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So light...so dry
glass after glass after glass

Schaefer Pale Dry
the beer that’s both light and dry

Our hand has never lost its skill
Much of this year's final issue is in a lighter vein than the two preceding REVIEWS. This is due to the well known young man's fancy which turns to diversion as well as other things.
LYRIC

John Fandel, '49

I have enough of the night
For sleep, until the sky
Buries stars that die
Into remembered light.

And I have enough of the day
In steeple of the sun
To wear the dim array
Of breath I wake upon.

Until the eyes of clay
Crumble with light;
I have enough of day,
Enough of night.

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A FLIGHT OF TERNs

John W. Coote

Into a sullen grey September sea,
Thrusts a lone moorland finger fringed with sand;
Brown beach grass scrapes its endless tracery,
Obedient to the cruel winds’ demand.
A lonely figure walks along the strand,
Feet crunching shells that thickly scattered lie,
And desolation broods on every hand.
When sudden before the walker’s startled eye,
There lifts a cloud of living blossoms in the sky.
WHAT I LIKE IN AMERIKA

Charles H. Andre de la Porte

REMEMBERING my first day upon arrival in a typical American college dining-hall I still shudder. Judging in that specific European way of "know-all," I immediately decided that we were right in our opinion about education in America. "A kind of country-club with permanent membership for a time of four years and based upon a natural laziness, combined with the desire to postpone the hard responsibilities in daily life." The conversation was based completely upon sex and within two minutes I lost all track of it, due to the row of American expressions I, of course, had never heard of.

The next thing that struck me was the uniformity of practically everything. Clothes, shoes, "the right kind of tie," buffet-style dining-halls, neo-gothic (if there ever existed such a thing) administration buildings and red leather couches.

Quickly in that conceited European way I formed the conception of American college life and its educational value (at Yale I followed a lecture in geography and Africa was practically discovered for the first time, at least it seemed to be that way). Now after one year and a half it is hard to give any opinion at all. I once said, when asked what I thought about American colleges compared to European universities, that if possible I would have my children go to European high schools, then an American college, whereafter it was up to them to decide whether they would like to continue their studies either in America or Europe.

Why? Because what we miss is an American college system (with all its shortcomings).

As Professor Perry Miller so truly writes in the Atlantic Monthly of March 1951, an average European child finishes high school about eighteen years old and then enters a university—with all its freedom—not knowing a syllable about the world outside his secluded home and school life. He will be absorbed immediately by the traditions of his particular university (good traditions but demodees), and he will never know differently. However, through the complete freedom in his doings, it is entirely left up to him to prove himself. If he comes from out of town, he will find his own quarters, usually shared by one or more friends. There is no supervision over his studies and required courses; credits and the like do not exist. As there are certain times a year that one can take one's exams, a student announces to the head of his department if and when he is ready to perform. If he fails, the procedure is that he then gets "three months," which means he can come back in three months to try again; "six months" implies a poor exam and "nine months" is a sign to stop and start selling shoe laces.

What is the result of this system? The student, who in high school had practically no time for relaxation, due to the exaggerated amount of homework, goes entirely haywire when entering the university and commonly does not take (not to mention pass) an exam in his first year. All his time is taken by extra-curricular activities, the student organizations, sports, social affairs such as concerts and theatre and the like. Of course, there are exceptions, especially in post-war Europe, but there still is a large group which reacts in this way. The problem is that guidance, when it is most needed, is taken away. Next there are two alternatives: the student either continues this kind of life and leaves after three or four years (although nobody tells him to, except his parents, or more probably their pocketbook), or he changes his course. Fortunately the great majority get their senses back and finish in due time. For them the university not only gives academic training, but forms them as men and women with responsibility who started young to judge for themselves and build up a strong willpower.

Life for the American college student is easier because of this lack of freedom. Things are done for him; he has to fulfill his requirements and follow a certain amount of courses to receive his degree. His limited "cut-system" makes him attend classes (where the courses are presented to him on a silver platter, assignments and all) and hour tests enable him, unvoluntarily, to repeat the material dealt with in class. His exams are actually big hour
tests and he can make up for one failure by changing to a different course. Through all this a student becomes dependent. One thing I do not believe in is the so often mentioned “independence” of the American student. He is dependent upon his routine work in school, on his adversaries, on his parents and roommates. Of course he rebels against the rules and regulations of college life, but he would not know what to do without them.

European universities are called old-fashioned and stale because of their traditions. This may be so, but that these should cause an “ivory tower approach to life” is nonsense. That same approach exists here—the approach of intellectual snobbism towards “Harry Highschool” or “Samuel Salesman,” except not in a bowler or morningcoat but in flannels and button-down shirts.

Our great mistake is to give a student within six years of high school an amount of work that is equal to what an American junior in college has had. Hence, although the quantity in learning is apparent, the quality of understanding can not possibly be sufficient. There in my opinion lies the great merit of the American college education. The liberal arts education, however unprepared one may seem for that “great world,” gives more than we can ever accomplish with our system.

Upon entering a university at the age of eighteen, European students specialize in a certain profession, and as a result graduate many times with doctorate degrees in Law or Economics without ever having touched the practical and hard reality of life. Do not blame them, there was no time; where college seniors flunk tests at the age of twenty-three, they had to pass them at seventeen or eighteen years of age.

The remark is heard sometimes, “college is a waste of time,” as the balance between studies and extra-curriculum is sometimes broken by an exaggeration of the latter. To any European student this seems like paradise. In high schools there are usually two or three periods a week for sports and athletics. But only the expensive private schools can equal in facilities the average American ones. Apart from school a soccer or hockey club is often all that contains the outside activities. At universities all sports are open, but are organized by the students in individual clubs. One becomes a member of a crew, tennis, or rugby club and teams are formed out of the members of those clubs. Thus, if one is unable to join a club for financial reasons, for instance, or by not being a member of the Corporation, he is unable to join any team. Because of the low-pressure on the American student up to graduate school, he has more time to expand his thoughts and be active in sports and other activities.

