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The Myth of the Medusa

FALL 1957
Lines composed a few feet ahead of the doctor, on the long walk at Trinity College, Christmas Term, 1957

My heart leaps up when I behold
A headache, fever or a cold.

In class I hide and play the dunce
For Otto's on my trail at once:

If I should stop or slow or pause,
He feels my brow and asks the cause.

"A pain you give me," I blurt out.
"Another symptom," Otto shouts,

"To the Lounge, to the Lounge, I go with you;
Poor boy, poor boy, you have the flu."

William F. Mannion
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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

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SAMUEL FRENCH MORSE is an Assistant Professor of English at Trinity. The poem A Word to the Wise is from his volume of poetry entitled The Scattered Causes. We gratefully acknowledge Mr. Morse and his publishers for their permission to reprint this poem.

LOUISE BOGAN is one of our country's foremost poets and literary critics. Medusa is from her collected poetry and we gratefully acknowledge Miss Bogan for her permission to reprint this poem.
Morality, Law, and Love

By Blanchard W. Means

This is the Gothic Age of scientific production, as spelled with a capital "P." With the exception of certain depressed areas, and a relatively few backward peoples, throughout the world today the psycho-analysts have never had it so good. Not only do high-pressure executives and their neurotic wives seek the counsel and comfort of the psycho-analyst's couch—even college students acquire the services of the psychiatrist, and avoid action by the disciplinary Committee on Administration. This is a popular form of appealing to a moral 5th amendment.

In our country at large, men and women are frantically seeking to escape from freedom, and to find some authority to direct their otherwise rudderless lives. In striving to clothe their spiritual nakedness with worldly security, modern men have turned this marvelous age of extraordinary achievement into a sadly critical age of conformity. Far ahead of all others, the dominant disease of Western man today is the "mental ill of meaninglessness." What is the meaning of life, and what is the purpose of our existence? Getting and spending, we lay waste our lives, running a tight circle from dawn to dark. For many, and for many more, life seems to be simply for a time not dying. Where is the purpose in living, that men may rejoice to be alive? Today, "the world is too much with us" for men to see that life is truly "a fearful and a lovely thing."

This empty sense of living meaninglessness is largely the slowly growing result of the Reformation conjoined with the Renaissance of Science. Catholics, Protestants, and Jews, we are all presently the somewhat shoddy product of this cultural union. Theologically reactionary, the Reformation worked inwardly to expose the sedentary spirit of man directly to God in the heavens, and to condemn the tormented conscience of men to original sin in the flesh of this world. But, few men are able really to appreciate the awful immensity of this direct relation, and who is strong enough to stand, unaided and alone, before the Eternal God? Shorn of his protective intervention by the Church, Reformation man concentrated passionate concern in the glorious fact of guilt and the sinful seriousness of life—leaving his agonized conscience as a lasting legacy toward the uneasy repression of any whole-hearted enjoyment of living. Thus, "Calvinistic" Connecticut still maintains by law that innocent infants are the proper price to pay for procreative pleasures.

Woefully in line with this sinfully worldly emphasis, the Reformation played directly into the clutching hands of ambitious rulers, such as Henry VIII, in successfully challenging the civil authority of the Pope against the freely sovereign power of national states. In the rising economic tide of nationalism, the practical power of the Pope in daily affairs was washed away, and men progressively relegated religion to the background in secular living, to the extent that Sunday is even now a legal holy-day. After some one thousand years in the Medieval World, in which he was always subject to an Outside Authority as prescribed by the Church, Western man was finally freed to live for himself in his economic, political, and socially secular affairs.

"Man for Himself"—At long last man was to be free to fulfill his own desires, needs, and interests. This he would do most wonderfully through the new instrument of science. By choice and necessity, in excluding the Divine from worldly affairs, man restricted himself to man in nature. Figuratively facing a new earth apart from the old heaven, men found that they had also lost their old philosophy and ethics. And, since science, the study of material stuff, was optimistically to make all things possible, they light-heartedly turned to Science for their now needed morals and metaphysics. Thus, Newtonian physics became the new philosophy, as well as the pattern for a supposedly scientific study of man himself, as he was imagined to exist naturally in a state of nature.
This 18th century science of man today underlies, and still largely constitutes, our Public Philosophy in politics and social ethics.

Briefly, then, this public philosophy rests on the view that man is a complete physical organism in himself, with his natural desires, needs, and interests which he self-seekingly seeks to fulfill for himself. Society is a collection of such atomic individuals, and the political state serves as the socially collective instrument for the greatest happiness, or good, of the greatest number of selfishly living people. This is called Liberalism in political theory, and in ethics, Utilitarianism. In metaphysics, it makes for some slippery form or other of Pragmatism. Taking these three together, our present Public Philosophy is perhaps most definitively designated, Socially Humanistic Utilitarianism.

In popular democracy there are two great principles which are commonly confused as one. First, government rests upon the consent of the governed. This is a primary principle in political philosophy which goes back through the ages to Aristotle. It is valid, in the sense that the people are the final judge of justice in their laws and rulers. The second is, that sovereign power in the state resides in the Will of the People. This is a principle of political practice. It is relatively recent, and finally originates in the Reformation fight for freedom by the rising middle class against dictatorial monarchy. It conflicts with the first principle through an opposition in the key concepts of "justice" and of "will." For the first, people give their consent to government in terms of justice, as their own real good or as the law of God. For the second, the Will of the People makes both the good and justice in terms of mass might. Sovereignty in the modern sense, defined as the final supremacy of the human will with prescriptive power in the state, does not appear in Greek, Roman, or Medieval Jurisprudence. Rather, a rational good or a good God was the superior source of Justice for man. To this Cosmic Law of good, the irrational will of men owed rational allegiance. And, by this authority men were to be called to account for their actions of rule. As Aquinas clearly stated, God has ordained no man mastery over any other man. In the progress of "progress," however, the will of men has become the sovereign power. And, whether located in a king or dictator, or the majority in a popular democracy, the definition of sovereignty as the supreme political power of human fiat is also the wilful definition of tyranny.

