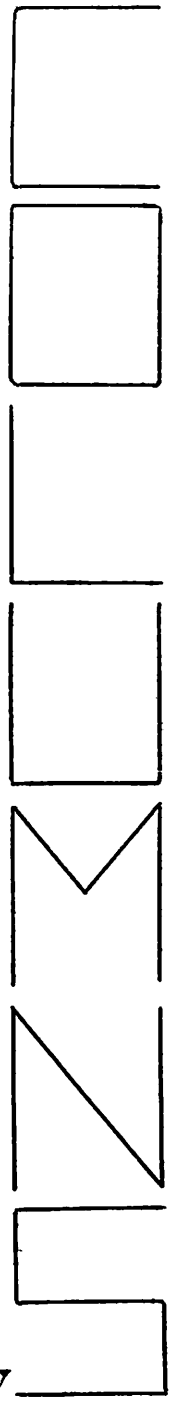

1961

Spring 1961



DREW UNIVERSITY

Madison, New Jersey

Table of Contents

Hazel

Jared McDavit

An old dark sedan came down the rocky dirt road, raising a large cloud of dust in its wake and halting in front of the white picket fence. A large woman emerged--not without some effort. A short person, her body was without proportion--her backside appearing to be as wide as she was tall. However, one did not directly note her stoutness, but rather her face with its invariable frown. She was wearing rough denim trousers, a coarse blouse, and a soiled red bandana about her head which held down her matted, sun-dried hair. An outlandish costume, yet practical for life in these rough hills.

"Agnes, git yerself the hell down here and help me!" she yelled in an irritable and piercing tone. Her call was directed to the neat cottage situated on top of a knoll fifty yards behind the fence. A thin, middle-aged woman came forth from the house.

"That you, Aunt Hazel?" she inquired.

"God damn right, it's me, now git down here. I got yer tomaters," was the harsh reply.

"Jesus, yer slower than a old cow, Agnes," she continued.

"Oh yes! Ah'm comin', Hazel. Be right there," said Agnes, and she hurried down. "How's yer hip, Aunt Hazel?"

"Well 'nough, but not well 'nough t' be luggin' baskets of tomaters up that hill fer a blubberin' fool."

"Oh no! Wouldn't have ya do that fer the world. Ya know ya ought t'see a doctor about thet hip, Hazel. Now there's a feller over in Greentown---"

"I know what t'do 'bout m'ailments. Now grab them baskets, I got t' git home," Hazel cut in impatiently.

Agnes lifted the tomatoes out of the automobile, reached into the pocket of her dress, pulling out a small purse. "How much I owe ya, Aunt Hazel?"

Hazel put her red, wrinkled, weather-beaten face up to her nieces' and growled, "Since when you started payin' fer the stuff I bring ya? Put yer money away. Ya don't wanna let the moths out of yer purse, do ya? Anyways, ya need all ya kin git yer hands on with all the brats ya got. What's that husband of yers tryin' t' do, break the bed? Ya jist be sure t'return thet basket when it's empty."

Hazel opened the car door and struggled to get her large body in. She started the motor and threw an impatient glance at Agnes.

"So long, Aunt Hazel. Come agin'," Agnes called as Hazel pulled away. There was no reply.

As Agnes watched the big car proceed down the dusty road, a smile appeared on her face and she shook her head.

Hazel drove cautiously over the dirt road, as was her habit. She always kept to the back roads, thinking she was too old to be maneuvering on those four-laned highways. A car, moving even slower than she, was in front of Hazel now. She pressed her horn and shouted a few well-chosen words of profanity at the driver of the slow moving vehicle. The car pulled over, allowing her to pass.

Hazel was in a black mood and she knew it---and she also knew why. It was that damned husband of hers that caused her irritability. Why had she ever married him? He had always been a red-headed rogue and a scoundrel who'd been weaned on whiskey. Now in his late fifties, he still caroused with the boys. Yet, he had his charm. Charm that moved even an impassive rock like Hazel. Besides that, he wasn't self-righteous or narrow-minded like the others in these parts. Mostly, he had never paid heed to the talk of the other townspeople.

The people about had the deepest of hates for Hazel---hate for her friendliness to the tenant farm trash and hate for her labouring in the fields like a man. But mostly hate long stored from the time when they were too timid and Hazel's father too powerful for them to hate. Hazel was the last Talmadge remaining, the last remnants of a festering sore. She was small enough to be openly hated.

Yet, Hazel was too much of a Talmadge to bend and fought back rumor for rumor and sneer for sneer. Once the fight had been a challenge, a kind of game, but now an old and tiresome one. A monopoly board worn thin and frayed and she threw the dice and moved the tokens with an overcoming weariness. That's why she married Bob, not for love---silly to think of love at sixty-two---but for an escape from the battle. He found in her someone to live off and she hoped she'd found in him someone to rest with for her remaining years.

Yet now, after two months of marriage, people ridiculed and laughed at Hazel more than ever. Bob staggered home soaked with whiskey every night and, to the delight of the people hereabouts, she couldn't stop him. She saw the sneers, the pointing fingers, the muffled conversations that stopped suddenly when she came near. It worked up a storm inside her that was close to breaking.

As she drove down Schooley's Mountain to the farmhouse, Hazel thought these things. And with her face flushed, her varicose veins swelling to unbearable aching, she sweated the sweat of frustrating anger and vowed to settle with Bob that night.

* * * *

It was hotter that night than it had been during the day and the sky was still clear, with no promise of cooling rain. After feeding the chickens and then, herself, Hazel moved onto the porch to read one of her quarter westerns. She sat there reading----sweating profusely and swatting mosquitoes away as impassively as a cow swishes

them away with her tail. Hazel had a confident and determined expression on her face, and the old shotgun at her side.

