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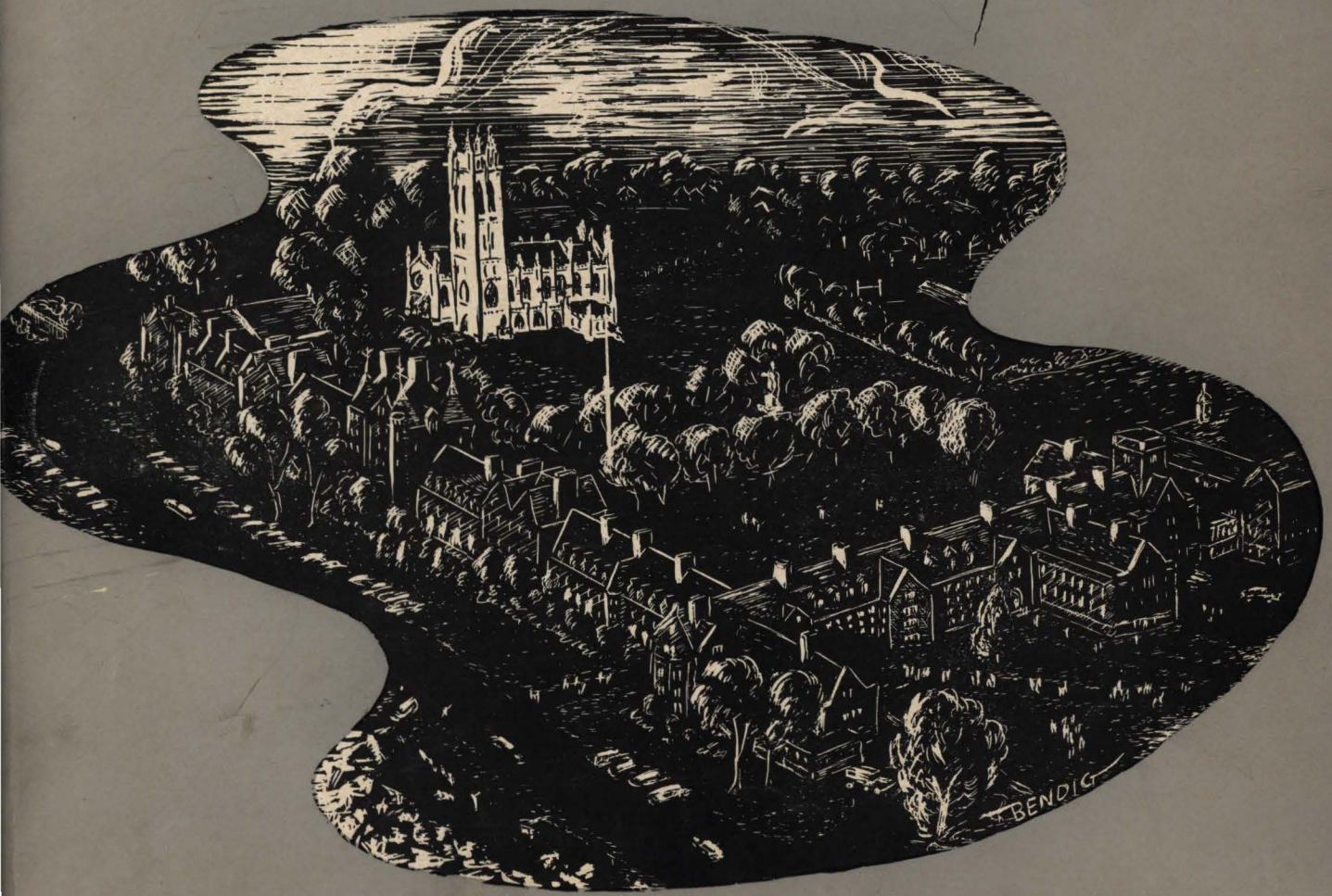
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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

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Trinity review

march 1952

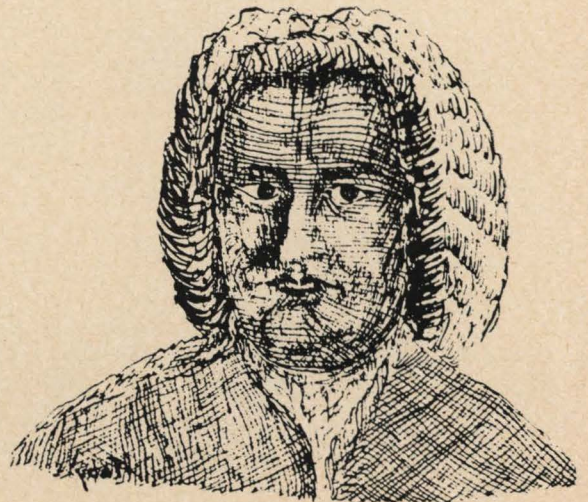
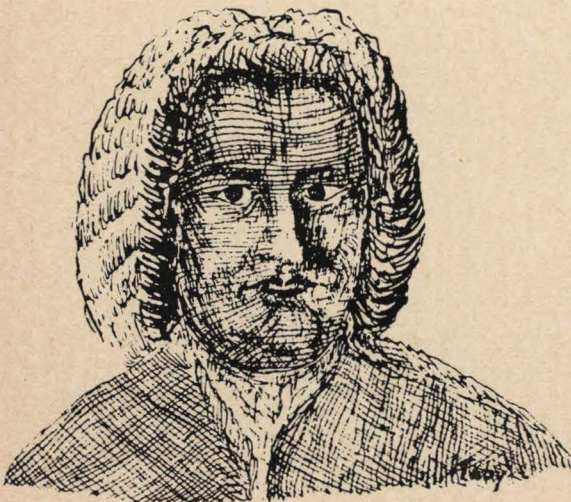


False Accusation

or

To Those Finding Fault in Others

If a simple creature you would find,
Hesitate not to make up your mind,
For if you once begin to muse,
The end will be yourself to choose.



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THE TRINITY REVIEW

*Published by the Undergraduate Students
of Trinity College
Hartford 6, Connecticut*

VOL. VI

MARCH, 1952

No. 2

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HOW THEY FIRST BROUGHT THE NEWS FROM AIX TO GHENT

I.

My pallor pales
At those cocktails
That some folks think
Are good to drink:
Angostura bitters and grenadine,
Armagnac and cocoa cream,
Banana juice and eau de vie:
All such things are loathe to me.
A Sazarac or a sweet Jack Rose,
An Angel's Kiss or Pobble's Toes,
(I've heard of one called a Boojum too,
Made from a pistache of gin and glue.)
All of these drinks
I think
Stink.

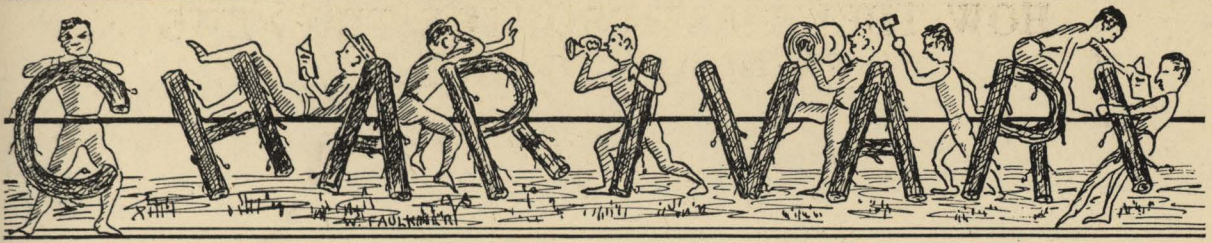
II.

But these curlers of hair
Are fairly rare;
They are not rife
In our social life,
So I shan't waste lines
Or use up rhymes
On such irrelevant drinks
As the Elephants (Pink).
Rather I'll vent my choler
And rant and holler
About the concoction
I feel is a toxin
You have met
I bet
At almost every cocktail fete.

III.

This drink I speak of
I often reek of
Since it's all some serve
To wash down hors d'oeuvres;
Yet I love to hate
And berate
This liquid calamity
Forced on humanity:
THE MANHATTAN!
From Baton
Rouge to Sutter's Mill
Hosts and hostesses make you swill
Every dreg and drop
Of this improp-
Er slop.

—J. T. de Kay



THE TRINITY REVIEW was founded as an expressly "literary" magazine and with varying degrees of success it has always remained so. However, the Board has realized in the past few months that something of a perhaps less formal type of "literature" will have to be included in the REVIEW if it is to receive any enthusiastic support. This was decided for two reasons: the average Trinity student would rather be entertained than informed, and the number of men in college capable of acceptable creative writing will always be small. We do not intend to make this a tabloid or "digest" magazine. But we do intend to try various experiments with lighter types of writing. One thing must be realized: the REVIEW can never be a success by any standard of literary judgement until the student body becomes eager for it to be so, and thereby deluges the organization with such a plethora of material that some actual selectivity can be exercised. If the REVIEW can be taken from the realm of "warmed over" term papers and Creative Writing assignments it could possibly enter the realm of interesting reading. This is not to say that past issues have not been of some merit. We are not ashamed to say that we believe this issue is more than a little better than the last two. (It couldn't be much worse.) The "Twenties Issue" was the most notable success of recent years and this was because it was written as a magazine and not compiled from the local desk drawers. If it is a woman's privilege to change her mind, it is also the REVIEW'S privilege to change its policy.

In the last issue (November 1951) we published a quote from the REVIEW of January 1939, the first issue. The general idea of it was that "there lies in the desk drawers of the students in this college . . . material we want." Well, *we don't!* We want material which has not been written at the "dictation of one's own heart and brain" to be deposited in desk drawers. We want material which has been written with the REVIEW definitely in mind. Material which is designed for Trinity consumption, for Trinity tastes (if any) and Trinity

enjoyment and information. There is no reason why the REVIEW cannot become a trading ground of ideas concerning the campus directly; such articles as this issue's, "The Evolution of a Campus." The TRIPOD, admirable paper that it is, simply cannot devote its time to such an article as that mentioned above. But such ideas and interests should be expounded and argued at Trinity. We believe that such material, if written expressly for the REVIEW, can be more seriously and successfully accomplished than if it is condensed for a weekly newspaper. The REVIEW can remain a literary publication to display the small but consistent output of the artistically talented elements of the campus; but it can also become a source of ideas, discussion and constructive criticism for the school. It can be a light and entertaining magazine, though not necessarily in the manner of a certain YALE RECORD which attempts to be and is something less than a pale shadow of one certain NEW YORKER.

We can very well appreciate the fact that the Senate became impatient with the last issue of the REVIEW and with the tardiness of the present one and as a result of some rather strongly put criticism published hereabouts requested that the REVIEW be improved in quality and published on time. If the students of Trinity will improve the quality of the material submitted to the REVIEW as well as the quantity, the Senate will have no room for complaint. The criticism mentioned above, by the way, was a premeditated design of the REVIEW and was intended to stir up constructive interest amongst the students and not dark threats from Elton Lounge. A few years ago one G. B. C. published an article in the TRIPOD to the effect that the REVIEW would never be any good until it became the result of an enthusiastic and cohesive group of talented and congenial writers stimulated by discussion and dedicated to the task of writing a good magazine. This enthusiastic and cohesive group could be composed of the mass of the student body, we believe, and we will now retire to our inkwell and wait for results.

J.A.V.S.

There is one aspect of this issue which is not to be taken as indicative of our new policy, and that is the comparative dirth of poetry. We did not plan it this way, and we are sorry to see it; it just seems that there wasn't enough good poetry submitted to fill out the pages. Poetry, we feel, should hold a major place among the contributions, and we are eager to see more of it.

While still on the subject, we would like to express our chagrin over not having any poems by Ogden T. Plumb in this issue. Ever since he came to Trinity four years ago Bud has been the backbone of that particular section of creative literature, and has been instrumental, we feel, in raising the general level of the product as it is dished out by the student body. But fame and publication have finally caught up with our bard, and a sampling of his best work can now be found in a book called *First Poems*, available in the book store for a singleton greenback. Although he has now deserted us for the gloried ranks of the professionals, we hope that Bud will find it in himself to submit something for the May issue. His first poems in the *Review* were published his freshman year, and it would somehow round out his college career, we feel, if he should find himself in print in the same magazine in the last issue he will see as an undergraduate. We of the *REVIEW* are pleased and proud that Bud has been published and wish him the best of success.

— J. T. de K.

