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Trinity College

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"My cigarette? Camels, of course!"

WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW... IT'S

CAMELS FOR MILDNESS!

Yes, Camels are SO MILD that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS!
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APOLOGIA

The Officers of the Editorial Board, having completed the second number of another volume of the Trinity Review, must now relinquish their offices. They do so with regret and with gratitude—regret, because they have come short of their own mark; and gratitude, for contributions which, like the readers, have been both numerous and mature. Of printers, like parents, they can but ask forgiveness.

THE TRINITY REVIEW

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Hail and Fare . . .

THAT Western civilization is indebted to ancient Greece and Rome is a truism. That Greece and Rome are still the source of much fascination is apparent from contributions received at our office. At the expense of seeming too classical we've selected from these THOMAS A. SMITH's interpretation of private life in fifth century Athens which was accompanied by a whimsical note concerning the author's desire to examine first-hand sources for his article. But, as he says, "It seems that they were greasing the oarlocks of the ship I wanted to take to Athens and would not have been able to get me there in time" for the Review deadline. LEONEL L. MITCHELL, foregoing any commentary, simply submitted his translation of Gaius, but ULYSSES PAUL, with less whimsy and more point than Mr. Smith, attached a translator's note, with his dialogue "The Morning After," which we quote:

The following skit was written in 1899. It is a satiric apology for the defeat of Bartholomew, candidate of the Lower Party for Mayor of the town of Ioula (now Hora) on the island of Ceos (Keos), one of the Cyclades just off the Greek coast near Athens. The speakers are disgruntled campaign workers supposedly meeting in the presence of their defeated candidate Bartholomew at the house of Antoniades, his brother, a doctor, and former mayor of the town. The dramatic irony of the remarks is characteristically Grecian. The original verse presents the traditional Greek satiric dialogue in the form that has survived since the days of "The Syracusan Ladies" of Theocritus and the Mimes of Herondas. The author was Nicholas Poulakis, the translator's great-grandfather. JAMES PERRY submitted this interesting observation with his story, "The Inspection." "In view of the fact that the Class of '50 is the last real veterans' class, the following article might be considered a backhand salute to those poor souls, who—for better or worse—all went through a little of the type of torture that is portrayed in the story. Few of the veterans now at Trinity were heroes, but it is reasonable to say that all of them remember the acid tongue of a Sergeant or a Chief. To those peacetime GI's, then, my sketch is dedicated."

And in the same tone, NICHOLAS HALASZ prefaced his "Meeting in Europe" with this note: "It soon will be five years that the war has ended. War stories have gone out of fashion, having had their revival and now tapering out again. The immediate post-war period, however, never was in the center of attention, in spite of all its interesting and often fantastic events. It is this atmosphere of tension, uncertainty and bitter emotions that this story recalls."

The Freshman class is represented in this issue by two poems, "Barriers" by JACK BOYER and "Livelihood and Piety" by JOHN B. BRID, and one short story, "The Broken Thread" by RICHARD V. R. HUTAFF. The contributions by Freshmen have always been proportionately large. The present selections, we think, are extremely promising and representative of this year's crop.

. . . Well
PRIVATE LIFE
IN FIFTH CENTURY ATHENS

Thomas A. Smith

WHOEVER has some knowledge of the history and culture of fifth century (B.C.) Athens has a sense, and perhaps little more, of the effect of public life upon the private life of the Athenian citizen. A paragraph from an address* by W. S. Ferguson will serve very well to make that "sense" more a matter of fact:

Their (the Athenians') city-state (polis) was an all inclusive society. It was at once a state, a club (for men), and a church. . . . All that pertained to the polis was politics. . . . Contrasted with politics were idia, the private concerns of the individual. . . . It was a commonplace at this time that when the polis was prosperous the individual citizen prospered also, and that when it suffered disaster he was ruined. A man's first economic duty was, therefore, to work for the well-being of the polis. There can be no gainsaying the fact that Athens expected its citizens to do their primary duty. They were summoned to general assembly weekly; one seventh of them were enrolled as jurors and allotted for service daily as required; they were drafted for the army and the fleet—a goodly number regularly to man the garrisons and patrol squadron, entire age classes, as military operations, which were conducted for two out of every three years of Pericles' regime, demanded; each of the 170 Athenian municipalities furnished, annually as the lot determined, beside the two or three local officials, its numerical proportion of the Council of Five Hundred, which sat with three tribal officials, its quota to the scores of boards of ten, which were filled by annual allotment for national administration. There were as many national holidays as there were days of assembly, and, apart from these occasions of general thanksgiving or propitiation, and diversion . . . every municipality had its local feasts, and united on specified days for worship and conviviality. . . . Add together services, men, and days, and you can gauge the impact of politics on idia in Athens.

Perhaps "impact" is too strong a word here, because it connotes the conflict between private and public interest which is the shaping force of the modern democratic government. To say that such a conflict did not go on in Athens would of course be untrue, but another factor must be considered; compared to the modern nation Athens was a smaller, less complex, and more syngenetic community. Its size and population were limited by geographic and economic necessity, and each citizen shared with all others a common origin, religion, and body of duties. Just as prior to Cleisthenes' reorganization of Athens the tribal interest represented a community of private interests, so after Pericles' time the city-state represented a community of interests, but larger and more complex. As he had previously thought in the tribal organization, the individual continued to identify his own interest with that of the community. Because of that peculiarity to treat of Athenian private life is to demonstrate that there was a sphere in which the citizen acted in his own interest; to show that he was, despite his subordinate position in the community, his own man.

Unlike Sparta, Athens was neither a totalitarian nor a semi-communistic state. Athens' defensible geographical position, its warm climate, the limited productivity of its land, its fine port, the aristocratic tradition of its people, and a religion which allowed considerable freedom of creative thought and imagination were factors which combined to make it both necessary and possible for the Athenian to develop and to manage his own interests as well as to act, as the occasion demanded, in the public interest. His conduct, his thoughts, his speech, his choice of friends, his relationships with his gods, and the education and training of his sons were all

*An address by W. S. Ferguson to the American Historical Association at Washington, December 28, 1939; republished in THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW, January, 1940.
matters in which he exercised freedom of choice and in which, however much he was conditioned by the community, he might act without fear of restriction according to the dictates of his own ambitions and intelligence.

Despite the opportunities to participate in the business of the polis there is not much doubt but that the greater number of citizens, the less leisureed and more self-dependent, were too much engaged in their own concerns to take on a great share of public activity. Yet the ordinary citizen, as Pericles said of him, was expected to be a good judge of public affairs if he could not be an active participant in them. Even this is much to expect of a man and perhaps Pericles was not far from the truth when he said that he doubted if the world could produce a man "who, where he has only himself to depend upon, is equal to so many emergencies, and graced by so happy a versatility as the Athenian."

The society in which the ordinary Athenian lived was far less complex than that which we know now—as would any society be which was free of the intricate system of diversified limitations which industrialism imposes. Even with the competition of slaves and metics (immigrants, free but without the privileges of full citizenship) the Athenian could find a place for himself in the economy. On the land he might become a grower of barley, olives, or grapes, a breeder of sheep and goats, or, perhaps, of cattle, horses, donkeys, or mules. In the city he might be a carpenter, a stone-mason, an armorer, a worker in brass or silver, a builder of houses, a potter, a worker in leather or cloth, a maker of lamps, a shopkeeper, a dealer in monies, a musician, sculptor, painter, or a writer of speeches. At sea he might be a merchant, the owner and master of a ship, or a seaman, or a fisherman. If his trade demanded it he might hire metics or buy slaves to supplement his own skill and labor. He was free to hire himself out to another, but even without regular employment he could keep himself by serving as a juror or assemblyman at the rate of three obols a day (one-half of a skilled worker's daily wage). According to M. L. W. Laistner in his Greek Economics, the fifth century Athenian, in order to earn bare subsistence had only to work one day in three. A century later he could get along with three days in eight, but then times were harder. Actually the same would be possible now—if a man could find anyone accommodating enough to hire him on such a basis.

