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On Finding That The Poem Belongs To Others

A Greek sky, this sense of columns standing alone—
I shifted and I shook the mind
With what my many worlds disown—
Shedding and shoring, I stand, still undefined.

Obliques of apple bough,
Like dancers, once entwined, now flung apart,
How is it that the times endow
So little union in the heart?

I walk among the trees divided,
White wings ruptured from the breast;
This is the drama of some flight elided,
The pink-tinged wing a bleeding shield at best.

A world of ravaged wings, columnar matters,
And those soft dancers angrily estranged;
I gather images of stone and tatters,
A maker of the beautiful deranged.

But this is the place, I hear a reigning voice:
The soul owns nothing but the debris of the ages
After some conquest in the bitter wars of choice—
What other evidence of love so utterly engages?

Charles Edward Eaton
My End

I held my nose, closed my eyes, and threw my right hand up into the air allowing myself to drop beneath the surface of the choppy water. Emergence brought the realization that there were no jumping, splashing masses of sun-burned bodies bobbing in the vicinity to whom I could show that the water was over my head. My toes were numbing and could no longer relay the pressure sensation of my too tight dancing pumps. The shock that my fingers were becoming more and more difficult to move, coupled with the unpleasant eunuch feeling of the contraction in the groin, made the situation seem very unbeautiful to me and I am sure that no matter how perfect men find the gaudiest scenes of war the real, dull human ache and agony of this would make their stomachs push down on their intestines offering a terrible hollow hopelessness.

Just another thing in my life which I had felt was coming, but again one which I found impossible to avoid. It was not until I hit the icy waters of the North Atlantic and heard the deafening thrashing sound from the twin screws rip past my head and fade with a phosphorescent glow of churning foam, could the realization of my action come home to my distraught brain. I was going to die and there was nothing on this earth that could be done about it. The inevitability of it all had pressed me for days.

The thought of the terrific strength of the icy, choppy blue had somehow attracted me with a demonic force and I had fought the strange pull by returning to the ordered chaos that is ship-board life. Each time to drink a little more, yell a little louder and sleep a little later.

The night I, with corked complacency, threw back everybody's words right into their faces. I laughed and so did everyone until it was his turn to come under the lash. King then, but the realization that everything that I had said was the accumulation of a lifetime's careful listening to the living of others and the mere fact that my inhibitions were fewer and my disregard for others' feelings grosser had given me an advantage. They just could not believe the bluntness of my remarks, and I got them while they were down. The sickening feeling of the fruitlessness of my petty triumph was slammed home to me when I met three girls who were doing nothing, and desired to do nothing, while no amount of coaxing could pry them from their books. It was not that they were prudes for they went to a school where such animals are chewed up
and spit out in tiny salivated bits. They didn’t have a very good time, self-admittedly, but at least they didn’t scowl and hate themselves for previous actions. They were definitely “haves,” but the “have” quality did not undermine their thoughts past the extent of leaving them wide open and not allowing cliches to govern their lives or parental pride staturally and economically to make them think they had an edge on anyone. They had a definite edge but it was being used only as a stepping stone to better things which they could do for themselves and their minds; not as a blinding retarding barrier. Why should these people have bothered me when there were so many others on the ship who could have easily been committed to bed? It was probably that their presence happened to be coincident with my perception of so many of the then unreal realities of my life, existing as a mere vegetable, doing the accepted thing so much of the time, happily and without thought or qualm.

Then too the night of destruction. With the typical immature desire to throw wrenches into smoothly running operations and to have something to tell about, I threw eleven, no twelve chairs overboard. It was probably the last chair which brought the silliness of the deed home to me. The outline barely visible as it fell down into the icy water and my sopped brain felt real emotion for that chair and the loneliness which it would experience 1500 miles from no really caring person. I thought too that my action would get so much better billing than the poor little deck chair. But the only cure for alcoholic realization is more alcohol and after more alcohol the table-tennis table went over, landing legs up (both sections). I found that fire extinguishers were just a little smaller than a port hole so several of those went out, and a fire hose on returning to the deck to laugh at the empty place left by the now cold and floating ping-pong table. If I had done this entirely for personal satisfaction, no one need have known, but it wasn’t long before the chosen few to know had told other chosen fews and so on to the point where a simple walk around the decks would net me cries of encouragement from idiots whose values were worse messed up than my own.

And then my looking back on the vandalism in the presence of those bright girls who needed no cheap charges. God, the guilt got much worse and there was nothing I could do to justify my existence. I’d try to read of a morning and find that my head was in too fuzzy a state to comprehend more than one word every two or three seconds. Sleep, walk on the deck among the idiots, nothing could salve my conscience. I found the girls with true complacency no aid to me for I had nothing to say that they would find pertinent or give very pleasant smile to. They were not being “nice” to me but to themselves for they knew that they would in retrospect gain little pleasure from tearing apart the
thoughts of their inferior. The smiles or agreeing nods may or may not have been intended but they still came and made me feel so small and self-conscious that I excused myself at the next pregnant pause and crawled away to my cabin.

Evening and a shower made me feel that all which had run through my mind was the product of a well deserved hangover and what the hell I was only young once. Then more saturation of the brain, and a start is made on another night’s escapades. Only the night went through its cycle too fast this time. Conversations netted me a confident air and when my friend suggested chairs I readily agreed. Up and over they went, folded and stacked in orderly piles of three. We didn’t even watch them hit the water. Laughingly back into the bar and a few jokes all around. Then the chief steward, catcher of all passed bucks on the ship, entered the room and started to move from table to table. My friend came to me and said that the steward was looking for me. My first emotion was one of anger and I grabbed the man who had told the steward part of the story. No he hadn’t said exactly who it was for he did not feel it was his duty, but why had I told everyone, he wanted to know? This statement pierced me and my face flushed with embarrassment and fear. I raced down to the cabin where the three girls were peacefully reading and tried to tell one of them that I wanted to use her as an alibi. No words would come at all. I couldn’t look one of them in the eye, not one. I put my two hands on an upper bunk and allowed my flushed face to sink between my arms as I tried to talk, but to little avail. Two rather guttural rudiments of words and one noise which was the choking of a sob of frustration and I tore from the cabin and up the maze of stairs which had taken me so long to know, up onto the deck. I slowed as I hit the air but my mind pounded at me without mercy. I was a tiny little person.

Angered by truth, running from comeuppance, breaking down at kindness. All my pre-shower misgivings came back with intensified vigor and I really and truly hated myself. I thought of the bobbing bits of furniture and the heavier submerged pieces of fire fighting equipment, my race, the cold furniture again in the middle of the lonely polar waters. No one whom I respected cared any more about me than the chief steward did about the chairs. The water rushed past the ship cutting an invisible wake in the dark ocean. I again wanted to get into the terrifyingly beautiful water. The nebulous pull was the same as that of the ground on me had been while ascending the Eiffel tower in the elevator. It hadn’t been coupled with self-hatred then just an attraction of vague insane and inexplicable sources, but this attraction was coupled with the most hideous guilt and acute sense of worthlessness. It was the least I could do to let my emotion guide my actions and join the floating
objects of my stupidity, at the same time removing myself from the perceptive scrutiny of those girls.

