

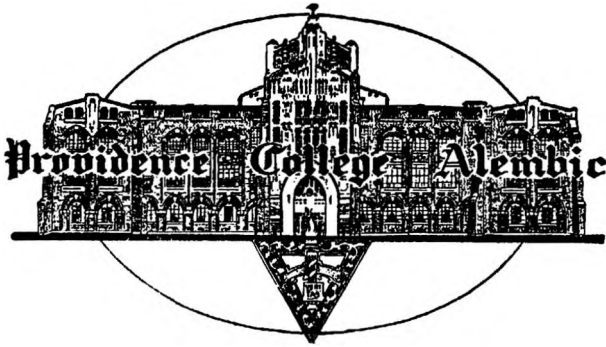
PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

# Alembic

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# The Cold War in Asia Minor

WILLIAM F. BRODERICK, JR., '54

Recent upheavals in Iran and Egypt have caused considerable consternation in Western foreign ministries in the past few months. It is not unreasonable to assume that they could have developed into a second Sarajevo. This article is a brief survey of Allied-Russian jockeying for position in these two nations and in the area between them, i.e., in the Arab world of storied Asia Minor.

The pages of history record innumerable invasions and conquests of part or of all Asia Minor. In the twilight of the medieval era, the Ottoman Turks stormed out of the East, toppled the ancient bastion of Constantinople in 1453, and a short half century later extended their sway over the historic land of the Pharaohs. This fierce race continued on its victorious way until they knocked on the gates of old Vienna in 1683. Here the Poles made a strong contribution to Western politics by keeping this the high water-mark of Ottoman expansion. Thus, when the powers of modern Europe first focused their attention on the birthplace of the Bible, they faced the ever ready scimitar of the Turk.

Napoleon's appearance before the Pyramids made France the first European power on the scene since the Crusades. However, British rivalry, recurring civil crises at home, and preoccupation with other Moslem states in North Africa resulted in France's influence never becoming more than secondary. It was confined to Syria and Lebanon, which were mandated to France by the League of Nations after World War I.

The successful completion of the "Great Ditch" at

Suez ushered the *Pax Britannica* into Egypt. The weakness of the native Khedive and his enormous indebtedness to private Europeans enabled Britain to control the Nile country effectively. She established a protectorate over Egypt at the outset of the Great War.

Merry England had a field day in Asia Minor during World War I. From Egypt, Allenby's army drove the Ottomans out of the Holy Land, retaking Jerusalem after nearly seven centuries under Islam's yoke. Another force came up the fabled Euphrates and swept the Turk from the cradle of civilization. The immortal, if quixotic, exploits of T. E. Lawrence in rousing the Arabs to fanatic revolt against their Turkish overlords rounded out the triumph of British arms in the Middle East.

After Versailles, Palestine and Trans-Jordan were mandated to Britain. The newly independent kingdom of Iraq was allied with and closely dependent upon her. Russia's October Revolution with its subsequent civil war gave her a free hand in Iran. In both countries, British oil interests initiated or expanded their operations with alacrity.

#### **Russian Influence Recent**

Prior to the second global conflict, Russia's influence in this area, Iran excepted, was almost nil. She tried, however, and for several centuries cast longing eyes on the warm-water port of Constantinople. Her Germanic and Anglo-French rivals, however, extended sufficient support to the "sick man of Europe" to halt her southward expansion. The Kremlin and Downing Street reached an agreement dividing precariously independent Iran into "spheres of influence" in 1907.

This partition illustrates the basic principle of Rus-

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sian foreign policy since the turn of the century: when westward expansion is blocked, turn to Asia. When post World War II Turko-Balkan developments slammed the Western door in Stalin's face, the Soviets switched their pressure to Iran.

The October Revolution and its ensuing civil war in Russia coincided with a prolonged social upheaval in Iran; indeed, it appeared that the Communist revolution would yank Iran behind the Iran Curtain. Russia, however, was essentially weak in the early 'twenties, and the present Shah's father's meteoric leap from cavalry sergeant to Emperor yielded a government sufficiently strong to stop Bolshevism in its tracks—for the interwar years.

The Second World War dictated a change in this, for Iran was the major supply route for American war material on its way to the Soviet Armies; this situation compelled the Anglo-American allies to accept a reintroduction of the 1907 agreement. Soviet troops occupied the northern half of Iran, offering unrivalled opportunities for a Communist coup. The Soviets employed the old imperialistic technique of "divide and conquer." They attempted to establish independent regimes in each of the provinces under their direct control; when these regimes became dominant, they were to initiate a civil war with the national government at Teheran. Although the Teheran Agreement of 1943 required the withdrawal of foreign troops late in 1945, they remained in Iran and actively aided their native Marxian brethren.

The Russian scheme was quite successful in the traditionally turbulent Kurdish province of Azerbaijan, where Red elements firmly entrenched themselves. Agents from Azerbaijan made mass conversions among both the northern tribesmen and laborers in southern oilfields.

