, as I often reflected
while giving it, the entire retreat I preached was
yours in a way. Without the benefit of your ideas,
and the training you gave me in reading St. Thomas,
I could never have attempted it.

I did fall in the morning conference on Hell,
all by myself; and some day I will make a
copy and read it to you. You will probably sigh
and grunt over it, but my hope is that it
will cause you to do some thinking on the subject
and so lead us to the finished product. I
would be glad of a definite conference, because
it looks as if I will be doing this work
again. The Bishop out there (Winnipeg)

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was very kind in his praise of the retreat and guarantees that I will be going elsewhere. It is hard work, and even depressing work, but so important to the Church that I am determined to give my best to it.

The retreat I gave to the nuns was also the first of that kind in my life and, while in the midst of it, I was sent a salutary warning. It came in the person of a Father Moffat, S. J., who stayed a couple of hours at the convent between trains. For 12 blessed years he has done nothing but preach men's retreats, taking time off only to make his own. A more prissy, primy, delicate, dainty sort of person I never met. His hair was varnished in place; he was shaved to a baby-smoothness; his nose was pinched between steel-rimmed glasses; he spread out all his fingers and raised his tea-cup between finger & thumb and, in short, resembled an old nun more than any old man I shall ever meet. I am afraid it is too late for him now, but it is not too late for me. Although not a drinking man, I think I will take a bottle of whiskey along to all men's retreats, just to keep me sober.

Well, farewell. Box 213 Wingham until Sept. 19, if you have anything to send
Ever yours
A Durand

THE JOURNAL OF THE

AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

(Rather unobtrusive, I have
some take them leaving in the light
pan and must attend to them)

St. Peter's Seminary

London, Canada

Aug 29 ⁷ 1955

Dear Charles,

Please forgive my brevity, but I want you to have a prompt answer, and I am in the midst of preaching the XL Hours in Goderich.

The Seminary re-opens on Sept 15, but our boys are on retreat until the 22nd, so that I am not teaching and should have plenty of time for you. I do hope you will be able to come. Let me know when you can so that I can be sure of accomodation for you.

Best mailing address
until Sept 15 —

Sincerely

BOX 213, WINGHAM, ONT.

A. J. Demand

St. Peter's Seminary

London - Canada

September 6, 1955

Dear Charles,

Thomas has written me the news of your illness. It sounds as if it has been anything but fun. This letter will find you somewhere in Europe, supposedly resting, and I hope the resting will be genuine.

Charles, you are the world's worst patient, and I wish I was there to make you take your medicine (although the ultimate result would probably be a double collapse), but the best I can do is to add a few missiles to the barrage of admonitions which is doubtless already showering you. The first point is that this wayward blood pressure, and these ulcers, are the plain proof that nature has been mistreated and is now warning that she has had enough. A philosopher of nature should be docile towards her, and should make apologies. The second point is that the trouble, mercifully, is not a heart-attack or a stroke, but only something that prudent care can remedy, and which may prove a blessing in disguise, as forestalling a worse catastrophe. Ulcers and blood pressure are the direct consequence of fatigue, trouble and tension. The treatment is leisure, peace and quiet (also less alcohol and tobacco). It sounds easy, but of course it is not easy at all. I once read of some cart horses which had toiled in city streets for so many years that, when eventually bought by a farmer and turned out to pasture, ^{they} could only stand stupidly by the gate, staring at grass and sunlight which they could

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not recognize. I will wager that you are as incapable of throwing off the harness, in the true sense, as those animals.

It is common experience that, for the first couple of weeks of a rest-cure such as you need, a man does loaf around, listless and useless, simply because he has lost the will to live, so to speak, and doesn't much care what happens. Then may come a second phase, when he picks up a little and determines to relax and really do his best to recover so as to get back to work sooner than the medical prophets have foretold. This stage may last a long time, during which he keeps reminding himself to slow down, get to bed, rest still, take things easy, etc. etc. — (as if any man can relax when he is making a conscious effort to do so). But, in spite of all, he begins to feel better and better, and now the mood which comes over him is the most annoying of all: it is that work would be good for him, that the reason for his present restlessness is simply that he is off the job and at loose ends, that if he could just get back to a regular day's work (taking things easy, of course), he would get along fine. If, somehow or other, he is kept at his cure, in a few more weeks he will begin to feel tired, terribly tired, exhausted. He will sleep, he will eat, and he will despair of ever throwing off this constant fatigue. But now we are getting somewhere. The fatigue will slowly pass away and our patient will be back to normal.

The moral of all this is that the victim must make that last stage his objective. He must treat all impatience to get back to work as a sure sign that the hour of deliverance is still far off. When you are ready for work, you won't feel like it particularly — any more than a normal vacationer does at the end of his holiday.

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Put no faith in doctors or drugs, Charles. The treatment you need is nature's, and it cannot be by-passed or shortened. Rest is something which can't be concentrated. Some how you must learn patience. This is God's clear will for you now, so don't dodge it. The Church needs you, your family needs you and, just as you would not hesitate over a necessary surgical operation, so you must not hesitate over a long, dull cure.

I gather from Tom's letter that you are to read a paper at some Thomistic conference in Rome. I suppose there is no hope of talking you out of that, but for heaven's sake get in and out of Rome as quickly as you can. Get away and stay away from all learned people and their talk. Go lean over a back fence in some Flemish farmyard and look at the pigs, and listen to them (I know of nothing more comforting than the grunting of big, fat pigs. They have achieved a harmonious existence).

To leap from pigs to monasteries may seem startling, and I don't know how the one has come to suggest the other, but doubtless you know by experience what a good place to rest a monastery can be. I mean for a man who goes there simply as a guest, with nothing to do. It is wonderful to be at the heart of an organisation from which you are effectively excluded, and at the same time shut away from the world. As Duncan says of "a dead retainer in Macbeth" "after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well / Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing can touch him further. I wish it were possible for you to lay your hands on a beautifully written book, A Time to Keep Silence by Patrick Leigh-Fermor, in which he tells of his discovery that monasteries are splendid asylums for tired nerves. He is not a Catholic but has nothing but praise for the life and

work of the Benedictines who took him into their houses. In particular he pays a splendid tribute to a monastery in northern France, but the name of it has gone out of my mind entirely. Try a monastery, if you can. Relatives are too determined to nurse us, or too determined to make us enjoy ourselves, and, at some time, too ready to share with us their own anxieties. Friends are not to be imposed upon, unless they are very staunch friends indeed. Hotels are too lonely, Hospitals too depressing. The monastery provides a circle of friends who will confer their solicitude to praying for us; it frees us from embarrassment, since we are paying our way, however cheaply; and it gives us security in our solitude, in our de-Christ-ianized civilization. The only way to get the same result is to have oneself sent to jail (the only way for infidels, I mean).

And finally, you know the folly of those governments and their leaders who fought through the war to the victory with the great objective of recovering the life they had lived before. Nothing is the same after a war and it is absurd to think any people can ever live again as if that ordeal had never happened. So banish from your mind, my fat Fleming, all thought of coming back one day to Quebec City and taking up just where you left off. St Ignatius was hit by a cannonball, St. Francis by a fever, and other saints by other things in order to bring about their conversion, and almighty God is sending you this illness for the same purpose. Don't be stubborn about it or next time it will be worse. What spiritual reformation He wants in you I leave to your unfortunate spiritual director, but it is as plain as day that He wants a prudential reformation in the daily conduct of your life. He wants you, like any good farmer, to take better care of Brother Leo (St. Francis' name for his body, in our Eng. translation) — see that he gets regular meals; regular sleep, and not too much work. My tone is light, but I am rearing myself

5.
up in my priestly dignity here and telling you the simple truth. There is a great deal more work to be done by that supreme brain of yours, work that is simply vital for God and His Church, and by good management it will be done. If you can do for a few more priests what you did for me, you will have worked an immense benefit by that alone. When the Archbishop of Winnipeg told me that the retreat I had just finished going should be preached all across the country, I replied that it was simply the Rosminian retreat, if it was anybody's, since I could never have survived it without the training you gave me in reading St. Thomas.