On easing myself to a sitting position on the rail, I saw that I had no fear, my emotion the same and the terrifying attraction greater. I simply let go, pushing myself slightly to clear the ship and after an icy smack I was in the water. I could have yelled after the light from the frothy propellers which mingled with the light of the dance floors where people were drunkenly dancing, but that would have done little good; so partly because I wanted to do the only real thing that I had ever really done to my life right and partly because I did not have the guts to struggle, I put my head back as if to sleep and let the next block of water beat my lolling head about. The cold, stingy, salt-water entered my mouth freely.

Joseph O. Humphreys
"... but what care he for earthly joys, 
The breaking of him made a noise."

And will I break, a shell too filled with tiny noises, 
A thing too strained by the compulsion to evoke 
The nuance and the scent of life and word? 
Will I snap like a banjo string behind a symphony 
Played by the universe and men, and thus 
Come to an un-awesome finish so absurd? 
Let me then judge my guilt before that end: 
I see too closely, missing beauty in a search 
For pretty things. 
I hear too softly, deaf to thunder from the roar 
Of tiny tinkling bells. 
I think minutely, losing all of worthwhile thought 
In narrow confines of the hint. 
A tiny noise indeed, this shell would make; 
This string too tightly stretched to pluck out 
Real truth or real mistake. 
A paradox, it seems, to burst forth from restraint 
When all therein contained exerts its pressure 
In, not out . . .

B. There is a simple answer; 
   Live a life-sized life.

John Avallone
Variations

I

As crashing waves defile a rocky shore
The wave is splashed, the stone is hewn away,
And both are much the lesser than before;
Slow weakened die midst birth of sand and spray

When vernal zephyrs, moisture-heavy find
The sleeping heart of spring's soon opening bud,
These breezes cause the bud to break the rind
But get no compensation for the stud.

The bee that stings a lily with her tongue
Or stops to comb the pollen from her hair
Has mated with that bloom; for when she's done
Is caused regeneration of the pair.

The booming wave is louder than the breeze,
More mighty than the bee. Yet with its power
Cannot cause buds to swell upon the trees
Nor satisfy itself within a flower.

Thomas R. Swift
An undulating female swell becomes
Excited by the body of the shore
Who weaves his sloping spell. And she succumbs,
Though meaningless the climax of a whore.

When vernal zephyrs, moistured, palpitate
The sleeping heart of spring's soon opening bud,
In Aphrodite's swell communicate
The womb of green, the soon-forgotten stud.

In jasmine's scented funnel, sweet with wine
The other marriage partner combs her hair,
Exchanging dust; upon both loins a fine
Display of gold regenerates the pair.

Thomas R. Swift
I watched the arm of the waitress stretch past my face and put the glass of beer on the table in front of me. I looked up to see her smile and whisk away into the collage of faces around the room. Pete leaned across the table and tapped my arm.

“So what do you think?”

“Huh?”

“About going down to the shore next weekend.”

“I don’t know. Depends on the money situation.”

“We won’t need much. You can stay at the house.”

“That’s what we always say and then we spend it somehow.”

“Ah, we won’t need much. Look there’s Phil Maroon. Not a bad looking girl.”

“Hmmm?” … ah he’s pretty much of a clod.”

Phil Mamon was pretty much of a clod. He was loud and greasy and dumb. I watched him for a minute and wondered what she could possibly be saying to that girl. Well, he probably thought I was queer. Not being dumb. The waitress put a couple of beers on his table and he smiled at her and turned back to his not bad looking girl. I guess he was working on her. Old jokes and the sly smile. Pretty soon, kneezies. Pete began giving me the ear about the shore again and I just said maybe. I don’t know why I came here if I didn’t want to talk, or didn’t like the company. I guess I did like the company. They were all the me’s I once could have been: the boys crowded into a booth, around a table filled with glasses, laughing and singing and slapping; the well groomed young man sitting alone with his date politely talking over a sandwich; the tee shirted mongrel on the bar stool, watching his wavy hair in the mirror, or Phil Mamon with the girl, who had gotten up to put some money in the juke box.

“Moon light in Vermont
Falling leaves, a Sycamore
Moonlight in Vermont…”

I turned back to drink some beer, realizing that I had been paying little attention to Pete. He kept talking. I finished my beer and signaled for another. I don’t remember how many I’d had, but I’d been sitting there for quite a while. Fred Pullman had been sitting with us before, but had left. He told us all about his trip to Europe. It was sort of interesting. It made me want to go to Europe …, but not with Fred Pullman. I don’t know why, but just about then I began thinking about all the books I could have been reading. I realized, though, that
I was sitting here because I wanted to. I wanted to drink beer, and watch people I didn’t know or care about, drink beer, and listen to Pete talk. I wanted something more too. But it was so busy here, and I could almost forget that.

The waitress filled our glasses. I watched her go and my view was cut off by another woman cutting by in front of the booth. She was wearing tight short pants and a red blouse. Her blonded hair hung freely to her shoulders, as if recently rescued from a home permanent. She crossed to the bar and sat up on a stool. I suppose she’d been there for a while, but I hadn’t noticed her. She sat next to the railings in front of the tap and talked to the waitress, who was waiting for the glasses to be filled. I think the man next to her was with her. At least he wanted to be.

“Hey, it’s sort of late. Why don’t we shove?”

“Hmmm? All right, grab the waitress.”

Pete hailed the waitress and got the check. I didn’t think we’d had that much. I slid out of our booth, pulling the check with me. I stood up. I had drunk more than I figured. I was a little dizzy, . . . mellow. I steered myself toward the bar to pay the bill. Leaning against the bar, waiting for the bartender, I noticed that a friend of Pete’s, Dale Wyler, had stopped at the table and sat himself down to talk. Pete obliged willingly. I looked down to notice that my sleeve was getting wet. I cursed and rolled it up. The bartender was mixing a large order of drinks. I looked across at myself in the mirror, but the brightness from the reflected light was too strong for my smoke weary eyes. I sighed and glanced next to me, at the girl in the red blouse. I looked down and quickly back at her again, and found we were looking at each other.

“Hello. You waiting for a drink?”

“No, I just want to pay my bill.”

“Oh, I haven’t see you around here before.”

Her hard face was heavily made up, and her hair, badly bleached, hung dryly down. She smiled, revealing a broken tooth, and looked at me curiously. It was an intense look, and rather than look away, I stared into her eyes,—blue and pretty and alone. I realized how light I really felt as I smiled and began talking freely.

“No, I don’t come here much. I know I haven’t see you before.”

“Oh, this is my hangout. I’m here everyday about four. After work. I bet you don’t know what I do?”

“No, I guess not. What . . . you the bartender here?”

“Huh . . . That’s not as funny as you think. You know what? I’m a cop.”

“Sure you are. I’m a stripper.”

