

Fortnightly Review

An Independent Journal of Literature and Student Opinion

Vol. I. No. 5

PRICE 10 CENTS

Saturday, January 23, 1926

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

The Quest.....	<i>Juvenis</i>
What is Art ?.....	<i>A. Edel</i>
The Disastrous College Daily.....	<i>A.P.R. Coulborn</i>
The Why of the College Daily.....	<i>T. H. Harris</i>
Correspondence.....	<i>W. L. M.</i>

Punchinello in a Purple Hat.....	<i>Michael Gard</i>
Here Lies an Honest Man.....	<i>Vincent Starr</i>

BOOKS

Le Grand Ecart.....	<i>E. G.</i>
Sonnet.....	<i>T. T.</i>

EDITORIAL

STUDENT affairs at McGill are becoming vastly organized. We wish to plead for a little less efficiency, a little less of this spirit-killing desire to organize everything to the highest point possible.

Tabulation, these days, has become a great god before whom we must make continuous offerings of records, statistics, rosters, directories, and all the various organization-forms evolved by ingenious executives for the efficient management of large money-making concerns. The meticulous registration necessary in the world of commerce has been made the ideal for every form of human activity, and the body politic. Consider but one very obvious example. Charity—has it not become so magnificently organized nowadays as to entitle it to be called a business proposition rather than a Christian virtue? Do we not like to enter upon blue, pink or green cards, according to the age, sex, geographical situation or what not of the donor, the amount he or she has given to charity this year, so that at the next collection we may bring all the force of public opinion to bear to prevent a decline of virtue and a falling off of receipts? Formerly it was thought that in matters of this sort the right hand ought not to know what the left was doing: now, in our enlightenment, we set ourselves an "objective", read with petty malice the published lists in the newspapers, and let the resulting financial success beguile us into a justification of the method. And people are incensed if one attempts to point out that the loss to society through the inevitable decline in true generosity is greater than the gain resulting from the extra relief that we are able by this means to give to our paupers.

The growth of all this tabulation and "efficiency" is at bottom due, one feels, to the triumph of the quantitative over the qualitative analysis. The pernicious dictatorship of numbers, scarcely to be avoided under a democracy, has received the seal of final approval from the philosophy—if one may call it that—of

commerce, and is now dominating our thought. Bigness counts. That which is numerically largest is, *prima facie*, of greatest moral worth; the preacher who draws the largest congregation is the most worth hearing, the moving picture that costs most is the most worth seeing, and the game which attracts the biggest crowd is the most worth playing. Did we not once see, somewhere, a reference to McGill's "\$50,000 Memorial Gates"? Yes, we must count our congregations and our audiences, calculate in hard cash our expenditures, increases, losses and receipts, or we have no standard on which to base a judgment. And so we welcome above all the man of organizing ability who can instill this efficiency into our institutions; who can, by means of card-indexing or some other form of systematisation, bring completely under the purview of headquarters the doings of every member and employee of the institution, the reason for every fraction of expense; who can, in a word, run us as machinery is run, and make easily accessible to us all the data necessary to form a quantitative analysis.

Such being the spirit of the age, it was more in sorrow than surprise that we read in the Daily of January 7th the latest questionnaire which has been evolved for the more efficient management of the students of McGill. It has been framed by the Athletic Board and the Students' Council, and is intended to serve "as a complete account of the activities of undergraduates in both official capacities and sport activities". The badgered student, let it be remembered, has already had to fill in as a Freshman a positively immigrational questionnaire asking for information as to his athletic, artistic and social activities (as viewed by himself); "all these questions are included on a small card and coloured tabs are attached to the cards to show the hobbies and tendencies of each student" (I am quoting the naive report published in the Daily when this incredible system was inaugurated last year) "so that when men are needed for a college orchestra, for instance, by merely picking out the cards which have the tabs showing that a certain student has played

in an orchestra, musicians can be collected quickly". What an orchestra it would be! The same student will also at some time be asked to write his biography for publication in the Annual. And now, to cap it all, he is expected to inform the centre of our student bureaucracy whether he has held any executive positions, captained any team, won any letters or numerals, set any athletic records, won any scholarships or prizes (this, of course, comes after questions on sport), or "been prominent in any activities not included in the above".