British diplomacy is usually credited with stemming the Red tide in Iran and Iraq. In the former, English funds and arms enabled the Shah to extend his sway over all sections of the country not enduring Russian occupation. By thoroughly embarrassing the Soviets at Lake Success, she forced them finally to withdraw from Azerbaijan and its environs. This utterly demoralized the native Bolsheviks, who were soon overcome by the advancing Iranian army.

Britain used the opposite course in Iran. Here she withdrew her land forces, increased oil royalties paid to the native government, and terminated her protectorate over the land of the two historic rivers. This rendered King Feisal's administration popular with the Anglophobic populace, and it was thus able to remain in power.

#### **Arabs Unused to Freedom**

Only recently have the Arab states attained full independence, and they are in the throes of adjusting their new found status to their political and economic needs. The future of Asia Minor must eventually lie in the progress made by these Arab peoples. For five centuries, they suffered from dispersal and neglect at the hands of the Ottoman. The Arab rebellion of 1917 liberated them from this, and opened up the prospect of an independent future under the friendly guidance of western civilization. Unfortunately, however, the international suspicions of France and England and the exasperating problem of Palestine caused the creation of a strong Arab block to hang fire. The rapid growth of national feeling and the desire for full freedom during the last war stimulated movements everywhere to remove the mandatory or treaty controls that had given so much power to western nations. So, at a time when unity and strength is most necessary to allow the new countries

## *The Cold War in Asia Minor*

to develop, the traditional unwillingness of the Arab block to unite is emphasized by local nationalisms, which render them an easy prey for the apostles of unrest. The Soviet government has not been long in taking advantage of this situation.

The Russian attitude in Syria during the terminal stages of the last global conflict and immediately thereafter was one of creating unrest of any stamp. Soviet political activities were directed chiefly towards the Kurdish and Armenian populations in the northwest. Using the same technique as in Iran, they tried to persuade these to demand autonomy from the Damascus government; they suggested an Armenian Federation consisting of parts of Turkey, Syria and Iraq, which was to be merged with the "independent" Soviet Armenian Republic. Still pursuing the principle of "divide and conquer," they continually played with some success upon the fears of the Christian Armenians toward rule by the Moslem majority. Moreover, as the Armenians represent the technical element of Syria and as they control what machine life the country possesses, Marxian influence is all the more powerful.

The native Communist party itself has little more than a nuisance value and small appeal to the masses. Its splendid organization, however, was manifested last autumn during one of the semi-annual Army coups; a mass strike crippled all public services until the new president rushed troops there. The Russians have also placed an obstacle in the way of cooperation with Turkey by constantly demanding the return of the port of Alexandretta, which France ceded to Turkey just prior to World War II.

The extension of Russian influence is also being carefully fathered by the Soviet Commercial Secretariat, which



has taken a particular interest in the immediate improvement of Syrian agricultural output. Its head has offered great assistance in the development of northern tobacco and cotton growing areas. He has provided many facilities with easy credit for improving grain resources. All this is being done because the Soviets realize just as well as anyone else that it is upon rural progress that the economic and financial future of the country will depend in the near future. They are extremely anxious for this advance to occur under their control.

#### **Turkish Sultan Still in News**

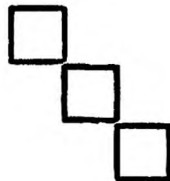
We shall conclude this treatment of the Powers in Asia Minor with a discussion of an historical anachronism and its present-day influence. When Kemal Ataturk deposed the last of the Ottoman Sultans of Turkey, Abdul Hamid II, he did not deprive him of his personal property. Ever since his 1908 abdication, the Sultan and/or his heirs have repeatedly sought to regain his truly immense wealth by appealing to the courts in a half dozen nations. The wealth includes all of the Iraqi oil fields. However, both Turkey and the various succession states to the Ottoman Empire have maintained a firm grip on the Imperial possessions. Nevertheless, according to Ottoman law, which is still in force throughout the lands mentioned here, the right to private property is based upon the names recorded in the *Cadastré*, a registry of deeds and titles maintained by Turkey and the other succession states; the deeds to almost all the property in question remain in Abdul's name in these *Cadastrés* throughout the Middle East. All have never been successfully probated. In 1937 in British controlled Palestine, Abdul's heirs sought to have his properties in that nation probated. The highest Palestinian court ruled in their favor; but the Privy Council in London, un-

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der pressure from Downing Street which wished to avoid an international incident, reversed this decision on admittedly technical grounds.

World War II forced the Ottoman family to cease its suit temporarily. Six months after Rheims, however, the still determined heirs succeeded in having the Supreme Court of Turkey hand down a decision stating that Abdul's estate rightfully and legally belonged to the heirs. This decision had a mighty impact in legal circles throughout the succession states, which regard the court at Ankara as a kind of judicial Papacy. The long patient heirs spent the remainder of the 'forties in forcing a most reluctant Turkish government to enact enabling legislation for their benefit; they are now well on their way toward acquiring most of their non-nationalized, non-industrial property in Turkey, and are battling their way through the incredibly corrupt courts of the various Arab states.

