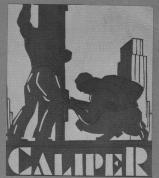


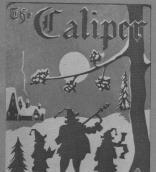
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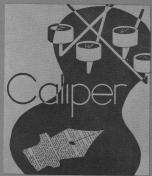
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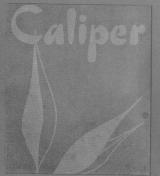
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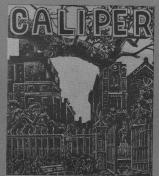
WINTER 1953



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SHORE ROAD

GREGORY SANDOW

As the end of sunset touches half the sky, the winter air grows thick and pours upon the sea in clouds:

> then a darkness shrouds the bay—a ship comes by, phantom black, fire-free with its lights and horn;

The wind hides; watching through the slats of trees, it remembers greener times, when

> nymphs, and then white persian cats ran through the rhymes of their thousand spring morns!

The cars pass quickly under the lamps; they take the curve along the shore, arching down its straining back stretched tight:

in the coming night the water, still awake, slaps the wall, hangs slack until the same day at dawn is born.

REUNION

-DAVID MARCUS

I guess it was all right. The bunk was too small, and the food wasn't too good, and that ad they put in the paper about all the activities was a complete phony; every one of us said we wanted to go home, and Al even packed his trunk and gave it to Railway Express, and they had to drive him into town to get it back, but we all stuck it out to the end.

We were pretty good friends by the time camp was over, and on the train coming back, we promised we'd get together soon, but somehow the time went by and we didn't. Then, Norm called me up one night and said he and Al were going to Johnny's; nobody else could make it. I said okay, I'd be there too.

When I rang the bell that night, I could hear Johnny fiddling around with the lock, and then he was standing there in the doorway, on his flat feet with the toes pointed way out and his tongue flapping against his teeth in the nervous gesture I had seen all summer at camp. He was wearing the same green shirt he used to wear a lot up there at night.

You know, it was funny, a little guy like that being our counselor. Not that we ever kidded him too much about it, but at first we all felt that any time we wanted something and he wouldn't let us have it, it would be a cinch to take it right away from him. But we learned pretty soon that it wasn't that way at all. I remember the time Al started getting wise with him, and he whipped off his glasses and had Al by the collar before Al even knew he was mad. I'll never forget the way he whipped off those glasses. All one quick, smooth motion. He grabbed them, folded them and put them in his pocket, all the time moving toward Al, It was something to see.

"Hi, Davey!" he grinned at me from the door. "Come in and sit down. I'll be right with you after I clean up in the kitchen. How you feeling?"

"Great, John, just great. How you?"

"I'm feeling tough, Davey. Go ahead and sit down. Nobody's here yet."

So I went in and sat down and pawed over some old magazines and listened to the water run in the kitchen and looked around at the furniture and what was on the wall and saw he had put some M and M's out and took a handful. When the doorbell rang, I closed the magazine and walked to the door.

Norm and Al were there, Norm standing in the doorway and talking to Johnny, and Al leaning over Norm's shoulder and looking around the house. Johnny shook hands with Norm, and Norm was still laughing over something I didn't hear.

Then Norm shook hands with me and said, "Hi, there," just the way he always

used to do up at camp, with his mouth wide open and his teeth sticking out as if he were doing a TV commercial. We all laughed. Al walked in right behind him and said, "Hi, there," too, and then everyone started saying it at the same time, and then we weren't saying it any more, but laughing, and then we all went into the other room and sat down.

There we were, sitting in the other room and making jokes and thinking up dirty captions for the pictures in the magazines. Finally, Johnny got up, grabbed the candy dish and went out for more M and M's.

"You guys remember the time we raided the kitchen?" I asked them.

"Man, that was something!" Al howled. "All that salami."

"And bread."

"Ah, that was nothing," Norm said.

"Just because he didn't get in on it," Al jeered, "it was lousy."

"What do you mean, just because I didn't get in on it? You know what happened around my place yesterday? Couple of guys went into a store and took a whole case of Pepsi without anybody seeing them. Then they emptied it out and brought the box back. It was great. They gave a bottle to everybody who wanted one."

"I don't see what's wrong with the stuff we pulled up in camp!" I said.

"Oh, that was all a lot of kid stuff," they chorused, and then laughed as if it were pretty funny. Then they started to talk about all the great things they did in the city.

After a while Norm said, "Hey John, you got a cigarette?"

John had cigarettes. He used to buy them by the carton up at camp and the word would get round that John had a new carton and he would have to hide a few packs away if he wanted to have any left after he was finished giving them out. They could talk about him being small and wearing glasses and having that nervous gesture where his tongue kept pecking away at his teeth, but they never seemed to mind taking his cigarettes.

And he played the piano. They all liked it because he could put in the chords. He had notebooks full of melodies strung out, and he would sit at the piano and play the melodies with his right hand that had the stains on the fingers from all the smoking he did, and with the left hand he sort of clawed at the piano to make the chords. He showed us his own piano that night, too. It was a lot like the old one he used to play up at camp except he told us he put Steinway strings in it and that made it better. I thought so, but the others snickered, and Norm said he knew a real good piano tuner and he thought the guy ought to take a look at this one, but John didn't hear, and then they all got bored and wandered back to the other room.

Finally, Al closed his magazine and slapped himself on the leg to sort of wake himself up and said out loud, "Well, guys—what are we gonna do tonight?"

"Let's play cards," I suggested.

Norm and Al didn't want to play cards. Johnny said he didn't care.

"We always used to play cards in camp," I said.

"So what?"

I couldn't tell him in words, but this was what was in my mind: some kids you

play cards with, and some kids you play ball with, and some kids you talk with. Sure, some kids you do everything with, but I'm just saying that up in camp we played cards.

All through the late morning and then after lunch we would sit and play cards. They would tell us to go down to the waterfront to cool off, and we would play cards. They would tell us all campers must report to their activities, and we would play cards. They would come around and take the deck away, and we would use another deck.

We would go to get the mail and go to meals and spend a little time at whatever they cooked up for evening activities, but mostly we would play cards. The winners would keep track of who owed them what, and the losers wouldn't keep track of anything because they were always being reminded. Nobody ever paid up. I don't think anybody ever expected to pay up even at the end.

And now they didn't want to play cards.

"Why not?" I tried to find out.

"Because this is New York City and you don't have to play cards like you did when you were up with the hicks in Vermont," Al said.

"And what was so bad about the hicks?" I asked, annoyed.

"They were pretty feeble if you ask me," said Al.

"What do you mean, feeble?"

"You remember that time in the ice cream place when Marty started sounding them? They didn't even know what he was saying. He was kind of mean for saying what he did, but they just looked at him like they didn't understand. I call that pretty feeble."

"I don't know," I protested weakly. "We used to have a lot of fun with those guys."

"Well, that was Vermont, and we're back in New York where we can find plenty of better people to hang out with."

"Forget the whole thing," I said.

"You guys just gonna sit here all night and argue?" asked John.

"Tell you what," said Norm. "Let's invite some girls up and have a little party." "Oh, John doesn't know any girls our age," said Al,

"Girls from camp, you fool. There must be some girls from camp that live around here."

"Yeah! John, you got a car; we could go around and pick them up if they say yes," Al warmed up to the idea.

Then they dragged out the book of names and addresses they gave everybody at the end of camp and started looking up the girls. They made me talk to one, but she didn't remember me. I kept telling her I was her fairy godmother and she kept saying, "Who is this?" Finally I handed them the phone, just as the girl was ready to hang up. She said okay, she would come around, and so did two others, and they decided that Norm and John would go out in the car and pick up the girls while Al and I stuck around and watched the house. Al went back to his magazine after they left. I just sat there and thought about going back to school. It was the first time I had done that all summer, and I started wondering how I was going to make out.

After a while I decided I didn't want to stay there any more. I really didn't want (continued on page 35)

BEHIND THE SCENES

RUSSELL GOODMAN

My friend is one of the most unique people I have ever met. He was born in a small town in Mississippi, but when he was five, he moved to London, where his father worked in the theater. He was teased by his English friends about his thick southern accent, when he lived there, and when he came back to the United States a few years ago he was again teased, but this time for his very evident English speech.

