

(1) In the latest issue of Thought, there is an altercation between Father O'Connor (a Troglolithomist) and Baldwin Schwarz (acting on v. Hildebrand's behalf). O'Connor is an arrogant ass; Schwarz, though of course essentially right, much too superficial, and his English a thinly disguised German. Very bad, too, is the English of Timasheff, a close friend of my friend Karpovich's. His watery pratings must fill several volumes of Thought, all together (but my Humanitarian and Religious Attitude was rejected in 1943, and diverted to The Thomist). I fear your Miss L. may be right in saying that American Catholicism is worse than the American average. If you prefer my Thought, to the Faculty Library's, it is at your disposal. NB. Collins is not merely a great scholar, he is beginning to "emerge as a philosopher of philosophy". That I should have known such a giant in person!

(2) Why you entrusted poor me with this translation is more than I can guess, seeing that you could have dictated it directly in a much better English, on the whole if not in regard to every single turn of phrase. But, as I have done the work, my remarks can ^{no} longer be construed as a natural outburst of my passionate sloth.

(3) Inhaltlich. I believe I see the points you make, but also the virtual dangers of this doctrine. I am probably much more in favour of Camistry. The Socrates example with its curious unreality, very pretty from a literary point of view,

is somehow symbolic of what I apprehend in your doctrine. Who can tell whether Socrates would be guiltier in ~~neglecting~~^{omitting} "reasonable care" when in the street for the sake of his ~~philosophical~~ philosophical ponderings, or inversely, in letting ^{pass the} moment of a philosophically fruitful mood in order to plunge in the contemplation of pleasing redundancies? Who can tell? But many things, more massive, can be told easier; and again, if we cannot "judge absolutely", we can and have to "judge relatively", which may include the cutting off of the criminal's head, and the like. Your Socrates ~~suffers~~ suffers from the lack of being complemented with, say, a Nero or an Ephialtes; the obvious motif of proportions is not touched upon. You seem to imply, rightly, that we have to choose between moving and not moving, thinking and not thinking — so have we to choose between Socrates and Fiddesen; to judge persons in concreto, our judgment being loaded with "sanctions". It seems to me that you overstress the tenuity and unreliability of "applicable" standards of measure, as well as the "inalienability" of circumstances and the limitation of our knowledge of them to "appearances". So does Baber, in his lectures (I think). The ultimate root of his may well be Perfectionism, and there must be some link with (Thomistic) Supralapsarian Predestinarianism. You are probably too much interested in a possible slight flaw in your own (or another "good man's") type of piety, for instance, whereas if (say) Fiddesen were to murder his grandparents in order to inherit,

to celebrate the Black Mass and to insult the Union Jack, this would be too "trivial" to be minded at all, though you would perhaps stop to point out that we do not know his state of conscience à fond and ^{should} make such and such allowances for him, even though sending him to the gallows (if, that is).

Where lay the stern? Proportions.

"Sublimeness" and fear of "triviality" — one of the lines of convergence between Classicism (= temptations inherent in the Catholic or pietistic type of mind) and Modernism.

Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner — this is not what you mean, but you substitute ^{for it} a Nous ne pouvons comprendre, and that's that. ~~Yuk!~~ — Rigourism and Excessive Toleration! ~~dialectical union!~~ X

In a word, I fear you accord too much to the Devil in his "existentialist" form, as you and Simard certainly accord him too much in his "experimental-scientific" form.

Obeisances!

Kohrai

Perfectionism,
Rigourism,
Sublimeness
etc.

Naturalism
Neutrality
Hedonism,
etc.

Détente

Paralysis in the face of Evil

PACIFISM

UNCHECKED GROWTH OF PERVERSION

TOTALITARIANISM



22 December 1949

(1) Chance, Coincidence, Dreams

Period about 16-20 Dec.: once more a period of very intense and vivid dreams, especially before awakening in the morning, concerned with cafés, etc.

Intention formed of not calling on v. Hildebrand and Baldwin Schwarz (his close friend and disciple) when in New York.

Monday morning: very intense dream, only gradually fading away when already half awake. Content: Schwarz rings me from New York — "how strange, after all he has telephoned to me, so in spite of everything he would like to preserve a certain contact with me". (There has been none for three years, with the possible exception of my sending him L'homme commun in the ~~late~~ summer of 1947; I have not sent him Privilege.)

Monday afternoon, the post brings me a reprint of Schwarz's article in "Thought", D.v. Hildebrand on Value, with the dedication "Zum freundschaftlichen Gedanken! Baldwin."

(2) Your esse/bonum/simpliciter/sec. quid business

Egon Friedell: Kulturgeschichte der Neuzeit.

Die Krisis der europäischen Seele von der Schwarzen Pest bis zum Weltkrieg.

III. Band: Romantik und Liberalismus/Imperialismus und Impressionismus.

1.-12. Auflage.

C.H. Beck, München 1931.

pp 50-51 (German romantic poetry)

Als Uhland im Jahr 1815 die erste Ausgabe seiner Gedichte erscheinen ließ, die mit den Worten beginnt: "Lieder⁽¹⁾ sind wir. Unser Vater schickt uns in die offene Welt", erregte sich ein fataler Druckfehler, indem der erste Satz lautete: "Leder⁽²⁾ sind wir

(1) songs

(2) leathers

..... Das Genie der Schule, der Novalis⁽³⁾ der Spätromantik, ihm an Reinheit, Zartheit und Ursprünglichkeit vergleichbar, aber an Tiefe und Universalität nicht entfernt gleichkommend, war Eichendorff,⁽⁴⁾

(3) Friedrich Freiherr von Hardenberg, the great genius of the Frühromantik (1772-1801), a profound un-systematic thinker, rather than a poet, the German Blake as it were, although very glibly. Lutheran.

(4) Josef v. Eichendorff (1788-1857). Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts. Silenau. Catholic. I have

... Worin besteht nun das Genie Eichendorffs und seines unsterblichen "Taugenichts"? Es besteht in dem frommen⁽²⁾ Gefühl für

(1) good-for-nothing, ne'er-do-well

(2) "pious, seriously religious, with an intranslatable German naturalistic-pantheistic and Gemüt connotation"

die Heiligkeit des Nichtstuns⁽³⁾, in der zugleich demütigen und übermütigen⁽⁴⁾ Lust an ~~der~~ Gottes Schöpfung; einer sehr deutschen und vielleicht nur⁽⁵⁾ deutschen⁽⁵⁾ Art von Genialität.

(3) Not leisure = Muße, but "doing nothing" in a more total and solemn sense.

(4) Connotations: hilarious, active, overbearing, whimsical.

(5) ?

Thomas Mann hat es in einer wunderschönen, hellseherischen Betrachtung ausgesprochen: "Er ist ein Mensch, und er ist es so sehr, daß er überhaupt nichts außerdem sein will und kann: eben deshalb ist er der Taugenichts. Denn man ist selbstverständlich ein Taugenichts, wenn man nichts weiter prätiiert⁽⁶⁾, als eben⁽⁷⁾ ein Mensch zu sein."

(6) Unusual word, a Th. Mannian prätiiert, but expressive. From præstare; cf. præter, prestataire. Leistet, vorstellt, repräsentiert.

(7) "just" — "to be just a man".

(8) My reaction to this: Quite so; only, it is not "being purely and simply a man" that justifies being a Taugenichts: it is being a Taugenichts that measures (in an annihilating sense) the value of (this or that) man. As to the possible aesthetical aptness of the theme, I don't know about that.

Yours,
A. Kolnai

1
AN UNTIMELY WARNING AGAINST UTOPIA

(2... A.D.)

The King was on his throne:
The satraps thronged the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival

Lord Byron

The kings are on their thrones,
And Law and Order reign;
And radios and telephones
Are rarities again.

And so is rubbish Tinned,
And trash and nonsense Canned:
In all directions of the wind
O'er Christenden's fair land.

God's Laws restrain the monarchs,
Who rule us fairly well—
While the sophists and the anarchists
In grim asylums dwell.

For ever all kings is Christus Rex,
Man's dignity Who shields;
On Whose behalf the Pontifex
Supreme authority wields.

Glory be to the Lord:
Gone is heresy's froth and foam,
And the City of God is restored.
Glory be to the Hierarchy,
And the Holy Father in Rome.

+

Not only is this order full of imperfections,
But stunted, too, are some of man's eternal predilections,
And the balance, again, is precarious,
Revelt, it is reported, is brewing in some sections;
More anger may result from legitimate corrections;
For Adam's spine remains for ever carious.
Our eye of frail felicity in the balance is trembling;
The streams of disruption underneath are assembling:
Sham values hard to ~~unman~~ rend from the bedrock of dissembling,
True values wrongly stifled, secondary but various.

By all that's holy: serve and preserve; build and lift;
sift and reform—
Though to-morrow perhaps
Faced with collapse—;
Punish the traitor, fight down the foe, for so, only so you
may weather the storm:

Yet, even so, you may fight for Right in vain, for some day again,
The balance being precarious,
The fog is bound to grow thicker, the world become sicker:
Remember that kings are but human things--this is so, though the
devils below say so with a snicker--
The Pope himself but a Vicar:
That all human worth on this earth is passing, and merely vicarious.

1
Sunday, 1 p.m.

Ω KÚPLE.

Considerations of principle:

(i) I don't think the "Royal Idea" concerning my pursuit of Wealth holds water. The fact is that I am not a displaced person, who could be "brought over". Insofar as you can ask for an award for augmenting my salary lest I should leave the country (or the terrestrial world), you could just as well ask for a contribution to Abbé Dionne's or any other of your professors' salary, including yourself of course. It is as plain as a pikestaff that this does not come within the purview of the Foundation's statutes.

That I am not yet a Canadian citizen hardly makes any difference; I have (to my knowledge) a post like any other professeurs agrégés at the Faculty; and again, a professor of Canadian nationality (even by birth) can quit his

post and enlist in the service of an American university no less than I.

(2) The fact that you have intimated to the Foundation (in your long-distance talk) that you were contemplating a certain project alternative to the Deminoff one certainly does not oblige you either in conscience or in relation with the Foundation people to maintain that project, the substance of ~~you~~ which you had after all not even expressed as yet.

(3) The fact that M. Deminoff has already consumed part of the grant does not, to my mind, warrant a postulate concerning a necessary awarding of the rest to either D. or Laval University as such. If you nevertheless chose to lean on this argument, I think you would logically have to state (a) that you do not lay great stress on engaging D., (b) - odious as it is for me to set this down even in a purely hypo-

thetical form — that you do ~~not~~ attach particular importance to keeping me here. (Perhaps, then, you could point to the fact that my wife has proven useful in mediating an acquaintance between Godelive and Mme Tremblay, and a few similar ones.)

