

MESSENGER

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WINGS IN THE WIND

Look we East, or look we West,
Flight of wings the air is filling
Thro' the gold the sun is spilling.
By the sun's gold flecked they're flying,
Yellow wings with scarlet vying;
In the wind awirl, past counting,
Flashing flamelike, flamelike mounting
Housetop high, with madcap zest.

Masquerading East and West
These are butterflies in seeming,
Butterflies of summer's dreaming;
This the freedom they have waited,
Gay, adventurous, elated;
Laughing leaves, light-hearted blowing,
Brave and beautiful their going,
Thro' the sun's clear gold to rest!

John Mills Gilbert,

"ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS"

This is a story of a people who endeavored to overthrow the rule of a tyrant. It was an odd fix, they got themselves into, as you will agree when you have heard the story.

Space was the tyrant who ruled over this people. All the laws he made himself; the people had no voice in them; he had it all his own way. And he never yielded in anything. There was an impression among the more ignorant that the King frequently conferred special favors in the form of magic carpets and the like, but these were fairy tales, all of them. Space never yielded a jot to any of his subjects. He was a complete despot and ungenerous.

His subjects murmured. The desire for a little independence was in them. One day a smart fellow built a steam-boat, the next day another a steam-car. Everybody got aboard, praising the smart fellows and feeling that the power of Space had at least been challenged. "Intercommunication", they said with satisfaction. "Contact".

The word "contact" got to be a prime favorite with the people. "Contact"! a man would exclaim and he would pick himself up, with his wife and children and all his chattels, and move himself from the narrowing environment where Space was King over the acres to where the power of Space was measured only in square feet. "Social Intercourse"! the man would tell his wife. Advantages! Broadening of the mind! New ideas!!

Space roused himself to put down this rebellion. "Look how the city spreads!" the people remarked one day. Pretty soon—and they figured that in a little while it would take a man half a day to get to his work, and the other half of it to get home again. Fearfully the people perceived that all the time they had supposed they were reducing the tyrant's power, he had been—literally—gaining ground.

The smart fellows among the people exerted themselves, however, and invented Apartment Houses and Automobiles.

Instead of stretching the real-estate out on the horizontal, they began to pile it up on the perpendicular,

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and where previously only two families could live on the corner of Columbus Avenue and 80th Street, now forty families could live there. "His scheme is to keep us apart—isolate us!" the people said, triumphantly pushing the elevator button. "He knows that if we get together we will begin to think and develop and invent things."

But it was the Automobile which made the people really believe they had the upper hand of their Master. Over hill and plain, from coast to coast, the people shuttled back and forth, not only those from the square-footed districts, but likewise what few were left in the acre-districts!

And whereas there had only been whisperings that the power of Space should not be unlimited, men now spoke aloud that Space must be annihilated! The Conservatives gasped at such boldness, but at length they too fell in with the current. They could scarcely do otherwise; everything contributed to make this movement swift and strong. It was a trend, a Tendency of the Times. Inventions followed one another in bewildering succession, it became possible for the people to witness drama without traveling to where the actors played; to hear concerts that they did not go to. Little by little the homes of the people were filled with devices for crushing Space. "We have pulled off his ermine robes!" they shouted. "We have tumbled the crown from off his wicked head!" "Now pulverize him, pulverize him!"

For they had come to regard Space as the Devil himself. The people could not endure even a glimpse of Space. The thought that he so much as existed aroused their lust. Gaying about in their homes they would cry, "Annihilate Space! Annihilate him!" Whereupon they would pick themselves up with wife and child and belongings, and would move into rooms in which there was less of Space. After a while they demanded, not smaller rooms only, but fewer rooms, eight, seven, five, three—in the end it was only the actually destitute who lived in more than two-rooms-and-bath.

Had these people not been carried off their balance by these new experiences, they might perhaps have

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remarked a disquieting thing. There were no spare bedrooms in Apartment Hotels! Relatives and friends put up at hotels. But the people were too busy and too excited to see the significance of this.

And there was nothing to be done about it anyway. Their burning eagerness to get together was not to be contradicted!

It became intolerable to dine alone. The people congregated in great dining halls. "Now altogether! Annihilate Space!" they roared, and moved the dining tables closer and closer. They ate rubbing elbows with their neighbors. They even stood before counters, four, five and six deep, because they could get near more people that way. "Reducing the overhead!" the owners of eating places called it. But what did that mean? What was overhead? Why Space of course! the despot Space!

