So light... so dry

glass after glass after glass

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A college periodical has an advantage over its professional counterparts; its policy is never static but changes frequently with every new staff. The present editors shy from any suggestion of commercialism where the contributions themselves are concerned, but we also admit that an end may justify a means. In lieu of this, we are offering a ten dollar prize for the best short-story and ten dollars for the best poetry received for the March issue.

Submit manuscripts for Vol. V, No. 2 by March 15, 1951 to Box 198.
"We confidently believe that there lies in the desk drawers of students in this college, material which has never met the eyes of instructors or professors; material which is written at the dictation of one's own heart and brain, and not at the dictation or suggestion embodied in assignments. This is the material we want. Beyond being the instrument for the publication of this work, we trust this magazine will be a stimulus for further and greater volume of creative writings. We strongly feel that it is necessary for Trinity to have such a publication through which its students may exercise their powers of literary expression, which is becoming more and more the greatest of factors in the determination of civilization."

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH (1685-1750) . . .
HIS LIFE AND ART

Herbert V. White

EUROPEAN secular music of the late 17th century was dominated by two schools, the French and the Italian. The former exhibited a peculiar skill in the concerto style, which was considerably less restricted and defined than its 19th or 20th century correspondent. In Italy the opera, a dramatic form, replaced in importance the wealth of sacred music that had been produced in the preceding century.

In the field of church music Germany was by far the leading country in Europe. Here two flourishing schools coexisted, the North German or Protestant and the South German which was Catholic. The former was predominantly Lutheran and placed much emphasis on congregational singing. It was therefore necessary to develop an instrument that was capable of adequately supporting the singing of the hymns or chorales. Thus organ building and organ music were promoted to a high degree in this area.

It is interesting to note that German music was built largely around the chorales, many of which employed the melodies of popular songs. The chorale-prelude, a favorite form with the Protestant School, was an elaboration of a hymn tune. It was played on the organ before the hymn on which it was based was sung. Its purpose was to familiarize the congregation with the tune and to create an atmosphere suitable to the sentiment of the hymn.

The Lutheran service closely followed the Catholic Mass, but was in German. Lasting about four hours, it included the Eucharist and a long sermon as well as an extended organ prelude, a motet, the Kyrie and the Creed (both sung in Latin), a cantata and many chorales. The services were popular and the churches were town-supported.

It was into the rich musical tradition of the North German School that Bach was born on March 21, 1685. His family had been musicians for generations and had contributed so many members to this profession that the word bach came to mean town-musician in their native Thuringia. They had annual get-togethers where music formed the sole recreation. Bach's distinguished son, Carl Philipp Emanuel, said of his family: "The Bachs not only displayed a happy contentedness, indispensable for the cheery enjoyment of life, but exhibited a clannish attachment to each other." The whole family lived with music and all were able to perform on one or more instruments.

When Johann was nine years old, his mother died and he was sent from Eisenach to live with his brother at Ohrdruf. Six years later he went to Luneburg. Here he sang in the choir of the Michaeliskirche and attended its school where he was well grounded in the humanities. Here also he was exposed to the finest 16th and 17th century music of Germany and Italy. He had learned the violin from his father, and his brother taught him harpsichord and organ. His voice changed at the age of fifteen, but the school retained him because of his unusual abilities. During this time he was able to travel, and he went frequently to Celle where the Court musicians were predominantly French. From them he learned much about French music, particularly ornamentation.

By the age of eighteen, young Bach was superbly equipped to start his professional career, which is generally divided into four large periods and named according to the towns in which he held positions. The first two locations taken together are considered the Early Period. His first job was at the New Church, Arnstadt, and it was from here at the age of twenty that he took his famous overextended leave of absence to study with the eminent Danish organist, Dietrich Buxtehude, who was then playing at Lubeck. The distance Bach had to travel was considerable, and it has been estimated that he covered some fifty miles on foot. The church had given him a month's leave, but he was so impressed by Buxtehude's brilliance that he remained away for four months. When he returned he staggered the conservative congregation by his elaborate accompaniments and by ornate improvisations between stanzas of the chorales. He was summoned by the Consistory, the official church body,
and a battle ensued. Bach was a confirmed orthodox Lutheran who believed that God should be praised by means of the most “artificial music.” The congregation and the Consistory were orthodox Lutherans, too, but apparently they were not advocates of “artificial music.” T. Scott Buhrman in his book *Bach's Life* records the fact that the Consistory also charged the young organist with visiting a wine-shop “last Sunday during the sermon.”

Bach was searching for a style of his own during this early period, but he was influenced by the leading contemporary composers whose works he studied avidly. The early compositions are characterized by excessive length and youthful exuberance.

In 1707 he moved to Mühlhausen where he became organist at the Church of St. Blaise. It was a good position and the beautiful building, unlike the church at Arnstadt, was an inspiration. Bach stayed for only a year, however, for the Duke of Weimar desired his services first as court organist and then as concert master of the orchestra.

Life at Weimar was cultured and serious. Music at the Court was under the influence of France and Italy, and Bach underwent an Italian phase which was felt particularly in his concertos for organ and harpsichord. The themes of this period have a lucidity and conciseness that is characteristic of Italian melody. Some of the most important compositions for organ were produced at this time, including the toccata and fugue in D, the toccata, adagio and fugue in C, the prelude and fugue in A, and the passacaglia in C.

Bach’s fame as a performer had spread all over Germany, and he was frequently sought to inspect and criticize new organs. It was said that he liked to play at village churches so that he might hear the amazed organist declare: “This must be Bach or the Devil.”

