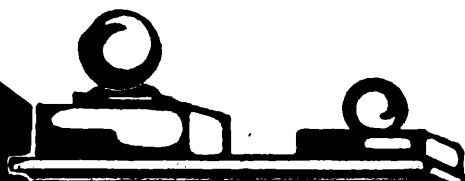


**DAEDALIAN
MONTHLY
APRIL, 1923**



A. STARK

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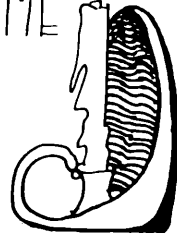
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A MESSAGE TO THE POETS OF C·X·A

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE POETRY SOCIETY
OF TEXAS

FROM THE INCREASING CHOIR OF COL-
LEGE POETS SHOULD COME THE GREAT
VOICE OF TOMORROW. MORE THAN ONE OF THE
POETS OF C·X·A TO WHOM THIS FRIENDLY
WORD IS ADDRESSED MAY WIN A PLACE
AMONG THAT FINER FEW. THEY WILL
DO THAT IF THEY STRIVE TOWARD
GREATER EXPRESSION. THIS TIME
IS A THEME FOR MIGHTY MUSIC.
IT IS EVERY YOUNG POET'S OPPOR-
TUNITY TO STUDY THE THEME
• AND TO MASTER IT.

Sheldon R. Greer



To Doctor Lee Monroe Ellison
whose influence and sympathetic assistance
has inspired much of C.L.A.'s creative efforts
in the field of literature
The Poetry Number of The Daedalian
is respectfully dedicated
by the editors



The Days Troop By

EVELYN GOODRICH, '23

The days troop by. . .
A chain of silver raindrops
Threaded with gold;
And linking them, the starlit evenings hold
The fragrance of white lilacs,
Strangely bold.

So long as rain is silver, and I sit
Contented, in the presence of white lilacs,
I shall not miss the moon, even at twilight,
(Tho I may cry for it.)

Mysteries

MARGARET HALLAM, '23

Far out beyond my reach
Is a grayed blue mass of hillside;
The misty-eyed sky seems to be fastened down
Like an Arab's mysterious tent. . . .
I wonder,
If I could peep under its edge . . .
What I would see?

Grey Rain

FERN SMITH, '25

The grey, cold, silent rain
Comes down to me with the steadiness
Of a Marching Dead.
It shuts me in.
I am alone with only bitter memories
For company.

Who shares the night with you, Grey Rain.
Or are you more alone than I?

The Potter's Field

(Awarded first prize in T. I. P. A. contest, Spring, 1923.)

EPSIE MANNING, '23



HE group of people in the rambling old studio moved curiously around, observing with questioning, eager eyes the figures and groups of figures, the statues, just begun, and the unfinished busts that were scattered around in the half-lighted room. Dust and finger prints could be faintly discerned on a yellowing limestone figure in one corner. Experimentations in porous stone were half-concealed in the riot of inanities that cluttered the studio shelves and corners. In the midst of these unfinished pieces of sculpture could be seen one or two beautifully modeled figures in marble, and they gleamed out from the half shadows in their glistening white loveliness.

Emile Hertzog, master of the Academy of Design, who found just pride in Jean Paul Boucher's phenomenal rise to fame, was the outstanding figure in the group of artists and critics. He moved easily across the creaking planks of the studio floor to stand critically before pieces of Jean Paul's work, mercilessly examining the quality of it. A great, deep-rooted pride in the boy was struggling for supremacy in his grave face. He searched intently in the faces of the figures, seeking in the power within them the mysteries of thought in this boy's conceptions. Long ago he had assured himself of the young artist's inherent strength in line and structure.

He passed on to the window where the devotees were crowding close around John Paul's uncovered figure. He stood on tiptoe to look at the statue over the heads of the men and women. The others looked without speaking. A huskiness crawled into Hertzog's throat as he looked at the marble figure. Never had he seen love in any carven image that shone out as in Jean's mother figure. He was quick to see the poetic spirit that radiated from the sculptural lines, and he saw in the cold marble the illumination of genius which found expression in purity of thought and perfection in technique. Long after the crowd had passed on to other parts of the studio, the old artist stood, misty-eyed, gazing at the silent mother. He moved reverent fingers over the curves of the arms and fingers of the Madonna. An overpowering desire to bow and reverently withdraw came over him. Somehow, he felt as if the light in the Madonna's face should not be gazed at. His hands reached out for the white veil that had fallen to the floor.

Jean Paul, tearing away from the artist folk that hovered around him, was looking for his master, and found him beside his Madonna, drawing covers gently over it. He looked at the older man quickly, searching intently into Hertzog's eyes. After a quick intake of breath, the boy smiled.

"It's the best that's in me, sir," he whispered, huskily. His face was grave.

He felt two firm, tender, understanding hands on his shoulders, and there was a long moment of unbroken silence — the silence in which speech has no place. Hertzog was loath to break it, and he groped long for the word.

"You have a soul, Jean, lad," he said, after a long pause. "It is a great trust."

The old master hung back wistfully after the last of the crowd had wrung Jean Paul's hand in congratulation. Walking casually around the studio waiting his friend's return, he examined again the pieces of sculpture that indicated his young prodigy's development. The brooding "Beethoven" in the corner met his gaze, and it revived memories of his and Jean Paul's visit to Bourdelle's exhibition, where the young artist had received his inspiration. Here and there a figure indicated Jean Paul's emancipation from imitative art. He saw in it all an intricacy of detail that was perfect, and his searching eye found the light that comes from a boy's pure ideals. A joy that carried with it a great ache filled his heart.

Jean Paul, lean and light of foot, had crossed the room to Hertzog's side. The older man turned upon him, and stared hard at the shining light in the young eyes.

"Does it mean so much to you, lad?" he asked, scarcely trusting his voice.

Jean Paul undertood what the question implied, and youthful feeling rang in his voice.

"Your approving — and your caring, sir, makes it mean everything!"