(4) There is something very painful to me, personally, in the ^{idea} ~~possibility~~ of having it hinted that I might elect to ~~move~~ move to the U.S. unless it be made possible for me to lead a more comfortable life in Quebec. As you know, ^a fervent loyalty to the Crown and Empire ranks foremost in my attitude towards things less than Divine, and though this certainly need not be ~~ever~~ proclaimed throughout the Empire with trumpet-blasts, on the other hand I see no reason whatsoever ^(publicly) to suggest a lack of Imperial loyalty on my part which in fact does not exist.



A.K.

Appendix
The verb to claim

5

(1) Primary and proper sense:

I claim to be treated decently.

I claim repayment of the sum I lent you.

(that is, to demand, to make a claim to a thing, or on somebody)

(2) Extended use, possible:

I claim that I have acquired great merits in the service of the University.

The Chinese Communists claim a great new victory.

I claim to have succeeded in this matter.

(that is, to affirm something which definitely relates, in a favourable sense, to him who affirms)

(3) Extended use, impossible:

I claim having proved to be a mere insipid nuisance.

I claim that Abbé Dionne is a wise man. [slightly less absurd form of expression, though totally unnecessary]

I claim that Quebec is colder than Montreal.

(Kommentar überflüssig)

Votre frère dévoué
A. K.

Né convient qu'aux lecteurs
formés.

A publier dans
Laval Médical??

Obtiendrait-on l'Imprimatur?

Si non Index, mention "enfer"
ou "Mauvais livre" dans le Catalogue
de la Grande Bibliothèque.

Please Sir, Mr Dean, keep it get-at-able,
lest the irate author cut my throat.

AK.

Daudet and Doyle I lend you as first-rate
Unterhaltungsliteratur. Doyle is also excellent colloquial
English, and very patriotic. Daudet contains beautiful
pages on Dr. Vivier, Major Marchand, and Maurras. —
Galluney, I think, is well-written trash.

I should appreciate receiving D. and Dr. some day.

Yours earnestly.

TO ESCAPE BERI-BERI,
LET-S EAT AND DRINK, AND BE MERRY!

or

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

DO NOT OMIT
THAT YOU VOMIT!

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

or

TO-DAY LET'S INDULGE IN FROLIC:
TO-MORROW'S THE DAY FOR COLIC!

(A complete rhymed Course of Medical Science
—based, in parts, on Wheeler's Handbook of
Medicine, by William R. Jack, 6th ed.,
Edinburgh 1920—),

Compiled in 19 Chapters
by
IATROPOETA QUEBECENSIS
(Aurèle-Thomas-Rabelais Kolnai)

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i. ALCOHOLIC

the age of sixty, Ma'am, why this prinking?"
 Doctor Choate, I believe you've been drinking.

+

This was, then, the situation:
 Alcoholic titubation,
 Not relieved by intubation...

+

Wheeler-Jack, Handbook of Medicine

"Of alcoholism acute
 Little need here be said":
 "Let us" (means the Author astute)
 "Practise the same instead."

+

Alcoholic his state,
 Ataxic the gait,
 And lost is the jerk of the knee:
 Peripheral Neuritis (which see).

+

The delirium tremens was grand—
 The diet was fluid and bland;
 The Doctor was freely cursing;
 Yet had I vigilant nursing.

+

This is the measure we urge:
 A brisk mercurial purge.

+

Gwen of spirits very fond is,
 But they often give her jaundice.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

+

Father La Farge,
 Your spleen may enlarge:
 Unless you promptly stop drinking,
 You'll soon be rapidly sinking!

+

A consultation

Patient
 Oh, Dr. Price!
 I often see white mice:
 What's your advice?

Dr. Price
 Think of a fat,
 Vigorous Cat.

But if I do that,
 And yet fail thereat?

Then you'll have to take thrice
 A week (sighed Dr. Price),
 An ounce or two of gneiss.

+

The Magyars call brandy borfia ((wine's son))
 And often prefer it to morphia.

+

I may be tight
 (I am to-night),
 But that's no reason,
 My dear Sir, to tease one,
 Or to pretend that one can't be right.

=====

Evariste, par avarice,
Tient à garder ses varices.

+
Papa's purple tint was apoplectic;
The flush on his son's cheeks, hectic.

+
I must inform you, Pat,
That
Your heart has turned to fat.

+
~~HECTIC~~ Unhappy Uncle Hector is
With his angina pectoris.

+
Medicus seipsum non curat
John Hunter the Physician said
(John Hunter frequently saw red):
"In Christmas time or in Paschal,
I've no reason to enjoy me:
My life is in the hands of any Rascal
Who chooses to annoy me."

He was mistaken not a bit:
He died, alack!
In an attack
Induced by a choleric fit.

+
"Senile trollop" he would term her
In a low systolic murmur.

+
Suffered Smythe, my poor relation,
From auricular fibrillation.

+
Poe supplemented
On these subjects cogitations,
With my blood regurgitating...

+
His conscience the Doctor frequently salves
With pious thoughts on the cardiac valves.

+
When the cardiac muscle is visibly pale,
Yellowish, soft, and friable,
You may bet your last penny your patient is frail,
And to sudden exitus liable.

+
I want to live till Sartre is
A victim of burst arteries.

+
You've had your fill
Of systolic thrill:
Don't dare you make mock
Of diastolic sheek.

+
The Doctor: "Tony's illness is slight. But Gyuri's, M'm,
Is a ripe-for-bursting aneurism.
We can do naught for him: we ought ter
Sew into him a new aorta."

+
For a Poet

Rejoice, O victims of his symbolism:
He died this morning of an embolism.

+
Ce matin, au moins, les nouvelles sont bonnes:
On annonce le décès subite d'Yvonne.
Pendant qu'elle piaillait, son cœur de faillir!...
Je sens toutes mes forces vitales rejaillir.

iii.DEONTOLOGIC (INCLUDING ODONTOLOGIC AND ONTOLOGIC)

=====

The state of this teeth, my dear Sir, is precarious—
Why, it is utterly carious!

+
What Heidegger means by—excuse me—the On
(French term)

Is the polar opposite of ὄντως ὄν
—That is, being least valid, least firm.

+
When Scheler or others call this or that "ontic",
The type of my pain is periodontic.

+
In English, use "sinuses" and not "sini";
Nor try at all
To translate such tall
Greek manners of speech as τὸ τί ἦν εἶναι.

+
A model consultation

Mrs. Hudson

"You can go now, my pets, but be quiet and nice.

—So then, Dr. Mewbray, what is your advice?"

Dr. Mewbray

'Put more cream in Jim's soup, and less into Minnie's.
My fee, Mrs. Hudson, amounts to three guineas.'

+
Avis médical au confrère

Tei comme le malade, vous devez manger:
Ne le guéris pas trop; aide-le à s'arranger;
En négligeant la tâche de le faire durer,
Tu t'exposes toi-même au danger:
Car son décès prématuré
Te fera céder le pas au curé
Et tu resteras dans la purée.

+
This able and pious Dentist just pulled a
Teeth to a Bishop who's leaving for Fulda.§
Pray St. Boniface §§
To bless his bonnie face!

§German National Bishops' Conference held there))
§§The Saint who converted the Germans))

+
Barter

"Dr. Carter,
Kindly stop the rot, Sir", his lordship thundered.

'To remove this wart, er...'

—Lisped Dr. Carter—

'Is a daring act, which in hardships abounds:
My lord, er...' — "Two hundred."

—'Guineas?' — "Pounds."

+
How to say N o

Martha is busy, and Mary is
Disabled by dental caries.

A writer like Giraudoux, Giono, or Giono
To me is a μη ὄν.

Here are the initial rashes.
We pay; Dr. Fischl cashes.

Reassuringly spoke Professor von ~~HEIN~~ Hölz:
"From the treatment, of course, no cure results."

Medical art is not creative
In this case, but palliative.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
Least saying, boys, is soonest mending:
Most cases have a fatal ending.

It will hardly make you indignant
To be told of a tumour benignant.
There's one, indeed, that augurs well:
When the Doctor's pockets swell, and swell!

Doctor ever
Should endeavour
To coax patient out of unwholesome reverie:
And inspire him,
Fan and fire him
With the idea of certain recovery.

iv. DERMATO-INFECTIONOUS

=====

On Syphilis
Thus spake tough
Old Dr. Ricord:

=====

I've

rated.)

~~HEIN~~ itchy.

moist;
ced.

calier!
our failure!

always an
of salvarsan.

Li
Bu
Th
Ha

tment,
ment;
ply the liniment
ie meant.

This may be syphilis—thought he:
 The growths are soft, flat, and warty.
 He noticed curious patches, like so many precious coins,
 Around the anus, vulva, scrotum, and in the groins.

+
 In the North as in the South,
 Syphilis would mark and stain us:
 Mucous patches in the mouth,
 Condylomata at the anus.
 This is more than luxury, 'tis foppery:
 On the buttocks, erythema coppery!

+
 Macmurray the Sergeant, and Jones the Drummer—
 They bear in their tissues many a gumma.

+
 Thus sang the great Henley:
 "Be locally cleanly."

+
The luetic patient
 His belly he fills
 With Hutchinson's pills.

+
 Now this is outrageous:
 Her sore was contagious!

+
 To injections subcutaneous
 Her response was instantaneous.

+
 Whoever infringes the tropical laws
 Incurs Framboesia, alias Yaws.

+
Social Progress
 The leprous nodules are dainty and pink,
 But ulcerate later, and beastlily stink.

+
Other aspects of Leprosy
 "What's that!" said Pavel Trepeff. (With alcohol camphorated
 "Parts of my fingers drop off!" Treat the patches perforated.)

+
 These spots—declared Dr. Ritchie—,
 Are pale or light yellowish, ~~and are~~ itchy.

+
 The muscles were palsied, the gangrene was moist;
 The speech of the patient unpleasantly veiced.

+
Psoriasis contest
 John's skin is scallier!
 Confirmed is your failure!

+
 This is, hum... a
 Little gumma.

+
 Dr. Crefts was always an
 Ardent friend of salvarsan.

+
 I use, by appointment,
 Mercurial ointment;
 And sometimes apply the liniment
 That Minnie meant.

v.ENDOCRINE-NUTRITIONAL

Unless I may have some lordly gout,
As long as I live I'll sulk and gout.

+
Too great an abundance of stout
Is apt to engender gout.

+
On Labour pickets
I wish the
Rickets

+
~~THE~~ "The rachitic rosary"^s (said Father Baillon
In a witty causerie) "Has no religious value."