If the love of office and the desire for prominence are not fostered by methods such as these it will not be the fault of our organizers. The saner element in the University will ignore the questionnaire as it deserves to be ignored, but some, unfortunately, will be only too glad of the opportunity of displaying their successes:—successes, be it noted, which if worthy of remembrance at all, can with the greatest ease be extracted from the columns of the Daily or the pages of the Annual. And when all is gathered in, *cui bono?* We shall still further have organized our sport; we shall know the number of records broken and prizes won (all of which we know already); we shall accustom the students to meditate upon their "prominence"; we shall be able to make quantitative analyses of student activities to our hearts' content. But that is all, except that we shall perhaps attain some distinction as a training ground for men desirous of entering a Civil Service career.

If records of this kind are to be kept there should be installed in the Union one of those mechanical marvels now employed by large insurance offices for the sorting of their policies. A dial is set, a lever adjusted, a button pressed, and lo! there before you are thrust up the names of all holders of the particular policy under investigation. This system, if applied to the control of student activities, would be prodigious of results. How easy it would be, in an emergency, to obtain a list of all the past presidents of second year Commerce! How simple a matter to discover how many numerals were worn in 1925! With what excellent rapidity could our thirty-five representative hosts be collected and despatched to their entertaining duties! Backed by such an efficient organization our teams could scarcely fail to be victorious, our classes orderly, or our hospitality worthy of the proud name we bear.

One last word, the framers of this questionnaire, surpassing even the English language in their excessive zeal, have warned the undergraduates to forego the temptation of making "wise-cracks" which (as they justly remark) the occasion offers. So be it. We will content ourselves with advising one and all to read and ponder upon the awful fate of Fulgence Tapir as it is eternally recorded in the introduction to *Penguin Island*.

* * *

THE executive of the McGill Music Club is to be commended for bringing so eminent an artist as Louis Graveure to Montreal. The college organization is doing at the same time a service not only to McGill students but to the general public.

The Quest

Jjuvenis

"Beauty, that beauty which is perfection, that is the quest of my continual seeking," said the youth, "but you, old man, shall I some day become as you are, old and twisted; will my seeking end in this?" The old, old man coughed harshly and answered in the soft voice of some long-forgotten youth; in the voice of some high-hearted boy, now dead, he answered: "Yes, my son, you, too, will become as I, old and gnarled and not beautiful to gaze upon. You, too, will come to this. But something will remain ever with you, if you do not weary of seeking your high quest. Oh, my son, guard your dreams from the dragon of Disillusion which dwells in the halls of Disenchantment.

"Long years ago, I, too, was a high-hearted youth, pacing light heartedly the broad highways of the land in the quest of beauty. And, as my youthfulness passed from me, I came to despair of quest, for nowhere had I found that beauty which I sought. A day came when I sat by the roadside troubled at my vain searching; but still my dreams were with me and I mused on them and was comforted. When evening came I found myself at the edge of a deep wood already dark in the early twilight. A river issued out from it, laughing and leaping in the yet remaining sunlight; leaping and laughing as if with gladness at escape from the darkness of the wood.

"Standing at the river's brim, I wondered how to cross over to the other side, for there was no bridge. And, as I turned, the music ceased and a low voice, melodious as running waters, called me by name, saying: 'Look, O my lover, I am that beauty which you seek.'

"So I stayed with that vision of loveliness, and dwelt with her many days in her white cottage by the river's edge; ah, had I not stayed, my dreams were still with me. But still my inmost longings were not satisfied, and I tired of her and desired perfection in her. My yearnings gave my lovely companion much sadness, and she sighed, saying to me; 'Sweet youth, you are sad as others have been sad with me in other days. Youths have deserted me in sorrow; will you also leave me?' Then I said; 'I shall not desert you, if you will but help me in finding that true beauty which is perfection.' She answered that she would do as I desired, warning me of the sorrow it would cause me; but my yearning bid me repeat my request.

"Now the beautiful one was accustomed to bathe in the river each morning at sunrise that she might retain my youth. On that day on which the moon was at its fullness she promised to bathe once more, at sundown, to gratify my wish. One evening soon afterwards she announced that the hour of fulfillment was now at hand; and she went forth to bathe alone.

"I waited long and long, but she did not return, and I went forth to seek her. The river was silent and the moonbeams glittered on its motionless ripples; it was frozen fast. In its midst she stood in most graceful pose, still and seeming lifeless. I called, and was not answered; then I approached nearer and I saw that she would never any more answer my cries to her. She had become perfection, beauty

(Continued on page 44)

What is Art?

A Dialogue

A. Edel

Thrasymachus

Socrates

Yes, Socrates, that play of Aristophanes is the best work of art I have ever seen.