We need not concern ourselves with the intricacies of their litigation. The importance of the question concerns the Russians, who are continually making highly tempting offers to purchase the rights to the vast properties from the heirs. Once the sale is made, the Soviets, through wholesale bribery, could very easily obtain operating possession. The tin gods of the Kremlin would then have the power to wreak truly catastrophic havoc from Phoenicia to Persia.



## *Gaspee 1-....*

*Donald D. Davis, '57*

HAVING lived in Rhode Island for only three years, I am just becoming acquainted with local history, most of which is probably common knowledge to any native of grade school education. Many places and institutions in this state have names which are clearly of historical significance, and only a fast check at the local library is necessary to determine their exact origin. Such a name is *Gaspee*, a Providence telephone exchange. The name was, to me, very puzzling, until a radio program, "The Streets of the City," explained in brief the significance of the name. The complete story is an interesting one, and merits, I believe, a retelling.

It seems that, in 1771, the British Navy became increasingly severe in its punishment of smuggling. Several colonial vessels had already been captured by these protectors of His Majesty's commerce, and the British patrols along the New England coastline had lately doubled their efforts to stamp out illicit trade.

Already unpopular among the colonists, the British then decided to install customs officers at every major American port—among them, Newport, Rhode Island. It was a sad day in Newport, when His Britannic Majesty's sloop *Gaspee* docked in Newport Harbor, and began inspecting every ship—even the smallest rowboat—which docked there. To make matters worse, the commander of the *Gaspee*, Lieutenant William Dudingston, refused even to show the credentials which authorized him to make such inspections. The citizens of Rhode Island were outraged, as they

*Gaspee 1*— . . .

might well have been, for, no matter what form of government a country may have, its officials always carry papers of authorization, and are expected to show them as proof of their authority to perform their duties.

A letter from Joseph Wanton, Governor of the Providence Plantations, did no good, however. As a matter of fact, such a villain was Dudingston that he referred the matter to his superior in Boston, Admiral Montague, who backed him completely. Montague then wrote a letter to Governor Wanton, telling him to keep his nose out of the British Navy's business, and informing him that the matter had been referred to an even higher authority, the Prime Minister, Frederic, Lord North, who was anything but a friend to the Colonies.

There matters stood for a while. No evil befell the Colony, for Governor Wanton had asked an influential friend at the court of George III to intercede for the people of Rhode Island. Then the *Gaspee* again began to inspect the cargo of all ships docking at Newport, and the battle was renewed. The people of the Colony could do nothing but bide their time until an opportunity to rid themselves of this nuisance came along.

The opportunity was not long in coming. On June 9, 1772, the *Gaspee*, in pursuit of a colonial packet, ran aground off Namquit Point, a few miles south of Providence. That evening a council of war was held by some of the leading citizens in a public house located at the corner of North Main and Blanet Streets, in that section of Providence which today is known as Fox Point. At approximately eleven o'clock that night, the party emerged from the house with a load of weapons, which they piled into waiting boats—at that time there were docks in the center of Providence; much of our present downtown area, I understand, is built over water.

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They rowed with muffled oars down Narragansett Bay as far as Namquit Point, and then drifted with the current right into the stern of the *Gaspee*. The noise brought a challenge from the ship's night watch, which was answered with an oath by one of the raiders, and the battle was on. Lieutenant Dudingston, who rushed on deck to determine the cause of the commotion, was shot seriously in the hip. The crew was forced to abandon the *Gaspee*, as the raiders applied the torch. Before long, His Majesty's ship was a smoldering hulk, its crew scattered and its captain seriously wounded. The raiders saw to it that he received medical attention, and vanished as suddenly as they had come.

A notice was posted in all public places, indicating His Majesty's displeasure at the incident, and stating that a substantial reward would be paid for information leading to the capture of the persons involved. They somehow managed to elude capture. With the advent of the United States of America, they were honored as heroes.

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### **Husband and Wife**

*William F. Broderick, Jr., '54*

I saw two books together bound,  
That yet were quite complete.

At them I looked quick and found  
A story old but sweet.

The volume needs no cover fair;  
Two loving hearts are blended there.

# Initial Societies on Trial

RICHARD ZIPOLI, '54

**S**HOULD social fraternities and sororities be abolished? An absolutely affirmative reply to this question would show narrowness of mind, shortsightedness, and bigotry. An absolutely negative reply would show complete disregard of the existing conditions that are the foundations for just criticisms aimed at fraternities and sororities.

The objective truth of the matter is that social fraternities and sororities as groups, under mature adult leadership, can serve the individual, the home and therefore the nation. Properly utilized, these organizations can play an important role in developing the student by broadening his social background. However, we must accept the evident truth that these institutions as they now function are essentially undemocratic and promote the evil of false social standards.

