

CHRISTMAS 1961
ARGOMAG



LIBRARY
RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL
SOMERSET, N. J.

THE ARGOMAG

WINTER

1961

Published by

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Somerset Street — New Brunswick, N.J.

Editor-in-Chief Peter Wilson
Assistant Editor Susanne Wintersteiner

Readers:

Barbara Abernethy
Ricky Kolbay
Mark Bezanson
Caroline Meuly
Paul Weiss

Staff:

Alfred Kellogg
Michael Denker

Typists:

Patricia Welzel
Linda Fisher
Constance Hess
Marjorie Hamelsky

Faculty Advisor Mrs. Margaret P. Wilson



THE LOST CITY

BY PETER WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY

PETER WILSON

WITH A FOREWORD BY

JOHN LEWIS STODDARD

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

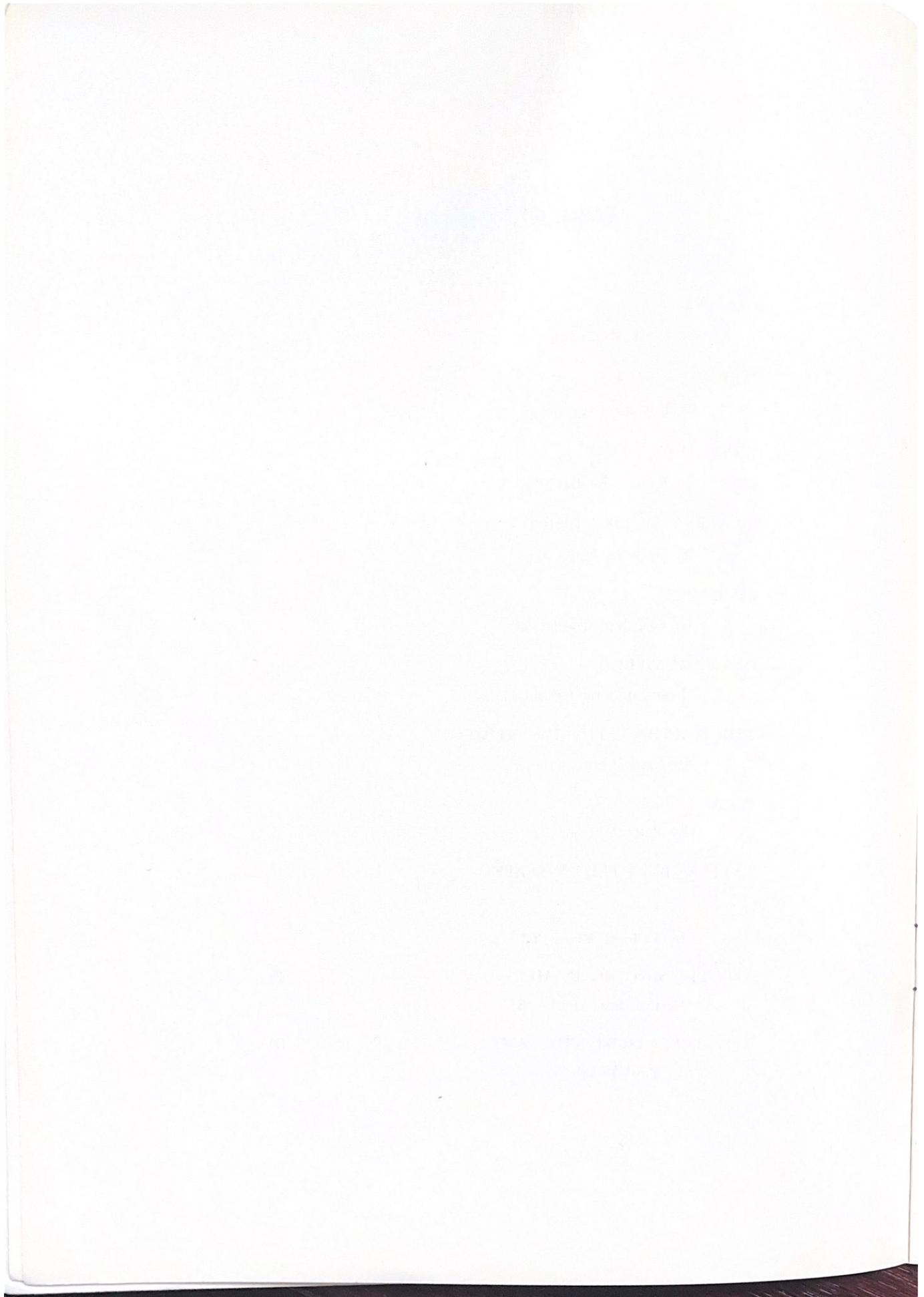
BOSTON NEW YORK

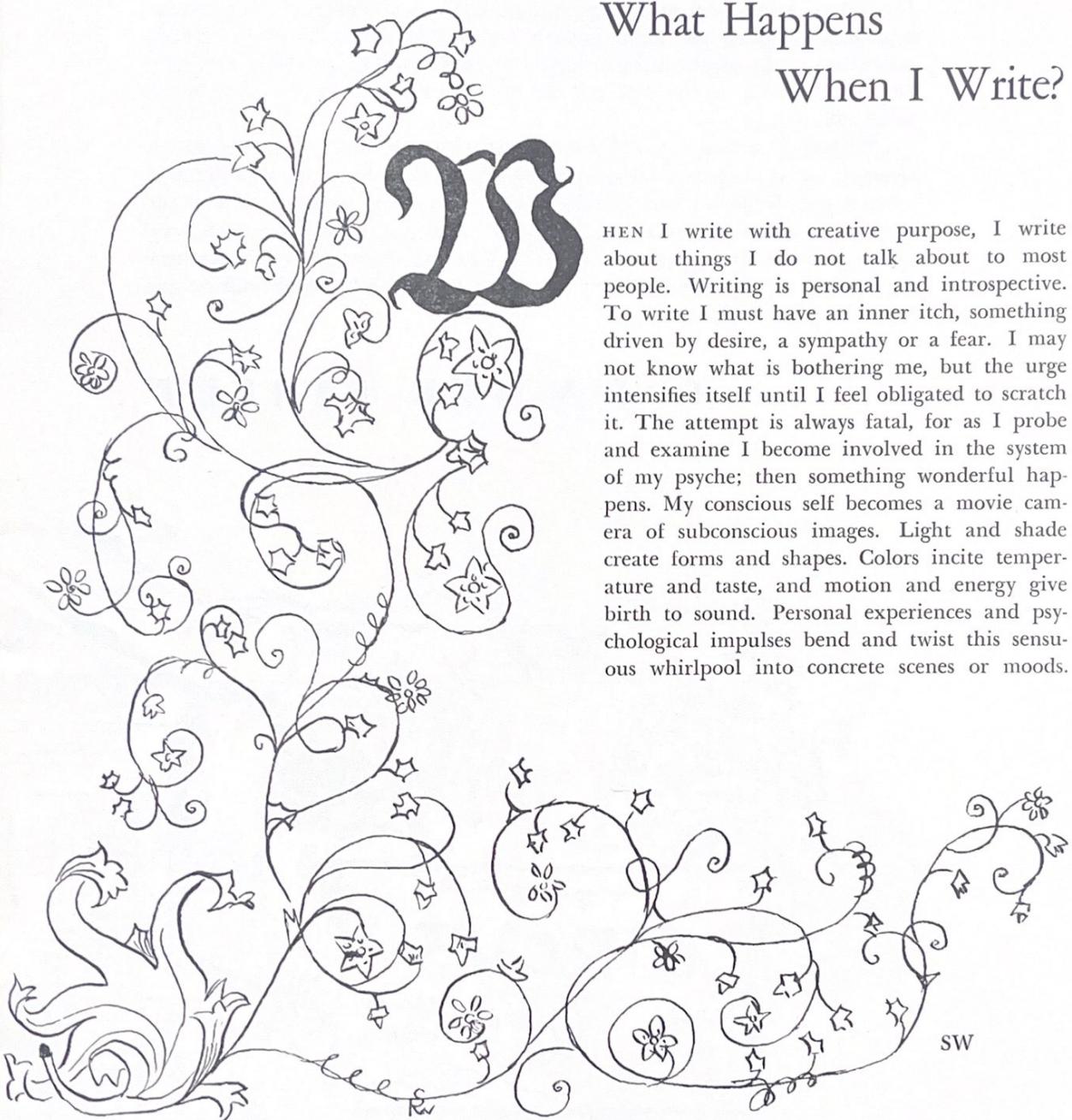
1922

Cover by Peter Wilson

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
WRITING	5
by Mark Bezanson, '62	
ETERNAL CIRCUS	8
by Barbara Abernethy, '62	
DEPRESSION	9
by Rickey Kolbay, '62	
"BLACKJACK" OR "DOUBLEMINT"	10
by Barbara Hart, '65	
TO LAUGH	11
by Gonthar Rooda, '62	
DAS KARUSSELL	13
Translated by Ursula Penzel	
THE MACHINE, THE INSTRUMENT	14
by Paul Weiss, '65	
POEM	15
by Peter Wilson, '62	
SATIRES BY A FED-UP STAFF	16
SIN	18
by Dolores Resta, '63	
"MYSELF SINGING IN ME"	19
by Caroline Meuly, '64	
HAPPINESS (JUST THE SAME)	20
by Paul Weiss, '65	





What Happens When I Write?

HEN I write with creative purpose, I write about things I do not talk about to most people. Writing is personal and introspective. To write I must have an inner itch, something driven by desire, a sympathy or a fear. I may not know what is bothering me, but the urge intensifies itself until I feel obligated to scratch it. The attempt is always fatal, for as I probe and examine I become involved in the system of my psyche; then something wonderful happens. My conscious self becomes a movie camera of subconscious images. Light and shade create forms and shapes. Colors incite temperature and taste, and motion and energy give birth to sound. Personal experiences and psychological impulses bend and twist this sensuous whirlpool into concrete scenes or moods.

SW

The writer designs and shapes his own material. A completion of this design requires a discipline and verbal tenacity which every writer learns to cultivate somewhere in the depths of his imaginative reservoir. This is a skill that takes time and hardship to develop, and for some minds, nothing less than genius could suffice.

