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L. F. Page, III

Suspicion
Gerald R. Morse

Sally Potter
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Thoughts and Deeds Concerning a Man
Thomas Lawrence
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SINGLE COPIES THIS ISSUE, ONE DOLLAR.
LaFayette Page is a newcomer to the REVIEW who entered the Sophomore Class this year after serving in the Marine Corps. He is married and lives in Farmington, Connecticut. His skill is evident.

Chisel
by L. F. Page, III, '57

ONLY one more week to go and Martin felt lost. He sat slumped at his bench and dully gazed about him at the familiar scene. The fresh new lumber aging on the rafters, the aged lumber sorted into neat stacks against the wall, the thumping of a mallet on a chisel head, the sorted shavings on the floor, the whining of the power saws, the screech of a plane, all as a part of his life in this place. The familiar shapes hunched over their benches intent on the only thing that mattered... their work.

His thoughts were skipping at random about the shop. First they settled on the power saw where he had lost the tip of his thumb, then on the guard who had stopped the riot above five years ago, then without warning they settled on the bench before him. His gaze seemed to follow his thoughts as they mused over the familiar objects. A warm look seeped gently into his eyes. He thought of the endless trouble he’d had keeping an edge on the quarter inch chisel, how the right corner always lost its edge. When he was working on the
design the Warden’s wife had given him for the top of the chest that he had made for her, that chisel had refused to stay sharp long enough to complete one of the rose clusters. He sharpened it fifty-six times before he finished the roses. When it was completed he could detect the minute marks that the chisel had left, pitfalls in the smooth wooden valleys that lay between the petals. He sat there regarding the chisel as one regards an adolescent boy and assigning to it the same love and censure that one would to a son.

A plane lay on its side at the back left hand corner of the work table. It came to life for him as his thoughts focused on it. He pondered over the blade that refused to set straight; it usually protruded a mite to the left. The top of the Warden’s desk bore mute testimony to that, being a sixteenth thinner on the drawer side. The Warden said it was good that way because pencils would not roll away from him. It always held a good edge though and was warm and secure in hand as it was guided along the grain of the wood. Where it had caused the most trouble was on the set of chairs for the Captain of the Guard’s dining room. The back leg of the big chair isn’t quite right.

A set of bits stood in rigid formation in their rack at the back of the bench. He remembered the never failing perfection with which they had served him. Next to these were six wood-


CHISEL

en handles protruding in like manner from the back of that deeply pitted work table. His eyes seemed to reflect the light bouncing off those handles, polished bright by the years of rubbing contact with the perspiring palms, which were even now damp though he had done no work. These carving chisels with their oddly misshapen blades had been his closest companions for a score of years. He removed each from its position and ran loving fingers over their worn steel blades enjoying to the limit their warm and familiar feel, fondling each as one does a child.

Placing the last one back in its position with a slight tremble in his lean, hairy fingers he dwelt on it. It appeared as though he had not the will to let his fingers drop away from that deep brown knob. With his other hand he idly traced through the years of gouges on the table’s surface as a blind man reading braille.

The guard stopped beside the table. “Couple of more days and you’ll be leav’n us, Martin. Must make you feel pretty wonderful to know that you’ll be free after all these years. What do you think you’ll do? . . . Used to be a school teacher or something, didn’t you? . . .” With a gentle hand pressure on the shoulder the guard started to go. Martin turned quickly to him with all the hope of a child in his face. “Jim, do you think the Warden would let me take them with me?”

---

An Orphean Octet

My love is but a wisp of light
That glides through dreamy depths of sleep;
A golden shadow in the night
Who flies before the dawn to lie
Unseen, amidst the cares of man, a sprite
From whose arms I cannot keep;
A most unique but pleasant plight,
To lie possessed, not knowing why.

by Manown Kisor, Jr.
The night shift of Pratt-Whitney I-B-M machines is the practical side of Chester Ringheiser. Besides supplementing his G.I. Bill, the work provides invaluable time for Mr. Ringheiser to cultivate his impractical side. The fruits of this were first evident in last Winter’s REVIEW, and the following story continues the exploration of male-female relationships essayed in "Prologue." Chester is a member of the board.

Two and the Rose
by Chester Ringheiser, ’55

A rose is a rose, is a rose.
—G. Stein

The day had been difficult; the most difficult George had experienced at Stevens. He supposed that selling was not his true vocation. When he entered the small white house with the artificial shutters he felt as if he were opening the door against his will. Perhaps it was because of the lost account, the bills. Perhaps it was his wife and the loneliness which fell upon him when he least expected it and exiled him from her life of budgets and plans. Life then became obscure and his mind full of inexplicable desires, but he was not sure why the night seemed a homecoming of consummate failure.

A solution, there was a solution, there must be. He turned the key in the lock. Tolerance, perhaps it was tolerance; yes that was it. He must concede to life, concede and smile. But did a man concede? He hung his coat in the hall closet and walked into the living room. Was he a man? Yes he was a man, more of a man than Nancy was capable of suspecting. There were things which he could not say to her, and if he could and she would listen then she, but . . . "Is that you, George?"; it was a secret now.

"Who else?" he said, sitting heavily in his favorite chair. He loosened his tie and looked fixedly at the bric-a-brac as Nancy bent to kiss him.

"I thought it might have been the insurance man," she snickered.

"Very funny, very funny," he smiled sarcastically up at the small pretty woman in the hostess apron.

"Now come on George, are you going to be a sourpuss again?" George watched her eyes when she spoke. "No, now let's not have another complaint session. Where did the roses on the radio come from?" he changed the subject.

"From your mother's garden, and by the way she called and wants you to go over there tonight and do something for that refrigerator."

"I suppose you told her I could make it."

"Why yes," she said walking over to the radio and picking up some petals which had fallen from the roses. "You haven't anything to do this evening, have you?"

"Good old George, always on call. I appreciate your arranging my evenings for me."

"Really George, sometimes I just can't figure you out," she said, walking back to the kitchen.

George smiled sardonically. "Why don't you give it a try sometime?" He picked up a magazine half listening to the dull sounds of pots being taken down from the shelf. She did not answer.

Somehow the food in front of him looked over-prepared. Somehow there was obligation connected to his mere presence at the table. Even the meals he ate had some strings attached. George ate in silence. Nancy placed her fork carefully on the side of her plate.

"Are we going to have to wrestle through another of your moods? If you don't want to go to your mother's tonight, just call her."

"Did I complain?" he said remembering his secret. "I'll go." He rose from the table and walked to the living room. He stood pensive-
ly a moment, lit a cigarette and walked to the closet and put on his jacket.

"You won't need that, will you? It's so hot."

"Yes, I'll need it and I'll dress the way I choose."

"All right, do as you please." Nancy walked back to the kitchen. He heard water running over dishes.

"So long," he said loudly to be heard over the sound of the water.

Nancy walked into the living room wiping her hands on a dish towel. "So long, I hope you'll be in a better mood when you get back."

She turned again to the kitchen. "And try and be home early so we can look at those house plans that came today." She pointed to a manila envelope lying on a table.

"I'll try," he said, hesitated for a moment, and walked to the door. It was only with difficulty that he kept from slamming it.

II

He drove slowly. The car gave him the first assurance he had felt that day. Driving to his mother's house was an automatic process. He let the car take him. The unpleasantness of the evening was rapidly dwindling to memory. When he pressed the gas the car moved, when he touched the brake it stopped. He guided it, he moved it, it was insensible but for his hand and his action.

The turn-off to his mother's was blocked by a wooden barricade which warned of construction. He would have to turn around and go back three blocks and turn left. But it was early and she couldn't expect him so soon. He would drive.

The cars on the highway were beginning to turn on their lights. They approached him and passed. It was as though he were making his way through the complex halls of an ancient house and making his way with ease and efficiency. This is what he should do. Get away for a while. Perhaps he spent too much time at home. But not tonight. He had to turn back soon. But there was John's Place where Harry and the boys from the office hung out. It wouldn't take very long. But Harry didn't like him, but perhaps he didn't know him. He saw the sign ahead of him, filling the road with a sickening neon glow.

Harry was a good salesman, he thought, as he entered the door, but George was afraid of him. And Monk, his shadow seemed to curl around his words and twist them as though they were made of smoke. The air conditioning gave him a sudden chill. He walked into the bar glancing into the dining room.

A mirrored column rose from the middle of the floor. It supported a shelf of amber bottles in numberless shapes. The bar was circular. George walked to the bar and sat down next to Harry who was talking in low tones to Monk. Harry saw George's reflection in the glass. "Well, well, well, if it isn't George Allson. What happened, the wife let you out for once?" Harry said with a taunting smile.

"No, I just thought I'd drop in for awhile to cool off." Monk laughed, his narrow face running into lines as glass when it breaks. He looked at Harry waiting.

"Well sit down with us, you got time," Harry said pulling up a high stool for George. "Well, what'll it be? Monk and I are drinking sours."

"Scotch and soda's fine," said George loosening his tie.

"Scotch and soda for my friend here, Benny." Harry motioned to the bartender. He quickly assembled the drink in front of George.

"No, we don't get to see much of George around here," said Monk looking first at the bottom of his glass and then up to Harry. George sensed their patronizing disrespect. But he must stay. He must do something. "Well, how's business," Harry looked at George expectantly.

"You should be in the big money now. Let's see, you've been with us three months. Is that right?"

"Yes, about three," said George, knowing what was to follow.

"How's that ethical business practice paying off that you were talking about?"
George knew that this would happen. He felt disarmed and uncomfortable. Why did Harry hate him? Was he too nice, too proper? But this is the way he lived. He had to live that way, but they would not understand. They don’t understand anything. “You saw the records at the office. Now let’s not talk shop.”

“Okay, George, okay. But Monk and I could really give you a hand if you wanted it. But if you won’t listen . . .” Monk was smiling at the bottom of his glass.

“Well first today,” said George confidently. He set his drink next to Harry’s and waited for conversation.

Monk who was unmarried kept glancing about the room. “Don’t seem to be many women around tonight,” he said looking at Harry.

“Monk, stay the way you are. Women are the first step into trouble. Look at the deal I got.” Harry looked down at a well worn wedding band.

“What do you think of women, George?” Harry asked, sipping his drink.

“Sometimes I like them; sometimes I don’t.” George felt as though he were being crowded into a corner and that Harry and Monk were making note of each word he spoke.

“Harry knows one comes in here all the time,” Monk smiled at Harry. “Maybe George would like to meet her.”

“I might,” George drained his glass. “Well how about another drink.”

“Yea, the same around,” Harry called to Benny who was polishing glasses vigorously. Benny mixed the drinks and brought them. Harry reached for his pocket.

“No, let me get these,” George said, laying a ten dollar bill on the bar.

“You know, George,” Harry said, “maybe we had you wrong. We thought you were like the rest of those dead heads at the office, tied to their wives’ apron strings.”

