



DAPPLED
THINGS

a quarterly of ideas, art, & faith

Price \$10

SS. Peter and Paul 2022 - Volume 17, Issue 3

a quarterly of ideas, art, & faith

DAPPLED THINGS

Volume 17, Issue 3 SS. Peter and Paul 2022

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH



COLLEGIUM
INSTITUTE
for Catholic Thought & Culture

President

Bernardo Aparicio García

Editor in Chief

Katy Carl

Poetry Editor

Meredith McCann

Fiction Editor

Natalie Morrill

Book Review Editor

Patrick Callahan

Web Editor

Fr. Michael Rennie

Managing Editor

Ann Thomas

Editor Emeritus

Mary A. Kenneally

Associate Editors

Katherine Aparicio

Rosemary Callenberg

Cristina Espinas

John Liem

Josh Nadeau

Christopher Petter

Michael Rennie

Andrew Calis

Barbara Gonzalez

Sarah DeCorla-Souza

Business Manager

Katherine Aparicio

Editorial Assistant

Mary Woods

Editorial Intern

Caroline Morris

Art Director

Meg Prom



a quarterly of ideas, art, & faith
**DAPPLED
THINGS**

Volume 17, Issue 3 SS. Peter and Paul 2022

FEATURE

- Saints and Artists: On Reviving the Lost Work of Catholic
Women Writers—A Conversation with Bonnie Lander Johnson
and Julia Meszaros *Katy Carl* 8

POETRY

- Saint Paul Says Drive *Zachary Czaia* 31
Francis of Assisi in the Bookstore *Thomas Reed Willemain* 34
Labor Day Ends at the Maryland State Fair *Will Toedtman* 35
Isabel of the Flowers *Julia Park Tracey* 36
Faith *Julia Park Tracey* 37
Dymphna *Julia Park Tracey* 39
Bracelet Bay *Laura Schaffer* 89
For My Mother Who Walked with Nuns *Ann Wranovix* 115
Multiplication Tables *Ann Wranovix* 117
Thomas *Ann Wranovix* 119

FICTION

- WINNER, J.F. POWERS PRIZE FOR SHORT FICTION 17
The New Future: or, Passion Sunday 2014 *Drew Denton*
RUNNER-UP, J.F. POWERS PRIZE FOR SHORT FICTION 59
Lilies for the Harvest *Oso Guardiola*

NONFICTION

- The Girl Who Wasn't There *Frances Ogamba* 50
The Work of a Catholic University in Local Culture *John-Paul Heil* 76
Rêve *Heather King* 91

BOOK REVIEWS

- The Faith of Androids: Kazuo Ishiguro's *Klara and the Sun* *review by* 120
B.J. Lewis
- After Humanity: A Guide to C.S. Lewis's *The Abolition of Man* *by* 125
 Michael Ward *review by* *Thomas M. Ward*
- Heroes of the Fourth Turning *by* Will Arbery *review by* *Sean Lewis* 129

VISUAL ART

- Self Portrait *David J. Mitchell* 40
- Covid MK2 *David J. Mitchell* 41
- Ship Builder *David J. Mitchell* 42
- Moses *David J. Mitchell* 43
- Julian of Norwich *David J. Mitchell* 44
- Blue Man of the Minch *David J. Mitchell* 45
- Glasgow Man 1 *David J. Mitchell* 46
- Sleeping Fawn *David J. Mitchell* 47
- Rob Roy *David J. Mitchell* 48
- Veiled Figure *David J. Mitchell* 49

- CONTRIBUTORS 133

a quarterly of ideas, art, & faith
DAPPLED
THINGS

Vol. 17, Issue 3 SS. Peter and Paul 2022

The editors would like to express their profound gratitude for the gracious support of all our donors, especially the members of our Founders' Circle and the Saint Francis de Sales Society, whose generous contributions make possible the work of *Dappled Things*.

