



Editorial

What's in a name?

The medical school needed a new name. Why? In the 1980s all of the health science schools (including Rutgers Medical School—RMS) supported by the state of New Jersey were bundled into a new entity, the University of Medicine and Dentistry of New Jersey. A nagging problem then arose for the board of trustees of UMDNJ: whenever RMS was publicized for notable science by its clinical and basic investigators, those who read and heard assumed that Rutgers Medical School was part of Rutgers University, and, of course, it no longer was. The charge to the dean at RMS, was “find a new name!”

A committee of faculty and students worked hard. A consensus was reached. The William Carlos Williams School of Medicine was perfect! Williams was America's major poet, and an active general practitioner in New Jersey. This issue of *The Pharos* includes a paper on WCW written by Martin Donohoe, M.D. From it, from others published in *The Pharos*, and from WCW's poetry and ten collections of essays, one is struck immediately by the energy, insight, and imagination of the man. WCW cared deeply about his patients, digging without restraint into the physical and mental muck that they brought to his office and what he found on innumerable house calls. This nitty-gritty of his practice is inserted crisply into both his poetry and prose.

He focused upon the people he saw on the street:

The Deceptrices^{1p3-4}

*Because they are not,
they paint their lips
and dress like whores.*

*Because they are uncertain,
they put on the bold
looks of experience.*

*This is their youth, too
soon gone, too soon
the unalterable conclusion.*

Reference

MacGowan C, editor. The collected poems of William Carlos Williams. Volume II, 1939–1962. New York: New Directions Books; 1988.

He wrote of the nature of poetry:

The Poet and His Poems^{1p4}

*The poem is this:
a nuance of sound
delicately operating
upon a cataract of sense. . . .*

His references to aging and death are full of pastel imagery:

The End of the Parade^{1p20}

*The sentence undulates
raising no song—
It is too old, the
words of it are falling
apart. Only percussion
strokes continue
with weakening
emphasis what was once
cadenced melody
full of sweet breath.*

WCW wrote with clarity and conviction about New Jersey. His longest poem was *Paterson*, the town near where he lived. And he had a need and appreciation for love, in both a carnal and romantic sense, that is provocative.

The Night Rider^{1p120}

*Scoured like a conch
or the moon's shell
I ride from my love
through the damp night.*

*There are lights
through the trees,
falling leaves,
the air and the blood*

*an even mood
warm with summer dwindling,
relic of heat:
Ruin dearly bought*

*smoothed to a round
carved by the sand
the pulse a remembered pulse
of full-tide gone*

But back to Rutgers Medical School—the consensus name did not fly. The finished portrait was vandalized, sprayed with paint saying that the renowned poet, humanist, and caring doctor was anti-Semitic. The WCW SoM run was over, and Robert Wood Johnson became the chosen name. WCW . . . we tried!

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Editor