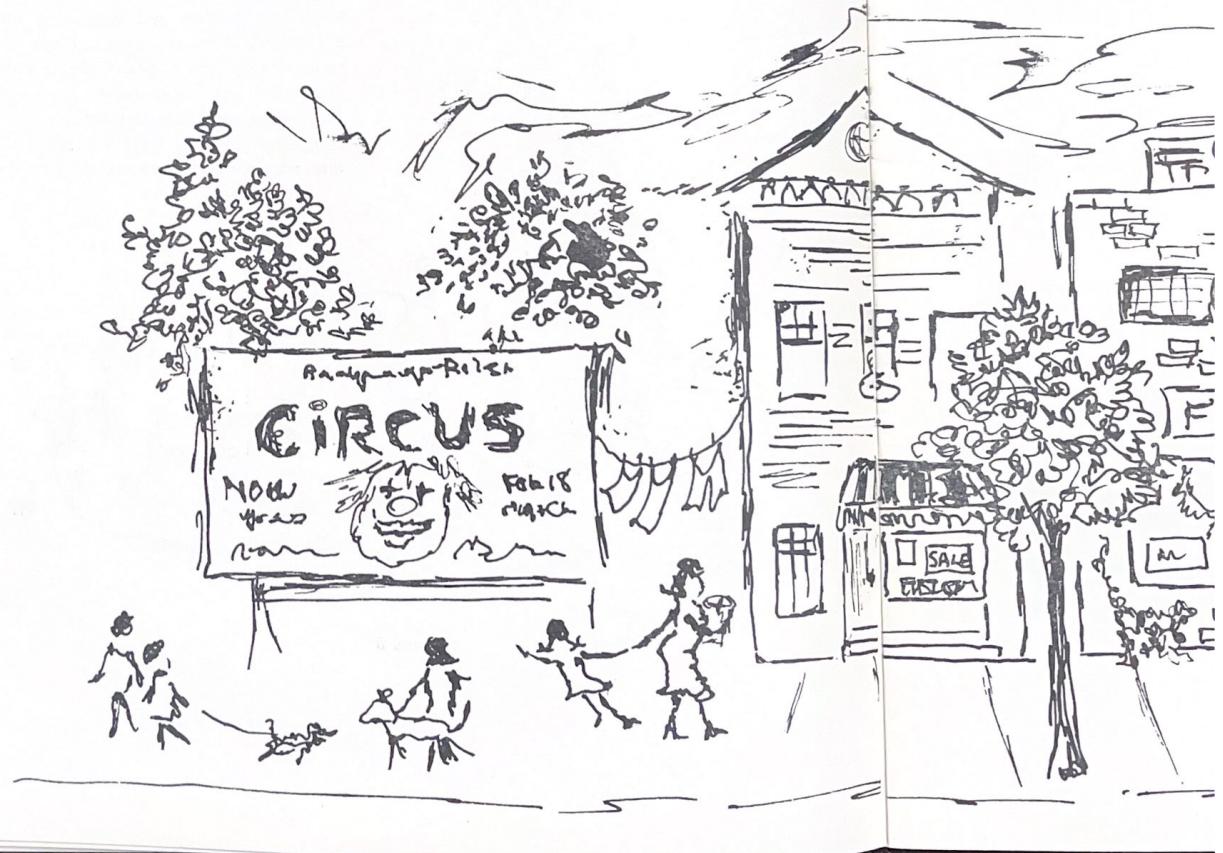
Writing is a live and exhausting experience to me. It is not always pleasant, for at times I am frightened by what I have found in myself. Other times it may be joyful and friendly. I like to compare a writer with a spelunker. A spelunker has his light and his rope; a writer his insight and memory. They each descend into a world of darkness, uncertainty and mystery, the spelunker going into his cave; the writer into himself. With caution and

adventure, they explore the regions of his subco emerge with exhaustion creased sense of percept

I write out of feeli write. Sometimes music A flashback or scene fr which I was psychologi on edge I funnel my e seriously, writing becon find I can experience c