PLATINUM FOUNDERS

Tonita Helton
Paul W. MacKinnon
Robert T. Miller &
Jennifer L. Miller
George & Joan Weigel

GOLD FOUNDERS

Eduardo & Silvia Aparicio
Fr. Damian J. Ference
Juan Ruiz & Santa Fe Russell
David Wells

SILVER FOUNDERS

Mark Davis
Mark DeYoung
Brenda King-Powers &
Arthur Powers

SAINT FRANCIS
DE SALES SOCIETY

Dante Level
Dennis Wagner
Martha Wilson
Arthur Powers
Anonymous
Kathleen Madrid
Anonymous

Chaucer Level

Franz and Melia Berkemeier
Fr. Damian Ference
Maxwell Bindernagel

Hopkins Level

Fr. Chad Arnold
Karen Barbre
Clayton Ellsworth
Heather Garcia
John Kiley
Michael Kouyoumdjian
Marc Laudonio
Fr. Eurel Manzano
Joseph McDonough
John Gary Daynes
Joseph P. Britt
Eduardo & Silvia Aparicio

PATRON OF THE ARTS

Dale Ahlquist
Jason Baguia
Stephen Beck
Andrew Castellucci
Jayne Irvine
Kathleen Madrid
Victoria Seed
Emily Swope
John & Mary Ann Willis

SPONSOR

Joan Carl
Sheena J Devota
John DiCamillo
Jeffrey Essmann
Mimi Heldman
Joshua & Brittney Hren
Rhonda Ortiz
Nathan Thompson

FRIEND

Stephen Bennett
Andrew Calis
Michael Fontana
Fr. Allan Hawkins
Rosalind Kaliden
Robert P. Lewis
William F. Nicholson
Tate Pumfrey
Geoffrey Smagacz
Sofia Starnes
Roseanne Sullivan
Katherine Tully
Mary Vilim

SAINTS AND ARTISTS: ON REVIVING THE LOST WORK OF CATHOLIC WOMEN WRITERS

A CONVERSATION WITH BONNIE LANDER JOHNSON
AND JULIA MESZAROS

KATY CARL

Editor's Note: In both the spheres I inhabit—Catholic and literary—the work of women in handing on the texts and contexts of faith, especially in centuries past, has often gone unseen or unacknowledged. In this light, it was an uncommon delight to speak with the editors of CUA Press's new series reviving unjustly forgotten books by Catholic women writers. Our conversation has been edited for length and clarity.

KC: How did the two of you meet and decide to start working together? How did you generate the idea for this project?

BLJ, JM: We met when we did our DPhil degrees together at Oxford, Bonnie as an early modernist mainly working on Shakespeare, Julia studying theology and literature. We were good friends there, and then Bonnie moved to London, Julia to Leuven; we both got married and had kids around the same times, and we've always wanted to do a project together even as our lives were moving in international directions. For years we've talked about and planned for this series. First we went to Oxford University Press, but they said no. Then CUA was receptive, but it just took a bit of time to

get off the ground. This is kind of a new direction for CUA Press, which usually publishes scholarship rather than literary work. There will be two novels a year in the series; the first is Caryl Houselander's *The Dry Wood*, then work by Sheila Kaye-Smith, Josephine Ward, Enid Dinnis, Mary Beckett—who is a more modern Irish woman. Right now, we're all about rights and permissions for publishing. A lot of times these books are not in print anymore because no one can figure out who legally has the rights [to the text], so we're waiting for some of them to come into the public domain. There are also some older American texts, but most of the titles are from the twentieth centuries. We're covering the English-speaking world but may also look at translating, as one example, a Chinese Catholic novelist in the future.

For now, we're writing introductions to the texts we have; Bonnie does the historical period and literary analysis, to show how these women were engaging with the literary developments of their day, while Julia does a Catholic reading of the text, a form of literary criticism—a close reading from the Catholic perspective. A lot of readers, especially non-Catholics, won't have these theological categories at the forefront of their minds, so they may miss some of the depth and the facets of the novel as the author conceived it. For each introduction, we tend to pick one theme to focus on. For Josephine Ward, it's conscience; for Houselander, it's Christ's indwelling, the role of suffering.