In our Public Philosophy, the wilful character of political power in popular sovereignty is commonly covered by an uncritically convincing appeal to ethical expediency in the greatest good of the greatest number, or, if you please, social justice. Superficially, this appears to be a sound public morality in socialistic utilitarianism. Actually, it consists of the collected wills of self-interested individuals. Thus, in our Public Philosophy, there is now no imperative ground left for social morality other than law. With an insight quite unusual for him, Jeremy Bentham entitled his major work in ethics, *Morals and Legislation*, since morality is made by man for other men in the sovereignty of the popular will. Here, morality is founded upon fear, and its law functions by force. But, morality made by group interests in utility is just asking to be circumvented wherever it is to an individual's greater self-interest to do so. Hence arises the ever increasing need for more and more detailed laws with force. No deeply philosophic vision is needed to see that prescription in government is replacing personal ethics in all our public activities and social relations. Were a college community to be run on the lines of a social state, the Faculty would be entirely engaged in legislating, without time free for education.

Lust, greed, and hate are three common motives for murder. But, the most dangerous man to men is the man who consciously despises Man in all other men. Pride was the original sin of Satan, and pride appears in many social forms. Hence, also watch out for the hard-hearted, impersonal lovers of humanity, as well as for the soft-headed ones, even for those who may give controversial lectures at Harvard, Yale, or Princeton. Contrariwise, as measured in units of utility, the small soul is not worth very much, either to himself in actual achievements, or in exploitable usefulness to society. But, do not be in a hurry to sell the little man short. Remember that the little woman can now buy stock on time, just as "bigger shots" trade on margin. One fine day, the small man and the little woman together may well own the nations through sheer mass of numbers, regardless of race or creed.

In contemptuously demanding that every individual show cause to justify his existence by his usefulness to others, George Shaw missed
the utilitarian boat itself. Not only are "rabbit" men necessary for a prosperously expanding economy, but the largely useless little man is also both the source and the seat for social justice. Just as the theological doctrine of disinterested love requires a neighbour with serious needs as a victim, a social morality of utility thrives upon supplying services to men in order to tax the useful efforts of others to their fullest development.

In this Public Philosophy, economically it is currently accepted as sound social financing to mortgage the lives of future persons for the present enjoyment of the fruits of their potential labors. But, political expediency notwithstanding, such socially super-colossal, installment-plan buying cannot function in the field of ethics to purchase personal good-living in the lives of men. That it is good activity to work for the advantage of one's neighbours throughout the world, or for the good of future generations toward the end of time, is all surely true enough. But, just as surely, good which is to be enjoyed exclusively by other persons does not originate, nor instrumentally confer good upon the living of the personal agent who produces it for others. It is not the "good deed" which makes the good Boy Scout. He well may be a closely calculating young man, and still help a pretty girl to cross a street. The ethically good life for man is always a vital matter of personal good living.

According to the social sciences, morals are made by men in the utilitarianism of any given culture. Morals are a matter of social utility, and their function is politically an instrumental one of group benefit through using the stronger man for the weaker, the larger for the smaller, the useful for the drones, and the better for the worse. No wonder that Nietzsche felt that the table of ethical values had been turned upside down in a socially slave morality. But, in despising faint hearts and feeble people, Frederick Nietzsche committed the arrogant fallacy of the forgotten Man in all average men. In ethics, the "average man" in the abstract is concretely replaced by the particular person, since Ethics, as properly recognized, is intimately personal and all-inclusive as an intrinsic way of living. Whereas social morality is made by men for expedient utility, personal ethics is ordained by God as originating in the human nature of Man.

Perhaps the primary power in human nature is precisely man's characteristic capacity for conscious knowing and personal love. "Man is a gentle animal" exactly to the extent that he commonly responds to evaluative differences in personal living. Man is more than a man in matters of momentary desire, or in any temporal series of episodic events. "From everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was," man has emerged a human person—in his power of appreciative criticism only a little lower than the angels. Alone of all the animals, man looks before and after, and imagines better things than present actualities. Far more profoundly than any passionate pining for what is not, the human person in man has the capacity to be harried and haunted by a hidden sense of paradise—still lost to his estate on earth. Among the other animals, man alone envisions Eden in going about his daily living. Far higher than the hills and far deeper than the seas, men characteristically possess the capacity for consciously critical choice, and the personal power of enduring love. This is the ethical nature of man as a person-self.

This ethical nature of Personal Man as conceived upon Mount Olympus, however, clearly does not ensure the ethical living of men in the Athenian market places of the world. This good, each particular person must achieve for himself in his own intrinsic living.

In point of fairness, the wearied charge of American Materialism, as still sometimes jealously repeated by European intellectuals, is more properly the critical recognition of the primarily utilitarian character of our current culture. It was not simply a happy accident of felicitous phrasing by which William James used the term "cash value," for portraying the core of his pragmatic principle. According to our unpremeditated practice, American appraisal of anything commonly takes the form of asking not, is it good, but, what is it good for? Then, as applied in the field of critical living, it appears correctly common sense to justify actions solely in terms of their evaluated effects, since there simply is no other way to justify the instrumentality of given actions.

This is evidently to consider conduct as a means only, but, this does not conclude that there is no other way to justify actions in terms of intrinsic living. Utility as indulged in by itself confines ethical concern to what a person does with living, rather than what one does in or as personally living. Here apparently, a man first
lives in order to use his living for the production of good works. But, perhaps unfortunately, a man lives once rather than twice at the same time. He has to live personally. Thus, rationality in conduct is properly concerned with intrinsic personal living, which clearly includes the highly significant part played by the consequences of actions in conduct. It remains, however, that a man does not live in order to live instrumentally. Man lives personally, and he is rationally concerned to live well rather than badly. The "good life for man" is not something to be instrumentally achieved by means of living. The good life for man is man’s intrinsic good-living.

This is an ethically primary principle of affirmation, appreciation, and affection. The essence of intrinsic-living is human love. And Love is above both morality and law. In love there is no obligation, nor any sort of social duty. Love is not a motive for conduct, but an expressive realization in living. A man may cherish a woman; that is, he loves her. He does not cherish her because he loves her, much less because he knows that he ought to do so as a chore of duty. Any man who treats his wife as a useful social relation, or considers her to be a corporate good thing, may be moral enough and well within the law—but, he does not love his wife. Love is an inner, qualitative affirmation in living; a yea-saying to life as intimately inclusive of other persons. Whereas God made man a little lower than the angels, men have emerged in Nature far above the other animals. In a paraphrase from Paracelsus — perhaps men are not Man as yet. But, as man’s personal affirmation in intrinsic living, love is gentle and kind, bearing all things, hoping all things, and enduring all things. Love "builds a Heaven in Hell’s despair," as the poet Blake says.