Weimar also witnessed the development of the cantata. Here again, Italian influence is obvious, this time that of the opera. The cantata was frequently based on the text of the sermon for the day and was sung directly before it. A deep spiritualism is apparent in both music and texts, the latter being the product of Melchior Franck, an associate. The two were always skillfully adapted to one another and illustrated Bach’s superb ability to transcribe the most subtle nuances of thought or emotion into music.

In 1717 he sought release from the service of the Duke, but Wilhelm Ernst was unwilling to let him go. When Bach remained adamant he was put into prison for a month during which time he planned the Little Organ Book. The original design called for 164 chorale-preludes based on the liturgical year, but only forty-five were completed. The collection is an unsurpassed example of the chorale-prelude form and demonstrates the various ways in which it may be treated. Weimar was the last official job as an organist.

In December of 1717 Bach began his duties as capellmeister and director of chamber music at the Court of Cothen. The principal compositions of this period are secular, for the Court belonged to the Reformed Church and placed no emphasis on sacred music. All of the previous influences had been deftly assimilated, and it is now that an independent and fully mature style is obvious.

The “Well-Tempered Clavier” and the “Inventions” were written for didactic purposes at this time. The former is a collection of forty-eight preludes and fugues in all of the keys which the new system of tuning instruments now made possible. They were written for harpsichord and illustrate every possible treatment of the fugue though no new types were introduced.

The chamber music of the Cothen period is considered as its highest manifestation. Sonatas scored for violin, flute or gamba and harpsichord are most numerous. They combine in a unique and brilliant fashion the fugal and concerto styles.

The six famous Brandenburg Concertos were dedicated to Prince Ludwig of Brandenburg in 1721. They are scored for various combinations of instruments and surpass everything that had been attempted previously in the realm of purely symphonic music.

Bach’s wife died in July of 1720. He remarried in December of 1721 in order to fill the gap in his now considerable household. George Sanford Terry implies that, although the new Frau Bach was not possessed of all the physical graces, she had "the more abiding qualities he preferred." We may infer from this statement that her musical background and training were persuasive factors in her selection. Their relationship was one of “perfect love” and resulted in a family “patriarchal in multitude.” (There was a total of twenty children by the two wives.)

Bach began the training of his nine-year-old son Friedmann by writing exercises for him in a book which became the first uniform rule for the guidance of the beginner. The pupil was instructed to place his hands on the keyboard in such a manner that the finger tips were above the keys and not in the customary flat position. The thumb was thereby brought into use, an innovation generally attributed to Bach.

The year 1723 marks the beginning of the last period of the master’s career. At this time he left Cothen to become cantor of St. Thomas Church, Leipzig. He took the position in May after some
hesitation, for he did not relish the idea of being subordinate to the Municipal Council. He stated, however, that the education of his children necessitated his moving, and the city had a university that was of the Lutheran persuasion. We know also that Prince Leopold had taken a wife who did not appreciate his intense musical interest and that Bach's place in the court suffered as a result.

Leipzig was a town of about 30,000 at this time. The University was excellent and the population was "at once leisured, cultured, industrial, and professional." Bach's association with the University was for the most part a pleasant one, and through it he was able to obtain additional material for the performance of his secular music.

The cantorship brought with it the duty of teaching Latin at the Thomasschule, an institution that was founded in 1212 as an Augustinian monastery. Its students, numbering about fifty-five, provided music for the Leipzig churches in return for their education and board. Organ and orchestra were used in the elaborate services at the Thomaskirche, and the cantor's contract called for fifty-nine cantatas a year. Bach composed about 265 such works during the quarter-century he was there.

The first year at Leipzig witnessed the production of the brilliant "Magnificat," which was performed at Vespers on Christmas Day. Unfortunately the season was not without activity of another sort, for Bach had become embroiled in a dispute with the University officials. As town cantor he was entitled to a stipend for directing music at St. Paul's, the University church. The position had been unlawfully given to another organist before Bach's arrival, and he lost no time in contesting the action. The persistently stubborn attitude of his superiors eventually forced him to take his grievance to the Sovereign, Prince Augustus, who was also King of Poland. This worthy monarch declared a decision favorable to the musician.

The St. Matthew Passion was written for Good Friday, 1729. It was the last and greatest of the Passions and is significant not only as the most inspired musical treatment of the subject, but also as an "indication of the composer's reverent, subtle, and scholarly study of the Bible narrative." (The St. John Passion was begun at Cothen and completed at Leipzig.)

The Great Mass in B was composed in 1733 and dedicated to the new Sovereign of Saxony, Augustus III, who had become a Catholic. Gregorian themes were used in it as well as excerpts from others of Bach's own compositions. The vast work is written in Latin and exhibits luxuriant counterpoint and remarkably rich harmony. There is no doubt that he hoped to receive the appointment of Court Composer at Dresden as a result of the tribute.

An unfortunate situation arose between Bach and the rector of the Thomasschule, a man who had few sympathies for music and who did all in his power to irritate the cantor. The dispute arose over the appointment of prefects, a prerogative which Bach insisted rightfully belonged to him. Ultimately an appeal was made to the Sovereign and again a favorable decision was received. It must be granted, however, that the cantor was a poor disciplinarian and was given to irascibility when provoked.

The "Goldberg Variations" were written in 1736 for the Russian envoy at Dresden. They were supposed to quiet the sleepless nights of the diplomat and were performed on the clavichord by Johann Gottlieb Goldberg, a pupil. They represent the most extensive and involved treatment of the theme and variations form. Undoubtedly the envoy directed a few well selected words to Augustus, for Bach was appointed Court composer that same year.

The master traveled frequently during the last ten years and spent much of his time writing instrumental compositions and preparing music for the engraver. Only one cantata was produced after 1740.

