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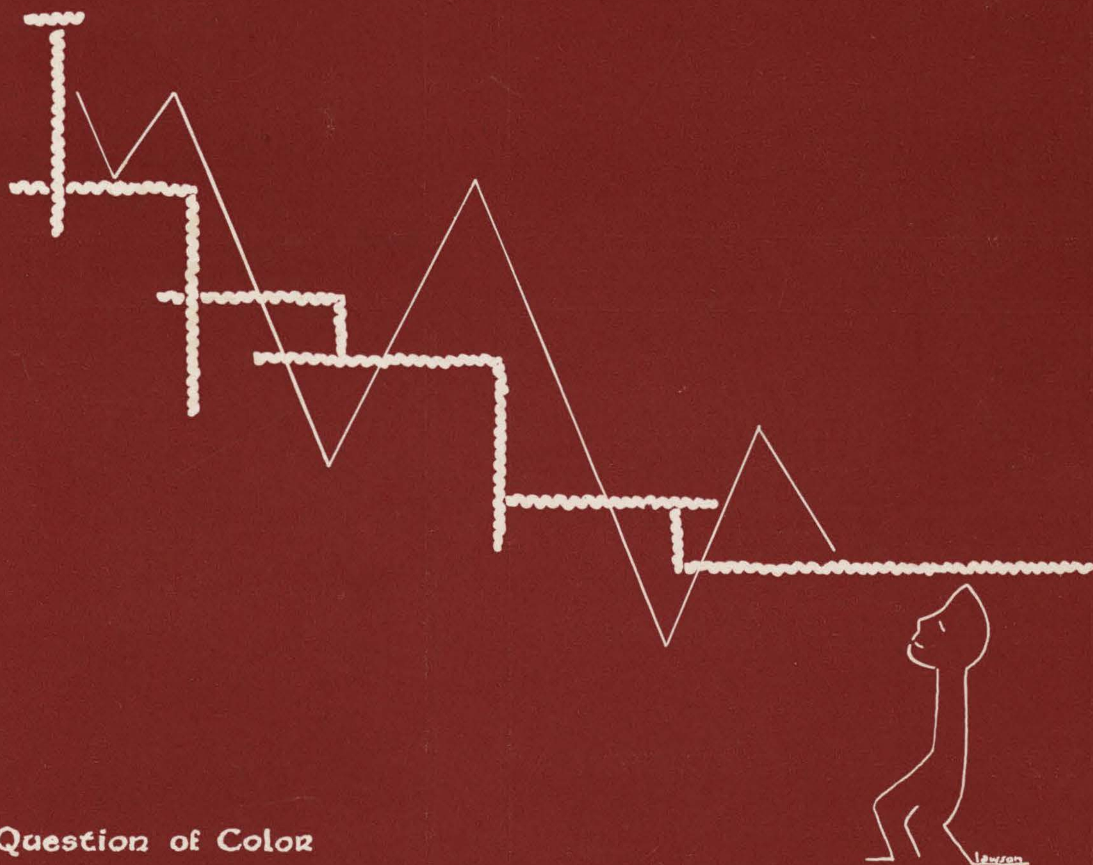
the Trinity Review

Fall 1956



A Question of Color

by Ward Swift Just

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A QUESTION OF COLOR

Ward Swift Just

Ward Just, a senior from Lake Forest, Ill., departs from abject satire in this issue and offers science-fiction. He is a member of the Board.

I.

The small boy worked hard at the twine trying to unravel it. His unusually long, bony fingers seemed too well-coordinated for such an obviously young lad as they meticulously plucked out each kink, smoothing and unwinding the matted and knotted cord.

It was a very long string, perhaps twenty feet, and the boy had found it in the basement. He had seen it in a corner and immediately pounced on it and had begun the task of unravelling it. His piercing, extrusive eyes concentrated on the twine as it yielded to the methodical pluck pluck of his unnervous fingers. After fifteen minutes' work it was undone, and the boy smiled self-consciously. He picked it up and tested it for strength.

"Herbert!" — it was his mother calling. The boy muttered something indistinguishable and rose from his work, placing the string in the corner where he knew no one would disturb it.

"I'm coming," the boy said, "now."

"Luncheon is ready," his mother called again in her yellow-green voice. The boy had come to realize that her voice had been yellow-green for about a year. It was sickly in color, just as she was. It was weak and soft, and he thought that it was also decadent, very much like her mind. All the voices seemed to have a decadent quality about them. The maid's voice, although a healthy blue-green, was flaccid and petulant. Of course, on the surface, to real humans, it seemed a pleasant, friendly voice. The boy thought it was pleasant and friendly only because she was so very stupid. It made him seethe with a detached viciousness to hear her unperceptive, vacillating, shades of color. She was, he reasoned, little better than an animal—unaware, uncontemplative, accepting. The boy enjoyed baiting her with things in which she had only an instinctual awareness. But being stupid, she was afraid to think of death, or unpleasantness, or hate, without becoming emotional, without thinking of them in human terms. She was unable to consider simply utilitarian values, so he would say to her:

"You hate death, don't you, Bertha?"

"I try not to think about it."

"Animals don't think about it either. Humans should think about it. What do you think about that, Bertha?

"Yes. Well, it isn't good to think about things like that."

"Uh, huh. Yes. Uh, huh. Well, that is nice for you, Bertha."

And then the boy would weave intricate words about her, staring at her myopic eyes, appealing to her animal nature, and nearly hypnotize her. When he finished she would usually retire to her room complaining of a migraine headache; one that would last for several hours.

II.

"Herbert!" his mother called again. The voice was a shade to the green, more so than usual. It was easily apparent to him that his mother was unusually nervous today.

"I'm coming. Now." The boy rose and went upstairs to the dining room.

It had amused him when his parents had taken him to a voice specialist, complaining that his voice was "weak." ("We can't explain it, Doctor, it is just that his voice has no color, somehow," they had said.) And the boy had laughed out loud at their remarkable, if unknowing, observation. He knew, of course, that his parents had no way of realizing whether or not his voice had color. But the boy knew that he could hear color in their voices; and, more important, he knew that his own voice was pure white—a void. And he also knew that when he talked for any length of time people became uncomfortable, and they diverted their eyes from him, and they became nervous. He was aware that he enjoyed seeing people squirm, as the doctor had done when he could find nothing to explain his "weak" voice, and yet knew that something was indeed wrong—or at least unusual. A psychiatrist could find nothing psychologically diverse. (Of course the boy was forced to restrain himself on the IQ examinations). At the age of eight, the boy realized that people became uncomfortable because his voice was unlike anything, they would ever hear. After his first visit to the voice specialist and the psychiatrist, both men told his parents not to worry. But they added that there was nothing that could be done in the way of treatment. They indicated that they would be unwilling to accept the boy for any further treatment.

Entering the dining room from the basement, the boy perceived his mother standing impatiently beside her chair. She nodded to him as he approached the table, quickly averted her eyes, and they both sat down. He talked long and persuasively at the luncheon table, of complicated and involved subjects, and watched his mother toy with her food. He knew that she wanted to leave the table, to go upstairs, to do anything, but his voice, an untone, compelled her to remain. When she nervously spilled a glass of water on the table, he stopped and stared at her, listening to her gray breathing. He began to speak again, but she hastily rang for the maid and excused herself. The boy, methodically picking up and dropping his napkin on the table and staring at Bertha, smiled dryly. Then he returned to the basement.

