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THE BLUNDERER

With one hand Gibanee knuckled the sleep out of one eye, then the other. He blinked once, twice, opened his eyes wide the third time until they drew the ceiling into focus and finally let the lids close, but limply. Under his shut lids he saw a blur of red. Gradually the red turned to blue. Then polkadots appeared in the blue. Then one of the polkadots expanded and changed form and at last became the face of Rita. Gibanee felt a little saliva leave his ducts and trickle over his molars. He swallowed, turned on his side and squeezed the pillow against his chest in a brief extasy that filled his legs and groin with an unbearable pleasure. He relaxed again. Suddenly he brought his hand to his mouth and coughed into it -- two throaty barks that left phlegm tingling in his chest. He raised himself on one elbow and tried to cough up the phlegm. After a few tries his throat began to irritate him. He got out of bed.

The hands of the square clock indicated six like semaphores. Gibanee shook it incredulously before he realized that it was evening, not morning, and that he had gone to sleep several hours before because of a headache. He sat down on the bed again, relieved, spermy, devoid of strength in his arms. From a pack by his bed he took a cigarette and lighted it. He sucked the smoke in, and then reached under the bed for his socks and shoes. While he was lacing his shoe, the cigarette smoke slithered upward into his eyes, smarting them, and he tilted his head to one side as he had seen his father do hwen he wanted to tie his collar without removing the cigarette from his mouth. The action left Gibanee feeling like a professional. He stood up smartly and marched across the hall to the bathroom, the cleats on his heels snapping on the bathroom floor.

After shaving it took him only a few moments to put on his shirt and pants. He stooped down to the level of the dresser mirror to knot his tie. His face looked back at him with a casual subtlety. With one movement he pulled his tie to, smiled at his reflection in a subdued manner and went downstairs.

Gibanee could hear voices in the front room as he lifted his sole from the bottom step.

"Yow know", he heard his father saying, "the story is they want duplexes. That sort of thing can't be had. Everybody knows that. After a while you get tired of telling them the same old story, you know".

Gibanee was aloof as he walked into the living room. He saw that the other people in the room were Rita's parents. He felt an itch in his throat and wanted to cough again, but he swallowed and the itch was soothed temporarily.

"Hello, Mrs. McShane, Mr. McShane", Gibanee said.

"Well, Jack", his father exclaimed with a sure smile, "we'd about given you up".

Gibanee blenched inside at the skeletal laugh that came from the McShanes. He returned a smile, and immediately felt very much less like a professional. He sat down beside his father and lighted a cigarette. It gave him something to hide behind, and he was glad of it.

"Rita's with the sodality tonight, Jack", Mrs. McShane began.

"I know", Gibanee answered. "I called her a little while ago". A weak suspense. Gibanee felt the half-itch, half-tickle rise in his throat again. He pulled at the cigarette instinctively, necessarily, as a child might pull at a nipple.

Mr. McShane said something that Gibanee could not hear, but he looked at him and grinned knowingly as if he had heard. Mr. McShane looked down, satisfied.

Continued P.

DR. COURANT

In attempting a review of the lecture delivered by Dr. Courant on "Maxima and Minima Problems in the Development of Mathematics" I find myself haunted by the shade of the lecture that might have been given. It was Dr. Courant's impression that he had undertaken to speak to a small group of mathematics students. He found himself faced with an audience of some two hundred, the majority entirely innocent of the most elementary terms necessary for a precise presentation of the problem. Forbidden to use so much as a derivative Dr. Courant produced a pleasant historical sketch.

Three general problems were presented. The first, initiated by Heron of Alexandria, was the problem of determining the path of a ray of light between two points. This led eventually to Snell's law and the concept that light always travels along the path which for the given conditions will take the least time. The second problem the isoperimetric problem, of all curves of given length what is the curve that includes the largest area, solved by J. Steiner lead to an extensive re-evaluation of our methods of proof. The third, a "path" problem proposed by John Bernoulli, lead to the Calculus invariants which will reveal those aspects of the physical world which are in no way dependent upon the language we use to describe them.

That Dr. Courant succeeded in clearly indicating the nature of the problems is a creditable achievement considering the circumstances. No real attack on the solutions for these problems could have been made and none was. It seems to me doubtful that mathematics produces topics suitable for Friday evening lectures. We have had interesting and provocative lectures on the history of mathematics, on the philosophical foundation of mathematics and on the relation of mathematics to other fields of thought. We have yet to have one on mathematics itself. The chief difficulty is that to get on with the business at hand the lecturer would have to use the language of mathematics which would be about as comprehensible to the audience as middle English.

The question period that followed the lecture contained one bright spot. Dr. Courant presented Steiner's solution to the isoperimetric problem. The proof was simple and elegant and one which brought out clearly the danger inherent in the indirect proof. The rest of the question period was remarkable only for the profound silence of all those who from their reading of Dr. Courant's *Differential and Integral Calculus* might be supposed capable of carrying on an intelligent discussion with him.