In 1741 he visited Berlin where his son Carl Philipp Emanuel had received the appointment of accompanist to Frederick the Great, then engaged in war with Maria Theresa of Austria. He visited Frederick again in 1744 at Potsdam at which time "Fritz" announced to his musicians: "Gentlemen, Old Bach is here." The scheduled concert for the evening was abandoned, and Bach was invited to perform on some new instruments. The King was amazed at his ability and was overwhelmed by an improvised fugue on a subject of his own. The theme was later more fully developed and augmented by the addition of a sonata
Dissatisfaction with his job and discouragement over the general trend in music had forced him into semi-seclusion. Baroque music had reached its culmination in his own works and was already in a state of decline.

Bach's health was failing in the summer of '49. In the following January he underwent an operation on his eyes by a distinguished British surgeon. The attempt to save his sight was unsuccessful and resulted in total blindness. On July 18th he was able to see for a few hours, but a stroke of apoplexy caused him to lapse into a coma in which he died a few days later. He was buried near the south wall of St. Thomas Church and the grave was eventually forgotten. Years later his supposed remains were disinterred and moved to the crypt of the same church where they now lie.

Bach was not truly appreciated in his own day except by patrons of superior taste and discerning critics. He did not receive the popular fame that was accorded G. F. Handel, his contemporary and compatriot. Succeeding generations, however, have rated him the greater composer, and he is now considered one of history's geniuses. His correspondence reveals a mind that was singularly lucid, orderly, and logical. He was an excellent businessman and understood the art of flattery, a necessity for the worker.

He was stalwart in appearance and had a full face, keen eyes, arching brows, and a large forehead. His expression was grave, but he was kindly and humorous. Courtesy, dignity, and reserve characterized his conversation, and his dislike for ostentation and boasting was intense. He was deeply loyal to those whom he could respect, and was an enthusiastic and tireless worker.

Although he is considered by many primarily as a composer of organ music, the works for this instrument constitute only about seven per cent of his total output. Bach must be thought of properly as a prolific composer equally proficient in all forms. He understood the nature of every instrument used during his time and wrote freely for all of them. It is dependent to a degree on a technical knowledge of the book, textures, and Italian music were carefully studied and then imagined to work out in infinite variety and detail the multitude of allegorical allusions and figures that occurred to him. Thirdly, the "almost superhuman technical craftsmanship" of the composer which permitted his fertile imagination to work out polygonal and harmony. There was a gradual progression from one to the other, and Bach occurs at the median point. The perfect interpenetration of the two elements is realized in his music, and the consequent effects were felt in the treatment of dissonance, melodic effects, and texture.

It cannot be denied that a true appreciation of Bach is dependent to a degree on a technical knowledge of his works and the personality that inspired them. Nevertheless, the effect of grandeur that is achieved in the great fugues for organ, the intimacy of some of the chorale-preludes, or the delightful wanderings of the concertos and trio sonatas cannot fail to impress their spirit on even the completely untrained listener. Tremendous depths of emotional power combined with an intellect that was apparently cultivated to an unusually high degree have produced music that can never be heard too frequently, for each successive listening is accompanied by new suggestions and nuances of sensation. Perhaps the reaction is best described by Goethe after he had heard part of the "Well-Tempered Clavier": "I expressed it to myself as if the eternal harmony were communing with itself, as might have happened in God's bosom shortly before the creation of the world. It was thus that my inner depths were stirred and I seemed neither to possess nor to need ears, still less eyes, or any other sense."

And in reply came the words of the young Zeller: "... this Leipzig cantor is a sign from God, clear, yet inexplicable... I hear the works for the many hundredth time and am not finished with them yet, and never will be."
This is the story of Dr. Jazz, a fabulous, colorful character who drifted back and forth from pain and poverty to fame and riches, a story of a man who spent his life gambling and drifting, but a man who spent most of his life playing a piano as only a genius could play it. Dr. Jazz or Mr. Jelly Lord or Jelly Roll was known to his mother as Ferdinand Morton. Born in New Orleans in 1885, he stayed there long enough to witness the birth of jazz and then took it with him across the world and back again, adding to it other musical styles and adding his own spoils of genius.

In 1938 Alan Lomax, one of America's greatest authorities on folk music, found Jelly Roll playing a piano in a small obscure tavern somewhere in Washington, D.C. He was in ill health and only had three more years to live, but his music was as fresh as ever and his memory was amazing. Lomax took him to the Coolidge Auditorium of the Library of Congress and recorded 116 documentary sides on which Jelly Roll, with deep, nostalgic tones, told his life story, told of the legendary heroes of jazz history, and recreated their individual styles. On these records, we can hear Jelly Roll transforming the "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore" into his own moving jazz adaptation. We can hear him play "Tiger Rag" as it was once played when it was an old French Quadrille. We can hear him play tangos such as "La Paloma" in a new and startling way.

Perhaps Morton understood jazz music better than anyone else has or ever will understand it. It was he who took the folk music and the popular music of America, fusing it with foreign elements such as the Spanish tangos and dances of Europe. He added the negroes' spark, inspired by their funeral marches and jam sessions, producing an exciting, thoroughly original music.

Jazz music is an improvised music, coming directly from the performer. Jazz, when read from musical notes, is ineffective. Pure and honest jazz should be spontaneous and impromptu. Jelly Roll's style is typically native New Orleans. In the words of a noted French jazz critic, "His passages are splendidly constructed and his passion is tempered by his delicate touch and his pronounced feeling for melodic curves gives his playing a delicious freshness and reveals his frank and moving sensitivity."

