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ON PROPAGANDA AND ART

John Ryan

ESCAPE

Walter F. Gibbons

DAWN COMES FOR CATHLEEN

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENCEMENT <i>Edward Riley Hughes</i> , '39	197
O SALUTARIS HOSTIA <i>William Denis Geary</i> , '39	198
ON PROPAGANDA AND ART <i>John J. Ryan</i> ,	199
ESCAPE <i>Walter F. Gibbons</i> , '39	205
HIS IS THE COOL OF A MOUNTAIN POOL . <i>Franklin Serry</i> , '38	210
DAWN COMES FOR CATHLEEN . . . <i>William Denis Geary</i> , '39	211
SORcery TO SOCIALIZATION . . . <i>Walter E. Campbell</i> , '37	217
SWEET SORROW <i>E. Allan Smith</i> , '37	220
WHY? <i>Robert Healey</i> , '39	221
"ELEMENTARY, WATSON!" <i>John H. Fanning</i> , '38	228
NOTES FROM A FRESHMAN'S LOG . <i>Daniel J. MacArthur</i> , '40	233
ROSSETTI, POETIC EXPATRIATE <i>Walter Appleton Hughes</i> , '39	240
EDITORIALS	245
THE COLLEGIATE WORLD	248
BOOK REVIEWS	252

Commencement

Along with the graduating classes of thousands of other educational institutions, the Class of 1937 of Providence College will in the very proximate future leave a campus for a world. The obstacles society sets before us are not insuperable, but their complexity will cause us to exercise the full measure of our powers of mind, of heart, and of will. It is not unlikely that we are unconsciously being prepared for martyrdom to economic greed of the viscious hatred of the forces of irreligion.

We can look back on four years of successful achievement; let us look ahead, Deo volente, to ten times that many purposeful, intelligent, dignified living. Let us carry the spirit of dispassionate investigation, of weighing the truth, of following the right rather than the expedient, into our daily lives, into our social contacts, into functions of citizenship into all our duties and relationships.

E. R. H.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

*The monstrance of the skies ascends the clouds;
A swallow sings a hymn in praise of God,
And on the lake the wavelets flicker—flames
Of candles flickering—while from the hills
A distant echo of the Angelus calls.
But then the echo dies, the swallow stills,
And all the world in adoration falls;
Adoring not the sun, but Him Who made the sun.
An awful moment while the sun ensbrouds
The world in all its light. Its downward course begun,
The swallow once again in song proclaims
The Master of the universe. The wavelets cease
To flicker, and creep quietly towards the sod.
And in my heart there is pervading peace.*

WILLIAM DENIS GEARY, '39.

On Propaganda and Art

By John J. Ryan



W. J. Daniel, O.P.

I

IF the propagandist of empire, Rudyard Kipling, men are saying that he will be remembered mainly as the writer of fables about animals. Yet these same men are seriously asking, as they stand before the murals of Rivera, or applaud the plays of Odets, whether propaganda is not the principle whence art draws its very life. Why, they wonder, should that which proved the death of one artist prove the life of another?

The answer to this question cannot be given offhand. To understand the relation of propaganda to art it is necessary, for clarity and comprehensiveness, to consider two things: first the nature and purposes of each of these activities; and second, the compromises that are necessitated by these often conflicting purposes, whether in mural paintings, novels, or plays. Such, therefore, will be the topics and the order of the following discussion.

II

Well, then, just what is propaganda, as distinct from other communication?

Obviously, it cannot be defined as any form which directly or indirectly modifies human behavior, for such a definition would prove too inclusive, implying as it does that in presenting his view of reality, every artist is striving to insinuate all the pragmatic consequences of that view. True enough, a Cezanne in concentrating on apples, did unquestionably distract from Madonnas; but it is not to be conjectured that he was a propagandist for the introduction of pomology into the schools of

France. Hardly; for the propagandist, after all, enforces not speculative truths, but an ideology, a creed for social change; he must persuade others to believe not only that man's true nature is thus and so, but that there is only one method, that is, through certain agencies, of satisfying that nature. In doing so, he differs markedly even from the religious artist, whom he most resembles. For, whereas the religious artist concentrates, as Jacques Maritain has pointed out, on making clarifications that are at once liturgical, orthodox and reverential,—on impressing, that is, doctrines already embraced—the propagandist concentrates on winning support for codes or plans of action. These codes, to be sure, may not always be purely economic—they may be religious or social, as are those treated by Lucian or Cervantes—but codes they are, nevertheless, so literally drastic that one may be ostracized for disobeying them, or even clapped into jail.

The primary limitations that confront our artist, then, are those of persuasion in general and those of persuasion towards a definite form of social action in particular. To be a propagandist at all, in other words, he must stimulate men to initiate some sort of revolution whether in religion, politics, or economy; and in doing this not only to tear down an old flag but also to run up a new.

Now, in any kind of persuasion, he must take these five steps: first show his possible converts what their normal needs are; second, that these normal

needs have not been, and are not being, taken care of by the accepted system; third, that they *cannot* be taken care of by the accepted system, human nature and the world being what they are; fourth, that the propagandist's system meets these needs and cannot but meet them; and fifth, that it is quite possible to establish this proper system if a certain plan be followed.

Throughout all these steps, the propagandist must make certain that he is inducing belief; for it is belief and belief alone, not mere interest nor baseless faith, which will inspire to positive action. He must make sure that what he says is true, unexceptionable—something that no sane mind viewing *all* the facts in their proper proportions could reasonably deny. This requirement means, of course, that he will at least nod towards, if he cannot actually present all the facts necessary for proving any one point: there must be no suggestion of the false by the omission of the true. Further, since belief means willing assent, the propagandist must present his facts and their implications in such a way as never to offend, conceding neither too much nor too little but only what the truth demands. *Fortiter in re, suaviter in modo.*

Indeed, something more than a mere negative acceptance must be sought; a pleader strives to move to action by awakening fear, pity, righteous indignation or humorous scorn, and love; he must arouse dislike of the old and love for the new. If he is concerned to get something done and done quickly, he may even limit himself to the feelings of irascibility rather than those of concupiscence, since fear and anger are primary and drastic, whereas pity and love soften rather than goad. In brief, to be

a good persuader, the artist must turn to his advantage the inevitable emotions of his disciple.

All these requirements in themselves obviously exact of the artist strict thinking and diplomatic finesse in planning his statement. But they are only the requirements of propaganda. And his work is still further restricted by other general requirements, namely those of aesthetics and ethics.

The main aesthetic requirement is simply that the appreciator shall be pleasantly recreated, that is, renewed in spirit: his senses delighted by suitable imagery, his imagination by a co-operatively added glamour, his intellect by universal concepts, his will by profound motives. And to this end, he must be, as it were, subjected to a symbolic presentation which has, in its elements, unity, variety, vividness and appropriateness. Or to put all this negatively,—if the appreciator comes away with starved sense and imagination; if his intellect is cheated by being made to feel ephemeral, particular rather than splendid, universal truth; if the will is impelled to despair or hate; if the self feels itself and all mankind as brutish and vain; then the artist, no matter how good he may appear to be as mere propagandist, no matter how many buildings he may cause to be razed or reared, will not endure much longer than yesterday's cartoon or last year's advertisement. His work, whether lacking in universality of substance or confused in expression, will die the death of all monsters.

At this point it must be evident that the artist is, generally faced with the necessity for choosing between a motivation through anger, fear and hatred and one through "admiration, hope and love"; and that moreover for him *as an*

artist there is ordinarily no choice, the second set of motives being usually the only recreative ones. *Usually*, I say, for it is possible to rouse a man to righteous indignation, release that by displaying a symbolic annihilation of the objectionable object, and recreate by a good hearty laugh—as in satire. But still, there is always the *general* danger that the propaganda artist may simply incite his listeners to violence, to a pent-up anger and hatred destructive even of physical tissues—in other words, to spleen. And so far as he does this, he is certainly no fine artist.

For, properly enough, this purely aesthetic requirement of a healthy catharsis agrees with the practical and ethical one laid down during the Middle Ages that however much we hate the heresy, we must love the heretic. And here we have perhaps the strictest limitation of them all; for even if it be rejected by a Nietzschean as "mere Christian dogma," it should not be rejected by the technicians of revolution as poor policy. As Berdyaev, quoting Joseph de Maistre has said, a contrary revolution is never a counter-revolution but only the contrary of a revolution. The Christian under Diocletian might have organized "cells" and preached violence; but it is only because they proved by dying that here was something more lovable than the Roman Empire and that they loved even their persecutors enough to want them to share in the plenitude of that Something—it is only because of this that Christianity has endured. For obviously, if you say to a man: "You like the wrong things; and in defence of them you have committed crime upon crime; therefore I'm going to destroy you at the first opportunity";—he will organize against you and so make your work all the more difficult.

Moreover, any bystander who is in two minds about what you yourself are urging can but say ultimately: "What a proud and brutal fanatic this is; away with him!" and your opponent has gained someone who might have followed you. But if you say to your enemy: "I have nothing against you; had I been in your circumstances, I should believe just as you do. But I think I have the truth at last, and I want to share it with you so that we can all join in making this world all that it should be," you may work a change of heart; and when enough hearts have been changed, spiritual evolution will be the revolution.

III

But surely, you may object, no artist who honestly works within all these restrictions can hope to produce anything. And it would seem that for mural painting at least you are right.

Certainly, no set of murals can hope to put a spectator through a whole course of apologetics, through all the five steps outlined above. No Communist would consider it wise, for instance, to spend good wall space on directions about how to substitute libraries for churches, let us say; (that particular suggestion would, in fact, be very dangerous inasmuch as the churches would come out better in the pictures than would the libraries): or to diagram the equipment of the new Utopia: the orthodox uniforms to be adopted: the particular salutes, etc. Or again, to show how to make bombs and conduct meetings. These things can all be done better in manuals or pamphlets.

Not quite so obvious is the stupidity of expecting to prove in a few pictures that your system, unlike that of your opponent, has worked and will work to satisfy man's needs. The very limi-

tation of space will cause you to commit three common mistakes that to a fair and decent audience seem unforgivable. You will argue unfairly, giving your side all the best of it in your symbols; and you will disobey two of the already mentioned principles: You will suggest the false by omitting the true, and you will cause the credulous to hate the heretic and not the heresy.

The first of these faults is common enough not to need any long discussion: we all have participated in such silly arguments as that on whether men are superior to women; and we have heard in that argument the best men compared (by the defenders of male domination) to the worst women; just as we have heard the worst men compared (by the feminist) to the best women. Mural propaganda is no less foolish when it pictures capitalist as saint or communist as devil; or communist as saint and capitalist as devil.

The second type of fallacy encouraged by a limitation of space, the fallacy of suggesting the false by omitting the true, takes several subtle forms. The most obvious of these is that of the omission of modifying details. Thus, in a mural intended to persuade us to give the Philippines complete independence, it would have been possible to show the people longing for autonomy and our own officialdom hungry for power, with no pictures of the Japanese or of venal and inept native politicians of the Islands. Or again, if a 100 percent American Club were organized, it could cover its walls with pictures of gangsters of Italian ancestry without ever once presenting an antidote to prejudice in, say, thumb-nail sketches of Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Dante, or of Volta, Marconi or Leo XIII.

Subtler still is the omission of whole sets of events, not simply of individual persons or forces. The ill-informed may overlook such omission entirely. The ordinary American, for example, faced with Communistic murals pretending to depict the fight of the Mexican lower classes for social justice, would hardly notice any gaps in the history depicted: he would hardly be aware of the fact pointed out by William Franklin Sands of the American Committee on Religious Rights and Minorities, that "that great artist Diego de Rivera, who is an educated man and a civilized man, has no right to exclude such a figure as Mendoza's from his famous mural paintings, and to select for his subjects, as he does, only the sordid side of the conquest—against which the best Spaniards themselves protested. . . . Nowhere does he bring in the constant, earnest, highly intelligent, statesmanlike efforts not only of the Viceroy but of monks and bishops to correct all these disorders which they recognized and condemned energetically."

Even if the artist felt he had the right to such trickery, he would prove a bad propagandist in the end; for once his possible converts had caught him in this special pleading, they would lose trust in him and doubt his whole case. No propaganda is finally weaker than that which cannot be credited with a respect for facts.

But perhaps the subtlest form of the fallacy of omission which is almost a necessary result of space limitations and of a desire for dramatic antithesis is that of limited alternatives. This is the fallacy whereby it is suggested that there are only two hypotheses which can explain a given set of facts, or that there are, in a given crisis, only two courses

of action open, when in truth there may be three or more. Because of its subtlety, this fallacy, into which the artist may well have fallen unawares, may, it is true, prove effective for a time; so that for instance, the Capitalist artist depicting the horrors or absurdities of Communism may convince both himself and his followers that he has proved the legitimacy of Capitalism. But as time goes on the fact that there is a third alternative in Distributism or Communitarianism will become known to more and more people; and the murals *against* Communism will less and less prove the case *for* Capitalism. Nor will they ordinarily endure as a definitive critique of Communism, since they will have been conceived and executed by single-track minds starting from the postulates of a Philistine industrialism.

These objections, then, which are a few of the weightiest logical ones than can be voiced against the attempt to picture the historical or social data for a case, seem in themselves enough to dissuade any clear thinking artist. If they do not, then a consideration of the requirements both of charity and of healthy emotional enjoyment should do so. This consideration will make clear to him how difficult it is to show forces in action without dealing, to use the terms of parliamentary debate, "in personalities." Capitalism must ordinarily be represented by a picture of a swinish plutocrat, as Communism must ordinarily be represented by hairy bug-eyed bomb-throwers; this, if the audience is to understand easily which is which. And, of course, the result will be to incite observers to dislike not Capitalism or Communism, but bankers and Reds: the heretic will be hated rather than the heresy. Moreover, because it is truly a hatred, not the humorous scorn

of satire which is its own emotional release, the resulting emotion will prove, as we saw earlier, unhealthy: the most deeply moved observer will leave congested with ire, ready to commit mayhem, but forced to content himself with murderous glances—in hardly a desirable state of aesthetic catharsis.

IV

Are we to conclude from all this that the mural painter can never use his art for purposes of propaganda? No, I think not, for limited as he is by the restrictions just noted, he still can hope to fulfill the first function of all persuasion, which is, as we have seen, the awakening of a desire for something men consider good. The awakening of such a desire need not ignore the various restrictions imposed by logic, aesthetics or ethics. The artist can avoid, when dealing with a universal philosophical truth, all specious persuasion, unhealthy catharsis, and incitement to malice.