He led his guest into a badly-kept suitting room that adjoined the studio. A careless model had left pieces of apparel lying in the chairs. Jean Paul picked them up, and walking to the door of his bedroom, he flung them inside the door.

"I hope to transform this place into respectability soon," he promised Hertzog, smiling over his shoulder, as he drew the chairs up and lit the gas jet.

Hertzog drew his chair closer, and settling down comfortably in

the big armchair, stretched his feet before the fire. After a long moment of quietness Jean Paul reached out in the growing darkness of twilight to touch his master's arm. Words were not necessary between the two friends. The older man idly watched the blue and red flames flicker fitfully against the gray asbestos. He knew that Jean Paul was living again the days of his artist's growth; he knew the tendency in the human character to go back and trace cause and effect in their logical sequence. His was a keen penetration into human character. He saw the boy shake himself from his reverie.

"What were they like, Jean, lad?" he asked musingly, his eyes still fastened on the flames. Jean had once told him about his childhood, but he was keenly sensitive to the lad's present need.

"They seemed pretty bad then," Jean Paul answered with youth's eagerness to relate personal experiences. "The first, very first years were a struggle out on Twelfth Street for three meals a day, and sometimes two."

"Your mother and father?" the other asked questioningly.

"Died when I was a baby, the neighborhood mothers said. They brought me up," he said quietly. "I got an apprenticeship with Schurz, a cameo cutter, when I was fifteen," he continued.

"Your skill in intricate lines?" Hertzog interrupted.

"Yes," the boy replied, "it was a blessing in disguise. But he was irascible and harsh, and I left in anger one day because he sold a cameo that I had carved for a little girl down the street."

Jean Paul smiled reminiscently as he recalled little Rosamond's eyes, whose depths awed him when he ventured to look into them. He sat silent for several minutes.

"Then?" Hertzog asked with interest.

Jean Paul roused himself.

"I stayed three years in Biondi's cameo shop. I carved them, and then peddled them, too," he answered. "Then I found out that I could attend evening classes at Cooper Union, and I obtained work at night in Regi's Cafe. The work was not hard, but I loathed it." He shuddered.

"That was my initiation into the art of sculpture," he went on, "and it is a great transition in my memory. I can remember distinctly the beginning of my fascination for low reliefs. I think my passionate love for it has lighted the drabness of the intervening years — and they were drab," he added.

"Then the Academy?" Hertzog asked, smiling with a tender light in his eyes.

Jean Paul smiled, too, and a beautiful light shone in his sensitive face. His entrance into the Academy of Design was indeed a landmark in his memory. It marked the beginning of his friendship with the master, and this friendship has made the great achievement of his life possible. He lived over again the moment when Hertzog, a great figure in the field of sculpture, and the great master of the Academy, had singled him out to encourage and to assist him — and had made his study in Paris an easy thing.

“Your letters,” Hertzog said, breaking the silence, “could not have told everything about Paris.”

Jean Paul never tired of talking about Paris. He told of his arrival in Paris and of his first appearance at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, where Hertzog’s money had bought the best instruction that the French masters could give to the boy. His face was animated when he told his master of the moment of ecstasy when his friend, Laurens, had come to his room and announced that his Madonna had been accepted for the Luxembourg Gallery exhibit. Then had followed the days and hours when he had crouched in the shadows of the hall and had watched the circle of admiring artists, gathered like buzzing bees around a flower, endeavoring to catch and hold the vision that had inspired this boy.

The days that followed did not seem real, he reflected to himself musingly. The return to America where the people were eager and willing to give him recognition and — homage — was not real. His memory fastened upon the day at the dock when Hertzog stood waiting at the gang-plank for him. And he had seen Thea in the crowd, but she had seen Hertzog and had crept away — and he had been disappointed.

Hertzog was watching his face intently, and the new look on Jean Paul’s face baffled him. He stirred uneasily in his chair. He thought he ought to go — it was toward morning — but there was some compelling force that held him near. There was something that he wanted to say — but he did not say it. Jean Paul finally saw him to the door with a preoccupied manner, and asked the master to let him see more of him. Hertzog promised gravely.

Jean Paul found himself tracing his footsteps back to Washington Square during the days that followed his exhibition. The old haunts lured him. The associations on the Square during his Academy days had been slight, but they had marked a bright, vivid spot in the long

years of struggle. And there was a strange desire on the boy's part to go back to the Village with something more to interest his friends than he had when he was a struggling young student. Perhaps it was one friend in particular; he did not definitely analyze the prompting that made him eager to go back.

He dropped off the bus before it swung under the arch on the Square, and walked toward a bench under the shade of one of the buildings. The square, drab buildings that loomed up before him had not changed. The same atmosphere of rushing activity pervaded the Square. He saw a familiar face on the platform of the Sixth Avenue "L" train that was leaving the Square, and he waved his cap boyishly. Two children were diving into the fountain, and the mother was sitting on the bench watching over them. He smiled at her and walked on. Laughter and loud talking floated out to him from the Pirate's Den, and Jean Paul stretched his neck toward the upper window, hoping to see a familiar face. A bobbed-haired girl loaded with parcels was descending the subway stairs, smiling back at a thin, pallid-faced man who stood on the curb. A boisterous group emerged from Sonia's Shop, and stopped to talk to a man in an automobile that had just arrived on the Square.

Jean Paul took it all in eagerly, and finally made his way toward Bruno's Garret. He took out his watch thoughtfully. In the old days some of the Villagers would gather in Bruno's about this time in the afternoon to read poetry. He climbed the stairs two steps at a time, and soon found himself in the midst of a group that he had once been a part of. The Villagers greeted him with casual interest, and made a place for him in the crowded room. A young poet with a pale, worn face was reading some free-verse in a toneless voice. He paused between lines to draw at his cigarette. One or two of the group were listening, but most of them were engaged in conversation or games of dominoes in the other corners of the room. Jean Paul looked around eagerly for some of his old friends, but most of the faces were unfamiliar to him.

