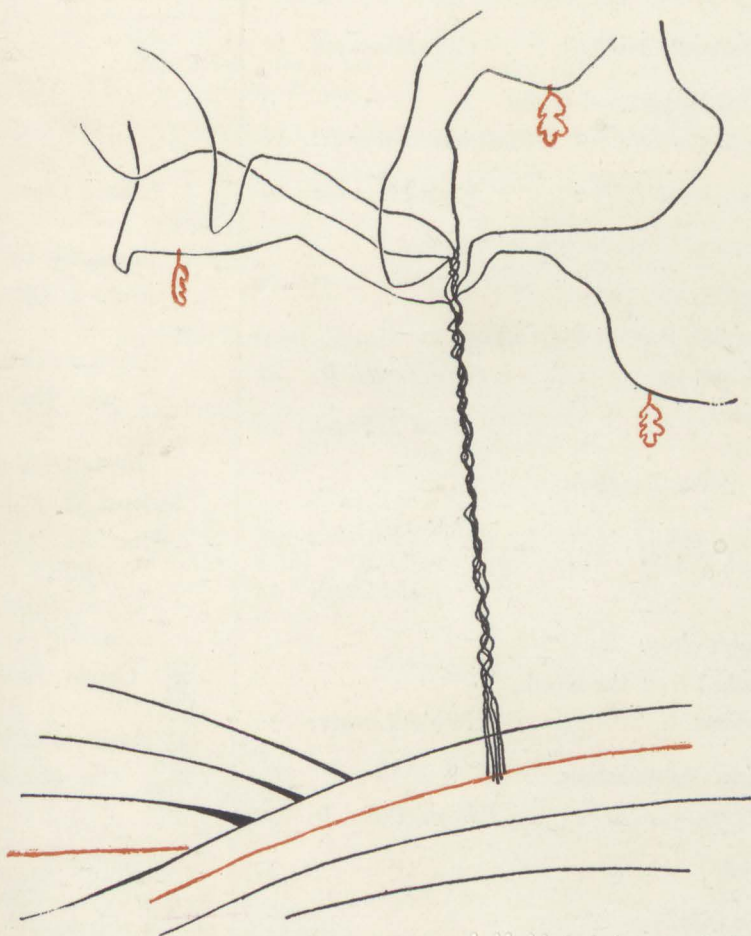


the

IDOL

NOVEMBER AT UNION COLLEGE

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Waiting for Godot

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THE IDOL

the
Quarterly Magazine
of
UNION COLLEGE

Vol. XXXIII No. 1

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Credits and Acknowledgements

All photographs accompanying the story by Edward Cloos, Jr., beginning on page 16, were made by Dr. Paul Bruce Pettit. Dr. Pettit is head of the dramatics department at the New York State College for Teachers at Albany, and founder and director of the Albany Arena theater. The pictures are of the group's production of *Waiting for Godot*, produced last summer as the only non-professional production authorized in the United States.

Mr. F. A. Hamilton, Jr., who as vice-president of and acting for the Schenectady Civic Players, provided biographical information and the picture on page 8 of Professor Herrick.

Fred Jordan of Grove Press, exclusive publishers of Samuel Beckett in America for their cooperation in supplying biographical information and the picture on page 15 of Mr. Beckett.

Photographs on pages 28, 33 are by Mark Krugman, a member of the freshman class.

Incidental illustrations are by David Seeley, a senior.

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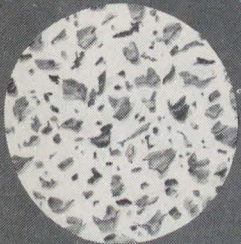


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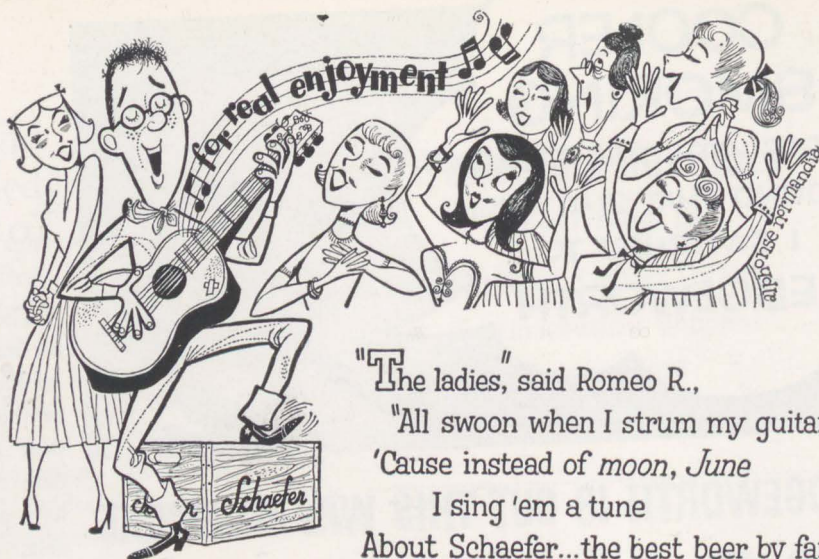
To Contributors

The IDOL will consider all manuscripts submitted in legible form at its office or in the mail box in the Student Activities Office by the date three weeks preceding its announced publication date.

The Editors are anxious to consider serious photography done by Union students for possible display on the IDOL's pages. It is best to give the Editors some indication of what you have to offer before going to the trouble and expense of making enlargements which are not on the sort of paper best suited for reproduction or for some other reason might have to be redone. We are always glad to consider snapshots and pictures of topical or unusual interest while not necessarily of exhibition quality.

We continue to have opportunity to use art work of various sorts in the IDOL. All drawings indigenous to the college interest us and might be used.

It is the policy of the IDOL to return all manuscripts found not acceptable for immediate publication. Only your address is needed—not stamps etc. We do not usually return original manuscripts of material published. It can be arranged to suit special purpose however if such a need exists.



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 "All swoon when I strum my guitar.
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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Carl Niemeyer, Professor of English and Chairman of the Division of Humanities, looks at Samuel Beckett with an emphasis on the first novel of a post-war trilogy. He joins with *Edward Cloos*, Editor of the IDOL, in discussing Beckett as an interesting contemporary writer.

Harold A. Larrabee, Professor of Philosophy and Chairman of the Division of Social Studies, has often seen his articles and reviews published in leading American magazines, including a recent article on Benjamin Franklin in *Harper's*.

Milton M. Enzer, former Public Relations Director of Union College and founder of the service, is now Director of Public Relations for Yale and Towne Manufacturing Company. Mr. Enzer is the father of three sons now in attendance at Union.

Charles Hart Enzer, a senior recently returned from a year of study in Israel, writes his first-hand impressions of this "trouble-spot", in his "Letters . . ."

Fred S. Frank, a senior English major, is a resident of Cobleskill, N. Y. He is preparing for graduate work in English.

Jerrold Hirschen, a senior majoring in English, is former Editor-in-Chief of the *Concordiensis*, and now a member of the Editorial Board of the IDOL.

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Richard Lewis, a senior Division I major, has often contributed fiction and non-fiction articles. Lewis is a second-year member of the IDOL Editorial Board.

Roger Newman, is a sophomore pre-medical student from Newburgh, N. Y. For his short story, "Watchdog," he was awarded the Wessel Ten Broeck Van Orden Prize for freshman composition.

Joel Plattner, is a senior Economics major, who has often contributed his sketches to the IDOL.

Alan Shucard, a resident of Brooklyn, has returned to Union after spending his junior year at St. Andrews University in Scotland.

Richard Argyle, a junior and member of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity, is the cover artist for this issue of the IDOL.

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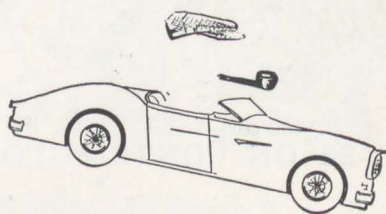
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A STATEMENT
OF PURPOSE

It is appropriate, or at least to be expected, that there be some explanation of this not easily recognized IDOL. For some 20 years the format has remained essentially unchanged, and perhaps no change was needed. But it's time now, we think, for some alterations.

There is a need and opportunity for a place of intellectual integrity where a group of people of active interests and generally superior intellect can gather, discuss, argue, expound, question, express and define the ideas and imaginings of each. We feel the IDOL can be in all the future and attempts to be from this moment such a place.

In this first issue of the year there are shortcomings. But we make no apology and expect no indulgence—from any quarter. The tone of our contributions will, we hope, be partisan as far as is possible. We have no room to print that which is written without point of view. The reason for publishing at all is to gain wide distribution of a "moment" of intellectual activity; to offer our work for any criticism it can elicit—or be subjected to, but not by public opinion or the general point of view. The character of a magazine implies the audience it will have and the validity of that audience's comment. Therefore, such possibility as mass consideration out of true college context is precluded.

The IDOL being a Union College magazine exclusively becomes a medium of communication between all possible factions of the student body. There is no other, or if another not a better, way to reach a large group of your peers (as determined by the Admissions Office who, with college tradition, *selected* this community).

Still, we are weak in many places, and we do admit it. For example, this issue is essentially a humorless one. There are no smutty jokes to read—though we do not oppose them on policy. If Union College students wish to submit in their own names jokes and stories of whatever nature they will, we'd feel a responsibility to print the "best" of them. Aside from the old jokes, we favor just about everything honestly funny. We hope that for the remaining three issues we will have the material to devote a considerable portion of two of them to articles of a humorous nature.

The role of sports as a section of the IDOL is not now clearly defined. All we are certain of now is that we like sports, enjoy writing and reading about them and hope constantly to build our department.

There are other questions you'll have, one would imagine. There are other charges you'll make. Though we have not anticipated all of them, we do not consider ourselves defenseless; certainly we are fair game. Shoot!

Again we call for partisanship — in our contributors and in our readers. We welcome your animadversions as we do your praise. May we remind you that the opinions expressed throughout the year will be those of the individual contributors and not necessarily of the IDOL, just as the views of the Editors of the IDOL are our own and not represented as those of the students of Union College by and for whom the magazine is published.

