

The UNIVERSITY of WICHITA

TOM-TOM



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The UNIVERSITY of WICHITA



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"I got flunked for writing a term paper on Adam and Eve and the Big Apple."

MARTS

It's All in The Family

—By MAURINE STONE

"I LOVE YOU."

I looked at Henry Whipplewaite distastefully.

"I love you."

"You said that before, and it sounded even funnier the second time." I got up and yawned.

"Margie, sometimes I almost hate you."

"That sounds more interesting."

Henry ran his finger around his collar. I sauntered away. Henry always looks so silly when he does that. I wondered idly why he didn't get collars that fit.

Henry was his mother's idea of "What Every Young Girl Should Love." As for me, I'd secretly wanted to push him off the pier ever since we'd come to Santa Monica for the summer. Henry's house was right next door to our cottage, but Henry could never learn to stay in his own back yard. I had merely put up with him as there was no one else who had come along to liven my interest in life.

Suddenly, as I was stumbling along the beach, gathering bushels of sand in my high-heeled shoes, I felt a little like crying. Here I was all dolled up in my new chiffon dress and garden hat, looking just too beautiful, so what? Henry's mother's afternoon tea accounted for the fancy clothes. I gazed wistfully out on the ocean. It was so blue and shiny. The sky was daubed with marshmallowy clouds, and it was all so naturish and soulful that I flung my arms out and breathing deeply, started to quote "Under a spreading chestnut tree." I never did like poetry, so, therefore "The Village Blacksmith" was the only one I ever learned, and that was under compulsion. However, I even forgot that poem and couldn't get beyond the second line, so I heroically started on "I Must Go Down to the Sea Again," by Masefield. However, one line, and I was finished. Nevertheless, I thought that if Masefield had felt that he must go down to the sea, then I must also.

My brother's motor-boat was bobbing invitingly to

me, so I hopped in, dragging my finery behind me. After much verbal and physical exertion, I got the motor started. I can't say I made it hum because the poor dear's humming days are over.

For perhaps an hour, I cruised around, breathing in the beautiful fresh air. Just in the midst of my communing with Nature mood, the boat gave a couple of hearty leaps and bounds, swerving side-ways and simply drenching me. As I was unraveling the sea-weed, the motor began having convulsions. Poor thing, it coughed, sputtered, and with one heart-rending shudder, breathed its last. Discouraged I plopped down with the rest of the poor fish.

"Well," I thought dismally, "there's nothing to do but go down with my ship."

I managed to remain very brave for nearly half an hour, but finally, I got hungry. Then I got scared. Nothing frightens me more than the thought that I might miss a meal.

Suddenly I spied a small boat chugging towards me. I jumped up and frantically waved my sodden hat. As it drew nearer, I saw a man lounging lazily over the side of the boat. They drew along-side and the man, who was really quite young, and I also noted, quite good-looking, peered impudently at me.

"What are you playing, infant, 'Mutiny on the Bounty'?"

"I'll give you all these fish in the boat if you'll let me come up."

"Na, they smell terrible. You'd better go peddle your fish someplace else." He shifted his position and his gum.

"But my feet are wet."

"Squashy-feeling, isn't it?"

Little by little, I was working up a horrible hate for this unfeeling uncouth person. I began to shiver with cold and two round, juicy tears made their way down my nose.

"Hey, don't cry, for Pete's sake! There's enough salt water here now. Come on, I'll lower the ladder, and you climb up."

Painfully I dragged my bedraggled self up the rope ladder. I stood before him, shivering as if I had the heebe-jeebes.

"You sure are an unhealthy sight." His amused glance took in my poor dripping self, from the drooping garden hat to my spouting pumps. Oh, lord a pun!

"Well, you dope. Are you going to let me stand here and freeze to death?"

He shoved me downstairs, threw some nondescript clothes at me and flung out.

I went up on deck looking like something out of the zoo. The trousers flapped dismally around my feet which were trying to steer sneakers ten times my size across the deck. The turtle neck on the sweater kept sliding up over my mouth and the sleeves, despite rolling up, still were too long. My rescuer glanced over his shoulder.

"Hm, you look some better since you combed the fish out of your hair."

"I think you're pretty too," I snorted.

"I thought you'd soon notice it."

I helped myself to a piece of deck and sat down, and there I sat for fifteen minutes as unnoticed as an obscure insect. He went on tying silly knots in a rope and whistling off-key.

"Lovely weather, isn't it?" I ventured.

"So what," was the smart retort, followed by more knot-tying and whistling.

"I'm hungry," I again ventured.

"A very common disease," he replied.

I remembered my former act, so I squeezed out two more round, juicy tears.

"Okay, okay, turn off the faucet. Come on and we'll rustle up some food."

An hour later, I was full of kind feeling for Jerry, and scrambled eggs. I even told him about Henry Whipplewaite right down to an imitation of Henry running his finger around his collar. He was most sympathetic and declared that anybody with a name like Whipplewaite evidently wasn't such a much.

It was getting dark as we went on deck again, and for the first time I remembered my family.

"Jerry, you simply must get this boat in to our shore as soon as possible!"

"Sure, of course," he smiled. Dear me, but he had such lovely teeth.

As time went on things took a turn for the better. We were sitting on a pile of ropes. Jerry suddenly turned and said, "Gee, you're pretty. Even with your nose all sunburned and in those funny-looking clothes, you're still pretty."

I felt deliciously gratified and thrilled. I have been called cute, beautiful, and glamorous, but when Jerry said I was pretty, I felt love in the air.