In the mentality of students here and abroad, there is one obvious difference with which I should like to deal. Here, the fear to stick out our neck, and there, just the opposite. Individually students here do think entirely differently than they would admit in a crowd of “buddies.” The conversation is neo-Shakespearean in “to make or not to make, that is the question,” and besides that everything is trivial. One is “white-shoe,” or one is not. If one is not, one tries to be; if one is, one wears sneakers.

In Europe the young student is obnoxious, as he considers everything bourgeois which is not Latin or at least translated from it, or related to it. An athlete in the pure sense of the word can not possibly study law or philosophy, or if he does, he is not called an athlete. Here it is the reverse, which is more healthy, if not overdone (as it often is, unfortunately.) Tan pis, tant mieux (that Continental touch, don’t you know?), there is no sense in comparing every single item, both systems have their good points and their bad ones. Together they balance. More independent freedom in American colleges and thus personal responsibility for the individual; more liberalism in static European education.

Again I will state that we Europeans miss completely the atmosphere of the American campus.

I have tried not to judge either system; as Professor Miller so correctly states, “It is so easy to insult.” I only esteemed to explain why I am grateful for what college has taught a foreigner. A Fulbright or Quaker scholarship answers in a wonderful way the need of understanding between the young people here and abroad. I have learned not to criticise, but to accept and through this understanding we may be able to find that thing called peace.
ROUGHING IT

Hollis Segur Burke

JOHNSTOWN, South Carolina, made its living from tourists, shrimps, and paper manufacturing. It was typical of those impoverished southern coastal towns that had to charge thirty cents for a beer and adjusted their juke boxes so that they would only take quarters and dimes—and then all you could hear was hill billy music or perhaps one syrupy number from tin pan alley.

To this rebel outpost came Dennis Dunham Streeter, II of New York. Having flunked out of Yale his Junior year, his father had ordered him to work. He might be allowed to return next fall if the half dozen deans asked him back, otherwise he would continue his liberal arts education at Brown or perhaps N. Y. U. Streeter was now engaged in surveying virgin timber land for the National Paper Co. He didn't know the first thing about surveying, but his father had a friend on the Board of Directors who got him the job. Dennis made a great hit with his supervisors because, instead of plowing straight through the underbrush with his guide line as he was instructed, he would take the footpaths, thus throwing off their calculations. However, Mr. Streeter wanted his son to learn the value of a dollar. Some day he would enter the cruel world outside, emptying wastebaskets at Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborne for twenty-five a week.

On a warm July evening, Dennis Streeter sat writing in the lobby of the Prince George Hotel, the coolest and cleanest spot in Johnstown. Try as he might, he could not escape the reek of sulphur which emanated from the nearby paper mill. It was this odor that gave Johnstown the reputation of "the town that smells." The Spanish moss hung listlessly in the churchyard across the way. The flies buzzed busily about his lampshade. The only other occupant was Capt. Solomon McLeod, an elderly dredge boat captain, who sat there all day sipping his mint frappe, leaving the hazards of dredging the Wampit River to his assistant engineer. Dennis generally spent most of his time writing letters and flirting with the waitresses. Each night he would review the possibilities for his entertainment. There was a movie house, a pool room, and you might lead the life of young Boswell at Sunset Cabins four miles outside of town. It cost five dollars plus two more for a taxi. Dennis's father would not allow him to have his car, because he wanted him to learn how the honest wage earner lived.

After deciding against all these activities, he would cross the street to Mrs. Haynes's place and spend the night drinking warm beer. Mrs. Haynes's place was respectable, or at least she wanted you to believe this because she placed a Bible in the main window, giving a sort of Christian Science reading room effect. The Bible was open to the ten commandments and members of the police department, known in the vernacular as "the rocking chair brigade," would pretend to read them as they peered in, looking for those under age.

It was not for the rustic atmosphere that gentlemen flocked to Mrs. Haynes's place, nor for the steak which was always overcooked and dry, but to bask in the radiance of Hedi Bazzi, a pretty young thing who dodged gracefully from table to table with her little tray laden with bottles. Everyone would try to put their arms about her so that they might leer at her deliriously. Hedi would brush them off with a flick of her bright red apron and a toss of her head. She wore a white peasant blouse with a red ribbon tied at the neck. The blouse was so full that the effect was that of a dew drop.

"Dew drop," thought Dennis, "Fat chance." Incongruously he thought of Celia Delacourte and her dew drop creation from Mainbocher, as she came cascading down the marble staircase of the Ritz-Carleton with so many dapper penguins and green ferns brushing and waving about her. He remembered how he couldn't get a word in edgewise during the ball in the Crystal Room. People kept cutting in. But then later at the Stork Club she gave all her attention to him. Then the early morning ride in the hansom through Central Park—

Dennis felt a warm comfortable sensation on his back. It was Mrs. Haynes massaging him. She loved to mother Dennis that way, talking all the while about who fell through the dock last night or quoting from the Proverbs. He would have gone for widow Haynes in a big way were it not for the smear of food on her left breast, which through no
fault of hers, she could not see to remove. Dennis liked attention and she seemed to rest his troubled spirit after a hard day's work in the hot sun.

Dennis did not know how he first became interested in Hedi. Perhaps it was because she did not seem conscious of his presence. He had been on the crew at Yale, was in the right fraternity, and had a notorious reputation at Smith. He was well known and well liked at Radcliffe too.

He watched Hedi float gently from table to table. He found himself strangely attracted to her plump little belly which was accentuated by her frilly apron. He had never before, he inwardly declared, recognized the aesthetic value of the female solar plexus. And there it was before his eyes, asking him if he wanted another beer, sugar.

He smiled up at her his winning smile, the one that had melted at least twenty Radcliffe hearts. She smiled back with a smile that had made many a yokel's head swim. And there it was for a moment—each trying to conquer the other with Ipana.

"Have you any beer that's cold?" he asked throwing back his shoulders to expose his coppery tan chest.

"We have the coldest beer in Johnstown, honey," she replied, leaning against him ever so gently.

