By Frank Dent

Could an exhibition that was supposedly so extensive and up to date be uninteresting? Of course it could. There was what most tourists who had seen it told me to believe. There were no compliments given when they were half hearted. The result of all this brain-washing was that I went to the World's Fair prepared to disappoint.

Even in the rain the back gate of the fair looked limpid in a green, easily-impressed-by-the-Texas-State-Fair me. The huge flags of all the participating nations surged rhythmically in the light breezes, their colors and design PWaidly and purpose to our drizzly arrival.

IN THE SPACE AGE

I walked through the Science Hall and marveled at the mammoth working models of nuclear reactors, especially at the one in diameter model of the atom with tiny lights glowing as electrons and whirling about the nucleus in ten different orbits. I began to wonder if the authorities who had advised me to calculate the time or money to visit the fair had been interested and informed as they seemed to think they were.

This, however was just the beginning of the destruction of my preconceived notions about the Expo '58. I walked through the door of the Science Hall and into another world. Spread out before me was the World's Fair. In a way the rain helped; if I had been confronted with a picture postcard sunny day it would have been unbelievable. In front of the Science Hall there was a gigantic reflecting pool with four different levels and fantastic fountains.

GLEAMING ATOMIUM

An avenue led down to the gleaming atomium that is at the center of the fair and to the main gate with another soaring pinnacle and again the flags. The exhibit building itself was a left and right look like a fifth century architect's dream... or nightmare. To the constant glowing angle of vision there appeared towers of concrete, of steel, and of wood that seemed to soar upward. Walls of glass, floating roofs and angles that opened upward seemed to lie the concrete constructions to the air rather than the ground. As I walked under the flank of the atomium I was hard to believe that this was an atom of iron, enlarged millions of times. In all the World's Fair there was nothing more that represented the nucleus, there were huge windows through which a golden light spred out at one's feet. I turned up the Avenue des Nations in the hope of finding something better. It was a circular building that looked as if it were made of gold. Before it was a circular reflecting pool and more fountains.

CAMPAIGN BUTTONS

The logo, simplicity itself. It was undoubtedly the best-looking build- ing of all the exposition and looked like the patio of a F. L. Wright-designed contempor- ary house. Looking through the maze to the left but their branches touched huge circular reflecting pool in the center of the pavilion.

As Golfie back said "This is an atmosphere of unfamiliar in- formality and real cordiality."
WORLD'S FAIR—
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machine but the looks of astonishment on the faces of the Yugoslavs, Poles and Czechs that arrested my attention. They stood in line for a chance to operate it. I later heard that this was the most impressive part of the "Ike" buttons. French and Flemish translations of the English spoke of our political system based on the right to hold and speak loudly for different political ideas and ideals.
Near this exhibit was one which showed in a remarkably simple fashion the freedom that is the power of the press. An average Sunday issue of the New York Times had been dismantled; each page had been pasted to a wooden block slightly larger than the page. These blocks had been stacked "domino house" fashion to form a circular room about 20 feet in diameter and 12 feet high. Coupled with this there were various spectacular issues of the metropolitan papers displaying all sorts of bold headlines.

"KIDDY GAMES"
The mezzanine held an array of shop windows displaying the "Fall Wardrobe" for the family. There was a huge display of children's toys and a model of a kindergarten school with all its "kiddy games."
At the entrance to another ex-US pavilion to the Europeans.

STATUE OF LENIN
The dominant exhibit in the Russian pavilion was an enormous statue of Lenin some forty or fifty feet high. Flanking the entrance were two mammoth murals of hefty workers of both sexes parading with the flag of the USSR and smiling broadly in the glorious sunlight of the day the workers unite to own and rule the world. Beneath the mural were some of the Communists' most promising propagand statements set in gold in French. (Not one word of English appeared in the entire pavilion.) In general I noticed here a complete difference of emphasis as compared with ours. Massive machinery, models of sputniks and the mechanical marvels made possible by the atom confronted me at every turn.

The theme for the Fair had been the normal way of life in a country; Russia presented a powerhouse of propaganda and pigeons! (Doves of peace were in all the murals, paintings and sculpture; I was surprised there weren't any flying around.)