Then, in the aesthetic reasoning of the poet Robinson, "If life that comes of love is more than death, Love must be more than death and life together." In our own living, men who are sensitive to the finality of mortal values and to the tragic terminating of human love, men who appreciate the cosmic immensity of the universe and the abject insecurity in every house made with hands, such men are themselves too real to stand alone on the forefront of time, facing Eternity in the final extinction of their love. Whereas the Reformation dehumanized God without humanizing men, it is not Modern Science as such which has turned the Realm of Nature into a foreign world of merely physical events in causal relations. Rather, it is a secular misinterpretation of science which has produced this picture of the universe, so that countless numbers of men today are tragic souls, caught and inwardly tormented by the age-old conflict of earthly-spiritual love, which aspires to outlast the stars, and the terrible irrationality of physical death in those we love.

Throughout the centuries, Philosophy has always included the currently proven conclusions of science. Philosophy is basically realistic and hardheaded. Philosophers seek reality—not illusion. But, down the ages—from Plato to Means—the men of finer appreciative thought have consistently recognized the objective validity of values within human experience. In our current culture, those who are cowed and crowded by the hostile semblance of science are confusing the shadow for the substance in immediate human living.

Man is undoubtedly a part and a product of Nature. And, within the gigantic realm of the universe, men are few and insignificant—and quite unique in mind and spiritual aspiration. As such, men have lived, loved, and died quite successfully for centuries before the relatively recent renaissance of science. Now, however, on the strictly scientific evidence of experience, it is empirically recognized that there is purpose and meaning in the on-going process of life with time. To this extent, at least, as men have agelessly assumed and as religion as always asserted, values are objectively real within the realm of nature. Thus, the purely naturalistic picture of a godless, cold, and indifferent universe is scientifically foreign to a part of itself, namely Man. Conversely, the evidence of experience indicates that an adequate philosophy of man requires a rationally religious Philosophy of Reality.

Within the immediacy of man’s experience, without morality and without law, there is intrinsic enjoyment and essential affirmation such that the human spirit should never grow old.

Trinity College, Hartford
December 1957
Strange Shapes

Such strange shapes they seem.
What weird wrinkles they weave.
How mighty the powers they hold.
Such valuable companions they are,
Either one, the other, or both.
And yet what strange shapes they are.

Able to read, to write, and to talk.
Able to paint pictures, make music,
Do such as we want:
Whether protect us, desert us,
Befriend us, oppose us.
Whether hinder us, help us,
Save life, waste life, or take life.
Always with us, always there at our sides.
Always ready, always willing to comply to commands.
And will we realize . . .
What strange shapes they are.

Some may be clean, and others be filthy.
Others may be beautiful, and some be ugly.
Some may be weak, and others strong.
Others may do and some will not.
But all will shake, and shrink
Will fall, will move no more.
And will we think . . .
What strange shapes they are.

Michael Schacht

Chicago Stock Yards

Pens upon pens with wooden sides,
some empty
And others jammed with cattle: dead and
crippled;
Others healthy.
Black Angus,
White faced,
Brown and white,
Horned and hornless,
Standing in manure sprinkled with hay.

Beefy men on horses with cowboy hats,
cards in their pockets
and well-worn whips.
Their language: full of “Yips!” and shouts,
whistling and cursing.
They aren’t going to the slaughterhouse.

The cattle have fear in their eyes,
foam in their mouths,
and a nervous lowing in their throats.
They smell the dreadful stench of blood
from the slaughterhouse.
No cursing from the beasts.
They are going today (maybe tomorrow).

Douglas L. Frost
We had just made it in time due, no doubt, more to the avariciousness of a New York cab driver and his thoughts of an expected reward, than to his reckless courage. I was still short of breath and stunned when I realized that only a minute ago she was here—now she was gone... As I walked slowly back the long platform and up the stairway into Penn Station, the fading sound of the "Crescent" rang in my ears. I was alone, feeling estranged and different now. I continued out onto the street in a state of semi-consciousness...

It had all started when a last try for a date found me calling an old girl friend on Thanksgiving night. The following afternoon I was heading back to school on an eastbound train counting the days—only twenty if I left a day early—until the Christmas vacation, when I'd see her again at the numerous parties back home. Then, when the holidays ended I again found myself looking ahead to the Mid-Winter's dance down in Virginia to which she had invited me—just forty-six days to wait. After which it had been the New York weekend and after which it would be Spring vacation together down south. X after X was penciled in on my calendar and finally the snowy countryside on the wall above my desk had been torn away and replaced by a New England Spring Landscape. Friday, March 18th had come and now it was Sunday, March 20th, 2:05 P.M., and the weekend had gone. The sun could scarcely be seen between the cruel, jagged silhouette of the city skyline as I day-dreamed my way back toward the hotel. The faint rays had seemed to lose their friendly warmth and I unconsciously turned up the collar of my tweed overcoat. An unfriendly chill had descended on the city and the sea of automobiles, swarms of buzzing people, incessant noise of horns and the dark walled-in feeling given off by the enormous, cold, gray buildings made me quicken my pace.

How different the city had seemed only hours before when we walked hand in hand up Park Avenue to St. Bartholomew's at the corner of 51st Street. The jubilant smile was gone from my face now, the pride I had felt having her with me, and the lively patter of
heels clicking along beside me, gone too. I was alone in this unfriendly city, lonely and feeling more depressed with every quickened motion of my body.

Should I stop for a while and get out of this damn bedlam or should I go on? What I wanted to do was duck into a quiet, little pub, relax, have a drink or two, and then with the memories of the pleasures we had shared together fresh in mind, challenge the inevitable. A smile almost curled my lips as I recalled how nervous I had been, waiting in New Haven for her train on Friday—Heavens! It seemed like just a few hours ago. I had actually felt for those few nervous moments, standing on the platform, like running off, anywhere, as far and as fast as I could. Then I remembered the look on her face when she stepped down and how natural she seemed from that first moment on: The drive up to school, the martinis and lobster dinner that evening, the leaving together early the next morning for the city. The fragments of our brief time together rapidly reappeared before me: window shopping up Fifth and down Broadway's lights, the theatre Saturday night, the Hansom ride through the Park, its clop... clop... clop, and horsey smell, then the loud and exciting sounds in a Village bar and the softer, more romantic 'tinkling' piano at Del Monico's, the long, slow walk back to the hotel arm in arm, and the kisses and embrace going up in the elevator, they all reappeared so clearly and yet at the same time seemed to fade away one after another... on and on I walked.