"Move up front!" cried the man at the subway door. That was merely his way of saying "Get together! Annihilate Space." And it was on these underground railways that the people came the nearest to nullifying the tyrannical design of Space,—to detach human beings and deprive them of Contact.

"No more isolation!" men exulted. "No more particularism. One big family!" Even the symbols of Space's dominion must be rubbed out, such as national boundary lines and such like. "One big nation!" they urged. "One big church! One big race! Brotherhood!"

And that is the strange part of this story. Then people did not become as brothers. They actually ceased to be neighbors. The more they intermingled, the further apart they grew.

Husband and wife sat in a great Stadium at a prize fight or a ball game among a hundred thousand, with whom they stood up at frequent intervals to raise their voices in a loud cry. But this inarticulate yell was as near as ever they came to Social Intercourse with the hundred thousand, who were all strangers, each one or two to every one or two. None could call his neighbor by name, none knew aught of his neighbor—where he lived what his plans were, what politics he espoused—nor wanted to.

The long lines of automobiles ever passing on the roads of the land exchanged no friendly greetings, nor

(Unless, happily, men were drunk) drew aside into the ditch to chat and have the latest news of each other. It was much as it was when men ran in packs and language was not yet. Automobile signified its wants to automobile by a guttural sound, hoarse and like the utterance of a beast. Sometimes sign language was employed. But of speech there was none.

Husband and wife sat in their one room suite and listened, on the radio, to a man three thousand miles away. They faced one another, husband and wife. They spoke no word. They looked into each other's eyes, but with an unseeing look. At times, one would let fall an ejaculation, but the other did not hear it, and the sound fell into void. Man and woman, they sat there, and the nearest human being to each of them was a man three thousand miles away.

Space shook out his robes, leaned back on his throne, and laughing said,

"Thou hast conquered? O immensity!"

Watson Cone '30

TO A HALF-BLOWN ROSE

One who in love with loveliness would know
What golden thoughts close cluster in your heart,
And longs to push those petalled doors apart
Behind which even lovers may not go;—

One who impatient yet would patience show;
One who impassioned would use every art
Lest from too ardent wooing you might start;—
One who adores you fain would tell you so!

Thro' storied years a subtle fragrance blows;
Thro' singing years sweet words their cadence breathe;
About the brow of Time bright blossoms wreath—
The odours, songs and colours of the rose!

Where shall a poet find a phrase that's new?
Yet, Rose, not all their songs can equal *you!*

John Mills Gilbert '90

NOCTURNE

I sat in the back of the auditorium, because I came a little late. There was a dancer who danced glad dances, Pan dances. Boys around me remarked about the shape of the dancer, the stockingless feet, the golden hair. They also said things about the ugliness of her face. All this did not bother me much, for I was not feeling in sympathy with such joyous, sun-light dances. Then, after a pause filled with the comments of those about me, the dancer danced a "Nocturne" of Chopin. Her purple robe trailed behind her. She danced the loneliness of a lover who has no-one to love. She posed in the deep night, the anguish of her soul expressing itself by her body, pale flesh, draped in purple, against a grey-blue curtain.

Suddenly her loneliness rushed into me, and her capacity to love. The people around me, joking even at this, increased my loneliness. I hated them. I was surrounded by them going out of the auditorium. I was all the more lonely. The night was cold, and I went a little apart, hoping to be satisfied with my loneliness. Not far off I heard the laughter. The night was cold, and made for silences. Here was laughter.

I went to my room, hoping to be satisfied with my hate. The room was in disorder. I had not been to it since I changed for dinner, and the scattered clothes, and the dirty tea dishes beat on my nerves. I had a fit of foolish anger, and picking up a book, slammed it on the floor. I laughed at myself, and wondered what the boys would think if they could know that their remarks at the recital had caused me to be angered at a disorderly room. I saw the reason for my anger, and laughed again. The order, rhythm, symmetry of the dance which had entered my soul had been shocked by the disorder.

I left the room. I would seek someone to break the spell that had caused me to be lonely, angry, and nervous.

As I passed down the hall I noticed that one of my friends had gone out. On the first floor a coffee party was going on. No doubt they are making bad jokes about the dancer. Damn them!

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I walked swiftly across the cold campus. The night soothed me. The cold crept in through my "tux" shirt. I shivered. I was no longer angry or nervous. I only wanted to express my mood. I must find some one. I went into another building. Another friend was not in. Is there no one to whom I can talk of the beauty of a dancer who danced a Chopin "Nocturne"?

I went back to my room. On the way over I heard the voice of the dancer. She was talking to her pianist. She laughed. Could it be that she was not a little sad after having danced the "Nocturne"? Could it be that the Pan dances were stronger than the loneliness of the "Nocturne"? It was very cold.

