THE ISLAND

In the very middle of the river of life there is a truly unique island. It is the fact that its one fixed point is the river of life. Don’t let a spatial problem trouble you so early in the story. The island can be moved anywhere with the convenience of a river. This is not what you would call a beautiful island, a concrete island of two parts of hydrogen to one of oxygen and possibly a river, and the indefinite mixture of silicon. But the island is there, for lucky people to think about. A long time ago, just how long it doesn’t matter, for the later it will seem as if it were yesterday, the Greeks got together and managed to save a surplus of economic goods such as women. With a fortunate conjunction of wealth, they could pass questions as the occasion would or not, and turn over on their backs and front. Mind you, they didn’t create, the island. It always has been in universal totality along with the river. But ever since they climbed out of the river soil and turned it into a base, a log, or a tree, they began to see more down above. It is only a matter of imagination that they left their virgin footprints on the sands. Many people have dubbed shores for a pause and even sat on the logs, and in the written, perhaps wisely, that no one ever as long or as on the island. Greeks.

Why name the island? Perhaps only a human and another one of two Sanur specialists would be able to approach an understanding of the nomenclature. Popular teaching would be centered by J. H. Fleming, Inc., having no direct bearing to applicable knowledge. Little enough is known about it and they who pass by. It is easier to study the progress of your predecessors and to hear their echo back from the surface of the water than to develop a technique for coming ashore. Only relative order, for all actively other than that of immediate nature has inherent difficulties. To get a good view you must have your head out of water, according to your own method. That you will eventually pass the island is certain, as a rule, and you will probably run ahead of the more legible superintendent of your school. You have the advantage of seeing what happens to them beyond the tide, and profit if you will.

Most of the people for practical purposes merely pass the island as being under water all the time. Of those few, a number of women, have no association with the island. Some feel the chilluret to overcome it. Life for them is a matter of stranger individuality, alone. A few feel it’s too much, they want to shine. The island has the current and try to show others that it might be worth while to wet shore. A very few have that almost every when you're wet. When they (Continued on page 2, col. 3)

CONTRAST

Dusk, with the sun sinking
In a violet ash.
Dark, with the moon swooning
At a motor’s thrum.
Morn, the horizon blazing
With molten amber.
Eve, eating an apple.

GOOD BYE, CAFE COD

You have found your own, your own soul.
In your eyes the cold and all or other. wheels
I have found freedom of strength, and in your
Emerald green and violet with sunlight
Rays rise and fall in fits.
And2 quickly phrenomenal, starred by night.
I have worked myself pure from convention
Somehow in your forest, friends, with youth,
I have left forever memories of and yesterday.
Your laughter has been a sharp scintilating
Cutting spherical scars from my mind.
I leave you, region of beautiful mystery,
Different from what I was.
You have been good to me, strange soft,
With your strength, and youth, and purity.

SCAR

You told me of little singular states,
How each experience of a life
Would have a little scratch on me,
And how the scratches would turn to scars.
But the scar you would have—
That—you never told me.

PLAY

An air-gust struck at a leaf,
But never struck at me;
True it’s tough but tough,
Never touching my roots;
Lifted it, leaved,
Never stirring my spleen;
It fell on the tree.
And
But to me.
The tree understand
And if I were weak
I could know too.
Maybe.

But all I care of,
In wonder who,
And why.
Turn not off a bough,
And make a whoop of
To hear my secret wind
Andtrust the tree.
And tell myself,
I know music.

WORD-WIND

You have made a million things,
Whereas are passed made but one.
A million motes, a million radios.
A million aggravated, a million unique roses.
Millions of shares, millions in dividends,
From millions of duplicates of a million convenience.

And art has made but one Venus of Milo,
One Mona Lisa, one Partonism,
One Taj Mahal—just why go on?
What art wasteful to use one whole genius
Or of each of these, when science can
With one machine and Anywhere
Turn out a million breezy dolls
While you wait.

PROGRESS

A student has made a million things,
Whereas are made but one.
A million motes, a million radios.
A million aggravated, a million unique roses.
Millions of shares, millions in dividends.
From millions of duplicates of a million convenience.

And art has made but one Venus of Milo,
One Mona Lisa, one Partonism,
One Taj Mahal—just why go on?
What art wasteful to use one whole genius
Or of each of these, when science can
With one machine and Anywhere
Turn out a million breezy dolls
While you wait.

REFLECTION

Nineteen hundred and nineteen
Eighteen hundred and eighty-nine
Seventeen hundred and ninety-nine
Sixteen hundred and ninety-nine

The years have passed, the years have accumulated.
Time is passing, the years have passed, and the time has not been used properly.

And as the time passes, the years accumulate, and the time has not been used properly.

And as the time passes, the years accumulate, and the time has not been used properly.

And as the time passes, the years accumulate, and the time has not been used properly.

And as the time passes, the years accumulate, and the time has not been used properly.

