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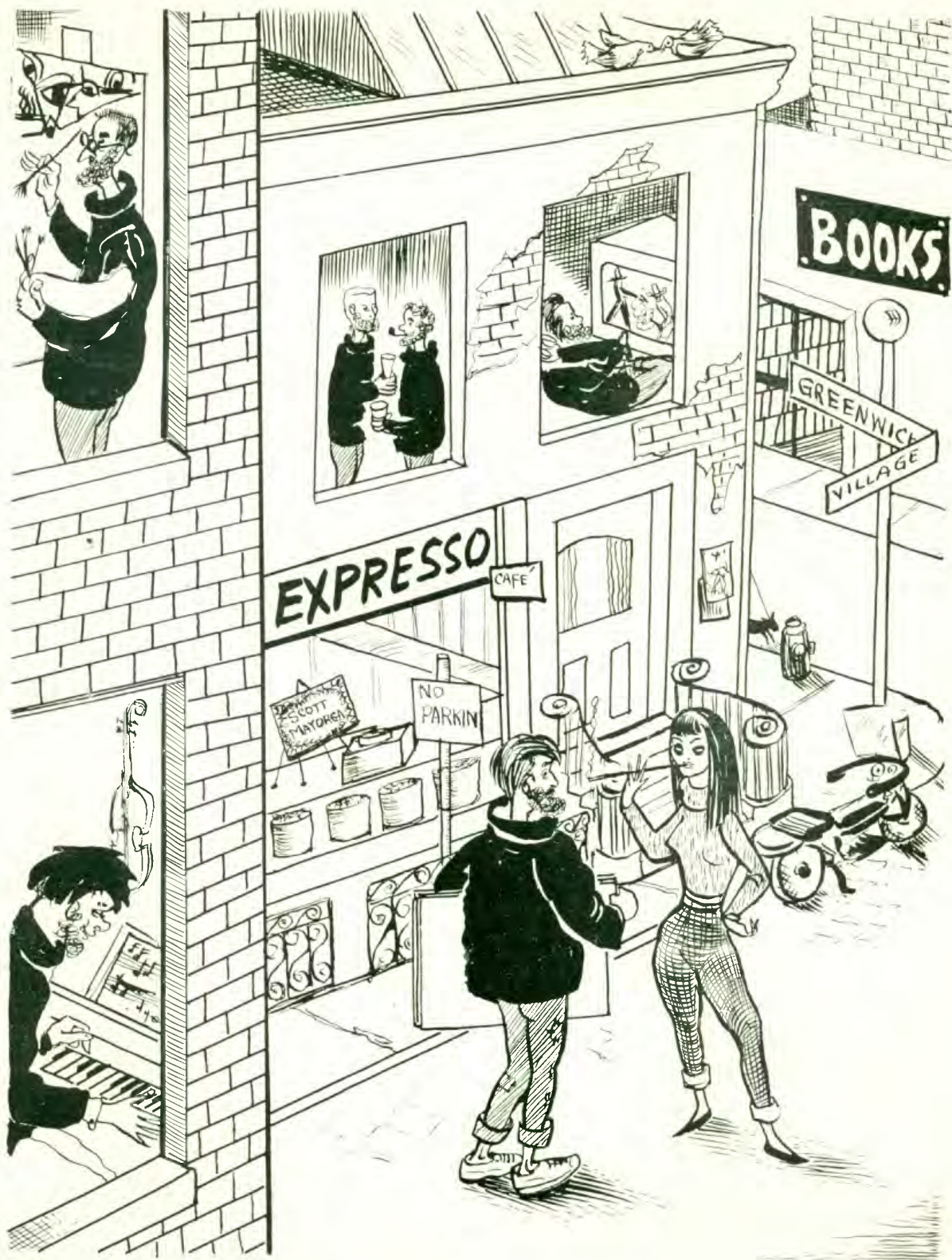
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A Portrait of the Artist

As A Young Villager

EDWARD G. MANDELBAUM

As soon as I have saved up enough money, I am going to steal away from the stifling environment of Queens and move to Greenwich Village. Deeply impressed by the fact that it is the cultural Mecca of the world, I have developed a deep love and respect for this last outpost of individuality. As anyone can learn from the tourists who frequent the Village, any creative urge lurking somewhere inside of him, any yearning for expression in any form can best be nurtured and fulfilled in the atmosphere that permeates this hallowed area. And so, Greenwich Village is for me.

To me, the Village is the Promised Land, flowing with individuality. Its streets are paved with Culture. Strolling down any one of them, I immediately see Villagers painting busily all over, not only in their garrets, not only on their canvases in the streets, but even on the bistro tablecloths where they scrawl their preliminary sketches, or on the sidewalks which immortalize their chalk drawings.

The Village does not only set the painting pace of the nation; it is also our literary capital. Every time that I feel an impulse to write (every genuine Villager has the compulsion at least occasionally) I, as quickly as possible, get on the BMT and hurry to that magical place where literary styles are innovated and where my writing will be inspired. If I were an embryonic musician, a philosopher, or a critic, I would be drinking in the Village's inspiring air, especially if I aspired to criticism, for that is one field in which *all* Villagers excel. In order to learn this art, I know I will have to reside in the Village, where I will be able to heighten my ability to blaspheme, profane, and rave, in the spirit of true iconoclasm. I will learn not to attack conformity, the Saturday Evening Post, Togetherness, Lawrence Welk, or adult westerns, for these are run-of-the-mill protests. I will rise above that; I will criticize things that are above reproach. This will really make me unique. I may even revolu-

tionize science by standing up and accusing the Theory of Relativity of being completely wrong. I may say that, after studying it since my cradle days, I have finally discovered an arithmetical error in the beginning that no one has ever realized, that 2 plus 2 really equals 5, and this negates everything we think we know. Of course, few—if any—will know what I am talking about, so it is very probable that I will be admired by them immediately for my mastery of the Village's cultural heritage of scornmanship.

It is not easy, though, to become part of the individualistic, dynamic Greenwich Village way of life. I must qualify for this great honor. I can't be a conformist in Greenwich Village; (its nonconformists see to that!) There, I can do what I like, free from social pressures and mass opinions. As a creative individual, I will no longer have to follow the flock.

I am rehearsing to be a typical nonconformist Villager by wearing the approved Village garb: dirty tennis sneakers, sweat socks (it is even more fashionable to wear your sneakers *sans* socks, and although I continually get frostbite during the winter, I know that this is the sacrifice I must make to be an individual), chino pants or dungarees (preferable with holes in them to give that lived-in-look), a thick boat-neck sweater three sizes too big for me that extends to my knees, and, as a subtle protest, an ivy league sports jacket. To add to my bohemian appearance, I have stopped combing my hair, thus giving me that unkempt air that is so essential to successful rebellion against convention. This not only demonstrates my individualistic indifference towards trivial, insignificant things like appearance, but also gives my bohemian compatriots the illusion that I have just emerged from my shell after a long period of intense creative activity. "He must have been working on his Great American Novel," my

Village friends will remark as I walk nonchalantly by. And so, you can easily see that it is imperative to wear these clothes in order to enhance my literary style.

I am learning to like espresso coffee. In order to be a real Villager, I will have to spend at least half of my day in a coffee shop. One noted Villager told me that the espresso that he drinks in his coffee shop, along with the atmosphere of that noble establishment, "has inspired me to write my latest *magnum opus*." The other half of my day will be spent in my garret, either painting, writing, drinking, or watching television. I shall also begin to acquire a taste for absinthe, just as Baudelaire, Rimbaud, and Modigliani. I am determined to achieve that gaunt and sickly look of a typical Village artist. My well balanced diet, guaranteed to shorten my life by at least twenty years, shall consist mainly of stale pretzels and beer. This is a small price to pay for artistic immortality.

I am also taking bongo lessons. Where else but in Greenwich Village could I pick up such an intellectual pursuit? With my sneakered feet folded carefully beneath me, Buddha-like, I really produce some soul-satisfying results. For maximum efficiency with my instrument, my sneakers are lightly covered with vestiges of pizza, Pepsi, ice

cream, and the rare earths of the Village. After applying these important ingredients to my sneakers, I really feel inspired to create.

In order to fit into the Village way of life, I must be able to communicate with my fellow bohemians. And so, I stand in front of my mirror every day for an hour and recite the words that I will need to adapt myself to Village living. "I live in a *pad*. Folk music is *IN*, man. Zen is really *beat*. I am *bo*." And thus, I am preparing to be an individualist. "I am bo, daddy." Yes, I think, when the time comes, I shall fit in nicely.

Another reason why I am moving to Greenwich Village is its rich and diversified culture. In literature, for instance, there is a great divergence of taste. One faction likes Sartre, another likes Jean-Paul Sartre, and still another likes contemporary French existentialist writers. All Villagers are existentialists. The fact that no one knows just what existentialism is represents the height of individuality. Where else but in the Village can people discuss the irrationality of the subconscious act without knowing a thing about it?

But all of my preparations to become a Greenwich Village non-conformist will be useless unless I can do one more thing. How can I express my creative urge without a beard?

The Mob

ANGELO AIOSA

A hundred men
stood on a glass plain;
one said something
that would help them all
and they tore his body to shreds.

Then they said,
"He is a saint,"
and they built a block of stone
which looked like him.



The Idol-Worshipper

DAVID CHARNEY



Intently adding the finishing touches to a crude drawing of a baseball player, Ken bravely tried to blot out the disturbing drone that was Mrs. Hirsch, laboring to teach sixth grade geography. His mind started toward the open window across the room, and he restlessly listened to the chirping birds. He snapped back to reality and abruptly had the awful feeling he'd forgotten something. Glancing at his cheap watch, (of which he was very proud), he noted the time: 2:45.

