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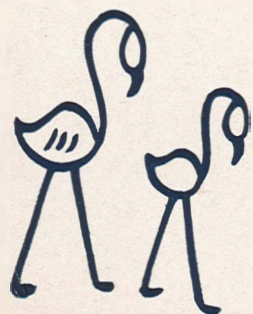
Rollins College
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Vol. No. 31

No. 2

- POETRY
- ART
- THEATRE
- CARTOONS
- FEATURES
- SHORT STORIES

f l a m i n g o



Winter Issue

A Groat's Worth Of Wit

The other day when one of the Center philosophers sighed "Life certainly has its problems!" we were quick to point out that while big magazines like *Life* may have problems, they are technical ones at best and that it is little magazines like the *Flamingo* that really have to worry about where the next ad or article is to come from. Indeed, crises about the world play right into the hands of *Life's* news editor while the *Flamingo* must postpone interviews and articles because the things that are making news, like Broadway plays and the recent upsurge of flu, wreak havoc with our schedule. Nonetheless, this issue has scooped *Life* not once, but several times.

We believe that the *Flamingo* is the first magazine to recognize a revival of interest in the art world in the work of Mr. Louis Comfort Tiffany. To parallel the present Morse Art Gallery exhibition of Tiffany Glass, we are presenting a study of Mr. Tiffany as a personality, done by one of his former

pupils, our President McKean. People in the Art world who are acquainted with Mr. Tiffany's work feel that he is growing rapidly in stature and importance in the American Art heritage and that the present exhibition (and article) merely herald a great deal more public interest in, and exhibition of, his work.

We think *Life* also missed an interesting article concerning the great interest in Japan in Western Opera. The feature in this issue on Japanese Opera was done by Jim Browne when he was a feature writer for *The Pacific Stars and Stripes* and it first appeared in that issue.

We must modestly admit that we shared honors with *Life* for our discussion of Jazz; when budget limitations prevented our using our vast collection of color photographs of jazz musicians, we passed them to *Life* and decided merely to present the written article here.

Besides our customary fare of prose and poetry, we are introducing several

new sources of material. The first is the presentation of two winning papers from the General Reeves Essay Contest, papers which we picked not because they were necessarily the best of the six winning essays but because we felt they dealt with topics that should be of interest to every student. In passing, let us remind you that the Reeves Oratorical Contest will be held March 3rd at the Annie Russell Theatre, where all six winners will present their topics. Another new source is the use of exchange poems from other college literary magazines. For cartoons we are using mats from the Associated College Press.

To many of the people in the community this may be your first real introduction to the Rollins College *Flamingo*. We hope you will like our college magazine and will watch for our Spring issue. After all, it is in the Spring that we will really take on *Life*!

THE FLAMINGO

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a study of



Louis Comfort Tiffany

LOUIS COMFORT TIFFANY

By Hugh F. McKean
President, Rollins College

During the blazing summer months of 1930 I was a hopeful art student in New York City. My room in one of the lesser attractive parts of the West side opened out on the grimy backs and sides of other buildings. The days were ones of dusty rides on subways and work in hot and crowded life classes. The most pleasant part about it all was an occasional walk in the park with my old art teacher from Rollins College, Mr. Fluhart. He would grind his teeth, chew tobacco, and tell me about the merry life of an art student in Germany when he was young.

I had been invited to spend August and September at the Tiffany Foundation on Louis Comfort Tiffany's country place in Oyster Bay, Long Island. When I arrived it was like walking into paradise. The 600 acre estate lay along the Sound. There were gardens with winding walks, rolling lawns and ponds with ducks, and in the evening especially the air was heavy with the

fragrance of petunias. Laurelton Hall, Mr. Tiffany's residence, was built on different levels and was strange, airy, and full of many kinds of works of art. I had never seen anything like it and I doubt if any of the other young artists had either.

About ten or twelve artists lived in a handsomely converted stable built around a courtyard and fountain. We had nothing to do all day except to work where and how we wished at our art, and at night we sat down to dinner to be served by two rather elegant butlers.

Every Saturday morning at eleven o'clock we assembled in the gallery along with our latest work. A magnificent old car would come whirling in the courtyard, a little dog with fantastic jumping ability would hop out—and then Mr. Tiffany, frail and benign. His face was always radiant with smiles and kindness and he seemed to be pleased at the happiness he

was giving all of us. Mr. Tiffany would walk around the gallery sitting down abruptly anywhere at all because he knew Mr. Lothrop, the director of the Foundation, would always have a chair behind him. He would study very carefully any pictures which attracted his attention. After he had made his round, he would discuss the importance of beauty and sharing it with others. He usually gave us gentle words of encouragement, but his real thought were revealed, I thought, when he would say so often at the end of his visit that paintings should not "hurt the eye." Mr. Tiffany was a gentleman.

On Sunday evenings Mr. Tiffany would sit on his terrace looking out over Long Island Sound listening to the pipe organ in Laurelton Hall. Sometimes I would sit in the house where you could hear the music better, but I often sat on the terrace watching the waters play in the fountain he had designed for the upper terrace. A stream

of water would develop from one small jet to a roaring column like a geyser, and it fell over an enormous crystal said to have been the largest in the world. That crystal was lighted from underneath so that it changed colors from ruby red to deep blue green.

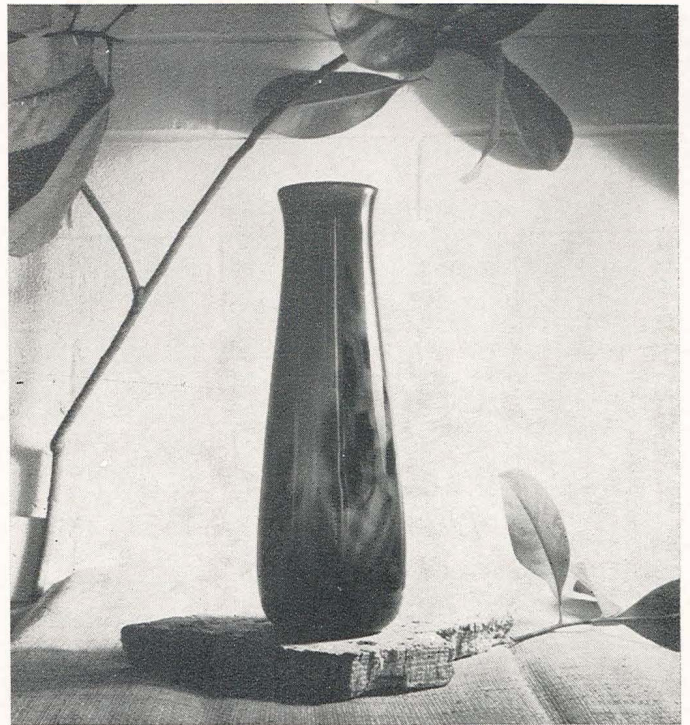
Laurelton Hall was perhaps one of Mr. Tiffany's greatest creations. The house had a court in its center and in it was a fountain designed, as it all was, by Mr. Tiffany. Water flowed quietly out of the top of a tall glass vase of the simplest and most arresting possible shape. That vase, too, changed colors very slowly from dark red to dark purple to dark green. There were plants around its base and throughout the house. The total effect of the music and the fountains and the light airy architecture was one of fascinating unreality. I did not quite understand it then but I know now that, even though it was built in the first years of the 1900's, Laurelton Hall was actually a "modern house." It is no wonder that the young artists were deeply affected by the experience of living at Laurelton Hall surrounded by the wondrous beauty created by Louis Comfort Tiffany.

Making an appraisal of Mr. Tiffany's work is a challenge to a thoughtful person. Very few American artists have had honors and acclaim equal to his. During the last few decades his work has been given very little if any serious attention by critics or collectors. The Directors of the Louis Comfort Tiffany Foundation sold not only Lau-

relton Hall but even Mr. Tiffany's own collection of art including his Favrite Glass. What is even perhaps more surprising, they sold the Chapel he designed for the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893.

Is Mr. Tiffany important only as a contributor to the Art Nouveau movement or is he an important artist in his own right? This much is certain. Mr. Tiffany was not hoodwinked by the term "fine art." He painted in oils and water colors, he worked in mosaic, he worked in glass and ceramics, he made jewelry, he designed textiles and rugs and glass windows, and he designed lamps and furniture. He knew that the creative spirit was important and that the medium or form is not. Mr. Tiffany's aim in art was that of bringing beauty to the masses of the people. He sought new ways and mediums to bring that about. Mr. Tiffany was a tremendous influence for good on the *thinking* about art in this country.