Well Thrasymachus, all I can say is that I have enjoyed seeing myself swinging in a basket and gazing at the stars. But as for Art.....

What do you mean, Socrates? Do you not consider it a work of Art?

I cannot say, my friend—for what is Art? Can you tell me? I understand not such phrases concerning things which all men speak of, yet none explain.

Most certainly I can, Socrates. But surely you do not mean that you are so ignorant as not to understand the meaning of Art? Art, my friend, is one of the most important factors in our life. Art is Beauty.

What Thrasymachus, are Art and Beauty one and the same thing?

That is what I said.

But a sunset is beautiful, is it not?

Of course.

Would you say that it is a work of Art?

No, certainly not.

Then Art and Beauty are not the same. Nor is any natural scene a work of Art. Art is the work of men. Do you not agree?

But Socrates, do not men generally concede that the face of Niobe in the rock is artistic?

Yes, Thrasymachus, but why? Is it not because it resembles so closely the work of man that one might almost say a man had carved it out in the rock. And then the water flowing from above makes it seem as if she were weeping. Very artistic indeed.

At any rate, Socrates, your argument is wrong. I did not say that Art and Beauty were coincident. If I were to say "All men are animals," it would not mean that all animals are men. So "All Art is Beauty." does not mean that whatever is beautiful is Art.

Then, Thrasymachus, your definition means nothing more or less than that Art is beautiful. Of course we admit that. But that is not a definition. It conveys absolutely nothing. It is meaningless.

Then I shall amend it to suit your intelligence, Socrates, and I hope you will understand it this time. Art is a portrayal of Beauty. There is nothing wrong with that, I hope.

It sounds quite reasonable, my most sagacious friend, but I have one or two questions to ask you.

A battle scene has certainly nothing of Beauty in it. Yet undoubtedly a painting of it is a work of Art. So Art is not always a portrayal of Beauty.

Call it a portrayal of Life then, if you wish. It makes no difference. What is Life without Beauty?

You certainly make many of those things which appear to us poor mortals fundamental in Life, seem identical. Perhaps, before we are through, you will say Art is Life itself. However, let Art be the portrayal of Life. Then will the Art be higher or lower, according as the portrayal is more or less true to life? In short, is the Art better if the portrayal of Life is more accurate, and worse if the portrayal is less accurate?

Most certainly.

And so the nearer the portrayal approaches to perfection, the greater is the Art, and the farther it is from perfection, the inferior the Art.

Yes.

Now suppose that by some means or other, let us say with the use of light, a natural scene be transferred to a piece of papyrus, so that we should have an exact reproduction of that scene. For want of a better word let us call it a "photograph." Would you call this a work of Art?

Not at all, Socrates. It would be altogether lifeless.

You are quite right, Thrasymachus. No one would call this photograph a work of Art like a painting of that same scene.

I agree.

Then, evidently, the reverse of what we said before is true, and instead of the Art becoming better the nearer it gets to perfection of portrayal, we actually realize that it becomes worse, and if it would be a perfect portrayal it would not be a work of Art. Do you not think this is right?

So it appears.

And if the portrayal is practically perfect, is it not that much more artistic than when it is perfect?

I suppose, so since the perfect is not at all artistic. And if it is a little more unlike the perfect, then is it not that much more a work of Art than what is practically perfect?

Yes.

So it would seem that the more imperfect the portrayal, the more artistic the work.

It seems so at any rate.

And is not a perfect blotch the most imperfect portrayal of the original?

Of course.

Then a perfect blotch is the greatest artistic achievement, is it not?

But surely, Socrates, this is a paradox.

No doubt it is contrary to opinion, but orthodox opinion is not always the right one, you must remember.

Still, Socrates, I am far from convinced. Art must appeal to an individual, but a perfect blotch certainly does not.

What, Thrasymachus, must Art appeal to the individual?

Yes, it must, and so now we can word our definition thus, "Art is that portrayal of Life which appeals to the individual."

But then do not different things appeal to different individuals?

I will not fall into your trap this time, Socrates. Yes, individual tastes are different. In that way, Art is a subjective matter. But there are certain standards which are commonly accepted for Art. Even then in doubtful cases there is often a dispute which cannot be settled except by reference to the opinion of the majority of those who are recognized critics.

Let us examine your definition again. Do you still mean by a "portrayal of Life," an imitation of scenes in Life?

Not, so Socrates, I mean that Art draws its materials from Life.

But where else might Art or any other work of man draw its materials?

From reason and thought.

But must not reason and thought be about something? In short, does not Life furnish us materials for whatever we may do?