To prove this by an illustration, let us suppose that you are a great mural painter; and that you have been assigned the task of decorating the walls of a building to house the League for Religious Liberty. Avoiding the mistakes discussed above, you could still arouse all fair minded men to at least a favorable acceptance of the right which such a League was organized to defend, the right, namely, of religious freedom; and you could do this without distorting the views of your main enemy. You might, for instance, devote one set of panels to scenes of early catacomb ceremonies and to scenes of martyrdom. Another set could picture typical (not sentimentalized) Mexicans receiving the graces and consolations of each of the sacraments, the upper half of each picture showing symbolically the spiritual significance of the particu-

lar sacrament. The last picture in the series could simply be one of a cathedral door closed and sealed by governmental order. In all this, you would simply be saying to any observer: "Even if you yourself are not religious you can easily see what spiritual nourishment and joy there is in their religion for these people. That happiness is now denied them wherever there is Communism." And your pictorial statement would prove all the more effective if one of your panels simply quoted such statements as these: "The people cannot really be happy until they have been deprived of the illusions of happiness by the abolition of religion." (Marx). "In our revolutionary conception of the universe there is absolutely no room for either a Creator or a Ruler" (Engels). "The Marxist must be a materialist—that is—an enemy of religion" (Lenin). "The Communist party cannot be neutral in regard to religion. Communists who hinder the broadest development of anti-religious propaganda have no place in the ranks" (Stalin). In this way, by making the unprejudiced outsider feel what religion meant and realize that it was being dealt with by avowed and open enemies, you could awaken in him the American, if not the universal respect for fair play and freedom of conscience—at all events you could go as

far toward doing so as the medium of mural painting allowed.

In short, it may be said generally that mural painting should not be required to picture complex struggles or to deal with particular techniques of social change. It should limit itself to depicting the issue, doing so in terms of some one people, perhaps, but always so as to suggest the universality of the forces in conflict and the inevitability of the conflict. It may arouse sympathy for one side, but it must not arouse hatred for another—its whole purpose being to get the observer to see what the real issue is—that this or that human right is honestly thought negligible by one or other party—and to inquire further. And when, some centuries later, the struggle so pictured will have terminated, our murals depicting that struggle can still please as an accurately beautiful statement, as here, of the consolations of religion.

If Communism will then have won, such murals will have the value that we now attach to the Phidian Zeus; if Christianity will then have won, the symbols of Communism shown will pathetically represent one more failure of rationalism against right reason. Hence, they will have always the force not only of argument but of truth; and in either case of a truth that stirs and renews.



Escape

Walter F. Gibbons, '39

THOUGH the gentle breeze softly murmured in the tops of the picturesque birches surrounding the crystalline little pond, the sheltered water was smooth as new-set jell. A bull-frog on the opposite shore lazily gave vent to his stupid croak. A nest of robins, off to the left, in sheer spring glee, set up a noisy chatter. Overhead a hawk glided easily past, casting a fleeting reflection on the mirroring surface. All was peace and tranquility. All, except one thing, a charming little reflection in the water at the side of the narrow rustic foot-bridge crossing the lower end of the pool. A little rounded face, two slight eyebrows knit in thought, a pair of pretty, blue eyes solemnly contemplating the azure sky, a small, sweet mouth, now slightly petulant. The subject of the reflection, a slender girl in slacks and jersey, hanging over the birchen rail, staring fixedly into the water, was little less suggestive of deep thought.

Betty Lou was worried. So worried, in fact, that she had cut her favorite professor—Dr. Carroll, of the English Department—to stroll down to this charming corner of the rolling campus to ponder her problems. For almost a week now she had been troubled by a most disconcerting premonition of evil, a nerve-wracking feeling of impending death. Whence it came, how it came, what it meant she knew not. She knew only that there was this feeling and that she could not rid herself of it. In an attempt to dissipate her worries, she had mentally catalogued all her friends and

relatives, together with whatever ailments or weaknesses to which each was subject.

Her most intimate classmate, Sheila Fulton, confidante in all her little affairs, was in perfect health. Dr. Carroll had just undergone an appendectomy, but was now quite recovered, and had resumed her work in full. Aunt Louisa was complaining of a backache, but then, Aunty always had something wrong with her—the biology prof had said people like that were hypochondriacs—they just imagined it. Uncle George's left shoulder, which picked up some shrapnel in the war, bothered him a bit, but Betty Lou suspected George of enjoying that pain; he would throw out his chest and talk about "over there." Father habitually went to the office every morning, played eighteen holes every afternoon, and held down the hearth-stone every night.

There was Mother, of course, so dear to her, in fact, her very breath of life. It had almost killed her to leave Mother to come to school that first year. How vividly she remembered it! They had both cried, and Father had called them both silly, and blown his nose violently, until finally the taxi came and off she went waving her handkerchief as long as they were in sight. For three years now she had written faithfully every second week, receiving without fail an answer in the return mail. In her last letter Mother had complained of a slight pain back of her eyes, but the doctor had said it was nothing, a mere headache due to eyestrain. Certainly there

was nothing to be feared from this source. Why, she couldn't get along without dear Mother; she wouldn't know what to do with herself. But that pain—supposing it were a shock coming on. Supposing Mother were stricken! Horrible thought. How silly. Of course nothing so dreadful could possibly happen to her, who for seventeen years had been Dame Fortune's adopted child—who had known nothing but happiness and pleasure. But still, that awful feeling!

Slowly Betty Lou drew herself up. Her brows were now more closely knit over her little nose; her pretty mouth was drawn down slightly at the corners; a few faint lines creased her smooth, white forehead; her eyes now took on a new look of fear. Turning abruptly, she started hastily up the grassy slope leading back to the dormitory. At a half-run she rushed through the gate and breathlessly broke into the building, heading straight for the mail file. Oh, God! There *was* a letter there. And from home!

In a mad frenzy she dashed to her room, locked the door, and tore open the envelope. Her head was swimming; her eyes stung; her heart pounded cruelly underneath the loose sweater. Her eyes raced over the first few lines. It was in Father's handwriting.

"Dear Betty Lou,

Please don't take this too hard. I've something very sad to tell you. Since your last letter from home, there has taken place a change in our family affairs. Frankly, one of us, especially dear to you, has departed from this life.

The letter continued, but Betty Lou saw no more. She had fainted.

When she regained consciousness, there was a maddening pain at the back of her head, a dull ache in her stomach. It was time for supper, but she had no thought of food. She had no desire to see people. She wanted to be alone. That letter! There it was, lying where it had fallen. Stooping down, she picked it up gingerly, fingered it a moment undecidedly, then impetuously flung it to the floor again. Oh, if she could only concentrate. What to do? Desperately she crossed and recrossed the little floor, trying in vain to reconcile herself to the desolating loss, till from sheer exhaustion she dropped limply to the bed. But though physically fatigued, her nerves were on pins and needles. Her heart raced viciously. She couldn't sleep. Back to the pacing, pacing, up and down, across and back, for all the world like a raging little wildcat. Why did this have to happen to her? If she could only think for a moment! No, she didn't want to think; that could come later. She would have plenty of time to think over all these things after the burial. Burial! How awful that word sounded! Hollow, empty, gruesome!

How could she ever face the lifeless form of her dear, sweet, departed Mother? How could she ever look upon that tender face, now so stiff; those warm soft hands, now cold and hard, that had so gently reared her; those heavy eyelids, never to open again. How could she ever face her father. Poor Dad! He would be deranged. Mother was his idol. How, how could she meet all those people and accept all their shallow condolences. How could she possibly sit through the interminable funeral service, listen serenely to the smug preacher urbanely eulogize those saintly virtues now forever gone from

the earth. How could she sedately ride to the cemetery and calmly watch the casket sink slowly down, down, never to rise again. She could even now hear the first few shovel fulls of dank, dark earth dully thud upon the wooden cover.

Oh, if only rest would come to ease her cares and troubles. These thoughts would drive her crazy. Every muscle and nerve in her body cried out in excruciating pain. Quiet! What was that? A knock at the door? Or was her imagination playing her tricks. No, there it was again, louder this time. Lord, she couldn't talk to anyone now. She couldn't tell those silly, chattering, giggling girls of this devastating loss. They just wouldn't understand. She would pretend that she was out, that there was no one in the room. Then they would go away and leave her in her misery. But how persistent they were; they refused to leave.

"Betty Lou! Oh, Betty Lou!" They were calling now. Hush. Her heart was crashing against her ribs with such a deafening din that they could not fail to hear her.

"I guess she isn't back yet. She went for a walk this afternoon."

"Wait till Dean gets her. You know how she is about late afternoon walks at the edge of the campus. I remember how Bobby . . ."

Slowly their voices retreated down the corridor. They were gone. Now to think. What would she do? Immediately the old thoughts rushed back into her mind, a hundred thousandfold more harrassing. She just couldn't face the funeral. It would kill her. Ah! She had it. She wouldn't! She would leave; flee the college; run away. Never go back to her home town again. She had seen a picture just like that only last

week. Anyway, she no longer had reason to go home. There was no longer anything for her there. Everything was gone—dead.

Hastily she formulated her plans for escape. She would leave that very night, before anyone should become aware of her plight. She would go far away, somewhere, anywhere, where she was unknown. There she would find a job on some newspaper—that had always been her ambition. She would work hard, very hard, and someday perhaps, she would be a famous columnist. She had a little money saved up from her monthly allowance, enough to carry her beyond pursuit. She would take the bus from the village to Boston, and take a train west there. She would go as far as her little hoard would carry her, and there she would begin her life anew.

The sudden striking of the clock brought her back to reality. If she was to flee, she must act immediately. Dusk had already fallen over the campus; all the girls were at dinner. Now was the time. Hastily she changed into a simple frock and low-heeled shoes, and stuffed her sport clothes and plainer dresses, along with a few necessary incidentals into a small valise. The idea of leaving a note to Sheila entered her mind, but she dismissed it immediately. This life she was leaving behind her. She might as well begin now to forget it.

Just then her eyes fell upon the fateful envelope. For a moment she stood still, rooted to the spot. The very sight of it literally froze the blood in her veins. Impetuously she stooped, snatched it up and advanced to the open fireplace. But some invisible force seemed to stay her hand, a force which she afterwards could in no wise explain. Her feelings told her to rid herself once and for all of this vile anathema. Yet

that intangible power seemed to warn her against it. Disgusted with herself for her own weakness, she stuffed it roughly into her grip and turned.

As she reached the door, she stopped for one last look at the familiar sights which she was to see no more. Slowly tears welled to her eyes as all the happy memories flashed in panorama before her imagination. Again the warning voice seemed to restrain her. But as suddenly as the feeling came, it passed. She threw back her shoulders brushed away her tears, tossed her little head, and closed the door behind her.

As the shrill, ear-splitting whistle of the 8:45 into Williamstown shrieked the approach to the depot, Betty Lou started, stretched her tired limbs, and reached for the grip. Descending from the train, she walked to the nearest hotel and took a room for the night. The next day she rented a small apartment on the outskirts of the town, at a reasonable rate. The second week after her arrival, she secured a position with the town's only newspaper, and settled down to her task with a grim determination to forget.

She worked, she slaved at her job. In school she had been respected for her style, clear, lucid, simple, and yet, in a way, elegant. When first she started on the newspaper staff, that style had attracted some degree of attention. For a few months it promised a brilliant future. But she could not keep it up. Gradually she became conscious of a relentless spirit, her departed mother, dogging her footsteps everywhere she went, reproving, accusing. It seemed to admonish her for deserting her father, for running away like a coward. At first she was not greatly concerned with this spirit; she merely sensed that it was present. But after a time it grew

so strong that it was present in her every act, a grim, scowling, pointing spectre. Mother had never been like that before. Why did she now persist in tormenting her so? Perhaps she should return to father. Once, impelled by the hidden force, she almost succumbed to this urge to return. But at the last moment, she weakened. She could not bear to go back—yet, anyway. At that, the spirit became all the more persistent, always urging, always pointing, always seeing right through her, while it was, itself, unseen, but merely felt.

Inevitably the nervous strain began to tell on her writing. It began to show the ravaging effect of this enervating emotion, too long pent up without outlet in her youthful breast. It soon lost that freshness which had once characterized it, and became stilted and artificial. Next it took a turn toward morbidness. After three years more, she was released from the newspaper, and turned to writing fiction. But therein, too, was apparent the awful struggle within her. She was seldom able to market anything; only occasionally would one of the cheaper periodicals accept a short lyric or story. But still she wrote; even this was better than nothing. Soon she started a novel, of a girl's ruined ambitions, and on this she labored five long years, putting into it all her time and energy, stopping only to dash off some lighter work to keep her larder from going empty. And after it was all finished it was rejected with the single remark, "interesting but not quite in the public fancy."

She was now broken in spirit and body. She seldom went abroad, but stayed shut up in her little apartment with ever-present spirit, always scolding, chiding, mocking her for her cowardice. Another two years found her

confined to her bed with a trained nurse in constant attendance. For a long time she hovered between heaven and earth, gradually drooping still lower and lower. One afternoon the nurse left for a while to do some shopping down town. When she returned, she who had been Betty Lou was no more. She was dead. Clutched in her hand was a scrap of immaculate letter paper, and a ragged old envelope, dirty from habitual fingering.

Unfolding the letter, the nurse read, "Dear Betty Lou,

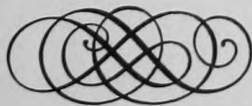
Please don't take this too hard. I've something very sad to tell you. Since your last letter from home there has taken place a change in our family affairs. Frankly, one of us, especially dear to you, has departed from this life.

Remember how, one day years ago, when we were out walking we found lying in the road a little pup with a broken leg. Remember how you carried that pup home, tenderly bound its leg, and cared for him till he was well. And how, then, he grew up inseparable from you, loving and loved. And how, finally he was accepted as one of the family, so dear was he to us all. Yesterday a truck ran over Fido, crushing his ribs. He died instantly.

The funeral—we could not think of burying Fido without a ceremony—will be tomorrow afternoon. You can catch the night train home, and be present to see the last of your poor dog.

Love,

Father."



HIS IS THE COOL OF A MOUNTAIN POOL

*His is the cool of a mountain pool
From the sun at summer height,
And the dancing spires of grease-wood fires
With the chill of the falling night;
The reeking hay of the vernal day,
A creek alive with trout;
The squeak of a wagon drawn by a nag
And a fox or a 'chuck about.
Man content in a life full spent,
Working the earth alone;
Felling the oak with a mighty stroke,
Building his walls of stone.
Tracking the bear for winter fare,
Crushing the grape for wine,
Molds the sand with the palm of his hand;
Etches an ancient design.*

FRANKLIN SEERY, '38.



Dawn Comes for Cathleen

W. F. O'Daniel, O.P.

William Denis Geary, '39

THOMAS GRAY'S blushing rose has finally found a spectator, and the caves of the ocean are being fathomed; in other words, Ireland has, after two hundred years, finally made the world aware that she has a past, and a past of which to be proud. It had a college founded at Armagh in 450, A. D. and others at Kildare and Louth which sent out missionaries to Europe before the end of the fifth century. England's first great scholar, Aldhelm, did not live before the eighth. Ireland's oldest manuscript is the *Book of Armagh* written in 812 which contains the *Confessions of Saint Patrick*. The total number of manuscripts in the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin has never been completely catalogued, but those which have, a little more than half, fill thirteen volumes of catalogues and have been estimated as numbering between eight and ten thousand. The Irish Bard before he could become an *allamb* or arch-poet had to study some twelve years and was obliged to memorize three-hundred-and-fifty epics and sagas, no less, dealing with the three main cycles of legend, The Red Branch, the Cuchullain, and Deirdre, and others of less importance.