I see much more in the work of Louis Comfort Tiffany. In the vase in the center of Laurelton Hall (which broke from time to time to his great fascination) I see a tremendous creative force and style suggesting Brancusi. In many of the designs of his vases I see shapes as free and as creative as those which made Matisse world renowned. In some of the abstract flower designs in his Favrite Glass I see creations as "modern" as those of Picasso. The dynamic shapes of some of his vases



An early Tiffany vase especially made for exhibition

remind me of Cezanne. In Laurelton Hall I see a hint at what was to come later from Frank Lloyd Wright.

Mr. Tiffany's work is derivative but so is all art. There are also qualities of Mr. Tiffany's work so completely his that no time can claim him solely as its own.

A life itself is, however, the greatest work of all. A creative vase or painting is only the record of a creative mind at work. Mr. Tiffany's life was his greatest creation. He loved his family, his home, and he loved to travel. He inherited a fortune of breathtaking proportions. He had endless friends and endless opportunities to live the contented and unproductive life. And yet he worked with pots of melted glass, he hammered at metal, he worked with ceramics, he melted enamels, and he hammered at furniture—to bring beauty to others, to the great masses of the people. At his death at the age of 83 in 1933, he left his Foundation so endowed that it will forever bring beauty to others.

Many times I waited along the driveway to see that quaint little man whizz by in the vertical magnificence of his antique car (we called it his jewel box). I looked at him then with respect and gratitude. I know now I was looking at a great American and a very great artist.



Three delicate pieces of Favrite glass.

ART IN GLASS

The McKean Collection of Tiffany glass numbers 150 pieces and the exhibition is supplemented by loans of 50 Tiffany art objects from the Metropolitan Museum in New York, including the famous inlaid Magnolia vase and many outstanding examples of Tiffany Favrile glass. Ten examples of his earlier glass are loaned from the Smithsonian Institution.

The movement known as "Art Nouveau" was one of the most important cultural bridges flung across from the Nineteenth Century to the Twentieth; and some of its brightest ornaments were the work of Louis Comfort Tiffany. Moreover, among the many fine craftsmen of the time Tiffany was unique in this respect: that he had not merely the most complete professional integrity but also the energy and the financial resources to make his vision completely effective. Between 1878, when he made his first experiments, and his death in 1933, he gave to the world countless examples of his craft; Tiffany glass-ware justly became a household word in the late nineteenth century.

In awakening his awareness of color, Tiffany's early studies with George Inness may have played a part; and indeed we find his later attempting to duplicate in glass the colors of an Inness sunset. Far more important, however, were his travels through Europe, the Mediterranean countries, and the Near and Far East. In the latter, it was such things as the contours of Chinese ceramics that struck him; in the former, the stained glass windows of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and the peculiar iridescent sheen that he observed on Roman and Syrian glass that had been long buried.

He had the artist's ability to find unexpected clues to nature's secrets in all of their forms. The Peacock gave him his most memorable motif, its blue-green iridescence shining from an endless variety of vases. The yellow-brown agate became the point of departure for patterns of geometric designs around a bud vase. The shape and hue of the morning glory was imprisoned in a cloud of milk glass streaked with green. The beetle was metamorphosed into a scarab. Creating colors that have rarely since been duplicated, Tiffany used the metallic oxides of gold, cobalt, iron and manganese, singly and in combination, with extraordinary daring. Blues that

rival the finest produced by the Egyptians, the rare red of pomegranate blossoms, and occasionally a glaze of gold

THE ARTWORK OF LOUIS COMFORT TIFFANY IS ON EXHIBIT AT THE MORSE GALLERY OF ART FROM 2:00 TO 5:00 P.M. FEBRUARY 21-28. WORK IS FROM COLLECTIONS OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION AND MR. AND MRS. HUGH F. MCKEAN.

lumped on in the experimental pieces; all these reveal Tiffany as a tireless innovator. His greatest contribution to his craft, however, came when, using his studies of chemistry, he created a glass that duplicated the iridescence of decomposed ancient glass. He called it *Favrile*, from the Latin *febar* to make and the Old English *Fabrila* meaning handmade, and put it on the market in 1893.

The majority of the Favrile lamps, pieces of jewelry, desk-sets, goblets, vases, that he produced are superb achievements; and in a very real way express the time. He can be said to have been commercially successful too. For instance, with the turn of the century the Tiffany studios of 1896 expanded into the Tiffany Glass and Dec-

orating Company and Tiffany's commissions multiplied: he undertook the decoration of many notable houses; and he supervised the execution of many stained glass windows, including a special gallery executed in Paris after designs by Bonnard, Toulouse-Lautrec, Serusier, Roussel, Vallotton, Vuillard, and others. Louis Comfort Tiffany was not merely a fine artist and connoisseur; he was also an individual of great generosity and vision. In establishing the Tiffany Foundation in 1918 he began a work that was to sustain many young artists. Hundreds of painters have benefited through working on the old Tiffany estate at Oyster Bay and later through direct grants from the foundation. Tiffany's effort on behalf of these artists has to some extent overshadowed his own work in the arts. After his death the house and most of his personal collection were sold to carry on the work of the foundation. Tiffany lives on today not only through the objects that came from his studios, but also through the work of the artists who have been encouraged by the practical assistance he made possible through the Tiffany Scholarships.

—WARD JACKSON



A group of Tiffany vases showing use of the "clean line".

THE SEARCH

The warm December sun-light strained through the Ventian blinds of THE MIAMI BEACH HOTEL and woke Jack Horton. He sat up in bed, then slowly and mechanically wound his ever-present wrist watch, as he did every morning on waking.

"Nine thirty," he muttered, and reached languidly for the telephone on his bed-side night table. The receiver hummed in his hand.

"Good morning! Room service," answered a metallic voice.

"This extension 932. I'd like to order some breakfast," said Jack as he rubbed the top of his bald head with the soiled handkerchief he had retrieved from beneath the pillow.

"Yes, Mr. Horton, would you like your usual griddles and sausage?"

"No, I think I'll start with a live-broiled lobster, then some roast duck, and perhaps a little shrimp . . ."

"But sir, our chef isn't here. It is rather early for lobster, don't you think, sir?" spoke the clerk obsequiously.

"Of course not. I'm hungry this morning . . . and make that a Maine lobster will you, a fresh Maine lobster."

At the other end of the line, the room service clerk could only scribble the order as it was dictated.

"And some of your best champagne," added Horton.

"We'll have it up to you just as soon as possible sir. But I think there will be a slight delay as the chef isn't . . ."

"I'm hungry, man. Do I have to go down and cook it myself? I want breakfast." The receiver clicked in the clerk's ear.

Jack Horton withdrew a cigarette from the mangled package near the telephone, placed the paper cylinder between lips, then reached automatically to the ash-tray for a book of matches. His hand was surprised by their absence. He leaned over to the night-table and opened the single drawer . . . "Pad, pencil, telephone directory. No matches. Ridiculous!" he thought. "There must be matches here some place." He threw the sheet cover from the bed and crossed bare footed over the warm rugged floor to the porch. He pulled the slatted door open and was met by the sudden glare from the white sand and ocean nine stories below. The people on the beach looked like so many tadpoles. "Delicious," he thought, as he took a deep lungful of salt air,

"delicious." His silk pajamas billowed like a filled circus tent as the breeze rushed around his thin middle-aged figure.

"Matches. I've got to find the matches." He eased himself to the writing-room, made his way on tip-toe to the closet valet-desk.

"Mustn't make any noise . . . sshh!" He advanced a step closer, his eyes attracted to the desk as if by some hypnotic power. "Slow . . . slow . . . *Jesu, no more! It is full tide; From Thy head and from Thy feet.* Richard Crashaw, miserable poem. I'll bet they took the matches." He crossed back into the ing desk and carefully let down its cover. "Paper, paper, paper. No matches. They eat them, that's what they do. They eat my matches, that's what."

He shuffled the blank sheets of typing paper around the desk. "My manuscript, my beautiful, beautiful, manuscript." His hand explored the letter slots. Nothing in the first, or the second; in the third he found an unopened letter.