\$Lest the expression be misleading:
This is a characteristic "beading",
Which the ribs often show (without compunction)
At the costal cartilages' junction.
Reader, reader, these aren't fibs!
Ricky-ricky-rickety ribs!

+
Diabetes
"I am progressing!" exclaimed Herr Fugger.
"To-day I have doubled my output of sugar!"

+
The Doctor: "No turnips nor carrots for you, Montecuccoli;
But you may have some endives, spinach, and broccoli.
No sweet fruits, no sweet wines; no rice, tapioca;
But lettuce, spring onions, dry sherry, and mecha.
With food farinacious you have to be cautious.
(The substitutes for bread are expensive and/or nauseous.)

+
Don't here loiter
With your goitre,
And look balmy,
Exophthalmic!

+
Hoity-toity!
Look, I am goitry!

Diabetes resumed grapples;
The comatose patient with death faintly
His urine and breath have the odour of apples.

+
You must alter, Walter, diet faulty:
Use with patience preparations malty.

+
He swings to and fro 'twixt dropsy and ~~scourvy~~ scurvy:
The state of this patient is topsy and turvy.

+
Diet should consist of good soup,.....
Treat a scurvy-ridden troop
To fresh milk, cream, and good soup.
Lemon-juice and effervescing
Drinks, ferseoth, are too a blessing.

+
On Myxoedema
You see, heever hard you hit,
My skin, though scaly, fails to pit.
The Doctor's been; I wonder whether he
Has noticed that my voice is leathery.

+
The voice is harsh and squeaky,
Like that of Punch in the show.
The nose is but seldom beaky.
The spirit, am I told,

vi.FALSE RHYMES

=====

When the patient feels # well and is ravenous,
He needs no drugs # intravenous.

+
If I can choose, agree
I prefer to plague.

+
By eating those Lima
Beans, you'll get eczema.

+
The article of my nephew
Appeared to-day in a review.

+
Who is the Avenger?
Not this dumb scavenger?!

+
Jones is a vendor
Of soap and lavender.

+
To him was hardly imputable
A deed so disreputable.

+
Such a thing I could not even surmise:
Much less practise.

+
Particularly is arithmetic
To stupid boys an emetic.

+
He would endeavour
His victim to devour.

+
Health's secret key
Lies in milk and whey.

+
Herr Martin Berman's
Most curious romance.

+
To so act Wemyss
Was nowise remiss.

+
The men that work with sword or plough
Are mostly honest and pious, though
Occasionally a little rough.

+
Behold, here's a gate
Of ivory and agate!

+
How oddly she trapeses
Here, on the trapezes!

+
Lo! King Rameses,
Advancing his theses:
All his paper is
Full of caprice.

+
Stick this standard, staple
Emblem on your lapel.

+
I hate, in French parlance,
His damned nonchalance.

On a long settee
Sat the Committee.

In the house Eva let,
There lives a valet.

Allow me to posit
Thereof the opposite.

The ailment of Uriah
Was albuminuria.

I well know his story:
Already it's history.

Sir, do not pretend
It's not for your prebend.

In the small closet
Sat a marmoset.

Alighted a linnet
On Auntie's spinet.

The sad truth is, Sir, you are badly lackin'
In courage, and virtues to courage akin.

His face is sombre and sallow:
No liberties would he allow.

Appendix:

(1) I teach English to D. P. s

What you done, Mrs. Fuchs?
You've likely lost your looks!
Once you were comely,
But now you're that homely."
'Quite', said Mrs. Fuchs,
'Because I'm home all the time,
Where I've gotten plenty books,
And dedicate myself to find for you a rhyme.'
"You are fond reading too? I very enjoyed
Forever Amber and the works of Dr. Freud."

(2) Madeleine Sheridan's letter in GAZETTE, 25.11.'48, p.8

Three men there are you can't avoid:
These are A. Einstein and S. Freud.
But one of these three men, again,
Has been K. Marx (says Maritain).
~~O God of My Religious Need,~~
Do, do us, please, a kindly deed;
O God, or Cosmic Vital Force,
I ask of thee (forgive my sauce):
O God of Progress, alias Id,
Do better even than you did:
Instead of Paines or Bains or Taines,
Give us ten times ten Maritains— —
Our bliss and glory to enhance,
Increase yet our inheritance:
Our lives to make a merry dance,
Give us more Madeleine Sheridans!

(3) A Jacques de Monléon! Soleil, 25.11.'48

Seigneur!

Qui pourra ^rpouvoir
Au besoin de pouvoir?
Comment voir, se mouvoir
Sans pouvoir, sans pouvoir?
(Devrais-je, parbleu, expliciter?:
Le pouvoir, c'est l'électricité.)
Savant Auteur de Famille et Cité:
Il vous faut encor, selon ce que je sais,
Perfectionner votre français.

I placated Psyche and kissed her

vii. GASTRO-INTESTINAL

My elderly cousin, Emma Ridge,
Died of intestinal hæmorrhage.

Dysentery

Steels like boiled sago, or like frog's spawn:
Against their use at table I warn.

Macpherson, you've had your enema?
If so, you may go to the cinema.

What use are lamentations?
You need hot fomentations.

From eating too much pulse, a
Man may get stomach ulcer.

There was burning pain and retching;
The Physician I was fetching.

Poor Mrs. Streit is
Abed with gastritis.

Well, don't prevaricate, Tom, it
Is plainly your task now to vomit.

Mrs. Herler, your daughter's petulance
Is undoubtedly owing to flatulence.

Ulcer

"Hungry, Jim? Have of this Scotch broth a cup."
'I'm afraid to eat, lest pain is set up.'

The patient is lean, his garments are shabby;
The tongue is clean, and may be pale and flabby.

You have been a high liver. The nemesis
Is your present hæmatemesis.

He went on disserting, with great prolixity,
On the male duodenum's comparative fixity.

With a bang sonorous
Closed the pylorus.

We'll practise on your boss, Temmy,
Some gastro-enterostomy.

((Poetic licence)) A huge, hard scybalum horrifies
The pluckiest anal orifice.

Congestion of the circulation portal
But seldom has effects directly mortal.

How is, Helena,
To-day your melæna?

Little Tom-Tit
Often vomited.

+
Of my lengthy sufferings the overture
Was an ulcer of the lesser curvature.
+

It's your idleness that palsies
Your peristalsis.
+

I cannot eat this treacle;
Its odour is positively faecal.
+

When you've taken oil of castor,
Do not sit on alabaster.
+

The Captain, at the head of his posse,
Entered the right iliac fossa.
+

To-day let's indulge in frelic;
To-morrow's the time for celic.
+

Recurrence secular of ills appendicular:
Bad pains torment the Attorney above the point of McBurney.
+

John Mumboo, a barmy native,
Took a potent carminative.
To astound us, to elate us,
He produced a giant flatus.
+

This is a disease of the tract alimentary
(Which, my dear Watson, is a fact elementary).
The patient's habits are too sedentary,
And therefore his humours most sedimentary.
+

Come, Mr. Heartburn, show me your tummy.
My, but it's swollen and nodular! Lumme!
+

His finger-tips are spatulate;
He's very prone to flatulate.
When ~~some~~ sent forth a mighty noise,
He would, with graceful equivoise,
Himself on it congratulate.
+

viii. HAEMIC

=====

Withouten bleed must Polly go:
Her corpuscles are oligo!

Pale and morose is
The face in chlorosis.

Jean was Joan's amanuensis
On occasion of her menses.

Blast and bang her
Dyspnoea and languor!

In chlorosis I laud
The pills of old Bland.

Remember: chlorotic girls
Should never be decked with pearls.
Not for them is violent fighting,
Nor literature exciting.

But, unless they've to work in a factory,
Treatment is highly satisfactory.
+

If your skin has hue of lemon,
Buy clothes purple, and put them on.
+

We'd like to hear your scheme, yeah,
For treatment of leukaemia.

+
Leukaemia

The onset is usually insidious;
At the end, the sufferer's aspect is hideous.

+
Post-mortem

Much deeper must you dig, Ian,
To reach the tufts Malpighian.

+
Haemoglobinuria

Porter-coloured is Jim's urine:
Sold as porter 'tis at your inn.

+
Purpura

Paul's trouble is purpura; Molly's is
An integral haemolysis.

ix. HEPATO-PERITONEAL

=====

Si Néron n'eût pas imposé à Sénèque
De se suicider,
Le sage serait mort de cirrhose de Laënnec:
En tout cas, il eût été vidé.

+
After the elections, Wallace
Will, I trust, no longer gall us.

+
I am greatly afraid, Mr. Moses,
That your highly persistent pyrosis
Is an early sign of cirrhosis.

+
Irrelevant reply

"Pyle, where've you put Auntie's triptych?"
'Bile is not an antiseptic.'

If pressure on the duct
Occurs, you may eruct.

They pulled at your omentum:
This was of great momentum.

+
Amyloid or Waxy Liver

My wealthy uncle, Sammy Lloyd,
Died yesterday of amyloid.

Dr. Hibbs' eyes grew foxy:
"His liver is waxy!"

"Indeed", said Nurse, 'Gracious!'
This disease is lardaceous!"

+
In cholecystitis suppurative
Surgery alone is curative.

+
I am sorry to say, Mrs. Higgins, your gall-stones
Are powerful, rugged, stern, fierce, and tall stones:
In fact, they are anything but small stones.

+
This doctor is a solecist:
He would speak of "cholecyst".

+
Mr. Haynes complains of pains in his flanks:
He does so unwisely, for that is precisely what do all cranks.

+
Whoever has ascites
In a fairly bad plight is.

+
That's all right, Harry, Billy, call
For two more chords umbilical!

+
When Caesar crossed the river Rubicon,
He had a robe umbilico-pubic on.

+
The peritoneum's a huge areolar sac;
Once you have lost it, you'll hardly get it back.

+
You may seal, as Attorney, all
Orifices hernial.

+
Whenever Uncle Tommy went,
His abdomen was prominent.

+
This ramshackle, tall ladder
Leads up to the gall-bladder.

x.INFECTIOUS-FEBRILE

=====

My soul to entrance,
My appetite to enhance,
The luckiest chance—
And my happiness to 'stablish, the mightiest lever
Is infectious fever.

+
Ce fut à Fribourg, rue Pérolles,
Que Jeanne succomba à la petite vérole.

+
In her blood the opsonin
Took poor Dr. Hobson in.

Diphtheria

In the tiny throat of Bess
Now the patches coalesce...

Dr. Frost: "I'm afraid it's now clear, hm...but never fear, hm...
We'll inject now and here, hm...a cupful of serum.

A cup of serum, nice and strong
Is what you want, my dear, hm...
I'll eat my hat if I am wrong:
Scorn not a shot of serum."