* * *

A couple of weeks ago the Crown Publishing Company of New York issued a book entitled *U. S. A. Confidential*. It is the worst damn book you have ever read! Nothing is sacred to the authors Mortimer and Lait and if we don't watch out they will be running on a Hindustani ticket for the presidency. Every city of any size in the country is mentioned by name with explicit references to all the "vice" headquarters therein. One is told how to get in touch with any type of degenerate desired and how to obtain any kind and amount of dope, reefers, illegal arms, etc. Obviously the authors' intent is not to expose crime but to capitalize on the most sensational dirt they can dig out, insinuate or make up. It is an exceedingly dangerous book because it is a follow up of the McCarthy precedent of say what you like about whom you like for your own benefit without regard for the truth. We have made an effort to illustrate the evils of this book by composing a brief "Cave Confidential" including nothing but facts but also all the insinuation and innuendo we could dig up. We

apologize in advance to the persons mentioned and trust they will bear with us in our little crusade.

CAVE CONFIDENTIAL

Sometimes we wonder about the Hartford Police Department. Is it fear or just plain lethargy that keeps the cops from investigating the Cave? Or maybe it's bribery—that seems to be the usual way of doing things these days. Blake has got a well-knit organization down there, and no one is exactly sure of how many organizations and tin-horns he controls, but there're plenty, you can bet on that.

Like Frankie Costello and Greasy Thumb Guzik, no one ever gets to see Blake—he makes damn sure of that. His local baron, though, is around all the time. Suave, sophisticated Don Pendergast, who gets the word directly from Boss Blake, is known to rule his underlings with an iron hand. You don't last long in the syndicate if you can't take orders. Pendergast's stable of mugs and molls ranges from the people he calls "cooks" and "countergirls" down to a couple of hired underlings who ostensibly make a living from clearing off tables in the headquarters. **WE HAVE POSITIVE PROOF THAT THIS IS NOT THE ONLY THING THEY DO.** According to the newspapers the police have been "baffled" by the jewel robbery at Pace's on Arlington Avenue that took place at four o'clock on the afternoon of last January 8, and maybe *some* of the police are. But things begin to fall into shape when it is remembered that one of the hirelings (excuse us, we meant "dishwashers"), got off duty that afternoon at three. Give him ten minutes to change to street clothes, another twenty minutes to get down town on the bus, and he's still got plenty of time to organize his little deal. (The more we think of it the more it looks like bribery is the system they're using here.)

This isn't the only case; don't worry, Blake & Co. is big time. What was Ebba doing the other day poking around the coffee urn? Wouldn't be a bad place to cache the Pace Store's jewelry, would it, Ebba dorlink? Note these people don't work steadily throughout the day—they come in shifts—plenty of daytime hours left for all of them. Shall we go "shopping," dorlink?

This isn't the only kind of activity that goes on around here—let's look around out front. The air out front is always blue with cigarette smoke. Sure, most of it is tobacco . . . you know what we mean (wink). What goes on with the paper bag set that comes in regular as clockwork around noon every day? How come the bags are always **EMPTY** when they leave? Something goes in, and doesn't

go out again. Time to take another look in that samovar, dorlink!

Let's take a look at the head table . . . who's there? Butch Costello. (Heard that name before?) George Cooper (where does he spend *his* summers?). John "Whitey" Butler (see him for out-of-town connections). Raife Williams (wink). We could name others, but what's the need? You catch our meaning.

Then there's the back table . . . the beef trust . . . cards, anyone? You never see money on the table—they're too smart for that—but take a look IN it some time.

Where is Searie? What is she?

She does things that you can't see.

Most of the food at the Cave is offal! 'Nuff said. What we need is a MAN in the White House.
B. L. T.

Jerald Hatfield is a freshman from Michigan with plenty of ideas about Trinity College. There has been widespread criticism of the college building program in the past few years but in this article the author combines his complaints with some constructive suggestions which we believe merit serious consideration.

THE EVOLUTION OF A CAMPUS

J. E. Hatfield

THE Trinity College campus has felt the first footstep of an approaching monster. With the construction of a new library more reminiscent of Howard Johnson's than Trinity Gothic (all it needs is an orange-colored roof) we are aware of a new trend of architecture which threatens to mold the future of the Trinity campus: a trend which has had its origins in another century. Until now this trend has not been quite so apparent, but with its bold introduction to the once unmolested quadrangle, we become alarmed.

The historical evolution of the campus shows us how this has taken place. The original buildings of the present site which were started in 1878 represent, in the words of Dean Hughes, "a strange example of medieval Gothic in the Victorian spirit." When the Trustees of Trinity College sold the property of the former Washington College to the state of Connecticut in 1872 for the erection of a state capitol building, they chose the English architect, William Burges, to plan a school to be built on the present hill.

Mr. Burges had become an advocate of the Gothic revival which was making itself felt in England at that time. Through his concept of the 'new Gothic,' Trinity saw its first buildings rise along what is now the "Long Walk." William Burges envisioned an extensive development of quadrangles, but as the resources of the college were neither adequate, nor

the need sufficient, the original buildings remained as the only evidence of his vision. Nevertheless, a beginning had been made, and Trinity had become the first to introduce the collegiate Gothic to the American scene.

Even the best laid plans often go wrong. The college felt its first growing pain when the combination of the lack of a gymnasium and a lack of finances forced the Trustees to watch the erection of Alumni Hall in 1887. Rapidly following came two new science buildings: Jarvis Laboratories and Boardman Hall. The departure from the majestically envisioned Gothic campus had begun. These men met urgent needs of their time by producing frank admissions of architectural dishonesty, for which they excused themselves by attaching the label: "temporary structures." These temporary structures remain today as monuments to the lack of foresight which built them. The trend which has produced the new library had its beginnings as early as 1887.

The next period which the campus evolution was to enter was one of slow cautious growth. It began as a gradual development of the landscape which evolved out of the inspiration of Trinity's unique position atop the hill. As a result, the sturdy elms they planted are still one of the outstanding features of the campus. (*Neath the Elms.*) Due to the planning of an alumnus, Benjamin Wistar Morris, J. P.

Morgan's gift of the William's Memorial was designed to reintroduce the quadrangle concept, and a small start was made toward returning to the original plan. It set the pace which architecture was to take at Trinity during the next thirty-five years.

Because of this the Trowbridge Memorial carefully avoided the pregnant quadrangle which soon after gave birth to Cook, Hamlin, the Chemistry Building, the Chapel, and Woodward and Goodwin. The quadrangle had sprung up in all its beauty. The spirit in which this came about is best described in the introduction to a booklet written as the William Mather Chapel was about ready to be consecrated: "From the first it has been Mr. Mather's intention to allow others to share with him in the pleasure he is having in the building of this Chapel. He has taken the responsibility of erecting the structure itself, leaving the detail of its beauty to blossom with the years. Nothing is being planned to give the impression that it is to be completed. It will never be "finished."

In these words we find the core of a basic concept. In less subtle language we would say that it points to the future, as well as looking at the present. We suddenly see the buildings we erect today in the perspective of their future years. We ask ourselves, "Are we building another Alumni Hall, or are we following the example of the era which built the quadrangle, by building a living memorial to the sons of Trinity?" If we ask ourselves this question about the additions to the campus made during the last few years, we must hang our heads in shame.

Lest we appear over-critical of our most recent addition, the still uncompleted library, let us analyze the problem it presented. The urgent need for additional library facilities has been apparent for some time, so that when the college drew up its plans for the 125th Anniversary Development Program, the expansion of the present library was one of its immediate objectives. Thanks to the wisdom and foresight of Donald B. Engley, the present Librarian who had just arrived as Associate Librarian, the plan for expansion of the present library was found to be inadequate to meet future needs. A new library was planned, and the present site chosen.

Speaking in terms of library needs the site is ideal: speaking in terms of the future campus the selection could be disastrous. The development program envisioned an overall program which will include the construction of a long walk, with trees along either side, all the way from Broad Street up to meet the present rows of elms leading from Northam Towers to the Bishop's Statue. This is the ideal utilization of the majestic quadrangle atop

the hill—a college mall leading directly to it. With all future additions diverted south and north of the quad, the quadrangle easily lent itself to the plan.

In choosing the site for the library, the men responsible gave every consideration to the effect it would have upon the plan for the mall and quad, and although they felt it necessary to interrupt the plan somewhat, they were careful not to destroy the total plan. Although we deplore their departure from an architectural standpoint, we must be willing, theoretically at least, to condescend to their claim for expediency which brought about this alteration. We cannot, however, in all charity, forgive those who allowed the building to be constructed along the lines of its present design.

It is true that the architect himself has handled the plan bravely and admirably. He has been able to transpose the boxy shape, which the well planned library must have for convenience's sake, into an adaptation of the example the quad had already set. We can even understand from his viewpoint the architecturally mature plan for a flat roof over the whole building, although we are thankful for the common sense of those who saw how erroneous it would look in relation to the existing buildings. We cannot see, however, how either architect or college officials could allow this to be turned into a brick monstrosity complete with cupola (which is neither Gothic adaptation or architectural maturity).

Ignoring completely the cupola, lest we digress to cynical debunking, we must surely agree that the substitution of brick for brownstone is unbearable. We are told that the cost was prohibitive (estimated at 40 to 50 thousand dollars more than brick). It is true then that brick was more practical—but in consideration of the location of the building in its most conspicuous position, is the worship of practicality facing the whole issue? Are we constructing merely a practicality, or are we composing an architectural monument to the men who have strived to build Trinity as an inspiration to its students? Will those who enter its quiet majestic serenity come out bearing a witness to ideals that reach into the future, or should our example of architecture set them to groping in the dust of the present?

Would you say that all of this is mere emotion, mere sentiment? Are we letting our artistic aspirations cloud over the reality of our time? We would deny that with vigor. We see the uniqueness which our campus represents. True, Victorian Gothic has limitations, but we see that it represents something far more than a mere architectural example. With a campus such as Trinity's which is the product of over a century of careful planning and devotion to an ideal, we are loathe to see it marred by a rela-

tively brief surge of haste in grabbing expansion for the sake of expansion. (Remembering how often we have stressed the advantages which we believe are found in a small college, such haste seems doubly absurd.)

We would not make such a criticism unless we saw in the history of the campus's evolution a way to approach this problem with intelligence and a more lasting sort of practicality. We have seen how "temporary structures" have shown a tendency to remain temporary until they fall down, and we have seen the ill effects they have had, not only as long as they stood, but also in the future planning of the campus. Not only does all expansion have to expand *around* these problem children and even incorporate them in its own development, but it also encourages all other buildings to follow its bad example and to hide shabbiness behind labels reading "temporary."

President Ogilby saw the solution in his conception of a college building as part of a living memorial, the details of whose beauty should be allowed to "blossom with the years." If we are building a library and we cannot afford the added expense necessary to preserve the surrounding beauty of the campus, we do what we can that will have permanent value, and leave the rest "to blossom with the years." It may mean leaving part of our building unfinished, it may mean constructing a less pretentious building and adding to it later, and in some cases it may mean waiting until sufficient funds are available before building at all. In no case should it mean another temporary structure whose temporariness will weather through the years.

This all has a vital importance in view of the approaching building soon to be undertaken to meet certain unmistakable needs. We need expanded facilities in the engineering department, additional dormitory space, a student union to meet the serious deficiency in student morale, a new gymnasium, and added classrooms to lessen the crowded condition which prevails. In addition, we are being given a new entrance to the north approach of the college, and a clock tower has been envisioned as an eventual addition to the campus. How can these plans be translated into a new architectural concept that will satisfy our needs as well as contribute to the overall evolution of the campus.

Such an answer requires an analysis of what we have to work with. First of all, any further addition to the quad is both undesirable and unnecessary. Second, the south approach to the quad is hopelessly cluttered with eyesores which could not be removed under the pressure of present needs and resources, and any addition there will only add to the already

complex confusion. Third, with the exception of the foot approach from Broad Street by means of the mall already under development, the most important approach is from the north. This presents many advantages and should serve as direction to all of our future planning. Not only is this part of the campus farthest away from the less appealing portion, but it is also relatively undeveloped itself (with the exception of Alumni Hall, which should be removed as soon as a new gymnasium is built) and would therefore lend itself freely to whatever plan was most adaptable to the present situation.

With this in sight, we can approach our development plans in a way most beneficial to the all-around evolution of the campus. First, the development of the mall should continue, along with a careful landscaping of the north entrance. Originally the trees shading the walk east of the president's house were on either side of a north drive. This drive should be rebuilt so that the entrance could be on the more appealing Vernon Street, a more extensive parking lot could be planned just north of the present one, and an exit could leave in the direction of the wooded path leading to Ogilby Hall, thus tying this building in with the campus. This already has a start with the funds allocated for an entrance gate, which could be built on Vernon Street just as easily as on Summit.