"What's this?" he looked at the two-week old New York post-mark. "They hid it on me, that's what. They hid it on me, because I hid their matches . . . but they'll die of hunger if they don't get the matches. If they don't find where I hid their matches they'll die of hunger hunger." The cigarette he

had placed in his spider mouth before the search began had become soggy at one end. He spit to the floor, then opened the letter.

"Dearest Jack,

I've enclosed the check. Things are going very well here at the office, so do rest. Remember the doctor wants you to relax completely.

Really must dash, for I have a directors' meeting in ten minutes. Write when you need more money.

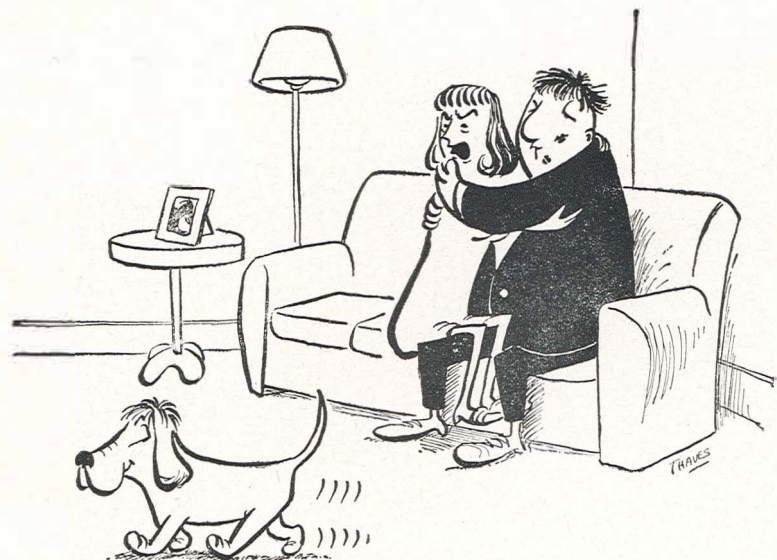
Your wife,
Ella

The pink company check had been personally written in the same small intellectual stroke as the letter. He neatly refolded the check, placed it on the desk top, then tore the letter, and re-tore it, until it was nothing but so much confetti.

"It's like dry snow. I'll make it snow on the people. Snow in Florida, that's a one . . . *The sun that brief December day rose cheerless over hills of gray, Whittier, good man.*" Horton crossed to the rail of the porch and looked down at the people sunning themselves on the shore.

"Snow!" he shouted, throwing the letter fragments into the air. The warm currents lifted and swirled them as they fell. Separated, they landed unnoticed, some on the sand, others in the water.

"Matches — I haven't found my matches. They eat them, that's what. They live on matches, and especially on my matches." He returned to the desk and researched the three letter compartments. His entire body became exhausted after the search; he rested, head in arms, on the desk. Things were dizzy and black. The roar of the breakers below drummed a rhythm; steady,



"There goes old blabbermouth, now the whole neighborhood'll know."

beating, rushing. It swirled to engulf him, reaching, grabbing at him.

The exhaustion left after a few moments. He raised his head from the desk. "Where the hell are my god-damn matches?" he asked aloud. Slowly, he looked about the room. Even though the sun was torrenting through the open doors, the room was darker, then brighter, then darker, brighter, in rhythm with the hushed rush of the waves below. Rush-swish, lighter; rus-swish, darker; . . .

"Where are my matches?" he demanded. "Matches, matches," he thought. His mind's eye refused to focus on anything but a pink book of matches on whose cover-flap was written: BE MODERN—DRINK GUCK-ENHEIMER.

"I'll bet they ate them. How much will I bet?" he wondered to himself. He crossed from the desk back to the bed, and sat on the edge wiping the top of his bald head with his handkerchief. "I know, I'll bet all the water in the world that they ate them. If I win, all the oceans will be mine. If I lose, I mustn't touch any water for the rest of my life or I'll die." He stopped wiping, and stared across the room to the green wall with its reproduction of a Van Gogh. "The artist," he thought, "and what was gained . . . the matches were the trouble. I wonder if they ate his matches? Of course, they must eat everybody's. I must find them, where oh where have my little matches gone?"

He rose from the bed, took a single step, then whirled around and pounced on the mattress, struggling to remove it. It slid to the floor with a soft thump; then he rushed to the desk, snatched the letter opener, returned to the fallen mattress and tore it to threads.

"Matches, where are the matches?" He crossed the stuffing-filled room to the Van Gogh and ripped it from the wall. "Van Gogh' gotta go," he sang, "for the matches are eaten."

A sea-breeze entered through the open porch doors and moved the cotton stuffing around the room with invisible hands. The blank manuscript on the writing table rustled, and one or two sheets were scattered into the waste-basket.

"Behind the curtains, that's where they eat, behind the curtains!" Letter opener in hand, he walked to the window curtains, then yanked them violently from their rods.

"No matches. I must find one of them eating the matches. What do they look like?—Like match eaters, of course. Why hadn't I thought of that before? They look like match eaters."

"If they wanted to hide the matches from me where would they hide them? Not in the mattress, or in the desk, or

behind the curtains, not in Van Gogh, not in—the water!" His mind jumped with excitement. "The water, hide them in the water! No average person would think of hiding matches in water. All that they haven't eaten, they've put in the water. In the ocean right below my room. Right below my room. I'll have to get them."

He walked to the porch edge, looked out to the rolling Atlantic, the stretch of sand, and the tadpole people nine floors down. His hand grabbed at the stone railing, then let go.

"I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky to find my matches," he thought. Everything spun around, black and purple and red and blue. His eyes wouldn't, couldn't focus.

In the news room of a small Nebraska radio station the teletype spewed forth the world's mistakes. Interpolated between the United Nations and the local weather forecast, the machine typed, "MIAMI—FINANCIER JACK HORTON COMMITTED SUICIDE THIS MORNING BY JUMPING FROM HIS NINE STORY HIGH SHORE APARTMENT. AN INVESTIGATION . . ." The announcer watched the copy, tore it from the ticker, and scanned it for important information; then deposited the new material in a nearly filled waste-basket. He reached for the stock yard report, and readied himself to go on the air.

—GEORGE PONT

CODDLY McSWALLOW

Wax witty my cloppity gooten erg friends
And donder false snotchik before.
As Coddly McSwallow moondarkly unbends
His horneblended hump from the floor.

He gleefully gambles a timtully tune
In the buggersoon blearly eye night
As if, somehow betwimble mud earth and glore moon,
Pagodas sun dardle were purling up bright.

My cloppity pippery fart gotten friends
You're much better men than he.
You're boppish on bible and greatly commend
Your fortune unflavored with ghee.

But wary you winsome whick sour Man.
Bibe snarling ump cocktail godsend.
God lavored lorn love by a powerful plan.
Coddly fits in there first, my friend.

from Williams College Comment

—JOHN STARKWEATHER, '56

RUSSIAN EXPANSION TO THE PACIFIC

An understanding of how Russia obtained Vladivostok and the surrounding maritime provinces is essential background for any basic appraisal of Russian power in the Far East.

The Russian advance to the Pacific began in the latter half of the sixteenth century, during the reign of the able but cruel Tsar, Ivan the Terrible. During this period Russia was in a state of transition. Domination by the Tartar hordes had ended less than one hundred years previous and Moscow had not yet consolidated her position as successor to Kiev as the seat of power. The remains of the Tartars in the south and Poland, Lithuania, and the German Knights in the north threatened the very existence of Muscovy itself.

To the East there was a vast and seemingly endless area that was ripe for conquest, colonization, and consolidation. The actual conquest of this area inhabited by native tribes east of the Urals dates from about 1580. At this time, however, Ivan, who was plagued by both internal and external troubles, had no time to formulate any carefully planned exploitation of his eastern frontier.

In a real sense, the conquest beyond the Urals was an accurate reflection of the hectic conditions that existed in Russia at that time, for the march to the Pacific was begun by a Cossack outlaw named Yermak. It was not the patriotic cause of carrying eastward the banner of Muscovy that induced Yermak to push beyond the Urals. Rather, it was because of his desire to escape his homeland where he was under sentence of death if apprehended, for rebellion against the crown.

In the fall of the year 1581, Yermak and a small armed group of his followers overthrew the power of the native prince, Kuchum, and claimed the vast trans-Ural territory, the capital of which was the town of Sibir—a significant term—for from it is derived Siberia, the name by which the entire area east of the Urals is known.