There was a vicious blast of a car horn, a shrieking screech of brakes, a broken series of uncouth remarks and gasps from the sidewalk. People stopped and stared on all sides as I gained my feet having miraculously crossed an intersection against a light. After reaching the hotel a block away I shook all the way up to the seventeenth floor. I finally calmed down, after sitting for several minutes in the room's only arm chair, staring blankly into space with my chin cupped in my moist hands and my elbows, still wobbling, on my knees.

The rain was falling hard outside now and the nasty winds were blowing eerily through the open window, ripping at the defenseless curtains. As I went to the window my necktie blew up in my face and I raised my arm to strike back. A wave of cold water splashed over my defense and against my face. I brought the window down with all the strength I had. I was shaking again. "God! I've got to get out of here!" I hurriedly threw my things into my suitcase, then waited impatiently feeling my soaked shirt clinging to my body now before the elevator reached the lobby. The machine-like doors parted ever so slowly with an irritating buzz. I hurried out, payed, checked my key at the desk and dashed back into the elevator which led me directly to Grand Central. Once again noise and masses of people swallowed me in the huge underground station. I was partially relieved when I had only to wait a few minutes for the next train. I fumbled through three pockets before touching my crumpled pack of cigarettes.

The car was dark as it rumbled beneath the city and I tried not to breathe the foul air which closed around me. The stone-like figures surrounding me were lifeless and stared fixedly as they rocked from side to side. Then, all at once they seemed to come alive before my very eyes as the train emerged from the gloom of the city. Daylight alloyed with an inhalable mixture of air. The figures moved, the faces smiled, and faint sounds of conversation and laughter woke the sleeping car as if from death. I enjoyed a long sigh of relief, settled back and closed my eyes. It couldn't have taken me long to fall asleep.

In my unconsciousness, there was no restraining my long confined thoughts. Exhilarated by my recent escape they took a last minute holiday, for it was back to work for them soon also. I thought of how fortunate I, more so than so many others, was, how there always seemed to be something good even with the bad, whether exciting, pleasant or not in everything that I had come in contact with in life, and just how it was that I happened to be where I was at this particular moment. There was nothing really specific about these wandering thoughts until I got off the train, where there was an unusually large crowd amassed on the platform. For some reason it brought to my mind an incident from several summers past. All these people getting off the train and those getting on and people everywhere—where were they going and what were they thinking? Once before, standing at an airport gateway back home watching planes and passengers come and go I had thought the very same things. Fascinated by my own
imagination, I searched their appearances from head to toe for clues to their thoughts, their trips and even their lives. Now I was wondering what clues I was wearing to the thoughts that swirled through my mind.

I was happy again and the Springness of the air made me feel good to be alive. Even when I was back at school and was whistling my way across the campus in the early shadows of evening, everything seemed different—different not in the way the city had seemed to change earlier that afternoon. The grass seemed greener, and the dark red buildings almost friendlier.

I climbed the three flights of stairs, opened my door, set my suitcase down and walked over to my desk. I was too lost even to notice my roommate, who had looked up from his reading but said nothing. I glanced up at the calendar above my desk, gazed a moment away at the New England Spring Landscape, paused, eyes closed counting silently to myself. In all my wild meditations I had completely forgotten what day it was. "My God, only eleven more days 'till Spring Vacation."

A Trilogy of My Name

Glades of grass and glassy lakes
and I am in a field of tranquil blue
with silence overwhelming.

Soft breezes spring through green trees
in faint whispers softly
calling,
   Calling
my Name.
I envision shrouds of white
billowing with increasing turbulence:
Desire welling from within.

I am enveloped in red streamers
and my Name thunders all around.
Twisting, writhing
in warmly pressing velvet,
I fluidly soar
through nebulose masses.

It has passed,
and walls of gray encompass me;
deeper,
   Deeper
I sink in spirals.
On the wind, from afar,
my Name
echoes off chasmed cliffs.
It is my Conscience
Calling,
   calling,
and then
calling no more.  

Christopher Sturge
Echoes in the Night

Echoes in the night are prostitutes who conjure
Up the lifeless, torpid similarities I've
Come to know as Life IN These United
States Of . . .
Melodies and symphonies roll with ease
through the trees.
Then . . . Smash! in a concerto of cacophonous
noise.
"Such a plight? At night?" asked
Sigmund of the poet.
Yes indeed . . . Moon loons croon ragged,
rasping, tuneless,
Under-water songs, in harmony with Discord.
"Discord, but with whom?" (I rarely
fathom nonsense.)
'Las alack. The silver moon lies dully
dancing
In the sky, reclining, shining gayly, darkly . . .
"Dark?"
Of course, for poetry is built upon the
Sands of Mystery, Complexity, and . . .
Strangeness!
"Understand, my friend . . . (What is his
name?"
Yes, Jesus.)
Jesus . . .
Jesus Christ!
"Yes. Now, we'd like for you to
Stay with us awhile, and write more poetry,
and . . .
Learn to play our little game of Psychotherapy.
Nurse, . . ."

William N. Schacht

and there, too, is Beauty,
you say,
the quiet waking
of spring,
and is and could not be
is autumn's verse.
a form in thought,
an act of mind,
Reality!

beauty that is,
i say,
is
but a form
of forms to come,
a thought
of acts to be.
it could be,
but is
is not.

C. J. Long
A Word to the Wise

Why Perseus gave that terrible, great head
To Wisdom for her shield, is no surmise:
The girl Medusa, beauty in her eyes,
Can fix us all forever with her gaze
As overpowering now that she is dead
As when the wildly hissing hair could craze
Our moving thought to form and cold surprise.

SAMUEL FRENCH MORSE
Medusa

I had come to the house, in a cave of trees,
Facing a sheer sky.
Everything moved,—a bell hung ready to strike,
Sun and reflection wheeled by.

When the bare eyes were before me
And the hissing hair,
Held up at a window, seen through a door.
The stiff bald eyes, the serpents on the forehead
Formed in the air.

This is a dead scene forever now.
Nothing will ever stir.
The end will never brighten it more than this,
Nor the rain blur.

The water will always fall, and will not fall,
And the tipped bell make no sound.
The grass will always be growing for hay
Deep on the ground.

And I shall stand here like a shadow
Under the great balanced day,
My eyes on the yellow dust, that was lifting in
the wind,
And does not drift away.  

LOUISE BOGAN
The nature of beauty and the source of its power over us are topics which have engaged a succession of distinguished minds. But the fascination of the ugly and hideous, the attraction exerted by what repels, has found much shorter treatment in theories of esthetics. And perhaps rightly: for its origin seems to lie in another region of experience, in the awe mingled with horror which man feels when he is brought face to face with sudden, inexplicable, and sometimes catastrophic changes in his world.