It was difficult for anyone to concentrate on anything—even eating—while he spoke. It was rather like trying to listen to one conversation, while hearing snatches of another voice from across the room. His mother had once told his father: "It's like listening to two people. If he keeps it up he'll drive me insane." And his father (who spoke in light amber when he bothered to speak at all) explained that the boy's voice was young, that it was a phobia on his mother's part, that it would soon be like any other voice. The boy heard a change in color when his father said, "Be like any other voice," and he realized that even his father (whom he had regarded as a singularly insensitive individual, concerned with cocktails and business and little else) was cognizant of a difference. He grudgingly conceded the parent a certain awareness after that. But following the conversation with her husband, his mother had cried, marvelous pea-green crying, significantly sincere, and the boy listened outside the bedroom door, realizing for the first time that vocal color changed in direct ratio to emotional pitch. And he knew that he enjoyed the abrupt variations. The following evening the boy spoke for two hours about nothing his mother could understand, watching her become nervous and faltering. When he stopped she left the room, tense, and inwardly hysterical. Then he waited outside her bedroom door to see if she would cry again. He supposed that the unreality of his sustained conversation had been overdone, for she fell asleep immediately upon reaching bed.

Within a week, the boy found himself with his father in the library, to have a "man to man" talk.

"I think we should have a little talk. Your mother has been very upset recently," he had said.

"Oh." And staring up at his father, "What about?"

"Yes. Well, she is very nervous."

"Oh." Still staring, "What about?"

"It is that she is very nervous. She worries a lot." The boy twisted his lips as the man continued to mutter sickly red vagaries. The interview had concluded when his father poured his third cocktail with his halting fingers, and the boy smiled wetly from the doorway.

III.

When the boy returned to the basement, his mother went upstairs to rest. He gathered up the piece of string, totally unravelled now, and put it in his pocket. Then he went to the basement stairs and inspected the cement floor at the bottom.

"It ought to produce something very nearly black," he thought. "It ought to be very original." He took the twine and winding it around the staircase, carefully strung it across the stairs to a low cupboard. He tied it to the cupboard very tightly, making certain it was precisely three inches above the cement floor. The job finished, the boy went outside to the woods adjoining his house. He listened for a minute to the near-void of the trees, and staring blackly at the ground, muttered something no human could understand. He thought of the frailties of human beings, and their pitiful ignorance of color, and he thought of them as outsiders, and he considered himself a supershadow upon their lives. From birth he knew of himself, and conceived of himself, as a superior being. But they did not know; their compartmentalized, flabby brains could not perceive superbeings. And he concluded at the age of five that humans were bad, that they were insensitive and corrupt. He once asked himself why human beings were insensitive and corrupt but Himself did not answer. And then he thought of himself as corrupt, but dismissed the idea as foolish human rationalization. But a vague fear had plagued him since "childhood." He desired an abnormal sensation, something ethereal, a feeling that only could be extorted from his soul. It was a feeling inextricably involved with destruction and creation, and it was something he had to do. He had judged at an early age that it was not as petty as human sexual desires, but he was unable to define it. But as the boy grew, the feeling dominated him, and he directed all his energies toward its eventual consummation.

But nodding understandingly at the trees, and noting that a certain worm was attempting to free itself from the heel of his shoe, he knew that indeed, he was a purpose and a noncorruption within himself. He thought, turning on his heel, that it was fortunate for people that they could not comprehend him. It would make matters a good deal more simple.

He returned to the basement and inspected his work. He was at once a small boy and something—or somebody—incomprehensible as he bent over the stairs. He laughed shortly and called to the woman working in the kitchen at the top of the stairs.

"Oh Bertha, would you come here for a moment?" He tried to inject a cheery yellow color into his voice, but it projected nothing.

"What do you want, Herbert?" the maid asked from the landing. Her voice, as it always did when she addressed him, was cautious, and the blue-green faded somewhat. He had hurt her once. Had she been capable of hate, the maid probably would have hated the boy very much.

"I think I've hurt my foot," the boy said ingeniously, adding a whimper.

"All right, Herbert," she said, "I'll be right down." Her voice contracted a splendid chiaroscuro of blue and green. She was inwardly contented, as if her brain had suddenly been purged of doubt and fear of the boy. Her subconscious had noted the fact that there was a small boy injured, and it was up to her to save him.

As the boy heard the crash of Bertha falling down the stairs, he knew indeed that her voice would soon be black.

"Oh help me," she moaned *luciently.* It was a new sensation entirely. The voice shone with a black onyx quality that gave infinite pleasure to the boy.

And as Bertha stopped moaning, in fact stopped breathing, the boy slowly unwound the twine from the stairs. Picking up both ends and fondling them in his hands, he suddenly drew the cord taut. And snapping the twine very hard, and winding it around his fingers, he looked quizically up, up to the second floor where his mother was resting, most likely sleeping.

Dick Solmssen, a member of the Board, is married and lives in Newington. His poetry reflects a maturity not altogether typical of most college students.

THREE POEMS

F. T. Solmssen

On a Visit to Olympus

I wonder
What old Zeus would have thought of the man-made thunder
We produce
With the dusty explosions we keep frowningly under

The misuse
Brought about by fear; or the way we peruse
The augurs
Of fumbling science, and scream at the loose

And beleagured
Replies in wild apprehension? The talkers
We all know
He would have plugged with the chill of his celestial caulkers

And his snow
Would whistle white down the eternal row
Of black trees
And barren olive groves. That, we know.

For Louey — October 6, '56

The ploughhand walks his sturdy way, sinking sure
Between the soft, narrow-swelling glebes and gazing
Long-lashed, stares down bending wheat, rock wall, stiff oats,
Rockwall, to his bairn below. A slimly-muscled
She-deer stops, starts and flinches through the stiff oats and
Glides swallowed by the black, wet forest green leaning;
Soft-leaved as the big-eyed doe. Deep in the tiny-tracked
Forest valley the brown-red berry child stands up-curved.

Long-lashed wet-leaved brown your eyes, and berry red
Your mouth, upturned.

A white birch tree and a black old oak
Flank a steaming meadow,
And sodden last year's mildewed grass
Lies on the knuckled ground.

So walk with me through the white-black gate
To tamp the flattened fields,
And tenderhearted hear the strains
Of nature's melody.

Men's works whirl bending on
Never to repeat.
Wars, feuds and leaps at sunrise:
The grass will come again.

C. J. Long, a sophomore from Freeport, New York, presents a lyric love poem. This is Mr. Long's first contribution to the REVIEW.

And This Is Katherine

C. J. Long, '59

In the morning when the grey cock
Masticates his melody,
In the mid of day when the sun
Shower powdered heat,
In the dusk when the moon
Glows red,
When the faun sleeps,
Memories, impotent memories
Return to me of a love.

"A dash of sherry, please.
Now and then but never often."
And glass ash trays, silver edged,
A golden gown and one of red.
"Daddy owns a factory.
He'll buy me one."
"Yes, I had a love once. Sacrificial?
I'd call it that . . . only he left me.
Wait, do wait . . .
I don't know what I'd do if you ever left me."

And in the morning
I washed my face and hands
And stood by the sea.
Waves, waves, mountainous waves
Rushing in a solemn, swaying, salutatory sombulence.
The light house was motionless,
The lamp . . . yellow and brown.

"He's going to be a doctor
And I might work in the hospital this summer."

And he was very tall.
A black dress with a silver brooch.
"A dash of sherry, please.
Now and then but never often."

Concerning A Young Foxhunter

Russell Jones

Russ Jones is a senior from Westtown, Pennsylvania. This is his first contribution to the REVIEW. The authentic ring of the dialogue results from many years experience with horses, horse trainers, et al.

"She's a fine lit'l filly lad, a fine one, but it's best for 'er to be poot down, ya know it don't ya lad, it's best for her. I'm ruddy grieved it happened to ya aud I'm sure it'll not be nice to take, but it's best for her lad and that's what ya want ain't it?"

"Ain't there nothin' could be done to save her Doc? Nothin' at all?"

Well, laddie, you could poot her in a sling but it's take a bit of a spell for she's have a chance a gettin' better and then the chance is small and it'd be such a misery for her laddie, it's to poot her down."

"If it's best Doc it'll have to be done, but I shan't watch on."

"I understand lad, I understand, then we'll take her away a bit."

The doctor turned and went out the door. The lad stood for a moment and then went to his room. As he stared blankly out the window he knew that any moment there would be the sound of the shot he didn't want to hear and yet he was listening for it intently.