As we neared shore, I could see my parents, brother, and heckled Henry standing on the pier.

I'll skip over the lecture I got from mother and dad and the razzing from Tommy. The big surprise was when Henry glared at Jerry and bawled out, "Gerald Whipplewaite, if you weren't my cousin, I'd shoot you down like a dog,"

"If you weren't my cousin, Hank, old tomato, I'd be a lot happier," Jerry came back.

I gasped in surprise, but before I could offer any objections, I was hustled off to the house. Jerry yelled, "Goodbye, darling!" and Henry, glaring, stalked away.

"I love you."

Henry was at it again.

"I am broad-minded enough, Margie, to overlook your little escapade."

He started again, "I love you."

"My, my," I thought, "it must be terrible to have such a limited vocabulary as Henry."

He sprung his mouth open to start all over again.

"Look, Henry," I began patiently, "I like you okay. You're kinda' dumb sometimes, but then, I'm willing to overlook that. However, Henry, I don't love you. Now, you be a good boy and run on over to your house. I'll tell you—I'll be a sister to you."

"There, that's over!" I breathed to myself.

But Henry balked.

"But I've got a sister. I don't want you to be a sister to me."

I was dreaming idly about the dance the next evening. I was going with Jerry. Ah, me! Suddenly I jumped up from the porch swing and ran down the walk, leaving poor Henry swaying miserably to and fro. At the gate, I halted and called back over my shoulder, "It's okay, if you don't want me to be a sister to you. Stick around awhile, Hank, maybe I can arrange to be a cousin to you!"

Poor Henry Whipplewaite ran his finger around his collar, and gulped.

In The Land of Surrealismo

—By MARK CLUTTER

a purple aard-vark drinking tea
chats with the wise herr doktor freud
while clocks like ships put out to sea

upon a poopdeck like a tree
a horned girl watches quite annoyed
a purple aard-vark drinking tea

gold insect armies merrily
fire fusillades into the void
while clocks like ships put out to sea

the sun is shining greenishly
upon two things: an asteroid
a purple aard-vark drinking tea
with water wings about his knee
a unicorn swims well buoyed
while clocks like ships put out to sea

what would his mother say could she
see with her darling sigmund freud
a purple aard-vark drinking tea
while clocks like ships put out to sea

And although the subject matter is strictly modern it is poetry, brilliant and ironic poetry. It is a mature and cosmopolitan Millay speaking, quite different from the Millay that as a young girl wrote *Renascence*, from the Millay of the Greenwich village days that "kissed and told", although even here she seems determined to throw in a word or reference now and then so her reputation of being, well, just a little risqué, won't entirely disappear. She seems to have reached a point of detachment from her own personal joys and sorrows and is able to view Man as a species in a sardonic but not quite an entirely despairing light. The philosophy so unforgettably expressed in her *Epitaph for the Race of Man* seems to speak again, though in paler accents, through the character of Ricardo when he prophesies that man will be outlived by the other sheep or swine and asks:

With what shall we pay our entrance into an exclusive Paradise, from which the beaver and the ant are barred? With a non-functioning excellence? . . . an atrophied superiority? . . . With this vestigial mind?

All of the characters are convincing and present their respective cases so vividly at times that, as they leave their host's home at the close of the volume, the reader is left as exhausted and yet stimulated as if he had been sitting in on the evening's conversation himself. Her figures of speech, if not as startling or vigorous as some in her previous volume, *Wine from these Grapes*, still show an astounding gift for handling words. For Merton

An excellent protein, doubtless, for the worms,
Is Man.

Ricardo describes Hitler as

A pale, moustachioed soda-fountain Siegfried.

Father Anselmo starts a sonnet in which his view is synthesized, with:

If you live in the street called *Now*, in a house named *Here*.

Ricardo is the speaker when Millay presents another picture of our highly specialized world:

Babel is here, and now. Who speaks my language?—No one.
Science is so tall that no man sees its face.
This tower will not touch God.
The trick is this, and it is a good trick, worthy a divine
Chicanery: in our impious determination
To build this bean-stalk, Science: climb it; peep
At Heaven through a key-hole; eaves-drop
On the ultimate Mystery; spy on God; learn all:
We have given eyes to one, and hands to another:
No man can both climb, and see.
We have specialized ourselves out of any possible
Acquaintance with the whole.

For an entertaining and challenging evening, wangle yourself an invitation to Ricardo's house for dinner and listen in on "Conservation at Midnight."

Morning After

—By ZANA HENDERSON

Now all of life seems as a book
Struck open at these printed pages,
Wherein the reader, forced to look,
Now . . . for a year . . . on through the ages . . .
Finds each line of print a cry
That starts with "if" and ends at "why".

And though he never may turn back
To leaves that rattle light and laughter,
He is afraid to find a lack
Of any happy ending after.
Over and over, lines awry
Begin with "if" and end at "why".



"Here's a snap of Dean Wilkie at Tobacco Road"

The Last Word in Munitions

—By MARK CLUTTER

DR. OTTO von Guggenguggenheim-Schmidt is the greatest scientist in the world.

For you, dear readers, I suppose I should not use the present but rather the future tense of the verb "to be". My learned employer is now—by your reckoning of time—a sophomore majoring in science in one of your leading universities. I won't tell you which one for fear some reactionary may be aroused by my words to knock him on the head and thus prevent him from making his revolutionary discoveries.