"Well, sugar, how about bringing me some?" He blinked his long eyelashes at her. She waltzed off in the direction of the bar.

Just then a hard looking hill billy, sitting in the back of the restaurant beckoned to her and she sidled over toward him with girlish wriggles of delight. Pretty soon she was running her hand through his gangling, black hair.

Dennis waited ten minutes for his beer, then got up slowly and walked out through the swinging doors. The town hall clock clanked one A.M. He looked at his shoes and saw that they needed cleaning. "Hell," he said, "What a hole!"

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**LINES TO A FOSSIL**

*Edward L. Troxell*

*Trinity 1954*

Here we hold a fossil relic,
Merely frame of former state,
But we guess its life and pulsings
And its past evaluate.

Examine closely pattern, structure;
Compare it with the forms we know
And a wealth of information
'Round its past begins to grow.

Whether reptile, bird or mammal,
Whether sponge, or worm, or snail,
Does not burden understanding;
Can interpretation fail?

Thus the meaning of the remnant
That a former day had wrought
Of an age that Earth once noticed,
Now oblivion, forgot.

So its form, though antiquated,
Brings a message from the past;
Erstwhile mysteries, explaining,
Yield the secrets once held fast.

* The year we finish at Trinity College.
NOW Elmer Dawes had never been what you might call an up and coming exec. He started with our firm twenty-three years ago when he was hardly dry behind his ears. At once he settled on his high accountant’s stool and he looked as though he’d be lost without it. I ain’t saying that he was no good—he was—reliable, careful, always ready to work at five minutes of nine in the morning. But he became a fixture nobody noticed—just like the photo on the boss’s desk of his wife before she put on those fifty pounds—all in the wrong places.

Elmer was content—I know because I’ve been sitting on the damn stool next to him for seventeen years. His wife, Matilda was not—she was trying to keep up with the Jones—that’s only an expression of course because my name is Jones—Henry Jones—but she wasn’t trying to keep up with me or my old lady—you have to keep down to her anyway. She—that is, Matilda spent most of her time in the bargain basements trying to get more for less. She bought a television set—three dollars down and forty months to pay and she gave video parties all the time although it hurt her eyes. She belonged to the book of the month club and she kept her books, still with their bright jackets, on the shelf in the parlor. Elmer told me once that she was surprised when she found that the gift of one month, *Plato* was not written by Walt Disney, but I think that Elmer just made it up. Matilda got Laura Hobson’s *Gentleman’s Agreement* and along came a packet of trouble because Elmer got an idea.

The next morning Elmer came to the office as usual but he had a funny look in his eye—it was either determination or alcohol—maybe both but I ain’t going to say. He lowers his eyes when he sees me and muttered something about being sorry and goes straight into the boss, Mr. Montgomery.

I got what was said in the office straight from Elmer’s mouth.

“Sir,” said Elmer, “I know why I’ve been a clerk for twenty-three years without promotion—it’s because you know that I’m a Jew—you are prejudiced that’s what you are.”

Well when I heard this you could have struck me pink because I knew that he and his missus were Methodists. This must have hurt the boss because he said, “Elmer”—he calls all of us by our first name except Joe Robinson who we all call Pinky—“Elmer this is indeed a surprise. I had no idea that you were of Palestinian extraction—I really didn’t.”

“Oh yeah—look at all those who got promoted to the front office who weren’t as good as me,” says Elmer. “What I’m going to do is to tell everyone that you are anti-semitic that’s what—see if I don’t.”

And Elmer leaves his office and goes back to his stool. Two days later, Elmer—I mean Mr. Dawes is in the front office and he has a desk with a name block on it. MR. ELMER DAWES, Assistant Cashier.

Matilda started buying her clothes on the street floor and poured at the Mothers’ Club.

Things went along pretty good for about six months until Elmer wanted a bigger desk and Matilda a larger television screen. An advertisement appeared in the *Journal* for a chief accountant and Elmer got a headache after lunch and not saying a word to anyone he goes in to see the president of the new firm and says “I don’t know why I bother to come over and ask for this job because I know that you are anti-semitic and I am a Jew. I’m a damn good accountant but what the hell your kind are always down on people like me.” Well I don’t know what the boss was like, but he must have been a sucker because Elmer got the job and a larger desk.

The red Moroccan bound editions of the Classic
Book of the Month Club arrived regularly and the dressmaker called on Matilda on the first of every month.

About three months ago me and the wife were invited over to Elmer’s for cocktails and dinner—him in his plaid dinner jacket and me in my blue serge suit—it looks all right but the seat is rather shiny. There we heard that the Dawes were going to spend the summer in Europe. “I know that I’ll love Paree during the season,” says Matilda. It was after dinner that night that Elmer told me that he had up and quit his job for he had heard from a friend at “The Club” that there was a “position” open at the Bailey Corporation—you know that place that advertises that beer.

The next day from what I learned later, Elmer goes over to the Bailey place. Swish is what I would call it with the couches and the easy chairs. Elmer is kept waiting while “the president is in conference” but finally the secretary calls for Mr. Dawes and he is led past the first line of defensive desks down to the president’s office where on the door in gold leaf is printed SAM ROSEN BLOOM, President.

THE INSTRUCTOR AND I

James T. de Kay

I
At ten minutes of three
The Instructor told me
“Like Pitt the Younger
I still have a hunger
To tell you some more
Before
You can get out the door.”

II
At five minutes of three
The Instructor told me
“Why, has the bell rung?
I still haven’t sung
In praise of the king
So I’ll do that thing
And keep jabbering.”

III
At three on the nose
I awoke from my doze:
“I’m afraid I must go
Although I don’t know
Of John Wesley’s rise,
King George’s demise,
Or where the blame lies
For the breaking of ties
Between the U.S. and Britain;
For I’m sick of sittin’
Hearing what has been written
Of what year Pitt quit in,
And matters various and sundry.
At risk of being a boor
I will leave by the door
And see you no more
Until Monday.”
AUGUST days are notoriously hot in New Jersey, and Saturday had been no exception. Although the sun had set an hour before, the humid stagnant air pressed down upon the girl as she dressed for her evening date. Small, dark, delicate, her attractive features were marred by a worried expression which, from time to time, changed to guilt as she passed her dresser and glanced at the uniformed portrait of the lieutenant.