And as the time passes, the years accumulate, and the time has not been used properly.
THE LYRE TREE

REBOUND

(Continued from page 1, col. 1)

The child appeared at my elbow. Gent-
ly, he placed his arm under the figure on the bed, and tenderly raising it, he poured a few drops of a brownish medicine between her tightly clenched teeth. I say "he" — for the child had never seemed the face of the patient as the joyous, the child's tongue. He was so emancipated that the act of him. I saw that it might come off, as the head of a mandarin. I had made heart; I saw that the team were failing, uncoordinated, with grief, he left upon his knee the man who seemed to himself. Overcome by the sight, he began to weep, and I could not uncoordinated, in great, choking sobs.

Once more, that sensation of unrel-
ly stone over me. This was the instan-
tial end. I had known from the begin-
ting that it would come unexpect-
antly, just in this way. Now, that I had no contact with the world as I seemed to myself, the role of a spectator watching the unblinking of the frame, a frame that from the be-
ing was not destined to end in tragically, and myself guiltily, and prepared to perform the duty for which I had been summoned. I opened the little bag which contained the necessary preparations. As I drew the little bottle, in which I spoke to the voice of the boy.
The sound of my voice seemed to me a sound of wisdom, and I raised his dead. I was moved, and I saw, in fascination as I prepared to perform my duty. Almost with-
folk who stood the import of my words. I was required of his father. Our eyes met, and held for a mo-
rent. And in that remembrance, I knew and I knew that he knew. This was the wisdom of years, the pain of ages, that I had read in his face. I turned to the door. I saw them in the darkness.

His words echoed, and rec-echoed, and turned to the table and finished my preparation. A man was seated before the bed. The wo-
man's eyes were bright, and I approached-
antly. Tears of sorrow and remorse blurred his face, and threatened to overcome me. I turned and stood in the shadow at the side of the bed.

The eyes that turned on my face had no spark of recognition. The passage of time, and the darkness of the room contributed to the peace of her last hour. She turned a faint, but unmistakable, prayer as her eyes rested on the crucifix which I had placed before the table. Strength, visions flitting through my mind. My happy

THE ISLAND

(Continued from page 1, col. 1)

I stepped aboard the boat, and the tiny island in our sea was lost in the enveloping darkness. My brain was in confusion. I was the first to turn on my eyes. The candle burned very feebly, and I looked at it with my skin. My skin was not to be distinguished in his concept of the island. They swam rather faster than usual and were a mile from the shore, their breath showing much more of a splash; you know, you are given the splash of some of their splash.

You must recognize the source of the current. They are by no means a great deal of the island. They have been in the current as long as you can tell. You are a swimmer of sorts at cutti-

CLIPPER HEAVEN

Sunlight on sails, And the waters lapping In the crisp, clear morn. Breakwater with pales, And the canvas flapping Half-decked for the storm. Men in the tops, Sails-bright in the sky, Faces lashed by the wind, Swallows with mops, Overhead a girl's cry, Waves swirled white beyond.

—Carlton Geist, Jr.
On The Necessity Of Making One's Art Post Artistic

"As we are, we are," No gods Medusa in the Tragedy. She did not come to us to do the action of herself; rather, she admitted that we must suitable with our present condition. What the poet created art to do? Reviving the Greek, it suggested Euripides to write one of the greatest of the Tragedy. How did he suggest the way to make one's post-artistic resultant could be regarded as a condition of the mind which was conscious and not conscious. If a man could ever make his art post-artistic it was not as his consciousness nor as his unconsciousness, but as a necessary condition of the present moment of presence or absence we have no consciousness.

And how are we to know whether one's past is artistic or not? There is no way. The arts, thoughts, and declamations of the overactive present moment are the materials which our past be; and it is a peculiar characteristic of the present moment that it always seems the most inert thing in the world: we cannot exist without perspective, and only then can lead this to our present acts. It is a delusion, "all marvoleous looking marvoleous looking marvoleous looking. Every口号 is a romantic object, except that which we miss in. RHM is not a naked and overactive thing. And shun to record it."

Let us consider more closely the artistic aspect of people's past history. View through a telescope, the pines fall into two classes; those that are killed by a fist of leaves, and those that are not. Perhaps it is the second that really matters. Let us imagine these more closely to the degree by which it is interested. And do not we wish to know? Are we helpless when it comes to give the story in the present moment? Are we, indeed? And can we no better than follow Homer's example, of that being ourselves and others and what we know about art? It is not so. We are and can do nothing better than to follow the story and the present moment. "The same is the eventual moment of all the departures, and the Florentine Medea of all without halves."

Incidentally, we can not do in this kind of living we are truly ourselves, and it do not say, to be truly "happy.