Response: 'The Löffler bacilli...Doctor, I fear 'em.
Indeed I'm dying for a cup of serum.'

Shot and upshot:
She's got her shot,
The lucky tot:
And sound was her counsel,
For now her tonsil
Has not a spot.

Appendix:
Good Dr. Frost, he loved to bet:
And when he lost, his hat he ate.

Enter Enteric

The patient is freezing,
His weakness increasing.
~~Now~~ He's reeling round his axis;
He may have epistaxis,
His head, too, aches:
To bed he takes.

+ Laboratory research

Put into the jug:
A well-behaved bug,
Then close it with a sterile plug:
The sediment sinks:
The entire stuff stinks:
To say the least,
It is living yeast.

Mr. Peabody
Was an antibody.
He rapped ~~him~~ afore
The haptophore;
Then hurled his big sceptre
At the amboceptor.

+ In the patient's gaze
You discern his malaise.

+ In prolonged fever septic
Try to use an analeptic.

+ The Typhoid State

Your pulse is soft and dirotic;
Your flesh, in places, necrotic;
You're babbling, and gathering wool--
Now my pulse is bounding and full!

Edith, once so vigorous and pugil-
istic, now lies in a Coma Vigil.

+ Round the lips and teeth of my lord is
A collection of grey-brown sordes.

+ No more at his old tricks
Is Gregson, the noted graphologist:
He became a feeble carphologist,
Who at his bed-clothes picks.

+ In the Typhoid State, I am sorry to state, the tongue
And the patient, friends, insidiously
tends to slip down to the feet of the bed.

The room is ill aired. Only too apt to warp its
Atmosphere are the curtains and carpets.

+ ((Enteric)) The stool and urine when freshly passed
Aren't dangerous yet, but become so fast.
Secretions richly purulent
Are said to be more virulent.

+ ((Dito, Perforation)) The patient is dead, Sir. In future
Quick laparotomy, and suture!

+ Appeal for unity

May quit now all strife us:
Upon us the Typhus!

+ Relapsing Fever

He's a spiral, rugged, wiry
Little fellow,
Is Spirillum Obermeieri.

+ Is the fever oscillatory?
Apply a treatment dilatory.

+ An ominous feature is cyanosis
(Among the Irish, ryanosis).

+ Neither pus nor vomit is
What we mean by fomites.
(An Atomic Bomb it is??)

n a call-box
got small-pox.

^{rapture}
Variolar ~~eruption~~
((To a patient)) Must you, must you, must you, Lee,
Always lick your pustules?§

+
This is only Varioloid:
Smear it with a little colloïd.

§=pustules

+
Smith said: "I am hanged, or Kite is
Now afflicted with orchitis."

+
Asked Dr. Hunter:
"What ails you, Günther?"

((Resp.)) 'Small-pox; and, what very means,
Also gangrene of the penis.'

+
John survived. It was by magic;
For the case was hæmorrhagic.

+
Scarlatina
ry ill indeed is Aubrey: | In patients discol^sute, amoral,
mits; and his tongue is strawberry. | There is a pallor circum-oral.

+
The good news
Mia May, the movie starlet,
Has succumbed to fever scarlet.
(And Flippa Floy, her fellow harlot,
Was stabbed to-day by Cousin Charlotte.)

+
What you have is, Mrs. Parker,
General dropsy (anasarca).

+
Whooping Cough, grave form
Well, my three fine Glamour Pusses,
How enjoy ye the Pertussis?
Your cough becomes whooping;
Your life-vigour drooping;
Round about you less the fuss is.

+
I say, this loquacious parrot tight is:
Doesn't he know Mumps is Parotitis?!

+
Epitaph on a Child who died of Epidemic Parotitis
All the King's horses and all the King's men
Can't put Humpy-Mumpsy together again.

+
Glad to report that Mr. Menzer
Recovered from his influenza.

+
He wrote a big volume in-folio
On various aspects of Polio,

Which then he tried
And promptly died.

+
She in sepsis often lapses
And displays a stately abscess
On her apsis.

+
"Where is Mr. Koller? Ha!
Maurice! er....."

'Sorry, Sir!
Chappie died of cholera.'

+
I took hold of Maisie Guggs, and filled her
With the content of a Berkefeld filter.

+
((Yellow Fever)) The vomit is like grounds of coffee:
A suitable base for two pounds of toffee.

+
Why, Father, hold a Congress Marial
In a region thus malarial?
+

Let Nature now plague you
With a trifle of ague.
You shall a good deal shake and ache:
But may then sell the ague-cake. §
+

Synonyms

The horse of old D'Arcy
Died of the farcy,
And Mr. Sanders
Himself of glanders.
+

War

There are three foes that threaten us:
The Russians; the winter; and Tetanus.
+

Smith's body is arched, his glance is cretinous;
Smith, Sir, has doubtless contracted tetanus.
+

"What's my illness, Dr. Porlock?"
'You have tetanus, or jaw-lock.'

"What's my illness, O Tobiah?"
'This, friend, is hydropheb-~~i~~-a.'

+
C e a s e h o p i n g : d e l i r i u m
H a s s e t i n , O M i r i a m .
+

Of flesh denuded their skulls—
Rapid and feeble the pulse.
+

His nostrils he pokes;
His breath is Cheyne-Stokes.
+

I think that this coccus
Does nothing but mock us.
+

You note the ominous petechial rashes:
Prepare an urn for the patient's ashes.
+

This disease now freely rages.
You are in the final stages.

xi. MALIGNANT

=====

The condition of your wife is not pregnancy,
But a tumour of great malignancy.
+

I offer you a gorgeous fuchsia
If you pronounce the word cachexia.
+

Foes he daunted not a few,
The valiant lancer;
+

One last foe he could subdue
No more—which was Cancer.

The Doctor now feels
A mood of grim humour:
+

Palpation reveals
A definite tumour.

Just write it on your pad:
Prognosis is always bad,
+

For exitus occurs
In from one to three years.

§ consolidated
malarial sepsis
in older cases

Hodgkin's Disease

Translucent, yellowish masses like snot;
Don't eat them when you meet them, or else you shall rue it.

The blood had a whitish, vague hue;
The fever might simulate ague.

Very rare is caseation;
Not so rare, emaciation.

Oh! worse is to-day poor Max Hilary:
Involved are his glands submaxillary.

Although he was rich,
She refused Nimzovitch
With painful emotion, as the notion could hardly entrance her
Of nursing a person afflicted, as predicted, with cancer.

Oh, Dr. Merryweather!
The patient in bed 27 (sarcoma)
Is at the end of his tether:
I report—as you'd thought—: he developed, Sir, coma.

xii. MISCELLANEOUS

I am sorry, Mr. Derrick
Is down with enteric.

Mrs. Miller, pray be seated:
Oral sepsis must be treated,
And all carious teeth removed.
So you'll find your foe defeated,
Your fair bosom neatly teated,
And your state of health improved.

Jones advised Dick, Harry, Tom
To take part in the pogrom.

Óda Hevesy Ivánhoz
Túl a nagy Kriyánon
(Szivemből kívánom)
Halj meg, ó Ivánem—
Vagy miattam Kepesen:
Födolog, hogy sebesen.

(Incantation for
the demise of a
Bolshevist)

A European speaks
The trip to Saguenay
To me is agony.

\$Magyar swear

New York synthesis
Terringette! §
Wenn man da bloß 'n richtjes Weißbier hätte!
Corpo di bacco!
Psiakrew! Cyka! Zaxxo! (???)
Say, mister! Begerra!
O boy! Gee! Some horror!
So what? A schnorrer!

Israeli victory
The enemy General Sisera
Retreated with shattered viscera.

+
Je n'oublierai jamais les caprices, les lubies,
Que de la part de cette femme j'ai subies,
Encor que je l'aie comblée de brillants, de rubis.

+
At once chuck your wife, who's vivacious and vicious;
Engage a nurse well-trained, calm, unefficious,
Nor mind if, perhaps, she's a bit meretricious.

+
Ces plaies proviennent du marchand de linge Hure,
Qui, non content de ses parjures et ses injures,
M'a infligé, en outre, trois graves morsures—
Si je le poursuis? Parbleu! Pour sûr!

+
"Docteur, qui fera les piqûres
A Zénon? Qui à Epicure?
Et qui à Platon les clystères?"
'Chut! Pou'll'moment, c'est un mystère.'

((1940))

+
Le feu de la guerre sembla éteint.
Et chez le Maréchal Pétain,
L'entrevue de Montoire,
Sans engendrer un coryza,
Favorisa
L'action des émonctoires.

+
§This branch of the
noble family pro-
nounce their name
so as to rhyme
with "low"

+
In your mansion, Lady Howe, §
We listened o'er the radio
To songs by Hearn Lafcadio.

+
Shades of free-thinking
Why do you still jostle
With this ancient Apostle?
To-day he's a fossil!

+
Some tough babes from Chicago, doing useful work in Russia

We flayed alive Ivanovitch;
His painful cry was high of pitch.

+
As regards our view on Lidice—
The matter is still sub judice.

+
The widely known authoress, Salome Lanz,
Daily a large dose of calomel wants.

+
Voice was needlessly emphatic;
Swollen were the glands lymphatic.

+
"Only think", said poor Trelawney, "a
Man has hit me on the cornea."

+
Any danger, Dr. Seeley,
Of complications and sequelæ?

+
There are some on whom the sight of the Crescent
Acts to-day as a potent depressant.

+
Hungarian world-glory

"Who made this remarkable stuff à l'eau-forte?"
'A clever young artist from Buffalo, Horth.'

+
You won't achieve salvation
By ranting and salivation.

+
The defence of the Continent
The defence of Quebec and of Sillery
Is of interest merely ancillary.

+
His teacher would sternly exhort
Young Rex to do what Rex ought.

+
He gave me a costly phial, in
Which glistened a substance hyaline.

+
Your foes will hail yer
Blunder and failure!

+
Solar rays may badly burn
Body organs more than dermic:
After sunstroke, fever thermic,
Leave the tropics, nor return.

+
Irrelevant infantile Vision in Hungarian
A templomban szól a sófer.
A padlón ül Pettenkofer.
Három macska kergetőzik.
A kenderben Pistát főzik.

+
Hurrah!
"By all the Saints and all Clergy:
I'm sceptical of allergy!"—
Exclaimed Dr. Hetz in
A temper, chucked medicine,
Embarked upon metallurgy.

+
In the valley of the Vistula
I have treated many a fistula.

+
His abomination of domination
Has aptly been labelled abdormination.

+
((Philosophy)) Every Utilitarian
Is a trivial Futilitarian
Or a barbarous Mutilitarian.

+
((Expostulation with
venomous-tongued
female relative)) This is no demerit, Aunt.
Really, you're an irritant.

