

# Fortnightly Review

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### EDITORIAL

WITHIN our College precincts—within them it has happened. The white-robed Knights of Ku Klux Klan of Kanada are with us. Lately many students of McGill have received little pamphlets inviting them to join this organisation. It professes to work for the maintenance of:—

Protestantism	Freedom of Speech and Press
White Supremacy	Restrictive and Selective
Gentile Economic Freedom	Immigration.
Just Laws and Liberty	Law and Order
Our Public Schools	Higher Moral Standard
Separation of Church and State	Pure Patriotism
	Freedom from Mob Violence

It stresses the patriotic side of the work and protests a laudable championship of justice for all, with White Supremacy and Gentile (only) Economic Freedom.

Now at last we have a chance to "be taught the significance and essential value of being loyal subjects" to the British Empire. This is what we have so long been needing. We must now realise that the sacrifices of McGill men during the War were as nothing. The memorials in our buildings to those who fell mean little. All thinking students will realise that they have hitherto been poor patriots, and that in our darkness we were waiting for the light which is now offered us as British subjects by this great American organisation.

One great advantage which the Klan offers us is secrecy—an Invisible Empire. Surely we must all know that the publicity of singing "God Save the King" in our theatres and halls renders it futile as an expression of patriotism. How foolish is it for any man to be seen openly wearing the King's uniform: that does not shew patriotism. Only the secret wearing of the white robe of this great American society can give true patriotic satisfaction to the Britisher.

Everyone knows that only Protestants are good men: therefore they alone can be British. And if any person should whisper that in the present mixture of races there is scarcely any White Race left, we trust he will not be believed. And since White has in the past universally been the symbol for purity, therefore it is obvious that the White Race should be supreme. It is equally obvious that the Gentiles alone should be free. This is so self-evident that we need no proof, and of course it is quite compatible with "justice for all peoples." Who could deny it? We have long ago forgotten that Christ was a Jew, and the rumour that Einstein, Freud, Lord Reading and other great persons of the day are Jews must obviously be false. Everyone knows that Disraeli, who was a Jew, was notoriously unpatriotic—a Bolshevik before his time.

And as for Law and Order and Freedom from Mob Violence, we all well know how the Klan has striven for these ends. Almost every American newspaper, and several in Ontario, shew evidence of the extremely law-abiding nature of the Klan's operations.

We can only say that we hope McGill will accord this organisation the welcome it deserves, namely to see it damned to limbo.

THERE has been a little unfavorable criticism of the McGill Literary and Debating Society, but we cannot agree with the general trend of it. It has been charged that the choice of debaters, through resting with the executive alone has been liable to unfairness. It is tolerably certain that favoritism and unfairness would exist, to some degree, in almost any conceivable body of human beings. The executive of the Literary and Debating Society is

human, therefore finite, and therefore occasionally, perhaps, slightly unfair. The question is however, what body could possibly be assembled which would be more competent to judge of the qualities of debaters than the duly elected executive committee. The answer is obviously: none.

There exists, nevertheless, a vulnerable point in the Literary and Debating Society, so often styled, affectionately but most inappropriately, the "Lit". Why does this society continue to bear the word "Literary" in its name? To our knowledge, it has never conducted a single activity worthy of that part of its name. If it has, its literary sessions have been as subduedly retired as its Mock Parliament has been noisily public.

A university of the size and standing of McGill ought to have a student literary society. We think that the "Lit" should either change its title or make an effort to live up to all its implied pretensions. We suggest nothing of the type of a *conversazione*, where the tinkling of tea-cups would mingle with chatter about books and writers, or a heavy séance, where we should be invited to listen to an encyclopaedic paper on James Barrie or Wilkie Collins; we do suggest, rather, a few simple gatherings of students interested in contemporary literature and an intelligent criticism of it. At our ideal meetings the reading of speeches would be *tabu* and anybody speaking over five minutes at one standing would be frowned upon; tea drinking would be a penal offence, while conversation about Milton and Rafael Sabatini would be prohibited.

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WE wish to congratulate Mr. Eugene Forsey on being appointed one of the two Rhodes scholars from Quebec. No more representative all-round student could have been chosen to carry the name of McGill to Oxford.

### The McGill Fortnightly Review

Editorial Board: A.P.R. Coulborn, A.B. Latham, F.R. Scott, A.J.M. Smith. Managing Editor: L. Edel.

The Editorial Board is responsible only for opinions expressed in the editorial columns, and hopes to publish articles on controversial questions by contributors of widely divergent views.

MSS. may be submitted personally to any one of the editors, or mailed to The McGill Fortnightly Review, Apt. 16, 989 Atwater Ave., Montreal. Unsuitable contributions will be returned.

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### Saved by Grace or A Sign from Above

Simeon Lamb

THEOPHILUS MUTCH had a second rate sensitive mind not in unity with itself. By nature indolent and placid, and only longing to be rocked to rest in the arms of a steadfast faith, Theophilus would have been eminently fitted for the ministry had he not been afflicted with a doubting mind. True he struggled manfully with his doubt, but too often it overcame him. At the age of twelve, after a sleepless night spent in meditation and prayer, he came to the conclusion that there is no Santa Claus. Ten years later, when his ninth brother was born, having watched in vain for any sound or sight of the stork, he very reluctantly decided that the bird was a myth. It is almost impossible to estimate the pain and humiliation that this abandonment of his boyhood faith inflicted upon the sensitive youth, and those who were at that time familiar with the lad state that the spiritual agony which he had endured could be inferred from his pale ascetic face, with its piously crossed eyes and its Heavenward pointing nose.

To-night, however, the unity of his second rate sensitive mind was all at sixes and sevens. To-morrow he was to be promoted from Grade Va in the Sabbath school to Grade Vb. He felt that he was about to take a serious and fundamental step. But on the eve of what might almost be called a new life he was assailed by awful, and, as it seemed, unanswerable doubts. He paced his narrow chamber. To and fro. Then back again. Fro and to. What was to be done? Ha, he would go out into the cool night air and wander through the dark streets there to think things out. To think things out one had to go out, didn't one? Very well then, he would go out.

His new hat was reposing beside that of his father on the hall table, and little thinking how our every act is watched over by a beneficent Providence, he carelessly picked up the one nearest to his hand.

For long hours he wandered through the dark streets, streets dark, perhaps, but lighter than a feather compared to the darkness of his mind. Alone with the stars and the street lamps he wrestled with himself—catch as catch can, but he couldn't. His doubt was persistent, unanswerable, terrible. Was there, or was there not? Is there, or will there be? At last he prayed for some sign from above to settle the turmoil of his mind.