BARR'S LECTURE

On a recent Friday night Mr. Stringfellow Barr presented us with a very strange lecture. Ostensibly it was a brief survey of the history of political philosophy in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries. Commencing with Machiavelli, Mr. Barr rapidly carried us through the basic ideas of Hobbes and Locke, with even shorter glimpses at the thought of Montesquieu, Milton, Shakespeare, and Rousseau. Why this textbook style lecture? This is not the first one of its kind to come from him. It seems that Mr. Barr has written the introduction on political philosophy for the soon to be published Encyclopedia Brittanica edition of the Great Books. For some reason he has thought it worth while to present us parts of this introduction as his last two lectures.

Mr. Barr is an extremely worried man. The other writers he discussed were just so much stuffing for him that evening. The two men who really interested him were Hobbes and Montesquieu: Hobbes because of his concept of the state of nature as a state of war, and Montesquieu because he seemed to have found the answer to the problem of war between nations.

For Thomas Hobbes, unlike Locke, government is a positive good. Without law men are in a constant state of war with one another. The various national states making up the world are in a position similar to that of individual men in a state of nature. So we may expect them to live at daggers-points with one another. This is the predicament Mr. Barr finds mankind in today, not a new predicament, it is true, but one which was not of so desperate a nature in Hobbes' time as it is in ours. Natural barriers and a lesser degree of ingenuity in the arts of war kept men from more effectively carrying out their plans for mutual extirpation. Not so today. Every nation is a next door neighbor to every other one. And now there is the atomic bomb!

Montesquieu advocated a confederated republic as the means of solving the problem of war between nations. Therein lies the solution for Mr. Barr too.

Can this solution be carried out, and in time? That was the theme of the question period following the lecture. How can we set up a world government of confederated republics? It can't be done, said many of Mr. Barr's audience. It must be done or God help us, was his reply. All the old arguments were trotted out to show Mr. Barr why world government today is an impossibility, arguments ranging from the tough school's,"Look at the facts, bud", to those clothed in a more philosophical dress., "Don't you realbud", to those clothed in a more philosophical dress, "Don't you realize that there are basic ideological differences involved?" To all of which Mr. Barr replied, first of all in too many instances too many of your facts are wrong, and second, granted these ideological differences, what can we do but keep working, trying to understand the Russians, trying to build the foundation for a safe and sane future? What do you suggest, dropping the Bomb?

And what can we answer? Therein lies the value of Mr. Barr's evening with us: He asked the right question. But, Mr. Barr, don't hide the important things you have to say for so long a time. No more textbook lectures, if you please!

Feinberg

"LE COLONEL CHABERT"

In the scene with his lawyer in "Le Colonel Chabert" Raimu replies to a suggestion that he consider 'patriotism': "Ce mot patriotisme, je trouve que c'est un bien petit mot des qu'on a invente l'humanite". Perhaps that is not an exact quotation, but the sense is there. And there also, in the word humanity, is the essence of Raimu the actor. He is humanity, not only in "Le Colonel Chabert", but in the Pagnol trilogy (which one would like to see at St. John's) and in the scores of other films in which he has appeared. He is humanity suffering, persecuted, betrayed; gay, full of vivacity and humor; never unpleasantly sentimental, never false, always human.

A Raimu film is communicated almost wholly through his enormous, malleable face, with his large eyes expressing endless nuances between the twinkle and the tragic sadness; his head set upon a body of impressive size and grotesque shapelessness; his voice ranging from subtly modulated whispers to stentroian commands and picturesque curses. He is quite a character, this ugly Frenchman, who has so often made us feel that he is beautiful.

Consider him for a moment in terms of Hollywood actors (may his ghost forgive the temerity!) Wallace Beery and Lionel Barrymore come at once to mind, with all their mawkish mannersims and their watery sentimentality. Raimu's voice stands out sharply against their cheapness, as it does against the impoverishment of Barry Fitzgerald since he left the Abbey Theatre Players and converted himself from an actor to a movie star. These men have become types; Raimu was always unique.

If it is true that "Le Colonel Chabert" was Raimu's last picture, this is singularly appropriate. Except in "Le Femme du Boulanger" he has never been more touching than as the soldier risen from the dead of Eylau to confront a world grown inimical and cold. One feels an echo of the recent German occupation of France in his description of the heap of corpses from which he emerged at Eylau. One is reminded that Raimu the man lost his son, fusille par les Boches, and that he himself emerged from the occupation broken in health, to die soon after the victory. If it is fair to consider "Le Colonel Chabert" in this context of events -- and it may well not be -- one must mention the dignity with which the Colonel faces the alien world, and above all the growth of character that one feels must have taken place in the old soldier who can speak so tenderly of German kindness, and reject the narrowness of military patriotism for something larger and more noble. Perhaps the key to Raimu's acting lay in a similar capacity for growth in Raimu the man, which allowed him always to sound more mature depths of human character.