"Whew! Only fifteen minutes more!" he silently calculated. Ken brushed a curl of his light brown hair away from his blue eyes, and then nervously stuck a furtive hand into his back pocket. Surreptitiously, he withdrew a battered piece of yellow paper which he carefully spread open on the face of his initial-adorned desk. Contentedly, he read the announcement proclaimed in bold print:

* The Gotham Savings Bank *

Presents

MICKEY MANTLE

of the fabulous

NEW YORK YANKEES!

IN PERSON!

Thursday, June 11th

2:00-3:30 p.m. (an *extra* half-hour!)

A genuine autographed baseball with every new deposit!
New accounts as low as \$1!

Mickey Mantle! Ken still couldn't believe it. Mickey Mantle, without a doubt the greatest living ballplayer! Again he reviewed the cherished memory of the recent ball-game he'd gone to on

the school trip. He'd been all the way up in the grandstand, but he could bet his life Mickey had heard him yelling. Three men on, two out, and Mickey Mantle up!

"We want a hit! We want a hit! Hit one for good 'ole New York, Mickey boy!"

He bounced up and down, waved his pennant madly, and screamed and cheered at the top of his lungs. His friends had looked at him queerly, but boy! he'd never forget their faces when Mickey belted that fast one!

"*Wham!* A grand slam! Good 'ole Mickey! What a man in a clutch!" Guiltily, Ken looked around his classroom to make sure he hadn't been talking in his daydreams. Satisfied, he thought of the immediate future. In a few minutes, he'd be seeing his hero, his beloved Mickey Mantle, *in person*. Real! Even shake hands with him!

Ken remembered smugly of his indecision and how uncertain he'd been when he'd realized that Mickey would be there only till 3:30,—and *he* was usually dismissed at 4:00! He'd *never* be able to get to the bank on time.

Ken glanced at the teacher's desk and was relieved to discover the note was still there. What if his mother *did* find out? He fidgeted and recalled the plans he had formulated. Feigning temporary illness was out, because his mother knew all his excuses by now. (Besides, he'd been sick the week before.) Last night he was almost at the end of his rope, even contemplating *forging* an excuse. But, miraculously at dinner, his mother gravely announced that Kenneth would be given a note to get out early, at 3:30, to meet her in front of the school for a dentist's appointment. At first, Ken had shivered at the thought, but instantly, amid his pleadings, he had grasped the possibilities. After his mother had penned the note,

Ken ran up to his room and got to work. Yes, it really was a stroke of genius. Imagine changing the second three in 3:30 to an "0" and having a giant half-hour to ramble to the bank, see Mickey, and walk back to meet his mother at the school!

When he had placed the finished product on Mrs. Hirsh's desk, she had hardly inspected the note, accepting it without comment, and in less than fifteen minutes he'd be free.

"What if my mother *does* find out?", he worried. Ken brushed the nagging thought aside and started arranging his books. He pictured his photograph-plastered room resplendent with Mickey's smiling face.

"Don't forget the ball!" he reminded himself.

Hastily he checked his right pocket. Sure enough, tucked safely in the bottom, was a small amount of silver. One whole dollar, he exulted. Exactly the price of a brand new baseball autographed by Mickey himself. He imagined the special spot he'd picked out in his room, where he'd exhibit his wonderful trophy . . .

Oh, it had taken a *long* time to accumulate the cash. Saving the dessert portion of his lunch money, penny by penny, had been pretty difficult. The agony of passing the cake counter and foregoing his usual luscious slice of juicy apple pie or lavishly whipcreamed pastry had been almost unbearable. About the only decent things his lunchroom served were these superb dessert delicacies. How often he'd been forced to stop his right hand *physically* from reaching for the tempting display. But, *oh*, it was worth it! An autographed baseball, signed by Mickey Mantle! And soon he'd be shaking hands with him. Live, close-up, and in person!

Ken roused himself from the glorious dream and at the proper time, the infallible Mrs. Hirsh suggested he could leave. Rapidly, Ken gathered his books, avoiding the eyes of his teacher, yet at the same time conscious of twenty-seven other pairs of eyes, enviously following him.

Ken walked out of the room solemnly, closed the door quietly, looked about the empty hall, and then dashed down the stairs to the first floor. Correcting his eager stride to a normal walk for the benefit of any observers, he ambled through the corridor, light of heart. He breathed a sigh of relief as his hand touched the cool safety of the outside door. He walked, squinting, into the bright sunlight.

It was warm that day, but Ken's heart suddenly turned cold. "Didn't Mom say she was going to the bank today, to cash that check?" he thought wildly. His legs stiffened and shiny cold beads of sweat broke out on his forehead. He couldn't move, feeling as if a locomotive were bearing down on him. "What if she'll be there?"

He walked along the strangely deserted streets, unfamiliar with the city streets of 9 to 3 o'clock. Pulling his books protectively closer, he tried to alleviate his fears.

"She probably went in the morning," he reasoned hopefully. "Probably she's home fixing supper or something."

Slightly consoled, he vainly attempted to whistle "a happy tune", a couple of snatched bars from "I Love Mickey." Nothing came out but a wet, snakelike sound. He resorted to a slightly off-key humming . . .

He marvelled at the barren busstop and avenue silent of shrieked arguments and pre-adolescent giggling. With every step he took toward the shining dome of the bank, his heart beat faster. When he was almost two blocks away, he heard a noise that reminded him of recess-time at school.

"Of course. Most schools are dismissed at 3:00!" he understood. "There'll be a crowd waiting, and I'll bet she'd never see me in it even if she is there!" He quickened his pace and the bank's large clock swung into view.

"Fifteen minutes to go. Timed it too close . . .", he muttered.

He turned toward the hissing, shouting crowd that stood between him and his baseball idol. Getting a start at the edge of the line of children and scattered adults, he fought closer to the big brass door. Without much gain, he tried to push ahead of a large, freckle-faced, red-headed youth who successfully blocked his path.

"Will you let me through, please. I've got to see Mickey Mantle."

"What do you mean, *you* gotta?"

"Uh . . . I *know* him an' I got uh . . . an *important* message to give him. Very important."

"Go on! You know *him* like I know Marilyn Monroe." A strange glint appeared in his eyes as he shoved Ken back into place.

Ken was disgusted. "Girls . . .", he enunciated sarcastically.

It seemed like years, rocking and swaying in the sweating mass of people, waiting to get closer to the barrier. He jerked his head back and forth, craning his neck on the lookout for his mother. Turning casually to survey the kids already on line behind him, he chanced to look closer at the parked cars along the opposite curb, and something nagged at the back of his mind. It came to him in a flash. The second blue car across the street! It was the family car!

Almost in the same instant, he turned and craned his neck and recognized his mother at the head of the line, standing with . . . yes, with his kid brother. He felt the blood rush to his face when he understood the worst thing imaginable had, indeed, come true! He laughed bitterly. Yes, the note *bad* said he was to meet his mother, and sure enough . . .

Ken started trembling and thinking furiously. He knew he couldn't enter the bank with his mother inside. She'd surely see him. Relinquishing his hard-fought-for place in the line, he retreated backward. The immense let-down feeling of having missed the boat by just seconds swept through him as he dumbly watched his mother enter the bank.

"Maybe she'll be out before Mickey leaves?"

He waited nervously while the group slowly melted. Three minutes to go! No mother!

"What's she doing?—Buying out the whole bank?"

Two minutes to go! Not being able to contain himself any longer, Ken peeked in and spied her with his kid brother—talking to Mickey! Joking

with Mickey! He could tell. Mickey was laughing.

Ken swallowed hard. No use. He knew he wouldn't be able to go in, and also, if he stayed any longer, he'd never catch his mother on time.

One minute to go! "Mickey!" the silent name groaned inside him.

He gazed at his Mickey for another brief, agonizing second, his eyes welling with frustrated tears. He about-faced and ran.

A block away, he stopped short, breathless. Panting painfully, his lungs felt as if they were on fire. He didn't care. Maybe if he ran back real fast . . . maybe . . . ?

He turned and faced the bank, trying to decide, and saw his mother walking briskly out, towing along his kid brother.

What was that? A small white sphere.—A baseball? Yes, *the* baseball. But his brother's! Not his. Not his ever.

His brother frisked about his mother as she searched for the car keys. The ball, thrown high, arched gracelessly into the gutter, rolling into a puddle of muddy water. Ken's mind reeled sickly, as he sent a fierce wave of hatred toward his baby brother, his *kid* brother. Sacrilege! The precious signature had probably diffused into a fuzzy, incomprehensible blot. The ball was ruined! The ball that could have been his . . . !

No more time! He started running again, his body strangely limp and empty of spirit. One last look . . . maybe . . . ?

He stared sightlessly at the bank. The doors were closed.

Eastern Horizon

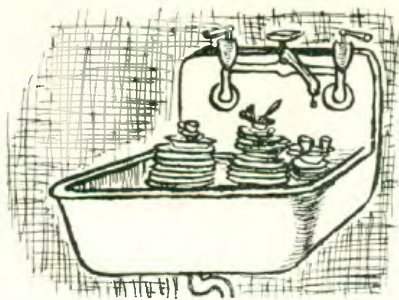
EDWARD HANZELIK

I

Autumn-leaves falling
Twisting, dancing through the air,
Painting the landscape.

II

The livid-hued cloud
Sitting malignant up high
Eclipses the sun,
Holding the warmth, the goodness.
Bitter winter is coming.



On Washing Dishes

ALEXANDER HOROWITZ

In my home, there exists a complete democracy; whatever my father or my mother says, goes. Every Friday evening, after dinner, we hold an election to see who will be lucky enough to do the dishes, and every Friday evening—in spite of the fact that we children outnumber our parents, three to two—we win the coveted honor. My twin sisters, four years younger than I am, and I retire to the kitchen to celebrate our victory.

The victory lasts all week. Day after day, we wash and dry the plates and cups and saucers and glasses and silver and pots and . . . That is, I wash them and the kids dry them. This is where democracy really works. My sisters, who regard themselves as *one* set of two, outvote me, and I always draw the washing. Even when I plead that I have twice as much homework as both of them added together, I get nowhere. The result is, I wash, and they split the job of drying.

