The tour now ends, my friends. Good day. May we poco rit.

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Talking is good. It can put one at peace. You have so much to live for. Professor Arvin?

I see the pain you're in. I'm here to help.
Woman Doc.  

Arvin.  

I will leave you to your-self.

The Dismal Chamber. So Hawthorne called it! The lone ly room under his

mother's eaves, Where he long la-bored, ten years a-lone, Nurs-ing his ta lent in
guilty solitude, A shadowy island in the stream of life. What were his failings? Why, they were legion! Not to find fellowship with his fellow men, Not to make himself human, a social being,
Arvin

Not to give his personality full voice. He failed to a-

Arvin

chieve roundness and roughness as a man.

Arvin

And his life became a centrifuge. As

accel. $j = 76$
Arvin did his work...
A dramatization of all those forces. In our nation, that lead to fragmentation, disunion, I so did.

Arvin

That lead to fragmentation, disunion, I so did.

Arvin

La
tion, Despair.

And so did.

Arvin
Arvin

I, like Hawthorne before me Build my own Dismal Chamber. My solitary

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for-tress un-der lone-ly eaves... What a plea-sant san-cu-ta-ry,

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Find-ing re-fuge, in im-a-gi-na-tion I read and read, and wrote and wrote,
And if I finally sought a little fellowship.

Now I turn sixty. My life is over. My shame has escaped from that dark room. What can I do but retreat once again into the darkest corner of my

Arvin

Poco meno

Arvin

Arvin

Arvin

Arvin

Arvin

Arvin
heart, into the coldest and remotest part of the Dismal Chamber? My

soul about to flicker out, But my

body bound in public pillory!