He sat on the bed and found himself cantering around the ring over at Al's. Al was standing in the center watching them go.

"Get your knees in tight lad, they're moving all over the place, and she's on the wrong lead too. Now, you better start paying attention to your business or you'll be findin' another ride."

Al was an old fellow with leathery skin and a loud commanding voice, who knew his business well. The boy and the filly had been working together under his careful eye for nearly two months now and the time was nearing when he could take the filly home.

Then had come the loading day when finally they could bring her home and show her to all the folks in the neighborhood. Oh, what a fight they had had! It looked for a while as if they would tear the whole trailer apart, for each time they would get her nearly on she would fly back and the ropes would break, and Al would begin to yell fiercely and blame everyone for not doing their part and the poor filly would just stand there trembling. Well, the afternoon had dragged on and finally she was on the trailer on the way home.

And hadn't it been fun to take her out hunting the next Saturday and hear all the fine comments that people made about her. Why even old Mr. Wellington, the Master, who had few words for anyone had told the lad what a grand filly she was.

They hunted every Saturday that was decent all that fall and she had gone wonderfully well. Why they were the most talked about pair in that part of the country.

Then had come the big Christmas hunt which had been on Christmas Eve Day because Christmas was on Sunday. The filly had had her winter coat clipped off as was customary with all the hunting horses. This too had been quite a job for she wasn't at all patient with the buzzing clippers that were taking off her nice warm coat, but when it was over with, she had become twice as pretty.

It was a nasty, raw morning with an overcast sky and the feeling of snow was in the air. But these were nothing to the lad and his filly. With a great heavy coat over his riding clothes he had set out to meet the hunt, and when he had found them, all the people had told him how nice the fllly looked since she had been clipped. The hunt was moving up toward the Railroad Woods, which was a large woods in the northern part of their country, and was divided in half by the railroad. It was up in this country that they had been getting a fox recently and sure enough he was there this day also.

With the far off Tally-ho and the first cry of the hounds each rider's heart began to beat double-time and the horses became impatient and pulled to get started and they they were off. The lad kept his filly back to stay out of the rush but he never let the others increase their lead. They galloped down through the south woods and out over the log jump into the meadow and the hounds were racing on with their grand music. As they flew across the meadow they came upon a rocky stream and no one pulled up to walk, but galloped up and sailed over. The lad knew his filly had never seen anything like this before and he became hesitant but she tugged at the bit as if to say, "just let me go, I can handle this one," and so he agreed. As they came galloping in he could feel her start to brace, now she was gathering herself, and now they were in the air sailing like the others had just done. But as they landed he knew something wasn't right. The filly had stopped and was only using one front leg. He got off quickly and someone asked if he needed help. He told them to go on but to send his father back.

Then there was the long wait. The filly couldn't walk and she had begun to shiver so he had taken off his greatcoat and put it on her. He was waiting, expecting any minute to see someone come galloping over the hill to help him, but no one came. He thought of calling but the nearest house was on the other side of the woods and he was sure they couldn't hear him over there, but he called anyway, just in case. No, they hadn't heard him. He had considered walking over there but he was afraid to leave the fully for fear she would try to Then he heard in the distance the train whistle walk and fall and that would be even worse. and he took off his riding coat to wave to the train for help. Down it came out of the woods blowing its whistle and racing along. Now it was just across the meadow and he began furiously to wave but on it went and he was alone with the filly again. How long had it been? He was terribly cold now and he could tell that the filly was too. Then the help had come. The trailer was brought out and they loaded her carefully and took her home. And then the doctor came and then . . . He sat up at the sound of the rifle shot.

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Rhapsody on Black

Bryan Bunch '57

Editor-in-Chief Bryan Bunch reveals herein a poetic version of the Decline and Fall of Western Man. Philosophic poems like this are Bunch's forte.

Part I—The Dark Age Good

The supine shadows of cathedral towers
Are barriers between which monks march
In a world, a universe, whose powers
Become two legs of an arch,
Parabolic, meeting in infinity.
Diabolically, the friars
Teach mankind to see
A serf who's good won't know hell's fires.
While God and the gargoyle look down
And laugh; from the top of the tower
God and the gargoyle frown down
And laugh, as monks pray on the hour.

Black,
The opposite of white,
Opposite of delight,
Is a moral color;
The color of bibles and earth.
White is ivory
Black is jet
They thrive on rivalry
And never have met
As yet as yet as yet . . .
They live on differing
As yet.

Part II—Renaissance Victoria True

Men in these presumptuous times know
Only with their minds — Reason!
While Darwin, and Newton, and Mendel show
That God has had His season
And is gone. He's been replaced
By the Universal Law of Gravitation.
Science says a serf whose boots are laced
With machine-born cowhide has finally found
his station.
But the stars look down and shift to the red,
Overhead, far away, the rainbows
Of stars break down and shift to the red,
And over the land a rain cloud blows.

Black,
The opposite of white,
When composed of light
Is absence of color;
The perfect black body and space.
Black is trickery
Black is lies
The bitch of witchery
And wrong-seeing eyes
And sighs and sighs and sighs . . .
So truth kills ruthlessly,
And dies.

Part III—The Modern Beautiful

Smiling, the well-dressed world announces
That Gods and Science have had Their day
And Their say. The town says
That what was black is gray,
While suburbs, exurbs, and rurals applaud
The merging of morals and birth control
To the goal of living the life of a bawd
Yet still killing the serf-race sans soul.
For God and the gargoyle are lost in the stars,
And the stars have fled past the red;
And man can't see himself in the stars . . .
Man is blind to where he has fled.

Black,
The opposite of White,
Can be a quite
Beautiful color;
The color of Sheba and death.
Black is loveliness
Skies at night
A dress of love's distress
A raven in flight
And height and might and right . . .
Black is whispering,
And white.

‘Η ΚΡΙΤΙΚΗ

The editors feel there is a lack of "literary criticism" among the student body. "Literary Criticism" will remain as a permanent section of the REVIEW. For its debut, first-time contributor Stephen von Molnar offers "The Education of Faust" and Ward Just presents a review of "Sincerely, Willis Wayde."

Sincerely, Willis Wayde

Sincerely, Willis Wayde, J. P. Marquand's latest foray into New England Revisited, can be generally classified in theme with several recent novels that have made the fashionable book clubs and best-seller lists. They are categorically lumped together at Nelson Algren's imaginary wedding of Marjorie Morningstar to the Man in the Grey Flannel Suit. To complete the wedding party I add Willis Wayde, a sheep in Faust's clothing, as the snivelling reverend performing the ceremony.

These novels (*Morningstar, TMITGFS,* and *Willis Wayde*) are all attempting a dissection of Modern American Morals and Simple Success Stories emphasizing a how-to-get-ahead-and-still-live-morally do-it-yourself kit. They deal not with any essential morality, or principle, but with the various tactics of rationalization used to elude traditional ethics and mores, that now seem out of place in our high-powered age. We find current morality not a staunch black or white, but a very cloudy grey. Now this fact of American society is certainly enough for a worthwhile novel, if a point of view is taken and maintained, but the author must have some point of "good" or "right" to hold up as corroborating or contrasting evidence to his characters. If this view is not held, in the words of Scott Fitzgerald, "(The author) has nothing to show but a preposterous movie."

And a preposterous movie it is. Conservative Willis Wyde, from a middle-class background, is sent through college by his father's employer, and is subsequently taken into the firm. When the old man dies and Willis is intended to take charge, he accepts another position "away from the family." (The family here refers to the 'family business'). Willis hops from job to job, rationalizing his way

The Education of Man in *Faust*

What is the essence of education and how is man to attain it? Goethe concerns himself with these two questions in *Faust.* In this discussion, it is my purpose to summarize his conclusion and to briefly review its development.