By 1900 Morton was old enough to roam the streets of New Orleans and hear great music which flowed from cabarets, from the levees, from the funerals, and from concerts in the park. He had learned to play the piano, although secretly because it was thought to be a girl's pastime, and he became the envy of many older players. It was then he started straying from New Orleans to Biloxi, Miss., to St. Louis, Chicago, California, Georgia, and on to Europe. In St. Louis, he learned ragtime music; in Georgia he became absorbed in minstrel shows. Everything he heard was somehow reflected in his own musical style. Jazz in New Orleans was a combination of Creole music and Negro music, which perhaps explains why jazz is so popular in France.

Now that the 1920's and F. Scott Fitzgerald are becoming popular again, we may attribute Jelly Roll's ever increasing popularity to the fact that he played the kind of music which lent its name to that "age." However, this music was not popular in the twenties except for a small minority of persons who were fortunate to stumble upon it by accident. To the public, it was presented as a jerky, erratic novelty type of music to which flappers could dance the Charleston, the Shag, or the Black Bottom. The true jazz was hidden from the public by discrimination and racial prejudice. Today the Charleston and the Shag are in vogue once more and the music that goes with them is heard with ever-increasing frequency over the air waves.

Those who are interested in the real thing should go back to the original music played by Jelly Roll Morton and King Oliver in the early twenties. No one today can play the way they did in those days and no one will ever be able to again, unfortunately. Luckily, many records were made by these bands on obscure, rare labels and today they are being re-issued. Modern jazz is something entirely different from the old jazz of the beginning of the century and should not be thought of as either better or worse than the old type because it is not the same music. Modern Dixieland, in its attempt to capture the sound of the twenties, is somewhat entertaining, but can be only imitation.

For those who would like to know something about the story of Jelly Roll's fabulous life, I suggest that...
they read *Mr. Jelly Roll* by Alan Lomax. Even those not interested in music would be enthralled by the many trials and escapades of Jelly Roll as he fought his way through the America of “only yesterday.” For those interested in his music, I suggest as the best example of his work, the Library of Congress recording now available on Circle records, distributed by the Circle Sound Company of New York. To hear the moving jazz of the 1920’s one should find re-issues of his band records which are as good as his piano records. These are available on Biltmore, Victor, and British Rhythm Society recordings. His old piano solo technique can be heard best in an album put out by Brunswick.

### THREE POEMS

**The same hand drove the stake**
that sowed the seed
in nature’s breast
that made the blood spurt up
and made my eyes well
from the rose.

---

**The common smells of little things**
of little worlds, of universes
crammed into systems, into atoms
the greater part of which is nothing
a breathless lightness, instant void
and yet the little things are all
the life, the love, the death—
all nothings making all
the common smells attack my nose
and breath comes hard—I sigh
at little things, the little common things
and think a little more.

---

**Pendulums death-rattle down**
Behind me
Time in lava minute fulls
Pours into hasting footprints
Procrastination closes
Grave-dirt walls and
I am trapped in fetters
Of convention.

—*Wilson G. Pinney.*

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### THE CROWPEN

A crowpen walked through a window-pane
While he tried with a snide hope to ascertain
The truth of that which he really saw
When he pulled back the curtain with his big green paw.

The moonlight shone down on this crowpen wise
And the stars tried the moonbeams on for size
But the windowpane knew, like you and me,
That the crowpen really belonged in the sea.

But the crowpen, alas, he knew this not
And the moonlight beams grew fiery hot
Till the putty came out of the window-pane
Much to the horror of the chatelaine.

She saw the crownpen perched on a chair
Blissfully combing his long blue hair.
“This must not be,” said she with a groan,
“You wicked old crowpen, get out of my home!”

So the crowpen flew through the window wide
Never again to set foot inside
But now, a wiser crowpen he,
Went back to his proper home in the sea.

—*George Becker, Jr.*
JOHNNY was a good guy when I knew him, almost naive you might say. I saw him after we got discharged from the service one day. God, did he look miserable, shoddy and cold, without an overcoat and it was mid-December. Well, I bought him a beer and soon learned he was hard up for coin. Me, I was, and still am, working for Frank Cobrey—you know him, one of the biggest bookies here in Seattle. I barkeep for "Frank's"—that's his bar, but it's only a front. In the back he has the most beautiful little wire service set up you ever laid your eyes on. Also I think he owns a few dime-a-dance halls around town and a big warehouse on Lansing Avenue for somethin' or other—anyway he's a big gun; "the boss" we call him whenever we see him, which is rarely. Me, I'm just a little guy. I'm happy behind the bar, but sometimes when there's a rush I might take a few calls from West Coast tracks on post-time odds and fixes.

But I'm getting off on a tangent so I'll make it short by sayin' that I got Johnny a job working for Cobrey. Just a junky job playing the piano in the bar—Johnny could sure beat a sweet tune on the keyboards—and running little errands for some of the big boys under the boss—nothin' to rave about but the kid was taking home forty a week and he was plenty grateful to me. He knew a little about the back-room business and was kinda shocked when I told him the real dope. I told the kid to harden up, to get rid of those stupid principles—that what the hell, what should you care if the money you're getting comes from the pockets of thousands of suckers who think they can beat the races. Yea, I was the guy who told him to wise up—me, a big shot.