What is more, since they are smaller, and wilier, they talk me into putting all the dishes and silverware and pots away after they are through, for am I not bigger and stronger and more efficient than they are? When I put it to my parents that the dishwashing arrangements are unfair, I am outvoted four voices to one.

Much as I resent dishwashing, I have become good at it. The trouble is that it has become known among all my friends, and it is my own fault.

One day last summer, a girl in whom I was interested invited me to stay and have supper with

her and her mother. Afterward, I naturally offered to help with the dishes, as that would not only give me some time in the kitchen alone with the girl, but would give me an opportunity to roll up my sleeves, display my rippling muscles, and show off my one great accomplishment. Besides, there were only six dishes and as little silver. Off we went, into the kitchen to perform our joint labors. And labors they turned out to be.

While I was engaged in the dual job of washing the dishes and telling the girl friend about my other good points, she was so impressed with my abilities that she quietly pulled virtually all the dishes out of the closet for me to do, so that I wouldn't be limited to only six items.

The word got around. I was the uncontested champion of the kitchen sink. I am swamped with invitations for Sunday night supper, for everyone knows that I will easily be persuaded to do my stuff afterward. Some fellows can play the piano. Others can do magical tricks. Still others can stand on their heads. No one, but no one, can match me with dishrag and soap. Abroad, as well as at home, I am voted the best of all dishwashers.

Who am I to fly in the face of democratic procedures? There is no way to beat the system. I look forward to the day when television commercials are taken out of the hands of those beautiful women who sell every product on the air and I, in all my glory, become the living exponent of "dish-pan hands."

Autumn

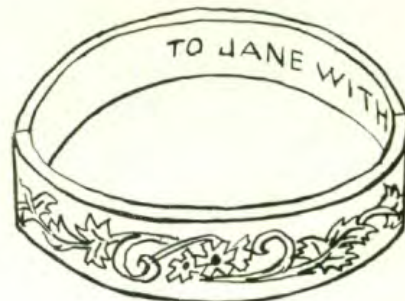
PAUL STERN

The last leaf, liberated from its twig
 Drifts slowly downward, softly spiraling,
 Earthbound;
 Russet leaves upon the ground curl their
 Fingers to ease its fall.
 Overhead, gathering geese vee southward,
 An augury of autumn's end.

Autumn is an interlude,
 A time when Earth stands,
 Golden, her gown of summer emerald
 put aside,
 Waiting to be decked in her ermine cloak.

The Silver Bracelet

EDWARD HANZELIK



The setting sun had slowly disappeared, and the cold dusky wind whipped through Ashbury Park. Leaves flew hither and thither, playfully dancing around the rapidly moving legs of the few who had remained to enjoy the solitude of the park, and who were now scurrying away. A profound silence engulfed the park, but Carl Gross did not move. He sat preoccupied, his adolescent eyes staring at but not seeing his fifteen year old companion. They had been sitting there an hour already, saying little, but immensely enjoying each other's presence.

"I'm in love!" Carl told himself for the hundredth time. It seemed to him that the whole world could tell if it would only look, but no one else did know. He wanted no one else to know—now. That was why he met her in the park every afternoon, continually afraid that one day his mother, or hers, would stroll by. A sense of guilt filled Carl as he pulled Jane closer to him. He had told his mother that he was going to "a friend's" house to study mathematics. Never before had he lied to his mother. He used to be such a diligent student. A chill ran through his body at the thought that someday his mother would find out about his lying. She wanted him to be an excellent student, and he really had been one, that is before he had met Jane. He recalled how his mother used to watch him hour after hour, doing his homework, and how she used to show everyone his notebook—the neatest and completest in his class. "My son is the most wonderful one there is," his mother would boast. That was the whole trouble, Carl thought. He was an only child and his mother was dedicated to the molding of him into something of which she could boast. She wanted him to attain the best grades in his class, so she could proudly show them to her friends. And Carl had responded just as she wanted. He had been an affectionate studious son, with no friends. That was before he had met Jane. Everything was

different, now. He couldn't be a bookworm, now. He wanted to be with Jane. Oh, if only his mother would understand! Carl knew that was impossible. His mother would never allow him to go with a girl.

He remembered the time he had gone on a triple date with two of his friends. How his mother had ridiculed him in front of all his relatives! It was as if she were saying, "Now you'll know better than to go against me." The embarrassment had been so great that he couldn't chance a recurrence. Yet, something had to be done about Jane . . .

"Is something wrong, Carl?" Jane interrupted his thoughts.

"N . . . n . . . no, nothing's wrong," Carl stuttered. He looked at her. She was his first steady girl, and she was pretty, the kind of girl at whose figures the other boys whistled, but she preferred him to the others. She had said she loved him, too. He leaned forward to kiss her cheek, and her perfume made him remember his mother. He jumped up with a start. "We'd better be going. Your mother will get worried," he said. As he stood up and pulled Jane unwillingly to her feet, he wondered if this was to be the day that his mother might call up the home where he was supposed to be studying. Silently and rapidly, he walked Jane to the corner of the block on which she lived. He dared not walk her all the way to her home, for *her* mother might be looking out the window, and *his* mother was a friend of *her* mother. So he bade her farewell until she was out of sight, and turned towards his home.

On the way he thought of Jane. "Tomorrow's the day," he thought. He couldn't take it anymore. He wanted everyone to know about Jane and him. Tomorrow had to be it. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow—that was what he said every day.

But no more. He had it all figured out. Tomorrow he was going to ask Jane to go steady with him, and when she nodded, they would both tell his mother everything, and her mother, too. He hoped his mother wouldn't get angry, for he hated to see his mother hurt, but it had to be that way. Happy in his decision, he unlocked the door and entered his apartment.

Usually his mother would be preparing supper, but that day she wasn't. "I guess she went shopping," Carl thought and walked to his room. Thoughts of Jane still filled his mind as he sprawled out on the bed, rehearsing exactly what he would say the next day. He went to his drawer and took out the rather costly bracelet he had bought to give Jane. It was a beautiful one—pure silver.

Carefully, he lifted all the shirts out of his drawer, which hid the bracelet on the bottom, next to the savings he had withdrawn from the bank so that he would never have to ask his mother for money with which he would treat Jane. He stopped to look at the bracelet just once more.

"Click." Carl heard the familiar sound of the door being unlocked. His mother was home. She would be coming into his room soon. She did it every evening, so that they could discuss the day's occurrences. Carl panicked. He grabbed all his shirts and stuffed them back into the drawer. The bracelet was still in his hand. He dropped it into his pocket, grabbed a book, and pretended to be studying. The steps approached his room, and his mother entered.

"Hi, ma," he said, looking up, "Where've you been?"

"I had to do some shopping. Was my little scholar worried?" she smiled.

"A little," he smiled back. She really thought he had been studying. He squirmed a little in guilty discomfort.

"You won't believe what just happened," his mother continued. "I was walking to the market near Ashbury Park, and I saw this boy walking with a girl. The boy looked exactly like you. I would have sworn it was you, if I wasn't sure you were studying. I know you realize that your studies

are more important than girls. Don't you, dear? Of course you do! But he was a perfect double. You would have been startled to see him, darling."

The blood rushed to Carl's face. Cold sweat beads formed on his forehead. His mother's words had pierced through him unmercifully. Suddenly, he stood up. "It was me, ma. Yeah, I was with that girl. I wasn't studying as I told you. I'm a guy, like any other guy. All guys go with girls. When are you going to stop babying me? I'm almost seventeen years old. I don't want to spend my life only studying. I want to have fun! I want to see Jane's face light up when she sees me. I want to feel I mean something to her. I want to go with this girl, and I'm old enough to do what I want."

The expression on his mother's face stopped him. Her mouth was agape, her eyes unbelieving. She tried to speak but she couldn't. It made Carl feel like running over and holding her to him. His years of dependency upon her were taking hold of him. Then he reached into his pocket and felt the bracelet, turned around and walked out of the room. He was going to ask Jane to go steady with him right now. He grabbed his coat and strode out of the house, his mind seething with the conflict between his dependency upon his mother and his desire to run to Jane.

He rushed from the building and began to run towards Jane's house, exultant. As he crossed the street, he stared at the full moon, like all the other kids in love, he thought, like all the kids in the popular songs. Those songs he and Jane sang. They were full of promises and broken hearts and "I-miss-you." Would he miss Jane someday, because she found someone else? or he found someone else? Would he—had he already—hurt his mother with reason? For a whim? He took out the bracelet and looked at it. Suddenly he made up his mind. He raised the bracelet and threw it to the ground. Turning toward home, he ran back faster than he had come away. As he disappeared into the darkness, the moon sat silent, lighting up the bracelet and the inscription on the inside, which read brightly:

*To Jane,
With love forever,
Carl*



The Uncertain Universe

NICHOLAS ZILL

There is a revolution going on next door to you. Many people are not aware of it, and yet it is changing our basic thoughts. Right under our noses there is a steadily growing, creative movement to "undermine" our older concept of the universe as a limited, enclosed, perfectly logical cause-and-effect mechanism, and to replace it with a modern portrayal of the universe as a vast, dynamic, irrational infinitude ruled by chance. To many of our contemporaries, this picture of the world is quite unacceptable, yet the creative energies of quite a few moderns have supported it. Men like the physicist, Niels Bohr, the painter, Jackson Pollack, and Nobel Prize winning author, Albert Camus, have expressed a deep interest in it. Why does such an insecure and frightening, "open universe," as E. A. Mowrer calls it, have such a fascination for these people? How did this revolution arise in science—and in art—and how is it being expressed today?

The cradle and hotbed of this "open universe" revolution in science is quantum physics—the study of the actions and reactions of the smallest nuclear particles. It is logical that in the microcosmic world of quantum physics events would be quite different from those in our everyday macroscopic world. They have turned out to be so surprisingly different that quantum physics has greatly changed the scientific outlook.