“Yeah? . . . heh heh . . . No really. I’m the only woman cop on the
force here. Fifty-five men and me. Pretty good, huh. Yeah, we all come here about four o’clock every day”

I didn’t know whether to believe her or not. But it didn’t bother me. It was just something she was talking about, something to make us talk more, to find out more about each other. Two people who ordinarily wouldn’t have cared less. The intensity of her look gave me a new sense to appeal to. On the other side of the room was a young intelligent boy, who had talked to me all evening and only amused me. But before me, a woman, sharp tongued and hard faced, had in the loneliness of her look, aroused me. The lines in her face, veiled by the pink of her make-up, the brown roots of her blonde hair, the cracking lipstick and broken tooth, all disappeared before her eye lashes, blinking violently in front of those wanting eyes.

“How old are you?”
“How old do you think I am?”
Twenty-two.”
“Um hummm ... I lied.”
“I’m twenty-nine years old, ya know that. Ain’t no spring chicken. Twenty-nine. That ain’t young no more. That’s old for a woman.”
“It’s all in how you feel.”
“Yeah, I guess so. What the hell, fifty-five men around, don’t make much difference how old you are.”
We laughed, and the laugh died and we looked. Said nothing.
“Ah ..., How would you like to buy me a drink? I mean I don’t care how old you are.”
“OK. Bill, a beer here. You can pay him your check ... Oh, the beer’s on me!”
“Thank you.”
“Yeah, I can remember when I was twenty-two. I thought I was old then. Phew. I ain’t done much since. You know, you’re a good lookin’ kid.”
“I always thought I was funny looking.”
“Well, that don’t matter. I like the way you look.”
“Thanks ... Does this bother you, being twenty-nine?”
“What do you mean?”
“I wouldn’t worry. It’s a nice age.”
She bought me another beer, and I still felt light and talkative. I said anything to keep her talking. I started a long drawn out philosophy about age being only mental; all the usual crap about, “it’s how you feel.” And I felt light, and sad and sorry for her. And anxious. Anxious to take her in her short pants out to the car and say, “You’re not really a bad looking girl. I noticed your legs.” And I did say, “You with someone?”
“Yeah, that guy sitting next to me. I’d like to get rid of him.”
“You want to leave him,”
“No, I gotta stick around. He bores me though. He just brings me here and drinks. He’s a bore. Listen, what are you doin’ tomorrow night?”
“Ah, nothing . . . I don’t think.”
“Well maybe we could do somethin’ then . . .”
“Fine. You want me to meet you here?”
“No, no, ah . . . You know where the Camptown Grille is . . . out on the highway?”
“Yeah, I think so . . . on the left side going out?”
“Yeah, well pull in the parking lot in back. I’ll meet you there at eight o’clock.”
“Fine.”
“Green ’54 Chevy.”
“Mine’s a black ’55 Ford convertible. OK? You know where that is now. Eight o’clock. Now don’t you forget now. Don’t stand me up!”
“No, eight o’clock. Camptown Grille.”
I noticed that Pete was standing and ready to go. I said, “eight o’clock” to her again, and walked away. I just remembered. I hadn’t even asked her her name. I didn’t tell Pete a thing.
I was restless all through dinner the next evening, and when my father asked if I had any plans for the evening, I said I intended to meet Pete. Maybe we’d go to a movie.
I shaved. Looking in the mirror I thought: a clean face and a pure heart, eight o’clock Camptown Grille, now don’t stand me up.
I roared out of the driveway at a quarter of eight. I didn’t want to be early and I didn’t want to be late. I didn’t know what I wanted to be. I didn’t know what was going to happen. I was so sober now, excited but so sober. Would I want to look at her again. Talk to her. Maybe she’d just get into my car, and we’d make furious love, and she’d leave. But why bother really? Unless just to make the whole thing complete. Why should it end staring at each other in a bar? Why not finish what was started?
And how would it start? What would I say to her tonight? How are you? How have you been? How are the fifty-five men? If there were such a thing. By the way, what’s your name? And then what? We could always go somewhere else and drink. Hard liquor! I could get dizzy fast and try to fly back to the place where we left off. It could never work this way, I’d see her whole face. I know it. Now, I’d see the whole sad face . . . and a skirt, I guess.
I pulled into the parking lot, tense and nervous. There was a car there. I drove by it slowly. It was a Buick. No one was in it. I
pulled to the back of the lot where I could see all the cars that pulled in, as well as the ones that drove by on the highway. I turned off the engine. It was two after eight. She was late.

Another car drove into the lot. I leaned forward to see, but saw that it wasn’t hers. Maybe I’m in for more than I expect. Maybe she’ll come with a few bruisers, call me over to the car and roll me. Maybe she’ll take me back to her apartment and have some ox catch me with my pants down, and take off with my wallet. I put my wallet in my side pocket. A cop huh? Why not.

It was eight-twenty. A few more cars had pulled in; none of them hers. I watched every car that went by on the highway. Every Ford, black, white, sedan, convertible, . . . anything close made me jump. And her car never turned in. It was eight-thirty. She was a half an hour late. Well maybe she was teasing all along. But she asked me to meet her. It was her idea. She reminded me not to stand her up. She could be a half an hour late. She said she’d be here. Maybe she came early and left. She did say eight. Yes, eight o’clock. Tonight. Tonight, I know that. I know it. Maybe she went inside the Grille. But her car isn’t here. She could have come in another car. But there was only the Buick when I came, and someone’s already left in that. It wasn’t her. Where the hell could she be? She said eight o’clock. Don’t stand me up. I know that. I’ll wait till nine. That’s an hour. I’ll wait till nine.

I sat back and kept watching the cars as they drove by or pulled in. I watched the people as they got out of their cars. Every woman could have been her, but wasn’t. Every small, dark convertible could have been her’s, but it wasn’t.

At nine o’clock I started my engine. Why? Why did she tell me not to forget? If she had just said, “meet me” . . . or, “I’ll be there.” But she said, “don’t forget,” “don’t stand me up.” I could wait till nine-thirty. I could. And why? To finish the story? One half hour to finish the story? The motor running, I waited fifteen minutes . . . and slowly drove out of the parking lot. I turned onto the highway and back toward the city. “Don’t forget,” she’d said. Dammit, I believed her. I believed. And now, I’d have to finish the story . . . a million different ways. Maybe better than she would have. Maybe. Sure.

Lee H. Kalcheim
In Rainytown
People think
Sunshine is
Sentimental.

Lee H. Kalcheim
To Jeannie

A thousand and one loves
Attend
On nights when we were singing through
The tangled stars
How I must mold my drinking
To some far off
Full-lipped moon,
A thousand and one loves
Attend
A ritual in rain
Where I am not sure whose kiss
Blows across the midnight tip of leaves
And hears the rain
Falling
In my arms.

Last night
The thousand and one loves were
Rituals in rain,
And surely I tasted to the full
Some loves
Falling from several tangled stars
Down to her eyes,
But today
I walk singularly back through
Many colors of wind
And say to a certainly cloudless wood
How I must break
My thinking of some one
From a thousand ritual loves:

These autumn days, I swear, I shan’t return
And listen to the cold ringing wind.