His father designs sets for plays—quite an unusual occupation, which accounts in part for my friend's personality. He has acted professionally, both here and abroad; as a result, he sometimes seems to me to move in a different world. He pulled me into that world one evening when he took me to see a play, after which we went backstage, and had quite a night. When I got home, much too late, I vowed never again to get involved in a venture into the cultural world of my friend, unless I was sure of what I was getting into. I didn't know that I would be backstage again very soon, but in a different capacity.

One Saturday he called me.

"Hello, Russ? How would you like to go to help out a friend of mine this morning who is getting ready for a new play?"

I grunted my affirmative reply.

"Okay, see you at 11. Cheerio."

As I groggily put down the receiver, the phrase, "help out," stuck in my mind. With a little apprehension, I began to get dressed. I left my house with visions of myself in overalls, busily slopping paint on a wall or opening curtains for three hours. Although my friend was quite jolly when we met, I wasn't, because I felt that this was his world we were about to enter, not mine, and could never become wholly mine as long as I was only a dabbler by invitation.

The theater was in Greenwich Village. We walked through a maze of streets, with sunken coffeehouses contrasting sharply with the tall buildings being built everywhere. The atmosphere was strangely European. I felt even more like an outsider as we crossed a narrow street and arrived at the theater. There was no play being performed, and the front entrance was closed. We walked past the entrance until we reached a naked iron door at the side.

"Here it is," said my friend.

We pulled on the mottled brass handle. The door didn't move. We pushed and pulled and even banged with our fists. Finally, our commotion attracted the janitor from across the narrow street.

"What's all this noise about?"

We explained, and he let us in. I almost tripped on the first of many steps that

were crowded into that narrow staircase. The light was dim as we climbed up; the smell was a mingling of wood, canvas and old clothes, like my grandfather's attic.

After walking up two flights of stairs, we opened a door to our right which led into a spacious room that stretched across most of the width of the building. Several men and women were working on sewing machines. A young, pretty girl, dressed in slacks, came rushing over.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you. How's your father?"

My fears were dispelled at this instant, and I even felt a twinge of jealousy because my friend was getting all the attention. People clustered around and spoke to us goodnaturedly. I realized how silly I was to have been apprehensive.

I now had a chance to look around this large room (which I later found out was almost directly above the stage). In the back were at least ten racks of costumes of every design and color imaginable. There were Oriental costumes in bright pastels, dark European costumes, and formal evening clothes for men and women. There were piles of vests, pants, shirts, and hats. I was just beginning to explore, when my friend called me to the other side of the room. The young woman, I was told, was one of the costume designers for the play. She asked me if I could sew. I had sewed a few buttons onto my jacket on several occasions and with this experience behind me I confidently answered yes.

"How about on a sewing machine?" I was asked.

In junior high school, along with thirty other unfortunate boys, I had been forced into taking a course in the use of the sewing machine. I quickly forgot all my troubles and just remembered the proud day on which I brought home my finished tie. Again my answer was yes.

"That's fine. We'll put you right to work."

In the middle of the floor was a tremendous table on which were piled yards of cloth, spools of thread, at least five pairs of scissors, and an uncountable number of pins. I was given a pair of brown corduroy pants and two thin pieces of striped elastic. I was shown how to anchor the elastic on to the waist, where they would serve as suspenders.

For the inexperienced, sewing machines are fickle and hard to work. So it was for me. I had barely placed my foot on the pedal, when the thread came loose and the needle simply punched holes in the elastic. I chose this as the "moment of truth." The truth was not encouraging. I didn't remember how to thread a sewing machine. I had to suffer the supreme embarrassment of asking one of the workers to thread it for me. This accomplished, I finished the task in two minutes. I felt proud, knowing that some actor wouldn't have to worry about his trousers falling down because of my near sewing of his suspenders.

I walked over to the table and triumphantly put the pants down. I glanced over my shoulder and saw my friend working on a huge, dark, green costume, hanging on an old tailor's dummy.

"What is this?" I asked.

"It's the general's costume."

"The general?"

"Sure, I'll show you in the script."

The general, it seemed, was a big husky character. The green jacket hanging on the dummy looked as if it could fit a whole army.

"Come on, help me."

I was off again.

The outside of the heavy jacket was made of wool and was lined with a shiny black cloth. We had to sew the whole lining in by hand. In and out, in and out, we stitched until at last we were done.

Suddenly a man came over and started talking to us about the costumes and how they were made. He inspected our work, complimenting us on our neatness, and talked about the coming play. As he walked away, I asked my friend if he was one of the workers.

"Workers!" he said, "Why, he's Jose Quintero, the director!"

When he reached the other end of the room, Mr. Quintero became the center of a great deal of activity. The director and several actors were looking over a long, robe-like costume. Presently one of them, a short, thin man, said, "Okay, let's try it on."

By a quick glance at the script, we found that the costume was the bishop's. I took another look at it and thought that there must have been a mistake, because it was so tremendous it couldn't possibly fit the small actor. He took off his shoes and stood up on a chair. A box, labeled with the name of a well known sporting goods manufacturer, was brought out from under the table. Two shoulder pads, normally used for football, were taken out and fastened on the shoulders of the actor, after which the costume was donned.

"Perfect," he said, "except for the length." Looking down we saw that the costume reached below the seat of the chair on which he was standing, all the way to the floor. However, it was the length of the actor and not that of the costume that was changed. Special shoes with soles several inches thick were placed on the actor's feet. When he stepped off the chair, the change produced was amazing. He was now quite a commanding figure. I asked why the costume was so big and was told that it created a better effect if all the actors were bigger than life size.

We went back to work for a while, doing a little sewing, a great deal of talking, and considerable looking, as the actors wandered in to try on their costumes. The easy-going, but industrious way these people worked impressed me. They worked efficiently, took their coffee breaks, and cracked their jokes, but behind it all lay a deep dedication not to be found in many other professions. After a long, tiring, yet exhilarating day, we took ourselves off, with the warm thanks of the whole troupe ringing in our ears.

A few weeks later, I noticed a playbill on the table in my living room bearing the title, "The Balcony." It was the play I had worked on! I rushed in to my mother, and slowing down, asked casually, "How was the play you saw last night?"

"Oh, interesting," she answered. "We had a pleasant evening."

I looked over the program, amused that my parents had seen the play without remembering that it was the one I had "worked" on, and faintly disappointed that there was no mention of the costumes, especially the suspenders and the lining of the general's jacket.

"May I go to see it?" I asked, ready to remind my parents of my part in preparing the show.

"Hardly," my mother answered drily. "It's not exactly the kind of play you should be seeing . . . now."

I shrugged, realizing that there was more than met the ear in the famous phrase, "That's show business!"

MY FROG

LOUIS SIMCHOWITZ

I had been coming to this same Catskill Mountain hotel ever since I had been five years old, and this third summer, everything seemed the same, with the same "old" friends ready to do the same old things, but it was not long before I found out that something new had been added. Overnight, it seemed, or at least between summers, everyone had become an addict to the mysterious sport of frog hunting.

All the kids were full of their exploits as hunters of frogs in the shallow pond where we used to go "swimming" previous summers, and since most of the kids had been on vacation before my family had arrived, I assumed that they were way ahead of me in this new sport. Since it was quite obvious that I hadn't had time to catch a frog yet, I couldn't very well take part in all the boasting about numerous and tremendous catches at the risk of life and limb, so I just retired into the background, listening carefully to the details of my friends' accomplishments, and resolved to catch a frog of my own—soon.

There was vague talk of staging a mass frog hunt in the indefinite future, and discussion of the best ways to insure a large haul, and I edged my way into these gab fests, dressing up some of the stories they had told me and each other. At first, they paid little attention to what I said, but when I added the exploit—partly true—of the brother of a friend's friend, they lost a little of their mistrust. I told them of this boy's experience while he was fishing, when he found that a huge twelve-inch frog was taking his trout off his hook before he could reel them in, and how he finally trapped the frog with a rubber fish at the end of a thin hose or tube, that he could inflate the moment the frog swallowed it, thus puffing up the monster and floating him ashore.

Soon enough, about a week after I had arrived, the discussion turned to the best way of catching a large-sized frog, and everybody agreed that the best time was early in the morning after it had rained most of the night, and that it was important to stand at the edge of the pond and make a great deal of noise so that the canny frog would grow accustomed to human presence, allowing us—somewhat stupidly—to wade right out into the pond and scoop him up. I must confess that this seemed somewhat silly to me at the time, but you must remember I had never even tried to catch a frog, and I could not tell the difference between the stories the kids were making up and what might have been the truth. And I grew very uneasy when I discovered that the only equipment one needed was his bare hands; the only sporting way to snare the frog was to pick him up with ten fingers and carry the slimy creature ashore!