Well, I have reached the end of my advice, and will pass on to more trifling matters. My own vacation is ending and, although it has been a good one, I don't feel like work at all. Just lately I have been reading the communists in a demilitary fashion, with a view to revising the few lectures which I gave on them. I ploughed through Anti-Dühring, Capital, and ~~some~~ some of Lenin's stuff. What a savage personality that Lenin was! And what fine fighting journalists both he and Engels were! Marx is as dull as a tomb beside them. But in spite of their drooping energy and fanatical conviction, and universal persistence, they all put me to sleep. I sleep badly at all times, but any of these communists can make my head nod in a few minutes. I wonder why. I suppose it is because they are all riding an idea to death. Is there anything more boring than the man with the hammer? The man who will solve and settle everything by a single crude means? Apart from all the more fundamental errors, it seems to me that Marx's single great blunder in his political economy (which I only partly understand) is just that one of being so obsessed by an idea that he refuses to believe in possible alternatives. He was so sure that all human events had to obey his tedious dialectics, that he could not allow any power in reason or will to mitigate or reform the evils of capitalism. Small wonder that so many of his prophecies have not come true.

writes to me, if you can, and I hope it will be to
 report a deep spirit of resignation, a "wise passiveness".
 You must not expect quick results, and the best guarantee
 of good ultimate results is the patient determination
 to wait for them.

With all my sympathy and best wishes for
 you

Faithfully in Christ

A. Durand

(The strange paper is explained by my present
 position in Worcester for a couple of days
 in Godrich parish. The priest here has carefully
 locked up everything (except his whisky), and I
 cannot get my hands on note paper).

BPT
33E
118E

Dear Charles,

Your letter from Rome has reached me and I am relieved to learn that you are in good spirits at least. It had seemed to me that, particularly in the beginning, you might feel at loose ends, restless, and unable to face the prospect of idleness. It is always like that in the beginning. Only when we are improving do we begin to realise how fatigued we are, and become grateful for the mere opportunity to rest.

It is wonderful news that Zoe is to join you, for her sake as well as your own. If she can shed her maternal anxieties for a time and take a good holiday, I will feel that your illness was worth while. With a cold rain beating on our windows here, and winter near at hand, Spain sounds wonderful. I hope you will find a place that you can both enjoy, and where she will have no house-keeping. It will be like a second honeymoon (I would not surprise me if there had been no first) and perhaps it may make unnecessary the introduction into the family of that negro infant which you had in mind. And I do hope, too, that you are speaking accurately when you say that Providence supplied the means. Providence does not demand repayment.

Your remarks on the Congress are astonishing. One of the men from Brescia Hall showed me the prospectus and when I saw your name along with that of Mother St. Michael, I felt proud and happy for Laval, Canada and etc. With two such champions of the truth, surely we must have made an impression. But I think I know what you mean when you say that the discussions never touched St. Thomas. There is something wrong with our minds, perhaps ever since the Renaissance. If the Middle Ages stood at one extreme in their attitude towards ancient learning, we stand at the other. Do you know the lines in Chaucer?

For out of olde feldes, as men seith,

Corneth al this newe corn fro yere to yere

And out of olde bokes, in good feith,

Corneth al this newe science that men here


When I first read them, at the age of 18, I thought of the attitude which they expressed was incomprehensible

and your poor meddles, fixed in a prejudice which made progress impossible. It is strange that it was experimental science in its beginnings which made men so impatient with the ancient respect for authority and tradition, and that now it is for granted that their first duty is to assimilate what has already been achieved. In the great timeless disciplines, the really influential ones, where a mistake can have fatal consequences, where irresponsibility is a crime against mankind, everybody seems to think he can go off on his own. That bastard Rousseau is a prime example. In the 13th Cent. he would have seemed no more than an important ass, I suppose. Now we are still suffering from his wild, personal, the origins.


But all this is distracting us from our main object, which is your recovery. Please accept my sympathy regarding the abstinence you are practicing in drink and in size of meals, but stay with it. An ulcer patient should never drink still. Wopenance for yourself. I am running out of space and will try a hypnosed next time. Be sure of my humble prayers

a-w.

← FIRST FOLD HERE — PLIEZ D'ABORD ICI →



REC-20
AIR MAIL PAR AVION
CANADA



10c
CANADA

Mr. Charles de Kowick
c/o Mr. Marcel Lambert
Viale Rex, Apt 15
Rome, Italy

SECOND FOLD HERE — PLIEZ ENSUITE ICI —

SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS — NOM ET ADRESSE DE L'ENVOYEUR

St. John's
London
Canada

NO ENCLOSURE PERMITTED — NE PAS INSÉRER

ROYAL MAIL
1919

October 14 (1955)

Dear Charles,

"Persevere under discipline; remember, God dealeth with you as with His sons." I hope you need no such admonitions and are patiently sticking it out. You must prove Alphonse-Marie entirely wrong in his forecast that you cannot rest for a year. Stick it out. It will be welcome at first, then tedious, then exasperating, and then at last quite delightful. In that last blessed phase, you will come to know once more what leisure is, time will slow down, and your youth will be renewed like the eagle's. If Zoe is with you now, pay attention to her; she is worth all the doctors in Europe; you have only to do what she advises from day to day to get yourself back into fighting trim. No doctor will ever know the patient as she does.

I find it hard to believe that you have not had a drink since July; keep on in that spirit of heroic fortitude. But really it is no matter for joking. There seems to be nothing worse ~~than~~ for ulcers and Father Wildgen has just lost a cousin who could not or would not follow the advice of the medical men in that respect. After going back to the beer, or whatever it was, his condition grew worse and worse and eventually an attack of hemorrhage carried him off. I apologize for this grisly tale, but you are such an incurable optimist, so sure that things can never be so bad as they are made out to be, that perhaps you need it.

In my last letter I forgot to mention that we have sent two more men to Laval. Both these fellows are to study theology, though. One is a promising student, the other an angelic character but mediocre in ability. I hope to have the better student shift some of his attention to the philosophy faculty in his second year. The other is destined for Rome, where he is to follow some special course in ascetics. If only they would push themselves into philosophy, and then ask to remain at Laval themselves, they would be probably be permitted to act as they thought best; but I am afraid they will not realise the value of what they are getting.

Aziz is doing some interesting work lately. He has left me a new picture, for my comments and my best attempt at a title. It is a remarkable, electric little thing -- a kind of symbolic landscape. My choice of title is prosy -- NATURE AND MAN -- but there seems no other possibility. You would be delighted with it. Like the nature-poetry of Robert Frost it is pure unconscious Aristotelianism, a delicate balance between romanticism and the cynical realism of our own day. It is a completely pagan work, but so sound and true that there is no objection to be made to it. I hope it will be available some day when you are in this part of the country. The VERONICA is also on my bookcase, and I have promised to write a little note on it for him. You saw this work, he tells me, during his visit to Quebec. It is now a favorite picture of mine, one of the few that I would like to own, although its proper place would be in a small chapel.