“You better watch out,” Monk smiled. “If she comes in tonight, George’ll cut your time.”

Harry laughed loudly. George was embarrassed, but managed a smile when Harry looked at him.

“There she is.” Monk pointed to a tall woman dressed in black who had just entered the door. Her face was attractive but George felt that it was fashioned for the occasion. She strutted across the floor in high heels and sat at a corner table. She ordered a drink. When she got it he admired her action with the tall frosted glass.

“A very pretty lady,” said George.

“Pretty, but no lady,” Harry said looking at the woman in black.

“Will she?” said George self-consciously.

“Sure if you buy her a couple of drinks and tell her you understand her problems.”

“Oh, that kind.” George looked over at the woman in black. She was lighting a cigarette.

“Harry heard all about ‘em last night. Didn’t ya, boy?” Monk nudged Harry with his elbow.

George wanted to ask what had happened last night. He had forgotten his fear and his dislike and almost admired the super-salesman in spite of the danger he felt in his company.

Harry moved his hand through the air as though he were pushing something away. “You said it; I heard them!” He turned to George.

“I make the proposition see,” he explained, “and take her to this motel. Well she wants to talk.” Monk laughed.

“You weren’t in any mood for talking then, were you, boy?” He nudged Harry again with his elbow.
"You said it." He turned to George again. "So we finish and she still wants to talk. So I left her. Told her the check was paid. That was all she wanted anyway. Goddamn women are all alike. Always trying to prove something."

There was hate in his voice. George could understand some of this. He felt that Nancy always wanted something, always was too definite. But he could also understand her talking. Nancy never talked. She moaned and was speechless. He couldn't but . . . he could help her, he could talk to her. He understood this woman. He would be a lover. But was it loneliness again? Was it that perplexing unreality? He drained his glass. No, it could be; windows open, curtains moving in a breeze from the window, darkness and nakedness. It was. "Women have lots of problems," George said defiantly.

"Sure but Harry didn't want to hear about them last night." Monk laughed. He pulled his thin lips back showing his yellow teeth.

"They're always playing games." Harry motioned to Benny for more drinks. "Like to meet her, George?"

"Sure, I'm game."

"Buy her a drink and send it over with the waiter." George felt as though he were being initiated into a club to which he did not wish to belong. He felt the same as when he had hit the home run playing baseball. He had tried to explain to his praising companions that it had been a lucky hit. But he could not explain then and he could not explain now; and he so wished to explain.

"Yeah, buy her a drink, just like in the movies," said Monk laughing.

"Send a drink over to that lady at that corner table from George here, Benny," Harry said before George could speak. He grew restless under the business-like stare of the bartender. What if she should say something, ask him to come over? How would he begin? He was sure now that he did not love Nancy. He was alive.

The waiter placed the drink on the table. The woman said something to him, but did not look over at the bar. The waiter walked slowly to George. "The lady said thank you." He turned and walked away.

"Well, I guess that settles that. I suppose she doesn't find I'm her type." He laughed.

"Don't be a jerk," Harry said, "go over to her table."

"No, I'll let her wait awhile." George finished his drink.

"Yeah, that's the way to treat 'em, boy." Monk laughed and looked over at the lady.

"Yeah, I'll go over and talk to her." George stood up. He was surprised to find his legs weak and his vision blurred at the edges. He began, but what would he say? The room and voices became fused in an ecstasy of friendship. He walked past heads and people; they meant nothing. It was the woman in black. Black and alive.

"May I sit down?" he said, bumping against the table.

"It looks as though you already are," she smiled sensing eyes not used to their recently acquired blur. George felt that he would get up in a moment and resign his conquest, give life to his helpless victim. But he stayed and did not know why.

"I see you're a friend of Harry's," she said.

"Yes, we work together," said George boastfully. "He says he knows you."

"Yes, he knows me," she toyed with her tall glass. George looked at the black mesh covering her bare shoulders. He noticed small brown freckles on her arms. There was a silence in which someone should have asked someone to dance. They looked at each other across the table.

"Where do you live?"

"About a mile from here." She looked about the room. George watched her carefully.

"I see you're married."

"Unfortunately yes." She looked down at her banded finger.

"Why unfortunately?" George laughed.
"We don't get along. If we did, do you suppose I'd be down here?"

"No, I suppose neither of us would." George had said the wrong thing. But was it wrong, was it untrue? How should he begin? There were elephants walking in his mind. He had visioned triumphs, battles, but this was ordinary, common.

Her glass was empty. "It's awfully noisy in here. Would you like to go for a drive?" George had said the wrong thing. But was it wrong, was it untrue? How should he begin? There were elephants walking in his mind. He had visioned triumphs, battles, but this was ordinary, common.

"No, I wouldn't mind," she smiled.

George paid her check to the waiter. George did not like the waiter.

The woman in black waited outside in the glaring yellow neon. George approached the door in complete euphoria. It seemed that an adventure was looming abruptly in front of him. He was confident that he would face it calmly and hold it in its true perspective. He would knit it into the ever growing fabric of reality that he was only now beginning to construct for himself. It seemed that some distasteful door were being opened with the strength of a machine presenting his eyes with walks he had never seen before, but had somehow traveled through; but had traveled blind.

III

"George, now don't forget to put your heavy socks under your galoshes, and tuck your pants in at the top," the voice added, tripping careening up the stairs.

The boy sat on the edge of his bed fastening the last of the catches of his oversized rubber smelling overshoes. His white shirt was rigidly starched; his tie hung down in a neat still pendulum from his collar as he bent his body. A precise straight line of scalp parted his hair. In his eyes were love and certitude and excitement.

When the boy finished he ran down the stairs the catches jingling. It was a beautiful clean snowy morning. The snow had fallen slowly, silently all night. It was no surprise to the boy, for he had watched it fall until sleep shut his eyes. He had poked his head by the window and opened it a bit to let the snow-clean air blow about his face. He had watched it slowly covering the vague night shapes of the houses, the gardens, the lattice where roses grew in early summer. Slowly the vague masses took soft white amazing shapes. The garage became humped with heaps of white, the garden covered and warm. How wonderful if Christmas could be now, he had thought. Before his eyes the world had changed. The lattice was now a white marble gateway to a magic castle. The garage, pagoda roofed, was like the pictures he had seen in school. The garden was a place where secrets slept, and he imagined the buds of flowers to be curled and sleeping as he had seen birds curl their heads under their wings. And when he had seen these things, he had fallen wonderfully asleep.

"Eat your breakfast now, George. You don't want to be late for school again."

"Yes, Mom," said the boy eating quickly and rather noisily.

"Eat like a little man, not like a little pig," the woman said impatiently. The boy slowed the pace of his spoon and moved it with careful manners into the steaming bowl of oatmeal.

"Your father said that you should shovel the walk when you get home," the woman said walking over to the stove.

"Yes, Mom," the boy said speeding up the motion of his spoon.

"What's the matter with you this morning, George? You aren't saying a thing. Any other boy would be jumping around just itching to get out in the snow, but not you. Sometimes I wish you weren't such a good child." The boy listened with only part of himself. The other part was in some vacant place which he hoped no one would discover.

"I like the snow, Mother."

"I know you do, but not like other boys." The boy had heard these words before. He felt helpless when they were spoken. It was
as though he were asked to do something which was possible, but somehow unreal.

"And don't forget to say your ten commandments on the way to school. You've got to say them on Sunday and it's Friday already."

"I will, Mom," said the boy. He had almost finished his breakfast. The woman walked to the window and looked out on the untouched landscape. The lilac bush was hung with clinging white. The wind had failed to take the last withered leaves from its branches, and there were shapes in it like old men talking together. She realized that she had said the wrong things to her son. She had not spoken to him, but only to herself hoping that he would overhear and know how much his mother wanted him to be a real boy.

When she turned the boy was getting on his coat. "Goodbye, Mom, I'll be home about four." The woman pulled the coat collar higher on his neck.

"Now be a good boy," she held his face in her hands. The boy stood on tiptoes and kissed the lips of the bending woman.

"Goodbye." He stepped out of the door.

The air met him suddenly filling him with icy windy passions. He wished to run as fast as he could out into the snow. But against this passion moved a fear, almost a guilt. He looked at the untouched, the soft snow caressing the ugly stone. The snow was so kind, he thought, he should not step on it, crush it flat and hard. It should be left alone and beautiful. And as he stood on the snow-drifted porch he thought the steps were the most beautiful things he had ever seen. He heard the door open behind him. He turned and saw his mother wrapped in a moth-holed shawl. "You'd better get going, George," she smiled. She kissed him impulsively on the cheek and went inside. Then he ran.

He jumped down the porch steps and ran to the corner past the frosted hellos of his schoolmates. He ran, "I am the Lord thy God thou shalt have none other gods but me." His feet crushed the snow as his small legs beat a laborious path. Every pattern of the flakes seemed filled with cold pompous meaning. "Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain." His feet ran. He kicked the wind made drifts to the wind again. He felt the cold flakes at his cheek, felt them chill his neck. "Honor thy father and thy mother." It began to be a rhythmic systematic run. Each step came down more fiercely than the one before. "Thou shalt not covet, bear false witness against thy neighbor, thou shalt not commit adultery." He stumbled and fell in the soft yielding snow and lay there breathing hard. A man with a dog came by and asked him if he were hurt. He said no and walked the rest of the way to school alone feeling that something had happened.

IV

"It's not an easy thing to be happy," she said looking into the oncoming headlights.

"No, I suppose it isn't. Everyone has something that never quite gets satisfied."

"Do you find that too?" she said almost with excitement. "I've wanted something for so long that I've almost forgotten what it feels like to be near it, or what I'd do if I should suddenly come upon it without looking for it."

George became uncomfortable. It seemed that the woman had said something he should have said. He felt required, to give and make effort when he had so wanted his adventure to be effortless.

He pulled the car into a side road and drove until he approached an open field. He parked. When the motor died the woman broke the silence. "Why are we stopping here?" she said, pulling off her gloves with mechanical distaste.

"It's just a little adolescent, isn't it?" her gloves removed and lying on her purse beside her.

"What do you mean?" George said impatiently.

"I mean parking like this."
"What would you rather do, go to a motor court?" George snapped.

"I'm sorry, maybe you're different, you seem different." Outside in the woods a cricket was rhythmically chirping. A cool slice of moon slithered its light among the trees. It was a night in which no one could lurk hidden in a wood.

"It's quiet here, isn't it?" George said.

"Yes, very," she smiled at George in the darkness.

"What is it that you've been looking for so long and haven't been able to find?" George asked eagerly.

"Oh it's nothing really concrete. It's just that nothing seems to fit into anything else. People are too cold and don't really love each other. It's . . . I don't know, as if there was something else somewhere."