He remained on the Square during the evening. He sauntered into Romany Marie's backyard restaurant and drank a cup of her black coffee, and then made his way to the low, squat building where Mama Bertolotti reigned behind the swinging doors. It was at Mazzini's, however, that he found his old crowd. He waited for the nightly celebration there, and the familiar scene had changed only in the absence of certain well-known faces. Laughter and chatter rose to the high-raftered ceiling. Cigarette smoke made a cloudy haze on the

red brick walls. Luce, the bald-headed proprietor, was distributing trays of cherry phosphates, near beer, and one of his own concoctions that did not require a name, to clamoring groups at the tables. Bold-eyed, bob-haired girls, unconventionally dressed, drank Luigi's White Special, and made love boldly to Semitic escorts. At one table was Jean Paul's friend, Lawrence, who in the old days was fired with an ambition to write plays. Jean Paul made his way toward him.

"And how's the playwright?" Jean Paul asked, grasping his friend's hand.

The other looked at him for a moment, and reached for a chair for him.

"I haven't written the play yet that is to rival 'Hamlet,'" he answered unsmilingly. "And you?" he asked, "Have you had new triumphs? I know about your good fortune."

"More than I deserve," Jean Paul replied gravely. "I have a number of interesting commissions in architectural work."

"Then you didn't disdain the architectural phase of your art?" interrupted Judston, the sculptor, as he joined the group.

Jean Paul turned toward Judston.

"No, indeed, Mr. Judston. I have done a thing that I like very much in a mantel for a wealthy family in Brooklyn. It had a low relief of caryatids, and the figures were exquisite.

"Then," he went on, not without a degree of youthful egotism, "I have a commission to do the friezes and ornaments for a fountain in Central Park. It is purely architectural, you see. I have many commissions like that."

Judston smiled at the boy with a smile of superior wisdom.

"How have the critics taken you?" he asked with interest.

Jean Paul shrugged, and flourished his hands.

"Luxembourg Gallery accepted my Madonna," he replied quietly, turning from his inquisitor.

"You will try something for the National Exposition?" Judstone persisted.

Jean Paul nodded his head. He was searching the room eagerly for someone, and his answers to Judston's questions were preoccupied. Presently his quest was rewarded. A tall, yellow-haired girl had tiptoed to the table, and had placed cool fingers over Jean Paul's eyes.

"I want to be your model," she announced as he removed her hands from his eyes, and held them in a firm grasp.

He eyed her critically, with mock seriousness.

"Too thin," he declared with conviction, squeezing the hands that

he still held. "Say, it's good to see you again, Thea, I thought you would never come. Why did you run off the day I came home?" he asked with interest.

She smiled at him gaily. "Let's dance," she suggested, holding inviting arms out to the boy.

He looked at her intently, and motioned her to a chair at the table.

"I'd rather hear about you," he told her, regarding her with boyish admiration. "How many compositions have you let the eager public have?" he asked.

"I let it have everything I did until they took all of my motives and my melodies and made them into its own," she replied lightly. "Now, I perforate rolls for a pianola company."

The gaiety at Mazzini's continued until the early hours of morning. Laughter, chatter, and the ringing of glasses filled the half-lighted room. A mandolin artist improvised notes that seemed to dance, to cry, and to be gay under his supple fingers. The Villagers became gayer and gayer, and Mazzini's rude old cafe became a scene of bacchanalian revelry at the hour when all New York had sunk into quietness and slumber. Dawn was breaking through the light gray in the east when Jean Paul's unsteady fingers unlocked his studio door.

During the days that followed Jean Paul found himself being drawn irresistibly back to the old haunts. Thea had made it easy for him to want to return. As soon as his tasks in the workshop had been completed for the day, he would make his way back to Washington Square. Thea's room, a ramshackle old garret room over the Village Inn, became his favorite haunt. The Villagers found it a popular gathering place, and they contributed generously of their respective talents to the merrymaking and boisterous gaiety that entertained the crowd. Thea herself furnished the music for her friends. From ragtime to Chopin, from Strauss to Brahms, Debussy to Gounod, she went, but the Villagers usually clamored for more jazz.

It was not long before the Villagers acclaimed the boy artist who entered so enthusiastically into their gaiety a good sport. He entered wholly into the spirit of the studio parties. A sleepy-eyed Semite, who drank too much of Thea's wine, and who smoked too many of Thea's cigarettes, hung amorously over the piano while she played. He begged her to turn on the self-playing attachment and dance with him. She reluctantly acquiesced, but at the first opportunity she threw her long arms around Jean Paul's neck, and led him into the intricacies of the modern dance.

It all fascinated the young artist. The jazz music brought heady

sensations to his mind — sensations something like Thea's wine had caused. The air, redolent with a perfumed incense, with a fermenting fragrance that wafted from open decanters, and with clouds of tobacco smoke that swirled into soft circles in the closed room, went to his head and made him dizzy. An unnatural, strange, bright glitter came into his eyes when Thea smiled impishly into his face.

It approached noon of the next day before Jean Paul awoke from the dull, heavy stupor that had numbed his senses. He was engulfed by a feeling of shame and of aching humiliation. When he looked into the mirror he could not recognize the face, in which clouded, bloodshot eyes loomed out with a strange, dull light, as his own. He sank into the first chair, after he had entered the darkened studio — the workshop that he had seen so little of during the last few weeks. His sensitive young face, haggard and worn, bore the imprint of a shamed suffering. Somehow, in the frank honesty of his soul, he divined that something had touched a part of him that should have been kept intact, always. He tried desperately to determine what it was. His fingers were moving feverishly through his hair. His breath came heavily and unevenly, and he felt as if there was no air circulating in the room. He rose, and jerked a shade to the top of the window. The noonday light fell full upon his Madonna. He stepped back, and uttered a low cry. His keenly imaginative mind, seeking blindly for something — he knew not what — which would efface the sear that he somehow knew had left its indelible print, saw the mother's soul in the Madonna's face. The light that shone from her chiseled face was first gravely reproachful — then it was mother love in a vision that Jean Paul, himself, had caught and held.