Now it happened that at that moment he was passing beneath a window of a house in which a dilatory maidservant whose name was Grace was engaged in cleaning up. Just then, the girl without stopping to notice if anyone was below emptied a slop pail out of the window. The foul fluid descended full on the head of the rapt Theophilus, whose astonishment can be better imagined than described. His head and shoulders were soaked, the vile liquid ran into his eyes, ears, nose and mouth, and trickled in little streamlets down his vest and trousers, forming an expanding puddle at his feet. With a dread fear at his heart he bethought himself of his new hat. He snatched off his headgear, and examined it. But no, his new hat was safe unspoiled at home. He had absent-mindedly worn his father's.

"Ha, ha!" he cried, "there IS a God!" and he squelched his homeward way, happy and at ease again at last.

*This Life*

A. P. R. Coulborn

THE pain in my chest and back was growing less. With relief came a drowsiness. The doctor had been sitting in the farther corner of the room; to me it seemed miles away. Now he got up and came to the bedside; as he did so he grew bigger, gigantic as I thought. He held my wrist, and his face was grave. In the background I could see Griselda; her face drawn and she looked old. For the last few hours, or it might well have been years, I had been consciously struggling for life, but now the nearness of the others, and the touch of the doctor's hand, seemed to relieve me of the burden of the struggle. Slowly I slipped into unconsciousness.

\* \* \* \*

I awoke, or as it seemed, came to life again with only a vague recollection of what had gone before. I realised a new and curious feeling, or more truly, absence of feeling. I felt completely and utterly calm. As I turned my head, I noticed that this absence of feeling extended to the physical: I did not sense my cheek touching the pillow. I was in my bed. The room was empty.

Suddenly the door opened, and a man entered. Looking at him I remembered I had seen him before: as I looked more carefully I saw that this man was myself. He drew a chair to the bed and sat down, smiling. I felt no surprise. Then he spoke:-

"What do you want to ask me?"

"Tell me if you are real or a phantom," I replied.

"I am half real, and you are the other half," said my other self, "We are in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. We are one of those favoured persons, who enter here and return for a space whence we came." Myself. "I do not understand how I can be two persons."

My other self. "That is because you have as yet lived only in the flesh. The limitations of the material body curtail the function of the mind. It becomes hedged round with material ideas. Number is a delusion. There is no such thing as one and two; there is only great and small in quality. Quantity is the deception of material things."

Myself. "But how can great and small exist without size, and what is size but quantity?"

My other self. "Size is a physical idea. It is indeed quantity, but quantity is only a mathematical way of understanding quality, and mathematics is the delusion which the flesh has created in order to conceive of reality. It is all unreal: it at once restricts mind from true thought, and enables it to a rule of thumb method of action. Once mind puts off the body, it is enabled to think."

Myself. "Why then do I still think mathematically? Why do I see two bodies? Why can I conceive of quality only with numbers?"

My other self. "Because you are not dead. You are come here only that you may see me, who am your spiritual complement, and return to live wiser."

Myself. "I still do not understand how I am two persons."

*Hai-Kais*

*L'araignée*

Sur l'immense affiche représentant une chasse à courre  
Une araignée oscille pendue au bout d'un fil.  
C'est le peintre.

\* \* \* \*

*Surprise*

Cette vieille dame en noir  
Elle a mis un chapeau d'homme.  
Tiens, c'est un prêtre!

\* \* \* \*

*Shoe shine parlour*

Le nègre fait briller les chaussures  
Mais le cuir qu'il fait mieux luire  
C'est le cuir de sa figure.

\* \* \* \*

*Quick lunch*

Empalés sur des disques de bois  
Des insectes humains font mouvoir leurs bras  
Pères la colique à l'envers.

\* \* \* \*

*Music hall*

La photographie de la danseuse  
Est vêtue d'une guitare.  
Sans doute qu'à l'intérieur  
Elle enlève sa guitare.

*R. de l'A.*

My other self. "There are no persons, except in the flesh. Personality, individuality, identity—all this is an illusion. When you are in the world, you feel that creature which is yourself is different to you from other creatures which are not yourself but other individuals. You cannot explain this, for it cannot be known in quantity. It is a crudity—mechanical—necessary to the material cosmos. Here lies the secret of being: herein is the difference between being and material existence. This is the veil which hangs between time and eternity, space and infinity, using and having, calculating and knowing, symbol and reality, nothing and thing. Those five senses, which the mortal have are but clumsy instruments, the tools of a barbarian, wherewith he fashions the primitive necessities of his crude existence. Within his body are contained all these limitations, and it is thus that his rudimentary mind must construct for itself the hypothesis of individuality, the division of spirit into units. When the mortal passes into death this blinding shroud is shed. Mind knows itself and becomes itself. No, it is not merged in divine mind; there is no oneness, for oneness implies severality. Simply mind becomes and is. Try no further to understand, for your mind remains mortal, and so must it, for you are returning. Return, then, and ponder on this matter; thus shall you attain to the highest wisdom of the mortals, and pass easily into the beginning of death. I go."

He went towards the door, and I again became unconscious. When I returned to life again, I could feel the sweat upon my body; it was cold. I was very cold. The doctor's two fingers were upon my heart. Griselda was holding my hand: her face was white and expressionless. I was conscious of thirst.

"He is safe." said the doctor.

## Counterblast Against "Vespasiano"

F. J. Toole

The essay in defence of Slavery is interesting as being the first emergence in these halls of learning of a philosophy which has elsewhere been spreading for some twenty odd years. There is, of course, a logical argument for slavery, and the more luxurious and artificial a civilisation becomes, the more cogent and powerful does this argument appear. There is no doubt that the introduction of a recognised and organised System of Slavery on the lines advocated by "Vespasiano" would greatly simplify, if indeed it did not wholly resolve, the problems under which modern civilisation is staggering; and it will perhaps interest the author of the article in debate to know that for some time powerful and intelligent interests have been working towards this desirable end. It may even be new to him that a very considerable mass of literature on the subject already exists in the English language; and he might do worse than make a start with "The Servile State" by Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

It is possible that the principles on which the servile state is being developed in England and Germany may not be quite the same as those held by "Vespasiano". Thus I do not believe that his child-like faith in the infallibility of the psychologist would be shared by the other protagonists of the movement, although they would probably not be above using any science or pseudo-science (properly shackled and indexed, in the best traditions of serfdom) as a weapon. They indeed appear to be guided by the wholly understandable, and in my humble view rather more sensible, plan of enslaving all who have not the power to resist; and it is even probable that when they have succeeded "Vespasiano" and other powerful intellects will be on the wrong side of the prison bars.

There are still however a few obstacles to this triumphal march of slavery, and the first of these is Christianity. In the somewhat obscure passage which opens the Defence it is implied that since slavery existed in the past it may exist in the future; but the classical examples of successful slavery flourished before the advent of that Religion which has changed the face of the earth, and I can hardly believe that "Vespasiano" has taken full advantage of the resources of the Redpath Library if he does not know that Christianity and Slavery are enemies unto death. It is only in the decline of Christianity (and these recurring periods of decline and revival are another mark of Christianity with which the learned author of the Defence may with profit become acquainted) that Slavery can lift up its bloody head. And through such a period of decline the Christian world is now passing.