Hazel's reading was interrupted about three hours later by a clamorous pick-up truck that was making its way up from Blackburn. Hearing the truck, Hazel laid down her novel and picked up her shotgun. Her jaw muscles tightened and her eyes gleamed. The truck continued up the road, came to Hazel's bridge and crossed it, halting in the dust of the front yard.

There were four passengers in the back of the truck and another sitting with the driver. A tall man with an unruly crop of red hair and pale white skin jumped from the truck and called good night to his companions.

"Looks like you'll ketch it tonight, Bob", the driver said to the tall one, while nodding to Hazel.

The others looked toward Hazel and cackled some, agreeing with the driver.

"Oh, she ain't no trouble, boys," Bob replied pleasantly.

The truck pulled away with the men calling out advice and encouragement to Bob. Bob stood there smiling at every humorously intended shout. After they were out of sight he turned his thin frame around and walked toward the house. He was checked, however, by Hazel's call.

"You ain't comin' in this house t' night, Bob Chapman."

Bob stared at her with a glint in his deep blue eyes and asked most amicably, "And why ain't I?"

Hazel shot the answer back quickly, "Cause ya went into town t' drink after I sed ya couldn't."

"Ah, Hazel honey ----," Bob started coaxingly, "what's a couple of drinks gonna ----"

"Don't Hazel honey me", she cut in hotly, "I don't want none of yer romancin' talk 'cause it don't count fer a thing. Now git!"

The color rose in Bob's face and his geniality disappeared. "Hazel, I'm tired an' I wanna go to bed. Now outa my way," he declared.

Hazel lifted the shotgun to her shoulder and pointed it squarely at Bob's chest.

"Now Hazel, put thet damn gun down," Bob shouted. "No wife of mine is gonna be shootin' at me! You put thet gun down and let me in or I'll go 'way and never come back. How'd ya like thet, Hazel," he taunted her, "How'd ya like t' be left lone agin?"

Hazel dropped the barrel of the gun, somewhat, and Bob smiled and started forward. Hazel shot a shell in the dust in front of him, sprinkling his feet with a few of the pellets. Bob leaped backwards and fell. He picked himself up and ran for the bridge.

"Damn you, Hazel! Damn you!" he screamed. "You'll never see me again."

Hazel watched until he was lost in the blackness. She rested the gun against the house and sank slowly into the rocker. She began reading. A troublesome fly buzzed round her head; mechanically she swished it away. Still it was hot and still Hazel sweated.

The Sea

Robert Friedman

Over silicon sands
The hot summer heat
Distorts the bands of gulls
That fall through the heavy air.

The sea in its lair
Is strangely clam.
Stripped of the fury
Of wind-whipped waves,
The sea seems innocent.

Rising and falling
To a lunar conductor
The waves beat a
Rhythmic symphony.

Inexorably the sea calls.

The sea is the siren
Who calls to multitudes,
Caresses them tenderly....

Sing to me, my siren.
Sing to me of shipwrecked sailors
Lost at sea.

Perched high on the rocks
With shimmering beguiling locks
You sang your haunting melodies
Beckoning across the whitecapped miles
To whitetopped ships.

Ears stopped with wax
Some sailed safely past
While Ulysses tore his flesh.

He alone survived your bars.

But the others --
The sex-starved sailors' smiles did fade,
The lips lashed with wetted tongues
Did wet themselves with blood.

You covered them with the blue-green flood.

The sea is the siren
Who calls to multitudes,
Caresses them tenderly,
Then mauls them in her watery grave.

A Duck's Prayer On Suddenly Remembering His Dear and Saintly Friend the Crow

George Slover

There are two wings that raise a man above earthly things--
simplicity and purity.

Thomas à Kempis

To be God's fool,
God's winged fool,
And flap the flight
Looping and limping
Hopping and halting
Drawn and free
To rest, to rest
On the pain-crossed tree--

Not like the eagle of the tragic grace
The noble Falcon of the soaring pace,
But like the Duck or other bird buffoon,
The waddling pidgeon or the knock-kneed loon--

To be God's fool,
God's winged fool,
An airborn clown,
A somersaulting
Jester with a wing
To make the angels'
Laughter sting--
"A Puncinella
Truth's Pelican!
O Rare! Most rare!"

Such is the prayer
I sing.

Amen.

Camus Stages Dostoyevsky

Ilona Coombs

Camus staged and directed Dostoyevsky's novel, *The Possessed*, in January 1959. The play was a great success and ran for almost a year to packed audiences. It was Camus' last endeavor in the field of theater and it acquires thereby a special significance in his development as a dramatist.

The critic, Jacques Lemarchand, has posed a provocative question: "What made Camus choose *The Possessed* - that enormous mass of characters, ideas and facts?" What were the affinities between Camus and Dostoyevsky that led to such a choice? Camus gave a partial answer to these questions when he stated in his Introduction to the play that *The Possessed* is "one of the four or five works in literature that I set above all others. In more than one respect I can say that I fed on it and was moulded by it. Anyhow it has been nearly twenty years that I've been envisioning its characters on the stage." He drew the attention of the spectator to "the current of suffering and tenderness which brings the world of Dostoyevsky so near each one of us." He called Stravroguine "a contemporary hero," and ended by insisting on the prophetic and actual urgency of the novel which introduces "torn or dead souls, incapable of loving and suffering from this shortcoming; the same kind of souls which make up our society and our spiritual world today."

It is worth emphasizing that Camus' interest in Dostoyevsky dates as far back as 1938, when in the capacity of a young producer for a Little Theater company in Algiera called L'Equipe, he set on the stage Jacques Copeau's adaptation of *The Brothers Karamazov*. From then on, Dostoyevsky, and particularly *The Possessed*, seem to have haunted his thinking through the years. In his theater, for example, Caligula's cruelty and lucid folly in an absurd world are closely related to the same traits in Stavroguine of *The Possessed*. Despair and near-madness will be the ultimate stage that Stavroguine will reach when his cruelty finds no boundaries in a meaningless world.