At least this seems to be so of the Medusa, whom I may now try to describe. Of the three redoubtable Gorgon sisters, she was the most repulsive, with her round, moon face, flat nose, enormous, grinning mouth, teeth like the wild boar’s tusks. Her powerful wings were of gold, her hands were of bronze, as was her hair whence issued writhing, snapping serpents. But her most fearful weapon was her wide-open, staring eyes, flashing lightning which fixed and petrified the incautious man who looked into them.

There are almost no episodes in the Medusa’s life. Her grandest moment, for which she might be said to have lived, was her death. For her severed head now becomes an engine of horrid destruction in the hands of Perseus and Athena. The mask turns to stone, and the dripping gore exerts its special power.

Who was the Medusa, what did she represent? The face in the moon, said Plutarch. The terrible power of lightning, said others. She is the power which punishes and enforces retribution. She is no respecter of persons, but visits in the same awful way her punishment upon all who confront her.

Yet we know that horror can be exploited. Asclepius early learned the secret of the Medusa’s life blood. The drops, he found, could be used to cure as well as to kill. A later, more enlightened age, discovered that the Medusa, poor, perverse monster, could be turned upon her own kind. Her grinning face appears on countless amulets and coins to avert the evil eye.

A. MERRIMAN
The Life and Loves of Danaë Lovely

I am afraid I don’t believe in Medusa. She spoils the story. Otherwise, everyone could readily see that what we have is the heart-warming, true-to-life adventures of the beautiful Danaë, wife and mother—well, mother anyway—who finds love after forty, and on an island at that.

As our story opens, Danaë’s father, King Acrisius of Argos, has been told that should Danaë ever have a son, that son is sure to kill him. What could be more true to life? So, as an anti-grandchild measure, King Acrisius shuts Danaë up alone in a lofty brass tower. What could be more heart-warming?

But Zeus, of course, is all-seeing, including brass towers, and descends in a shower of golden rain. The result is Perseus, and right away, here is Danaë, entirely innocent but in exactly the correct kind of false position. It must have taken many tearful interviews with the unrelenting Acrisius before Danaë could convince him that it really was Zeus and not Roger the Lodger. Once Acrisius accepts this, he naturally cannot kill the child; so he takes the utterly heart-warming step of shutting Danaë and little Perseus up in a large chest and hurling them into the sea.

Here, clearly, is one of the high points of the series. Anyone who remembers the asthmatic anguish of Stella Dallas in her great solo arias will be able to hear across the millennia the undimmed accents of Danaë weeping, praying, scanning the future, addressing the sleeping babe. How long it must have taken before the pair finally bumped ashore on the Island of Seriphus and received the protection of King Polydectes.

From here on the story is fragmentary. The next we hear, Perseus is grown up, and the now widowed Polydectes is offering marriage to Danaë. Fortunately the missing portions are easy to reconstruct. We should be following the gradual dawning of love between Polydectes and Danaë, with Danaë nobly resisting Love and tearfully protesting that she cannot betray the trust of her best friend, the queen (who during these years must have been playing the necessary part of confidante).

The next great event is the death of the queen. Polydectes promptly offers marriage, which Danaë quite naturally refuses. Why should she? It is that kind of story. But we can easily locate her excuse; she must have been saying she had to devote her remaining years to
her son, because Polydectes, to get rid of Per­seus, dares him to bring back the head of Medusa.

At this point the chief scripter must have got sick or gone on vacation because the story rapidly loses interest; an inferior hand is at work. Perseus, assisted by a gaggle of divinities, goes to the ends of the earth and cuts off the head of Medusa while looking at her reflection in Athena's mirror-bright shield because, though Medusa herself is pretty petrifying, her image is not. It is always dangerous to allow minor characters to keep the limelight this way.

On his way back, Perseus rescues (from a dragon) one Andromeda, whom he decides to marry, and here once again we seem to feel the master's hand. Imagine the feelings of Danaë on hearing that her son is returning with a totally strange bride—and an Ethiopian at that! Worse still, she is already engaged to another man, and to top it all off, her mother Cassiopeia is on the outs with Poseidon. How Danaë's emotions must have been harrowed, fifteen minutes a day, by all this!

In the next great episode, Perseus petrifies Polydectes with the head of Medusa, and all Danaë's old love must have come rushing back. How she must have wept to Andromeda, who, I think, has by now become reconciled to her mother-in-law and taken over the post of confidante.

The final scene, though we have it in a badly garbled version, is superb, one of the most masterly things in all literature. As we are told it, Perseus accidentally kills his grandfather by hitting him on the head with a discus. How flat. Who cares? Oh no, nothing so stupid could come from that mighty pen. Perseus didn't kill his grandfather. Danaë's son killed Danaë's father. That's it! That is the true touch of the master. I can hear it now! "Oh! Oh, Andromeda (my daughter-in-law), my son (your husband Perseus) has killed my father (his grandfather Acrisius)! Oh! Oh! O-o-o-o-h!"

And now we return to my original statement that I don't believe in Medusa. Clearly she doesn't fit, but it is even worse than that. It is not merely that she isn't true-to-life. Not merely that she isn't the least bit heart-warming. Not even that she is wildly improbable. The trouble is that she is downright impossible, as anyone who has ever tried the old parlor trick of drawing a pig while looking in a mirror will at once recognize. If Perseus had tried anything so silly, he wouldn't have cut off Medusa's head; he'd have cut off his own left leg. No two ways about it, Medusa must go. Get rid of her and one of the greatest monuments of classical literature will come into its own again.

P. OVIDIUS NASO

The Fable of Perseus

An unfortunate mouse, named Perseus, on trial for some crime, quite innocuous, turning nearly to granite, spied his seven ominous feline jurors' apparel. He cried to the judge: "Good sir, what mystic enchantment, what Heracles hidden supports such august, ponderous, thick robes? How can you bear (if it isn't forbidden to tell) this dismal, fearful fabric less belt or suspender?" The judge, the older, the bolder, more dreadful in dress, replied: "Each bears this phenomenal weight on his own great shoulder!"

Perhaps Dame Justice's blindfold is not to deter Her from viewing us, but us from seeing her!"