I had a feeling that the kids were going to rule that I should be the first to take

part in the scheduled hunt, so I decided that I would get up one morning before they were awake and steal away to the pond—with an old butterfly net I owned—to rehearse myself at frog catching. I would put my catch in the perforated shoe box in which my mother made me keep my smelly old sneakers, and when the kids were all together I would nonchalantly exhibit my frog.

When I awoke one morning before seven and glanced out of the window, the sun was shining so brightly, I knew it was the wrong kind of day to catch my first frog, but I hurried to the pond, only to find the whole gang there, waiting for me! With a great show of expertness, I pointed out that it was the wrong kind of day for frog hunting, and that we had all better wait until it had rained the whole night before we tried to match our skills. They hooted their displeasure, but there wasn't much they could do about it, because I was only quoting them, but one of the kids dared me to show how good I was, rain or no rain, and they all drew back from the bank into a semi-circle that would hem me in. I was stuck!

And as if to cap the climax, suddenly, right at the edge of the old pond, a frog impudently showed his head and pointed his green eyes at me! I began jumping about and shouting, as all the experts had agreed was the best way, annoyed at the gales of laughter that swept toward me from the gang. I tried shifting to the left of the frog, and to the right, but wherever I jumped he was still looking at me, right into my angry, frightened eyes, until in desperation, I leaned over and reached out toward him. There was a gurgle and a splash—the frog did the gurgling, and I did the splashing! When I opened my eyes and rose to my feet, I was knee deep in the pond and soaking from head to toe.

That night—after I had been sent to bed supperless for going about all morning in wet clothes—I tossed and turned, trying to figure out why the kids had laughed at me, and resolving to catch my frog in my own way. I'd show them! I'd have the last and loudest laugh! The next morning I got out of bed at dawn—I hadn't been sleeping at all—and stole out to plan my campaign. I seemed to be the only human being awake in the whole world, but I had a job to do, and I was glad there was no one around to get in my way.

I did some thinking. In spite of everything that the kids had said, I came to the conclusion that "our side" of the pond was not the best spot for frog catching; the other side, near the outlet into the Big Lake seemed more logical. Shouldering my net and carrying my shoebox, I trotted around the pond to my chosen spot. I hid myself carefully among the reeds and cat-tails, and waited, in absolute silence.

In a few minutes, a tremendous bull frog surfaced. He couldn't have been very smart. He swam right up almost to within arm's length. I swung the net up and over my head, when the frog suddenly submerged. I began to cry, but I remembered to cry without making a sound. The frog reappeared and zoom! I scooped him out of the water and swung him up on the ground. He moved and jerked around inside the net and almost got out through one of the holes I had never mended. Quickly, I took the piece of string out of my pocket that I had brought along, made two slip knots, and looped them over the frog's rear legs, right through the netting. I twisted my hand through the

(continued on page 36)

POEMS

ALAN KAGAN

Ancient Bias

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Mint stars shed youth on crusted night. How much more than riches holds the evening of my age!

Moment

I see laughter:
There are forty-seven men dying—
Third parallel, fifty degrees
East, twenty north.
Forty-seven

crying as in a fairytale . . .

Only the Sound

puppet laughter rings barren along void corridors then

> true loves quickly change places in vibrant expression

there is only
a bell ringing
and later on
maybe some more

puppet laughter

EXPEDITION

ARNOLD-BERNARD GORIN

He was walking along the side of the road, and there was a butterfly fluttering about in the grass at his feet, so he picked it up. Its wing was broken, and where he held it between his thumb and forefinger, the color rubbed off in a fine powder, leaving orange and black lacework on the ridges of his fingertips. When he looked at where the color rubbed off, the wing looked scaly, and he didn't like it any more, so he put it on top of the railing which kept the cars from falling into the deep gully beside the road, because he thought it wouldn't get stepped on there. It fell, but he was too busy to stay in one place, and was already farther on when it fluttered to the ground.

He was going fishing and it was August, and the afternoon was hot. A feeble breeze went swish-swush across the fields of dry, yellow grass, which he thought might be alfalfa, but it didn't drown out the other sound, the one which frightened him. It didn't frighten him, really; it was just annoying because crickets didn't sound like that, but the slow, lazy rattle filled the summer sky and bounced against the clouds before falling back to earth and into the worm-holes which went all the way through and came out in China. He knew that wasn't true, because some scientist had said the world was all hot inside. He turned a question over idly in his mind: Would the sound burn up, or was it non-flammable, like asbestos, so it could come out again in China? The Chinese liked the cricket sound and called it singing, but maybe it wasn't the same sound, and maybe these weren't crickets.

He decided he was using the word "but" too much, and made up his mind that he wouldn't any more and asked himself what he would do to punish himself if he did. He didn't know how, but he would think of something cruel.

The air in the fields was wet and sticky and clung to him like a blanker, hot and stifling, though not a woolen blanket, because it did not make him itch except for where the streams of sweat were running down his body.

The road crossed the river near the town where they had stopped to see the glass-works, and which had no good restaurants. Here, though, the road was separated from the river by fields like rippling, molten gold, and the gully and the railroad tracks. He was trying to reach the place where the river crossed the road, but now he decided it was too far and turned back.

It was no good; he was just replacing "but" with "though" and why did he ask so many questions anyway? Metaphor, he thought, and that was good because it was poetic and beautiful so he was happy and tried to whistle, but he couldn't carry a tune.

It would have been easy to cross the gully, but it was deep and hot, and in the

bottom there was a big place with flat stones where snakes might like to sun themselves. He had seen one of them when he was five and little, in the mountains, one summer, and it was very long, or, at least, had seemed very long, and it was trapped by a big rock. It had red and green diamonds on its back or something like that, he couldn't quite remember, and was thrashing and making the same noise. He wanted to touch it, but one of the older boys told him that if he did, it would bite him and he would turn purple, and swell up like a balloon, and die. It had wriggled, and they had killed it, and then jumped on it, and when it began to get squishy, he had jumped on it, too, but they never went to that place again.

On the way back, he didn't see the butterfly, and stepped on it. By the time he came opposite the motel, the rod and tacklebox in his left hand felt very heavy, and he decided to walk a little bit in the other direction to see if there was a way across there, and if there wasn't, all right, he would go back. He walked a very short distance and saw where they had filled in the gully with dirt, so the road could cross and he went across with the road going thump-thump as he passed over the big culvert pipe which went through it, and he began to walk towards the river. This road was not like the other he had been walking on; it was dirt and rutted; he could feel the stones through his sneakers, not asphalt with clean white lines which ran uninterrupted back to the city. The fields came right up to it on either side, and at the end of it he could see a line of trees which he supposed showed where the river was. The trees stood out against the sky and their dry leaves were rustling in the wind, and he could not hear them because they were so far away.

His feet were sweating, and his sneakers made a squishy sound with each step. He tried to stamp on the dirt road, to drown out the field sound with the squishy one, but couldn't; the field sound was too loud, and he wished he'd worn sandals.

He was walking slowly, he told himself, and that was not because he was lazy, but because he was careful. His fingers rubbed against the grain of the leather sheath hanging from his belt. Moving the fingers upward, he grasped the pommel and drew the knife from its sheath, all silver and glinting in the sun. It had a curved blade and was from Germany, though he had bought it in Canada. It was very sharp, as sharp as Siegfried's sword, or St. George's. He always carried it on fishing trips, so that everyone could admire it and say how dangerous it looked, and then he would teach them how to throw it if he felt good. But he was alone now and he slipped the knife back.

In front of him, a large puddle, deep and rutted, crossed the road and went into the fields. He stopped and so did the squish-squish; all you could hear was the other sound, filling the air, rolling and bouncing among the clouds. He wanted to go through the puddle, but that would have been stupid, so he picked up a rock and moved cautiously through the tall, dry grass, but he slipped, and one foot went into the puddle, and when he got back on the road, the squishy noise was louder, and maybe that was good.

He began to search the grass in the middle of the road for crickets and stopped once to feel about in it for them. He didn't see any and didn't even believe they were there, because all crickets he had ever heard before sounded different; they did not fill the sky, but lay quietly beneath the cool, green grass, short and damp, near moist, black earth.

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AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR

BRUCE FREUND

It wasn't by accident that I became an autograph collector. It is a family tradition. Whether this is a blessing or a curse has yet to be ascertained, but I have had experiences which support both evaluations.