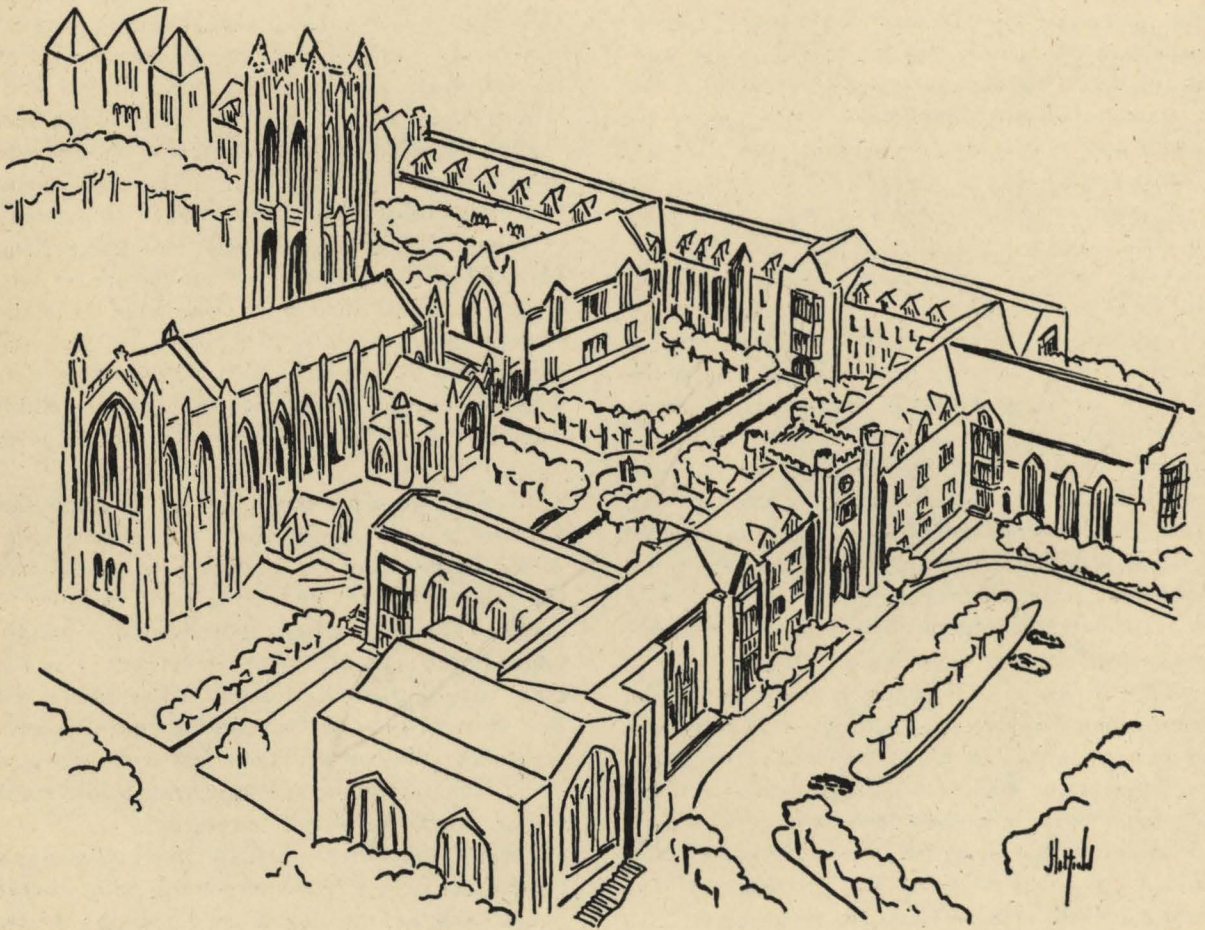
Secondly, the old library which will be empty this fall can be put to good use. The reading room should be preserved for a study hall to help take the pressure off of study conditions in crowded dorms. The stacks should be converted to faculty offices (much needed), and to a temporary (I use the term advisedly) student union. The latter need has arisen especially for non-fraternity students who under present conditions find it necessary to go off campus on weekends and during leisure hours to find entertainment and recreation.

Further, the future additions, to come as funds become available, of new dormitories with another dining room, and the student union housing a theater auditorium, lounges, and recreation facilities, as well as an improved infirmary unit, should be utilized to form a north quadrangle affording the ideal approach to the school. This could possibly provide an ideal location for a clock tower, where it could take a prominent position as the main entrance to the college on the north quadrangle. It might be to the advantage of the college, as part of such a long range project, to acquire the property on Vernon Street not owned by college groups, so that the whole street could be developed to lend to the collegiate atmosphere of this main approach.

Such a plan would meet the needs of the College,

and remain within the bounds prescribed by potential financial backing, still preserving a healthy respect for the already established tradition of Trinity architecture. The new gymnasium could form an added unit to our athletic plant, and Alumni Hall could be removed so not to interfere with the north quadrangle. The more utilitarian structures

This plan shows further advantages when the concept introduced by President Ogilby is applied to the north quad. We know that we must erect new buildings, so they can easily be incorporated into a north quadrangle. Remembering to build not only according to our needs, but also according to our means, we can develop this project into one



needed in the engineering and science departments would be in a location that would not detract from the formal architecture of the campus, and eventually an instruction quad attached to the south end of the dining hall and the Chemistry building would hide Elton, which must eventually be given up anyway before it crumbles to the ground.

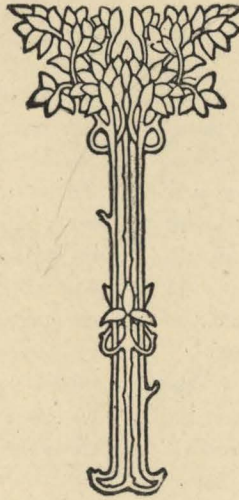
of the campus's greatest assets. The location of a well planned quad at the main entrance to the school would give a tremendous first impression to visitors. Such a location for the dormitories and student union would be more accessible to fraternity men as well as to Freshmen and campus neutrals. The fact that it was off the main quadrangle would

allow the utilization of the more practical brick with an architectural modification similar to Ogilby Hall, and the whole unit would give an effect of dignity and artistic depth.

This calls for an immediate re-evaluation of all plans for construction in the near future, so that the long range plan will not be destroyed. It is up to responsible men such as our Trustees to see that costly mistakes are not made which will weaken the chances for future improvement of the campus. As

they tackle the project of the north quad, they should keep the original concept before them. They should certainly build according to their needs, but should not build any more than they can build well. It need not be expensive, but it must not be "temporary" because Trinity cannot be designed to meet anything but a perpetual unfaltering task of preparing young men with the best tools of its ability.

"Added to that will come with the years the consecration of reverent use." —*President Ogilby*



Chicago, built on beef and weaned on bootleg hooch, has also produced Ed Jager, the sophomore whose story appears below. "The Machine" is a gentle satire which the editors feel presents a fresh and interesting approach to a much-publicized institution.

THE MACHINE

E. C. Jager

IT was Sunday morning and excited people came from all directions to attend the service at the big Church on the corner. But the day was more than just an ordinary Sunday; it was a day that might well begin a new era in Church history. Some of the people stood in groups outside the Church and nervously chatted; others went immediately through the large doors and looked for seats.

The interior of the Church was brightly lit. Everything was so arranged that the machine—the symbol of Church progress held the center-most position. It stood where it could be seen by all the congregation. It demanded recognition; it demanded reverence. It contained some mystical power that controlled the attention of all who beheld it. Its influence stretched to every pew—every corner of the Church, and none could fail to note its watchfulness. When people looked up and saw it staring back at them, they felt the full meaning of where they were and why they had assembled. It changed whispers to prayers, sluggishness to alertness. Acquiring the machine would undoubtedly be a boon to the Church. And the great number of people that had gathered together now was proof of its success.

It was almost time for the service to begin. "Take your places, everybody," whispered the elder on the pulpit to the deacons and officials in his immediate vicinity. At a vigorous wave of his hand, the happy group of worshippers, distributed about the Church, fell into a kind of wild frenzy. Flocks of people ceased their chatting and flowed from the vestibule to the interior of the Church where they proceeded to find seats. Groups of deacons and elders rushed about the Church platform in search of their respective places, and upon finding them, proceeded to arrange Bibles and other religious tokens in appropriate and clearly visible positions about them. Members of the choir, who had been practicing in a room behind the pulpit, suddenly appeared at an entrance adjacent to the organ and swiftly filled the choir loft which was situated directly above the

platform, smoothing down their robes before they sat.

Mrs. Vanmaud, the soloist, wobbled quickly from the back of the Church, where she had been conversing with friends, to her reserved seat in the front pew. In her flight she dropped her music, and upon hurriedly bending to retrieve it, found that the hat that she had recently acquired for just this appearance had loosened itself from the carefully prepared locks of hair arranged like waves of the ocean upon her head, and was slowly sliding down the side of it. Upon reaching her seat, she yanked a mirror from her purse and proceeded to rebeautify herself. Mr. Thompson, president of the Mansfield Bank, situated a block from the Church, summoned his family who stood behind him, and gallantly ushered his wife and kiddies down the long aisle to the second pew which he and other important figures in the community had reserved for Sunday morning worship. Upon entering the pew, he bid a brief welcome to Mr. White, owner of *White's Men Store*, and his wife, who, in anticipation of the machine, had bent their heads in silent prayer.

"Sir, would you mind moving closer to the front where you can be more readily viewed?" asked one of the ushers of Mr. Murphy, having noticed that the parish member had seated himself in his usual pew in the rear of the Church. "We are saving this section for technicians and reporters." Mr. Murphy, instead of moving forward as instructed, quietly walked out of the sanctuary to the street. He went unnoticed. The poor soul was one of those ancient misfits that is forever living in the past.

The time of commencing was near at hand. Mrs. Ramstra, a woman of great religious renown in the Church and community, pulled upon the arm of her small son Jimmy, one of the Parish wailers and noisemakers, and in her haste, virtually dragged the white-robed urchin down the aisle. She pushed him into the seat beside Mrs. Vanmaud, and then pulled a large white handkerchief from her pocket and

ordered him to blow. Two recurrent *blows* echoed through the now-quiet Church, and Jimmy, upon receiving some muffled instructions from his mother, folded his hands as if in prayer and assumed that innocent and contented countenance which only children can assume, his face turned in the direction of the machine.

"More light over here," whispered one of the technicians who was adjusting a suspension lamp over the Church motto: "A Changeless Christ for a Changing Age."

The last to enter was the Reverend Mr. Goodman. He walked directly to his station behind the podium, opened the massive Bible that rested upon it, tapped the microphone that protruded above the Bible to be sure that it was operating, and lowered his head. The elder who had stepped forward to summon the worshippers to their places rearranged a rose that had fallen out of position in the vase on the communion table and returned to his seat. All was ready. Apprehensive silence filled the sanctuary.

A large distinguished-looking gentleman with a white carnation in his lapel, seated in the far end of the deserted balcony in clear sight of the entire congregation, raised his hand, his eye upon a large clock overhead. Giving one quick glance about him, he stared intently several moments at the timepiece and then, in one quick stroke broke down his arm, upon which, as if he had struck a lever concealed in the rack that held the hymnals and Bibles in the pew in front of him, a sudden burst from the large organ in front of the choir loft filled the quiet and brightly lit sanctuary with chords of heavenly music.

In perfect unison with the first note from the organ, the head of the machine suddenly protruded from somewhere in its interior and pointed first at the organist, then at the Reverend Mr. Goodman, who, appearing to take no notice, bowed his lowered head even lower, and finally at the center section of the congregation. The latter, having risen to its feet, began singing the opening hymn with loud utterances of sound and worship. The hymn completed, the machine focused again upon the minister who, at a signal from the man above with the white carnation, lifted his head, squinting slightly from the bright light that fell upon him from the large suspended lamps above, and began the formal introduction, his mouth close to the microphone, followed by a three and one-half minute prayer. During the prayer the machine withdrew its attention from the pulpit and focused upon the clear-cut, saint-like face of a small boy, gowned in white, his hands folded. The wail of a babe in the rear of the hall suddenly issued forth and was quickly squelched by its mother who picked it up and hurried out, her hand over

the infant's mouth. After the prayer, the machine turned to the choir, which sang, at an indication from the man with the white carnation to the choir director, two hymns—one four minutes in length and the other three. Glancing first at the lone figure in the balcony and then at the machine which faced her, Mrs. Vanmaud rose, smiled shyly, and raised her voice above the music of the organ in a solo.