Wait a minute, now, I'm all mixed up. It is only by means of one of his inventions—I refer, of course, to the time telegraph which utilizes a method of communicating across time rather than space—that I am able to tell you of the things that he has, or, if you insist, will do. And if he comes to some bad end while still a sophomore in college, he will not live to perfect this marvelous machine and, of course, I won't be able to use it to write to you about him.

The whole matter is very complicated, but on second thought I don't believe that I will be doing the world famous scientist any great harm if I tell you that the youth that he was is, or was, in the year 1937 a sophomore in the University of Nevada.

I suspect that you would be interested in how Doc Gug, as I affectionately call him behind his back, put an end to the barbarous custom of war. It was in the year 1980 that he perfected the invention which reduced military science to its final absurdity and took the kick out of a great international sport.

For several years he had been producing on the average of one great scientific discovery a week. He never spares himself but works unflinchingly for twenty-three hours a day. Sleep is unnecessary since he discovered a drug which takes the place of that habit which used to cause men to waste one-third of their lives. The other hour is spent in indulging his one vice of vanity; at that

time he reads clippings about himself. It is my duty as his personal secretary to clip and arrange them for him, and to give out releases to the papers. It is quite a job to handle such affairs for as important a publicity lover as Doc Gug.

One day Doc Gug walked out of his billion dollar laboratory and into my office, which is the adjoining wing. He slumped into a chair, idly put his feet on my desk, and lit a corn-cob pipe.

Such behavior was unprecedented in the life of the industrious wizard of science. He never loafs, he never smokes, he never puts his feet on his own or other people's desks. It gave me rather a start.

"Are you sick, sir?" I asked.

"Yes, I am. I'm sick and tired and mad. Here I work day after day to make other people happy. And what do I get out of it? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. They don't even appreciate what I do for them."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, sir."

"I know you wouldn't say it, but it's true nevertheless. Now if I could do something really big for once—" he picked up a newspaper and glanced at the screamer, "See that. 'World War Is Near'. Now if I could just invent something to end all war."

"That is impossible, sir," I observed. "Men have always fought wars."

"Bah! They traveled on the ground until airplanes were invented, too."

"The cases are not parallel. Men always wanted to fly, but not many of them want to abolish war. Why, as early as 1937 or thereabouts H. L. Mencken observed that war gave men the combined kick of a revival meeting, hunting trip, and crucifixion, or something to that effect. You have got to face the fact that men enjoy war."

"Hmm. I wonder. Hmm. It's something to work on, anyhow."

I said no more. I saw that he was thinking, and there is something a little awe inspiring about seeing the great Doctor Guggenguggenheim-Schmidt think. It gives you the uncanny feeling that if you had X-ray eyes

you could see his brain rapidly kneading itself and forming even more wrinkles on its unbelievably wrinkled surface.

Presently he leaped from his chair, tossed the corn-cob into a waste basket, walked into his laboratory, and locked the door. For a week I didn't see him. I don't believe he looked at a clipping in all that time.

At last he walked into my office again. "Mark, you may announce to the world that I have decided to enter the munitions business," he said.

"But, sir. Your hatred of war. Your humanitarian principles—" I gasped.

"I've been thinking about what you said and I have decided that men really love war. That being so, is there any reason why we shouldn't get our cut? It's a good business I understand. And besides, I haven't abandoned my humanitarian principles. I have invented a humane munition which merely puts men to sleep instead of killing them."

"You will never get the generals to use it," I objected. "They are notoriously conservative, and besides the purpose of war is to kill men, not put them to sleep."

"They'll have to use it," he snorted, stroking his long white beard. "Military expediency will bring them to it."

He then produced a tiny vial filled with clear liquid. "There is enough poison here to put the entire city of New York to sleep for six months if I would drop it on Fifth avenue. Why this is more effective than any munition ever invented. And the nice thing about it is that it is absolutely harmless. It protects the victim against the weather and, if you would take a dose of it at the North Pole you would wake up six months later in excellent health and quite warm and comfortable. No nation can afford to be without a gallon or so of this."

I marveled at the man's ingenuity.

He organized companies in all the major nations and waited. Finally the long expected war started. It was terrible. London, Paris Berlin, and New York were bombed the first week and millions of people killed. You must remember science has made much progress

since the dark age in which you live. None of the belligerents resorted to Doc's formula.

I mentioned this to him with a polite air of "I told you so."

"Wait," was all he said.

The next week things seem to be going badly for the Yugoslavs. They were hemmed in by the Italians, Bulgarians, Turks, Hungarians, and Egyptians. Their backs were to the wall and they faced annihilation. So



"No, it is futile to visualize what would have happened if Edward VIII had known Nell Gwyn."

they resorted to the formula. Secret agents dropped vials in the streets of Rome, Cairo, Constantinople, and the capitals of Hungary and Bulgaria, the names of which I can't remember right now. Those cities promptly went to sleep.

Doc Gug raised his price from half a million to a million dollars an ounce. That was a wise move for within the week even the most conservative nations were resorting to the sleep formula.

Well, you can guess what happened. It wasn't long before spies were dropping vials of sleep in every hamlet in the world. Every living creature and even vegetable life was soon engaged in a six month nap. Soldiers snoozed in the trenches, chorus girls on the stages, motormen in their street cars, pedestrians on the sidewalks. Wherever they got a whiff of the gas they went to sleep. It was rough on the chaps who happened to be driving cars or walking tight ropes at the time.