The second obstacle, which however depends for its strength on the first, is the institution which "Vespasiano" has dismissed with a careless abandon almost amounting to flippancy—Democracy. It is fashionable to laud the revolt of youth. But there is this disquieting thought connected with revolting youth—that revolt is about all it does. A little thought and decent learning would mix very well

with that reckless dashing of ink over paper which is the modern form of revolt; but alas! our youth cannot revolt and think at the same time. This is well shown in the extraordinary history of democracy which forms the major part of the argument for slavery. It would be far easier, in dealing with this section, to deny every sentence in turn; for every argument essential to the development of the thesis is false.

Thus, the fundamental doctrine of democracy that all men are equal is not especially a Socialist one;—it would be far more truthful to say it is a Christian and particularly a Catholic one. Socialism itself is certainly not democratic; and the interpretation of the equality of mankind as meaning that men are equal mentally and physically is the sort of childish error into which a member of the "intelligenzia" would naturally fall. The weary list of "howlers" continues: That democracy rose with the Industrial Revolution is false; that the Napoleonic wars and the war of 1914 were fought because of proletarian chauvinism, is false: the first were fought by the French democracy in self defence, and the last was fought for certain ancient ideals, against an atheistic power in which the servile state was most highly developed.

There is a confusion of ideas in all Vespasiano's arguments against democracy which almost baffles description. The proletariat did not exist until after the Industrial Revolution; and a little reading would soon convince any one that our grandfathers and great-grandfathers (if they had the luck to be the upper dogs) did all they could, short of general massacre, to keep the newly created class in its place.

I do not see why the Fascist movement in Italy fails to impress "Vespasiano" as intelligent; although a still small voice persists in whispering that perhaps it is because he doesn't know anything about the Fascist Movement in Italy—apart from what the "Saturday Evening Post" says about it. The fact is, however, that the Fascist movement saved democracy from something far worse than Mussolini and his dictatorship, and the Fascists at least are risking their lives for common Christian ideals against the establishment of the servile state of communism.

The thesis that democracy has failed cannot be supported by any such childish arguments as those I have attempted to dissect. The truth is that democracy, like Christianity, is always failing—and always rising anew, a giant refreshed. The brain-sick pessimist, the poor wretch whose common sense has been atrophied by the mechanical education provided by modern industrial civilisation, would do well to ask France and Poland, Switzerland and Ireland, Holland and Denmark and Quebec, whether democracy has failed; and to note in how many of these peasant states the Christian tradition is strong and healthy. It is only in those countries in which the superstitions of science and the worship of demons have prevailed over the Christian faith that democracy is in danger; and even in these the mass of the people is still imbued with those traditions which are all that separates our civilisation from the pagan sadness of Greece and the far worse evils of polished Carthage.

## A Counterblast to Paradox

C. T. Lane

"Vespasiano" is usually excellent reading and in the development of a paradox he is fertile, ingenious and forceful. He marshalls his arguments in logical order, builds up his material into a coherent whole and then proceeds to his conclusions with an unrelenting vigor. On a difficult, slender and delicate basis he weaves a fabric that glitters and at times even dazzles. I read him with enjoyment since it is not everyone to whom it is given to unlock the surprise box of paradox and give body and substance to its contents.

But—I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. Perhaps he will turn out to be a lively corpse who will refuse to stay buried. I hope so. Nothing is so amusing as controversy, a gentle art that appears to have died down of late years to letters to the press by "Fiat Justitia" and "Constant Reader". Our despised grandfathers of the Victorian era at least knew how to fight. In this, my defiance to "Vespasiano," I ask only a fair field and no favor. The gong has sounded; the seconds are out of the ring. Let's go.

It is late in the day to find an advocate for slavery. It is still later in the day to prelude that advocacy with an appeal to Evolution. If it means anything at all, evolution is an orderly process from lower to higher forms. How then can civilization proceed by evolution from the ideal of liberty to the much lower ideal of slavery? The essence of paradox is plausibility. There is nothing plausible in that position.

Yet this is a digression. It is not to attack nor to defend slavery that I am pounding a typewriter. My aim is to impugn the value of paradox as a literary vehicle.

Since the fin-de-siècle days of Oscar Wilde and his school and up to much more brilliant efforts of G. K. Chesterton, every minor novelist, poet and essayist has deluged the English-reading world with a flood of paradox. Lord, how sick we are of it! Imagine being fed for a year almost exclusively on chocolate eclairs! Imagine living for thirty years on paradox! There are no phrases in the whole rhetoric of abuse with which to express the loathing that one or the other infliction would arouse in the unhappy recipient. Nothing succeeds like excess.

Paradox is only a small facet of a generally recognized truth. This facet is exalted and magnified until it is made to appear a new verity, whereas it is only a minor and often insignificant part of the whole. Its main purpose is to "épater le bourgeois." In that aim of shocking people it has no less and no more literary value than a coalheaver's oath.

Fie, Vespasiano! Can you not place your fine talents in a better investment than so shop-soiled, discredited and outmoded a form? Heavens, I protest that even the movies will be taking it up soon. They have "discovered" Ben-Hur, Tess of the Durbervilles and the overture to William Tell. They are about due to pick up paradox for their subtitles. Will you sink as low as the movies?

All men are born free and equal, says a famous work of fiction. You fall foul of liberty and equality. Why? I can't for the life of me see why. You and I are free—within the usual limits,—free to steal each other's girls (an easy task, one would imagine,

since they must be fairly facile to permit either of us to flirt with them;) free to write to the Fortnightly; free even—horrid thought—to perpetrate paradox. Can Freedom go much further than that and who am I to condone and you to enunciate the damnable theory that ninety and nine just persons should be denied this freedom and one sinner be allowed it?

Vespasiano, I write more in sorrow than in anger. Yes, all men are equal—equal in folly; equal in the tragedy and pain and mystery of life; equal before the inscrutability of birth and of death. Why will you seek to deny it for the sake of a paltry paradox? Why do you cut a clown's capers before the splendor of man's upward march from ignorance and superstition?

So I conclude with the New Gospel. There be three things, Liberty, Fraternity and Equality, and the greatest of these is Liberty. And there be three things, Paradox, Pettiness and Piffle, and the least of these is Paradox.

## To my Counterblasters—God Bless Them

"Vespasiano"

"Me miserum! quanti montes volvuntur—*verborum!*" And I had almost fled, like the pious Aeneas, lest I should be engulfed in them. I should have done so, indeed, were my reputation only at stake, for I know that that can look after itself, (poor orphan!) But with my usual idealism I have found it impossible to remain silent, when the principle I have lately been defending is jeopardised.