The following days were busy ones for Jean Paul, and they were filled with the satisfaction of a work well done. His commissions were increased. He accepted contracts for work that would require months and even years of continued effort to fill. He was singled out as the most clever and the most prolific sculptor of the day. People had ceased to marvel at his youth, and they were eager to shower their homage and praise upon this boy artist.

It was during these days of Jean Paul's absorption in his work that Hertzog broke the news of his being called to Paris to carry out a sculptural project that the Academy was promoting. Jean Paul was with his old master constantly during the week preceding Hertzog's voyage. He felt a vast loneliness overcoming him, but he bravely concealed outward demonstrations from the older man.

Hertzog went out to Jean Paul's studio on the evening before he sailed. He found his young friend in his workshop, his hands covered with soft clay. His smock was smudged and a daub of clay had found its way to Jean Paul's face. His eyes were gravely intent on the task at hand. A grotesque object in clay met Hertzog's curious gaze. The vague outline reminded him of Brancusi's far-famed "Mlle." Pogany, and he looked at his friend quizzically. He knew exactly what Jean Paul's experience was. He was going through one of those stages where fundamental verities absorb the thought and where shadowy ideals can be given material form only in strange abortions. Jean Paul's hands were fashioning a human body of startlingly grotesque proportions in miniature form.

"See," the young artist pointed out, a cynical, mature smile on his lips. "Mrs. Pogany's fleshly husband. Do you suppose the spirit abides?"

Hertzog clasped his hands behind his back, and walked curiously around the stand. There was a question in his eye when he looked at his young friend.

"The Poganys aren't safe acquaintances for young artist's ideals," he said lightly. "Will you let me see what you have been doing?"

Jean Paul washed and dried his hands at the basin behind the curtain. Then he led Hertzog to his recent pieces of sculpture, and pointed out bits of shading, treatments of certain reliefs, the peopling of the bosquet and paterres, the intricacies of decorative ornaments. He confided his difficulties and temptations eagerly and unreservedly to his master. He explained his weaknesses, and dwelled lingeringly on his aspirations. Hertzog listened appreciatively, and stood silent.

He lingered in Jean Paul's studio long, and took his leave when the calm stillness of early evening had made quiet the busy avenue on which Jean Paul's studio looked out. There was not complete happiness in his heart, and it was not caused by tomorrow's parting. An unquiet sense of impending evil would not leave him, and he almost turned back after he had walked several blocks down the avenue. He stopped abruptly to analyze this vague feeling, and after a long moment's pause he walked on down the avenue.

The days following Hertzog's departure were lonely ones for Jean Paul. He got into the habit of going to the gayer cafes downtown to seek companionship. It was on one of these occasions that he encountered Thea. He tried to evade her, but she made it impossible. And somehow at Mazzini's it would not be so lonely. They took the Sixth Avenue elevated railway to Washington Square, and found childish de-

light in looking down at the myriad of lights below, the glare of which almost blinded them.

Jean Paul led the gaiety at Mazzini's during the nights that followed. It seemed to be gayer than it was when he had last come out to the square. It fascinated him. Thea, daring and bold, entered enthusiastically into plans for the crowd's entertainment, and Jean Paul adored her. They donned elaborate costumes and rendered spectacular dances for the entertainment of the Villagers who crowded eagerly into the close cabaret. The women in the group clamored for dances with the young artist. He drank of their adoration and of Luce's favorite concoctions with equal fidelity. The cold, disillusioning lights of early morning would point their bleak, reproachful gaze on the staggering boyish figure that one of the Villagers was helping ascend the stairway to Thea's garret.

The piece of sculpture which Jean Paul submitted to the National Exposition required two years in the making. He had emancipated himself from the idea of monumental sculpture for his great piece of work. His artistic mind had been long in working out the idea for his statue, and now that it was finished, he was sure of it — of its workmanship, its plastic "color," and its perfect contours. The figure alone would make any artist's fame, he was convinced, and his conception, which he had enthusiastically described to Hertzog in his letters, had met with his master's approval at once. He had chosen "Disillusion" as his theme, and he had worked to develop this abstract thought until it would leap to the mind in its most concrete significance. His study for the statue was a little cabaret-dancer that he and Thea had discovered in one of their nightly revels downtown.

The young artist worked feverishly on his figure. His studio doors were barred to the Villagers during his working hours — all except Thea. This was to be his supreme triumph, and he was undertaking an adventuresome experiment. His conception was poetic, but Jean Paul was inspired with a Bohemian desire to express his poetic idea in terms of the most astute realism.

Hertzog had returned from Paris at his young friend's pleading request. He was to see Jean Paul achieve this supreme triumph. Jean Paul, all eagerness over the exposition, was the same animated boy that had waved the last farewell to the old master two years ago. Immediately upon Hertzog's arrival the two men took the train to Chicago, where the exposition was to be held.

Over a hundred sculptors gathered at the exposition grounds to

do their part in making it the greatest exposition that the world had ever seen. Jean Paul met famous sculptors whose work he had long admired. He was a conspicuous figure in the group, tall, animated and young. His face, though it had youth in its lines, showed the imprints of dissipation and worry. He saw the portal which he had won in a competition with Rondi, the new French sculptor. He and Hertzog engaged in whispered conversation over the works that were being entered. Jean Paul had a list of the contestants and their works. He smiled, and pointed out the name of one of his fellow sculptors who had entered a Madonna on the list. The old master nodded his head and smiled back.

The younger man whispered his hopes to the old master. They both felt secure over Jean Paul's contribution, and Jean Paul confided his hopes for receiving the commission to do the memorial monument, which would go to the winner.

Hertzog questioned his young friend eagerly about his figure. He wanted to know what its lines were, what its shadings were, and what preliminary study Jean Paul had done before beginning his statue. He was all curiosity, but Jean Paul, with youthful ardor, had wanted it to be a complete surprise to his master.