George ached with a thousand recollections. But was it cause for an end? Could he speak now and begin it? It must be all at once if it was to be at all. "I feel," he said moving closer to her. "I feel," she crossed her legs and listened. He heard the stockings rubbing, scraping. "What about your husband?"

"Let's just sit here and be quiet," she breathed heavily. George listened to the cricket. In the darkness there was an affinity for one body for another. He placed his hand on the seat beside him. He moved it toward her until he touched her hand. He moved his fingers over it and clasped it loosely.

"Don't touch me, please, let's just sit here, sit here and talk."

"But don't you . . . ," George fought anger with his mind. He was thin steel in a watery room. What would he do? Did she understand? She did but, couldn't she . . .

"Why don't you talk?" She moved her hand under his. George clutched it defiantly. He moved closer and kissed her with all his strength. Stonelike, she did not respond.

"Please," she pulled her hand from his grasp. "I wish that just once . . ." He started the motor covering her words with sound. When he left her he said that he was sorry.

Now, he must face it. Home. His mother would be angry. Nancy would ask where he had been. Would he tell her? Did he really need to? He must tell her he had done a horrible thing. He had lost his head. She would cry and cling to him. But he must tell her. He must be honest.

He parked in front of the house. The lights were on. Nancy was on the couch asleep. He hung his coat in the closet, and tiptoed over to her.

"George," she said sleepily without opening her eyes.

"Yes."

"What happened to you? I've been worried sick. What time is it?"

"About one." He kissed her. She stood up and walked stiffly across the room. "Did Mother call?"

"Yes, just after you left. She said not to bother to come over."

"Oh, Nancy, something terrible happened tonight. I almost . . ."

"Tell me in the morning, dear. Tell me upstairs. I'm dead."

"But, I almost spoiled everything, I almost . . ."

"But you didn't, and all I care about is that you got here safe. I had all sorts of visions about you being in an accident or something." She walked toward him on bare feet. Her toenails were polished. She pulled him down to her. He felt her wet sleepy lips about his face.

"But I've almost hurt you very much." He walked away from her hating her assurance.

"Oh dear, I've got to dust tomorrow," she said drawing a clean line in the dust across the radio top. She lifted the vase and looked at the clean shining circle beneath it. "Yes, I must dust tomorrow." When she reached George he had one foot on the stair. She put her arm through his and they walked up together just as they had always done.
Elusive as the Substance
of a Shadow

Elusive as the substance of a shadow
Love doubts its own reality
Though intimate as a breeze gently swaying a pliant bow,
As one drop with its brother at sea bottom;
Though alive as petulant wave and stubborn rock
Remain together at night or in the watchers absence.
Love hesitates alertly, a cautious warrior,
Defensive in his tactics, wary of battle,
Avoiding commitment with alacrity and sudden.
Yet, shy as a wondering, watchful creature in the wilds,
It questions its own frightfulness,
Fearing impotence in evening moments.
Still, not too worried as the world turns round,
Knowing about passing fancies, content to wait.

by Stephen Tudor, '56

... And They Are Comforted

Have you ever noticed, just before the snows,
How winds whirl wildly down from out the north
To torture all the dead and dying trees?
Their icy torches burn and sting and slash,
Cracking, stabbing, splitting, humbling.
Once soothing whispers, now magnified and shrill,
Beg deliverance from the devil’s whips.
Threatening clouds slither across the moon
And veil the stars in dirty, somber gray.
Bare, brown branches twisting towards the sky...
Jagged bones still darker than the night...
Vainly searching for some ray of light.
But still the wind shrieks on.
All hope is gone.
And, arms outstretched, the trees await their doom.
Then, suddenly, the dark clouds drift away,
The winds retreat, and all the world is still.
The trees are calm once more, and comforted;
As the tiny, radiant fires of stars
Silently kiss their fleshless fingertips.

Have you ever noticed, on a snowy eve
After the storm abates, how all the trees,
stripped of their leaves,
Are left, rigid and frightened, under frozen cloak
Of cold and heartless soft white velvet nap?
Or how, not snow but ice has come
And clothed the trees in brilliant cloth of glass?
Heavy, painful, multi-colored jewels,
Twinkling like prisms near a candle flame,
Flashing myriads of pastels
Into our too-ordinary eyes.
Brightly glittering,
Glorifying and crippling the boughs in their transparent tombs.
The trees, when merely touched by a slight sigh
From Winter’s frosted throat,
Do stir and shake, as if awake
For just a moment,
As they seek to free themselves of their cold capes,
And shrink to drink in the hard warmth of Mother Earth.

by Remington Rose, '58
A sophomore from Winchester, New Hampshire, Gerald R. Morse has produced a drama which is particularly outstanding for an economy of expression which builds to a skillful climax. He cleverly illustrates how the essence of an art form can be a self imposed limitation.

Suspicion

by Gerald R. Morse, '57

The rain started falling about the time I turned on the pump lights in the early evening. It was Sunday, and the night traffic was flowing south in a long stream of headlights. The beams cut through the drops of rain, and as the cars passed, the humming and swishing of their tires on the wet highway became a steady rhythm. Once in a while, a pair of headlights would diverge from its fellows and pull up to the pumps. The bell would ring, and I would take the raincoat from its hook behind the door and go out.

He showed up while I was making change for a customer. He pushed open the door, walked in, and set his suitcase down by the oilrack. I went by him, out the door to give the customer his change. When I came back, he was still standing there. Around his feet was a wet ring made by the water dripping off his trenchcoat.

As I walked behind the counter, I asked, "Anything I can do for you?"

He glanced at me and shook his head.

"No, just want to get dry," he replied, and dug his hands deeper into the coat pockets. I picked up a dead flashlight that was lying by the cash register and began to repair it. He moved over to the coke machine.

"Must be plenty of business, tonight," he said.

"Yeah, end of the holiday," I answered and instantly regretted it.

His voice sounded nervous and false. He was not trying to strike up a conversation. I decided it would be better not to say any more. He turned around and sat on the coke machine. There was a sign on it that stated no one was to sit there, but now I did not feel like telling him to get off. I fixed the flashlight and looked up. He was staring through the show-window at the passing cars. His hands were still in his pockets. Another car drove in, throwing water onto the window. I walked over to the door, took down the raincoat and went out. When I was through, I came back in and rang up the cash. He twisted slightly around and tried, inconspicuously, to look into the drawer. His eye caught mine, then looked over my shoulder and pretended to rest on the parts shelf behind me. I placed the cash in the compartments, closed the drawer and locked it, putting the key in my pocket. The air pump suddenly went on, and the whine startled me. I sat down on the stool and reached to an automobile manual. My eyes skimmed the print, but I never read any of it. He moved off the coke machine and began to explore the showcase. I only heard him move, but I could sense that he glanced over at me. I was getting nervous.

On the floor at my feet were a couple of jack handles that had been shoved under the counter. When I was sure he had his back to me, I looked up. Why doesn't he take his hands out of his pockets? He was big, bigger than myself, but the coat added something to his size. Neither of us said anything, and the strange, strained air of the place began to seem endless. A relief would come whenever a car stopped, but while I was outside I kept my eye on him. Finally, he went back to the machine and sat down again. The air pump had gone off and outside I could hear the steady drip of water as it fell from the roof. He must be all right, I thought. No one would
wait this long, but maybe it's because it's too early, maybe he's getting up the nerve. My boss always said that the amateurs were the worst. The professionals know their business and the last thing they wanted was for somebody to get hurt. These amateurs would start blazing at anything.

There was a .32 in the back room. It had been sitting in a closet for about two years, awaiting some emergency. I tried to think of some excuse to go out there—some good excuse that would not cause suspicion. When I did think of one, I could not speak. Interrupting the silence would do more harm than a poor excuse. So, trying to be casual, I got up and walked out back. The gun was lying under some old rags. I grew more confident as I took it out and handled it. Before the gun had been put away, my boss had loaded it and oiled the shells so they would not rust in the revolver. I put the .32 in my pocket and returned to the counter.

It was quarter to eleven, and in fifteen minutes I would close the station, take the cash from the drawer and deliver it at my boss's house. The stranger hadn't moved during the time I was in the back room, but now he came over to the counter.

"Have you got a cigarette?"

"No," I said and nodded towards the vending machine in the corner. He shrugged and said he had no money, walked back to the coke machine and stared at the little sign.

After ten minutes had passed, I turned off the outside lights and came back to the cash register.

"Locking up?" He was still standing by the machine.

"Yeah," I said.

His hand came out of his pocket about the same time mine did. We both were caught off guard, but I held the .32 very steady. My fingers tightened around the trigger, then loosened. He smiled, inserted the dime he was holding between his fingers into the slot of the machine and pulled the lever. I laid the revolver by the cash register. The whole atmosphere of the place rushed in around me as I fumbled the key into the lock and opened the cash drawer. Deep inside of me I felt a glow that was very unpleasant.

He finished his coke and, after putting the bottle into the case for empties, walked over and picked up his suitcase.

"So long and thanks," he said still smiling as he went out the door.
Certainly Paul Terry has earned his position as a literary figure on the Trinity campus. He is on the editorial boards of the TRIPOD and the REVIEW, and publishes here a translation which captures both the meaning and the poetry of this Spanish classic.

Los Ojos Verdes
(Green Eyes)

by Gustavo Adolfo Becquer
translated by Paul P. Terry, '56

PREFACE:

GUSTAVO ALDOLFO BECUER was born in 1836 at Sevilla, Spain. His parents died when he was a child, and he was raised by an aunt who lived in Madrid. His first position was with the government, as a clerk. The young Gustavo was not cut out for such a life, however, and this job was rather short-lived. One day, he was discovered writing poetry while he should have been working—he was promptly and unceremoniously fired. After his dismissal, he embarked upon a writing career which was marked by several notable works; unfortunately, his success was cut short by an untimely death in 1870. He died in Madrid at the early age of thirty-four.

Becquer was essentially a poet, although he did not confine his efforts to that field alone. Even in his prose, the fine precision and sweet melodic rhythms of poetry are quite discernible. This is especially true in Los Ojos Verdes. In translating this short story, I have attempted to retain the poetical effects. Poetry is best expressed through the media of sound and rhythm, and Becquer has accomplished this even though the work is prose. For this reason, I hope the reader will excuse the few liberties I have taken in translating.

As to the story itself, it is, as Becquer himself puts it: "... a sketch for a picture." Yet it is more than a mere sketch; it is a work complete and fulfilled in itself. It is a story with-
in a story. I cannot help recalling here a passage from Shakespeare’s *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, which expresses perfectly what Bacquer has done in this work:

“The poet’s eye, in fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet’s pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.”

**FOR** a long time now I have longed to write something about this title.

Today, since the occasion has presented itself to me, I have placed it, in large letters, on the first sheet of paper and left it to the whim of my pen.