Frequently, the fraternities and sororities are tightly bound within racial, religious, or national prejudices. Often they occasion reprehensible situations which are minimized because of a false set of values. Members shackle themselves to illusions of superiority in the form of organized snobbishness, their ostensible purpose of fostering social life contradicted or seriously hampered by certain restrictions. As an illustration, there is the "dating and rating" scale, whereby members of certain organizations forfeit prestige if they date a "blacklisted" group. Ironically, they themselves are the greatest losers; they cannot see the forest because of the trees.

Within this clouded atmosphere, members gradually

lift themselves higher on the mountain of society and, like eagles in their exclusive nests, regard the more common forms making their way in the dust below. The air of courteous indifference conveys their condescending attitude for the sometimes "nice" but common people. Envision those who are barred from the fraternity or sorority: an apologetic mien, puzzled, wondering what food these chosen feed upon, that they stand "like the Colossus, and we petty men walk under his huge legs and peep about to find ourselves dishonorable graves." The result is a "not-wanted" complex and a conviction that something must be personally wrong with themselves because they are kept outside.

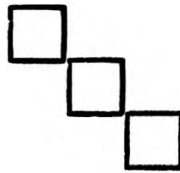
Many of the finished products bear witness to the results of a sorely misused potential. We see it in individual prejudices; understanding might have been their contribution to society. We see it in those intoxicated with pride; humility might have been their contribution. We see it in the eternal prom-trotters and social trophy collectors; energy and devotion to a neglected, needy cause might have been their contribution.

The qualities of understanding and co-operation stand foremost in the challenging task of improving human relations. These form the basis of good will among nations. These are the prerequisites for peace. Undemocratic, discriminatory practices of some fraternities and sororities, however, hopelessly defeat any attempt to instill these essential qualities in America's future leaders. Their criteria for admission: wealth, prestige, and social position, must be exchanged for the true measure of man: honesty, sincerity, and personal integrity.

College administrators are charged with the duty of reforming these organizations. They must introduce an

## *Initial Societies on Trial*

energetic policy that would alter initiation requirements, making these more constructive in nature. Such a policy should also include a plan to change their pledges in order to bear more fruitful results. Such policies must be not merely introduced. They must be firmly directed and diligently pursued in order to abolish deeply embedded practices of discrimination. Tireless and constant efforts must be given if true standards are to replace the false ones now existing.



## **Pleasure and Pain**

*William F. Broderick, Jr., '54*

On this dear planet's face,  
A dewy morning throws  
One hundred silver drops  
To rouse a tiny rose.

So is it true throughout the span  
Of life's few fleeting years,  
That even but a single pleasure costs  
Us sinful men a hundred tears.



## *Facets of Indecision....*

*Rene Fortin, '55*

**P**EOPLE, I am told, have more than enough trouble. Frankly, I find this rather hard to believe. Why would these same people, up to their ears in worry, assume the responsibility of rooting for a baseball team; why would they fret over the safety of their movie hero or die a thousand deaths along with their soap opera heroine? This contradictory behavior leads me to believe that people do not have enough to worry about, and that they seek, in these synthetic and unimaginative ways, to fill the void caused by the absence of genuine worries.

It is the consensus of opinion among scholars that movies, baseball, and soap operas are not worthy subjects for this, the most widespread of human diversions. So, if one does not want to dwell in mediocrity, he must tax his resources to find subjects worthy of his consideration.

There are only two days when I don't worry, yesterday and tomorrow. My outlook on life being decidedly pessimistic, normally I am well supplied with things to brood over; yet, I do admit of one period when life was so rosy that I was reduced to worrying about the cavities in my teeth and the rattles in my car until something of a less picayune nature came along. I still shudder at the thought of how close I came to actually being care-free, to leading the dull, unexciting life of an inwardly peaceful man.

Then and there, I saw to it that I would never again be caught short. Having developed my observation and whetted my natural curiosity, I point with pride to the fact

*Facets of Indecision . . .*

that I can drive myself almost to the brink of lunacy on the flimsiest pretext of a problem. For example, close scrutiny will disclose that the facade of Harkins Hall is made up of two different kinds of brick: the ones on the right are perceptibly darker and rougher than those on the left. After I discounted any explanation so obvious as the effects of the elements, or so prosaic as the shortage of one kind, I spent many sleepless nights mulling over this perplexing problem.

Similarly, the construction of the sprouting gymnasium has caused me much concern. There are a few workers whose job is apparently to sit all day long in trucks and merely serve as an appreciative audience for the other workers. Their purpose is an enigma in itself, but I like to go beyond the surface of things: do those relaxing in the big trucks get the higher salary by virtue of the size of the vehicle, or do the ones in the small trucks get paid more by virtue of the lesser comfort of their perch?

But my mind is not of such a speculative bent that I do not worry about the practical day-to-day problems. Money, of course, is never a subject of concern; a true worrier does not bother with anything so necessary, yet so vulgar as that. But the name "on the tip of my tongue" is an infallible way to ruin my day. (I think that the person who reminds me of someone whose name just barely escapes my grasp is more sadistic than the one who puts a tack on an electric chair.) Another way to sour my already not too sweet disposition is to greet me with "What's new?" Time and again have I heard this salutation, and as many times have I stammered, non-plussed and embarrassed. Long hours of pondering over this maddening situation have yielded me nothing better than an inane, idiotic "Oh, nothing."