He has also done a fantastic thing, for which he says you suggested the title OUR LADY OF THE APOCALYPSE. It is a nightmarish sort of creation, to which I cannot adjust myself. The significance that I can assign to it seems to be of my own devising, and not the inevitable expression of the picture itself; I mean that it is too much (as I interpret it so far) if an allegory; it does not declare its own meaning. I have urged him not to do it as it will surely repel and offend most Christians, but he is doing it and will probably disregard my advice.



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SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS — NOM ET ADRESSE DE L'ENVOYEUR

NO ENCLOSURE PERMITTED — NE RIEN INSÉRER

24 OCTOBER 1955
10E VERJARING DER
VERENIGDE NATIES.

20
22 - X
1955

And now I am going to bed. It is only ten o'clock, but I am popped out and cannot risk ulcers and blood pressure because nobody will offer me no sabbatical year. The last time I was sick, with a fierce mysterious pain in my interior, they kept me in bed without food for three days and then handed me my coat with instructions to go back to work.

Do as Boezel tells you and all will be well.

Faithfully in Christ.

Adrian

Dec 5 (1955)

Dear Charles,

I was glad to learn from Patter, during his brief visit here that you were sticking it out in Belgium, and I hope with good results. Belgium doesn't sound too cheerful, from the standpoint of climate, at this season of the year, but it is home for you, and will be as restful as home.

Patter stayed here for two nights and I found his company enjoyable. He is a more earnest character than I had at first judged him to be, both devoted to his family and to the cause of the Church. His lecture aroused great interest; so much so that I had to bring the discussion period to a close after about an hour of it. His subject was the Arab-Israel problem, and he did a good, impartial job.

Our friend A212 seems to have struck rich. He has sold a good number of pictures lately at very high prices and has some promising commissions ahead of him. The picture Matrix which I admired so much was not sold in New York, because he objected to the prospective buyer. He has brought it home and now refuses to consider selling it at all. You ought to find someone willing to donate it to the faculty of philosophy at Laval.

Patter also told me of the sad accident to little Jean, which has prevented Zol from joining you. (I hope I have the lad's name right, as I am a little confused about the younger ones). No doubt you felt like hurrying home when you learned of it, but it was much more prudent to remain where you were. You could have done no good, after all, and would have only added to Zol's worries. Children have astonishing power of recovery, and there is good hope surely that the boy's vision will come back to normal.

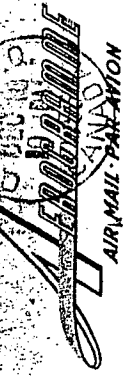
As for yourself, keep cheerful and hang on. Do nothing; do it boldly and calmly and patiently. The effort should be good for both body and spirit. In a book called Saints for Now, George Sant has a little essay on St. Simon Stylites, "If we could say no more about him than that he faced boredom, wrestled with it, did not succumb to it — did not lean and from his pillar — but conquered it and recommenced up there DOING NOTHING, then I think that would be sufficient to make him a worth while study and counterplant to the present day." The conclusion we should draw, I suppose, is that most of us never conquer boredom, but merely try to run away from it — "distracted from distraction by distraction" (T.S. Eliot)

Stick it out

Faithfully in Christ

Edmund

FIRST FOLD HERE — PLIEZ D'ABORD ICI



M. Chas. LeDuc
c/o M. Joseph Lemmer,

6 Blvd de Smet de Naeyer,
Jette, Bruxelles, Belgique

SECOND FOLD HERE — PLIEZ ENSUITE ICI
SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS — NOM ET ADRESSE DE L'ENVOYEUR

Demers
St Pateris Sarrasin
Gondrecourt

NO ENCLOSURE PERMITTED — NE RIEN INSÉRER

Jan 16 (1956)

Dear Charles

Pattee sent me a letter with the news that you were going to Rome and hoped to resume work on your book there. I hope with all my heart this information can be interpreted as meaning that you are better, and so much better that you can start to work again. To my notion, I am a bit too soon, but of course everything depends on the measure of your progress. May you find a quiet and congenial place to live, and some way of defending yourself against the cold and damp that our boys complain of in the eternal City. And, for heaven's sake, regulate your working hours. The prudent course would be to set yourself a humble minimum of two or three hours each day, with the stern resolve to leave off when that time is up, whether anything has been accomplished or not. It is the long spells of eager, continuous concentration which are so exhausting. You are the victim of your own keenness in that respect. Like a good hound (I have hunted with them many times) once on a good scent, you will never stop baying until you drop.

Thomas has sent me the very good news of his Rhodes scholarship. That is a really excellent piece of luck. Merely to have been a Rhodes scholar is a recommendation in the English-speaking world, and the studies he will follow will give him a much better chance of earning his living in university work than if he stuck to philosophy. Perhaps you are training the very man you need to assemble your ideas and put them into books for you. ~~But~~

But meantime, if I can be of any help, please do not hesitate to use me. I will find time to look over anything you send and, indeed, at times lately I have wondered if Providence might not be on the point of granting me quite a bit of leisure. I have a sort of weak throat, which

111

makes history, after a last destination, and which
 makes very bad cold a threat of complete extinction.
 Golden, mountain, I am always able to carry on, but
 I may get some little gold country points out of
 it. This I would not care to make myself -
 but not on philosophy, thank you.
 If you want some interesting reading, try to
 find from above - de laurion and de laurion, try to
 find something more. It means to be the subject of another
 which you may try to locate (the grand old
 picture you take at de laurion, with a good description
 of the children of de laurion in France in 1838)
 Franchises - Chant
 A. de laurion

TO OPEN CUT HERE — POUR OUVRIRE, COUPER ICI

INDIQUEZ LA VALEUR

10

POSTES CANADA

QUEBEC 20 JAN 19 2 PM 1956 CANADA

Mr. Charles De laurion

c/s M. Marcel Laroche

Ville de laurion 14x15

France, Italie

AIR MAIL PAR AVION

SECOND FOLD HERE — PLIEZ ENSURE ICI

SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS — NOM ET ADRESSE DE L'ÉMETTEUR

Wend

St. Louis de laurion

London Canada

NO ENCLOSURE PERMITTED — NE RIEN INSÉRER

FIRST FOLD HERE — PLIEZ D'ABORD ICI

23 - 11 1956

OSTIENS

March 19 (1956)

Dear Charles,

It is difficult for me to accept the date on your last letter — Jan 18. How can two blessed months ^{have} slipped by? Life during our school year is such a grind while it lasts, that our minds become benumbed, I think, and lose their sense of time.

Not that I have been entirely without news of you. Tom and I have exchanged little notes and he mentioned in his last that Zoe was finally getting ready to join you. I hope she has managed it and that you are together. It appears from his information, also, that you accepted that invitation to Paris. Person complete with the Endicott doesn't mean that you must share in their privations and mortifications. I hope.

It surprised me to learn that you were giving lectures in Rome. On the one hand I argued that you were feeling much better, which is splendid. On the other hand, I cannot agree that it is good practice for a convalescent. Why don't you keep out of the lecture hall for your sabbatical year? You will be back in it soon enough. Better to work at your writing, which you can set aside whenever you feel tired, and which should surely prove more profitable in the long run (financially, I mean).