Louis Renza
sipping souls with strawberry straws
we never stopped for breath until
the straws grew chapped and then
we threw away the straws and drank
from the chalice rim direct;

once welcomed by the gentle blue
of my wood sprite's eyes that
shined to me the idyll of forgetting
time we rode upon a rappled mare
passed the rim of evening up to
the nightly damp that began to
cloud the tinseled sky;

and my love took to coughing
in the cold and I held her warmly
but the cold and coughing slipped
through my arms and so soon did
my love.

Paul Briger
The Musical Scene:

Jazz
Classical
Folk Music
“What is the difference between an orange?” and “Is it quicker to New York or by train?” are great favorites in the grammar school humor circle this year. Among the professional musician’s set these little sallies have their counterpart in the line “What’s the difference between modern and progressive jazz?” For if the first questions have no answer, the other has as many as there are musicians, fans, and would-be as well as “noted” critics. Recently I asked this same annoying question while speaking with a rather celebrated jazz pianist who was playing an engagement in a local cocktail lounge. In response he shrugged and said, “Ask Stan Kenton; he started the whole mess.” His comment was essentially true, and it started the chain of thought which resulted in this article. Stan Kenton did popularize the distinction between two trends in jazz evolution which he labeled “modern” and “progressive.” In the late 40’s and the early 50’s Kenton made a series of tours and released a series of albums which capitalized on this distinction which he was trying to make (and possibly to create.) Many people (myself included) accepted his definitions, as well as his music, and everything was going nicely until a number of perceptive artists and Repertoire men caught onto the term and started the merry race towards complete confusion. Today then, we have such diverse elements and personalities as Miles Davis, Chico Hamilton, Charlie Mingus, Dave Brubeck, Kenton himself (the record companies graciously allowed him to remain in the lucrative sunshine of his own invention), and those vague groups known as the East and West Coast schools all coming under the same heading. In short, every one with the exception of Eddie Condon (and sometimes I doubt of thee) has been labeled as progressive. Result: confusion for fans and musicians alike, profits for the intrepid captains of the record industry. What I would like to do is to define these two terms along the lines which Kenton set up, and from there to briefly categorize some of the more popular groups playing today, according to those definitions, as examples.

Shortly after World War II a group of divergent schools sprang up in different parts of the country, which up to this time had been experiencing a relatively homogenous brand of jazz under the domination of the swing giants. In New York a revolt lead by Charlie Parker and Miles
Davis and characterized by its ultra-“up” tempos established itself on 52nd Street. These proponents of the cool or East Coast school devoted themselves to the emphasis of the horn man as a virtuoso. Their music had set a standard pattern of repeating choruses in the Dixie tradition with each soloist taking his turn, and little attention was paid either to the melody presented or to the group as a whole. All of this has led to the loss of group identity and an emphasis on individuals; instead of a Miles Davis band, we have Miles Davis and a group of other soloists.

Concurrent with the formation of this school was activity on the West Coast which centered around Stan Kenton. He had gathered around him a considerable group of musicians, arrangers, and composers and was engaged in propounding a whole new philosophy of jazz. His basic assertion was that jazz should be considered in the same light as the body of music which we choose to call classical or serious. In a long series of tours in this country and abroad and in an impressive number of LPs, he tried to put this philosophy into practice. His major interest was in the two categories which he chose to name “modern” and “progressive.” Modern jazz consisted of that music conceived and delivered in accord with common practice. That is, the outgrowth of swing with emphasis on improvement or perfection of traditional devices. The second (and for Kenton, more important) category was concerned with breaking away from all tradition. He changed instrumentation, using full string sections, French horns; he changed form, breaking from the repeat chorus pattern; he changed harmonies and the intensities of sound—all this to create an atmosphere of the new, the different, the unusual. In short he tried to progress towards “his vision of the world of music for tomorrow.”

In Kenton's wake a third body of musicians, many of them alumni of his organization emerged. The West Coast school is attempting to find a middle ground between Kenton's insistence on bringing music of a new and different nature to the foreground, and the more popular emphasis on the virtuoso functioning against the background of unobtrusive music and solid rhythm. Such men as Mulligan, Brubeck, Baker, Tristano, Russo, Fergusson, and Pete Rugolo are trying to capture the best of both movements. Still another (smaller) group more closely identified with this group, although geographically aligned with the East Coast musicians is that exemplified by Charlie Mingus and Art Blakey. Strangely enough these men have come up with music “farther out” than any of the others.

The distinction which I have tried to make can now be reapplied to the groups which we have discussed. In the process we find Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk, Horace Silver, Stan Getz and associated Jazz au
Phil, horn men shorn of the title progressive, while groups like that of Chico Hamilton (for better or for worse he's new and different) and the MJQ attain the ranks. Kenton's successors, Rugulo and Shorty Rogers, along with small group men like Dave Brubeck also reach the foreground by virtue of their continual efforts to keep jazz a changing phenomenon. Meanwhile the rest fall into a middle ground where your word is as good as anybody else's. As a closing — if disruptive — comment I suggest that the "new, different, unusual equals progressive (dictionary sense)" supposition of Mr. Kenton has an interesting parallel in the "bigger, newer, shinier equals better" corollary of modern American economics and society.

John Avallone
The great works of great composers live on from year to year because people of all ages can find a certain affinity to their own feeling in the music. Like great literature and art, there is some deep inherent quality that makes one feel that is something of himself buried there.

Certain styles of music expose certain ideas and therefore, will be more popular than other styles at certain times. For many years the Baroque Period of music had been out of favor. Bach and Handel were about the only composers of this period that people were familiar with. Yet today, the baroque period is gaining favor and strength once again. Composers who were unknown yesterday are becoming as popular as Bach and Handel. The reason is very simple and ties in directly with the first paragraph. The music of the Baroque Period is more akin to our thinking. The world today is a world of science, of physics and mathematics; a world of "reality." The moon is no longer a shimmering light under which we stroll with a girl, but a dried ball of clay which we hope to land a rocket on. Romanticism and idealistic daydreaming have been replaced by the mathematical world of science.

Baroque music is founded upon strict mathematical form. Fugues, cannons and pascalias are almost mathematical equations in themselves. Although emotion is present in baroque music, it is not dripping with tears, like a Brahms Symphony. It seems as if the baroque composer tried to remove himself as much as possible from the music and to achieve emotion purely from an ingenious and beautiful rendition of a mathematical form. The music is vivid and inspiring because it is pure; because it is realistic, but not cold.

Even jazz has joined this new line of musical thought. Dave Brubeck and other musicians of the modern jazz school draw the essence of their material from The Baroque: a set number of measures for individual variations, countrepuantal melodic lines from two instruments, rather than simple harmonic accompaniment, and even themes drawn from the fugues of Bach himself. Modern jazz is really nothing but a new outlook on the 18th century Baroque School.