In my room I sided my things. The effort destroyed a little my mood. I felt that perhaps I could even make a clever remark about the dances.

I decided to write down the emotions through which I had passed during the evening. I sat at my typewriter. The staccato notes of typing were not at all in sympathy with loneliness. Across the hall they began to play an old Victrola. It was squeaky, and the record was old.

"My rag-time doll,
da da da da, daaaa."

She danced a "Nocturne" of Chopin. Oh God!
Where is there somebody with a soul?

E. W. Wilcock '30

RONDEAU

She has charming eyes; she knows it;
Side-long glances oft disclose it,
Warming me with passion tender.
Ink's no medium to render
All their beauty—don't suppose it!—
I've no other, hence I chose it
Fondly hoping as it flows it

May plead for me.

Doubtless she has other beaux—it
Matters not; her manner shows it
Is not vain for me to send her
Little gifts; this rondeau slender
She, perchance, will not oppose. It

May plead for me.

Watson Cone '30

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SONNET

These leaves, so stiff and dead upon the lawn,
Are done with life upon the trees. For them,
The end of everything was when the stem
No longer bent in wind, the green was gone.
The moths crawl out of damp cocoons at Dawn,
To dry their wings, and use great stratagem
To meet their mates before their one bright gem
Of sunlight fades to dusk, and life is gone.

The leaf, the moth, and I, go down at last
To make the mould from whence all things must spring.
The leaf gave shade to all until it lay
In death upon the earth. The moth flew fast
Upon his urgent quest. And I?—will cling
To these small lives, grown great for me today.

Robert Frayne Chapin '32

WANG LING KWEI SPEAKS

At the west gate of the peaceful and time-honored city of Zangzoh in far off Cathay, there lies a beautiful expanse of water, the Kwin Zung Lake. Its clear green waters stretch for miles without a ripple—unless a storm whirls down upon it from the hills and raises a host of angry little whitecaps on its helpless surface.

Long ago, when Zangzoh was but a country village, and the hills, now dotted with shrines, were completely covered with dense forests, a beautiful city occupied this spot—the proud metropolis of Kwin Zung. The gods had long protected this their favorite child, and under their guidance Kwin Zung had grown prosperous and mighty. A massive brick wall, forty feet high, completely encircled the city, and armed guards patrolled its gates night and day. Magnificent Imperial-yellow temples reared their heads in all parts of the city, and towering high over all, like an arrogant giant, stood the great Lung Ho pagoda, nine stories high, the tinkling of whose thousand bells could be heard throughout the countryside. The very arteries of the city was its numerous canals, up and down which passed a ceaseless stream of boats—huge junks, swift little sampans, tiny fishing boats, craft of all sorts. Yet, though the life blood of Kwin Zung, the canals were the chief menace to its existence. Several times in the past its swollen waters had seriously threatened the safety of the city.

But with all its magnificence and beauty Kwin Zung was wicked, wicked to the core. For the inhabitants had turned their backs on their gods and indulged in the whole gamut of sin. The great Mandarins oppressed the poor and squandered public funds in lavish and licentious banquets, the middle class was idle and degenerate, and the poor were unspeakably degraded and spiritless. The city was full of thieving rascals who made begging an avocation. Even the priests, the consecrated servants of the deities, were greedy, corrupt, and negligent of their duties. Among all the inhabitants of Kwin Zung, Chang Tsu, the lowly keeper of the Temple of Fire, was the only one who feared

the gods and did their will. Daily he performed his simple duties of opening and closing the ponderous temple gates, and cleaning the temple chambers. Daily, too, he burnt paper money and sticks of incense before each of the shrines.

One evening as he was cleaning the temple a vision appeared to him. Amid a dense cloud of incense he saw Wang Ling Kwei, the great God of Heaven. Trembling with fear and excitement, he fell on his knees and kowtowed before the vision. Wang Ling Kwei smiled benignly, saying "Chang Tsu, thou hast been a faithful servant. Take heed of my words: "One shalt come in, one shalt go out." With this the god vanished.

All that night Chang Tsu pondered over this vision, for he had been taught from childhood that visions and dreams were favorite means through which the gods revealed their will to men. Early the next morning he slipped on his grey cowl, and hurried down the narrow wooden staircase and across the cobblestone courtyard to the temple gate. He pulled back the great iron latch, and creaking and groaning, the old gate swung back on its hinges. Chang Tsu stepped outside the temple wall. A blood-red disk was just pushing itself above the peak of the mountain, and the whole eastern horizon was splashed with vivid colors that cast a lurid light over the town. Having no pressing duties to perform, Chang Tsu took the road to the east gate, outside of which lay his ancestral cemetery. The city was still asleep; not a soul abroad. A cock crew far off in the distance, beyond the city wall, where industrious peasants were already on their way to their fields, or preparing to bring their vegetables into town.