From the time of the coming of Saint Patrick until the advent of Molyneux in the seventeenth century, all the writing in Ireland was essentially religious, although the sagas were well known to the peasants, and were written either in Gaelic or in Latin. Molyneux wrote his *Case of Ireland* in 1698 and it was burnt by order of the British House of

Commons. Since him there have been such writers of Irish descent who have been famous in English literature as Goldsmith, Swift, and others, but for the most part they parted with their Irish heritage when they parted with their native land. Goldsmith chose English settings for his poems, plays and novels, and Swift, according to Balfour, was an Irishman only by "the visitation of God." The songs of Thomas Moore were the first flutterings of the Irish element in the English language, but even his coming did not set the balance even. His poems have brought to the English speaking nations names of Irish places and people, but they are too artificial and mechanical in their Irish element. In fact, only his "Light of Other Days" and "The Mid-hour of Night" really express what Arnold calls the "Celtic melancholy."

The first essentially Irish poet to write in English was James Callanan, who was saved from Anglicization by his knowledge of Gaelic. He spent his life in translating Irish airs and ballads, not only catching the ideas and tales, but even the essence and Irish spirit which he admirably transferred into his own original poems. He was followed by a veritable avalanche of Anglo-Irish poets when, in 1842, Sir Charles Duffy founded *The Nation*. Duffy himself wrote vigorous prose and trenchant, war-like poetry with all the verve and vitality of a drum corps. The magazine re-vitalized the idea of Irish nationality, and as a result of the times, the poetry published was mostly patriotic, political

propaganda. The most important of these poets of *The Nation* were Thomas Davis, James Clarence Mangan and Sir Samuel Ferguson all three Irish, all three different.

Davis is the only one of these poets whose essentially political poetry has lived and retained its popularity. This is probably because he was above mere politics. He has a vigorousness of thought and a picturesque imagery, although less of a poet than Mangan and less of a scholar than Ferguson. Extreme as were his political opinions, they were supported by the purity of his motives, so that he never became tainted with the tawdry politics. Davis wrote patriotic and political verse, not because he was born with the divine afflatus but because he deliberately set out to do so. And he succeeded.

James Clarence Mangan (the Clarence was assumed) contributed poetry of an entirely different sort to *The Nation*. His poetry was influenced by the squalid shiftlessness of his life, and as a consequence he wrote of such themes as death, sorrow, and despair. It has been said that he is the Irish counterpart of Poe both in personal life and in the essentials of his poetry. The quality of Mangan's poetry is irregular, just as is its style. Miss Guiney says of his poetry: "His work at its worst has the faults inseparable from the conditions under which it was wrought." But the same hand that wrote:

"Twenty years ago, alas!—but stay—
On my life, 'tis half past twelve
o'clock!
After all, the hours do slip away;
Come, here goes another block!"

also translated and made of an Irish poem the "noblest and finest contribution of an Irishman to English literature—'*Dark Rosaleen*.'"

But to counteract the chauvinism of Davis and the fickleness of Mangan there is the highly intellectual anti-quarianism of Sir Samuel Ferguson. His *Forging of the Anchor* has all the epic grandeur, all the sweep and power of sea waves, and yet he achieved the simplicity of an Irish countryside in his poems, *Cean Dubh Deelish* and *The Lapful of Nuts*. But perhaps his greatest work is his five-book epic, *Congal*. He has a union of culture with simplicity and strength which is remarkable, and well deserves the title Dowden has given him: the only epic poet of the Victorian age.

These three poets, each in his own way, had a profound effect upon the later writers of Ireland, but the most important impetus given to the literary Ireland, the greatest single influence which proved to the professors of Trinity College with all their English complacency that the Irish past was not illiterate was Standish O'Grady. His *History of Ireland* is a poetic-prose interpretation of the Bardic Period, and is a curious mixture of history and a literary exploitation of history. In reality it is a prose epic, and it can hardly be superseded for purely sympathetic rendering of the epical traditions clustering around the exploits of the Red Branch. He later apologized for his historical method and turned from pure history to the historic novel, which was more in his element. In 1879 he wrote his *Essays of Early Bardic Literature* which is an appeal to Irish writers to come to the realization of the vastness of the Bardic Literature,

which is older and richer than either the *Nibelungenlied* or *Beowulf* of the continent, and to come to this vast storehouse for their inspiration. And indeed many of the young poets of Ireland discovered that their muse did live in the temple of forgotten lore.

By far the most important of these is William Butler Yeats. Mr. Yeats is perhaps one of the broadest men of letters living today, but here we are only concerned with his poetry. It embraces all subjects from the simple *Ballad of Father Gilligan* to the magical *Lake Isle of Innisfree* and to the mystical *Rose of the World*. Yeats's unique contribution to the poetry of Anglo-Irish literature is the dream-like, other-world quality that it possesses. He is the first poet in the language to treat of human love entirely apart from the physical, as a mystic ecstasy, although Browning was trying for something similar in his "ecstatic moment eternalized." In his *Rose of the World* Yeats particularly brings out this quality:

*"Bow down, Archangels, in your dim
abode;
Before you were, or any hearts to
beat,
Weary and kind one lingering by
His seat:
He made the world to be a grassy
road
Before her wandering feet."*

The inspiration of Yeats came from many sources—Ancient Ireland, Modern Ireland, life, literature, peasantry—but in all his poetry there is the mysticism which is so much a part of the Celtic temperament. This is particularly noticeable in his particularly Celtic Poem,

The Lake Isle of Innisfree:

*"And I shall have some peace there,
for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morn-
ing to where the crickets sing;
There midnight's all a-glitter, and
noon a purple glow
And the evening full of Linnet's
wings."*

But super-mundane as Yeats is, he nevertheless is conscious that there is a world around him, a world full of strife and conflict. And this consciousness sometimes seeps into his poetry.

The consciousness of this world led him to seek solace, not in science as did Tennyson and the later Victorians, but in mysticism. His attitude toward life is founded upon an emotional philosophy, upon feeling deeply about life rather than thinking deeply about it. He has been influenced in this by the Rosicrucians and the William Blake of such works as "Prophetic Books." But he is not a purely philosophic poet as is his contemporary, "A. E."

Russell's philosophy lies in the very essence of his poetry, while the philosophy of Yeats is that of form. Poetry for Yeats is the playing upon moods and emotions that have no place in the waking life on energy and activity, while for Russell poetry is the ritual of his religion—pantheism, and it is holy, for its inspiration is the breath of divinity. It is for this reason that Russell is essentially a nature poet as are Wordsworth and Emerson with whom he has often been compared. To him the *Summum Bonum* is the beauty of the soul of the world and nature is the symbol of that beauty. For him man is God insofar as his soul is in union with the spiritual life of the world. It is this philosophy of the spirit which is

given expression in his poem, *Dust*.

*"I heard them in their sadness say,
The earth rebukes the thought of
God;*

*We are but embers wrapped in clay
A little nobler than the sod.
But I have touched the lips of clay
Mother, thy rudest sod to me
Is thrilled with fire of hidden day
And haunted by all mystery."*

But he allows himself to slip into the more conventional nature love and has written some beautiful nature descriptions with a magical quality almost comparable to Keats. In these few excursions into the conventional, he views nature in its externals and is content to express with a frank paganism the joy of material things, to find not only the symbol but even the essence. But even in these poems, which are few, he cannot forget the plinth of all his philosophy—his pantheism. In his "Great Breath" we see a slight touch of it, particularly in the last stanza:

*"I saw how all the trembling ages
past
Moulded to her by deep and deeper
breath,
Neared to the hour when beauty
breathes her last
And knows herself in death."*

Here again is the beauty of the soul of the world, and, try as he might, he cannot escape the inspiration for his poetry.

Paradoxical though it may seem, the Irishman by his very nature is both Catholic and pantheist in its less obnoxious form. He is not a pantheist in the true sense of the word, but for the man who sees in thunder the anger of the gods, in wild ducks flying south

souls going into eternity, and in streams and rivers a reflection of his own life, for the man who has been raised on faery-tales and stories of the preternatural, it is the simplest thing to slip the last step into pantheism. But he has a singular faculty of mingling this quasi-pantheism with the contrary teachings of the Catholic Church. But for "A. E.," probably because of the Oriental influence in his youth (he belonged to the Theosophical Society that Yeats started when he was in school) this co-ordination was impossible and Catholicism suffered, as is only natural in the case of the predominance of his belief in the spiritual life of the earth. He could not conceive of suffering as a punishment for sin, but he preferred to look upon it as a giver of knowledge, a means of obtaining that unity with the soul of the world which he was seeking.

There were other poets, however, who preferred their Catholicism to their pantheism, if it could be so called.

Lionel Johnson is one of the most important of this school, all of which are dubbed minor poets for one reason or another. Johnson is so called, not because his work does not merit as a whole to be classed with the best of Renaissance Anglo-Irish poetry, but because most of his best poetry is written in Latin, and that little that is in English is not voluminous enough to warrant him the title of major poet. But whether major or minor, Johnson certainly deserves a place among the more important writers of Anglo-Irish literature of the 1890's, if only for his one poem, *Te Martyrum Candidatus*, which is numbered "among the most distinctly Catholic poetry of the English language."

"*Ah, see the fair chivalry come, the
companions of Christ!*

*White Horsemen, who ride on
white horses, the Knights of
God!*

*They for their Lord and their Lover
who sacrificed*

*All, save the sweetness of treading
where He first trod!*

*These through the darkness of death,
the dominion of night*

*Swept, and they woke in white
places at morning tide:*

*They saw with their eyes and they
sang for the joy of the sight,*

*They saw with their eyes the eyes
of the Crucified.*

*Now withersoever He goeth, with
Him they go;*

*White Horsemen, who ride on
white horses—oh, fair to see.*

*They ride wherever the rivers of
Paradise flash and flow,*

*White Horsemen, with Christ their
Captain, forever He.*

This poem is a supreme expression of religious mysticism, and when one reads this, one can readily see how Mr. Johnson would not be popular with the "uninitiated." But he is a superb poet, and reading him is worth while, if only for this one poem, and as a sort of object lesson of loyalty, for he was loyal until the death to his four loves: Catholicism, Classicism, Ireland, and Oxford. This loyalty is not only evident in his poetry, just as "A. E.'s" pantheism, but he shows it by his dedications of his separate poems to friends.

Katherine Tynan-Hinkson was influenced differently by her Catholicism. She preferred to see the simplicity of Saint Francis of Assisi to the mysticism that Johnson saw. Her work is characterized by this influence of Saint

Francis so that she has an instinctive love for the beautiful in nature and a delicate sympathy with the weak and the helpless, with children and animals. She is not as austere nor as deeply reflective as Johnson, nor does she have the obscurity that his mysticism causes. She is not as great a poet as Johnson, but nevertheless, she is an important poet of the Anglo-Ireland of the late 90's and the early twentieth century. Her poem, *Saint Francis and the Wolf*, shows the two primary influences in her poetry, as well as her love for the ideal that the life of Saint Francis portrayed. Her most famous poem, *Singing Stars*, has all the naivete of Blake's *Tiger*.

The choice of the most important poets of any movement can never be done contemporaneously with their writing, but it is generally conceded that these will last as important names in the Irish Renaissance. There are some who, important today, will be unknown in fifty years, and others who are unheard of, but who may outshine either Yeats or "A. E." No study of the Renaissance, however, could be complete without at least a casual mention to those few poets whose work, unimportant in itself, comprises the bulk of good poetry written. Of these Padraic Colum, although he is better known as a dramatist, is perhaps the most important. His volume, *Wild Earth*, has an intuitive wisdom, not that of experience. The dominant note of all his poetry is one of courage to assume the adventure of life and of joy in its beauty.

On the whole, the Renaissance poetry has been led by three tendencies. The philosophical production with which it began has died out with the members

of its generation. Yeats has turned to prose and the world of reality, "A. E." to prose and social reform. The younger generation has revolted poetically as well as politically, has turned to the poetic drama, and pure poetry has taken second place along with the mysticism and the symbolism of the preceding generation.

One theme which has been common to all the poets is that race consciousness which is so common to all Irishmen. Whether the symbols of Yeats, "A. E.," and Johnson, or the satire of Synge and Stephens, or the concern with the realities of existence of Colum and Patrick MacGill, all look to a long summer day for Cathleen ni Houlihan, the dawn of which has been so bright.



Sorcery to Socialization

Walter E. Campbell, '37

WITH the advent of Hippocrates, medicine took a long step forward. Hippocrates may be truly called the "Father of Medicine" because with him came the basic principles of modern medical practice. The beginnings of medicine are clouded in obscurity, but with Hippocrates it became a definite science. Moreover, he recognized the social aspect of such an art. He realized that it was a science that dealt in human beings and as such was very delicate and susceptible to abuse. A code was needed and thus arose "The Oath of Hippocrates," promulgating rules for the ethical practice of medicine with special emphasis on its social implications. Six thousand years ago in historic Greece the social art of healing began.

In the age of the Roman Empire, medicine started on the downgrade. There were men who made brilliant discoveries and effected marvelous cures, but the Hellenic ideal was lost. No longer was medicine practiced in honor and virtue. They had very much forgotten the words of Hippocrates, "In virtue and holiness I will live my life and practice my art." The times were hard and the morals loose and the doctor followed the mob.

With the decay of Roman civilization and the transition to the early middle ages, Arabic medicine began to make itself felt in Europe. While Arabic medicine had some good points, it can hardly be said it contributed greatly to the advance of scientific knowledge. Indeed, in some of its ideas it retro-

gressed to the ages before Hippocrates. In Europe the Middle Ages was the era of the blood-letting barbers. They treated all ailments alike, bleeding the patient for all aches, pains, and diseases. Medical science was severely handicapped during this period, due to the limited knowledge of the people.

In the medieval times of the Renaissance, the doctor became the ermine-robed savant of the luxurious courts of Paris, Versailles, and Florence. These were the days when bubonic plague swept over Europe, wiping out whole cities and towns and leaving only a pyre of charred bodies as a reminder of the complacent incompetence of the velvet gowned doctor in the refuge of the king's court. It is true that medical knowledge was not far advanced in this age, but it is also true that the profession in general did not use the means at its disposal for the prevention and care of disease. Here and there an individual stands out from the apathy manifest in medical circles. Such a person was St. Catherine of Siena who did praiseworthy work in the hospitals of her country.

It was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that any manifest change was made in medical science and practice. It was then that Edward Jenner first vaccinated against smallpox, and it was less than a hundred years later that Florence Nightingale elevated the field of nursing from its heretofore despised position to a dignified profession, thus laying the foundation of competent hospital care. Perhaps her

greatest contribution was to give us the pattern of a new social service—that of the graduate nurse in the field of public health, without whom we could never hope to make the triumphs of modern medicine and surgery effective for all the people. Louis Pasteur and Robert Koch, emphasizing in their work the preventative aspect of disease rather than the curative, gave us the scientific beginnings of another type of medical social service—that of public health. It is estimated that Louis Pasteur, through his work, is responsible for the saving of more lives than any other person in history. These individuals were outstanding among those of that era who gave to medicine a new life and the spark to rise from a state of lethargy.