TOWN AND STREET

DOLORF

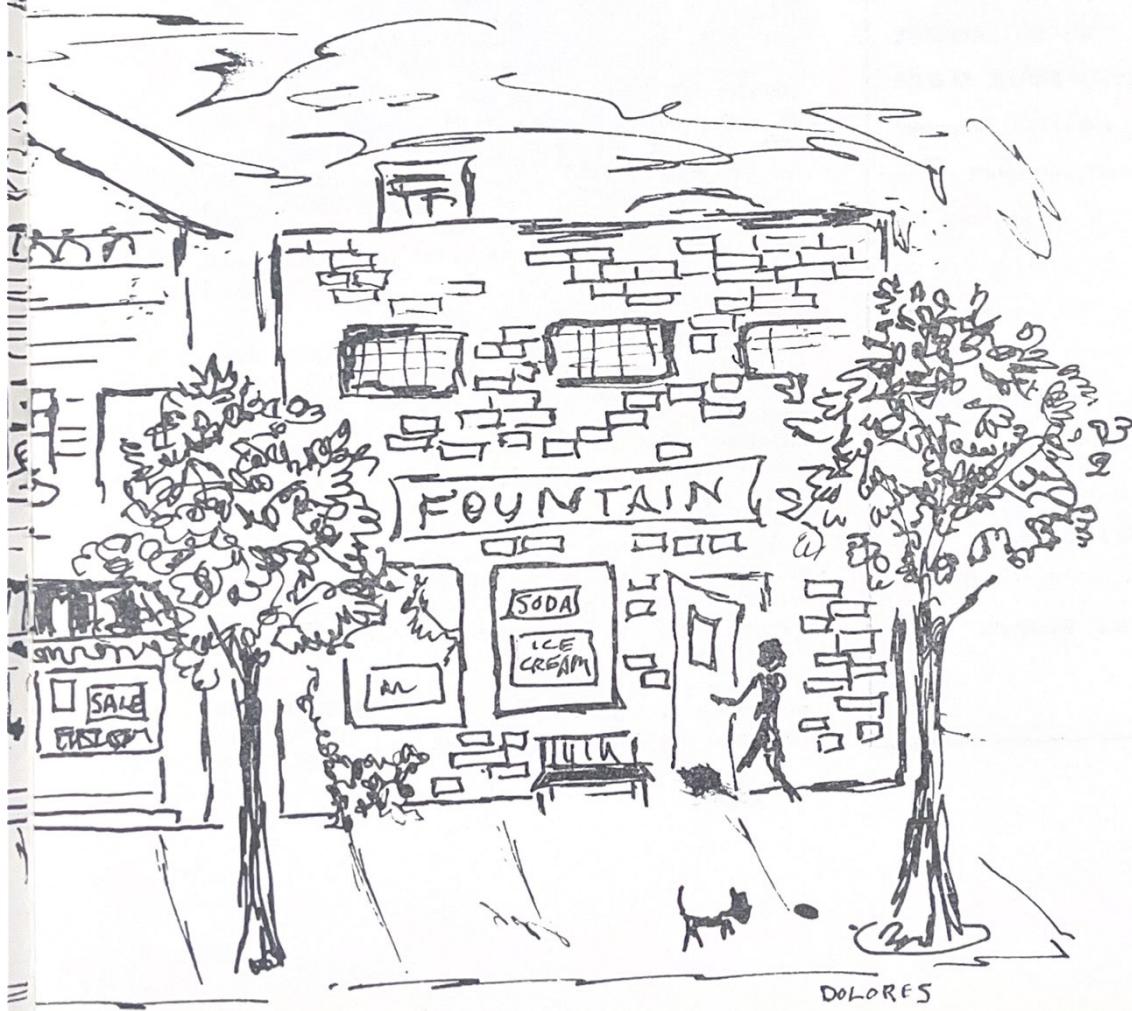


adventure, they explore their caves, the writer trailing his conscious nets over the regions of his subconscious mind; and when the journey is finished, both emerge with exhaustion and wonder. The writer has returned with an increased sense of perception, a heightened imagination.

I write out of feeling, not out of words. Many things make me want to write. Sometimes music develops a scene or mood that I have feelings about. A flashback or scene from my past urges me to write about an experience in which I was psychologically involved. Often when I'm emotionally tense or on edge I funnel my energies in the direction of writing. Whenever I write seriously, writing becomes a dedicated exercise of thought and feeling that I find I can experience only in writing.

MARK BEZANSON

DOLORES RESTA



ETERNAL CIRCUS

"Reading maketh a full man." Wisdom, truth, and beauty can come from the written word. Why does your heart beat young man? Call CHarter 7-0217, they'll tell you. Where can a man find the crystal verses of Emily Dickinson or the tintinnabulations of Edgar Poe? Go **SHELLEY'S COLLEGE BOOK STORE** young man, 108 Somerset St., New Brunswick, N. J. How can a man tell his French grandmother in German that he wants to read Greek with a Latin accent? Go **Shelley's**, New Jersey's most Versatile Book Store. If it's in print, **Shelley's** can get it. Walk into a world of full men, walk into **Shelley's**.

The constant movement, color, smell, and noise of a circus attract those who can suspend the reality of the outside world and enter into the magical unreality of dancing horses, lions jumping through fire, ten clowns spilling out of a tiny car. Children seem to be able to enter into this strange world more easily than adults. They accept what they see without questioning. They wonder at all the tricks rather than laugh at them. They give themselves to their imaginations, which explain the magic of circuses. Common sense does not exist. There are some few who are not children who enter into this world as children do, to wonder at the simplest feats. It is to these people, and to the child, that the circus will remain eternal.

We bought pink cotton-candy when we entered the tent. It seemed as though the smell were less pungent if we were eating something. The dark tent walls, the saw-dust, brown stained and dusty, served as excellent backdrops for the colors and spangles which spiced the air. Nearest the entrance we saw a ring with two small "people," one in a pram and the other pushing—dogs! The brown one in the pram looked ashamed of his orange hat. And the lady pushing wore a red dress and carried a large black bag—her tail had a nice shiny bow. She was having a wonderful time jumping around, and we would have stayed longer, except we noticed something in the next ring.