My dear readers, I ask you whether it is fair to pretend that my perfectly serious defence of Slavery is brilliant paradox. Of course it is quite plain to me that naughty Mr. Lane thought thus to shake the convictions of my converts—who, I hear, are many—for who would continue to be a Disciple, having been persuaded that the Master was "cutting a clown's capers before the splendour of man's upward march from ignorance and superstition?" Oh, ko!

Of Mr. Toole I can at least say that he is a gentleman. He has taken me seriously. So I will be polite enough in return to argue with him for a few minutes. It is nice of him to admit in his first paragraph that I am right, and I should also like to thank Mr. Lane for his kind words in his opening paragraph, even though he says them slyly. But neither Mr. Toole nor Mr. Lane seem to know their own minds. Mr. Toole goes on to talk at large about the wickedness of slavery, although he has already admitted that slavery "would greatly simplify, if indeed it did not wholly resolve the problems under which modern civilisation is staggering." Mr. Lane after lauding me to the skies and saying that "it is not everyone to whom it is given to unlock the surprise box of paradox and give body and substance to its contents," goes on to curse paradox to all eternity, saying finally, "there be three things, Paradox, Pettiness and Piffle, and the least of these is Paradox." Of course I know that Mr. Lane is being a fox over the paradox business, but I think he has done it badly. Personally I quite agree with him about paradox.

If I were a little less wise than I am, I might think that Mr. Toole's words about Christianity were as cynically said as Mr. Lane's about paradox. But I do not think it. I believe Mr. Toole is as sincere as I am, and I shall continue to believe this as long as I can. But of course Mr. Toole is quite wrong. I should be very sorry to think of my readers being led astray by the notion that Christianity is at enmity with Slavery. Nothing of the kind, and the Catholic Church least of all. On the question of whether Christianity really goes through alternating periods of rise and fall, I cannot accept the idea as readily as Mr. Toole does, but in general I should be disposed to think so, on the ground of the Revolutionary Theory of Civilisation, which I accept. (Vide Flinders Petrie and others.) My own feeling, however, is that Christianity belongs to a much broader class of phenomena, which together form one stream in the revolutions, and that any one or more of them, Christianity included, might at some point in future revolutions have become so completely obscured and transmuted, that the practical historian would say it had ceased to exist.

However this is a little irrelevant. As to Christianity and Slavery: may I tell Mr. Toole that Sir Francis Drake, when he captured negroes in West Africa and smuggled them into Spanish South America as slaves, piously believed that he did the negroes a good turn, since they would, as slaves to the Spaniards, be forced to become Christians? The early Portuguese pioneers in Africa and India were under the same impression. When in 1381 the English serfs, who were not very materially different from slaves, rebelled against their lords, and John Ball sang:—

"When Adam delved and Eve span,  
Who was then the gentleman?"

John Wiclif averred that the rebellion was wicked. Luther, too, so far from sympathising with the German serf rebels of his time, egged on the temporal lords to suppress them. I know that both Wiclif and Luther were heretics, and, like Mr. Toole, I incline to favour orthodox Catholicism, but I am quite prepared, and I know he will be also, to grant that Wiclif and Luther were products of Christianity on the up-grade. And all these instances of successful Slavery are since the "advent of that Religion which has changed the face of the earth." Another thing, Mr. Toole: to what religion do Mr. Hillaire Belloc and Mr. G. K. Chesterton belong, and what are their views on Slavery? If Mr. Toole would like any further instances of the affinity between Christianity and Slavery I will rush to the Redpath Library, which I admit I have not entered for some years, and search for some. Perhaps he would like to come and help.

My reference to the distinction between Progress and Evolution seems to have puzzled both my opponents. I am sorry: I am a little indolent, and do not always take the trouble to make myself clear. The question is adequately treated, however, in Prof. J. B. Bury's "Idea of Progress." Mr. Lane is doubly wrong when he asks how "civilisation may proceed from the ideal of liberty to the much lower ideal of slavery"—and moreover, he is begging the question. In the first place he is wrong about Evolution producing ever higher forms, and in the second he is wrong in saying that liberty is higher than Slavery.

On the question of democracy, socialism and equality, how, if socialism is not democratic, can it be that it has even a "not especial" claim to father the doc-

(Continued on page 36)

## Two Poems

### The Lonely Land

Group of Seven

CEDAR and jagged fir uplift  
Accusing barbs against the grey  
And cloud-piled sky;  
And in the bay  
Blown spume and windrift  
And thin, bitter spray  
Snap at the whirling sky;  
And the pine trees lean one way.

Hark to the wild ducks' cry  
And the lapping of water on stones  
Pushing some monstrous plaint against the  
|sky

While a tree creaks and groans  
When the wind sweeps high.

It is good to come to this land  
Of desolate splendour and grey grief,  
And on a loud, stony strand  
Find for a tired heart relief  
In a wild duck's bitter cry,  
In grey rock, black pine, shrill wind  
And cloud-piled sky.

### Epitaph

Stranger, weep not on this stone:  
I, who moulder here  
Where sturdy roots divide the bone  
And tendrils split a hair,  
Bespeak you comfort from the grass  
That is embodied Me  
Which as I am, not as I was,  
Would choose to be.

A. J. M. Smith

### Sonnet

ONE day you asked me to define delight,  
And love being new to me, I said "To feel  
The swift oblivion of those who steal  
Passion from willing lips—that is delight".

Wonderingly then you whispered "And despair?".  
"There comes a time when these material joys  
Play truant to the sense, and love employs  
In vain his stratagems—that is despair".

Then down long days of deepening intercourse  
We fared together, through all ease and pain,  
Desire, and coldness, knowing that the force  
Of our late love outmatch'd youth's passionate reign.

And when death sealed thy lips to me, I knew  
How false had been my answers—and how true.

Brian Tuke.

## George Bernard Shaw and the Drama

J. H. Taylor

IT is not often that an artist can discipline himself to the extent of formulating his treatment of his own particular field of art into a coherent theory. Perhaps the most important reason for this is that self-examination, together with a comparative study of his fellow artists ill fits a personality largely creative in nature, to confine the essence of what he deems inexpressible except through his own particular art, in a theoretical bottle labelled—"Logical tincture of my Art.—Dose when ailing". No one believes that the so called rules of art will ever make an artist. Yet on the other hand, no one can deny that ideas and theories based on them exist which have produced types of art that claim peculiar advantages and viewpoints. It is true that these claims are usually stoutly denied, and perhaps most, by the spontaneously creative artist, who is too busy developing his technique to listen to doubtful answers to difficult and seemingly unnecessary questions. However it cannot be denied that much of what is great and most of what is original particularly in method, has been so stimulated. He will develop his art and give it to the world often content that another should make a fool of himself by trying to explain what everybody fondly believes they already understand.