The historical murder of the student Ivanov (1859) which Dostoyevsky incorporates in *The Possessed* has a parallel in the murder of the Grand Duke Alexander (1905), an event on which Camus based his play *Les Justes* (1949). Both murders set up the same problems: can political assassination be morally condoned and should one sacrifice the concrete man of today to the ideal man of the future?

Considering now Camus' essays, Dostoyevsky's thought seems to

be equally at their very core. The *Mythe de Sisyphe* (1942) opens on this sentence: "There is only one philosophical problem which is really serious and that is suicide." This sounds like an echo of the question that preoccupies Kirilov throughout *The Possessed.* For Kirilov, gratuitous suicide is the ultimate proof of human liberty. He states his belief in the following terms: "I shall kill myself to affirm my insubordination, my new and terrifying liberty." When the same Kirilov declares that "If God exists, everything depends on him. If he doesn't exist, everything depends on me and I am obliged to assert my independence," he encompasses the whole essence of *L'Homme Révolté* (1951) in these words.

Considering Camus' novels, another predominant theme of *The Possessed* is found in *L'Etranger* (1942) as well as in La Chute (1956), namely the deep solitude of human beings, their crippling incapacity to communicate and to love each other.

Far and above this somber view on life, however, what Dostoyevsky and Camus hold in common is a particular mixture of irony and tenderness towards man, a dual outlook on the human predicament. On the one hand a tragic vision of the world, on the other a fierce love for this doomed creation. Compare the following lines of Camus in his essay *Les Noces* (1947): "The world is beautiful and beyond it there is no salvation," to the way in which Kirilov in *The Possessed* describes the state of pure joy that a contemplation of the cosmos awakens in man: "It is not a feeling of tenderness, it is joy; a terrifying and frightening joy that if this state of things would last more than five minutes, the soul could not bear it and would break up."

The similarity of themes in *The Possessed* and in Camus' work point to the same direction, namely that the decision that Camus made to stage *The Possessed* was not an arbitrary one but came as a necessity, a sort of milestone in the evolution of his thought. For in the 1950's Camus' search for a meaning to an absurd world seems to have taken a new orientation, away from his basic pessimism towards a shy hope for happiness. As ephemeral as this happiness might have been, he stated his belief in it when he wrote: "In the midst of winter I finally learned that there was in me an invincible summer."

L'Exile et le Royaume (1957) bears the impact of this discovery. Thus, could one possibly conceive his dramatization of *The Possessed* as the end of a spiritual obsession as well as the beginning of a new trend in his thought? By giving voice and shape to the demons of Dostoyevsky which possessed him over the years did Camus perform an act of exorcism? And after this liberation what would have been the message of his play on Don Juan, the lover of life par excellence, a venture that occupied him during the last months of his life? So many questions that Camus' untimely death will leave forever unanswered.

Modern Tribute To Love

Charles Wallace

I quietly stumbled
upon a depth and
a pristine creation, shimmering into the joys of the night.
A cry...
An answer...
An epitomized movement, felt into covered odes and
gentle prophecies.

There appeared then
amidst the abstract situations
that mysteriously smoked and
uttered blasphemies for my
frozen eyes
a glimpse of tourquoise realty
of carnelian spirality.
The termination of the pursuits of man
bowed to me in
that gone situation and the new-I was formed in the eternal
rays of ten proscriptions.

There appeared then
five abstract souls
mulling and singing over
forgotten verses which welled
promiscuously in the bosoms of the completed man
who never really appeared
who never really blossomed forth
with an inherent worth.
And then so noislessly
these numbered minds pranced into the
known chambers of life
slaying the new-born ideas
putting to the golden flame
all given to terror of thought.
I was flogging a black man in my sleep
when the candid howling reached me.

The Vision

Robert Friedman

I had a vision once . . .
It wasn't such a grand thing --
I mean I'm no saint --
No, that's not what I mean.

I mean it was a clear simple thing
Like reaching out on a summer day
And touching a blade of grass.

Not that I had a vision of that,
But . . . well . . .

I saw an angel.
She looked like a woman.
But I knew she was an angel.
She wore street clothes.
But I knew she was an angel.
She had no wings or halo;
She had an umbrella.

It was raining . . .
And I was getting wet . . .
So I got under the umbrella with her . . . .

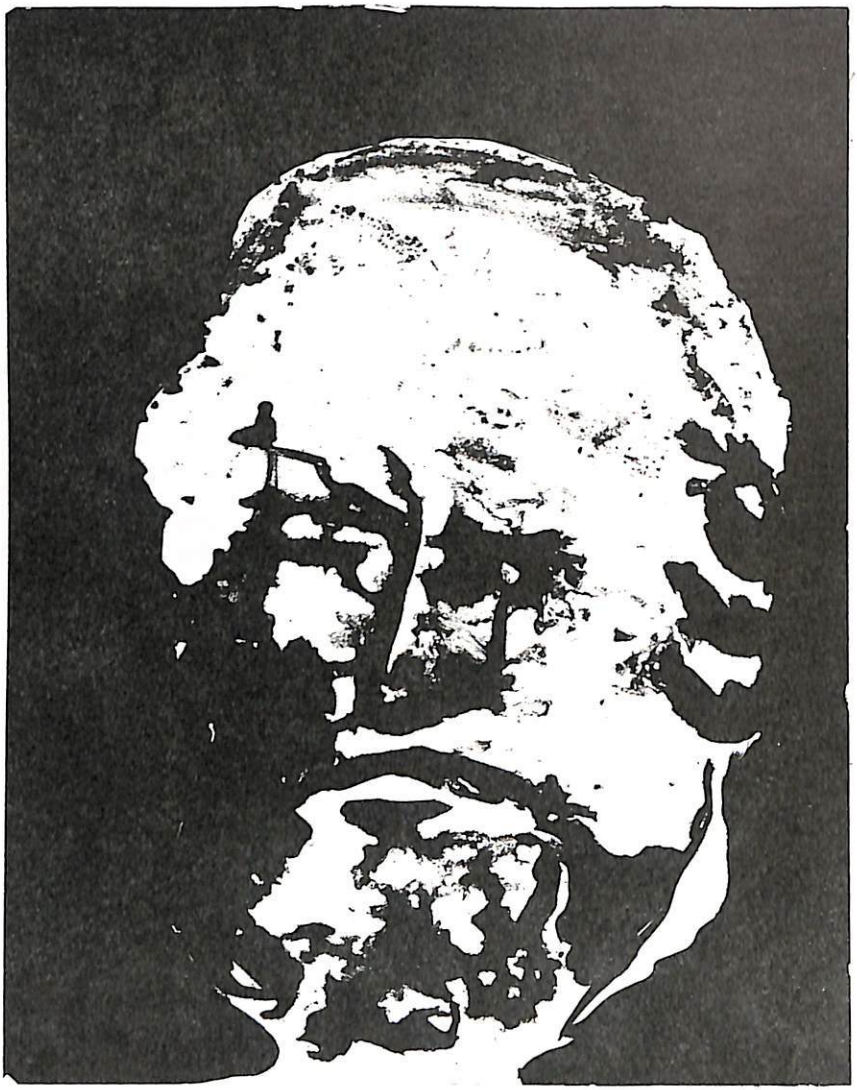
And do you know . . .
We didn't talk;
We just looked. . . .
And that was it.
Not even a smile. . . .
But that was it!