One of the first important discoveries in the scientific revolution is the famous Uncertainty Principle of Werner Heisenberg. Heisenberg, now Director of the Max Planck Institute of Physics, reasoned out this principle in the 1920's in a thought experiment such as the following:

Suppose we take a closed, perfectly evacuated container in which there is an ideal microscope of limitless power, a light source which can radiate any number of photons (the name given to the wave-packets which constitute light according to the quantum theory) of all frequencies as desired, and a single electron in the middle of the container. If we send but a single photon to be reflected on the electron to give us information about it through

the microscope, a difficulty arises. For upon striking the electron, the photon behaves as if it were a particle, that is, it affects the electron. If we use photons of very short length, so as to ascertain closely the position of the electron, we change its velocity (because short wave-length means high frequency and thus, in quantum terms, high energy, which greatly affects the electron's velocity). Likewise, if we use wave-packets of low frequency so that we do not disturb the velocity of the electron, the long wave-length of these same photons gives us a very blurry picture of the electron's position on the microscope. In short, on the quantum level, when we observe, we seriously interfere with what we are observing. Many other speculative experiments like Heisenberg's were made by physicists to prove or disprove the theory, but always the same result was found: in dealing with basic atomic particles, we can never ascertain the data about two related properties simultaneously; if we concentrate on one, we neglect and distort the other.

The Uncertainty Principle has been very important in modern physics. Not only has it given scientists a new perspective on the quantum picture; it has also removed strict determinism from microphysics. Determinism is the theory, particularly popular in the 17th Century, that every event in the universe is the logical product of several preceding causes, and that science can ideally predict future events completely and precisely, given the conditions, laws, and necessary mathematical techniques. Clearly such a concept of a "perfect machine" universe where

" . . . the first morning of Creation wrote
What the last Dawn of Reckoning shall read."

(Omar Khayyam)

is not compatible with electrons of a doubtful nature whirling at uncertain speeds in unknown orbits! Modern physicists have gone further. They say that determinism is a hoax even in our large scale surroundings. The high probability of events makes them appear certain and perfectly predictable. Actually, the universe is ruled by chance. In making this conclusion, modern scientists have

dealt a strong blow to the old, "closed" theory of the universe.

There has even been consideration of abandoning the Law of Conservation of Mass-Energy because of difficulties arising out of it in atomic physics. Of course, scientists are quite reluctant to give up this last general principle of an orderly universe, but if it is invalidated, the question of the open universe will be scientifically resolved. The next years may very well be deciding ones.

There is one other section of the scientific world in which the revolution is extremely active: cosmology, the astronomical study of the universe as a whole. In this field, the famous British astronomer, Fred Hoyle, has proposed a *physically* "open" theory of the universe. He suggests that the universe is infinite (goes on forever) both in time and in space. It has always been here and it will always be here. At present, it is expanding, but its density is always the same because of what he calls the "continuous creation" of hydrogen. This theory, a direct physical statement of our "revolutionary" universe, is highly challenging and, while the majority of contemporary astronomers do not hold it as their own belief, it has neither been proven nor disproven.

This open universe revolution has received strong support from several parts of modern science. But what of other creative fields? For example, has modern art supported this view of the universe? The answer is an emphatic yes. Many schools of modern art are deeply concerned with the question of universal irrationality. The popular Salvador Dali and the other surrealists come to mind immediately. But the best example is the strongly individualistic school started by the great American painter, Jackson Pollack.

Pollack, who was killed in an auto accident on Long Island in 1956, was an extraordinary painter. Seeking to express an objective view of the universe and a clear statement of individual freedom, Pollack (and the other painters he has influenced) gave up the older ways of painting. He avoided the usual painter's tools such as easel, palette, brushes, etc. He preferred sticks, trowels, knives, and dripping fluid paint or a heavy impasto. His works were created by his dripping oil and commercial paints flowing from a stick or can, throwing them from a brush, or spraying them on a tacked down canvas with a syringe. Pollack used these techniques to break out of the medium and custom of conventional painting so that his abstract works could gravitate in a new, freer system. Here he unfolded a stirring new drama of space and the unconscious.

In such paintings as "One," "Autumn Rhythm," and his other great works of 1949 and 1950, Pollack burst through the chains of orthodoxy and attained, momentarily and precariously, a state of absolute freedom. His painting world, revolving around a radical principle of uncertainty, was remote from the closed and understandable universe of post-Renaissance art, in which the artist carved out space to his own measure. It belonged to the vast spaces of modern science, showing the limits of the modern individual's rational powers by opening up glimpses of a nature essentially irrational and chaotic. One glimpse at any of these paintings provides a clearer understanding and a stronger support of the concept of the open universe than any number of articles such as this.

Neither has modern music been a laggard in the "revolutionary" movement. Like modern art, the history of 20th Century music has been a struggle for individual freedom and an objective view of the universe. Of course we have had and continue to have composers whose views harken back to the logical, orderly universe of Bach—the Neoclassicists. But by and large, the works of several important modern composers express the freedom and irrationality of the open universe.

Notable among such composers are Arnold Schoenberg and his Austrian school. In the early 1900's, Schoenberg, seeking greater freedom of expression, abandoned tonality. Instead of having his pieces in a definite key, such as C major, as in conventional music, Schoenberg composed his pieces in any and all keys at the same time. Thus, any notes, in any sequence or combination, "consonant" or "dissonant," were permissible. Then, having achieved almost absolute musical freedom, he became afraid of it. He felt he needed some limitations, chains to confine his struggle and to keep him from feeling "dizzy." He adopted a set of strict and arbitrary rules known as the Twelve-Tone System to serve this purpose and still give him a good measure of freedom. Most atonal composers have adhered to this system, but many modern American composers, such as John Cage and Edward Varese, feel that it is no longer necessary. They feel that they can compose in absolute freedom without "vertigo." The great pieces of atonal music, whether Twelve-Tone or not, epitomize the spirit of the open universe.

Perhaps the greatest impetus to this revolutionary movement has been that provided by literature and philosophy. Many intelligent people are not artistic; they can see a Pollack canvas, or hear a Webern

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Dear Mr. Zilch,

Although it may mean a failure in English, I am writing this to you to tell you that I haven't been able to do the assignment you gave us for tomorrow—today, that is. I've tried. I've put in a lot of time, but I don't have the thousand word essay you asked us to write.

It is now ten o'clock, Sunday evening, and I have been battling my typewriter for more than five hours, but I can't do it. I know it has been an easy thing for some of the fellows in the class to do, but I'm licked! I knew something like this would happen the day you gave us the assignment more than three weeks ago, because that was the day I left my bus pass home and had to walk fifteen blocks to school. That was the day my fifteen pound briefcase broke open as I lugged it to my official class on the fifth floor. That was the day . . . Well that's enough of that. It was the day you looked at us and said, "I would like you to write an essay, on any topic you like, any topic at all, as long as it *means* something to *you*."

I wonder, Mr. Zilch, if you realize how you affect the fellows in the class? You seem to know almost everything, in English and out. You seem to look at us through your big heavy glasses and take us apart, cell by cell. You seem to expect us to be able to learn all the things you have learned. And sometimes you scare the pants off us.

But don't misunderstand me. We like you, and we respect you, even if we dread your assignments. I must admit, though, when you gave us *this* one, I was relieved. I thought it would be much worse. Write an essay, you said, on *any* topic. Why I had a million of them! Or so I thought. I had expected maybe a 1,500 word documented article on the innovators of nursery rhymes, or a 2,000 word criticism of the omissions that TV dramatic shows make when adapting Shakespearean plays to the screen, or a 3,000 word account of the development of the musical radio commercial. This essay, I thought, would be a pushover, candy from a baby.

You know what happened, Mr. Zilch. When you said we could do the essay 300 words at a time over a period of three weeks, I was afraid you had lost your touch, especially when you said you would look each part over and give us suggestions and comment. I went right home and got to work. That was three weeks ago. I took out my notes on the way you advised us to plan our work and decided to write about the affection I had for my home town of New York. I considered all the other things I might do—hobbies, interests, school—but they seemed too hard, even if they did mean something to me.

So I wrote about Manhattan and handed the work in, the result of more than an hour of blood, sweat and tears. The very next day, you gave the work back. (We thought it would be at least a week before you got around to it) And there was my baby, my brain-child, dripping red ink all over itself.

"Rewrite!" you had written on the paper. "This has no discernible plan! It lacks breadth of scope and first hand knowledge! Do you know enough about New York? Why not limit yourself to your own immediate locality?"

I walked all the way home in a daze. (I had forgotten my bus pass again.) I'd show you, I determined! I sat right down *in the middle of the afternoon* and put my ideas on paper. I liked my opening sentence. "An island within an island is what Lower Mahattan is to me." Don't you agree that was good? The next day, I gave it to you, and the day after, you handed it back. And you made several personal comments to me, orally, that I prefer not to remember. You had splattered your red ink all over my second attempt, telling me that one of my sentences, down in the middle of the page, was apparently the main idea in my mind, and why didn't I do the whole thing over to emphasize that idea? The sentence stated that the Lower East Side meant *welcome* to me and *belong-*

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Six Poems

Windows

Youth, standing erect, scorns
Rest, gazing raptly
Out of a clear window;
The iridescent colors
Of floating leaves tell
Him winter is coming on;
He knows not fear, for
In winter is spring present.

Maturity sits calmly, his
Calculating gaze fixed
On the scene outside
His misting window;
Airy harbingers whisper
To him winter's approach,
And he thinks of time lost,
Profits gone and irretrievable.

Age lies prone, peering
Rheumy-eyed out of his
Foggy window; the leaves
Are falling faster, staining
Red the faint wisps of snow
Piling against the window;
The drifts will grow higher,
Spring may never come.