PROFESSOR HERRICK AND OURSELVES

Professor Herrick was a man few of us knew. Evidences of his earlier activity on campus and in the community were all around us, but we never knew them as such until we asked. He'd contributed an esthetic integrity of religious intensity to Schenectady's Civic Theater permitting it to grow steadily and strong, but we knew the Civic Playhouse as financially very successful and artistically in progressive decline. He was the prime instrument in founding the IDOL and the Mountebanks, but we heard first of "Pat" Knopf's "mortified *New Yorker*," and the name of Don Jones. We knew Professor Herrick only as we viewed him from afar each day in Bailey Hall.

He came to Union in 1924, to the "north country," he called it. Then followed some fifteen years of devotion to a belief and participation in a cause which would do credit to a great man. He tried to prove, to demonstrate, to live the fact that every thinking person was a part of the drama and the literature which he loved. And people were enthused and they did believe—but they believed in the man. He was impressive too; he was slender and straight, dramatically handsome, intellectually powerful and quietly in command of the situation he was in. His enthusiasm was infectious, but it was the fervor, the idea of believing which was communicated. People caught up his cause and forgot the goals.

This productive period drew toward an end as the Second World War approached. Perhaps that's the life span of an idealist at Union. He didn't stop everything suddenly. He just slowly withdrew from active leadership. The IDOL failed as a literary maga-

zine about then. It was reorganized in a spirit of professional publishing just about ten years after its literary beginning. It is perhaps appropriate, or maybe ironic, that it undergo a second major reorganization on the immediate morrow of his death. He began the lonely course toward becoming the "monk of Bailey Hall." It was during the war years that his idealism, his artistic integrity, began to burn bitterly within him where before it had flown gracefully from him. His students called him "Crazy Ray," and he might not have minded if he'd heard them.

Professor Herrick worked fiercely at his teaching as he began more and more to live actually in the Victorian Period he taught. He was no longer easily confident of his communication of artistic purpose, of values in literature and his beloved drama, to his students. Still a few, but only a few students saw what he had to give them and he fulfilled their confidence.

Professor Herrick's love for Union College and Schenectady was well within bounds. The alacrity with which he bucked prevailing intellectual lead-pants in leading the IDOL, the Mountebanks and the Civic Players, turned to disappointment and finally resignation.

The wonderful library, the context in which his friends of other times knew him, is left by his will to his cousin and former student, Robert McNulty. Mr. McNulty was Instructor in English at Union until June, 1953. To his housekeeper, by his final testament, go his home and personal property. To the Civic Players and to Union College he has given his life.

Milton M. Enzer '29

A REMEMBRANCE OF RAYMOND HERRICK

Professor Raymond M. Herrick came to Union College in 1924, in the midst of the truly "roaring Twenties" when shouting, drinking racoon coated students were everywhere, not just in cartoons. Yet what Professor Herrick said so quietly then to his students was heard and acted upon. In fact, there is plenty of evidence that thousands have and are benefiting from his leadership that ended with his death almost unobtrusively on September 4th at Ellis Hospital.

I want to make it clear that I am speaking of the Professor Herrick as I knew him while a student, 1925-29, and during the next dozen years while I was handling the college publicity and at the same time also acted as Graduate Manager of the Mountebanks Theatre, advisor to the *Concordy*, and manager of the *Civic Players Magazine* at the Civic Playhouse downtown.

Professor Herrick's aggressive modesty prevented the spotlight of public appreciation being focused on his many contributions to the cultural enjoyment of life on the campus, and in the town. He had a way of stirring up interest, then thinking, and finally action, but he remained almost a shadow in the background.

That is how *The Idol Magazine* was organized and first published in 1928. That is how he stimulated another group of students to conduct a financial campaign that resulted in building the Mountebanks Theatre in Hanna Hall of Washburn Hall in

1929. That is how he organized groups of students to attend good plays wherever they were produced in the Capitol District and in New York — in the '20's it was a day's ride away. That is how he quietly got faculty and students and townspeople together at his home and organized the Civic Players in 1928 and helped them get their own theatre, the former St. George Masonic Temple, a year later.

All of these "institutions" he led in creating and maintaining have withstood the ravages of depressions and wars — they have and are still affording wonderful opportunities for those who are adult enough to seek enjoyment at the mental level.

And perhaps most important of all, Professor Herrick's students in Advanced Composition and in Drama are now enjoying and sharing with others the fruits of his teaching. They are writers and advertising men, public relations men, doctors and lawyers, business men, teachers, politicians, and — you name the vocation.

He helped students to search diligently within themselves for ideas and subjects to write about so that it would be of interest first to themselves, then to others — even exciting. Read some of the pieces by men like Joe Rotundo, '29, John Luskin, '29, Ross Lindblom, '28, Carmel Garofalo, '28, Bill Toniski, '29, Caddy Hislop, '30, Ken Rabinow '32, and many, many others during the 1928-34 period when Professor Herrick was "advisor" to *The Idol*.

Professor Herrick was that kind of teacher, still remarkable to find, who quietly concentrates on developing the potential talent of each of his students, allowing each to be individually different and not requiring them to be "carbon copies" of himself as he is or as he would like to be. Under his tutelage, each of his Advanced Composition students of my days, met with him lower Union Street then at 1003 Nott Street. mostly alone in his study at home, first on

Here he would stimulate and prod until a student produced something worth reading to class—and if it passed this thought test successfully, it would be offered to the editors of *The Idol* for possible publication.

No greater honor could come to a student than to have a piece he had written recommended by Professor Herrick for publication in *The Idol*.



RAYMOND HERRICK ABOUT 1928

But the organization of *The Idol Magazine* as a full fledged student activity was no easy thing. It required persuading many people on both sides of the academic log. And strange indeed were the places in which forums were held in behalf of establishing *The Idol*. For example, I devoted many of my regular "Campus Spotlight" columns in the *Concordy* to writing about the need for a literary quarterly on the campus! Other students took it up in the fraternities and in the dormitories. Professor Larrabee knocked sense into reluctant faculty heads.

And how did the Mountebanks Theatre get started on the campus? The Mounte-

banks, as a dramatic society, had existed since 1804. Yet in the Twenties it still had to hire a downtown theatre at great expense not only for the building, for one night, but also to pay many union stagehands who did absolutely nothing to mount the play.

As faculty advisor, Professor Herrick spoke not only to those who acted or helped to stage each play, but he pointed out to his classes in the Drama and writing courses the advantages of having a theatre on the campus. Bill Toniski, '29, stage manager for the Mountebanks, measured every possible room large enough with a "portable stage" to be converted into a "little theatre." Thus Hanna Hall, then used for "receptions" and "teas" — but once the college library — was chosen as the most likely spot in which to erect a portage stage. While I was studying the modern drama with Professor Herrick, not a session went by without his making some pointed remarks about how "promoters" and "publicists" should use their talents to create something more lasting, such as a campus theatre. Somehow a group of us volunteered to organize a campaign to raise funds to build Bill Toniski's "portable stage." When we did, it was hardly "portable." Professor Herrick wanted quality. The steel framed stage has never been taken down. The canvass procenium arch, the portable stage floor — these were replaced later with permanent equipment, and in later years we added the dressing rooms underneath, the workshop alongside, the ticket office and washroom, and three rows of balcony seats. Under Ed Carroll, '27, exciting productions were staged and the Mountebanks attracted large audiences of students, faculty and paying townspeople. The profits on the plays and the Mohawk Drama Festival, 1935-41, provided funds for the many improvements, such as lights, in the Mountebanks theatre.

Within four months after we started the financial campaign, the campus theatre was opened in May, 1929, at the inauguration of

Frank Parker Day. During all the endless conferences, constant umpiring between strong and opposite points of view, through all this, the tall, slim, quiet, Professor Herrick invariably persuaded reasonable action.

The Mountebanks excited the interest of many townspeople who rightly believed there was enough rich theatre talent in the community, abounding as it did with hundreds of college graduates who each year joined General Electric's Research Laboratory and adjacent plant. At Professor Herrick's home, with Dr. Edward Everett Hale, then head of Union's English Department, some students from the Mountebanks, and townspeople like Philip Wagner, now Editor of the Baltimore Sun, Mrs. Charles M. Ripley, Mrs. Herrick (a real authority on costumes) — there was organized the Schenectady Civic Players. First the Nott Terrace High School auditorium was used for staging the plays; then the St. George Masonic Temple was purchased on Church Street and converted into a theatre with a social "Green Room" as well as workshops and dressing rooms. Today, the Schenectady Civic Players are known across the country.

A *Civic Players Magazine* was issued monthly both as a herald to interest the potential audience in the plays, and as a program. It was self sustaining through paid advertisements. Throughout the depression years, both the Civic Playhouse and its magazine continued successfully without interruption.

In the multitudinous activities of a vital organization such as a theatre, the leader and arbiter must be a strong character. Professor Herrick was strong but so quiet that when illness compelled him to relinquish most of his activities a few years ago, it was not realized how much he had contributed to the founding of *The Idol*, and the establishment of both the Mountebanks Theatre and Civic Playhouse. As his housekeeper, Margaret says, "not even a desk pen was given him" in appreciation.

Professor Herrick had another kind of appreciation. He will be kept green in the memory of his hundreds of students whom he helped to become articulate and mature; he will be remembered by those who still benefit from his "good works"—especially if these are now properly identified as having been inspired by this great teacher.

Professor Herrick was a great teacher. In my humble opinion he and a score of other faculty members helped to restore the lustre to Union College which had been darkened after Eliphalet Nott. Under Presidents Richmond, Day, Ellery and Fox, while I was actively associated with Union College, the college grew mainly because of teachers like Hale and Herrick in English; Doty and Bronner in History; Larrabee and Stanley in Philosophy; Bennett, Cummins, Whitaker, and Rotundo in Economic subjects; Danton and Stewart in modern languages; Coffin and Kellogg in classical studies; Ellery and Hurd in Chemistry; Berg and Grover in Electrical Engineering; Morse, Garis and Gus Fox in Mathematics; Taylor, Sayre, and Hoadley in Civil Engineering; Rojansky and Wold in Physics; Johnny March and Ligon in Psychology; and Ed Smith in Geology. (Perhaps I have missed here some of Union's great teachers), but I am writing this late night in my office without reference works about good old Union, at the request of the Editor of *The Idol*.