This very day I am giving some lectures on Evolution to one of my classes, and am much indebted to the pages of your 145 which deal with a general cause. Although I am a little ashamed to admit my slowness, it has taken me a long time to grasp exactly how that cause must cooperate with "every day" apparent causes, and I ~~had~~ have worked out a couple of examples which I hope will rescue my class. Both are a bit clumsy, but better than none, I hope. In my first, I would compare a man who is making some machine which is another's movement, but who has come to understand the device perfectly and so requires no guidance, with another fellow who is making such a device but with no comprehension

[illegible]

11

Le me de la Fidélité

St. Peter's Seminary
London - Canada



October 28 (1956)

Dear Charles,

My very sincere sympathy over your father's death. No matter how much we have awaited these great bereavements, nor how well prepared we think ourselves, they always come as a shock. I suppose we can never lose our child hood relationship to our parents, and the world is changed when they are finally separated from us. Your father must have had a long life, and I hope he made a peaceful and holy end of it.

Regarding the book, I am not entirely in sympathy with your change of plan because I am afraid this more thorough work will simply take too long. In the interim, Prentice-Hall will be chewing their nails, and the Catholic schools will lack their manual. Moreover, I am solemnly convinced that the simplest manual imaginable, if it is sound, is as badly needed by our teachers as by their pupils. Philosophy is in such a parlous state that nobody, outside of the handful who have been through your hands at Laval, knows where to start in it. I myself would have been completely lost, and would be giving courses with no beginning, middle or end, if Laval had not saved me. Your big book, it is to be feared, will be of real benefit only to those who could teach beginners pretty well without any text.

However, if this plan of attack is the only one possible to you, you have the defence of Lord Tennyson:

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnet sings.

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Willger agrees
with this tactic, by
the way.

And it may well be easier to arrive at a
manual by paring and pruning the big book
than by attempting to determine a bare
minimum from the beginning.^①

Anyhow, I will look forward with
interest to the MS you are sending, and will
do my best to polish its phrases. As mentioned
in a previous letter, I am not quite so busy
as last year and indeed would be quite relaxed,
if it were not for a couple of incidentals. One
of them is that Jewish doctor I told you about.
He brings his wife regularly now, and she does
not know so much as who made the world.

Another is a little job I am doing for Esig.
You will be interested to learn that he is going
to hold a show in Toronto, at the request of the
Caton Art Galleries. It is to begin January
3, I think, and he wants me to prepare a
little catalogue, with critical notes on the
pieces to be displayed. I have accepted for two
reasons: to keep established him as a religious
painter; and to put some Christian doctrine
into the hands of people who, in some cases,
would never see or hear anything of religion from
any other source.

It is a pity Toronto is so far from you.
This show will be worth seeing. It will
have two of his portraits, and a thing
which I call Nature & Man, a kind of
symbolic landscape, three new religious
works, etc. Just now, he is working at

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London - Canada



an Announcement which will certainly
be original, if nothing else.

Best wishes to all your household,
and I hope they see more of you than
they used to do!

Faithfully in Christ
A. Durand

(I am sending the little mimeographed
text which I use myself for beginners.
There is nothing in it to interest you
except my revision of the note on Matter,
Form & Primat. It conveys my notion
of how a manual ought to sound, and I feel
sure that a book as clear and simple as
this will be a godsend to teachers as well
as to their pupils.)

R

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Feb 18 (1957)

Dear Charles,

I am sending the Introduction to your Introduction, and I am afraid that it has become, in my hands, an untidily looking mess. I should really have had it re-typed, but that would have meant more delay, and you will probably regret a good many of my emendations anyhow.

Have no doubts as to the value of this essay. It is a most illuminating and helpful piece of work, and will earn the gratitude of every teacher of Catholic philosophy who has any dealings with students in science courses. As a matter of fact, I would like to buy a copy, (when your secretary does a final draft for the press) for a young priest in a college near here, who is teaching mathematics, and who sometimes gets pretty bewildered over the latest theories in his field. He has consulted me more than once, but did not find me as much use to him as he had reason to expect.

I am doing my best to refuse all outside engagements for a month or two and hope to make some progress with the rest of your work. The connection between the section I am now tackling, and the pages you did before your illness rather escapes

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me. It looks as if you made an entirely fresh start. But I hope I will be able to pick up your plan after reading a bit.

Do you mind if I send Father Gravbini to you for a consultation? He is to teach Theology to our boys next year, and it would be a kindness to him, and a service to us, if you would sketch out for him what ground such a course should cover. I am going to write to him to-morrow and tell him that you will be glad to give him a half-hour sometime. So please consider the matter and jot down a few references for him. (It is very much against our will that we are recalling him after only a year in the Faculty, but there is no help for it. We are in a state of emergency.)

I hope your lecture-tour was a financial success and did not cost much effort. It is a pity you could not find some young Alexander to coach and be supported by royal munificence, without the need of those gypsey expedients.

Faithfully in Christ

A. D.

Have you seen a manual
by H. Gaudel, O.P. —
"Quintation à la p. h. de S.
Thomas"? (de Corp)

His Compendium is quite a
departure from the usual thing.
He follows the Aristotelian
order pretty well, and, with only a
few omissions in some scientific
matters to cover any he
found. As Appendix he prints
the whole of the De Principiis in
Latin, with an intelligent
translation; and certain other
useful passages. The Appendix
by itself makes the book
worth while.

W. L. Dyer has the same
qualified praise for his volume
on Metaphysics.

If the thing were in English,
I think we could use it here.
It would be a good deal better
than nothing.

St. Peter's Seminary

London, Canada

R
Feb 26 1957

Dear Charles,

I hope this little request will not catch you on a busy day. I need Wascarter's definition of motion and can't find it in any of his works that we have in our library. Can you give me a reference, or at least a formula that will reassure me as to my own guess at it. As I see it, he must have thought of motion as the altered relationship of bodies, measured after the motion was ended. But I have no confidence in my own conjectures

Sincerely

A. D.



UNIVERSITÉ LAVAL
FACULTÉ DE PHILOSOPHIE

28 II 57

Dear Father Durand:

Descartes' point is that movement should not be defined, because, to him, it is a "natura simplex" which is "per se satis nota". Regarding Aristotle's definition of movement he says:

"Quis enim intelligit haec verba? Quis ignorat quid sit motus? Et quid non fateatur illos nodum in scirpo quaesivisse? Dicendum est igitur, nullis unquam definitionibus hujusmodi res [simplices] esse explicandas, ne loco simplicium compositas apprehendamus; sed illas tantum, ab aliis omnibus secretas, attente ab unoquoque et pro lumine ingenii sui esse intuentes." Regulae ad directionem ingenii, Regula XII, édit. Adam et Tannery, 426-427.

In fact, two things are manifest about movement: that there is movement (this is what the prima via starts from, and that the distance covered by a body in movement is measurable. But this leaves "what movement is" obscure, and, as Aristotle points out, after having defined it, it remains obscure. (Phys. III, c. 2, 201b30; S. Thomas, lect. 3, n. 6)

Thanks for the pages you have already corrected. They were in need of it! It must be painful to read my text in view of improving it. I have just received 17 galleys of the study I wrote for the Symposium on the Immac. Conc. of Notre Dame Univ. back in 1954. The English must be miserable.

The passage from Hermann Weyl, a German, is his own English, not mine, though of the same caliber.

For a course in Natural Theology I advise the Summa Theol., De Deo uno. To use Aristotle would be much too difficult. The Summa contra Gentiles should be used on the side, except for the way in which St. Thomas there explains the prima via, which is too involved with the Physics.

