

versal), a complete overturning of their intentions, of their values even. They reject their own limited experience, they go beyond the immediacy of their own and the hero's emotional reactions, in a sense they go beyond emotion: and they do this to embrace the pattern of nemesis, which, in spite of its incalculable potentialities of human disaster, is still aesthetically preferable, because it is the pattern of the gods. Nemesis besides being the pattern of disaster was also the pattern of glory: to oppose it as the heroic in their arrogant hubris were tempted to do was to grapple with a dark unknown in fear and trembling, but to accept it was to rediscover the divine meaning of our existence, to probe to a lucid and luminous order behind the mask of a dark and crushing necessity.

When Aristotle points out that a work of art should have a beginning, middle and end, he is considered often to be either naive or uninspired and obvious. But how otherwise can we be presented with the revelation of character actualised unless there is some such movement towards greater intensities of meaning; nemesis being the alpha and omega of the action? The aesthetic moment for Aristotle is not an inexplicable interlude in a boring existence: a temporary happy aberration in the procession of successive ennuis that make up the stream-of-consciousness. Already in adumbration there were present in his theory of art those key qualities that St. Thomas, with his infallible instinct for a phrase, was to sum up under familiar headings: wholeness (*integritas*), proportion in the events (*proportio*), a luminously limpid arrangement (*claritas*), and a sense of glory informing the pattern of events (*splendor ordinis*).

JOHN DURKAN.

FROM ST. AUGUSTINE'S SERMONS

BETTER a cripple limping on to God,
 Than swiftest runner on perdition's road.
 Yet cripple be not proud, the runner may
 Repent, return, and pass you on the Way.

JOHN SEARLE.