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Aline Kistler

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# OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded by Bret Harte in 1868

*Pacific's Oldest Living Graduate*

*Aline Kistler*  
*Prologue to the Pageant of Pacific*

Jack London

Sinclair Lewis

James Oliver Curwood

George Sterling

and

Donald O'Donald

*Pacific's Diamond Jubilee*

**And Out West  
Magazine ~ 25c**

RAY  
BETHERS



# Prologue to the Pageant of the Pacific

By ALINE KISTLER

THE curtain rises on a dimly lighted stage that simulates the grayness of dawn. On the ground are formless shapes—nebulous folds of cosmic earth. Gradually the shadows lighten and a glorious dawn breaks as unaccompanied voices are heard singing Taneyef's "Dawn."

In the solemn calm the Occident waits,  
A deep, mysterious silence keeping,  
No design to tell if Day be sleeping,  
Or if halts before her gates!

Now, now the mountain-tops grow white,  
Tho' mists the vales below still cumber,  
Still towns and peaceful hamlets slumber.  
But heav'ward turn your eager sight!

Behold it! now a gleam awakes,—  
And like young Passion's timid blushes—  
The red glow brighter, rosier flushes,  
Then high above the zenith breaks!

A moment passes; swift the light  
Throughout the Ether's vast dominion  
Sweeps onward on her glitt'ring pinions,  
And conquers all the hosts of night.

The colors follow the moods of the chorus until at last there is a triumph of light and joy as the song draws to a close. Meanwhile the indeterminate masses have shifted. A figure has disentangled itself from the earth forms. It rises, a dark silhouette against the glory of color. The sound dies away and light floods the stage.

Voice:

Inarticulate dawn!  
Breathing of morning!  
Out of the rush and pulse of this new land,  
A West, crouching,  
Unawakened I come.  
Into me new blood is being poured.  
Reckless blood is gushing over me.  
But "Gold! Gold!" is the cry,  
The grabbing, lustful cry.  
Gold? Yes, but is that all  
This dawn means to me?  
Am I born for a nugget?  
Is this the dawn for me?  
Light! flame of the new day,  
Illumine me and my vague yearnings.  
Oh is there no power to yield me the secret  
of this desire?  
Within me there is wealth—  
No, not of metal but of the better things of  
life.  
Wealth that lies latent as the beauty of an  
unborn bud,  
Wealth of youth, vision, accomplishment.  
Gold? yes the gold of growth—  
Development.  
But men are crowding to Pacific's shores.  
Laden with pick and pan,  
Washing the unrefined gold,  
Tearing the rock away.  
They come to seek wealth  
They find but gold.  
Oh, indeterminate masses of an unformed  
West!  
Oh soul of Man with unknowing clutch!  
Oh Heart of Worth, groping for Truth!  
There are treasures yet unfound,  
Mines of truth yet undug—  
Waiting, impatient to yield of their source.  
Within me there is life,  
Abundance of life to give to those who come.  
Yet it is bound within me.

There is no outlet.  
Oh God! send to me those who will free this  
light.  
Liberate the power and elements divine  
That now lie close about my heart.  
Oh, Supreme Being that Rulest all the Uni-  
verse,  
Give me aid.  
I can not give of my abundance  
Unless help is mine.  
Out of the wealth of my resources,  
I call to Thee,  
Send me wisdom, strength and power.

(The nebulous mass at her feet stirs and gradually Christianity disentangles herself from the mists).

Christianity: As I slumbered, I heard a calling,  
As of someone in want.  
Is there aught here to be freed?  
Aught that needs my aid?

Voice: I know not if you are what I seek.  
But tell me can you give life  
To thoughts unborn?  
Can you nurture to power vague stirrings  
Yet bound by thongs of darkness?

Christianity: It is I whom you seek.  
I feed the hearts of men to see them grow.  
I give men faith and hope and strength.  
Where life is, I fan its ember  
Into a glowing flame of light  
That the world, oft sunk in mists of doubt,  
May be illumined,  
May reach out toward things eternal.

Voice: But tell me one thing more—  
What can you do with my wealth of under-  
standing?  
Can you mold it into living fire  
That it may purge the minds of men?

Christianity: Alone, I could but fan the flame to  
Light the ways that men have trod.

Voice: Once more, O God, I turn to Thee.  
Let not the minds of men  
Be bound about  
By sharp restrictions.  
May not the soul that treads Thy way  
Be freed to joys of knowledge?

Christianity: Look! There is a vague stirring  
As though some power were to be loosed.