Soon the hour came for the uncovering of the figures. Crowds thronged into the galleries; the artists themselves could scarcely make their way to a space large enough to see their work revealed to the public gaze. Hertzog pressed forward, pushing Jean Paul before him. The suspense seemed an eternity to both of the men. They saw one figure after another unveiled and they heard the enthusiastic ringing applause which followed the unveiling of each statue. The noon hour came before the unveiling hour was over. Jean Paul and Hertzog exchanged smiles over their nervous tension, and walked toward the group of critics and literary men that were examining the recently uncovered figures. Hertzog met old friends, and entered into the discussions of the work with less interest than he usually manifested toward sculpture in any of its phases. Jean Paul sought out the artists whose work he had seen, and made an effort to be enthusiastic in his congratulations.

Jean Paul and Hertzog returned to the art gallery after a hurried lunch, and they walked the floors impatiently, waiting for the afternoon ceremonies to begin. Neither talked. Hertzog's thoughts were filled with the boy by his side, but it was not a time for conversation.

The ceremonies began with the unveiling of Sicard's figure of "Eve." It was an artistic triumph, and Sicard's friends were enthusi-

astic in their applause. Jean Paul's figure was among the last. He laughed at his own mental state when he discovered that his fingers were trembling and that his knees were unsteadily moving under him.

Hertzog's suspense was equal to his own. His anxiety knew no bounds, but it was not because of lack of confidence in his young friend's work. He, too, felt secure about Jean's workmanship. He waited.

Presently Gardens' figure of the Madonna was revealed from under the white folds that shrouded it. The same applause and the same interest were displayed from the crowds. Their interest was lagging somewhat. Everyone present wanted to see the "boy" artist's figure, and they waited impatiently. But the "boy," himself, saw more in the Madonna figure than possibly Gardens did. He held Hertzog's hand, and breathed a little gasp. How plainly his own Madonna figure appeared before him! Gardens had done a thing of loveliness, and even though his technique was not so perfect, it contained a purity of thought that lifted it above the ordinary. Jean Paul looked at it intently, and his gaze was removed from the figure only as the white veil was being lifted away from his own statue.

He swayed forward eagerly as the statue was disclosed, looking closely. The figure of his "Disillusion" shone out in gleaming loveliness. The lines of the nude body were perfect in contour, perfect in shade and color, perfect in technique. There was a gasp from the audience. Every chisel stroke had been made to count; it contained a wealth of skill. The beauty of the head and of the body had never been surpassed. The posture of the girl figure was unnatural — this was Jean Paul's antipode of realism. The lovers of art that gazed at the figure spellbound saw a sapient simplification — a refreshing suggestiveness that they had never seen in the marble figure. The contortion of the body meant beauty to the critics and to the sculpture lovers. There were no beautiful fancies and no charming effects such as characterized Jean Paul's earlier work; but the artists that beheld it saw in the slight figure the light of genius, in the fire and living life that its creator had put into it. It was profoundly sensuous art — sensuous to the core, but young Boucler had erected a high theme to exalt it.

Jean Paul looked at his creation, transfixed to the spot. His eyes were held wide in an unseeing stare. He moved them to look into Hertzog's face, and the great hurt that lay in his old master's eyes stabbed him to the quick. He closed his eyes, and passed his hands over them as if to shut out the vision that had once been his loved figure. He swayed dizzily as if he would fall, and staggered out of the

curious crowd. Hertzog followed. They passed out of the Gallery amid the cheers and cries for young Boucher to appear. They were waiting with the medal to present it to him.

Hertzog found him on a bench in the park, his head sunk low in his hands. Remorse held him fast. The great hopelessness of an irreparable loss, of a fleeting vision that cannot be held surged over him.

Hertzog was silent.

Jean Paul turned to him.

"Didn't you see it?" he whispered brokenly. "It's there. . . . there. . . The shrine of my worship — wrapped in harlot's cloth. My God, how apt is its name! Disillusion — the disillusion of finding one's Madonna dribbling wine, and smelling of slime — slime from that damned Potter's Field. It's there, Hertzog — and it's here — in me. It's here in me — and you see it, too! Disillusion, Hertzog! ——— Oh, my God!"

Two Songs

MARGARET LEE WILEY, '23

DAWN

Say not that ye see the sunrise,
And the moon will cease to shine!
Lest the vision of the glories of heaven will vanish —
Will vanish with the crystalline evening dew.

"AH! AH LA BONNE HISTOIRE"

"Love is a deceiving child,"
Bloufflers often said to me.
O poet! — Think of the story of Yann.
"Il ne revint jamais," Loti, Loti.
And still I hear the master sing,
"Ah! Ah! la bonne histoire."
Loti, Loti.

O Pierre! The periwinkles, the sea shells,
The citron-aurora, the domain of Bories,
And O — Yann's wedding with the sea!
"Il ne revint jamais"; Bloufflers, do you know?
And still I hear the master sing,
"Ah! Ah! la bonne histoire."
Loti, Loti.

“The Soldier”

RUTH WEST, '23

The streets of London wear a tread-mill hurry,
And men walk up and down them still the same,
As yesterday before that regal flurry
When men from England wrote their hearts in flame,
When men from Cambridge and from distant Surrey,
Died for a Thing they knew, but could not name.

Aye, England wears no change to blind men's visions,
It speaks of Kingship yet, as “Majesty,”
And Parliament arrives at queer decisions,
And diplomats bespeak their weighty missions,
“While Avon has white honey still for tea,”
And unawares—
A silver fog creeps inland from the sea.

Creeps inland with a message from far *Scyros,
Writ by a poet's hand at singing height,
When England's wonder, England's dream of glory
Begot of poet's soul, a soldier's might,
When thoughts of “English hearts at peace in England,”
Had filled a poet's mind with flaming light!

“Think only this of me' in that sane future
When four o'clock sits England down to tea,
Forget the sweat of it, the grind, the torture,
And in the quiet beauty of blue sunsets
(God! how I loved them!)
Lose sight of heartbreak, and rest quietly;
Your soldiers' hearts find peace in alien heavens,
Think this — of them and me.”

I wonder if he listens in that distance,
His thoughts all lost in shining glad amaze,
For laughter, “learnt of friends and gentleness,”
His dreams as happy as he dreamed her days;
And if he sees her “wet-roofs in the lamplight,”
And turns from these to scribbled words of praise!