+
To-day at the station
I met a crustacean.

+
My neighbours Harry, Dick and Tom
Were killed by an aerial bomb.

+
From his hydatid cyst A blow in the back or abdomen
The patient lavishly pissed. Has sometimes been a bad omen.

+
How the Queen is lovable:
See, her spleen is movable!

(Austrian. Aunt
Josephine is agon-
izing; already her
breath is crepitant))

Im Sterben liegt die Pepi-Tant:
Ihr Atem ist schon krepitant.

I warn you, Mr. Pinner, tricks
So coarse
As yours
May leave you with a cicatrix.

Calculus is never duodenal,
But differential,
biliary, or renal.

Merbid contest
Your swelling
Is bigger;
But my rigor
Is telling.

God damn Winkler's
Flabby sphincters!

Otitis, pyorrhea, boils
Are cured by
aromatic oils.

Whenever you feel vertigo,
At once to Uncle Bertie go.
But if you have impetigo,
Inversely, to Aunt Betty go.
Again, should it be prurigo,
To Gyuri go.

((Past))

Politics
Je n'ai pas confiance en vous, ô Thiers;
Vos allures sont par trop primesautières.

((Present))

On the Red Asiatic Locust
Our attention now is focussed.

§§§§§

xiii.NEURO-CEREBRAL

I'll be glad to know that Wallace is
A victim of General Paralysis.

((Author expresses,
in German, anticipat-
ory delight in approa-
ching locomotor ataxia,
real or imaginary, of
Hungarian disgusting,
verse-scribbling aged
strumpet in New York))

Ich freu' mich auf Malis
Tabes dorsalis.

Romulus and Remus
Were subject to tremors.

Atrophy optic
Has no name in Coptic.

Well, Miss Priss, the issue hinges
On the state of your meninges.

Now I warn you, by your leave,
What I say you must believe:

At this juncture
Lumbar puncture

Intracranial pressure may relieve! (Gilb.&Sull.)

§§§§§ (To Section xii.: Halitosis Reactionaria)

An eater of onions,
A reader of Bunyan's,
A dentist's despiser,
A non-washing miser,
He is a restorer
Of foetorex ore
Patrio more.

((xiii., continued:))

From vascular occlusion
Derives my mind's confusion.

Take an afferent neuron
Out of a Huren.

On your head and not on us
Descend an opisthotonus!

Jones is a Professor Regius,
And his limbs are paraplegious.

Compressed is his cord cervical;
His mind is topsy-turvical.

Synonyms!)) "So schließen sich zum Ringe / Die altgedachten Dinge" (K.Kraus)
In many a case of hysteria
You'd better whip the posterior.

Against Little's Disease, Sibyl,
Little is feasible.
I consider it plainly a utopia
To ever cure your diplopia.

My brains soften
All too often.

His epilepsy is Jacksonian,
Her hysteria Jeffersonian.

I've told you, Sir, that Paris is
A place where I get Paresis.

Alas, the arachnoid pia
Is greatly thickened in Mayer.

As early as in the Greek Polis
Well known was Torticollis.

Lust of power and greed command your
Hallucinations of grandeur.

On the borders of the Tagus
Implicated is the Vagus.

You've got, my dearest Algy, a
Trigeminal neuralgia.

The Apothecaries' Gremium
No longer sells gelsemium.

Hardly does a little rain
Put me under any strain;
But a big rain
Means a migraine.

Climes either humid or torrid
Confront me with pains in the forehead.

This Fascist in Rome hides,
Feeding on bromides.

American Mental Home
Where's Nurse Epstein? I am gonna
Get that bowl of belladonna.

Irrelevant admonition
From Tetanus carefully distinguish Tetany;
Nor caress the belief it's confined to Brittany.

He's a morbid introspector:
Let him develop a hobby.
Make him a Police Inspector,
Or else a simple bobby.

She's going to perform the Dance of St. Vitus;
There is an even chance that her parents invite us.

The spasm is either tonic or clonic,
And sometimes they form a union harmonic.
My two Physicians are, one cynical, the other finical,
Both of them clinical.

"Morphia is very apt
To induce"—what? "Morphinism"!
My vein is dry, my strength is sapped:
I have no better rhyme than "truism".

He advanced with festination,
Till he reached his destination.
Had he walked with retropulsion,
He'd have needed Schwartz's Emulsion.

To get into Paradise him,
Diligently faradize him.

Orthodoxy

As to muscles, nerves, and thews
I share Babinski's views.

Psycho-Analia

"What are you reading, kid?"
"The Ego and the Id."

Muscular Dystrophy

Though he isn't screwy, Mulose
And looks doughty like Othello,
Behind his playfellows
Lags the little fellow.
Advance he dared, yet ill he fared:
Locomotion is impaired.
No use flogging, no use coddling:
Back is hollow, gait is waddling.

"Surdétermination"

Gloire accorderont les futurs annalistes
A la splendide tribu des psychonanalystes,
A ces pinceste-sans-rire qui ~~compromettent~~ les délires,
A la merveilleuse équipe Surent lire
De ceux qui découvrirent et partout virent Edipe,
Et qui allumèrent, avec un éclat peu banal,
Le fanal anal.

xiv. PARASITIC

=====

This trichina
Comes from China.
He thrives in the muscles of Chinamen.
May it never in mine. Amen.

Dad, in the dejecta of Oscar is
A league-long, pretty Ascaris!
See, the tail how gracefully tapers:
Dad, shall we get into the papers?

The pupils' bodies as well as the dominie's
Contain Filaria Sanguinis Hominis.

This one of nature's pleasant laws is:
A whip-worm symptoms rarely causes.

This Poor White, though he's not a bookworm,
Knows everything about the hookworm.

When the parent worm aborts,
It has sometimes impish thoughts.

In the blood—this vexes
Us—unite the sexes.

Omitting analysis vectorial,
He gave a description pictorial
Of flukes: that is, worms suctorial.

By worms our bowels are much molested;
We're richly parasite-infested.
Hence does excel our canton in
The mass consumption of santonin.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
 XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

xv. PORNOSOPHIC

=====

If he goes too far in sodomy,
 Threaten him with tracheotomy.

Far removed, Miss Bate, be from us
 All thought of sexual commerce.

+

Modest Maidens

"His actions were plainly libidinous--"
 'Oh Jean, he was merely kiddin' us--"

+

'Tis not honest business, nor properly theft,
 What the Germans call Begattungsgeschäft.

+

"Why is Miss Blister
 So sad?"-- 'Because Mr.
 Twister just kissed her.'

Six sensual soldiers hurl
 Themselves upon one girl.

+

Prenez vos cahiers. Dans ces rubriques
 Vous inscrirez quatre pensées lubriques.

+

Morton the husband would dodge, fuss, and fidget,
 When warned of his duty by sensual Bridget.

+

Round the big table, the couch and the tallboy
 Fletcher the lecher was chasing a small boy.
 Aroused by the noise, the boy's parents entered:
 Directly their minds on Fletcher were centred.
 The wretched man fled, as a Parson disguised,
 But soon was discovered, and duly chastised.

+

I expedite to Turkey nudes,
 To earn great wealth by turpitudes.

+

Worker and Idler

Don't stand there and gape,
 While I do the rape.

+

Jill, a tom-boy; Jean, a hoyden,
 Went together to a joy-den.

+

Interpenetration of spheres

Pinchetti has done some jolly tricks,
 But he is not fit for politics.
 Of one fact, especially, you are oblivious:
 That he is uncontrollably lascivious.
 Elect him into Congress? Man!
 He's already a sexual congressman.

xvi. RENO-URETHRAL

=====

Trelawney, our valiant Corporal,
 Exhibited symptoms puerperal.

Poor little Sidney
 Can use neither kidney.

+

According to law
 The urine is pale straw,
 But may slowly clamber
 Towards a dark amber.

You'll find a cloud of mucus
In the urine of men verrucose;
A deposit of urates
More often in Curates.

The porter-like urine easily froths,
And greatly enhances the savour of broths.

Our little Bill is querulous;
Diseased is his glomerulus.

The fees for tuition
Include micturition.

Then entered old George Lothrop in
And swallowed his urotropin.

May's kidney is floating,
And damaged its coating.

In certain forms of uræmia
The patient ever grows dreamier.

Said Dr. Tetens:
"Uræmia threatens?
Hot packs, smart purgation,
And wild objurcation!"

Nephrectomy needed

Oh Tommy-rot! Oh rot, Tommy!
What use is mere nephrotomy?

War Nephritis

In the end though death await all,
This disease is never fatal.

xvii. RESPIRATORY

The olfactory organ
Was not small in Morgan.

Now look, this is most singular:
He's tonsils, but no uvula.

Acute tonsillitis

In body-tissue changes molecular
Determine tonsillitis follicular.

Among the young it's apt to rage,
But may occur at any age.

Enlarged and congested the palate and fauces:
Of no avail are here the ~~king's~~ horses,
+ King's men and

"Ulcerated is John's tonsil."

"What do I care? This is John's ill."

"Exudate is dirty-yellow—
Don't grin so, you dirty fellow."

Mr. Blochman now our Boss is,
Wetting us from his proboscis.

These poor children's noses
Display a stenosis.

When in the patient's larynx you are foraging,
Be always quiet, gentle, and encouraging.

Hurray, I'm well! Good Dr. Hull sent
Yesterday a drink demulcent.

Whether in Hoxton or Pimlico,
Father Sullivan can't speak coram

Publico:

He's got dysphonia clericorum.

Croup

The child's face rapidly grows livid:
The neighbours' joy is terse and vivid.

When the weather very hot is,
Paralysed becomes your glottis.

May the catarrh
Penetrate far
In G.D.H. Cole's
Ruddy bronchioles!

Morality
Mark my words: an early riser
Seldom suffers from coryza.

Grave bronchitis
The breathing's embarrassed, noisy and whistling;
The facies harassed, the moustachioes bristling.

Go to the trough:
There you may cough—
But from my table
Kindly be off!

In Browning's style
Well, I am blest:
All over the chest
Rhonchi and râles,
Bronchial snarls—

To the devil that pricks on such pestilent carls!

The bronchitis is usually putrid if
The secretion has ceased to be nutritive.

Emphysema
The trouble here is physical:
Extension of the vesicle.

Chest like barrel—
Hence the quarrel.

In December and July
Pneumonia hits the lobuli;

In June and October
It always is lobar.

The pain of this dolt is
Relieved by a poultice.

Crepitus redux
Is common in he-ducks,
Which never have glanders,
As so many ganders.

Cheeks are sallow, eyes are globular.
Process in the lungs is lobular.