True, Socrates.

Then, my friend, we can very well drop the phrase "portrayal of Life" from our definition. For we seem agreed that everything portrays Life, since it draws

(Continued on page 43)

The Disastrous College Daily

A. P. R. Coulborn

An University—we trust it will be allowed—is primarily a house of learning, and all things within it should conduce to this end. At least they should not militate against it. If games are to be countenanced at all, it must be strictly on the principle of *Mens sana in corpore sano*. Further, an University should be dignified, which does not mean that students should strut stiffly about the Campus with long faces and noses supine, but that in all they do, they should be at ease—artistic ease, and should avoid crudity, whether it be the crudity of vulgarity, the crudity of imperfection, or the crudity of the purely ridiculous.

If this be allowed, which surely it must by all sensible persons, then it follows that a "College Daily" is a plain evil. In the first place not only does a Daily fail to aid learning, but positively hinders it. It must occupy a large part of the time of its staff, which would not matter if they were thus employed to good purpose: but they are employed to extremely bad purpose. The kind of writing which they produce is journalese, the very negation of literature. Since newspapers depend always largely upon sensationalism, they are compelled to develop the sensational style. Garish phraseology is their stock-in-trade: a newspaper article need have nothing whatever to say provided only that it say it in a startling manner; the result is—verbiage. That an University should nurse in its bosom a newspaper is little short of idiotic, for it forces upon those who should be learning to write with meaning, the obligation of emitting literary wind.

The best sort of student knows this instinctively and avoids Dailies like the plague. Thus they fall into the hands of the lesser men. From this fact proceeds more evil. The average Daily is crude to a degree. The very fact that it must appear every day, forces its staff to write quickly and carelessly, if they are to do the work at all, and there appear, under the name of the University, literary atrocities, of which the average business-man or his stenographer would be ashamed. The expression "A good time was had by all," adequately sums this up. Vulgarity seems to be absolutely essential to the average Daily. Such pseudonyms as "Gridiron Gus" illustrate this well. It is the easiest of all the thoroughly bad ways of attracting attention, and the type of student, who invariably finds his way on to the staff of a Daily, is compelled to resort to it continually.

The vital question is: what part does the Daily really fill in the life of the University? Supposedly it gives the news of the University, but when one reads the legitimate newspapers and observes the great straits to which they are often reduced in order to glean sufficient news to fill their columns, taking as they do the whole world as their field, one is led to marvel that there is ever found enough news within the little world of an University to fill the columns of a Daily. Indeed there is not. The real news which happens in an University each day could very easily be given in one single column of one page and as a rule in less than that. Dailies fill themselves by various expedients. In the first place they report all meetings of all Clubs, most of which are of no earthly interest to any person except the members of those Clubs,

and the members have mostly, one presumes, been themselves present at the club meetings reported. To offer an account of them to the rest of the community is the height of absurdity. The same is true of the next category of Daily copy, advance "write-ups" odious term—of meetings about to take place.

Both advance notices of events which are going to happen, and any such general news as there is in an University, could perfectly well be communicated to the students and staff, by the much simpler device of notices on notice boards. So also could any facts, which occur in Club meetings and ought to be noised abroad. The notice board, in fact, could undertake all the useful functions of a Daily equally well.

Beyond the classes of material already dealt with, there remain certain anomalous columns usually transcribed from other journals, the Editorials, and the advertisements. Of the first class, as a rule it is of no use or interest whatever, and if it ever is, it can easily be read in the journal which first published it. The Editorials of the College Daily are a standing joke in any case. They consist as a rule of exhortations to students to be better men, unnecessary and unenlightened comments upon the doings of public persons, and similar nonsense. When, by some curious chance, something intelligent does find its way into these columns it would have had a far better publicity in a periodical of a literary nature, which the public is in the habit of reading. The advertisements of the College Daily are usually neither better nor worse than those appearing elsewhere. They are there merely for financial reasons, in order that it may be possible to publish the paper at all. We could dispense with them, as readily as with the rest of a Daily.

It is difficult, here, to understand the real reason for the existence of a Daily at all. But, as is only too frequently the case in such things, we must search among that great body of "low motives" which actuate mankind. An institution which needs to publish a periodical in order to give itself full expression must indeed be a high and mighty society, and to publish a Daily newspaper suggests further that so much happens within the walls of the university that it can only thus be fully told. A Daily is of the nature of plumage: the University which wears such plumage advertises itself, screaming in the market place like the Babylonian harlot. And of course as soon as one University does this, all the rest must follow. It is significant that Dailies occur only in America. In Europe, Universities behave with dignity and commonsense; the European student would laugh at the idea of a "College Daily."