From the days of Pasteur to the present is not a long time, yet we live under a vastly more complicated economic system than he; we live under a system that has antiquated the social institutions of his era; in an age whose standards and demands have changed; and in an age when the revered system of the private practice of medicine, from Pasteur to us, has been tried and found wanting. The public health systems arose to correct the evils in the unequal distribution of medical services. Yet the public health systems have not been sufficient to cope with such a broad problem. Consequently, there has been in the last ten years a decided trend toward socialization in medicine. These last ten years have a great significance. They bring us abreast of our own times, and what has been done and what is being done now will determine the type of medical service that will be rendered to you. Also, it unquestionably will determine how you shall pay for it.

Will you pay for it in taxes, in insurance, or will you pay for it outright, as needed?

In the United States today there are some six thousand clinics. Starting as an outgrowth from the out-patient department of hospitals, the clinic arose to bring medical treatment to those who either for financial or personal reasons could not afford to go to a private physician. In the clinic, for a very small sum, the patient should receive the same attention as from a private physician. However, there are evils in the clinical system. Clinics have sprung up where they have not been needed and thus have impaired the situation. In the majority the care has been unnecessarily impersonal and superficial. In a few it has been quite crude. Nevertheless, on a statistical basis, the clinic has accomplished great things. In such cities as New York and Chicago with their extensive slum districts, many mothers and babies have been saved, and their health safeguarded by the prenatal clinic. Doing most of its work among the very poor and uneducated, untold good has been the result of the clinics' work. The prohibitively high cost of cancer treatment for even the middle class can be met by the cancer clinic. Where these clinics have operated, cases which would otherwise have gone untreated have been cured or at least assuaged. Due to the social stigma unjustly attached to the disease of syphilis and to the cost of private therapy, which may rise to as high as fifteen hundred dollars over a period of two years, many severe cases have gone untreated. Today syphilis has the highest incidence of any communicable disease in the United States—one out of every ten. The venereal disease clinic can and will lower this enormous toll. The

clinic is doing especial work in dentistry, in the care of heart disease, and in the regulation and prevention of infectious disease. On the whole, the good effects of the clinical system seem to outweigh the evil, but at best the clinic is only a step on the road to a better dispensing of medical services.

Similar to the clinic, the hospital social service departments endeavor to reach and help those economically unable to care for their own health. Social service in medicine is not something new. Indeed, the old country doctor practiced a more personal form of social service than any modern hospital. But the old country doctor, as an institution, has passed. In the hospital the doctor works in conjunction with the social worker for the rehabilitation of the patient. The eligible person is given hospital care and a follow up treatment free of charge. Since the social worker recognizes that health, personality, maladjustment, and economic dependence are intimately connected, great emphasis is placed on ameliorating any conditions in home life that would further handicap the former patient. However, if you were to go to a hospital and pay your way in full or in part, which latter you might find difficulty in doing, you would receive no such special further care. Undoubtedly, the social service plan has provided institutional care for individuals sadly in need of it. It has effected many more permanent cures than would otherwise occur by its follow-up treatment. The person who pays his way might also benefit from similar care.

State hospitals are almost entirely of the mental type. This is due to the fact that the mentally deficient have always

been regarded as state wards because of the broad social implications of such diseases. There has been recently a trend toward the foundation of public hospitals of a general type. Whether this is advisable or not, is a moot question. In the past the public or state hospital has not proven itself as efficient as the private non-profit organization.

Amidst all these forms of social medical science, the private physician still practices his art in the manner in which he has been trained. In general he is an individual who has done and is doing his best to serve the people. He finds, however, more and more as each day goes on, that his efforts have not and cannot meet the demands of the economic system under which he lives. That a semi-disguised form of socialized medicine exists, cannot be denied, but that it will long remain as it is, is not likely. Sociologists and Labor Unions have clashed with the doctor and the American Medical Association. Sociologists have offered ideal, impractical suggestions. Labor cries for health insurance. So far, the Medical Association has proved that none of these would work for the better interests of all the people.

At all costs, medicine must remain as far away as possible from the bungling hands of politics. Unquestionably reform will come, but let us preserve that which has proven itself efficient, competent, and skillful. Let us secure, in this age, which we call so humane, a more equal distribution of medical goods. I do not think that reform will come from within the medical profession itself. Eventually, a thinking public will demand; the profession must comply. The answer rests with you.

SWEET SORROW

*Her heart was as taintless as desert air
When never a wind was blowing;
Her words were as free and just as fair
As a crushed hive with honey flowing.
The blueness of blue-jays she had for eyes
But why describe her beauty?
She's gone from this nightmare, and my heart sighs,
As I painfully turn to duty.*

E. ALLAN SMITH, '37.

Why?

Robert Healey, '39

HERE seems to be a strange predilection among men for the study of the mysterious and the occult. In a groping search for the insoluble realities we probe deeper and deeper into the unknowable. In my youth I often wondered why so many intellects wasted themselves on such baseless speculation. Being of a somewhat investigating turn, I had dabbled much in the physical sciences, but never did I bend into metaphysics. I feared to tread those vaulted corridors of the spirit. I kept silently aloof from what I could not touch, and see, and hear. Sometimes I spent whole nights carefully examining the involute twistings of a pathologic brain seeking to pick up threads of scientific knowledge, but I laughed at him who cried that I was psychic or that I possessed deep, hidden streams of consciousness. These things seemed part of another world, a world which I could never examine. Yet age came on its vague way and I knew that at last I was silently slipping into that world of soul and spirit.

I knew, for of late I had felt more than the pains of creeping age. Sometimes as I worked at my desk I felt sharp twists of pain through my body. They were spasms, which passed in a moment, but they left me in a convulsion of agony. Several nights I was awakened by physical tornadoes which whipped in a moment through my frame and left me cold and shaking. I tried palliatives, various homely remedies which I had found useful during my younger years. They seemed only

to increase the distress and for one full week I tossed day and night in that twisting, gnawing pain.

It was only then that I thought of outside relief. Yes, I realize now that I should have sought expert assistance from the beginning, but—

Doctor Charles Cutler faced me after his examination. I looked at him straining to read some message into his cold grey eyes. For a few moments he said nothing.

"Well," I almost shouted.

"My friend, you have come to me with an open mind and I shall try to speak with an open mind. Your case is very strange, and I have had some difficulty in following the etiology to a correct diagnosis. But I am convinced that there is only one answer to your condition."

I strained forward, every nerve taut with a fearful expectancy:

"Did you suffer much from nervousness before these attacks began?"

"Why yes," I gulped, "but what could that have to do with this?"

"Almost everything," he continued, without looking at me. "Your nervousness and the consequent neurasthenic responses of your whole body have probably produced a sort of allergy of the heart. To be frank with you, your heart is gradually failing, and soon—at the most, six months—it will go completely. I'm very sorry, but the outlook is very dark."

I do not remember the next few moments. After so long an interval they seem an abyssmal blackness. The blow

had stunned me. I felt like crying out to the world, to God, to anything. The first feelings of despair and frustration cut deep and were bitter. They passed in a flash, leaving lacerating scars.

"Nothing, nothing else?" It was childish, I suppose, but I half refused to believe that I had to die.

"All the indications point to it. I can do absolutely nothing for you. Perhaps I can relieve the pain, but beyond that, nothing."

"I tell you I can't bear it." I was almost hysterical. "Go on for days, weeks, months with that infernal pain, waiting for the end and vainly cursing. I won't do it. There must be something you can do for me."

"Medical science has been studying this problem for thousands of years. And the solution may never come. I have seen experiments of all kinds performed, some of them successful, most of them failures. But no one has yet made a body live after the breakup of the organic system."

"You speak of experiments," — I grasped vainly for something to soothe my boiling spirits,— "and some of them successful?"

"I said some were successful, but only in so far as they went," he countered. "I still say that in spite of all experimentation the chances for artificial prolongation of life are very dim. Don't look so startled. I know your feelings, but you must bear up. Some day very soon, perhaps. Von Klepmann, in Germany, Courcier in France, and Carrel, Lindbergh, De Belager and Josephs in America are working on the problem. I myself have talked with De Belager and his theories are very interesting, but as for practical medical value I am. . . ."

His voice dripping with discouraging platitudes trailed off in the distance. I know that he talked for a time to my mumbled responses, but finally I clipped his vaguely sympathetic, vaguely apologetic remarks and slid out into the night. There was something rising within me, a stirring of emotional upheaval. A faint hope made me forget my despair and plan. De Belager—I sounded the name several times. It seemed to strike a chord of memory. I groped for a clue, and the next morning after a night of hectic thought and search I stood before a plain brownstone house in a genteel but decaying part of the city.

I read the name on the door once again,—Doctor Ernest De Belager, psychiatrist,—and rang. From within a bell resounded and a measured step approached. The door was opened and I looked into the semi-darkness of a vestibule in which only the body of a dour-looking man-servant stood forth.

"Yes, sir," he glared at me.

"Could I see the Doctor on a very important matter?"

Again he scowled: "At the moment the Doctor is occupied on an important appointment, but if you will step in and state your exact business on your card, he may see you when he is concluded."

Catlike, he preceded me down a short, darkly-lighted hallway and ushered me into a small reception room. Apparently it also served as the Doctor's library. I sat down, not knowing whether to hope or despair. The bitter desperation which I had felt the day before was gone, but there was determination haunting me, a determination based on groundless hopes. I could not measure it out in words but I felt a deep affinity for life and its livability. If I could only hope for something from this De Belager. As I think now I often won-

der how I sat there, knowing that a brooding hand lay over me and might fall at any minute. But I calmly whispered faint hopes to myself and consoled my tremulous thought with boundless hope in this quest.

"I am certain, dear sir, that it cannot be that bad."

Startled by the voice, I rose hastily and looked around. In a small door at one corner of the room a slight figure was standing. He came forward and made a graceful bow. His modulated voice calmed me as he spoke again:

"I am at your service. I believe I may be of some aid to you."

His syllables were beautifully spaced. I guessed that he had learned most of his English from books.

"Sit down first." He motioned to an armchair and took a stool opposite as I slumped down.

"Yes, Doctor," I replied, "you must do something for me. It's horrible, this waiting and searching."

He could not have been more than forty. Clean-shaven, slightly sallow of complexion, and meticulous of dress, his appearance had none of the scientific cut which I expected. His eyes were quiet and restful. I could feel them probing me as I caught a few breaths in the softness of the chair. He did not stir while I sat silently. At last he rose, took a cigarette from the table and began:

"Your card has given me much information about you, but what would you wish that I should accomplish for you?"

"Doctor," I gasped, "I'm dying. You can do something. I know you can. You've been experimenting. You must have found something . . . anything. The days drag by now, the hours moan.

I can't stand this awful waiting. You must help me." I rushed on, and then sank further into the chair.

The puffs of smoke were coming regularly as he ground away on his cigarette. He seemed entirely oblivious, entirely unconcerned. I felt so cowed, so subject to his puny figure. With one blow I could have killed him, but yet he stood there, dangling my life in his hands. Even yet I do not know how I stood unmoved as he blew sardonic rings around my fate. But no, I had to grip myself against a physical outcry and patiently wait for him to deign a reply.

He turned towards me suddenly: "Several like you have rung my bell before. They have had the same story of approaching death. They cringed as you are cringing." His voice was cold and deliberate. It never rose or fell as he continued: "They thought that I had some medicine against death, and they tearfully begged me to sell them some of my potent cure. I soon disabused them. I talked to them, but they were afraid. Fools afraid of something they do not know!"

His voice had gradually risen and lost the clipped syllables and well-modulated tones. His last words were almost shouted at me. I found it hard to imagine how such tension could arise. I was mystified at his strange words.

"Afraid?" I questioned. "What more could they fear than death?"

He flicked a drooping ash from the cigarette and looked away. His voice became completely normal:

"Yes, they were afraid, afraid to lose one hour or one day from their appointed round. They would have nothing to do with me. They were too scatterbrained to see their escape. They

just sat down and waited. They could not afford to lose one minute of it all. I tried to show them how futile their passive resistance was. I tried to make them rise and accept the challenge. But how could they, the fools. And you too, I suppose, will shrink back and return to your hovel to await your death."

As he slowly talked along I made little sense out of his rigmarole. But perhaps, I thought, there was a chance he might help me, though I felt a rising sensation at his words. If only. . . . If only. He saw my perplexity and continued in a voice that was even colder and tenser:

"You do not understand. How could you? I have been wandering in a maze. You cry for help. I can help you."

He came closer to the chair and looked down at me. He was still outwardly calm, but his eyes had become fiery. They expressed his whole body and gave pregnant meaning to his words. Distracted as I was myself, I felt myself galvanized by those eyes and could not take my glance from them.

"I can help you," he said, "but you must trust in me alone. I will promise you nothing I believe and know that I have a solution to death which can be successfully used. You will listen and judge. If you are willing to trust me I can help you. Here is my theory. You will have five minutes in which to decide. This is your only chance. May I go ahead?"

No one could ever guess the fiery currents of my soul. I longed to accept anything immediately. My feverish breast would have me rise and espouse him without reservation. Willingly I would trust body and soul to anyone for any chance whatever. But cool reason whispered that it would be foolhardly

to rush blindly into such a thing. I nodded assent.

"For twelve years I have been working on this theory. Every moment that I could spare from my practice has been devoted to thought and experimentation. Now I will see success. In fact, everyone of my experiments has led me to one conclusion. It is undeniable: life can be preserved without passing through death." He paused, as if to give force to his words. "Tell me, how many times have you seemed to relive a previous life? How often have you stopped in the midst of some experience and felt how familiar everything about you was? The same circumstances, the same people all appeared. That was my first clue. I followed it blindly at first, but at last something of a tangible nature became apparent."

This was strange, stranger than I had ever heard. He told of his experiments, his experience with various cases. "There is," he stated, "a universal soul of the world. From that collective soul of man we are dragged at birth into human garments. Flesh and blood are draped on us for a time. When we seem to relive experiences we are becoming dimly conscious of the universal soul of which we are a part. For no experience is new, and every feeling has been felt a thousand times before. This unity of experience, this sense of immersion in the collective soul of men produces that strange telepathy which is so common among men of highly sensitized perception. Seeing how much of this universal soul appeared in some men, I wondered why I couldn't bridge the gap by discarding the body before death and returning it to its true seat. That was my problem. Do you understand?"

I understood, and my interest picked up attentive ears to catch his further words. For the time I had forgotten my own emotions in an eagerness to follow his thought.

"I see that you are still with me," he observed smilingly. It was his first smile and it made me feel that he was human just like myself.

"But first," he continued, "we must realize we are attempting what has never succeeded before. For you it is a chance to escape death; for me, probably nothing. . . ." A pause, dreadfully long, succeeded. The wall themselves seemed to bend forward. . . . "I propose to transfer you from your singular soul to the collective soul of humanity." Another pause, fateful, bodeful, terrible.

"It does seem strange, almost impossible," he resumed in a voice less tense, "yet I am confident and certain. I have not labored twelve years in vain. It can be done and we will do it. In five minutes I shall return." Before I had chance to reply he was gone.