Bronchopneumonia
Patient vomits, cough is lusty,
Iris has the hue of mud.
Sputum scanty, n e v e r r u s t y ,
But it may be streaked with blood.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
Treat soreness and heat behind the sternum
With mild decoctions of laburnum.

You can't, I fear, poor Gyuri see,
'Cos he is down with pleurisy.

In pleurisy with effusion,
Whatever be its variety,
Teach the patient sobriety,
And sternly ward off his intrusion.

If ably done, paracentesis
The pain of poor Millicent eases.
In some other cases, incision
Could only evoke derision.

Don't sit there and brood:
Be active and shrewd,
And direct your patient his tongue to protrude.

xviii.TOXIC

=====

Sermon to a German Wurstfresser (sausage-fiend)

Without restraint if you eat what you list,
You are apt to become a botulist.
Consult Dr. Klein, then: though in other domains
He may less excel, he is first in ptomaines. §

§((To purists and jurists, with my blessings:
By Oxford and by Jones,
there exist both stressings.))

+
Last Wednesday we had a weird picnic:
The sandwiches were a bit strychnic.

+
Here's carrot and parsnip,
With plenty of arsenic.

+
Saturnalia

Workers in lead
Who eat with hands unwashed,
Will earn little bread,
But slink away, abashed.

+
"What has harmed her?
'She used lead as an ecbo¹lic."
Whence the colic?"

Hardly felt he urges phallic;
In his mouth, a taste metallic...
Pains were partly paroxysmal,
But the constant, too, were dismal...
Sensory symptoms, numbness, tingling
With ataxic gait were mingling...

+
Another admonition

On the borders of
the Bosphorus
Be cautious, Sir,
with phosphorus.

The constant eating of rye bread
May some day lead you awry, Fred.
By thus indulging your palatal egotism,
As likely as not, you will fall into ergotism.
Many will then be your troubles and woes:
Thus, gangrene of fingers as also of toes—
To your friends' distress, ~~misery~~
the delight of your foes.

xix.TUBERCULAR

=====

These elements graceful and circular
Appear to be plainly tubercular.

The attack is anything but biliary:
It is tuberculosis miliary.

+
Mrs. O'Brien can't leave her cubicle;
Her organs are studded with many a tubercle.

+
Your indigestion but a disguise is,
Young man, for your gently incipient phthisis.

+
"I say, Maud, now you have got the consumpers, §§
You shouldn't be wearing such breezy jumpers"
— Grunted old Gumpers.

+
"And how are the children, Mrs. Parnell?"
'Thank you, Miss Porter, they are fairly well.
Little Bill has grandly recovered from mumps.
Little Marjorie, though, shows signs of consumps.' §§§

§§,§§§((Alas! the use of these jocose terms in James
Elroy Flecker's letters from Daves did not prevent
the premature death of that loveliest of poets.))

Examination

Such is your shape thoracic
As to presage a phthisis classic.

Softening and excavation
Often mean an aggravation.

Big like a bull's head is this cavity
Your case is not without some gravity

In advanced apical excavation
The best of cures is not starvation.

Fast breaking down is my blasted lung tissue:
I sometimes wonder what will be the issue!

Bacilli thrive, accumulate;
My sputum has grown nummulate:
I mean, there are in it
(I'll show you in a minute)
Flattened, circular, coin-like discs:
I daresay I am faced with certain risks.

If the baby's obstreperous, calm it
By applying the method of Calmette.
And should that happen to harm it,
Complain to the public; alarm it.

This girl has hardly any lung:
Excuse her being highly strung.

=====

Valedictory
It is late:
Segregate!

WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY
CLEVELAND 6, OHIO

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

June 23.-1949.

Dr Charles DeMoninck.
Dean of the Faculty of Philosophy.
Laval University.
Quebec, Canada.

*Dear Aurelius (minimorum minimus -
i.e. in his own eyes [which is, of course, all
right]); Would you please take a look into
this matter. If not suitable for the LTP,
perhaps a French Transl. could be made
for the Rev. de l'Univ.*

Bals Duff.

Dear Dr DeMoninck:

I am writing this letter following the suggestion of Dr Watson Kirkconnell, President of Laval University. The letter, as you see, is accompanied by an essay, entitled INTRODUCTION, AUTHOR OF "THE TRAGEDY OF IAN." I do hope that the topic and its presentation will meet with your approval, and you will publish the essay which has a definite philosophical slant. In case the essay should not be suitable, for the Laval Théologique et Philosophique, kindly return it to my home address: 1517 West Boulevard, Cleveland 6, Ohio, U.S.A. I would send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, but I have no Canadian stamps at my disposal.

As to myself, I am Professor of Comparative Literature at Western Reserve University, an American citizen of Hungarian extraction. Numerous articles and essays of mine appeared in various European and American literary and scholarly publications. I wrote two books on American literature published in Budapest, and translated Chesterton's Francis of Assisi into my native tongue. I am inclined to believe that, if necessary, Dr Kirkconnell would offer you information about my activities.

In case of acceptance may I hope to receive a galleyproof in order to check the Hungarian names and titles. It would be returned without delay. Appreciating your good will and possible interest in this matter, I am

sincerely yours:

Joseph Rouezy

No, Sir. I advise unconditional rejection. Even the Rev. de l'Univ. has more suitable rubbish to fill its pages with. The "philosophical slant" is much rather "slant" than "philosophical" - too meagre even for a good literarhistorisch article. The whole thing is the drabdest, dreariest, bathariest, pseudo-scholarliest Literaturgeschichte imaginable, which, at best might be printed by a lit. hist. review with a very definitely specialistic "slant" (e.g., Hungarian topics as such; nineteenth-century Hindustani national dramas as such). The Rev. de l'Univ. is not a periodical of this kind - let it discuss about the rheumatism of Gramscian Aunt's left ring-toe; for we are in Quebec, not in Budapest -; the LTP, of course, even be J.R. is an utterly genius-less, stupid man; his English style is indifferent and sometimes involuntarily funny; if you had a spacious comic magazine I should advocate the printing of

substantial quotations. But, unfortunately, you are not devoting yourself to thus useful and pleasurable activities. On the other hand, though R. does not know English well, I am sure his English is not much worse than his Hungarian, which I feel must also provide a fruitful source of delicious humour. Again, even in the "frame of reference" of English, there can be (naturally enough, since he has had Elementary- und Mittelschulunterricht) no question of his being an illiterate like all ^(real) Americans of the younger generations except — I take your word for it — Fr. Conway and Labor. Further, he is a most industrious man (though not a scholar: a barybone like me cannot be a scholar; an industrious man may or may not be one). Very likely, he is not a bad man either; wherefore I venture to suggest that you will temper your No with clemency, or let us say civility. I think you might truthfully and plausibly say that his essay belongs into a review of literary history, and that you know ~~none~~ ^{none} with a sufficiently specialized angle to be a suitable place for its publication.

Read, if you will, p. 1, and perhaps 18, 21-24.

As for Madách himself (an imitator of Faust, ~~and~~ rather like the Polish Count Krasiński), I believe he is a mediocrity awfully overrated by the Hungarians and by some foreigners. (This also applies to "our" revolutionary "national poet", Petöfi, though he was more gifted. John Arany, the summit of Hungarian "classicism", was also greatly overrated, though ~~he was~~ a fine artist after a fashion; ~~and~~ his anti-English ballad, The Bands of Wales, ought to be the daily bread of your Irish, Quebec-nationalist and otherwise Americanist chums, for it is a poem of great beauty, vigour and ferocity. The anti-English setting is merely "allegorical"; it is really Magyar-nationalist and anti-Hapsburg in motivation. Now, the really greatest of Hungarian poets, Michael VÖRÖSMARTY, though recognized as great in Hungary, has always been relegated to an inferior place, and hardly ever advertised abroad. Why? In this case, the ~~surrounding~~ riddle is not difficult to solve. Madách & Petöfi are Lutherans; Arany (like Andre Ady, † 1918, also weltberühmt) a Calvinist. Vörösmarty had the misfortune of being..... no, no, not that (Milan Fiist, still alive, is) but..... him, er, er, yes, that other undesirable thing. Yes, our "national genius" is Calvinist, and I am all for Hapsburg Tyrants, only deploring our "hero" Kossuth escaped from their gallows.

† about 1857. His chef-d'oeuvre, The Old Gipsy (1854), ^(misrepresented) ~~is among~~
2 heart-rendingly unbegabt Kirkcunell translations.

Dutifully yours,
Heat-wave-suspecter.



6 November 1949

UNIVERSITÉ LAVAL

FACULTÉ DE PHILOSOPHIE

(dr.phil.) Aurel Kolnai (professeur agrégé, History of
Modern Philosophy)

To Whomever It May Concern

I have read with great attention, much profit, and considerable pleasure, the typescript (in German, xviii Chapters /Chapter xvii being subdivided into 7 paragraphs/, 492pp) of the First Part of the work entitled A TREATISE ON IMMORTALITY, or THE ROOTS OF MODERN SCEPTICISM, by Dr. Hermann Borchardt in New York, the author of the (in my opinion, immortal) novel THE CONSPIRACY OF THE CARPENTERS (New York, 1943).

Dr. Borchardt's philosophical work, the Second Part of which I am awaiting with impatience, is fundamental and monumental as regards its scope and ambition, its spirit and method, its wealth and power. It reveals its author to be a true-born speculative thinker as well as a whole man. For in him, a calm serenity of mind, a passionate love of rational analysis for its own sake, an unwarped intellectual response to the Object as such are organically and inseparably linked to that integral sensibility and rectitude of judgment, that three-dimensional grasp of the mental ~~background~~ background and vital implications of every object treated, that ordering of all scientific research to a moral and religious purpose which characterize the genuine teacher in contradistinction from the mere Scholar or Technician. I need ~~not~~ hardly add that while the quality of his purpose — which is to contribute to the restoration of Christian Civilization by a convincing re-statement of its rational presuppositions and a destructive con-

futation of the gross impostors, the solemn charlatans, the witty half-wits ^{who} ~~have~~ have been and are busy undermining them—places him at exactly the opposite pole from the Sophist, the quality of his thought and his procedure: incorruptible mental honesty and ~~intense~~ a noble courage in facing ~~unshakable~~ difficulties, that is, also sets him at a world-wide distance from the well-meaning Ranter who usually does more harm than good by discrediting intellectually the cause of Religion and Tradition and unwittingly driving the most gifted and perspicacious among his hearers into the deserts of Doubt and Disillusionment, if not into the swamps of Evil.