Whether we class drama as one of the fine arts or not it is in the same dilemma. We have on the one hand a Molière, essentially a creative genius who did not busy himself so much with a theory of the drama, or even with conforming to the current one, as he did with pleasing the man in the pit; on the other a G.B.S. who subjugates everything to the idea, who, in what he has called the "Problem Play" has introduced the "Drama of Thought". It is often claimed that the plays of Shaw constitute a new dramatic system. In the Authors Apology from "Mrs Warren's Profession" he writes—"the fashionable drama has become so flaccid in its sentimentality, and the intellect of its frequenters so atrophied by disuse that the reintroduction of *problem with its remorseless logic* and iron framework of fact inevitably produces at first an overwhelming impression of coldness and inhuman rationalism.—And it will be seen that *only in the problem play is there any real drama* because drama is no mere setting up of the camera to nature—" The use of the word camera instead of mirror is significant. And again "I am convinced that fine art is the subtlest, the most seductive, the most effective means of propagandism in the world".

Due to G. B. S.'s limited conception of the drama, due to his self-confessed purpose, due to the exercise of his native wit and sociological insight at the expense of all the dramatic material available to the hand of the truly dramatic artists, he has been faced from the very outset with a seemingly insurmountable obstacle. This was the task of writing a successful play consisting almost solely in "mental action". "Physical action", emotionalism and sentiment (which he detests), passion and intrigue,—all these things reek of the conventional drama. No wonder that G. B. S. boasts that his works are not in accord with the traditional concepts of the drama. He would as soon sit down to a dinner of roast beef, wine and cigars as pay tribute to what we are pleased to call

the old masters of the drama; as forego the opportunity of roundly criticising the Englishman Shakespeare. Shaw has no taste for anything popular, he doesn't see and feel with the crowd, and he is proud of it. He is a great thinker, a strong character, a rebel. He shocks people,—and quite rightly. Instead of trying to reflect nature and existing life he attacks it, and this he can only do on rational grounds and by rational methods. The grindstone of "moralist realism" puts a keen edge of ridicule on his axe of destruction, and this to make the decapitation of our "delusions" the more complete, as the anaesthetic of wit is to make it the more painless. His fearless attack on convention and smug propriety; his power of making people laugh at them while at the same time making the same people think is the secret of his greatness.

The success of G. B. S. has been attained in spite of the critics chiefly because in the main they lacked understanding, or the industry necessary to attain it. That his works are great, original, and so on cannot be denied. What is now needed is a greater man, whose work will couple the fearless rationalism, wit, and audacity of Shaw with a more natural realism. The more G. B. S. exercises the intellect of his audience to the exclusion of that appeal to the senses characteristic of the truly dramatic the more he limits the appeal of his play; the more he approaches the mere literary form which can be obtained from the printed page; the more his actors become Shavian puppets to which the strings are dimly visible; the more unnatural his setting, and therefore the more limited his appeal to the theatregoing public. The statement that his appeal is limited however does not imply that it is less strong on that account since as, in Shaw's case, a man may blow his own horn on the one note until the walls of Jericho are vanquished. Yet it wouldn't charm a serpent, let alone a lover. That the appeal is there, that the type of farce which subjects the audience to a mental-moral cold shower is popular, the success of his plays testifies. What is the key note of this? If the actors never moved, a Shaw play would lose none of its main appeal because it depends partly upon a characteristic Irish wit, partly upon a ruthless introduction of unorthodox and daringly unexpected developments, and upon inversions, both of ideas and rôles. This latter is what constitutes the greater part of his comedy. Some years ago a prominent London Cartoonist suggested that the peculiar appeal of his plays might by heightened be making up every character to represent the great G.B.S. himself. Who can tell what success this new type of farce might have had if only someone had taken this suggestion seriously?

On looking at the drama we are as minor gods regarding a scene of the "Divine Comedy" of mankind laid out before us. What it took man centuries of pain and struggle to learn, and embody into ethical theories and religions, we see vividly portrayed, appealing to eye, ear, imagination and reason, and not merely to the last alone, that is to say we come to know and value that which we judge as worthy and inductive to better understanding and guidance in the ramifications of daily life. The course of natural events is often so involved and subtle as to veil the application of the great ethical theories so evolved governing human action. Nevertheless in considering this application *no facts must be omitted, no situation distorted no matter how well established our ethical code*

may be. If having faithfully reproduced nature we find something lacking, or not fitting in, then we must turn to our ethical theories, to our moral platitudes and revise them. But to falsify the reproduction, to distort facts and deliberately lie to, or hide things from an audience is the unpardonable dramatic sin. Shaw's problem plays test the ethical ideas of the audience. A critical or unusual situation arises in which it is difficult to find a solution in the light of current morals. It is true that the finding of this solution often points to foolish or pernicious, social, religious or national customs or traits but it is also true that an author's enthusiasm for test problems may lead him astray. Humans are not essentially rational, particularly in their actions. Whims, fancies, hatreds, loves, prejudices, and so on all introduce sudden complications which would perhaps present a more legitimate field for an investigation by means of the Theory of Probabilities.

Moreover these human traits and the complications resulting from them, not only constitute the life and "natural realism" of the play itself but determine the thoughts and feelings induced in the audience by the play, rather than as a logically simple "remorseless" problem. This causal flux of human nature together with the moral judgments involved is determined and interpreted individually on viewing a true drama just as in the real world of events. However it is the legitimate function of the dramatist to simplify this task for a none too acute audience. By bringing such a reflection of the actual world before it as an entity, clearly and forcefully, to be viewed at ease. It is at once the privilege, amusement, education and duty of the audience to interpret this slice of nature according to their own lights. Indeed it is absurd to expect them to do otherwise. Hence the onlooker is instructed in the school of experience of life. But if the author distorts his mirror in order to advance some pet idea or ethical theory he commits a dramatic crime in that he lies and deceives. However if he wishes to support such an idea by an example either taken actually from life or bearing all the earmarks of human probability and natural causality, he is justified, but when he draws on his imagination he must guard against the probability that his idea is more likely to be false than true. Existence in an imaginative mind is no guarantee of existence in the world of events, and it is difficult to support the philosophical thesis that all or any particular one of an infinite number of possible imaginary worlds, exist.

If the drama carries any obligation at all it is to teach, not by preaching or moralizing, with the consequent infliction of personal opinions and judgments, but by portrayal. A distortion or lack of appreciation of the continuity of events, together with the factors, volitional or otherwise, that come into play, falsifies the judgment, and we are faced by a false solution to an unreal problem. Perhaps the best silvering that the dramatist can back his mirror with is extremely exact and minute characterisation. By means of this he links an understandable causal chain between his characters, and between them and natural events. G.B.S. succeeds in "Mental characterisations" as perhaps no predecessor did, but in the delineation of personal character, of the bio-physical make-up of the man, he fails as miserably as Shakespeare scores brilliantly.