Upon reaching the east gate, Chang Tsu found that the portals had already been opened. Just as he passed out of the city, a sturdy laborer entered the gate, carrying a pack of firewood into town. Just an accident, perhaps, that someone should enter the city as he went out—but what was it the god had said: "One shalt come in, one shalt go out"? Filled with a vague sense of terror, he hurried on. Behind him he seemed to hear the murmuring of waters. Faintly he recalled how high the canals had risen the past few days; but

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he hardly connected the two facts. The sound still accompanied him even when he was far from the city but he was too preoccupied to give it much attention. Finally, breathless, on the peak of the hill, he stopped and turned to view the city. Standing aghast, he could hardly believe his eyes. Instead of the myriad black roofs of Kwin Zung, he beheld an ocean of waves. Then he realized the full significance of the vision of Wang Ling Kwei and his mysterious words, and prostrating himself, Chang Tsu gave thanks to the gods.

John Rhett Wilson '32

PRELUDE

I walked swiftly through a garden.
Flowers are not for me,
neither the pale lily of purity,
nor the evil fleur-de-lys.
I walked swiftly to a rose tree,
that bore not a single rose,
and mingled my body with the thorns.
Flowers are not for me.
My beauty shall ever be
torn and bleeding flesh,
red making patterns on my flesh.

E. W. Wilcock '30

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DISQUISITION

There is something peculiarly delightful in "posing one's apprehension" with such problems in literary history as arise in multitudes when one endeavors to apply to the whole vast field of comparative literature the scientific laws of cause and effect. To follow out but one of all the intricate concatenations which immediately present themselves, to undertake the unravelling of a single thread from the tangle of the whole, is a pastime which will supply a fertile, curious and speculative mind with delights for months, even years at a time. Pluck up a strand at any point, and it will straightway lead you into the most confused and delicious intricacies of thought. Pluck up the strand of Petrarch, for example, and follow it no further back than the troubadours of Provence—with whom Petrarch must have become familiar during the years he spent in southern France—and instantly we glimpse great possibilities for new-found relationships between medievalism and humanism, between all the intellectual and artistic forces which aided the creation of the conventional Provencal ballade, and the similar forces which not only formed the Petrarchian sonnet, but later issued from it. Follow the same thread forward and one can find ample food for all manner of fine-spun hypotheses. Merely a glance at the half-apparent fact that it was Petrarch's *words* and *acts* which had the greatest effect on the first, or classicistic wave of the Italian renaissance, and that it was his *spirit* which seemed more particularly to touch the second, fills us with a desire to formulate rules which appear to govern the order in which the different aspects of a great man's character have their maximum effect on the succeeding generations of posterity.

Nor need speculation stop at this level, for thought can be permitted to flutter up into even higher and duskier chambers; one can (to use another figger) pile abstraction upon abstraction, and bring such factors as spiritual trends and the Chief End of Man into the picture. The idea that Edmund Spenser assimilated great portions of classical and humanistic literature and philosophy, and therefrom distilled a sort of con-

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centrated essence with which he impregnated the whole fabric of the Faerie Queene makes us desirous of forming enticing conclusions as to the true spiritual value to mankind of the humanistic viewpoint, using as an element in our scale of judgment the effect which the humanistic aspects of the Faerie Queene have had upon English speaking peoples, through the medium of English literature. Thus a single succession of literary events contains sufficient material to keep a lively brain on the trot for nearly a lifetime.

But as this airy speculation, the divinest of sports, may be said to bring with it the most delicately satisfying of pleasures, so it may also be said that it is by rights limited strictly to those who have laboured with sufficiently herculean patience to gather materials for the playing of the game. None can take part in it but they who, besides possessing an encyclopaedic knowledge of some field of literature, are logicians and philosophers, preferably psychologists and true aesthetes as well (unless, of course, the game is played by those who care only for the dubious pleasures of a wandering fancy, and who are not aware of the joys of more constructive creation). The value, and hence the enjoyment, of the game increases as one verges toward the omniscient. The divinest of sports is made, in reality, only for Divinities.