In order to understand this development, we must review some of the conclusions of the earlier Faust stories, Marlow's *Doctor Faustus* and Lessing's *Faust Fragmente.* Marlow thought that, in order to educate himself, Faust must experience something more than mere letters on his scrolls. And so he sent Faust, with the help of the devil, into the world to experience life. Faust demands carnal pleasures, sees the cities of the world, appears at the papal court and at the court of King Charles, and finally ends his term of twenty-four years by sleeping with Helen of Troy. Notice that this time span begins and ends with carnal enjoyment. Faust is condemned to Hell. As his doom is announced, the good angel tells us why he cannot be saved:

> "Ah, Faustus, if thou hast given ear to me
> Innumerable joys had followed thee;
> But thou didst love the world."

The gratification of carnal desire is shown to be sinful. Man is not to sacrifice purity of the soul for the sake of knowledge. Marlowe realized the necessity of experience, but he found no means for its successful attainment.

With Lessing came a movement in Germany toward originality and individualism. He was the first proponent of the Enlightenment. It therefore follows that his Faust story should contain radical changes of the traditional theme. Although Lessing never completed his *Faust,* we have the planned structure of his work in his *Faust Fragmente.* Because of Faust's unquenchable thirst for knowledge, Lessing ex-

around the proper way to conduct his affairs ("sometimes it's so damned hard to be sincere . . .") and using subterfuge after subterfuge to compromise his way out of ethical choices. Along the route to millionairedom he marries the daughter of a proper Harvard professor (the professor is a less clever male version of Auntie Mame) who is understandably upset when, on their wedding night, Willis prefers the company of an outstanding executive to the marriage bed. And in the end we see an immensely rich man who has not trampled his competition, but politely removed it; an extraordinary combination of genuine bewilderment and even more genuine (in words that might be Willis') "expedient opportunism."

In this connection, *Sincerely, Willis Wyde* has only celluloid importance, for on second glance the characters move about as shadows in a magical world of ticker-tape, martini shakers, and abject compromise. It would seem, at first, that Mr. Marquand has made a penetrating study of the American businessman with his problems of authority and tact and proper subservience; but his propositions are specious: Willis Wayde has the backbone of a newt, his real and imagined situations implausible at best.

John P. Marquand, when he is good, is very very good. He is a reporter, and when he has an honest story to tell, he relates it with authority and taste; conversely, when he has a bad story, he resorts to unconvincing innuendo and exaggerated plots. We are confronted, in one scene, with Willis, having been trounced at tennis by a court-born young man from Harvard, becoming depressed because he will never be able to "look as well in tennis white" as the man from Cambridge. This is the man we are asked to understand and sympathize with.

Willis Wayde, quite simply, lacks what we call principle. A possible corrolary (though more bourgois) is Sinclair Lewis' George Babbitt. Babbitt was a tool of his environment too conscious of public reprisal to "eat a peach." Willis Wayde eats the peach, regrets it afterward, and then rationalizes to us and tells us that he has done the right, the only thing, the "expedient thing." We laugh at Babbitt and despise him for his lack of "guts," but we sympathize with him. He was not a smart man, and his life was so inextricably tied up with

plains, Satan believes that this man is his. Mephistopheles, however, fails his master in the final analysis. Once again there is a voice from heaven:

"In vain do ye triumph! Ye have not conquered mankind and learning. The Supreme being has not given man the noblest of impulses in order to make him unhappy for eternity."

Thus, two entirely new ideas are incorporated into the Faust story. First, the thirst for knowledge is recognized as the "noblest of impulses," excluding any limitation on its pursuit. Secondly, it establishes the fact that Faust, even after experiencing all of the facets of life, is still a good human being who can be saved. This noble and new set of values comes to a large extent from Lessing's own philosophy as it appears in *The Education of Mankind.*

"It will come, it will surely come, the time of completion, because man will do good because it is good, not because it will bring rewards."

When Goethe began his work on *Faust,* he had the original Faust story, that of Marlow, and that of Lessing with its new ideas as a solid background. He rejected Marlow's puritanism and accepted the liberal views of Lessing. His Faust was not to be damned. Even Mephistopheles prophesies the eventual ascension of Faust's soul when he defines himself as:

". . . a part of that power which constantly attempts evil, but achieves only the good."

And in the prologue in heaven, God warns Mephistopheles:

"And you shall be embarrassed when you shall have to agree that a good man, even in his vagueness of impulse, still sees the correct way."

Notice that Goethe has enlarged on Lessing's idea. The impulse does not have to be definite. It can be an impulse towards any goal.

In Faust's soliliquy of the first scene of the poem, he admits that his long life has awarded him no great accomplishments.

"I have studied with great effort. Here I stand, poor fool, in the knowledge that we can know nothing."

He is not content with the knowledge that he has gained from books from which he can obtain no true wisdom. He goes on to say that he has turned to magic to find out:

Sincerely, Willis Wayde

social taboos that his was a trapped soul. In the end we say: "We are sorry for you Babbitt, you poor bastard." But Willis Wayde is aware of the correct, the right thing to do. But he does not do it; he rationalizes and compromises and finally determines some point equidistant between "right" and "wrong" and calls it "the only thing possible, under the circumstances."

Mr. Marquand has furnished the reader with no alternative to Willis Wayde. We have no feeling for WW other than uninterest, or, more usually, loathing,—or, alternately, both. The construction of the novel is such that Willis is confronted with a number of situations each having, obviously, a morally responsible and a morally irresponsible view. Willis invariably chooses the latter, which moves him to the top of the business ladder at the expense of what we call principle. It may be that the author has planned this to show how our choice of one or another aspect of a problem forms our lives. But I think his primary concern is presenting the pressures on the modern executive, as objectively as possible, with an eye toward eliciting a sympathetic response from the reader. But most readers, I think, won't give a damn nor should they.

Willis Wayde, at one time the sycophant and the Man Who Takes Charge, is intended to be a warm, human character with warm, human feelings. We are expected to view with equanimity these shortcomings enumerated, and show a measure of respect for this man who rose "from nothing" into "something." But this would seem to be manifestly impossible, for Willis' troubles do not stem from within, they stem from without, and they are subject to ethical and critical consideration. And as Mr. Marquand presents us with no criteria to judge Willis Wayde, we must use our own.

Willis Wadye would like to be a responsible capitalist. Wayde is, however, no more than a Frank Skeffington in a grey flannel suit and is not charming and lovable and necessary, but repugnant and almost, but not quite, ignoble.

Ward Swift Just

The Education of Man in *Faust*

". . . what the laws governing the world are." Thus we are introduced to Faust, a man by his own admission devoid of any real knowledge and yearning for truth. He is man as an individual, trying to educate himself without success. The medium through which this method of education is passed on to Faust is Mephistopheles with whom Faust signs a pact promising his soul for a moment's satisfaction. Faust exclaims:

"I promise you the utmost striving of my entire being."

And so the striving Faust begins his journey through life. The individual man experiences youth, love, sexual experience, sexual disappointment, fatherhood, and murder. Later, in the second part of the poem, Faust is the symbol of the state, the symbol of society. The time span represents both the personal life of the individual and the collective life of a race of people. Faust finally finds his moment of satisfaction, not in the selfish search for knowledge, but in beneficient action on behalf of others. The experience of life has taught him the value of charity and goodness. Life itself has been his most valuable teacher, and he gives up this life in his moment of satisfaction.

It should be remembered that this discussion is concerned with the essence of the education of man, and not the product thereof. What again is this essence? According to Goethe, it is the experience of life in the process of reaching a set goal. How is this education achieved? A definite impulse causes man to experience life. The striving of the individual is that force which educates him. Faust's great striving for knowledge caused him to experience a full life. He yearned until he fulfilled, and then set new and higher goals for himself. This impulse lived within him until he found satisfaction. Then, he died, and the angels triumphantly raised the immortal Faust to heaven and sang:

"Saved from the ghostly world is that noble being: Whoever is always actively striving, him we can absolve."

Stephen Von Malnar

Abstracting

Charles B. Ferguson

Winston Churchill, in a book some years ago divided the working men and women into three classes: "those that are toiled to death, those that are worried to death and those that are bored to death. There are people," he went on, "whose work is work and there are a lucky few whose work is pleasure." The creative artist has no problem of such boredom or overwork.