She quickly finished her dressing, sat down at her desk and began a letter, then threw it into the wastebasket. Picking up a book, she read until the doorbell rang ....

A Malayan monsoon ripped through the verdant canopy of jungle foliage, drenching the stretcher-bearers and their jubilant patients. A hundred yards away the motors of a camouflaged C-54 coughed, then came to life with a roar overcoming the thunderous beat of the driving rain. One by one the stretchers were gently lifted up to the flight door and taken into the transport. As the mud-caked battle veterans waited for the rain to let up, a lieutenant reached painfully into his tunic and took out a battered photograph, a few pieces of crumpled stationery and an envelope. Propping the photograph against the corner of his stretcher, he smiled and began to write. He was still writing when the plane landed at Okinawa ....

Since there was little to do in Millburn, the girl and the tall, well dressed young man decided to go dancing at the Condor, fifteen miles away. The air was cool with the top down, the girl dreaded having to leave the car to mingle with the heat and the humanity that would permeate the little night spot. Her facial expression had become a fixed smile, except for an occasional twitch when she felt herself become acutely aware of the electric arm around her shoulders.

The headwaiter ushered them to a table and took their orders ....

The C-54, high above Diamond Head, gracefully arced into the sunset in preparation for landing. Inside the plane those who were able to walk moved through the cabin showing their pictures and examining the ones belonging to the men on stretchers. Everyone talked, no one made sense, everybody was happy. The lieutenant who had written the letter on the way to Okinawa was especially happy, for he was to be married in Millburn as soon as he got back ....

The trio providing music at the Condor was excellent, and the highballs, potent. The girl, having trouble co-ordinating her feet with the rhythm, finally gave up and they went back to the shadows of their table. Music ... waiters ... people ... empty highball glasses, the Condor slowly fused into a noisy hilarious carousel. She laughed at everything and completely forgot about the picture on her dresser ....

The morning sunlight bathed the speck in the sky as it droned over Golden Gate. It rested only long enough to refuel, then continued its journey eastward ....

The girl thought she would be sick, but she made it to the car. The cool night air partially refreshed her, but no longer did she mind the pulsating arm around her body. The wail of the clarinet throbbing through her head fused all concepts of right and wrong; and she clung to him as he switched off the ignition ....

She rearranged her clothing and stood up sobbing. A C-54 passed overhead, momentarily blotting out the moon.
VIPER IN THE FIST. Herve Bazin, New York: Prentice Hall, 1951. $2.75.

VIPER. In The Fist, the first of several novels by Herve Bazin, was published this year, and has already been received with great acclaim in France, where it won two distinguished literary awards, and in England. It is the story of a sadistic woman, her spineless husband, and their three unnatural children.

As a family, the Rezeaus fight a losing battle with society. Although they think of themselves as aristocracy without a title they are actually the upper strata of the bourgeois class which they scorn. They force themselves into parsimony which necessitates the dismissal of servants, enforced dieting, and inadequate clothing for their children in order to entertain their elegant acquaintances at a single opulent gathering each year. This event is designed not merely to impress their social superiors, but also to prove to themselves that they have not lost their position in the upper class.

Within the family is a strained relationship between husband and wife, and a perverted relationship between mother and child.

Bazin dedicates fifty pages to evoke in the reader an overpowering antipathy for the viperous Madame Rezeau, whose sole satisfaction in life is the castigation of her children. At every turn she attempts to intimidate her progeny, as if taking revenge on nature for making her fertile. She would have succeeded in her venture had it not been for the fortitude and rebellion of young Jean, who is used by the author to tell the story.

The last half of the book resolves itself into a struggle between mother and son, and although the latter succeeds in quelling the viper in his fist, he does so by sacrificing his individuality, and acquiring the very sadism which makes his mother invidious to him.

Bazin is a master of concise description. Even in translation his words do not lose their cogency as may be seen early in the book when he writes:

"To sum up my Father in a word, he was a static Rezeau. More wit than intelligence, more sensitivity than depth; much reading, little reflection; plenty of knowledge, few ideas. The doctrinaire of mediocre minds often took the place of will-power. In short, the type of man who is never himself, but only what other people's suggestion makes him, who changes character with every change of scene and, aware of this, clings desperately to each particular scene in turn."

The book bears no surprise ending for the reader, no triumphal burst from maternal dominance, merely a logical victory by young Jean, who is intellectually and morally superior to this incredible mother. But although the final catharsis is not forthcoming the studied build-up of mutual antipathy produces the desired fatalistic ending.

—W. W. Faulkner.


PERIODICALLY, from the seething masses of humanity, there arises an individual who has been graced by the mystic Tao. He alone has been granted the strength to break the chains of hate and pain and ignorance which have bound mankind since time immemorial. Only a few ardent disciples are required, who go forth into the fields proclaiming the Glorious Kingdom at hand. Gone is the sun that shines on the just and the unjust alike; gone are the myriad compromises between good and evil. Indeed, only the crime of credulity remains, as the "lightweights" and shallow-brained creatures which infest humanity are swept along in the backwash of conviction.

At present, the inspired one seems to be L. Ron Hubbard; his masterpiece, DIANETICS. For the utterly ridiculous sum of $4.00, Hubbard, and the Hermitage House Press, grace mankind with the solution for its every problem, and a dissolution for its every evil. Contained in this masterpiece is a strange mystic blend of pseudo-psychology and voodoo sorcery. Let us examine it.

