

spect for the church is evident in their special attention to these three in the rough, dirty inns in which they are obliged to spend the night.

We find that Abelard's parents, in their old age, have absolved their marital vows to enter the monastic life. It is to the convent that Heloise goes to free Abelard for the philosophic career she feels cannot be achieved without his becoming a priest. Fulbert's canonical influence is a great factor in the shaping of the lives of the lovers, and we should also note that it is a spirit of *theological* inquiry which dominates the thought of intellectual circles. The remarkable education of Heloise during her six years at the convent of Argentueil is proof of the real source of learning of the day. The type of study she received is interesting. Latin being the language of literature, and French only just beginning to grow from jargon into a written form*, Heloise had read Horace, Tibullus, Ovid, and was introduced to Aristotle and Plato by her uncle. He also allowed her to read Virgil, and that, it seems to me, is symbolic as the introduction of appreciation of worldly beauty into the convent-narrowed perspective of the sixteen-year-old Heloise.

The general scorn of students in Paris is shown in Moore's relating of rioting and mass revelry by the students. They are also represented, in contrast, as an eager, alert, but easily led group, attending lectures in the cloister and heated with the passion of scholastic revolt.

As Abelard tells Heloise of his years of wandering, we are intrigued by tales imbibed with the fantastic romance of the middle ages. As a gleeman in the Comte de Rodebeuf's train, Abelard has traveled through all the gay, ribald "Courts of Love." He tells many tales of the romantic courtiers vying for the highest honors in the most romantic of escapades, songs, or poems. We hear of the injustice of Lady Malberge as told by Gaucelen, her hermit lover, in the second half of the book.

The main significance of these tales in our study of English Literature is the disclosure of the type of French poetry developing at this time. The greatest of achievements was to compose the best Albes or sirventes*, or simple love-songs, to be accompanied by the lute, gittern, sackbut, or virginals. Abelard was adept at all these and, besides, could shame any gleeman with his baritone. All these French poetic forms had an influence on English literature, for, beginning with Chaucer, we see them seeping in to become a part of English heritage.

Interesting social customs are brought into the story in many instances. During the flight to Breton, Heloise questions Adelard concerning a hunting party they encounter returning from the hunt. This was a quite popular medieval sport. The ladies and the knights and squires would hunt hawks, palfreys, magpies, and cloughs. Heloise was sensitive to their hunting anything as beautiful as the heron.

The pardoner is an interesting figure also brought into the story during the trip. He is a wandering representative of the Pope, selling pardons to the sinners he meets along the way. This also reveals the superstitious hold the church had over the people. The holy relics, believed to have the power of healing, were visited by pilgrims, and penance included visits to saints' shrines. The pardoner tells of a miracle when a workman, mending the statue of a virgin, is caught in the virgin's arms and saved when the ladder falls to the ground. A phial containing a pint of the virgin's milk brings about much excitement among pious people.

Architecture is another element dwelt upon by Moore. It seems natural that he, as an artist, would draw it into his work. Abelard points out the Romanesque round arch and then pointed, which raises the roof (and the new Gothic superseded by the the congregation, he says) nearer to God.

For a real store of first-hand information on this period in history,

and true entertainment in a delightful story, *Heloise and Abelard* is unequaled.

Prelude to Manhood

(Continued from Page 14)

thing to talk about. Gosh, I was awful entertaining. But women are all alike, I suppose." He sighed a la Barrymore.

Josiah agreed readily, but "right now," he said, "there's something more important than the ways of womankind." Jeff was fifty miles from home, and just a block down was Josiah's house. The latter politely invited the younger one in to call his folks and let them know where he was.

A flurry of long arms and legs heralded the approach of the new comer to the Brown household. He tripped over the first step, knocked down a flower pot, and, apologizing profusely, picked his way cautiously to the telephone. As he was explaining his predicament to his anxious parents, his roving eyes dwelt upon a brown-haired figure in an old sweater and skirt, sitting in a huge wing chair. When their eyes met she flashed a beguiling adolescent smile which he snatched from the air and returned exactly as it had come.

Into the telephone he was concluding, "Well, don't worry, I'll be all right." Then softly, almost reverently, he lowered his voice and continued. "And gosh, Mom, have I met a swell girl!"

CONSTANCE PEARSON
HIGH SCHOOL, '43

The rain came down in racing
rhythms,
The lightning flashed and flew,
Then all was still, like a sparkling
prism
The evening breathed anew