I believe that I have seen such eyes as those which are painted in this legend. I don’t know if it was in my dreams, but I have seen them. It would not be possible to describe them exactly as they were: Luminous, transparent—like the drops of rain which glide over the leaves of the trees after a summer tempest. At any rate, I call upon the imagination of my readers to understand my story, which we shall call the sketch for a picture which someday I intend to paint.

**I**

“The stag is wounded . . . there he goes; you can see the trail of blood among the bramble of the mountain. His legs are weakening . . . our young gallant begins where everyone else gives up . . . in forty years of hunting I have never seen a better shot . . . But, by Saint Saturio! . . . cut him off by those oak trees, urge on the hounds, sound the trumpets, put the whip to the horses . . . can’t you see he is heading toward the pool of the Alamos? . . . if he reaches it before he dies, we can give him up for lost!”

The valley of Moncayo resounds with the blasts of the trumpets, the voices of the pages are flung forth with renewed fury as the confused troop of men, horses, and dogs speeds to the place which Inigo, the chief huntsman of the Marquis of Almenar, had pointed out as the most suitable place at which to cut off the path of the wounded beast.

But all was futile. When the fleetest of the hunting dogs arrived at the oak trees, his fangs flecked with foam, the stag had already cleared the thicket with a single leap and disappeared from view, losing himself among the bushes which surround the pool.

“Halt! . . . everyone halt!” shouted Inigo. “It was the will of God that he should get away.”

The cavalcade stopped, the trumpets were silenced, and the hunters and their hounds stood glowering at the trail.

At that moment, the hero of the hunting party rejoined the retinue. He was Fernando de Argensola, the first born son of the Marquis of Almenar.

“What happened?” he asked the chief huntsman. Astonishment was written all over his face, and anger burned in his eyes. “What happened, imbecile? Can’t you see the game is wounded? He is the first stag that has ever fallen by my hands, and you would abandon the chase and leave him to die in the woods? Do you think I came on this hunt to kill deer for the wolves to feed on?”

“Senor,” murmured Inigo through clenched teeth, “it is impossible to go any further.”

“Impossible! Why?”

“Because this trail leads to the pool of the Alamos; the pool in whose waters lives an evil spirit. He who dares to disturb its placid surface pays dearly for his boldness. And the beast has reached its shores. How can you follow him without bringing some horrible calamity down upon yourself? In these woods, we hunters are masters, but masters who pay a tribute. Game which takes refuge near that mysterious pool is game lost.”

“Game lost! I would rather lose the lands
of my father, I would rather lose my soul to
the devil than to allow this stag to escape. He
represents the first fruit of all my efforts, the
first beast my spear has ever wounded . . . can’t
you see? . . . can’t you understand? Even from
here it is obvious that he is weakening . . . let
me go! . . . let me go! . . . drop that bridle or
I’ll run you into the ground . . . maybe I can
catch up to him before he reaches the pool . . .
and even if he does, the pool and its inhabitant
can go to the devil . . . Up Relampago, up, my
steed! . . . I shall have diamonds mounted on
your golden cavesson if you overtake him.”

Inigo followed the horse and rider with his
eyes until they had disappeared into the foliage;
then, glancing around him, he noticed that
everyone was standing absolutely still. On
each face was an expression of terror.

The chief huntsman exclaimed suddenly:
“Senores, you have witnessed what happened.
I exposed myself to death beneath the hooves
of his horse trying to stop him. I have fulfilled
my duty. Heroic youth hesitates not even for
the devil.”

II

“What has happened to you? Lately, you
have been so pale and gloomy. You’ve seemed
so sad ever since that day, which I shall always
look back on as fatal, that you chased the
wounded stag to the banks of the Alamos.
You appear to have been weakened by the spell
of some wicked sorcerer or something.

“No longer does the echo of your hunting
call resound through the woods of the moun­
tain . . . no longer do you venture out with the
other hunters. You appear to be continually
wrapped up in some profound daydream. Each
day you take your weapons and set out for the
woods, and there you remain until the sun
goes down. And when at night you return,
pale and fatigued, in vain do I look in your
game bag for the spoils of the hunt. What do
you do during these long hours away from
home?”

While Inigo was talking, Fernando whittled
mechanically, absorbed in thought and seeming­ly oblivious to everything around him. After a
long silence, the youth abruptly exclaimed:

“Inigo, you are old and wise, you know all
of the haunts and dens of Moncayo. You have
lived on its slopes, and in your many hunting
excursions, more than once you have reached its
summit; tell me, have you ever come across a
woman who lives in the depths of the woods
there?”

“A woman!” the old hunter almost shouted,
staring at the young man fixedly.

“Yes,” said Fernando, “a strange thing hap­
pened to me . . . very strange . . . I thought I
could guard this secret eternally, but it is not
possible; my heart is overflowing, and I fear my
unhappiness is pictured in my eyes. I’m . . .
well, I’m going to tell you about it. You must
help me to dispel the mystery which envelops
this creature, who apparently exists only to me,
since nobody knows her or has ever seen her, or
can even tell me about her.”

The old huntsman, without removing his
eyes from the youth, dragged his chair closer.
After pondering for a moment, Fernando began
his tale:

“It all started that day when, in spite of your
warning, I pursued the wounded stag through
the woods to the pool of the Alamos. Eventu­
ally, I arrived there, and crossing its waters, I
discovered the trail of the beast which your
superstition had allowed to escape. But ever
since that day, my soul has been filled with a
searching desire for solitude.

“You are not familiar with that part of the
woods. The foliage is very dense there, and in
the thickest part is the pool.

“The pond is fed by a hidden source. A
spring ebbs forth from the bosom of a large
boulder, and the water slides down, drop by
drop, among the undulating plants which grow
along its lush banks. As they plummet down­
ward, these drops glisten like tips of gold and
tinkle like the notes of a musical instrument.
Eventually uniting once more, they swish
through the grasses . . . whispering . . . whisper­
ing . . . sounding like the bees that drone among
the flowers. Joined together, they flow on—first through the sand, where they form a rivulet—then on again, struggling over obstacles barring their way... leaping, fleeing... running, sometimes with laughter, other times with sighs... until finally they plunge into the pool with an inimitable murmur.

"Laments... words... names... songs... I'm not sure what it was I heard in those whisperings as I sat there on the boulder, alone and trembling. Beneath me, the deep waters of that mysterious pool were scarcely rippled by the afternoon breezes. The solitude, with its thousand secret murmurings, seemed to be alive, and it intoxicated my soul with an indescribable melancholy. From the silver-plated leaves of the poplar trees, from the hollows of the rocks, from the very ripples of the water, the invisible spirits of nature seemed to speak to me... they seemed to recognize a brother in the immortal spirit of man.

"At the first streak of dawn, I gathered up my weapons and started off. But then, looking around me, I feared that I might become lost following the beast; then, for some strange reason I went back to the edge of the pool. I just sat there, I don't know why, seeking in its depths an intangible something. That day I had splashed through its waters with Relampago, I thought that I had seen something shining in the water, something strange... very strange...- the eyes of a woman.

"Perhaps it was only a ray of sunlight creeping furtively among the drops of spray; perhaps it was only one of these flowers which float on the surface of the water... the kind whose buds glow like emeralds... I don't know. I believed I saw a glance fixed upon me... a glance which ignited in my breast an insane impossible desire: that of meeting someone with eyes like those.

"This desire brought me back day after day. Finally, one afternoon... I thought it was a dream... but no, I have spoken to her many times, just as I am speaking to you now...; one afternoon I came upon her, seated at my accustomed post atop the boulder. She was dressed in a long flowing robe which draped down to the water, and even floated on its surface. She was beautiful beyond all description. Her hair was like gold; her eyelashes glistened like threads of light, and between them, twinkling restlessly, were the eyes that I had seen... yes, the eyes of that woman were the eyes which had fixed themselves on me that day... they were eyes of an incredible color...eyes..."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Inigo with profound terror, leaping to his feet.

Fernando looked at him, in his turn just as astonished. He asked with a mixture of anxiety and happiness:

"You know her?"

"No!" shouted Inigo. "May God forbid my knowing her! But I can tell you this: Long ago, when my parents forbade me to go near that place, they told me many times that the spirit, demon, woman—or whatever it is that lives there—has eyes of just such a color. I implore you... I, who love you more than anyone else on this earth... don't return to the pool of the Alamos. One of these days its vengeance will overtake you, and only your death will atone for the crime of having disturbed its waters."

"Because you love me...!" said the youth with a sad smile.

"Yes," continued the old hunter... "for the love of your parents, for the love of her whom destiny has appointed to be your wife, for the love of a servant, who has known you since birth..."

"Do you know what I love most in this world? Do you know for what I would give up the love of my father, the kisses of her who brought me into this world, and even the affection of all the women on earth? I would give all this up for one glance, just one glance from those eyes... and you ask me to stop looking for them!"

Fernando spoke these words with such feeling that a tear silently slid down Inigo's cheek.
as he listened. The wise old man said somberly:

"Heaven's will be done."

III

"Who are you? Where do you come from? Where do you live? Day after day I come here to see you, and yet I have never seen either the steed which brought you or your servants. Unfold this mysterious veil which you wrap around yourself like the darkness of night. I love you ... and noble or peasant, I am yours ... yours always ..."

The sun had sunk below the mountain tops, lengthening the gloomy shadows. The branches of the poplar trees moaned softly in the evening breeze, and a mist, rising slowly from the surface of the water, began to envelop, little by little, the rocks strewn along the banks of the pool.

Poised above the pond was an overhanging boulder which seemed about to plummet downward through the mist to depths below. On the surface of the pool lay the reflection of the heir of Almenar, trembling and on his knees before his mysterious love, trying in vain to discover the secret of her existence.

She was beautiful . . . fair-skinned like a statue of alabaster. A lock of her hair slid out from the folds of her veil and spilled down over her shoulders like a ray of sunlight streaming through the clouds. In the oval of her blonde eyelashes her eyes shone like two emeralds set in a jewel of gold.

When the youth became silent, her lips moved as if to speak, but she only sighed ... a weak, sorrowful sigh ... like that of a waning ripple of water being pushed by the breeze to its death among the undulating reeds growing along the shore.

"You won't answer me!" exclaimed Fernando, seeing his hopes mocked by her silence. "Do you want me to believe what they have told me about you? Speak to me . . . I want to know if you love me . . . I want to know if it is possible for me to love you . . . if you are a woman . . ." "Or a demon . . . and if I am?"

The young man hesitated for an instant. A cold clammy perspiration covered him. His eyes widened as they fixed themselves with more intensity upon those of the woman. Fascinated by their phosphorescent brilliance, nearly out of his mind with confusion, he shouted in an outburst of emotion.

"Even if you are . . . I would love you . . . I would love you as I love you now, as it is my destiny to love you . . . even beyond this life, if such a life exists."