Goethe, one of the great dramatic masters of all time, wrote in a letter;—"I do not object to a dramatic

poet having a moral influence in view; but when the point is to bring his subject clearly and effectively before his audience, his moral purpose proves of little use, and he needs much more a faculty for delineation and a familiarity for the stage to know what to do and what to leave undone. If there be a moral in the subject it will appear, and the poet has nothing to consider but the effect and the artistic treatment of the subject. I cannot but think that Schiller's turn for philosophy injured his poetry because this led him to consider the idea far higher than all nature, indeed thus to annihilate nature. What he could conceive must happen, whether it were in conformity with nature or not". There is no criticism of G.B.S. more damning than this, and perhaps it is the only one, that everything is subordinate to his idea, his problem, around and out of which a play is woven. Even G.B.S. himself must admit that in the world of events the process is reversed; that there the problem is only an expression of man's peculiar reaction to his environment, a reaction which is a function not only of all his own previous experience, but that of his parents before him.

It is Shaw in the play, in the ripping up of precedent, convention and custom, in the sparkling wit and satire of the lines; Shaw the intellectual, the inhuman (or should we say Superhuman?) in the very characters themselves, that doom him as an exponent of a superior drama, even as it enthrones him as one of the most brilliant and farseeing writers of the century. But in spite of Henry Arthur Jones, literature is not drama, although the two should be very intimately related one to another, yet the latter stripped of its dramatic characteristics, if it has any, may take its place alongside of the best literature of the time.

### En Voyage

Brisk, easy-rolling, smooth-swerving, light-rattling of the railway train.

Bird-like swooping of saplings, and erect marching of firs, balsams and birches.

Lazy mastodon clouds against the fading dimmed blue evenness of the evening sky.

Yawning men and women dreamily wafting into nothingness.

Shrill-resounded screeching of the engine—a steam cacodemon's mad chant of subjugation.

Glittering of multitudinous light-drops upon the whimpled surface of the night.

HOME.

Jack Spector



## These Lectures

### Cagliostro

One hears nowadays at our universities a world of talk and discussion (especially among euro-paeomaniacs and youth movers) about the lecture system and its compulsory character. We have rid ourselves, most of them say, of compulsory military training and compulsory chapel attendance; why, therefore, do we not also bring about the abolition of compulsory class attendance?

The word "compulsory" is a disagreeable one, and at first blush the propaganda of these professor-baiters seems very reasonable. However, after a careful consideration of their views, one sees the distinctly irrational basis for them. It is assumed that, if lecture attendance were made optional, unpopular lecturers would be obliged to superannuate and that students would occupy their time with taking notes from reliable text-books rather than from soporific pedants.

Nevertheless, there are counter considerations to think on—principally two. The first is that important one which the young revolutionaries have apparently never so much as dreamed about. It is probably a fact that most youngsters come to college with the express purpose, wittingly and knowingly, of being bored. This *troupeau* of graduates from high schools and refined female boarding schools has been brought to maturity by preceptors and preceptresses on the rigid didactic theory that submission to boredom is an indispensable experience in mind development. What a howl of indignation there would be, then, if this large number of mental culturists were to be told that they were no longer obliged to attend lectures. To them being herded into crowded class rooms is the essence of education, and definite periods of confinement with positive bores is the pith of pedagogy. These students are mostly inarticulate, and I pen these lines with the intention of presenting their point of view and with the hope that a knowledge of the serpentine tactics of the professor-deposers may awaken them out of their dumbness.

The other point of opposition to the student Radicals is the quite legitimate, though perhaps hackneyed, criticism so often levelled by the intellectual element of the bourgeoisie at adherents of heretical theories of state. The opinions of the anti-lecture school are destructive; they have nothing to offer in the place of the shattered monuments of antiquity; (Such an attack from the more conservative of us is indeed unanswerable!) In order to comprehend this rebuttal, let us take the lecture system as it is. With the practical abolition of a large number of lectures, as the proposed scheme would in effect entail, there would be an actual loss of something tangible. It is absurd to suggest that reading would be an equivalent substitute; as a matter of fact, most students cannot really read. Society has taken far too long to unravel itself (as the Germans say), for us to presume to chuck overboard immediately any such important part of it as the compulsory lecture. Vested interests must always be reverently respected, and thousands of boring university instructors have very real vested interests in their immemorial prerogative to bore.

I shall now take the reader into my confidence, and tell him that I myself am opposed to compulsory

## Fantasy

LOVE, in a burst of joy,  
Took a hop, skip and a jump,  
And describing an utterly fantastic curve  
Lit on a mountain peak.  
There he strung his bow with a gossamer thread,  
Fashioned an arrow of mistletoe,  
Tipped it with a briar thorn,  
Tufted it with a dandelion seed,  
And shot it—Whish!—UP....UP....up....up....  
It fell to earth  
In an undeviating mathematical curve,  
Piercing even to the loricated heart of a cheese-  
[monger....]  
Clumsily, uncontrollably, and quite improperly  
He planted a heavy kiss on the neck of his youngest  
[dairy-maid.  
Whereat his wife, a maliciously observant woman,  
Stunned him with a savoury Stilton.  
So Love unstrung his bow,  
Recalled the errant shaft,  
Broke the gossamer thread,  
Replaced the briar thorn,  
Planted the dandelion seed,  
And sorrowfully removed to the Vale of Innocent  
[Shadows.]  
T. T.

lectures and their painful comrade, compulsory note-taking. I have taken the step of disclosing my own views not to discourage those who really favor forced sessions in the stifling atmosphere about the unintriguing word geniuses, but rather to bring forth what I hold to be a seasoned theory of the lecture and a constructive system of university polity.

When the Revolution of 1917 took place in Russia, there was not, as is popularly supposed, a grand holiday for infernal-machine manufacturers. What actually happened was that the governmental machinery of the trades union had become so vastly more efficient than the theoretically sovereign machinery of the debauched clique of Muscovite war lords, that the reigns of sovereignty shifted perforce to where they rightfully belonged.

Let us analogize university intellectual clubs (at McGill, such institutions as the Players' Club, the Cercle Français, the Political Economy Club, the Psychological Club, etc.) with the trades unions of 1917 Russia. Such clubs are operated on the theory by meeting together to discuss the subjects in which they are interested. In their meetings professors play a minor rôle or no rôle at all. When these various organizations adopt the theory that lectures imposed from above are inefficient just as the Russian trades unions adopted the theory of Communism, then they can gradually bring their programme into force, as follows. First, they must increase their activities so as really to compete with the class-room meetings. Secondly, only those professors who are acceptable to the students may be invited to their colloquia. Thirdly, they must, after an interval, start regular lecture courses to be given by the acceptable professors. Lastly, they must be prepared to undergo a certain amount of harsh criticism.

The only remaining problem in my scheme is that of dispensing with the regular university lectures, and *ipso facto* the impossible lecturers. But here, perhaps, I am getting out of my field.