When the solo was completed, twelve well-dressed men assembled in the rear of the auditorium, gathered together the collection plates, and began passing them from pew to pew. Most of the worshippers dug deep into their pockets and gave freely without hesitation. A slight glance at the machine by the few who hesitated before they opened their purses, reminded them that the eye of the Church was upon them; and they worked quickly to fulfill their financial obligation.

Just before the collection was finished a youngster, seated in the middle of the auditorium, having noticed that the machine was turned toward him, sprang into sudden action. He bolted up erect in his seat, and to the dismay of all who were around him, began waving his arm vigorously in the direction of the machine. His mother, who sat beside him, uttered a brief yelp, and his father grasped him by the shoulder and sternly reprimanded him for his sinful act in sharp whispers. At his father's direction, the boy slouched down and bowed his head. He sought forgiveness.

When the twelve men had gathered the collection, they formed in two's in the back of the Church and marched majestically to the front where they formed in a straight line a few feet before the machine. Then they bowed their heads while the minister offered a prayer lasting forty-five seconds.

Mr. Goodman's address was short but vibrant. He began by thanking the listeners for their letters and contributions and also Mr. Thompson and Mr. White for their sizable love-offerings to the furtherance of the new program. The two gentlemen, having previously adjusted their neckties, smiled wholesomely until the machine, which had turned upon them, revolved back to the pulpit. A brief prayer after the sermon ended just as the man with the carnation dropped his arm.

Murmurs and whispers were heard from all parts of the auditorium.

"Wasn't it grand?"

"I wonder if my aunt in Detroit saw me. I told her to watch."

"My, weren't the roses beautiful? Those men that arrange the lights sure know what they are doing."

The strong lights were turned off and a large cloth was placed over the machine. The Reverend Mr. Goodman wiped his brow. Several members of the Women's Club pushed through the departing congregation to tell Mrs. Vanmaud how well she sang and how nice she looked. Mrs. Ramstra, beaming with delight, pulled her Jimmy down the aisle to the door, while Mr. Thompson and Mr. White

stopped to talk to prospective customers. In a few minutes the Church was deserted.

A short time later a solitary figure appeared at the back door, moved to a rear pew, and, with much difficulty, kneeled. He glanced up at the roses on the communion table which had now wilted from the effect of the strong lights and lowered his head in prayer.

TO A CHILD

If I were you
I'd wander among
The orchard trees
Picking apple blossoms
And find a bug to tease.
I'd spread a summer carpet
Upon a cloudless sky
And gaze upon the distance
Which stretched before my eye.

But since I'm not,
I'll wonder in my years
Through darkened paths unknown
Until I die—and give three cheers
As each expected pain goes by.
O' child you once were known,
Once loved by such as I;
But past to present grew
And little knew, 'twould pass away.

—Maurice Fremont-Smith

Mr. de Kay, in his own inimitable style, here presents two questionable attempts at humor. "The Cyclops," a mad tale of lust against the background of Bermuda during College Week, is a direct steal from Joseph Conrad; the second piece, a rollicking parody of Chaucer's "Troilus and Criseyde," is important mainly for its insight into American pseudo-morality. Mr. de Kay has been around Trinity for a long time, and everyone is heartily sick of him. "Vice versa," he says.

TWO IMITATIONS

J. T. de Kay

I. THE CYCLOPS

The First Week

DO you know what that damn fool wife of mine did today? She went out and ordered a television set. Oh, it's not that we can't afford it—Lord knows, even the people on relief seem to own TV these days—but it's just such a stupid thing to do. We've talked about it before, and I told her I didn't want the thing in the house, but she finally got to the point where I had to give in to her desires or risk a divorce.

Put a lemon peel in mine, yes, that's right, Pete.

I told her I doubted whether she'd get much time during the daytime to see it, what with getting the kids off to school and doing the housework, but she insisted. I at least won out on one point—she agreed not to play it at night when I'm home.

You know, I've had to retreat from one bar to the next what with this damn TV getting in all of them; this is the only tavern left in the whole city of New York that doesn't have it now, and as soon as it gets it, I'll have to go on the wagon.

No thanks; I'd better get home. I think Sally said something about guests tonight. See you tomorrow. Thanks a lot for *I Claudius*, by the way; I've been trying to get a hold of a copy for years. I'll see if I can finish it by the end of the week.

Second Week

I think I'd better have another one tonight, Pete. I know it's over my quota, but I am a man deranged these days.

Well, as I was saying, I could get Sally to agree to the "no TV" rule in the evenings, and of course the kids are young enough to have to go to bed early, and I only had to suffer through "Space Cadets" and "Howdy Doody," but then the problem of weekends reared its ugly head. You remember last Saturday's rain? Well, it may have done wonders for the potato crop, but it did far less than wonders for me. The kids had to stay indoors, and they refused to do anything but look at the television. I tried to sit reading a book, but it did no good. The damn thing *hypnotizes* you, did you know that? I'd be reading along and all of a sudden I'd find my eyes on the screen, staring like a dumb animal at some idiot western. I was all ready to smash the thing for the devil of it, but then the kids turned to another channel where they were showing old animated cartoons. You know, the old Mickey Mouse ones that came out about 1928? Well, I'll be damned, but I just sat back and laughed at the damn things—laughed harder than the kids—some of those old Walt Disney pieces are better than the stuff he puts out now.

But that is still the only thing I liked. The thing was on incessantly all weekend, but there weren't any more cartoons; I damn near went crazy.

Third Week

You're new here, aren't you? Where's Pete tonight? Oh, his night out. Well, I'll take a double martini with lemon peel. Thanks.

I've finally got something to say in favor of TV.

People are always screaming about how it's bad for the kids, but I disagree. There's really a lot of educational stuff sandwiched in between "Superman" and "Hopalong Cassidy." Last night I was looking at it with the kids, and they had a thing called "Science Made Easy," which told all about radar, and how it works. Pretty interesting stuff, really. Did you know that almost two-thirds of the money that goes into a jet fighter is for radar alone? The thing is really amazing. Bobby told me that in "Space Cadets" they use rocket ships that are guided by radar, and even the guns go off by it; no triggers or anything. After that show last night, I wouldn't be at all surprised if they got that into planes within ten years or so.

Oh, yes, I saw something else that was pretty good too, although I guess you couldn't exactly call it educational. John Crosby, in the *Tribune*, said that "Your Show of Shows" was a good program, so I decided to take a look at it last Saturday night. Did you see it? Oh, that's right, you don't have a set, do you? Well, Sid Caesar, who's the star, was sitting on the beach under a big beach umbrella, when Imogene Coca came rushing along behind him. Have you ever seen her? Oh, she is really marvelous. She's got the most mobile face in the world, really. Well, anyway, she came up behind him without seeing him, and pushed the umbrella over, half burying poor Sid Caesar. He came out from under with a face that mirrored every evil thought that ever existed. It's really wonderful how those two can put so much expression into their faces; you really ought to see them some time. Well, then he started throwing sand at her, and she started throwing sand at *him*, and then they went on this crazy chase down the beach creating complete havoc with all the other swimmers. You really ought to have seen it. I don't think I've laughed so hard in years, believe me.

No thanks, I've got to get going. Bobby's going to show me the radar-driven rocket ships tonight.

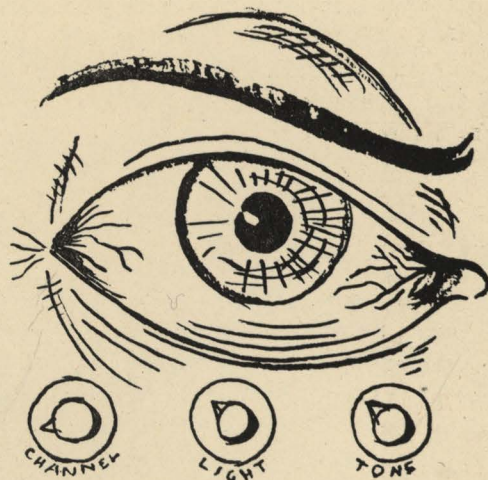
Oh, say, I still owe you that Robert Graves book, don't I? I must have borrowed it almost a month ago. Gee, I'm sorry. I'll give it to you tomorrow. You know, I never even finished it. That's funny, too, because I'm usually a pretty quick reader; usually doesn't take me more than a week to get through a book like that.

Fourth Week

Better make it a scotch on the rocks tonight, Pete. Thanks.

You know, I am finally coming to the point where I'm going to have to take back all the things I've said in the past about television. Everytime I look at it there's something new. Have you ever seen

"The Continental"? Oh, he's a riot! He's Italian, I think, and he speaks right into the camera, as though he was speaking right to you. He's supposed to be just about the suavest thing around, with an ascot and spats, and everything, and he's always talking to the women in the audience, as though they were up in his apartment alone. Sally and I watched him last night, and we both laughed ourselves sick. "Don't be afraid, darleeng, eet's only a man's apartment," he says. It's really great. They say some women actually get dressed in evening clothes to watch him. It's things like that that make TV so interesting. There always seems to be something new.



The New Hampshire primaries? Oh yes, what the hell *did* happen in that vote anyway? I never seem to get to see a newspaper anymore, and when I turn on Major George Fielding Elliot to hear the news I always get so fascinated staring at his jowls moving from side to side that I forget to listen. He's really the damnedest looking person in the world. I remember his voice used to be strange enough on radio, but his face is about three times as strange. I remember he was talking about something the other night—Korea, or the cost of living, or something, I can't remember—and he got so mad that his jowls started moving in about three directions at once. Sally and I laughed like hell at him.

What's Howdy Doody up to these days, did you say? I hope to hell you don't think I'd watch *that* show, for God's sake! That's just for the kids. They seem to like it, but I always manage to be out of the living room at that time. I know what you're implying though. You're just one of those cynics that think everything on television is terrible, I know. You really ought to get a set and see for

yourself. I used to think it wasn't so good, but there's so much on it that is good that you really can't make a generalization like that.

You see five minutes of lousy wrestling in a bar and make a snap decision. As a matter of fact, some of the wrestling is pretty good. Of course, they've got a lot too much of it, and most of it is pretty terrible, I'll admit, but once in a while you get something funny on it, like Gorgeous George, or the Indian Chief who comes into the ring with a big feather headdress. Come on over some night, when there's a good match scheduled. You'll have to admit it's pretty funny after you see one of the decent bouts.

Well, back home to "Space Cadets"; I have to watch it every night now, to keep up with the kids. Since we got TV last month, the two of them have become so full of technical terms they learn from the show that I have to watch it, too, to know what they're talking about.

Fifth Week

Hello? That you? Say, I hate to call you up on such short notice, but do you remember that conversation we had at the bar last Monday? You remember I said you ought to see some decent wrestling and then you'd like TV? Well, there's a good match tonight at ten-thirty. Why don't you come over? You can pick up *I Claudius* at the same time.

Don't sound so dubious. Come on! I know what's the matter with you. You're just a cynic who's afraid he might have to admit he's wrong. Come on over after dinner.

The show is from Chicago, and it ought to be pretty good. They've got two Japanese wrestlers, you know, the ones that weigh about four hundred pounds, and instead of wrestling in a ring, they're going to use a tremendous tub of mud.

What do you *mean* you can't make it? Listen, that's only half of it; for referees they've got four African pigmies. . . .

* * *

II. THE BEST MAN'S TOAST

The scene is a big bridal dinner, with all sorts of family relations in attendance. The main course has been consumed, but is still uncleared from the tables. The party is about two hours old and everybody is rather tight, what with cocktails beforehand and endless champagne toasts during the meal. The best man, sitting with the maid of honor and the bridal couple at a raised table at the front of the room, has just been called on to present the ushers' present.

Ladies and gentlemen: I am in a wonderful position as best man; I have no bills to pay, nobody makes sly toasts to me, and I am almost obligated to say something embarrassing about the groom sitting here on my right.

Appreciative chuckle from the inebriated audience.

Wait a minute! I plan to be *much* funnier later on!

Appreciative chuckle from the ushers, while the groom begins to squirm uneasily.

I have known Felix for seven long—(archly) I mean short—years, and although I have only had the pleasure of Iris' friendship for the last year and a half, I can say—sincerely—that she is a *great* gal.

Polite clapping from the groom's parents.

And Iris, you're getting a great guy.

Clapping. The groom tries to wedge himself further into his seat.

But to get down to my purpose; I am supposed to give a toast.