Some people maintain that worrying causes indecision, and is a block to activity. Through personal experience, I can testify that they have a case: I am never absolutely sure that a phone call is over until I hear the click of the other party's receiver. So far, I've escaped, but some day a fellow worrier will wait for the same assurance and the result will be a pretty ridiculous situation. Another example of the thwarting of activity is the empty parking lot; if you have ever seen a chicken trying to peck simultaneously at a dozen particles of grain, you can conceive a picture of me trying to occupy the best spot in the empty lot.

The advocates of worrying aver that it is a natural consequence of man's rationality. As evidence, they point out that the child learns through his anxiety about phenomena: "Daddy, what happens to the light in the room after the bulb is turned off? Does the light in the refrigerator always stay on? How do you know that the light goes out after the door is closed?"

It is obvious, though, that the non-worrier is the happier person. The person I must envy is the railroad engineer who got up one morning to find his shoestrings broken, the toast burnt, the milk sour, the coffee weak, and the morning paper missing. When he reached his car, the battery was dead; missing his bus, he had to walk to work. With the curses of his boss still ringing in his head, he, still unconcerned, boarded the locomotive and promptly steamed up to 60 m.p.h. when he saw another locomotive streaking toward them on the same track. Shrugging his shoulders indifferently, he said to the fireman, "Joe, did you ever have one of those days when nothing seems to go right?"

# The Rude Awakening

MARTIN W. SANDLER, '54

**I**N the middle of the eighteenth century, Great Britain was the greatest of all the European powers. Possessor of the greatest navy that the world had known, she enjoyed economic privileges that had seemed unobtainable only a century before. Her empire included such remote territories as Bombay, Madras, the Bermudas, the Bahamas, and Jamaica. In North America, English territory extended from the Atlantic to the Mississippi and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean. It certainly appeared, early in the eighteenth century, that England was on the verge of entailing a colonial empire which would be both completely secure and submissive.

Yet by 1783 this same Great Britain, heretofore the greatest of all empire builders, became the first of the great powers to be forced to recognize the independence of colonials. The American Revolution was indeed a rude awakening to the English. It is with the basic causes of this revolution that this essay shall be concerned.

Of course it is impossible to ascribe one reason as the basic cause of the American Revolution. However, during the past century one principle has come to the front more often than any other. It is the opinion of this author that it is the best single cause that has been expounded to date. It can be stated as follows: The basic cause of the American Revolution was that England, after allowing the colonies a great deal of independence for years, attempted a "crack-down" after 1763. The American colonials, jealous of whatever freedom they possessed, rebelled violently against this new British policy.

The years 1763-1765 stand out in history as the years in which the eventual causes of the American Revolution were established; for it was in these years that England, attempting to fit the American colonies into the British scheme of empire, drove the colonists into armed rebellion through a series of legislative blunders.

The ministry headed by George Grenville undertook to inaugurate measures in the colonies between 1763-1765 which were completely repulsive to the colonists. This ministry attempted to restrict settlement on the lands beyond the Alleghanies which had recently been won from France. It tried to compel the colonists to provide quarters, supplies, and transportation for segments of the British army stationed in North America. Most important, it tried to lessen the trade between the colonies and the islands of the West Indies by imposing a tax upon molasses imported from these islands; and to secure revenue from the colonies through the famous Stamp Act.

The passage of the Stamp Act in 1765 was the spark that ignited the powder-keg of revolution. Almost unanimously the colonists refused to pay the tax. They strengthened their stand against payment of this tax by refusing steadfastly to import British goods. The Stamp Act was eventually repealed. However, even in the very repeal of this act, Britain further aroused the colonists' anger by simultaneously passing the Declaratory Act. This law asserted that Britain's jurisdiction over the American colonies was unlimited.

Another vital Anglo-American crisis arose in 1773 as a result of mismanagement on the part of the British minister, Lord North. North pushed through legislation which enabled the East India Tea Company to possess a

## *The Rude Awakening*

virtual monopoly of the American colonists' market. This action of North resulted eventually, of course, in the Boston Tea Party.

It was in the winter of 1774-1775 that the British government became fully aware that America was indeed a "powder-keg." Neither George III nor any member of his cabinet had ever been in America. They were completely unaware that the Americans could not be "permanently kept within the empire except upon their own terms."

In 1775 the King, the Parliament, and the Cabinet committed the biggest blunder of all. They attempted to bring the colonies back into line by force. This action resulted in open hostilities and eventually in the complete freedom of the American colonies; for when France and Spain joined the Americans as declared enemies against Great Britain, the freedom and independence of the Americans was decided.

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### **Today**

*William F. Broderick, Jr., '54*

When looking at the rising sun,  
Regard your life again begun.

All former deeds are done, and buried deep.  
Wiser, go forward; let them sleep.

Devote yourself each hour to the day,  
And seize it; force it to obey.