Five minutes, rather five hours. My mind had been set long ago. I saw nothing else to do. This was an alternative, an alternative that I could not but accept. It was this or wrenching weeks of sleepless life. There was a clock ticking somewhere. So silent all seemed. I could even hear the second hand beating a dumb march as the cortege of dead minutes plodded on.

The last second had just shouted when he opened the door once more.

"You are ready?" he said, coming to the middle of the room.

"Yes," I replied with a thoughtful mien, "I have finally decided to follow you." I was determined not to let him see that I had spent those five minutes not in reasoning thought but in fretting waiting. Then he could never say that

I had been deluded, that I had rushed in without considering anything but my feverish desire to escape pain.

"I guessed from the beginning that you would not desert me," he observed. And then, pointing to the door: "But come, I believe you are agreeable to start immediately?"

Without saying a word, I rose and moved towards the door, trying all the time to conceal my feverish anxiety. He followed me for a moment, and then preceded me to throw open the door.

"This is my experimental laboratory," he extended his hand in a sweep. "It is as complete as I need."

There were two huge white lights peering down from the ceiling. He went to the window, closed the shades, and pressed a switch. One light flooded the room. The other, placed over what appeared to be a combination rest chair and operating table remained dark. At each side of the table lay a pile of coiled wire. I looked at them suspiciously.

"Please be seated," he commenced, drawing up a chair for me at the foot of the strange table. "And you needn't fear the coils. They are only a secondary part of the experiment. Our problem is first to abstract you from your singular soul and then free you from the trammels of your body by severing all connecting links. When you have joined the collective soul you will have nothing to fear."

"But how am I to abstract myself, as you call it, from my singular soul," I protested.

"You will lie on that table," he said. "You will forget yourself, forget that you are you and remember that you are an indivisible part of a whole entity. Sense, feeling, everything must be past. Only the future of that whole soul must be present. You must become completely oblivious of yourself, of every-

thing. Then I shall turn on the light over the table. When I see that your eyes do not respond to that stimulus I shall use the electric coils to sever the whole connection."

I drew back aghast. The prospect frightened me. I looked at him wildly. But he was calm. I started to plead:

"But how will I know that I still am, even only as a part of a collective soul, after I become abstracted. I might just die when you make the connections." The thought froze me.

"My plans provide for that," he responded. "When I am satisfied that you no longer respond to the sensory stimulus of the light I shall think of your name twelve times. If you are of the collective soul these sounds will be meaningless to you, but nevertheless, they will reach you. Finally to make completely certain, after I have severed the body connections you will communicate with me twelve times by thinking of me. I shall be prepared to receive the impulses. Then we shall both be certain. Are you ready to procede?"

Ready,—I felt like fleeing to some far-flung refuge away from all this. He stood there confident and certain. I thought for a moment of what lay ahead otherwise and drew up enough courage to murmur: "Yes."

"Then I shall arrange the table and you will lie there." He pushed down the head rest and pulled up the foot rest. Climbing onto the contrivance, I stretched out on my back. He stood by my side and spoke:

"Remember: forget yourself and everything about you, reach out of this world. Listen for a name twelve times. Leave enough time for me to cut the link and then form a conception of me twelve times. All shall be over then.

You shall be completely free from pain and death. You can start now and I shall be here beside you."

I lay back and closed my eyes. A thousand images rushed over me. I struggled to escape the world and leave all sense behind. My 'I' oppressed me. I sought to free myself and grasp a universal life. How long I stayed there I cannot remember. The concentration numbed me. I felt the world's weight. Mountain, sea, and sky seemed to envelop me. And then like a refreshing breeze all was cool and soft. I was unencumbered, untrammelled. Looking, for it did not seem that I had eyes, I saw a body lying in the room and De Belager over it. He looked at it and then turned on the light. I felt nothing, or was it 'I' at all? He seemed pleased and stood silently for a time. From afar I seemed to feel something. It resolved into the name, Henry. Twelve times those waves touched me and twelve times I wondered who Henry was. I looked again, neither down, up, over or under. De Belager seemed to be manacled the body. He carefully placed metal bands connected to wire coils on each wrist. Why, I wondered? He stepped back and went to a switch. I waited tensely, wondering how the body there would react.

It came then, a rending, grinding surge. It flew through me. I could not grasp or withstand it. There was nothing tangible, just the hurrying march of a thousand waves, which bombarded and pervaded me, and seemed to pervade the whole room.

It passed quickly. I felt dull and weakened, but there was a new and freer quality. I looked. De Belager was still standing over the body, now with a wrinkled perplexed face. He bent over, and I saw the hand of the

body twitch and fall back. As I saw him puzzling there, I suddenly remembered that now was the time for me to communicate with him to assure him of final triumph.

Yes, now was the time. But I felt alone, standing on a precipice which was crumbling. Something was slipping. I felt whole and yet there was something going, going. An effort must be made. I concentrated. It was almost easy. Once De Belager looked around and smiled. Twice. The room was becoming huge, bottomless, fathomless, fathomless. Three times . . . I had to stop. A panorama of life and death, birth and resurrection overpowered me. Four times. More difficult. I could hardly stand the pushing, striving. It was dragging something from

me. I strove. Five times and a sixth. I dipped down limitless vales and dripped with the tears of centuries. Things were becoming dim and hazy. Armies rushed across me and panic followed. The seventh was agony, and I thought of the five to come. I pitched and tossed upon a height. I saw an eighth ready to form in my mind. I struggled to free it from tortuous twistings. I grasped and grasped, but no grasping would avail. It was frozen there, away, apart from me. I could not drag it out. I must, I thought; I can't, I found. "Why?" I shouted. I shouted deep tones, and then an answer flowed bold and potent through me, a lethal poison. "Why? why" it mocked at me with a frightening truth. "Why?" it grimly murmured, "because you . . . are . . . dead!"



“Elementary, Watson!”

John H. Fanning, '38

IT is not strange that uncivilized races should include self-torture in their religious beliefs. Many ancient sects propounded self-torture as their principal doctrine, and many of the adherents of these sects of antiquity willingly tortured and abused themselves to appease their deities, as they thought. But although the art of self-tormenting is an ancient one, with a long and honorable tradition, it still continues in our modern twentieth century universe. Man, not satisfied with the mental confusion and unhappiness to be derived from contemplating the harshness and enigmas of life and the riddle of the universe, delights to occupy his leisure moments with puzzles and bugaboos. Every magazine and newspaper is littered with cross-word puzzles, puzzle-pictures, enigmas, acrostics, bridge problems, and detective stories. Perhaps he finds in them a sort of catharsis or solace or panacea or purging of his fears and questionings. These mysteries, made only to be solved, comfort him by subtly persuading him that life is a mystery which death will solve, and whose horrors will pass away as a tale that is told. Or perhaps it is our animal instinct of fear that demands more exercise than the daily, prosaic round affords. Or it may be pure perversity. The fact remains that if you search any second-hand book-stall for cast-off literature, you will discover fewer mystery stories than any other piece of literature. Theology and

poetry, philosophy and numismatics, love stories and biographies, you will find in abundance, but Sherlock Holmes, Wilkie Collins and Philo Vance are cherished and treasured until they crumble from decay in the hands of their readers.

Both the detective story proper and the straight tale of horror are very ancient in origin. Like the Nibelungen-Lied and Aeneid, all native folk-lore has its ghost tales, even from the Jewish Aprocrypha. But although the tale of horror has flourished in practically every age and country, the detective-story has had a spasmodic history, appearing here and there in faint, tentative sketches and episodes, until it suddenly burst into full bloom in the middle of the last century with Edgar Allan Poe.

It is rather puzzling that the detective-story should have had to wait so long to find a serious exponent. Having started so well, why did it not develop earlier? The Oriental races, with their keen appreciation of intellectual subtlety, were especially gifted to develop it. According to Livy, Cacus, the robber, was apparently the first criminal to use forged footprints to mislead his pursuer, but it is a long step from his primitive methods to the cattle rustler of the Mexican Border who shod his horses with cow-shoes. Yet, I doubt very much that the rustler had ever heard of Livy. 'Hercules' methods of investigation, too, were rather of the

rough and ready type. The Romans, logical, practical, and of a legal mentality, might have been expected to do something with it, but they did not.

Although crime stories might, and did, flourish, the detective story proper could not do so until public sympathy had veered to the side of law and order. It will be noticed that, on the whole, the tendency in early crime-literature is admiration for the gile and astuteness of the criminal. This must be as long as the law is arbitrary, oppressive, and brutally administered. We may note that, even today, the full blossoming of the detective-stories is found among the law-respecting Anglo-Saxon races. It seems that wherever law is appreciated and respected that the detective-story flourishes. Contrasting the tastes of the English, French and German publics, Herr Lion Feuchtwanger noted the great attention paid by the Englishman to the external details of men and things. The Englishman likes material exactness in his reading; the German and the Frenchman, quite opposite, are intrigued more with psychological truth. It is hardly surprising, then, that the detective-story, with its footprints, bloodstains, dates, times, etc., should appeal more strongly to Anglo-Saxon temperament than French or German. Consequently we can see why the detective-story was forced to wait for the establishment of an effective police organization in the Anglo-Saxon countries.

During the nineteenth century the vast, unexplored spaces of the world began to shrink at an astonishing rate. Railways, electric telegraph, photographs, etc., drew the distant ends of the world closer together, and improved policing made town and country safer than they had ever been. In place of

the adventurer and knight errant, popular opinion hailed the doctor, scientist, and policeman as protectors. But if one could no longer hunt ferocious beasts one could still hunt the criminal. From this point of view, the detective-story steps into its place proper as the protagonist of the weak, the modern successor of Sir Galahad.

All detective-stories are somewhat stereotyped in that the actions and reasoning of the eccentric but brilliant private investigator are generally chronicled by an admiring friend who stands in stupid awe of his friend's almost miraculous mental gymnastics, and displays just enough dumbness to oblige his hero to explain his feats. We have Sherlock Holmes and his Watson; Philo Vance and his Van Dine; Raffles and Bunny; Nick, Nora and dog Astor, of Thin Man fame; Lord Peter Wimsey and Harriet; Ellery Queen and Inspector Richard; Charlie Chan and son; Dick Tracy and Pat, and Dan Dunn and Irwin, of comic section repute; and finally Nick Carter, super-detective of twenty-five years ago, and the very popular and modern Father Brown, who has perhaps achieved his greatest success in "The Hammer of God." This is very convenient for the author, for the admiring satellite may utter eulogies which would be rather embarrassing if bluntly issued from the mouth of the author.

For the most part detectives have always been men, but a few have been women. On the whole the weaker sex has not been very successful. Either they are active and courageous, insisting on entering danger, or in order to justify their sex they are obliged to be so irritatingly intuitive as to destroy that quiet enjoyment of the logical denouement which we look for in our detective reading. Marriage and sen-

timentality loom too large in their view of life, which is not surprising, for they are always young, mysterious, and very beautiful.

The purely sensational thriller is not particularly rare—we may find plenty of examples in the work of William Le Queux, Edgar Wallace and others. The purely intellectual is rare indeed; few writers have consistently followed the Marie Roget formula of simply exposing the entire scheme of evidence to the reader and allowing him to deduce the detective's conclusion from the assembled data, if he can. On the whole, however, the tendency is for the modern educated public to demand fair play from the writer, and for the sensational and intellectual branches of the story to move farther apart. Most important of all during this period of the nineteenth century we have Wilkie Collins. An extremely uneven writer, Collins is less appreciated today than his intrinsic merits and influence deserve. He will not bear comparison with Le Fanu in his treatment of the weird, though he earnestly wished to succeed in this sphere. But he excels Le Fanu in humor, and especially in the construction of his plots. Taking everything into consideration "The Moonstone" is probably the finest detective story ever written. Nothing human is perfect, but "The Moonstone" comes about as near perfection as anything of its kind can be.

In 1887 the marvelous series of Sherlock Holmes was flung like a bomb-shell into the field of detective fiction. The effect was instantaneous, electric; Conan Doyle took up the Poe formula and galvanized and modernized it into life and popularity. He was sparkling, surprising, engaging, interesting and short. It was the triumph of the epi-

gram. A comparison of Sherlock Holmes' tales with the Poe tales will clearly show how much Doyle owed to Poe, and, how greatly he modified Poe's style and formula. So, with Sherlock Holmes, the ball—the original nucleus deposited by Edgar Allan Poe nearly forty years earlier—was at last set rolling—an avalanche of mystery fiction, and I dare say that Sherlock Holmes and his Watson have become two of the best known characters in the entire field of fiction.

Their popularity began in the nineties, when the detective short story strode suddenly to the front under the aegis of Sherlock Holmes. Of particular interest is the long series which appeared then, not new, but important because it was paving the way for the scientific and medical story. The first of this kind was "Stories from the Diary of a Doctor" in 1893, by Mrs. Meade. Favorite subjects during this period were hypnotism, catalepsy, murder by X-rays and mysterious gas, and other inventions. For many years the prestige of Holmes blinded readers' eyes to these feats of legerdemain. Gradually, however, the public became more and more exacting. The "thriller" was still enjoyed by the uncritical, but connoisseurs have come to demand clues, and an equal chance of solving the puzzle as well as the detective. But he must not be told all the detective's deductions lest he should see the solution too soon. There still must be the element of surprise. So you can see that it is not an easy task to write a good detective-story, although Chesterton and Belloc, I think it was, thought that it was a simple task. It was they, I think, who determined to write a detective-story to prove their contention that such stories are written to a cut and dried

formula. One of these eminent litterateurs wrote all the even chapters and the other wrote the odd. When they had finished, the story was put together for the first time, and some critics have found it a difficult task to find the joints. Some would maintain that this is a clinching proof in favor of the argument. At least these two outstanding authors who started from a prescribed set of factual data, and developed the plot in the manner mentioned, seem to have enjoyed success. But on the whole, the composition of a good detective-story is a difficult task.

When the impenetrability and infallibility of the detective stops, the rigid technique of the art expands a little. Strictly speaking, the mystery-story is purely analytical. But there is one respect, at least, in which the detective-story has an advantage over every other kind of novel, "It possesses an Aristotelian perfection of beginning, middle, and end." The puzzle is presented, worked out, and solved. Though it may deal with dramatic perfection, of all the human emotions, it rarely touches the depths. The "fait accompli" is all we see. But we still have the love interest, from which the short detective-story is but slowly freeing itself. All authors seem to think that a story is not complete without a beautiful, young heroine to be saved, in the last chapter, by the handsome hero. This vein often spoils some of the best detective-stories. In some the love interest is secondary, and you can skip it all without missing a bit of the story. Very few novels have the love-story as an integral part of their plot, but "The Moonstone" does, more evidence of its perfection.