## BOOKS

*Anatole France en Pantouffles*

By M. Brousson  
(Bernard Grasset)

This is an amusing book. M. Brousson was secretary to Anatole France during the latter's last years and he has here set down the passing comments of M. Bergeret on the trivialities of his private life. The little monologues—for it is France who talks—are presented briefly with a touch of sympathetic malice which preserves them from becoming tedious. He tries on a night cap, wheedles his housekeeper, calumniates his friends and inveighs against the "*laissez aller romantique*". The result is a slyly charming sketch of an old man, skeptical and Voltairian. But it is intimate only in the domestic sense. As the discursive irony proceeds it becomes apparent that it is the famous dressing gown which is being displayed for our amusement. France himself eludes us wrapped in his opinions.

*"Mon cher enfant, combien cette société après laquelle nous soupirons sera maussade. Ne me parlez pas de cette cité de Dieu, ou il n'y aura ni antiquairiste ni bouquinistes ni marchands d'estampes. L'idéal, voyez-vous, c'est encore la petite boutique parisienne..."*

Here one chatters with the wily owner of the stall who too knows his rôle. It is the classical point of view—taste is the final arbiter. Like Stendhal he finds himself in the solid worlds of sight and touch.

G. H. S. C.

*The Unknown Goddess*

By Humbert Wolfe  
(Methuen & Co.)

Mr. Humbert Wolfe, whose witty parodies and clever light verse have gained an enviable reputation in England, has produced a brilliant first volume of serious poetry. But the brilliance of these poems is one which sparkles without catching fire. Emotion, which is never absent, here achieves a frigid ecstasy and a beauty as brittle and as cold as moonlight glinting on a snow crystal. As a technician, Mr. Wolfe commands admiration. His frequent and skilful use of assonance and half rhymes combined with a deft manipulation of his consonants is responsible for a fragile music that is definitely and individually his. The music of these poems is a thin and clear blowing of the horns of Elfland, at least an octave higher—but not shriller—than that of any other poet who is at the same time a conscious musician. Sometimes what is primarily music freezes to a sculptured attitude, as in such a perfect Parnassian poem as "The Garden Images"; sometimes, but not often, it is the visual, perception which startles us with its vivid impressionistic painting as in a description of "the blossoms spurting, like matches, into flame on the almond tree". In his love poems, Mr. Wolfe shows himself as an exquisite subtlister: a sort of immaculate—and a little emasculate—lesser Donne, a Donne in whom the brutality of passion has been diluted by a refined aestheticism. As a first book, "The Unknown Goddess" is a brilliant promise, trembling on the verge of fulfilment. And it contains poems such as "Iliad", "Things Lovelier", "The Changing Spirit of Man" and "Envoi" whose keen tempered beauty seems destined for no early oblivion.

S.

*St. Stephen's Realm*

L. C. Tombs

At first, unexpected visit to Hungary fifteen months ago induced a second and equally fascinating stay in the land of the Magyars, the most charming and chivalrous people in Europe. One who reads books of Hungarian travel and converses with persons who knew Old Hungary gives no credence to the weird stories of "Hungarian propaganda" too often spread by the "Little Entente". The Magyar of all classes consistently maintains his tradition of noble manliness and a hospitality which, in its sincerity and quaint simplicity, seems to savour of the Middle Ages. Few people in Canada, or even England, realise that there is in Europe to-day a state which only emerged from mediaevalism some seven decades ago. The aristocracy and intelligentsia actually spoke Latin until well into the last century. The Hungarian, romantic and proud, devoted to a cherished tradition of "holy and apostolic" kingship, carries on a flourishing agricultural system in a society which has not altogether lost its feudal aspect.

The English-speaking student, remembering Hungary as one of "Our late enemies" and frequently hearing that country denounced as "reactionary" and "militaristic" by the "Little Entente", and, with perhaps more truth, as the oppressor of subject peoples, usually knows and cares little about this unique state. Hungary, for centuries under the heel of Turk and Austrian, was transformed so suddenly from a mediaeval colony of the Empire to at least the semblance of a modern European state that the liberal principles of Kossuth, and to a more wholesome degree of Déak and Eötvös, were not carried out in spirit by Magyar statesmen in the latter part of the nineteenth and present century. The Treaty of Trianon reduced the thousand-year old kingdom to less than one-third of its area and placed three and a half million Magyars under alien rule. Admitting the attempted Magyarisation of pre-war Hungary, it seems strangely wonderful that even now one finds within the present frontiers many compact and scattered colonies of people speaking German, Slovak, Croat and other tongues, and retaining their old "national" customs. It is not widely known that the section south-west of the city of Budapest remains almost entirely German and German-speaking. Up to the middle of the nineteenth century there was only one theatre in Pest and it was German. Hungary is "reactionary" because, as a vanquished and mutilated nation, it bravely and successfully raised its head after four months of Bolshevnik misrule and one hundred days of thieving Rumanian occupation. The national government directed by Admiral Horthy was so "reactionary" that it actually sent Hungarian troops to oppose the restoration of King Charles in 1921 when considerable Hungarian blood flowed outside Budapest. The army of "militaristic" Hungary is according to the peace treaty, restricted to 35,000 men. Yet more significant, the "Little Entente", composed of Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia, powerfully armed by France, and numbering forty millions of people to Hungary's own seven millions, surrounds this kingdom. I was told by a Hungarian friend that the mere shot of a rifle on a shooting expedition near the Hungaro-Rumanian frontier provided the excuse for the recent massing of Rumanian troops on the boundary. There are no

petty, irritating restrictions on personal liberty in Hungary; absolute law and order exists with complete freedom of the press. The Commissioner-General of the League of Nations in Budapest, Mr. Jeremiah Smith, a Boston banker, as may be seen from his latest report to Geneva, praises the courageous and successful manner in which Hungary has tackled its great problem of reconstruction. There is a distinct improvement in the financial situation this year largely owing to a bountiful harvest. The income of the Hungarian government now balances state expenditure. It is possible to devote the greater part of the loan sponsored by the League two years ago for purposes of investment within the kingdom. The wise and moderate government of the Regent, Admiral Horthy, led by the Prime Minister, Count Bethlen, instead of a premature restoration of the monarchy and agitation for a revision of frontiers, have wisely sought first to rebuild Hungary's shattered economic fabric. This is exceedingly difficult since the unity of the basin of the Middle Danube was destroyed in the realignment of frontiers.