William H. Owen, Jr.
An Apologie

True Learning's Noble Citadel sits still
And preens herself upon her lofty hill.
Enwrapped in rippling, parasitic green,
How safe, how gentle, how refined a scene!
Secure in their remoteness from the fray,
Her Denizens at living sweetly play.
The gracious atmosphere itself conspires
To quench rash, youthful skepticism's fires.
Enthusiasm? Fervor? Disavowed
As proper only to the vulgar crowd.
Protector from crass Common Sense's reign,
Tradition soothes the conscience, numbs the brain.
Yet, though in Christian heritage content,
The Garden's dull solemnity is rent
By frequent heinous crimes, implying then
That students there are much like other men!
Rebellious thoughts and actions must be crushed;
By power absolute removed, or hushed!
And when we seek just means for such a purge,
Behold, the Seven Shining Spooks emerge!
By taking Justice' weighty name in vain,
They wrest from chaos ordered fear again.
The seething sink of sin is saved at last;
The age of rightful arbiters is past!
Brave Perseus, perfect vessel for my trust,
Deflect, with two-edged sword, mere Logic's thrust.
Protect from ridicule the somber Rite
Which proves, with clouts, that these men merit might.
Defend these modest students from attack
By meaner minds who covet Wisdom's Whack.
(Their guardian Bishop scarcely can withstand
The urge to crush them with his holy hand.)
Each Spring is witness to a new-picked brood.
The reasons mystify, so must be good.

Self-righteous, self-contained, self-chosen, too;
True zealots all! Subservience their due!
"Accede in ignorance and kneel in awe!"
Can such great faith be rightly termed a flaw?
In swelling robes, by methods serpentine,
These judges seal the eyes and freeze the mind.
Secure in time of trouble, Justice ties
The band of blindness tight across her eyes.
What fool presumes to ask for guarantee
That Justice thrives on murky mystery?
Let him stand forth and face his gracious peers,
Prepared to pounce whenever doubt appears.
Arise, and gird your peasant loins anew;
Our Noble Inquisition summons you!
Since this essay already makes pretense
As serious of purpose, sound of sense,
The wisdom of these sages need not be
Displayed herein for thoughtful men to see.
(Remember, too, that mystic reason may
Seem somewhat less profound by light of day.)
At last the edict, writ in regal style,
All stained with gentle tears and edged with bile,
Is hung — the guilty slob, in deep despair,
Admits to potent power lurking there.
With due deliberation (heads or tails?),
The word "Suspend!" has tipped the Goddess' Scales.
So wise, so humble, capable, and just . . .
Can Mighty Mice be made of mortal dust?
I cry in anguish to this Worthy Band:
The Stigma of Discernment scars the land!
Until, submissive, stupid, and afraid,
Each docile clod confirms your masquerade,
Your indefensible sublimity
May fall to anger and enlightened glee.

Remington Rose
Introducing Martin Gross

by Howard Orenstein

The accident was simple enough, you see. I had stopped for a light and all of a sudden this car rams into my rear end and I’m thrown forward against the dashboard, or, rather, the steering wheel of the car. I bumped my chest real hard on the wheel and my head flew forward really fast and bent my neck all of a sudden and my head started to hurt. This old lady who was driving the other car ran over to see if I was O.K., and when I said my head hurt, she called the cops.

When the cops came, I got out of the car and it seemed like I was better, just a little shook up, you see, and after they took down some stuff they asked me, I took off. Not really much damage was done to my car. Next day I was working on Mrs. Gould—she’s a hairdressing student, you see—and we were talking about Aristotle and Plato, because Mrs. Gould is a very educated person and we get along fine, when all of a sudden I got this terrific headache and I leave Mrs. G. under the dryer and scoot out to the back room to gulp down a couple of aspirin. I’m back in a jiffy but Mrs. G. wants to know what’s the matter. A woman hairdresser can’t get anywhere in this world but a man with halfway decent looks, and if he’s an actor, you see, the women take a real personal interest. I told her about the accident and she asked me if I got a lawyer. I told her no, I couldn’t afford a lawyer and I’d handle it myself. She said her brother-in-law was a lawyer and she’d call him. I said no thanks I couldn’t afford a lawyer, but she says don’t worry I’ll call him myself and it won’t cost you a thing.

This pal of mine Michel used to own this Penthouse Salon on Main Street and he was doing so well that women used to give him diamond rings wrapped up in fifties and hundred dollar bills just for tips. He got closed down, you see, quietly because he was playing around with too many married women, but what I’m getting at is these women really take an interest in the men hairdressers. You take any woman. Her hair is her crowning glory. We were a bunch of us standing around talking to about six or seven girls sitting in a car one night and they weren’t any of them so hot, so I walked across the street to talk to a friend of mine and one of the girls asked, who’s he? He’s a hairdresser, one of the guys said and they called me back and in a half hour I had fifty bucks’ worth of work, shampoos, rinses, that kind of stuff, you see.

So Mrs. G. called this lawyer brother-in-law of hers and I went to see him. First thing he figured was how he could make a buck out of it. Well, that’s okay. I mean if the old lady had insurance and we had a case, this guy is in business to make money. He said he thought I should see a doctor and he made an appointment for me the next day.

Now this trench coat of mine. I’ve got this old trench coat—you know, like a khaki rain coat—and I wear it all the time. Like I said I’m only still a student hairdresser and in the course they let us work on the floor and the money I make, I live on this. Well, actually, I do some work on the side. You know. You’ve gotta. How to make ends meet on nothing. It’s all relative though, like it says in Einstein. But anyway, I live in an apartment with three other guys, we’re all hairdressing students and we’re all characters. I mean like me, I’m sort of a thinker. My life is first of all geometry—for clear thinking like Plato says. Second, philosophy—that’s about all I read. I’ve read Aristotle and Plato and all the Greeks and modern ones like Russell and Whitehead and that’s my life. Above all, though, is law. I took a home study course in law. I’ve got Black’s Dictionary home, and I took the course for about six months. You can learn a lot more on your own than you can in a law school, and our whole society works on laws or principles,
the same thing. I was a student at a college for about two years. I didn’t graduate. They called it a college but you know calling it isn’t the same thing as being it. While I was there, though, I sold an article to the Reader’s Digest. It was all about how a woman just warms up food which is already precooked and canned to save time, and all she does is warm this food and she does it on a machine that’s got so many gadgets on it it looks like a thing out of science fiction. Then after she saves all this time she goes to work in a factory to make the parts for this very machine. It’s more complicated than that, but that’s the general idea. I called it by some French name I saw in a magazine, which really seemed to fit it, then I closed it with the phrase, she’s become a slave to the time she saved. That’s what I mean by laws and principles. Anyhow, all the four of us are characters in one way or another.