I differ from the family mold in that I don't buy autographs because I do not have the necessary cash. Instead, I write for them. Most people think of an autograph collector as a teen-aged girl who writes adoring letters to movie stars asking for their signed photographs. I resent this description. For one thing, I am not a girl. For another, I specialize in letters from political and military leaders. Moreover, I do not write adoring fan letters. Rather, I write the most obnoxious letters possible, so as to provoke heated replies. An angry response makes a letter valuable.

The main theme of each letter that I send out is that I am writing a term report and would like some information. Of course, the subject of each report varies with the speciality of the person to whom I am writing.

Most of my efforts end in frustration as the letters usually bog down in Washington red tape or are signed by the secretary of the person to whom I have written. Not all my letters are so ill-fated, however. In the last few years I have received some interesting replies. Among them was a letter from Alger Hiss who, when asked whether he thought his trial caused the wave of McCarthyism, responded by saying: "I can't give the time necessary for a discussion of why I think your question is not worth asking."

He then went on to answer it.

Other letters, not quite so provocative, have produced comical replies. Such is the case of Astronaut Donald Slayton who, when queried about the chance of an accident on the launch pad, answered: "Accidents are always a possibility in even the simplest operation human beings attempt. Witness the number of people injured in bath tubs annually. However, this doesn't deter people from taking baths."

Another reply worth mentioning is a letter from Raymond Moley, a former member of President Roosevelt's "brain-trust" who is now a columnist for Newsweek Magazine. I wrote him during the recent recession and asked if he thought the measures Roosevelt used to halt the depression, the New Deal, could be successfully applied today. He replied that they could not, as conditions in the country now are far different from those of 1933. Then he added this valuable comment: "Anyhow, there were two New Deals. One in 1933-34. The other after that. The first one worked us out of the depression. The second accomplished nothing." It might be interesting to note that, at the completion of

the first New Deal, Moley had a disagreement with the President and later left the brain-trust.

Several of my letters are of historical importance. Perhaps the best of these is a letter from General MacArthur, which I received about two years ago. In my letter I had informed him that I was writing a term paper on "Military Campaigns in the Phillipine Islands During World War II" and I asked him why the United States had invaded the Phillipines in October, 1944, instead of waiting until the spring of 1945. With the naval blockade which we had set up following the battle of Leyte Gulf, we could, conceivably, have starved out the Japanese or, at the very least, weakened their will to resist.

The old general minced no words in his reply: "Had we done this, the twenty million Filipino civilians would have been the ones who would have starved."

Often my letters give an insight into the character of the person who writes them (or the party he represents). Recently, I wrote to some prominent Democrats and Republicans and asked them to compare the two parties. From Sam Rayburn and Herbert Lehman, the "elder statesmen" of the Democratic Party, I received long letters, explaining to me in detail all the major legislation which the Democrats had accounted for in the twentieth century. Senator Lehman even invited me up to his apartment to discuss the subject further. From Charles Halleck, the Republican leader in the House of Representatives, I received a short letter and copies of the Republican and Democratic Party Platforms for 1960. These booklets, wrote Mr. Halleck, explained the difference between the parties far better than he could in the limited time available.

Is this significant?

Occasionally, I write to foreign diplomats. These letters usually accomplish nothing. However, one of them once resulted in a most unusual experience.

A few years ago, after the death of Josef Stalin, a struggle for control broke out in the Soviet Union. After weeks of political maneuvering, Viachislav Molotov apparently emerged victorious. However, it appeared that for the time being, he would be safer outside Russia than in it, so he came to New York and the United Nations. Being monumentally naive, I now seized this opportunity to get his autograph and wrote him a letter, addressed to the Soviet embassy. This letter, like most others, was written on my father's business stationery.

Weeks passed and I received no reply. Molotov eventually left New York and I forgot about ever having written to him. But another organization, ever alert to those who would endanger our national security, did not. In fact, it began to make its presence felt when, one hot summer day, two young men appeared in my father's office and identified themselves as FBI agents. My father was slightly startled, but in a few moments, he managed to recover his composure. In answer to their questions, he told the men that he had never had any correspondence with anyone in the Soviet consulate or embassy, or any business with Communists. When he came home, on the verge of apoplexy, he told us what had happened, and some time later I managed to summon up enough courage to tell him of my activities. It took a great deal of time and effort for him to

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First Flight=

The brook slowly slides Among the cat-tails and reeds To make an ocean.

Michael Leibowitz

For him death was the Main solution since his life Was the chief problem.

Morris Margolin

Light above my head, Calculus below my eye, Darkness in between.

Haskel Levi

Down in the deep well See the stars float, silently. Haul up a pailful.

Alfred Bartolomeo

A spring cherry tree, Leaning across a new grave Sheds smiling pink tears.

Richard Vos

On the smooth clean snow A single set of tracks to The shrouded forest.

Alex Nacht

RESIDUE - Martin Soloman

Residue,
Washed away by the turbulent sea.
Borne away by the powerful currents,
That beat—but also cleanse—the shores.

KEY - Mark Glasser

The past Locked up so tightly, Visible through stained glass; The only key is memory. Open up!

HAUNTED - Morris Margolin

Hor summer night.

Memories hang on a peg in the evening,
Trying to find breathing space.

Memories, hanging and haunting
The night.



These poems—haikus, cinquains, and others are the initial attempts of Stuyvesantians at the writing of poetry.

Tears in a child's eye
Spent so free on whim, but where
Do they hide at death?

David Lichtenstein

Behold the wry smile Upon her once-tender face. Can this be my love?

Ivan Benjamin

The windows of life
Are broken all too soon, for
I am not yet blind.

John F. Spiegel

The world My oyster? Yes! Though the wise men say That youth is wasted on the young, I live!

Donald Appelman

I'm glad My feet follow When my heart strays yonder To the twisting mountain trails, and Silence.

Douglas Metzler

What matter if I Do not bloom this year?—only One daffodil less.

Michael Ackerman

THE TIME FOR SOLITUDE

ANTHONY STARACE

I like people! I enjoy a good conversation! My favorite sports are those in which many people participate. Yet, there are times when I would rather shut myself off from the many persons with whom I usually associate so that I may enjoy solitude.

At such times, I become tired of constant chatter and of endless unimportant questions which seem to be asked for no other reason that to keep talking. "What's new?" or "Have you heard about . . . ?" when he or she knows perfectly well I have. This aversion to meaningless or dull conversation makes me hypocritical. I begin to smile when I am really annoyed, and after a while I only make a show of paying attention while I am really engrossed in my own thoughts.

One would think that the answer to my desire to be left alone would be to go home where there should be peace and quiet. I say "should be" because in my house there usually is none. There is hardly a day that goes by without someone dropping by, whether it be some relatives or some friends of mine or my brother and sister. Not that I have anything against any one of these people. On the contrary I find each one entertaining in his or her own way. However, when they all begin to "converge" on me or time their arrivals to coincide with someone else's departure, thus denying me a suitable period of relaxation, I become annoyed and wish more than ever to be left alone.

My relatives are the worst offenders of my privacy since they stay the longest and keep me busy the longest. Since my mother and father come from fairly large families, there is an overabundance of aunts, uncles, and cousins. With eight to ten people in a small apartment, there is no place that is safe from the steady drone of voices, occasionally interrupted by laughter and sometimes a scream or two from one of my younger cousins.

Since I am the oldest nephew, with one exception, on both sides of my family, my aunts and uncles take a special interest in me. They "annoy" me with endless questions about what I want to be, what courses I'm taking, what college I want to go to, and so on. Unfortunately it doesn't stop there, for my relatives always ask me to give my cousins advice, saying: "They admire you and they'll listen to you more than to anyone else." Of course, since flattery is my weakness, I feel proud at the time to give advice to my unknowing, inexperienced cousins, but it becomes monotonous after a while, and sooner or later I long to be alone.

My brother and his friends also interrogate me. When I'm doing my homework, they quietly look over my shoulder. This annoys me very much, and I politely ask them what they want. When they say, "Nothing," I go back to my homework, muttering to

myself. Then a few seconds later, they are back again to bombard me with questions. "What are you doing?" "What does that mean?" "Is it hard?" If I'm in the mood, I will dutifully try to explain some of it to them. However, I'm usually too busy and I hastily explain what I am doing and ask them to please go away.

To my further annoyance, people often ask favors of me. Since I rarely have the heart to refuse, I usually fulfill the request, even though sometimes I think my generosity is being abused.