Yermak, a realist and an opportunist, voluntarily presented his conquered territories to the Tsar who, in return, rewarded him with a pardon and gifts. Thus the authority of Moscow was carried over the mountains and a frontier was opened. The overland move to the East had begun and it was not to end until it reached the Pacific. Significantly, the colonization of Siberia and

the drive to the Pacific were not the result of deliberate government planning, but rather the early flow of hardy peasants and adventurers migrating steadily toward a retreating frontier in an effort to improve their economic and political status.

It is worthwhile to note the similarities between this situation and the one that was present in North America a bit later on. While the American and Siberian colonists certainly had a different interpretation of freedom, each was searching for it in his own way. Material gains were not overlooked, however. The fur trade promised quick riches not only to the American adventurers but also to their Russian counterparts. Still another group that contributed to the advance across Siberia during the Tsarist regime was the exiles. These people had committed crimes against the state and were forced to settle in Siberia; while their part in the colonization was significant, they did not play as large a part as is sometimes indicated by popular accounts.

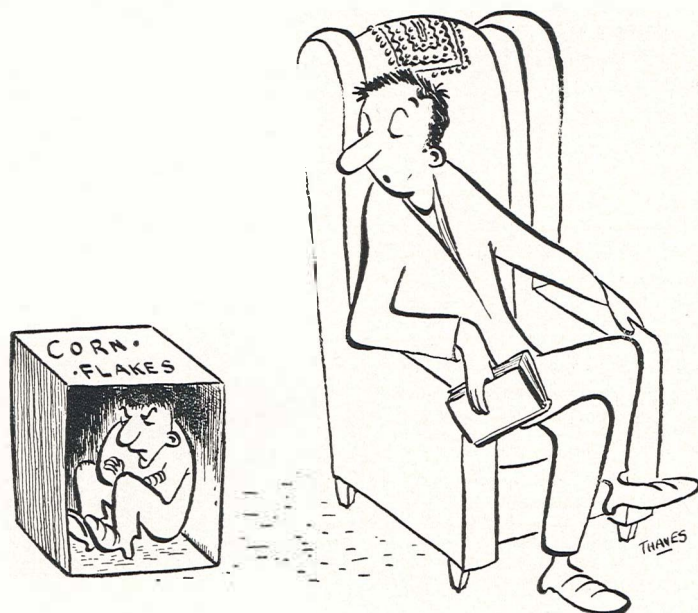
Navigable rivers played an important part in the communications of both continents and were, as well, highways of exploration. While most of the rivers of Siberia empty into the Arctic seas, their tributaries, and frequently portions of the main rivers, flow in an easterly or

westerly direction, thus providing convenient means for waterborn penetration of the frontier.

Also, in both cases the frontier was wrested from native peoples. In America it was from the Indian tribes and in Siberia it was from the natives who were from Mongol stock. Certainly not the least significant fact is that both the peoples of Russia and those of the United States were converging on the Pacific. This movement was shaping the present conflicts of interest. Indeed, it can be stated that the movement of these two groups, independent of one another, were moving the Russian and American people in accordance with their "manifest destiny" on collision courses.

In the six years following Yermak's seizure of Sibir the colonists had crossed the Urals and established the town of Tobolsk. The march eastward continued and the shores of Lake Baikal were reached in 1651.

Again, however, the land had to be wrested from the hands of the natives by force of arms, and it was not until after three years of fighting (1655-1658) that the tough Buriat mongols of the Baikal region were conquered. Even during this period of fighting the advance of the peasants could not be slowed down. Even before the trouble was settled the Cossacks had spearheaded a drive into the trans-Baikal area and reached the region of the two rivers, the Amur and the Ussuri. In the future these two waterways were to have increasing importance in the ad-



"My, what a mood we're in today."

vance of Russia to the Pacific.

By the middle of the Seventeenth Century Russian raiders under Khabanov had sailed down the Amur to plunder and exact tribute from the natives. As a result of these probings the Russians constructed a fort on the river, showing the inhabitants of the surrounding area that the Russians were not bent on profit, but on territorial conquests.

When the Russians had penetrated this deeply, and there seemed to be nothing in the way to stop them from reaching the sea an unexpected and formidable obstacle appeared. Without realizing it the Russian forces had advanced to the borders of the Chinese Empire. It was no longer a case of the Cossacks dealing with loosely scattered tribesmen but with one of the oldest and most powerful nations on the face of the earth. On top of this the timing was under the rule of the great K'ang and early Eighteenth Centuries China was under the rule of the great K'ang Hsi, the second emperor of the then new Manchu Dynasty, and one of the most able statesmen that the orient ever produced. There was little hesitation in his actions toward the Russians, who were encroaching on his tributary tribes in the north. The occupation by the Russians of the Amur-Ussuri region was accompanied by many diplomatic missions to Peking. All these failed, however, since the Russians did not follow the custom of bringing gifts or tribute when going to the court. The historian Gaston Cohen tells us, however, that one Russian mission to Peking did return with a letter from the Court, but the letter "was of no use to anyone for nobody in Moscow could read it."

K'ang Hsi was not one to be threatened by the presence of armed soldiers and colonists on his borders. On the other hand, the Russians did not want to return across the Urals just because their presence offended the Chinese emperor. As a result an undeclared border war began. Since neither side wanted a war, Russia caring only for territorial expansion and commerce north of Manchuria and K'ang Hsi wanting only to stabilize his border to the north and keep the most important tribes in allegiance, the Emperor negotiated with Moscow for a settlement of the problems that plagued them both. Four years after the beginning of the negotiations in 1685, the Tsar designated Theodore Colovin as his ambassador to China and a meeting was arranged at Nerchinsk, east of Lake Baikal.

The Tsar had decided to back up his diplomat with a sufficient armed force of one thousand troops. When the Russians reached Nerchinsk, however, they

found that in the orient, as elsewhere, diplomatic and military strength are not unrelated. K'ang Hsi had demonstrated his faith in diplomacy by appearing with a fleet of river boats, artillery, and ten thousand troops. Thus, the Treaty of Nerchinsk came about in 1689. As a result of China's first treaty with a European power the Russians agreed to withdraw from the entire valley of the Amur. In accordance with the treaty all fortifications that the Russians had built so far were razed by Chinese forces.

One interesting aspect of this treaty was the fact that it made provisions for the repatriation of all men who had been captured or had surrendered willingly, regardless of their personal desires. This line of thought was demonstrated two-and-a-half centuries later in Korea. This is an excellent example of how the lessons of oriental history have direct affiliation in present day Far Eastern affairs.

The Russian tide of expansion was running too swiftly for this reversal to stop it. Russian forces turned north from China into the Northeast Kamchatka region of Siberia. Eventually Russian expansion even jumped the Bering Strait and proceeded down the western coast of the continent of North America. Perhaps that will serve to illustrate the almost irresistible momentum with which Russia of the Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries pressed eastward into the Pacific littoral.

An unfaltering memory has always been an historic characteristic of Russian imperialism. Once an object is sought it is never forgotten. Sensing that an opportunity would arrive in the near future the Russian government ordered a survey of the Amur Valley in 1828. As the middle of the century approached, four factors combined to bring Russia to the Amur and the northern borders of Manchuria. A slow deterioration of the Manchu Dynasty was coupled with the entry of the great western nations into the field of maritime commerce. China was unable to resist the demands of these countries for extraterritorial rights. In the region of the Amur Valley itself the Chinese had neglected to set up colonies of her own.

Perhaps the most fatal occurrence for China was the Tsar making Nicholas Muroviev the governor-general of Eastern Siberia in 1847. Muroviev was a determined man and was not hampered by scruples of any sort. At the time that he took charge of his post the Russians had already, geographically speaking, outflanked China. The only area that was lacking was that of the Ussuri River. Muroviev was strengthened by the colonization of the Siberian frontier

and the settlement of the northeast Asian coast. In 1854 the Tsar conferred on Muroviev the authority to (again) negotiate boundaries with China, who had not protested when he repeatedly violated the Treaty of Nerchinsk by sailing Russian troops up and down the Amur River. Chinese envoys arrived at Aigun in 1858 for the discussion of boundaries with Muroviev. When they had departed, the Russians had rights to the left bank of the Amur and joint control of the Ussuri region. This was satisfactory to Muroviev as he knew that joint control would eventually lead to Russian domination. Unfortunately for China, internal strife made it impractical to send forces to the north to enforce conditions of the treaty.