M. de Monzie, a recent French Minister of Finance, in his sympathetic preface to M. Charles Tisseyre's "Un Erreur Diplomatique: La Hongrie Mutilée" says that this is the time not for a revision of treaties but for a dispassionate revision of ideas. And he is right. Mr. Lloyd George and Signor Nitti have lately stated that a reconsideration of the central and eastern European frontiers will come sooner or later. Hungary's strongest case, I feel, is in the storehouse of Magyar individuality and liberty, Transylvania, now included in a corrupt Rumania swollen to more than twice its pre-war area. I have met Transylvanian secret state police ("Siguranca"), so lately denounced by Mr. Fornu Costa, a former Rumanian Minister of the Interior, in his book calling for the abolition of this insidious body. The strong Catholic point of view of the Slovaks and Ruthenians in the struggle between the free-thinking Czech Government (and Bohemia generally) and the Vatican may prove auspicious for Hungary which is, in the main, Catholic. The unitary, rather than federal, Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, set up by Belgrade, by no means satisfies the Croats and Bunyevaces (Catholic Serbs.) An ultimate Middle European Federation, following an arbitrary revision of the frontiers—we are already hearing of another "Locarno pact"—is greatly to be desired.

The magnificent contribution of Hungary to the fine arts was, and is, the happier and more fruitful result of the reawakening of the Magyar spirit in the last century. Count Stephen Széchenyi, a forbear of the present Hungarian Minister to the United States, founded one hundred years ago the Academy of Sciences, and stimulated the revival of Magyar culture. In music, Liszt towers above all. In letters we find the poets, Arany and Petöfi; Jokai, the romantic novelist; and the Barons Eötvös, father and son, educator and physicist. Budapest, a splendid city of over a million inhabitants, contains two universities and several noteworthy museums and art galleries, two grand opera houses and at least six repertoire theatres. Lehar, of "Merry Widow" fame, is a Hungarian and brother of one of late King Charles' staunchest supporters. Plays of Molnar, Herczegh and Lengyel are frequently seen in many countries. Quite recently three contemporary Hungarian plays were produced in London simultaneously.

## The Sailor

A greasy skyline where the grey  
Unending billows roam,  
A lifting bow-wash, breaking spray,—  
These bound the sailor's home

A month or two. Then port is made,  
And in some Sailor Town  
At Frisco, Rio, Adelaide  
His shillings rattle down

For wine and women;—double rums,  
Vermouth and British beer,—  
A gold-haired wench to steal his purse  
And call him "Jackie, dear."

Then comes the squat-nosed harbour tug  
To hail him out to sea;  
The bell-buoys clang, the shore lights flash  
In sullen ecstasy,

And standing watch upon the peak  
He dreams of lips and hands,  
Drugged liquor and a painted cheek,  
And sighs, nor understands

That he's a dreamer, and the call  
That made a fool of him  
In Hamburg and in Montreal,  
Still to the wide sea's rim

Must lure him on with hint of wine  
More fragrant, and of lips  
Unpainted, luscious, half divine  
To men who sail in ships.

Goodridge Macdonald

The history of the universities of Hungary, particularly that of the University of Kolozsvár, since the conclusion of the Great War, is a stirring and touching one. Months before the conclusion of the peace treaties the Rumanian government disbanded the university at Kolozsvár (the German "Klausenburg"; the Rumanian "Cluj") and it was later temporarily transferred to Szeged. The University of Pozsony (alias Pressburg; alias Bratislava) in the old cultural centre of Hungary is now to be found in the town of Pécs near the Yugo-Slav frontier. The Hungarian student, who has been tossed about like a shuttlecock, is a delightful fellow who describes, in very excellent English, not only the misfortunes of his country but also his (at times) numerous love affairs. And he is able to be his real Magyar self if there is nearby one of the incomparable gypsy ("csigane") bands whose intoxicating "csardas" notes transport him from sorrow and care to the hope and joy of a dawning to-morrow.

The motto of Petöfi, which might well be that of every Hungarian, rendered in its imperfect English translation, runs as follows:-

"Freedom and love will ever be  
The highest bliss of life for me.  
Life would I yield for love's sweet sake,  
Or love, should freedom be at stake".

## To my Counterblasters—God Bless Them

(Continued from page 30)

trine that all men are equal, which Mr. Toole admits to be the basis of democracy? And why does Mr. Toole uphold Fascism, when he admits that it involves a dictatorship? I believe that the wicked fellow only does it because I let go an innocent little sneer at Fascism. At this point Mr. Lane again involves himself in a contradiction. Says he, "All men are born free and equal, says a famous work of fiction." Quite so, an admirable piece of irony, worthy of "Punch;" but why finish up "There be three things, Liberty, Fraternity and Equality, and the greatest is Liberty?" Mr. Toole thinks that I am wrong in supposing that human equality means a physical and mental equality. Fortunately there is no need for me to argue this point: Mr. Lane has done it for me, where he is talking about inscrutability and mystery and death and those things. I suppose he means that the pain and birth and death are the physical, and the mystery and inscrutability the mental: the tragedy, I take it, is both, and perhaps the pain is too. So there, Mr. Toole.

With regard to the Napoleonic Wars and the French Democracy in self-defence, I should like to know if self-defence involves overrunning all Europe? Now if Mr. Toole had attacked me here on the ground that the Napoleonic Wars were brought about by cruel Napoleon, who had reduced the French people to slavery, he would of course have been quite wrong, but it would have been a much stronger argument. As to the war of 1914, I think an elementary knowledge of Economics would lead Mr. Toole to modify views about "ancient ideals." And Germany was not an atheistic power: witness the late Kaiser's frequent pious exclamation, "Gott mit uns!"

I have a few further remarks, more particularly directed to my readers. I never heard that Greece or its paganism was "sad", and, to be quite honest, I should rather like to have lived in "polished Carthage." I am sure it would have been better than unpolished America. I should like some kind person to collect a "Chocolate éclair Fund" for Mr. Lane, and I hope nobody will be prejudiced by his remarks about the movies. I do not belong to the intelligentia, nor do I ever spill my ink on the paper: if I do spill it, it always goes on my clothes. I hope everyone will remember what Mr. Lane said about the

## Ascensions

HE dreamed ascension of those heights  
Where cloudy fishes swim.  
Under the alternate blacks and whites  
A small, green mound is over him.

Nevertheless, think not he has fallen low;  
Earth has not stepped on his conceit:  
He climbs where he could never go  
On merely mundane feet.

Vincent Starr.

coalheaver's oath, and endeavour to forget what Mr. Toole said about "b—y slavery." I should like to thank Mr. Toole for his suggestion about Hilaire Belloc, but I will not read him. Nevertheless, seeing that Mr. Toole meant well, I should like to recommend him, in return, to go a little further back and try Nietzsche. By all means search the history of France, Poland, Switzerland and Ireland, Holland and Denmark and Quebec: you will find lots about democracy in at least half of them, and it will not edify you.

Finally, do not look upon me as Caesar: it would embarrass me. . . . On the whole, dear readers, I think you will agree with me that Mr. Toole's and Mr. Lane's efforts are adequate proof of the necessity of slavery, and justification of my thesis.

Typewriting

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