The tragedy of all this is that a Daily costs a considerable sum of money to publish, and each year the unfortunate students must pay their exiguous cash to support this absurdity. At McGill and indeed in most universities of the continent this is especially iniquitous as the Daily—and many other "activities" too are kept up by the artificial means, of a "levy" the McGill Daily was supported legitimately by sale in an open market in the first year of its existence. In its second year it did not "sell" however. Surely the verdict of the students of the University was plainly expressed in this. But the tub-thumpers, our friends who would "sell McGill" decided that it must be supported by force, virtually by stealing the students' money. When this is said, it is enough.

The Why of the College Daily

T. H. Harris

(News Editor, McGill Daily)

LET it be granted at the outset that the University Daily Newspaper is of non-European origin; that the deep-thinking, earnest students of such renowned Universities as Oxford, Cambridge, Breslau, Dusseldorf, Puffendorf and Eselschwanz have never gone as far as to conceive of this institution. Let it be admitted, too, that it is puerile in its ideals, ridiculous in the simplicity of its buffoonery and childlike (and more than often ungrammatical) in its bald, bold, sweeping statements.

These facts notwithstanding, I hold that the existence of the University Daily need not be apologized for. I am convinced that the appearance of a newspaper on the campus, six days a week is a thing not only justified, but commendable. My reasons for so thinking I shall now lay before you for your consideration.

All of us, I think, will admit (much as we may dislike to) that the professional newspaper is daily playing a more and more important part in our lives, and that despite its tendency toward inaccuracy and party discoloration, it is the best and most complete recorder of current history. Likewise, the University Daily is recording the activities, customs, manners, humbug and bunkum of the early twentieth century University Student. It is providing future generations with a true conception of our remarkable existence. This is something that say, the occasional alleged literary organ, produced by persons who slobber beer-froth over their already soup-stained bow ties does not truthfully do.

To revert for just a moment to the professional rag—it is steadily improving in quality. At this statement I hear voices raised in loud protest—more and more, they say in contradiction, are newspapers deteriorating. These adverse critics are visualizing no doubt, such loathsome examples as the *Boston Advertiser* and other products of the brain of William Randolph Hearst. Nor have these papers degenerated; they were born in depths too low to allow of their sinking further. But what I had reference to was the class of newspaper that does credit to its name, and this, I insist is steadily improving.

But, what, you are now asking, has all this got to do with the College Daily? Let me tell you how the two are intimately bound together. Professional dailies are every day employing a growing number of University graduates; the greater proportion of these graduates has been trained on his University sheet. Thus, we may fairly conclude that the rise in calibre of the daily press may be attributed in great measure to the existence on our University Campuses of a daily Newspaper.

And since we have mentioned the training afforded by the undergrad. rag let me digress sufficiently long enough to point out that as great a number of students as wish to, are afforded an opportunity of becoming fairly well acquainted, from a good many angles, with the details of the publishing and printing industries.

Let us turn now to another question. Every college daily with which I have acquaintance, in all, about fifty, maintains under some name or other, a "Correspondence Column". In this column there are debated

for the most part, questions that are of vital and immediate interest to the student body. The opportunity for genuine and honest debate (not offered by the ever-present wind-bag Societies) among the students is here presented. I have it from a couple of Associate Professors (one of English, the other of Economics) that the Correspondence Column alone almost justifies the existence of our own *Daily*. And this I hold to be true of college dailies in general. It is true that this valuable column often peters out and dies down; but only to rise again, usually with renewed vigour. The long drawn out interims, during which no one has anything to write about are easily counterbalanced, however, by the periodic volcanic outbursts.

Occasionally, from underneath the mess of piffle, platitude and urgings to attend rooters' practices that appears in the editorial columns of our dailies, one may drag something really clever. Witness for instance the good work of the *Campus*, published by the students of the College of the City of New York, and of the *Crimson* of Harvard University. If but one in ten of the editorials produced by the University daily, be worth while; that one good article compensates for the nine bad, and contributes to the justification of the existence of the college sheet.

One of the numerous purposes of the University is presumably to educate; to inculcate in the minds of those who attend a love for things that are just a little bit above the ordinary. Among such things as may be listed in this class, that, that we commonly call "literature" may justifiably be said to take first place. Now "literature" does not necessarily imply lop-sided, futuristic concoctions which the perpetrators are wont to style poetry, nor does it necessarily include the "new, realistic" prose, loaded to the hilt with thinly disguised slime and filth. Further, the pink-tea bow-tied individuals, to whom I have before made reference) are not adjuncts of good literature.