The intention was that these introductions should be accessible to a wide audience. They're not meant to be academic, though the series editors are scholars—rather, they're meant to read at the level of the Oxford Classics, to show that each of these novels is an important text to read alongside your Woolf, Katherine Man-

sfield, and so on. To Catholics [we want to say]: this is literature that's seriously engaged with what it means to be a Catholic. It's also part of a literary movement that was highly sophisticated in that it can reach those who are laypeople in all regards: ordinary readers who might not be Catholics, Catholics who might not be literary readers. Working together, we've secured a nice tone that's not overly abstract or conceptual but explains complicated ideas through the reading of the story.

A lot of the historically earlier women were theologically very well educated and well read—oftentimes they didn't only write fiction but also nonfiction or vernacular theology. They were part of the theological conversations of their times, and they were friends and collaborators with theologians. These women, although they are oftentimes now forgotten, were in their day well-respected figures—even bestsellers, and popular—but they were also active at an academic level and were part of a sophisticated intellectual world. For that reason alone, they deserve to be remembered.

KC: Tell me a little more about the historical context for these novels. Why and how is it that such excellent work can still end up overlooked?

BLJ: In the series intro we make the whole case: Why do we have Waugh and Greene in perpetual print, when actually there were more women doing this kind of fiction? If we're calling what is happening at that historical moment the Catholic Literary Revival, there were far more women writing at the time than men: we have a massive list, and we're still finding more. As we said, there are problems with inheritance, with owner-

ship of manuscripts and of copyrights—which is still kind of a gendered problem: women’s copyrights are less likely to be maintained. Josephine Ward wrote ten novels, theological tracts, and journalism—but she has no entry in the Oxford Dictionary of National Biography, even though her father, husband, and children all have entries. That’s changing now—we are writing one for her. It’s hard to find anything about her life except her daughter’s biography of her, which also is about her father. We’ve got to go back to Maisie [Ward]’s own autobiography, because her mother lived with her, and Josephine gets talked about there. [*Editor’s note: Maisie Ward, a well-known figure in Catholic publishing in the early twentieth century with the publishing house Sheed & Ward, was Josephine Ward’s daughter.*]

JM: We ultimately don’t know; whatever we can say is speculative. There are a number of reasons, and it would be difficult to deny that gender is one of them, but that isn’t our main cry here. Even the connotations of a term like “gender studies”—for a lot of these women, that frame didn’t fit them. They certainly resisted any labels like “conservative,” “progressive.” They tried to focus on the individual, with the variety of positions and moral values each one held. We would want to follow in that spirit. We are trying to restore their literary reputation but also bring to readers today an understanding of their lives as Catholic women Josephine Ward was friends with Newman; she mingled in that world, but such a large amount of her time in her day was raising children while her husband was touring and lecturing. And yet, at the same time she was also lecturing, and he was involved in raising the children. She wasn’t doing it all herself, and he was so involved in their education. He wanted her to write; he gave her

time to write—or rather, he didn’t “give her” that time, she *had* that time. They had different schedules: she needed space to write, where he wrote in and amongst the children. We do get a sense of a family for whom writing is close to the heart and the children all became serious writers. The atmosphere seems to have been refreshingly egalitarian. For Ward, his wife and Newman were his main intellectual referents and dialogue partners—that marriage was an intensely intellectual partnership.

BLJ: Sheila Kaye-Smith and her husband were Tractarians, and she used to do all the lecturing. They became representatives of the movement and wrote about Anglo-Catholicism and eventually converted [to Roman Catholicism]. So many of these women were working together with their husbands to further the life of the Church in all of its forms, and literary work was just one of those threads. With Kaye-Smith, once she became a Catholic, her participation in public life diversified. She had been obsessed with novels—she wrote forty of them, one a year—but when she became a Catholic, she saw life in a wider context. She wanted to build up the parish. Travel catechized her; her writing changed too. She talked in her autobiography about how her [post-conversion] writing became human, less formulaic, more psychological. It’s obviously more Catholic in that her characters are engaged in doctrinal problems and are walking in a Catholic world—but she also wrote a lot less. This idea that she had to become a great novelist became less important, because the Faith had given her a broader vision.