The results for Russia and the modern world have been significant. The Russian frontier had reached the sea and Manchuria was cut off from it; Russian boundaries now reached as far south as Korea. Via the land route Russia had emerged as a power on the Pacific possessing a strategic coastal lodgment to serve as a base for her struggle against the maritime powers for control of Asia.

In the southern part of the newly acquired maritime province, Muroviev founded the city that was to be the hub of the Tsarist, and later the Soviet, power in the Pacific. The founding of this city marked the culmination of the imperialistic, expansionist policy begun by Yermak the Cossack who had crossed the Urals two hundred years previously. It also opened the new era of increased competition in the Pacific Basin, an era so accurately forecast by Commodore Matthew Perry in 1856:

"It requires no sage to predict events as strongly fore-shadowed to us all . . . It seems to me that the people of America will, in some form or other, extend their power until they have brought within their embrace the multitudes of islands of the great Pacific . . . and I think, too, that eastward and southward will her great rival of the future (Russia) stretch forth her power to the coast of China and Siam, and thus the Saxon and the Cossack will meet once more, in strife or in friendship, on another field."

In view of the events of Far Eastern history, since Muroviev founded that city, it would appear that the name given it was less a geographical designation than an indication of the role its imperialistic founders intended it would play. That city was Vladivostok—"domination of the Pacific".

REEVES ESSAY

PAT NATHAN



A BOY IN THE WOODS

It was a little lighter outside by the time I had gulped my breakfast down and Uncle Glenn had put on his shabby hunting jacket and me my own worn mackinaw. We left as soon as we had said good-bye to Aunt Gussie, and she told us she hoped we would get a lot of squirrels.

I had been squirrel hunting before, but never with my own rifle. As we started up the back pasture I kept looking at the gun and pointing it at objects just like I would at a real squirrel. The balance was perfect and the back sight was cut deep and narrow so that I had to draw a fine bead on the tip sight. Engraved along the top of the black shiny barrel was, 'WINCHES-TER — 22 long, short, or long-rifle'. Click-clack, click-clack! The bright silver bolt action worked in one smooth easy motion. It was a pretty rifle and I was a proud boy.

There were two of my prints in the sod to every one of Uncle Glenn's and I had to look way up to him whenever we spoke.

"Eddy, we're glad ya like the rifle, but be careful and remembur all th' things I've told ya about usin' a gun. They can be real dangrus when you're not careful."

"Oh, I will Uncle Glenn," I said as I shifted the gun under my other arm as he did.

As we trodded on over the fresh dew on the rolling pasture I remembered

how Uncle Glenn would sit and tell me of all sorts of hunting tales. I recollect the time he killed thirty-two squirrels with thirty-three shots over a two week period with a periscope German rifle. Many of the stories included my father who had died along with my mother when our house burned about four years back. After this had happened I came out here on the farm to live. I owed Uncle Glenn and Aunt Gussie a lot and told myself I'd pay it all back someday. Maybe I'd start today if I could get some meat for food.

Soon we were scooting under the rusty barbed wire fence to ole' Pete Merrill's woods. Pete was a good man and he just begged us to hunt his land because he didn't get out much any more.

It was daybreak now and the squirrels would just be getting their breakfast. Most of the leaves had dropped to the ground and as we trudged over them I thought how well a squirrel could be seen through the bare branches.

When we came to a cove Uncle Glenn left me on one side of the hill in the midst of three big hickory nut trees and said he would walk on over to the den just beyond the cove. As he walked down in the dip and up over the other side of the ridge I moved down the hill some and fixed myself behind an old fallen oak. Now I looked up the cove and had a good

view of all three hickory nut trees.

In places the sun shone through the forest in streaks and it was quiet except for a few birds that had begun to chirp. One sparrow screeched for its mother, and finally he stopped when she settled on the birch limb by her young one. I could feel a slight wind rising that touched me squarely in the face.

I was just testing my sights on a cat bird when I thought I heard what sounded like hickory nut shells dropping. I propped my forearm and the gun on the log and looked toward the farthest hickory tree which was about thirty yards away and slightly to my right. I listened, but saw nothing. And then through the trees I noticed something at the head of the cove just coming over the top. There were two of them. I guess they were about two hundred and fifty yards away, but I could see their outlines against the sky. They were young, yet I knew their slender long limbs could carry them away in a flash with the mere snap of a twig.

They paused a moment at the crest and then started making their way slowly down the middle of the cove. My heart was in my throat. I felt like yelling, "Uncle Glenn!" as loud as I could. He had hunted these fleet-footed creatures many times and after supper at night he would tell me stories about them.

"Their senses are very keen," he had said and I was careful not to move even an eyelash. Soon I could hear the munch-munch of their hoofs on the leaves and they stayed right in the dip of the cove moving almost straight toward me.

I was trying to think of all that Uncle Glenn had told me about these strange animals, but at the same time I was puzzled. They had strayed far from their place in the mountains. It was only a mile or two to the foot of Mount Pisgah, but they were seldom seen this far from home. I guessed the food was scarce and they had come down to feed on one of Pete's fields. And then I remembered Uncle Glenn saying once that the mother or father usually followed behind the young ones. I could see there were only

two of them, but if I could let these two by without being seen I might get a chance at a big one. That's what I'd do!

It seems it took forever for these two, one trailing the other, to pass. I sat still except for the slow turning of my eyes on them as they passed right below me not fifteen yards away. They were not full grown and yet I was tempted to turn my head and follow them down the cove, but I checked myself for fear of losing everything. I thought these animals were too beautiful to be killed. Their soft tan fur was smooth and even. They, with their long, graceful bodies, their huge, brown innocent eyes, and their white snub tails, never harmed anyone. Yet they had come down to feed on Pete's land. I was almost sure of that.



After I was sure that they had gotten far enough away so I wouldn't arouse them, I decided a change of position would prevent a cramp if the big one did come. So I stretched my left leg alongside the fallen tree, propped my right leg up to support my right arm and then put the rest of my weight on the old tree trunk. The best place for me to set the sights would be about ten yards ahead of the last hickory tree. I was afraid if he came any closer my breathing or nervousness would give me away.

This was my big chance, I thought to myself as I waited there. Uncle Glenn would really be proud of me, and this way I would sort of be earning the rifle. I knew he couldn't really afford the rifle, but if I could get some meat it would kinda repay him. My first shot must count because there wouldn't be another if I failed.

It seemed like an hour since the little ones had passed, but I guess it really was only about eight minutes. I had begun to think I was waiting for Christmas. And then I saw him! He looked to be about a six-pointer. It was hard to tell through the trees, but he was big, much bigger than the young ones. He stood in the same spot the others had. I tried to tell myself I wasn't scared, but I could feel my mouth getting dry.

He stood at the crest for a long while. It seemed he couldn't make up his mind. The light wind was still to my face. He held his head high and it

turned slowly as if to search for the danger he knew lay hidden in the woods. I was afraid he'd sense me in some way and turn and amble on in another direction.

Finally he started very slowly down the trail. He moved even slower than the first ones had. I told myself I'd be brave, but I knew the funny feeling in my stomach wasn't a common thing. My tongue had grown sticky in my mouth. I gripped the gun so tight that my hands were slick on the inside. He moved cautiously and uncertainly, still keeping his head raised above his long neck. The pounding of my heart increased with every one of his munching steps. Despite his weight he was lighter on the leaves than his little ones had been.

As he came closer he seemed to look straight at me and dare me to shoot. He was a big buck and he was a six-pointer! There's enough meat there to last us a month. He was nearly in line with my sights now and I told myself to be sure and not *pull* the trigger, but *squeeze* it gently. I had the sights in perfect line and there he was. I squeezed the trigger very gently—and then gently—and then hard—and then I pulled it. The safety! I forgot the safety. I flicked it with my thumb and he jerked with the sound. I fired hurriedly, but he slumped to the earth.

Click-clack! From habit I replaced the cartridge as I rose to my feet. Feeling proud and confident I ran quickly to where the deer had fallen. He lay on his side in the trail facing the other ridge. I stepped over him to see where I had hit, and suddenly with a great burst of energy he sprang to his feet and knocked me on my back. When I got up again, half scared to death, I saw Uncle Glenn on the crest of the hill almost directly in front of the buck's flight. The buck had seen him too. He turned down the hill just as Uncle Glenn fired and the shot missed its mark as I saw fur fly from his left hip. His speed told me he was hurt so I picked out a clearing in the direction he moved. I made sure the safety was pushed forward and kept his neck in my sights as well as possible 'till he reached the clearing. I squeezed gently on the trigger. His knees buckled, and with a thud he skidded on the leaves.