But to return to University students, and their daily newspapers, and to connect these with literature—literature, we have said, should occupy the most important position among students' intellectual pursuits. It is only natural that the University (both students and professors) should look to the *Campus Daily* to assist as far as possible in the promotion of the knowledge of literature. That the dissemination of literary knowledge should be one of the duties of the undergraduate Newspaper is an almost self-evident truth. For the most part our dailies are satisfactorily performing this function, through the media of highly developed editorial pages, literary columns, sections, or supplements. Of the better known Universities that boast of daily newspapers, only one (as far as I know) makes no attempt at some sort of literary section. It did, once, but those who were to be editors of and contributors to this literary section, thought that its narrow bounds shackled them. They left their newspaper flat; perhaps, some day, this paper will recover sufficiently from the blow to go abroad and seek others who might undertake the editing of literary columns. Again, the college daily, has justified itself.

There is one other function performed by the college daily—a small one, which does not, in and of itself, justify the existence of the daily but which contributes to its justification. The College Daily, just like the Metropolitan Daily, disseminates news, "needing only", says Dr. Leacock, "a little murder to put it in line with

(Continued on page 44)

Correspondence

The Editor, The McGill Fortnightly Review,

Dear Sir:-

Fiction takes such curious forms nowadays that it is sometimes difficult to detect. If "December" by F.R.S., for instance, in your issue of the 19th ultimo, was intended for fiction, I withdraw at once, but if not let me point out one or two of the fictitious creations in the argument of that essay.

There are two contentions I should like to examine. First, that cold northern countries are unsuitable for the cultivation of the higher arts. Second, that our Canadian winter is a colorless, toneless dirge in five monthly movements.

As to the first, I am not prepared to take up the whole issue of F.R.S.'s argument. It will be sufficient in the interests of truth, perhaps, if I glance for a moment at his examples of artistic sterility. There is Russia, with her "quantity of garrulous pessimism in literature" and "limited number of musicians." I appeal Sir, to F.R.S. and I am almost moved to Oliver Cromwell's adjuration as well, to think it possible that he may be wrong. Let him read "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina", "Dead Souls", and "The Idiot",—the first Gogol's, the second Dostoevsky's, and if he has the time then, to think over the connotation of the word garrulous. Again he must have seen *some* Russian painting; surely he remembers what Degas thought about Russian art.

Take the next: Scandinavia. In the jargon of local journalese McGill has acquired the epithet cosmopolitan; characteristically of journalese the word is mis-used, of course, but in any case, if the University contains any Norwegians or Swedes, they will experience a revelation in insularity when they see that Scandinavia has "done little towards beautifying the world." Perhaps F.R.S. does not think Strindberg or Ibsen, or Swedenborg, or Knut Hamsun, beautiful, but some few remain to hold that these and their fellows in Scandinavia are artists. And after all the Sagas came from Scandinavia, too.

In other words F.R.S.'s summary dismissal of these countries cannot be accepted as aids to his arguments: he may not like the northern climate, but that dislike does not really extinguish the art that cold countries have produced. (Besides it occurs to me here, that Germany is more northern in its exposure than Switzerland.) It would be easy—following this method to show that hot countries are entirely barren of art. The Caribbean Sea is silent: the Zulus produce a large quantity of sombre monotony but no really great music: what have the southern Americans done to beautify our drawing rooms? Greece has done practically nothing, roughly, since Praxiteles.

Then what about the cold colorless winter of Canada! As I write I look at a Christmas card by a Canadian artist—a snow scene, but with blue shadows; opal sunset: scarlet rugs on the horses, golden hollows under the eaves of the building—a chromatic scale several octaves longer than that of an English winter for example. Sunlit snowy days in Canada are far from rare, and chiaroscuro is not the correct medium for portraying a Canadian winter scene. It would be hard to find a more flagrant lack of vision. "There are few variations, few shades and tints and combinations," says F.R.S. I suppose if these are invisible to him, one cannot persuade him that they are there. They

Punchinello in a Purple Hat

PUNCHINELLO in a purple hat
scattered a handful of grey dust,
singing the while a song of this and that.
They asked him why. He said because I must.