The most frequent request is, "Please show the movies." You see, we have a movie camera, and whenever friends or relatives come by, my parents convince them that they just can't leave without seeing the films. Thus, since I'm usually the only competent projector operator around, I am elected to do the job.

Acting as the phonograph operator is another one of my time-consuming jobs. When we got the machine, I wanted to take care of it, and from then on, I've been obligated to play it on request.

In the eyes of my brother, I am also an all-around athlete, and consequently I sometimes "have to" substitute for two or three of my brother's friends in any one of a variety of sports, when they aren't around. This often leads to arguments, since my brother's friends seem to make up rules of their own.

Now, all my problems would be solved if I had a room of my own with a lock on the door. However, I share my room with my brother and there is no door. Also, the walls are far from soundproof; hence, I'm forced to hear any and all sounds originating from the living room and the kitchen, both of which are adjacent to my room.

I hope you can now understand my predicament, and why I want to isolate myself from the world when I've had an overdose of contact with people.

Being by one's self is not so bad as one may think. In fact, I find that, in general, I'm good company for myself. The "little voice" which seems to come from within me is quite agreeable. If it weren't, I don't know what I would do. It is a good companion, and I can converse with it for hours without being criticized or admonished by unwanted listeners.

I can talk with this "companion" on any subject which strikes my fancy. There are no limits to be observed. I don't have to take into consideration this "companion's" feelings, and thus there is no falseness between us. We're quite free with each other and I find that since this is the case, my "voice" is my most reliable counselor.

At times, this voice talks so quickly that I am left only with impressions. Though I may not always be able to express these impressions or emotions in words, I always understand them, since they are a part of me.

Being alone allows me to know and understand myself better. While sitting back in a chair with my legs crossed, or lying on my back, looking up at the ceiling, I often meditate on things of importance to me. Very often, after I have made blunders of one kind or another, and have finished reproaching myself, I think about them again and again, each time asking myself how I could have succeeded instead of failing. This also helps me to develop an understanding of myself, my character, my strength, and my weaknesses, and enables me to look forward to the next time when I may avoid similar blunders.

This kind of meditation can be very absorbing. (What is more interesting to a person than himself?) However, I don't always think only of myself. I must admit that I am a sort of dreamer. I like to cogitate, to hope, and to predict things. If I feel like entertaining myself, my mind can conjure up some highly interesting ideas, and if they are fantastic and unrealistic, no one else knows of them but myself.

This complete freedom is what sometimes makes solitude more enjoyable to me than companionship, even on a walk or a trip of "exploration" to a museum or some other center of attraction. I usually dislike going with someone, for several reasons. I am vehemently against the social necessity of seeing that there is small talk when someone else is along. I feel that conversation should come easily and naturally. I see no reason why some people fear a silence now and then.

Now, I have nothing against a conversation; it's just that I dislike a forced one. I lose my freedom to think and say what I want if I allow myself to get into a forced talk. However, there are probably few people who share my viewpoint, and rather than offend those who don't, I usually choose to enjoy my freedom by going on walks and trips alone.

Another one of my freedoms that is trampled upon when I go on a trip of "exploration"—except when I go with a very close friend who shares my interests—is my freedom of choice. Despite my convictions, I hate to be rude, and thus I often have to sacrifice my own interests. After all, not everyone likes the same things I do. The only solution to this problem, I have found, is to travel alone.

Alone, I am completely free. I can be engrossed in my own thoughts or wide awake to the wonders about me. I don't have to sacrifice anything and therefore I can get a more intense enjoyment out of my trips.

Similarly, I enjoy my own, personal entertainment more when I'm alone. Since I delight in quite a wide variety of music and like to play almost all of them loudly on my stereo hi-fi, I am not altogether free from criticism when not alone. I become irritated when people say they don't like a certain type of music, when they know little or nothing about it, and when they clap their hands over their ears and ask if I have to turn the volume up so high. Therefore I'd rather play my records when I'm alone and really enjoy them.

When it comes to reading, I naturally have the same preference for being alone, since reading can be enjoyed only when there is perfect tranquility. Even if somebody else is reading in the same room, I find that I'm moving along the lines, but nothing registers. I have to re-read the lines so often, I enjoy and remember very little bur, when I am alone and can read continuously and fluently, I find I can recall and appreciate the book before me without difficulty.

I love browsing over records, books, and art, by myself, but I find that it is just torture to have to turn away from a counter packed with such merchandise, in order not to annoy a companion who may not share my interests.

Thus, when I'm alone I enjoy freedom to think, to go where I want to go, and to entertain myself in the way I want. Yet, even though solitude can be very satisfactory for me at times, I still cannot get along without my family and friends or without con-

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WALKING

JOSEPH ROSENBAUM

Walking, for me, has always been an emotional experience. My emotions have led me by the hand and have dictated my destinations, as well as my reactions to them and to the worlds I have passed by on my way. And they have been different worlds, depending on whether I have been happy or depressed, curious or indifferent. And at times, as I have sauntered about, I have been aware that others may react to these worlds as I have done, that others will see a new, bright house, or a new slim tree, a known fellow-human with new thoughts and attitudes, a stranger who will become an old friend. As I feel, so others must feel—that down a dusty road, along a path in the park, at the other end of a teeming city street is a new world to explore.

I took my first exploratory trip when I was little more than three years old. Up to that time, I had dutifully taken all my walks at my mother's side, but one day, while she was busily shopping, I felt a tug, as if some power were pulling me into another, independent existence. I can still see myself now, barely high enough to peer into the exciting windows, where candies and watches and red-tentacled lobsters in tanks widened my eyes. I can see, too, the giant in blue who brought me home to my mother, whose tears puzzled me, and changed my pleasure into tears of my own.

I have been walking ever since, whenever one of my changing moods impelled me. And one of the inducements of my walking moods has been rain or snow. When the autumn rain streaks across my window, making the world beyond a strange painting of reds and oranges and browns, I often go out into the storm, especially if I happen to feel depressed, for I know that when I come back home, later, my troubling thoughts and emotions will be washed away. It was on such a night that I sought solace from the raindrops splattering the black streets, from the evening lights running through puddles, from the wind wet against my face, for I wanted to forget a girl, a girl who had been the summer to me, but who, like the summer, was part of the past, and I knew I could have no existence in the past. The rain washed her out of my mind, out of my emotions, leaving me free for the future.

I no longer walk along the silver beaches I knew as a youngster, with their enticing shells and refreshing spray; I cannot therefore be sure that rainbows still rise above the white-tipped waves. And I no longer trot to and from school as I did at the age of eight, filled with wonder at the grass and flowers and trees in the park, and with an uneasy fear of the bigger boys who seemed ready to pounce upon me. I still can get a thrill, though, out of exploring a new street, or strolling along one of our many river-fronts.

But my greatest thrill is walking through new snow, when our fair city becomes quiet and truly beautiful, the market place with its vending machines muffled, the asphalt-chewing and poison-spitting motors frozen into immobility, trees and buildings like a snow-bound medieval village, and the sky a bright frame for the world. Once, last winter, though, the exhilaration I felt as I strode along the powdered streets turned for a moment to sudden despondency. The world seemed so bright and wonderful just then, that I wanted to stand beside someone I loved, her hand in mine, while we looked, together, on the beauty around us. I remember how I murmured, "You-whoever-you-are, you-wherever-you-are, come and share this moment of timelessness with me, this moment free from ugliness, this moment of peace!" There was no answer. Naturally. And soon afterward, the snow melted, and the city swelled up in its sodden, sharp-stoned shoddiness.

Walking in the Spring has a unique appeal, for the world seems to soften, and the parks, bare and gray after the snows disappeared; sprout a tender green. The air is gentler, perhaps because the birds flutter above the reawakening trees, and the first flowers peek out of the grass as I walk slowly by. Do you know how it is when you begin to walk down a hill, at first slowly, and then more and more rapidly until you are running as fast as you can by the time you reach the bottom? That is how it is when the Spring comes. My first walks are slow, but with each day, I walk faster and faster, until all at once I am running and leaping and singing, intoxicated by the beauty of leaf and bud and bird. And later, in the reassuring coolness of the evening, with tiny tinkling talk starlighting the benches along the park paths, I come to know that the you-who-were-not-beside-me when the snow covered the city will soon be walking with me to share the rich greenness of Spring and the shimmering brightness of Summer.