I reloaded again. Uncle Glenn had run down the slope and now he stood over the deer.

"That's a mighty big squirrel ye got there Ed, boy."

I couldn't speak but, with gun ready, watched the big buck closely.

"Well, what'er ya waitin' for bud? Find yaself a pole so's we kin git this feller back to the house."

—JIM BOCOOK



"I said 'what God hath wrought!'"



THE MIKADO is a "natural" for Japanese artists who welcome the opportunity afforded by the Gilbert and Sullivan work to exhibit authentic costumes of their country.

WESTERN OPERA IN JAPAN

After a half century, Western opera in Japan has become a fabulous entertainment industry which, besides adding appreciably to the artistic prestige of the country, nets approximately 20,000,000 yen annually.

It took a few deviations from the set pattern to sell foreign opera to the Japanese public. In Europe and in America a great number of opera frequenters depend on modes of music to tell them the story. However, for the Japanese, a people who, though collectively educated in Western ways of

life, are unfamiliar with the intricate nature of Western spirit and fancy, it was necessary to translate dialogue. Some contend that translation into Japanese damages the work, but they must admit that it repaired the purses of domestic opera promoters.

Western opera was first seen in Japan at the turn of the century with a work of Christoph W. Gluck, but it was until an eventful night in 1902 that opera made its grand debut at the Tokyo Asakura with Bizet's *Carmen*. Since that time, Japanese opera-goers have con-

tinually seen such internationally famous works as *Faust*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Don Giovanni*, *La Boheme*, *Madame Butterfly*, *Der Freischutz*, *La Tosca*, *The Mikado*, and *The Barber of Seville*.

Tenor Yoshie Fujiwara is often credited with being the foremost champion of the move in Japan, both politically and artistically, although a comparatively new figure, Miss Miho Nagato, has in recent years challenged Fujiwara's place in the field. In addition to owning one of Japan's two leading pro-



CARMEN, perennial favorite for American opera-goers, also has a constant audience in the Orient. Miho Nagato, soprano, is shown above in the title role of Bizet's musical drama of love and hate.

fessional companies, she is rated one of the country's ranking sopranos. Japan has music associations which own opera troupes and smaller opera companies, but none of these can approach the specialized Fujiwara and Nagato companies.

Works like *Madame Butterfly* and *The Mikado* are "naturals" for Japanese performers because of their settings and plots. In some cases, they are said to have expanded the expressionistic quality and artistic value of these works of European creators. Yet, like singers the world over with every type opera, they do present an occasional "lemon" *Mikado* or *Butterfly*.

More difficult material of Japanese singers, most of whom are domestically trained, are *Carmen* and *Der Freischütz*. This typically Continental brand of opera necessitates the assumption of a foreign disposition, a real test of versatility which is often splendidly mastered. But it has taken every one of the 50 years since the initiation of Western opera here for the Japanese to educate and train themselves to their present high degree of proficiency in foreign lyric drama.

Phases of the art of the Western musical play which did not have to be learned by Japanese were staging and costuming. They had developed great skill in these arts from centuries of experience collected in performing their own classics. It was easy to modify this experience to the shape of the Western stage. Consequently, methods

of using controlled lighting, constructing and arranging realistic scenery and props are as exquisite as those employed on any stage in the world.

Musical accompaniment is rich and solidly of a grand opera variety. Comparatively good money to be made in

opera attracts the country's finest symphonic orchestras. In some cases the symphonic and operatic groups are under one management and work together, making it unnecessary to contract independent orchestras. Musicians are necessarily of outstanding ability because unofficial professional cliques have made qualifications for eligibility to professional performances quite rigid.

Some authorities in the field express the belief that it will take Japanese musicians many years to reach the American and European interpretation, while others say that a lofty perch in international music circles may be achieved with the next group of graduated academic students. All agree that Japan has some of the finest instrumental soloists in the world.

American service personnel form a good portion of the Japanese opera market. Demand for operatic entertainment by Americans in Japan has increased yearly since the war ended.

The heavy support rendered by Japanese citizens is largely the result of the lust for education in Western fashion so evident in post-war times. This fact, coupled with what sociologists have termed an innate quest for international culture in a sizeable portion of the Japanese population, could be the reason for an estimated 22 per cent of the materially able nationals frequenting the legitimate and concert theatres, 80 per cent of that number being opera-goers. —JIM BROWNE

COSTUMING is one phase of Western opera the Japanese technicians did not have to learn, since centuries of experience collected in presenting domestic drama proved applicable to foreign works.



CAN MAN CONTROL HIS OWN EVOLUTION?

Two white-coated, be-spectacled scientists hunched over a microphotograph and mumbled, "Drosophila melanogaster." An opossum hung by his tail and laughed.

Geneticist-philosophers fought the battle of eugenics vs. controlled mutation and dreamt of a greater, more worthwhile species of man. They wanted to do away with the physical impurities and "bad genes" which were causing psychological unrest and threatened to erase the race through the cobalt cult.

The opossum laughed and laughed. He and his ancestors had been around a long time; the scientists had said so themselves.

'Possum couldn't claim to be more than an evolutionary fourteenth cousin of this temporary species which searched for racial immortality. But, he knew he was unspecialized. Some of his best friends were unspecialized. One of them had told him that his great, great . . . grandpappy had thrown a gene, broken loose from his banana-eating relatives and, while many thousands of generations of opossums watched disgustedly, developed into a man-scientist. 'Possum had a good memory. He remembered that his tree-dwelling buddy's grandpappy had been called, "Lemur", otherwise known as the tree shrew.

'Possum had read the right books. He smirked whenever a man-scientist wrote down what he had always known.

He read Edward Drinker Cope, one of the greatest n-a-t-u-r-a-l-i-s-t-s America had ever produced. Cope said, "The highly developed or specialized types of one geological period have not been the parents of the types of succeeding periods but . . . the descent has been derived from the less specialized of the preceding ages."

This specializing meant the adaptation of a special to a particular function or environment.

'Possum thought of the dinosaurs; and laughed and laughed and laughed.

Meanwhile the scientists argued among themselves.

The biochemists, representing the "pure" branch of the great search, flung their test tubes into the fireplace and began mixing new batches of chemicals and virus-genes. They tried once again to make protoplasm. They tried to make protoplasm, the living "stuff".

If they could make it, and make it live, maybe someone else could give

it a chromosome job, make it mutate and control evolution . . . maybe.

These test-tube geniuses had analyzed protoplasm. They had the chemicals to reproduce it without any great cost. After all the human body, as a whole, wasn't worth much even with inflation. They had taken small blobs and tried to make them conform to the definition of "life". It rough going but they finally proved that one blob was sensitive to light and this was one of the criteria of life.

They were searching for knowledge, leaving it to the technician to find a use for their discoveries. Even possum admired this regardless of his laughter.

The impure scientists, psychologists and their multifarious relatives, were searching too; but they didn't want to mutate. They just wanted to eliminate the "bad", impure genes which they had, rather than fly to others which they knew not of.

The eugenists were following the trail of an ideal too. Pure science had taught them that certain genes are lethal or semi-lethal. Certain characteristics could be carried singly on one of the paired human chromosomes without any adverse effect. But when two of such sets of interacting genes came together in an individual, imperfections ranging from color-blindness through imbecility to death will result.

If those born with these imperfections could be eliminated, eventually the species would be free from hereditary defects. If the technicians could then control non-hereditary imperfection, a perfect race would evolve through an aborted form of natural selection.

'Possum looked down at man and wondered just what he is trying to preserve.

This upright homo sap is badly enough fitted out for life without some of his own kind trying to emphasize these basic patent features.

Man has appendicitis because he has a tissue which no one can find any use for. He has a tail called coccyx but is ostracized from society if he continually lives in trees. Man has a third eye which he can't use. He has nervous disorders ("milk-leg"), circulatory problems (hemorrhoids and varicose veins) and pains in the sacroiliac because he shoved the horizontal cantilever bridge of his skeleton into a vertical position and then expected it to function with the same efficiency. The bones of his

face have so shrunk that his back teeth have trouble moving into position normally; he has to have his wisdom teeth pulled; and then he went ahead to develop feeding habits which make his teeth almost unnecessary anyway.