History

A colossal gallery is
Coiled like a sinuous
Serpent in the far flung
Wastes of eternity.
On the twisting walls of
Its many corridors is
Carved an elaborate frieze
Of monolithic figures,
Past which a few men with
Lanterns stumble through
Blinding shadows, illuminating
A scene now and then.

High Winds

I lay on my back,
Gazing up at pines, listening
To the murmurous stir of
Their star besprinkled branches.

At my side lapped the
Lake's deep ebon waters,
Throbbing a voiceless
Paean of peace.

Suddenly the silence split;
Great waves whipped about, calling, "Storm!"
The pines, trembling, lost their starry
Vestments; the raging wind whistled, "Storm!"

The tendrils of my peace were
Planted deep, but as
I flee before the wind,
I know I will return no more.

by PAUL WILLIG

Faces of Truth

I dwell among a
Race of Cyclopes.
Their lone eyes
See one face of truth.

I have longed to
Know the land of
Double vision, where
Truth wears Janus faces.

What should be the bounds of
My fear, were I to stand
Face to face with Truth,
Fixed by his Argus stare?

Weather

The sky is dark;
Clouds obscure the sun's
Countenance, as a cold,
Chill wind blows through
Men's minds.

Blood pulses in organs
Hard as steel, and as
Cold; sacrifices are
Offered at the great
Altar of Mammon,

Where all good is gain;
Dropped codes fall upward;
Iniquity spreads faster
Than the speed of light
Before a heralded storm.

Cul-de-Sac

Senescence was stayed for a time,
Tithonus; yet you grow old. No
Faint spark lights that scene
Of ultimate decay—the gutted
Temple of your mind.
The years are long, yet have
You found joy? Wisdom?

What doth a man profit . . .

Aurora lies no more at your side;
Dawn comes once to a man,
Tithonus, and not again.
Babbling in darkness, your
Words have no meaning; black
Is white, and in the
Beginning is the end.

Yea, though a man liveth
Twice a thousand years . . .

Better to fly as Phoenix
From fragrant fires reborn,
Burning with the radiance
Of a celestial dawn; for
You there is no cleansing
Flame, immolation is
Relinquished by your folly.

Yet hath he seen no good . . .

Your birthright sold for
A mess of pottage, you
Wander through endless sere
Wastes; yea, truly are the years
Long: immortality is damnation,

If he loseth his soul . . .



Stained Glass

IRA RASKIN

It was very cold that night, the Eve of Yom Kippur, as Moshe Chayim slowly made his way into the synagogue. Tonight the chanting of *Kol Nidre* would take place, and the candle lights of this small synagogue on the East Side would commemorate the Day of Atonement.

Moshe draped himself in his prayer shawl and took his usual seat in the front. It was not yet time for the service to begin and Moshe began to look about himself, as he always did, observing his humble surroundings. He saw that the long bench on which he was sitting was beginning to rot and would probably soon collapse. He felt the tattered edges of his prayer shawl and fingered the old suit he had worn for these many years. His eyes, now gazing through the window, captured the setting sun as it shed part of its rays through the plain glass windows into the synagogue. The Torah was encased in a small closet against the wall, scantily covered with an unadorned cloth. Those conditions, this environment created the atmosphere in which Moshe Chayim had prayed for many years.

The House of Prayer was silent as the old cantor began to recite *Kol Nidre* for the first time. "All vows, bonds, devotions and oaths;" Moshe listened but his thoughts were drifting to the earlier years of his life. How ironic, he thought, that he was once wealthy and would have only the best. How well he remembered walking up the steps of a large and beautiful temple, at the side of his family and friends. He would walk along the carpeted aisle, inwardly enjoying the respectful good wishes and greetings of his fellow worshippers, and take his privileged seat just behind the Cantor. The Cantor

was not an elder of the congregation, but a professional, paid well by the members of the temple congregation eager to hear melodious singing.

The prayer shawl he wore those many years ago was of the finest silk with gold embroidery. The bench he sat on then was of expensive mahogany, upholstered with plush. Moshe remembered well the windows in that temple. There, the light of the setting sun was softly filtered into the temple through stained glass. He could visualize the beauty of that temple, immersed in the rainbow of colors. He was wealthy then, he mused, and could afford to hear a great Cantor and occupy a seat of such value. But these were days of long ago.

As the elder was finishing the last part of *Kol Nidre*, Moshe once again observed his surroundings but this time saw its simple beauty. What did the rotting bench and torn prayer shawl matter? He did not mind the unmelodious voice of the old Cantor. He did not even care about the absent stained glass windows. The sun, he thought, looked magnificent without multicolored garments. God needs no ornament to enhance *His* glory. And so it was with this synagogue.

With the closing words of *Kol Nidre*, the congregation began to recite their prayers, but Moshe Chayim, his heart full of emotion and of true communion with God, was louder and more fervent in his prayers than he had ever been in his life. His spirit and reverence through long years of poverty had never waned. His heart, under shabby clothes and a torn prayer shawl, was glad again.

Peak Pleasures

ELLIOT BERNSTEIN

When I tell my friends that one of my greatest pleasures is climbing mountains, they look at me with a questioning glance and usually say, "Well, it takes all kinds." I really am embarrassed when people react this way because I frankly have no answer for them. I do not even think I have an answer for myself.

For many years, men have climbed mountains, and for just as many years, other men have asked, "Why?" The pat answer for these people is, "Because the mountains are there . . ." Well, to me, this, and a great deal of like answers, are simply rational explanations of a completely irrational thing. I climb mountains because I like to, and anybody who tries to clothe that in rational terms is a fool, or has never climbed a mountain in his life, or both.

My first encounter with mountains happened when I spent a two-week vacation camping out on

one of the islands of Lake George in upper New York State. I could not have been more than ten or eleven. About the third day, my father and cousin decided they would climb Black Mountain, which was on a nearby shore. Since they felt I was not old enough to stay alone, I "had to be taken along." I managed to get about half way up the mountain before I stated, in a gasp, I was going no further, and I collapsed. I was left on the spot and picked up an hour or so later when the others came down.

Now you may think this would deter any normal person from another mountain-climbing adventure, but not me. (My father likes to think that my brain was affected by the sudden change of altitude). The next day, I promptly woke everybody at five in the morning and demanded to be taken up a mountain *at once*.

This was the beginning of a mania that has



lasted to the present day. Many people say that I am stark raving mad. Well, maybe they are right, but I like it . . .

I did not get a chance at real climbing until two summers later, when one of my summer camp counselors called for volunteers to conquer Mount Marcy, the highest mountain in New York State. I was about thirteen, and this was only a trip for "big" boys. I was such a pest, however, that, to keep me off their backs, they said I could go. I was packed in ten minutes. The trip left four days later.

Every trip has one "fall guy," and this trip had me, the youngest. I washed more pots and pans and plates on that trip than I have before or since, but I loved every minute of it. I vividly remember reaching the summit and crashing down on top in a flurry of pots and pans. (After all, I stashed them; I had to carry them in my pack).

I was the wonder of camp when I came back, covered with mud, eyes shut because of lack of sleep, but muttering "When can I go again?" More people thought I was crazy this time but I like it . . .

Ever since that trip I have been an addict of mountain climbing. I have climbed 27 of the 46 Adirondack mountains, and in the next few summers, I intend to climb the rest.

Mountaineering has left me with many rich experiences and many very harrowing ones.

If anybody wants to see a breathtaking sight, he should climb a mountain during one of three times. First, at dawn; never has anything impressed me more than the sight of a bright orange sun creeping above the peaks of a mountain range. This is an incomparable spectacle. Another time to be on a mountain is at sunset. It gives you a feeling of great loneliness and singleness, even if you are with many others. You can hardly speak, but stare in awe at what seems to be the end of all time. It is quite an experience, to say the least. Of all the times in a person's life when he wants to

be alone, the sharpest is on a mountain at night. I have climbed at night, and when we reached the top, inseparable companions have gone off to one side to be alone. I have a friend who, looking into the heavens, from a mountain at night, will become very sad, and if the stars are very bright, will even cry. We all ask him why, but he cannot explain it, even to himself. I am like him in that I get very quiet, and become pensive, and begin to wonder at the vastness of space and how unimportant I really am.

Many things have happened to me while in the process of climbing that would make any normal person an ardent city dweller. For instance, this summer I had the occasion, with a friend, to climb some trailless mountains. The country was very wild, and no lean-to's or camp sites had been erected by the State. We found a good camp site by a stream, a very beautiful place, and made camp. We went to sleep early, so as to get an early start the next day. We slept close together for warmth, so we could be covered by one poncho. I couldn't get to sleep, as there was always something in my ribs. About four o'clock, I dozed off, and no sooner than I did, I got a heavy kick in the ribs. I got up fighting mad, to protect my precious sleep, and then I heard, "Bear! Bear! Bearrrr!!!" in a loud whisper. I looked up, and there, about seven inches above me, was the snout of the largest bear I ever saw—although I wasn't measuring at the time. He just stood there and growled. I froze! He started moving back and forth. I froze! He walked over to my friend and did the same. He froze! This went on for a good five minutes, which seemed an eternity. Finally, the bear left, and we thawed out. That was the first time I have ever hiked before breakfast. We packed up and left right then and there. When we were about a mile away, and dawn was coming, we looked into each other's face for the first time and laughed hysterically for a good fifteen minutes.

Climbing mountains means a great deal to me. It puts me in good physical shape, brings me closer to nature, and serves as an outlet for my energy, and besides I like it . . .



The Beginning

GEORGE J. PERLINGIERI

The man sat very quietly in his chair. It was late, very late, and he was deep in thought. The lamp in the corner shed its warm light on the room and everything was peaceful. Only the ticking of the clock could be heard. Suddenly, the man got up from his chair and walked over to his desk. He opened the small top drawer and took out an envelope with a note in it. He sat down at his desk and read it to himself. As he did, his expression grew more and more calm. "It is just right," he thought. He slipped the note back into the envelope and pondered for a moment. Then, he methodically licked the flap of the envelope and sealed it. "It must be cold out tonight" he said almost aloud, "I had better take my heavy coat." The man fumbled in his pocket for a moment and then slowly drew out his hand with a subway token in it. He placed this in his top coat, and slipped the woolen coat snugly over his suit jacket, making sure not to crush the envelope which he had just placed in his breast pocket.