Without being idle the Athenian enjoyed considerable leisure in the course of a day. He was free from the tyranny of the Longine or its low-priced companion, the Witnauer, and there was no necessity for him to schedule his life and parcel out his time according to the needs of a sensitive and expensive machine. He worked primarily with his own hands. And he worked so as to supply a demand which he had only the most limited means of gauging or stimulating. The seller of goods conducted his business without benefit of the price-tag—the result of mass production—and as such the process of buying and selling was a lengthy and social affair. The conflict attendant upon haggling over a price is one of the few areas of strife from which both sides must emerge victorious. Undoubtedly such victories made a day more pleasant—even when they took the better part of a day to win. The pace of manufacture and commerce was slow. The pace of country life was even slower. A farmer whose land was in the three main crops (barley, olives, grapes), and who owned sheep besides, was actively engaged in farming only six months of the year. Even sailing the Mediterranean was a seasonal business, with ships out during eight months of the year and beached for the other four.

For many of the Athenians, even those who spent the better part of their lives in the market place, life must have often seemed dull and the problem of boredom a great one. It is no wonder that they attended the assembly and courts or that they took such an interest in politics, for these activities were, aside from the public celebrations, their chief means of diversion.

The basis of the Athenian city-state was the family unit headed by the male citizen. Despite the importance of the agora, social and economic, the home was the center of much of the Athenian's private activity and interest. Here he lived with his family, educated his children, and entertained his friends.

That simplicity which is the essence of Athens' beauty is reflected in the dwelling place, but the splendor of that beauty is not. The usual house was of a type peculiarly suited to the Mediterranean area, and its type continues in use today. It was ideal for the warm months, affording a cool retreat from the heat, and during the early and later hours of the day affording a well-lighted and shaded working space. In the winter months, however, the house was not too practical, for then the thick stone walls held on to the damp and cold in a manner which defied all but the most expensive of heating methods.

In shape the house was a square or rectangular enclosure with unjoined rooms built along the inside of three walls. Each room opened into a central court, access from one room to another being made through it. The fourth wall bordered the street and (Continued on page 17.)
THE INSPECTION

James M. Perry

The boots, fledgling marines, were gathered in a semi-circle around the pot-bellied stove which stood in the center of the well-scrubbed barracks. Leaning against the stove, with a disdainful smirk on his face, was Platoon Sergeant Beaver, the Drill Instructor of the sixty-odd men gathered about him.

"Now, listen, you knuckleheads," Beaver rasped, "tomorrow is your first inspection. Though you're all a bunch of club-footed civilians, I expect to see you pass this inspection. I expect to have the captain congratulate me on the superhuman job I've done with this pitiful material gathered before me. If you don't pass, so help me God I'll work your tails to a nub, and then kick the nub off. Now here's the pitch. Try to understand. We line up in parade formation. The captain will pass down each row, and when he comes to you, you will come to inspection arms. He may ask you a few questions. That, of course, will make it difficult for you people who haven't learned how to talk. But please, bucketheads, try to answer the questions right. They'll be the kind of questions that even a swabby could answer. O.K., that's all. Get on them rifles before taps. I want them to shine like a baby's ass tomorrow."

The boots sprang to attention as the god-like sergeant wheeled and walked out the door. Resignedly, they all turned to the cleaning of their rifles, all of which had been cleaned a brief two hours previously, but of course in the meantime had almost rusted away. As they were not allowed to sit on their bunks, they fell to their work on the floor. There was little talk, only the swishing of the cleaning rods being plunged up and down the spotless barrels. As taps sounded, the men quickly put their rifles into the racks, and leaped into the sacks, completing this operation before the last echo had faded away.

They tucked in the mosquito netting under the mattress, and then for a brief time fought the vampires that were trapped inside. It was, however, a silent fight, for Beaver would permit no noise after taps had blown.

Reveille sounded at five. The men leaped out of bed, sped to the latrine, hurriedly washed and shaved, ran back to the barracks, fell into formation, double-timed to the mess hall, threw down their C-ration and coffee, and then double-timed back to the barracks. The elapsed time was 27 minutes.

"O.K.," Beaver ordered, "shine up them rifles, and stand by to fall out for inspection in twenty minutes."

Out came the rifles again, and soon the cleaning rods were swishing, and the small parts were being carefully wiped, oiled, wiped again, re-oiled, and then assembled. The stock and the front hand guard were oiled, wiped down, and polished, so that they looked like the shanks of Whirlaway.

"Fall out on the double," bellowed Beaver's nasal voice.

The boots grabbed their caps and rifles, slung on their cartridge belts, and raced for the door. The confusion, shoving, and scrambling were worse than any ever seen on the Bronx Express, but in a matter of seconds all had pushed through the narrow door and fallen into position outside.

"Ten-hut!" barked Beaver.

The men snapped to attention. Beaver walked up and down each line, smiling smugly. One boot smiled back.

"What's so goddamned funny," screamed Beaver, his tanned nose pressed against the paler counterpart of the wayward boot. "Nothing, sir," was the stammering reply. "Listen, you idiot," sarcastically continued the sergeant, "when I say you can laugh, you can laugh—now laugh, laugh real hard."

"Ha, ha," weakly complied the recruit.

"God damn it, laugh!" screamed Beaver, his voice cracking with the exertion and his face turning purple, "you're the comedian around here, laugh good and loud!"

"Ha! ha, ha, ha," trailed off the unhappy private's voice.

"Shut up!" ordered Beaver. Then, turning to the others, still standing stone-faced at attention, he asked:

"Any of the rest of you people think you're comedians?"

"No, sir!" was the unanimous, vigorous reply.

"I can't hear you," Beaver yelled.

"No, sir!!" the boots answered.

"Let's hear it again," Beaver ordered.

"No, sir!!" the recruits thundered.
"OK," Beaver mildly remarked, while taking a deep breath, "at ease."

The boots relaxed, and exhaled nervously.

Beaver paced up and down impatiently. After ten long minutes, he stopped his paced, and turned back to the formation.

"Stand by!" he barked. "Ten-hut!"

As the captain came around the corner of the barracks, Beaver about-faced and saluted. The captain casually returned the salute.

"Men ready for inspection?" the officer asked.

"Yes, sir," answered Beaver, "they're in great shape."

"We'll see about that," grimly replied the captain. "Follow me."

The captain marched up beside the first man, right-faced, halted, and left-faced. The boot, with precision, came to inspection arms. Then, the captain sprang like a tiger. With lightning speed his right arm whipped up and grabbed the rifle. The recruit, without flinching, let go the rifle as the captain took it, and snapped his arms to his sides.

"Very good," murmured the officer. He then inspected the rifle, first holding it up to the sun and looking down the barrel, and then twirling it like a baton to check for dirt in other less obvious places.

He finally pushed it back at the boot, who grabbed it, let the bolt go home, and came to attention.

The captain moved down the line, carefully inspecting every man. He asked questions of some, each of whom replied promptly and accurately. The inspection over, the two men marched out in front of the platoon and saluted.

"Very satisfactory," complimented the captain, "you have trained your men well."

"Thank you, sir," replied Beaver, "they're a fine bunch—best I've ever had." He saluted.

"Carry on," finished the officer. He saluted, about-faced, and marched off.

Beaver turned to his men.

"At ease," he ordered.

The men all relaxed, looked at each other, and smiled.

"OK, wise guys," he snapped, "because you've passed one inspection it don't make you no marine. You've got a hell of a lot to learn yet. Now get in there and secure them rifles, and stand by to fall out for the obstacle course in ten minutes."

The recruits broke ranks, and raced for the barracks door, slapping each other on the back, and again there was the pushing and shoving to get inside.

BARRIERS

In Trajan's day the Romans built
Across the British heath a wall.
To keep Rome's peace, and to provide
A bulwark 'gainst the Empire's fall.

Long after the first Saxon crossed
The wall still stands, an empty shell.
But only rustling grass and trees
Mark where the beaten legions fell.

So does the sun-brown farmer lay
Around his fields a fence of stone.
That shows the depth of his advance
And shields that which he calls his own.

But walls, he knows, are not enough;
The centuries he seems to span,
Have, through example, taught him this:
A wall's no good without a man.

—Jack Boyer.

KISSES BY

GAIUS VALERIUS ATULLUS

My Lesbia let us live and love.
Our prudish elders' stern reports
Let us consider nothing worth.
For though the sun that sets shall rise,
When that brief light of ours is snuffed,
There's left for us but death's long sleep.
So give a thousand kisses, dear,
And then another hundred more,
Another hundred thousand still
Until the sum confuses count.
And we ourselves cannot compute
Them all, lest knowing one should make
An envious spell against our love.