Professor Herrick is and always will be alive in the minds of his former students.

He will be even more an inspiration to future generations of students if his wonderful private library, his collection of books on the theatre, on Russian authors, on writing, and on related subjects formed a nucleus of the Herrick Collection in the Union College Library. Thus his students, among the alumni especially, could contribute to enlarge this collection in memory of his former students and associates on the faculty.

Alan R. Shucard

ALBERT MUELLER

Albert Mueller rose from the bed
When he heard the whine of the planes—dead,
High-pitched, a concerto for jets and rattling panes —
And he stood looking through the dustluculent glass
At the planes coming from the snow-cloud mass
Above the mountains, and flashing across the window.
They glinted in the sun in the sterile blue sky overhead
And shone on the living . . . and mocked the dead.
The hunchbacked Albert Mueller watched and said
To the photograph on the mantelpiece,

“They are lovely.”

He could make a baptism sound like an admonition
When he pronounced it, and he repeated as he
Seated himself upon the bed:

“They are lovely,

These silver suns in a universe of blue,
They are made for purposes of cannibalism, it is true,
And cannibalism is obviously detrimental to the race,”
He observed.

“They have three cannon and five machine guns
Mounted in each wing and they sing the ‘Alma Redemptoris’
In flight, and paint beautiful scenes on a wall of sound.
Yea, verily are they lovely,” he projected,
And with orgasmic relief scratched the hump,
A warped, round promontory covered with pimples
Upon his back — and reflected.
The photograph said nothing.

It was of a woman — young, inscrutably non-committal,
As women are young until they age . . . non-committal
Until they comprehend what they have lost, and seek acquittal
From the prosecution of Time in the courts of hagdom.
The accusations of Time — its inviolable word . . .
The woman in the photograph had not heard
The immutable tick and the irrevocable tock . . .
. . . The ticking and the tocking of the clock

Annoyed Albert Mueller for always it screamed
At him that he could not lock his life in a bank vault.
Each tick, he thought, was a heartbeat and
Each tock a breath, and nowhere could he retreat

Where either could be bought. And the heat
Of his mind burned wet stains on his shirt
Beneath his arms. He was curt with the photograph now.

"Listen to them," he ordered. "We shall never have them back
For they tick and they tock and they are gone.
They lack even the transitory, the ephemeral quality
Of your state of mind." He crushed out the glowing stub
of cigarette on the floor and declared:

"They are steps in a death march. They are
Broken toys and warped bodies and misshaped minds
That can never be repaired."

It was quiet, now that the sound of the planes had died.
Albert Mueller scratched his humpback,
And listened to the clock, and cried.

The photograph said nothing —

But only listened to the ticking . . .

To the "'j' accuse" of time . . .

Tick, tock . . . tick, tock . . .

He rose again and said to the picture,
His voice a little tear-stained and purple:

"Where are you now . . . the rock upon which
I built my church . . . the adored, unsettled rock,
Which tumbled away in a Bentley, and returned,
And left again in a Ford? Rock of my church,
You contorted my back and made me confess
That for all the forced-maturation, the rationalization, the resignation,
I warp all the more under the unsupportable weight of the emptiness.
Are you ever coming back," he shouted,
"Will that damned incessant ticking not cease
And let me wait for you in peace?"

Tick, tock, please stop, tick, tock, please stop,
Please stop, please . . . stop."

Albert Mueller did not notice the noise
Of the planes approaching once more
As he placed the butt of the shotgun on the floor,
Scratched his hunchback, and rested his chin on the nozzle.
And realized it would remain quite non-committal.
He looked at the photograph and waited a little,
The last thing he heard before he reached down and pulled the trigger
Was the unjust sentence of Time proclaimed by the clock . . .

The immutable tick . . . the irrevocable tock.

Samuel Beckett

Samuel Beckett's *Molloy* is a novel made up of two long monologues. The first is by Molloy himself: he is a cripple who, for some reason not made clear, is seeking his mother. He is unsure of the way, and he has forgotten the name of the town his mother lives in, if indeed she is still alive. After many interruptions to his journey, he finds himself, scarcely able to move, in a forest. He hears a voice telling him not to fret, that help is coming. The monologue ends. The second monologist is named Jacques Moran, who has been summoned by Gaber, bearing a message from Youdi, to find Molloy. He has never seen Molloy, but he knows something about him. "He had very little room. His time too was limited. He hastened incessantly on, as if in despair, towards extremely close objectives. Now, a prisoner, he hurled himself at I know not what narrow confines, and now, hunted, he sought refuge near the centre. . . . He was forever on the move. I had never seen him rest. Occasionally he stopped and glared furiously about him. This was how he came to me, at long intervals. Then I was nothing but uproar, bulk, rage, suffocation, effort unceasing, frenzied and vain. Just the opposite of myself, in fact. . . . What it was all about I had not the slightest idea."

Carl Niemeyer

SAMUEL BECKETT'S
MOLLOY

In his own pilgrimage to find Molloy, accompanied by his son, Moran has adventures vaguely parallel to Molloy's. At the end, lost, unsuccessful, crippled, abandoned, he is ordered by Youdi through Gaber to return home. He finds his house empty, his hens and bees dead. He hears a voice telling him things that he at first does not understand. The novel closes: "But in the end I understand this language. I understood it, I understand it, all wrong perhaps. That

is not what matters. It told me to write the report. Does this mean I am freer now than I was? I do not know. I shall learn. Then I went back into the house and wrote, It is midnight. The rain is beating on the windows. It was not midnight. It was not raining."

The novel has elements like Beckett's play *Waiting for Godot*. In both, the characters are purposeless, act under strange compulsions, and talk incessantly, as if their whole vitality had gone into speech. The speech is not colorful or poetic; it is matter-of-fact and its subjects are often vulgar and disgusting. The characters, in the novel, have the air of trying to make something



Samuel Beckett

clear, of trying to report objectively and without self-pity things that would hardly be believed, not because they are fantastic

or supernatural, but because they are trivial or incoherent or irrelevant. To be sure, dreadful things happen to the characters; they are struck by incomprehensible pains; they obey inexplicable commands whose purpose is as obscure to them as to the reader; they get hopelessly lost; they are unsure of their identity; they are without tenderness or pity, even wantonly cruel. At about the same point in the two monologues Molloy and Moran each kill a man, apparently out of sheer annoyance. The characters recognize none of the usual moral imperatives or duties; Molloy is not seeking his mother because he loves her or needs her but because he must; Moran has no pity for Molloy; he searches for him because he was told to do so. Here we are, Beckett seems to say; we do certain things because we cannot do otherwise; if there is any meaning to what has been called "'it all,'" we have forgotten it or cannot find it. We suffer, but our sufferings are not redeemed by beauty or by hope.

What makes Beckett different from the existentialists is that he seems to have no philosophic axe to grind and that he is, believe it or not, readable and even funny. There is a wonderful passage in Molloy about how Molloy communicates with his deaf mother: he knocks on her head, one knock meaning yes, two no, three I don't know, four money, and five good-bye. There is another, which might please a mathematician, about how to be sure, if you have a pocketful of pebbles and are addicted to sucking them, to avoid sucking the same pebble twice before you have sucked all the others once. These are reminiscent of some of the comedy in *Godot*. It is not comedy for everyone maybe, as the small success of *Godot* on Broadway suggests, and it may not endure as long as Brek-ekek-ko-ax, or Bottom the Weaver, or Alceste; but it is original and authentic and probably better than we deserve.

Samuel Beckett

Edward Cloos, Jr.

WAITING FOR
BECKETT
AND GODOT

One thing it would be difficult to say about Samuel Beckett is that we have been waiting for him; that we have been conscious, anyway, of our expecting him. But, after all, haven't we? After the writers of the twenties and thirties — Beckett's 1906 birth makes him a part more or less of their generations—we must expect someone who is all of them and still, clearly, after them. We must by some inner suggestion have expected, or if not expected to have desired a man who did not copy them but followed from them and came after them and did not deny them. We have not had a glimpse of him to now though — certainly not in the sensible and learned stuffed shirt

"I am Pozzo! . . . Pozzo!"
Martin Molson as Pozzo



Lucky: ". . . for reasons unknown in spite of the strides of physical culture the practice of sports such as tennis, football, running, cycling, swimming, flying, floating, riding, gliding, con-ating, skating, tennis of all kinds dying flying sports of all sorts. . . ."

Frank Reed as Lucky



who is today's young writer and poet. But now we have this Samuel Beckett; he is not an oracle or a leader of power, apparently that is not what we have wanted, but he is most welcome! It seems a little curious that the young post-war writer who should prove most exciting to the whole group of people within the approximately 40 year age span which includes both ourselves and such older men as Brooks Atkin-

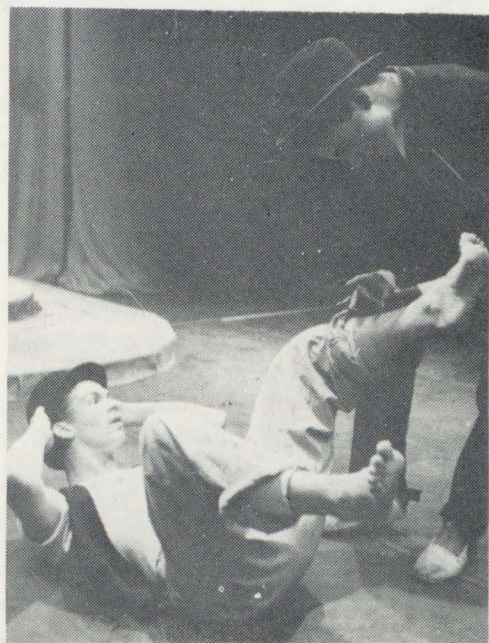


"... Yes, in this immense confusion one thing alone is clear. We are waiting for Godot to come—"

Daniel Sullivan as Vladimir

"... Let us do something, while we have the chance! It is not every day that we personally are needed."