We were meant to be under the same umbrella!

I know it sounds silly,
But that's the way it was.
We felt that our lives had been directed
To be under that same umbrella.

That was my vision.

And now when it rains
I stand on street corners
And wait for my angel to come. . . .



The Lessons of Eternity Are Slow

David Morris

The lessons of eternity are slow,
Breaking in upon the waiting heart
Ponderously and silently -- the low
Mute insistence of a truth apart
From one's own wish or age -- the seeing stark
Against the height and sweep of one's own mind
Reality. And yet, the deep marks
Of wisdom etched upon the face of Time
Are laced so finely with the lighter lines
Of early laughter we can scarce discern
The difference; and our young eyes, sun-blind
And flashing from so newly having turned
From dawn, see not the graven face of Time
But our reflection. Silence, then, and find.

$E = mc^2$

We who have worked on this issue of *columns* have considered many short stories for publication; for some reason or other (the reason probably obvious) the majority of these dealt with the destruction of the world by atomic energy.

It is with this in mind that we have printed the following two stories which admittedly do not offer the variety in theme we would have welcomed but which seem, on the other hand, representative of the mood in fiction on our campus-----and quite likely (from what we hear) on other campuses throughout the country.

The Editors

The Funhouse

Dave Samuelson

The funhouse lay on its creaking pier, empty and black as the night around it. The tomblike silence was broken only occasionally by the soft lapping of the waves at the pier's encrusted moorings, waves in the little lake where nobody dared to swim any more. The windows were all shattered by little boys' stones or looters' bricks; no one knew or really cared which. The entrance, once so shiny and brightly colored, gaped like the cave of an animal, but a cave that only an aged, decrepit beast would have chosen. The booth in front, where a fat lady once sat on a painful stool, and wore huge gold earrings that always drew children's attention, lay tipped against the wall, and its door hung swaying from its top hinge, and its wood rotted.

Noel looked at it longingly from the top of the hill, gazing past rows of broken houses, seeing only the funhouse and the lake, both forbidden to him for years, trying to remember what it was really like, before the...he couldn't bring himself to say the awful words that danced across his mind, and in front of his eyes, bringing back the memory of one little boy who said them, a memory that helped Noel forget.

--Why do you want to go to the funhouse, Noel?

--Oh Dad. You know.

--Now how would I know!

--Didn't they have funhouses where you were a kid?

--Well, yes, but little boys didn't go to them.

How could he explain it to his father, the strange attraction of the shiny bright building with its grotesque laughing clown, and its fat old lady with the big gold earrings.

--What do you want to do in the funhouse, son?

--You're just teasing me. I'd have fun...I guess.

--Don't you know? What kind of fun?

--Well...I know it's dark...and...and scary...and...

--Is that supposed to be fun?

--Oh that's not all there is. There's all sorts of games, like rolling in the barrel, and trying to stand up on the sliding board, and finding your way through the maze of mirrors. He took a deep breath. And there's funny mirrors, so you can see yourself every which way... and...all sorts of things.

And, of course, there were the blasts of steam that blew up girls' dresses, so you could see what they had on underneath. One time,

they said, the man in the control room pulled the lever, and a girl's skirt went up, and she didn't have anything on. --And she didn't get all red, or anything--not her, 'cause I saw it, and she just laughed, and dared the man to do it again. The thought of that happening always made Noel feel funny. He just had to go to the funhouse.

--All right, Noel, I guess we can go this summer.

We!

--You mean you...

--No, no, not me, Noel. I'm too old for those things.

--You're not old, Dad. You're not more than thirty, are you?

--I'm afraid I am, son, and I seem to get older every time I look in the mirror.

Noel didn't understand that, but...

--Then I can go? Huh, Dad? I can go to the funhouse?

--Yes, Noel, after we go to the city tomorrow.

But the city exploded that day, and the giant fireballs and mushroom clouds made a beautiful fireworks display. Noel saw the first one--there was never anything so bright--then his father pulled him down to the floor of the car, and covered him over with his own body.

In the impossible quietness after the explosions were all over, Noel couldn't find his father. There was a lifeless mass on top of him, but it wasn't his father. He was blind for two days, but he knew it couldn't be; his father must have left him to help someone else.

Noel pushed aside the heavy weight on his shoulders, squirming out of the car, and wandered through the streets. A Red Cross truck nearly ran him over, and the driver couldn't bear to see him suffering--it was his first trip out--and Noel was brought back to the countryside.

