

May 13, 1958

After weeks of waiting, the Mathieu has finally arrived, in all its glory, only to be crannied in a dingy stair well.

Rather than hanging this painting in such inharmonious conditions it would be better not to show it at all until an appropriate and sympathetic atmosphere is either found or specifically created. If necessary, build a tower thirteen feet by three inches tall; let us not be stunted by practicality...Mathieu wasn't.

Those who care will find a solution ; why be passive to the urgency of this problem?

S.V., B.R.K.

Is there no way to combat the mosquito problem so that we can keep our pictureque "campus lake" all year round? What can we do to further such a project?

L.W.

Myron's Own Story

"On October 29, 195- I had come home to Brooklyn from a late evening in the city, and upon opening the icebox found a small veal cutlet, uncooked. Soon I was busy frying it in a frying pan with some Spry, when the door opened and my older brother came in (he's 28), also from a late evening in the city. -Il aime les mauvais francaises (He likes French movies.)

'My cutlet!' my brother exclaimed, initiating a chase around the kitchen table. What a grappling and a clutching there was, then!

From the kitchen the struggle moved to the 'boys' room' and then it happened.

My older brother's pride and joy, his large tropical fish aquarium, was elbowed over. The fish flipped and flopped grotesquely, picturesquely around on the floor in dismay, and in their death throes. I stopped fighting long enough to pick up the aquarium and put some of them back in the water. My brother swept his hand across the floor, and squashed a bunch of them in my face, in his fury. The noise of the commotion brought my old mother out of her bedroom in her nightgown and slippers. She took in the whole situation in one sleepy, annoyed glance and, taking my older brother in her arms and pressing him to her, she yelled, "What's Myron doing to you, my baby?"

That did it. I was pretty angry myself all this time and I just grabbed my suitcase, filled it with my overnight kit, a few shirts, and the rest of that kind of stuff, and took some money from my drawer. Then I left, although it was 3:30 a.m. My mother had yelled at me. So had my older brother.

I went to the subway station, ran downstairs, waited an hour and a half for the local, reached Times Square in another hour and a half, went to the Greyhound Station and checked my suitcase in a 24-hour locker. Then I went to an all night movie, saw two John Wayne pictures and one bad one. They were all three war pictures with plenty of explosions: gunfire, bombs, grenades...

Then after I left the movie I went to a joint on 42nd street for breakfast, around 9:30 a.m. Then I went to school by subway.

In the evening I started worrying.

What about the suitcase in the 24hour locker? Would the locker door open automatically after the hours were up? On the way to the bus station I decided not to take a trip but to stay and face the problem squarely. The whole thing had been so sudden, but now I had to think.

Some martial image must have been in my brain--but I got this idea while I was on 42nd street again looking at Army Surplus sleeping bags, tents, oil stoves, entrenching tools, bayonets, and other sporting goods.

I'd camp out! It was still warm enough! But what about school?

I'd camp out on the campus, that's what I'd do. My folks would hear from me, or about me, and then I'd hear from them. They shouldn't do a thing till they hear from me. And vice versa. I bought this tent and the cot and a blanket. So here I am. Maybe it'll do our Laugh Society some good--

There's a crying need for laughter, friend."

M.Z. as told to E.R.