Well, the kid agreed with me—all too quickly and I knew he was dreaming of big stuff. Johnny was always dreaming but that's where it always ended. I feel sick at my stomach when I think of it now. Me, I have to go around giving advice and this kid wasn't cut out for any racket. Well, Johnny minded his own business for a while but then he started asking me too many damn questions about the boss, and the set-up, and whenever some thug left the office Johnny wanted to know who he was. I always shook him off; most of the time I didn't know myself. Then one day, about a year ago, the boss himself stops into the bar, a thing he does once in a blue moon, and Johnny's playin' the piano. Well, I don't know what happened but the boss liked his playing and he liked him. The boss doesn't like many people—you can't afford to in his business—but he liked Johnny. They talked a while and you could see that Johnny was pretty nervous when he lit a butt. After that, Johnny had a new job with Cobrey. He drove the firm's big Packard around once or twice a week while Pete and Herky, two of Cobrey's "collectors," and real tough mugs, picked up the syndicate's cut from the local bookies. There Johnny saw and learned things that would make a hard old mug like me cringe. Johnny saw one old bookie, Harry Pearsol—he sold newspapers on the corner of Twenty-third and Clinton—clubbed to death with a baseball bat by the boys because he couldn't fork up the cut that week, and he owed the boss money for a couple months. Harry's wife was standing there, but what the hell—business is business!

Yea, Johnny saw all the graft and dirt and filth of this whole lousy business; saw how cooperative the cops are, met the thugs' dolls, sleazy old sluts who would do anything for a little coin, and Johnny saw sick people, sick with despair, throwing away their last earnings with the old story, "I just gotta win back what I lost!"—men whose dignity was gone, men broken by their own weakness, who no longer really lived, but merely existed, existed for tomorrow's race.

The kid used to tell me this with disgust at first, but after a while he laughed at it, called 'em suckers,
and I knew he was getting hard. Me, I felt a little queer hearing him talk like that. He started drinking heavy—the nervous strain he called it; the old faded brown suit gave way to natty sport outfits. Johnny was making money now. He sported a couple dolls around and the kid was really living. Johnny became the boss' right-hand man and he went everywhere Cobrey went. I didn't see much of Johnny after that and when I did see him he'd kinda look down at me like I was a peasant—well, he was still a kid to me. He knew the racket now, got a good cut of the betting dough and he was sporting a Caddy convertible and was a real big gun. I did talk with him a while once afterward; this was about a month and a half ago. To hear him talk he ran the business. The kid was still dreaming; said he was gonna clear out soon and set up his own wire service and really rake in the coin. Yea, Johnny was on top of the world. He was a big gun. What happened to him? Well, he hit a party that night—a big ball at the boss' private apartment. I guess he was pretty plastered, and I guess he said a few things he shouldn't have; you see some outsiders were there, and talking business then is taboo. Anyway the next morning he was found in an alley, with a knife stuck in his gut and a couple of slugs in his brain—a real professional job that only Pete or Herky could have done. Me, I was sick for a week, blaming myself. I don't know though, that it would have made much difference what I said to the kid. Johnny always wanted to be a big gun. Well, anyway Cobrey got another guy, a good looking kid called Curly—couldn't be over twenty-two years old. I was talking to him just yesterday at the bar, and I can see in his eyes that he's a dreamer too.

MIND OF GOD

where are the snows of yesteryear?

where are the days
when I would watch
the motionless movement
of the sun
between the yellow hay
and glassgreen sky

where is the desire
which rose from the plain
and descended from the sky
dreams of sacred hair
and devilish eye

where are the songs
that rose from my lips
and heart
where is the life
willfully wasted
and the joy that came in the morning
the green of the sky
that lay on the mountains
all

is
gone — into

THE

—Herbert W. Park.

THE ANTIQUARY

AFTER AN ESSAY BY JOHN EARLE

How proud he is, who walks in the past
And with ancestral visage surveys
His bric-a-brac, his shoemaker's last,
A clavier which no longer plays.
His legs ape those of his Louis Quinze
chair.
His flesh fashions its upholstery,
Which, when sat in, dusts the air,
Coating the Gobelin tapestry.

After reading the morning mail,
His day is planned to the last detail:
A walk at four, tea at five,
Then his Outlook, eighteen-five.
There he sits among his treasure,
Thinking little things at leisure,
Only wishing he might annotate
Upon a stone, a little date.

—Hollis Burke.
I

I WALKED into a bar the other day and watched the people as they drank the liquor the bartender placed before them. This time it was supposed to be good whiskey but I couldn't taste it when he served it to me. It was no different than the stuff we used to drink during prohibition. Anyway I couldn't taste the stuff. I couldn't taste anything. It was just like walking around in a daze without knowing exactly where you were going or why you were going there.

After a while I went out onto the sidewalk and stood looking at the dark malevolent snow falling in waves onto the street and the sidewalk and it actually wasn't good or ugly or anything. Only the people who walked by brushing me aside as they swept past were good or ugly or anything. It was just snow. I stood there a while and swore. "You sonsabitches." I couldn't do much more than swear. I turned and walked back into the bar.

II

He stood in the field and looked up at the sky. He could hear the sound of the plane zooming overhead but the black somber overcast wouldn't allow him to see this plaything of men. He stood there for a long while after the sound of the plane had vanished into the nottoberecalled past and then he somberly shrugged his shoulders and turned back to the spot where the mule was placidly waiting with the plow attached to its hames.

He placed the trapses over his shoulders and held the plow loosely in his hands as he followed the mule along the row. At the end of each row before he turned the creature he stopped and looked up into the somber overcast as though to recall the plane which had passed him a short while before. Soon it started to rain in the sweeping allenveloping sheets of torrential rain. He led the mule slowly back to the barn and unharnessed it and then walked into his house.

III

He spoke slowly to his class trying to make every word every point count. Trying to drum into the heads of these young men and women the young leaders of the future those simple facts which he knew so well and they evidently didn't know at all. Outside the classroom window the sounds of other young men and women laughing talking whispering floated across the still heavy air and permeated the very recesses of the class. It was evident that despite the import of his words the young people were not listening. Their minds were far far distant as though what he was saying was not of the slightest consequence. He tried to impress upon their young minds the vast importance of his message but they would not be moved.