In the film there is the infinite gentleness with which the Colonel takes his music box from the cabinet in his former home, the pathos of his face as he cocks his head and allows the minuet to evoke his past, forever lost; there is the terror of the chase in the woods during the thunderstorm, as the inane lunatics in ghastly white hunt the crippled but extremely sane Colonel; but above all there is the dignity of his rejection of the world in the final scene, of his acceptance of the fact that a hero who has fought with Napoleon can hope for no subsequent life that is worth living; that for a man to rise from the dead is not a miracle, but a faux-pas.

A. W. Satterthwaite

MR. COURANT

The appearance of Richard Courant as a Friday night lecturer was from some points of view the leading event of the winter term. Courant's "Differential and Integral Calculus", at least in the translation of McShane (and with problems added by him), has become one of the peripheral Great Books and its author has become something of a Great Author. To see such an author in the flesh is nearly as much of a sensation as the presence of Euclid, Ptolemy, or Newton would be on the platform of Iglehart Hall. Also, Courant is co-author with Hilbert (whose "Foundations of Geometry" has been on the Great Books list) of a work which is much more than a mere text-book, "Methoden der mathematischen Physik," a monumental work which unfortunately (Courant tells me) still lacks a McShane to render it satisfactorily into English. That Courant's lecture was an "event" in local history is attested by the fact that the mathematics faculty of the Naval Academy were present *in toto*. The writer also saw some Washington mathematicians who had come over for the occasion.

Prof. Courant's theme was "Maxima and Minima in Mathematics and Physics" and the ground covered was largely that of Chapter VII of Courant and Robbins' "What is Mathematics?" Following in the foot-steps of his great predecessor, Felix Klein, whose chair Courant occupied at Goettingen at Klein's own request, the lecturer took as his primary thesis the assertion that mathematics, like Antaeus, can not be too long separated from the matter of the natural sciences without great loss to itself and without the onset of decay and sterility. The great impulses to mathematical thought have always had their origin in real and specific problems of human experience. Geometry came into being from the problem of surveying, so sorely needing a solution in the frequently flooded Nile valley; Ptolemy's trigonometry was developed not for its own sake but to serve as an indespensable aid in the solution of problems in astronomy and navigation; the researches in probability in the seventeenth century were commanded of certain mathematicians by their noble patrons as possible aids in the gambling problems of these noblemen. Further, mathematics not only derives its imperus from real problems of human experience, but even in such seemingly purely mathematical considerations as rigor in proofs, appeal can be and should be constantly made to physical objects. This point of view is not, however, universally accepted by mathematicians. There are those, like Georg Cantor, who claim that mathematics operates best when it is completely "free", and whether the mathematical investigation happens to have application to the natural sciences or not is of little importance. These points of view doubtlessly depend on the temperament of the mathematician and mathematicians of the past fall rather clearly into one or the other of these two categories. It remains a fact that the "pure" mathematician is as his best in the mopping-up stage of the development of a science; the mathematicians who first set up their respective sciences were thinking in terms of the natural sciences, the purists appeared at a later stage with their rigor and their logic. That there are exceptions to this is seen, however, in numerous cases. Ricci in the eighteen-nineties explored the field of the so-called absolute calculus with complete disregard of possible applications to the natural sciences. For him the new dis-

cipline was exciting for its own sake. It was Einstein, who with profound insight, saw much later that the Ricci-calculus offered precisely the analysis which he needed for his relativity theory.

As a matter of fact, Courant stated his thesis implicitly rather than explicitly. As a great example he chose the extremum problem,- the problem of maxima and minima, the problem of least action. This example is an excellent one since it has been a problem of physics since the earliest times and has at the same time given rise to problems of a purely mathematical kind which have been challenging and fascinating. It was pointed out that maxima and minima problems had appeared in Greek times, in Euclid and Appollonius, and, quite specifically, in the problem of Heron of Alexandria, concerning the shortest path from point A to point B, both lying on the same side of a given straight line, and touching the given line. The application of this to the well-known law of optics, of equality of angles of incidence and reflexion of a ray of light upon a plane surface, afforded the first adumbration of a least action principle, so fruitful for the natural sciences and the very cornerstone of modern optics.

A sketch of the historical develment of the principle of least ac opment of the principle of least action was given, from the Greek geometers through Fermat, John Bernoulli, Maupertuis, Euler, Steiner to Hamilton and Einstein. Without discussing all of the problems mentioned, may the writer call attention to just one because of its interest to St. John's students who read Galileo's Two New Sciences? It is the so-called brachistochrome problem - that is, to find the path in the plane, of a body A moving to a lower position B (not directly below it) in the shortest possible time with no force except gravity acting upon it (a wire which might carry the body like a counter on a string which is supposed frictionless). Galileo thought that the path was the arc of a circle but John Bernoulli proved that it must be that of a cycloid.