Only the Doc and I stayed awake to see it all. We managed it by taking continuous doses of the antidote which he had invented.

It was rather eerie being the only wide awake creatures in a sleeping world. The silence was nerve wracking. Nothing ever happened. Finally we couldn't stand it any longer.

"Let's be in style," Doc Gug said as he dropped a tiny vial on the floor.

When we awoke six months later the rest of the world was already up and around. Everyone seemed happy and energetic as he went about catching up on his work after a six months' absence. It was a changed world. In Copenhagen the strangest peace conference the world has ever seen was in progress. Every nation was agreeing readily to the demands of every other nation. There was no quarreling and no preparations for future conflicts at the parley. President Icklewitz of Czecho-Slovakia gave the keynote speech in which he said with much eloquence that everybody loved everybody else in a world that was without qualification hunkydory.

"Just what's happened to international relations? It's changed, hasn't it, sir?" I asked.

"I anticipated such a change," Doc Gug said, a trifle haughtily. "Have you ever noticed how your temper improves with a good night's rest? Well, the world has had a good half year's rest and that's what it's been needing for a long time. I am a great genius and a man of science."

"Indeed you are, sir," I replied with sincere reverence.

"It doesn't seem that the press is giving me full credit for abolishing the curse of war," he said testily as he glanced at the New York Times. "Call up the editor and give him a bawling out for not putting my picture on the front page."

And that, dear readers in the fourth dimension, is how the greatest scientist that ever lived abolished the age old custom of patriotic murder.

To A Blackshirt Dead in Spain

—By KENNETH PORTER

Better it were to fall in your own land
your black shirt changed for Garibaldian red
by blood or voluntary stain; lie dead
fighting, defending Fascism at home—by hand
of countryman, and not on alien sand.
Yet better this than fertilize instead
Africa's levelled mountains at your dread
myopic Caesar's goiterous command.

Your fortune was that in defeat you fell.
Perhaps you saw the Eagles leading on
your laureled soul to an imperial dawn
But free men fought for freedom more than well—
minds, bullets, whispering "Poor scapegoat-foe,
"Your death is greater worth than you could know."

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Ashes in Velvet

—By MAXINE SETZER

HE HAD been looking at her for some time, and since he could stand it no longer, he spoke to her. She did not move. In fact she gave no sign that anything had happened. She just sat there and stared at him—never moving—just staring in a hard, cold way. There was no sound—no movement except his chest in hard deep breathing that sometimes developed into a gasp. And then he would turn, startled, in his chair—thinking perhaps she had said something—or moved—or quit staring—or maybe turned away. But she was still there in the chair, looking at him, and at the room, and at the great towers that sifted thru the windows, and at the night that would soon fall—first on the terrace, and then in the hall, and around both of them in this room. She was just sitting there staring . . . and there was silence. He got up.

With a slight shudder he brushed the ashes from his topcoat and, trampling his cigarette into deep velvet beneath his feet, turned and left the window . . .

"After all, I said that I would come back. Why don't you say something? Surely you weren't expecting me. In fact I know you weren't—were you? Well—were you or not?"

His shriek seemed to bounce back into his own ears from the velvet . . . and then back again . . . and into silence.

"My God, woman, don't just sit there. You couldn't have been expecting me because you thought I was dead. Well I am, but not too dead to remember things you would like to forget. I don't forget—only remember. I wouldn't be looking like this if I'd been dead for twenty years. I wouldn't be here if I'd found any release from you in twenty years. You thought I was dead because you tried to make me die—you tried to kill me because I loved you—and you loved him—and then you went off with him—and for twenty years I've been dead . . . but not too dead to come back and tell you that I hate you." His screams were tumbling about in the velvet and were spreading about the room in one long wail . . .

"I hate you." Now he was sobbing in the velvet, and

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he tore off his coat to keep it from choking him—he was being strangled in the velvet. And when he opened his mouth for air, he could not breathe—only scream.

He must finish before there was too much velvet. But he could not for she had caught his eye again—and was looking at him—just staring. He had never seen such cold eyes—eyes with so much hatred and loathing. And he had never seen such a beautiful woman. She might still have been twenty, but —she was forty, and she was golden, and hard, and beautiful. She was pink and blue and satin—and beautiful. She was hard and wonderful. He had loved her for twenty years—and had hated her for a lifetime. But she was beautiful—all golden and staring.

He turned with another shudder and saw that night was on the terrace and would soon be in the hall. He hated night. It would soon be in the room, and then he couldn't see her. He wanted not to see her—but she was staring at him—and he hated her—and night—and velvet.

He brushed more ashes from his topcoat—trampled more tobacco into velvet and walked toward her. He was trembling, but night would soon be there, and he wanted to look at her. Maybe she would move—or speak—or scream—he'd die if he heard her scream again—or maybe she would quit looking at him in that way.

Night was in the hall, and the terrace was lost in blackness, and everywhere there was velvet. It was choking him—smothering him—dragging him down in the night. He fought his way through its depths to the chair—to the hard blue eyes that were looking past the night on the terrace, and the hall, past him—into the velvet. Weak and perspiring he fought his way to the hall—and was swallowed up by the night.

Darkness was sifting in from the terrace. Soon it would be everywhere, and yet the blue eyes all golden and satin in velvet never moved. And then night was everywhere—on the terrace—in the hall—and in the room.

Still the two eyes, blue in gold and velvet, never moved. And the one between the two blue was red—and oozy—slightly edged with black—and slimy. All three staring into the night.