So doing makes a day so perfect be  
That He on high will smile on thee.

*You Never Know . . .*

talked to him very much except to give him orders, and he had become adept at listening. Also he was accustomed to overhearing ridicule directed at him. "Someday," he thought. "Someday I'll show them. I'll do something really big, something that will shock them all, something that will command their respect."

"No," he thought. "Why should I bother about loud-mouthed fools like Bill and Henry? I shouldn't lower myself. Yet why don't I do something? Here I am, fifty-three years old, and what have I done with my life? Nothing! Not a thing—the same job, the same faces, the same bar, the same cocktail, and the same 5:15 train back to White Hill."

To tell the truth, George Brewster didn't even look as though he had ever done anything. He was a small man with thin, graying hair that capped a thin, pudgy face. His eyes were watery blue and blinked involuntarily every few seconds. He had a thin gray moustache that he fancied made him look distinguished. He wore a well-tailored, light gray suit that seemed to accentuate his mildness. No, George Brewster certainly did not appear to be a man of action. Still his thin hand shook when he drained off his Martini and glanced at his companions, who were laughing softly at ridicule that he knew was aimed at him.

As he walked to the train, George began to be troubled by thoughts that had never before entered his head. They were dark, troubling thoughts. George couldn't believe that his mind would travel in such a direction. Yet as he tried to formulate a plan to change his station in life, thoughts such as those contemplating an act of violence came into his head.

Across the aisle from him on the train sat two of his wife's friends. Both were charter members of the White

Hill Bridge Club. George smiled reservedly and nodded to Mrs. Buckman and Mrs. Allen when they sat down. Both were highly regarded, middle-aged women, overdressed and overtalkative.

Mrs. Buckman heaved her portly body around toward her friend and remarked, "Well, Alice, I see George Brewster hasn't changed at all. No wonder Helen gets anything she wants. If I could talk to Charles the way she does to him, I'd buy clothes like Ava Gardner's instead of these rags."

"I know I'd never get anywhere with my husband if I acted that way," put in Mrs. Allen with an angry lift of her head. She continued, "If I tried that, Fred would probably send me home to mother. If there's anything he dislikes, it's a man's weakness toward his wife. I think I almost agree with him. I like someone to tell me what to do. Goodness, I'd never be able to remember everything without his help!"

"Poor George," began Mrs. Buckman. "I don't suppose he'll ever do anything worth while. He just does the same things day after day. I think you could almost set your watch by him."

Mrs. Allen turned to look at George, who was calmly reading the evening paper. (The *Times*, of course.) His horn-rimmed reading glasses rested meekly on his nose. "Oh, I don't know," she started. "I'm not too sure about George. He never says much; therefore, you never know what he's thinking. It's those silent ones that you have to watch out for, my mother always said. And did you notice that he has liquor on his breath? He smelled like a brewery until he started sucking Life Savers."



*You Never Know . . .*

George had been aware of their low conversation since they had sat down. This time with his thoughts racing he began to tremble with anger. Usually he could shrug it off, but not this time. He put the paper down and stared out the window at the panorama of dingy backyards and clotheslines. His wife's friends had always bothered him with their cool politeness and their whispering behind his back. As he sat there staring out of the gritty window, he began to see his wife as the bane of his life. He wondered why he had ever married her. She had been a tall, handsome woman with a dominating personality. Her family had been well-to-do and socially prominent. George, for all his meekness, had been seen as an up-and-coming young man. The match had seemed to be perfect. However, after the first five years of a childless marriage, Helen had become overbearing and demanding. George had risen no higher, and Helen wanted to remain in her social circle. Nevertheless, she saw less and less of her former friends. To save face, she had convinced George to move to a suburb of White Hill, where she had hoped to regain her standing. Once there she had begun a life-long campaign to achieve the top of the White Hill social ladder. She realized her goal, although at a rather exorbitant cost, and kept her position at a still higher cost. Night after night she made her demands on George, and night after night she won. At first George tried to take it philosophically, but then after a while the thought of his nightly trip home to Helen began to frighten him. The cold supper, the left-over sandwiches from the afternoon's party, and Helen's ceaseless demands, complaints, and brow-beatings had turned him into a bitter person.

"Yes," he thought, "if there is any one person I hate, it is my dear, devoted wife!" He grinned sardonically at

his thoughts as the train pulled into White Hill. As it was Thursday and Helen's turn to have the bridge club in, there was no car to greet him. He grimaced and began to walk.

"Haven't you had just about enough, Brewster?" he thought to himself. "Why don't you climb out of the rut you're in? Do something different. Why don't you leave Helen? Yes, that would settle her hash for good. Just disappear; she'd never live the scandal down. But where would you go? You'd never get another job. You're too weak, too stupid to do anything else."

George walked by the town's only hotel. He stopped, retraced his steps, and entered. He walked back to the empty bar and ordered another Martini; no, not a Martini! "I think I'll have a double Scotch on the rocks," he muttered.