This time we saw lions with green collars leaping through paper hoops of fire and smoke. We were sure they would burn, but they always came through and pranced around in a circle without changing. The man in the middle with the whip lashed and cracked—the lions snarled back. It was a moving circle: round and round, up and down went the yellow streaks with green, flying through disks of orange-black mist. In the center, a blurred ringmaster, to which the curling spokes were attached, began to yell and dance. We yelled and danced with him—how wonderful that colors should fly and not burn or melt!

Soon we were laughing at all the clowns in the next ring: fat ones and skinny ones, all with black hats and big funny shoes. The blue and white

striped pants were sagging, and the brightly colored wigs began to slip! Clowns never walked, but bounced or hopped wherever they went. They were always throwing water balloons at each other—and missing. Some of them were trying to ride double bicycles, and throwing bananas and oranges in the air at the same time! They were fond of throwing blueberry pies at each other and wiping off the blueberries with imaginary handkerchiefs.

We hurried on to watch the dancing horses. Glistening with sweat, their harnesses shimmering and tinkling, they twirled around the ring so quickly they snapped at each other's tails. We saw something on the horses' backs; here and there a sparkle shone through the smoke, and we guessed they were fairies dancing on the saddles. As the white bodies and silver bells swirled around, the music raced around too and we became dizzy. Up above, darts flashed against the sagging roof—more magic to distract us. Flashes of pink and gold looped in the mist, floating, now hanging to each other, now free and spinning, then drifting again. And in between sailed blobs of red, yellow, and green balloons, drifting without purpose. The circus was enchanting with all the glitter spread on the sawdust, and floating on the hazy air.

We wandered out as we had wandered in. We believed it all—this unreal world. The magic of it was in ourselves: the eternal miracle of our imagination.

BARBARA ABERNETHY

DEPRESSION

A thick, opaque grayness swirled uneasily, hiding, and then revealing, the silhouettes of naked trees. A gnarled, twisted branch, reaching helplessly outward, appeared attached to nothing; silently the nothingness engulfed the branch.

A narrow tortuous path appeared between the distorted trees, moving towards the nothingness. Suddenly, instead of one path appeared ten, twenty, hundreds, writhing in agony like dying snakes.

The vapour closed in again, leaving only the unreal skeletons of stripped trees thrashing insanely, the incessant troubled swirling of the grayness, and silence.

RICKY KOLBAY

SUBURBAN TRANSIT CORP.

EXPRESS BUSES
TO
NEW YORK
EVERY HALF-HOUR



Charter
Coach
Service

AIR CONDITIONED
BUSES

!!!

INFORMATION
CALL:

CHarter 9-1100

"Black-Jack" or "Double-mint?"

For three years I have been studying the merits of two popular gums, "Blackjack" and Doublemint." I did this research to save time when choosing the gum I plan to buy. I also did it because if I am going to spend a nickel of my money I want to be sure to get the most for it.

I studied the many necessary merits of any good gum. Both of the two I studied are attractively packaged. Both of them have cute names that are easy to remember. The names also suit the gums. "Blackjack" is a deep black gum with a strong licorice flavor. "Doublemint" is neutral-colored and is well-described by the name; it has a sweet minty flavor.

A good portion of my time was spent in discovering how long their flavor lasts. Extensive research reveals that after five and one half hours of solid chewing, one wears out the flavor of any gum. It is possible to get several days of pleasure, however, from a piece of gum. If you intend to save your gum overnight, "Doublemint" retains its flavor best but also holds onto some of the finish of your bedpost or desk. The longer you save it, the smaller it becomes, for when you scrape the varnish from it some gum goes with it. For those whose gum is constantly falling out of their mouths "Blackjack" is the best, for washing it detracts little from its flavor.

"Blackjack" and "Doublemint" are soft gums when you buy them. This makes them a lot easier to chew. "Doublemint" is the softer of the two and remains soft up to about ten degrees below zero. "Blackjack" becomes hard at two degrees below zero. This fact is extremely important to anyone who loves outdoor winter sports and gum. "Blackjack," harder than "Doublemint," makes for better bubble blowing.

"Doublemint" and "Blackjack" have distinctive odors which even when placed among many similar smelling things could be recognized. "Doublemint" has a fresh, clean, minty odor. It is quite invigorating. "Blackjack" has a spicy, appetizing odor like an old fashioned penny-candy store. Each of these odors corresponds properly to the taste.

"Blackjack" is the better gum to use when playing jokes on others. It is effective when you wish someone to believe you have lost a tooth. It is also usually easier to remove from your clothes and the floor. "Blackjack," too, is also easier to pull and roll without loss of consistency.

Weighing what I have found in my research, I believe the two gums about equal. I, nonetheless, choose "Doublemint" as my favorite. I have seldom seen any television commercials for "Blackjack," but I have for "Doublemint." The "Doublemint Twins" on T.V. are cute, and the song is easy to remember.

BARBARA HART

Page 10

To Laugh or An Essay on the Preservation of Good Health

It was Will Rogers, I believe, who said that the greatest characteristic which separates man from the beasts is that man is the only being that can laugh. Man has probably been laughing or been laughed at ever since the time of Adam or of the first caveman. (Your choice of origin, of course, depends upon whether you are the unimaginative primitive type or the gullible religious type.) I myself am very primitive and justifiably believe that it was the first caveman who cracked the silence shrouding the earth when he laughed at his fellow caveman stubbing his toe on his stone bed. Man has come a long way from that first guffaw to the thousands of snickers taking place at this very minute. He has learned to employ many varieties of laughs, among them the he-man laugh, the uncontrollable giggle, the backdraft gasp, and the silent roar.