Briefly, Hubbard's "science of the mind" is explained as follows: The basic implement for all thought process is the engram. (An engram is a permanent impression left on protoplasm as the result of a stimulus, or a lasting trace left in an organism by psychic experience.) In humans these engrams, on a cellular level, are recorded from conception to extinction. Thus every response made by an individual is predetermined through the conscious or the unconscious by means of engrams. In other words, if an individual undergoes a particular experience, an engram is recorded which is classified in the mind. Each engram is delegated to a particular place with its own special significance. Its importance is determined by the classifier, or individual, by means of past engrams. Thus a normal person is one who is able to place succeeding engrams in their proper position relative to the whole. A maladjusted or abnormal person is one who, by placing a certain engram under the wrong classification, has disrupted partially or entirely the otherwise natural structure. Carried to its logical conclusion, if one engram is misplaced, it will be pure chance that places another engram in its proper position. The possibility of the individual becoming more confused or psychotic, greatly increases, and he will tend to rearrange his classified engrams to such an extent that some small impression will be given preposterous moment, while another engram, significant to the individual's welfare, is reduced to a position of unimportance and is practically lost in the unconscious. It is the Dianetician...
who is able to seek out the first misplaced engram and show the subject its natural position in the mental structure. When this is accomplished, it is relatively simple for the subject (with the aid of the Dianetician) to rebuild, or rather rearrange the other engrams in their proper sequence—producing a normal, happy individual. The pseudo-psychology is employed in delving into the mind in such a way that the first misplaced engram is found; the voodoo sorcery is used to rearrange the vast number of engrams which have been misplaced.

How truly inspired is this single gentleman who in a scant twenty-five or thirty years has evolved mankind's "deus ex machina." Although Mr. Hubbard maintains that Dianetic Therapy is quite simple in application, he hastens to make a few conservative claims for his "New Science." Trying not to over-estimate the inherent value of Dianetics, Hubbard does admit that the following results have been obtained:

All inorganic mental ills and all psycho-somatic ills can be treated with assurance of complete cure.

A condition of ability and rationality it produced in man, well in advance of the current norm, enhancing his vigor and personality.

The extent, storage capacity and recallability of the human memory is finally established by Dianetics.

With Dianetics ends the "necessity" of destroying the brain by shock or surgery to effect "tractability" in mental patients and "adjust" them.

A workable explanation of the psychological effects of drugs and endocrine substances exists in Dianetics and many problems posed by endocrinology are answered.

Superficially these preposterous claims are quite humorous, but in reality their implications are more than humorous. The fact that Hubbard has sold more than a million copies of this book is most amusing; it is an indication of a lack of maturity in our citizens. These copies have not been the light literature of the discerning mind, they have been the bibles, the guides for happiness by a large and increasing number of people. Can it be a reaction against true science? Can it be an expression of some superstitious desire to believe in something infallible? Perhaps this irresistible urge in humanity to worship the "sacred cow" can explain the fact that Dianetics is now a flourishing enterprise in a country whose technology has become a series of flying buttresses, and whose structure is naught.

—B. L. Colton.


FOR almost thirty-five years Charlie Chaplin has reigned as the King of Pantomime. His rise from the London slums through travelling vaudeville shows to the motion picture headquarters is accurately chronicled in his book by Theodore Huff.

Why this sudden success? It seems that Chaplin understood one basic, although perhaps undesirable, human trait, that we love to see people in a worse position than we are in ourselves. The well known costume indicates that he is either struggling to improve his social standing or that he has just lost it. We are reasonably sure of our "status quo" and we laugh at the frustrations so obviously displayed. In all of Chaplin's movies he is being misunderstood, beaten, or chased. The poor man loses all his money and we sitting loge put our hands on our wallets and laugh. He makes us feel happy for although we may have been misunderstood or we may have lost our money in the past, we have never been in such a pathetic state as the one displayed by Chaplin.

George Bernard Shaw said that the Tramp was "the only genius in motion pictures"—he directed his genius and catered to our rather poor taste. The profuse use of photographs of Chaplin in various poses of dejection aids immeasurably in conjuring up past experiences and we can think how lucky we are.

For the student of cinematography the list of all of Charlie Chaplin's movies and their respective casts supplies excellent basis for the study of the development of the "flickers."

—R. E. T. Hunter.


In this short (78 pages) sketch, Mr. Leggett tries to give the reader a faint glimpse of Mr. Russell's work, philosophy, married life, and his views on morals, marriage and religion. Through the use of many quotes (from those near, dear, and not so dear), the author shows us his subject. A friend, Mrs. Webb, says this of Russell: "Bertrand is a slight . . . man, with prominent forehead, bright eyes, strong features except for a retreating chin, nervous hands and alert quick movements. In manner and dress and outward bearing, he is most carefully trimmed, conceptually correct and punctiliously polite: . . . But, intellectually he is audacious—an iconoclast, detesting sentiment, believing only in 'the order of thought' and the 'order of things in logic and science.'"

Bertrand Russell was born at Ravenscroft on May 18, 1872. This small analytical empiricist, the son of Viscount Amberly (a theist) did not enjoy a happy childhood (both his parents died before he reached the age of four). Much of his time was spent in deep, dark thoughts of the more macabre things in life. "At the age of five one of his favorite hymns was 'Weary of Earth and laden with my sin!' He retained this tone or thought for quite a while. "During his adolescence he was continually on the verge of suicide, though amid all his doubts and despair he continued to believe in God—until he read Mill's Autobiography and found himself obliged to let go of this last support."

Russell went on to quite a full life, learning of the true beauty of mathematics (to which all calculus will quickly cheer, "Aye!") and also becoming acquainted with the other sex. His second discovery proved so interesting that it took three marriages for him to really settle down (he married the third wife in 1936, at the age of 64. They have one child, a son, Conal).

Russell's most famous works are Principia Mathematica (in collaboration with A. N. Whitehead), Our Knowledge of the Eternal World, History of Western Philosophy and The Conquest.

As a mathematician and philosopher, Russell has gained quite a bit of fame. Using a mathematical approach to philosophy, he has tried to bring precision of language to it. "The outstanding feature of Russell's work as a philosopher is his attitude of 'Methodological Doubt' applied to every stage of Philosophical enquiry, and, above all, to the actual language employed by philosophers."