"Fernando," said the beautiful lady in a voice that sounded like music to him, "I love you even more than you love me. I, who am a pure spirit, would even descend to mortal love for a man like you. I am not like other women who live on this earth. I am a woman worthy of you . . . you who are superior to other men. I live in the depths of these waters, incorporeal like them, fleeting and transparent. Their murmurings are my words, their ripples my movements. I do not punish him who dares disturb the pool where I dwell; rather I would reward him with my love. I would love him as a mortal superior to the superstitions of the common people, as a lover capable of understanding my strange and mysterious affection."

As she talked, the youth, absorbed in the contemplation of her fascinating beauty, was drawn as if by an unknown force closer and closer to the edge of the boulder. The woman with the green eyes continued:

"Look . . . look into the limpid depths of this pool . . . look at these water plants with their tender shoots of green . . . they will serve us as a bed, a bed of emerald coral . . . and I . . . I will give you a happiness beyond all description . . . the happiness you have dreamed of in your hours of delirium . . . happiness which no one else can give you . . . come . . . the mist of the pool floats over us like a canopy . . . the waves call us with their incomprehensible voices . . . the wind begins its hymn of love among the branches of the trees . . . come . . . come . . ."

The darkness began to extend its arms about
them, the moon glimmered on the surface of
the pool, the mist eddied on the soft breath of
the evening breeze, and the eyes of green shone
through obscurity like the light of the will-o'-
the-wisp..."come...come..." those words
hummed and droned in the ears of Fernando,
etreating him..."come..." and the mys-
terious woman beckoned him to the edge of the
abyss...she seemed to be offering him a kiss
...a kiss...
Fernando took a step toward her...an-
other...he felt her arms, soft and clinging,
etwined about his neck...he felt a cold sen-
sation upon his burning lips...an icy kiss...
he hesitated...lost his footing...and fell into
the hungry depths below.
The water leaped up in sparks of light, and
slowly closed over his body. Ringlets of sil-
very ripples...flowing outward...flowing
outward...toward the shore, where finally
they expired into nothingness with a soft gentle
sigh.

Sally Potter

I've seen Mrs. Sally Potter with her tattered
parasol; She's continually walking, though she goes no-
where at all. Back and forth she always paces from the high-
way to her shack; Sally's hunting Mr. Potter; is he ever coming
back?
Her cotton dress is soiled, and its crimson
polka dots Have faded, and her chestnut hair is matted
tight with knots. Around her ankles stockings droop in wrinkled,
shapeless heaps; Her eyes are swollen, red, and sore; I know she
often weeps.
She weeps, yes, over Henry; that's what fills
her eyes with tears, For, you see, Hank Potter left her, has been
gone for thirteen years.

They were married back in '40, lived just where
she's living now; Then one day Hank Potter left her, folks can't
reason why nor how. Now she walks along the dirt path from the
highway to her shack; Sally's hunting Mr. Potter; is he ever coming
back?

Hugh Dickinson
EACH of the last three decades of our history has had a distinct characteristic. Each has had its own particular catastrophes, political battles and advancements, and paralleling these events the kind of music which people have enjoyed has raised and lowered in tempo and volume. An archeologist who discovers an ancient civilization seeks evidence of their culture and standard of living. By observing these and other remnants such as paintings and methods of writing, he can determine the degree of culture and civilization which a nationality possessed. By such scale an archeologist evaluates a civilization. The scale which I have chosen notes changes in our national situation and shows their profound relationships with the music which people enjoyed during these periods.

The end of World War I and the beginning of the twenties completed the era of barbershop harmony and burlesque which the entire family enjoyed along with such favorites as Fanny Brice.

This was the roaring twenties, or the "era of wonderful nonsense" as Paul Whiteman called it, the carefree period, when everyone was making money, driving a car and rejoicing because the "war to end all wars" had been fought and won. The instruments of rejoicing were wild, blasting Dixieland jazz, flappers, short skirts, dance marathons, rumble seats, model T Fords and hip flasks resulting from the newly passed prohibition act. New York alone boasted of five thousand unlawful speakeasies serving a brand of bathtub brewed alcohol. Fast, rhythmic new dances were introduced to supplement the Dixieland jazz. The buck dance, wing dance, black bottom, bunny hug, shimmy and Charleston were all popular dances done with wild gyrations, twisting skirts and amidst great...
leg kicking. Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong were favorite bands.

Musically speaking, the note for the decade was jazz, Ziegfeld Follies, vaudeville and more jazz. Sophie Tucker (last of the Red Hot Mamas), Ella Fitzgerald and Bessy Smith were the top female singers of the times. Songs like "Collegiate," "Yes, We Have No Bananas," "Boop-Boop-Be-Doop" by Helen Kane, "Some of These Days," Ted Lewis's theme song "Is Everybody Happy?" and Rudy Vallee "The Vagabond Lover" were the musical signs of the times. The songs were fast, wild and loud, the way people lived during the roaring twenties. Al Jolson was singing "Swanee." Ray Uge, his ukulele and song "Barney Google" were a favorite. Broadway shows featured Sigmund Romberg's "Desert Song" and Rogers and Hart's "Girl Friend."

Songs themselves were catchy and senseless, the fashions were comfortable, the music and times were as uncontrollable as "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "The Varsity Drag" would lead us to believe.

The frivolous, carefree life of the twenties was forced to a close when "Wall Street laid an egg." In the early thirties unemployment, bonus marches and a grim lack of money set the pace for entertainment. The dragging strains of "Brother Can You Spare a Dime" became the keynote for the early thirties. A new type of music called "Swing" became popular in accordance with the times. The wild jazz age had passed, and a new artist, Vincent Lopez "the pioneer of danceable swing" became known. Lopez was succeeded by the Dorsey Brothers, Benny Goodman (the King of Swing), Artie Shaw and Glenn Miller. This was the time for big bands and the radio entertainment of Amos 'n' Andy, Bob Hope and Fred Allen.

The decade of the thirties was radically more somber than its predecessor. It began with the depression and by 1935 German dissatisfaction was felt throughout the world. Likewise our new music, "Swing," was more conservative. The pianos of Eddy Duchin and Joe Reichman were favorites. Arthur Tracy "The Street Singer," Eddie Cantor, Morton Downey, Hoagy Carmichael's immortal "Stardust" and Bing Crosby were favorites of the thirties. On Broadway were Jerome Kern's "Lovely To Look At," Cole Porter's "Gay Divorcee" and Vincent Youman's "Flying Down To Rio" with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

Peggy Lee, Martha Tilton, Helen Ward and Carmen Miranda were top female vocalists. Familiar songs were "The Music Goes Round and Round" by Tommy Dorsey, Cab Calloway's "Minnie the Moocher," "Cheek to Cheek" by Irving Berlin, "Strike Up the Band," "I Got Rhythm," "Stormy Weather" and "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" plus all of the songs that are synonymous with Goodman, Miller, Dorsey and Shaw.

The decade closed with music and songs that were perhaps the sweetest and most sentimental in our musical history. Jane Froman was singing "Blue Moon" and her theme "With A Song in My Heart." Glenn Miller captured three out of every five juke box nickels with his harmonious swing and easily danceable music. Benny Goodman and his clarinet typified the period with the famous jazz concerts at Carnegie Hall. Frank Sinatra ruled the male vocalists in the first of the forties after capturing the lead from Bing Crosby.

Since half of the world was at war, the turn of the decade was uncertain. A patriotic note was sounded. Even though we were not actually fighting we were selling bonds and preparing mentally for the coming crisis. Everyone feared the worst and nobody dared guess what would happen tomorrow. The frenzy of what was to come was clearly expressed in our music. "Enjoy Yourself, It's Later Than You Think" was a favorite song. On the other hand, Irving Berlin wrote "God Bless America" which Kate Smith sang with stirring firmness and assurance.

When the war finally came there was no limit to our effort for the cause. The entire nation
shifted abruptly into a patriotic gear and speeded its way toward victory. "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree" and "Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer" were familiar jingoisms of the time.

Shows like "Winged Victory" and "This is the Army, Mr. Jones," which inspired the song "You're in the Army Now" showed our wartime effort at home. "The Halls of Montezuma" and the "Army Air Corps Song" were familiar strains everywhere. The jitterbug became a popular method of forgetting, as one worked hard with his feet and body to equal the rhythm of a fast swing piece by Benny Goodman, Harry James or Artie Shaw. The dance became so popular that Princess Margaret insisted American G.I.'s teach it to her. "Home on the Range" and "Deep in the Heart of Texas" were the soldiers' favorites at U.S.O. clubs and canteens.

The entire nation was mentally dressed in khaki. "There's a Star Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere" and "When the Lights Go On Again" rated tops among the favorites of the year.

Finally, when the war was over the nation was financially and physically in good condition as it removed its olive drab fatigue suits and looked for the new trends in music, dancing and shows.

By parallelism one can easily draw a conclusion from the titles and situations presented. The twenties were wild in every respect—dancing, dressing and singing. The music of the decade denoted the fact that everyone was eagerly celebrating wealth, prosperity and victory. It was a carefree period, exhibited by the wild music people enjoyed.

The staggering blow of the depression lasted practically until mid-decade when Hitler assumed the world stage. The more somber connotation of "Swing" fitted precisely into the world situation. It represented sentiment and was perfect for dancing or just relaxing and listening. No other music could possibly be appropriate for a time when people were frightened for what tomorrow would bring.

Shifting gears into the patriotism of the forties and its results upon the music of the nation are obvious.

Thus by examining the kinds of music which people enjoyed in our last three decades, one not only takes a look into the past, but he can thrill to the mood and attitude which was felt while enjoying the current types of music. Certainly jazz, swing and patriotism can be paralleled with periods of wild prosperity, grim forebearance and war.

The reader should hear these records:

*Show Biz*—(from a book by the same name)
Written by Joe Laurie, Jr. and Able Green
Narrated by George Jesse!
RCA Record LOC 1011.

*Songs of Our Times*—a condensation of the year's most popular hits from 1907-1943.
Decca Record Series.
Weekends at Smith and a literary diet of Joyce, Hemingway, et al., have influenced this work by junior and first-time contributor Thomas Lawrence. Whether the familiar form of stream of consciousness employed here is more of a commentary on the author or on the world he sees about him, the psychological import of such writing is immediately apparent. It is notable that although ULYSSES took 20 years after its copyright date and a Supreme Court decision before it was allowed in this country, Lawrence required only two editorial board meetings before receiving our episcopal IMPRIMATUR.