I first met Felix on the squash courts at college. You see, I was looking for a partner to play with me, because the man I *was* to have played that afternoon had gone down to the hospital in the morning to have his adenoids out, and Felix didn't have anyone to play squash with *him* because *his* partner had

forgotten all about it, so, well, that's how we met. After that we got to be good friends, and (dramatically) he's still the best friend I've ever had.

No response at all from the audience.

We were freshmen then, and here we are now, with Felix all set to get married. *Floundering, he decides to try a new approach.*

But I digress. On the way to the dinner tonight I tried to think of something you did, Felix, that might amuse the guests, but I couldn't think of anything you did that was amusing.

Great laughter from the ushers, while the groom looks at his crucifier like a lost dog.

Well, heehee, I didn't mean it that way, I guess! No, Felix, I mean (coyly) anything repeatable!

The ushers think this is uproarious, but everyone else is suddenly uneasy, while the bride and groom look at each other in dismay.

Well, I guess that wasn't such a good way of putting it either, but I don't have to tell you, Iris, what a great guy he is. Ha. I guess a lot of other people have seen a lot of him, too. I guess I don't have to tell Iris' parents how good he is, do I?

The audience's attention is drawn momentarily to the bride's parents; Iris' father is on the verge of passing out. Her mother makes a brave attempt to smile away the fact, but isn't as successful as she might have hoped, since everyone sees that under the table she is attempting to kick her husband into sensibility. Realizing his mistake, the best man begins again in a loud voice to bring the attention back to him.

There is one story I'd like to tell about him, though, which I'll never forget. I remember it was in our senior year at college, when Felix and I were rooming together, when we heard two cars crash on the road outside our window. There was a

horrible scream, and Felix and I went outside to see what we could do. One of the drivers was unhurt, but the other had an ugly compound fracture of the leg, and Felix hauled him off the road. There was blood everywhere, but Felix didn't mind. He cut a deep gash behind the shinbone, which wasn't easy, because the man was hysterical and writhing with pain, and wiping away the blood that spurted from the arteries, he reset the leg. When the ambulance came he went back to the room, and I saw that Felix was nothing but a mass of gore from head to toe. I offered him a cigarette, but he told me:

"After a night like this I'll never smoke again."

We all know he has kept that pledge. Here ladies and gentlemen, is a man of character!

Very feeble clapping from the sobered audience.

Well, Felix, as I was saying, I guess we all know you pretty well, and there seems hardly any necessity to build you up, so I'll just say what I'm going to say, and leave it at that.

He picks up a blue box standing beside him on the table, and has a little trouble prying off the top, meanwhile turning to the audience with a sheepish grin. It is significant that no one returns the smile. He finally manages to get the top off, and produces a silver cigarette box.

Felix, we the ushers tried to find something to give you on this festive occasion which would befit your place in our thoughts. We think a lot of you, Felix, and we didn't want to give you anything you might put away in the attic and forget, because we want you to always remember that we think a lot of you. So, well, here it is, with all our names engraved on it.

Well, boy, here's to you!

He raises his glass and tips it to his lips, only to find it is empty.

"Tilt" is the first article by Elliot S. Rosow to appear in the REVIEW. Mr. Rosow, a junior from West Hartford, presents here a story of schoolboy fascination for auto-coin machines, and the interesting philosophy of their owner, "Big George" Morano.

TILT

E. S. Rosow

BIG GEORGE" is the title which identified one Albert Morano, proprietor of the largest coin-operated amusement machine center on Albany Avenue. His schoolboy's Monte Carlo was established during the recession year of 1937, and by its second annum of existence was the Union League Club of the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades of the nearby Jones Junior High School. It was under Mr. Morano's roof which went by the name of "Albert's Variety Store," that we juveniles would congregate and partake of delicious grinders (sliced Italian meats and spiced vegetables compounded inside a small loaf of stale bread), which were sold at ten cents for a "whole" and a nickel for a "half." Mr. Morano also dispensed carbonated beverages, thus the name Albert's Variety Store. With one of these Sicilian Hors D'oeuvres in one hand and a bottle of unfermented champagne in the other, we proceeded to the "Plaza d'machines" or "Back Room," where one could watch his contemporaries skillfully operate the manufactures of the Bally Novelty Company, or if one could reach the coin receptacle, try one's luck oneself.

The gaming devices fell into two categories. Nickel machines and penny machines. Mr. Morano's trade preferred the penny machines, but the others were there for some of the more daring clientele who were referred to as "the big kids," a term reserved for individuals who had reached the milestone in life known as Fourteen. The machines were electrical (in nature), taking the form of an elongated box supported at table height on a slightly upward angle by four wooden legs. A vertical glass scoreboard was attached to the rear of the equipment. Facing the player was a shaft which turned the machine on, providing a coin was inserted prior to its forward movement. The next procedure was to

push a metal plunger which raised a metal sphere slightly smaller than a pullet egg. This was known as a "ball." One was to shoot five "balls" by means of another plunger which rolled them down the playing area. During their descent these "balls" would occasionally come into contact with obstacles in the form of bumpers and "traps." Upon each contact of the "ball" with an obstacle a particular tone would be sounded on a bell and a score would register on the backglass in accordance with a pre-arranged schedule of values. Certain combinations of values would change the schedule to multiples of their original values, and if the final score was among those listed on another printed table, the player would be rewarded with a number of "free games." For each "free game" won, he would be able to push in the master plunger once without inserting a coin, and being able to push the plunger without inserting a coin was one of the greatest pleasures then available to boys of that age. A refinement for the experienced player was an embossed scale along the side of the topmost plunger which enabled him to use his particular "system" of getting just the right tension on the plunger, thus actually "aiming" the ball. Other experienced players disregarded any system at all and just shot the ball at random. With practice, boys who were still having difficulty with long division could watch the games and at any time call out the additional score needed to win by any on ten or twelve players of different machines.

Psychologically, the idea of the whole business was to present several "challenges" to the individualist. First there was the printed sign, "MINORS FORBIDDEN TO PLAY THE MACHINES."

That sign was a prime factor in maintaining Big George's business volume. The speakeasy bravado which one would show to a new boy in the neigh-



borhood by taking him to play the machines added lustre to an otherwise hum-drum existence bogged down by ancient history and social studies. And, there was the challenge of competition. The spirit of "I'll show ya I can get a higher score on machine No. 6 than you can" kept the pennies and nickels falling into the unknown chasm within those mysterious mechanisms.

Beating the other fellow meant more than just winning free games; the rare feat of winning twenty-five free games by hitting the bumper when the super-special light was lit could mean disaster to a youth if no one were present to share his triumph except Big George, whose vocabulary was limited to a commercial "Need any more pennies, kiddies?"

Big George could reach into his coin sash and pull out five, ten, or any number of pennies called for, without counting. He had the eye of an eagle. Big George could always spot a cheater. If one

were too rough and tried to guide the destiny of a ball with more than a few skillful taps on the side of the machine, the automatic croupier or "tilt" would cancel out the game. But ingenious children would attempt to push their school books under the front legs of a machine to slow the rate of descent of the balls, but Big George always caught them at the right instant. Similar attempts with wire, scotch tape, etc., would get a violator ejected from the house with a reprimand "not to come back until Monday."

Only once was Big George outwitted by the ingenuity of youth. One afternoon several machines were being beaten. Free games were being accumulated rapidly with the end result that the usual flow of pennies to the house was almost at a standstill. But this breaking of the bank was short-lived. A hurried telephone call by Big George to the local pin-ball machine distributors brought several trained mechanics at once. Their expert diagnosis revealed that the electric power cords on the machines were pulled out before each nickel was inserted. The plug was then restored to its socket and the youngsters would start a new game with a head start, since the old score was still registered. An anti-plug pulling device was invented and installed on the spot, and Mr. Morano breathed more easily.

Despite his professional alertness, Big George had a heart. Quite often a customer would burst out crying that he had played the machines with the money his mother gave him to bring home a loaf of bread. Big George would ask, "What kind of bread?" and hand that amount to the destitute gambler, who had to repay the advance in full before playing any more machines.

An old cliché says that all good things must come to an end, and Albert's Variety Store was no exception. On the fateful afternoon of July 16, 1949, that establishment was entered from all sides by the vice squad accompanied by shocked Parent-Teachers' Association officials, who saw their own offspring beat a hasty retreat through windows in a superlative escape unmatched by any mass withdrawal of the prohibition era.

Some months ago I had occasion to meet my old friend. While munching a sandwich in a New Haven snack bar located away from the congested downtown area, I took more than a cursory glance at the proprietor. The greasy face and two-day old beard were hard to reconcile with memories of the all-powerful master of the pinball machines, Big George. But there could be no doubt about it. It was he. He saw me staring at him and looked down to see if his haberdashery were in order.

"Are you Big George? . . . er . . . I mean, are

you the Mister Morano who used to operate Albert's Variety Store on Albany Avenue about ten, eleven years ago?"

"Why, yes, I conducted that establishment at approximately the period you mention. What are you, a cop?"

"Don't get me wrong, Mr. Morano. You may not remember me, but I used to play the penny machine in the corner every Wednesday afternoon."

"You're the brat who was always sticking the books under the machines!"

The old master's memory was intact.

While we were reminiscing about the old days Mr. Morano pointed to the lone pin-ball machine in the front of his snack shop. "That one machine," he told me, "brings in more dough than all the machines in my former Albany Avenue Empire."

I strolled over to examine the pin-ball machine, a 1952 model. The coin plunger was gone. The

nickel (penny machines went out with the 10-cent grinders) was merely dropped through a slot. When I had stood there five minutes, Mr. Morano realized that I wasn't going to put in a nickel, so he put one in for me and said, "Play it, for old times' sake." Nostalgically I played the machine, ball by ball. The plain bumpers and holes were now supplemented by elaborate "thumpers," "kickers," "gates," and a myriad of other devices. This modern machine was difficult to beat. Unheard of scores were necessary to win a mere free game and super-specials with 25 game rewards were only memories. The last ball rolled to a halt. The scoreboard indicated a score so far from victory that passing schoolboys jeered at me as I walked out of Albert's Sandwich Shop.

"So long, kid," he said, a tear rolling down his cheek.

"So long, Mr. Morano."

Yes, so long, "Big George."

HUNTER'S MORNING

There is something in it,
The unaudible fifth hour alarm,
That's heard because there is something
A willingness as yet unfelt,
Wind, sun, rain all move unseen.

Necessary clothes on the chair,
Defying all movement.
No need, I can hold it.
Stairs that carefully avoid touch,
Wind, sun, rain, all move unseen.

Fake coffee for crusted eyes,
Dry doughnut for dry throat,
Unburnt hands on a hot pot,
No sugar for no taste,
Wind, sun, rain, all move unseen.

The only chance missed,
The colder retreat, but
There is something in it,
For it will happen tomorrow
With the at first unseen.

Boots, bloody coat, heavy vest,
Sorting shells with dull fingers,
Dull gleaming, affectionate metal,
Matches, pipe, tobacco; still
Wind, sun, rain, moving unseen.

The first air shrinks,
Lifting the gum boots expands.
The oars and seat are ice,
The blocks are ice and upside down,
Wind, sun, rain, seen, but still moving.

The long wait and cold.
The first gleams and sun!
Now no longer seen or moving.
The first set wings with
Polished wood kicking.

—Patterson Keller

In his last year at Trinity Finley Schaeff has taken fact and imagination and built out of them the dramatic montage which follows. Though a frequent contributor to the local fourth estate and a very active man in campus affairs, this is Fin's first publication in the REVIEW.

TRIPTYCH

F. Schaeff

THE day was bleak in 1940. The town, Smarenk, had been converted overnight into an internment camp, and lay on that Polish soil like a festering sore. From six to seven thousand soldiers there were; in groups of five, being led outside, they knelt, mumbled prayers, and kissed the ground with bloody faces. Old and young, cowardly and brave, wise and foolish, loved and hated, all, all died this bleak day.

* * *

Washington, D.C., United States; February, 1952. The scene is that current graveyard of respectability, the Congressional investigation.

Senator Pat Long, New Mexico: And you say, Mr. Farrel, that when you arrived at the camp, under German auspices, that you observed the bodies of thousands of Polish soldiers piled atop one another. Is that right?

Farrel: Yes, sir.

Long: And will you please tell the committee in your own words what you noticed.

Farrel: It was obvious that each one of them had been shot through the back of the head while kneeling.

Long: Can you tell us, was this the usual German manner of butchering prisoners?

Farrel: No. The Germans were seldom so kind. They had more ruthless means of . . .

Long: Yes, but Mr. Farrel, murder is murder no matter how it is perpetrated, is it not? Now this type of mass-homicide was quite unlike the Germans, we have established. Was it typical of any other nationality?