—Translated by Leonel L. Mitchell.
THE transcontinental express was fairly crowded when it entered Switzerland on its westbound run. Four people sat in a compartment and gazed out the broken window with unbelieving eyes, drinking in the unremembered view of intact houses, well dressed people, general peace, and prosperity. It seemed to them that they were coming from another world where man driven by hatred and jealousy rendered hell and ruins out of flourishing countries, and filled cemeteries with corpses of innumerable innocents.

The men had not talked with each other until now since they all had been immersed in their own thoughts, past and future, but this view so commonly foreign and almost incredible to all of them brought them closer together, and as dusk drew nearer they started talking. It soon appeared that the aim of their journey was common; they all were trying to reach the New World, the place which would give them the opportunity to build up their lives and professions again—leaving Europe behind as a bitter memory.

On reaching Zurich they were again speechless with admiration as their train rolled along the lake, on the other side of which swam in its flood of colored lights, the beautiful town.

Then one of the men, once jovial—looking, now shabby and skinny but still a sizable figure, proposed that to pass the rest of the evening each one would tell his life-story. They all agreed. Here another man entered the compartment, sat down by the window and apparently soon fell asleep.

"If you want me to," said the former speaker, "I can start off. My name is . . . . . . . it's not important; it was once known to sick people all over the West, but now it is only a mask, which makes me resemble a man who lived once, once before the war." He was Professor of Surgery in Vienna, and his fame reached even over the Oceans; he had students from America and Australia as well as from England and Germany who came to learn his art. He taught it to them, but taught them other things too: humanity, love of fellow men, poor and rich, and the ideal of world-brotherhood, which also united his students, in the love of Science . . .

"One day in 1938, however, the maniac in his drive to rule the entire world, attacked my country too, and I, being considered a 'socialist' was on the blacklist of their Gestapo. To save my life I had to flee to Prague that very same night, leaving my family and my belongings behind. It was on that fateful day in March that I saw my family for the last time. I have not heard anything about them since; they too have disappeared in the terrible tempest. Then one night not so long after my flight after I had settled down somehow in Czechoslovakia, the door to my apartment was broken in on me and four men stood there, in their grey uniforms. They dragged me away as a traitor and spy. My 'questioning' was long and rigorous, I lay two days unconscious after it but finally managed to get away by fleeing—like a criminal—across the roofs of the city, thus avoiding the sure deportation to one of their deathcamps. I fled through Hungary and Roumania. Finally, in Yugoslavia, I succeeded in joining the guerillas with whom I fought against them till the end of the war. Later, going home, all I found was a heap of ruins in the place of my house, and another one where my hospital had been. Now I am here, hoping to rebuild my past in the future."

There was silence; only a match rattled on the side of its box. When it lit up at last, it illuminated the dark haired thin man's face lighting his self-made cigarette. It was he who went on.

"I used to be a fisherman in Calabria, just opposite Messina, in the straits. I was satisfied with my fate until 1939 when they called me into the Army. They taught me how to kill people with guns, grenades, and cannon, while my family was starving at home, having nobody to provide for them. I first fought in Abyssinia and in Greece against people who never harmed me; then together with the Germans in North-Africa where we were used as a living shield of armor, being placed at the most dangerous points to defend them, or to cover their retreat. One humiliation followed another. Our Christianity, humanity, and nationality were abased day by day; finally, some of us fled over to the Americans, whom we joined till the war was over. As soon as they found out that I was among those who fled they took revenge by murdering my (Continued on page 12.)
DRY SHINGLES

Byard P. Bridge

It was one of those chilly late September days that follow in the footsteps of hot and dry summer weather. Mr. and Mrs. Tyson were just entering the front door of their small country home. As they closed the door behind them, Mrs. Tyson gave a slight shiver. The chilly air seemed more penetrating when it was confined in a comparatively damp, unheated house.

"Think I ought to light a fire in the furnace?" asked Mr. Tyson.

"Oh, I don't think so, Russ. If we just build a fire in the fireplace, it ought to take the chill off the house."

Mr. Tyson disappeared down the cellar and returned with an armful of logs, kindling, and a newspaper. "This ought to give plenty of heat for tonight," he said. "If it's still cold in the morning, I'll build a fire in the furnace before I go to the office."

After much fussing over placing the kindling just so above the crumpled paper, Mr. Tyson applied a match. The edge of the paper glowed brightly at first, then died out in a tiny wisp of smoke. "Paper must be damp," he thought. "Russ, why not use the excelsior those new glasses were packed in?" suggested his wife.

The kindling was torn apart to make room for the excelsior, and then carefully pyramided over the packing material. "Well, Beth, if stuff like this doesn't burn, I don't know what will." He touched the match to the excelsior; it blazed up instantly, easily igniting the small kindling. All at once—puff—a large piece of burning excelsior took off up the chimney.

"You really get action with that stuff," exclaimed Mrs. Tyson as she drew a chair closer to the blaze. "Good thing that didn't land out on my rug."

"It'll probably burn itself out when it gets stuck at that curve the chimney takes at the second floor," answered Mr. Tyson. He placed some heavier logs over the andirons and set the screen in front of the fireplace. "Good night to catch up on some reading," he said as he settled in a chair.

"Shhh."

"What's the matter, Beth?"

"Nothing, I guess. It just sounded for a moment as if it were raining outside... I don't hear it now, though."

"If it is, it's about time," retorted her husband as he opened a magazine.

"Wait. There it is again. It sounds almost like sleet. Russ, take a look out the door will you."

As he stood in the doorway letting his eyes grow accustomed to the darkness, he peered up towards the heavens.

"As far as I can see, all the stars seem to be out. Lemme take a look on the other side of the house, though."

He walked across the lawn and stared up at the house. All around the base of the chimney little fingerlets of flame were feeding eagerly on the dry wood shingles. He dashed toward the doorway shouting, "Beth, Beth, that excelsior has set the roof on fire. Quick, call the fire department while I try to reach it with a hose from the bathroom window."

He charged through the living room and out to the garage. Just as his wife was hanging up the receiver he returned, dragging a great length of garden hose behind him.

"They'll be here as soon as they can send out a general alarm to the volunteers," she said complacently. "Now Russ, be careful when you climb out the bathroom window!"

Already however Mr. Tyson was busy attaching the hose to the tap on the bathtub. He turned on both faucets full force and climbed out the window with the gushing end of the hose. Fortunately the window was of dormer construction and at the base of a long sloping roof. A wide heavy ledge with a gutter ran under the window and along the entire length of the base of the roof. Mr. Tyson stood on this ledge and resting his weight against the window frame. Holding the hose high over his head, he pointed it at the base of the flaming chimney. In spite of all his efforts, the stream of water fell dizzily short of the fire by a yard. The flames were spreading in an ever enlarging circle. Mr. Tyson threw the hose up onto the roof, hoping by some chance the nozzle would land pointing toward the fire. Instead, the end of the hose turned and squirted back at him as if in defiance.
While he was engaged in retrieving the end of the hose once more, his wife had dashed out to the somewhat secluded driveway entrance to make sure that the fire engine did not go roaring past. While he was still struggling with the hose, a voice called up to him.

"Hey buddy. Get down off that roof. We'll handle this." He looked down and saw several men in black slickers scurrying around Whitmarsh's one and only fire truck. People from neighboring houses had also gathered and were staring up at him. As he let the hose drop and clambered in the window, his wife had dashed out to the front door. The neighbors stared in amazement and then burst out laughing as Mr. Tyson, violin in hand, shouted, "Buddy. Get down off that roof. We'll get 'em through the hole," commented the volunteer.

Meanwhile Mrs. Tyson was busy instructing a friend to take all the silver and small valuables and store them in a neighbor's house. Mrs. Tyson could contain herself no longer. She charged in the front door and up the stairway. On the landing, she bumped into a helmeted figure who paused momentarily on the threshold. "Tell them to stop!" shouted Mrs. Tyson. "If they can't carry the things downstairs, I'd rather have them burned to a crisp than chopped up in little pieces."

"Can't very well do that, Lady. They gotta have room to work, ya know."

Mrs. Tyson could contain herself no longer. She charged in the front door and up the stairway. On the landing, she bumped into a helmeted figure who was leisurely thumbing through a family Bible. "Oh, 'scuse me, Mam. Was this what you wanted carried downstairs?"

"No, no, please," she pleaded. "Carry down the fragile things and throw the books and bedding out the window."