Michael Wade
It has become apparent in the last three years that folk music has felt a growing revival and even more, perhaps, a revitalization. This revival has been manifest, for the most part, in the urban areas of America where most of the activities of the musicians and researchers are centered. In some rural areas where Bandstand, Van Doren and the disc-jockey have had little or no penetration — and there are still places like these — we could expect a survival of whatever traditional lore is indigenous to that area, if not a rather continual production of songs and stories to entertain the local populous. Songs and stories of the tradition of any particular group are considered an integral part of their way of life. These songs and stories, then, are part and parcel of the environment and are “naturally” (or rather “nurturally”) similar to the singer and listener from that environment.

Now take these songs indigenous to the rural group and place them in the dissimilar urban environment, sing these songs to the urban populace unfamiliar with the songs and their background. What happens to them? The answer lies to a great degree in the current upswing in the popularity of these songs; people are singing them. The songs, being passed on by word of mouth, are bound to undergo some changes to a greater or lesser extent depending largely on the singer’s knowledge and understanding of the background of the songs he sings, this understanding coming from conscientious research by which the songs become more meaningful, Southern mountain songs have found ready audiences in the North; Israeli songs are being sung by church groups; white performers sing Negro blues and work songs. What is it about these songs that holds an audience, that makes the audience in turn to sing these songs — and a large audience at that?

First, let us try to find some adequate description or definition of folk music which might help us to find the answer to the question. A definition of folk music per se is virtually impossible. Folk music in general may be considered as the songs and tunes of any ethnic, regional, local or occupational group of people, these songs and tunes being created by one or more of the group and then espoused by the group as a whole. After some time the song or tune, being communicated from one to another, generation to generation orally, becomes part of the musical tradition of that group. The songs may represent the feelings of an individual of the group (such as a lover’s lament or blues) or some internal or external experience common to the whole group.
(such as an epitaph in song, or a ballad of a local disaster - death or flood, etc.) The life of a group is often depicted in work songs (such as those describing the hard life in the mines or the mill, etc.).

That the motifs of folklore are many and varied is evident if one will but glance through a recent publication of the University of Indiana’s, a work listing motifs in six full volumes. Any or all motifs are subject to interpretation through the ballad, song, or ditty. Major motifs are those of love (requited and otherwise), occupations, stories of heroic actions, villainous deeds, and religion (usually spirituals).

Songs which are in essence stories set to music are called ballads. The ballad usually assumes a dramatic of melodramatic tone, starting mostly right in the middle of the action without much space wasted on introduction. In many of the older (especially Troubadour type), ballads two lines tell the story and the remaining two lines of the four line stanza fill in the rhyme and meter. The characters in the ballad are usually heroic or absolutely villainous in character. Men are strong, brave and handsome or exactly the opposite. Women are fair young maidens, scolding hags, or voluptuous prostitutes. Description of the character is usually by his actions and a stock phrase such as “fair knight,” etc. There are no extraneous personages, and God, St. Peter and more often the devil or some witch or sorcerer is a major character (the supernatural is a frequently occurring sub motif). The greatest number of ballads are tragic in their action climax the hero and/or heroine dying by murder, suicide or a broken heart. Humorous ballads are usually about the common man’s dramatic life, usually involving some husband - wife quarrel.

Songs and ditties usually express the feelings of an individual although in some cases they may tell of phenomena which are common to his group (such as a description of the singer’s place of residence or his occupation). The song may be a lament, a song of love, a song of complaint or protest, a spiritual or other numerous subjects affecting the individual. Work songs such as chain gang songs or sea chanties may be sung by an individual or a group, but usually the latter. The words are usually esoteric in their significance, and anyone unacquainted with these groups of workers’ backgrounds might have some difficulty in fully understanding their songs. The farmer types of songs are quite universal in their subjects and expression, and are more easily understood by and communicated to a larger and more varied audience.

Now with a better general knowledge of what folk songs are, we can see how they accurately reflect the life, customs, mores and superstitions of the people from whom they originated. The stories and feelings expressed are simple, sincere and meaningful. Reflection on the ideas and emotions put forth in the folk song show an earthly reality and
a vivid, creative imagination rather than literary conceits; they show a universality, a timelessness. These songs are not the product of a music company or record house hack or his more sophisticated Broadway-Hollywood counterpart (with $ for his motive and efforts). The songs originated with yesterday's John Doe who felt the need and had the talent to express himself the best way he knew how. The songs come from his own personal experience and once in oral tradition the songs are expressions of John's group as well. These songs—we call them folk songs—are in truth the mind and heart of the people who sang them. Today's John Doe feels the same need, and sometimes has the same talent for expression. He sees in the folk song what the John Does of yesteryear saw. Despite Freud, Ford and the A.E.C., John Doe today isn't so basically different. It is his realization of the intrinsic values and aesthetic pleasures of folk song that have caused this upswing. It is the rediscovery of what he himself created and through his voice and the voices of countless others like him he is making the folk song a live and organic thing.

Mike Lieber
Gone — Youth

Empty swings bang
backfortharound
making dance of blind puppets
whose player is convulsed with
sad laughter
ringing empty
lost against the heavy dampness of early morning
after rain has painted wetness on field
impervious

Ballet tightly wound
by garbling choreographer
why does your flailing
magnetize the eye
and drive the curious finger
to poke
the rubber-limbed
in disbelief

S. J. Crockett

One July

A young boy rides by on a bicycle,
and I see in him, and his blowing blond hair,
games of tag, and ringelevio
and softball at dusk.

At night he'll catch a lightning bug
and save it in a jar,
not unlike the youth we long for,
not unlike the lost yesterdays.

Lee H. Kalcheim
Autumn, I Forget When

The carnival had come to Winterset in time for the corn; the harvest, the storing, the eating of the corn. When girls in pink ribbons dance in sun-ripened arms and to raw callous administer with finger tip balms; the outdoor benedict, the carousel, the palcace of corn; and, the queen of maize, in her silken yield (announced by a bell), journeys to her court in the poplar field (by the pioneer well). Her coronation, her reign, the disposal of husks down the drain; the first chill of winter borne on an early frost and the carnival, set for Chitral and Sidon, was for us lost. "At his vanishing away, she lifts up a lament" to last through the snow until the beginning of Lent; her lament is for her husband, her mother, her lover; her lament is for the one that winter will cover; "her lament is for the meadow where no plants grow"; her lament is for the corn that has ceased to grow.

Paul Briger
Despite the unbearable heat in the living room, Dick shivered convulsively. He was a slim, elegant young man with piercing black eyes and long, carefully combed black hair. Dressed in a perfectly tailored, dark grey Brooks Brothers suit and a painstakingly “tweed-y” paisley tie, he seemed the essence of sophistication. Unable to stop trembling, and wearing an expression of absolute despair, he huddled closer into the corner of a broad red leather sofa and looked up at his roommate.

“Marv eyed him with unconcealed alarm. “You’ve really got the shakes, haven’t you?” he said. “What the hell have you been doing?”

“Just get me some coffee! Hot coffee.” Dick glared at him. “I guess you need it. Jesus, look at your teeth chatter,” Marv said, taken slightly aback, and went out to the kitchen.