Striping the Stars of Music

—By EARLE R. DAVIS

MUSIC AND the big money! Toscanini gets \$40,000 from NBC for ten concerts! Stokowski works with one hundred men and a girl for Hollywood cash! Conducting makes the magazines! The great symphonies become the entertainment of the populace as well as the intelligentsia!

All this seems to indicate something or other in the development of pre-world-war America—1938. Not the least of peculiar implications is the growing interest of college students and young musicians in the music that is being played today. These students vary from the type of individual unable to appreciate anything but "swing" to the cultured variety who find themselves bored with most symphony concerts.

Why?

I find myself listening to the regular Sunday afternoon New York Philharmonic concerts year after year. Right now I can give you a list of the programs you can hear at almost anytime. There will be Wagner and much Beethoven; Brahms and Franck; now and then Tschai-kowsky, because the vulgar public like him; and there will always be unpredictable "novelties." The novelties are rarely by American composers, whose works are not in a class with the minor Italian, German, and Russian masterpieces which get revived occasionally and by their resuscitation make us realize the glories of the masters we hear every week anyhow.

The control of great music and what is played rests in the hands of a backward culture. For example, the Toscanini myth. He is supposed to be the perfect conductor. He plays scores as the composers intended. His meticulous bawling out of his orchestra for small mistakes has given him the reputation of accuracy in detail. His photographic memory joins the Believe-it-or-not literature. He has studied the masterpieces until he gives Beethoven cycles with the air of authority—the last word.

The result is that he takes no chances on playing anything he does not like. The Americans are not alone

in writing trash. He has difficulty with the Russians—from Tchaikowsky on. Sibelius is saying something "that he cannot understand." Ravel calls forth that peculiar flow of Italian profanity which has hypnotized the musicians in his orchestra for years.

Part of Toscanini's reputation is probably derived from the fact that he contrasts forcibly with Stokowski as a conductor. Stokowski has always been a showman. His hands and hair give the grand manner to his concerts. Furthermore he interprets the music he plays as he wants to—preferably making it as spectacular as possible. The liberties he takes with tempi-dynamics, and instrumentation will make Bach sound very modern and Debussy very atmospheric. His campaigns for modern music have always been associated with extremes. He has tried to sell the Stravinsky school to America, and apparently is willing to give anything new a chance, if only it is peculiar enough to attract attention. He is perfectly willing to help American composers—if any—and only asks that they write something showy.

The least publicized, but most admirable figure in the American conducting world is Serge Koussevitsky, the man who made the Boston Symphony. This orchestra is the finest group of musicians in the world from the standpoint of ability, personality, and harmony. Many people add superlatives to their accomplishments in contrast with all other orchestras assembled.

Why praise the Boston Orchestra? We never hear it over the radio chains in the West. Some few of us buy records and study its accomplishments. I believe that Koussevitsky stands for something in music which would help young cultured America to a more enthusiastic appreciation of great orchestral music.

In the first place, he is a man's man, not a long-haired artist. His conversation shows his knowledge of everything from advanced sociology to the latest joke. He manages to get results by making his orchestra respect and admire him. Many musicians fear the unholy ecstasy of playing under Toscanini, but the Koussevitsky experience is a normal joy.

Seeing the Boston Orchestra as well as hearing it is

an unforgettable experience for many young people. Koussevitsky directs as if he were acting in a play. There is no hair-waving or hand mannerism. He makes a masterpiece dramatic and plays on his orchestra as if he were controlling a vast organ, or a puppet-master pulling the strings for marionettes.

Of course, the dramatic effect of seeing a performance is a matter of opinion, and I have no desire to wrangle with a lover of Toscanini or Stokowski. But I do insist that Koussevitsky is the most progressive program maker we have; he popularized Sibelius for American audiences; he exploded the Ravel Bolero on the American horizon; he plays more American composed works for orchestra each year than all the other standard orchestras combined.

All of which gets us where?

Well, young America is beginning to want fine music and conductors it can love and admire. It will take the classics in moderation. It is beginning to suspect that the best music in the world is being written in America. But our backward culture is rooted in the past. We had to go to England to get an Italian-named conductor, Barbirolli, for the New York Philharmonic to succeed Toscanini, despite the fact that a dozen young Americans out of the Eastman School could play Sibelius or Debussy with more understanding. At least Koussevitsky is an American citizen—even with the Russian name. There is no insane patriotism behind the growing desire for our own great orchestras to give our own composers and conductors a chance. We love our Beethoven and we will swallow Toscanini if you insist, but we should like to look forward, too—without benefit of long hair valued for its own sake.

Current Jam

—By GRENVILLE DARLING

The following commentary on world affairs is by an under-graduate who has never been outside Sedgwick County. This magazine takes no responsibility for the views expressed. Nor does the writer.

THE EVER-NORMAL GRANARY . . . Westbrook might

This is a very clever invention which will probably bring back prosperity if we are in a depression or keep it here if it's here. It seems that it isn't what it seems to be, but only a catch phrase, or slogan. I guess this is the idea: If the farmers adopt this plan, which, it seems, is what they have been doing anyway for the past 2,500 years, then they won't ever have to worry about anything. If they don't worry about anything, then people in public office, numbering about 119,000,000 won't have anything to worry about either, because everybody says that the farmers is all they're worrying about now.

The political plumbers, not having anything to do, will have to turn to golf, dice, beer, beer, golf, and dice, to take up their leisure time. This will put money into circulation. Everybody will get some. Even the farmers.