The bartender was shocked, if that was possible. George Brewster never came in here—only to dances run by his wife, and she never let him drink. It was the standing town joke. He shrugged and poured the whisky.

It was eight o'clock when George left the bar.

"Well," he thought to himself, "this should shock her. I've had too many, but it's a pleasant feeling. I don't think I'll ever get over the look the bartender gave me. I suppose this will be all over town by morning."

George made one more stop on the way home. He bought a fifth of whisky in the liquor store. By the time he had consumed part of this, he was quite drunk, and he wavered as he strode along. George had for once made up

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his mind. "I'll really lay the law down tonight. I'll show her just who I am, and if she doesn't like it, I'll hit her!"

At the thought of the look on Helen's face if he hit her, he laughed. It wasn't a drunken laugh: in fact, it wasn't any laugh that George had ever emitted before, and it wasn't pleasant to hear. Something had snapped inside him. He straightened up and walked quickly up the street where he lived. He stared straight ahead. His black thoughts were falling into a wicked pattern. There was no place for him to go. There was nothing left. He could never defeat his wife. He could never hit her.

"There's only one thing left to do," he thought. "I'll commit suicide. I'll go out to the garage after Helen retires, start the car, and lock the garage. People have done it before. I'll drink up the whisky while I'm at it, and I'll just go to sleep."

He walked up his driveway, went into the garage, left the whisky on the front seat of the car, and then turned and went into the house.

His wife looked up from her magazine with startled eyes. Her heavy, once handsome, face sagged. With some difficulty she heaved herself up from the couch and crossed over to where George stood. "George Brewster, where have you been? I called the office and they said you had left. Why didn't you come home? I've been beside myself with worry. Don't you have any sense? Couldn't you have let me . . ." she broke off with a gasp. "You're drunk!" she fairly shrieked. "You drunken little fool. How dare you come home in that condition!"

George leered at her and then laughed out loud. Before he had finished, Helen drew back and slapped him across his mouth hard. George stared blankly at her, and she slapped him again. He was stunned.

“You shouldn’t have slapped me. Helen; you hurt me,” he said in a low monotone. He put his hand to his face and discovered that his nose was bleeding.

“It serves you right!” she screamed. Then she began to hurl abuses at him. She called him every weak idiot’s name she could think of; then exhausted, she raised her hand again. George caught it with his left hand, placed his open right hand in her face, and shoved. Helen lost her balance and groped in midair for something to save her. Not finding anything, she fell heavily to the floor.

“You struck me,” she said in a tone of complete bewilderment. “Why, you stupid, dirty, little fool; you raised your hand to me.”

That last remark was too much for George Brewster. Everything turned red in front of his eyes. All the pent-up hate of the past twenty-five years surged to the top. The idea of suicide passed from his mind. Why should he die, when Helen was really the one to blame?

His wife struggled to her feet but seemed at a loss for something to do. Then she moved toward the phone. “I’m going to call the police,” she yelled hysterically.

“Whatever would the neighbors say, Helen?” countered George, as he easily beat her to the phone.

She stepped back. There was something in his manner that frightened her. She had not seen it before. Finally, thoroughly shaken, she screamed to him to get out.

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“Shut up,” he said slowly. “I’m going to silence your rotten tongue right now.” He grabbed a poker from the fireplace and seeing only her ugly face, swung with all his might; however, he succeeded only in grazing her arm. She was speechless. She opened her mouth to scream, but nothing came out. George thought she looked stupid and almost funny. He laughed.

She backed away, then turned to start for the stairs. He caught her in one bound and pulled her back into the room. She broke from his grasp and ran into the kitchen. She backed up against the stove, sobbing wildly. “George, your eyes! You’re mad—don’t kill me, George! I’m sorry; please don’t kill me! I’ll do anything you want; please, George,” she sobbed.

She was on her knees before him. He lifted the poker high, aimed a deadly blow at her head, and swung down with all the strength in his thin body. She lurched forward, and the poker caromed off her back. She gasped, then tried to grab his arms. He put his foot on her chest, shoved her against the stove, and hit her over the head with the poker. It was a sickening blow. Blood rushed out and covered her face. He hit her again and again until he realized that she was quite dead. He removed her jewelry, and then ran to her room to empty her jewelry box.

He went out to the car and opened the bottle.

Later he called the police, after carefully wiping off the poker handle.

He was taken to headquarters, where he gave his alibi. He stated that he had been at the hotel bar, and hadn’t arrived home until eight o’clock or later. The bartender verified this statement. George further said that he had

heard a commotion as he came up the street and saw a tall man in an overcoat run through his backyard. This seemed to satisfy the police.

The city papers were full of the brutal killing. His neighbors, after sending flowers for the funeral and condolences, sat back and wondered what George Brewster had been doing in a bar until eight o'clock.

Three weeks later George was sitting in the little bar outside Grand Central. He was watching the ball game and nursing a rye and ginger. His two friends from the office were also sitting at the bar out of earshot.

The thin one said, "Hasn't George been acting strange since his wife died? You should have heard him dressing down his secretary today! I couldn't believe it!"