God grant him this: a sight of humdrum Britain,
Her “white plates, gleaming-clean, her swaying flowers,

His loves, he loved so," faithless, ever faithful
 To him and England through the tranquil hours;
 God grant a poet's dream to God be given!
 That Rupert Brooke's may be an English heaven!

(*Scyros is an island in the Mediterranean, where Rupert Brooke is buried.)



April

EPSIE MANNING, '23

April laughs, elfin-eyed, flower-lipped,
 And holds her rainbow skirt, petal filled.
 Traces of Whitechapel filth are on her feet;
 A starving Armenian baby touched her vesture skirt.
 Her hands scatter dew-dripped flowers gaily.
 Her laugh rings out in silver note.

Scintillations

EVELYN GOODRICH, '23

Leaden skies crowding the housetops
 Listen in silence to the rain,
 Falling monotonously.
 Against the windowpane
 Press the branches of a tree, tracing green figures
 Upon the grey. The skies lean nearer
 In the nervous stillness.
 I should be trembling, too.
 But yet, a strange content has seized me.
 The patters traced are green. . . against the grey. . . .
 Not brown. . . (as when you left).

College Sonnets

To Miss Estella Gardner Hefley

RUTH WEST, '23

I. IN THE LIBRARY

Pictures of Greeks in marble, and below,
A dull blue bowl of pink and white sweetpeas,
I think, in reading nooks, it should be so,
Fragrance where Tennyson can rest at ease
In open spaces, where Carlyle may please
To hush himself and let Sam Johnson blow,
And so forget the salt of Scottish seas
In upturned earth and feel of garden hoe.
I wish the air was clear so gypsy bees
Might happen in and so disturb our leisure,
Rid us of thought in shade of old oak trees
And bring to careful shelves disordered pleasure.
The sweetpea blossoms droop in sudden breeze.
Did Shakespeare — even once — sing out of measure?

II. IN THE POWERHOUSE

I think if I knew stillness as a friend,
A friend who speaks and never says a word,
My heart might garner riches it could blend
With fall of autumn leaf and song of bird.
The poised hush of graves where earth is stirred
By lifting grasses, where tall cedars spend
Their subtle fragrance, yet my day must end
Finding at dark such quietness deferred.
With dawn a frenzied urging serves to send
My feet where flame from rusted steel is blowing;
My hands yield sweat where engines crash and rend,
That once were cupped with seed at early sowing.
My sonnets on the tram-way car are penned. . . .
(In untilled earth, somewhere, white seeds are growing.)

III. IN THE LABORATORY

Hydrogen bi-sulphide, and the smoke
Of burning carbon fill my throat and eyes.
I pause and gasp for breath and half-way choke,
Their visit took my lungs so by surprise.

No glimpse of sweeping plains and chill-clear skies;
Fumes from a red-hot test tube rise and cloak
The window panes in grey. But there — it broke!
A chemist's struggling dream grows faint and dies.
I stand here, idly watching. How it fries,
That bit of soap-stuff, shifting in the pan!
The girl who bends above it starts and sighs,
"It's hot in here, I wish I had a fan!"
Her test tubes shatter, tinkling one by one.
Gay Lussac broke them, too. Did Edison?

IV. IN THE CLASSROOM

Your finger runs the pages' crumpled fold,
In nether space I seem to hear your voice,
Consonants and vowels inter-rolled.
With somewhat faint and undisturbing noise
You drone of Keats and Shelley, grown-up boys
Who sang in flame what turns to ash and cold
In mortar that your knuckled throat employs
To chimney smut where I have searched for gold.
Then startlingly, you speak my name out bold,
"What brand of breakfast food did Shelley use?"
Porridge for Keats — but Shelley — how you scold!
I know I have no talent for great truths.
But, given time, I could have answered you,
"The wings of skylarks on a platter's blue."

V. THE TULIP BED (TO E. M.)

I could not let these verses go to print
And certain gratitudes be left unsaid
Could fourteen lines convey the slightest hint
To hosts of mine, where hungry I was fed,
Where wrecked with dreaming, I was put to bed
In mattress of green clover tied with mint,
When scorched by desert suns, my feet were led
Where nomad tulips stretch their chieftain's tent.
My eye had never caught the straggling tracks
Of gypsy bloomings, save once in October
Our gardener unbent to anguished pleading
And spread his wares as peddler-man unpacks
His tinselled store with turns of phrase misleading
(I think since then, I've never been quite sober.)

Two Poems

WILDA MCCAFFREY, '26

STARS' MEANING

I looked into the starlight
When midnight was hours gone,
Each star, a twinkling World within itself.
And I thought:
Why do we watch the stars and think them great?
Is it their nearness to God,
So that they reflect something of Him to us
In their dim light?
But no,
I think it is because we see something of ourselves
In their distant gleaming.
Like the stars, we struggle,
A group of flickering lights,
Striving to lift a flame, to burn, to live.
And just as they,
We weave our paths from night to night, always through life.
With morning,
Like the stars, we fade to shadows and let fall our torches.

I COULD NOT ANSWER

Slender, and with a meek quietness,
She came to the church-social with her first admirer.
And as her lips touched the bottle of red soda-pop
He had bought for her at the charity-booth,
She said: "It tastes like flowers smell."
She drank and did not answer him when he asked, laughingly,
"Are you a poet?"

Likeness

MARY LOUISE ISRAEL, '25

Foolish one, the stars can not be counted,
For each one marks the passage of some soul
From this dirt to something.
My grave must be like all others
(They have a special way of digging them)
— But, must my soul-hole be uniform?

Questionings

OPAL LEIM, '26

As I look toward the lights of the city,
They are seeming to challenge me
To start in search of the souls they light
Through a troubled human sea.

For every light there are many souls
Twisted with secret wrong,
And a mystic call has come to me
From a phantom, thirsting throng.

With eyes upraised in the darkness,
They seek for the globe of light
Their hands reach out for the hand of a friend
In the shadowed gloom of the night.