RUSSIA NEGLECTED . . . Boake would

The U. S. S. R. is a country other commentators have been overlooking. Only 2,020,346,991 articles on the Soviet Republic have appeared in the public press to date. Why this country which is busy making history has been so played down by American writers is a perplexing question. Perhaps it is because they have no football team.

Russia is sometimes considered oriental, since they do things backward there, too. A notable example is found in the army, where privates shoot generals, instead of generals shooting privates, as is done in civilized countries.

Soviet ideas involve communism, which seems to be a doctrine which advocates free love and little or no



"But Leslie Howard wore tights"

whiskey. Some American colleges are alleged to have groups which discuss communism, but this can probably be discounted, as fraternity house gossip has always hinged on like subjects, except in some in which whiskey is considered o. k. too.

CONGRESS . . . *Arthur did*

Not all congressmen are politicians, but some politicians are congressmen. Only God can make a tree.

Study makes for knowledge. You will say that knowledge is not always a sure sign of success. You will be right.

One hundred years ago Jules Verne wrote "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea". Who will write it twenty thousand years from now? Congress may not even be here. Nor may the reader.

What can Congress do about unemployment? They can put the unemployed in Congress, and put Congress in the unemployed. There are not so many in Congress as there are in the unemployed. Thus could suffering be reduced.

After Congress come the people. After the people comes Congress. Congress is always after the people. You will say that something should be done about this. Possibly so.

FRANCE . . . *O. O. has*

Embroidered in the pate de foi gras of Paris boulevards, government officials oftentimes become enmeshed in the twists and tangles of cafe au lait. Ho! for Harry's New York Bar and the vistas of the old Montmartre! A wave of nostalgia sweeps over me when I recall the gorgeous chorus aperitifs of the Folies Bergere, or the grand ensemble cheveaus cooked with seared gourmands at Muleface Henri's. But alack; that day has passed.

In tune with the times is the M. Dubois, who reportedly shot a French public official seventeen times with a German luger pistol, equipped with a Maxim silencer, priced \$7.95, at Le Maison du Pawn. M. Dubois was tried and, at dawn of a grimly dismal matin, was electrically transcribed.

IN THE WORLD'S UNIVERSITIES . . . *Kathleen insists*

The kids out at Stanford are reportedly sweet on a gal from Scandinavia who just enrolled. Kinda' nice, huh? Sure it is.

Mizoo studes are very unhappy about the breakup of one of their pet campus romances. What could Katie Helmertovich and Franz Wellzo have been thinking about?

I myself am very unhappy that more students aren't turning out for University of Wichita plays and forum meetings. Sad. Sure it is.

Hokus Society at Happy State has been barred from pledging this year, and all the sisters in the lodge have sent each other roses instead. I think that's kinda sweet. Sure it is.

This Modern Dance

—By EUGENIA VER WIEBE

JUST what is the "modern dance"? To most people it is still only a vague cultural phrase; it has not yet evolved into something fully significant. People need to know why it has come into existence to displace the older forms of Terpsichorean art; who brought it into actual practice; why it should be important for us as intelligent and modern-minded spectators.

"We are tired of all this prettiness in dance"—this "light and airy stuff" in the language of the common man—was the cry of the new dance enthusiasts. They wanted to rule out and discard entirely the bushy pink tulle and all it symbolized; in its stead was to be the stiffly starched tarlatan.

Radically different dance first appeared in Germany just before the world war when Rudolf von Laban pat forth his theory. He said: "In dance, the important thing is free, inspired movement regardless of its form, music being unnecessary as accompaniment". His first outstanding pupil was Mary Wigman. Although she did not begin her dance career until she was twenty-seven years of age, she seemed to fulfill Laban's dreams. She said of herself that she felt "as one of the primal things,

unable to speak life, only to dance it". Despite her rather scrawny appearance, many people liked what she did with the dance and accepted her for that reason. Visiting the United States and appearing successfully three seasons, Mary Wigman left many pupils in her wake.

Thus modern dance was getting its start in our own America, too. Perhaps its foremost exponent and most spectacular figure was to be Martha Graham, who began her career at the unusual age of two; however, this early start was entirely accidental. It was on the occasion of the family's attending church service—little Martha gathered up her skirts and flounced up the aisle during a most solemn prayer much to the horror of her parents. But despite this unfortunate start on her career, Martha never let herself be swerved from her dreams of being a great dancer. Through the years, she plodded ever nearer her goal and at last became a leading Denishawn dancer and teacher. After a brief time, she left that school to become an instructor at Rochester's Eastman School of Music. But Martha Graham was not to be bound by the chains of propriety and convention; she was determined to see what she could do on her own. She, too, had the same urge as Laban and Wigman to get away from "pretty dancing". After months of struggle and bare existence, recognition came to her when in 1928 she was given the opportunity to do the primitive virgin in "Le Sacre du Printemps" in performances conducted by Leopold Stowkowski for the Cleveland orchestra. With this as her real start before an indifferent dance public, Martha Graham began her rise to the heights. She threw all her energy into typifying the United States spirit, seeking by this means to unify more closely the average man with modern dance. Unfortunately the pendulum of her approach swung too far toward the abstract. While she danced, her face was mask-like, her defense being to give an impression of space and peaceful contemplation. For her, leaping into the air, meant joy; collapse to the floor signified grief or destruction.

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman, also Denishawn products, are second only to Martha Graham.

