

**Tartuffe**

Tartuffe, one of the truly great French comedies of the seventeenth century, is Moliere's famous satire on religious hypocrisy. The 1669 version of the play is the only extant version, the first two having been suppressed by religious groups. Although Louis XVI, the supreme monarch of the day, sympathized with Moliere and saw nothing particularly controversial about his play, the age was, unfortunately, one which took its religion so seriously that the work was eventually attacked by religious factions headed by the Archbishop of Paris himself as a satire on pietism and religion itself. As a result, Tartuffe was barred from public showing for five years.

Today, however, the playgoer looks upon the work as little more than a delightful comedy, full as much of the superb fire, gusto, and charm that the gifted Moliere ever managed to convey in any of his dramatic works. In this work, for instance, Tartuffe, the typical hypocrite and main character of the play, is shown as the despicable, self-satisfied parasite who manages quite skillfully to deceive his one but Orgon, a friend. The other characters, Cleante, Damis, Valere, Mariane, Dorine, and Elmire, see straight through his shroud of deceit and ultimately help to bring him to his just reward.

**Voltaire**

In 1733, a thin, gaunt, and unpredictable madman, who might be termed more affectionately poet, philosopher, and writer par excellence, set up house with a coy, coquettish, but altogether charming lady, whose predilection for science was no less great than her friend's for mischiefmaking. These unique individuals to whom I refer are that greatest of eighteenth century social agitators, Voltaire, and his feminine devotees, Madame du Chatelet. Both of them, to say the least, were the most admirable of companions, and, though both were conscientious intellectuals, much time, at least after Madame du Chatelet hurried Voltaire off to her chateau, was given over to pleasures which, according to the dull and the vulgar of today, are hardly the usual pastimes of the intelligentsia: cardplaying, gambling, and freakish horseplay, which consists, for the most part, in screaming and running madly about the house. Yet such trivial things hardly interfered with their professions; and since they had worked out a simple system whereby they could work and play alternately, Voltaire and Madame du Chatelet were able to produce a prodigious amount of work.

Never physically strong, Voltaire was nevertheless marvelously alive and could deliver, right and left, death-dealing blows to the corrupt core of contemporary society. Extraordinarily clever and extremely mischievous, always alert to the foibles and follies of his time, he could, with his devastating wit and biting satire, cause Frederick the Great of Prussia to spend day and night caterwauling in his chateau and a countless number of priests and churchly fathers all over Europe to rush frantically about, admonishing heaven to save them from the wrath and scorn of this insane and venomous Frenchman. Of course, although this was extremely funny, no doubt, to both Madame du Chatelet and Voltaire, both had reason to be worried, for by this time the practice of honoring the world's madmen had given away to locking them up. And since Voltaire



From left to right, Jimmy Jones, Clayton Stephens, Connie Berry and Dwight Honeycutt, in rehearsal for TARTUFFE presentation.

**Griffith Edits All For Love**

Dryden's All For Love, edited by Dr. Ben W. Griffith, Jr., of the Mercer English department, has been released by the Theatre Classics For The Modern Reader series. All For Love relates the tragic affair between Antony and Cleopatra, of whom Shakespeare has commented, "Age cannot wither her nor custom state her infinite variety."

Dr. Griffith called the talented Dryden "a lonely titan among elves." The towering literary figure of the Restoration period in England was an innovator of literary attitudes and forms reviving the use of blank verse in drama. Conflict between passion and reason makes All For Love "representative of the Restoration Period and the battle of ideas that seethed beneath it," Dr. Griffith said.

The Mercer professor has edited a second book for the Series, John Gay's The Beggar's Opera.

was considered in his time the most perfect representative of the French intellectual, the maddest of the madhatters, it was no wonder that often in the very act of writing inflammatory remarks about the state, it was necessary that he leave in a huff, letting his papers sail dizzily about the room, and seek refuge from the police.

Madame du Chatelet, too, had her moments of fear and apprehension. She didn't have the state to worry about, or the police, or the king of Prussia, but she did have, unfortunately, something perhaps worse than all of these — that silly provider of domestic bliss, a husband. And although he was kept busy on military campaigns (he was something of a soldier), he did come home occasionally and Madame Chatelet was kept busy keeping the neighbors and her relatives from telling about her latest liaison. Madame Chatelet, you see, was not only a famous mathematician but an exceptional lover as well. But since neither she nor her husband looked upon Voltaire as her lover as such, his stay at the chateau was never once questioned or viewed as improper. This suited Voltaire just fine, and so when M. Chatelet became suddenly pregnant after an interesting affair with a man who had once taught her algebra, it was Voltaire, the dear and trusted friend of the family, who convinced Monsieur Chatelet that his wife's condition was due entirely to him.

As a last note to this sketch, it might be added that Madame du Chatelet died from childbirth while in the very act of translating Newton's Principia Mathematica and that Voltaire, on hearing the news, hurled himself down a fairly long flight of stairs and once reaching the bottom lay there screaming, pounding his fists on the floor and kicking his heels in the air.

It's indeed a pity that more lives can't be spent this way. It's indeed a pity that there aren't more Voltaires, more Chatelets.

The book will be illustrated by Thomas Keough of Paris who has previously provided illustrations for the French edition of Gay's work.