Just as the differential calculus of Leibnitz and Newton deals with the problem of finding for what abscissas there exist ordinates of a function greater (or less) than neighboring ones, so the later calculus of variations deals with the more general problem of maximizing or minimizing surfaces or solids. For instance, of all surfaces passing through a given closed curve in space, which will have the least area? Here again appeal may be made to physical realities, and it is Courant himself who has performed experiments with soap films in problems of minimal surfaces. Nature responds just as readily to a problem corresponding to a difficult differential equation as to an easy one.

Prof. Courant pointed out, necessarily without much detail, that the problem of maxima and minima is also a problem of invariants under transformations, and added that the relativity principle which says that the laws of physics must be independent of the co-ordinates chosen, is mathematically best stated in terms of a least action principle. The mathematical analysis discloses the invariants after arduous labor on the part of the analyst; physical nature herself discloses the corresponding invariants to those who seek and question her.

Since there is no way by which the sound of the words of a lecturing mathematician who is constantly writing on a blackboard, with his back to the audience, can be adequately amplified, the writer in his seat near the rear lost two-thirds of Prof. Courant's words and is fully aware that he has perhaps attributed statements to Courant which Courant not only did not make but which may have been the very contrary of what was said. On the basis of what was drawn and written on the visible blackboards and some occasionally audible phrases, the writer has made his comments.

When some solution of the sound amplification problem has been found, we shall welcome again to St. John's that genial and great scientist, Richard Courant.

G. Bingley

Cont. From P. 2

After a pause he heard his father ask him, "Party tonight, Jack?"

"Eldonstahl's", Gibanee answered and nodded his head yes down at the rug. He imagined that the McShanes were looking at him, trying to split him open like a nut with their eyes so that they could look at the raw halves of him.

Gibanee had sauntered into their house once and passed a door that was an inch or two ajar in the rear hallway. He had looked in and seen Mrs. McShane on the toilet there. Quickly he had walked back outside before she could see him and after a discreet pause, knocked. When she had come to the doorway, Gibanee had tried to act as if nothing had happened. It had not worked. The attitude remained with him. It distracted from the calculated charm of Mrs. McShane to know that she used the toilet. Now Gibanee could never look at her without associating her with a bathroom.

He closed his eyes lightly in an effort to subdue the remembrance. The red blur appeared under his lids as before. It changed to blue as before. Polkadots appeared in it as before. A polkadot enlarged as before, became Rita's face. He froze the image. Then his throat began to tickle him. He coughed against his will, and the image fled backward into a polkadot, then polkadots on a blue field, then a blue field, then simply a red blur, and finally the rug staring starkly up at him as Mrs. McShane asked:

"Honest and truly, John, how do these youngsters keep it up?"

"We were probably the same", Gibanee heard his father observe within a rising web of cigarette smoke. "People don't change".

After that Gibanee did not hear what was said. He excused himself and got his coat. He tried to re-create, then capture the attitude of his father -- the last-wordish decision, the polite brutality that silenced disagreement with an exact phrase and brought the dull pain of forced respect into the eyes of the disagreers. He held his breath determinedly as if that would keep his attitude secure within him.

Five minutes later he was walking thoughtfully to church where the sodality was singing a Latin hymn that he could just hear. When he entered the vestibule, a carillon began clanging and tinkling, clanging and tinkling. He dipped his finger into the fount and blessed himself, careful not to wet his shoulders or his tie with the holy water. The carillon tinkled gradually into silentness. Gibanee looked in at the girls. He saw Ruth Ganey whom he had driven home drunk the Saturday before and who had vomited on the upholstery before she got out. Gibanee studied her, remembering how she would go to parties, get drunk on not more than two beers and for the rest of the evening move around slow-

ly, passively as an amoeba from room to room, lap to lap. His thought was interrupted at the mass sound of the girls' genuflecting together and filing out of the pews, each looking down so they would not trip on the cushion kneeler.

Gibanee walked out of the vestibule. He lighted a cigarette and tried to look as if he had just arrived. When he saw Rita, he threw the cigarette away, put a fresh one in his mouth and waited until she saw him. Then he struck a match and put it close to the unlighted tip, making a shell of his hands around the flame as he had seen truckers do on windy corners.

"Were you waiting long?" Rita asked him.

"Minute or two", Gibanee answered quickly. "Let's go".

"Do you have the car?"

"No. It's in the garage. They are trying to wash the stain out of the upholstery".

"You mean from when Ruthie--?"