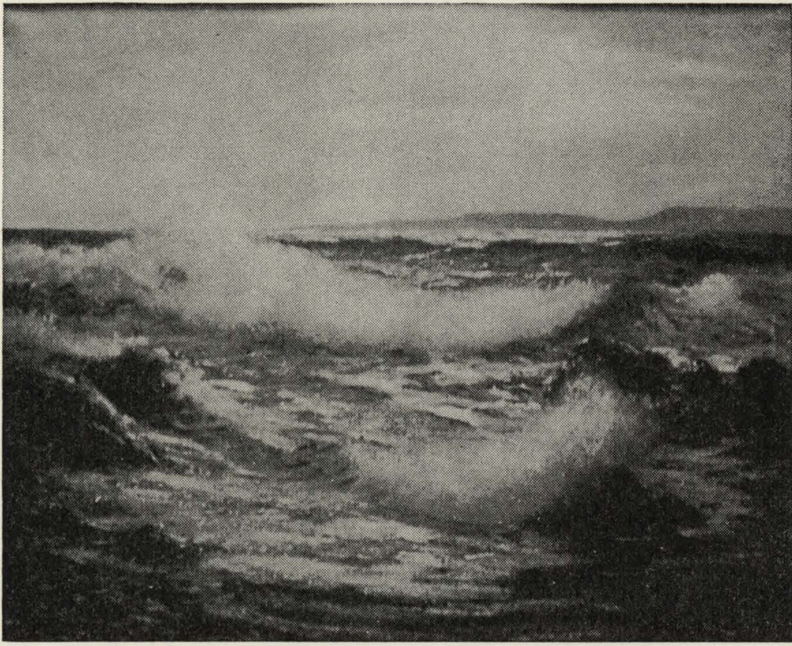
That the Atom derives its energy from the Sun is well known; few realize the absolute importance of our own solar system as reflected in the Arts. All of the natural effects about us are not only revealed but enhanced by light. This idea lay undiscovered until less than a hundred years ago. The rainbow palette and broken color of the French Impressionists was their contribution to this development. Those painters were after Truths, in their case scientific ones. They were in a sense Abstractionists in that they were drawing ideas from the real world but the end result had a strong emphasis on shimmering, fleeting effects of light.

In my own paintings whether they are portraits, still-life or marines, I endeavour to achieve by any possible means, first, the sensation of life giving light; one that reveals three dimensional form, one that solidifies the composition and one that gives subtleties and variation to color.

The camera has been referred to as "a one eyed liar" in that like the human eye it has no intelligence of its own. "Realistic" is a word often used to describe my paintings yet few know how little the pictures resemble the original motive. Much rearrangement goes into the painting after the germ of the idea has been brought forth; this germ is nearly always suggested from nature. For me the picture must be conceived before starting; the mood must be determined, the dominant effect established, the composition decided upon and the general color arrangement organized. During the actual painting, accidents may happen or new ideas evolve; these should be incorporated if helpful.

This is no emotional outburst type of painting; it is cooly calculated with as much THINK as is possible. The fact that my stimulation comes not during the process of the actual manipulation of paint to canvas so much as at various times in the past when particular combinations or effects impressed me; it is these stored up impressions that are reshuffled, sorted and given new meaning.

It is most difficult if not impossible to chart a future course in the Arts. Continual experimentation with less and less of the literal and more use of the imagination still based on an abstracting idea from reality, seems to be the lines along which this particular artist is developing.



TWO BIRDS AND A BEE

John Hall '57

To the Rooster

Crow on the myriad morn, O Cock.
Release the bursting bonds o' the day.
The grass is green, the sheep are shorn,
And clenched flowers yield to May.

Crow on the smiling sun, O Cock.
Release his mild benevolence.
The leaves are green, the webs are spun,
And in the meadow horses prance.

Crow on the accepting land, O Cock.
Release her from the blinding night.
The porridge is stewing on the hearth,
The farmer's walking with the light.

Crow on my love to me, O Cock.
Release to us this motley morn.
And tell her that the grass is green,
The webs are spun, the sheep are shorn.

The Swan

The swan is delicately white,
Almost too white.
She sits alone in silent might,
Her snowy feathers drawn in tight,
Is it in fright
That in the night
She'll lose her might?
I wonder if she's white at night.

The Bee

The bee,
you see,
was born
to be
busy.
And he,
or she—
what it might be—
will be
a busy bee
if he,
or she,
is left
to be
busy.
But he,
or she,
becomes
angry
if he,
or she,
is unable to be
a busy bee.
And he,
or she,
inevitably
does injury
to he,
or she—
what it might be—
who keeps the bee
from being busy.
But then,
you see,
the busy bee
is sorry.
'Cause he,
or she—
what it might be—
must die.

Senior John Hall is a two-year contributor to the REVIEW. He is, among other things, a student of ancient Greece. He is a member of the Board.

PAMPERO

P. Gordon Whitney

The Pampero comes down from the Cordilleras, with its rain, sweeping across the provinces towards Buenos Aires.

The ñandú scatter and lie low; all the callejeros turn their backs to go along with the wind and the rain. The Gaucho going from Cordoba to Santa Fe wraps himself in his poncho, and the rain runs from his hat over hollow cheeks.

It rains still in the city. Acasuso, Olivos, and San Isidro are equally wet and empty in their vastness. The yellow light of the railway station glows lonelier than ever, and men wait.

The rain flows into the gutters along Corrientes, and sweeps the store windows on Paraguay. The Casa Rosada seems fresher; the old Cabildo more stooped.

Along the waterfront of the Boca the wind and rain strike too, seem to heal the old derelicts again, and wash the filth of the port.

The Pampero is here, and the great blue ombu moves in its strength.

Senior Gordon Whitney is from Buenos Aires, Argentina. This is his first contribution to the REVIEW.

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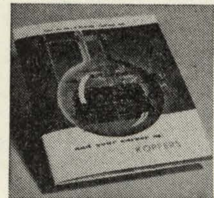

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CHEMICALS & ENGINEERING

Amateur student of the Russian language as well as Russian history, Bunch offers us three views of the rise to power of the First Falst Dmitri. This is Bunch's first entrance into the short story field in his long tenure as Board member of the REVIEW.

TELL ME ABOUT DMITRI

Bryan Bunch

I'm not certain whether I should begin with the Jesuit who told the secrets of the confessional, or with the monk who claimed that he would someday sit on the throne of the Tsars, or with the love story. The tale has grown a bit hazy in my mind (I met him in 1604 and a great deal has happened since), but I am sure that I can tell you as much as anybody about Dmitri, if you really want to know. Perhaps I should begin with the love story, for I must keep up my reputation as a lecherous old man. One can't let down all the other old men whose only pleasure left is teasing young lovers.

In Poland one spring—I've forgotten whether it was in 1603 or 1604, but it was certainly spring—there lived a monk who had renounced his vows and who had fallen in love with the beautiful daughter of a nobleman. He was an ungainly, rather ugly redhead, but he had spirit and good sense and could ride a wild horse like the fiercest Cossack in Russia. A cocksure lad, he was certain that he could win the heart of the lady of his dreams with his wit and wisdom, if only he could get close enough to exercise them. Yet how can a nearly casteless Russian become introduced to the Polish *haut monde?* One would have to be noble oneself, and even the Tsar might be considered somewhat of a boor by these very proper Poles.

The Tsar! Perhaps that was the solution. Our monk was Russian; why couldn't he be the Tsar? Dmitri, one of Ivan the Terrible's few children, would have been about the erstwhile monk's age if he were alive. Suppose that Dmitri had escaped the wrath of Boris Godunov, who had supposedly put the Tsarevitch to death when he was a mere child. Suppose that Dmitri was wandering incognito, in exile, through Poland. If all this were true, wouldn't the time be ripe to reveal his true identity to the world, perhaps to certain members of the Polish nobility?