Outside, it was very cold and damp. The night seemed almost like an enemy. It was all around him. The darkness swallowed up the light coming from the lamp post down the street. He buttoned his collar and started towards the subway station. He knew that the mailbox was along the way. As he walked, he could hear his footsteps echoing up and down the narrow street. He glanced up, once or twice, at the darkened windows of the tenements and wondered what tomorrow would bring for the people inside. He quickened his pace now, for he was starting to feel cold, and the station was still four blocks away. Then, rounding the corner, he saw the mail box dimly lit by the flashing neon sign across the street. He walked up to it and read the barely discernible postal information on it. "It should reach them by tomorrow night," he said aloud as he read the schedule of deliveries. "By tomorrow they will know," thought the man. Slowly and resolutely, he took the letter out of his coat, and slipped it into the mailbox.



The man turned, and continued almost mechanically towards the station. This was not the first time he had thought of self-destruction. It had occurred to him often, as the only way out. "Whatever way it is," he had thought, "It must be quick and painless." He hated pain.

These thoughts found him walking down the steps of the station. He walked past the change booth and noticed that the clerk was almost asleep. He then stepped towards the turnstile, and after glancing at his token for a second, he dropped it into the slot, and turned the gate as slowly as possible. The clerk did not move, and the station platform was deserted. Slowly, he walked to the end of the platform and paused for a moment to read the sign just in front of him. "All persons are forbidden to enter upon or cross the tracks."

He was deliberate now, and he stepped down into the darkness of the tunnel. If it was cold outside, it was now even colder. It seemed as if he had just stepped into his own coffin. It even smelled of earth. The shivers went up his spine as he walked a few steps forward. Suddenly, his foot caught on a tie, and he almost screamed as he fell and cut his face on a small rock. He was shaking now, and he cursed himself for it. Wasn't this what he wanted? Wasn't this how he had planned it? It was his only avenue of escape.

He tried to pull himself together. He wiped the blood off his cheek with his handkerchief, and rubbed his hands together in order to warm them. As he did this, he became more and more calm and strangely enough he even felt warmer. Soon he became very relaxed and even loose. "Now is the time to prepare myself," he thought, "The train should be along in a few minutes". It is strange, how a man given the opportunity to select the time and place of his death should want to plan it right

down to the last detail. He wondered just how he should lie. In the middle of the tracks? No. He read of a man who, lying flat between the rails, lived, after an express train had roared over him. Across the tracks? That would be the best way. Then, wishing to test this idea, he sat down and spread himself across the rails. He rested his neck on one rail and stretched his legs across the other. The cold of the steel bit into his neck and through his trousers. Yes, this was the best way. He hoped that the train would soon come for he was now beginning to feel cold again. He could see himself as he would look after the train passed over him. His head and legs severed from his trunk. He wondered how his relatives would react when asked to view the body.

All of a sudden, he felt something. Was it? He pressed his ear to the rail and listened. Yes! A faint rumbling sound off in the distance. Now he knew that the time was near. The tunnel was straight, and he would be able to see the train coming. Slowly, the rumble increased and increased. Now it was possible to hear it without pressing his ear to the rail. In a few seconds he would be able to see the lights. There! There they were! Two beams of light coming from where the rails seemed to meet! It was closer now, and he grew excited, but he forced himself to lie still. Now he could feel the ground shaking, rumbling and he could see the lights from inside the first car. "Only a little longer!" he said aloud. "Control yourself only a few more seconds." The train raced closer and closer. It looked like a black monster, spitting fire from the third rail. Yet somehow it promised mercy in its mission. The sound was almost deafening now. Only a few hundred feet! He could see the wheels now. They were flashing like huge teeth. The rumble shook the very depths of his soul. He screamed. Death came swiftly.

Spark

ANGELO AIOSA

If, after the masses have trampled upon you,
and ridicule has been your name;
if, after the jeer of your contemporaries
and their mocking laughter at innocent beauty,
the need to show the way to your fellow man
becomes your only labor
then-oh child of thought-then,
the world shall be yours.

Busboy's Holiday

SHERMAN MARCUS

At the summer camp where I doubled as busboy and waiter, last summer, the public address system boomed an announcement one day to which I naturally paid no attention, since announcements were usually aimed at the campers or at members of the counselors' staff.

"Attention! Attention!" the loud speakers blared. "All teenagers who wish to try out for parts in the camp production of 'My Fair Lady' report to the Rec Hall at 2:30! At 2:30!"

I remember the date well—July 18th—because it was my birthday, and a few of my cronies were going to help me celebrate it that afternoon by imbibing a few Cokes and going for a swim, in between table settings. Somehow, we happened to drop into the Rec Hall to sneer at the rehearsals going on, and when the dramatics counselor called out, presently "All those trying out for the part of Henry Higgins, on stage, please!" I remained in my seat, along with all the others around me. When the counselor looked at the fellows on the stage and called to ask, "Anybody else?" a rather stout girl across the aisle pointed a finger at me and simpered, "There's one more, here, one of the waiters."

"That's all right. You're eligible. Come on up!"

My friends hooted and shoved me half way up to the stage. A week later, the same public address system blared, "Principals in 'My Fair Lady' please report for rehearsal. Judy Mosson, Bill Marcus, Steve Brown, and the rest. On stage in five minutes!" And that is how I became an actor.

One of my few consolations was that the fat girl who had catapulted me into the limelight did not get to play the part of Eliza Doolittle; Judy Mosson, who won that role, was quite a good looking girl. And did I mention that the dramatics counselor was an English major from Hunter, who conducted all the rehearsals in a stunning red bathing suit? Well, what with my height, and the fact that a hundred playings of the show's record had taught me virtually all the words

and all the tunes, which nobody else seemed to know, here I was, about to take on my first major part in a play!

When I wrote home to report what had happened, my mother answered, saying that she couldn't believe it, that she had never in her wildest dreams thought *her* boy would turn out to be a *thespian*. I was afraid for two days that she was angry and disappointed, until I looked the word up in the camp dictionary.

At first, rehearsals were a great deal of fun, what with the kidding of my friends when I sang, "Oh, why can't a woman be like a *man*?" and the thrill of pretending to teach Judy to say, "The rain in Spain falls mainly in the plain." And then, too, there was the matter of learning to act, which gave me a new outlet for the hamminess which is part of every teenager. As the day of the first performance came nearer and nearer, I began to bemoan the day I had ever let myself be pushed into my role, not only because the rehearsals became more and more demanding, but—what was even worse—the first of a horde of butterflies began to flutter in my stomach.

And the day of the premier performance brought a slight complication. The camp director, wishing perhaps to spare me the wear and tear of working in the campers' dining hall, assigned me to the dining room where the parents were being served. From the moment I began my chores, before six, I kept my eye on the clock, to make sure that I would be in my dressing room (?) at the prescribed hour of 7:30. You can imagine how nervous I was when, at 7:15, the heartless adults were not even up to their desserts. I still had to clear the tables, race to my quarters, change my clothes, and speed down to the Rec Hall. I rapidly approached a state of panic, when I had an inspiration. I ran outside, intercepted one of my off-duty friends who was just returning from the tennis courts, and made a deal with him: ten per cent of the gratuities I would receive from the guests, if he would take over for me at once.

He agreed. In a jiffy, we had swapped costumes, he donning my dining room whites, I slipping into his sweat shirt and shorts, and off I ran. I arrived back stage only ten minutes late—and discovered I was the first one there! The cast drifted in one by one, and so did the members of the audience. The actors looked as if they were about to be fed to the lions, and the audience looked as if they couldn't eat another thing. I could tell by looking at Judy—Eliza, that is—that she was playing host to as many butterflies as I was.

At last the big moment arrived. I was on stage; the curtain went up; I stepped out from behind the pillar where I was supposed to be hiding—and almost lost my mind. With the lights shining into my eyes, I could see only a blur, what seemed to me to be a monster as big as a whale, with a thousand splotchy faces. I opened my mouth, and for a frightening second, not a sound came out. I gulped, and thank heaven! I was able to ask, "Why can't the English learn to speak?" As if it were an echo, back came the booming voice of one of the lady guests from the middle of the audience:

"Why! That's our *busboy*!"

There was a wave of laughter, but the show must go on! All of us on the stage regained our

threatened composure, and away we romped through the play. I don't think I have ever enjoyed an experience more than I did playing the professor who remakes a Cockney girl into a lady, unless it was the wave of congratulations that poured over me at the end of the performance, when campers and counselors and guests shook my hands numb, and the feminine members of the cast smothered me with kisses.

For the rest of the summer—and into the fall—I was known, not as Bill Marcus, but as 'Enery 'Iggins. And you can imagine what that meant to me. I compared myself, not too unfavorably with Rex Harrison, wondering if *I* had done the part as *he* had interpreted it, if *he* had been afflicted with butterflies as *I* had been, if we both were the same height, had the same range of voice. I even played with the idea of buying a Rex Harrison hat, but that seemed too much. I knew that he could not have recovered more rapidly than I had done from that stentorian bellow? "Why! That's our *busboy*!"

Now that I have made my mark in the world of amateur dramatics, there is little more that I find myself wishing for, and that little more includes—you guessed it—two tickets for the Broadway production of "My Fair Lady."

I Met A Boy This Morning

RICHARD FEIT

I met a boy this morning,
Who had held spring in his own two hands,
Who felt the breath of summer on his neck,
Who caught a whisper from a mountain rill
As it ran swiftly
Down its time worn way;
Who knew the secret throbbing dreams that lay
Behind Nature's deep brooding eyes;
For he had met her,
He had stroked her hair,
And, blest, knelt for a moment at her knee.
In just a little while we'll meet again.
This boy who chats with suns, and I,
We'll meet as I walk homeward past the pond.
Down in the peaceful ripples,
There he'll be.