Evolution

MICHAEL CLARE

I

In the beginning of time,
In the primeval slime,
I, an amoeba, did hide.
Had I but known
Into what I've since grown,
I might have committed suicide.

II

Observe the ape
As the people gape.
He just scratches his chin.
He's very wise;
Behind that guise,
He knows we're kin.

000000000000000000000000000

I WAS A LAWYER AT THIRTEEN

HOWARD MILLER

I will never forget the first night I came to the Boy's Brotherhood Republic.

It was a rainy day in December of 1958. As I look back, I remember two of my friends, one on either side, leading me to a big brown door. Above it, gigantic white letters spelled out "Boy's Brotherhood Republic." I can almost feel the excitement that overcame me then as I entered the building and was greeted by another sign which read, "You are now entering the BBR City Hall." Directly before me stood a boy, about my age, with an elastic band over his right arm which read "Police." He promptly asked us for our "citizenship cards," to which my friends quickly responded. That left me stunned and bewildered.

"I don't have one," was my reply.

"Well, you can't come in!"

My friends reassured me that there was nothing to worry about,

"He's gonna join up," one of them said.

The "policeman" smiled very cunningly, as if to say, "You don't know what you're in for, kid." He then proceeded to point to the stairs which were directly before me.

"One flight up and to the left."

I followed his directions and soon I was in the Administration Hall. As I walked in, I found myself before the biggest desk I had ever seen, with an older boy sitting behind it, who asked me if I had any business there.

"He wants to join up," one of my friends said, as he pushed me toward the huge desk,

The "man on duty" nodded his head in acceptance and proceeded to hand me an "Application for Citizenship." When I completed the application, I was brought into the Supervisor's office, where I was given a copy of the club's constitution. He told me that the constitution, as well as the entire functioning of the club, was based on the governments of the city, state, and nation; he also told me that my application for citizenship would not be accepted until I passed an examination on the details of BBR government, but with the pass which he was giving me I could enter the BBR on three occasions before I became a citizen. He asked me if I wanted to stay that evening and witness a court trial.

"A court trial, here?"

"Of course! Since we (the club) are based on democratic principles, a citizen

arrested in the BBR must be proven guilty beyond a shadow of a doubt by the court before he can be punished (by the court)."

I remember his explaining some of the fundamentals of the BBR court system and how it worked here. Although I was still rather skeptical, I was finally persuaded, and went up to the third floor, where I knocked timidly at the door, almost hoping that no one would answer, but the door finally opened, and a tall blond boy showed me in. As I entered, I noticed at least 70 pairs of eyes focusing on me. When I finally found a seat, the Judge asked for proceedings to continue. The next few minutes were the most shocking of my life. In that time, I witnessed the Judge, the Prosecuting Attorney and the attorney for the defense all in action. I noticed the six-man jury listening very intently to the proceedings, lest they miss a word and upset their decision. I watched the defendant scribbling nervously as he sat next to his lawyer. The most ironic thing about the entire proceedings was the sheer fact that none of those boys were more than a year or two older than I.

When the trial ended, I left the BBR with a feeling of excitement all about me. As I walked home, I wondered if I too might address a jury or weigh a decision when I became older.

I passed my test and became a member of the BBR two weeks later,

As time passed on, I found myself getting more and more accustomed to the Boy's Brotherhood Republic and its principles. Many were the times when I would find myself addressing the BBR City Council at a Council Meeting, or weighing a decision as part of a jury in the Court, or expressing my opinions on matters concerning the organization as part of the staff of Boy's World, the BBR newspaper.

One day, after I had been a member of the BBR for six months, the Judge called me aside to ask me if I had intentions of joining the Bar Association. I told him that I didn't think that I was either old enough or able enough to undertake such an important responsibility as becoming a lawyer, but he assured me that he was not asking me for the fun of it. He told me that he actually believed that I had the potential of becoming a good lawyer. I was both surprised and proud that the Judge had invited me to become a member of the Bar Association. I decided that I would act on his suggestion and enroll in the Bar Classes which were scheduled to begin the following Monday.

Before Monday came, I remember looking through old Council Meeting minutes, Bar Association minutes, and past editions of the newspapers to gather as much information as I could on the Bar.

From this information, I discovered that the Bar Association of the BBR had been established by an "act of Council" late in 1957. I learned that after its passage, the Mayor of the BBR appointed five prominent citizens to become the first or "honorary" members of the Bar. Their primary task was to establish a constitution or "By-Laws" for the Bar governing the members of the Bar and their conduct, procedures for meeting, elections, disbarment proceedings, and the presentation of further amendments to the By-Laws, etc.

The Bar Classes lasted twelve weeks. In that time, I studied the fundamentals of the BBR constitution, the Police Laws and the By-Laws, court procedure, the lawyer's role in court, and ethics of a lawyer. At a mock trial during the eleventh week, I was given a chance to apply what I had learned in previous weeks. After this, came the final examinations. I remember the tenseness I felt as I took the exam, and the manner in which I regarded my classmates, not as my friends, but as my competitors.

A few days later, I received a card informing me that I had been one of the five boys accepted by the Bar, and that I would be "sworn in" the following Friday as part of the bi-monthly Council meeting.

I remember that Friday evening as being one of the most exciting of my life. I remember the thrills I experienced from being introduced to such influential men as District Attorney Hogan and State Assemblyman Weiser, who had come to witness this event.

Strangely enough, the first mistake I ever made as a lawyer was that first night. As I was taking the oath, I heard a loud hissing sound. I turned around to find one of my friends motioning to me. I signaled him to be quiet, but he persisted to wave and make motions to me. After I received my diploma, I demanded an explanation from him. The answer was simple. What he was trying to inform me was the fact that I had taken the oath with the wrong hand on the Bible.

The most interesting case I ever represented in court was my first case as a lawyer in the BBR, two weeks after I had become an attorney.

That day, a citizen was arrested for breaking a Police Committee Law, which stated that hats must be removed upon entering the building. I discovered that this boy had just become a citizen of the BBR that day. I therefore instructed him to plead guilty with the explanation that he had just become a citizen, and was entirely unaware of that law.

The day of the court trial came. As my client was being brought before the Judge, I suddenly remembered a fact that might affect the entire outcome of this case. I immediately asked the Judge for a five minute recess, and, after consultation with my client, changed the plea to not guilty. The Prosecuting Attorney immediately asked for a post-ponement and received one for the following Tuesday.

On the day of the court trial, I was one nervous lawyer, for I knew that my future status in the Bar might very well be affected by the outcome of this trial.

After both the D.A. and I had concluded our opening arguments, the Prosecution proceeded to call its first witness, the arresting officer. The Prosecution proved that the arresting officer had seen the defendant in the building with a hat on his head and had arrested him. Upon cross-examination, the arresting officer admitted that he had not warned the defendant before he arrested him and that the defendant had just entered the building.

•The Prosecution then proceeded to call its second witness, the "man on duty" in the cloakroom. The cloakroom attendant admitted seeing the defendant with a hat on his head upon arrest. Upon further interrogation, I asked the following: "Did the defendant hang up his coat before or after his arrest?" The cloakroom attendant answered that he had received the coat after his arrest.

My first witness was the "man on duty" in the Citizenship Committee (this is the

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ANDREW GORDON

Jo An Old Prophet

Old man, you said too much Before they shut you up. And we must work all day To burn what you have said.

Reconciliation

I recognize you.
Your face has been painted here
Before.
Your song has been sung here
Before,
And I have seen you and heard you
Before.
But this tune
The words are
Different.
We will never know each other,
But here we go
Again.

Hail

We could not describe our love; We were as blind men Explaining sound In a city of the deaf.

And Farewell

We go our winding ways: I have our sorrow, But all my reluctance Laughs inside you.

STRANGERS WRITE TO ME

STEPHEN WAX

It was all an accident in the first place, as many undertakings are. I was given a subscription to Junior Natural History magazine by my parents who were helping along the aspirations of a budding, eight year old scientist. Then my mother decided it would be a good idea to send a letter to the pen-pal column of the magazine. In this way, I would have little friends all over the globe. (She told me of this after she sent the letter.) Oh, Dandy! I thought. Oh, peaches and cream! And don't think I didn't let my mother know how I felt! But I didn't get my name in the next issue of the JNH magazine. And I didn't see it in the one after that, nor the next one. I concluded, with relief and satisfaction, that the whole thing had blown over for a while. And for the next two years I led a comparatively normal life.