By the time he could see again he almost wished he couldn't for the countryside was smoldering like the remnants of a comfortable fire on the hearth. He never saw his own home; his new parents wouldn't let him. They had a lot of funny ideas he couldn't understand. They never kept a mirror in the house. They always said grace before their meals. They never said anything connected with the disaster, either, as if it would all go away if they ignored it.

Noel grew older and bigger, but not much bigger, and he tried not to get much older. He didn't like the way older people always looked so guilty about things. When he mentioned his father and mother, they looked guilty. When they looked at him, they looked guilty. When they thought about the old days, they looked guilty. No one ever thought about the most important day, the day that took away all the old days; at least no one ever talked about it, except for that boy, but they must be thinking about it, or they wouldn't look so guilty all the time.

Noel didn't want to be that way; he didn't want to grow older; he just wanted to have the old days back again, to feel them and taste them and touch them, and hold them so tight they couldn't ever escape again.

The funhouse was there in front of him, between Noel and the slightly shining lake, shimmering without moonlight, and it was just

like the old days....

Noel ran down the hill, avoiding pits and ruts in the road as if by instinct, as he blindly lunged toward the past.

The funhouse didn't look so big any more, and time had made even the laughing clown look guilty. His paint had fallen off, or been chipped off, or was worn off by the weather, as he stood there in the windowless bay of the building, surrounded by broken glass, holding his sides almost as if he were in pain. The doorway didn't gape so widely after all, as he gazed at it after first peeking in the ticket booth to see if the old lady was still there, but he found only some old tickets, and a couple of big brass rings.

Inside, it was the same way; the magic was gone. Noel looked for the machinery that must have turned the funhouse on, but what he found was battered and wrecked and rusted. The funhouse was dead after all, and he'd kept it alive in his memory so long....

The steam wouldn't hiss, the barrel wouldn't turn, the sliding floor had a big hole in it, the dark mazes were almost light in the rays of the newly risen moon which shone through the jagged spaces in the smoked glass windows. But there was one thing that would work, even if everything else failed him--the funny mirrors.

Noel looked all around, but where he'd thought the mirrors should be there was only a lot of broken glass and a large flat mirror. But when he looked in the mirror, he thought he must have made a mistake; it had to be a funny mirror. He saw his father's face in the darkly lit glass, but not as he had ever seen it before, not with all those scars, like a devil's mask.

He turned away sickly, and went to the far balcony pitched out over the shimmering lake, and looked longingly at the moving shadow that peered its head from the other balcony in the lake waters, as the moon rose higher and turned the night into a ghostly imitation of day. Then he went back to the funny mirror, and it wasn't funny any more, for he saw himself, and he saw the guilt, and he wept.

The End

Adam Kaufman

I'm really amazingly well off down here. But you've got to remember that it was sheer good luck that sent me here. Not pull, understand----no, nor ability. I'm a pretty good meteorologist, but they could have sent a better one. The army equipped my weather station with just about every gadget known to man. Not entirely for me, of course. The army planned on setting up a base here, but they've abandoned the project.

I kept sending in my weather reports, though, as long as they wanted them.

And the gadgets this place is equipped with! Science has always amazed me. I'm something of a scientist myself, I suppose, but not a creative scientist, and that makes all the difference.

The way I see it, some general must have said to the scientists: "Boys, we've got a shortage of specialists. Their duties must be performed by men who may be completely unskilled. Go to it." And the scientists started to work in earnest on all these incredible books and gadgets.

For example, last week I had a toothache. At first I thought it was just the flu; it still gets pretty cold down here. But sure enough it was a toothache. So I took out the dental apparatus, set it up and read the material. I examined myself, classified the tooth, the ache, the cavity. Then I injected myself, cleaned out the tooth and filled it. And dentists spend years in school learning to do what I accomplished under pressure in five hours!

I could go on for hours and hours. A lot of stuff they gave me I have no further use for; I'm all alone now. But anyone could have become a competent, practicing lawyer just by following the manual.

At times I get lonely, but there's not much the scientists could have done about that. There's no substitute for companionship. But perhaps they could have worked something up for isolated guys like me.

There aren't even any penguins left around. They drowned in the tidal waves-- the few that were left.

I wish there were some trees though!

My ears are better too. The eardrums were completely shattered by the first concussion. But the hearing aid I made is so small you can hardly see it; and I can hear better than ever.

This brings me to the subject of medicine and nowhere has science done a better job. I've doctored myself for all sorts of ailments, in-

cluding appendicitis, but of course, there is nothing I can do about the radiation poisoning. That's not the fault of the books, however; if there was a cure it would be in them.

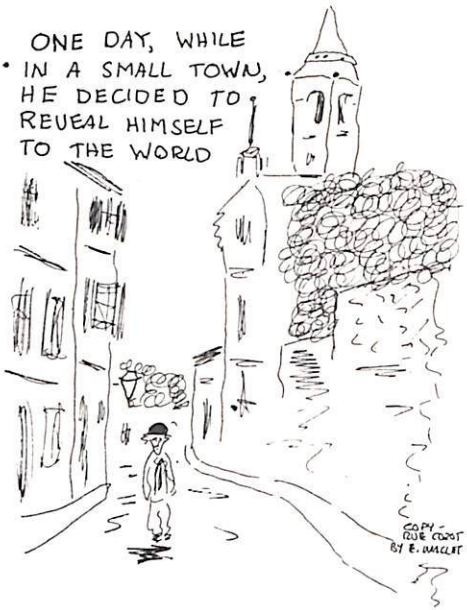
It isn't so bad. I know what to do so that it doesn't hurt. And my luck didn't run out or anything. It's just that everyone else's luck ran out.

I hope I've stated how I feel about science; I mean how grateful I am. I've lived longer than just about everyone, even if I die tomorrow. But that's not the point. I was lucky and in the right places at the right times.