Russell, now almost eighty, still is going strong (he won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1950). He lectures frequently, and his most recently published work "The Impact of Science on Society" (reviewed elsewhere in this issue) was drawn from lectures...
given at Columbia University just last year.

Mr. Leggett has given us interesting glimpses of the famous Bertrand Russell. He has not tried to gloss over the man's mistakes, often giving bits of sound criticism. Enough interesting material awaits the reader to make the time taken profitable. The book certainly makes one wish to know more about Russell. What more, then, can we ask of Mr. Leggett?

—R. E. Mansbach.


In his latest book (composed of lectures given at Columbia University under the Matchette Foundation), Bertrand Russell considers three aspects: "of the effects of science on human life." The first centers on the breakup of traditional beliefs (acceptance of knowledge from the ancients, superstitions, etc.) because of the piercing light of scientific enquiry. Later, the scientific technique is discussed. The third aspect deals with the "influence of the new techniques on government, on social classes, on the old problem of individual liberty, and on the possibility of deliberate biological modification of the human species. Finally is shown the philosophy which this scientific trend suggests to Mr. Russell.

In the first part concerning the scientific breakdown of traditional beliefs, Russell particularly lauds the late 17th and 18th centuries for developing a new outlook. Scientific men of the time realized that, "Statements of fact should be based on observation and not on unsupported authority; all changes in our universe take place through natural laws," and that "The earth is not the center of the universe, and probably man is not its purpose (if it has any); moreover, purpose is a concept which is scientifically useless."

The two most important statements found in Russell's discussion of the "Effects of Scientific Technique" are those lying in the realm of war and peace. He points out that people do not criticize their governments when under the influence of a mass war spirit. If a government, then, wishes to escape criticism, they might try to keep people constantly embroiled in, or fearing the advent of, war. "It is only natural that officials and governments are prone to foster a war mentality."

Modern weapons, made terribly powerful by scientific efficiency, have become too dangerous for use. Russell advocates the extension of the rule of law, through one international power.

As regards science and its effect on values, Russell shows the philosophy which science might be bringing about. In addition, he tells of ways in which science has (and will) brought about good things to the world.

Science seems to be fostering the development of a pragmatic philosophy of life, for these reasons: it recognizes a law or theorem only so long as it remains useful; metaphysical study is useless to its technique; and, it affords great power to those who will use it wrongly. Furthermore, those who do make bad use of scientific power probably, unless stopped make a wreck of the world. As Russell says, "The Pragmatic theory of truth is inherently connected with the appeal to force."

Science can help us, however, Russell says, "(It) can abolish poverty and excessive hours of labour." (He stipulates that this can only be done if the East cuts down its leaping birth-rate.) All advantages and benefits hinge on the development or prevention of more wars.

By way of criticism, I should like to say that Russell has pointed out clearly the merits and demerits of Science (as he sees it). In a lucid style, he certainly gives the reader plenty of material to mull over in the mind. One of his theories I would question. He believes that if one of the two great powers in the world (he hopes the United States) destroys the strength of the other, science will make the world a marvelous dwelling-place for the human race. No longer will man desire national, power (for only one international government will exist); no longer will he have great fear; and, competition will be regulated for him. Then, as Russell points out, only hate and malevolence will remain and, "must be lessened if a world state is to be stable." When speaking of a one-power rule, Russell is thinking in terms of results of a two-power war. He states that he has compassion for mankind, but what man could justify a world conflict to save millions of people which, in the long run, might kill many more millions of people than would have otherwise perished, leaving the rest in a hopeless shambles? It also seems easy for Lord Russell to state that when one power rules the world, love for power, fear, and destructive competition will disappear. I can only wonder how he can say it with a straight face. I think that Bertrand Russell, by throwing out religious and spiritual considerations and looking at this sphere through mechanistic eyes has forgotten how man acts even when in peace, how he lusts for power, and often hates, whether peace exists or not. Any man, whether 8 or 90, must realize that this "malevolent spirit" often causes the evil things in life, rather than resulting from them?

—R. E. Mansbach.


The Selected Letters inaugurates a series proposing to include such "great letter writers" as Cowper, Gray, Byron, Lamb, Flaubert, and Chekov. If all these maintain the standard of the first, we may look forward with anticipation to a meritorious addition to the field of popular literary scholarship.

Lionel Trilling claims that "in the history of literature the letters of John Keats are unique" and "are of such kind as to have an interest which is virtually equal to that of their writer's canon of created work." By a careful and comprehensive introduction and a judicious selection of epistles, Mr. Trilling ably proves his point and presents an excellent little volume. Keats is called the "most platoic of poets," characterized by the precisely defined adjective "genial," and intellectually cross-examined until he is laid bare. Mr. Trilling suffers slightly from the modern malady of psychoanalyzing every last drop of literary gravy, when he finds a primary artistic motif in Keats's unashamed predestination for food. One cannot help wondering if Keats could have been consciously motivated by all the forces presented in the introduction. These things, so obvious to the scholar, whose business is a probing exactitude, are not so readily apparent to the creative genius as they are made out to be. But this is not so much a criticism of Mr. Trilling in particular as it is a generic comment.

A thorough examination of Keats's character results in a sympathetic estimate. Keats and his philosophy are viewed against the background of the
contemporary Romantic movement, the debt to literary heritage revealed, and the poet's contribution evaluated in the light of modern experience. Mr. Trilling summarizes his conclusions: "This wisdom is the proud, bitter, and joyful acceptance of tragic life which we associate preeminently with Shakespeare. It explains the force, as the sense of adventure explains the charm, of Keats's letters."

Between the introduction and the letters, the editor helpfully inserts a group of short biographies which identify the poet's friends and correspondents.