The bell rang for the end of the hour and the young students quickly filed out leaving him to complete emptiness. He sat with his head in his hands for a long time in front of the empty room before he arose and walked slowly into the corridor and thence to his office.

IV

They lay together on the bed trying to make it be good for once. He whispered soothingly lovingly to her all the things that he could think of so that it would be good at least this one time. She lay there as passive as she had always been since the first time he had known her and slept with her. Even then it had not been any good. It had never been any good and he wanted this time the last time to be good. But she lay there as passively as before. He tried but it wasn't any good.

He pushed himself off the bed and put on his clothing. Just before he reached the door he said "Goodbye. Thank you so very much." She just lay on the bed passively not even looking at him. She lit a cigarette and as he started to open the door she said with no inflection in her voice at all "Goodbye." He walked out the door.

V

She turned on the radio but all that she could find were soap operas and jazz music. She turned it off with no effort and no notice of what she had done. She picked up the dishes from the kitchen table and put them in the machine. Turning it on she walked into the living room and picked up a magazine and a cigarette. After a while she turned on the radio and listened to the story of one woman's fight for happiness. She put on her coat and drove the car to the
house of her friend. they played bridge all after-
noon. she won twenty cents. she put on her coat
and drove home.

it was now time for her to prepare dinner. she
walked into the kitchen and put the prepared food
from the grocers into the stove. turning it on she
walked to the door to greet her husband. they ate
their dinner and then walked up the stairs and into
the bedroom.

VI

you sat and listened to the long nonsensical debates
on the floor and you wondered what the hell it was
all about. a bridge for this county a dam for that
one and an air field for another one. it didn’t mean
a thing. you sat there in stony silence and watched
them waiting for them to do something but they
never did anything. they went out to dinner slept
with their wives ate their meals and came back and
debated about a bridge for this county a dam for that
one and an air field for another one.

you got up from your seat and walked out into the
lounge to have a cigarette and think. you kept on
walking.

VII

he was very tired. had been working hard for a
long time and the tiredness was seeping into his bones
and mind and flesh. the snow was falling all around
him but he didn’t see it or the people who brushed
past him in a hurry to get to the place where they
were going. probably to the beauty parlor or the
cinema or a bridge game or merely to make some
money. he stopped walking and stood against a wall
and watched their anonymous oblivious faces rushing
by in the obvious hurry to get someplace. then he
remembered that he was in a hurry too. he had an
appointment that he couldn’t possibly break. it had
to be kept or the gentleman would come seeking him
out and he didn’t want that to happen.

he walked into the hotel and registered for a room.
the elevator took him to the twenty-seventh floor and
the bellhop carried his bag into the room. he pa-

tiently waited until the boy had opened the window
and set his bag down. he tipped the boy and closed
the door. he took a drink from the bottle which was
the only other thing beside his few important books
that the bag contained. he walked to the window
and looked down at the ants scurrying by twenty-
seven floors below as the snow swirled around and
about them. looking straight out he saw the gentle-
man. “hello. ill be right with you as soon as i put
this down. you know i always keep my appoint-
ments.”

OLD LYME

A crimson sky at August eve
Like virgin blush on maiden cheek
Like a glowing ember,
Lingers on.
Lingers like yon solitary dame with
shawl,
Standing silent by her lone red house.
The wind wafts her wispy hair,
Whistling in the meadow grass.
No breath of earthly passion breathes
On the beauty of such an hour.
Her eyes aloft pierce the paling blue.

—Hollis Burke.

TO ALL HAVING GONE BEFORE

If ever I came to realize
All the understanding that has graced
man’s mind
I would despair of my own plain
thoughts
And never set to page another line.
Instead I plunder on to strangely satisfy—
Then blush to hear my verses read,
Thinking “no more!” . . . but again I try.

—Ogden Plumb.
POST-WAR Austria, with its economic instability, provides a haven for the vacation seeking hordes of western Europe, who head each summer for its marvelous scenery, good food, and low prices—enjoying a few weeks of rest from their crowded, steaming urban surroundings. To an American, Austria is a wonderland, where one can afford the most luxurious of accommodations, with room and board at two dollars a day, and a haircut for five cents.

For those interested in outdoor sport, the dollar-conscious Austrian government provides facilities for fishing and shooting which would rival anything that a bank president's trip to the Canadian Rockies or Alaska could offer.

Chlodwig Noeckler, forty-year-old resident of the tiny mountain hamlet of Lupitch, in the northern province of Styria, a day's journey south of Munich, is one of the most experienced and skillful guides in Austria's finest shooting country. A licensed jaeger of the Austrian government, Noeckler spends most of his summer, fall, and early winter in guiding shooting parties to likely corners of his beloved forests and mountain ranges.

The season for roebuck, a small deer corresponding in size to a half-grown Virginia White Tail buck, opens on the first of July and continues to the end of August. Roe deer inhabit the wooded valleys and lower mountain slopes, and stalking them requires a profound knowledge of tacking and woodsmanship. Their mating season comes during the last two weeks of August, at which time the best bucks may be lured to within range by skillful imitation of the female's call. Noeckler is particularly adept at this.

The season for stag begins at the end of August, culminating in late October with the mating season or "brumfit." At this time the usually timid stag becomes the fearless lord of the forest, and the valleys ring with his bellowing call, an extremely eerie and impressive sound to hear on an early morning stalk. During the brumfit, the stags and their does come down from the plateaus where they have spent the summer. They then may be seen within a twenty-minute walk from the hunter's car.