I leave again on Monday, March 4th, for a week. This does not help me at all, except financially, and this only to satisfy immediate needs.

Did you know that John von Neumann, the Princeton Institute of Advanced Studies' mathematician who did so much for the thinking machines, died a Catholic? I once had a chance to meet him, and neglected to take advantage of it. See the article in Life of last week.

Most cordially,

Charles

St. Peter's Seminary
London - Canada



March 23 1957

Dear Charles,

I have reached p. 100 of your MS, and will send that much of it along if you need it. I would prefer to keep the whole thing on hand until finished of course, in case I lose the sequence of thought.

It has been slow work, both because of the daily interruptions which are a part of life here, and also because of the difficulty of the material. Even if your style were as lucid as Newman's, it would still be hard reading for a poor bastard like me, you know; and it is not as lucid as Newman's. I have made some radical alterations here and there, but I do so in the confidence that you will be able to distinguish the genuine improvement from that which may be only better grammar but muddy thinking.

If I am ready to give your pages so much time, be sure that it is not without selfish reasons. What you are writing is a true teacher's handbook, and has already been of great help to me. But I also have the common good in mind, and am glad of the chance to help put the truth on the market in a more readable dress than it might otherwise be obliged to wear. Persevere with it, and never lose confidence in the value of what you are doing.

While page by page, and paragraph by paragraph, I cannot praise your work too highly, I do have some misgivings about the over-all plan -- if it has one. You are already guilty of some anticipations and repetitions. For instance, in view of what is going into the introduction, certain modifications should be made here and there in the pages which I have been examining. Some ideas from Russell and Eddington are introduced as if this were the first mention of them, when in fact they were already given some treatment in the introduction.

Let me thank you sincerely for the trouble you took over my question about Descartes. It will be of great assistance to me, and I wish that I had known what you have written when I spent an evening with a couple of university men a while ago. They bombarded me with questions for several hours, and I was often more glib than effective. Guerrillas hate fighting guerrillas of course, and rejoice when they come upon someone who holds a position. But you need to be smarter than I am to defend that position against their continual hit-and-run tactics.

I am hoping to make a long-dreamt-of trip to Europe this summer -- leaving by Air-France from Montreal on July 3rd. A friend and I are putting through a plan to buy a small car from Renault, which they promise to buy back when we are done with it. So I am scrounging and saving, although my estimates of cost mount horribly with everything that I read. (I don't know why we should begrudge the poor Europeans a decent price, though). Anyhow, if you have any suggestions for a greenhorn, particularly with regard to lodgings, they will be gratefully received.

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London - Canada



A last remark of a philosophical nature. I seem to remember your using somewhere that example of necessity from St Thomas -- that man of necessity dies, since he is composed of contraries. To my mind this example ~~is not~~ will not be clear to the average reader (as it certainly is not to me). If the contraries are the four elements of Empedocles, the example is obsolete; and, if some more modern elements be substituted for the ancient ones, it is hard to see in what sense they can be called opposed to one another. No doubt it is all beautifully clear in your head, but you perhaps need this warning that your readers won't find it so. I have never understood the blessed thing myself.

You make no mention of Dominic in your last letter. Have you lost sight of him entirely? I hope homesickness will bring him back for a visit before long.

Sincerely in Christ

A. W. Dunn

15 IV 57

er, I'll be in Belgium for a few weeks vacation.

Rev. Father Anthony Durand: to visit my native land, of only to
ages and the North Sea Shore. And I have plenty of relatives
cousins, where you could find lodgings free; and even in my
town, tomorrow, just let me know on time and there will be
no problem whatever. If you don't want to see Flanders, you might
well stay home, London, Ont.

Dear Father Durand: Don't try to see everything. I think that Belgium,
France and possibly Spain (so very different), should be enough for
a summer trip. ~~Oh I got back from my lecture tour last Friday, 1 of~~
~~and there will be visitors at home until tomorrow evening. Besides,~~
~~I have to double the number of classes and catch up with time lost.~~
~~But here are a few lines in answer to your letter of March 23, of~~
~~the 1950s.~~

There will be no repetitions in the book, because
I decided to publish the Introduction separately as an article. I
will then use its material in the proper places of the book. What
you have of the latter was written before the Introduction (which, or
I have still found no time to revise with your corrections and sugges-
tions).

Tommy just returned to Oxford from a trip through
France and he did it very cheaply by using the suggestions of "Le
tourisme universitaire". I'll ask him to write you about this. ~~over~~
Hotel prices differ widely, as you can see by looking into "Le guide an
bleu", "Le guide Michelin", or "Le guide du club des sans club". ~~at the~~
In Paris I have stayed at the Hotel Ste Anne, near the Place de
l'Opera, for about \$2. per night. It is very clean and adequate, typically
frequented by the English and Belgians. ~~by greedy Frenchmen, they~~
~~are not.~~ After a while I got up and told them in French that
I was here to see. If your friend's appetite is like your own, the
you should be able to get on very cheaply: a croissant and coffee of their size
at a counter would cost you about 15 cents; lunch about 50 c.,
and dinner no more than a dollar -- while Paris is full of joints
where a good dinner would cost between 5 and 10 dollars. ~~star", a propo-~~
~~is essential to the Tertius via, is best explained in the~~
~~Right after exams here I'm leaving for Madison, Conn.,~~
Conn., on Long Island Sound, where I have a friend who is chaplain
to the Sisters of Mercy College there. He has fine quarters (I was
there twice before), very quiet; and an excellent library, much
better than my own in Philosophy of Nature and science. I'm going
to try and stick to my typewriter until the first draft of my book
is completely finished. If undisturbed, I think I can complete the
job some time around mid-July. Then, if I can scrape the money
for a trip through friends in Paris, who go to Paris via

together, I'll fly to Belgium for a few weeks vacation.

You ought to visit my native land, of only to see Bruges and the North Sea Shore. And I have plenty of relatives in Brussels, where you could find lodgings free; and even in my home town, Torhout. Just let me know on time and there will be no problem whatsoever. If you don't want to see Flanders, you might as well stay home, London, Ont.

Don't try to see everything. I think that Belgium, France and possibly Spain (so very different), should be enough for one summer trip. Otherwise you have no chance of getting the feel of things. Italy will be awfully hot. But I suppose you will want to see Rome. If you tell me a little more about the time you will have and the places you really want to see, I will send you a list of addresses.

There is one thing you must get hold of for your trip, and that's a combination of charcoal and sulfa. Sold in Belgium, Italy, and Spain, under the name "Charbon-Cilay". Changing climate, or just going from one country to another, you will get some kind of dysentery and vomiting spells, as Americans do when they come to Canada, or Canadians when they go to the States. Tourist usually attribute this to water or food poisoning. Silly. I think the reason is the change of bacteria for virus-milieu. With that stuff you'll get over the spell in a few hours. It's a small preventive, but such upsets can spoil your trip for days. - Some years ago I was writing cards at the Vatican Post Office; and right in front of me sat a group of Flemings telling one-another about their digestive tract miseries, with typically Flemish forwardness. It was all caused by greasy Italian food, they maintained. After a while I got up and told them in Flemish that Italians fare no better when they go to Belgium. You can imagine the expression on their faces when they learned I had understood all of their ex-mentitious palaver.