Punchinello in a purple hat
stood upon his mother's breast, and sang.
He sang of stars and flowers, this and that,
and for a little while the welkin rang
and clattered like a long dingdong
that churned the Milky Way to cheese
(whereof I carve a moon) His song
treated of ecstasy, of things like these:

Cupid and my Campaspé, kisses, cards;
pledged cocktails of a woman's eyes;
tears, idle tears; tall trees and dusty shards;
love, laughter, beauty, apples, angels, flies;
mermaid winding their golden tails
about the heart, combing the sea to waves;
nightingales and girls, and nightingales
and brooding boys; coral and cool caves.

Whilom he sang, the dust awoke:
there was a stirring in the inner bone;
and somewhere flame—because he saw the smoke;
and somewhere fellowship—he stood alone.

Michael Gard

Here Lies an Honest Man

CHISEL this monumental calumny
Clammily cold and eagerly erect!
This was no saint. But plain gentility
Owed some respect,

And honest tombstone-makers might have spared
To spoil clean granite with a public lie,
Content to undisturb the silence shared
By those who die.

But red-eyed relatives gave glozing gold
For chewing chisellers to eulogize,
And he who surely would have bid them hold—
Meekly assenting lies.

Vincent Starr

would be classed as imagination—but I know I have
no visual imagination whatever and yet I see scores
of tints, hues and combinations of color in a winter
day.

"December" suggested a number of lines of dis-
cussion on the cultivation of art, its origins, etc., but
I cannot open them here. I would say this however,
that F.R.S. might have more hope for the arts in Canda
—be more socratic in this respect shall we say—if he
considered the place of homogeneity, of population
and civilization in their growth. Also, once again I
should point to the painting of Canadian artists for
a partial refutation of this deplorably dun view of our
winter landscape: they—the artists—are not all
entirely insincere in what they represent.

Yours faithfully,

W.L.M.

BOOKS

Le Grand Ecart

Par Jean Cocteau

(Librairie Stock)

JEAN Cocteau est essentiellement moderne. Mais son souci n'est pas seul d'être à la page. Il sait dire plus que des actualités. Son art d'abord, s'opposant au vague impressionisme, connaît l'arithmétique des Dadas et des Cubistes. Ses figures sont contournées au crayon fin, les situations sont indiquées en schemas, le style concis, abstrait, est balancé par des contrastes et des rappels maniés avec plus de tact que n'en eut jamais Hugo, le jongleur d'antithèses. Plus mesuré que Paul Morand, pour qui l'art d'écrire devient une succession de trucs à épate, ou "stunts", comme on dit par ici, il n'est pas artificiel.

Et voici pour le fond. Cocteau ne s'occupe pas de doctrine. Il apparaît souvent comme un amateur au goût parfait et en tous cas il n'est suspect d'aucune conviction sociale; par là j'inclus toute attitude religieuse, morale ou politique officiellement reconnue. Il fait oeuvre philosophique pourtant, utile et sincère, il me semble. *Le Grand Ecart*, son seul roman, est la description d'une maladie sentimentale. Jacques Forestier, le patient, est un jeune homme trop sensible, accablé d'intellectualisme, et qui prend des idées généreuses pour des idées générales. Il souffre d'un Bovarysme mâle héréditaire, (sous-produit du romantisme et gaspille sa vie et ses émotions dans ses désordres d'imaginatif. Venise, la vieille rouée, lui débauche son coeur vierge, Paris le happe et le déchire et de détresse en détresse il tente de s'empoisonner. Il se manque et revient à l'existence morne, meurtri mais guéri, décidé coute que coute à se bâtir le caractère, prendre un uniformetère, prendre un uniforme, un masque et du poids dans les souliers. Je cite la dernière phrase du livre:

"Sous quel uniforme cacherai-je mon coeur trop gros? se demandait Jacques. Il paraîtra toujours. Jacques se sentait redevenir sombre. Il savait bien que pour vivre sur terre il faut en suivre les modes et le coeur ne s'y porte plus."

J'ajouterai que ce livre, d'une franchise absolue, traite des sujets les plus scabreux avec pudeur, puisque avec goût. Je le considère instructif.

E. G.

Sonnet

(On reading the results of the examinations)

NOW know I how stout Cortez would have felt
Had fog hid the Pacific from his sight.

I sense the blow that Perseus had been dealt
If fair Andromeda had proved a fright.

I understand Napoleon's despair

When the Old Guard were foiled at Waterloo,

And why, at Runnymede, John tore his hair

After the barons forced the Charter through.

Each of these crises, fanciful or real,

Were moments when great men sustained defeat,

And, like myself, felt disappointment steal

All that was bright from life, all that was sweet.