Noeckler's favorite quarry, however, lives far from the forests and wooded slopes of the lower valley.

On the shoulders of the highest peaks and along the ridges of the more precipitous lesser mountains, dwells the sole representative of one of the largest genera of herbiverous, cloven-footed animals, the antelope family. The Chamois, or Gamsbok, as Noeckler would call them, consists of seventy pounds of steel springs, standing on hoofs which have the consistency and appearance of hard rubber but do not slip on wet rock or ice. The sight of a western Pronghorn Antelope sprinting at forty miles an hour across a Wyoming plain ahead of an automobile, transferred to a smaller edition bounding at the same speed up the head wall of Tuckermann's Ravine in the White Mountains gives an idea of the agility of a frightened Chamois. Their sense of smell and hearing are developed to such a degree that it is almost useless to attempt approaching them if the wind is coming from the wrong direction, or if the hunter has not sufficient cover to keep himself completely hidden until ready to shoot. It is for these reasons, and the challenge presented in stalking them, that mountaineers such as Noeckler consider the Chamois the finest sporting animal in Europe.

Chlodwig Noeckler was born in Lupitch in 1910, when this section of Austria was still divided into the large hunting preserves of the Austrian nobility. The country around Lupitch at that time formed a small portion of Emperor Franz Joseph's five hundred-thousand acre preserve, with the royal "shooting box" a miniature Versailles, at Bad Ischl, fifteen miles away. Noeckler's father and grandfather both were game keepers for the royal family, and were considered to be among the most skillful of their profession. His father died in the first world war, and Noeckler, maturing under the care of an aged mother, showed signs of having an independent and restless spirit. He refused to conform to her wish that he acquire a well-paid job in Vienna or Munich, and spent most of his boyhood accompanying the older jaegers on their long treks. He worked for awhile with the lumbermen and then for three or four years in his early twenties with several other hardy young mountaineers. He lived alone high up in the Chamois country, selling what game he could not use himself. This was poaching, a criminal offense in Austria as no one is allowed to shoot without a license, and only
then with permission of the local forest master. Noeckler and his companions were never caught, however, and it was during these years that he cultivated the hunting knowledge and skill which serve him in such good stead today.

At the time of the Anschluss in 1938, Noeckler was drafted along with thousands of other able-bodied men, to form the nucleus of Hitler's mountain divisions. In 1941, Noeckler found himself a sergeant at the siege of Stalingrad where he acquired a healthy fear of Russian infantry. He was wounded five times and then sent home to recover. Six months later when the doctor at Lupitch pronounced him once more fit for service, Noeckler, with eight other men who had also been recuperating from wounds, quietly stole a large supply of ammunition for their guns and deserted, having had enough of war. They spent the next three years in the most remote and rugged sections of their native terrain. Noeckler's previous experience in a similar situation was of great use, and his prowess as a hunter kept the band alive during the long winter months. His marksmanship at this time became almost legendary, with incredible tales circulating about of his having shot a Chamois in the head at almost a hundred yards with a pistol, and many other extraordinary feats. No wonder the local police made only one or two half-hearted attempts to round up and arrest these deserters. The German army had more important problems than nine well-armed and desperate men, who desired nothing but to be left alone.

At the close of the war, while confusion reigned in Berlin, Gestapo chief Himmler's second-in-command fled with three S.S. officers to Lupitch hoping to hide there indefinitely, safe from Allied persecution. When the American army arrived, Noeckler seized the opportunity to ingratiate himself with the occupation troops and also to revenge himself upon the hated institution of Nazism. He guided a detachment of our soldiers to the remote cabin occupied by the Gestapo hangmen, caught them unawares at night while they were sleeping, and they were carted off to the Nuremberg trials.

Since 1945, Noeckler has married, built himself a comfortable little house in Lupitch and has officially taken up the life which he had before led surreptitiously. Former poachers make the best jaegers and wardens, not only from the standpoint of being expert hunters, but also in their ability to protect the game from unlawful practices.

Attired in the traditional costume of leather shorts, high stockings, forest green jacket, and Tyrolian hat with a large feather stuck in its band at a rakish angle, Noeckler presents a colorful picture. Mindful of an ancient custom among jaegers, he never takes off his wool jacket, no matter how sweltering the heat or steep the climb, as long as he is at hire. Noeckler takes his job seriously and becomes a machine of almost limitless endurance when patrolling the twenty-thousand acre tract which is under his supervision. In summer, when not guiding, he must see that the game is not molested, and in winter, donning skis or snowshoes; he climbs the six-thousand feet necessary to reach the place where the Chamois are pawing for moss and lichen along the wind-swept ridges. When a deep snow in the forests prevents the stags and roe-deer from reaching the forage necessary for their subsistence, Noeckler and his friends ski to the hungry herds with bales of hay on their backs.

Except for the brief interlude of war, he has never left his matchless mountains, glacier lakes, and cathedral-like pine forests. Chlodwig Noeckler's principal fear today is that Russia will descend upon Austria, confiscating all that is dearest to him. His beloved Gamsbok, symbolizing a life-long struggle for freedom and independence, will become a vague legend, to join the ever-lengthening list of extinct wildlife. Let us hope that the breed represented by Noeckler never falls heir to a similar fate.
HUMPTY DUMPTY; A CRITICISM

Wm. Dickinson MacDonald
(With apologies to J. Dennie)

It is a common notion among critical writers of the day that the fashion of the times has often neglected many pieces which are certainly worthy of applause. I shall endeavor, therefore, to introduce a work, which, though of considerable merit, has been strangely overlooked by the lordlings of the literary world. The fastidious reader will doubtless smile when informed that the work is a poem consisting of only four lines, but it is hoped that he will readily discern that these verses contain more beauties than is often found in a poem of four thousand.