One day, when I was browsing through the latest issue of the magazine—a learned man of ten years—my eye was caught by this:

Pen Pal

Stephen Wax, Age 10

Hobbies: Reading, Stamps, Paleontology

Address: 1569-49th St., B'klyn 19, New York.

I still don't know how they added two more years onto my originally given age. And I don't even know why they printed my name two years after it was sent, much less at all. However, there it was, in black and white. At this time, I wasn't particularly upset about it, my viewpoint having changed with the years. It might be fun, it might be interesting, it might take some leisure time off my hands.

Yes, I actually believed that. Of course, I did not realize that my name, hobbies, and address had now expanded into world-wide circulation, and were subject to the skeptical minds of millions and millions of subscribers to Junior Natural History magazine. And from the deluge of correspondence that swamped me, I felt as if 99% of them had written to me.

There were letters from thirty out of the forty-eight states; there were letters from Japan, England, Turkey; there were letters even from Brooklyn!

I received one letter which told me about how happy this kid was to write to me. He said he was writing to me because my picture in the magazine "looked so nice." That proved interesting to me, especially since I hadn't sent my picture to the magazine in the first place! I was about to write him a stormy answer when I received more letters which made his seem like a love note. For instance, one letter that came from a

Bostonian demanded: "Why is it only we girls are interested in paleontology?" And a letter from a Turkish girl, Zerrin (with whom I still correspond) began like this: "Saw your name in magazine. Could I have your picture. . . . My hobbies are dancing," (that's pleasant, I thought), "reading," (oh, we've got culture), "and Fabian!" It was as if a knife had been plunged deep into my heart. "Fabian!" It must have been a mistake, I rationalized. She didn't mean it. She probably intended it as a joke.

Taking pen in hand, I scribbled a quick note, asking her what sort of nice "old world" dances they did in Turkey. Wait, I checked myself. Maybe they've advanced just a bit. "Have you ever heard of a dance called the 'Charleston?'" I wrote. I also enclosed my picture and asked for hers. In two and a half weeks I received this reply:

"Your picture was very nice. Here in Turkey we dance rock and roll and cha-cha-cha. We have no Charleston here yet. Maybe next year." And to top it off, she didn't even send me her picture. (And she hasn't to this day.)

And still a third girl—Susan, from Indiana—wrote several chatty letters to me, then suddenly sent me a note in which she said: "I'm coming to New York and can't wait to meet you!"

As a mere lad of twelve years, I was quite ready to pack my things and run away from her as quickly as I could, except that I didn't know when or from which direction she was coming. Well, soon enough I found that out, too, and after meeting her and taking a good look . . . anyway, I haven't written to her since!

Seriously, my pen-pals have discussed many topics, some on a high, international level, others of a rather personal nature. Many have asked questions that reveal a desire to learn more about the USA—and me; others have indicated that they have a strange picture of what it is like to be an American, such as the English girl who asked: "Do you Americans really burn money?"

I must admit, though, there were a few times when I felt compelled to refute some of the misconceptions held by my international or intercontinental acquaintances. When I received a letter from a Texan named Charles saying: "Is Brooklyn really like they say?" this is part of what I answered:

"I'm not too sure what they say about Brooklyn. But I can tell you that Brooklyn is like any other place, in Texas, New York, or anywhere else. When you have two million people in one city, there is no one kind of city or people. There are all kinds, and these many types turn out to be the same kind of folks you'd expect to meet anywhere. Now if that's how they say Brooklyn really is, then I agree with them."

Occasionally, world tensions have interfered with my letter writing.

At the time of the increasing tension in Turkey, under Menderes, I wrote Zerrin (who happens to be a student at Ankara College), asking about what was going on there. I never received a reply.

Then upon reading that students had been barricaded in Ankara College, and there was much fighting going on there, I wrote to her again to inquire about the goings on. I didn't receive a letter from her until a month and a half afterwards, just about two weeks after Menderes had been ousted. Her letter contained nothing in the way of

answers or even references to the letters that I had sent her. Because I know Zerrin to be the type of person not likely to hold back information, I concluded that my letters had been intercepted and censored. I never again asked Zerrin any questions about Turkish politics, for I had no desire to make trouble for her.

What, you may ask, have I gotten from my writing to strangers, and strangers' writing to me? There is a passage in "Inherit the Wind" that deals with the idea that you must pay for every advance you make. In learning about the many events and ways of life in these different countries and areas, I have found that many of my beliefs and preconceptions have been shattered.

In learning about the new machines and the importation of rock and roll to even the most rustic of places, I have found that the "old country" is gone. Sentimental as it may be, it seems hard to strike from my mind the visions that have been placed there over years of romantic reading and ardent movie-going.

I used to think that all countries were very much united within themselves, and kept distinct from others by what I considered one of the greatest barriers of all—language. Yet that too is gone. Students in almost every country are studying English as a second language, and other tongues as third and fourth choices. I have conjured up a picture of myself walking into a small town in Greece, Israel, Nigeria, or Italy, the smell of Spring sweet in my lungs. And then I see a young student or farmer come down the road toward me; in genuine American phrasing he asks, "Hiya, Mac! Got an extra stick of gum on ya?"

POEMS

JEFFREY PENSO

Credo

You have a choice— To laugh or To cheer. It is too difficult To criticize.

R. J. P.

We live in a cone, And walk toward the apex. The base closes in, And we applaud.

FAREWELL TO CHIOS

JOHN C. MAMOULAKIS

The five years that have passed since I left Chios have sped by like lightning. They were long years, as only the years of adolescence can be; they have been so crowded and pregnant with change that some of the events of my childhood and of my departure from Greece have become vague. Others, however, have grown sharper; I can remember them with every shade of color, with every intensity of feeling, with every word and every silence, the way one remembers, with uncanny clarity, the events in a dream.

I can remember our departure from Chios that way—our pastel house littered with packages and bursting with expectations, every second of waiting heavy on us, so that we did not trust ourselves to speak for fear that our tongues would not obey and would betray our feelings. I can remember my grandmother, on whom black had always seemed the right color, because her hair was snow white; her dark eyes were now almost as black as her dress and sparkling with tears. She was as silent as the rest of us, with too much for everyday words.

I can remember the ship that we were to board for the first part of our trip, to Athens. I cannot recall how we reached her at the waterfront, nor how we got aboard, but I can see vividly how the town of Chios looked to me as I stood proudly at the deck rail, looking down into the streets which I knew as only a child can know streets through which he has toddled and stalked and sauntered. I can see again the purple sky, and the buildings silhouetted against it—the old castle on the hill; the minaret of the ancient Turkish mosque; the government building with its flagpole; the homes and shops winding from the waterfront toward the castle. I can see again the lights coming on in the waterfront cafes, flirting with the harbor waves, and the people seated around the tables, as I had often sat with my family. I remember turning from the shore line in embarrassment at the emotions that crowded inside of me, to look at the small fishing vessel beyond our ship, as it chugged out toward the sea; it pulled behind it a string of boats, each bobbing beneath the lantern it carried to attract the fish that the men on the boats would bring in at dawn. The chain of boats grew smaller and smaller as it moved away, its lights disappearing in the muffling darkness. I could no longer see the people at the cafe tables or at the dock clearly, but I knew some of them were weeping because we were going away, and I wished they would not cry, for we were setting out on a great adventure, and there was no reason that I could understand for tears.

There is no picture in my mind about my going to sleep that night, but I do remember how I rose very early the next morning and hurried up on deck to see again the great harbor of Piraeus, so large that the far-away ends of the docks were hidden

behind the gray forms of impatient ships, while others, seaward, seemed to be moving in all directions. I thought of a beehive. On shore, the waterfront was a colorful sea of heads and hats, of boxes and crates, of trucks and carts. There were shouts and hurrying horns, the metallic grinding of machines, and the plop of sacks as stevedores dropped them along the water's edge. As we went ashore for our ride into Athens, I realized with dismay that though I had been here many times before, I would soon see it for the last time.

My recollections of Athens are many; they merge at times into a kaleidoscopic sequence of pictures that have to be halted and looked at more carefully. There is the first view of the Acropolis and the Lycavettus opposite it, the former a great monolith topped with the white marble of the Parthenon and other ancient buildings, the other a green, towering hill with a pointed granite summit, looking as if a mythological giant had shaved it with a quick rough blade. There is the anti-climax of modern Athens, much like any other city, with its traffic-choked streets and policemen standing at intersections in white booths with the Greek key emblazoned on them, trying ineffectually to regulate the streams of cars and people. There is the restfulness of the city's parks and plazas, and its many cafes, reminding me of those in Chios. There are the darkened streets of the *Plaka*, where young men and women linger in the shadows, and the wide, stately avenues lined with trees and marble statues.