Using the text of Maurice Buxton Forman which presents the letters as they were originally written, the misvives are selected from those written between 1816-1820, and portrays Keats from the age of twenty to his death at twenty-six. The selections include business notes to publishers, scholarly letters to his old master, Clarke, and other friends, lively descriptive passages written to his brothers, George and Thomas, and his sister, Fanny, an illuminating bit to Shelley, and, of course, the love letters to his fiancée Fanny Brawne. A fortuitous choice of documents allows a continuity such that the story of Keats's life during the period might be gathered from the internal evidence of the correspondence alone. In several letters, Keats tells of poems he is composing—"Endymion," "St. Agnes' Eve," "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." The letters themselves are a fascinating revelation of the author and his age, and are written in an engaging style by one with a true poetic capacity for accurate and detailed observation and an intense interest in life. All are chock-full of references to, and quotations from, Shakespeare and Milton, his own poems and fragments, and a curious and glorious conglomeration of knowledge utilized in the most ingenious, amusing and extraordinary fashion. Throughout the selections, one is aware of tremendous energy, as imaginative impulses are flung from a swiftly revolving mental wheel.

The letters to Fanny Brawne are marked by the desperate poignancy of a man who feels that he is "already dead." Death's coming separation torments him: "I eternally see her figure eternally vanishing."

Sincerity is a final keynote, and in this respect one of his letters ends in a manner typical of the poet. Writing to Haydon in 1816 he signs himself:

"Yours unfeignedly,
John Keats."

—D. E. Collier.

POEM

Maurice Fremont-Smith

How soon love's flavour breathes its own intention
As calmly as the shepherd's tale of spring.
Pure love is far from man's invention,
For only through the eyes do fancies sing.

True love exists not in a million dreams,
For man, imperfect, bears a thorny fruit;
And frustration's kettle only steams
In gurgling monotony to the untuned flute.

But yet, in flickers, beauty can detain.
Beyond a veil of shadow, lovers grasp
For nights scarce riches; and not withal in vain,
To find in them more love than in times past.
THE SPIT CLUB

By James T. deKay

PETER! What are you doing?"
“What the hell does it look like I'm doing? I'm drinking beer.”
“Peter! Drinking alone! That's the first sign of an alcoholic!”
“Well, now ain't that terrible! Never hurt the old man.”
“But Peter, you're only seven years old.” She whacked the bottle out of his hand, and it broke on the kitchen floor. Peter uttered the dirtiest word in the English language.
“Now, what's next? You going to say I got to lay off cigars too, I suppose? Can't a guy get a thirst on in this crummy house? Buncha gadamn puritans around here, if you ask me.”
“All right, you get right out of here and go over and play with those nice children in the lot.” Peter's mother opened the kitchen door and pointed. He got up casually and spat through the door. “Ah, go to hell.”
“You go right out there and clean that spit off the back porch before your father sees it.”
“Let him see it; he don't want it.”
“Think you're pretty funny, don't you?”
“So what if I do? Okay, okay, I'll go out and play with them lousy brats. Anything to get out of this dump,” he added fretfully. On his way out he rubbed his grubby little shoe in the spit and spread it around the porch so it wasn't so obvious. Then he swaggered down the steps, all three feet four inches of his frame showing resentment. His mother called out a last warning to be good, and was told to can it, for her troubles.
There were three rather raggedy kids playing in the lot when Peter came up. They stopped their game when he came closer.
“Who are you?” the leader asked.
“Santy Claus,” came the reply.
They ignored his smart-aleck answer, although one of them, a little girl, giggled behind her hand.
“Do you live around here?”
“No, I live at the north pole, kiddo. Anybody got a cigar?”
“There's a store on the corner that sells candy cigarettes,” said the leader, who was about Peter's age, pointing to a little tobacco store.
“Candy, shmandy,” growled Peter under his breath.
“What did you say?”
“I said can it.”
The three nice children didn't understand, but they caught the idea that they had not said the right thing to this strange boy. One of them asked if he wanted to join in their game.
“What'cha playing,” Peter asked, “ring-around-the-rosie?”
“No,” said the leader, “hide and go seek.”
“Mother McCree!” Peter slapped his little forehead. “Let's play Clancy's Saloon.”
The little girl who had giggled furrowed her brow. “How do you play it?” she piped. The two older ones chimed in. None had previous knowledge of the game.
“Well,” said Peter, now sure of himself and his audience, “we wait until my mother leaves to do the shopping, and then we all go into my kitchen, and we get some nice cold beer from the icebox and we come back here and drink it up, and talk about the sweepstakes and stuff like that, which is what my old man says they talk about in Clancy's; then,” and he added this last bit with an evil gleam in his eye, “we spit.” The audience gave a loud howl of approval at this last statement.
“Can we start spitting now?”
“No, no, we got to wait until we got a couple under our belts before we can start spitting. Right now all we got to do is wait until the old lady takes off.” So they sat down on the grass, facing Peter's house, and listened while he told what a rake he was. To whet their appetites he gave them some examples of expert spitting. He told them how to make a groove out of their tongues, and how to pucker their mouths for greater distance, and he showed them how casual you could look if you did it with your hands in your pockets and your head tilted slightly over the left shoulder. Pretty soon he stopped his demonstration, because he saw his mother leave the house.
Peter led them across the street and into the front room. Stopping momentarily to pick up four cigars, he led them back to the kitchen, where he opened the icebox door to show them three shelves of chilled beer, and one of assorted bits of food.

"There you are, folks," he said proudly, "take three apiece." He dextrously thrust his hand in and pulled out three bottles by the neck, one chubby finger about each one. The others, newer to the work, had to cradle them in their arms, but it still didn't take any time at all to get a dozen bottles out. Peter went over to the table and opened the drawer. "Almost forgot the church key."

He led the group out the back door and over to the lot again, where they sat down in the shade of an abandoned warehouse.

"Okay," said Peter, "now let's get these names straight. I'm Peter, and I don't like to be called Pete." He opened his first bottle and passed the opener over to the boy who was his own age. "How about you?"

"I'm Jonathan," said the boy, trying to keep up with his new leader, "and I don't like to be called Johnny." He had a little trouble getting the top off his bottle, but finally succeeded. He passed the church key on to the boy beside him.