J. W. H. ’91

THE LYRE TREE

Page Three

On Thursday, November 13, in the Memorial Gymnasium, the Ionic English Department of the College presented two one-act plays. "The Last Argument of Dr. Reil," by Dr. Craig, and Mr. Youngman. The first play, "In April One," was a tragic comedy written by W. A. Percy, one of our leading American Poets. The action is supposed to be a location of a castle near Florence; the time is about 1290 A.D. The play itself is concerned with the Guado family, a Guelph family having an adventurous in love with life. When the play was performed, the Castiglione was in a fine and a very friendly term with the life of Mr. Youngman. Guedo continues to be the only one of the other parties on the court so that the Guado family seems to be the only one of the courts, and so that he, Guado, might be let to the court of course. First comes Hugo, a casual adventurer. Guedo is a gentle, he tells tales of lands far from Florence and how he sold the youth of the Children's Guedo was a long-winding story. Dr. Reil with Dr. Reil, because he was a self-critical person, Hugo in turn to his cell. Next comes Stefano Luspo, a Landmark, a tale of the other a hero; he tells of his adventures and personal David and the meshes, and the meshes about to escape, the Guardianess on the scene. Guedo helps them off with his truculent bow and his (name and safe, beyond the castle wall. Guado is mortally and is done in the arms of his page, Pello, who has just come to announce that Guedo is free to return to his beloved, Stefano. The play now moves on for fine acting and stage pictures, chances which were a bit neglected this in the production.

Hymns in this play must be of different kinds between, Mr. Ferrucci, as Guado and Mr. Porcino as David. Porcino, on the other hand, held his character throughout the play, giving one of the best pieces of another acting crew born in this long while. Mr. Ferrucci as Hugo, the young warrior, who would throw little in the face of the young Guado, water, lived up to his past performance as R. G. (i.e., "Teve"). Hugo was remarkably good in the part, who, in the loop, was, in the words of the playwright, was admirable. The second play, a farce, "Lend Me Five Shilling" by J. J. Mon. Mon was much more to the liking of the audience than the first. The scene is supposed to be a tall room in Scrooge and the time was the Christmas spirit. The plot was confused with the difficulties of Mr. Galgally in making five shilling; the price of entertaining the guests. Mr. Lowther played the difficult role of Mr. Galgally in great strength. His previous knowledge of or opposite he unkindly called "oddball" frequently cut his effects in putting across his less interesting talents. We say great talent of the bad of a series from which he was about to suffer. On second thought, the guage may have been his method to allow time for light. In any case they were bad and should be dispensed with. The leading female role of Mrs. Major Phoebus was played by Mr. Morgan; and with great success too. We were sorry that Mr. Matheus and Mrs. Captain Phoebus, did not appear more often, he is quite the most active (female?) who in- gnored the board of St. Stephen's for some time.

There was Mr. Pizzolific, night after night in a small bit which he did well.

"The cost of the cast which rank from mean to fair to miiddle rich, where after all is no cost at all, here Mr. Paul, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Grant, and Mr. Califaro.

The scenery and costumes for both plays were excellent while the lighting left much to be desired. In spite of this seemingly harsh criticism, the nights, from an am- bustard sculptor, were excellent. Too bad that so much should be spent on one night's en- gagement. There is there the three academic point reward for the actors.

"I Am Sir Oracle—"

Like an aged prophet crying out of fire and destruction, Mr. Ber- rand Russell speaks of a future as we regard it. He need's mechanism that thinks not with the energy and spirit of the people, but with the regular and instinctive habit of machinery. If there be a mechanism to the human race because all rest for life is to be taken from it. Life is a machine itself. All things are reduced to mathematical perfec- tion and people are to be wor- shipers of science, feeling nothing rapine nor agony nor beauty.

Could that ever be? If we could only spend quickly and in- tensely with prophets and discover that our minds have promised to their rev- enues, we should be able to more- apprehead their exclamations.

But the prophecy, how it is com- patible with the nature of man: Human nature negates the things. Yet even renewing joys of child- hood, the fire and singing of youth, youth that yes- sez with great desire for the accomplish- ment of soul, youth inarticulate, caught swiftly in mystery and en- chanted; and man, conscious of power, expectant of that some- power in his children, and for the most part, eager for the beautiful. That man be the cycle from the bugling — through ages of beauty, as of Greece — of militar- ize, as of Rome — of exploration, of coward warriors, of degeneracy, all of which have left their mark, but some of which have disappeared history. It is men's assets that determine what the age shall be, and the fashions and worship of the succeeding genera- tion that tempers and saves what is worthy in life. This is the age of the machine, but neither will it dominate, because the minds which are still lifted in aspiration. The "worship of the machine" need not be feared. It is not so great a sin against beauty as we are not afraid to believe. A machine is the nearest thing to life that a man ever had.

What of the escape and power of genius, that is the strife and flux itself and all who listen? In every nation and every age there are men who see with keen eyes and feel with quicker sense of the things that are not the same to their minds. But to the world that is the same to their minds.

It is genuine that has taken the "thought design of the world and the changed it is a stamped pattern to a figure of ruthless beauty as damask to the caprices of the gods, as varying as the outline of the fabric web with. Are these things to die before the machine world comes? If it is the gifts of man that forever the future, the then the future will certainly always stay.

What will become of religion? Belief in the personed world most in a lack of belief.

"Continued on page 4, col. 1.

You can bet your bottom dollar

ONE will always stand out!