"I'll see what I can do for you, Mam. You better stay outside, though. The roof might cave in."

She paused in the middle of the living room. All the furniture had been moved out by now. The room was made even more drab and bare by the water that trickled slowly down the walls. In the light cast by many floodlights playing on the house from outside, she could see a few pictures on the walls that had been overlooked or thought unimportant by those who helped with the moving. "I guess they're not of much value" she thought. "Maybe I'd better save Grandfather Lucius, though. Russ (Continued on page 12.)"
LIVELIHOOD AND PIETY

Vendor:
Come one! Come all! Here one can buy
On a pin-head the prayer of the Lord.
Use it for small and large sins alike
Whether body — or mind be torn.

Priest:
Religious atrocity! On the head of a pin!
With a man it’s his soul that is stressed.
One needs not a pin to close sin’s door
When his soul is piously dressed.

Vendor:
Only one-tenth of a dollar, they are going fast.
Be saved in a new painless way;
Just buy the Lord’s prayer on the head of a pin
And glide through those gates — and stay!

Priest:
Listen not to this vendor who seemingly sells
Freedom from horror and strife.
With this metal engraving he can’t even try
For security in his own life.

Vendor:
Minutest attention was put in each line,
Each letter with care was engraved
For the glory of God and also for man
The comfort and peace that he craved.

Priest:
Heresy’s profit! That’s what is gained
By he who sells the Lord’s name.
Go ye the right way; come to the church,
Remove yourselves from this shame!

Vendor:
I’m afraid that this priest likes not my trade;
Unfortunate, yes, but I’ll win.
I’ll go off to cooperative towns and will sell
The Lord’s Prayer on the head of a pin.

—John B. Bird.

ON TIME . . .

Time heals all wounds
Except the wound of time itself
Time is the chasm
In our life-time landscape
Which deepens with each volcanic tick
Of the clock
Which widens with each explosive beat
Of the heart
Its sides are sheer and polished
And through its valley
Flows the blood of wasted lives.

. . . AND LIGHT . . .

Alone
I walked accompanied
By mist
Confounded confounding
And still
The darkness surrounding
Hissed, “No
The opposite heed
And know I
The puzzle of life.”
I drove
Thru beckoning shades
To light
Inscrutable light
Which warmed
The chills of the night
Which showed
The wrongs man had laid
To rest
In this riddle of life.

—Wilson G. Pinney.
REFUSAL

The sea
Beckons me
With wild gestures—
It speaks to me
With the voice
Of the wind.
I shall not
Hasten into your
Wet arms.
I shall not
Contend with your
Perilous crests.
I shall not
Stumble about your
White woods of foam.

—Ulysses Paul.

SPEECH OF THE CLIFFS

Batter against us, sea!
Hurl your tumultuous
Forests of foam over
Our jagged forms.
We are the chain of
Battlements that
Tower before the
Human continents—
We shall not yield
To your whelming weight!

—Ulysses Paul.

THE GOLDEN COW

An eternity of fair weather weighs upon
the closed membranes of silence.
Terrible Lord of my laughter, behold the Earth
smoking with a venison taste.
Virgin water, earth washed clean of the steps
of sleepless, burning man.
Odor close-to like wine, does it not truly
bring on a loss of memory?

The winds are strong upon the tree tops,
they sing of passing flesh.
The smoke of Autumn is above the roofs;
the movements of birds on the air.
The season of love has passed our lips,
the light is gone from our bodies.
The Earth is used-up, the significance
of a new theme.

Winter comes, the gates are closed, the
sky-water sinks deeper in its lower empire.
The points of lances flicker down upon us,
the new hour of Earth in its swaddling cloths.
The golden ovules have hatched in that
tawny night of heat and slime,
And their beds are made, oh fraud!
On the edge of a cold and sterile dream.

Where the snow, like an obscene rose,
liven, and twists its curls, and grows.
Covers the Earth, bandaging its blisters,
blind and tired of man's burns.
Binding the mind in a white transparency,
frosting the senses in the cold sun's rays.
Protects life by providing warmth in death;
humic energy lending the spark to Earth.

See how you delivered, more naked to this smell
of mould, where the black-virgin Earth sleeps;
Life, to awaken fresher in the heart of the marsh
brakes;
the golden cow is again upon her column.
And in the harrowed flesh of roses after the winter,
Earth, Earth again with the taste of women
made women.
The sky is in the fountain basins again,
desire is again in the flanks of the young.
Love overflows, like great urns unsealed,
spilling their oils into the burning fires.
Man, once more beset with new ideas,
pursues his mistress once more with interest.

—James A. Huck.

(Or the Existentialism kick)

Is.
And you know not why nor where.
A yawning chasm of despair.
A world by doubt left bare.
To act, to move, or thrash the air.
Is.
A cloying sense, a mal-de-mer.
Born of nought, yet ever there
We say we are, but really nothing
Is.

—Hollis Burke.

Vol. IV, No. 2
THE BROKEN THREAD
Richard V. R. Hutaff

It was raining; under-foot the water ran into puddles that collected on the pavement. Steve Berms came down the street—his stride, hurried. The rain ran in tiny riverlets across his face. He turned the corner. Ahead of him was the neon sign of a bar. He went into the bar which was almost empty; he walked over to a stool and sat down and tossed his evening paper on the bar. He had a couple of martinis before he began to read. After reading the financial page, and then continuing his wanderings through its contents. On page three he saw the picture of a baby—a very happy looking baby. For a long time he stared at it. Then he suddenly pushed the paper together, and ordered another drink.

About nine the bartender helped him off the stool into the street. The rain had stopped, but it was still wet under-foot. Overhead the moon was just breaking through the clouds, forming flickering dancing patterns among the still leafless branches of the trees on Witmore Avenue. His house was number “67,” the one with the blue trim. As he walked up to the door he stumbled and nearly fell against the white picket fence. He rang the door bell, violently; he waited with his finger on it impatiently, almost madly.

The door opened. The light from inside showed Steve’s face to be a mask, a strange mask. It was without expression, except for the gleaming jeweled sparkle of his eyes. In the light also was a young woman of about twenty-four, who took Steve in her arms. His mouth was cruel in the bareness of the electric light, the cruelty of weakness and defeat. His kiss of greeting was a true hypocrisy. Pushing her from him, he walked into the living room and sat down in his favorite easy chair. He lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply, letting the smoke drift lazily from his lips. On the wall opposite him was a painting of a very beautiful young woman. As the smoke thinned it seemed to come to life. A trance came over him. They were her eyes; he was lost in thought. Then his eyes narrowed and a frown came over his face. Steve thought about that picture—on page three. “She can’t, though she promised. Why doesn’t she stop talking about it?” He put his head in his hands. His head was spinning. The painting looked down with its tender, far away expression.

Ginny, his wife, came into the room and sat down beside him. She looked very small and beautiful sitting on the arm of his chair.

“How did things go at the office, Steve?” she asked.

“I got fired again,” he muttered.

“But why, but why?” she questioned. “That’s the second time this month! The ———.”

“I don’t know why,” and added, “For Christ’s sake why don’t you stop nagging me?”

“I’ll get you some dinner,” she murmured, “and then maybe you’ll act a little more like a human being—instead of a big drunken ape!”

As she went out he looked first to the picture and then to Ginny. “Could these be one and the same? I never thought such a change could happen.”

In the kitchen, while she was warming up something for him to eat, her eyes blurred, and her mind began to wander.

Her wedding day had dawned clear and rather warm for early June. She remembered that day very well. The ceremony took place at four in the afternoon. There had been a thunder storm, but just a few minutes before four the clouds broke and the world looked all fresh and clean in the new sunlight. The birds sang as if it were dawn, and the dew glistened in happiness. She remembered well how she felt waiting with her bridesmaids in the church’s antechamber. The old frame church had a mellow timelessness.

Then came the big moment when she had walked down the aisle with her father. Oh, how the flowers, the first roses of summer, with their heavenly scent, were spread in glorious profusion about the church. Organ music hung in the cool damp air.

Things had gone very well with us that first year, but after that what, in God’s name, happened? Haven’t I tried to be a good wife? I’ve done everything in my power to make things go right, but Steve is so impossible. He never could keep a job, and then when he started to drink———.