Yet man wants to emphasize all these characteristics by eliminating those members of the species which do not conform to this perfect being; either that or mutate.

He wants to create another higher form of life. To do so, he will have to specialize. Man's primary characteristic now is the ability to abstract through great departmentalization of his proportionally large brain. He wants to increase this function even more.

'Possum laughs, "He knows all about the dinosaurs, and still he wants to become more specialized!"

Crocodiles and alligators, not too highly regarded members, are all that is left of the great ruling reptiles, Archosauria. They started off pretty simply, some no bigger than a rooster, and then got too big for their breeches. They specialized in body size. They developed huge mouths to feed an oversized framework and then fifty ton bodies to take care of all that food. They go so out of condition that they had to live in swamps because their skeletons could not support such bulk on dry land.

Then the trouble came. Dinosaurs began to run out of food.

Their meals held square dances under almost-useless noses. Fox-like creatures flexed their well-developed leg muscles and skipped out of reach before dinosaur could lower his ponderous head for a bed-time snack. Potential pheasant-under-glass flapped newly-found wings, spit in saur's third-rate eye and flew off.

Dinosaur ran out of food and grew into oblivion.

If man were a dinosaur he would keep developing a bigger brain and brain case to house it. He might end up using ESP (the extra sensory perception of science fiction fans) to drive the oversize car which would eliminate the torture of forcing his then degenerate legs to function as walking sticks. But this could go on only so long. Eventually, a short time geologically, something else would arise from opossum's friends to take over as temporary "king of the mountain".

Can man control his own evolution? If pure science can outrun the clamor for technology, yes; but it will not make much difference.

Twentieth century scientists are not the first to think of converting the species. Friedrich Nietzsche and his technical director, Adolf Hitler, conceived of a

pure Aryan race. They defined the "superman" as tall, blond, blue-eyed, physically "perfect" and untainted by inferior blood. Despite the fact that he did not fit any segment of this description, Hitler threw the species into a socio-political-economic-psychological conflict to eliminate the inferiors. But even this would have failed since man's specialized mind would not have stood for such a marked delineation.

Each religious sect, in order to explain itself to itself, proclaims itself to be the chosen people, although a diety

is the scale of comparison instead of only a perfect man. There are too many religious groups in existence for this attempt to have passed the test of perfection in time.

Certainly, man might be able to control his own evolution if his self-created society would let him, but the effects would be nullified on the geological time-scale. He who created the opossum would laugh a little too as the last Humpty-Dumpty man fell off the Cenozoic wall.

To follow Edward Cope's argument,

man could possibly produce a more specialized species or sub-species but in the end he would accomplish nothing since specialized creations, even those whose brains tell them that they are specialized, do not live into geological infinity.

It has been estimated by the man-scientists that opossum has been around eighty million years.

No wonder he laughs!

REEVES ESSAY

CHARLES LAMBETH

Modern Jazz

From Brass to Brubeck

MUSIC

The biggest news in American music is the fast growing nation-wide appeal of Modern Jazz. Wherever there are young people or people who like American music, people are listening, talking, praising, misunderstanding, and enjoying what most of them take to be the "new" Jazz. But to the watchful musician the present jazz idiom is not really "new" at all, but the logical culmination of the musicians' searching for new concepts during the last half-century. To be accurate, today's jazz is not a "culmination" of anything in the true sense of that word either, for Jazz in 1945 is only one stage in a progressive development of music close to the American life stream; and Jazz will continue to develop new idioms as long as there is the power of creative innovation in the American character.

Jazz has its early roots in the Negro syncopated rhythms and melodies, and the possibilities inherent in this source were first realized in early blues and ragtime. By 1912 in New Orleans, there developed the pure jazz called "Dixieland." People listened and danced to it in the bars and marched to it in the streets, and it wasn't long before the music of men like King Oliver and Kid Ory began to find its way to Chicago and New York. In Dixieland the qualities of the blues and ragtime were still present: the improvisation, the lower 3rd and 7th of the scale, and the Negro rhythms. This free flowing music exists today but in a mauled form.

Several years after the birth of the first jazz, the desire for a jazz more reserved resulted in Symphonic Jazz, perhaps best illustrated by the music of Paul Whiteman. The music came from scored compositions and thus lacked the spontaneous developments vital in

Dixieland. One notable selection of this era was *Rhapsody in Blue* by George Gershwin. But Symphonic Jazz was but a brief pause, however, and the true descendant of hot jazz was Sweet Jazz, typified by muted instruments, shaded lights, sentimentality, and Guy Lombardo.

When musicians quickly found this new jazz still did not allow the instrumentalist freedom of interpretation, they entered in the merry medium, Swing. Combining the orchestration of Symphonic and Sweet, and the improvisation of Dixieland, Swing revived the thriving beat and harmonies. Swing gained impetus from the styles of men like Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, and Duke Ellington; and its popularity was so great, that its affect still claims a sizeable segment of American music appreciation.

In the forties the musical world was ever so slightly unsettled by the emergence of a jazz style called "Bop." The dissonance and almost complete improvisation of Bop was put forward by men like Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker as an answer to the restraints placed on the musician by Swing. Bopers sought to augment jazz as music for concert presentation by concentrating on stylizing forms such as very fast tempos, a beat with few stresses, and quietness of performance.

From these shifting musical idioms arose the music we now call Modern Jazz. By the late 1940's, many of the Bop and Swing musicians were using "classical" ideas in their writing and improvisation, thus uniting two musical concepts which previously found no means of agreement. As the "classical" musicians, who thought of jazz fans ignorant ruffians, became more reconciled to the jazzists, who like to think

of the former as "stuffed-shirts," each began to adopt the other's ideas. For instance, Woody Herman's orchestra included in its compositions such techniques as added 7ths, 9ths, and so on, resulting in not only more dissonant sounds but more improvising possibilities as well. This was a blessing for the jazz musician who had been schooled to the solos basic to Dixieland while the addition of unorthodox instruments and instrument combinations, associated perhaps with the concert groups, gave sonority and complexity to the fledgling jazz movement.

But Jazz developed in musicians cliques to where it was far ahead of the audience ability to interpret and listen to it. Thus Stan Kenton when he presented his innovations to the public achieved little distinction and his abilities in writing complex jazz at first went unacknowledged by all but a few enthusiasts. Approaching a tonality, his works demanded of the musician a more thorough knowledge of rhythmic and harmonic combinations. With advent of intensely trained and musically developed artistic musicians, the tendency of the solos in progressive jazz was to subtle linear improvisations, in contrast to the raw arpeggios of the Dixielanders. The jazz musician has become the chord progressions or suggested theme of the soloists melodic development. Thus in modern jazz we find the musician both instrumentalist and composer; and not only did the musician himself improve his art, but the listener learned more of music's art as he adapted to the complex, abstract sounds of modern jazz.

Out of the large semi-swing orchestras, side men formed small, closely knit combos, the essence of modern jazz. A tenor saxist, Stan Getz, noted for his

pure restrained sound and interesting linear solos, was one of the first to form a small modern jazz group. In the Herman orchestra, he was part of a sax section whose style was a replacement for the hackneyed robust reed section of the dance bands. For the horn man with many new ideas, the big band was too restricting. As a result, we have the backbone of modern jazz, small groups and small group writings. Today, the orthodox jazz piece begins with a composed "riff" or theme, which is usually patterned on a familiar tune, and then throughout the remainder of the number each member of the group improvises, ending with the return of the theme. When the soloist is playing, the rest of the group accompanies with similar motifs. Many jazz compositions develop into the exchange of concepts, which is usually done in the manner of dividing the standard chorus into equal segments, with each soloist being awarded a section, to illustrate group understanding in modern jazz.

Today's jazz composers and instrumentalists leading the modern jazz movement can be separated into several general "schools". Shorty Rogers, formerly a writer and trumpeter with Kenton and Herman, leads a powerful Los Angeles group, whose products maintain that good old swing in complex form. Shorty writes for groups of four to twenty members, employing utilities from flugelhorns to flutes. Some of his close associates are Shelly Manne, drums; Art Pepper, alto sax; Bud Shank, alto sax; James Guiffre, tenor sax; Milt Bernhart, trombone; and Hampton Hawes, piano. All these musicians have concentrated their efforts in the Southern California area, where modern jazz seems to find its most appreciative audiences and talented newcomers. Of this group, many have formed their own experimental combos, usually quartets and by no means little in importance.