I remember thinking that the cafes, like those at home, were more than a place to have a drink or a bite to eat; they were really like clubs, where the men gathered to talk and to debate the issues of the day, as much as to play backgammon, over the treasured cups of thick Turkish coffee. My father once said that every Greek had his own plan for the perfect state, which he would explain and defend with great fervor, that almost from birth he suffered from a form of political fever for which there was no cure. I have heard these heated arguments, and I hope that the ailment will never be erased.

Perhaps the most vivid picture in my gallery of recollections is that of myself on the Acropolis, the day before we set sail for America. I went up to it by way of the ancient Theatre of Herodes Atticus, where plays are still given as they were in ancient Greece, and where, today, thousands of tourists throng the hundreds of stone steps that form the amphitheater. I walked past the towering Propylaea, the structure that is the front gate to the temple, and started toward the Parthenon. I felt that I was looking for something, but I could not figure out what it was. I sat down on the front steps, and I can remember now that they were warm to the touch, as were the columns that tower toward the gods. I picked up a small smooth stone lying at my feet, expecting it to be different from all other stones, and it was; it was a magic talisman, taking me out of the present and moving me back through the past.

I saw men of ancient Athens move toward me through the Propylaea, dressed in white *chlamys*, some carrying flutes, others dancing as they followed a cart with a veil for the statue of Athena. They gave way to the martial severity of soldiers, Hellenes from every century, first among them the defenders of Athens against its ancient enemies, in helmets and gleaming shields, their spears sharp and clean; then the Byzantines in mail, the two-headed black eagle embroidered on their purple cloaks. Rank after rank

followed, and at the end the evzones of Mesolonghi in their caps and vests and white skirts, and the patriots without uniforms who had fought first the Nazi hordes and then the rugged Communists. It was awesome, to see them come through the gate and to flow past the temple, on to the edge of the Acropolis and down its slopes. I sensed that I was looking on immortality, as I sat there, in the shadows of the Parthenon's pillars, a small smooth stone in the palm of my hand.

I rose presently, and walked over to the smaller temple, whose roof is held up by the famous Caryatids, those marble maidens who have been admired for thousands of years, not only by Athenians, but by visitors from every part of the world. I wondered about the two statues kidnaped by the British and taken to their famous museum in London, and pictured them sadly, downcast and lonely in their captivity, longing for the deep blue Aegean sky, and consoling themselves with memories of their glorious past.

The voices of tourists broke into my reveries. I did not yet feel as I came to feel later, when I heard and understood more clearly the famous and to me angering line, "The glory that was Greece." The glory that was Greece. The glory that was Greece." So it was not that quotation on the lips of the tourists that annoyed me then; it must have been that I resented their strangeness, their indifference to the beauty that they brushed by in a matter of minutes, or maybe the sudden realization that I was about to leave all of it, perhaps forever, while they were free to stay on, and travel to other lands.

Heavy with gloom, I wandered down the *Plaka*, the maze of narrow streets that zigzags from the plateau of the Acropolis down its slopes to the modern city. Women were sitting on their balconies, exchanging gossip; children were playing in the streets, and men were gathering in the *tavernas*, to sip that favorite drink of all Greeks, *retsina*. Already, the hypnotic sounds of Greek music were floating out into the streets, and from one of the basement wine cellars came the sibilant words of an exotic Turkish song.

I can remember hurrying through the wide Constitution Square, past the House of Parliament and the altar-like memorial to the Unknown Soldier; I can remember, the next morning, hurrying impatiently to the ship that would carry us to America, and looking hungrily at the coastline as it fell away behind us, now rocky, now olive green, now sand gleaming in the morning sun like strands of delicate lace. There are some memories that have already faded. Before others, perhaps all, become faint, I will go back some day to see Greece again, to visit Chios with its amethyst sky, its "wine-dark sea," and its air of contentment.



EXPEDITION (continued from page 15)

The trees were very far away. They looked at least fifteen blocks away and if there were twenty blocks in a mile then that was three quarters of a mile. Coming back would be another three quarters of a mile and he had already walked very far. Too far. He had to get back for dinner, and that was a good thought because his mouth and throat were dry, and that meant he was thirsty, didn't it, and hungry too, he thought. Besides, the river had looked filthy and maybe it was polluted from the factory town, and even if there were fish in it, it would take a long time to catch them, and he didn't think he had the time. He could catch just as big a fish in the lake near his house and then he would have somebody to show it to. But he wouldn't show it to his father, who would laugh, and say, "Did you really catch it, all by yourself?" His father always laughed so he wouldn't show him the fish, or even tell him about it; only his friends. Then he turned around and went back.

REUNION (continued from page 7)

to see the girls, and I wasn't feeling too good that night, and I had a lot of work to do in the morning.

It really wasn't any of those reasons at all.

Up at camp we didn't have to turn the place into a nightclub if we wanted to have fun. We would do things, and they would be pretty boring and not worth the time if you did them alone, but as long as we did them together, the fun of being together made it right. I guess something had changed in the short time I hadn't seen them. At any rate, they just weren't the kids I spent the summer with. In New York they didn't care about being together. What they wanted was a girl on their arm and a pack of cigarettes and a smooth line to show they were real men like the phonies you see on television.

I got up and told Al I was going, and he said that was too bad, and why so early, and I'll see you again, and then he went back to his magazine and didn't look up.

So I walked back down into the deserted street and toward the subway, just the way I came. I took the first train even though it was a local because I figured I had plenty of time.

It was pretty empty all the way.

TIME FOR SOLITUDE (continued from page 22)

tact with people. After all, I don't always feel a need for being alone—just when I become tired of people. I need both solitude and companionship, for sooner or later, I become tired of loneliness, too. One can't always solve his own problems by himself, and when I do discuss them with my family and close friends, I learn much that I cannot get from myself. Besides, without friends and social activities, one would have little to think about when alone. Thus, I have found that to enjoy loneliness one has to become tired of companionship, and, similarly, this maxim of mine works the other way around just as well.

AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR (continued from page 17)

explain the situation to the FBI, but eventually even that highly skeptical organization was convinced.

After an experience such as this one might think that I would change my hobby. Whoever believes that radically underestimates the staying power of a dedicated autograph collector. As an apt illustration of my obsession, I recently wrote a letter to J. Edgar Hoover. In the return mail, I received a large manila envelope which, in addition to a brief history of the FBI, contained ten cancelled "wanted" posters of somewhat frightening—former—public enemies.

I still haven't made up my mind whether or not these posters were a reminder and an admonition, but I do know that I'm not likely to give up the family tradition of autograph hunting!

MY FROG (continued from page 12)

rest of the string and anchored it to the pole of the net, so that even if the frog got out of the net itself, he would not be able to get away.

Whistling a happy tune, I sauntered back toward the hotel. When I caught sight of my friends and fellow hunters, waiting impatiently for breakfast, I held up my frog as if the whole exploit were really nothing, and told them that their methods were all wrong, that I had my own way of catching frogs, and here was proof that I was right.

They looked enviously at my catch, and admitted sheepishly that they had been kidding me all along; that was why they had laughed at me the day I had fallen into the pond, trying to do the foolish thing they had told me to do. They crowded around me, respectfully, asking me to show them my way of catching a frog, and suddenly I realized the truth behind the truth. Not one of them had ever caught a frog in his whole life!

I WAS A LAWYER AT THIRTEEN (continued from page 27)

committee which gives tests to applicants filing for citizenship). I asked him if any boys were scheduled for their citizenship exams on the day of the arrest. My client's name was among those read off!

I then called the defendant to the stand. My examination consisted of one simple question: "Were you arrested before or after you took your citizenship exam?" He answered that he had been arrested before he took his exam.

In my closing address, I pointed out that my client had been arrested before he had become a citizen of the BBR. The arrest, I concluded, was therefore invalid.

After a short deliberation, the defendant was found not guilty by the jury. I had won my first case!

At present, I am an active member of the Bar Association and devote most of my extra time working for it. In fact, I now hold three different positions within the Bar, namely Secretary of the Bar, Chairman of the Public Information Committee, and member of the Executive Committee.

I can truthfully say that no matter what success I may encounter in later life, I will always attribute part of that success to the education which I have received as a citizen of the Boy's Brotherhood Republic and a member of the BBR Bar Association.