Thoughts and Deeds Concerning a Man
by Thomas Lawrence, '56

PART I
THOUGHTS AND CONVERSATION

DOWN the road drifted moonbeams swathed in gypsy wrappings of the wild birch and oak leaves, while singing softly the sleeping loons swam by with rich and glorious beatings in hearts once dull and weary from careless love. Ah well, the world has changed and with it nymphs have gone their way, leaving after a sense of soul-felt musings, that may, or may not, seem at all like what should be. Yet what have the terrestrial offers of mankind brought to bear upon a race lost long before that starting gun sounded out in the distance, out by Eden. From those early birds, the crows, the few hawks, and many sparrows has come a bird unable to fly, let alone talk. So here we sit late, sorry for forgotten memories that now fail to reveal a foolish, ner-
vous movement, between male and female. So this is love with knees all scraped, with lips chapped and peeling. And this is pleasure? A sweaty body, and of course with feelings hurt and partings long ago let loose, a drop of the blood in a silver milk bucket. But the moonbeams, what of them? And those lunar people, walking about with two or even three heads, totally blind in all those eyes. Along they slowly move whistling their pretty tunes, letting earth alone, thinking that maybe pain comes from those far distant spheres. They are so happy upon the moon, without our fears of unknown things. Only lives, sentimental, with quiet solitudes between themselves, believing in nothing but what they know. The lakes shine silvery, or so they say, and I wonder why they never look that way to me. Maybe I, or me, am not the type to see the sublime, the beauty, the scenic value in muddy water. Why the darlings whisper in dark quiet places, I will never know. Or why the longs and shorts of conversation are all cut bare by a length of kiss. A firm hand, a blown kiss, count for me a token of friendship, yet no one ever comes and says hello, just snickers in the background, warning me to watch my step or else. Or else what, my fine feathered friend? You know you also are just one of those beforementioned flying things. Honky-tongs, vamps, the works, the works. Give me the nest egg, and send me helter skelter into the "Joe sent me" bars. Moods will come and go, and when she snuggles close, I'll say to her, "You may be cute, but you're just a slut to me." When or where will all this slide by, and brush off upon me its dust of maturity, or whatever they call that feeling of the everlasting yawn. Sleep and then sleep a little longer, for in those subconscious reactions brought on by not being really all there, a pouch may open wherefrom a virgin's child will jump, claiming miracles of the wildest sorts. "He's out of sorts," they'll say, to change the word, "and we won't listen to the belly-wash he's handing out." But it's free and that attracts the dregs, the ones who live on that sort of stuff. Down on the ground, through wilderesses and paradises, creep the poor, a long assembly line of the frightened and the sad. Step lightly mister giant for fear of pushing one of them too far. For if you should, they'll mass together mightier than you, and drag you down beside their stinking bodies. The time is short though and in the measured beats of those black thin hands, I hear a new and wilder pounding, something of a jungle drum, I think to myself; something a little like the ticker called the heart. Symbols all, and just when I was about to give up all such thoughts. Let's see, perhaps a sign of progressive death that now, accompanying that scythe's low sweep, comes faster than sound with brilliant colors mingled in toadstool fashion. Or of a past living being, brought back with the quickening steps of the pushers, clicking closer on the whitewashed tiles. Off the cliffs they jump, those minutes, piling up so that He may walk up someday to shake our trembling hands, giving delightful conversation as He passes through the lines, promoting the worthy, breaking the others to no rank at all. Life must be this wandering among the lights, the sounds, the faiths, and it will remain so forever, except for those that are lost. And what of them? Are they all touched with a tragic bell jingling them off as a sort of leper? Do they know their fate among the other thoughts, or do they go on, unwary of both fatal knells? Well, I don't know and I frankly don't care, for there was that time on the small dirt road, where the grass had turned that sickly brownish hue among the candy wrappers and small, forever there, pebbles. The time was, but that does not matter, and my reason for being there is equally as unimportant. High above, one of those newer airplanes flew by, leaving behind it a wavering streak of grey. "A scratch upon the sky," I thought, and reached up, wiping it gently off. The sun burned down, dragging out of me beads of water that fell out upon the dust, leaving tiny domes wherein swimming about were smaller
THOUGHTS AND DEEDS CONCERNING A MAN

phases and planes of particles in movement. "How funny," I thought again, "to be here lonely like this, when I could be out in some inward city having the usuals." I smiled all over and it felt good.

"Hello," she said, and I turned about to gaze upon nothing. "A stranger walking about by himself is unusual around here. What's your name?"

"They call me poet," I said, thinking later of the other names, "and I am no stranger. These rolling hills, stopped rolling, around us here have been my life's backdrop for as long as I can remember. As too, so are all the waters and cities and mountains you can find anywhere. I am indeed a poet and am a stranger nowhere."

"How beautiful," she replied, "and I suppose you see in me a fellow human come along to inspire a lofty thought for you to jot down. A freshness leaking out of the reservoir of filth and rot where your pretty little Island sits kaplunk. Well I'm not. I'm what some would call generally 'Everyman.' A bit awkward in movement and speech, a little silly in looks, but nevertheless an earthful mouthful of life. And in my heart, or soul, there are the all time greats of conscious lies. The faiths in God and Son, the reasoning qualities keeping at least one of my feet on the ground, and the imagination that makes me what I'm not, but yet through that transposition giving me momentary pleasure."

"And what of your pleasure?" I asked. "Is it all that final hapless ending of day dreaming? Is it sexual, or one, I should say, that leaves raw gaps on your mentioned faiths? It puzzles me how you, I admit a common ground to reason on, talk of life's dull thuds, when you have not seen and understood what I have. When you as a young girl look only with a young girl's eyes."

"And Mister, what do you see through your eyes? Are you so magnificently high above the rest that all you see are tops of heads, with occasional glimpses down to ladies' breasts? A poet you say. Well how and what are a poet's dreams, that can say this is so, and leave it at that, a hopeful try at writing something cute? You become what you are, and through it lose that first thought of basic function. You are raised up onto the proverbial pedestal when in reality you should be thrown down and dragged among us, the mass. In that way you would not lose sight of what's about you. I may not be the thinker or liver you are, but I see what is there and need no translations from the supposed wiser men, who by thinking they are, sink beneath the most common of us all."

"You might be right, as buttocks go, but what of all you cannot understand, or are afraid to? They, the masters of speech, and maybe sometimes even I, approach these alls and without your everpresent passions, undeveloped, we print them in capital letters suited for your intelligence. You try to tell me you see what is about you. Well, what is that, or that, or that? A tree, a flattened toad, a straw-filled man? Well, are they? And why are they here and not over in the next county? And how did they, or how do they, exist? A scarecrow, toad, and tree, three simple things that take no extra figuring, at least not for you and your so-called Everyman. You mentioned before your imagination. Well, what is that to do with apple blossoms and young men's necks? Make rains of rose scented flowers, wherein all the earth in forty days would suffocate in loving
gasp. Or make a suitor that will hold you so close that the throbs of hearts mingle and die together. A kiss and then a gentle sigh that stirs the rumors deep down inside to a frenzied pitch. What is this to you? Just falling leaves meaning harvest, and hair-hid pimples meaning youth."

The plane once more streaked overhead and as I looked from it to her I heard a soft persisting voice in my ears. "Tell her the truth," it said, "Tell her the truth."

Yes, the lost I don’t particularly care about, for they have lost themselves, and I am one of them, hating the fancy philosophic talk that beats me always down.

**PART II**

**THOUGHTS AND LOVE**

In the soot soaked pot I sit my back to feel the boiling clam soup break and crack beneath me in small vulcanic burps. "Excuse me," they say, and then burp again. The searing steam rises and then worn out, falls, leaving small drip droplets on my left small toe, where soon a huge green sore rises only to be pierced by a blue and yellow hummingbird. Colors collide as bleeding reputations come and go just as time is also fleeting in that strange perplexing way. Gut up the spots are out and the clams are crawling up the sides to stick you in the rear with bent broken rudders. Little beasts, tissues taunt with my own smell. I don’t blame you, I feel sorry for your heated plight. Come, climb out, and wander with me on a timeless trip. We will fight the oysters, take their kingdom and then have coin enough to buy all the ladies and lady clams we want. Come on! Come on! The time is short and all you do is backing sit staring stupidly with black disgusting eyes. Quivering things I fear I am too late to save you from the fire. Unselfishly you have left an admirer your delicious juice, your body made soup, and for all that I tearfully thank you.

The drippings drop down my tilted chin, and as they splash melodiously onto the cloudy floor, a tune is heard somewhat like the opera of the other night, and this is very queer. You too can be me, me you, or all of us that always lurking nothing, and when or if this change takes place, let’s all join hands and dance about the big fat singer, singing a bit of “Clair de Lune,” to hint of doing better. For now we must go on and do a better job, to finish that which we began, or else tonight those clams will rise and strike great chords on my large intestine, just to ply me on.

"Hey Mom, some Vicks for little sister. She’s shouting something about the time, an age, a period."

"Hold on young man, I want to speak of birds and bees, of eggs and groaning forms. First you take, and then you do, and then you get, but you know and I can’t explain. Go out and find a walking figure and ask her if, if she it be, to teach you all there is to know, and if I’m still alive by the time you’re through, come back and teach your Dad."

All right it’s done. So I walk off to keep my people happy. Find a dark face outlined by bed messed curls, and feel her out for God and country. To bathe in the darkness, letting the red and white corpuscles flow about me, trying once and for all to settle down into the regular way of things.

This one’s eyes are hard and cold and so I bid a fond adieu to go and say bonjour to someone else, a looser soul.

"Pardon me, I wonder if you’d, do you think, bed and tea, you know, you know, tell me that you understand for it is I that need pink gin and sighs."

A soul and fingernail, both undescrivable, seemed to me at that time to be pencil sharpeners dancing on telephone clouds. The shavings drop out, the bell rings, and she answers yes.

And she made those things such as breasts, buttocks, and bellies things of beauty, not for sneering boys to whisper about in dark rooms, but instead to be cried out beneath warm moons during summer nights. It is an act for two, just two, and as that double roar became a silent gift, she cried aloud, letting the tears clear the eyes of both. The jasmine seeped its
perfume beneath the white muzzled french doors, and down below the town's lights died out one after another. I yawned and felt about for something to say but none was needed now. She had said yes and yes it had been. In the cool sheets she had beckoned and I had followed, a victim of a heart-felt yes.

The quiet hours creep drowsily out upon a white and red rose covered carpet to end this an already dissolving apparition. Too good, they say, to be right. Hello, I'm here I think, so take me as you will, see me as you should, without the scarlet blemishes of youth and adolescence. This is a weakling's shout to raise in defense of all that I hold dear, but please, and please, look upon me as a thing of thought to be toyed with, enjoyed, and then thrown out. Sleep with me for all eternity and yours shall be the Kingdom of God, with gold and white colored statues to adorn your garden, with harps and flutes to sing your songs.