But this coat now. Okay, it’s kind of wrinkled and dirty and I wear it all the time and it looks kind of crummy but I can’t afford to clean my clothes too often and when I wear this coat, my suits don’t get dirty and wrinkled and I clean the coat about once a month. But that way I save money on cleaning my other clothes. I’m not taking away from it. This coat is pretty bad. When I get it back from the cleaners every so often it takes me a long while to get used to the new smell. But I don’t care whether it looks good or not. It saves me a lot of money and besides I take it off when I get where I’m going.

I wore this coat to the doctor’s office the next day. Now another thing. Like I said I’m a hairdressing student. I work on a schedule. When I make an appointment for a woman and she’s not there, I fill in with the next one and if the first one comes later she’s out of luck. I mean time is valuable and I can’t wait all day. So I got to this doctor’s office at 2:25 and my appointment was for 2:30. Meantime there’s somebody already inside and I see about four people are ahead of me. I sat there a couple of minutes and I was going to leave. I was sitting there in my overcoat and I finally decided to curl up my legs and go to sleep. I mean this may sound funny to you but look at it this way. All these other people sit around taking quick glances at each other and looking away and looking around the room and being uncomfortable when at least they could be reading a book and improving their minds a little. You know how it is in a doctor’s waiting room. And these people meant nothing to me, they weren’t going to influence my life at all and I didn’t want to play this cat and mouse, so I curled up in this easy chair and I guess I fell asleep.

A couple of minutes later the nurse came out and saw me there and I guess at first with me sleeping curled up in my overcoat, she thought a bum came in off the street and went to sleep, but then thought this must be Mr. Gross and one of the other people said yes he was waiting for an appointment so she let me sleep until my time came up. Then she woke me up. When I got into the doctor’s office he asked me right off did I do that often, curling up and going to sleep. I hate narrow-minded people and I guessed what he was up to and I played along with him. I said not usually, but since I banged my head I sometimes did funny things. I told him I had tried out several of the chairs in his office first and that he had some very comfortable chairs. I was only being honest. I had tried out several of the
chairs. There's such a thing as appreciating a person's sense of humor. After we talked at length, he told me he had spoken to my lawyer, Mrs. Gould's brother-in-law, you see, and they thought now that I ought to go see a psychiatrist. I told him I'd drop in and see Mr. Paterson, that's the lawyer, and I did the next morning. He made an appointment for me to see the psychiatrist and I said I would. But something came up and I couldn't make it. Next day, Paterson called me and asked me why I hadn't gone and I told him, and he said well, the doctor was a busy man and I could have at least called to break the appointment. I said I was sorry and he made another appointment for me, but when it came up I was in New York at a high fashion class. It was being run by a Frenchman, one of the top men in the field and I thought I'd get more out of that than seeing the doctor.

The four of us who room together sometimes have girls up to the apartment and we fashion these high styles and also those peroxide streaks. Those are the big fad now, you see. They pay around $22 a streak at the Circon and they do a pretty good job. The stuff we do is very professional, though. We use 100 strength peroxide. That's really powerful stuff. The state law only allows about 30 to 40 strength in the salons so we have to be really careful. We put rubber shower caps on the girls and those plastic visors that croupiers wear so we don't get the stuff in their eyes. It's really powerful stuff. If it gets on your scalp it can really do a job. So we just use tweezers and pluck the hairs we want through the rubber caps and work that way. Sometimes we try to "pepper" them instead of the streak. Those jobs in the salons go for about 100 bucks a clip. You just bleach the tops of the hairs all over the head and you get this halo effect. It's really pretty. Well, they were demonstrating a special technique that day in New York so I went. When I got back home, the lawyer had called me several times and he was mad. Finally he made one more appointment for me and this time he called my father and told him to bring me like a little boy to see the doctor. I'm 25 years old already. And even though these things I did seemed funny, they make sense when I explain them.

Well, I got to the psychiatrist's office, Dr. Bell is his name, and he asked me first thing did I always go around breaking appointments? I said, look doctor, let's be honest. I am an individual. If you're honest with me, I'll be honest with you. I'm not afraid of reality. Put it to me straight. He told me he thought he could help me if I let him put me in this ward at the hospital, not a screwball ward, you see, but one where he could have other doctors look at me and he'd have all the equipment. I said, sure, all right, and went home. He called me about three days later and said it would be only a few more days. I told him fine, but I particularly told him, look doc, not before the week-end of the 12th; I had something very important that couldn't keep, so Monday or any time after that, O.K., but not the week-end of the 12th, you see. So when does he call me? The 11th. I told him it would have to wait till Monday and he got peeved, but I had told him particularly and I stuck to it. Then on Monday I walked right into the hospital.

Now in the last few days, everything is screwy. I got a phone call from my lawyer that, lo and behold, the old lady dropped dead, and not only that but she didn't have any insurance at all. So I got up and told the nurse I'd better go home because it was really funny now, but I wouldn't even be able to pay the bill. She looked at me kind of funny because I was laughing pretty hard, and she said I'd better wait till my doctor came around. This was 6 o'clock at night, and Dr. Bell wasn't due until morning, so I just went to my room and slept over. Next morning about ten o'clock Dr. Bell came in and I said, look doc, I'm gonna lay it on the line. I sort of have been half-serious and half-kidding you because Paterson and I figured we could make some money out of the accident, but now the old lady died and she didn't even have any insurance, so I better get out of here because I'm not even gonna be able to pay the bill. That stuff I handed you about acting screwy after I was hit on the head was just baloney. I've always been an individual, and did things that seemed funny to other people. The bump on the head didn't have anything to do with it. Now I better let you off the hook before I owe you any more money. He said to me, look Martin, you still need help, and I think you ought to stick around longer so we can see if we can help you, and I said, look doc, I'm not a nut, and I can help myself, and we started to argue quite a bit till I said, okay now let's get my clothes.
I want to get out of here. And he looked at
the nurse and my father who was there too,
you see, and said, all right Martin, we'll get your
clothes, and went out to get them.

Then these two orderlies come walking into
the room and say, okay Mr. Gross, we're going
to take you upstairs for a little while, and I
looked at them for a minute and finally said,
like Hell you are you bastards. You're not
bringing me up to that nut ward. I'll kill you
first.

