

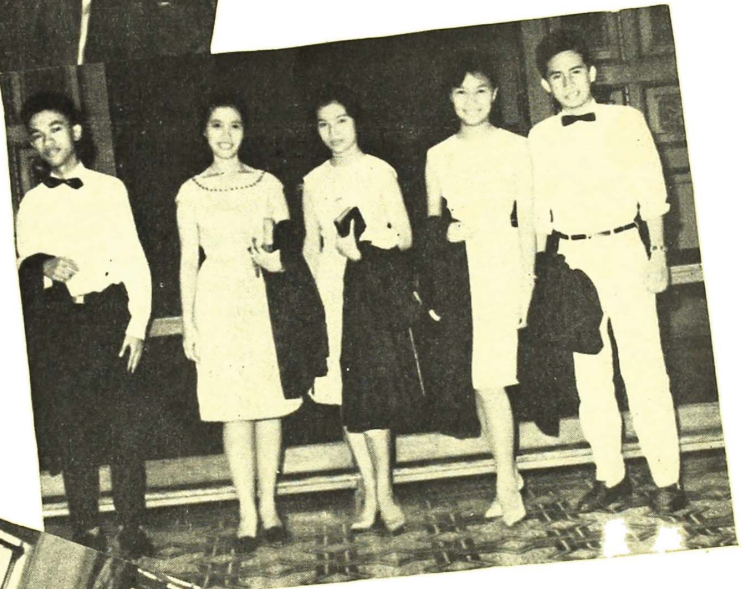
# GRADUATION

★  
P  
I  
C  
T  
O  
R  
I  
A  
L



SOLEMN. Strange how the years . . . and all the things they made us share . . . would jostle and crowd one's memories and make one miss the import of the moment.

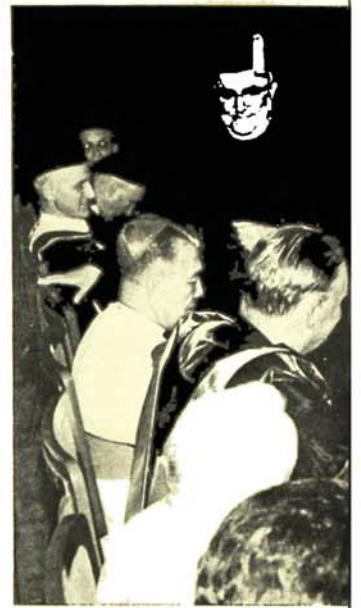
THE CAMERAS were always there, clicking and flashing, catching countless glimpses of a day which one wished would not sleek away like another class day.



THIS WAS the day to begin all days. With each step you could feel the past years steal away, receding as the future took shape right before us.



"WRITING is not only an art, it is my job and my profession"... Nap Rama says receiving certificate of merit in the field of journalism.



"IT'S ONLY MONEY, Father," chides Mr. Jesus Martinez as he receives award from Father Rector for being an Outstanding Businessman.



"THERE WERE many difficulties, but God was always on our side"... says Mrs. Amparo Dorotheo as she receives award in recognition for outstanding religious and social work especially in slum areas of Cebu.