Voice: (As Education rises from the earth) Speak, thou  
soul uprising,  
Have you come in answer to my prayer?  
Can you give power to the minds of men?

Education: Power and strength have I to give  
To him who strives and yearns  
Not after glory,  
Not after self,  
But presses ever onward through the maze  
of life  
To find the truth.  
To him who has striven hard  
I give a grain of understanding.  
To him who yearns with sharpened intellect,  
I give a glimpse through eternal lanes.  
And to him who presses on undaunted,  
I yield the glories of the world.  
Electrons, vital morsels of being,  
Stars, vast mysteries of the void,  
Balance, movement and power,  
All are his to whom I show the way.



Voice: Great joy pervades my soul  
 For here, behold, are powers strong  
 To take the wealth from out the West  
 To guide the soul and mind  
 Toward things eternal.  
 The yearnings that shrouded my soul at first  
 Are swelling with unrestrained joy  
 For are not the resources of this land  
 To be spread abroad for all mankind to know?  
 May not he who comes for gold  
 With its metallic lure,  
 Linger on to drink deep draughts  
 Of life-sustaining waters?  
 —Yet somehow 'tis not all complete.  
 Within my heart yet stirs  
 An unnamed want.  
 Strange desire,  
 Disturbing urge,  
 Is it not enough to see the light  
 And know the truth?  
 Is there still some hidden wealth  
 That lies unsatisfied at being bound?  
 Tell me, Powers who have brought me aid,  
 Can you not satisfy this yearning of the heart?  
 It seems to cry for beauty, art and love.  
 It cries for understanding,  
 Not of things alone but joy.  
 It holds unliberated springs of life,  
 The life that can reveal the finer things;  
 A wind blown note, a sculptured hand,  
 The rhythm of a sea-tossed craft  
 Outlined in moon-lit mists of spray.

Christianity: Oh Voice of the untried West,  
 I can show the God behind these things.

Education: And I the reason of it all.

Voice: 'Tis not enough.  
 I must have more.  
 Father of this world,  
 Give from your bounteous fold  
 To help unloose the wealth  
 Latent, lying but unclaimed,  
 Waiting for the liberation of its joy.  
 (Culture begins to untangle herself from the mists)  
 Oh Maker of this throbbing world,  
 Can we not have  
 More light, more ability  
 To fathom gifts that come from Thee?

Culture: Oh Voice, can you not see that I  
 Have come in answer to your cry?  
 I could not come till you had found  
 These others.  
 For I must wait until a place  
 Has been prepared,  
 That I may share the blessings

Wrought within the souls and minds of men.  
 Before I come to feed the heart,  
 Like other God-given powers,  
 I have to wait  
 Until I'm sought.  
 Though I could see beneath your breast  
 The yearnings of your heart,  
 I could not come to give you aid  
 Until you found your need of me.  
 But now I come to point the way,  
 By means of faith and wisdom,  
 Where man may find the joy of being.  
 I'll train the eye to see  
 In things but commonplace,  
 The working of a Master Mind.  
 I'll lead the mind through paths of loveliness,  
 Ways trod throughout all ages  
 By the understanding ones.  
 In lonely cottage  
 And sumptuous hall  
 Where one may find the intellect and the soul,  
 There shall I go to wrap  
 The elements of life in beauty, art and love.  
 The striving soul shall pause to wonder,  
 The yearning mind will hesitate to dream  
 For, through the web of life,  
 I'll weave the colorful and gleaming threads  
 Of music, art and poetry.

Voice: Oh glorious dawning that gives us power  
 To feed the hearts of men.  
 Oh Father of mankind,  
 To Thee we give our thanks.  
 Thou hast bestowed a wealth  
 Of glory on us all.  
 Not alone must we be content  
 With yearnings and desires  
 But Thou hast given us the  
 Power to dispense  
 This joy to all the earth  
 By touching close the souls of men.  
 This wealth shall spread  
 Through mind and heart  
 Until its joy pervades  
 The West, the North, South and East  
 From whence shall gather the best of men  
 To drink the all-satisfying draughts  
 Of Faith, of Beauty and of Artistry.  
 Come, comrades of this glorious birth,  
 I hear the murmur of mankind approaching.  
 It is ours to watch and guide and keep  
 Those who, knowing or unknowing, have  
 yearning hearts  
 That may be fed from our unbounded store.  
 So let the curtain fall  
 Upon the Western dawn  
 For from the East will come  
 He who shall carry our light  
 To the youth that will rise from this virgin  
 soil. (Curtain)