I've already pointed out that our monk, whose name was Gregory, had spirit. He lost no time in spreading the word around that his father was a mad dictator named Ivan IV, and almost immediately he was put on all the lists. Pretenders to any throne are always good men for dinner parties, dances, and extra bachelors in pinches. Of course it was a very short time before he was given the opportunity to meet and talk with the object of his ardour.

Her name was Marina Mniszechs. She didn't quite know what to make of this strange Russian who talked so volubly that she had scarce said a word back to him since they had first said *Zdrastvoytyee.* People told her that he would be Tsar of All the Russias as soon as he got an army together. He told her that if she would marry him she would be called the Tsaritsa Marina and wear the finest furs in the world. She finally decided that he was cute, clever, and courageous and, although her family had been straw blonds for generations, she would not mind having redheaded children. So she told him that if he would ask her from the Tsar's throne she would consent to marry him.

He was in what the infidel Moslems call Seventh Heaven.

Dmitri-Gregory went to see the king of Poland, a Swede named Sigismund who had arrived at the Polish throne through one of those devious deals the countries to the west are always making. Kneeling just slightly before King Sigismund III, slightly because he hated formality and anyhow, why should the Tsar kneel to a mere king, Dmitri-Gregory asked the king for an army to help re-acquire the Tsardom. Sigismund explained that he would be

delighted to help his fellow royalty, but, "One of my generals has the gout and the other has been drunk for nearly a year. However," the king went on, "However, if any of the noble families—you've been seeing a lot of that Mniszech girl, I hear—would be interested in helping you out, I'd certainly give my royal permission for them to aid you."

That permission was all Dmitri, né Gregory, needed to have. The Poles at this time had been used to fighting the Swedes, but with a Swedish king on their throne this former source of pleasure was cut off from them. Perhaps the Russian Armies would be a welcome change. Nearly every nobleman in Eastern Poland came to Dmitri's camp and brought along his private army. Dmitri began to believe that he would be the Tsar.

The campaign began in October of '04. I was in the Russian Army at the time, a captain, but when I saw which way the tide of battle was flowing I deserted to become an aide-de-camp to Dmitri. By the beginning of summer all Muscovy had followed me to Dmitri's side and we held Moscow. Soon Dmitri was crowned Tsar. His "mother" came to the Kremlin from the monastary she had been living in and wept and kissed her long lost son. I've never trusted a woman since.

Of course the new Tsar made Marina his Tsaritsa as soon as he could get her to the capital.

That's where the trouble started. Great love affairs should not end in marriage; it inevitably spoils everything. They discovered that they didn't really like each other at all. The Tsar Dmitri found that he had a beautiful Tsaritsa who had her beauty to offer, and nothing more. Besides, she was frigid. Marina was disappointed that there were no beautiful rituals "like in all those other courts you hear about." Dimitri, as I have mentioned, thought that ritual was nonsense. In short they quarreled and fought, just as any other newlyweds who had never really known each other would.

Dmitri felt nagged by his beautiful wife. First he tried taking long walks alone, but the people objected. Then he tried horseback riding, but the people didn't feel that he was sedate enough in his choice of horses. To avoid the Tsaritsa in the evenings he stayed awake after supper and read reports until Marina awoke from her nap, then he went off to bed. The people said that no Tsar in the history of All the Russias had ever stayed awake for even five minutes after the evening meal, no, not even Dmitri's "father," Ivan called the Mad. Finally Dmitri took to strong drink and weak women, a remedy I had suggested even before his marriage. This, said the people, was dissipation, and not to be tolerated in a Tsar. Dmitri didn't listen. He was getting as bored with the people as he was with the Tsaritsa Marina.

Another problem was that Dmitri's Polish pals instead of being a nice little army, fighting his war, and going home had decided to stay in Moscow. This annoyed the people of the court, especially since the Poles were getting a large share of the royal gravy. Early in May a certain Prince Shuiski, whom Dmitri had just done a favor, hatched a plot to overthrow the Tsar.

And so one unforgettable Spring morning Shuiski and his band of boyars burst into the Kremlin waving swords and shouting for the Tsar's head. Dmitri, as always, put on a good show, but this time it wasn't good enough. He and his loyal guard, of whom I was a member, held the attackers for a while, but they kept gaining upon us. When I saw which way the wind was blowing I hid myself in a closet, an action I've regretted since.

I've regretted it because I missed the grand exit of Tsar Dmitri through a second story window, which exit was immediately preceded by said imperial potentate stabbing two boyars neatly through the belly. I missed also the cowardly killing of Dmitri, who had injured himself in the fall, by a lackey who crept behind the Tsar as Dmitri battled Shuiski with his one good arm. I'm glad, though, that I missed that.

When I emerged from the closet about midnight there were upwards of two thousand Poles scattered dead about the Kremlin. The next day I saw Dmitri in Red Square with a grotesque mask over his face, lying dead next to his favorite general, also masked, also dead. I wish I could have missed those two scenes.

But the love story does have a poetical ending after all. All love stories should. Marina wasn't killed in the massacre (although she was probably raped; I know I'd have done it if I captured her). She was sent back to papa Mniszechs in Poland. Dmitri was cremated and his ashes put into a cannon which was fired toward Poland. In a way the two lovers got

together the only way they ever really could have. One of them was dead.

Well, that's the love story. Would you rather have heard about the monk who claimed that he would someday sit on the throne of the Tsars? I could have begun with that part of the story. It's all relative.

In Russia some years ago there lived a very intelligent monk named Gregory Otrepief who, because of his brilliance, became elevated to the position of secretary to the Patriarch Job in Moscow. In that position he naturally became acquainted with several state secrets. Perhaps he learned something in this way that upset him, or perhaps he just happened at that time to pass over that fine line between intelligence and insanity. Whatever it was that caused it, Gregory Otrepief suddenly became filled with the obsession that he would be the next Tsar. He was quite mad.

Of course they packed him off to prison. Madmen, however, are clever, and Gregory escaped and made his way to Poland, telling everyone who helped him that he was the Tsarevitch Dmitri.

In Poland he feigned an illness. A priest was summoned who performed the sacrament of extreme unction. During the confessional Otrepief admitted that he was really the Tsar's son. Soon he was famous throughout that section of Poland. The voievod of Sandomir, seeing a chance to advance his family in the world, offered the madman his daughter's hand in marriage. Then, to make certain that he would have a Tsar of his own, he sent Otrepief off to the king of Poland. King Sigismond III felt that this was a chance to ruin Russia from the top downward. Then he could gain her vast expanse for the true church, so-called even though it is ruled by the heretical Patriarch of Rome, and for Poland and, most important of all, for himself. The king hinted to his nobles that those who helped the pretender would get the largest slice of the Russian pie. They all rushed to his aid.

With the armies of the Polish nobility on one hand and the growing discontent left in the wake of Ivan the Terrible, it was merely a matter of months before Otrepief was on the throne. Once again all Russia was in the service of a man who had lost his mind. Otrepief married the voievod's daughter and all was well.

This is a curious tale. History and the villages are filled with lunatics who believe that they are Rurick or Alexander Nevsky, but they are mere harmless madmen. Here for the first time an insane person became and actually was the great man he believed himself to be, at least in the eyes of the world. A madness which is born of substituting unreality for reality should be cured by making everyone accept the unreal as real. This should be one unusual, but effective, cure.

But it was not. The man who had had himself proclaimed as the Tsar Dmitri began to slip in other ways. His madness grew broader and became more obvious. He could not bear to be with people, and took long walks unaccompanied. He did not sleep when others did, but strode around the castle like a man possessed, as indeed he was. In short, his illness grew worse.

Although the common people were unaware of their beloved Tsar's mental disability all was perfectly obvious to the nobles of the court. They feared that another madman might be another Ivan IV, might bring to Russia another secret police, might purge another entire class. They were afraid that they might be that class.