As she knelt she saw her reflection in the blackened window above the stove. For a moment she paused looking at herself. She smiled, and the window became a mirror, a mirror that would hold for an in—

(Continued on page 16.)
THE MORNING AFTER

Ulysses Paul

Antoniades speaks:

Close the doors and speak softly, so that we may not be heard outside. What dark hour is this that has come upon us? We've lost! I've gone almost mad! Come, let us tell our heartaches and take comfort together. You were not equal to the task, my friends. I, like a true ex-mayor, left nothing undone. To some I gave medicine; to others, money. I did not fail to oblige every man, and they all in turn promised to vote to please me. Now, as doctor and as former mayor, I wish I had never lived! The treacherous scoundrels—they all filled Bartholomew's ballot box with blackballs.

Focas speaks:

I traversed all the mountain passes and stopped at every hut and abbey door. “Take this money,” said I. “Cast a white vote for our ticket, and we will all celebrate together in my house on the Acropolis.” And they replied, “Never fear: we'll cast our votes for him who earns them.” Two thousand smoked herring they ate off me. How they deceived me—hypocrites, masqueraders all!

Zoulos speaks:

From suburb to suburb, I scurried like a driven mule. Kneeling, I pleaded like a child and begged them to vote for Bartholomew. They all told me to give them money and not to worry. And then they all came into town intending all the while to vote for the Upper Party dogs, our enemies! They all came into town and put on our badge, our beloved cordon; and then voted the other way. All still might have been well; but Romanos here, he cost us the election. If he had not disgraced the Party by his slanderous testimony against my very wife at just this time, we should have won. That made all the difference.

G. Romanos speaks:

My friends, it is not I who am to blame; it is that same sweet Iachomina, who would happen to have her husband's divorce suit come up in court in this particular election month. And like the worthy perjurer I always try to be, I hurried to the court to testify against her. Better I had broken my leg, for I am never to hear the end of it! “Boo, you tramp!” Thus they still mock me, to my face and behind my back. How then could I ask anyone to vote our ticket, when all the time I stood in fear of having my face smeared with blacking! Shamed and afraid, I climbed up all out of breath to the chapel of St. Pantelemona, feeling that I had lost my mind. Do you think I shall regain it?

Perides speaks:

I threatened them that unless we won, I, like the goodly banker I am, would foreclose their mortgages, and they should perish. They all promised that they would go along with me. Yet they all blackballed Bartholomew. Oh, all those blackballs cast against our noble candidate! But let us eat now, Bartholomew, and forget. For we all share the heartache.

Psillas speaks:

I went to Athens to labor in the cause, heroically, as befits that city of heroes, all for the glorious cause. But of the fine array of ringers—five drachmas the head—150 good men and true—that I enlisted there, how many came over to the Island? Thirty! The two-faced traitors, to betray us so! Still my valiant heart endures. And after all I did for them—gave them free passage on the boat to bring them over to our Island to vote like good citizens—a dozen more deserted—vanished! O, the times! The wickedness of the electorate! How can the spirit of Plato, the ideals of clean government, survive such shocks as these?
Dry Shingles
(Continued from page 7.)

would never forgive me if I didn’t.” She unhooked a portrait of a red-nosed figure with a wry smile who peered out over a ruffled collar. She gingerly carried the water-streaked painting outside and leaned it against a tree. She saw her husband talking to the chief on the edge of the lawn.

“Chief says they have the fire under control now, Beth. Guess we’ve lost most of the roof and everything in the attic, but everything else is OK except for the water damage.”

“Why don’t you and your wife go have some coffee, Mr. Tyson,” suggested the chief. “The coffee wagon arrived a few minutes ago, and I know this has been an awful strain on you both.”

“Is it really so bad that it rates three alarms?” inquired Mrs. Tyson.

“Well, Mam, the roof really started to go fast at first. It took a lot of men and equipment to keep it from spreading to the rest of the house, but, as I say, we don’t expect any more trouble from it now.”

The Tysons looked up at the top of their little house. All that was left were the charred remains of the skeleton-like framework that had once supported the roof. The firemen poked doggedly at the beams with their axes—now and then uncovering hidden hot embers that might soon burst into flame. These were promptly drenched with water or else torn out of the structure.

The Tysons went over to drink some hot coffee and were met by the greeting, “Well, Tyson. Quite a blaze you have.”

It was Paul Bromley, owner of a large estate farther down the road. Mr. Tyson often referred to the place as Bromley’s quaint thirty-two room cottage down the road.

“Reminds me of the time my old barn burned down,” continued Bromley. “Really quite a fire. Insurance company took care of everything, though. Really didn’t need the barn anyway. Good thing it happened when it did. You know, if you play it right, Tyson, maybe you can make out all right with the insurance companies too. Oh, incidentally, if you want any asbestos shingles for your new roof, I can get you a discount.”

“Thanks,” replied Mr. Tyson coldly. “I’ll let you know, if I do. Beth,” he said, turning to his wife, “We’d better get started stacking that furniture in the garage while we still have some help for the job.”

While they were moving furniture, the fire department was busy coiling hose and loading ladders onto the trucks. Mr. Tyson had just finished piling a mattress on some furniture in the garage when the chief called in to him.

“Sorry we had to make such a mess, Mr. Tyson, but it was the best we could do.”

“Thanks a lot, chief. I think we were lucky to have just lost the roof and the attic.”

When the fire trucks had finally left, and most of the people had returned to their homes, Mr. and Mrs. Tyson leaned wearily against the bulging garage doors. Charred timber and broken glass lay strewn over the ground. Water dripped freely from every window sill and doorway. Then from the packed recesses of the garage came the muffled tone of the grandfather’s clock.

“Beth, did you hear that. The old clock just struck twelve, and it’s only a half hour off. I can’t imagine it. It used to take me at least twenty minutes to make it run after you moved it from the wall to clean.”

(Continued on page 16.)

Meeting in Europe—1945
(Continued from page 5.)

old parents, my wife who was bearing our second baby, and our little son . . .” These last words were already washed away by heavy sobs.

Nobody talked as the train ran into a station which was sharply illuminated and full of gaily singing people. As the train left the lights faded away and when even the silvery beard of the old man sitting by the window was lost in the darkness, it was he who started off.

“Six years ago I had a grocery store in southern Poland. My life was difficult, having had to work hard to keep up my great family, but we lived in happiness and were satisfied with our fate. Then the war broke out with the terrors of dive-bombing, terrible explosions and then their occupation. Here the sufferings ended for many many of my compatriots, but ours only began. They painted the windows of my store “Jew” or broke them; closed us up in a ghetto where during one of their raids two of my daughters disappeared, and their corpses were found ravished and mutilated in a ditch. Then we were deported into camps and all the family was separated. I was one of the lucky ones who got a ‘good’ job, my work being to carry corpses of my gassed co-religionists to the cremating furnaces. That is how I managed to survive, but I never will be able to forget the thousands of dead, among them many well known and beloved to me. I am the only one of the family who survived their rage, and I could never return to the place I formerly called home.”

The Trinity Review
THE ATLANTIC CIVILIZATION: 18TH CENTURY ORIGINS. By Michael Kraus, (314 pages), Cornell University Press for the American Historical Association, $3.75.

I MUST confess that I was more awed than encouraged by the fact that this book is one of the more learned contributions to cascade from the presses this year. However, Professor Kraus proves that a scholarly writer often provides the most interesting reading and that fine prose further enhances an otherwise remarkable work. His thesis discusses the effect that 18th Century thought and life in America had on European life and thought and is not, as the title might suggest, simply a recital of the effect that fine prose further enhances an otherwise remarkable work. His thesis discusses the effect that 18th Century America had on European life and thought and is not, as the title might suggest, simply a recital of the effect of European traditions on the New World.

A quotation is not inappropriate in showing the sense of reality that Dr. Kraus injects into his survey. In discussing the matter of communication between the Old and New Worlds he has occasion to say, "Surely it was, and is, no pleasure trip to cross the Atlantic in a boat of two hundred tons or less. . . . In the middle of the eighteenth century Bristol was the port whence most of the merchandise for America was shipped, and this voyage was considered sufficiently safe to warrant an insurance rate of but 2 per cent."

While the author is no encyclopedist, he has broadened the base for consideration of life in America and its important effects in building the Atlantic Civilization. Footnotes are used exclusively to identify sources and not for afterthoughts so that the reader, whether he be a specialized scholar or simply a layman attracted to this interesting topic, need not and is not distracted. The topics covered are as broad as human interest and no summary here could do them justice.