A very popular laugh often used by the male of our species is the he-man laugh. This is hearty, robust, and boisterous. Many people who are trying to build a he-man image around themselves often use this technique. Besides the "fakers" who use this laugh, the *real* he-men use it naturally, by instinct; these are the genuine dumb apes who do not know a cat from a dog. They usually have a very high M.Q. and a very low I.Q.¹

Almost the female counterpart of the he-man laugh is the uncontrollable giggle (rhymes with wiggle). Although this laugh has not yet become the status symbol of the average woman, it is typically feminine and only the feminine can perform it properly. Actually, it is a mild neurotic



Compliments of
Mr. and Mrs.
WALTER ZIRPOLO



**FOR
THE
BEST
IN
FOOD
VISIT
THE
SCARLET
RESTAU-
RANT!**

◊

425
G E O R G E
S T R E E T

To Laugh. . . (cont.)

hysteria. One can attempt to recreate this laugh only by intense training. The mechanics of this laugh involve a series of short bursts of pent-up air accompanied by unintelligible sounds.

Another laugh which is not so popular as the previous two is the backdraft gasp. Very few people (consisting mainly of beatniks and idiots) use it, as it is hard on the tonsils. It definitely has earned its place, however, in the "hall of laughing fame," because of its uniqueness as a laugh, and its popularity among those who hear it. It is one of the few laughs really enjoyable to the listeners. When one hears it, he can say with satisfaction, "Now there's a real laugh for you." This laugh is very peculiar in that it is made during the inhalation of one's breath, as opposed to the normal procedure—laughing during the exhalation of one's breath.

The last laugh which I will discuss is the silent roar. It cannot really be called a laugh because there is no sound produced, but I am forced to include it since all of its users have insisted that it is a laugh for them. This laugh has all the qualities of the normal laugh—hysteria a slapping of the hand on the knee, lying face-down on the floor beating it with the fists, and the rest of the minor secondary laugh characteristics. There is sound produced, but the sound has such a high frequency that no one can hear it except dogs and various elephants. This high frequency is the reason why I call this laugh the silent roar.

There are many other interesting laughs I could write about, but time and effort greatly limit me. All of the various laughs in use today seem to have one main point in common: they all identify with the user. Every person has his own special laugh with his own peculiarities, and only this person can use it properly. Nor can people switch around, trying various laughs, because they will find that only one fits them—the one they started with.

GONTHAR ROODA

¹ MQ=IQ. in terms of muscles.

*With a roof and its shadow
a train of bright, colored horses turns for a while;
All come from this land that lingers long
before it perishes.
All show courageous countenances,
and some of them pull little wagons.
A wicked red lion walks with them,
and now and then a big white elephant.
Even a stag is there, as in the woods,
except he has a saddle
with a little blue girl buckled tight.
And on the lion a white little boy rides,
who clings with his small and hot hand to it,
while the lion shows his teeth and tongue.
And now and then a big white elephant.
And on the horses shining girls pass by,
who have almost outgrown this play;
in the middle of the flight they look up,
somewhere, here—
And now and then a big white elephant.
And all this hastens toward the end,
whirling and turning, without a goal.
A flash of red, of green, of gray sent by,
a small, scarcely begun profile.
And sometimes a happy smile
that dazzles and lavishes in this
blind and breathless game.*

DAS KARUSSELL

Jardin du Luxembourg

Rainer Maria Rilke

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

Jardin du Luxembourg

Translation by Ursula Penzel

*Mit einem Dach und seinem Schatten dreht
sich eine kleine Weile der Bestand
von bunten Pferden, alle aus dem Land,
das lange zoegert, eh es untergeht
Zwar manche sind an Wagen angespannt,
doch alle haben Mut in ihren Mienen;
ein boeser roter Loewe geht mit ihnen
und dann und wann ein weisser Elefant.
Sogar ein Hirsch ist da, ganz wie im Wald,
nur dass er einen Sattel traegt und drieber
ein kleines blaues Maedchen aufgeschnallt.
Und auf dem Loewen reitet weiss ein Junge
und haelt sich mit der kleinen heissen Hand,
dieweil der Loewe Zahne zeigt und Zunge.
Und dann und wann ein weisser Elefant.
Und auf den Pferden kommen sie vorueber,
auch Maedchen, helle, diesem Pferdesprunge
fast schon entwachsen; mitten im Schwunge
schauen sie auf, irgendwohin, herueber—
Und dann und wann ein weisser Elefant.
Und das geht hin und eilt sich, dass es endet,
und kreist und dreht sich nur und hat kein Ziel.
Ein Rot, ein Gruen, ein Grau vorbeigesendet,
ein kleines kaum begonnenes Profil.
Und manchesmal ein Laecheln hergewendet,
ein seliges, das blendet und verschwendet
an dieses atemlose blinde Spiel.*

E NEGLI AMANTI
MOLTI, E SUA
BELLEZZA ESTIMA

**GUSSEY'S
LUNCHEONETTE**

VIRTU NON SENTE
NI CONOSCIMENTO
VOLUBIL SEMPRE
COME FOGLIA
AL VENTO!