Candied Date

KENNETH NADLER

Most of the people had returned to their seats as the main feature flashed on the screen. I leaned back against the counter, pushing my cap forward and more to the side of my head to achieve a cockier effect. I didn't feel cocky. It was tough work and I was tired. Staring at the fluorescent lighted display above the counter, I sighed one of those sighs that stem from pure relief after a tortuous ordeal. The next crush wouldn't be on for another 117 minutes. Suddenly, a voice broke my reverie and demanded:

"I'd like one of those chocolate bars."

It was familiar. I whirled about.

"Carol!"

"Tom! What are you . . . I thought you were . . . I was just . . ."

She was the one who seemed embarrassed, embarrassed to find *me* behind the counter in the lobby of our local movie theatre, selling candy. I was going to try to explain, when another boy, obviously Carol's date, walked up behind, and put his arm around her. His arm around her! My girl! I was ready to leap over the counter and give him something he'd remember. Then I understood . . .

"When the cat's away, the mouse will play," I muttered angrily.

Her date tried to guide her away, but she resisted.

"Your date is waiting," I added disgustedly.

"Tom, that's not fair. I was just trying to break up an otherwise monotonous day." She didn't attempt to remove the arm encircling her waist. "Remember, it was you, not I, who called off our date for today," she whispered in a strained but righteous voice.

I leaned farther over the counter.

"Your substitute date was made on rather short notice, wasn't it?" I murmured sarcastically.

"If you want to get touchy about it, I vastly prefer him to you. I wouldn't go to the prom with

a . . . a candy-seller anyway." She turned to her partner and smiled at him, obviously for my benefit.

Needless, to say, I was stunned. I stared unbelieving as Carol and her "preferred" escort quickly withdrew to the safety of the aisle, where the darkness enveloped them. All that I saw was their moving shadows, as they passed the lights at the foot of each row.

How ironic! Did she think I liked selling the blankety-blank candy? I was doing it all for her, and now . . . Two and a half months ago, no barrier had stood between Carol and me. I had first met her at Laura's party. I still can't figure out how I was invited to that party, because I had met Laura only once, and that had been between halves at the basketball game. Her cousin, Bob, had been the only point of contact. Anyway, Carol and I seemed to complement each other. I saw her almost every day after school. She seemed so pleased when I asked her to the prom. . . .

I was rudely awakened by a booming command from below the other end of the counter.

"I WANT BUTTERED POPCORN WITH LOTS AND LOTS OF BUTTER!" bellowed something connected to a clenched fist extending over the glass shelf.

I slowly obliged. He gave me two greasy dimes.

"That'll be twenty-five cents," I corrected. As if he didn't know.

"Oh," said a disappointed little voice, "then I want some of those over there." He pointed with a chubby forefinger.

"That's six cents."

Six pennies noisily rolled their way to me. One seemed to want to play tag, and successfully eluded me, clattering into a crack.

"Well, I might as well eat the popcorn myself. This just isn't my day." I continued eating the popcorn until it was gone. It didn't fill my emptiness as I thought it would. Then, looking about guiltily to ascertain whether the manager was

watching, I returned to my post, leaning against the candy shelf.

It wouldn't have been so bad as it was—meeting Carol and all that—if I had simply told her that I couldn't take her out because I was working. But no. I had to tell her that flabby story about a relative coming in from out of town. Still, she had no right to be out with another guy. She is . . . was . . . my girl. Hadn't I been faithful to her when she was sick for a week? I didn't run out the first chance, while her back was turned, and find a girl "to break up an otherwise monotonous day." I'll bet she knew that too.

Methodically, like a robot, I began to rearrange the candy, replenishing the more depleted stacks.

"Hello there."

"Bob! Laura! What are you doing here?"

"We were just about to ask you the same question."

"I work here on Saturdays."

"Saturdays?—Say, weren't you supposed to take Carol out today?"

"Carol and her *new* boy-friend seemed to have settled that point."

"New boy friend? I thought you two were just like that," quipped Bob, holding up his two fingers and crossing them.

I didn't think it was so funny.

"We were, but she appears to have moved on to greener pastures. I guess she felt a workingman wasn't good enough for her. I wouldn't have taken this job if I didn't need the money to take her to the prom," I finished weakly.

"I hate to start picking up the pieces," said Laura, "but if you're not doing anything next Friday night, why not drop in? We're having a little jam session."

"Friday." My mind clicked. Maybe Carol wasn't entirely lost after all. Maybe she really *didn't* like that boy. That's right! I would ask her for a date next Friday, and she would surely come.

"I don't know if I can make it," I said, hardly able to keep the excitement out of my words, as I anticipated asking Carol for the date.

"Well, you can at least try."

"I'll see about it," I answered, wondering if I could come at all. If I was going to be with Carol, why should I take her to Laura's jam session?

Three and a half hours had again crept by. The double feature was over, and the crowds were slowly milling in the aisles. Carol was hurrying toward me, pushing out of the mass of people.

Eyes slightly evasive, she said, "I want to say I'm sorry about what happened before."

"I'm sorry too." I fought to get the next sentence out, as I could hardly bear the relief.

"Are you doing anything Friday night?"

Silence. My heart turned cold as I watched her mouth those fatal words:

"Oh. I promised I'd go with *him* next Friday night. I'd . . . uh . . . like to go with you, but you understand I couldn't . . ."

I understood perfectly. I was glad so many people were crowding around the counter, because it gave me a chance to get away from Carol. So that's what it was! I peeked over the heads of the mob, and saw Carol walking dejectedly toward her boy friend. I disregarded the angry customers screaming for service, trying to buy enough candy to last them the millenium. I watched them stroll out of the theatre, hand in hand . . .

Joe Dancer

ANGELO AIOSA

Night makes graceful entrance,
en pirouette,
in her black leotard,
her long red hair
swirling about.
We rest, an enchanted audience.
Lo, she ends her dance,
en arabesque,
and softly, slowly, she glides away,
her red hair draped over her sloping shoulders.



TV Westerns

SAMUEL CULKIN



When the so-called "Adult" Westerns first made their appearance on television, I looked forward to them eagerly, for I had always been a Western addict, but after a whole season of looking at them, I find that I dislike them intensely, because I never know where I stand with them, the way I used to know with the old style Westerns.

In the pre-"Adult" hoss operas, I knew what was what and who was which, even if my homework sometimes prevented me from tuning into them at the very beginning. I could always tell who the hero was, for example. He was always dressed in white from head to toe: white ten-gallon Stetson, white shirt and kerchief, white chaps, even white leather boots. What is more, his shootin' irons were ivory handled and were carried in white holsters. No one could mistake him for the villain. Sometimes, when I tuned in late, or when the picture disappeared altogether—that was a daily phenomenon on our TV set—I could tell the hero by his words.

"Take your hands off her, you varmint!" Only the "good guys" ever said anything like that or like, "You haven't got a chance, Blackie!" And at the end, when the picture got a little dim (or was it my eyes, full of tears?) only the hero could say, usually to his horse. "Well, old pal, it's time to mosey along."

Yes, in the old "infant" Westerns, I certainly knew where I stood. I knew the hero would never have a derringer up his sleeve, or a knife hanging down his back under his shirt. I knew he would

never marry the girl, or even kiss her. He was everybody's "big brother." This to my young mind, was the essence of virility and morality.

And I knew who the villain was, all the time, even though it was a little more complicated. Sometimes the villain was a sophisticated smoothie. He owned the local saloon or gambling house, or he was the representative of some vague syndicate, but I knew him, all right. I knew him by his black clothes, even when he wore a fancy vest or tie. I knew him by his curly black hair and his mustache. I knew him because he didn't carry irons, in fact, he didn't do his own dirty work at all. I knew him because he always had a bunch of unshaven henchmen at his beck and call, and I knew that before he got what was coming to him, he would pull that hidden derringer out from inside his sleeve. Even when he wore a little goatee—black, of course—he didn't fool me for a second. I could even tell you some of the things he would say.

"Start prayin', Big Boy!" he would tell the hero, just before the man in white would sock him in the jaw and turn all the tables and chairs over on the "bad guys." Or he would snarl, "You can't get away with that, here, Marshal. I practically own this town!" And if it happened to be a serial, he'd tell the hero, "You've got the upper hand for the moment, Handsome, but we're not through with you yet! You just wait!"

Of course, sometimes the villain was a rough and tumble guy, and not the smooth operator he

was in some old style Westerns. He might be a ranch owner aching to get the sheep men or the farmers out of the valley, or just a no-good outlaw terrorizing the women and children and stage coach drivers, but I had no trouble spotting him at all. If he wasn't dressed in black, he was usually dirty and unshaven, or even mustached like his better duplicate, and he seldom faced up to the hero all by himself. That was never part of the plot.

And who paid any attention to the plot? They were all of a pattern. The good guy in white would always win; he'd always save the girl and then go away, or recover the loot, or bring peace between the ranchers and the farmers, or shoot it out with a whole battalion of outlaws. I could count on that.

And I can't count on anything in these new "Adult" Westerns. They are too complicated for me. How can I tell the hero from the villain? In these new Westerns, the hero may wear gray or even black. Good Lord, one of them even has a mustache. The next thing you know, he'll be sprouting the huge untidy beard of the old prospector! Sometimes he doesn't even have a gun, and I am told there is one who doesn't even have a horse to talk to. And as for women! Some of them actually put their arms around the gals and

kiss them! It's almost disgusting. In a Western, a hero has to observe the conventions. I don't insist that he have a guitar swinging across his back, or that he speak grammatically, but gee, whiz! there are some things that should be plain right away; as plain as white and black.