Gibanee nodded his head yes. They started to walk. When they came to a corner, Gibanee guided Rita a little bit in front of him, placing his hand between her shoulder blades and directing her until they reached the opposite curb as if she were something entrusted to his care.

It was a half an hour before they arrived at Eldonstahl's. The door was open, and they walked into a foyer filled with dancing people. Feeling new and self-contained Gibanee answered general helloes to the helloes addressed to him.

Rita went upstairs to preen herself. Gibanee had a bottle of beer and waited for her to come downstairs. He looked into the foyer and saw the bright skirts and tailored blouses and the slender hands draped casually but surely over the gabardine shoulders and behind the necks. How familiar it was to him! He finished drinking the beer and let his eyes settle on the tanned legs of the girls. It left him with a certain excitement when he noticed how the feet fitted snugly into pumps and how the line of the calf would disappear suddenly upward under the hems of the dresses. He felt the tickle in his throat again, took out his handkerchief and coughed into it, trying to be as inobvious as possible.

Rita walked downstairs, taking each step with precision. She smiled at everybody. Gibanee wondered how such a little frame could hold so much vitality. It made him disgusted sometimes to see her always smiling and wanting to dance and talk.

She came to him. He put his hand around her waist, feeling an old warmth fill him at the familiar grip. Soon they were dancing with the others in the foyer.

"Are you working, Jack"? somebody asked Gibanee.

Gibanee said no.

"Want to see you later, Rita", another said. "Have news and stuff about Corky and the kids".

Gibanee just smiled at the questions after a while. Rita, however, was inevitably waving her hand twiddle-dee-dee at someone in the living room. Finally they gave up dancing.

"Let's get something to eat", Gibanee suggested.

In the dining room there was a table with plates of cold ham and bread and lettuce and salad on it. Gibanee made a three-decker sandwich for himself and opened a bottle of pop for Rita. He was about to put some salad on his plate, when a small girl with pimples on her face ran up giggling to the table and seized the salad bowl.

"Wait", Gibanee said.

"Ed said he could eat the whole bowl", the girl with pimples answered, still giggling.

She started to walk away, then suddenly let the salad bowl slip from her hands. Everyone around the table laughed. The pimpled girl put her hands up to her face and smiled and blushed awkwardly. Gibanee felt embarrassed for her because he thought she looked so ridiculous. The salad was left on the floor, mixed with bits of broken dish. Somebody led the pimpled girl back into the living room.

"Always doing crazy stuff like that", Gibanee said. "Shame to waste that food that way".

"There's more", Rita replied.

Gibanee looked at her. "You talk just like your mother", he said. Then he suddenly realized what he had said. It was out now, so he braced himself for the answer.

There was no answer. Rita simply got very red and walked away. Gibanee went after her.

"I didn't mean to say that", he apologized.

"Leave me alone, Jack".

"Oh, stop that. My tongue slipped. Hasn't your tongue ever slipped?"

"Leave me a-LONE, Jack". And she walked away

Gibanee frowned. He stood still. Then he got another bottle of beer and went into the living room. He sat down at the end of the sofa. After he finished the beer, he lighted another cigarette. He smoked it slowly, soberly. His mind was working desperately, trying to lay out a plan of action. He remembered what she had said.

"Leave me a-LONE, Jack".

Immediately he stopped thinking. He got up and walked outside. On the porch he finished the cigarette. He flung the butt into the darkness vigorously.

"To hell with her then", he said to himself.

Edging further backward into the darkness he sat down on the rail of the porch. In his chest a smouldering sensation began to form. He let it grow until it hurt him.

"Jackie?" a voice said behind him.

He looked around and saw Ruth Ganey.

"Hello, Ruth".

"Where's the opener?" She held an unopened bottle of beer in her hand. Her head moved backward and forward like the head of a baby, bobbling on the neck. Gibanee saw that her eyes were bleary and half-closed.

"I don't have the opener, Ruth".

"Nobody has it".

"You're gonna get sick".

"I looked in the kitchen too".

"You're gonna get sick, Ruth".

"I'm not gonna get sick. I'm goin' outside".

"You're outside now, Ruth".

"Oh".

She gave him the bottle of beer as if it were something that she had suddenly grown tired of carrying. Unsteadily she moved away from him. Gibanee watched her. At the end of the porch she stopped, got her balance and descended the stairs sideways. Gibanee watched her. There was a Buick coupe parked by the curb, and Ruth Ganey got into it. Gibanee watched her. Then he got off the porch rail and walked down the stairs to the Buick. He looked in the window and saw Ruth Ganey leaning forward limply on the steering wheel.

"Ruth", he whispered.

She opened her eyes and looked at him.

"Are you tired, Ruthie?"

He waited, but she only looked at

him. He went around to the other side of the car and got in quickly. He moved close to her, put his arm around her shoulders and drew her back from the wheel. Her head fell back limply against his chest. Gibanee tried to straighten her up.