PREP'S MOST KNOWING
EATERS HAVE BEEN
GOING FOR YEARS
TO . . .

**GUSSEY'S
LUNCHEONETTE**

FOR THE BEST FOOD
THE BEST
"ATMOSPHERE" IN
TOWN!

The Machine, The Instrument

The first few houses we visited I refused to look at. After seeing a large shining silver ball on a bulky pedestal placed in the center of a bright green, wet lawn or on a peeling fake-brick front and a large curving picture window cluttered with china dolls and dogs and miniature vases on little ledges, I would explain to my real estate broker that the house was "obviously" too far from the city, or too close to the highway.

Determined that what I wanted was something less "modern," and confiding in me that he too was suited to the traditional or Early American vein, the agent led me to, an old cream colored house with a small porch and a tiny patch of fence in the front. The roof was a mass of black peaks, valleys, and plains, and the house, large with few windows had no definite shape. Despite its size, the rooms were small and overfurnished. When we entered the front door, we were confronted by a long steep staircase on our left and a dark hall ahead of us. The rooms were not only overfurnished but cluttered with broken china statues, frog's mouths yawning wide for cigarette ashes, small faded yellow photographs in ornate, flowered gold frames, bulky furniture, well-worn faded carpets, lamps with fluorescent plastic roses in them, and antique tables with uneven legs. There were no glossy bright colored magazines lying about, only a tall stack of Reader's Digest's along with a pink, iron flamingo behind a large piano with lion's feet. When feet met the floor, boards creaked, tables tipped, and carved glass tinkled.

The house still seemed to belong to those who had left it, and their past seemed to have seeped into the house itself and into the air, as if they had not left. In the melancholy of the house I thought that I wanted to build my own home instead of taking one someone had already lived in. I wanted to build it out among the trees in the cold air and smell the fresh lumber. But the agent told me that a house is not a sponge which absorbs and releases, that dreams, and pasts and memories belong to people, not to wood and stone.

He said that a house is like a musical instrument or a machine. Perhaps those who had last used the house played an old melancholy tune, one for those who are aging and remembering. But anyone else could play a different tune — a different tune for a different life. The house, the machine, produces, or helps to make come about, the intangibles of life, such as happiness. The house, the instrument, provides an appropriate background for the growth of the intangible happiness. I bought the machine, the instrument, hoping that I would work and play it well.

PAUL WEISS

P O E M

*You would be the salt of the earth
They told him, if you would but shift
Your attention from the bitter to the dry.
But he doubted his abilities
And tried to tell them they could not direct
His feet.*

*Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,
And not ever sit and talk.
But when he did this, they thought
He had caught nothing, for the game,
The hawks, his prey,
He divulged to no one, and there was no need.
The hunt was not successful.*

*He had a capacity for giving, he thought,
But how was he to know? For
The outgoing glance
That falls on nothing, turns in upon itself,
And dies.*

*He must avoid the glances of the
Children in the street
Which mean so much;
He must hide.*

*And his fields produced no gold,
But no earth, either.
The hawks evade him.*

*What must you find,
Dying hunter?*

Peter Wilson

COMPLIMENTS OF

AARON & CO., Inc.

Wholesale
Plumbing and Heating
Supplies

225 NEILSON STREET
NEW BRUNSWICK
N. J.

CHarter 7-4500

• • •

COMPLIMENTS OF

AARON & CO., Inc.

Wholesale
Plumbing and Heating
Supplies

225 NEILSON STREET
NEW BRUNSWICK
N. J.

CHarter 7-4500

◊

EXPRESSION OF SENSITIVE

Eagerness . . .

*strained, curious faces of Youth —
smiles of The Aware, of Truth —
the howdy-doozy show*

To . . .

*Living Of Then —
swishing, ticking . . .
truth of Not —
never of Now —
Plopping, Drifting . . .
bags of Never.*

Sensitive and Aware

*gushes of
beingness
strolling nicely through
my living room, dead for
Loving, never for the sea
is youth
is age
is beingness . . .*