Farrel: Well, it is known that the Russians killed many German prisoners in a like manner. But th. . .

Long: Who, Mr. Farrel?

Farrel: The Russians. And. . .

Long: Thank you, Mr. Farrel.

The Senator paused, rustled some papers in front of him, continued.

Long: Now tell us, did you notice anything else rather strange?

Farrel: Yes. The dead men were all clothed in comparatively new uniforms, and wore boots that were slightly scuffed.

Long: This would seem to indicate that the prisoners had not been in the camp more than a few weeks before their brutal deaths?

Farrel: That's right. Equipment wears quickly in prison camps. From the looks of them, they hadn't been there more than two or three weeks.

Long: How long had they been prisoners of the Russians?

Farrel: A month, maybe more.

Long: After that duration, the Germans pushed the Russians out of the area?

Farrel: That's right. It was then that I had the opportunity to inspect the camp.

Long: And were the Germans reluctant to permit the inspection? For fear that their crime would be revealed?

Farrel: On contrary, they welcomed it as a vindication, almost. They thought it cleared them completely of the guilt.

Long: Thank you very much, Mr. Farrel.

As Senator Long finished a few words of appreciation of the patriotic loyalty and spiritual courage of that great citizen who had just so nobly testified, a far door opened and revealed a pathetic figure standing there with a huge paper bag over its head. The man was obviously frightened, and his eyes, visible through holes in the bag, clearly showed it. He tread warily down the aisle, looking in a sus-

picious and nervous manner at the peering, whispering spectators and the bright lights.

Those blinking red lights. Television. Being watched by the whole country. Why does everyone have to know? Why can't I do this privately? My picture too. This infernal bag! I'm sorry now. Oh God, I'm sorry now!

At that very instant his picture was being rushed to the *Daily News* office. The headline, already prepared, read:

REDS KILLED 10,000 POLES

It covered the whole front page in blazing red print.

"They're inhuman," one commuter thought. He didn't read the story—the headline was enough. "Dirty Russians," he said to his neighbor. "We oughta plop an atom bomb right on that Kremlin today. What we need's a man in the White House!"

"You're right! That damn Truman's a liar. Read it just last week in the *Mercury*. He got us in this mess in Korea. Now we need a man like MacArthur or Eisenhower to get us out."

"Yeah, an' the Reds'll probably slaughter our boys the way they did the Poles."

"Yeah . . . Well . . . 'D'ya watch Milton Berle on TV last night?"

Senator Long: ". . . to whom we shall ever be indebted."

A ripple of polite applause spread over the hearing room. Senator Long turned to the trembling spectator on the witness stand.

Long: Mr. Zimklavsk, will you please relate from the beginning your horrible experience at Smarenk in 1940 . . .

"Say, what's that picture with the guy with a hood on. Ku Klux Klan revival?"

"Nah. This bimbo here was testifyin' against the Russians. He wore the bag over his head so the Reds can't identify him and get the family back home in Poland."

"Holy smokes! Why don't they do it in secret, then?"

"That's not democratic, ya jerk! Say, sometimes I think you could be a Commie in disguise, talkin' like that."

"Whattaya mean! Don't blame me for some of the stupid things that Congress does! Anyway, if I were a Commie I'd be up there in the guvment somewhere—that's where they all are."

"Ahhh, shaddup!"

Senator Long: Thank you, Mr. Zimklavsk. The United States of America shall forever remember the invaluable testimony you gave this afternoon to help indict the most brutal criminals in the history of mankind.

* * *

Moscow, Russia. Marshal Stalin addresses the Politburo:

"You are to notify the press and radio, the novelists and playwrights, and the Russian people, today, that in February, 1940, the Americans secretly contrived with the Germans to butcher 20,000 Poles at Smarenk. Their hope was to blame the heroic Russian soldiers with the crime; but their plot has been uncovered, and the truth is open to the world."

* * *

Smarenk, Poland. A church. In front of the Virgin Mary kneels a withered, old lady: "Lord, bless the soul of my son, and all those others who died here 12 years ago. May they rest in eternal peace . . . Erase this incident and others like it from the hearts and minds of men. Bless and forgive the murderers . . . Forgive all who have killed and all who kill . . . Forgive all who war, and all who profit from war . . . And comfort all who suffer from war . . . Bring peace on Earth. Amen."

The old lady crossed herself and, too weak from hunger to rise, fainted at the feet of the Virgin Mary.

* * *

At that instant thousands of dollars were investigating and proclaiming her son's death.

Mayo Schreiber is a sophomore from Grosse Point. In his first REVIEW article he brings to light two Freudian theories on life and death, which he supports with examples from literature and everyday life.

EROS VS. THANATOS

M. Schreiber

THE surgeon peeled off his rubber gloves while staring intently at the ashen face of the young blond soldier on the operating table. "We have done all we can," he said to the two tired nurses, "now it's up to him," nodding at the inert form on the table. A month later this same soldier was back in combat.

What pulled him through after the doctors had done all they could? What force saved this boy from death? It was the *will to live*.

Dr. Sigmund Freud called this will to live, Eros, the life instinct. Freud believed that there are two powerful instincts which operate within us, the life instinct, Eros, and the death instinct, Thanatos. These two instincts are in constant conflict, determining one's fate when he is hovering between life and death, also determining what kind of life one leads.

Eros, the life instinct, is concerned with self-preservation and the propagation of the species. Fostered by the feeling that one has something to live for, living becomes a true joy, exemplified in Henry's "I thank whatever gods may be/ For my unconquerable soul." This man faces life's problems, decides how to attack them, and coolly carries out his decisions. He feels triumphant and life is vital to him. Nothing can shake him. Men in whom Eros is very strong love life's battle and they are filled with energy to live it, sharply in contrast to those who are weak in Eros and who wearily stumble through life, oppressed and subservient to its problems.

The picture is quite different when Thanatos, the death instinct, overpowers Eros. If Thanatos takes

command of the body people die before their time, are always feeling ill, or may even commit suicide.

Thanatos is responsible for many early deaths. These people are always tired and they fail to get any real enjoyment out of life. An example of this type of person is the young man who wastes too much energy fighting his way up to a lofty executive roost. Arriving, they find no job and die from their past overexertion. Longfellow portrays the sad fate of this man in the words, "Still grasping in his hand of ice/ That banner with the strange device Excelsior!" The bearer of the banner although forewarned of the "tempest overhead" and of "the awful avalanche" surges ahead to certain death, drastically portraying the powerful, compelling Thanatos.

Others drag along through life always feeling ill. Here Thanatos is destroying the body by the installment plan. Zaena, Ethan Frome's hypochondriac wife, was continually "ailing," taking pills and patent medicines, but receiving no relief. These unfortunate people, constantly bothered by their ailments, can only live at half-capacity. As soon as one malady is cured, another takes its place. Doctors cannot explain the cause, which is due to a host of psychological reasons. Thanatos brings the body to a slow complaining death. When the true psychological cause is cured the person may then lead a full and happy life.

In some cases Thanatos completely destroys Eros. The person then involved destroys himself by taking his own life. Many suicides such as the spectacular death of Clarence Sims who jumped from the George Washington Bridge in March of this year happens every week. They destroy themselves be-

cause life's problems seem too great to face and handle. Thanatos comes out into the open and shows the person a way to solve his problems, thus driving him to his own destruction. On the other hand Thanatos may take control when Eros isn't on guard. You may be looking out of a window of a tall building, staring at the street below. Suddenly you feel a strange compulsion to jump out of that window. You toy with the idea and then back away, wondering how such a morbid thought ever entered your mind. Near Los Angeles Suicide Bridge arches high over a green arroyo, whose stunning depth beckons scores of people to their death. The height of the bridge and the beauty of the scene

allows Thanatos to sneak out, overpower Eros, and force the person to jump. Now an eight-foot barbed wire fence runs along each side of the bridge to prevent any more people from destroying themselves. Most of the individuals in this situation are compelled to jump by Thanatos, they don't have any reason to die.

Thus one can see what a terrifying conflict is going on in the human mind and what the outcome of this conflict can lead to. This struggle is summed up in Hamlet's words, "To be or not to be, that is the question." The disturbing thought about the conflict is that our existence always ends with the triumph of Thanatos—death.

Compliments

Of

A FRIEND

Not since the "Twenties Issue" has Roger Harmon, Sophomore Board Member, contributed to the REVIEW. The following story is drawn from memories of Venice Pier, California.

THE PIER

R. J. Harmon

COME on over here, son, and throw a ball! Just knock 'em over and ya gets yer choice. Nothin' to it, boy."

Toby turned his head, shivered, half afraid of the little, limping, unshaven midget who held three dirty balls in his calloused hands. Quickening his pace, Toby headed obliquely across the midway of Venice Pier. The colored lights of the brightly lighted fair-way, reflected in Toby's eyes a wild excitement. He loved the noise, the cheap, rattling, Hong-Kong-ish hum of snarling voices. Wherever he stood or walked, he listened and watched the deceitful slicks, the bargaining lovers, the garish drunkards.

A fat, red-faced woman stood behind the counter of a shooting gallery. Her hair was a dirty brown, hanging in snarled strings, spaghetti-like, around her neck; thick red lips adorned her face with the goonish smile of an archaic gargoye. She flirted with a sailor.

"But what'll I win if I hit the bullseye?" he asked, laughing.

"A little monkey, if you stick around."

The sailor clenched his fist and hit the wooden counter, handing her a one-dollar bill, crumpled green and soiled.

At that moment an old bewhiskered man stumbled past, behind the blue-suited youth. He looked at the woman, his eyes blood-smearred, tired, drunken. For an instant a look of restrained purple flushed in the woman's already red and wrinkled cheeks. He sneered and deep within his throat stirred a low growl, like the rumblings of a virgin volcano. Blindly, he staggered forward into the pushing, laughing, hating mass.

Red, yellow, green all churned together as the mechanical arms of the octopus swept its victims upwards high into the night, escaping to a quiet

den of darkness in the upper air. Then screaming, down again to earth, swooping like a mad hawk upon feathered animals below which scurry in every direction, fighting to save themselves from the shining black curled claws of their pursuer. Toby laughed, absorbed in a wild enthusiasm.

He walked further along the cheering, hilarious midway. Stopping, he watched a game at one side.

"Just hit the bullseye and ya dunk those two fat niggars up there. Come on, who's gonna be the next 'un to dunk the niggars?"

Two black figures sat on a narrow wooden plank above a tank of splashing water. An iron cage surrounded them. If a ball were thrown hard against the center of a lever, down they would go into the bath below.

"Ya dumb, almighty white," yelled one of the black devils from his roost, "ya couldn't her yer. . ."

He was sent to the bottom of the cold, black water tank; he came up, a dripping phantom amid the jeers of the staring crowd. The barker's pocket made a queer resonant sound as he dropped another quarter into the yawning hole.

Toby pushed forward to where the pier rolled to an end, in the chill darkness of a brooding silence. Here light gave way to darkness; noise succumbed to a suffering quietness. Below the vast waters of the Pacific lapped hushingly, almost apologetically, against the barnacle smothered posts that cowardly disappeared into the inky waters. People, silent, ghostly people, peered over the rail and out across the wide sea. Here, night after night they stood, gazing into the cruel "something" that was out there. Each alone in his hatred, an island on a wider sea than that upon which they heaped their curses.

Yesterday, a shark was caught by a fisherman at

this very point. Full of fight he was, vicious, iron-sided creature. This morning a blue limp bundle was fished out—a desperate old man! Tomorrow? Perhaps another shark, who knows!

Toby sighed, restless and afraid of the vague figures that rose and fell with the swellings and sinkings of the waves. How very black it was; suddenly he looked up at the sky. Black clouds boiled, churning, rolling over one another in a graver, more majestic turmoil than that below. Rain began to fall.

Clap, clap, clap! Toby's feet snapped against the wetted walk as he hurried along the sidewalk toward the "Seashore," a small restaurant off the main street leading to the pier. People rushed by him, darting from one doorway to another, screaming, laughing, complaining beings. The thunder roared out of the chaotic heavens; lightning vaulted across the sky.

The Seashore was warm and cozy. Jolly voices and tinkling glasses forged an atmosphere of friendship. The rain that beat upon the windows and even more loudly upon the roof, and the gushing water that rose in the streets seemed to weld together the few customers of the Seashore, each giving some comfort and some joy to the other. Perhaps this was all that remained; perhaps the rest had been swept away in the swirling waters of the rainstorm. Who knows how long they might. . .

"What'll ya have, boy?"