"Damn you".

She looked up at him, and Gibanee kissed her on the forehead. Then he kissed her forcefully on the lips, tasting the moistness of beer. Her lips adhered to his gummily. He pulled her to him tightly, and she dribbled a little on his tie.

"What's the matter, Ruthie", he said for no real reason.

He kissed her again. Suddenly he heard the steady sound of a horn. Ruth Ganey would not let go of him. Then he realized that she had fallen back against the steering wheel and had touched off the horn. The loud, steady blaring continued. Gibanee pushed Ruth Ganey away and got out of the car as if he were being chased. He ran back for half a block and got on the sidewalk. He was sweating and coughing and biting his lip. He waited for five minutes or so, then tucked in his shirt and began to go back to the house. He smiled into the darkness to see if that would calm him. It helped. He whistled, and that helped too. Just before he reached the house he came to a dead stop, hoping that his mind would gather itself in again. Then he went up the porch stairs and into the foyer where everyone was dancing as they had been before he left.

As he stood in the living room Gibanee felt as if every eye in the house were on hom. He could not see Ruth Ganey anywhere, and he imagined that they had taken her upstairs. Then he saw Rita. Immediately he forgot about Ruth Ganey. Rita walked over to him. He tried to look at her as she approached, but his gaze kept glancing off her.

"Ed's going home. He told me to ask you if you want us to go with them", she said as if she were reading directions from the side of a cardboard package.

"Sure. All right with you?"

She did not answer him. Gibanee watched her as she went to get her purse, wrestling with the desire to follow her and shake her until her hair came loose. The desire remained with him even after they had gotten into the car. He sat there tensely with Rita on his lap. As the car sped down the empty avenues the air sliced through the open vents, flattening cleanly against Gibanee's face. It reminded him of the first party he had ever attended. He remembered the cleanliness of the air as it had whipped in against his cheeks. He did not smoke as much then, and seldom coughed. But party had followed party, each party passing in the same way. From ten to eleven the minutes would stroke by like marching men, then there would be only a smear of time and it would be two or three in the morning. The time-smears had come and gone, come and gone, had come again. During one time-smear he had first felt the tickle in his throat. In another time-smear the tickle had become an itch, then an irritation, then a headache, then a bunched feeling in his chest. He had had two of these feelings in the past year. One had left him so impotent that he could hardly lift a glass. It was then that his father had carried him back and forth from the bathroom for an entire week.

Involuntarily the remembrances came into existence in Gibanee's mind, keeping in rhythm with the easy, adhesive pulling of the tires on the boulevard.

Rita sat on his lap like a thing propped. Gibanee studied what he could see of her face, noting the pulled-in jawbones that had never seemed to go with a mouth that was capable of only smiling and pouting. Then he detected a smell of lilac rinse coming from her hair. It reminded him of Mrs. McShane, all prim and washed in lilac.

Gibanee concentrated on what was in his lap, the weight of it, a girl, Rita. He felt as if a strange thing was resting on his knees, just a thing. He frowned and looked out of the window. They were passing a field where Gibanee had played baseball while in high school. The expression on Gibanee's face passed from a frown to a blank calmness as he remembered the catch he had made of Eldonstahl's fly ball, remembering himself running in and in and in, then slipping, sliding forward, still keeping his eyes on the ball to make sure it would not hit him, finally holding up his glove to protect his face, then feeling the ball grind itself firmly into the supple pocket, right into the pocket. He faced forward and with tightened eyes watched the road ahead as he had seen his father do while driving at night on an open highway. From his pocket he took a cigarette, mouthed it for a moment until he felt that it belonged to him, then cleanly, accurately, lighted it. He inhaled deeply and exhaled slowly, letting the smoke almost ooze out of his nostrils and from between his lips. It was only then that he became aware of the occasional whispers in the rear seat and the silken sliding of the dress of the pimpled girl who was sitting beside him. He let the cigarette dangle from his lips at a superior angle.

He heard his name said several times and heard trivial questions being asked him, but he continued to smoke the cigarette. It burned evenly. Finally Gibanee finished it and flicked it out of the window, watching the sparks splinter off satisfactorily.

Five minutes passed. Then he became aware of it. There was a pull and then a relaxation, a pull and a semi-relaxation, then only a pull bunched and throbbing in his chest. He held his breath and the pull did not repeat itself. A slight mustache of perspiration covered his top lip. He let his breath out carefully like a man waiting to find out if his hiccoughs were really gone.

The next time it came Gibanee stiffened. The thing in his chest pulled, pulled, tugged, relaxed but just for a moment, and then started over again. It came. It passed. Then it did not come again. Gibanee felt only a tingling numbness in his fingertips. He could feel his wet shirt flat against his wet shoulder blades. Sweat trickled through his brows and into his eyes. He turned his head toward the driver and said quietly but with effort:

"Stop for a minute, will ya?"