And so I have gone and found a joyous moment in life that will remain with me and excite those moments of dullness and emptiness that I often feel. It's time to run and tell of things beyond the usual sense of things, to announce to the ignorant the pleasures of life and love. And so I have gone and found a joyous moment in life that will be forgotten by me and disgust those moments of dullness and emptiness that I often feel.

I trudge silently home, now a little weary, now a little sad, talking to myself of those things I don't understand. I doubt whether or not they'll believe, yet it did happen and I should tell them of it before there is time for misunderstandings.

The machine spins its refrain of smoke and hearts, two fleeting things, and as I sit back I can feel the clams inside moving about and can almost hear their deep mutterings of mutiny. Why this and then that, when all could be a peaceful proposal of body and perhaps soul. Amen! Dimness holds a certain power over this, a taste of gin and God knows what else. Yes, that's true, that's correct.

Let me sit down and talk to you of my past selves, for it is these that drive me to an understanding with holies and the world. Thus, I fear and respect in a long drawn out thought, what I should be doing, but that through other ways and means I am not.

The swan glides on and as the ripples break upon the outlying stones and shore, a dance begins, and the fish hurry about, the plants prance dizzily on the watery floor, and the snails move on unconscious of them all. Even while she sits and I preoccupied with new and perhaps gentler thoughts, will I come and in the abstract way of lovers, blow her a light kiss of fantasia.

**PART III**

**ON A WAKENING TO A DREAM**

The seven Smith girls melancholy beneath the lilted lights, sat in peacock shells all cracked and soiled from too much care. Oh how slendeorically white they were with vulcanized black draped 'bout their horn rimmed ears. Perfection perhaps, with bits of smiling hips spread all about to ease the inner innocence. This is false I said to myself, and walked away leaving them singing some silly song of a sexual search.

Telephone? No, the alarm. Still one more bell, sounding as probably did those lost lepers among the ruins. Get up and go in, wipe the steam away, clean up, take off the top, squeeze
gently, poof, poof. Vaporized smelling. Do it again, make sure, poof, poof. So this is life. Well, to me it's monotony. It's a custom you can't break. We live in a set prescribed system which means "A-I" sauce for the beef, not letting it run into the mashed potatoes, or green-beans. Still thirsty and still the same conversations.

"I took her to the room, the room, the room. Lit the candles, turned on some soft music, and asked her for a dance. God could she ever dance. Later on we sat down on the bed, and while she talked I stared at her big white calves. Anyway she wants to talk to me again. Yeah, that's right, you know the type, goes for the different. I call it the 'Bohemian Trots.' You reason the morals right out of them and then put what's left in Greenwich Village heaven."

That's right, that's right, listen kid to Daddy. Push the food down as you inwardly chuckle and outwardly laugh, but both at different things. Get away from here, go have a beer, sit down and drink. The more alcohol the better the conversation gets. Soon they would change from woman to God and I'd try to be quiet, knowing all along that I wouldn't be.

For God's sake, listen to me. You're mad, you're all mad, don't you realize what you're doing? Can't you see what will happen if you go through with this? You'll lose much more than you can ever hope to win from this action. Use your heads, wait and see what I have to say about it. If anyone would know it's me. God! Those spikes, those terrible spikes.

Same people every night. The party men, the boozers, people who love to talk and do it reasonably well. One beer, two beers, right down the line like that "once upon a time" storyteller's ants, till we reach the saturation point.

God was created for man, by man, yet He created Himself in the mind of man to think that way.—He made the world in six days, resting on the seventh to see what He had done.—Yes and what He did was a pretty damn poor job. God loves children, that's why He kills so many.—The Catholics believe that Mary was a virgin, believe in the Holy Ghost, the rosary, etc. The confession of sins makes people feel at ease with God and themselves. Hail Mary, full of grace, blessed be Thy name.—Wylie and Thomas, two men of completely different tastes, disagree on the problem of religion. The first says that it is destitute, the second says absolute. Christ a neurotic or Christ the Son of God?—Who made the earth? Well then who made God?—If a beginning then an end. If no end then no beginning. It is all a matter of space and time. Beyond that, and that, and that, the mind halts, and what is beyond there?—The human mind cannot visualize, or does not want to, which is the case?—A fairy tale written for grown-ups, with its elves and dragons, and of course the hero and heroine.—He has a beard. He has no beard.—God is good for He came from light, and darkness is evil so that is where he put the ambitious prince.—Milton wrote that it was better to be a master in Hell than a slave in Heaven. That the mind can make a Heaven of Hell and vice-versa. Don Juan later argued against it, saying that Hell was too realistic about love, and in Heaven a man could think.—But we all know there is no such thing as an afterlife.—Who said so?—You believe in Santa Claus? No? Well how the Hell can you sit there and say you believe in a life after this?—This isn't life. Real life is one's dreams, like the King's son in the cave. It is all a world of shadows.—What shape is a phonograph record? Is it round, oblong, or a straight line? It all depends on how you look at it. Turn your back and everything disappears.—Again we reach the mind.—From the ape came man, from the snail came the ape, so on down the line 'till we reach wave lengths flowing through space and that basic question of beginning.—Adam and Eve were those things that should have been, but that because of prejudices, fears, and man being just plain man, weren't.—The weak created the strong by fusing themselves into a mass. This mass makes a circus of their daily deaths, but when the end
comes they will swing just once and then fall to
the netless bottom.—Nothing is a number de­
noted by the figure called zero. It is every­
where except in History books, for there was no
year zero.—Why is that? Why should it be?
For some reason, for some reason. Yes, most
certainly.

My head is filled with too much God and
beer. I get up slowly and naturally unnatural
I stagger out of the door and back to my room.

She didn’t do a thing, just cried. As a mat­
ter of fact, cried and danced. It wasn’t beauti­
ful or sad, just a girl in a dark room alone, 
dancing and crying.

Back in the room again to have another
smoke, talk a bit, and then to bed. A poor
little rich kid in bed. Well I’m poor, little, not
rich, and soon will be in bed.

"Yes, I heard you, I don’t know, I didn’t talk
to her that much, she certainly looks as though
she would. You’re damn right I would, any­
day, anytime, but still you can never tell about
that kind.

I think of Spring vacations and everyone hav­
ing Wassermann Tests but me. Puff, let it out,
see it go, first fast then slower, slower it begins
to float and waver in the air. Particles, rays,
vibrations, all racing about, going through each
other, missing, heading on. One wave length
and the world.

Get the chlorophyll-stained toothbrush with
the hole in the end, and prepare for prescribed
rule number three hundred and forty-three.
Hold it in your right hand, open mouth, place
bristled object in, and move with short con­
trolled sweeps up and down. That’s it, way
back into the back corners, reaching the dark
recesses. It’s no use and soon I’m brushing as
I always do, back and forth sideways. Day to
night and back again. Wash your bloodshot
eyes, feel the cold wet tiles with crooked toes,
think of the beer and the middle of the night,
then into the room. Give the customary good­
nights, put on your loose pajamas, and fix the
clock. Move the small black hand around and
up, pull the pin, count ten and duck. Look

around to see if everything is in its place, then
turn off the lights, and creep your way to bed.
You wonder for a split second if it is still there,
grope for it, touch it, and climb slowly in. You
breathe deeply and relax. Turn on your left
side, your right hand under your head, your left
reaching around behind it. You think of the
long day, and you want to pray.

"Here lieth a sad boy
O, he was haunted, haunted
By terrible dreams
He knew not what he wanted
And he was a bad boy
Yet, lady, it seems
There were glorious times
When he was a glad boy
And made little rhymes
Here lieth the mad boy
Who made little rhymes"*

The crying girl turns, Christ and Mary, the
poof poof bottle, the puff puff smoke, the tooth­
brush, the drinkers, they all turn and look at
me and wonder. They all seem to realize what
I mean, yet they wonder and stare.

* From The Other Passenger, a novel by John
Keir Cross.
EDITORIAL

There is a possibility that the Review can dig up some new literary ideas at Trinity, and that is what we are going to try to do this year. We see nothing wrong with trying to incite some impulse aspiring to greater levels, no matter how slight our effort or how great the task. This requires more than the usual conglomeration of poems and short stories to which we have accustomed ourselves in years past.

One little experiment is the material we are publishing in the Charivari. We like the title of this column, perhaps less for its Punchian reference than for its actual meaning. Webster says a charivari is "a mock serenade of discordant noises, made with kettles, tin horns, etc." Just for the sake of a reaction (some reaction, at least) we have decided to make this the most discordant serenade ever to protrude from the pages of the Review.

We are hoping to secure enough material for the next issues to include a section of reviews with a college slant on current books, plays, recordings, and events in the world of art. This is an excellent opportunity for new contributors to put themselves into print. In addition to the quantities of poems and short stories, we would like to see a few contributions in essay form, either upon serious academic and current subjects or purely of a humorous nature. Most of all, we want more contributions, especially from people who have never published their work before.

* * *

We were grateful to the College Director of Public Relations for the fine propaganda which was spread across the country on the occasion of our Wallace Stevens issue last spring. It came to our attention that the London Times had a few choice remarks to make concerning this form of publicity. After receiving a press release from Public Relations about the Review's tribute to the famous Hartford poet, the Times' only comment was something to this effect: "Can you imagine receiving a similar notice from a university such as Oxford or Cambridge?"

This comment makes us feel badly.

THE RIGHT TO BE READ

In one of her poems Marianne Moore observes that Sincere

unforced unconscious honesty, sine cera, can be furthest

from self-defensiveness and nearest.

As a measure of value, sincerity is a little ambiguous; in writing, at least, it must be more than diffident and modest personal honesty. The same should be true for criticism.

"This is my taste, it might not be another man's."

is all right as far as it goes. The question is whether it goes far enough.

In a measure of evaluation for the Review, sincerity certainly does not go far enough. Like all other such ventures, the Review seldom lives up to its possibilities. It gets some of the best writing done at Trinity, but certainly not all of it, perhaps not even the lion's share. The Review tries, of course, but not hard enough. Ultimately, the magazine has to be judged by its performance and not by its intentions.

True, it is a literary magazine. But a good many potential contributors, who write very well, seem to think that the Review is not their cup of tea, and so their work never gets into print. Members of the faculty in every department in the College must get papers that the Review ought to be publishing. Once in a while the Review gets an essay on mathematics, or philosophy, or history, and a very good one. A good essay on mathematics has literary merit, if only incidentally, because good writing is much more than a matter of achieving interesting or amusing effects.

The Review is partly to blame for not finding more material of this kind. But its readers, faculty and students alike, are partly to blame too. The Review exists to publish the best work written at Trinity; at the same time, anyone who claims to be interested in writing wants to see his work in print. Any real writer needs to see his work in print. He has, therefore, a right not to keep his work to himself, but to risk publication.