Daniel Sullivan as Vladimir



son, dean of New York's dramatic critics, should be a man some 50 years old. Some of the older men have been a little slow to accept Beckett, but for some reason not unwilling. It could be that the obscure "psychological" ramblings of many of his works are simply too much in contrast to the sonorities of the literature our "gerusia" loved as young men. It could be these men are somewhat resentful of the fact that the style of Beckett which they find themselves

Vladimir: (*Triumphantly*) There's the wound! Beginning to fester!"

Daniel Sullivan as Vladimir

George Van Den Houten as Estragon

applauding is so not the style they have revered for all their lives.

But the subtle rhythms and sometimes almost unbearably inexorable harmony of Beckett's writing is not so different as might appear. The lines of *Waiting for Godot* are such as that. To read the play and then to hear it performed is an experience no one has been able to define, but thousands and thousands have been quite deeply affected by. There is a kind of tension, but no, its not *exactly* that, it is more a constant feeling of motion without visible movement or foreseeable destination. Rather than any real sense of dynamism in *Godot*, there is a sense of no possibility of security, no possibility of finally stopping and resting on firm, solid, recognizable ground, or sleeping in the comfort a familiar bed can bring. Though Estragon and Vladimir, do no more than wait at a place for someone named Godot to come, they do not even have the peace of mind of knowing they are waiting in the proper place, or that he has not already come, or even that his name is truly "Godot."

In horrible fact, Estragon and Vladimir, though they have, apparently, traveled the world together for some 50 years do never admit that they truly recognize one another or that if they were for a time separated each could identify the other, for certain, as his friend. But they are friends. And they remain friends, even if they must become friends anew each day. Perhaps more happens in *Godot* than at first appears.

Though we are a little surprised at the language to which we respond, as represented by Beckett, do we ever really doubt what seems to be his major premise—that while life is, perhaps, not entirely in vain, it is very nearly so — and who of us would argue *for* some other truth? Toward the end of the play, Vladimir says, "What are we doing here, *that* is the question. And we are blessed in this, that we happen to know the answer. Yes, in this immense

confusion one thing alone is clear. We are waiting for Godot to come—" Estragon says, as he says at every mention of their vigil, "Ah," and Pozzo, a materialistic brute in act one who is now, somehow, whenever the time is, reduced to a blind and helpless hulk, repeats "Help!" and Vladimir, who knows, continues "Or for night to fall."

Though they have kept their appointment and as far as we see will continue to keep it, they have not established anything and do not yet recognize and trust the very ground on which they wait. They consider hanging themselves but do not because success "is not certain." They decide to leave a number of times and at the close of the play, but Beckett asserts "*They do not move.*" Godot has not come, but he has not said he would not come. Vladimir and Estragon wait (in vain?), no, not quite, but nearly.

From this strange drama critics have drawn assorted conclusions, but mostly they have said they like the play, they respect it, and some even love it. Could it not be that the unusual language, the illusive "plot" (really illusive for there just isn't any), and the five figures who appear, are not so strange after all? It could be that we recognize them; it could be that we have been waiting for them!

In all its productions the play has been differently treated but the reactions have been similar. When the New York City production arrived at the John Golden theater last winter, we knew what to expect. But who was not, anyway, surprised? Last summer, in Albany, a group of people much younger than the others who have performed the play, communicated almost exactly what older casts (for whom the play was written) and other tongues (in which it was written) have reproduced. Although it is not he, the play comes closer to being Godot than anything else Beckett has found, and maybe the same could be said for ourselves.

The little fat man with the big cigar rose, and a cloud of smoke followed him over to the telephone. Sitting down, he picked up the phone, started to dial, and then hung up. He looked down at the paper again:

FREE—WATCHDOG to anyone who will give it a good home. Inquire CU 7-5193.

Should he call? Would the dog like him or would it be like all the others? The doctor had agreed; a dog would be just the right companion for a 64-year-old retired bachelor with a big estate. It didn't even HAVE to be a watchdog. He'd tried a Mexican hairless, but it deliberately starved to death. The poodle ran off, and the boxer became so obnoxious that it had to be shot. He'd given them good food, and as much exercise as a three-acre estate could afford, so why didn't things work out? It couldn't be his fault! But even as a boy, he had been nipped by the dogs as he went to pet them. He'd give them big bones, but they'd refuse them. They'd run when he came—but why? He'd never harm them. This dog would be like all the rest. He looked at the paper again. He had to try!

C-U-7-5-1-9-3.

As it rang he looked out over the estate—"Pennington Estates," he called it. The hills and the trees formed that delightfully incongruent picture only nature can paint. A log was floating down the twisting brook so rapidly and erratically, that it seemed to be chasing the rabbit that was also running down-stream, darting from one bank to the other. Surely any dog would . . .

"Hello?"

"Oh, hello!" Is this the man with the dog in this afternoon's paper?"

"No. Hold the line a minute."

The rabbit hopped on the log and rode it a few yards where it hit a rock and set the rabbit scrambling. The man laughed.

Roger Newman

WATCHDOG

He enjoyed watching the antics of the little animals in their native habitat. He'd sit for hours, just watching the rabbits, or the squirrels; but if he could only add a dog to that picture . . .

"Hello! You called about the dog?"

"Yes. Are you the man who put the ad in the paper?"

"That's right. You see, I have to move south with my family, and it just isn't possible for us to keep the dog. Would you like to come down and take a look at him?"

"Why yes! How soon will I be able to come over?"

"The sooner, the better! We're leaving in a few days. Is this afternoon all right?"

"That's fine."

"I'm at 1035 Wedgeworth Street. What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't. It's Wilfred Pennington."

"Ask for John Parker. Do you know how to get here?"

"Yes. I know the place."

"In an hour then, Mr. Pennington."

"Fine! Goodbye."

Yes—he knew the place. The Pennington Realty and Loan Association had foreclosed a mortgage or two there, before its liquidation five years ago. It had foreclosed a lot of mortgages for that matter, but this street he remembered particularly well—crowded three and four story flats, with "yards" behind. The fences between them were closer together than his parents and his sister had been. How could a watchdog be content there? On Pennington Estates there was really something to watch over! Relighting his cigar, he walked into the kitchen and looked up. Three o'clock. What kind of dog could come from a neighborhood like that? Maybe he should call back to break the appointment. No! That

wouldn't be proper. It wouldn't hurt to look. At least he would save the cost of buying one. It probably wouldn't like him though; dogs never did!

The town clock struck four.

"Mr. Parker?"

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Pennington."

"Same here. Where's the dog?"

"The boy's coming down with him now."

The door opened, and a ten year-old boy ran out and jumped five steps to the sidewalk, holding his shabby jacket close to him as he landed. Then the dog came out, surveyed the situation, and duplicated the boys feat with much facility and even more agility. There, he stood fast, as though paralyzed by the rare scent of a well-to-do gentleman. His eyes stood firm on Pennington, and then, as though by reflex, he expanded his chest and showed his every muscle. He was a beautiful dog—strong legs, hard jaw, well preened coat . . . but those eyes—! Strong, and yet he never looked anyone in the eye! He'd make a fine watchdog, thought Pennington as he stooped toward the dog. Keeping his cigar-hand well away, he ran his right hand down the hard, smooth back of the animal, and slapped him gently twice, on the rump. He knew from the moment he first saw him that this dog was different! Throwing the cigar away, he placed his wrist in the dog's mouth, and the dog unerringly closed his sharp white teeth on it, with a purring sound.

"What a beautiful dog! Surely anyone in the neighborhood would be glad to have him. Where did you buy him? He must have a long pedigree—maybe a Dane or something. I'll give you twenty for him!"

"He's yours for free!"

"Twenty-five."

"But Mr. Pennington, I don't . . ."

trip the lock, on command, or do some other little trick Pennington had taught him.

The old man no longer sat by the window watching the rabbits or the squirrels play. He had a new pastime. Even if he'd realized it, he probably wouldn't have minded the fact that his old friends were slowly moving their homesteads to sites on neighboring estates. Their old hideouts were



now being occupied by bones, and balls, and other things the big newcomer wanted to secrete. Occasionally a stray dog or cat would wander near Pennington Estates, but the big watchdog saw to it that nothing disturbed the old man's newly found joy and tranquility.

It was truly a miracle. Pennington had found a dog who didn't cringe when he walked by. He was the most well mannered dog Pennington had ever come across, and he made an excellent watchdog for the estate. Finally, Pennington divulged his greatest secret to the dog. It happened one evening after the dog had locked the gate, and Pennington had pulled down all the shades.

"Here, King! Look what's here!"

(The dog was responding now, to his fitting title.) The two walked over to the fireplace and Pennington picked up the antique cuspidor near the hearth, and inverted it. A cloth bag, hard-packed, fell out with a slight tingling and came to rest on the floor. With a grin wider than a butcher's meat cleaver, Pennington emptied the contents on the floor. Wide-eyed and drooling, the big dog followed his every move. Then Pennington stacked piles of five, twenty-five gold pieces, and piles of ten, fifty, hundred-dollar bills.

"Look here, King: Fifty-five hundred, and it's all mine!"

And with that, he gleefully threw it all into the air and laughed a laugh that would have made the devil himself cringe; but the dog stood fast, his eyes still following the half-crazed Pennington. An hour passed before he tired of playing with his stowed treasure and returned it to its solitude in the cuspidor. Then he ran with the dog up the metal-trimmed stairway to his room and fell on the bed, exhausted. This happened perhaps twice more during the following week, and the dog reacted in the same manner. Anxiously, he'd watch the routine, and after it was all over, he'd follow Pennington upstairs and the two would retire for the night.

One day, toward the latter part of July, Pennington made the decision he'd been stalling ever since he was given the dog. He went over to what was once his favorite chair, and picked up the telephone. He could see King romping majestically about the estate as he dialed.

"Good afternoon! Wembly and Finch."

"This is Wilfred Pennington. Is Henry in?"

"Just a moment, please."

A summer breeze was making the trees play tricks with their reflections on the

stream. A log was floating down, and King was trying to ride it, but he was so big he kept turning it and falling off. Even in this soaked condition, Pennington could spot the royalty in the dog. Shaking himself dry, he started toward the house.