"Huh?"

"I'm a little sick. Stop for a minute".

"Sure."

The others had heard him. Gibanee could tell because all the whispering stopped at once. Rita turned around and looked at him.

"I'll be back in a minute", Gibanee said as the car came to a stop.

His fingertips still tingled, tingled with the numbness. He opened the car door, tripped and almost fell on the street. Rita put her hand out to catch him, then drew it back quickly as she realized that the fall was not serious. Gibanee got off the sidewalk and walked across a lawn of crab grass and sat down. The pull in

his chest was starting to gather itself once more. Gibanee braced.

Back in the car Rita was saying, "He never did that before".

The driver answered her, "He'll be back in a minute. One beer too many. Let him go".

The driver had embarrassed several of the others into laughter and for a moment the grip of tension inside the car gave slightly.

"Do you think that's all?" Rita asked again. No one answered. She began to bite on her thumb nail. "Somebody better see".

"Let's wait a minute".

They sat in the car waiting, waiting, while their headlights stared eagerly into the darkness ahead of them.

Back on the lawn Gibanee was down on his hands and knees. He inhaled with effort. Once or twice he coughed and it left a gargling fragment in his throat.

"God, God, God", he said. The word came from somewhere around his belly.

He managed to sit up. The car, he remembered, was to his left. He looked there just as someone was opening the door and getting out on the walk. It was Rita. Gibanee, breathing deeply and hungrily as a runner after a sustained dash, watched her. He tried to stand, but only got to one knee. It left him looking awkward, bent over in a clumsy half-genuflection.

Rita came to him there. "Jack? Are you all right?"

She stood about a yard away as if he were something that might suddenly and without reason bite.

"Jack?" she repeated.

Gibanee stood up. "I don't feel so good now", he said. Just then the numbness began to drain upward from Gibanee's fingertips. Gradually the tugging and pulling lost consistency and was absorbed. It left him weaker and with a feeling of nausea.

"Shall I tell them to wait?" Rita said.

"No", Gibanee answered. "You're all pretty-please now, aren't you?"

"Forget that".

Gibanee detected the same nicety in her voice. It made him want to swear at her. No more parties, he told himself. No more smokes, no more any of that. Stop looking at me that way, damn.

Concentrating on his steps he began to go back to the car.

"Are you sure it's all right now?" Rita asked from behind him.

Gibanee felt he could be firm now. "Come one. Are you coming?"

Rita caught up to him and stopped him.

"Let me wipe your face. They'll think you were mowing the lawn or something".

"Let them".

"It'll only take a minute".

Then Gibanee could feel the handkerchief being guided smoothly over his cheek. Each stroke made him angrier and at the same time sadder. He felt like a doll being groomed for an occasion. It did not seem right. He remembered how genuine the pain in his chest had been. Now he felt cheated, as if he had been tolerated, but obliquely.

"Is everything all right out there with you two?" said a voice from the car. Gibanee could tell that it was the pimpled girl.

"All right now", Rita answered almost in the same tone. "We'll be there in a jiffy".

Gibanee turned his face and coughed away from Rita.

"Hold still, Jack".

Gibanee looked down at her mouth, the lips convolving into a half-mocking, half-indifferent smile.

I thought you were going to die the way you started to scream in there", she said and brushed a pellet of sand from his eyelid.

He wanted to tell her that he hadn't screamed, but he simply kept looking. He wanted to rip her hand from his face and scream something at her, anything, a curse perhaps, a damning word. His throat constricted as if he were ready to cry. He kept silent.

"You're done now", Rita said, putting her handkerchief away. She reached up and straightened his hair. "Let's go".

Gibanee walked silently with her to the car.

"I'll bet you just saw a rabbit out there that you wanted to chase", the pimpled girl said to him as he got into the car.

There were a few restrained laughs, very restrained, testing the ice to see if it was all right to go further. Gibanee felt his lips part into an involuntary smile. He tried to stop it. The yearning to cry was so tight in his throat that he thought it would split. The smile stayed on his face. Then from way down the red blur re-appeared before his vision. It merged into blue. Polkadots lifted themselves up into the blue. One of them enlarged, enlarged, enlarged. Everything became one white polkadot. Then it burst, became a tear and seeped slowly out of Gibanee's eye.

Robert Hazo

THE CITY OF MAN

The "Legend" finally arrived at St. John's two weeks ago - and just as quickly - disappeared into the night. Stringfellow Barr, founder and patron saint of the New Program, had returned to give a lecture concerning "The City of Man".