J. E. H.
THE "INVITING LOOK"

The most marked physical change taking place in Modern Man is the increasing length of his nose. We refer to the alarming rate at which the picture window, hallmark of contemporary architecture and only yesterday an innovation, has extended its limits to the picture wall, and now to the picture building. Our uneasiness in regard to this disturbing trend deepened abruptly to dismay this past week when, while sauntering down Fifth Avenue, we came up face to face with the new Manufacturers Trust Building. This edifice—walls, doors, roof—is constructed almost entirely of glass, and, save for a thousand-ton vault ten feet from the street and a gold metal structure which, we believe, is intended as an objet d'art, is as transparent as an ice cube. The architectural firm responsible for the latest thing in banks (the same outfit, by the way, that designed New York's Lever building) has labelled the effect on passersby as the "inviting look." Stifling an impulse to suggest that a glass vault, along with contributing to artistic unity, might enhance the "inviting look," we will content ourselves with the prophecy that, if the present trend continues, the window-washers' union will become a powerful force in the '56 elections. And, peering ahead to 1984, may we suggest that Big Brother may by then find television obsolete as a security weapon; all he will need will be a helicopter and a telescope. Although we have always stubbornly maintained that certain human activities and pastimes were meant to be conducted in privacy, however, we will not vent our spleen upon the American goldfish complex which results in the mushrooming of glass telephone booths along highways in the middle of nowhere, and the consequent withering of American literature (ever try to etch obscene limericks on the wall of a glass phone booth? It can't be done—we know). But perhaps we will be able to strike fear into the hearts of the Defense Department, and thus force government intervention, by pointing out that Russia will not need costly H-bombs to lay waste a picture city; just send a few jets through the sound barrier overhead, and the whole brittle metropolis will come shattering down around the ears of its snoopy denizens.

J. S.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

A few doors off Fifth Avenue, on West Fifty-third Street, is an impressive structure known as the Museum of Modern Art. This museum was the first of its kind in America and has had a large hand in the recognition of modern art in the U.S. In 1929 the museum put itself on the map by having the first public showing of the paintings of Vincent Van Gogh. Throngs of people flocked to see the "mad artist's" work. First showings of the paintings of Cezanne, Gaugin, and Seurat soon followed and brought quick recognition to the building on Fifty-third Street; indeed its name became one of great discussion and bitter debate in the early stages of its career.

There exists, today, a certain stigma against the word modern when it precedes art. The loyal realist and Saturday Evening Post connoisseur immediately dismiss modern art as crack-pot and stoutly declare that a three-year-old child could do as well. Other words such as left wing, radical, red-inspired, and pure trash are associated with it. On the other extreme we have the pseudo "arty-crafty" set which forms little clubs vaguely reminiscent of the literary salons of 18th century France to expound on art. They are the ostentatious, absinthe drinking, left bank dilettantes who have done much to discolor a sincere artistic movement.

Neither of these extremes should be linked with the Museum of Modern Art. The Museum's sole purpose is to run an educational institution promoting the enjoyment and knowledge of modern art. It presents the work of the primary contemporary artists, most of which are clear, easy to understand, and pleasing to the eye. This progressive organization is helping to batter down the enigma surrounding modern art and present it to the layman in an easily understood form.

This fall the Museum celebrates its 25th anniversary with a gigantic exhibition of 400 works (two-fifths of its permanent collection) including 50 new acquisitions. This promises to be one of the most interesting spotlights in New York, and shouldn't be passed up.

B. N. M.

WALDEN REVISITED

Lately we have had the urge to see what a New England Autumn is really like. Don't get us wrong, we think elm trees are fine, but after three years we are just a bit tired of their stark-fingered greyness. Therefore, after convincing the car that it had to travel more than the eighth of a mile to class, and substituting Nature for Handy Hartford Hints in the glove compartment, we started northward on Route 5A.

Imagine our surprise when we found ourselves nestled in lovable old Northampton. For some inexplicable reason we went to Rahars for the first time in two years. We bet all you freshman readers think that Rahars is the greatest place in the whole world. AND IT IS! Some jaded seniors will try
to be cynical about it and tell you that you certainly don't know much of the world, but don't you believe a word of it. That college crowd is great and when, as on this occasion, we are called back by irrevocable nostalgia, it is a rude shock to our atrophied heart to walk past jolly old Murph without receiving the slightest flicker of recognition.

Blinded with brave tears we left to try and find some solace in the beautiful Northampton onion fields. On a large hill by Mount Holyoke we sat under the stars and gazed across five miles of fertile land, clothed in a serene darkness, to the technicolor movie playing at the Hadley Drive-In. We looked up at the moon along our pipelines to the Infinite... it definitely did not, gentle reader, resemble a fertile crescent, ghostly galleon, or anything but its own blank self. We collapsed in a paroxysm of mad and bewildered laughter as we switched off the receiver to the OverSoul and thought of the lines:

"And now it seems to me the uncut hair of graves."

J. P. F.

NOTES BY AN OLD CIGAR STORE INDIAN

New York, despite the Queen Mother's compliment to the effect that it is a "noble" place, is a lonely and desolate city on Sunday nights. There was a raw blustery wind from the north, and a cold, starry sky one weekend a month ago when we read the AM for PM on the New Haven timetables and found ourselves with time on our hands as a consequence. We walked up to Rockefeller Plaza via Fifth, looking in all the shop windows as we did, at the lifeless mannequins staring from their bright display cases into the dark street, and stopped to watch the ice-skaters on the artificial rink under the RCA building. Not many people were out, and still fewer were skating. The French Grill was shutting up, while the English Grill carried on, entertaining some stragglers finishing late suppers. We continued on, past Saint Patrick's Cathedral, where the many small candles, pale and flickering, illuminated the gray nave, to 57th Street, looking in at an empty Stouffer's to watch a charwoman making sweeping gestures with a mop, till finally we were standing in the scent of Central Park. As we stepped off the curb a taxicab did a smart U-turn and bore down on us, forcing us to sidestep quickly to avoid being run over. The cabby was subjected to all the rites of the Black Mass in our mind, but he had served to put some life back into us, and we walked back down Fifth with a little more vigor than we had shown going up, stopping however opposite the Museum of Modern Art to peek at the darkened interior of the new home of the Whitney Museum, before returning to the Terminal to catch the 12:10.

J. S. B.

PRACTICALITY IN THE ARTS

As readers go Mickey Spillane is a successful author. He has probably sold more copies of his paper bound murder mysteries than most writers hope to sell in a lifetime.

Mr. Spillane has many critics, especially among those who see themselves as guardians of America's literary standards. They usually choose Spillane as most representative of decadence in American Letters. He exceeds even the shock school's Henry ("our elbows touched") Miller in abominable characteristics. He is sadistic and morbid. His insight is twisted and perverse and his manipulation of the English sentence crude and inept. But in spite of all this Mr. Spillane has made money and gained an ever increasing public; one of his books has been immortalized by Hollywood.

A few months ago Dylan Thomas died very suddenly. It was found that he had not made enough money writing poetry and lecturing to provide for his bereaved wife and children. Mr. Thomas had received no end of praise from the critics. But who is more worthy of public support and substantial livelihood? Each man individually must decide what is good and bad in literature as well as in the other departments of life.

High minded ultra-pedantic critics are certainly bores to most general readers. But when the formal praises and depreciations are over there is one simple question that should be, but seldom is, answered adequately by the public: Who should make a living?

C. R.

MET'S SEVENTIETH SEASON

For the first time in its history, the Metropolitan Opera did not open its doors with the presentation of a complete opera. A brilliant, festive audience in the opera-house itself and fortunate theatre-goers
throughout the country witnessed a Gala performance, scenes from four different operas, *I Pagliacci*, *La Bohème*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and *Aida*.

General Manager Rudolf Bing established two precedents on the evening of November 8 when he televised the entire performance with intermission commentary by former manager Edward Johnson to a closed circuit of motion-picture theaters from Baltimore to San Francisco and did away with the perennial *Faust*, *Aida*, or *Romeo et Juliette*.

No new artists were introduced at the seventieth Opening Night of the historic institution, but the casts were very fine. Leonard Warren, as the Pagliacci prologue, had the honor of welcoming over fifty thousand people. The Leoncavallo excerpt was followed by the whole of act one of *La Bohème* with Victoria De Los Angeles and Richard Tucker cast as the Parisian lovers. Roberta Peters, Cesare Vallietti, and Robert Merrill highlighted the performance of act two of Rossini's *Barbiere* that followed, and Zinka Milanov, Mario del Monaco, Blanche Thebom, and countless supers brought the evening to a triumphant close in act two of *Aida*.

Opening Nights have been televised to homes three times, in 1948 with *Otello*, 1949—*Der Rosenkavalier*, and *Don Carlo* in 1950. Exorbitant costs, however, prohibit present production. In 1952, Mr. Bing first introduced the new theatre-television hook-up and movie goers had a chance to see a 'live performance' of *Carmen* with Rise Stevens. Results were mixed. Sound, as it was last November 8, was muffled and uneven. The whole procedure, interesting as it may be, cannot be called an unqualified success. The Metropolitan is a large auditorium, and it is well-known among singers that complicated, subtle gestures are seldom caught beyond the tenth row. Acting is stylized, and make-up is heavy. What looks fine to the 'family circle' appears grotesque and crude when blown up on a movie screen. The media are different and cannot be combined.

The Met's seventieth season, however, proves to be an exciting one. We will hear such world-famous stars as Marian Anderson, Renata Tebaldi, and Giulietta Simionato for the first time. We will also witness revivals of Massenet's *Manon*, Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice*, and Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*. Perhaps, the most keenly anticipated musical event will be the Metropolitan premiere of Richard Strauss' *Arabella*.

R. A. R.

FROM THE CIRCULAR FILE

Granted, it is only one year since Sir Winston was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature, but he has steadfastly refused either to die or to retire, which must be giving the learned men of the Swedish and Norwegian Academies mixed emotions. It was to be hoped that Churchill, having reached the millennium in writing, would not further embarrass the worthy Scandinavians by attempting to reach one in living. His early dismissal would have made their choice an example of supreme foresight, and would have tempered their anxiety at not having picked at least one of those who were most likely to bow out of this life should Ernest Hemingway have gone earlier this year too. Well, now they have both got it, and we hope the Swedes are happy. But there can be no joy in Oslo as yet. The committee for awarding the Peace Prize will have to reconsider their decision not to present honors for 1954, and will have a more difficult task than their literary cousins, since there are many more aged statesmen than careless writers, and what if Churchill should get the dove next year, it promises no guarantee that he won't turn to Chemistry.

* * *

It grieves us that there is no place on this busy campus for a Cricket Club. We think that a Cricket Club is a fine idea. Let's take it easy for a while. Perhaps a Cricket Club will emerge from a period of gentlemanly restraint and quiet. We are going to lie down and think about Cricket Clubs. You do the same.

J. S. B.

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