They, too, let the body speak for itself; the same flourish, the same vigorous pace surges forth. It is because of the abstract elements in Martha Graham's dancing that Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman are appreciated more by the theatre audience. From their performances, the people can see a glimmer, at least, of a plot that can be translated into words and be made thus understandable to some extent.

Without mentioning the name of Isadora Duncan, this brief sketch of the history of the modern dance movement, would be incomplete. She was probably the first revolutionist among dancers, for she fought for freedom of expression and seemed to rebel when she had to appear in a soft Grecian costume. Isadora wished also to interpret music according to her own personal reaction. It was she who had such an influence on the Russian choreographer, Michel Fokine, who did the most to emancipate ballet from its rigid routine, its stiff old-fashioned patterns.

After this brief sketch about individuals who have made possible such an innovation as the new dance, people very naturally might ask the question—what sort of spectacle may we expect to see at a performance of modern dance? The answer is—a totally different spectacle than one could see anywhere else; the whole atmosphere would be entirely foreign to anything he now knows. The modern dance differs so radically from the older forms, that we can set almost no bounds or limits in which to describe it.

Let us go, then, to a typical performance of modern dance and attempt to discover just why it is so different from all the older forms. The curtains are open wide and we see before us the stage perfectly bare. Immediately there is the feeling of expanse of space, a certain hardness and coldness. We hope secretly that the dancers will dispel this feeling. We see them enter, then: women, barefoot, wearing scant jersey tops, long stiff full skirts; expressionless, mask-like faces, seeming to have an almost total unconcern for the whole matter. But all this we forget when they begin to dance; here, only the body matters. A furious plunging into the air,

stomping, jumping frogwise, crouching and twisting begins; but as suddenly begun, more suddenly halts, and in its stead comes a gently flowing movement, bodies in perfect unison seeming to fuse as one—the beauty of a choral chant. All through the performance, then, moods change as swiftly as they have begun, yet with no harshness, only smooth transition. While we watch, we feel strong grace, movement held in by the body and then allowed to flow forth at just the proper instant. As the surging bodies plunge and flow, we are at times aware of accompaniment with music, but it is music strangely different. At some moments it is crashing and booming out in percussion instruments to reinforce and further articulate the rhythm of the dance. Again we are hearing a soft solo voice or tiny-voiced flute, melodiously forming an enchanted background. Another time it may be woodwinds coming with their sweet notes from an obscure darkness to add color to a dance. Music, then, in its proper guise intensifies the dance, increases the emotional depth of the dancer, and helps to communicate to the audience a fuller experience of the new dance.

Emotionally, the new dance is vital. Now, what shall we say for the intellectual side? It has been said by some critics that modern dance is too intellectual, and for that reason we do not find the layman in the audience. But actually the obscurity of the titles of the dances themselves is what the critics are objecting to; it is not the dancing. There is nothing in the dancing itself that should actually baffle any normally intelligent individual. The remedy, then, to this complaint would be to attach more understandable titles to the dances, names that the average man could associate with something in his own life.

So we conclude, that both emotionally and intellectually the new, modern dance shall become an integral part of our entertainment world. To every person living today, it shall be a challenge; for the modern dance, like the other arts of literature, music, and painting, is able to express vitally our thoughts and feelings. It is an art in a class all its own because it is alive—as alive as our own living bodies. What could possibly better personify what we are today?

Three Books

—By PHYLLIS POWELL

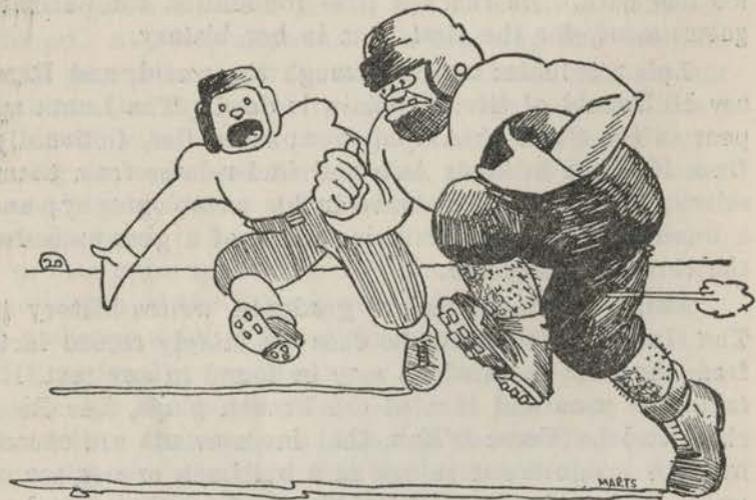
IN THIS year, 1938, nations are talking peace while preparing for war, and the fighting in Spain and China continues. The Big Apple craze hit the United States public with a bang and bounced off again just as quickly. Soviet Russia has instigated a "blood purge" on even a grander scale than the German one of 1934; and Mexico has within its reach a firm foundation for national government, for the first time in her history.

Labor troubles march through the world, and Ramsey McDonald of Great Britain is dead. The Lunts appear in the Greekish *Amphitryon*; seven flee, fictionally, from Kashgar in inner Asia and find release from themselves; Noel Coward is brave in his autobiography; and a hundred years ago Victoria, a slip of a girl, ascended the throne of England.

Philip Guedalla, Oxford graduate, writes history in *The Hundred Years*, but he does not merely record facts from the past, facts which may be found in any text. He takes the same old idea of the French plays, *Les Ricochets* and *Le Verre D'Eau*, that large events are caused by such insignificant things as a bullfinch or a glass of water, and makes such delightful reading that one does not realize it is also informative.