Alone now, Dick looked wildly around the room, as if trying to reassure himself of its existence. The warm glow of several extremely large ceramic table lamps cast a rich, subtle pattern on the heavy leather armchairs and sculptured carpet; and in the fireplace a craftily devised imitation of a group of burning logs suffused its flickering, synthetic cheer out into the already hot room. The faint hiss of unseen radiators issued from behind the draperies. Dick turned away, half in relief, half in disgust. Everything seemed so damn secure. Was he really safe? He shivered again.

“Can’t you get some heat in this place?” he yelled. “It’s about 120 in here already,” Marv replied from the kitchen. “What’s the matter with you anyway?”

“God damn it, it’s cold!” Dick glared reproachfully around. What had ever possessed him to take an off campus apartment in the first place? At least you were safe up at Columbia. But in this neighborhood, with slums practically right next to all the decent apartment buildings, you were never safe. It simply wasn’t worth risking your life just to be one up on the crowd in the dorms. You could be just as far ahead of them in a campus room anyway. What was the use? He was suddenly horribly depressed. What was the use?

“Drink up. It’s on the house.” Marv shoved a cup of coffee at him and grinned. “Oh shut up!”

Marv looked at him strangely. “Something is the matter. What’s wrong? Your old man bitching about the bills again?”

“No, you ass!”
“Alright! Just calm down and tell your old roommate what’s the matter.”

Dick looked at him with intense disgust. Then, almost instantaneously, he felt so weak that for a moment he honestly thought his muscles had disappeared. “Nothing is the matter.”

“You’re a liar.”

“Very well. I was stupid enough to go to George Hodges’ little cocktail party tonight.”

“So what?”

“So what? Well nothing would have happened if I hadn’t gone to that. I mean, the party itself was great; it’s just what happened after... Well no, maybe it was the party too. George was fool enough to invite Rodger Bogart, the little bastard, and you know what happens when he starts sounding off. But then he really didn’t have anything to do with... Oh, I don’t know what the hell went wrong!” Dick stared miserably at the floor.

“What are you talking about?” Marv asked incredulously.

“Well this Bogart kid just wouldn’t keep his mouth shut; and somehow or other we all got talking about Henry Burke. You know, Mr. Straight-A’s himself, the IBM memory machine? Anyway, I said he was a religious fanatic; and Bogart suddenly came out with this crack about phony irreligious neurotics. So I told him I’d rather be an irregilious neurotic than one of these three-cheers-for-the Trinity, rah-rah psychopaths; and wham! That really got him started.

“You think you’re pretty smart, laughing at everything worthwhile, don’t you?” he says.”

“What a Puritan,” Marv said, laughing. “He really is a fanatic, isn’t he?”

Dick brightened a little. “You’re damn right! He sure as hell is. But anyway, the fun really began then. I gave him that whole patter about Mary being a common little slut and just claiming that it was God that planked her to get out of trouble. You’ve heard it.”

“Christ, I wish I’d been there,” Marv chuckled delightedly.

“Well little Rodger got very red and said that it was blasphemy. Blasphemy, Marv! You’d think we were back in the Middle Ages. So I said that anybody that thinks that three equals one and one equals three is ready for the men in white; and that really broke everyone up.” Dick laughed nervously. “We were all pretty tight by that time anyway—except for Bogart. He just sat there and glared. The little bastard was probably reciting the Lord’s Prayer to himself or something—or maybe his Latin verbs. He seems to worship those as much as anything, the pedant. Then, of course, he piped up again. Do you think he’d have the decency to keep his mouth shut?
"'You're pitiful!' he says. 'Think you can get away with anything just because your father owns a bank, don't you?' Throwing my father in my face, Marv, and in an argument on religion! Now I ask you, how irrational can you get? Some people are too much. And then he went on with all this crap about living on the Main Line not being enough, and how I was riding for a fall. They're all alike. So damned jealous because they know that I'm better than they are. Well, I'll tell you one thing, I don't owe my father a thing!" Dick was dead serious now.

"Calm down, Dick," Marv said.

"He knew the right Prep Schools and had the right connections, that's about all I can say for that bastard," Dick yelled, sincerely angry now.

Marv looked shocked. "Don't get so angry. Bogart was just talking to hear himself. Besides, that's not true what you said about your father. You've got him to thank for this." He gestured around the room. "What are you so upset about?"

Dick looked at him scornfully. "Come off it! The only thing I have ever gotten from him besides the monthly check is a lot of shopworn advice. 'Act like a man, Dick.' 'I want to see you on that team, Dick.' 'Always stand on your own two feet, my boy.' And then shipping me off to school, even when I begged him—" Dick caught himself.

"Oh the hell with that bastard!" With a tremendous effort he fought back the ineffective rage bubbling up inside him.

"Yeh, that's what I say," said Marv, "Why don't you quit libelling your father, God bless his money-stuffed soul, and tell me why you're so shook up."

"Oh. Well, as I was saying, he was giving me all this crap, so I tried to shut him up once and for all. I told him I didn't need anything or anybody, least of all my old man, and asked him please to pack up his mystical little father images—all three of them—and beat it!"

Dick looked at Marv, vaguely hoping for approval.

"Wow!" Marv raised his eyebrows and laughed. "Don't you think that was going a little bit too far? I mean, it was all supposed to be in fun, wasn't it?"

Dick looked at him sourly. "Yes, all in fun. Oh yes, at first it was all a joke, but he was getting me sort of mad. Even that didn't shut him up; he just kept talking and talking. That type of low-class, phony intellectual irritates me anyway. Always trying to show off their knowledge. And what manners that guy had! Anyway, I was tight. He looked strained, almost sick; and in the soft glow of the lights, Marv saw that he was still trembling.

"So he started talking about 'apathy' and 'atheism.' And then he spouted off something from Spengler; and, well, I just blew up. Don't
ask me why. I told him I thought Spengler was full of it; and he told me I was typical. So I kind of lost my head and called him a weakling and said he was leaning on religion instead of standing up by himself, and told him I thought everyone from N. V. Peale to the president was full of it, and . . . oh, I can’t even remember, except finally I said he was crazy and told him to shut up! Like I said, I was tight. Anyway, the little idiot finally gave up after that and just said something about ‘disgusting’ and left.” Dick wiped his brow involuntarily.

“My God, that’s not like you at all,” Marv said, really concerned now. “I know you were ‘in your cups,’ so to speak, but how could you get so upset over a little thing like that?”

“I wasn’t upset.”

“The hell you weren’t! You lose your head completely at some stupid little party and start babbling anything that enters your mind—and now you mean to tell me you were perfectly calm? Come on now, Dick.” Marv started at Dick in total disbelief.

Dick turned away uncomfortably. “Alright, I did get angry. I was upset. Why?”

“He . . . he just got on my nerves. How can I explain it? And anyway, that was only the beginning. I told you that.” Dick’s lips trembled.

“Some beginning,” Marv said incredulously.

“Just get me a drink, will you?”

“You’re drinking too much.”

“For Christ’s sake, Marv.”

“Oh, alright. Bourbon?” Marv walked over to the bar, poured the drink, and returned. “Now what the hell was it that got you so excited after that?”

“Well, it was what happened when I left. I decided to walk back, and I didn’t really notice much of anything at first.”