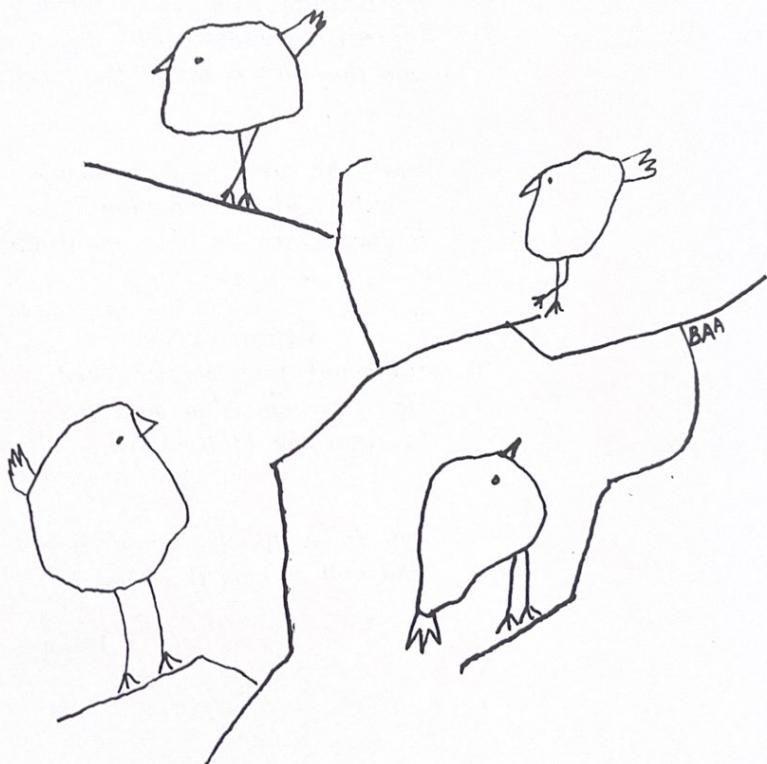
*Dying sun
tearing
ripping
with clawing going rays
the purple sky
pools of blood . . .
the sunset —*

The Absolute Bird

*drops
on The Pavement a spot
of gleaming
screaming
white Oneness, white
the
pigeon*

TIRED OF PHONY, MODERNISTIC
"BEAT" POETRY, WE PRESENT

SATIRES
BY
A
FED-UP
STAFF



S I N

*a hot, thin streak of pain
opening
The wounded soul
bleeding lust, pride and sin.*

*an imminent flowing
soft and swift . . . running
into the minds of the soul,*

*and realization chokes, holds
the twisting, dying spirit down . . .
stirring endless fire
into the open chaos of the mind.*

*fear — the streak of pain opens
the soul, the emission
is uncertainty . . . man questions.*

*Serpent of Sin
rising out, prostrated, burned
clean by immersion with the
ominous awe of Realization.*

*man looks up blind, with naked
soul and accepts this God.*

Dolores Resta

"Myself, Singing In Me"

I'm not just a single voice. Inside, I'm a whole orchestra. There is sometimes harmony, but more often dissonance. There is so much of which I am only just becoming aware—music, poetry, art, food, clothes and boys—a whole symphony. At times only one voice plays on my emotions. Then, it's easy. It's when conflicting ideas and many voices chorus that life becomes confusing. Other times there is nothing—just a blank wall or an empty pit. I don't understand myself, but I'm beginning to learn.

For the past two summers I have had the luck to attend a wonderful music camp in Vermont. There I become inspired and happy. In a beautiful setting, among talented and vivid personalities, I find myself singing in me, and listening too. One evening an instructor at the camp played Prokofiev's Sonata No. 7. It was the first time in my life that music became an important experience. The third movement especially was dynamic and opened my mind to the power and excitement of music. Another time the faculty played a Schumann Piano Quintet Opus 44 that was different, romantic and classical instead of contemporary and brilliant. Later a violinist played. I honestly could not find words to express my feelings; I wanted to weep or laugh. It is so exasperating when the only way one can show one's feelings is by applauding. I wanted to scream or run or play something or paint something to express myself, but I couldn't. I went outside into the cold dark night and cried.

I love speed, especially in cars. My mother and father are both careful, conservative drivers. Once in a while, though, in open, flat country, they forget themselves. We speed. I love the feeling of the wind blowing, of the road being swallowed by the car, and the sensation of power.

I like to go barefoot. I never wear shoes when I can avoid it. I feel restrained and cramped. A favorite family story is that I even hated to wear shoes when I was a little girl—about three years old. When my mother asked why, I answered that if I wore shoes, my toes couldn't see where they were going. All summer I go barefoot, and winter, too, when possible. I feel quiet and sensitive, like an Indian. When I run with my dog through wet grass or on burning pavement, it is a good feeling and I am myself, singing in me.

Recently I was in New York and went up to the top of the Empire State Building. It never fails to thrill me. The city is quiet and seemingly empty, like a ghost utopia. When I see the Statue of Liberty, the United Nations Building, Central Park and the Hudson River, I feel insignificant, but happy.

"MYSELF, SINGING IN ME" (cont.)

I love New York because it has everything, and one can become lost in the crowds—lost to all except oneself.

Getting dressed up is fun. I've enjoyed it ever since I was a little girl, but now I have reasons. Pretty dresses and high heels make me feel good. I also like being sloppy. Old jeans and sweatshirts are wonderful uninhibited clothes. Jeans mean winter and snow. Snow is another kind of singing—silent and mysterious.

I love the ocean in all its moods, but best when the cold waves knock me down time and time again. This time the singing is bright and happy. Yes, myself, singing in me is a whole orchestra.

CAROLINE MEULY

HAPPINESS (Just the Same)

AFTER CARL SANDBURG

*I asked Mr. Paskin to tell me what is happiness.
And I went to Kennedy and the Organization men.
They all shook their Harris tweeds and called
Birch when I left.
And then out at Idlewild I saw a happy little bald
man smiling
And I saw screaming Hungarians, drunk with bitterness,
shouting obscenities and waving signs at him.*

—PAUL WEISS