"Omne corruptibile quandoque corrumpetur", a proposition which is essential to the Tertia via, is best explained in the De Coelo, N.I, lect.29, n.8. I will go into this subject when I reach Physic.I, last chapter.

P.S. Don't buy French Franks at the official market rate! You'd get only 350 to the dollar. The "marché parallèle" is legal enough, and will give you more than 400. The simplest thing is to buy French Franks in Belgium. This is something I can arrange for you through friends in Paris, who go to Belgium regularly.

St. Peter's Seminary
London, Canada

June
5th

Dear Charles,

I have tried to review the paper you mentioned,
and have also been helped by over the rest. It reads
very well now, to my mind.

Try to get some more and see how they
in connection. You will do better work.

Please forgive my brevity. I am all strains
and nerves. The Seminary closes on Saturday
and then I must turn to the business of the
retreat to the house of North Bay. Ready to
the Holy Ghost for me

C D

Dear Charles,

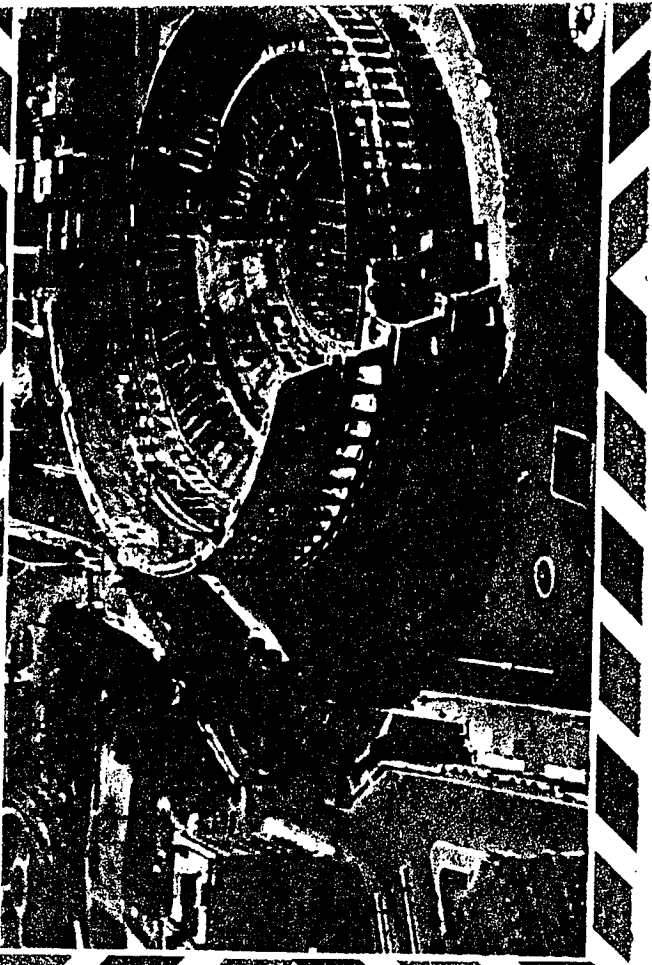
1157

I hope your expectations were met, and that you were able to get another good big section of the book finished. I shall be looking forward to seeing the result, and you may be sure that I will find time to overhaul the language for you somehow, when I am back in London.

My last letter was so hurried that I was not able to congratulate you properly on your final revision of the introduction, which was on its way to Simard. You make a most intelligent and discerning use of my emendations, and it puzzles me that you can't produce a better first draft, when you show such excellent judgment in arriving at a final one. Of course, it is always such a great help to gain a fresh look at one's own work after a few weeks' delay — and I assure the delay.

May I have some assurance from you that you are taking good care of brother Leo, that your old habit of working in sprints and spurts is dead and buried. What we want of you, Charles, is a good long life, with a steady output. Bursts of intense activity, irregular hours, missed meals, are all harder on our constitution than anything else, unless you had the constitution of a Flemish drag-horse, you would have been dead long ago. But do think of this, a half-a-loaf is better than no bread; a little work every day for a life-time is better than a brief display of pyrotechnics.

After a few days misery from heat and travellers' misfortunes, we are having a pleasant trip. The heat struck us in France. Since entering Italy it has been comfortable and, in Rome, even a little too cool at night. No attempts have been made to swindle us, so far, but the Italians do exasperate me with their wild driving and tendency to jabber rather than act. — While on the subject of the national character, I wonder if you would agree that they are intensely sociable and domestic in their tastes, but almost devoid of community spirit. They would make fighter pilots, but never suicide pilots — and no damier good as infantry.



BREVETTO NO 50 - ALTEROCCA - TERNI

No wonder they made the Vice. He tried
to convince them that they were the heirs of
ancient Rome, but they are far from the
spirit of an old Roman. Just as it is possible
to be. A big kiss to Regal, who probably
needs this before you do. (I'm writing to
me, but it is not likely I will see him, as
we have no time for Germany)

Thursday - 1947

C. D. D. D.

Charles DeKornick

1st Avenue

Charles City

CA 00400

PER VIA AEREA
PAR AVION
BY AIR MAIL

St. Peter's Seminary
London - Canada



September 19, 1957

Dear Charles,

I got back home on the 15th, and it was just as well that you did not find it possible to stop here on your way to Indiana, because I have found myself in such a nest of troubles since arrival that it would have been a sheer impossibility to enjoy your visit.

A life-long friend and colleague, Father Simpson, fell sick about a week before I arrived. He seems to have developed a bad ulcer without symptoms of any kind. An internal hemorrhage took about two thirds of his blood and his condition was so bad that it was a great risk to operate. The surgeons took the risk any how, and he now seems to be making a good enough recovery. We have been such close friends for so long that my company means a great deal to him in this emergency.

At the same time another member of our small staff fell sick and so we are two men short. The result is desperate measures all round, radical changes in timetables, etc. etc. We must limp along somehow until Christmas. In this diocese we have always been shorthanded, and now our condition seems worse than ever. Our Bishop has opened a new college, and is planning a minor seminary, so that the competition for future staff members promises to be pretty sharp.

I have sent you the proofs of the long article, which I did my best to attend to promptly, since it seemed too bad to delay publication of something so nearly finished. May I urge you, for hell's sake, to stop making additions and digressions in the thing. Revise, don't rewrite. Your latest treatment of the Russell fallacies about the number series, for example, is unquestionably more thorough and penetrating, but it is not as clear as the earlier one; and the difficulties which it faces will never occur ~~at~~ to the vast majority of your readers. One of your vices as a writer is the inclination to follow up every lead that occurs to you, whatever the effect on the general order of your exposition. Now, you know very well that there can be no end to difficulties and objections, so that the wise course is to make a tactful selection among them, and leave the rest in peace. Sometimes I think you give aid and comfort to the enemy by furnishing him with weapons that he would not have the wit to invent for himself.

Your recent letters have not been very lucid either, I mean as regards your personal history. Apparently you have hired yourself out to Notre Dame for a term, your last letter being the first intimation I had of this intention. I am sorry for Laval, and will not know where to send future recruits if you keep this up. If they pay you enough to make it worth while, then fine.

Anyhow, it is an excellent idea to have someone on hand to act as editor for your manual. I hope fervently that

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Oesterle can get it out of you, for we have all been waiting long enough. Why don't you put the larger work aside and go at the manual hammer and tongs? Let Oesterle decide what is to go into it; he will doubtless be in close touch with undergraduates and with typical university or college situations. And it will be a money-maker. If you are actually living with someone who can act as your editor, you are in the ideal condition for doing the job quickly.