And so we, the young, the unschooled and the lazy, if we see things with the distinctness which we should, must firmly deny ourselves these rich cerebral confections, for the present at least. We may intuitively become aware that there is some powerful indirect relationship, aesthetic, perhaps more than aesthetic, between Spenser's poetic images and the Rospigliosi Cup, but we must not jump at beautiful conclusions because of it. We must wait until such time as we can build our house of Theory upon the rock of Knowledge, with the aid of the mortar of Experience; and we must curb an o'er-leaping speculation until the day when we can distinguish between the good wheat of true intuition and the chaff of gusty sentimental belief.

Elton Davies '31

THE MESSENGER

SOUVENIR

Oh! dans l'hiver je vois la neige
Qui tombe à terre.
Cela me fait encore penser
A toi, ma chère.
Te rappelles-tu quand nous avons
Joué pour rien?
Tu me gagnas, je te perdis;
Je jouais si bien!
La neige m'apportera toujours
Ton souvenir,
Mais si la pureté des neiges
Veut me séduire
Comme tu me séduisis une fois.
Non, je te dis,
Je te méprise maintenant, mon "flirt".
C'est tout fini. Gene Cullum '30

CYTHERIA THINKS OF TOM

(We do apologize to Mr. James Joyce).

splotkins and her toes wiggled canto beef red toes red
in a muddlekins of beef red of a splotkins Tomkins
Englishman beef red eats red et dabo libenter tibi
tantum a thought like that would come into her mind
seeing her toes red and beef dabo libenter dabo dabas
dabat splotkins splitkins spit yes the water did look
like spit little gobs of spit twirling round in spuddles
dabo tibi Tom in spite of the dabo libenter tibi her toes
red beef were cold and she noticed that her nose was
running splotkins nose splotkins water there is a unity
in nature and she flitkins out of the spitkins onto the
sawdust of a butcher shop chops on the counter chops
on the red cheek of the butcher and a gob of spittles
on the sawdust splotkins went the water and she had
a sinking feeling inside libenter utterly libenter per-
haps she had better go into the splotkins again it was
too hot on the butcher's floor with SunTom splotkins
water and splotkins body there is a unity in Nature
spiggle spiggle spiggle now spigglekins it came up
and up in a unity and then down to confused gobs it
was like that last Thursday night with Tom sawdust
hot water hot dabo water dabo sawdust there is a
unity in Nature libenter in spite of the confused
gobbles after. E. W. Wilcock '30

CONSOLATION

I have lost friendship, and now
 Along life's way I roam, alone.
 Free as the whistling wind or restless sea.
 Do not pity me, or say "How sad,
 That one so young in years,
 Should be comfortless in fears."
 The trees, the fields and the early morning dawn;
 These are my friends by day, my song.
 The silver stars, the white moon and the blue sky;
 These are my companions when night is nigh.
 These were the comforts of my childhood,
 And the consolers of my boyish grief,
 When my mother's anger turned me from her side,
 And my wistful heart,
 Filled with the wonderment of life, sought again
 The soft caresses of this brooding beauty,
 Not in vain.
 There was a lake,
 Cradled in the deep woods,
 Lit by the languorous pathway of a silver moon,
 Where all my early dreams were born.
 This, too, was my shelter from
 Life's twilight touch of sorrow.
 There, trembling in the quiet
 Of the mute music of the whispering wind,
 My soul throbbed with the passionate pain,
 Of aspiration, hope, and
 Goldless gain.
 Do not pity me, I am not all alone.
 The skies, the sea, deep dreams,
 These are my own.

'32

DEATH'S MESSENGER

Thou coiled death! That baskest in the sun,
 Thy jewelled back a diadem!
 Men hate and fear thee, lacking sense

They cannot see the coiled grace
 That quivers in thy sinuous folds.
 They cannot hear the song of life
 That chanteth in thy song of death.
 They cannot feel beneath the chill
 The velvet skin upon thy back.

More blessed I! Who boast myself
 To be thy cousin! I—whose pride
 It is by birth to be enrolled
 A member of that clan, whose line
 In undiluted strain, goes back
 To that great Snake, whose outflung coils
 Encircle all the earth, and hold
 It there, unshaken, in its place—
 Have learned these things concerning thee:

"He giveth warning of his wrath,
 He wardeth off the rodent from the crop,
 He loves the brightness of the sun,
 And knows the dark interior of earth!"

For this I love thee, thou who art
 Yet hated of all men; those fools
 Who, hating, fear thy wrath and flee.
 Raise then thy battle song of death,
 That dreaded whirr from which men shrink!
 In peace drink in the great sun's rays
 And bask there on thy jagged rock.

R. R. W. '30

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