And the villains in these new Westerns! Do you know something? Sometimes there really isn't any. The hero has to persuade a whole town to be "good" and to let the newcomers own some land for farming. And when there is a villain, he doesn't wear black, and he doesn't always have unshaven henchmen, and what is even worse, he won't let them really go to work on the hero. What kind of a hero is it who never gets to flatten them all almost with one blow?

I think that we ought to organize a campaign. I think that we ought to show the television networks and the sponsors that they are destroying part of our American heritage. I think that we ought to march on Hollywood or Radio City or some place, and shout, "Get rid of those 'Adult' Westerns, pardner. And bring back those 'infant' Westerns, where men are men, and heroes are heroes, and villains are villains, and we know where we stand."

That's what I think we ought to do. We *have* to know where we stand.

To Whom It May Concern (Continued from Page 15)

ing. That's what I wrote, all right, but I didn't really mean it. How could the Lower East Side mean *welcome* to me, when it sometime means being jumped on in the park, and having my eyes blackened? How could it mean that I felt I "belonged" when every block is marked off as its private "turf" by a local gang that doesn't let anyone from the next block even cross the street? I began to realize that I had stuck my neck out.

Well, I went home, again, but this time I rode on the bus. You said I could have a whole week to do the essay over, and I decided to take the week. That brought me to today, Sunday. The week was up, and I sat down to my writing. I started on a dozen ideas: stamp collecting, which I haven't done for years; pets, which I have never had; why I love a certain subject, which I abhor; the pleasures of walking along the East River Drive, which I seldom do; my deep appreciation of poetry, which I can hardly understand. The result was nothing—zero, which I know you are going to give me for this assignment.

Well, Mr. Zilch, that's how it is. It is now

almost midnight, and in a few hours, you will be passing out the folders to the class and asking us to place our essays in them. Then you will leaf through the various folders to pick out a few pieces of work for the fellows to read aloud for comments from the class.

And my essay won't be there. All the papers I have scribbled on will be there, though, the first draft and the second draft and all the other drafts I have been in since you first gave out this assignment. And instead of a final "finished and polished product", there will be this letter.

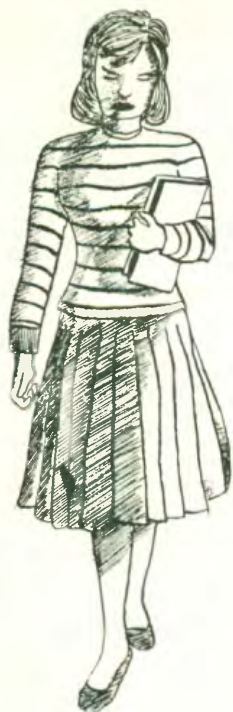
I hope you really meant it when you said that you would weigh the papers on which we had done our preliminary work as a part of your mark on the total piece of work. Mine weigh over a pound. If you do that, maybe I'll get a 16 instead of a zero for my pains. And believe me, I ache!

I don't want you to think there is anything personal in what I have written. I still admire and respect you. And I'll never forget you.

Respectfully yours,

Blackball

CHARLES GOLDSMID



At three o'clock, Terry usually ran exuberantly down the stairs with her girl friends. Today she was alone, and on this afternoon her pace was appreciably slower.

As she pushed open the door and walked into the fresh air, (somehow the smell of the chemistry laboratory lingered in her nostrils long after class), her eyes squinted involuntarily from the glare of the sun. Force of habit directed her path across the street toward the candy store.

A glance through its glass doors revealed the absence of her friends and served again to remind her that: "... they were all at the Meeting."

She was overcome. Suddenly her eyes welled up with tears and her heart felt an acute emptiness.

"Why Terry honey, you're as good as one of us right now."

"One of us indeed!" she thought. "I suppose it would sound corny to say how much I wanted to be in the sorority, but that's exactly the way I feel."

"Their sorority, and well I know it's their's... What did they talk about in the lunchroom? What did I overhear being whispered in the study hall? What did they say behind my back in the locker room?" Her words had grown bitter; she became sarcastic and mimicking...

"Do you think you'll invite Bill to the first dance?"

"What committee will you work on, social or refreshment?"

"Won't high school boys be drab after we date in the college set?"

It made her sick to think about it... absolutely sick to her stomach; and though she mouthed the unspoken words slowly, syllabically, she wanted to scream them for all the world to hear. She tried to check her emotions by biting her lip; she almost failed.

"Well, then, who blackballed me from the sorority?" her mind snapped. She reviewed all the possible suspects, for she desperately wanted to find a scapegoat to blame her failure on; someone she could hate and curse.

But there was no reason for anyone to blackball her... She was "friendly, dated quite often, had good marks, traveled with the crowd, wore crew-neck sweaters and pleated skirts..." So why did it happen?

She looked downward at the squares of pavement which seemed to be moving beneath her. "—And when any outsider mentions their precious, golden-pedestalled, untouchable sorority, they absolutely freeze."

"Who are you, outsider? How dare you ask about our sorority?"

Carol stopped to glance into a shop window, and to achieve some measure of self control. She allowed her thoughts to gather momentum, but more deliberately. "I shouldn't be losing my head over this sorority business. *Someone* blackballed me. That is positive, definite; it can't be changed. So there is no use feeling sorry for myself, indulging in self-pity, and moping around." She recalled words she had read somewhere: "Rolling in the muck is not the best way to get clean." She cleared her throat, threw back her head, and finding some temporary comfort in her reasoning, quickened her step. Deep inside, she knew her reasoning was faulty, but summoning all her mental strength, she tried to bury the thought of her ostracism deeper in her consciousness.

A breeze played gentle havoc with her hair, which, she noted absently, was getting longer.

"I guess it's silly to worry or even to think about the sorority. Look at this objectively. Not everything in life will go my way. There are bound to be things I can't obtain, goals I can't reach. There are going to be stumbling blocks in my path. I just will have to learn to cope with my emotional problems. This will be my first example, and I will learn from it. After all, 'Triumph and disaster . . . treat the two imposters just the same.' Of course. I'll be indifferent to this situation. It happened, and there's nothing I can do about it."

The Mercedes-Benz caught her eye as she reached the corner, and she was reminded how much she always wanted a sports car.

"And besides, I guess Mother is right. The girls are cats, anyway. That Anne. Did you ever see any thing so disgusting in your whole life? Her caustic remarks . . . her condescending air . . . her . . . oh.

"I wouldn't want to be caught dead with them. All they ever do is gossip and talk about their wonderful club. All that giggling, and when they get near a boy. 'Giggle, giggle.' Flirts. Cats.

"Eastern Lane looks beautiful in the spring." There was something about the way the sun accented the shades of the leaves that painted a picture of true beauty.

"Why, I almost feel sorry for those girls. They have a lot to learn about life and people. Someday, they'll have *their* feelings hurt and then *they'll* know. They will look back and say: 'Oh, what we must have made Terry go through!' How terrible they'll feel! Even after we're all married and have children, one of them might call me and apologize for her youthful meanness." She smiled at the rather delectable thought. "Now, just what would I reply?" She imagined the girl standing before her, head bowed, waiting on every word she uttered. She entertained the thought for another

moment and then almost broke into tears . . . "Delusion! Delusion!"

"Hilton Avenue. I'm almost home.

"You know, in the final analysis, I'm *glad* they blackballed me. Sure, it may hurt my feelings for a while, but when you boil the whole matter down, they're actually not my kind of friends. Maybe I'm really lucky at that. After all, I never went around with them much anyway. They always acted so stupid, never at all serious, except when they talked about their narrow-minded club. And look at the way they dress! I always preferred Ellen and Jane anyway, even if the sorority never paid them the slightest attention."

She crossed the street to her side of the block, her step faster and livelier . . .

"Ellen is a truly sweet girl, and Jane would never be classed with that snooty Anne in a million years.

"Home.

"Oh, I *am* so lucky at that." She walked up the stairs.

"And besides. I'm so busy with my studying these days that the sorority probably would have taken up too much of my time. Think of all those silly parties and those stupid meetings I'd have to attend. I'll bet my folks wouldn't have let me join, even if *by chance* I had wanted to.

"One more flight.

"Yes. I suppose I should have turned *them* down. That would have given *them* something to think about. I could just see their faces . . ."

She turned the key briskly.

"I guess all things do happen for the best . . . It's probably better this way . . . yes . . ."

She entered the room and sat stiffly on her bed. She tried desperately to control her shaking shoulders before she crumpled, her body wracked with sobs. . .

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The Uncertain Universe (Continued from Page 14)

string quartet, and walk away without any real impression. Also, the mathematical concepts involved in quantum physics may frighten them away from a rewarding study of that subject. But good literature, whether as a conveyor of philosophy or as an art in itself, can make an important impression on anyone who reads. This is the great strength of an art which communicates through everyday symbols.

The revolution in modern literature has not been one of technique but of content. Authors like Dostoevsky, Sartre, Kafka, and Camus still write from left to right, but the classics of modern literature and the philosophy unique to our time, existentialism, both express a basic picture of man as an absurd hero in a chaotic world. Some authors, such as Franz Kafka, picture his plight as tragic and terrifying, but many great modern writers see a note of optimism in his absurdity. Like Sisyphus, in the essay "The Myth of Sisyphus" by Albert Camus, man is imagined to be happy by these

authors. Though he is condemned to rolling a rock eternally to the top of a mountain, whence the stone falls back of its own weight and he must start again, Sisyphus finds that the struggle itself toward the heights is enough to fill a man's heart. He concludes that all is well. So it is with man in the open universe.

This is the open universe revolution that is reverberating through modern thought and creativity. We have seen that it is a very active revolution. The only question that remains is whether or not it is a worthwhile one. Many of the best modern minds think that it is. A universe where, to quote Albert Einstein, God plays dice to rule the world, *is* frightening. But it is also extremely exciting, for in a world where nothing is impossible, everything is possible! Man walks in an endless, but fascinating, corridor, trying to light it with a pocket flashlight. He knows he never will, but his attempt is a reward in itself. He goes on.

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