(By the way, and if you can think of it, please let me know your opinion of Oesterle's Ethics. We would be glad to put a good manual into use here).

Another disaster, which I failed to mention, is that Father Wildgen has been transferred to parish work. He was the best man we had here -- a far better head for philosophy than mine. So now I have to teach his course in Metaphysics. I am old and blasé, thank heaven, otherwise I would be quite upset by the prospect of lecturing 3 times a week on a subject which I can't even define. For the first year, at least, the course will be made up of anything that occurs to me. I intend to shove in something about the calculating machines, now that I have some notion of what they do.

I will attend to the other articles as soon as I can. The one on the nature and use of symbols looks very tough indeed.

Sincerely in Christ

A. D.

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London - Canada



Nov 1 (1957)

Dear Charles,

I have a convention or meeting of music teachers to address (nearly all non-Catholic) and would like to say something on the philosophy of their art. Have you anything to recommend on the subject? (Anything I can understand). On the basis of what I know already I could throw together some sort of a lecture, but there are many important difficulties which I can't resolve.

By this time, and long before, I thought you would have returned that letter, in which I want to call Reasoning with the Posters, so that I could give it a final going-over. I do hope the extensive changes which I suggested for it did not lead you to judge that I held it in low esteem. It is a delightful little thing to my mind, and perhaps more effective in its fashion than your more formal work. It would go nicely in the same issue of the Review as the other two articles.

Our friend G. J. called on me this afternoon. He has finished a portrait of Mrs Marsh and is working on two more ladies, one of whom is a bitch and presents him — and me — with a grave moral problem. We merely parted company over a portrait of a Toronto man which he did last year. This individual was

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a son of a b., and a 3rd, you know, who has no more control over his brush than a bird has over its song, subtly distorted every square inch of the unfortunate wretch and exposed him pitifully to any intelligent eye. I warned him that if he ever did it again, we were through. However, I can't say. This batch ^{forever} did not strike him as a batch when he began, and now it is too late to turn back. Where or what is a painter's responsibility? I thunder at him that he is setting himself up as the eternal judge of these poor creatures, and that he will have to answer for the deadly verdicts which he pronounces. This scares him but not to much effect, since he simply doesn't know how a picture is going to turn out until it is done.

A 3rd is sick of portraits and longs for a religious job. Archbishop Roy called on him here a year ago, you know, and mentioned a mural portrait of Laval for the new Seminary. I hope something comes of it. It is a shame that such genius should lie inactive. If you get a chance next term, I hope you will jog the Archbishop's memory.

Best wishes

C. W. Wood

(A 3rd has an utterly simple and magnificent idea for the picture of Laval which I am almost sure every free-scorper will welcome)

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December 20

(1957)

Dear Charles,

If you will let me know how and when you are to arrive in London, I will be glad to drive you down to Delhi. So far as I can tell, I will be entirely free on Saturday the 28th, and probably on the 29th too. Our students will all be on vacation at that time, and I have no assignment for the week-end and will evade one.

If you have time for a couple of hours in London, you might be interested to see some of Aziz' new pictures. "hatever else they may be, they are certainly original.

On the 27th, when you propose telephoning, I may be visiting Father Ffoulkes in Dublin. (I always give him a hand over Christmas). The number is DUBLIN 16, and I would suggest that you try for me there first.

(When I sent back your MS the other day, I forgot to mention that I expect to see it again and give it a final revision, after you have done with it whatever you think best).

Faithfully in Christ

a w

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame, Indiana

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

2 I 58

Dear Father Durand:

The reference on Nature and Soul is right where I was looking. In *De Anima*, n.257, i.e. Book II, lect.3. Compare this with *Metaphys.* T. chapt.4, lectio 4 in St. Thomas. And, as I told you, look up my art. in LTP 1955, n.2, pp.187-196, where you will find references to "quae sunt contraria in rebus non sunt contraria in anima." This, to my mind, is a basic principle of aesthetics.

I think we should be able to meet more regularly, for our mutual benefit. You can start me thinking on subjects I otherwise would never bother about.

Back in 1954 I wrote a study on Marian Dogmas, which you refused to look at. If you had done so, you would have learned something about divine friendship. I just got the page-proofs, and I'm sending them to you. It's too late to do much about the English. I want you to read it for your own benefit. I'll be here until Jan.16th. Incidentally, do you think I might one day expand it into a book?

I thoroughly agree with everything you say about Aziz and

his work. This includes the Rainbow. Regarding the Annunciation as he calls it, there is something too geometrically abstract about that beam, circle and center. He may be right in presenting the thing as he does. Praeterea, the B. Virgin did express wonder but I don't think it should be given that kind of expression: it looks too much like extasis, which is something imperfect. Fra Angelico has expressed her attitude, and although different means may be used to convey it, I don't think that "what" he said can be much improved upon. The ray is alright, but why should it terminate in that red spot? I hesitate to say this, for there may be a good reason for it. Is there no other way of conveying that the Word is being made flesh? Perhaps my pages on The Immaculate Conception and the doctrine of Coredemption would help you to see what I have in mind.

There is no substitute for Arist.'s Metaphysics; and the De Deo Uno of the Summa may be used as a continuation of it, but not as something to take its place. I'll send you some pages of this when I get back to Quebec.

Most gratefully,

Charles

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London - Canada



June '58

Dear Charles,

Thank you for the references, and I hope I will have time to look up some of them before I go on stage. However, your memo-work was really completed during our conversation in the car. I see now how to compose the kind of talk on the religious life which will be factually the most effective with an audience of young college people.

Regarding Gij's picture, I hate to disagree with you, since it has always meant that I am proving myself an ass, but nevertheless I don't think you are looking at it properly. To compare him with Fra Angelico, to make an issue of the expression on the face of the Virgin is evidence to me that you mistake his purpose. As you yourself remarked, it is not the announcement but the effect of it that he is painting — the announcement is from above, from the divine point of view, not from below. The tremendous thing in the picture is the Image of the Father uttering the Word. Did painter ever attempt anything like it before? (And it is significant that this section of the picture was done without effort, in a few minutes). As I see the portrait of the Virgin is, in a sense, incidental — as a person,

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Imman. So far as this picture is concerned, a Woman was necessary; and she is represented simply as Woman, not as the predestined, exquisite soul of Fra Angelico's work (whose every emotion is of interest to us). But I do agree with you about its geometrical quality. It was to this I was referring when I wondered aloud if it were more diagram than image.

I took your advice and began an article on E.g. 3 during the vacation — completed a rough draft, in fact. It is a long way from finished though, and the Lord knows when I will find time to go at it again.

Sincerely in Christ
A. D.

St. Peter's Seminary
London, Canada

Dear Charles,

March 22

1958

This pamphlet contains my article on Philip Aziz, which I told you I might write. It now qualifies for that contest sponsored by the Spaeth outfit and, if only I can place or show, I may have done something to rescue Philip from the morass of female portraits. The newspaper editor has chopped up my paragraphs in a fashion which I know will distress someone so sensitive to good style as yourself, but he has not cut any of the material. You will notice that I am writing for the judges of the contest, not for the innocent subscribers to our diocesan organ, and I hope I have succeeded in sounding like a man who knows something about his subject, and not like the fraud that I really am.