But the road is rough and a steep one
With the rough footprints of Care,
My heart has bid me travel it,
But my soul says, "Never dare!"

It's the thought of myself that keeps me
But my eyes are on the throng,
And they have forgot their singing,
Will the soul of myself lose song?

Urging

MARGARET HALLAM, '23

A pebble in the run of life
Living for itself alone.
No worse a curse could fall
Than to be doomed to live in solitude,
Unlinked in the living mesh of life.
Feel the throbbing pulse of love.
Know the anguish of deep sorrow,
Learn to find the courage to fight again
After failure.
One's head should be kept high above
The choking, drowning current of selfishness.

Moods for Aprils

To My Mother

RUTH WEST, '23

I. EASTER

In my garden
Velvet pansies, black and purple,
Dusted with clear gold from the heart of a lily.
And hidden beneath this regal canopy,
A bleeding ruby, priceless and unknown,
Lost from the hand of a lover,
Long ago.

II. FLOWER PETALS

April is a flower vender,
"Buy my flowers!" April's cry,
(Chill and grey will dull their splendor,
By and by.)

April's voice is urging Springtime,
Silver Dreams for Memory,
(April's voice but served to bring Time
Back to me.)

Down my street at twilight gleaming
Drifts the rumble of her cart,
(Just the sound has set me dreaming,
Beat of heart.)

And my neighbors at their dining
Say, "How April cheers!"
(They did not see her eyes were shining,
Wet with tears.)

III. LESSONS

Life has taught me this:
*That to my house there is an old, stone door,
Opened and closed by Death.*

IV. REMEMBRANCE

Purple lilacs. . . .
Just as twilight greys my window. . . .
Are like my mother and her still, white dreams.

They have memories. . . .
My lilacs in the dooryard. . . .
And anxieties as to the wording of the first wind's message

When he passes them. . .
Tomorrow . . . after dawn.
My lilacs are given to much waiting. .
Sometimes, I think, for messages. . . that never come.
They tint my room with purple fragrance,
And I cannot seem to breathe
For the closeness of their faint, dim, sifting perfume.
My mother is the loveliness of purple lilacs
In first starlight.

Destruction

LEONA MARICLE, '24

It is midday, and the leaves
Once trembling with hope
Are now stilled.
Yellow leaves
And brown.
Leaves young and green
Now dried up and scorched
Tortured and burnt
By the burning sun.
I do not feel the heat.
I am frozen, and numb,
Chilled
By the ice of your indifference.
Yet my heart
Like the leaves
Is shrivelled and dried —
Burned by the flame
You once kindled,
Then, laughingly, watched
Its destruction.
Midday!
But the leaves
No longer are
Pained by the sun.
They are dead — and care not,
Like my heart.

Two Poems

ROBERTA BLEWETT, '26

PLANTING TIME

I'm reaching out for wondrous things
They call, they sing, they plead.
Ah, in my grasp I feel a touch
And lo, it is a seed!
I take my seed and plant it deep,
It stirs and throbs to bloom,
And wakes the world to nobler thoughts,
And strips it of its gloom.

My seed is new and tender yet,
Its beauty is for me;
Oh fondest, happy dream that I
May pass it on to thee!
Its bloom may turn to Muses' song,
Or wealth or fame, or deed,
But, best of all, let happiness
Be first fruits of my seed!

THOUGHTS

A dream is bright,
A smile is dear,
A tear is sad,
A laugh is joy,
But Life is all-embracing!

Peace

NELL MCLANE, '26

O March, restless, disappointing March,
Calm thy turbulent breast.
For even now in thy harsh blasts
I hear the quiet voice. O blessed Voice,
Like flowered lilacs, rests my weary heart.
It whispers of a distant quietness,
And in the chaos of thy surging storm
The Great Love comes to me, in utter peace.

Today

CHRISTINE NORMAN, '24

Today is a day for winding
Down the shell-white road,
Today is a day for finding
A freesome, easier load.
Oh, city life is flatter
Than bread is without salt;
There's nothing much the matter,
No one much at fault.
It's just the pines that sweeping,
Purify the air;
And make me dread my sleeping
Underneath the stair.
It's too, the restless nudging
Of a moody, woody wind.
It fevers me to trudging
The road around the bend.
Today's the day for feeling
The grand air in my face.
Today's the day for stealing
Into a wider place.

Youth

AUBREY FRENCH, '26

Life: a river wending its way through the years,
Has for its embryo a sparkling stream
Which, void of rocks — the hardships of age
And void of whirlpools,
Marks the Utopia of our whole existence.

The world — a balance where all events are weighed —
Cherishes all that pertains to life in its prime:
That stage of life that is free
Is not so interesting as the turbulent depths, further on, perhaps.
But it is lovely.
And men have called it: Youth.



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MESSAGE TO THE POETS OF C. I. A.

Never imitate! "Know yourself," and then — strive to speak out of yourself. That is my motto, and the one that I would wish to give to you.

Paula H. Baker.

C. I. A. PIONEERS IN VERSE

The *Dædalian Monthly* was established as an instrument for the expression of the literary ideals of our College. Furthermore, it was meant to be the incentive for greater enthusiasm in creative effort, and it has, at least in part, fulfilled this purpose.

But the idea of special editions, dedicated to the different phases of the work was not put into practice until the session beginning September, 1923. The *Dædalian Quarterly*, limited as it was to three issues, could not have done this, successfully. This year, however, the

Monthly has carried special editions of "The Short Story" and "The Drama," emphasizing the aspects of these, and offering to its readers the representative works of C. I. A.'s students in the two fields.

The April number contains, for the most part, campus verse. The editors have discovered no poetry of Shakespearean calibre in any one of these contributions. There are contained herein distant but distinct echoes of Sara Teasdale and H. D., two contemporary poets worthy of undergraduate followings. And we take this opportunity to remind you that the offerings for April are UNDERGRADUATE productions. They are not, they do not pretend to be, finished in quality and technique.

The Poetry Number of the *Monthly* for April is the first attempt ever made at the College to recognize and standardize C. I. A. Poetry. Hitherto there have been spasmodic contributions by College poets to the three publications, but this issue marks an inaugural step in making a collection of these.