"Who killed Cock Robin?" is generally the paramount question. At first the formula of the "Most Unlikely

Person" was very popular. The most innocent appearing character in the story was always the guilty party. Then G. K. Chesterton set forth a new plan in an essay in the "New Statesman," "the real criminal must be suspected at least once in the course of the story. Once he is suspected, and then (apparently) cleared, he is made safe from future suspicion." The form of the story in which suspicion is distributed equally among a number of suspects, one of whom is guilty, is still the most baffling. But the formulae are becoming exhausted, and lately much exploration has been carried on concerning the solution by unexpected means. The recent discoveries in science and medicine have greatly assisted this system. The moving picture or cinema has aided immeasurably in the advancement of the detective-story by increasing its popularity, and thereby increasing its demand which resulted in more and unique results. It was from the stage that we obtained the imaginatory picture which flashes into our minds when the immortal name of Sherlock Holmes is mentioned. The late William Gillette, who enjoyed his greatest successes in portraying the role of "Sherlock Holmes," was the model for the artist's conception of this master sleuth. And although William Gillette has departed to the Valhalla of all heroes of the stage, and Conan Doyle will no longer present a new adventure of the sleuth of Baker St., nevertheless, his prototype lives on.

Doubtlessly the detective-story will some time meet its demise, for the simple reason that its bag of tricks will be empty. The public will have seen through them all. But the crime story will exist as long as crime exists. "The detective-story," says Philip Guedalla,

"is the normal recreation of noble minds." The detective-tale with its cheerful cynicism suits the times more than the romance with its sentimentality

ending in wedding bells. "What a piece of work is man, that he should enjoy this kind of thing! A very odd piece of work—indeed, a mystery!"



Notes from a Freshman's Log

Daniel J. MacArthur, '40

(In the belief that this is the most unusual article ever to appear in *The Alembic*, the Editor has decided to present it in the form of excerpts from the author's logs written at sea. The author is a Freshman at the College. Before coming to college he was a junior officer on a mail and passenger steamer whose destinations were South and East Africa, following which he was quartermaster on a motor yacht which journeyed to the Panama Canal, to Equador, and the Galapagos Islands in search of rare animals and birds for a large metropolitan zoo. The Editor wishes it were possible to publish also the many interesting pictures the author has taken and which can express as no mere words can the exquisite beauty and romance of the places he has visited.)

FEBRUARY 8, 1934. Left the dock in Brooklyn, N. Y. at 12:27 P. M. Many people on dock as we backed out with the aid of two tugs. Got ship in condition for sea as the North Atlantic is exceptionally rough this time of year. Sea quite choppy, strong wind from the north west. Had first wheel, ship steers quite well. A little starboard wheel. On way out passed quite a few ocean-going vessels. We dropped pilot off Ambrose Lightship and headed for open sea.

FEBRUARY 9. Called for watch 3:40 A. M. Got dressed, went up on bridge, took starboard wing. Snowing very hard, very cold, ice forming on bow and rigging, ship taking a few green ones once in a while. Fascinated by the

sight of tons and tons of white water rushing headlong toward the bow, breaking over the bow and sides completely flooding the fore-deck. Noticed that all the winches were in place. The ship was laboring very heavily. Due to fog conditions, we blew the whistle six seconds out of every minute to avoid the danger of meeting fast steamers in the steamer lanes.

The temperature of the water at 8 A. M. at the main circulator is 70 degrees. Air 34 degrees, R. P. M. 71. Took a few turns on the wing-nuts of my porthole so as to avoid a drenching after I had turned in for the night. Precaution unsuccessful, as I woke up later to find half the ocean in my bunk.

FEBRUARY 18. Before going on watch had a cup of java. Then went up on lookout. Stars very bright, a regular tropical sky. The planets look as though they were lights of a ship just rising above the horizon. Sang to myself while on watch, a mere matter of four hours. At one bell called the Hindu cook to get the fires going. Saw quite a few flying fish this morning. Very amused at seeing them for first time; learned from the old Scandinavian "Chips," our carpenter, that flying fish can only fly until their "wings" get dry when they must go back into the water preparatory to another hop. Found many flying fish on the forward deck where they had fallen during the night. As they are good eating it looks like another fish day.

FEBRUARY 22. The stand-by called me for the next watch at 3:40 in the morning. Had a cup of the muddiest java I ever experienced since our departure. When I came on deck a squall had just passed over. There is a little lightning but there is no thunder. The wind is from the S. S. E. and is moderate. The water is smooth, reminds me of the Thames River on a summer morning. We crossed the equator at approximately 5 o'clock. As this was my first crossing of the equator, half expected, after all the stories I had heard, to see King Neptune arise from the sea bearing his trident. Now, according to the best tradition, I have "crossed the boundaries of the Kingdom of King Neptune freely and without molestation" and am privileged to do so as often as I care to in the future. I escaped without any initiation this time, but was made uneasy by the secretive activities of my shipmates who promised to stick me in the after-wash room and steam me. About 6:45 A. M. we hit the South Trades. They are very cool compared with the doldrums. Saw the Southern Cross for the first time. The planet Jupiter shone very brightly and it looked so close that its reflection on the water was like that of the moon.

MARCH 10. At 10 o'clock this morning sighted Table Mountain and the coast of Africa. I shall never forget the feeling I had seeing the jagged coasts of this great continent. The first impressions I had were of the thinly rising smoke of native fires, the sight of albatross and cap doves flying overhead. I remember seeing sea lions, a few lurking man-eating sharks. We noticed a British cruiser off to starboard. From the land came the faint smell of the jungles. Before arriving at Capetown I

had imagined what it would be like. I could see hordes of screaming Zulas, Kaffirs, and bushmen. I expected Capetown to be populated with explorers and perhaps a few picturesque beachcombers. I was surprised to find a large city as modern as any in the States. After thirty days at sea it was worth a million to set foot again on terra firma. We stopped off at a curiosity shop and mailed some cards home. Then we strolled carelessly down to the Royal Theatre to look it over. We looked at the bill and found it was an American movie, "Tugboat Annie." We were not in the mood for any sea pictures so we continued our stroll. As we walked through the park we met a distressingly civilized native selling grapes. On the way back to the ship we stopped at the Seamen's Home and read the English papers and got talking with an Englishman who superciliously inquired how that chap Roosevelt was making out as President. When I turned to the subject of war debts he became less talkative.

MARCH 11. Today we unload cargo. While tending cargo talked with the stevedores, some Dutch and some natives from the inland who are trying to make enough money to buy cattle. A native who has considerable cattle is considered very rich. Some of the natives wore bone rings in their ears and were scantily dressed. A few of them wore long mustachios. While they were eating dinner I tried to take a few pictures of them but they very angrily refused to be photographed. We left Capetown that night just as the sun was sinking into the sea. It was a departure I shall never forget. As I leaned over the taffrail I saw the lights of Capetown disappear and to port the mountains of the cape peninsula flaunt-

ing a riot of colors. As we rounded the Cape of Good Hope I thought back to my school days and reading in history and geography of the great explorers who made it famous. At that time I little imagined that I was to have the same experience. We were now in the South Indian Ocean with two thousand miles to go before we reached our last port.

APRIL 1. We landed at Beira today and I got my first real taste of African jungle. After leaving the outskirts of the town I proceeded with caution as the region is infested with many kinds of poisonous snakes. The grass was very tall, some of it being as tall as I was. I followed the narrow, winding paths made by countless animal and native tracks. I saw a tree full of large black vultures who seemed to look at me in anticipation. These birds are larger than a good-sized turkey and are equipped with a cruel beak and sharp claws. During the course of my walk I saw numerous lizards and snakes, but failed to see the lions and elephants I had anticipated. The larger animals are some miles away from the coast towns. This was just as well, for I was unarmed save for a walking stick. On my return from the jungle I visited the coolie district of the town with its queer shops and even queerer inhabitants. A Hindu tailor talked me into buying a colored blazer for fourteen shillings.

MAY 16. We arrived back in New York harbor after sailing from Beira to Lourenco Marques in Portuguese East Africa to Port Elizabeth, Union of South Africa, where we picked up a cargo of wool, hides, and bark for dye, thence back to Capetown, across six thousand miles of water of the Southern Atlantic up the Brazilian coast to Port of Spain, Trinidad, where we got fuel oil and a

load of cocoa beans, through the West Indies past Tobago Island and thence on up the Atlantic seaboard. We were home again after a trip of over twenty-one thousand miles, a trip full of memories of unusual places and interesting people.

OCTOBER 16, 1935. At dock in New London, Conn. Boarded ship at 7:15 P. M. Reported to the Captain immediately. Stored away my duds. Expect to leave in the morning. Ship seems to be all ready for departure except for a slight repair in after capstan. Workmen spent the night making the necessary repairs.

OCTOBER 22. Off Palm Beach. Quite choppy this morning, ship rolling considerably. Course 169 degrees. Wheel takes one whole turn to keep it on course. A large steamer, the sister ship of the *Morro Castle*, passed us about 9 o'clock this morning. The port engine broke down this afternoon. Safe overcast, the wind is blowing strongly. We received a report that a hurricane was brewing and heading this way. We battered down the hatches and prepared for a long siege with the wind and water. I am at the wheel and wish I were practically any place else as only one engine is going and the water is pounding over the breakwaters.

NOVEMBER 2. We stopped off at Bocas Del Toro with the thought in mind that the native would have two hundred monkeys ready for us. We had ordered these from Miami. The reason for ordering so many was the uncertainty whether the natives would even get fifty unless they had an order to stimulate them to get more. Upon arriving we were sadly disappointed to find just one. We named him "Poncho" and he became the pet of all aboard. In a few hours we weighed anchor and

proceeded up the bay to a little town called Almirante, where we anchored in six fathoms of water. We had a Negro pilot who spoke excellent English and told us many interesting things about these two places. He told us that the waters were infested with sharks (twenty footers) and that in the bay there was excellent fishing, particularly for tarpon. The next morning the first engineer and the third mate went fishing and came back with a large tarpon. We disregarded the pilot's warning and went in swimming.

NOVEMBER 3. We went ashore to see the town today. There were seven stores all rather crude in their construction. The population is about seven hundred made up of Spanish, Indians, Chinese, and Malaysians. The stores are operated for the most part by Chinese. The chief exports are cocoa beans and bananas. A railroad which goes inland for about thirty miles was formerly used to carry produce to the ships. On each side of the bay are ridges that are quite high and sometimes white clouds form on their tops like a great tablecloth. Where we were anchored we could easily hear the howls of the ocelots and monkeys in the jungles. We left Almirante on the sixth and stopped at Bocas Del Toro for sloths, monkeys, snakes, birds, and a raccoon and kingchew.

NOVEMBER 10. Sunday, Balboa, Canal Zone. Went to church in the morning. After dinner we went to Panama City to see a bull fight. Quite disappointed in the whole affair. The arena was an open ring surrounded by spectators and two brass bands. Prior to the fight there was an exhibition in horsemanship. When the bull rushed out of the pen he faced a lone toreador who waved a cape at him. The torea-

dor was gored almost at once and then carried off. Immediately about a hundred people swarmed into the arena and started to plague the bull. They pulled at his tail, jumped on his back, and jabbed him with nailed sticks. This strange affair was terminated by a sudden and unexpected downpour of rain.

NOVEMBER 26. Arrive in Gardner's Bay, Hood's Island in the Galapagos. We anchor in fifteen fathoms of water, lower the boats and go ashore. On the way in we sighted some large sea turtles. We tried to catch some of them but we were unsuccessful. As we approached the shore there was a tremendous surf running. Remembering what the mate had told us about landing in the surf, we waited for a lull. Despite our precautions we were thrown up on the beach soaking wet. The boat sank but we retrieved it soon after. After we dried we went inland to hunt for turtles. We found tracks, but no turtles. Herds of wild goats ran before us. We captured three kids and named them "Greta Garbo," "Snowball" and "Shirley Temple."

DECEMBER 6. Duncan Island. While we were landing at this island an immense shark measuring some fifteen feet followed us into the inlet. He stuck his nose out of the water as we were landing. I managed to hit him a neat crack on the snout with an oar. After distributing food, water, and machetes we started up the side of the crater. It took us four hours to arrive at the top. We could see the ship far below looking like a child's toy sailing in a pond. We proceeded down the crater in pursuit of a rare turtle. When we arrived at the bottom we formed a long line and walked the length of the crater through thickets and high impenetrable bushes. We found a turtle

which one of us placed in a net he carried on his back. The heat was terrific. So hot was it the grass was burnt to a crisp. After resting we started out of the crater and we had no intentions of going out the same way we came in. We started out the opposite side of the island thinking that possibly we would meet the ship there. When we arrived at the shore we went in swimming for we thought this would quench the terrible thirst we had. We ran along the shore stumbling over rocks and basking seals. We finally reached the spot from which we departed and drank about a gallon of water each. We then fell fast asleep. Later the launch came in for us and when we got back on board we certainly enjoyed our supper—we had enough for one day.

DECEMBER 18. Cocos Island. Sighted Cocos Island this morning at 5:25. Could not see it very plainly as it was about sixty miles off in the distance. The first mate said he didn't expect to sight it so soon, and was taking sights as he felt he was off the course a little. I felt rather tired this morning while at the wheel. After wheel watch went down to Ernie the cook and got a good cup of coffee that helped out a great deal. At about 9:00 o'clock we were abreast of the island and the high slopes covered with rich green undergrowth could be seen very clearly. The many waterfalls that stud this island could be seen. We are now on the north side of the island. It is very hot; the temperature of the air is about 95 degrees and the water about 80 degrees. Sometimes the heat is almost unbearable. After coming to anchor at Chatam Bay we lowered the boats and headed for shore.

It felt kind of funny landing on a shore that had once been tramped by notorious pirates and bucaners. We found a brook leading up inland and so we started in to see what the place looked like. We found it like the jungles that Tarzan does his swinging in. We went in swimming in the brook which was a great relief after spending approximately a month in the waterless Galapagos Islands. After making a vain attempt to find the 60,000,000 dollars in gold that is supposed to be buried here we went back to the beach to try some surf riding. So pleasant was the water that we didn't heed one of the British treasure hunters who told us a twenty-foot tiger shark had been caught the day before.

Poncho the monkey died this morning and the captain gave orders to give him his burial which was a toss over the side. He had been sick for quite awhile, undoubtedly from having eaten too many bananas. He was a great pet of the crew and will be missed. At this time I wish the fifty parrots that are just outside my porthole window would die so I can have the pleasure of tossing them overboard for they are always making a terrible noise.

DECEMBER 25. Christmas Morning. Somewhere between Corinto, Nicaragua and Puntarenas, Costa Rica. It is a very pleasant morning. The sea is quite choppy, wind is N. N. E. (5). Ship steers well and we are about 60 or 70 miles off the coast. Speed seems to have slackened since departure from Cape Blanco last night. At 6:30 changed course towards the islands and expect to seek shelter here until time to go to Corinto.

After our Christmas dinner which consisted of a cup of French wine, vegetable soup, mash potatoes, turkey (tasted like sea gull), cranberry sauce, string beans, dressing, buns, coffee, cake and ice cream, we decided to go for a little swim in the bay and also to take a trip into the jungle. We put on our bathing suits, lowered the dories over and headed for shore. On the way in we came across a large crocodile floating leisurely along. I tried to lasso him but he went down. After landing on the shore we walked inland to try and see some animals. We came across a tree full of white faced monkeys and tried to catch some but we were greeted by a rain of sticks. We decided not to enter any further into the jungle as the captain warned us that there were many animals lurking in the jungle and that unless we had a merchete or a gun, we would be in a helpless position. After supper we hoisted the boats aboard and at 5:02 got under way for Corinto. At 7:04 took a four-point bearing on Cape San Juan Del Sur abreast of the cape; at 7:35, distance off five miles. After watch was very tired so immediately turned in.