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As one of his acts of madness the Tsar Dmitri had freed a certain Prince Shuiski from prison, the very prison to which Shuiski had been sent for plotting Dmitri's overthrow. Shuiski, unlike the Tsar, was not mad, and he made no rash act of forgiveness. He had been imprisoned, but he had not been stopped. Now too, his plots were sharpened by a desire for revenge. On May 17, 1606, Shuiski and a band of nobles broke into the palace and killed the Tsar. By some odd quirk of fate Shuiski was elected the next Tsar.

One sees then that there is no cure for a man who has rejected reality and replaced it with his own unreality. The only reality is that which has always been. Even if one is to persuade the entire world that one's own private values are better than God's truth, God will still hold the upper hand. That is the point of my story.

But then perhaps I made the wrong beginning that time also. Another starting point for the tale would have produced another point, another set of characters, another history. A relativity creeps into the simplest fact. I could have begun the chronicle in this way.

Adam Vishnevetski had acquired a Cossack to be his manservant. Some time after the Cossack had entered Adam's service he became very ill and asked for the last rites of the church. An old Jesuit performed the sacrament. Shortly afterward the monk revealed that the Cossack had confessed, on what he believed to be his deathbed, that he was really the Tsarevitch Dmitri. But the Cossack had not died, and now the world knew.

Adam took his servant, whom now Adam honored and respected, to a higher noble, who in turn brought the servant to the king. As he went Dmitri's following grew, from noble to noble even to the king, for there was a gleam in his eye and a decision in his step that is only found in true rulers. People of all classes loved him. Marina, the daughter of the voievod of Sandomir, fell hopelessly, madly in love with this red headed youth of destiny. Nobles from all Poland flocked to his aid.

When Dmitri and his army marched toward Moscow the Russian people could not fight against him. Armies would catch sight of the awkward Tsarevitch and desert to his side *en masse.* Only one battle was won against the valiant boy coming to claim his throne, the battle of Dobruinitchi, which was fought against Vasili Shuiski, the Judas of my story.

By the time Dmitri reached Moscow the streets were lined with thousands, shouting cheers. Tsar Boris had died shortly before, and his descendants had been massacred by the people in whose trust they had been left. No one was even in Dmitri's way. Dmitri was crowned Tsar and the people were happy.

Only one man did not believe that Dmitri was the true Tsar. This was Vasili Shuiski, the victor at the battle of Dobruinitchi. He began to plot against the Tsar, but was discovered. An assembly condemned him to death for his treason, and his head was on the block.

But Russia has always been ruled by either a madman or a saint. Tsar Dmitri's father had been mad; Dmitri was a saint. He pardoned Vasili Shuiski moments before the axe descended.

His other acts were also good. He tried to introduce Western culture to Russia, he set up a senate, he promoted education. He took entire families out of the prisons and monasteries into which they had been put by Boris Godunov. He was a wise ruler, with the blood of Ivan in his veins, but he was kind.

In less than thirty days after he first entered the Kremlin, Tsar Dmitri was assassinated. I was in the court forming a part of the imperial guard, and so was witness to the awful sight. Vasili and his followers had lured away most of the court on one rumour or another. There

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were very few of us left. Vasili and his boyars, swords drawn, attacked like a horde of vultures.

The Tsar was magnificent. Have I called him awkward? I lied, for he was grace itself. We were outnumbered, but with Dmitri's help we were holding our own. Then they ganged up upon him, and pushed him through a window. He fell a sickening distance that surely would have killed anyone else, yet still he fought. Numbers of boyars overwhelmed him. He was killed after living his true life for less than a month.

They burned his body, for the people believed that he was a saint and Shuiski claimed that he was a devil. They burned his body and fired it high in a cannon. His ashes have scattered themselves over all Russia, and Russia is blest by them.

But the people who had seen Dmitri could not believe that he was dead. Wars were fought years afterward in his name, and many appeared to claim his title, but none were the awkward redhead with the gleam in his eyes and the step of a ruler. None had his spirit. It belonged to all Russia.

That too is the story of Dmitri. There is little more that an old man can tell you. He appeared in Poland, became Tsar, and died. I knew him.

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The Distant Hills

H. P. Wolfe '58

Hugh Wolfe is a junior from Denver, Colorado. This lyric poem is his first effort for the REVIEW.

The distant hills, with leaves of gold,
Colours which no artist's pallet could support,
Beckon with each breath of wind.
We breathe and smell the air of autumn,
And wonder, deep inside, if we shall ever see
Another fall, another death, of summer nature.
What matter if we don't? We still can taste
This day and live it to its full extent,
Enjoy the Earth and its wondrous gifts,
And search its heaving breast for pleasure and
adventure.

The chilling breeze, which rips and tears,
Reminds us of our short duration.
The straining leaves begin to fall,
The first to leave their summer station,
Their work of shading is at an end,
But more awaits them where they fall
For with their masses they warm and recreate,
The blood which bore them in the Spring.
With this thought our mind will toil,
While we trudge on to distant hills.

This lyric poem by freshman Bill Doherty is the lone work from members of his class appearing in this issue. We hope we will hear more from Mr. Doherty, and from other freshmen.

I had an eye for sea and sky,
And love for bitter fruit,
I wished to haunt the gull-dipped sea;
I sought my blue recluse.
My Christ was lost amid his songs,
Deciduous faith was shed;
There were no stars for me to ring
Nor pleasure if I stayed.
Then soft you came and curled yourself;
My plots did crack and flee,
And with a gnaw you danced content
And spilled the music free.
You may now sing your song of joy
My winds have been dispersed,
You are complete, you smile,
And I resign to love.

William Doherty, '60

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Street Scene

Leslie Chard '56

A mass of darting forms and fleeting faces,
All without direction, yet all with some
Decided goal in mind: the slow paces
Of the stroller; the checker-like prance
Of the drunk, as he fondly embraces
Each obstacle he meets; the cop; the bum;
All form together into one.

The scream of brakes rejoicing in the street;
The steady hiss of trucks as they edge near
Each other; horns and whistles; all meet
In one racy symphony of noise.
And in the air the buses leave a sheet
Of angry smoke, snaking out to sere
The eyes and nostrils of all those near.

Along the brink of this panoramic,—
The slim divide between man and man's work
The refuse of life follows — dynamic
At times — the onrush of humanity.
The butts, and broken bits — now static —
Of yesterday's stream of life, today shirk
All life, and stay content to sit and smirk.

CHARIVARI

It is nearly traditional for the first issue of the REVIEW to contain back here, submerged among the Charivari, a bit of comment upon the editorial policy as set up by the new board. Here is the customary portion, dished up from and distilled out of your humble editor's mind. Pray bear with me those who have noted in previous years the deviations from those primary precepts as so set forth.

We shall not, to begin negatively, do as has been done in the past as regard to sensationalism and sensationalistic material. It is the considerate opinion of the governing body of the REVIEW that sensationalism for its own sake is dull. It is also our opinion that dullness has been the chief fault of past issues. Hence, whatever else our magazine may or may not be, we do not wish it to be dull. If you, the reader, find it so, please tell us. We shall probably ignore you, but it would be nice to have someone talk to us.

After considerable discussion it was decided that the purpose of the REVIEW was to "put before the students and faculty of Trinity College the best literary and otherwise artistic products of said students and faculty." To do this, we have to obtain them, which we are endeavoring to do both by requesting that they be sent to Box 16 or Jarvis 24, and by personal contact with aspiring writers. We believe that if we are unable to obtain material that interests our readers, having used these sources and methods, that the problem results from the students and faculty being dull.

One will notice that the word faculty has been put forward several times. We do wish faculty contributors, but would warn those brave men among the faculty who contribute that their work will be judged upon the same basis as student material, and the opinion of the judges will be final. And while discussing contributors, we would like to point with pride at our new literary critism and art sections. 'H KPITIKH and the art work can only be continued if someone will give us material with which to continue them.

