

EDITOR'S DRAWER



WE MUST BE DAMNED FOR SOMETHING, MAKE IT JAZZ!

Jazz

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

COME, read the dice of History and weep!
 Let contemplation give you awful pauses.
 Learn why the Lion and the Lizard keep
 The Courts of Jamshyd; scan these pregnant clauses
 That show why splendid empires went to sleep,
 What cataclysms come from little causes,
 How every vaunting race and nation has
 Its fated Nemesis—and ours is Jazz!

The Past was drugged by deathly soporifics:
 The Kings of Akkad wore their beards in curls.
 Old Egypt died of mummies, hieroglyphics,
 And playing Pharaoh, likewise drinking pearls.
 Assyria had many sure specifics
 For suicide, including dancing-girls.
 In "*Mene, mene, tekel*" King Belshazzar—
 Behold the doom that menaces the Jazzer!

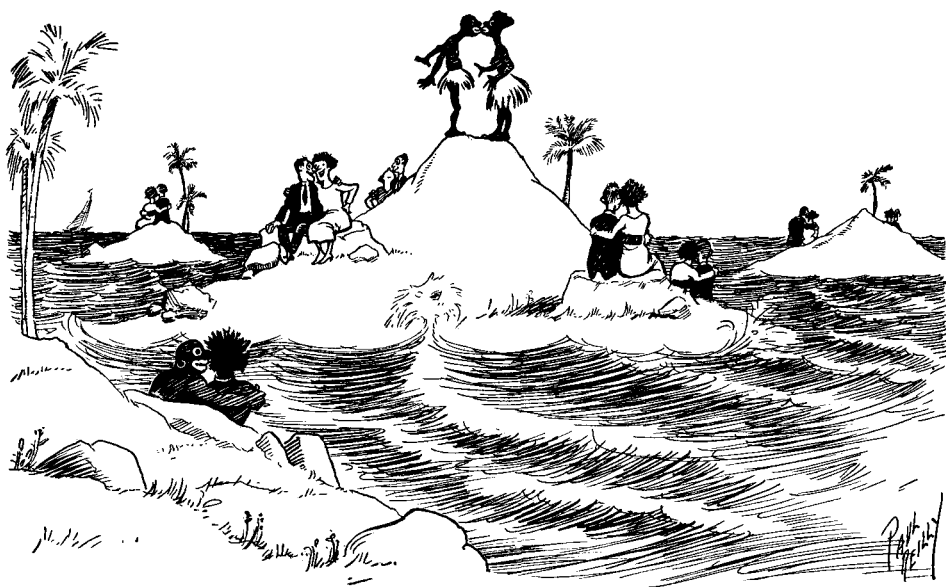
Sardanapalus toyed with drink and such;
 His palace knew the flame that sears and cleanses.
 King Midas trusted gold—a faithless crutch,
 Say those who gaze through shell-encircled lenses.
 The Greeks succumbed because they talked too much,
 And Rome through craving "*panem et circenses!*"
 Oh, ye who frolic, blind to coming woe,
 Look out! you'll stub your light fantastic toe.

What is this Jazz?—A mad inebriation,
 Vibration, syncopation, agitation,
 Gyration, hesitation, corruscation,
 Clamation, lamentation, ululation,
 Sensation, titillation, exaltation,
 Negation, affirmation, dubitation,
 Elation, elevation, cachinnation,
 Damnation, dissipation, degradation!

The Jazzer toils not, neither doth he spin,
 But gambles, smokes, and drinks and bets on horses.
 'Tis Jazz that leads the feet to paths of sin;
 It breaks up homes, it stimulates divorces,
 It wrecks the nerves, it makes a horrid din,
 Impairs both taste and health and wastes resources;
 It tempts our boys from virtue and the farm,
 And that is why we view it with alarm.

I hate the thing because I think it's ugly;
 Its voice is harsh, its motions most uncouth;
 Its dancers nestle cheek to cheek too snugly.
 Perhaps this sort of thing corrupts our youth.
 And yet I look complacently and smugly,
 Remembering how once, with little ruth,
 The bad, bad Waltz—poor, antiquated Siren—
 Was scolded by the virtuous Lord Byron.

In every age before some Moloch-shrine
 A fickle, shameless generation grovels.
 It isn't only woman, song, and wine
 That lure the residents of halls and hovels,
 It's ballets, movies, clothes of vile design,
 Toy-pistols, cigarettes, improper novels,
 Plucked eyebrows, rouge and lip-sticks—wherefore, as
 We must be damned for something, make it Jazz!



Our Own Travelogues
Consistency Drill on the Friendly Islands

A Happy Compromise

“WHAT a beautiful little baby he is!” exclaimed the neighbor. “What have you named him?”

“Well,” hesitated the mother, “Richard and I differed a little about that. He wanted to give him one name, and I wanted to give him another; but we finally compromised, and agreed to name him John Wesley.”

“I see; you named him after the great founder of Meth—”

“No, indeed,” quickly interrupted the mother. “That name as I said, is a compromise.”

“But how?”

“The ‘John’ is for John Calvin, and the ‘Wesley’ is for John Wesley.”

A Ballad of Cheer for One Who Worries
About the High Cost of Operations

IT’S tough to spend money on doctors and nurses;

It’s hard to pay bills that assail you in bunches;

But stay, for a moment, your rampage of curses—

Think of the money you’re saving on lunches!

Of course, to doll up in lace nighties and such,
Day in and day out, is an effort one loathes;
But you certainly shouldn’t complain of it much

When you think of the wear that you’re saving your clothes!

It’s difficult this time to say what I will,
For no sensible word makes a rhyme except “axes”;

However, the thought should encourage you still—

Consider the money you’re saving on taxis!

It isn’t great fun to lie groaning and aching;
It sometimes seems more than a mortal deserves;

But not to see clients or hear their muck-raking—

Oh, what a saving of patience and nerves!

L’ENVOI

Lady, when come to you bills without ending,
Tear not your hair nor give vent to your raving;

Life isn’t really a nightmare of spending—
Think of the fortune in shoe shines you’re saving!

CORINNA RHEINHEIMER