"Ah . . . what's that . . . oh, coffee, please and a sandwich . . . any kind . . . I don't care."

Toby had just begun to eat when the door flew open and a gush of cold rain swamped the warm

room, giving chills to those who sat talking. In burst a woman. She stopped for an instant, seemingly to catch her breath, for her chest heaved with rapid convulsions. Avoiding the eyes that stared at her, she went up to the counter.

"Some change, please. I must . . . I must make a telephone call. Please . . . please hurry."

Toby wondered if she were sobbing. Her face was red and fat, streaked with raindrops. Hurriedly she made her call, and then with desperate movements she was gone again, disappearing into that black and rainy night.

Slowly Toby finished eating.

"How much?"

"Ah . . . forty cents, mister."

"Here. Forty cents? Forty . . ."

He looked at the cafe windows, the rain running down the smooth surface in tiny streams. Toby laughed, and left the Seashore.

Clouds of rain swept up and down the windy street. At the corner ahead, Toby saw a parked cab, facing him. It was the only car to be seen on the silent street. Suddenly a figure darted around the corner into the cab. The door quickly slammed, and the cab rolled forward with an echoing roar. At the same moment, another heavier, more clumsy figure followed, racing after the cab. The running figure tore past Toby; he was a bearded, dirty, drunken fellow. Toby shuddered.

Clap, clap, clap! Toby's feet smacked the wet cement as he walked toward home. He sighed, a sound that pierced the storm's rage, a sound that was born somewhere on the narrow flats between laughter and weeping.

"Trinity? You must mean Trinidad. It's in the West Indies."

Like Jerald Hatfield, John Samoylenko is also a freshman. His critique on surrealism shows a clear understanding of the topic rarely found in a college student. Mr. Samoylenko hails from Auburndale, Massachusetts.

SURREALISM

J. Samoylenko

TO the average man the word "surrealism" conjures up images of disembodied arms and legs floating among one-eyed cocktail glasses in the mural on the wall of the local bar. No doubt he considers it the ultimate in lunacy, dreamed up for the sole purpose of shocking the unsuspecting customer into buying another drink in order to study the nightmare more closely. And if he is the average man, he has about as much conception of what surrealism really is as he has of Einstein's theory of relativity. For surrealism is far more than the idle doodlings of a maniac: it is a cult, a whole method of living. According to art critic Cyril Connolly, "Surrealism . . . is a philosophy, a way of life, a cause to which some of the most brilliant painters and poets of our age are giving themselves with consuming devotion." Surrealism pervades every school of art, from drama to literature, and surrealist painting is no more than the application of the fundamental principles of the theory to canvas. Although modern in every sense of the word, it may some day be possible to trace the development of surrealism as far back as the fifth century, for some medieval and Renaissance art closely resembles surrealist paintings of the present day. There is some question as to the validity of this theory, however, since it is quite possible that these early painters had entirely different motives; that is, their painting may have been rational as contrasted with the surrealist tenet of irrationality.

The true history of the development of surrealism began with the bombshell known as Dada, which was dropped into the lap of complacent European culture in 1916. Set in motion at a convention in Zurich of embittered, disillusioned young men who placed the blame for the evils arising out of World War I upon the shoulders of "respectable" society, Dada was dedicated to one terrible purpose: the reduction of all existing culture and convention to absurdity. The followers of this strongly negative doctrine rebelled against society, language, religion, art, intelligence, and especially literature. Such a totally nihilist dogma, which denied the worth of everything, could only, of course, succeed in deny-

ing itself right out of existence, which, in fact, happened in 1922. Dada did manage to accomplish something worthwhile in spite of itself, however, in that it helped to lay the foundations for surrealism. First, it brought together many great artists and writers in a common cause; second, it cleared the path to surrealism of the deadwood of social mores and conventions; and third, it formulated many present-day surrealist techniques, including automatism, extreme subject fantasy, use of the laws of chance, and fantastic representation of mechanical and biological forms.

In the broadest terms, surrealism may be defined as the most radical romanticism; it is intensely subjective, as contrasted with the crowd-pleasing objectivity of classicism. Surrealism represents the artist as an individual; classicism represents society *in toto*. It would be wrong, however, to say that surrealism rejects accepted esthetic values, for there can be bad as well as good surrealism. It may seem next to impossible to our Mr. Average to judge the relative merit of two completely enigmatic paintings, but surrealism has as rigid a set of values as any other branch of art. The broad ideals of social revolution and intellectual freedom, which are so much a part of the surrealist creed, have led many of its followers into an affinity for Marxian doctrine, and by 1935 the movement was closely linked with Communism.

These are a few of the basic concepts to which surrealism adheres. To find the unique principle behind the doctrine, however, it will be necessary to turn back once more to the inception of surrealism, to the period when it was still an activist creed.

The great French poet and philosopher, Andre Breton, can be said to have built single-handed, in 1923, the structure of surrealism from the wreckage of Dada. It was he who formulated its guiding principles of the all-important subconscious and "convulsive beauty" in his first manifesto. "The work of art," said Breton, "if it is to assist in that absolute revision of values, upon which we all agree, must base itself upon a purely subjective inspiration or it will cease to exist." "Convulsive beauty" is the name which Breton gave to the effect achieved by

the juxtaposition of incongruous and yet familiar objects, which stuns the imagination. "Beauty will be CONVULSIVE, or it will not be."—*Breton*.

The early surrealist artists followed Breton's principles to the letter, developing a systematic and serious attitude toward the subconscious as the essential source of art. They studied the poetry of Lautreamont and Rimbaud, the theories of Freud and Hegel, the art of children and of the insane, and psychoanalysis, and then put their knowledge to work through the newly devised technique of automatism, or unconscious painting.

The exposition of the subconscious through the portrayal of dreams is the backbone of the surrealist creed, and in this respect the works of Freud have been given very close attention. The surrealists believe that a certain amount of mental activity in the realm of fancy is essential to the development of the soul. They point out that children spend much of their time in a make-believe world of their own; that adolescents (the next step up the ladder) daydream, but always with the conscious knowledge that dreams are of an intangible substance; and that adults are little more than intellectual automatons, their dreams having long since been banished to their subconscious minds. This would seem to prove that Nature intended Man to exercise his imagination a great deal more than he does.

Freud interprets dreams as repressed impulses which, unable to be carried through successfully to a successful conclusion, express themselves as "sensory images and visible scenes." These mental impressions are in reality abstract ideas, freed from the encumbrance of words. In like manner, the surrealist declared, impressions are picked up in daily activity and imprinted upon the brain in the form of mental images which, as mentioned above, are abstract truths. Through the hands of a skilled artist in the proper "half-conscious" frame of mind, these truths can be transferred directly to the canvas. This is the essence of surrealist painting.

The problem, of course, is to free the mind from the restraints and inhibitions which impede the transfer of the mental images. As the surrealist authority, George Lemaitre, puts it, "The subconscious is the truth, a truth most of the time too crude and too potent for our convention-ridden selves to bear; so clear intelligence is constantly disguising the truth, suppressing our instinctive, obscure cravings or giving them a fallacious, sublimated expressions through symbolical ideas or imaginings." So we are back to the old Dada war-cry of "Down with convention!" And to be sure, surrealism uses the same device that Dada employed to combat the arch-fiend of free-thought transmission—that of ridicule. Sur-

realist ridicule, however, is far more subtle than that of its unfortunate predecessor. It amounts to a gentle satire that both amuses and fulfills its purpose.

Before leaving surrealist theory, it might be wise to distinguish between surrealism and the several other art forms which it closely resembles. The first of these is supernaturalism, a term which may very well be applied to the medieval and Renaissance works mentioned at the beginning of this article. But while the derivations of both words are very similar, and though they both denote extension beyond the bounds of real life, surrealism on one hand implies the fusion of matter and spirit, while supernaturalism on the other implies the existence of spirit beyond matter.

Surrealism is also very often confused with abstract art, and in some respects they are similar. The appeal of abstract art, however, is based upon harmony of form and color, while surrealism owes its appeal to its bizarre and imaginative qualities. It is true that these distinctions may and often do overlap; the distinction lies in the amount of emphasis placed upon each one.

Perhaps the most difficult, and yet the most important type of art to distinguish from surrealism is automatism. Although automatism was practiced regularly by the early surrealists, it was soon given up in favor of semi-automatism. Complete automatism is very likely to result in an unintelligible scrawl, and therefore there must be some degree of consciousness on the part of the artist. The surrealist writer and critic, Herbert Read, makes this point clear: "Surrealisme is not the art of the unconscious; it is rather, as its name indicates, the art of complete mental personality: a synthesis of all its aspects and activities." "Doodles," the designs which nearly all of us trace at one time or another while our minds are otherwise occupied, are considered to be the perfect and most genuine example of automatism tempered with "infinitely varied degrees of half-conscious control, according to the technical experience of the individual." Doodling is perfect surrealist creation, and so important as an index of personality that psychiatrists use it as valuable evidence.

There are four primary methods which surrealist artists use to express themselves. The most conservative of these is what is known as "hand-painted dream photographs," which may best be described as a combination of spontaneous subject matter and premeditated technique. The best-known exponent of this form is Salvador Dali. The second and most widely-used method is a combination of both spontaneous subject matter and technique.

The third method—collage—is the oldest form

of surrealist art. It is employed as an attempt to bring abstract ideas closer to reality by cutting out and pasting flat objects, such as newspaper, to a surface. The Dadaists used collage as a chief weapon against established painting techniques, as Lemaitre demonstrates: "Their idea was not to find a new modality of expression, but simply to ruin the art of painting itself by making their pictures a dumping ground for samples of refuse." The early surrealists, however, saw more constructive possibilities in collage, and proceeded to adapt it as a serious form of surrealism. Tristan Tzara, for example, stated that "A form plucked from a newspaper and introduced in a drawing or picture incorporates a morsel of everyday reality into another reality constructed by the spirit."

The fourth method of surrealist expression is perhaps the most startling of all—the creation of "readymades." "Readymades" carry the principle of collage one step further by using actual three-dimensional objects. This is supposed to impart the utmost in reality.

There are many painters, far too numerous to mention, who have distinguished themselves as surrealists. A few, however, have contributed so much of importance to the movement that they truly deserve the appellation "giants." For example there is Marcel Duchamp, who first composed "readymades," and the Swiss painter, Paul Klee, who is known for his childish (that is, reduced to the barest simplicity) style of painting. Both of these men were instrumental in launching surrealism upon its course. Max Ernst, the German artist who originated collage and "frottage" (rubbing a painting to give it a life-like texture), is in many quarters called the greatest surrealist of all time. The Italian painter, Giorgio de Chirico, is noted for his fantastic architecture and puzzling mannequins. Andre Masson, a Frenchman who joined the movement in 1925, depicts the violence of nature with pictures of swarming, slimy larvae. He recently was the originator of an experiment introducing surrealism into the ballet. Joan Miro, the Spanish painter whose trademarks are hairy spiders and bright color schemes, was long the acknowledged leader of surrealist painting. He continues to be successful in automatist art, admitting that most of his painting is conceived "in a state of hallucination . . . for which I am utterly irresponsible." Yves Tanguy, a French surrealist, is famous for his prickly insects and unworldly vegetation. Man Ray, up till now the only American surrealist of note, invented the "rayograph" (surrealist photography).

In this galaxy of luminaries, however, there is one who far outshines the rest. Salvador Dali is easily the most important surrealist alive today. Dali is a relative late-comer in the field of surrealism, since he did not join the movement until 1930. His painting reflects the influence exerted over him by such earlier greats as Chirico, Miro, and Tanguy. Dali's greatest asset is his unique style, which he calls "chromolithographic." His paintings may perhaps best be described as "handmade snapshots" — meticulous, colorful reproductions of dislocated, mutilated human organs and classic architecture, set upon a flat, unbroken surface. Dali is also the possessor of a remarkably morbid, creative imagination, and is deeply interested in hallucinations, insanity, and psychoanalysis. One of his pet theories, for instance, is that of the "three great images of life"—"excrement, blood, and putrefaction." But Dali's real personal doctrine, which he follows scrupulously, is that of "paranoiac-criticism." What this amounts to is the fact that Dali, a confirmed paranoiac, is constantly attempting to discover evil in the world about him. He sees a threat to his personal safety in all that appears to be beneficent.