I guess I won't bother writing anymore since there's no one around to read a word of manuscript. Besides, I have to unpack some grave digging tools and carve a tombstone....

ONCE UPON A TIME...
THERE WAS A LITTLE OLD MAN WHO THOUGHT HE WAS GOD

ONE DAY, WHILE IN A SMALL TOWN, HE DECIDED TO REVEAL HIMSELF TO THE WORLD



HE TOLD A LITTLE GIRL WHO HE WAS..

BUT SHE DIDN'T BELIEVE HIM—

"MY SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER SAYS GOD'S A SPIRIT—AND HE'S AN ENGINEER AND HE KNOWS EVERYTHING"

HE TOLD THE REVEREND ALFRED SIMPSON BARNES

WHO LATER TOLD THE POLICE THAT A NUT WAS ON THE LOOSE——— ANONYMOUSLY, OF COURSE, SO AS TO AVOID EVEN THE HINT OF SCANDAL IN THE EYES OF HIS CONGREGATION

HE TOLD FARMER ANDY GREEN

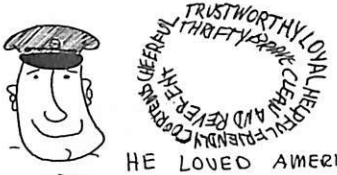
WHO JUST LAUGHED.

EVERYWHERE THE OLD MAN WENT PEOPLE LAUGHED AT HIM...

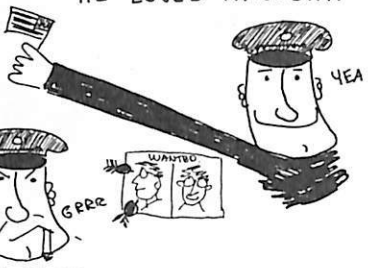
OR THEY IGNORED HIM...

OR THEY SAID...

IT SO HAPPENED THAT IN THIS TOWN LIVED A POLICEMAN WHO WAS

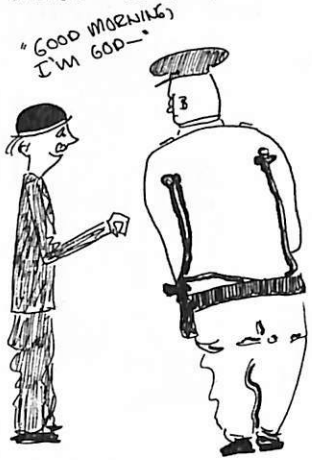


HE LOVED AMERICA...



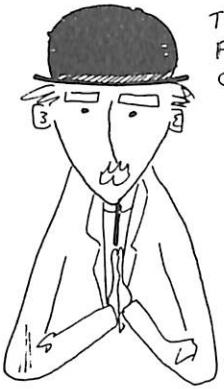
AND HATED CRIMINALS

ONE DAY THIS PILLAR OF THE COMMUNITY WAS GUARDING THE VILLAGE STREETS — WHEN...



SO... YOU'RE THE ONE! THE WHOLE TOWN'S BEEN TALKING ABOUT YOU POP!

THE ONE? OH YES, YES, INDEED I AM— AND A WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING ABOUT ME? HOW NICE! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME IN CENTURIES SUCH A THING HAS HAPPENED.

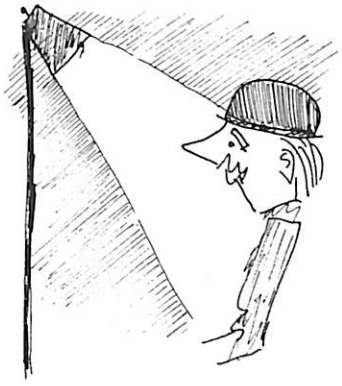


YEAH, THEY THINK YOU'RE SOME KIND OF A NUT. AND WANT ME TO LOCK YOU UP.

THE POLICEMAN LED THE OLD MAN AWAY TO JAIL

PAST THE UPSTANDING CITIZENS OF THE COMMUNITY...

AT THE JAIL HE QUESTIONED THE OLD MAN ABOUT ALL THE CRIMES OF THE PAST YEAR...



HE THREW THE OLD MAN INTO A COLD DAMP CELL. THE HARD BENCH MADE HIM SQUIRM.

SUDDENLY HIS EYES LIT UP AND HE SAT ERECT— "THE TIME HAS COME WHEN PEOPLE REFUSE TO ACCEPT ME – I SHALL DESTROY THE WORLD!

. . . AND HE DID

THE END
W.J. Roberts

Preface to The Scientist in the World Today[1]

Paul Obler

Despite a modest disinclination to see himself dramatically, the scientist appears to many as the ancients regarded the gods: he is the source of all enlightenment, the Prometheus who can cure the world's ills and fulfill mankind's visions; he is also the source of life's destruction and the manipulator of men's degraded spirits. Such an ambivalent image is accurate only in reflecting the scientist's palpable significance on the cultural scene. His influence is pervasive, and whether or not we approve, we recognize that the future is the engineer's, the technician's, the scientist's. His is the role of power and prestige in the world spinning into being. He is one of the "new men" as C. P. Snow has aptly called them. As early as 1930 Bertrand Russell understood the gap of distinction between the scientist and the artist in modern culture. In the life of the former, he noted, "all the conditions of happiness are realized."

> He has an activity which utilizes his abilities to the full, and he achieves results which appear important not only to himself but to the general public, even when it cannot in the smallest degree understand them. In this he is more fortunate than the artist. When the public cannot understand a picture or a poem, they conclude that it is a bad picture or a bad poem. When they cannot understand the theory of relativity they conclude (rightly) that their education has been insufficient. Consequently Einstein is honored while the best painters are left to starve in garrets, and Einstein is happy while the painters are unhappy.[2]

[1] This essay is an especially revised version of the Preface to the author's forthcoming *The Scientist in the World Today*. Doubleday Anchor books.