It is first necessary to attempt to classify the poem. Its extreme shortness and its irregular meter seem at once to categorize it as a ballad. Upon closer examination, however, one will appreciate its interesting subject, its unity of plan, and its definite beginning, middle, and end. On these grounds, it seems justifiable and indeed essential to rank it as an epic.

The beginning of the poem is singularly beautiful:

Humpty Dumpty

The first duty of the poet is to introduce his subject, and there is no part of poetry more difficult. Here the author is very discreet; instead of telling us, as an ordinary writer would have done, the details of Humpty Dumpty's ancestry, or instead of opening the poem by calling upon the company of the muses, the author makes an immediate introduction of the unfortunate protagonist. His approach is, in a word, direct. The author's choice of name for his protagonist is also worthy of note. It would doubtless have contributed to the splendor of the poem to have endowed the hero with a long and resounding name, but the author has plainly disregarded such external ornamentation, confident to rest his case on the intrinsic merits of the poem. Hence, we have the appealing and homey "Humpty Dumpty."

The personage now being seen, his situation is next to be discovered. Of this we are immediately informed in the subsequent line, when we are told,

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall

Here the imagery is distinct, yet the description is concise. We instantly visualize the figure in a seated position atop a wall, which we may accommodate to our own ideas of height, breadth, barrenness, construction, et cetera, all of which, since they exercise the imagination, are beauties of a high order. The beauty of this idea may further be appreciated on the grounds of its highly negative quality. The act of sitting atop a wall, though Locke would pronounce it a very complex idea involving person, attitude, and surroundings, is really an operation so simple as to need no description. Had the poet told us how the hero got up—whether by climbing, by jumping, or by a rope—and entered into the thousand particulars which the subject involves, the lines would have been superfluous and tedious. The omission of these minute details is a negative beauty of high order.

Having ascertained the name and condition of our hero, the reader becomes naturally inquisitive into his employment. Although an older manuscript makes uncertain references to the art of apple-plucking, this part has been omitted from later editions on the ground that the authenticity of the older manuscript is questionable. Suffice it to relegate this absence of detail to the poet's storehouse of negative treasures.

Now that the plan is unfolded and the description finished, the author hastens to the climax and the catastrophe of his tragedy. We are not informed of the reason of the sad misfortune, or of how the prudence of Humpty Dumpty forsook him, but alas!, it happened:

Humpty Dumpty had a great fall

Unfortunate Humpty! At the moment when he was nimbly, for aught we know, reaching for an apple, he made an ill-conceived move; his center of gravity, as physicists would say, fell beyond his base, and he tumbled. The extent of his fall, however, is not disclosed until the last line of the poem. The author was obviously afraid of overcoming his audience by too immediate a disclosure of the whole misfortune. Thus, the reader is meanwhile buoyed by the hope that the affliction is not a serious one, and that Humpty Dumpty will immediately rise to resume his apple-picking or whatever other labors he was engaged in.

While the reader's anxiety is thus suspended, an
entire new panorama of meritorious characters and valiant animals sweeps across the stage. The author makes this new introduction so colorful that it is as though the horses and men are actually accompanied by blaring trumpets and waving banners:

All the king's horses and all the king's men
Not only does this new introduction add an epic gravity to the poem, and not only does it suspend temporarily the anxiety of the reader and add a dash of color, as previously mentioned, but it also serves to clarify the drastic extent of the fall of the unhappy Humpty Dumpty. For in the following and last line of the poem we are shown both the purpose of the introduction of the new characters and animals, and the final unsuccessful outcome of their well-meaning intervention.

Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again
At last we have it; in a single line the horrible culmination to this tragedy is made all too clear. Nothing now remains but to deplore the premature fate of the unhappy Humpty. In the midst of our afflictions, however, we must not overlook the poet's skillful treatment of the tragic denouement. He seems to have in mind the observation of Adam Smith—that our sympathy arises not from a view of the passion, but of the situation which excites it. It is noteworthy here that the quick succession of movements in the last two lines of the poem is admirably accompanied by an equally rapid motion of the short syllables:

All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again
We shall now conclude with a brief review of the more prominent beauties of the poem. The subject, obviously, is the fall of man—a high subject and worthy of a poet. The hero is a character of impeccable merit, and his misfortune is attributable to destiny, rather than to any indiscretion on his part. Every part of the poem contributes directly to the illustration of the subject, and the reader's attention is neither wearied by multiplicity of trivial incidents, nor distracted by frequency of digression. The author has repressed the extravagance of metaphorical decoration; all is simple, plain, and consistent. Nor has the moral escaped the view of the poet. When we consider young Humpty Dumpty, who but a moment before sat atop the wall in all the pride of health and youth, suddenly tumbled to earth, we must indeed lament the instability of all things.

MAKING A VASE
DEFYING ALL LAWS OF PHYSICAL FRICTION

Around O anaround O anaround O
Then up O and up O and up O
Then a hook O
And over O and oh O
A hole O
And whee! O

And all through.

—Stephen Pressey.
The debating team couldn’t make much use of this non-talkative baby
... but one look at his “literary leanings” tells you that tests don’t
buffalo him. ‘Specially those tricky cigarette tests! As a smoker,
you probably know, too, that one puff or one sniff — or a mere
one-inhale comparison can’t prove very much about a cigarette!
Why not make the sensible test — the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test.
You judge Camel mildness and flavor in your own "T-ZONE"
(T for Throat, T for Taste) ... for 30 days. Yes, test Camels
as a steady smoke and you’ll see why ...