"Will?"

"Hello, Henry. I want to change my will."

"How?"

"I want to leave it all to my dog."

"WHAT??"

"That's right. To my dog!"

"Pennington! Are you out of your mind? What about your niece?"

"She's not my niece; she's my grandniece, and she's married! She doesn't need me or my money."

"This is ridiculous! I'll be over in an hour to talk to you."

"Don't forget the necessary papers, Henry!"

He wouldn't forget them! Henry Finch was as reliable as they come. He'd be able to fix things up, and indeed he did! He argued some, but having known Pennington as long as he did (they had done business together during the days of the Pennington Realty and Loan Association) he had the necessary papers made up in a few days, and left them with Pennington, giving him time to reconsider. Almost knowingly, King had stood by, watching it all, keeping his ears pricked and his chest out, as he had done that first day.

Putting his own copy in a corner of his desk, Pennington placed the other forms in a heavy brown envelope, and then sealed it with wax. When eleven o'clock rolled around, he gave it to the mailman and had it sent out by registered mail. This being

done, he and the dog ran up the steps into the house, and up toward the bedroom. Half the way up, Pennington felt dizzy from the extra-long run, and grasping futilely for the rail, he fell backward, down the staircase. There at the bottom he lay still, blood gushing from his head, which was twisted two-thirds of the way around his body. Then half-consciously he opened his eyes and called out to King.

"The mailman. Get him, King. Get the mailman."

The big dog was looking directly into Pennington's eyes now—staringly.

"The mailman, King. Help me!"

Like lightning the dog turned and darted out the front door toward the gate. A few feet before, he stopped, and stealthily, he advanced to where he could see the mailman walking down the road, no more than a hundred yards away. He glanced to the side, and then back toward the house. With a quick movement he pushed the big gate closed and locked it. Then he flew up into the house again and looked at Pennington. He was still breathing, but the pool of blood was getting deeper and deeper. Then he ran over to the hearth, knocked over the cuspidor, and with his strong, white teeth he pulled out the bag, and still holding it in his mouth, he leaped out a back window, onto the porch. In agony Pennington twisted and tried to wrench his pain-racked head up.

"Somebody . . . Help me!!!"

In an instant the dog had hidden the money in one of his nooks, and was back in the house again, standing not three feet from the dying man. His eyes stood firm on Pennington, and then, as though by reflex, he expanded his chest and showed his every muscle. He was a beautiful dog—strong legs, hard jaw, well-preened coat . . . ! And he'd made a fine watchdog!

Charles Hart Enzer

LETTERS OF A YOUNG
AMERICAN JEW
IN JERUSALEM

On *Shabbat*¹

9/5/55

Dear Folks, *shalom*²:

As you can imagine, we are really most busy and when we have one day free, it becomes in truth a day for rest. *Shabbat* here is beautiful. Beginning late Friday afternoon, I can sense the last minute prepara-

tions being completed as the people hurry in the street. And as the sun leaves the sky with rich hues of orange and red, as the men and their sons—all dressed in their finest—scurry toward the *B'tey HaKnesset*³, I realize that all this movement has brought me to the entrance of Queen *Shabbat*.

On *Shabbat*, I have been going to a different *Beit HaKnesset* in order to acquaint myself more fully with the different and varied *nusabim*⁴ that are in Jerusalem. I have visited the Yemenites where each knows the entire service by heart; where each sits with his shoes off and chants in a monotonous high pitch—all much like their Arab neighbors. The Italians have the most group singing; each voice adding a delicate flavor to the harmony of the whole. I have seen the Polish Jew with his fervor and striving for complete mystical communication through each syllable; they sway and chant, each for and to himself; but even the harsh dissonance blends and gives a rhythm and unity to the whole.

Trip to Galilee

10/4/55

Folks, *shalom*:

I have just spent some wonderful times on the quiet and strange Sea of Galilee, in the Kabbalist town of Safad, in the working man's town of Haifa, in the Christian-Arab city of Nazareth. We left early last Monday morning at seven and came back in time for *Shabbat*. The land is eroded, rocky, wasted, dry. But the people sweat and work and fight and die; and then the land flourishes: A miracle of the valley of the bones coming to life.

1—Hebrew word for Sabbath.

2—Hebrew word which means inner harmony, integration, peace; it is used both as a greeting and a farewell.

3—Hebrew term meaning house of assembly; hence a synagogue.

4—Hebrew term meaning the minute differences in Jewish liturgy.

Nassar in early October
10/14/55

Folks, *shalom*:

It seems that Col. Nassar is pressing the old slogan of "World conspiracy of Jewry." I hope the people in the U.S.A. get incensed enough to do something about this gentleman who only last night stated that he saw "not a single point" on which the Arab world and Israel could agree, and thus it would be futile for them to get together for any peace talks.

To a friend

11/15/55

My Friend, *shalom*:

I have been sweating with the language; you remember what my language aptitude is. These last few weeks I have been studying Hebrew in classes for eight to nine hours a day, six days a week in a determined effort to master it. And I have made considerable progress. I can in fact, think, speak, and communicate more than I could ever hope to in my German. On the street I find little difficulty; in the living room I can express almost all of what I feel — though in simple language, and others must speak slowly and be prepared with synonyms; in the more subtle sides of life the language is international. The radio and the newspaper are yet to be mastered, but I do gather the general content. As you see, most of my training here has concentrated on the spoken language instead of the written one.

Classes begin at the University tomorrow, and I am taking 23 credit hours per week. I am loading myself down, and next semester hope to increase the load to 30 hours

if my Hebrew improves: I may never get this opportunity again. My list includes: Hebrew—formal study of the language, Bible, Introduction to the Bible, Literature of the Mishnah and Talmud, Modern Hebrew Literature, Geography and Archaeology of Israel, Jewish History, The Modern Middle East, Contemporary Jewish Problems—especially arranged for our group from America to be given by some of the outstanding experts and personalities in government, and philosophy.

I am living in a tin and paper barracks with some of the Israeli students, for I could find no Israeli student to live with in town. The students here are almost entirely on their own for everything. Eating and sleeping is subsidized for 200 students by the government which has allowed the use of these old army barracks. The cost of room is \$3 a month; unfortunately, the other few thousand students have to find rooms in town. The average age of the entering freshman is 20, for he has already served two and a half years in the army—only two if female. He usually marries before he gets his AB and quite a few have families in a short time—because they want them. Most students work during their free time, though they take between 30 and 40 credit hours.

Life here is very serious and real. The political situation is most difficult to assess since I have only been here a few months and surely am not a military expert. But there is a Hot War, a real war, or whatever it is called when people suffer and live in tension and are shot. The diplomatic war has been combated up to now; but I really do not understand what is going on in Geneva. The economic war includes a blacklist of those firms who employ Jews or who deal with Israel; also there is a land, sea, and air blockade of Israel. Anyone or any ship or airplane that is headed for Israel or has been here is denied entrance to the

Arab countries. Already a few ships have been confiscated and a crew jailed by the Egyptians. And of the bullet war? Mines are laid inside the border, busses are attacked and houses destroyed. It is not very pleasant. I just returned from a trip South with my group—the twenty of us in a bus with a security car accompanying us. Also we carried 1 pistol, 5 rifles, 1 machine-gun, 2 cases of ammunition. It is not exactly like touring in the USA.

But the people have a hell of a lot of guts and the will to make Israel live and breathe and flourish; I see it all around. Young people after the university are settling down to agriculture on the border and raising their families there and reclaiming the land and fighting the invaders. There is only one way to defend Israel's borders: people must live on them.

And, my friend, you should see the land. Wasted and ravished by thousands of years of neglect, the land is overflowing with rock and dust. But they pick the rocks out by hand and clean and caress the beloved earth. And they bring water from hundreds of miles away, and then the desert starts to flourish: a miracle to behold.⁵ Oh, the Arabs blow up the pipe line with the precious water; but we rebuild it and there is a spirit among us that will never die.

*Hanukka*⁶

12/11/55

My dear friends in the USA, *shalom*:

You have asked me what is the situation here. Do you not read the newspapers, have I not described it? Your intuition should tell you. It is bad. The Arabs have deter-

mined to crush us. Last night the Arab radio was even more belligerent than it has been in a long time: they call all Muslims to join in the struggle to drown all the Jews in the Mediterranean. They have committed 23 violations of the truce in the last 11 days in Gaza. If only we could get the necessary tools to fight with; or better, put a stop to the Western and Eastern shipments of arms to the enemy. And this is just what the Arabs are: the enemy. When someone hates your guts, your very Being, then he is your Enemy.

It is very obvious that both the USA and the USSR are playing cold-blooded, power politics; and considerations other than Power are really not to be found—they are checked on the hat rack outside the conference room. Russia voted for Israel in the UN in 1947, not for love, but rather because it was against England. The USA has not put a firm hand on the Arabs for the same philosophical reasons that she does support France. Now, if it were good politics to support Israel, affairs would be much different. There is something that we Jews must never forget: our attitude to the vicissitudes of world politics. You know the story of the two Jews upon hearing of the death of Napoleon; one says to the other: *Iss das gut fur der Y'hudim?*

And to be very practical, the only way we can survive is to find support from within. Today, the second day of *Hanukka*, the old cry of Mattathias vibrates within the people here: Whosoever is zealous of Torah⁷ and maintaineth the covenant, let him follow me.

5—CF. Isaiah 35.

6—Eight Day Winter festival celebrating the time the Maccabees freed the land and the Temple from the Syrians about 150 B.C.E.

7—Hebrew term applied to the five books of Moses meaning Divine Instruction; hence the totality of learning and wisdom that the Jew has produced.

5—CF. Isaiah 35.

Hanukka here is very bleak; most of the people are foregoing parties and giving money to the arms-fund. After 2,000 years we have arrived and shall not be moved. We may die, but our corpses will fall not as the 6 million humbled in Germany but, defending Our Land. There is a difference.