Dr. Borchardt's ~~own~~ philosophical position is essentially the same as that of the followers of Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas, and indeed, of all those who take their stand on the firm ground of Sanity and henceforth embark on that upward and homeward journey of Man, the only true one he can undertake, ^{which is} Christianity. That philosophical position means—Objectivism and Realism in the theory of knowledge; "Moderate Realism" in logic; Substantial Pluralism in metaphysics; the affirmation of an Immaterial Soul of Man in psychology and as a preamble to ethics; furthermore, the recognition of that order and finality in nature whose understanding, full of obscurity yet also of certitude, leads us on towards such knowledge of God as it is possible for us to attain naturally. Among his special concerns (if I read him aright) are these: to lay bare and counteract the tendency of modern "dialectical" philosophy to blur the fundamental distinctions and contrasts in the realm of created being; to purify "common sense" of the clinkers of all-but-ineradicable materialist prejudices that adhere to it; to clear away certain time-honoured misconceptions of idealist philosophy, such as the concept of a "vision" identified with the thing seen; to render manifest the soul as a "singular being"; to work out a doctrine of

"relation-universals" as distinct from "species-universals"; to modify the theory of "abstraction" in the sense of a direct "perception of the universals" (inseparable, though, from the perception of singulars); to reaffirm, in the face of all the more overt or more veiled attempts at a monistic confusion, the distinctness and interaction of soul and body (of which mode of action we have a certain knowledge as to its existence and none at all as to its "how"); to show the presence in our natural world of constants, fixed essences and causal laws, warranting ~~the~~ the possibility of a modest but certain knowledge of nature on our part; to expound the presence in corporeal nature of "secondary" qualities "meant for" the perceiving subject but none the less strictly inherent in the object. Over and above everything, however, to uproot—which he does with merciless analytical rigour and with a biting sarcasm ~~not~~ mellowing, sometimes, to a delightful irony—the most rampant and most pernicious of the philosophical prejudices, sophistries and humbuggeries of the present age: in particular, relativism of all kinds, "logical positivism" or the "Vienna School", the substitution of "syntax" for logic, pragmatism and other variants of the humanitarian suicide of man as a rational being. Nor must ~~it be~~ I omit to mention that Dr. Borchardt is keenly aware of the sinister background and motive power to which these evil fruits of mental corruption owe their vitality and popularity: the craving of a rootless and ruthless, atheistic and self-worshipping sect of "intellectuals" ~~now~~ ^{to} establish their totalitarian dictatorship over mankind,—the adequate expression of the so-called "sovereignty" of Man as "emancipated" from God.

To be sure, the technical training and apparatus of Dr. Borchardt as a philosopher is not Thomist; in fact he owes most, ^{of his basic tenets} in a direct sense, to the German objectivist philosopher Johannes Rehmke in Greifswald (+193-). Nothing, however, would be falser than to infer

that Borchardt therefore is not an "original genius" but a mere "pupil or copyist" (one might ^{as} well say that St. Thomas, as a philosopher at least, was a mere "popularizer" of Aristotle); on the contrary, there is not a comma in his work which is not "individually thought out and full of ~~the~~ the life-sap of his own powerful (and often, pleasantly whimsical) mind; ~~XX~~ he wields the sword of Truth and Honesty and Tradition ~~as~~ in combating the "corrupters" of to-day with greater skill and more gracefully than Rehmke would have been able to do, or to put it differently: with exactly that personal "sovereignty" which we attribute to whom ^{even} we recognize as a great thinker and a great writer. Again, it would be no less disastrous an error to dismiss Borchardt as a non-Thomist and hence a "modern". It would be comparable to the West rejecting, in a war against Soviet Russia, the help of Turkey because she is not sufficiently parliamentary in government, or (perhaps) of this or that European country because her economic policy is not orthodoxly capitalist. But the simile I have used is misleading inasmuch as Borchardt's philosophy is not only an invaluable ally of Thomism but in its essential outlook also very closely akin to it. Not to welcome such an ally and such a kinsman, as it were, might rather be compared to the blunder a General would be committing who in a crucial battle would refrain from using a superbly equipped and highly enthusiastic corps because the buttons on the tunics of its men were not arranged in ^{the} fashion required by regulations. (By which I do not mean to imply that such regulations are in themselves harmful or even irrelevant to military purposes.) The truth is that we need both the traditional study and development of orthodox Thomism and the aid of kindred types of mind, gifted, well intentioned and industrious, which arise and grow into ~~XX~~ shape in the midst of the modern jungle itself, bearing worse scars perhaps ~~than~~ from the deeper wounds

they ~~and~~ have received and the stronger temptations they have suffered, but also bearing in their blood more effective and numerous ~~and~~ mobilizable antidotes to the multiple viruses of modernity. If ~~their work~~ cannot ^{provide} ~~be~~ a substitute for the secure backbone of the Philosophia Perennis, the reverse is equally true. Nor is the indispensable function of a thinker like Dr. Borchardt of one kind only: on the one hand, the reading of a book like his cannot but exercise an invigorating, fertilizing, enlivening and enriching effect upon minds reared in the Scholastic tradition; on the other, ~~many~~ his ^{weapons} ~~may~~ may well ~~penetrate~~ penetrate with destructive results into such regions of the modern mind, ~~with~~ his counter-drugs may well affect such milieux of modern society, as would always remain invulnerable and inaccessible to the Scholastic manner of approach and the Thomist arguments as presented by our hall-marked academic philosophers or travestied by would-be "popularizers".

This is not to ^{deny that a} ~~deny that a~~ somewhat more thorough knowledge of Aristotle and St. Thomas would do Dr. Borchardt an appreciable amount of good and possibly induce him to revise, sua sponte, a few of his formulations in reference to these authors and their followers. It is also true that in his work, once in a while the writer is apt to run away with the thinker: ~~not that he~~ ^{THEY} not that he would ever replace close argument by cheap rhetoric, but merely in the sense that the (legitimate and attractive) ~~//~~ pleasure he takes in displaying his faculties as a ^{magician of the pen} ~~magician of the pen~~ may sometimes entice him into needless expansions and embroideries at the cost of concision, order and clarity. This drawback (if, indeed, it is a drawback — for perhaps many readers would enjoy rather than resent it) ~~//~~ could be easily remedied in the few cases in which this might seem necessary.

I feel I ought to quote here some of the salient and most incisive passages; but seeing the difficulty of the choice as well as the disproportionate length of this "review" as it is, not to mention the halting English in which alone I am capable of rendering Dr. Borchardt's terse and savoury German, I will confine myself to a few ~~most~~ picked sentences ~~taken~~ from the Introduction and another few from the last but one (xvi¹) chapter.

(pp4seq) Whether, then, the succour offered by pure mathematics has benefited ~~the~~ rather than harmed the study of nature—and, if so, within what limits—will remain an open question until a high-minded and independent student of science shall have tackled the problem with the force and enthusiasm that are an appanage of youth. He will be assailed both by difficulties inherent in the subject-matter (for, ⁱⁿ ~~at~~ any event, an Eddington, a Jeans, a Whitehead or a Russell are no fools) and by mockeries, tricks and aspersions from the part of interested groups. He must train himself to despise the word "success" and to regard it with equanimity if he is abandoned by his patrons. He should marry early, so as to set his house in order and avoid from the outset getting entangled in temptations, ambiguities, or worse; nay, he should marry a prosperous and (if only for this reason) a religious girl. A prosperous one—lest the corrupters should perhaps manage to buy him, and lest he should be compelled to ~~waste his time~~ waste his time on irrelevancies in order to make money; a virtuous and a religious one—lest she should run away from him, which a hussy or even a worldly minded lady would be sure to do. Whether, in the end, many people or ~~not~~ none at all will escort his coffin to the grave must, for him, be a matter of absolute indifference. He ought to be able to handle ~~mathematics and~~ mathematics and physics as an old taxi-driver handles his car; a virtuoso, his piano; a child, his toys. But this would by no means suffice. For, as all great physicists of the last few decades—Einstein and the rest as well—aspire to a knowledge of the world as a whole, or in other words, are system-builders, they all, from the very outset, make use of philosophy; and it is precisely here, in the domain of this Fundamental Science, that they are weakest and could most easily be unhorsed by ~~the student of my vision~~ ~~the student of my vision~~ supposing, that is, that he would not believe in the inveterate philosophical errors ~~held~~ by so many people ~~and not~~ and not least, ^{believed} by the great physicists themselves.

(p367).....he /Carnap/ declares on page 29 that the proposition "Jupiter is sitting in this cloud" expresses no thinkable state of fact and is consequently meaningless. If this were so, most propositions contained in fables and legends would express "no thinkable state of fact", or in other words, would be meaningless. But this is plainly the opposite of truth. We understand, without any effort, most or all affirmations that make up a fable, while at the same time we know exactly that the personages and events ~~TEXT~~ referred to in the fable—for example, "Jupiter sitting in the cloud"—are in no way "verifiable through perceptions".

(pp371seq) "Truth is a medieval prejudice"—thus the moderns and the physicists who are under their spell. "What is true and what is false will be decided by the practice of life: what ever turns out to be useful for us is true, whatever does not is untrue." But one thing "turns out to be useful for us" to-day, another to-morrow. According to modern pragmatism, then, a thing is true to-day and its opposite to-morrow. This doctrine—"what fits in with our purpose is true"—holds, in our days, an unlimited and merciless sway over half of Europe and the most part of Asia. The "truth" of the moment is proclaimed by decrees and likewise revoked by decrees. Sometimes it lasts for a ~~few~~ few weeks; sometimes, several months. Counter-arguments end up in the Lubianka. This is slavery—and one had better tell all students of philosophy what an ancient Greek, named Euclid, has said about pragmatism. A wealthy youngster having asked him what practical benefit he would derive from the knowledge of the axioms of geometry, the master replied: ~~THE~~ instruction I give is not meant for slaves."

"The

(pp374seq) Many factors have contributed to debase and ^{to} poison the intellect of mankind. On the socio-economic side, suffice it to mention the ideal of an unrestrained acquisition of money; the abandonment of the medieval concept of a "decent livelihood"; the disintegration of social hierarchy and of guilds; the elimination of ethical rules from the economic ~~order~~ order. On the spiritual side, it was the progress of a so-called enlightenment: in older modernity, ~~THE~~ Hume's and Kant's "refutation" of the soul; in times recent, pragmatism with its plebeian contempt for truth; even more recently, the ultra-modern love of meaningless signs and their "transformations", or in other words, the worship of a mathematics of gambling counters,—not to forget a clumsy and fanatical materialism, which, since it reposes on wishes and flies in the face of plainly evident and undeniable facts, cannot help manufacturing the stupidest possible "explanations" and heaping confusion on confusion. Thus, Carnap calls knowing an "organic process": trusting, apparently, that nobody will dare ask what exactly is meant by the word "organic" or by the word "process". In an epoch of greater sincerity, one would have used more intelligible terms instead, such as "bodily change" or "a movement of nervous fibres": saying, more intelligibly if not more intelligently, "Knowing is a movement of nervous fibres". The "enlighteners" of to-day are not a whit ~~cleverer~~, but cleverer. For he who proclaims nonsense in blunt and unequivocal terms may arouse questions; whereas he who puts the same nonsense in guarded, "streamlined" and "strictly scientific" language prevents the questions by befuddling the questioner. In order

to strengthen the effect of the anaesthetic, one is well advised to add a few p's, q's, r's, x's, z's, and v's.