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**Something Better**

He stood on the streetcorner, waiting.
He was not tall. His extremities, however,
Were properly arranged.
He seemed in proportion.
Green became yellow, then red.
People jostled him as they surged across the
street.
He thought, as backs of heads preceded him
Onto the far shallow curbing,
"I am not like them."
He hesitated under the sign bearing black
On a yellow background
With the rectangle beneath.
People moved by him,
Assorted kinds of them.
The pleatless college boy without shoulders
Buttoned down
Buckled in the back
Watched them.
Glancing about himself, he thought,
"They are flat.
They are of two dimensions.
On their surface there is little,
Beneath it there is nothing."
He thought, standing there,
"I am really round.
They consider the sun to be their sun.
They live in its light and consequently
Never see the universe."
Satisfied, he walked on.

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**Our Sonnet**

When the shades are drawn
And dampness crawls upon the windowpanes
It’s time to wander home,
To trace the footprints we have laid.
We will walk the eighty yards (or so)
To the corner tavern at 6th and 23rd,
And we will “drink our whisky neat,”
Half-propped upon a worn but shiny rail.
And then, when we’re warmer by degrees,
We’ll hunch and turn our collar up
And wade outside, acutely less aware
Of the dampness on the windowpanes,
Of the fog upon our spectacles,
Of the lonely looseness of our gait.

*Ray Loven, Jr.*

*William N. Schacht*
They entered the lobby of the tall office building, a little boy and his father. The father’s large hairy hand wrapped tightly around five small fingers.

. . . Winter, it’s winter, thought the little boy as he looked at the walls and floors of gleaming white marble. And here I am in my large coat with the fur collar, and warm scarf that nursey makes me wear. The soles of his new shoes slipped like skates over ice on the marble, and he imagined skating on the small pond near his home. Swish, swish, swish, went his skates across the frosty surface . . .

"John, John, pay attention," said his father, "You almost bumped into that lady—now say that you’re sorry."

. . . It was gone, all gone, the pond, the snow, the skates and instead of the friendly skating scene . . .

In the lobby, the voice of the man in the tight blue suit was gruff when he told them to move back in the elevator. The little boy winced as he anticipated the calling of each floor number. But soon the voice began to fade away.

. . . Up and up he flew, higher than even the birds can go, higher than the clouds or even the sky. What fun it would be, thought the little boy, to own a great rocket like this and to fly it wherever I wanted to go, to spin the round black wheel, to sit on the little black stool, and to watch the dials and flashing lights. Riding up past the clouds, landing on a star, stopping for a picnic lunch with nursey, of course, I’ll take nursey because she’ll be able to tell me stories and make me sandwiches to eat when we have picnics . . .

The elevator stopped again and this time a great fat man stepped in. "Step back—step to the rear," roared the man in the tight blue suit. "There’s plenty of room for all of you if you’ll all step back." The door closed and the steady hum of the motor soon was the only noise to be heard in the elevator.

. . . And I’ll have my own uniform, it will be red. I’ll wear high black boots, and won’t let anyone ride unless I like them . . .

The door opened again, and his father took his hand. Out they went into a great corridor lined with many doors. The iron door of the elevator clamped shut behind them.

. . . Like the mouth of an immense yellow lion, and he could hear it grind its teeth, roar and blink red eyes at him . . .

At a large glass door they stopped. The father entered first, followed by the boy. "Now, you sit down over there and wait until I come back for you," the father said, "and mind you, don’t get in trouble," and he went
over to the desk to talk to the woman in white with the white cap, which was perched upon her head. She nodded, picked up a pack of papers and showed the father into a room and then followed the father into the room. The door closed behind the father and the little boy was by himself again.

The room was very neat. There were chairs and many books in a bookcase and strange pictures on the walls with writing for pictures. There were red stickers with bird-like tails at the bottom of the pictures. The small boy soon had investigated the new kind of pictures. He looked here and there trying to find something else of interest. The sun shining through a large front window attracted his

attention. Looking through the large, old fashioned panes he could see the sun reflecting off the roof tops of the neighboring buildings. And swooping in and out of these dancing beams, playing with one another were the birds of the city having a gay, free time.

. . . Through the air he flew with the sun at his back, up and down among the spires, floating with the breezes, landing sometimes on window sills to say hello to people looking out of windows . . .

Two small hands reached up and pushed the window open. Two very blue eyes saw the street far below, and two arms spread to carry their owner into space.

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**Requiem**

The peak of a week
Comes, sometimes,
Suddenly upon us
And then, when we're ready, 'tis gone
And we're left left left all alone
To moan "the untimely passing."
And this too, is often true
Of every bit of all our time:
A flipped coin, a tarnished dime,
Tossed and lost in the sand —
Perhaps cleaned and washed and worn
In that same, same sand.
Ah, Time plays such games
With the meek and the weak,
With the day and the week,
Some times.

*William N. Schacht*

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**The Island**

Fire-fragments glow in the dark;
They've left their cigarettes burning.
The purse she needed so before
Lies beside the phonograph, forgotten.
Their emptied glasses, the silver key,
Her scented gloves, discarded, wait nearby.
Outside, the System regulates;
People stand in doorways and walk
In the rain huddled under umbrellas,
Trying to keep dry.
Inside, a nearer Reality:
The Prince and Princess of the Island meet,
And let their cigarettes burn out.

*Ray Loven, Jr.*
Eclogue

Where do cats go
When they die,
Do you know?
Above? Below?
Don't lie;
Where do cats go?
Do they foreknow?
Do they cry? . . .
Do you know?
I want to show
My pride his eye.
Where do cats go?
Do they outgrow
Life's awful tie,
Do you know?
If life is Hello
And death, Goodby . . .
Where do cats go,
Do you know?

Arthur Perretta

An anonymous note to the Literary
From an Incidental Snail Watcher

The snail upon my lettuce
Roaming fancy-free
Runs hard upon the mayonnaise
And thinks he drowns at sea;
Or probably he doesn't think
And it is only me
Imagining he thinks so.
Pathetic fallacy.
In an age when most frontiers are shrinking, there is one that is constantly growing—the frontier of the chemist.

This frontier has been pushed slowly back ever since the days of the pioneer 18th and 19th Century chemists. Their theories, proved in laboratories, were made useful by the mechanical genius of engineers such as Heinrich Koppers, designer of the modern chemical recovery coke oven. These early scientists laid the foundation for the diversified chemical industry that has grown so rapidly in the 20th Century.

And what are the results? An industry that has helped mankind by developing entirely new and better products for more pleasant living; an industry that has extended the life of man by developing new or improved medicines; an industry that has extended the life of many materials, conserving our natural resources.

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