[2] Bertrand Russell, *The Conquest of Happiness*, London, Allen and Unwin, 1930, pp. 156-147.

Now if this is an accurate picture of the cultural situation of the scientist in today's world, as we believe it to be, a dual obligation immediately results: those of us who are neither technicians nor scientists-- the majority of citizens --must try to understand them or else fail to be in tune with the major theme of modern culture. On the other side, the scientist must try to comprehend further the nature of his cultural role in its manifold opportunities and responsibilities. Without such comprehension no bridge can possibly span between the "two cultures."

Implicit with the scientist as an individual is the idea that he is a being apart. The quality of his intelligence, the conditions of his training and work, and then specialization of his interests help to explain this apartness. And this apartness perpetuates his public image-- the myth of the scientist as a lab-coated manipulator of test tubes and atomic reactors; uninterested in normal pursuits, introverted, innocent of the ways of the world, he offers panaceas and holocausts with equal aplomb.

How can this public image be changed? Most obviously, by changing the kind of person the scientist is through education and then to publicize effectively the appearance of this "new man." Vannevar Bush's desire to broaden the scientist's intellectual background is echoed by Professor Estrin's plea that the engineering student learn something about the humanities. The scientist with a more than casual acquaintance around what Cardinal Newman called "the whole circle of knowledge" is a citizen who happens to be a scientist. Such a citizen can enter freely into the mainstream of the nation's affairs, his scientific background a springboard, but necessarily not the only springboard, for constructive contributions.

The propagation of the philosophy of modern science, associated with such names as Philipp Frank, Werner Heisenberg, Percy Bridgman, and Nils Bohr, has done much to establish a ground for fresh conversation between the scientist and the poet, theologian, or philosopher. Science has developed a new awareness of the limitations of its methodology and philosophical assumptions. "Science no longer is in the position of observer of nature," writes Heisenberg," but rather recognizes itself as part of the interplay between man and nature. The scientific method of separating, explaining, and arranging becomes conscious of its limits, set by the fact that the employment of this procedure changes and transforms its object."[3] Such an admission gives confidence to those in other fields who may have been intimidated into accepting the notion that science provides all the facts from which "truth" could be derived. Now science is seen as a

3
Werner Heisenberg, "The Representation of Nature in Contemporary Physics," in *Symbolism in Religion and Literature,* third edition. Rollo May, N.Y. 1960, p. 231.

symbolic construct not essentially different from that evolved in any other system of knowledge. In his essay included in this volume Percy Bridgman speaks of the impossibility of "getting away from ourselves." Every intellectual activity begins with preconceptions, values, implicit or explicit. Such an insight-- which paradoxically has received so much attention because it came from scientists-- democratizes intellectual egos.

What does this new sense of equality between areas of knowledge mean? First, that the former relationships between science and other subjects may no longer hold. Writing of the relationship between science and theology, for example, Professor Dillenberger asserts that since both fields are in transition, it would be a mistake to describe premature relations. The whole question of the clear communication of scientific ideas is a second significant consequence of the recent feeling of equality between intellectual disciplines. The wide range of theoretical and practical communication problems, underscores the desirability of translating a technical language into a vocabulary that the intelligent layman can comprehend.

In the last analysis, fruitful dialogue between the scientist and his fellow citizens is both a solemn obligation and a glorious opportunity. Through such dialogue can emerge a sense of order which, however inadequate, has always been the saving mark of human intelligence. In this search for order, as Robert Oppenheimer has memorably reminded us, "we can have each other to dinner." We can create together, he writes, "an immense, intricate network of intimacy, illumination, and understanding. Everything cannot be connected with everything in the world we live in, but everything can be connected with anything."[4]

[4] Robert Oppenheimer, "The Growth of Science and the Structure of Culture," *Daedalus*, Vol. 87, No. 1 (Winter, 1958), 76.

MATADOR

Neil Greenberg

It's only a little boy
playing matador
on the glistening
rain-washed cobblestones
in the narrow
stone-paved bullring

Just a little boy
but
for a moment
I thought it was
a young matador
glorying in echoes of ovations
from the great clay bullrings
of Barcelona

a great matador
going gay places
loving famous women
falling in
and out
of love

a tired old matador
ordering too much wine
taking another young barmaid
to his room

a bloody matador
puking under his cape
wincing in agony
restraining groans
on a cold gray slab
in a corrida infirmary
biting a leather thong
while a medico explores
the cavern
in his chest

Just a little boy
playing in the streets
desperately drawing his sword
from his muleta
making one last frantic pass
before his madre drags him home
for the evening meal.

torment

Ronald Barber

ELI, ELI ?
U
WE HEAR THE HAUNTING CRY
A
LÁ-MA LÁ-MA N
S
PERPLEXED —— WE WONDER WHY
E
SE-BACH-THÁ-NI
R
WHY ARE WE FORSAKEN
B
L
E

Lawrence Fehrlinghetti: Artist and Entertainer

Les Mollach

Within the published works of Lawrence Ferlinghetti, two voices emerge, a public and a private voice. The public voice is audience geared and motivated, while the private voice is motivated by the artist performing the poet's function, the creation of a work of art.

In both voices the underlying philosophical values are the same, a concern with human and social values and the state of the world as it bears upon these values.

Ferlinghetti's public voice takes the form of social satire. The movement is all toward his audience. *Tentative Description of a Dinner Given to Promote the Impeachment of President Eisenhower* is a good example of this side of the poet's make-up at its most extreme. Ferlinghetti is on the make for laughs and he gets them. Topical references abound and many of the statements are funny simply because they are being said. The gamut of world's ills is laid at the President's door, including "crates of irradiated vegetables well-wishers had sent him...." Ferlinghetti may be serious in his assertions, but it is difficult, if not altogether impossible, to hear his sincerity over the roar of his built-in laugh a minute.