Reassurance to parents

12/15/55

Dear Folks, *shalom*:

I know that you are disturbed and anxious for my well-being. It is significant that during the middle of *Hanukka* I should write about the safety of living in Israel. You know that there was another mother in the time of the Maccabbean revolt. Her name was Hannah. She had seven wonderful sons whom she had to watch butchered and tortured to death, for their refusal to profane God and *Torah* and Israel—the triunitary being of the Jew. Yes, she beheld, and she urged them on; even the youngest, she told to stand firm and not to touch the pork and to sanctify God's name.⁸ And this is what Jewish mothers and fathers have had to do throughout our history. It is a peculiar history, is it not?

You all knew that these were no Elysian Fields before I left the USA. Our friend—the Zionist next door—was not kidding when he said that the farmers go out with hoe in one hand and a rifle in the other⁹; so, that which is happening here is no surprise. What is the surprise, to you my beloved father and mother? Suddenly this is all horribly personal; this is real. I am here, and this makes all the difference.

But what of the parents who have sent their daughters and sons¹⁰ these many years. What of the cream of Israeli youth that was killed in the War of Independence? These men and women had folks, too; their deaths should not be vain ones. Perhaps, instead of thinking of getting me to leave here, you should be thinking of sending my brothers here. I don't know. But for me, I have to be here. And when the year is up, as I told you before I left, the departure will be difficult.

This country needs young people: young men and young women who are willing to live in constant danger and threat; and yet be willing to bring up their families under these conditions. And they are doing it.

On the border today there are many settlements¹¹; for one reason, and only one are they there: it is impossible to have an army patrol every kilometer of the frontier; there must be settlements. Because of these young people, we have an Israel.

Where are the borders today? Everyplace where there was a settlement when the Arab countries attacked after the UN resolution of November 29, 1947. Here we could hold out, here we could defend; and today it is ours. No, these people are living for certain Ideals. Certain Beliefs which I, too, subscribe to. Can I let them down and just walk out of the country? I must stay here—this year—and study and get Israeli dirt and hope and dreams into my blood. But this year shall not be the end. I know that I must return and give to the land.

10—Both men and women are members of the Israeli Defense Army; and similarly, both sexes served in the underground that became the Israeli Defense Forces at the creation of the State in May, 1948.

11—These settlements are called *kibbutzim* which means collectives; life here is run on a communal basis with each doing what he wants to promote the welfare of the group, and the group meeting the needs of each member.

8—A Hebraic expression whose English equivalent—though not exactly—is martyrdom.

9—CF. Nehemiah 4:12.

Richard Lewis, Jr.

CANDIDATE MURPHY: PORTRAIT BEFORE ELECTION

... an IDOL profile

Within the boundaries of Schenectady and Schoharie counties, in the large city and the small village, the suburb and the housing development, in ranch-style houses and homestead farm-houses, live approximately 180,000 people. These are the people who constitute the 38th Senatorial District. On November 6, many thousands of them will cast ballots for the candidates running for several public offices, both national and local.

Of these voters, should you ask them, very few would know that they lived in the 38th district of New York State. Many more would not know who represents them in the national and state legislatures. Many more than these will not know who the candidates for these offices are this year until they step into the voting booths. But almost anyone you ask could tell you that the 38th district has gone Republican for as long as they can remember, and if the truth were known, they are probably going to vote Republican again this year.

And this has been the story of the Mohawk and Schoharie areas. No one really knows why, but everyone seems to vote Republican. Farther north, in the lower reaches of the Adirondacks; in Fulton, Montgomery, and Hamilton counties, where Repub-

licanism is even more deeply seated, the businessman might mumble something about a protective tariff and foreign imports, but generally no more positive justification is given for the condition than, "We're always been Republican, and we're doing okay."

Theoretically, of course, both parties are represented in the district; in fact there are rows on the ballot for the Democratic, Republican, and Liberal parties. In several elections in the past, Democrats have surprisingly won seats on the City Council of Schenectady. In the county, district, and state elections, however, the Republican Party has consistently managed to sweep the boards. With the exception of some smaller, local elections the name of the candidate has mattered very little. It didn't matter who the person running for office was or, for that matter, what his policies were. The average voter was interested only in the party, and the party happened to be Republican.



CANDIDATE MURPHY AND MAYOR STRATTON

This is the 38th district, and this is what the minority party faces every election year. An interesting case in point was the 1948 Congressional race in what was then the

31st district. The Democrats were weak and disorganized after a previous defeat. They looked around for a man to run against veteran politician "Pat" Kearney, and they came up with Union College Professor Bill Murphy.

Murphy was new to the district, having been here only since '46; however, he had been active in several civic organizations, which had been set up after the war to combat Communist-instigated labor strife, and had a recognizable name. Everyone realized that the chances of victory were very slim, and Murphy was an unknown. But the Democrats got out and campaigned. Murphy, with Sam Stratton as his campaign manager, canvassed the five counties (comprising a 60 by 130 mile district) trying to crack the "grandfather" vote. "Kearney didn't campaign," Murphy says recounting the ordeal, "he didn't have to. He didn't even mention my name!" The outcome — Murphy polled 59,000 votes to Kearney's 78,000 with the balance going to the American Labor Party — a defeat, and a convincing defeat, but a relative victory for the Democrats. For out of this election, they had succeeded in placing a name, and a policy, before the eyes of the voters. Murphy had been a martyr; he had accomplished his purpose, and there was always next time.

Another attempt by the Democratic Party to "breed out" this seemingly inborn Republicanism occurred last year in the Schenectady mayoralty campaign. By staging a campaign the likes of which this conservative city had never before beheld, Stratton managed to eke out a victory over his Republican opponent, who was actually forced into campaigning. This was a very small gain, but it gave the Party something upon which to build in the future. After every election, the Democrats had come out stronger, and now we come to Election Day, 1956, and we find that Bill Murphy is again running, this time for State Senator from the 38th district.

Physically, Bill Murphy is of medium height, and solidly built. His sandy, brush-cut hair points in no one particular direction. People who have met him will say their immediate impression is of a man with tremendous energy, and everything he does is done with quick decisiveness. He is always in a hurry, and always has more places to hurry to than he can possibly reach. He is a professor of English and a Democrat, and rather than one having precedence over the other, the two roles seem to combine uniquely into what is Murphy. He is a married man and supports a family on an English professor's salary, and "... couldn't even afford to run, if the capitol wasn't in Albany..." Running for a public office is very much a family affair. When he was approached, Murphy's first answer had to be, "Well, I'll have to talk it over with the wife." Mrs. Murphy, remembering the 1948 campaign, at first hesitated, for campaigning not only consumes much of the family time, but also much of the family budget. A local candidate receives very little support from the national headquarters and is very much dependent upon local contributions. But now, any Thursday night, the entire Murphy family might be seen on State Street, banners in hand, busily meeting people and handing out pamphlets. And basically, this summarizes his campaign. He's out to meet the people. His little gray Austin leaves Bailey Hall as soon after his last class as possible and heads for the next village or speaking engagement. He knocks on doors, stops people on the street and talks to them, appears on as many television programs as he can afford, writes his own stories for the newspapers, and in general attempts to get his face and name in the limelight. This is the only way he can win, and no one knows it better than he.

That's Bill Murphy. And will he win? We'll know very soon, but at least we can say that, for the first time, he has a chance!

Fred S. Frank

P A W N ' S W A Y

To Gargoyle, the afterlife was one massive and infinite mattress, death, the Madam of a great brothel in the sky and life a tedious chess contest played against some disgusting and clever opponent on alternate squares of hate and discomfort. He imagined himself a pawn—an agent of low and meager motions in the service of an all-determining and phlegmatic pipe-smoker. These thoughts and others entertained Gargoyle as he spat a yellow slime into torpid currents of the river—the river, that huge and indomitable organism of mucus and heart fluid slinking eternally beneath a spongy bridge. Moments before, Gargoyle had cast up some horrid mixture of Bourbon and bacon, evidence of some futile effort toward bodily nourishment several hours previous in Gargoyle's strained existence.

And now this foul and rejected concoction of his gurgled in a stagnant mass on the surface of the Styx until unseen underpressures swallowed it with avid, nearly human deliberation. Gargoyle weased . . . an involuntary prelude to the self-addressed comment he now made:

"Next time the puke comes, buddy, hold off til Old Man Charon floats his damned, stinking barge under".

"Where the stomach won't retain nourishment the spirit will. Just see me, Gargoyle." A muffled rustling amongst the fens announced the approach of that much discussed and not seldom despised philanthrope and idealist, Tarantula. Tarantula's sugar-coated theories and bombastic tirades, his glib and urbane jargon had never ceased to interest and even fascinate Gargoyle. For private amusement, he liked to think of this great hairball of a man as "friend" in a clandestine sort of fashion, though never openly expressing this attraction, since Bargain-man had long ago nullified such relationships in open council. Gargoyle ceased to puke and muttered a not unwelcome salutation.

"If you're on your way to hell, you've missed the boat."

"Not today, Garg. I row night shift this week, giving me an opportunity for forbidden cultural pursuits. Like for instance—I've been pouring through ancient manuscripts—Kafka, Dickens, Eliot, Maugham, Whitehead and others. Then I circulate about the countryside displaying my recently acquired wisdom and unswerving optimism, which comes in my opinion, from the golden ages past. It's so damned Christianlike—but I do this stuff only on my free days. Bargain-man would force a spike through my head for such conduct on the boat. He now knows me as an agitator and I've been placed on the Council's list of benevolent intellectuals—a sorry place, a sorry place."

"Christian—what's that?" In his nervous

convulsions, Gargoyle had now opened an aged blue pimple on his thigh. A globule of green juice scampered down his foreleg and deposited itself at the feet of Gargoyle's partner in conversation.

"Are you becoming diseased and sick these days?", murmured Tarantula with a note of derision so concealed that it went undetected.

"I puke a lot. What's Christian?", Gargoyle persisted.

"Oh, it was a pretty popular fad some years back. Men met, mumbled, mitigated, discussed benevolent deeds and wound up some sessions with proclamations for the enactment of the permanent good. At stages, some guys separated themselves from the others after having experienced perfectly magnificent and spasmodic moments of mystical insight into the nature of all things. These special boys finally reached the point where they were granted with the wonderful ability to interpret the good designs of the indwelling spirit." Tarantula halted his historical explanation to whisk away a troublesome eyelash. He blew his nose and continued after another interruption from Gargoyle.