"I'm . . . I'm Arthur, and I don't like to be called Bimbo."

There was a definite twitch in Peter's frame. "You don't want to be called WHAT!"

The younger boy looked completely crushed. "Bimbo," he said timidly.

"Well, I should hope to hell you don't want to be called Bimbo! That's the gadamndest name I ever heard of!" He turned to the little girl. "Okay, sister, what's yours?" He had regained control of the opener, which he now handed to her.

"Patsy."

"You mean Patricia!"

"I guess so." She too was crushed. She wasn't in a mood to argue about anything anyway, because she was having a great deal of trouble with her bottle. After several vain attempts, she finally got the top half off, which provoked a great geyser of suds to hiss from the neck. She began to cry.

"Shut UP!" shouted Peter over her sobs. So she stopped.

He took on a paternal air. "Look, Patricia," he said kindly, "when you got something that goes wrong like that, you shouldn't cry, you should use one of two words." Then he instructed her and her two playmates in the foulest word in the English language, and the second foulest word in the English language. Then he made her repeat them, and he coached her on her pronunciation. Then he helped her open her bottle.

They were now ready, he then announced, to play Clancy's Saloon. He led off with a great swig from his bottle, and the others followed suit. He passed around the cigars and instructed them not to inhale. This was complied with, and no one suffered too much from the smoke. They continued in this vein for about ten minutes, getting to know each other over a friendly beer and an equally friendly Carona-Carona.

They stretched out on the ground and picked at the grass; they were indeed contented. Then Jonathan suddenly broke Peter's monologue. (Getting to know each other meant getting to know Peter.)

"When can we start spitting?" said Jonathan.

"Yes," said the others, "when can we start?"

"Well, I guess you can start as soon as you get your first beer down." This made them concentrate on the bottles.

None of this crowd was over seven years old. Only one, Peter, had had any previous experience with alcohol in any form; the first bottle did things to them. Peter, who had had three bottles before his mother had found him, was well on the way to inebriation anyway, but he was as nothing in comparison to his cronies.

Arthur got up after one beer and went behind the warehouse. Jonathan followed his example. Patricia, the true lady, waited their return before heading in the same direction. Peter's eyes followed her dumpy little form as it waddled off into the high weeds.

Alas, no matter how many trips were made in the next hour, the alcohol seemed undiluted, and the little band of four began noisily spitting in all directions. There were the big spits at the beginning, when they were in fairly good shape, then the thin spits as they got over-excited, and finally the drooling spits that came with the third bottle. Jonathan spat at Patricia, who countered with her new vocabulary. First in low tones, and then higher and higher, as she found Jonathan keeping up his barrage. Arthur joined in the chant, and so did Peter. First the foulest, then the second foulest. Higher and higher, louder and louder, the chorus rose. Jonathan, finally devoid of saliva, joined the chorus. The quartet got to its feet and started a frenzied march in a circle, eyes glazed, voices straining, each one holding his last bottle in his hand. First the foulest, then the second foulest. They marched to the rhythm of the Anglo-Saxon chant. It turned into a game of follow the leader, as it weaved about the lot, Peter at the head. He took
them out to the fence, over the sidewalk, and back into the lot. Peter, who could hardly see through his drunken fog, spied a wooden ladder leading to the roof of the warehouse. Up he went, his troop after him. First the foulest, then the second foulest. One, two, one, two! They marched about on the roof.

All of a sudden Peter had the feeling that he would like to go behind the warehouse into the tall grass, but he was not in a position to do so.

“Okay, gang!” he had to shout to be heard. The chanters stopped. “You people go over to the other side of the roof; I got to do something here.” The three nice children reeled over in the other direction dutifully, while Peter, overlooking the sidewalk, relieved himself.

“Hey!” It was an unfamiliar voice coming from below. Peter answered with the first thing he could think of, which was also the first word of the chant.

“What!” came the voice from below. Peter looked over the edge. There stood a blue-uniformed policeman, shaking a furious fist at him.

Peter learned several variations on his favorite word within the next thirty seconds. He stood in open mouthed admiration for a moment before regaining control.

“Ah, can it, copper!” He threw his empty bottle at the policeman. The others, who had joined him at the first sounds from below, threw theirs too. None hit the mark, but all were close enough to awaken a great fear in the policeman. They started their chant again.

The cop ran around frantically, trying to find where the ladder was. The kids followed him around from above, shouting their song at him.

The inevitable finally came about, though, and they found themselves with the policeman standing between them and the ladder, right smack in front of them. He swooped down and grabbed Peter by the scruff of his neck.

“Okay, you kids, you’re coming with me.”

They tried to get them for disturbing the peace, but they were too young; then they tried to get Peter for contributing to the delinquency of minors, but after all he was only seven years old; then they gave up and sent them all home. They were whacked around by their parents, but they didn’t mind; it had been worth it. Although they were all put on the wagon, they did revive a few good memories every warm Saturday by sitting around by the empty warehouse and spitting.

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MATERNITY

*George Becker*

A sounding thwack, a snapping crack,  
And flame came down on all the town  
As round about the crowd doth shout  
Back to her pen, the pregnant hen.

The fat Matilda strolled the street  
To eat some meat her shiny feet  
Did beat the pavement to a heat  
The combing crowd no cock should greet.

But was it thru now that she knew  
Winds blew, skies blue and purple too  
He tried in vain to counter-pain  
No, No, she said, I’ll soon be dead.

For painless chickbirth is an art,  
So to it I must get head start  
With no more greasy hot French fries  
More sleep—less peep—more exercise.

The ether bees buzzed round her nose  
While strolling Matilda began to doze  
When then the clothes around her toes  
Moved—seven feathers!
Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

Number 8...THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE

"I don't go for a wild pitch!"

Clean-up man on the baseball nine, this slugger doesn't like to reach for 'em... wants it right over the plate. And that's the way he likes his proof of cigarette mildness! No razzle-dazzle "quick-puff" tests for him. No one-whiff, one-puff experiments. There's one test, he's discovered, that's right down the alley!

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