DECEMBER 31. Anchored off San Jose Guatemala. Finished painting the side of the ship and getting her in trim for arrival at San Deigo. It was quite warm this morning, but not so bad as yesterday.

JANUARY 10, 1936. Magdalena Island. Went ashore this morning with a bunch of notorious convicts from Maria Madre Island. We were armed to the teeth for we were going to hunt for boa constrictors. Upon arriving near beach with dories we were quite afraid to land as the surf was tremendous and was breaking close in shore. We also had to row between some big

surging reefs. After waiting some time for a lull we finally landed the boat on the beach without getting too much water in it and then proceeded for a few miles along the beach to a river that lead inland to the boa district. After walking along the banks of this river for a while we came to the vicinity inhabited by them. We got our leather loop ready. Suddenly we came across a boa that was basking in the sun. He reared up his large head, ready to spring. By the time he was ready to spring we had a forked stick securely over his head. The natives grabbed him by the neck and placed him in the bag. As we proceeded to look for boas we were very careful, as the boa is in the habit of using his prehensile tail to hang from trees and when prey comes along he drops down and seizes it with his jaws by a quick darting movement of his head and instantly throws about his victim a fold of the upper part of his body, enveloping and crushing it. After his victim is dead, he coats it with saliva and swallows it, a process that takes several hours. So bearing in mind this sort of danger, we proceeded with the utmost caution.

We caught about five good-sized boas and then headed back for the shore. On the way the natives killed some rabbits for the boas with some little sling shots. They could kill a rabbit like we would with a gun. Upon our arrival back at the beach we found that the surf was worse and we had some problem ahead of us to get off dry. After being thrown back on the beach quite hard a few times we finally succeeded in getting to deep water. When we got back on the ship and started to carry the boas down on the well deck where the monkeys and other animals were, they all started in-

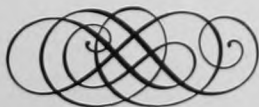
stinctively, to screech. The monkeys started to fly around wildly in their cages, the kingchews started squealing. Not until we had them safely in their boxes did they stop.

That night we quickly formed a basketball team and went ashore to play the convict team, but the day before the boiler had blown up and there were no lights. Somebody got the idea of shining the searchlights of the ship into the building, and so we had light.

JANUARY 13. San Lucas Bay, Lower California. After taking a little sail up into the Gulf of California we arrived at Cape San Lucas Bay. As we arrived we were greeted by two large blowing whales. They seemed quite friendly for they came right up close to the ship. The pelicans are quite numerous, especially where the schools of fish are. Just came back from rowing some of the fellows ashore. On the way back I heard a big splash and thinking it was a whale, started rowing as rapidly as possible, but was later glad to find out that it was only a school of tuna.

Did some very successful tuna and marlin fishing in this vicinity. While speaking with one of the natives about fishing in this vicinity, I was told that fishing is all-right here if only you have boat large enough so the sharks won't have a chance to capsize it. The natives say they have seen sharks in these waters as long as forty feet.

MAY 21, 1937. I am about to finish a voyage more fraught with dangers for me than surf riding in shark infested waters, more arduous than descending the crater. I am about to take my final examinations of my Freshman year in college. I came to Providence College on the most worthwhile voyage of all. Prompted by more than the curiosity which draws one to faraway places, prompted by a desire for an education, for the equipment and background which will make further trips much more enjoyable, I hope to take my degree before feeling the kick of the wheel and seeing dawn at sea once more.



Rossetti, Poetic Expatriate

Walter Appleton Hughes, '39

WHILE Queen Victoria resided at Buckingham and mothered an expanding England through the growing pains of the Boer and Crimea, an awakened English populace began to think for the first time in many years. The little island could not contain itself with all it knew. Its science would help men to live longer, so that they might enjoy the new social reforms and die with the consolation of the lately devised philosophy that would go through death with them as far as Everyman's "Fellowship." All things conspired to sever the connection with existing conditions.

As the seismograph of the nation's thought and expression, poetry was visibly affected by the intellectual hubbub. Poets wanted to be the first to knock from their boots the mud of convention and to walk in the paths of fame and glory, but most of them fell into the morass of either the banal or the extreme. The two stepping stones in this quagmire are Tennyson and Browning. Tennyson, as Poet Laureate, remained staunch to conservatism, standing as the poetic bulwark of sobriety against the vandals of modernism and intellectual revolution. On the other hand, Browning adopted a blind optimism and a bovine complacency which gave him faith to believe:

*"God's in His heaven
All's right with the world."*

Leaving these two upon their tottering pedestal, we turn to the general tendencies among the poets of the day. Each had as his principal wares unbridled philosophical thoughts which

were nonsensical and worthless but usually inspired by sincerity. They had displayed emotions which were yoked by a desire of human respect and an imagination carefully guarded for longevity rather than for vital and patient influence. They recoiled from the more impassioned works of Shelley, Keats and Byron, and turned to Wordsworth as a redeemer. To make the error more lamentable, they accepted as their idol, not the poet of the sonnets and "Tintern Abbey," but the bucolic bard of "The Excursion."

Dante Gabriel Rossetti was expected to take his place at the poetic Ouija Board and to summon the spirit of Wordsworth. Rossetti, by refusing to play, became as much an expatriate from literary England as his father had been an exile from political Italy.

His career as a painter had been decided by his father when Dante showed some ability in painting his toys. Almost as soon his poetic studies began. He and his sister, Christina, were "lisp-ing rhymes" at a startlingly early age. When he arrived at the maturity of six years he wrote "The Slave," a drama in blank verse. His ever faithful critic, William Michael Rossetti, claims that Dante Gabriel was "a practised and competent versifier at seventeen." This precocity was counteracted by an ever recurring "fit of idleness." Commissions to paint pictures were often laid aside when a whim would lure him from responsibility. He was sent to Sass's Academy and to the Antique School of the Royal Academy to discipline his art

and to learn the fundamentals. He revolted under the rigorous instruction and finally placed himself under the tutelage of Ford Madox Brown; but he soon found learning anatomy and perspective too laborious. In one of Rossetti's prose works which he submitted to the "Germ," the voice of the P.-R. B., entitled "Hand and Soul," he describes his unfortunate tutelage under Ford Madox Brown. He uses as his principal character, Chiaro, pre-Raphaelite Italian painter. Chiaro was forced to undergo all the imaginary vicissitudes which beset Rossetti in his early work in painting. Chiaro revolted as did Rossetti, which he was forced to learn perspective by painting something as unromantic as a pickle bottle. Holman Hunt was the last to try to quell the rebellious genius of Rossetti. During this last period Rossetti finished his first important painting, "The Girlhood of the Virgin." Then followed "The Annunciation" for which his sister, Christina, was the model.

Soon after he enlisted the support of John Everett Millais and Holman Hunt in the new movement in painting which was to be called the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." They strove to depict nature as it really is, but Holman Hunt claims "we are never realists." The P.-R. B. should be considered as a movement in painting but not in poetry. The movement was unique in many respects. It was definitely insular, since no direct complement may be found upon the Continent at the time. It had a compactness not usually found in artistic movements. The derivation of their name is obscure. It is usually surmised that since they despised Raphael and his later imitators, they reverted to the period immediately before Raphael.

The tremor caused by this movement was insignificant and its influence upon later painting less.

Soon after Rossetti became the hub of the P.-R. B., he met his first real love, Elizabeth Siddal. Miss Siddal was the beautiful model for Rossetti's inspired paintings, "Beata Beatrix" and "Ophelia." From this point both Rossetti's life and his painting, although only beginning, commenced to decline. He was soon infatuated with Fanny Schott, and in rapid succession many of his other models. Many attribute the suicide of Elizabeth Siddal to the moral and artistic degradation of Rossetti.

Rossetti's poetic development may be chronicled *pari passu* with his productions in oils and water colors. From the auspicious beginnings with his sister Christina to the climax with Elizabeth Siddal is a gradation which promised much for Rossetti. Although his poems were not published until many years later, his "House of Life," other sonnets, and "Blessed Damozel" were created in the same period and in the same mood as his paintings of "The Girlhood of the Virgin" and "Ecce Ancilla Domini," which is probably the best expression of the initial motivation of the "Brotherhood." At the death of Elizabeth Siddal Rossetti made the grand gesture of interring his poetry in her coffin. It was later exhumed and published as Mr. Gosse has said:

"after such expectation and tip-toe curiosity as have preceded no other book of our generation."

Throughout these changing moods Rossetti sought an "Earthy Paradise" in a world which to him was ugly and vulgar and a world tyrannized by conventions and axioms. Despite the fact that Tennyson and Browning were con-

temporarily writing great poetry, Rossetti seemed to imagine himself as the Prince who penetrated the medieval castle to kiss the Princess of poetic beauty who had been sleeping since the time of Keats. She arose and

*". leaned out
From the golden bar of heaven"*

in full view of the world as "The Blessed Damozel." Rossetti's poetic achievements were different from those of his period and those of Tennyson and Browning. Tennyson's poetry is a "Bugle Song" while Rossetti's is the soft mellifluous notes of stringed instruments. The landscape of Tennyson and Browning is

*"The gray sea and the long black
land
And the yellow half-moon large
and low."*

Rossetti's is

*". the pasture gleam and
gloom
'Neath billowing skies that scatter
and amass."*

Rossetti's subject matter is not similar to that of Tennyson or Browning. He employed an Italian inspiration unlike the Teutonic subject of the others. Tennyson maintained that

*"self-reverence, self-knowledge,
self-control, these three alone lend
life to sovereign power."*

Rossetti's philosophy adopted self-expression as the final end of man.

There are some characteristics of Rossetti's poetry which have no obvious counterpart in the poetry of his famous contemporaries. The unwearied symbolism is principal among these. He incessantly creates images in words and bring to life sounds in each line. His poetry is replete with illustrations and metaphors which awaken the emotion and provide the imagination with substantial food. Each line is an eidolon

which the imagination has conjured up from the countless meanings, suggestions, memories and pictures which may be found in his poetry. The Oriental lavishness of detail is another ear-mark of Rossetti's poetry. Two lines from "The Blessed Damozel" afford an excellent example:

*"She had three lilies in her hand
And the stars in her hair were
seven."*

The most surprising attribute found in Rossetti's poetry is his love for order. This characteristic is usually considered in the light of his Italian temperament which requires well-linked emotions bound together by one dominant idea; in fact, some of Rossetti's poetry shows evidence of having been fiercely beaten into order.

These characteristics were derived from two principal sources, Dante and Keats. Dante influenced Rossetti in his thought. The clear light of Dante's poetry passed through the prism of Rossetti's individual spirit and emerged in kaleidoscopic fragments of brilliant poetry. Rossetti imbibed Dante's austerity and turned it to grimness; he recognized Dante's tenderness but perverted it to passion. He never became a slavish imitator of Dante, but he infused his own personality into the poetry, whether it was a translation from Dante or merely inspired by him. Rossetti supplanted the solemn atmosphere of Dante by the lighter and more pleasant spirit of the earlier Italian poets who taught him his perversity of logic in amorous poetry.

Like so many others, Rossetti followed Keats in matters of technique, fulfilling at least the latter part of Lowell's statement that

*"Wordsworth has influenced most
the ideas of succeeding poets;
Keats their forms."*

In fact, Keats has influenced many generations of poets out of proportion to the volume which he has left, or his intellectual range, by the virtue of his extraordinary technique. Although Keats awakened no new poetic life in England during his own time, his search for beauty was not forgotten at his death. He has given England a devotion to beauty and a love for the past. He has left to all ages:

"An endless fountain of immortal drink,

Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink."

The sensuous imagery of "Endymion" is easily comparable to that same element found in "The Blessed Damozel." This pictorial tinge to Rossetti's poetry is most apparent in the lines:

*"Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn."*

Rossetti and Keats are similar also in their sensation and openness to impression. They are both observant and intense in their feelings. In competent hands such lush verdure of poetic expression may mature and mellow, but in Rossetti's it became over-ripe and began to decay.

This decadence is best shown in Rossetti's philosophy. In "Hand and Soul" he exposed part of his real self. He has seen a mirage of a woman who says to him,

*"I am an image of thine own soul
within thee. See me and know me as
I am. Thou sayest that fame has
failed thee, and faith failed thee . . .
Fame sufficed not, for thou didst seek
fame; seek thine own conscience, and
all shall approve and suffice."*

All would have been well had not Rossetti submitted his problem to his heart's conscience, the prompting of his lower nature, and not to his mind's con-

science, as any moral man should. He proceeded on the idea as found in "Hand and Soul."

*". . . What he hath set in thine
heart to do, that do thou, and even
though thou do it without thought
of Him, it shall be well done."*

The best testimony to the folly of this philosophy is Rossetti's own life. To say that his life was wasted is to excuse his greatest fault. It was an instrument in the destruction of his own soul and others. He threw the old faith into the furnace of scientific and historical criticism. It should have emerged unscathed, but an amalgam of pseudo-science, false philosophy and personal convenience cooled and hardened to give Rossetti strength to partially settle his troubled life. After the exhibition of 1857 the intellectual element in his paintings, as in his poetry, was gutted by the fire of his own passions. Holman Hunt admits that

*"he (Rossetti) executed heads of
women of voluptuous nature with
such richness of ornamental trap-
pings and decoration that they were
a surprise coming from the hand
which had hitherto indulged itself
in austerities."*

This materialistic concern may seem contradictory to the Rossetti's line:

*"He said: 'O God my world in
Thee,'"*

but Rossetti's ideas were never ascetic. He turned from the world, but he never turned fully to God. His life is similar to "Proserpine," subject of a painting and a poem, who, once she had tasted of life, was forced to remain in the lower regions never again to ascend to the heights. The great distress of Rossetti's life is that in the struggle between his divinely inspired soul, which he con-

sidered a manifestation of God, and the baser nature, the latter was usually the victor.

The heritage that a poet like Rossetti is likely to leave to the world is very small and with only an esteric appeal. He was defended during his lifetime by John Ruskin and Holman Hunt and bitterly condemned by Charles Dickens and Robert Buchanan, whose "Fleshly School of Poetry" was a direct attack upon Rossetti. It seized upon passages in his poetry and dubbed them sensual when they were merely sensuous. It was because of this, as his brother tells us, that he fell

"into the belief that he was fast becoming the object of wide-spread calumny and obliquy not less malignant and insidious than unprovoked and undeserved."

The final condemnation is that his love poetry, which forms the bulk of his work, is only love between the sexes. It is deplorable that so much good poetry, intense and subtle feeling, care-

ful design and art should be dissipated upon a species of love which, at its best and most varied phases, is transient and material.