"He looks almost happy about the whole thing. You know, I wonder if there's any truth in what that newspaper said about him? Do you remember its mentioning the possibility that he could have done it? It seems to me that he had a motive *and* a chance," put in the florid one.

"That's a terrible thing to say, Henry. My God, don't forget that the paper said yesterday that it knows who the killer is. George is too weak to pull a thing like that."

A small man came in and sat down next to them. He wore a battered brown fedora and a wrinkled, double-breasted suit that was one size too large. "What's the score?" he asked.

"Score?" queried the one called Henry. "Oh, three to one in favor of the Giants; 's the eighth inning."

"Say, I wonder if you fellows could tell me something? Is that George Brewster over there?"

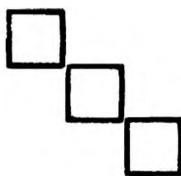
*You Never Know . . .*

“Yeah, that’s him. Why?”

“I just want to be sure before I put these on him,” he said, holding up a pair of handcuffs. “It’s a helluva thing to put ‘em on the wrong guy and tell him that he’s got to come down to headquarters because they got reason to believe he killed his wife.” Upon saying this, he left the flabbergasted men, moved down the bar, tapped George on the shoulder, and held out the handcuffs. George turned, looked surprised, then with a slow smile held out his wrists.

“Hey, waiter, give us a pair of double Scotches,” whispered the thin one, opening his collar.

“Boy, you never know about these guys who don’t look the part,” said the fat one. “You just never know.”



**Analysis of Love**

*William F. Broderick, Jr., '54*

The man is the engine,  
The girl is the train;  
What holds them together  
Is hard to explain.  
Pure love’s the conductor,  
And kisses the coal;  
Affection’s the railroad  
And marriage the goal.

# The Temple and The Village

## Thoughts on Cubiam

*Edward T. Kelly, '54*

### CANTO I

On Parthenon, he touches one drum  
Upon drum and drum upon drum  
Which taper up to marble beams.  
He knows the Greek who sealed  
With shafts of lead those  
Fluted drums on fluted drums,  
Those mounted stones which live,  
Those living stones of  
Cylinders in marble.

He is sketching fragments and  
Here on the north of Parthenon  
Are parts of broken frieze:  
With a pencil he draws the sounds  
And thumps of a cavalcade of  
Mounted youths. He moulds  
Horses' muscles as they slide  
Beneath a skin of hair combed smooth.  
He forms youths who pull back  
The reins, and their four-legged  
Angels throw up fore legs, and  
Legs form angles which burst  
With muscle, and hoofs convulse  
Into frenzied rhythm and  
Leave a climbing train of dust.



## *The Temple and The Village*

Roughly on paper in black and  
White, he tries to seize this life  
Then locks it in his cubes and lines.  
For the cube is the thing and  
The thing is the cube.

Then down to the Village he rides.  
Spasmodic rows of white tiles,  
Splashes of colored blurbs and  
Mists of people waiting  
All whisk by his eyes.  
He hears grumbling  
Wheels halt  
At the  
Squeals of  
Brakes. From  
Station to station,  
From white tiles to darkness.  
From people to people waiting and  
Leaving, he thinks of the cavalcade  
Of mounted youths in lines and cubes  
As down to the Village he rides.

### CANTO II

In the Village, red neon flashes  
To his mind and red warmth felt in  
The subway follows him up into a  
Street, to red houses and red  
People and red neon which burns  
Through a heated red night:  
A night of cubes colliding on  
A canvas and cubes which  
Melt in a glass.

A Sunday morning, and still cold  
Cuts his throat hardened with tars  
And luckily there are none who  
Sink down to sunken tunnels  
And D-trains none who do not  
Stare but think and judge of him—  
He who divorced razors and grey  
Flannels and plaids held  
Carefully in gold.

In the Village. he is looking  
Out through north windows  
Over pigments in oil  
And cubes on a canvas.

Treading pianissimo strings,  
Captured by cubes, and enclosed  
In cones, he sees through north  
Windows the straight concrete and  
Steel which hold critiques and print.  
To them he throws these  
Symbols of thought:  
Let them attempt beauty,  
Or let them be still.

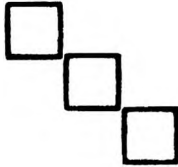
### CANTO III

But when those windows to the north  
Do not let through the perfect light,  
This cubist cannot manipulate his  
Geometric strokes. And so he  
Sits to watch his cubes. Soon  
The figures begin to move in  
Circles and bounce from each other.  
They return for grim embraces to  
Climax a spectral ballet of cubes.

*The Temple and The Village*

Now the cubist runs from his cubes  
And stumbles down to the street  
Where red neon flashes to his mind,  
Where there are red houses and  
Red people and red neon which  
Burns through a heated red night.

To the Village, the cubist came.  
He was incense touching flame  
And fumes touching sense,  
And here now he burns. He is  
Burnt spice ebonied by fire.



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WE STILL NEED MANY MORE

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