JM: A broader point about Kaye-Smith, Josephine Ward, and Caryll Houselander—these writers weren’t careerist. They had lots of ambitions, not just literary ones, and were engaged with a wide range of projects. Houselander worked in wood; she made

crucifix and statues for church buildings. She also worked with traumatized children after the war—and this is all bound up with her writing. This lends itself to being remembered, as much as when you just focus in on one thing and do that to the *n*th degree, the way maybe those [literary] men whom we do remember would have done. I don't think Waugh was involved with his family the way Wilfrid Ward was. It's easier to make a reputation for yourself if you're not involved in all these other endeavors. But that whole web of questions surrounding gender, memory, and the nature of work, I think is really interesting, and we can delve into it much more and get a better grip on these matters.

BLJ: It's an interesting set of social conditions we're looking at in this time period. A lot of these women were most active in the prewar or interwar period. Then, all of a sudden in the 1950s, the 1960s—they would look really out of touch because though they might be women, they're not feminists, at least not feminist enough to be welcomed in the literary canon. Also, they're the “wrong kind of Catholic” in the same way Dorothy Day is sometimes seen as being: resistant to being caught up in the movements. Day was actually quite traditional liturgically and doctrinally, but she was turned into an icon for other cultural movements. Houselander was a personalist, very interested in theology, but not radical in a way we would recognize as such. Many of these women didn't see what came after the Council—we can't position them in relation to that. Many would have been horrified by the events of the 1970s. I think they were forgotten by the Church because they were quite of their time. Then again, they used no jargon, took part in no turf wars—that's what these women managed. When you look at them now—at a certain period they were deemed irrelevant, perhaps, but reading them now, they are so alive. They seem

to us so relevant—they are depicting Catholics who are trying to live through challenges, often in relationships or the domestic world. Many are also drawing on novelistic tropes—*One Poor Scruple* is a romance, a coming-of-age story like [something by] Fanny Burney or any of the others.

JM: In that way all these women test, in their writing, the timelessness of the faith. . . . We can learn a lot from them. These women novelists were working at a moment in history where, as Bonnie said, there are innovative ideas and an attunement to living in the world as a Catholic—which required some new thought, but there wasn't anger at the Church. They are at ease with the whole idea of faith.

BLJ: Even up to the prewar and interwar period, these were Catholics who knew that their people had just lived through 300 years of penal exclusion from society—no public schooling, no public office, it was hard to worship because it was criminalized—if you were Catholic in England before that time, you had a criminal life. Then, when all of a sudden Catholics were allowed to be part of public life, that emergence from isolation was very slow. How many of the cardinals themselves did not want Catholics to go to Oxford or Cambridge even after they were allowed to? They'd been in a long isolation from the world. Increasingly, modern Catholics were educated and wanted to be part of the country's intellectual life. It was a real challenge: should they get their education just from the Catholic institutions or be part of the world, and how would that world look at a nascent faith? And then they were really evangelical; they probably all knew each other, in a Church that was under threat continually, in a society that was still anti-Catholic. . . . They knew their mission

was to put their lives at the service of the faith. They were doing this through their engagement in literature. These novels are so much a part of the longstanding novelistic tradition in Britain; the novel is used more than other forms to describe the Catholic experience in which believers' own personal struggle and that of the Church is being captured.

JM: Hearing you say this, I'm struck again how similar their moment in history is to ours. Think of Kaye-Smith founding a lively parish life, trying to revive parish life for the sake of children, exploring these questions of education, asking—to what extent do you throw kids into an antagonistic secular world, and to what extent do you shelter them? We're seeing the same deliberations, just revived under different conditions.

BLJ: The novel can contain social problems, but it doesn't answer them. Its literary value rests on its ability to encompass the human. From the turn of the century there were a lot of Catholic novels being printed in America, but British writers were not getting published here. Piers Paul Read was told he should take his "really Catholic" novel to an American press. That's what we have to do, even with this series. The publication is happening in America, but British Catholic writers are not getting picked up by presses here [in England].