Placing Rossetti in English literature is a difficult task. He is definitely not a great poet. He does not paint upon the broad canvas of human nature nor the landscape of the world; he is active in a personal field in pleasant seclusion. He deals in the particular, not in the universal. He does not reach the core of man's existence, but merely the superficial and personal passions. By this he is relegated to a lower rank than the poets with a more expansive poetic soul. Within his own narrow Elysian fields, his own isolated and lovely garden where everything surrounding him is personalized, he relaxes in minor rank as a poet. This confined space of Rossetti's personal experience is oppressive forcing us to seek the open fields and clearer air, crying to poetry—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll."



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EDITORIALS

MOUNT HOLYOKE CENTENARY

Nearly a year ago Harvard University celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of its birth, the oldest college for men in the United States. Recently Mount Holyoke College observed its centenary. And as the tradition, excellence and advancement of Harvard have been a glowing tribute to its founders and administration since 1636, so too is Mount Holyoke a very expressive monument to its directors for the past hundred years. But the college is an especially glowing tribute to the pioneer in the field of women's higher education, Mary Lyon.

She was a beginner, and there were many difficulties, but through her courage, perseverance, and brilliance, and that of the good women who followed

her, triumph finally came. Today women's colleges and co-educational institutions are spread throughout the country, and form a very vital part of our educational system. A hundred years ago women received a very elementary and sketchy, if any, education; the education of a young women in a college was considered foolish and a waste of time. A women did not need a college education to attend to her household duties and the household was her only field of endeavor. Fifty years after Mary Lyon started Mount Holyoke, the number of women students in our colleges was 20,639; fifty years later women are considered as having as equal a right to an education as men, and instead of twenty thousand their numbers are counted in the hundreds of thousands.

Mary Lyon has wiped out the caste of sex in education and today many fine state and private women's colleges and co-educational institutions continue in advancing and developing the idea began by this conscientious, devoted, and far-sighted woman. Her shibboleth was: "There is nothing in the universe that I fear but that I shall not know all my duty or shall fail to do it." She fulfilled this duty not only in the establishment of an educational institution for young women, but also in the manner in which this college was conducted. Beginning her school at Ipswich she early changed to South Hadley, Mass. where she founded the Mount Female Seminary. In this institution every student was obliged to spend an hour a day in domestic labor, thus reducing the costs of attending the institution and also attaching an atmosphere of home, equality among the students, and self-help to the academic training.

Mary Lyon has passed on, she has passed from the scene of life into the wings, but the evidence of her excellent example, high intellect, and fine living continue in the form and character of Mount Holyoke College; and her protecting shadow still hovers over its ivy draped walls.

THIS MODERNISM

A New City planning board has recently issued figures which show that in spite of the declining birth and rising death rates, the population of New York City will approximate over twelve million in 1970. It is a terrible thought to think of so much humanity surging back and forth in the confines of such a great city but even more terrible is the thought which lies behind the figures, the true situation which is facing every country in the world.

Every head of every modern nation has watched the march of modern civilization eat into the vitals of his subjects. The inroads, made upon the life of man by so-called modern life have in reality begun a slow disintegration of the vital forces. We think today in terms of speed. Our watchword is change and our aim is mechanical and scientific progress. In a vain search for the veneer of civilization we let the spiritual side of ourselves perish in the exaltation of the material element.

There is the crux of modernism. The material, the animal in man is magnified. To what pander the dull obscenities of literature of stage more than to the lower forces of man? Social organization has become identified with a sensual pleasure, a gratification of the base sense. Freudians cry out with scorn with those who wish to curb the passions. To them uninhibited pleasure in the world is a religion to be cultivated and spread. They have spread these doctrines, and have seen hundreds glorying in the freedom from outside restraint.

What are the results of so-called modernism. Is it advancing the world to a greater dignity? Look at the globe. A thousand spirits flare red with the fire of Communism. Nations are thrown into upheaval by the machinations of subversive propaganda. Fascism, almost in disguise, threatens the safety of the nation and the sanctity of religion. The pages of the world's literature run livid with effusions, inspiring and inspired by a lax moral life. The family has lost its sacred character and has been relegated into a limbo. Divorce, adultery, are spread in blatant headlines across the newspapers of the world. This is the bounty of modernism.

Translated into figures, these facts spell gradual decay of the world. Every country in the world looks with apprehension upon declining birth rates. But it is the modern thing not to accept divinely inspired obligation. It is the modern thing not to let natural law interfere with the appetites. Birth control becomes practical, almost necessary in modern eyes. Thus by means, natural or unnatural, the world's birth rate is declining while the present population decays through the spread of immortality and social diseases.

Mussolini, dictator though he may be, has recognized the need for a rise in the birth rate. He has tried to foster the bearing of children but his efforts have not entirely succeeded in reviving the dropping Italian birth rate. The spirit which prompts disinterest in children is deeper and cannot be eradicated by mere prizes or medals.

On the other side of the scale, the death rate for the world is increasing. The tremendous vitality necessary to maintain operation in our rushing time takes a huge number of deaths from heart disease. In spite of marvelous advances scored by science deadly diseases are taking an increasing toll. Sometimes the breakup can be traced to no one cause. It is just the folding up of a body tired from the storm and stress of life.

And the result is disaster. We cannot go on under present conditions. We must realize that man is also a creature of soul. Stemming that tide now is almost impossible but we must fight to preserve some semblance of true man in the onslaughts of modernism. Otherwise, the day is not far when aetherial spirits looking down at the earth, cold and desolated, will murmur: "Once there lived man on earth in all his greatness, but greatness fell and buried him."



THE COLLEGIATE WORLD

John H. Fanning, '38

In this, the last edition of the *Alem-bic* in the present academic year we are presenting a brief, yet concise, resume some of the work of Catholic educators during the past year. Previous to this issue we have set forth the various principles and tenets of the educational courses in our colleges today as foundations of our future educational systems; we have treated of free college education, its benefits and problems, and we have analyzed today's college student, and given the deductions resulting from our analysis to you in order that in an impartial analysis you may judge him, pro or con. But these reviews have at best been partial and particular segments of a universal whole. In order to leave with you a complete perspective of Catholic education during the year we present this review.

At the annual meeting of the National Catholic Educational Association held in Louisville, Kentucky, March 31, April 1 and 2, the Harrison-Black-Fletcher Bill pending in Congress was discussed. Opposition was voiced, and at the close of the convention a resolution was adopted declaring that "Were the Harrison-Black-Fletcher Bill to pass, the result would be only a deeper entrenchment of the inefficiency and abuses now existing (in education) and nothing of any consequence would emerge to enhance the general welfare of the nation." About two thousand Catholic educators came from various parts of the country to attend this conference. In the sermon preached at the solemn Pontifical Mass which opened

the convention The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Patrick J. McCormick, Vice-Rector of The Catholic University of America declared "The very existence of that Catholic educational system is evidence of the lack of an essential element in the American educational standards as they are maintained. Our social standards in whatever avenue of life we look are far from being Christian, because they are the standards of the world, and the standards of the world are earthly at best, they are at best only natural and are as far below the Christian as the natural is below the supernatural."

Most Rev. John B. Peterson, President General, referred to the Harrison-Black-Fletcher Bill as follows: "Yet in spite of the growing conviction that public education has failed to solve our national problems, we continually hear the all but superstitious reliance upon it to cure our every evil. Even as I speak, the Harrison-Black-Fletcher Bill, providing a national grant for the improvement of public education, is being discussed at Washington, One hundred millions from the pockets of our over-taxed people it would spend next year; three hundred millions annually five years from now.

"Ten of our richest states where educational standards are highest will receive nearly half the entire grant, The 38 others, which surely need it more, and should be first of all assisted, will divide what is left. It looks like pork-barrel for the educational politician. For it offers no constructive program of school improvement, which indeed is

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sadly needed. It would only offer larger bounty to many whose very failure provokes the growing clamor for improvement. Depending largely upon the good will of such beneficiaries, it would throw good money after bad."

Among some of the other subjects discussed at the convention were "Education for Social Justice," by Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., of Georgetown University; "Religion in American Life," by Very Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., President of the University of Notre Dame; "Accounting and Financial Problems of Catholic Universities and Colleges," by the College and University Department; "Communism's Appeal to Youth," "Health Home and Public Safety," and "Increasing the Holding Power of Our Schools."

A program adopted by the Administrative Board of Bishops, National Catholic Welfare Conference, for aiding Catholic youth work has been announced by the Very Rev. Msgr. Michael J. Ready, General Secretary of the N. C. W. C. A National Catholic Youth Council has been planned which will be a fact-finding agency covering the whole field of youth work, and is a means to co-ordinate and assist the youth work in various departments of the N. C. W. C. The Rev. Vincent Mooney, C. S. C., nationally known figure in youth work has been selected to direct the National Catholic Youth Council.

The College and University Department for the National Catholic Educational Association at its 34th annual convention ordered the Accreditation Commission to put into immediate effect the standards for accrediting prepared by the Committee on Accreditation and accepted last year by the Department. It also directed the Commission

to inaugurate a survey this autumn. The resolution calling for this action reads in part; "Resolved that all colleges and universities on the present accredited list shall file a report before November, 1837, with the secretary of the Accreditation Commission, and that a survey of each college and university be made by an authorized representative of the Accreditation Commission as rapidly as possible as such a survey can be effectively accomplished.

"Resolved that, since faculty competence is of first importance in an educational institution, the survey shall include a personal observation of classroom technique."

Dr. Charles G. Fenwick was re-elected President of the Catholic Association for International Peace on March 30, at the two day session of the Association held in Washington, D. C.

There are now 70,472 Negro Catholics being cared for by the members of St. Joseph's Society of the Sacred Heart, an increase of 1,568 over last year. Baptisms numbered 3,449; converts, 1,089; school enrollment, 13,463; teaching personnel, 226 Sisters and 71 lay teachers in the 66 mission schools of the Society.

Courses in the Justine Ward Method are being offered at the Catholic University of America and at Webster College, Webster Groves, Mo., this summer. The schedule of courses at the Catholic University includes demonstrations given by the children from the Model School, and will prove the value of daily singing when carried out along the lines and plans in the Revised Books I and II of the Ward Method. At Webster College where they were enthusiastically received last year additional courses will be offered including lectures on the "Training of Boy Choirs," which will be given by Edmund M. Holden.

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BOOK REVIEWS

VIBRANT CHANT

Seldom does an initial expedition into poetry have the maturity of a long and well established philosophy and the vitality of a natural verve for writing which the author has happily joined in this volume. These poems, arranged in logical sequence and prefaced by the author's poetic creed, are of a definitely mystical tinge but not of a parochial appeal. This modern monk has attained a cloistered serenity and a profound mundane concern, which should enlist the attention of all who look for more than a blare in modern poetry.

W. A. H.

CANTICLE AND OTHER POEMS. By John Louis Bonn, S. J., Bruce Humphries, Inc. pp. 125.

PLEA FOR TOLERANCE

This remarkably sane and splendidly intentioned book more than gives the foreign devil his due. It presents an imaginary series of conversations between intelligent and articulate nationals of seven countries

The other side of the Ethiopian controversy, the Italian side, for example, is given voice, with the informed German, French, English, Russian, Japanese, and American viewpoint on home affairs ably contested and defended. This is an endeavor to see all sides of the story in a tolerant spirit, and it succeeds beyond measure by dint of the author's ample Christianity.

Mr. Hollis is a distinguished convert to Catholicism, whose same philosophy is seen in the attack of the problems encountered. The author is considerate and urbane, his appraisal of Left and Right is not so much class-conscious as civilization-conscious. Undoubtedly one

the most important books of peace and international understanding to be published in recent months, this little book deserves a wide, thoughtful public. It would seem to be indispensable for the Catholic who feels he would know about the European scene and who hesitates to go to the usual newspaper sources because they are supercharged with bias.

FOREIGNERS AREN'T FOOLS. By Christopher Hollis. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. pp. 183. \$1.50.

WORLD COVERAGE

The story of the news behind the news is told here as it has never been told before. The important news fronts are covered by top ranking by-line American foreign correspondents. A sort of composite correspondent emerges from this journalist's gab-fest.

The preface sets the correspondent's case squarely; he is more in danger from tampering with his ideals than from bullets, and an army of readers is going to swallow confidently whatever he presents, be it colored with prejudice or sternly objective.

Among the contributors who have found no peace are found George Seldes, Frazier Hunt, Webb Miller, Negley Farson, and Frank H. Hedges. Some of the articles are merely the personal adventure type, others trace vast social changes. A useful biographical sketch accompanies each yarn. Together these yarns take in all the "hot spots" of Europe and the Orient in a book that is charged with fascinating personalities.

WE COVER THE WORLD. Edited by Eugene Lyons. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. pp. 441. \$3.00.

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BOOK ABOUT BOOKMEN

This is a chatty and informal history of that ancient institution, the Reading Room of the British Museum. To this literary mecca came among others Macaulay, Ruskin, Carlyle, Gissing, Dickens; to it come daily writers of theses, spinners of theories, cranks and scholars. A hodge-podge of anecdote, now about Ruskin, now about the singular individual dressed entirely in bottle green, this book is a reverent, whimsical account of the B. M. tradition and an engaging introduction to a fantastic world.

FOR READERS ONLY. By J. Penn. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. pp. 289. \$2.50.

DIRECTING THAT PLAY

This eminently readable guide to better play direction is aimed at the director of groups of limited experience. At the same time it serves to heighten the appreciation of those who through motives of community interest, human kindness, or blood relationship to those concerned, are subjected at regular intervals to a club or parish production.

In commonsense language the book treats of such fundamentals as stage movement, business, pointing dialogue, audience reaction, character interpretation, tempo and the like. In addition there are valuable appendices which consider play selection, casting, and rehearsals. A glossary of stage terms is another welcome addition. A feature of the book is its saneness. It avoids imitating foreign theatre patterns alien in purpose and background to the audience for which this book is intended. If such a work as this should fall in the

right hands, it will do much, from the audience point of view at least, to alleviate human suffering.

It is interesting to note that this book is one of the basic texts to be used at the Blackfriars Institute Summer Session at The Catholic University of America. The Institute is under the direction of the Reverend Urban Nable, O. P., Ph.D., professor of English at Providence College and National Director of the Blackfriars Institute.

GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF PLAY DIRECTION. By Gilmor Brown and Alice Garwood. New York: Samuel French, Inc. \$2.00.

OUTLAWING WAR

This rather dry and suspiciously academic title may be the means of frightening away potential readers of this important book. For the confused layman in the field of government and international policy who sees peace as a sane and rather obvious desideratum the conflicting claims of those articulate on the subject cause much mental anguish.

With admirable sanity Professor Eagleton gets down to first principles and defines his terms with all the care and precision of the Schoolmen. His rejection of disarmament and government control of munitions as effective peace measures is in direct opposition to much current editorial thought. The book will provoke the enmity of the slovenly minded for the author asks them to desist relying upon slogans and vague abstractions to work for an enduring and authoritatively sanctioned peace.

E. R. M.

ANALYSIS OF THE PROBLEM OF WAR. By Clyde Eagleton. New York: The Ronald Press Company. \$1.50.

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