# Graduation Pictorial

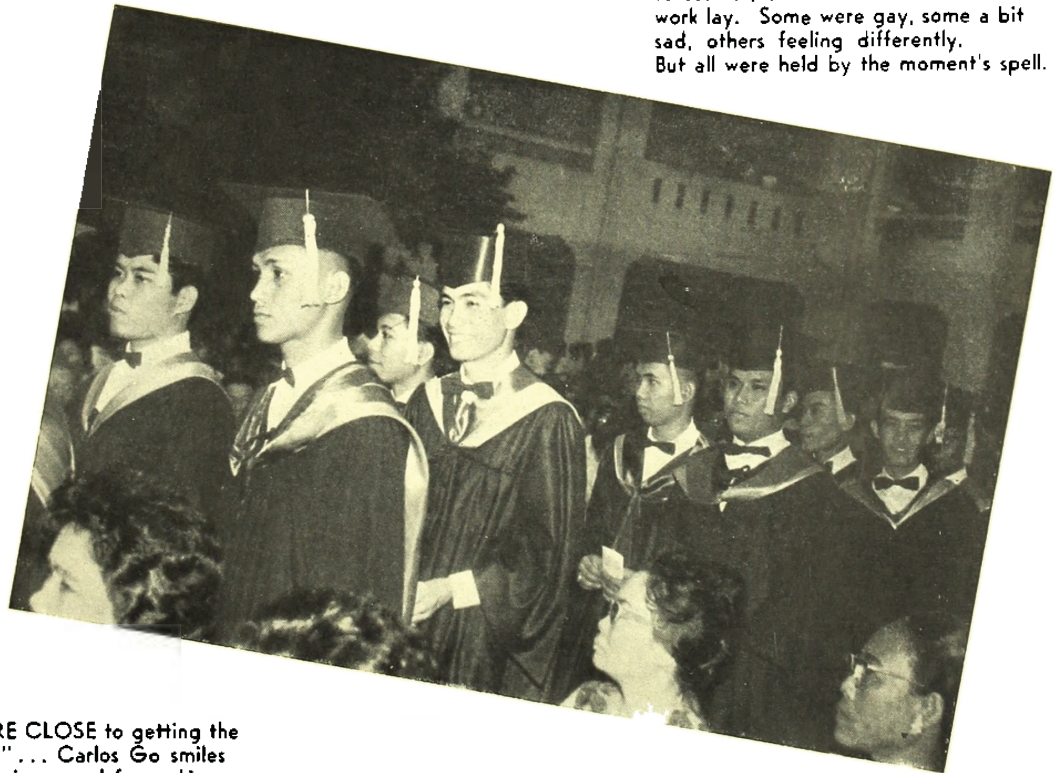


"WE DID IT AGAIN this time" . . . Elizabeth Jajalla receives certificate of merit for copping 9th place in the 1962 Chemical Board Exams.



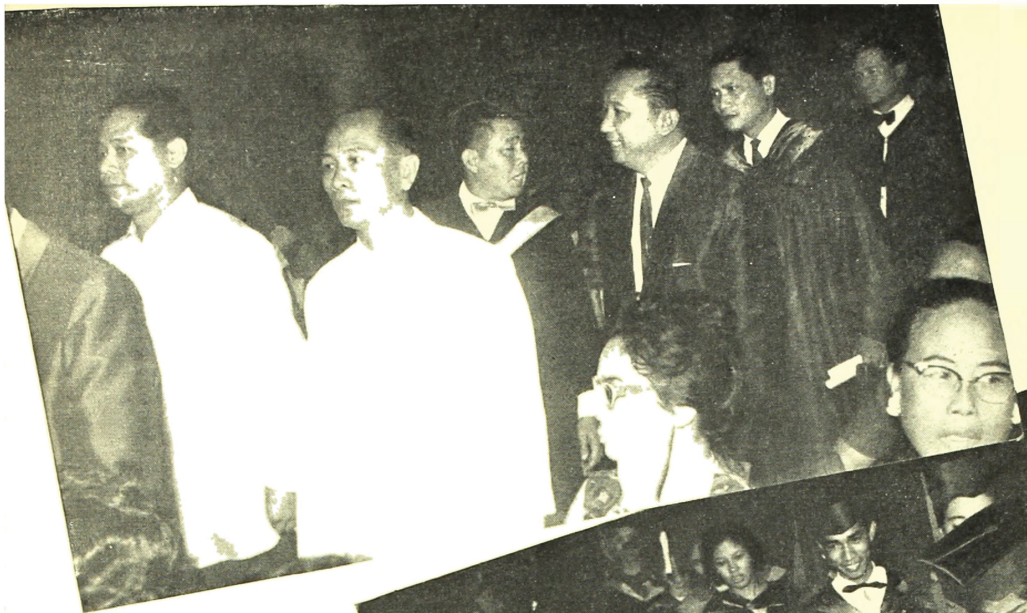
"WE DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR . . ."  
The new officers of the USC Alumni Association take their oath of office. Left to right: Addie Sarthou, Engineer Mancao, Dr. Casals, Louie Bagaman, Sonny Osmeña (President), Dr. Dosdos and Atty. Savellon.

WE MARCHED together, comrades gathered for one last time and then to scatter, each to where his heart and work lay. Some were gay, some a bit sad, others feeling differently. But all were held by the moment's spell.