Have you noticed a recent book: THE INTERPLAY OF EAST AND WEST, by Barbara Ward. It consists of three lectures which she gave at McGill in circumstances similar to those which you will face at McMaster. Whatever your opinion of the common run of women, you will have to grant, I think, that she is an outstanding intelligence. And it might be worth while to look at this little book as a model for the sort of volume you -- or better we -- should produce for McMaster. Her style seems just right for the purpose.

I suppose it is hopeless to expect that you will do anything on those lectures before you have to. But if you only would send me a draft of them before next fall, it would be an easy matter to have a finished MS to present to your hosts in January.

Faithfully yours

A. Daniel

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London - Canada



June 6 (1958)

Dear Charles,

Well, to console you in your ordeal, let me announce that I have a thrombosis too, only in the arse-hole. And I am not joking. By hell, no: I have endured four days of utter misery.

On Tuesday last it began. My piles have been bothersome for a couple of weeks, and on this morning I developed the external swelling which the doctor calls a thrombosis. I was in my temporary parish and began the day, in acute discomfort by examining a class of first communicants. Then I had to call on the Provincial Police, and lastly visit one of our boys in the County Jail. This lad, (a simple soul, 20 years old, 250 pounds, who goes wild when drinking and had attacked his brother's car with an axe, and then bitten its owner in the leg when he protested) was so happy to see me that I could not bring myself to leave. Finally I reached London and my doctor, who pushed my thrombosis back into place, and sent me home to sit in a hot bath, holding it in place with the aid of a rubber glove.

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I had to find a substitute for the parish, and then go to bed. The next three days were horrible. To-day I am on foot again, but with a pretty tender behind, I assure you.

Since you are interested in the fate of our bootleggers, I will report on progress. Last Saturday evening, I led the three village trustees in delegation, bearing our petition to the Reeve. This was as remarkable a feat as getting 3 bishops to agree on something. The Reeve, who is built like the front of a truck, and who bears a steel hook in place of a left hand, received us cautiously, and showed a reluctance to sign anything. One of his girls, I learned later, has married into the family of one of our bootleggers, although he is not thought to take any pride in this connection. However, I had prepared a letter for him, to be sent to the Police, and I was determined that it should go. He signed it finally, and, while one of my men distracted him with a cigar, I sealed the envelope and volunteered to put it in the mail.

My next move was to call on the Police

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a couple of days later, and demand to be paid \$50 for all my co-operation. "Anything, Father," was the reply. "Anything". So I arranged that copies of the Reeve's letter be sent to the Attorney-General, The Chief Inspector, and the local Crown Attorney. This was promised. Now, the Reeve's letter is a subtle piece of work, which mentions by whom the petition was presented, by whom signed and, above all, by whom endorsed. (I had secured letters of approval from all local organizations). So the officials will derive an impression of absolute unanimity on our part, when this is hardly the case.

On that very day, poor old Albert Kramers, a huge pot-bellied countryman of yours, ran afoul of the Stratford city police. He is one of our local vendors, but had done no business in some weeks, of course. However, on Tuesday he could hold out no longer, and went to Stratford to buy a humble four cases for his own use. He then parked his car near a large grocery and went into a local tavern for an honest drink. (Beer is legal in

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Stratford) when he returned to his vehicle and attempted to start for home, he was seized by the Stratford officers, charged with drunk driving, with having been other than in his place of residence, held in jail incommunicado for the night and released on \$25 bail next day. I must say that this looks to me like sheer persecution, but it shows what a petition can do in a free country.

By the time poor Albert stands trial, the Crown will have our Rieve's letter and, since Albert is already a well-known figure, I tremble for him. There will be another prisoner for me to visit. I have accused the Provincial police of complicity with the city police, but this they indignantly deny.

To return to yourself, I am very greatly relieved to learn that the heart damage is not so great as first supposed. But you will not need to be told that all heart patients face the worst danger after recovery. It's easy to be cautious when every physical effort awakens a painful symptom (as I find

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It is easy to be cautious in sitting down just now). But when you feel perfectly well again, as you shall, it is going to take a lot of deliberate self-control, to live by a careful rule. One of my cousins, an old heart-case, was warned by his doctor never to go down the bluff between his summer cottage and the beach, because of the stiff climb necessary to get back. He disregarded the warning several times without the slightest injurious consequences; but the last time was the last: he collapsed and died in a minute. Now, you must admit that you are temperamentally a poor patient, so for Heaven's sake, take heed. Plan your future with care, with a rest-period in every day, no travel, no protracted periods of work, and early hours. You can get a lot of work out of the old horse yet.

I received your notes for the Whidden lectures but have not yet had time to study them. You will appreciate that bootleggers and philosophy don't go well together.

Sincerely in Christ

A. D.

St. Peter's Seminary
London - Canada



July 1 1935

Dear Charles,

I am writing to Quebec City, feeling sure that you must be home by now, or at least that your mail will be forwarded more promptly from head quarters.

Can you help myself and G. J. ? We have a tough problem. A picture must be painted for a Lady. Chapel in our Cathedral — on altar piece. The chapel is dedicated to the Queenship of Mary, and that must also be the subject of the picture. The donor is Miss Susie Hodgkinson — whose name reveals much — and the picture simply must strike our poor people as devotional. I am actually doubtful if G. J. can please such an audience, but I am urging him to try.

My notion was to do a solitary, majestic crowned figure, against a background suggesting infinity, but with a countenance and gaze intimately concerned with the Christian souls who come to kneel at this special shrine of the Virgin. Carry? Anyhow you see how I am trying to reconcile art and popular piety.

Reassure us if you can, and hurry.

(To my mind you would be nuts to publish my article on jazz in the Laval Street — too

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popular & sample. However, I will call
your bluff, if I have to.)

I do hope your improvement went
on, and that the good report on the
heart damage is confirmed. Don't fail
to send me another bulletin.

Sincerely in Christ
G. D.

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London - Canada



July 5th

1952

Dear Charles,

As you know, I wander about a good deal in the summer and so did not see your letter of June 20 until yesterday. Since then I have sent one to 25th St. Genevieve, which I hope will be forwarded by now.

It seems ungracious to be declining your kind suggestions for the publication of the things I have written. Regarding the essay on Jazz, I seriously believe it should be published where it could reach a lay audience, or at least the clerical audience who would pass it on. So I would like to try a magazine like the Sign, or Jubilee. If I have no better luck than before, I will certainly take advantage of your offer, although the material does not seem at any way like the level of what is ordinarily found in a philosophical review.

As for the article on Egiz, I have already promised him that I would try to get it into some art review, and I am going to take first aim at the best one I know: Art d'Eglise, of your native country (Abbaye St. Andre, Bruges). But I am hoping

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that the new picture, of our Lady as Queen, will turn out well and that we shall have an additional illustration for the article. He has done so little religious work.

In case something has gone wrong with my last letter, I will repeat that it was a request for ideas for this picture of the Queenship of Mary for a Lady Chapel. Aziz - though you might not suspect it - is a difficult character. It is very hard to induce him to see that a picture should be devotional in effect. He simply wants it as he wants it. So it is important to sow in his mind the right idea for a picture in the beginning. This is far easier than to change his mind after he has come to a decision. For example, he wants to represent Mary as Queen with the Child actually in her womb (seen by a kind of X-Ray vision). Quite possible, of course, but quite impossible too for our pious working-people who want to stop in at church for a few moments' prayer to their Mother.

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I have heard that hard seats are good
for the behind and will give your
plan a try. However, the inflammation
is gone now and I am quite comfortable
again.

Please tell me what progress
you yourself are making.

Sincerely in Christ
G. W. W. D.