"What in tarnation is an indwelling spirit?"

"Oh, a creature resembling somewhat, I suppose, the Bargain-man, though considerably less definite, weaker and less capable of concrete decision. His later devotees deserted him for a more secular brand of leadership and increased material gain soon after they recognized his doctrines and plans as rather tenuous and inconvenient. They preserved the titles, structural hierarchy and ritual of the old organization, however, not wishing to be delayed in the creation of new forms. This spirit I spoke of had one kid—an accomplished salesman and serene organizer."

"What happened to him"?

"Wise provosts labeled him a thorn in the side of humanity and had him done-in in somewhat nasty fashion too. We live better nowadays anyhow. Say Garg—do you recall me mentioning that club that I belong to over in the fire swamps—IOOF. (Ignoble Order of Ogres and Fanatics.) Well, that's the reason I came down here today." Gargoyle squirmed and advanced a question.

"What would be my connection to this club?"

"Membership. We want to take you in, boy. None of your close relatives are of a philosophic breed, are they? How about joining up. You get a badge, a ritual, a robe, all the Bourbon that you can consume at one sitting and your own private prostitute should you be elected to an officer's chair. No difficulty to initiation. All that you must do is to allow a member who knows your character declare publicly that you are not a deep thinker. Then in a most holy, holy ceremony, the Bargain-man sends one of his boys over to defeat you in a chess game. The instant that you lose, it's all over".

"Gargoyle twitched and Tarantula immediately perceived that his sketchy description had launched some long dormant mental process in an object nearly immune to such activity. This feeling was certainly not recent, but its primary effects were occult and invigorating. An actual pattern of constructive thought had been summoned from its lengthy exile of suppression. What before had been totally obsolete, now came into strange and momentary usage. These sudden psychic flashes prickled him and soon he knew he would go, would join, would voluntarily lose.

"Shall we to the meeting site, lad?" urged his hairy companion. Gargoyle stumbled after Tarantula without retort.

Had he really been so ludicrous as to conceive of a magnificent brothel in the sky? Why, his heaven occupied his own sphere and now spread itself before the two arrivals in one immense panorama of delight, revelry and confusion. Cushioned and quilted main floors—symetrically located pools of stale and acrid Bourbon, fog—much fog that seemed to unify this spectacle of pleasure—could it possibly be?

"New initiates are called hedonists. Those of longer standing earn the title of Exalted Ignorants," Tarantula was whispering into Gargoyle's ragged ear, "so prepare to meet your competitor at the chessboard. I remind you, however, that to win, you must lose. Meanwhile, I shall announce you as another non-thinker." He was gone.

Gargoyle now crouched in visible dismay before the squared-off playing area. Shortly, he would be a participator in these sundry acts—would mingle with the rest of the scene and throw off this incubus of tortured spectator, the haunter of his life until now. A simple sacrifice of a mental commodity which he no longer needed anyhow—a concession made to a superior opponent and a relinquishment which precluded a wealthy return. Gargoyle hoped that death would not disturb him for a few minutes. Who the Bargain-man sent to win his chess game seemed inconsequential. Later, however, in the conclusive stages of the contest, Gargoyle did glance up from the board to survey the other contestant. Bacchus leered at him through mists—bloated, jubilant, slimy, frothing, the Bargain-man's representative carried on with calculated disconcert more anxious for the debacle that would fete his victory.

"To concede to such a dupe—will this not bring me dishonor?", Gargoyle considered at one point after Bacchus had committed a faulty move and Gargoyle had denied himself the opportunity for swift tri-

umph. Tarantula's attractions returned in hazy review and soon exerted their overpowering influence. Play terminated with Bacchus gleefully rehearsing a state of alcoholic frivolity and with Gargoyle mildly convivial in his defeat.

Pleasure, Bourbon, pin, ritual—he had received them in that order. Pleasure and Bourbon all night, ritual and pin at the portals of the clubhouse as he made a wheezing and drunken departure. Gargoyle's viscera mumbled signs of a violent insurrection to come later. Gargoyle's eyes, bulging and uncontrollable, deceived the course of his sluggish frame. He fell several times, but continued to creep forward through the muck toward the distant refuge of the spongy bridge. Gargoyle's mind assumed the proportions of a wrung mop. He was as unphilosophical as a chewed cigar and one animal incentive goaded him on. In his efforts, he had dropped the ritual in a pool of swill and watched it disappear beneath the thick ooze with a concert of mixed reaction. The pin was still clutched in Gargoyle's scorched palm by the time he reached the bridge. As he mounted the rotten boardwalk, one physical impulse took charge and he threw himself to the mossy railing.

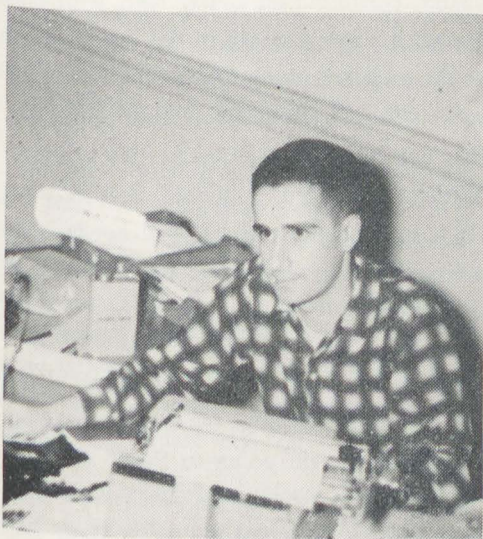
There, Gargoyle spewed forth in one loathsome mass all of his consummate rewards. With the vomit went the tiny pin. He had not intended to drop this symbol and some measure of bestial regret accompanied the tiny gold object on its brief flight to destruction. But here, Gargoyle's nausea returned in force and protracted agony and he faced the business at hand—that of purging his body of the nights exercises and over-consumptions. There on the bridge, he puked and gagged away the dismal horus, the periodic flow of yellow refuse from this figure's mouth bearing a grimly amusing resemblance to a leakage of hydraulic fluid from some dumb and ancient machine of the air.

Jerrold Hirschen

CONCORDIENSIS EDITOR LANGHOLZ

... an IDOL profile

After a time you can't help associating him with the office. The four high walls in the not quite rectangular room capped with a newly acquired acoustical ceiling. Ed seems to be a part of it by now — an open collar,



EDITOR LANGHOLZ

the tired face, and energy, coming from you know not where. He's yet to settle at a given spot around the horseshoe copy table and he's been here over three years.

Perhaps he's got the toughest student job on campus. Certainly it's the most time consuming. Accompany him on the lonely walk to the printers early some Thursday or Friday A. M. and see what you think. Watch him try to meet a copy deadline of an evening when he has an hour test on the morrow. He remains calm throughout — that's the biggest wonder of it all.

The *Concordy* professes to be a somewhat ancient institution at a school that revels in anything ancient. It may be the thirteenth or fourteenth oldest college newspaper in the country but that doesn't really matter. Here, now, Ed is in charge—alone as have been his predecessors. Watch the subordinates slowly drift out as the evening wears on and the pressure builds up, the technical chores still to be completed and inches of copy lacking here and there. The resigned nod the editor gives as they leave, it's all part of the picture.

Ed has been a good editor — week after week he turns out a consistently interesting newspaper. Sure the paper hasn't been perfect, but he can't be everywhere at once. He's given up a lot to get where he is — a high scholastic ranking in his class, fraternity office, the Student Council and more.

He does it because he enjoys it. He's experienced the solid sense of accomplishment that comes from watching your handiwork piece together and emerge as a unity on Friday afternoon. It's a hard job to give up.

At football games he goes out and tries to get you to cheer. If we're winning there's some response, otherwise it's like a basketball game. Ed belongs to Delta Chi and is a Division III major. He's not sure what he'll do when he gets out in June but then how many of us are?

If you don't know him already, drop by the office some evening and take care of that. We don't have too many of his kind at Union, unfortunately.

Joel Plattner

FANTASY

I am sitting here, working against the inexorable onward rush of time, and I have to pause. Why am I doing this? Everything will soon be obliterated by the omnipotent waters, and I, along with all that is or was an expression of me shall be washed away. That is the way They have worked it out. So why am I struggling against the certainty that nothing will be left?

The water has started to rise. It is coming in slowly, no doubt to emphasize the loneliness of the situation. This being alone, this knowledge of futility, of having exhausted all avenues of possible escape, is slowly entering my consciousness, my revulsion. No doubt They have foreseen and planned that also. Retribution. Yes, everything is planned, evil and conscious, good and subconscious, everything, in the way of matter, is laid out on a large map, with pins placed at various stages in the development of the program. I am a small pin, and even yet, my head is larger and more important than my body, as it designates my position. Without my head, I should not be seen. And, soon under water, I shall not be seen even with a head, colored red or black as it may be.

The water is up to my ankles now. I can feel it gently swirling, twisting, massaging. I feel sick. I am going to throw up. But then it shall remain in the water and I shall drown in my own vomit. No, I must preserve even a semblance of civilization at my death. What for? No one can see, and no one will ever know, will they? Possibly, though, They are watching. I have to show Them that even death does not frighten me.

I, a person, can think and translate my thoughts even at the moment and arrival of sure and positive expiration. Intellectuality can retain control over the base emotions of the body.

This room, it's horrible. They have had it papered with copies of all of my works, and now, as the water rises, the print is disappearing and the paper crumbling. Planned, planned by Them, those fiends who brought me here. A table, a typewriter, some paper and a chair; they compose my bier. Fitting, eh? All my life this is what I have wanted, to be able to think and write in peace and solitude, and now They, those kind and thoughtful fulfillers of wishes, have satisfied my only desire. I am to die, thinking and writing in solitude, enforced solitude. No one can disturb me, except Yama.

Oh, I wish that I might have had time to love, to love selflessly, and possibly find my Savriti; she is the only salvation possible in a world such as this. But no, again intellectuality has conquered the emotions, and I have denied love, except as it has pertained to life and literature and thought.