And such a collection must be made. Whatever poetic talent now lying dormant in the fifteen hundred student minds comprising the intellect and genius of the four classes of '26, '25, '24, and '23 must be discovered and put to use. C. I. A. has much to offer, and as Hilton Ross Greer has said, there may be more than one in this great number who will be ranked among the "finer few."

Other colleges and universities have been so represented. C. I. A. is not less worthy. And it is "our opportunity to study this great theme and master it."—H. S.

There is a Poets' Club at C. I. A. Are YOU a member?

CHAINS AND FREEDOM

Stephen Moylan Bird, West Point poet who died in 1910 at the age of twenty-one, had this criticism made of his work by the late Professor Francis B. Gummere: "His verses will be read and valued, I think, when most of the poetry that now makes loud appeal is forgotten." (Which reminds us that the applause of the mob is for Tammany elections and not for praise of Shelley.) To this tribute by Professor Gummere is added the one which is being paid to the military poet's art by contemporary critics who are interested in his

verses to the extent that they are collecting them for publication, a volume of which is to appear soon.

It is interesting, in view of these facts, to note the technique and quality of Stephen Bird's work. His reader is struck first of all by the regular form of it, and its conformity to laws of rhythm and rhyme. And our next thought is that Carl Sandburg and Louis Untermeyer would deem it "mid-Victorian."

For instance,

MAY

The pan-thrilled saplings swayed in sportive bliss,
Longing to change their roots to flying feet,
And, where the buds were pouting to Pan's kiss,
The high lark sprinkled music, dewy sweet.

I wandered down a golden lane of light,
And found a dell, unsoiled by man, untrod,
And with the daffodil for acolyte,
Bared my soul to all the woods, and God.

Worshippers at the shrine of Witter Bynner, read and whisper, "Slush." But what is there contained in these eight lines that will make them live after "most of the poetry that now makes loud appeal is forgotten?" Amy Lowell and her million followers have expressed even lovelier thoughts in their billions of straggling and intensely practical lines, that are at present making "loud appeal."

Perhaps it is because Stephen Bird's phrases are sung from a poet's heart. There is nothing startling in the music. Unless you had drunk coffee at your dinner, they might even put you to sleep. And yet, even though they rankly copy from Keats' color-madness, and Shelley's tendencies to sky-lark, they bring to you a "loveliness which once was made more lovely," a beauty that is uncovered in Alan Seegar's "blue days and fair," a thought of apple blooms in clover fields that is too easily tarnished by Chicago's smoke and steel, too easily "soiled by man" in the recitation of his Spoon River Sins.

The poets of today are more than apt to be objective. And we think that the criticism of Professor Gummere is completely justified because Stephen Bird used "a daffodil for acolyte," and "bared his soul to all the woods, and God."—R. W.





The Poets' Rendezvous

(Selected for April by Epsie Manning, '23.)

The magic word "April" on the magazine cover irresistibly directs the eyes of the poetry lover down the table of contents, seeking the exquisite fancies in verse that April heralds in. Alice Brown's poem on "April" is found in *Harper's Monthly*:

Show me the apt succession of sweet sound
 Set for the strings of heavenly psalteries
 When the blind bird of time, unhalting, flies,
 On winnowing wings, along the emblazoned bound
 Of great zodiacal splendors lately crowned
 With warm young affirmations, and the skies
 Lean laughing, crying, to the gay emprise
 Of spring, caught dancing in her merry round.
 Lord, who mixed ravishment with April earth,
 Teach me one small descant of trembling notes,
 That I may sing the grass and feathered throats
 And lyric panoply of petaled birth
 Wherein Your burgeoning godhead breaks the sheath
 Of conquering, yet lightly conquered, death.

Then, in Lizette Woodworth Reese's sonnet, "A Portrait," we have a combination of April and Sidney and Lovelace and Herrick and Marlowe. Surely it is April that is imbued in the warmth and color and melody of her lines:

"Behind the plaintive weather of your smile,
 What crumbling April, what frayed tumult lie,
 You, that are gone from us a many a while,
 Beyond the fall of leaf, or change of sky?
 What phantom thing went by your half-lit pane,
 Some long since dusk, and in the going wept
 Its ended loveliness? In the pale rain,

The tall house shook, and ever after kept
 The look of tears. A dream may pass,
 And love is bitter-brief. From dreams cut free —
 That love is fleet as flower white or blue
 Unpetaled down a yard of village grass,
 You knew. I know, and break the heart in use.
 Count me the years till I shall smile like you.

Here is the voice of the revelator in "Haunted Solitude," who would sympathize with your "unhoused dreams." It is Joseph Auslander's poem in the *Atlantic Monthly*:

There is the solitude of gypsy tents
 Abandoned fires and forgotten graves;
 The solitude of clangorous conclaves
 Of rocks when night is gray in cerements:
 And then the silence of death left desolate,
 The candle in a stupor, the locked gate.

You, who have broken bread with beauty, know
 The lovely grandeur of departed feet;
 They pulse against the traffic of the street;
 You hear their music through the blinding snow:
 The passionate, indifference of the dead
 To all pursuit, the rich taunt of their tread.

Then, there is a breath of an Orient night in Mary McNeil Fenollosa's "To a Japanese Nightingale":

Dark on the face of a low, full moon
 Swayeth the tall bamboo
 No flute or quiver of a song is heard,
 Though sheer is the tip of a small brown bird,
 Sways to an inward tune.

You find moon witchery and wistful loveliness in Mrs. Fenollosa's lines.

Perhaps the brisk and acrid thought in "Octave," a poem by Babette Deutch in the *New Republic*, will jar your April imageries, but there is a pungency in it that counteracts April languor:

The wine that we drank was vinegar,
 Our bread was heavy as stone,
 Yet we sat to eat like friends well met,
 Though each rose, an hungered, alone.

Then we fed on roots of bitterness,
 And cracked the nut, despair,
 The husk whereof was cunningly wrought,
 But the kernel too small to share.