“That figures,” Marv said a trifle scornfully.

Dick failed to notice him. “All I remember is that it was so quiet you could hear people turning over in bed—I mean, at three in the morning there aren’t even any cars on the street—and suddenly I realized someone was walking right behind me. Well, I sort of half turned around and looked back, and Marv, there were about eight hoods behind me, all stretched out in a row right across the sidewalk, with those damned leather jackets and tight jeans on, and greasy looking haircuts, and—”

“Jesus Christ, Dick!”

“And they didn’t make a sound, Marv. They just kept walking right behind me. I was really terrified!”

“But what did you do!” Marv had dropped his scornful manner.
"Well, what *could* I do? I just kept walking and hoped they'd turn off somewhere. But they didn't, of course, and finally, when I turned down our street, they turned down too, and then I . . . I just panicked. Oh, I know it's the worst thing to do— but have you ever noticed how dark our street is? I mean, it's just got *one* street light, and all those dark alleyways and corners, and, well, it's frightening!"

"I guess so!" Marv said.

"So I lost my head and started running, and then *they* started running. I was so frightened I couldn't even think. I just bolted for the nearest building entrance and made a dash for the elevator. And don't ask me why the elevator, because I can't tell you. I must have been out of my mind! I was lucky, though. If it hadn't been on the main floor, that would have been it!"

"The elevator!" Marv said intently.

"So there I was, standing in it, waiting for the damn door to close, and watching them run at me! I thought I was going to fall apart waiting for that door to shut!"

"I can imagine," Marv said.

"You *can't* imagine!" Dick said in a near whisper. "They were right in the hallway. And the door was so slow! I felt like ripping it off its trolley with my bare hands and closing it myself. Anyway, the damn thing finally shut— but then I heard them running up the stairs outside— and I . . . I just don't know what happened to me." Dick was trembling so much that Marv could hear the couch rustle.

"I don't know. Maybe it was those solid, gray walls all around me, or maybe that one stinking fluorescent bulb practically right on top of my head, but I felt like clawing right through the side of the car, Marv! And I just kept thinking, 'What now? You're so smart, what do you do now?'

"And that stinking little Bogart kept popping up and saying 'I pity you,' and then my father was standing there telling me to be a man, and I really thought I was going crazy!"

"Dick, I . . . I'm sorry," Marv said, genuinely moved. "But . . . but wasn't there some way of getting out?"

"No!" There was a note of hysteria in Dick's voice. "I didn't know where they were. I didn't know why they hadn't already stopped me, or if they were waiting for me somewhere, or if they'd given up, or what. I didn't even know what floor I'd punched when I got in! And besides, I just completely lost control. I know it sounds silly, but I was actually hammering on the walls."

"Like a rat in a cage," Marv said with awe. "What a beautiful example of pure frustration."
"Stop it," Dick shouted. "I can't stand that. I can't stand any more of that damned psychology! Ph-phony."

"I'm sorry Dick," Marv said. "I didn't mean it that way."

"Oh sure! Sure!" Dick was almost sobbing. "But how can things like that happen? It's not fair. It's not fair! I . . . I don't know what's wrong with me. I . . . Oh, don't you see, Marv? There was nothing I could do. Nothing. Nothing! It's just not fair! And—"

"But how in God's name did you get away?"

"Marv, don't laugh. For Christ's sake don't laugh; but all I did was push the Stop Button. And I did it by accident!" Dick gave a high pitched laugh. "Why didn't I think of it? Why didn't I think of it!" He had been shouting, but now, suddenly, he lowered his voice. "What's wrong with me, Marv?" His whole body began to heave with soundless sobs. "Nothing like this ever happened before. I've always taken care of myself! It's not fair! It's—"

"Dick! Calm down. It's all over. Control yourself!"

"Alright. Alright!"

"Now, how did you get away?"

"I don't know. I really don't know." Dick's voice was getting weaker and weaker. "I sort of passed out or something, and I don't know how much time went by, and . . . Well, finally I just went back downstairs and came home."

"But what happened to the gang?"

"The gang? How should I know what happened to them?" Dick's voice was almost inaudible now. He could feel his whole body going more and more limp, as if it were going to dissolve entirely. The living room, soft light, leather, polished wood, and all, was becoming unbelievably oppressive to him.

"Dick, how can I . . . I just . . . It's all over now, Dick. Forget it!"

"I know, I know it's over," Dick mumbled. "But it isn't fair, Marv. In the elevator, I . . . Oh, what . . . what's the use? What the hell's the use of anything?" He paused. "I . . . I just don't know"

David Whittier Sifton
Revolution

The bleating throat of doom
And by the blood-black altar, apparition
Of tomorrow's sacrament:
Reflection to the shores of yesterday,
Where wailing calves incarnate lowed
Their dying testaments
And Agamemnon wept,

but now

The glitter of the sacred cup upraised
And from the breath beside Armageddon
Crooked clatter of the sacrificial ax.

George Rand
Wisp of dust suspended
captured and drawn in space
by an invisible mistress
who knows not her sway
how can you bear the casual stroke
of the brisk brush whose bristle
will claw your slender back
into even finer threads of gray
Unnoticed in stillness
why must dance
breeze-pet
before eyes will smile
and fingers glance
both seeking to share your warmth occasionally
always becoming impatient in their pleasure
increasing the tempo until the player pops
and the touch tires of sport
Newly spun silk
weave in a vacuum
move in rhythm to a pitch of sound
so high that I cannot hear
but cannot help to sense

S. J. Crockett
Song

I seek
the mind's eye magical you
but you
kitten eyed and purring
stay
my night worn vision

Lee Kalcheim

Poem

Bird caught inside
flying blindly as if chased
by winged-cat
dashing in frail frenzy
against crushing deaf walls
pushing heart and wing to frantic beat
and never stopping until dead
I know how you feel
I think

S. J. Crockett
The Place

There's a stretch of road that winds its way through the woods up in back of the lake. Hardly anyone ever uses it now that they put the new highway in a few years back—I guess they think it's too lonely, especially now that the town constable, Charlie Sykes, doesn't patrol out there any more. He says the bumps are hard on the springs, and that old Ford of his isn't getting any younger. Neither is Charlie, come to think of it. I can't exactly remember when I took to the road, but it sure seems like it was always mine. The trees come right up to the edge of the road, and where the tree don't, the fields do. I've seen plenty of deer out in those fields, and one time I met a black bear ambling down the road. I don't know which one of us thought the other was the trespasser, but we just stood there and looked at each other for a while until he kind of shrugged his shoulders and lumbered off into the woods. I guess I just feel close to things when I'm out there—a lot closer than when I'm back at home or in the village. The other boys at school used to tease me because I'm so tall and skinny, but I never paid much attention to them. I even had a friend once—Sammy Larkin, his name was—but his folks moved away last year. Sammy never poked fun at me, and we used to play catch when the weather was good and all the chores were done. He said he'd never seen anyone that could throw a ball straighter or faster. Sammy had a way about him that really made you feel good inside. He stayed at our house one night, and you could tell that Pa didn't like it. He was always after me to make friends with the others—said once that Sammy was as queer as a three-dollar bill, but he was wrong. I didn't care anyway—Sammy was my friend. Ma never cared much what I did just so long as all the chores got done on time. She asked me once where I kept slipping off to, but you could tell that she really didn't give a hoot. I think that she was glad that I didn't hang around the house. I overheard Pa and Ma talking about me one night—said they were worried, or something like that. They never bothered before, and I didn't see why they should start now.