If, however, the old-fashioned materialist formulates the said nonsense ~~implication~~ in his own sincere way, he is dangerously likely to elicit the question: "Do you mean that the nervous fibres in movement are themselves 'knowing', or merely that they occasion knowing to take place?" A self-respecting pragmatist, should he be confronted with such a question, will simply not stoop to answer, or perhaps say he fails to see any point in the distinction; if he is quite up-to-date, he will accuse the objector of "faulty syntax".

(p386).....this "narrowness" or "concentration" of consciousness, or in other words, attention, is necessary for our intellect to work correctly and efficiently; that is why we need to be taught it and habituated to it from childhood on. An "education" that leaves the child to its own devices is doubtless comfortable for the teacher, but harmful for the pupil, who ought to be prepared, ~~for the~~ ~~not for~~ ~~second childhood~~ ~~not for~~ ~~second childhood~~ a fictitious but for the requirements of adult life.

To sum up,—I can offer but one man's opinion, and am putting it plainly, for what it is worth: The question is not whether Dr. Borchardt deserves any recompense for what he has already achieved, or any encouragement and help for the work that lies ahead of him; it is merely whether an adequate recompense can be devised at all, and whether the assistance which, as I hope, is forthcoming, will at least be a commensurable fraction of what he deserves (as far as such a concept is applicable at all to the gifts a great and good genius bestows upon mankind) and thus prevent the calamity and disgrace which it would be for all of us if his work were to remain unaccomplished and hidden from ^{world} a ~~man~~ in need of such blessings to-day more than ever.

Amel Kolnai

In an old Kipling volume the following prophetic lines — under the title MARY'S (NOT MARTHA'S) SON — have been discovered.

If 'tis on your wages you lay the stress,
And the problem of how they will feed you,
Aurel, my son, keep aloof from the Press,
For the Press will never need you.

If you yearn for the pleasures of Montreal,
If you argue with people about you,
Aurel, my son, don't you go to Laval,
For Laval will do better without you.

If you tend to boast of the work you have done,
And to leave fellow Dons in the lurch, dear,
Angels may pay you p'r'aps, Aurel, my son,
But never the Militant Church, dear!

Québec, 15 mars 1950.

Erhabenes Oberhaupt!

Cette "Préface" de Gabriel Marcel, dès sa première phrase the like of which I have never yet come across, m'a consterné, stupéfié, ahuri, ébahi, terrassé, dumbfounded, flabbergasted et rendu entièrement paff (colloquial German).

J'aimerais bien cracher mon mépris au visage de cet immonde animal, ou grand philosophique mystagogique si vous préférez, et qui déjà détient un joli petit coin dans les manuels contemporains. Trouveriez-vous mon jugement trop sévère? Mais, primo, j'ai déjà entendu des propos assez irrespectueux, émanant de vos augustes lèvres, à l'endroit d'un Gilson et même de'un Maritain; j'ai entendu parler M. de Mouléon avec un certain manque d'estime sur un Mounier, que je placerais bien au-dessus de Maritain. Tout de même, comparé avec ceux-là, Marcel fait figure de trisk sère! Secundo, vos narines n'ont pas été empestées comme les miennes par la nauséabonde puanteur du journalisme "spirituel" de Budapest-Vienne-Prague-Berlin-Paris (en un mot, Czernowitz, comme dirait Borchardt, qui a trouvé pour toute cette enguance, jusqu'à Kishinev inclusivement, l'appellation "The Iron Phakant of Intelligence"), c'est pourquoi je suis plus sensible à ses émanations d'égout. M. Marcel a mille fois raison de dédier sa Préface (fat vulgaire qu'il est, il l'est au moins bien!) et de la dédier à M. Aldous Huxley, dont je n'ai point oublié les Ends and Means. Ce sont tous des présidents nés du P.E.N. Club. Mon Dieu, que tout cela implique, involve, évoque, entente... conjugues up, en un mot! Sur la phrase nodale, centale, pivotale et tout à fait impayable — celle qui reproche au gouverneur

à Virgil Georgescu une formule de Karl Kraus: "Ich weiß nicht, ob Herr Richard Strauss ein Lyriker ist. Ich weiß nicht, ob er ein Komponist ist. Ich weiß nicht, ob er ein Mensch ist." — En ce qui concerne le roman... excusez-moi, ça n'a rien de pas, ça ne passe pas. Je suis un vieillard comme Adam Foust (dans l'ouvrage) — de lit plus que ce qu'il a déjà eu — sauf ce qui l'amuse beaucoup, ou de qu'il est absolument sûr d'avoir de lire. Je ne connais donc à l'abbaye de Thélème, de Karl Kraus: "Ich weiß nicht, ob Herr Richard Strauss ein Lyriker ist. Ich weiß nicht, ob er ein Komponist ist. Ich weiß nicht, ob er ein Mensch ist."

américain de Weimar de ne pas être trempé dans Goethe, il m'est difficile de ne pas écrire un volume en cinq Parties avec de nombreuses subdivisions, mais je suis mieux versé ^{dans} Goethe que le général américain et, bien que je ne sois pas sûr si par conséquent je pourrais immédiatement intervenir ce que sont et pensent Truman et Nora ni si je m'abstiendrais de les faire arrêter, je sais du moins citer In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister et par pensée véritable, non par syllogisme, je m'abstiens d'écrire ce livre. J'ai sur mon bureau (hélas! ce n'est que le possaînement) Der Untergang der Welt durch schwarze Magie par Karl Kraus, qui raconte un propos étroitement analogue à celui de G.M.: un schmuck de journaliste s'indigne de l'Ungeistigkeit (non-spiritualité) des Postes Allemandes, parce que le facteur n'a pas su délivrer une lettre adressée au poète Richard Dehmel avec la mention seulement: "près d'Hambourg". Je ne veux pas vous effrayer inutilement, mais je vous signale le danger assez réel d'un futur général ou colonel soviétique commandant la place de Stratford upon Avon qui peut-être lira la Tempête avec un accent nullement formé dans l'école de M. Speaight — cave consules Republicae Litterarum! — et qui, lorsque j'arrive, ne dépitiera pas en moi l'amateur des Bassets et des ampoules démodées et m'entraînera dans un camp de travail malgré la profondeur de mon interiorité.

Quant à la "déviation" de l'"idéisme", où vous semblez avoir mis une marque d'interrogation, cela me donne l'idée que les mérites de la démocratie républicaine ont été annihilés par l'accident fâcheux de son infidélité envers la monarchie héréditaire. J'estime que M., comme "philosophe", professe un fidéisme grossier qui déroge à la Raison et, bien entendu, peut ne pas fausser le rapport surnaturel. Cela éclate aussi dans l'idiotie farouche qu'il pète sur le syllogisme, mais pourquoi irais-je démontrer à Einstein que je connais l'algèbre élémentaire? — Quant à l'homme "papier" et "machine" etc., M. voit ces choses aussi très superficiellement pour les mêmes raisons. Le terme "autolatric" est cependant justifié, mais il devrait l'appliquer d'abord à lui-même.

Prosternelements.
Guerilla

⑩ Je ne sais pas que le texte de sa lettre m'ait communiqué cette doctrine dans toute son étendue. — Cécile

J'ai lu avec intérêt et profit la lettre de F. Chaillet, homme très doué qui jure peut-être le genre, comme le montre aussi son écriture et son style excellent. En même temps, il y a en lui une froide détermination, un égoïsme marqué de "cœur" qui m'ont toujours agacé. Sa pensée peut facilement devenir artificielle et l'artifice. Il ne rappelle Stéphen y Gouet.

A. K. : 5 décembre 1950

Par

Georges-Albert LANYI

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D'un demi-siècle il porte le poids;
Nulle barbe, toutefois, n'orne son minois.
Son pupitre est décoré de toile cirée,
Puisque Tchintch là-dessus aime s'étirer. (1)
Sa peau sèche colle à ses os crépitants,
Mais il ricane toujours avec un sarcasme épatant.
À l'entendre, à y penser, Lisette vit en proie (2)
—Et même la lointaine Thérèse—à un constant effroi; (3)(4)
La tâche de supporter ce terrible agrégé
Epreuve de plus en plus le patient clergé.
Toutes les tribulations
Des tribus et des nations,
Hiroshima, Nagasaki:
Ce ne serait rien, — mais le Bourlamaquis:
Voilà le centre! Voilà le pivot!
Tremble, bandit rouge! ainsi que tes rivaux!
Tremblez, nazis! Tremblez, radicaux;
Tremblez, libéraux, démocrates, cléricaux;
Quakers, nègres, piétistes;
Athées, hébreux, quiétistes;
Antéchristes et panthéistes;
Matérialistes, atomistes;
Naturalistes et thomistes;
Idéologues et kantiens;
Néologues et anciens;
Subversifs et réformistes;
Utopistes et conformistes;
Gandhi, Nehru, spiritistes;
Déloyaux envers l'Empire:
Tout ce qui ronge, nuit, empire!
Cinquante hivers ne pèsent rien sur les épaules
De celui qui en face des ténèbres rigole!
Il défie ~~MM~~ le démon, se moque du drapeau rouge:
Sorti de son esprit, le géant roi
Vladislav III (5)
S'en chargera—malheur à qui bouge!
Son humour mord toujours, sa pensée est plastique;
Sa fantaisie, vive; sa démarche, élastique.
Au travers même des neiges de Québec, il se lance:
Seront cruellement déçus qui attendent son silence...
Genre humain, tu entends
Ton inexorable châtiment:
Il va bien vivre cent ans!

(Traduit du hongrois par la victime.)

NOTES. (1) Chatte domestique, obèse et insolente—(2) Mme Elisabeth K., épouse de la victime.—(3) Mlle Thérèse G., ancienne élève de la victime et Tchintch-substitut occasionnel.—(4) Effroi: Utinam fuisset!
—(5) S.M. Vladislav III, roi de Hongrie, couronné en 2012 (autrefois Vladislav-Siméon Lovik, homme d'État, un des chefs du Parti Personnaliste, mari d'une richissime comtesse Somssich actuellement la reine Charlotte).