Commencing a hundred years ago with the ascension of Victoria, he gives closeups of Europe and America, telling the events which caused the big ones, the ones which are of importance today. A year in history is selected, not a random, but very carefully, and the highlights of happenings during that time are reenacted.

From the standpoint of style, the author obtains an effect not unlike the photomontage that one sees in the newsreels, and which John Dos Passos has used so well in his novels. A series of pictures pass, each not too distinct, but suddenly the whole is there, clear cut, electric, and understandable. The characters move in reality, and we fairly see the tilt of their heads, the gleam in their eyes. For it is the author's purpose to make



"Hey Butch, I gotta idea for Tom-Tom"

them live for us, like an actor lives a part on the stage, and we are moved by the scenes depicted, sometimes tragic, sometimes comic.

Mr. Guedalla is an historian of note, but he is primarily a writer, and it is this fact which makes this book important to us.

In *The Seven Who Fled*, written by the 28-year-old Wisconsin youth, Frederic Prokosch, we see the release of seven lives, from the persons themselves, like the flight of birds from a cage to freedom.

Moving in front of a background of a richly colored and wierd inner Asia, the author has developed each character, all of whom are European, brilliantly, strangely, and yet with a certain amount of matter-of-factness which makes them not too far from seeming reality.

Every emotion, every type of conditions of person and earth and atmosphere are found in the book, and it is by the strange contrasts that the striking effects are obtained, effects which, somehow, seem only logical. De La Scaze, the wealthy and dissatisfied Frenchman, after a lifetime of discontent, dies happily of cholera while doing his best to ease the suffering of others. Serafimov, the gorilla-like Russian, is passive by nature until aroused; he acquires a hate for Goupilliere, a Belgian thief. He can only find his release when he has strangled to death the man whom he despised so insanely; and Layeville, the young Englishman, discovers his escape in the snows of Tibet, after going through every sort of mental Hell. The others, one a beautiful woman, also meet their logical yet unsuspected ends.

The book, devoid of plot, is divided into seven parts, one for each character. And if the patterns of each of them is the same, and we know exactly how it is going to be written, we can forgive, in the anticipation of what is going to be put before us. For each of the characterizations is strikingly different, and each situation is vastly different, vigorously yet rather impressionistically portrayed.

Prokosch, who authored the widely touted and much translated novel, *The Asiatics*, 1935, and *The Assassins*,

a book of poetry in 1936, was awarded the Harper prize of this year for *The Seven Who Fled*.

Present Indicative, which is Noel Coward, yet is inevitably the story of the post-war English and American theatres.

Coward, preeminently in the minds of all theatre-minded folk, has achieved success, tremendously, while still very young, as actor, playwright, singer, director, producer, and in every other way connected with the theatre. He has written musical revues, operettas, serious dramas, and comedies. All this is encompassed in his autobiography, starting with his early childhood love for acting, and ending after the triumph of his greatest success, *Cavalcade*.

He pictures himself, rather mercilessly, as somewhat of a little beast, as a boy, with a longing only to become an actor: his early acting experiences on the English stage and his hate for school, which he never finished. Taking himself through the various stages toward his one goal, to become a celebrity, he shows, quite subtly, his change of mind in wanting to become more than that, in his desire to become a true artist as well.

One knows, of course, that Coward is first and foremost an actor, even when he is writing. Though he is obviously sincere, one feels that, in true actor style, he is playing with his audience a bit, gently satiric, yet leaving quite a prick, stinging, to be thought over again.

To the people which he mentions in his chapters, those with whom he has come in contact and with whom he has made friends or enemies, he is fair, giving unprejudiced praise or criticism, as he sees fit. With himself, he is frank, utterly, and worldly, modest enough. His present status in the world, he owes entirely, with few exceptions, to himself. He is proud to have made his way so well, but he seems prouder in the change in himself, from a gaudily dressed, somewhat overbearing and spoiled young man, to a polished, immaculate, man-of-the-world, who is, unlike before, unafraid of failure.

The style is quite prosaic, and the story is told in most chronological order. Yet at various intervals,

placed very wisely in spaces not too close, nor yet too far, from one another, are certain Cowardian touches which are quite inimitable, and one realizes that it is mainly because of these that he has become famous and distinguished in a world which is filled with noted people.

God Does Not Frown

—By PHIL PENNINGTON

I think I understood your throbbing heart
As we rode the country way.
I felt that in your heart you loved the God
Who made this glorious day.

I think you said within your inner-self,
"God must be good."
I think you heard Him speaking in the trees
And understood.

The autumn leaves, in golden, yellow,
Green and russet brown—
I felt you saying in your heart,
"God does not frown
To see them tumbling down."

Yellowstone Lake

—By MARK CLUTTER

The waters are a flag of blue silk
moored loosely to the white shore sand.

The silk caresses sinuously
the dainty fingers of the wind.

On it painted upside down
the mountains dance.

They bow, clumsy as elephants,
courteous as mandarins.



Tom-Tom nominates for the University hall-of-fame, 1937, Mary Elsie Reser for her Queen Elizabeth, Harold Brill for his touchdown run against Kansas, Virginia Marsh for stateliness, Dean Neff for the flag pole, Kenny Marts for drawing, and Dr. Jardine for seeing that the Tom-Tom comes out. We are still trying to present literature masked as entertainment. The staff welcomes copy from students, graduates, and friends of the University.