The only other change in policy is that we wish to have more poetry than has appeared in the REVIEW in the past. In this issue we have by luck been given the percentage that we consider about right. If the younger versions of Keats and Thomas continue to bring forth, then we shall continue this balance.

As a final word we would like to comment on a rumour that claims the REVIEW to be anti-administration. This had not been substantially proved.

B. H. B.

'H KPITIKH is a Greek word meaning criticism. We are using it as the title for our Literary Criticism section. You may have noticed that every time we write 'H KPRIIKH, we write 'H KPITIKH in capital letters. That is because it is impossible to write it in small letters. It is, and always has been, the eta which fouls us up. It used to foul us up because we could never recognize it as the "Greek letter" of the crossword puzzles. It now fouls us up because, where the capital eta looks like an H, the small one looks like an n with a squibble attached to its upper left hand corner. The printer does not have an n with a squibble attached to its upper left hand corner, so we have printed 'H KPITIKH in capitals.

'H KPITIKH, nevertheless, is a fine thing, even if we do say so ourself. There is a great deal of literary criticisms done on this campus both in and out of the classroom. The *Review* is a literary magazine. Its present Board of Editors feels that this field should be opened up in the pages of this magazine. And therefore, the editorial *we* invite the collective *you* and the individual *thee* to submit manuscripts of literary criticism to us for our consideration for future issues of the *Review*.

J. H.

For those who care there is a large building on the east campus (or is it the west) which, after the sun is set, assumes the atmosphere of Ebbets Field during a night baseball game. We ventured inside the other night seeking some relaxing prose by the Marquis de Sade and found a few intrigueing points of interest.

The most striking feature is the natural blonde wood representing, we suppose, a cross between a ladies' room and the machine shop at Pratt and Whitney. The porcelainized formica-like table tops gleamed dully in the unnatural white light, and we were reminded of the stern visage of industrialization: Ford automobiles, cellophane wrappers, and the like. Our Trinity library, as one wit put it, represents the ultimate: a moving tribute to our industrial age, the marriage of Frank Lloyd Wright and Minnie Mouse.

All was silence save for the click-click of slide rules and Paper-Mates, the munch-munch of apples, and the final plop as the core was flipped into one of the many shiny grey wastebaskets. Expensive lighting gadgets, special dispensers for initialed brown paper bags, and a gawdawful wholesome air of unbelieveable cleanliness permeated the air.

We can only assume that the architects believed the smell of old leather to be counter-revolutionary, for

no where was an overstuffed chair or couch to be seen. Now there is no doubt that the smoking room is comfortable (as comfortable as a furnished squash court can be), or that the ash trays are strategically placed, or in fact that the "sofas" are six feet long and therefore capable, theoretically, of being used; but the simple fact remains that the library is not comfortable, either to study in or look at, and something should be done about it.

It is curious that one seldom sees a student reading a *book,* a novel, in the library—simply because it is a library, because people usually enjoy reading for pleasure in the library. But it could be that the florescence defeats its purpose: instead of making the library a gratifying place to study and/or read, it relegates it to the status of a $600,000 Toddle House.

W. S. J.

They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

No doubt the reader will recognize the last half of the last verse of Edward Lear's provocative poem, "The Owl and the Pussy Cat." But what the hell is a runcible spoon? Yes, that is the question that we have been asking ourselves lately. It all began on the long walk when we heard a Freshman say, "Runcible spoon." As a matter of course, we turned to our companion and said, "That man said, 'Runcible spoon.' " Our companion looked at us for a silent moment and walked away. But we were not able to dismiss the matter so lightly. We scaled the heights of Northam Towers to our room where we grabbed our dictionary and turned to 'runcible.' There was *no* definition of 'runcible' to be found, but we soon discovered that there *was* one of 'runcible spoon.' This proved to be quite adequate, though not ideal. "RUNCIBLE SPOON," it said, "A fork having three broad tines, of which one has a sharp edge." . . . "TINE *noun*," it said, "A spike or prong, as of a fork or antler." So there!

J. H.

How important it is to know about Toulouse-Lautrec's size in order to understand his work? Do we emasculate his virile posters by searching them for evidence of pathos? Or is communication improved by knowledge of an artist's personal tragedy? Can we, moreover, truly appreciate a work of art without knowing the artist's background? His environment? His philosophy? His age . . . his likes . . . his dislikes . . . his religion. . .? How much should we have to know of him to realize his work in all its meaningful ness? Yet, should not the work of art stand on its own merits; succeed or fail without the buttresses of conscious research? Still, can we fully recognize the merits of the work without knowing the influences at work on its creator at the time of its conception? And, can we truly meet the artist without this research? Therefore, can we effectively evaluate his attempts at expression?

But ought the artist be there to be met? Or should he be creator in the Deistic sense, whose presence is not felt imminent in his creation? And if he is there to be known, does recognition of him give a cause for rejoicing to him . . . or to us . . . to either? Should he be happy only when his own meaning is caught, or should he accept with joy any interpretation of his work which is meaningful to another, though it be opposite from his? Must his ambiguities move others as he was moved by them for him to consider his work successfully? And is it important for him to feel that his work is successful? Would it not be better to keep him dissatisfied and searching? But by insisting upon this, are we not likely to smother the richness of fulfillment?

But what if fulfillment is synonymous with stagnation? Moreover, can true artistic sensitivity attain real fulfillment? Does artistic sensitivity even desire it? And is personal tragedy necessary for such sensitivity? Or can it be achieved through others' tragedies? Was it Toulouse-Lautrec's deformity that enabled him to be what he was? Did his technique develop because of it . . . in spite of it . . . regardless of it?

And finally, does it really matter?

R. E. R.

We received a number of interesting contributions from the freshman class for this second issue of the *Review.* Most of the pieces we saw were not very good, in the opinion of the editors, but they showed a great deal of promise (also in the opinion of the editors).

The first-year men submitted everything from eight-line poems to eight-page plays in blank verse. In nearly every case it was evident that the authors put more than routine thought into their work. (This is reflected in the eight-page blank verse play in which there are eight characters who speak consistantly, not to mention a ninth who is divided into four parts, all of whom fleet in and out of the play commenting on Life and Troubles).

But I was astonished (perhaps as a first-year member of the board) at the almost universe pessimism. Now the faculty critics of the *Review* have been saying this for years, but the writers most subject to their criticism were upperclassmen, as a group more hang-over and Weight-Of-The-World prone than the Freshmen, who are not supposed to give a damn, at least overtly, about the Great Wrongs Of The World and, more important, How To Solve Them. Not that I expected copy suitable for *Jack and Jill* or the *Boy Scouts Annual,* nor do I criticise *serious writing* in any form, but the over all gross depression of the themes made me think maybe I had missed something in my Freshman year.

Apparently these young men have not yet discovered the bourgeois mundane pleasures of the *Stone Chimney* in Poughkeepsie, or the *Williams House* in Northampton. Tut tut, gentlemen, now Life just isn't that Bad.

W. S. J.

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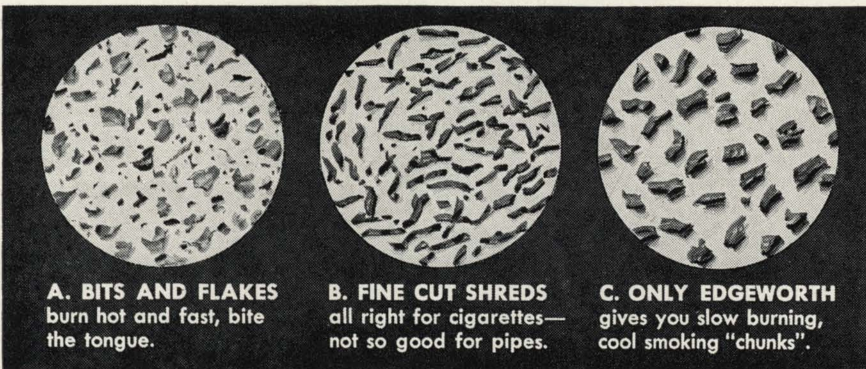

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