I guess it wasn't long after Sammy left that I found the place. The last of the snow had melted from around the trees in the deep woods, and the sun felt warm on my back as I walked down the road. I had finished the chores right after school, and everything was bright and happy—it was the kind of day you feel that you belong. I was walking along, sort of humming to myself and thinking that I knew just about every inch of the road by heart, when I was surprised to find a path that I hadn't noticed before leading off into the woods. I followed it for a
short distance from the road, probably about fifty yards or so, and then
stopped dead in my tracks. It was just about the prettiest sight I had
ever seen in my life. I found myself standing on the edge of a small
clearing that was perched on the edge of a rise. To my left the woods
were thick with pines and birch, and when the wind blew it played a
tune in the gently waving branches. To my right the trees thinned out
into a meadow, and through the meadow ran a brook, gurgling and
sparkling in the sunlight. Beyond the meadow lay a pond, and in the
pond lay the mirrored reflection of Old Hogback, the snow along its
upper ridge tracing a white line in the still water. I don't know how
long I sat there, but it was almost dark before I got on my feet and
started back to the house. From then on, things were different—school,
chores, eating, sleeping . . . everything like that was still the same, but
it got that I hardly noticed them any more—they were sort of mecha-
nical. Now I had something of my own—all mine, and I didn't have to
share it with a soul if I didn't feel like it. All through the weeks that
followed, every time that I could slip out of the house, up I would go
to my place. It didn't even matter if it was raining—I built a lean-to out
of some pine boughs, and it was plenty dry inside. Sometimes I'd have
visitors in—most often it was a squirrel with a piece gone out of his tail.
We got to be pretty good friends after a while. I guess that's why I
named him Sammy. He didn't have much to say for himself, but we
understood each other all right.

The summer was beautiful—one day drifted into the next, and each
one was better than the one before. Even Pa was better. He didn't
seem to mind me going off by myself all the time. Guess he noticed a
change, though—one night at the supper table he asked me what I was
doing with my spare time, and I caught him giving Ma a wink. Pro-
ably thought I was doing a bit of tomcatting, but what he doesn't know
won't hurt him any.

Summer passed into fall, the leaves began to turn, and the brook in
the meadow flowed lazily into the pond. I was sitting beside the lean-
to when I first heard him coming up the road. The hunting season had
opened a couple of weeks ago, but I hadn't paid much attention. None
of the town-folk ever came around this area anyway. He was walking
kind of slowly, and when the crunch of his boots stopped up on the road,
I knew that he had noticed the path. The woods were still except for
the cry of an occasional bird, and my ears strained to catch the sound
of his next move. He coughed and spat loudly on the ground—then
I knew. The dry leaves on the ground rustled as he stepped onto the
path, and a twig snapped under the pressure of his unwelcome boot.
He wasn't a big man—sort of fat and pudgy, though. His cap was
pulled down low on his forehead, and the face beneath was flushed and
as red as the shirt he wore. A big flashy rifle was crooked under his left arm. He didn’t seem surprised as the rock smashed the bridge of his nose and lodged itself between his eyes. He just stood there for a second, and then fell back into the brush, his rifle still crooked under his arm.

It took me quite a time to drag him down to the meadow where the ground was softer, but it didn’t take long to dig a hole and throw him in. I chucked a bunch of rocks from the stream bed in after him and then covered the whole works over so smooth that you wouldn’t ever know that he was down there. Didn’t really matter much — I just didn’t want to see it from the place. I went back up and sat down when I was all through, and pretty soon Sammy came along and sat down too. The sun cast its dying rays up on Old Hogback, and the browns, reds, yellows, and greens of its autumn cloak mingled with the blue of the pond. If Sammy could have spoken, I’m sure he would have agreed that it was the prettiest sunset he had ever seen.

Robert L. Puffer
Poem

A mouse tip-toes out of hole
And donning white gloves skirts
along the wall to follow the
scent of dinner;
He trips and wire spring snaps
his eyes closed forever in
his left paw a prayer book
open to Grace Before the
Evening Repast.

A. T. Baum

Poem

Cold rain breaks night light in pieces
On a hill washed wet.
Turned shadows toss in a cross wind,
Their writhing phantom forms
Mocking black captors.

Darkened tones sigh subdued
As the wind whirls wet blur
Against my window pane.
The problems in my mind
Melt snowlike in their waste,
And I sit alone.

W. G. de Coligny
Elegy To A Haircut

Months of (gay) abandon
The wind tossed my head
And my hair
Loosely.
And I was loose with the wind.

Now,
After weeks of hearing you say,
For something's sake; trim yourself.
After minutes
I am trim.
And,
Lining up with you
The wind blows by
And I hear it
Loose
Without me.
Notes On Contributors

John Avallone, active with the Trinity Jesters and a talented musician, makes his debut in The Review with a poem and an article on Jazz.

Timothy Baum, a senior who has worked this past summer with The Paris Review, gives us a poem.

Paul Briger, a junior and one of the most prolific poets on campus gives us two more fine examples of his work.

Steve Crockett, one of the campus muralists, as well as an active poet, contributes three poems to this issue.

Charles Edward Eaton is a Woodbury resident whose book, Write Me From Rio has just been published. His poetry and prose have appeared in over fifty magazines, including Harper’s Magazine, The Atlantic Monthly and The Saturday Review of Literature.

William de Coligny is a six foot two, two hundred and thirty-four pound newcomer to The Review. He gives us a new poem to “tackle.”

Joseph Humphreys, a junior and English major, exhibits his fiction in The Review for the first time, with the story of a rebellious man who solves all his problems in the middle of the ocean.

Lee H. Kalcheim adds some fiction to the fall collection with “After Eight.” A few of this senior’s poems also appear.

Michael Lieber, Trinity’s folk song enthusiast, has given to The Review an enlightening report on this interesting musical form. Mike is in the class of 1960.

Robert Puffer, a junior, is another newcomer to The Review’s pages. “The Place,” his piece of fiction, is a fine pastel portrait of a sensitive young boy.

George Rand, winner of the poetry prize in last year’s freshman review, makes his first appearance in The Review.

Louis Renza, a sophomore editor, brings us more of the fine poetry that delighted Review readers last year.

David Sifton, another sophomore, makes his first Review contribution, after exhibiting his talents in the freshman review last year.

Thomas Swift, a member of the class of ’61, gives us two poems, his first pieces to be seen in the Trinity literary magazine.

Michael Wade, a senior and music major, brings to The Review, some more of his insights into the musical world, with which some of us may be familiar through his WRTC programs.

The Trinity Review wishes to extend a formal welcome to its new advisor, Mr. Robert Minot.