A second "school" might, for the purpose of identification, be centered around San Francisco's Dave Brubeck, whose quartet has done so much to popularize jazz. Brubeck, with aid of his altosaxist, Paul Desmond, presents a style which is contrapuntal and melodic and which presents a sax tone lacking the rawness of tone found in Dixieland. Gerry Mulligan and his temperamental quartet represent still another approach to jazz, a jazz which is extremely contrapuntal and does without the piano. Without the "Clavier" the jazz states the chord progressions, while the soloists rely a good deal on the memorization of the progressions. The thinking behind this change is that the pounding pianoforte, as found in Dixieland, is a restriction on the soloist and

group cooperation so that, consequently, it seems that the piano will be playing a less important role in the development of jazz.

Of course these are just three styles found in the West and nothing has been written here exploring the revolutionary ideas emanating from New York and environs in work of men like Lennie Tristano and his scales, to men-

tion only one of a great many artists. To the novice, however, who is just beginning to explore the possibilities of music appreciation in Modern Jazz, the important thing to remember is that jazz is more than a beat and a toot—it is the complex and sincere work of artists who have studied and explored musical theory for many years.

—DON COBB

REQUIEM TO A DERELICT

A moth eaten man
Pulls at string suspenders
To tighten his world.

He loiters along
The city's garbaged night avenue;
A Lollius of sort,
"A somewhat somewhere."

Spent life in a vomit filled East River.
Alone with many,
In the stainless steel city
Of germless pity.

He loiters along
As he has for ever never.
He oblivious of they,
They oblivious of he.

A painless pain
Squeezes his starved heart.
Then a painful waring
Conquers, so it shall never restart.

A journey is finished;
Across the East River
To the Stygian shore.

A hot hand touches
The quickly cooling
Pavement battered body
In search of life.

For the first in ever never
People stop and look and sense.
They cluck their tongues and wag their heads,
And some feel sorry he is dead.

In the cool night distance, a siren.
The last help is come;
But is too late.
His power had ended to procreate.

The death-show completed
His audience disband;
Some wonder
"Who is he?"
"What was his story?"
Then forget . . .

—G. P. PONT

FACULTY FORUM

Is A Career As A College Professor An Escape?

Yes, I think that there is an escape factor in college teaching, but there are two distinct ways one can define this escape. Firstly, for the individual who has asked himself the so-called "Big Questions" about man and/or his world, the academic life provides an escape from the hustle and bustle of everyday life in the U.S. This escape is a necessity for the serious study, thought, and research involved in treating these questions. The business man, whose life is circumscribed by the practical exigencies of administration, production, sales, and, ultimately, immediate profit and loss considerations, has neither the time nor the inclination to ask seriously and attempt honestly to answer these questions. His social milieu militates against his even thinking about matters not of immediate importance to his goals, and any attempt to treat adequately the problems of his universe are doomed to failure for lack of time. The academic life provides the necessary "leisure," atmosphere, and facilities for serious research not of an immediately practical nature. In this sense, for the academician who is worthy of the name, the academic life provides a very welcome escape, one which he will utilize as fully as he can to face up to the "Big Questions" which underly all the practical "little questions" with which the business man must deal.

Secondly, the academic life can be, and unfortunately often is, an escape from the practical exigencies of the business world for those people who are afraid to compete in the world outside. It is an excellent hiding place for the mental mouse. It can serve as a sort of monastery, a retreat for the inept, the fearful, the cowardly. It is possible in most colleges to build a sort of mental cocoon around oneself and simply to vegetate in a state of neurotic inadequacy which often masquerades as academic introvertiveness and quiet profundity.

There are, then, two distinct meanings of the term escape. The positive meaning involves escaping from a mundane, practical world to an exceedingly stimulating one in which a person can

create and produce and stimulate the next generation to do the same. Men who utilize this escape to good advantage are the academic aristocrats.

The negative meaning involves escaping because of a feeling of neurotic personal inadequacy in dealing in the affairs of practical men. The person utilizing this escape does not think or create or produce; he figuratively balls himself up into the fetal position and hopes that the world will leave him alone with his fears. He trades, when he must come out to "teach," in rigid, usually outmoded dogma and a few ideas of little import which he stole from someone else. He's a little man, afraid of his shadow, and he knows that he won't cast a fearful shadow if he only remains in his ivy tower, quietly contemplating his navel instead of questioning the cosmos. Men who utilize this escape are the academic fakes.

My own faith includes the belief that more of us utilize the first than the second escape. I think that I am correct.

—R. W. GREENFIELD

The Flamingo regrets that space did not permit the contributions of Mr. Klaus Wolff and Dr. Russell to be published in this issue.

College professors are always naturally on the defensive. They get paid for doing what in most cases they would do anyway—i.e. reading books and talking about them—and they can't help secretly feeling guilty about this. Life, they were always told as children, is both real and earnest, a rather nasty kind of black draught. Consequently they have little to say for themselves when they see people in other professions drinking down their medicine and, sometimes, even paying super-tax for the privilege of doing so. Of course professors are escaping something: they actually, for the most part, live in decent surroundings, have adequate leisure, and do work they positively enjoy.

However, I would still venture to suggest that the term "escape," if taken to connote a deliberate evasion of certain responsibilities or experiences that should form a part of the good life, is really no more applicable to the lives of the majority of college professors than to the lives of, say, the majority of business men; indeed, it is probably less applicable. One of the main problems confronting anyone choosing his life's work should be, surely, to find such as will exercise him daily upon as wide a variety of human problems as possible and force him to understand as fully as possible his personal and social responsibilities; and in this respect a college teacher's job must surely stand high among the list of desirable professions. For most people their university or college campus, in all its "boredom and horror and glory" (English majors please note!) is probably the nearest thing to a true community that they will ever know; but college professors can live and work together and dissect the universe and one another's professional throats for most of their adult lives.

Nevertheless, to say all this is not to suggest that the college professor is free from the sort of doubt that at one time or another probably nags every thinking person—namely, in terms of richness of experience how does his life compare with what he fondly imagines to have been the life of the average person in whatever happens to be his pet civilization?—Periclean Athens, maybe, or Chaucerian London, or Aztec Peru. The answer to such a question is usually obvious and unhelpful; but asking it does at least point towards the desirability of everyone's having had at one time or another to earn a really honest living from the world by manual labour and, preferably, in physical discomfort and danger. Maybe we should make a couple of years punching cows or exploring the Amazon or doing something equally arduous at least as requisite for academic promotion as a Ph.D.

ENGLISH

—J. FRASER

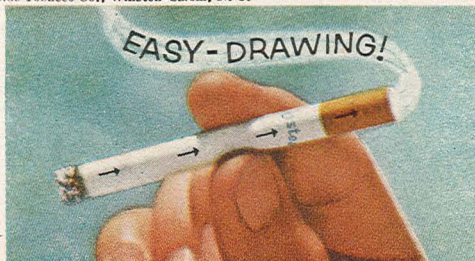
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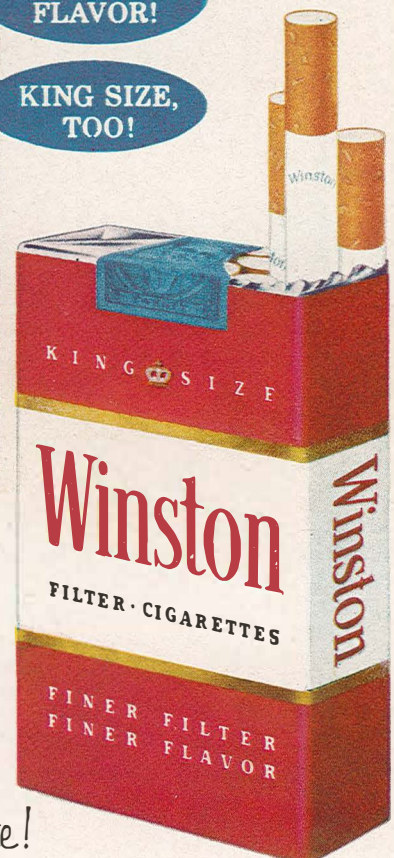
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