Dr. Griffith has contributed to College English, London Times Literary Supplement, The Explicator, Nineteenth Century Fiction, the Georgia Review, New York Herald-Tribune Book Section, Mississippi Quarterly and Notes and Queries published at Oxford University. Literary figures discussed in the articles have included Shelley, Keats, Dickens, A. E. Housman, Byron, Hart Crane, E. E. Cummings, Robert Frost, James Jones and Washington Irving.

Dryden's All For Love edited by Dr. Griffith is currently on sale at the local book store.

**Sigma Nu Frat Announces Annual Relays**

The Snakes will hold their second annual Sigma Nu Relays next week. This Relay features sorority girls chasing pigs, bursting balloons, pie eating, and pin-rolling.

There will be a tug-o-war—the girls broke three ropes last year. An extra strong rope will be provided for the ladies. To give Connie Shaw a chance to overcome her last year's second place there will be a beer can bending contest. Sigma Nu's trophy now rests in the Phi Mu suite; Chi Omega took second and Alpha Delta Pi third last year.

**Honor Council On Plagiarism**

Having recently been confronted with the fact that many Mercer Students are not aware of the fact that plagiarism constitutes a violation of the Honor Code, the Honor Council wishes to clarify this matter. Each student should be familiar with the seriousness of plagiarism, for the University as well as the Honor Council considers this a form of cheating and thus a violation of the Honor Code. The following statement (used by the English Department of Mercer University) is an analysis of plagiarism and should be thoroughly read and understood by each student.

"... The difference between utilizing another person's work creatively and merely copying it to make it appear that it is your own is the difference between justifiable scholarship and plagiarism.

"It is very probable that most students who plagiarize know very well that they are being dishonest—that is, they are stealing another person's ideas to give themselves a pretense of learning. It sometimes happens, however, that a few students do not know the difference between a justifiable use of source material and plagiarism. Since the University takes a serious view of cheating, this notice is designed to indicate what is not justifiable in the use of sources. The following rules are intended as a general guide on how to avoid plagiarism:

"1. If you use the exact words found in source material, indicate that the words are not your own by putting them in quotation marks. At the bottom of the page indicate by a footnote where the material quoted can be found.

"NOTE: Even two or three words, when the vocabulary is not your own, must be placed in quota-

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LUCIAN ASBEL

**This Dreamer**

We believe the world many hours of the day, but if we happen to be drunk in the midst of the afternoon or alone well past midnight when the unsufferableness of ourselves pounds with unrelenting fury upon us, then we know the world with all its strivings and its pitiful attempts at seeming real to be a thing most false, a veritable abomination of desolation. And then it is not in us even to bewail dying.

Yet why in these moments of introspection this void, this meaningless, this yawning of the gates of hell? Could Nietzsche be right, that God is dead? This is not dead in the sense that the vulgar or the pseudo-intellectual usually bellow this oft quoted statement, but is rather to ask whether or not God be dead to our minds and our lives. If so, then is it not good to die for to what refuge shall we fly? Shall it be to our own dull and infirm mind? Shall it be to a humanity never really to be known and which a really consistent naturalism would show to be harmless only when lulled into being a collective non entity? Shall it be to a purposive order bolstered by illogic though shattered now some four hundred years?

All these are but deceptive roads to ruin though often posited as alternatives to God. But what of the question, to us is God dead? To banish our atheism and say that God exists is difficult indeed, but to make the existence of God relevant to our own lives is a torment beyond imagining.

Has God perhaps become as unreal as our lives seem, because we have forgotten his greatness due to our involvement in our own trifling causes and desires? Surely the God whom we now profess is the same of whom Nahum could say, "Who can stand before his indignation? and who can abide in the fierceness of his anger? his fury is poured out like fire, and the rocks are thrown down by him," or the same of whom the hymn says, "His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form, and dark is his path on wings of the storm."

It is this sort of God who can make demands, who can do something more than be, who can judge and destroy, who is not only Savior and Comforter but Master, Lord, and King. How long has it been since there was a Christendom which could triumphantly and exultantly assert, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Will we believe it next Christmas, when with the barbarian on the march and the church being crushed at our very door, we sing, "The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight?"

The only apparent justice in the misfortunes now befalling the world of a church dedicated to tiresome fellowships and auxiliaries and educational buildings devoted to perpetuating quasi-ignorance is that the evil days are well deserved. It would seem that the modern mind rarely has the ability to make a qualitative judgment and translate this into a consistent action. It is not that we never feel anything but what we feel cannot in our unreal lives pass much beyond a momentary excitement followed by a sigh.

Would we not really prefer that the God of wrath and war stay far from us or that the God of love disturb us but once a week? Can it ever be real to us that those who were down trodden now are rising and asking with anguishing sincerity, who is on my side, who? or that to half the world nothing is so real as hunger? Will these petty and affected lives so lacking in greatness themselves ever know the magnificence of the words Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

Yet despite our sorry condition we do sometimes have better moments. It is perhaps the best to be hoped for, if not enough, that somewhere twixt drunkenness and sobriety or in falling of the bed to difficult to take or spurning the one too coarsely offered or at ten thousand other occasions of wondering what is amins or where we went astray we shall be able to know that it is good for no more reason than that one moment in which it could justly have been said of us, "Behold this dreamer cometh."