But now, nothing is left, except to watch and feel the inundating water. My shoes and socks are soaked, so I'll take them off. Ah, that is better, bare feet in slowly moving water. Sensuality in its most primitive form equals intellectuality. Essence precedes and precludes existence. Existentialism equals and improves upon nausea and revulsion and disgust and fear.

But was Heidegger more correct than Sartre in maintaining that revulsion before death has more meaning and precedence than revulsion before other people? Sartre intimated that *life is more in existence than death*, and that therefore we shudder more before the stares of our contemporaries than before the stare of death.

No, Sartre, a near-genius, was more correct than Heidegger. And, if we can accept the idea of a god, then we must rearrange our guiding principles yet again, and, following Kierkegaard, indulge in a holy awe and disgust. But then, to admit the existence of god is to lose the essence of the idea.

I'm almost sitting in the water now. It is up to the seat of my chair, and lapping greedily at my behind. I think that I'll undress, and leave this world with no more than I came into it, as is only fitting. No man can detract from the sum total of the possessions of society, whether in a material or in an idealistic manner. Each person has to contribute something, and then leave it when he departs.

This contribution, of necessity, must be in the realm of ideas. Physical things are already in existence when we are born, and all new creations come from combinations of existing things.

No, no, I am wrong. Man cannot bring anything new into the world. Everything here, basically, in essence, before we come upon the stage, and all that man can do is to recombine existing combinations, and rearrange former relationships. He cannot, although he imagines that he does, bring a new, absolutely unknown and unthought of idea or physical creation into the world.

True, *life is more in existence than death*, but death is infinitely more real in essence. Death is life. Life contains death in essence. The process of living, as optimists may call it, is in reality a slow process of decay and death, culminating in expiration.

And so, in dying, I am merely accepting reality.

Now, already, I am dead.

BOOKS AT UNION COLLEGE

AS IT LOOKED FROM THE NORTH

THIS HALLOWED GROUND: THE STORY OF THE UNION SIDE OF THE CIVIL WAR

Bruce Catton

Main Stream of America Series.

Garden City: Doubleday & Co., 1956

437 pp. \$5.95

It is hardly news to announce the fact that the Honorary Chancellor of Union College for 1956-57 has "done it again," written another first-rate history of the Civil War, or even that it is the Book-of-the-Month for November and a promising candidate for a second Pulitzer Prize.

By this time, almost everyone who can read is aware of the fact that Bruce Catton is in the enviable position of the man most likely to celebrate the approaching centennial years (1961-65) by an all-embracing multi-volume Civil War history now in preparation. Meanwhile you might say that he has been warming up for the great task by writing a superb trilogy about the Army of the Potomac, of which this present volume is an extension. Happily the critics are agreed that he is getting better and better with each succeeding book. In this one, certainly, he is approaching top (or mid-season) form.

As the title indicates, he has frankly undertaken to tell one side of a two-sided story, of which Clifford Dowdey's *The Land They Fought For* recounts the Confederate

side. Ideally speaking, every reader of one of these books ought to be required by law to read the other. But there is, alas, no way to insure that they will; and there lies the danger of the one-sided account. Yet there are great advantages for the artist and dramatist of history, which Catton assuredly is, in the tenacious adoption of a "point of view"—in this instance the point of view of the land soldiers (mainly) in Mr. Lincoln's armies all the weary, bloody way from Fort Sumter to Appomattox.

The author is primarily a military historian with a fine, sure command of both strategy and tactics. He makes exceptionally clear the genesis and workings of the "Anaconda Plan" which eventually won the war: a "giant constrictor tightening a deadly inexorable grip about the seceding states" which called for "sealing off the coast; striking down the Mississippi, destroying secession state by state from the West toward the east," while using the unhappy Army of the Potomac, battered and bruised by the worst of the apparently fruitless fighting, to hold the front before Washington.

But what raises this book far above the level of most military histories in the eyes of the general reader is Catton's humane concern for the men in blue who did the fighting and the waiting, and his skill in conveying the ups and downs of their morale. In the midst of campaigns, we are enlightened and entertained by all sorts of homely and deft touches. Did you know, for example, that "Dixie" was not originally a Southern war song, but "piped many a Northern regiment off to war;" or that "Taps" got its name from the "Lights out" signal first given by single drumbeats rather than a bugle?

Much attention is also paid to the leaders of the armies, so many of them wretched amateurs who had to learn war at the expense of the men they commanded. Among the professionals, there was Union's Henry Wager Halleck (Class of 1837), "known to the regulars as 'Old Brains,' a solemn, rumbling-portentous pedant in uniform, who . . . took into high command a much better reputation than he was finally able to take out of it."

Union can well be proud of this latest achievement by its Honorary Chancellor, and should look forward eagerly to his promised visit later in the year.

Harold A. Larrabee

CULTIVATING CHRISTMASTIME

THE CULTIVATION OF CHRISTMAS TREES

T. S. Eliot

Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, \$1.25

There are several attitudes towards T. S. Eliot, some of which we may disregard: the offended, the bored, the patiently confused, and the analytical (the books being open till midnight) and the footnotes filling a page. But it is a must to remember every nuance of a line which lifted simple words (if pretentious implications) from the page and without our knowing why made us enjoy them.

The Cultivation of Christmas Trees is Mr. Eliot's newest "book" and a new poem. The 34 line poem and superb illustrations by Enrico Arno share the little edition's ten printed pages. And though the union is a brief one, it is happy indeed. For both the poem and the art work are enormously appealing and, of course, full professionally executed.

That my opening paragraph not be accused of originality (or worse) let me quote

the first few lines of the poem—so marvelously, even sentimentally, Eliot:

There are several attitudes towards Christmas,
Some of which we may disregard:
The social, the torpid, the patently commercial,
The rowdy (the pubs being open till midnight)

When I first tried to take line from the poem, I picked a "minimum" of 15, nearly half the book, and too many. And that's the way with anything Eliot writes, even when it is obviously "patently commercial"—but so boldly and beautifully that it cannot be condemned. It is "just" a gift book, but it's a fine one.

Edward Cloos, Jr.

New Books

A listing, as space permits of new and especially interesting soft cover editions.

Through *An Essay on Man*, many have come to know Ernst Cassirer, the late German philosopher and lecturer at Columbia University. There have been a number of new softcover translations from his works of late.

Ernst Cassirer

An Essay on Man: An Introduction to a Philosophy of Human Culture, Anchor \$.75

The Myth of the State, Anchor \$1.25

Language and Myth, Dover \$1.25

Substance and Function and Einstein's Theory of Relativity, Dover \$1.95

A number of especially interesting titles don't fall into a ready classification, including:

A Gathering of Fugitives.—Short critiques by Lionel Trilling, Beacon Press \$1.45

Attack Upon "Christendom" — Kierkegaard, Beacon Press \$1.45

A Literary Chronicle: 1920-50—Edmund Wilson, a selection of his distinguished critiques and portraiture including T. S. Eliot, Jane Austen, and Franz Kafka among them. Anchor \$1.25

Sports at Union College

Jerrold Hirschen

Mean Old Jonathan Is Avenged!

Way back in the 1750's, a mean old Massachusetts land-grabber set his sights on mean old Jonathan Edwards and therein was born a feud that saw its annual renewal Saturday afternoon on Alexander Field. The tale behind it, which follows, is one in which the daddies do all the dirty work and the sons are included to stretch a literary point.

It seems that when mean old Jonathan was ousted from his Northampton parish for preaching things that the people didn't want to hear, he set out for the frontier village of Stockbridge, bringing an innocent little lad of some six years with him. Now the innocent little lad's name was also Jonathan Edwards and his mean old daddy was bringing him into Injun country, real wilderness round about Pittsfield.

Getting back to the mean old Massachusetts land-grabber, we find that he's a fellow named Ephraim Williams, a greedy chap whose family was trying to buy up as much of Western Massachusetts as they could get

their hands on. So as not to picture old Eph in the wrong light, let's clarify things here and now by stating that he wasn't above stealing. Anyway, the mean old Massachusetts land-grabber also had a son and his name was also Ephraim Williams.

In those days, little Ephraim wasn't as little as little Jonathan, and he gave all sorts of indications that he might develop into a grafter worthy of the family tradition. To get him off the scene for the moment, we'll say that he had already plugged his share of Injuns and was off somewhere trying to get his first Frenchie.

The history books relate the founding of Stockbridge as a mission to the Injuns, and that's why mean old Jonathan went up there, but the Williams boys didn't go for this education stuff. Heck, when your family has a flourishing little racket running in the neighborhood, you don't want to see a has-been preacher gum up the works. The Williams boys huffed and they puffed and they even got soused on lime juice punch, all the

while giving mean old Jonathan, who by now is quite obviously the hero of our tale, a mighty rough time.

Perhaps too many little Injuns got in the way of little Eph or perhaps mean old Eph added a wee bit too much of something to the firewater he was pushing at the trading post, but pretty soon there were some pretty mean Injuns around Stockbridge. Now when some pretty mean Injuns light a few fires, mean old Jonathan has the goods on the Williams boys.

Exit mean man old Eph! The history books don't tell what happened to him. He just exits. Meanwhile, little Eph who will henceforth be called mean little Eph, is still



hunting for his first Frenchie. He's a real soldier boy now in the Frenchie and Injun War and he's kind of afraid that all the money his family crooked over the years will fall into the wrong hands if a Frenchie or an Injun gets him. Over some lime juice punch he writes a will!

Morning comes, but the lime juice punch was awfully good and mean little Eph sleeps. Morning comes, but the lime juice punch was awfully good and mean little Eph doesn't send out scouts. Morning passes, and the lime juice punch is awfully good, and mean little Eph walks into an ambush. Mean little Eph is no more!

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Having eliminated one mean little Eph and one mean old Eph, and having allowed one mean old Jonathan to triumph, we've still got to take care of one innocent little lad of some six years. Innocent little lads of six years, given the proper upbringing, can develop into mean old Jonathans, and where would a mean old Jonathan be more at home than as President of Union College?

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