"WE WERE CLOSE to getting the first place" . . . Carlos Go smiles as he receives award for making the second place in the CPA Board Exams.





"YEAH, BUT did you know..."  
The big shots seemed to feel none of the graduate's tense self-consciousness. Year in and year out, graduates came and went; the teachers stayed. Their role: to keep the line flowing and alive in greater number.

"THANK YOU, Your Excellency..." The ritual was simple and traditional. It was over in a few minutes. Time seemed to conspire with detail to save us from pomp and grandeur so that the mind, undazzled, could possess the moment purely.



INTO THE FIELD of life rode the eight hundred. Out of the walls and into the open. What lies ahead? Our parents and elders knew but they seemed to want us to find out for ourselves.



IN THE CLASSROOM we stood up to answer, to discuss, to argue and to question. Here we stood up to say that we were ready. All eyes were on us now for we just became full citizens of life.

# Random Notes ON AMERICAN LITERATURE

by REV. JOHN VOGELGESANG, S.V.D., M.A.

## I

### *The Masque of the Red Death* and Poe's Theory of the Short Story

EDGAR ALLAN POE was a conscious artist. He first elaborated a theory of his art and then began to write in accordance with its principles. Thus he formulated his own ideas of what the short story should be before he ventured to write in that medium. The present paper will attempt, first, to summarize the basic principles of Poe's theory of the short story and, second, to show how those principles have been exemplified in one particular story, namely, *The Masque of the Red Death*.

Poe did not write an independent treatise on the short story. The basic principles of his theory must be gathered together from various of his critical essays. Particularly valuable in this respect are his *Philosophy of Composition* and his review of *Hawthorne's Twice-Told Tales*. The pertinent passages are these.

In *The Philosophy of Composition* Poe wrote:

I prefer commencing with the consideration of an effect. Keeping originality always in view—for he is false to himself who ventures to dispense with so obvious and so easily attainable a source of interest—I say to myself, in the first place, 'of the innumerable effects, or impressions of which the heart, the intellect, or (more generally) the soul is susceptible, what one shall I, on the present occasion, select?' Having chosen a novel, first, and secondly, a vivid effect, I consider whether it can be best wrought by incident or tone—whether by ordinary incidents and peculiar tone, or the converse, or by peculiarity both of incident and tone—afterwards looking about me (or rather within) for such combi-

nations of events or tone as shall best aid me in the construction of the effect.

In his review of *Hawthorne's Twice-Told Tales* occurs this passage which contains, at least implicitly, Poe's definition of the short story.

A skillful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single effect to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents—he then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design. And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed: and this is an end unattainable by the novel. Undue brevity is just as exceptionable here as in the poem: but undue length is yet more to be avoided.

From these and other passages the following principles emerge: first, a short story is a prose tale or narrative, deliberately and carefully conceived to produce a certain unique or single effect by the combination of such events or incidents as will best establish that preconceived effect. Second, since unity of effect or impression is a point of the greatest importance in almost all classes of composition, the prose

tale must be of such length that it can conveniently be read within the space of half an hour at the least, or one to two hours at the most. Third, the prose tale is superior to the novel as an art form because the novel, by reason of its length, makes this necessary unity of impression, if not impossible, at least more difficult to attain. Fourth, the very first sentence of the tale must contribute to the establishment of that preconceived and dominant impression. In the whole composition there should be nothing that does not, either directly or indirectly, tend towards the attainment of that effect. Finally, Poe admits that, while the highest genius can best exercise its powers in the composition of a rhymed poem that does not exceed what might be perused in an hour, the prose tale, in at least one point, is superior even to such a poem. The reason for this is that while the rhythm of a poem contributes essentially to its beauty, that very rhythm acts at the same time as a bar to the communication of Truth. Truth, he says, is frequently the aim of the prose tale. By way of conclusion it may be added that for Poe the unity of impression that is the fundamental principle of the prose tale (as of almost all classes of composition) is not merely unity of plot but unity of atmosphere and point of view as well.

Let us now apply these principles to a consideration of Poe's short story *The Masque of the Red Death*.

The single impression that Poe wishes to convey in this story is one of horror and precisely of such horror as is occasioned by the presence of a mysterious, plaque-like