It sounds too patronizing to say that this book is "worthy," as true as the word is in its application; however, it is in many ways the first, I think, of its kind to deal with early American influence on the Western World in cultural, religious, and social ways. For many years Americans gave an almost slavish deferece to things European without properly appreciating the influence of things American. That situation has been reversed and with moderation. This book should make Americans far less deferential in considering their earlier history and, perhaps indirectly, less blatant in the current history, for the remote and incipient qualities of 18th Century America did shake the European foundations of thought and life.

Dr. Kraus can be sure that his intense study and painstaking work have added to historical literature. The Atlantic Civilization is a rewarding experience for the reader.

—Robert W. Herbert.

ITALY FROM NAPOLEON TO MUSSOLINI. By Rene Albrecht-Carrie, (300 pages), Columbia University Press, $4.25.

This short, analytical history of Italy does much to fill a peculiar vacuum in historical perspective. Dr. Albrecht-Carrie in answering the question—was Fascism in Italy inevitable?—has traced the political development of Italy into statehood and subsequent dictatorship with scholarly care and honesty. Not only is the work valuable as a guide of a young nation's failures ending in the disaster of the Second World War, but it is an opportunity for many American readers to survey Italian history from the petty states of the Metternich system to the present with genuine political continuity.

Italy's recent position as a second-rate power has diverted the interest of the general reader to more important states and the result is that in most cases there is only the vaguest notion of Italian history outside of such personalities as Mazzini, Cavour, Garibaldi and, of course, Mussolini. For the psychological effects on the Italians of being considered a "nation of mandolin players," one may consult this excellent book which fills in the gaps between mere names, and sketches the background for Italy's present troubles. For those of us who still feel that

Fascism is a potential menace, this book comes as an important case history rich in historical conclusions. Dr. Albrecht-Carrie denies that Fascism was inevitable but pieces together the collective weaknesses in the Italian state that made it eminently possible, and finally a political reality. Interestingly enough the Fascists had no detailed body of political doctrine when they seized power. Other than a tincture of Crispian nationalism and a nodding commitment to preserve the interests of capital, the Fascists were simply self-styled vigilantes, a rationalized "goon squad," which the Italians were willing to tolerate as an alternative to governmental deadlock. Once in power the niceties of the corporate state, totalitarian control and big stick nationalism were developed.

A basic reason allowing for a Mussolini was the frustration within the governmental structure of Italy, a constitutional monarchy of the British pattern, which the Italians had been unsuccessful at operating. Giovanni Giolitti, an undoubted genius of Italian politics, was inadequate to the demands of the post-World War I period. The conditions under which Italy entered the war, her price, and subsequent blunders would belong to the realm of musical comedy had the result been less sinister and disastrous. The pageant is one of ineptitude.

Rene Albrecht-Carrie successfully resists the numerous opportunities of digression and follows the patterns of Italy's progress to the mid-twentieth century with penetrating comment and absorbing style. Italy from Napoleon to Mussolini will certainly be among the top non-fiction contributions of the year and one of permanent interest.

—Robert W. Herbert.

SAILING TECHNIQUE. By H. A. Calahan, (439 pages), Macmillan Company, $6.00.

H. A. CALAHAN, author of seven books concerning the sailor and his craft, all of which have been written with the devotion and talent of an ex-
experienced sportsman, has now passed on to a more comprehensive stage in his teachings. Mr. Calahan's earlier books, such as *Learning to Sail* and *Learning to Cruise*, attacked individual problems fundamentally always with the novice in mind, but the novice or newcomer is not particularly considered in this the eighth lesson, *Sailing Technique*.

There is a wealth of knowledge in this latest work in which the thousand problems and hazards ever present when aboard a sailboat are discussed; be it twelve feet or two hundred—problems which you may have tackled before, and consequently have that feeling of camaraderie when finding them mentioned. But more important are those "conditions" or facts you have not yet encountered. The book is so full and complete in its coverage that it is difficult to retain all of its value, even by persistent reading. To me it would serve its purpose twofold if it were read and re-read, or read by chapters over the course of the season, that is, a season of sailing. In spite of its completeness, *Sailing Technique* is not a text book; nor, has it an encyclopedia layout with problems classified in index form. It is more a discussion by an experienced "hand," and hence far more captivating.

Mr. Calahan runs the gamut of the sailors' problems, from buying the boat to collisions, and as he does so the impact of sheer experience is startling. He points out that the mark of a good sailor is his instinct, his feeling for the sea and its habits, and his understanding of a boat and its limitations inherent in its peculiar design. While the great majority of his writing is completely objective and is based on accepted practices and techniques, he refers to his own experience to enliven the material and prove his point conclusively.

For every sailor who reads *Sailing Technique* there will be chapters which will stand out above others. To me the most important and interesting one of all is the one titled "The Apparent Wind," in which he speaks of the wind created by the movement of the boat itself, regardless of the "natural wind." While there are many other points which a sailor must learn, he can never be classified as even "good" until he can distinguish the "true" from the "apparent" wind.

It might be well to say that the sailor today is so much the poorer for not carrying a volume or two by Calahan aboard—for having read one you will naturally continue your education and probably become a Calahan devotee. There is no doubt that he is a doctor of this science.

—William R. Peelle.

**OCCUPATION: WRITER.** By Robert Graves, Creative Age Press (320 pages), $4.00.

**ROBERT GRAVES** titles this collection of his short stores, essays and short plays with the tax-form description *Occupation: Writer* in the same brutally honest way that he says, "... I am a poet ... [though] I have earned my living by writing books, mostly . . . novels . . ." Faced with Daudet's story "of the man with the gold brain—of which he recklessly scraped away bits for his greedy dependents until he died a hollow-skulled imbecile, gold dust and blood under his fingernails," Graves felt that he would rather collect what he thought was his best work and reissue it avoiding bloody fingernails. This volume pleases him; but more important, it reassures his readers that he is a moderate man, one who will resist grinding out works and will publish only those works which can pass his strict standards.

A refined sort of dream world is the inspiration for the stories, "The Shout" and "Dead Man's Bottles"—the latter being a finely developed, amusing and somewhat macabre story of what might happen to an executor who misreads a will. The necessary evil of scholarship—sterile research and compilation—is pleasantly joshed in "The Search for Thomas Atkins," "Caenis on Incest," and "It Was a Stable World." Unhappily, the most successful of the group, the essay, "Lars Porsena," or the Future of Swearing and Improper Language," is the first and if read first leaves the rest of the volume somewhat anti-climactic. Graves amusingly leads us from obscenity to profanity with care and thoroughness. For instance: "Besides, . . . the adjective 'bloody' has a very precise meaning: 'exciting feelings of resentful hopelessness.' The difference between a damned thing and a bloody thing is that the first admits of a humorous and even affectionately tolerant attitude, the second does not. An exact use of 'bloody' was made by a Balliol undergraduate when asked by an American visitor to what architectural period the New Quad belonged—was it late Gothic or Renaissance? 'Early Bloody, Sir,' he answered.

"A dean's sister once wrote to her brother from a holiday in Devon: 'My dear William, this hotel is in a delightful situation. (My window is marked with a cross.) The weather, however, has been beastly.' But remembering that the post card would probably be read by the butler at the Deanery, she crossed out the somewhat vulgar beastly, and substituted the first and last words with a dash between. Her brother had to send her a note of reproof, reminding her that postcards passed through the hands of the domestics."

—F. S. B.

**SONG WITHOUT SERMON.** By James Woolf, (313 pages, Creative Age Press, $5.00.)

**JAMES WOOLF**, well known in the English theatrical circles as playwright and producer, has at the age of twenty-seven written his first novel, *Song Without Sermon*, a story of an unmitigated cad.

As the title implies, the author does not attempt to moralize the degrading adventures of Henry Miller, the pica­room; Woolf merely chronicles his rise and his fall. Henry, born as the result of the successful scheming of a barm­maid, Rose, against a naive business man who was killed a few months after his marriage in 1914. Rose was determined that her son should have only the very best and therefore arranged her socially advantageous marriage with a prominent publisher. Rose did not expect the antipathy of this father-step­son relationship. Henry soon realized, however, that his mother would back him against his step-father and so start­ed his checkered career. Lying, cheating, and stealing were in turn condoned by the foolish and doting Rose. It was the old story that "little Henry could do no wrong."