However unappealing Dali's personal outlook on life may seem, he must be recognized as having almost single-handedly put the word surrealism into the vernacular. His unorthodox commercial ventures, deplored by the surrealist fathers as a degredation of surrealist principles, have brought surrealism to the masses at the expense of the movement's degeneration into mere decorative art. For surrealism, at least in the field of art, appears to be on the decline. A generation of painters have strived, but failed, to record on canvas anything of lasting value. Whether this stems from the mediocrity of the painters themselves, or from the inadaptability of surrealist theory to art, is still undetermined; however, it is interesting to note that surrealism as a philosophy is also fast losing popularity, mainly because it is totally incompatible with today's conformist, realistic way of living. The surrealist painters have left their mark, however, in their efforts to liberate the soul, to glorify the individual, and to find a new, personalized rule of life. As one famous art critic observes, "They have restored to man . . . the belief in his destiny, they have given woman back her pride and her magic, . . . and have returned freedom of subject to painting, imprisoned by its own rules. To the question 'what does this picture represent?', the Surrealists make answer: 'the person who did it'."

Although addicted to the Chase and the skeet field, Dave Clark has also found time to indulge his literary fancy in the following ironic tale. Mr. Clark is a junior from Pittsburgh.

WAITING FOR THE PACKET

D. L. Clark

THE day had started as they all did—hot and humid. After three years on the island, Edwards was never able to wake up in the morning without seeming to be surprised by how hot it was. And quiet; birds never chirped at dawn on the islands, for dawn was too hot, too dull, too boring.

Edwards did not hate himself when he got up this morning, as he usually did, for this was one of the twelve days of the year that ever meant anything—it was the day the packet came in to deposit its cargo of gin and the payroll for the plantation, and to pick up its new cargo of hemp bales. The next day it would chug off again, not to return for another month. It was the one contact with the world that kept those on the island from being completely forgotten. Once in a great while the packet would even bring mail, although that time had probably passed forever.

When he had first moved down three years ago, Edwards had received about two letters a month, all in the same handwriting; now he had not received anything for four months. He didn't care; he would read what he got, but never answer. Why should he, he thought absently, when there was never anything to write about.

After cooking himself breakfast, he went to the door of his thatch hut and looked out at the town's single street. Not a soul, not a sound. There were three buildings on the other side of the dirt path, two of them thatched like his own, the other one a big wooden warehouse, standing beside the dock that marked the end of the street. His eyes were attracted by something moving down by the warehouse; the only other person up at this hour, the native watchman, was unlocking the great olive drab doors in preparation for the packet coming and taking off the hemp held inside. The clicking of the locks was the only sound in the air. It echoed slightly in the morning calm.

Edwards went back into his house, having satis-

fied himself of the town's activity, and lit a cigar. He sat down at the table he used as a desk and with a stub pencil began writing out the order he would give the packet captain to take to the home port some two hundred miles away.

Gin? Yes, he'd need about ten cases next month. At almost five quid a case, he knew the captain cheated him, but he made up for the loss by raising his own prices. No one who drank at his bar knew the value of money anyway. He furrowed his brow as he figured out the price. He still had a hard time with Sterling when it came to big figures; he finally figured it to £48, 10s. He put the piece of paper into his coat pocket, reached over and picked up his pith helmet, and strolled out to the street. He passed quickly down the row of still-dead buildings until he came to his tavern opposite the warehouse. He unlocked the door and walked into the single dark room that made up the entire insides. This bar and the warehouse opposite were the only two wooden buildings in the town of Pau, the rest all being thatched; they had been built by the Marines during the war, and had been taken over afterwards by their present occupants. Neither owner had attempted repairs on the buildings, and both showed the neglect. There were great cracks in the tavern's walls, some big enough to squeeze your hand through. There were no windows in the bar, so he lit a kerosene lamp suspended from the ceiling by a draw chain and then moved behind the counter. He picked a bottle and a small glass off the shelf and set them down on the bar.

A shadow crossed the long rectangular rug of sunshine that came in from the open door. He looked up and saw his native helper Tolto leaning against the frame of the door, looking at him with a slow and scornful smile.

"Tut-tut," he said.

"Tut-tut yourself," Edwards answered. He poured himself a shot and downed it. Then as if to make

conversation, he added, "Packet comes in today."

"I know," said Tolto, pulling himself away from the door languidly and coming into the room. "Don't you think everyone on the island knows it?" He sat down on a stool and arranged himself on the bar. "I only 'ope it doesn't get here until the afternoon."

Edwards looked up from his second drink with a slightly surprised look. "Why? If they pay them off in the morning they'll all be drunk by the evening, and we can close up early; otherwise we'll be up all night."

"I know, but I got to 'ave time to hire a couple of bouncers. I want to take a good look around this month. The last ones I got didn't come out too good." Edwards remembered with a wince how Tolto had procured the services of the two burliest men he could find, and how they had proceeded to get drunker than the clientele, ending up the evening by throwing empty bottles at each other as a form of rare sport. He and Tolto had spent half the night cleaning up the debris from the barfight that had ensued. "What about the ones we usually get? They may not be strong, but they're steady."

"I told you, the boss won't let them work here no more; says they lose their jobs the next time he see them getting money from you."

"Hollyday said that? What the hell business is it of his? I'd think he'd like to have the rest of his men in one piece after their money runs out; that's what I want bouncers for—to see that nobody gets killed."

"Hollyday don't like you."

"I know it, but he still doesn't make any sense. If I can't get any help to keep these damn natives quiet when they're drunk they'll go out and kill themselves, and then they won't be any use to Hollyday at all." Edwards' fingers trembled slightly as he raised his glass for the third time. He brought it down to the bar steadily.

Tolto got up and went over to the door. "They're beginning to come in now." He stood there watching the first trickle of natives come into town. They moved slowly, just walking along and not talking. One of them turned, smiled grossly at Tolto, and then continued down to the dock, where he sat down and looked out to sea. He'll be in here five minutes after he's paid, thought Tolto.

Although he was of the island, and had in fact never been off it, Tolto looked at his fellows from the European's point of view. He had worked first as the secretary of the planter Hollyday, and when Edwards had come to the island and set up his bar he had moved down into the town. Because of his

constant connection with the whites, he had none of the speaking characteristics of the natives, but rather a strange mixture of cockney and cultured Boston accents, which he had picked up from his respective employers. He even considered himself as a white man, and felt no compassion for the suffering of the blacks who were ruled by either the martinet Hollyday or Edwards' gin from one end of the year to the other.

Tolto felt irritated when Edwards said the next moment: "It's too bad there are only two white men on the island and they have to hate each other." Tolto hated to be reminded of his origin. Edwards continued, "You and I, Tolto, get along well enough, but even so we haven't much in common. I really wish Hollyday wasn't such a cockney scum. I get pretty lonesome sometimes."

Tolto was hurt. Without meaning to, Edwards had forced his employee to face facts that he loathed. "I thought you came out to the islands to get away from people."

"I did; that doesn't mean that I can't stand conversation though."

"I ain't dumb."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean that, Tolto; I only wish there were somebody I could talk over old times with, even somebody like Hollyday."

"Hollyday thinks you tryin' to get the people to revolt."

He heard a slight chuckle behind him, and a clink as Edwards put his glass down on the bar again. "What does he think they'd revolt with? There isn't a gun on the island that isn't owned by either Hollyday or one of his native toughs."

"You drink too much, Edwards."

The voice behind him stiffened. "When that becomes your business you can talk. It isn't your business now, so shut up."

"Sorry, sahib." Tolto had been hurt by Edwards and was now in the process of making up for it.

"You can cut that sahib business too, you know."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Edwards."

He heard Edwards grunt slightly as he got up, and then he heard a chair being pulled across the floor towards the door. Edwards came up behind him.

"I think I'll sit outside and watch the suckers. You'd better go out and see if you can line up a couple of bouncers for this afternoon." He pulled his chair through the door and set it down on the boardwalk.

"You'd better get your hat," said Tolto, who hadn't moved from his place in the door. "It's pretty hot today—pretty hot for a white man."

"You're right." Edwards hadn't caught the sarcasm. He went back in and got his helmet, then sitting down on his chair, tilted it back until it rested on the wall.

There were now some ten ragged looking natives at the dock, silently waiting for the boat. "Hollyday's smart," Edwards said, "he knows he can't get much work out of them on the day the packet comes, so he lets them off and they think he's done something wonderful for them." He pulled a cigar out of his pocket and bit off the end. "Idiots," he said as he spat out the little tip of tobacco.

Tolto tilted his head down until he was looking at his employer. "Why do you hate me and the other natives here?"

Edwards looked up slightly surprised. "What do you mean? I don't hate you. If I hated all of you, why would I hate Hollyday? I don't like him because I hate to see what he does with the natives. I feel sorry for them. You, Tolto, you're different." Tolto brightened at this. So Edwards did consider him as something better after all. "Yes," Edwards continued, punctuating his slow speech with long draws on his cigar, "you're different. You've got the education to know what the score is, which is more than the others have, but you still stay around here and take what's thrown at you, just as though you were one of these miserable idiots." He waved his cigar in the general direction of the dock.

Tolto stood up straight, an ugly pout on his face. He had been expecting a compliment, and had instead been insulted. "What the 'ell am I supposed to do? Start a revolution? You sit there so easy, but I ain't never seen you do nothin' about the blacks here. Maybe I could talk big like you, but it wouldn't do no more good than you said earlier; you can't do nothin' around here as long as the guns is on the plantation!" His voice had grown louder as he spoke, so that a couple of natives looked up from their squatting positions down the street, and stared dumbly at the speaker.

Edwards remained calm, and a smile brightened his face; it was the same patronizing smile that Tolto had given him just a little while before, when he had caught his employer drinking so early in the day. "I don't think you understand, Tolto," he said quietly. "I don't really give a damn what happens to these people. As long as they get paid enough to keep me alive, I couldn't be serious about their problems. The question is different in your case, because you're their kin, you should do something about it. You should make yourself their leader—take over the island, liberate your fellow men." He was almost chuckling as he spoke, never raising his

voice. "You must make the world safe for democracy, Tolto—you must raise the flag of freedom." He spat into the dusty street.

"You tryin' to make fun of me?"

"In a way, Tolto, but not really." For a moment it looked as though Edwards would burst out laughing, but now he calmed himself down to something nearer seriousness. "Tolto, I'll never do anything about the way Hollyday treats his blacks, but you should. I really feel that. Maybe a revolt wouldn't be successful, but it might teach him to let up a little."

"My people don't know what it is to be free; they wouldn't revolt because they ain't got no reason to—how the 'ell could I get them to fight?"

"You could get one of their few privileges taken away from them. That might get them sore enough."

"What privilege? What the 'ell privilege they got? Hollyday works 'em eighteen hours a day, they all live in one filt'y house; they ain't got no privilege."

"They have the privilege of getting drunk once a month in this bar, Tolto, don't forget that."

"If you close the bar they won't get mad at Hollyday."

"That's true, but you might make it seem that Hollyday had closed it; I could leave the island, and you could tell them that Hollyday had forced me to go; they all know how much he hates me." The crowd on the dock had doubled in size; Edwards waved his cigar at them again. "Look, Tolto, there aren't three people there that don't spend half their pay in here every month; they like this bar, and if they weren't allowed to get drunk in it, there'd be hell to pay. Once a month those idiots have a chance to forget their troubles, and if they didn't have that privilege, they might get mad indeed. This bar serves a very definite purpose on this island, Tolto."

"If you went away, Mr. Edwards, I could tell my people that Hollyday sent you off the island? I could say it was his fault, and they'd maybe revolt against him?"

"That's the idea, Tolto, but I'm not going; I'd lose too much money."

"You could come back after a month, then it would be okay."

"Why would it be okay, Tolto?"

"Well, it would be okay because you could get the bar going again, and the island would be the same except without Hollyday."

"And what good would that do me, Tolto?"

"What do you mean, what good would it do you?"

The island would be the same, but there wouldn't be no Hollyday here. You say you don't like Hollyday." Tolto was puzzled by Edwards' seeming stupidity.

"Tolto, without Hollyday the work would be much easier on the island, wouldn't it? The people would be happier, wouldn't they?"

"That's what you say yourself."

Edwards remained in his position of fatigue, looking out at the street. He puffed on his cigar for a moment. "Tolto," he said softly, like a teach-

er to a dull student, "why is it that people spend so much money in my bar?"

"Because . . . because . . ." Tolto's face suddenly sharpened as he realized the lesson he was learning. "Because the workers want to forget their troubles!"

"And there wouldn't be any troubles if Hollyday wasn't here, would there?" Tolto didn't answer; his partly educated mind was struggling to comprehend his employer's misanthropy. Like his employer, he too looked blankly at the dusty street.

"Don't you think you'd better go look for those bouncers?" Edwards said.

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No. 14...THE LARGEMOUTH BASS



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