I plan to do this work until I die—we've got some books we could not track down rights for—there's work for years and years. I'd love to write a book about these women and develop this angle on vernacular theology and literature; there's a lot to be done there. People want to read religious novels; [I'm] also really interested in Jewish literature and this question of the particular. Just

the other day, working with students on Jewish writings helped me to better understand their texts and the different ways we engage with the divine.

JM: We quote Pope Benedict XVI, who said that the two great apologists of the Church are the saints and the artists. He treats them on a par with one another. The artists might not be saints—but is that just a failure of our conception?

SAINT PAUL SAYS DRIVE

ZACHARY CZAIA

Says,
 let's go.
 In the middle of a pandemic
 touches down on Summit Ave. in the city named after him.
 Finds me sitting against a tree reading
 some poem or other, some non-world-transforming
 thing, and says,
 Come on. Let's go.
 I don't ask who he is because
 I can tell by the bulbousness of his nose,
 by the high forehead and the shiny bald dome
 and the gangly running frame who he is—
 he's all things to all people, and for me, he's got a vintage 2004
 #21 KG Wolves jersey, back from when we almost went
 to the Finals. Almost, thanks to Kareem Rush raining three
 after three over Wally Szerbiak's outstretched hand. Saint Paul
 knows
 about this local tragedy.
 Where are we going? I ask.
 You know how many poems you write about me,
 he says,
 and now I offer you a chance to ROAD TRIP with the author of
 First and Second Corinthians, and you're worried about
 WHERE?
 This was a fair point. But also the first gratuitous use

of the third person of many to come. (Turns out Paul does that in everyday speech, too, not just in epistles.)

Anyway, we drove—he first, then me.

He said he'd been around the U.S. a good deal since his death but—and this was strange—had never been to Disney World.

You

want to go to Disney World, in the middle of a Pandemic?

I asked. And then he began to explain how Disney World was actually the perfect opportunity to offer witness, not just to individual people but GENERATIONS, for it was always FAMILIES there, parents and children.

It was a new Areopagus moment, he said—did I know that speech? Pretty well, I said.

Oh I don't mean that little Cliff's notes version Luke wrote up in Acts of the Apostles, Paul scoffed.

This must have been somewhere in the middle of the country, maybe Ohio? and I remember mayo all over his face from a Whopper Burger (guilty pleasure, he said)

and then him saying quieter—the woman, Damaris, she had just lost a child. She wanted to know what I meant by Jesus raised from the dead. You see? She ALREADY KNEW what it meant to die with him. And now there was good news, too.

And Paul started to cry there, somewhere in the middle of Ohio,

his face a mix of smeared mayonnaise and tears, remembering this young mother who'd lost a son, killed in some battle in a war no one remembered anymore.

He got off the freeway, pulled into a gas station and continued to weep, big body-wracking sobs that confused and frightened me.

The woman Damaris, he kept saying between sobs, She is the world. The WORLD, you see?

I did not.

After many, many tears, he finally quieted.

Then he pulled out of his pocket a small, silver crucifix, the kind you can pick up for a dollar at religious goods stores anywhere and just

stared at it. And his breathing began to slow down and his face relaxed. And I looked too,

the familiar arms pinned to opposite sides of that miniature instrument of torture, the little halo behind the Christ's head.

Don't be an outsider, Zach,

Paul said to me then

and handed me the one-dollar silver crucifix.

Honestly, I didn't understand what he meant by that either, but I nodded my head.

I held it for a moment and pocketed it.

Then I turned the car around. We never did make it to Disney World. We drove back in silence occasionally punctuated by snuffles

or the blowing of a nose (mine and his). He dropped me off where he'd found me, next to that tree on Summit Ave. And that was the last time

I saw the Apostle Paul.



SELF PORTRAIT
Plaster, 60x30x30, 2015
David J. Mitchell



COVID MK2
Terracotta, 50x40x30, 2020
David J. Mitchell