Henry's meteoric rise into English society began by making himself indis­pensable to his school friend, a duke's grandson, Derek Maitland. The pica­room's physical charm, glib tongue, deceit, hetero- and homo-sexual ac—
tivities ranging from domestics to a duke’s granddaughter and grandson, were his stepping stones to success. He, however, met his match in frustrated and decadent Ada Greene, who was just one degree worse than he; Henry, formerly a most desired free lancer, unwantingly became her personal gigolo.

Pointedly reminiscent of Evelyn Waugh, James Woolf in Song Without Sermon does not measure up to his compatriot’s high standard of satire on English society. There are similarities nevertheless, for example: Lady Maitland the satirical socialite of Waugh’s *Decline and Fall* is also in Woolf’s book in personality and in name.

To Waugh’s admirers I recommend this book for comparison, if nothing else. To the growing group of realists, I suggest this book for its contents in personality and in name.

To *Song Without Sermon*’s reader, who has plenty of spare time, wantinglly became her personal gigolo.

--R. E. T. Hunter.

**GERALDINE BRADSHAW.** By Calder Willingham, The Vanguard Press, (415 pages) $3.50.

A SIZEABLE amount of true literature has come out of the recent World War. There have been some excellent portraits of the ordinary civilian thrust into the extraordinary atmosphere of War. On the other hand, very little work has been done on that civilian since his return from the South Pacific, North Africa, etc. The ex-fighting man can be found all around us—fostering television, visiting his psychiatrist, or conducting “witch-hunts” in Washington. Yet he is neglected by our writers. When he has been singled out for literary creation, the results have been disastrous. Dick Davenport, in *Geraldine Bradshaw*, is one of these disasters.

Calder Willingham, the creator of Dick, must have been inspired by the Kinsey Report. In his first novel, *End as a Man*, he told a story of homosexuality in a Southern military academy; in *Geraldine Bradshaw* he matures to heterosexual activity in a plush Chicago hotel. In both, he is extremely dismal.

Dick is, for some unknown reason, a college graduate turned bellhop who averages $100 a week in tips. He has a dominating sister about whom he has sex fantasies; a libido which is best expressed in bed; a copy-writing friend with the impossible name of Beau St. John; and a great decision to make—whether to sleep with Vera, Irene or Geraldine. As the title of the book suggests, the last is resolved by choosing Geraldine, much to his chagrin and the reader’s boredom. Geraldine, you see, is quite a character. She would be an excellent drug for the impotent—she’s that good a tease—but as the object of Dick’s desires she’s rather ridiculous. Dick manages to get what he wants, but only in the final chapter—and then he’s too ill to enjoy it.

Mr. Willingham’s ingredients added together, isolated, or even sifted carefully, produce nothing. Perhaps the great fault here is that Mr. Willingham should have “gone to his source.” Freud would have been much better than Kinsey.

—Raymond M. Berne.

**SPECIAL FRIENDSHIPS.** By Roger Peyrefitte, Vanguard Press (384 pages), $3.50.

*SPECIAL FRIENDSHIPS* is one more book treating innocent youths and their relationships; it joins the more successful Theodora Keogh’s *Meg*, and Calder Willingham’s *End As A Man*. *Special Friendships* is the story of a boy, George de Sarre, who finds himself lonely and needing friends at a boarding school, whose discipline is an irritant designed to prevent incipient amoral relationships, but which actually precipitates them. George hears the attitude expressed during his first week at school in a sermon warning “Be watchful of those special friendships which cultivate only sensibility, for sensibility is easily converted into sensuality.” After meeting the younger blond and handsome Alexander, he tends to accept this warning as a white feather.

*Special Friendships* seems to lack everything but a clinical listing of events and situations. The two boys discover a means and a place, a greenhouse, for their rendezvous. The development of the boys’ nascent emotions is as colorless as the emotions themselves. The writing gives the impression of a crude black and white lithograph—there is no subtlety of shades. Perhaps, *Special Friendships* loses some of its claimed charm in its translation from French for which Peyrefitte cannot be blamed. Felix Giovanelli, the translator, apparently is deficient in an ability to translate *celui-ci*—he uses the text book translation “the latter” too often.

For tedious enticement and frustration read *Special Friendships*.

—P. S. B.

**FIFTY FORENSIC FABLES.** By “O” and illustrated by the author, Parrar, Straus and Company (213 pages), $2.75.

*FORENSIC FABLES* by Theobald Mathew originally appeared under the short pen name, “O.” As a distinguished barrister, Mr. Mathew saw amusement in the English courts’ accumulated rituals, and wrote and illustrated these fables in terse sentences and line. A man of no mean stature to the devotees of British understatement, he is felt to have rightly possessed the crown with his “Dr. Livingstone, I presume?” story.

The jargon, and the courts’ devotion to it are subject to very controlled and restrained joshing in this small volume. The moral to each fable is—of course, as the tradition of understatement requires—brief and undramatic to the extreme.

An appendix, “The Story of an Ancient Line,” is also the best of this type of humour. It ranks with the later Osbert Lancaster’s *There’ll Always Be A Drayneflete* and Robert Graves’s story. “Colonel Blimp’s Ancestors.” For instance, the Fifth Baron and First Earl of the Line is described thus:

“For his gallant conduct at the Battle of the Boyne, where he was in charge of the Royal carriage and stores, he received an Earlom, 10,000 acres in the co. Tipperary, and a pension of £2500 a year (chargeable on the Irish Exchequer). Married the daughter of Hans Pumpel, the devoted secretary of King William III.”

And, the Seventh Baron and Third Earl:

“Thought of volunteering to assist in the quelling of the American rebellion, but ultimately decided not to do so. Was the chosen companion of King George III during the lamentable period of his mental derangement. Died unmarried.”

—P. S. B.
Meeting in Europe—1945
(Continued from page 12.)

The man opposite him gave a sound as if he was trying to say something, but then was silent, so the fourth man went on.

"In the great 20th century renaissance of Czechoslovakia, I was one of Benes’s chief industrial advisers. Having had no family I did not go into exile with him when they occupied our country, but left Prague and hid in a village, thinking that I might organize some kind of an underground movement. This I really succeeded in doing, and soon in connection with our Russian allies we were able to do considerable damage with our sabotage to them. This went on for some time but once we were given up and they captured us. After heavy tortures I managed to get away but many of my friends died as result of the tortures or were convicted by their jury for ‘treason’.

Here the fifth man sitting at the window jumped up suddenly with a gun in his hand, and a terrible grin on his face.

"No, you shall not get away, you all shall follow your families—traitors, Jews, Communists—into the death you deserve!" He was one of them, too.

The Austrian doctor saw his torturer in him, the Italian saw the corporal beating him and driving him into sure death, the old Jew, the beast raping his daughters, the Czech the murderer of his friends.

When the sun rose over the plains of France next morning, there were only four people in the compartment. The fifth lay back somewhere in Switzerland beside the rails, and stray dogs were sniffing his cooling body.

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The Broken Thread
(Continued from page 10.)

stant the soft mouth and haunting look and let it go forever.

Then she looked down. One leg was bound in steel. She remembered she was a cripple! The red lips bent down at the corners and there was a sadness no painter could hope to capture in which there was pain and inferiority; there was bitter disappointment, and a strange weak strength, and a world which made her one with all women.

She lived in a dream world where the brace did not exist. In this land of make-believe she would do the many things that other people do. She walked in the sunny woods and picked the wild flowers; she raced through downtown traffic unafraid, and she danced until her feet were sore. Ginny was happy in these thoughts.

Ginny finished with getting the tray ready, and started to return to Steve. She went across the kitchen, through the door, into the dining room, turned right, went around the table, then left toward the entrance to the living room. "Supper's ready, dear," she called.

His eyes burnt as they followed each limping, steel-braced step as she reappeared from the darkened doorway. In her limp she thought she saw a reason for all his defeats. Her limp had made a cripple of him also.

His large muscular arms swelled in their sockets. Her limp grew before his very eyes until that shining steel brace, and the soft white flesh danced crazily in front of him, they formed evil patterns, lovely patterns, patterns of memory. The days of long ago came before him—the first day—a park—her face—her lips—the color of her eyes, her dress—blue silk—then—the brace. His mind became blank, filled with crimson shadows. One consuming passion of hate overcame him. He walked across the living room.

When he was close to her she looked into his half-closed eyes, expecting to see the inevitable. Fear crept into the blue horizon of her eyes. They opened wide, startled; then animal fear blinded her. He was within a foot of her. Ginny tried to speak—the word "Steve" caught in her throat.

