review

Model

A small model of Tottenham, D.C., was by a good-hearted Joe named Wally (Myron McCormick), with Cabin 1 occupied by an important personnel of the Justice Department (Siobhan McKensie) and a young lawyer (not told name). Cabin 1 is occupied by a nineteen-year-old girl there to have an abortion. . . . If a play says nothing, it should at least have the qualities of good entertainment, none of which is to be found in this.

Siobhan McKensie, with a well-written play, usually puts on a demonstration of good acting. But with such a weak plot, a little plot could have done the same. On the other hand, amid such mediocrity Myron McCormick should be cited for his outstanding character portrayal in which we saw Wally, the motel-owner, instead of McCormick, the actor.

After we had the play we sat at the Mayflower Donut Shop and . . . Oh, by the way, if you haven't guessed it, things turn out just fine for all the characters involved.

Gerald J. Hornik, ’61

Literary effort post mortem

In a week crowded with the lions of most of the MIT magazine, a new one, "Tangents," makes its first appearance. The life of literary magazines in the Institute is characterized by an initial enthusiasm from the staff, a consequent effort from scattered writers and a general apathy from the students, after the publication. This has been so in the past and it seems to have happened again with "Tangents." There are several reasons for such failures and the guilt for it is shared by the students as individuals and the magazine’s staff as a whole.

Time has gone when it was enough to say that MIT is essentially a scientific school: the Humanities Department has begun making serious efforts to improve our standards in such matters and very soon a course in English literature, a major, will be given. If the Department as a whole is increasing the number of good courses offered to Juniors and Seniors, the Freshman curriculum is still handled in a naive fashion. Instead of developing the incapacity of each individual student in the field of creative writing, it forces him to analyze and dissect philosophers, to follow and understand a war he never heard of before, to review and criticize novels, plays and short stories, all of it in a year, spending his interest, diversifying it. At this stage of an education, in the first year of a college career, it is almost necessary to begin a distinct division of those who have any interest in literature, those who have not had previous experience in literature, philosophy or drama. Rather than force the student who has a good potential for creative writing to follow a course which tends to disperse this slight interest, it would be a good policy to allow for concessions; this could be done by dividing the freshman humanities program into different classes, and permit the student to choose among several fields of interest, where he wouldn’t be forced to study in boredom, disinterest or disconnection.

As the student progresses in his way to a degree, he loses this original interest and magazines such as "Tangents" have a hard time being sold. (I haven’t got time for that kind of stuff.)

On the other hand the lack of publicity and, in a way, the confidence that the magazine has created an intellectual barrier for "Tangent’s" staff; the cover of this past number failed to explain what it was all about; many people still haven’t bought it, as on a good day of all, very few people ever knew or were told to write something for it.

It is not the purpose of this article to criticize anybody for sounding unimportantly, there isn’t very much to criticize. The apathy of the student body to a serious effort of creative writing can only be fought by an obstinate publication of Tangents.

Jean Pierre Frankenhuis, ’61