Introduced by Mr. Weigle and the doubtlessly sincere "Sandy" - Mr. Barr was immediately beset by a multitude of afflictions that would have driven a lesser man to distraction. The cause, and primary annoyance, was a broken lamp fixture; the result was a confusion of crowning excellence. Mr. Klein, judged by many to be the campus's leading metaphysician, transcended his field this night to play the part of "Young Tom Edison and the Incandescant Lamp". It was no good. He should have stuck to Plato. The audience, having jettisoned its aura of propriety, tittered.

The stage was set for "The City of Man".

The lecture, it seemed to me, was not quite up to expectations. Though better than most, somehow one had the feeling that it could be found in any good digest of political philosophy.

The question period was far less pedantic. Aroused by the dogmatic and garralous statements of some of his audience, Mr. Barr levelled them with an efficiency that would have done grace to the Missouri in its pre-mud-bank days.

The problem of a religious revival in the modern chaos, of the feeding of the world's hungry, of the absolute need for a World Government to avoid the impending cataclysm, of the apparent failure of the present UN, of the unfortunate method chosen in the application of the ECA, all these were discussed. In my opinion, the question period was worth its weight in gold, the lecture in first class copper. Still, the alloy was pretty valuable material.

Fred Wildman

SOME SHORTS ON AND OF ART

Great art is always unobtrusive. It needs and asks neither apologists nor explications; it exists in its greatness above the skill of the artist and the appropriateness of his medium.

That is why we are embarrassed by an art film such as the short on Henry Moore's sculptures; disappointed by that on the Aubasson tapestries; and delighted and moved by a production such as "1848".

The short on Henry Moore committed the sin of apologizing and explaining. Moore undoubtedly stands as one of the great English moderns, but no amount of film footage showing his devotees in the Museum of Modern Art will convince us of the fact. Nor will repeated explanations of why he distorts and how he seeks to fulfill the possibilities of his medium. The purpose of the short was accomplished only when the camera was allowed to show us the sculptures themselves, and in many instances it failed to do pictorial justice to their beauty and validity.

Where I had regretted the color in the Henry Moore film, I missed it in that on the tapestries of Aubasson. This short made less pretense at being an "art" film, but fell into awkward error in trying to recreate the inspiration which revitalized a long-neglected art. If views of the countryside about Aubasson and the atmosphere of an old Moorish ruin were all that is necessary to artistic creation, we should all be Jean Lurcats. As it was, we could have learned more of his particular muse by examining its manifestations.

If Mr. Edelman will excuse the presumption, I will commend the short "1848" as having succeeded as an Art film where the other two failed. More perfectly than could have been done by any other device, the movement of the camera over the graphic work of Daumier, Gavarni, Decamps and other French artists contemporary to that era recreated for us its turbulent effect upon the nation and indirectly the world. In the case of "1848", great art made history come alive, and because the only "explanation" of the art was offered obliquely through relating it to its times, the art was allowed to convince us of its greatness.

I will presume further in this film review and comment on the subjects of the first two reels. If the fault of the Moore film was that of seeming to apologize, Moore's art is too often guilty of excusing itself. There must always be a reason for distorting an essentially beautiful shape. When Moore thickens and alters the slope of a shoulder to heighten the impression of contained strength, no one will argue with him. But when he twists limbs into ugly pretzels and makes of the human skull an inane fishhead, the public has a right to suspect him of insincerity.

Art that is so obscure as to have meaning only for its creator is too much like a diary written in code. Maybe some surrealist of 1950 will prove the Samuel Pepys of his age, but right now I would rather not waste time deciphering him to find out what I can observe first-hand.

Lurcat's tapestry designs may not always be self-explanatory, but their reproduction by the mills of Aubasson gives them a raison d'etre. The greatness of a tapestry is not alone that of its design, but of the manual skill of its weavers and the mechanical magic of the spinning wheel and loom. And again, the whole is greater than the sum of its parts.

The producers of both these shorts could have profited by observing a moral made in each. In the Moore piece, we saw the wisdom of being dictated to by the possibilities inherent in one's medium; in that on the tapestries, we were reminded that a once proud art had slid almost into oblivion in refusing to recognize its artistic limits.

Each art form deserves to be fully explored by its practitioners, but just because something *can* be done is not reason enough for trying it.

Patricia Parslow

VILLANELLE FOR MR. SCHWAB

The poet is himself and also other
He pleasures me therefore I hate him so.
You don't need Freud to know I love my mother.
Although this love enchains my libido.

He pleasures me therefore I hate him so
Eros implies the strife of same and other
Although this love enchains my libido
I treat all students as I would my brother.

Eros implies the strife of same and other
Conclusive rhetoric is *quid pro quo*.
I treat all students as I would my brother
Goading them on that love might make them grow.

Conclusive rhetoric is *quid pro quo*
The meats of dialectic are my bother
Goading them on that love might make them grow
In measure somehow same though also other.

W. B. Fleischmann


FACIO·LIBEROS·EX·LIBERIS·LIBRIS·LIBRA·OVE