Suddenly he was upon her, his hands reaching for the dove-like throat. A purple vein swelled violently. The tray slipped from her, landing with a crash on their damage, and then to what was wrong.

"What have I done to him now?" her heart cried. Her eyes became moist with fear and anger. She tried to scream—but no sound came.

She felt her braced leg give way, the crack of flesh and steel, a blinding instant of pain, then the hard floor beneath her. She heard the raging imbecilic cry of "Cripple, Cripple, Cripple, no good for anything, Cripple . . . !"

She lost meaning. Time fell away as do the waves before a mighty ocean liner. Her mind spun back and it was a late summer day.

The day was muggy, with a haze hanging low in the sky. It was unbearably warm. It was too hot to think. Mid-morning came and went, noon approached, and Ginny went upstairs and lay down. The heat became worse. She felt sick. She thought of the weather. Later on she felt nauseus. She got into bed. At first her body seemed like it was on
fire; then it became cold, like ice. Her teeth shook. And again the fire flowed through her veins. Ginny wanted to cry. She tried sleeping, but no sleep came. The sun at last began to sink into the western sky. She wanted to get up and go to the phone. Twice she tried and both times she fell back exhausted. The sun sank below the horizon. She waited patiently for Steve. All through the night she waited. Four times the phone rang downstairs. She waited. The luminous dial on the clock, by her bed, read two A.M. She vomited. And still Steve didn’t come.

With the first gray light of false dawn, she dozed fitfully. At five the birds began to sing half-heartedly, saving their strength for the heat of the day. Steve walked in the door.

Not long after that the doctor came. She knew what was wrong. A few days later she knew she would never walk like other people again. The months of rest and the brooding and agony, and the knowledge she could not have her baby, with the bitter days of inattention, all combined into one nightmare of hell. Then came the day, the day the doctor fitted the brace to her left leg.

The big hands beat mercilessly down on the sandy locks. Ginny’s world went black. Then from far off a light began to shine, coming nearer, it was a bright, beautiful, compelling light—joy to behold. Her hands reached out. The light filled all—and then there was no pain.

Steve sobbed, and his tears made a little pattern on the rug.

**Private Life in Fifth Century Athens**

(Continued from page 2.)

a door, usually opening inward, gave entrance to the court.

House furnishings were simple and functional, although many of the bronze and pottery pieces were beautifully ornamented and designed. Of the furniture the most common piece and the most important was the couch: made of wood and softened with rugs, cushions, or a mattress, it served a man when he slept and ate, and, after his death, it served to carry him to his grave. Chairs were uncommon, but simple stools were not. Tables were low, usually tripod, so as to accommodate the couch. Each household had a place sacred to the family and household gods. There were usually images of the deities, not always beautifully made, to which worship was made by the family in common with the father serving on such occasions as priest.

The life of the family began and ended with the rise and set of the sun. Such a regime was not expected to make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise, but at least it saved him the expense of illuminating oil, and surely he would have appeared foolish to waste the light of day.

* * *

Meat is noticeably absent from the list of staples; this because sheep and goats were more valuable for their wool and milk than meat. The rich could probably have afforded it on their tables, but the poor were obliged to wait until one of the great public sacrifices. Athens did, however, have a good supply of fish and it was not uncommon in the Athenian’s diet. Shellfish was even then a delicacy.

The woman of the household, and her slaves if she had them, prepared and served three meals a day. Breakfast and lunch were eaten by the family together. Dinner, at sundown, was a fuller meal and it too was eaten in common unless a man were entertaining his friends. Then women were absent except to serve. The dinner was the occasion for most of the Athenian’s private entertaining and perhaps of his greatest pleasure. It was an occasion for good food, good wine, and, most of all, good conversation. Plato’s *Symposium* is an excellent account of the manner in which such a dinner was conducted and of the ease and informality of its pleasures.

But all Athenians were not philosophers and friends of Socrates. One man’s symposium might have been, as the name suggests, a drinking bout. Another might prefer to hire a musician and a dancing girl, thus relieving himself and his guests of the discipline of entertaining themselves. And at a third’s, the evening might have been spent gambling; while at another’s the gossip of the agora might have been rewarmed and more fully exploited.

In fifth century Athens feminine influence is almost completely absent from public life. That women were secluded is certain, but to what degree and for what reason has not been established. However, it cannot be concluded that because a woman had not full freedom in the world her position in society was a minor one or that her life was a miserable one. In Homer’s world, for instance, her place was respected and her influence great; yet, she lived in a world apart from that of her warrior man. In the fifth century she is represented in all of the plastic arts with respect and with love. In poetry, on the other hand, she is more often than not humorously maligned, but that seems to be no more than evidence of the eternal war between the sexes. To conclude from the evidence of poetry that the Athenian woman was a miserable creature would be as mistaken as to conclude the same concerning American
women from the evidence of modern comedy at her expense.

Writing on Egypt, Herodotus was surprised to discover that the people "in most of their manners and customs, exactly reverse the common practice of mankind . . . the women attend the markets and trade, while the men sit at home at the loom." This should serve as good general evidence that a woman's place was, in Athens, at any rate, in the home. Perhaps primarily for the reason that there was so much to be done there; the woman gave birth there to her children and there she cared for them. She had meals to prepare, cloth to weave, clothes to make, a household to manage. Even with slaves to help her, her presence was required to direct them. In the real life of Athens, however, she took no part. If she had been there to hear them, how bitterly she might have found the words of Pericles, "Great will be your glory in not falling short of your natural character; and greatest will be hers who is least talked of among the men whether for good or for bad."

Sir Alfred Zimmern takes up the problem of the Athenian woman at greater length and with greater feeling in *The Greek Commonwealth*. He concludes that many restrictions imposed upon the women of Athens came about with the influx of the metics who, during the mid-fifth century made up about one-third of Athens' free population. The Athenian woman enjoyed, if nothing more, a very stable and secure position in society. Married or not she was under the guardianship of a citizen. Metis women, however, had no such security or protection; to gain it numbers of them became "companions" to wealthy and influential men. Thus the women were divided into two classes and judged by a double standard. One class remained at home while the other mingled freely with the men out in the city, providing them with physical and social pleasures which at other times would have been provided by their Athenian wives.

Another indication that the influence of the Athenian women was negligible was the socially condoned practice of pederasty, for in most societies in which feminine influence is at all important, homosexuality is subject to severe criticism and suppression.

Nevertheless marriage was a stable institution, because it was founded upon the interests of two families or of two branches of the same family which it united. It was made by families, not by a man and woman selecting each other for wife and husband, and as such was a contract between families, not a contract between a single man and a single woman. A girl married at about her fifteenth year, a man in his late twenties or early thirties; for her it was the end of childhood and it marked the assumption of her responsibilities as the wife of an Athenian citizen, for him it marked the full assumption of his civic duties. Marriages were not of the state's making, but the institution of marriage contributed much to the stability of the Athenian city-state, providing it with youths to serve in war and men who brought to the decisions of public affairs "the interests and apprehensions of a father."

Finally and most important, the education of Athenian youth, unlike that of his Spartan contemporary, was a matter on which the state imposed no restriction and in which it took no part as an agent, although the end of Athenian education was the development of citizenship. Until a youth was eighteen, after which he began his military training (which was far less vigorous than those of a Spartan or a modern training camp), his education was directed by his family. Ideally he was exposed to and partook of the greatest religious, artistic, rational, and military achievements of his people and inspired to perpetuate and to add to them. Few were able to attain the ideal, perhaps none, but at least the education of the Athenian youth had an ideal and an end. At the lowest level the Athenian emerged from the educational process able to write and to understand the written word (a criterion important in the evaluation of modern education). The average youth emerged from it versatile enough to assume the responsibilities of both private and public life.

Much has been said since 1941 about the "four freedoms." Then they were believed to be essential to any kind of a decent future world, and they were private freedoms. Now any people who possess the first three—freedom of speech and expression, freedom of religion, freedom from want,—are considered fortunate, if not happy. Because they possessed these three, the people of Athens must be adjudged fortunate, for without considering them as "freedoms" they possessed them to a high degree. That they did not possess the fourth, and that they sacrificed the others almost as soon as they obtained them was due to their ignorance, either simple human ignorance, or due to the fugitive nature of any kind of freedom.
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