Ferlinghetti's satire is bold and barbed, and not subtle.

> And after it became obvious that the President's
> general staff was still in contact with
> the President deep in the heart of Georgia
> while deep in the heart of South America the
> President's left hand man was proving all the
> world loves an American....

or,

> And after it became obvious that the voice
> of America was really the Deaf Ear of
> America and that the President was unable
> to hear the underprivileged natives of
> the world shouting No Contamination
> Without Representation in the strange
> rain from which there was no escape-
> except peace....

Ferlinghetti's audience-baiting is the most disturbing aspect of his public voice, and it gives his satire a quality of shallowness. This may be what he wants to say, but he is saying it the way his audience wants to hear it. The piece ends with the President's arrival at the dinner and his immediate resignation. All has been said; the laughs have been had, and everyone has had fun. And now I ask, so what? Is it poetry? Dubiously, in its discursive prose fashion. But everyone had fun. Let's just stop there.

In pieces like "The Great Chinese Dragon" and "Dog," the voice is still public. Again the tone is satiric and again Ferlinghetti is playing consciously to his audience. This time the laughter does not subdue; deeper thoughts are given, but usually as explicit statement. In "Dog," he tells us of the realist dog;

and looking
like a living questionmark
into the
great gramaphone
of puzzling existence
with its wondrous hollow horn
which always seems
just about to spout forth
some Victorious answer
to everything

There it is, bold and blunt, tossed to the reader for what it's worth. The poem doesn't carry it; it is totally detached, floating off somewhere by itself.

In Ferlinghetti's verse there is a direct correlation between what the poet says and the way in which he says it. The more explicit he is in conveying his meaning, the more his statement is geared for the public. The more private he is, the more he lets his image patterns and the general movement of his verse carry his meaning.

A poem which best expresses what I have denoted as Ferlinghetti's private voice is "New York-Albany," published in *Big Table 4.* Here the voice is direct. The first person singular is used. The verse is concise and shows a compression lacking in much of his work. Its statement is a personal one;

God i had forgotten how
the Hudson burns
in indian autumn....

A vivid evocation of nature, the factual reality, focuses our attention in the opening twelve lines. These lines evoke a sharp picture of autumn in essentially traditional lyric fashion. This prepares us for the image of the leaves, as the "pestilence-stricken multitudes," "blown and blasted," into the streets. The ambiguity of the image as

the poet gives it to us carries weight and expands its connotative ability beyond the given circumstances. The statement is not explicit. All of the factors which play a part in life are evoked. Possibly this is just the point: here he evokes, in other pieces he explains.

Life flashes by and memories of youth are glimpsed. Yesterday he could not see joy; today it is all about him, but his vision has come too late;

> Love licks
> All down
> All gone
> in the red end

The rhythm of the poem is fairly steady until the last third, then the tempo quickens:

> Lord Lord
> Trees think
> Through these woods of years
> They flame forever....

The poem gathers momentum as it moves and the progress is downward. The poem ends in a dying fall;

> Small nuts fall
> Mine too

Ferlinghetti has achieved here what he has failed to do elsewhere. He has produced a poem which is unified both as to form and content. Meaning fuses with his technical devices. In "New York-Albany," the poet has forgotten that he has an audience and has attempted the poet's function. Philosophical and social messages are synthesized to the movement of the poem and what emerges is meaningful, not because he has told us so but because he has shown us its relevancy.

A Winter Eve

David Morris

A winter eve creates an afterglow
Which oft lets one reflect upon the day
And its rewards. The smold'ring fire, the low
Of new-fed cattle in the field, you pray
That this illusion will not pass away.
The sense of softness, comfort, peace. These will
In no way help one; transient, just as day,
Like fleeting glimpses, vanished, never still
Or firm. The biting wind, the cold, all kill
The vision of what we would keep as dear
As life itself. Yet we when living chill
Sensation, feeling, love--all these--we fear
Lest withdrawn into selves, we thus ignore
Our friend's desire for winter eves and more.

contributors

JARED MC DAVIT'S favorite writers are William Saroyan and Theodore Dreiser. JARED, a freshman, may write a companion piece on Hazel's twin brother....."Just Molly and me and Nietzsche makes three..." says ROBERT FRIEDMAN, venerable senior and ex-G.I.....GEORGE SLOVER, Instructor in English, is contemplating at the present time a book on *The Merchant of Venice* ....."I enjoy reading the works of *all* good writers," says MRS. ILONA COOMBS, Instructor in French.....Freshman CHUCK WALLACE, often seen playing bongos, enjoys the writings of Kafka and Dostoyevsky and in his own words is a "disparate reader."".....Seminary student DAVID MORRIS has written a poem a day for the past two and a half years, some of which have appeared in a national college poetry anthology.....The shame-faced possessor of at least twelve rejection slips, DAVE SAMUELSON, a junior, has worked on previous issues of *columns* and is known for his memorable entertainment scripts "South Passaic," "West Side Story," and "Brave New World." .....Sophomore ADAM KAUFMAN reads Sinclair Lewis and J. D. Salinger. Publishing here for the first time, he was active on the staff of his high school newspaper.....WIL ROBERTS' cartoon series, *id*, has appeared in many issues of the Drew ACORN. WIL, a senior, is a versatile folk singer who has entertained for several Drew dances.....Professor PAUL OBLER of the English Department has published many critical articles on modern literature and psychology, some of which have appeared in the *James Joyce Review* .....An avid reader of de Maupassant, Baudelaire, Poe, and Steinbeck, freshman-commuter NEIL GREENBERG admits to no previous publication but is hopeful for the future.....Non-fiction editor of this year's *columns*, junior RON BARBER likes Burns, Shakespeare, and Kafka.....Our last contributor is LES MOLLACH, senior and veteran..."You know?"

Cover Art Work By GARY KEUHN