I am a man who, by ambition stirred,
Aimed at a first, and only got a third.

T. T.

What is Art?

(Continued from page 39)

its materials from Life. And so what is left of our definition is "Art is that which appeals to the individual." Is this correct?

Evidently it is.

And does not all Life appeal to the individual in some respect or other?

It certainly does.

Then Art is Life and Life is Art, and we have come to the conclusion which if you will remember, I predicted long ago.

No Socrates, I do not mean anything of the kind. I mean that Art is something which has a certain sort of appeal to the individual, which affects his aesthetic sense. What we call Art is purely a matter of one's subjective reaction, and you will find it very hard to prove otherwise, my clever fellow.

At any rate I will try, Thrasymachus. But tell me this. May not a work of Art appeal to any single individual at one time and not at another?

Perhaps.

Then is it Art at one time and not at the other?

That is not the point. We are considering an individual of certain tastes and inclinations, not one of passing moods.

Will a work of Art, then, appeal to this man in the same way at different times, since his tastes remain the same?

Yes it will.

And if the work in some way deteriorates will not its appeal be less, and if it becomes better will not its appeal be greater?

Assuredly so.

Then is not there something in the work itself to which each subjective reaction on the part of the one viewing it corresponds?

It appears that this is the case.

And so must there not be an absolute standard of Art, since each reaction is but a result of difference in the masterpiece itself?

What, Socrates, is not the work of Art a mere physical thing? And would you say that certain measurements in lines, certain strokes, or certain notes or words, constitute Art?

Not so, my friend, they are but symbols.

Symbols of what?

Symbols of what is in the artist's mind. In short, we have come to our long sought definition. Art is true self-expression.

And what do you mean by that, Socrates?

Simply this, Thrasymachus—The objective world, the world about us, plays on our senses, does it not?

Certainly.

Our mind receives the impressions—all the beauty of the universe enters, as well as its sorrows, of course. Then something happens within the mind, a digesting as it were. What we call originality and personality play their part here. From this Mass are formed ideas, pulses, longings, and so forth. This happens in different degrees to all of us. Now an artist is one who by means of physical materials can transfer these ideas and impulses from his own mind to another's without distorting them. That is why I call Art true self-expression, and after all, very few of us are really capable of it.

There is much truth in what you say, Socrates, but suppose you have a man who truly expresses himself, yet others fail to perceive his meaning, for the world

about us may have caused a different reaction in him which we cannot at all understand. Is not his work then Art?

Certainly it is, and men recognize it as such. But they call it impressionism to show that it is the artist's own reaction—his impression of the world. And similarly we have futurism. Do you not agree?

On the whole, Socrates, I must congratulate you. You have conducted the argument very well. Some day we shall go over it again and see if your conclusion is right, shall we not?

Whenever you wish, Thrasymachus. I am always ready to search for Truth.

Well I do not grudge you it, Socrates. There is enough for us all. And perhaps some day you may find it. At any rate you can argue almost as well as we Sophists.

The Quest

(Continued from page 38)

caught in graceful pose; but no longer having that living, ever-changing beauty I had known. That wondrous life and loveliness had gone . . . and I had come to the end of my seeking.

"Then sorrow filled me and I wandered with despair into the dark, silent wood. In its gloomy depths were the halls of disenchantment; my youth remained there and I wandered the highways of the land once more, and was no longer young. And my dreams have remained with my lost youth."

The old, old man coughed harshly and turned to the high-hearted youth. But the boy was sweetly sleeping in the long grasses at the old man's feet; and he smiled in his dream.

Epilogue by Juvenis

The above effort of my somewhat frail pen and certain comments on it before its submission to your paper give an interesting illustration of a tendency in literary criticism much too manifest in our time. On showing it to several persons separately, I was informed that it was strongly "influenced" by Cabell, Dunsany, Stevenson, Wilde, and Yeats. Each of five persons detected a strong and overwhelming "influence" of the especial writer he mentioned, one cautious fellow even referring to two of them.

This hardly speaks well for the critical faculty of our reputed intelligentia; it savours a little too much of the private detective agency. With a few more on the scent, the list of suspects might have been augmented. Nevertheless, worse things have been done in the name of criticism, and by persons who should reasonably be expected to know better. There is a certain variety of critic who persists in coupling such names as Cabell and Dreiser, Dickens and Thackeray and so on. Even the great Mencken, that manly superman of American criticism can scarcely close a paragraph without giving evidence of his erudition by a cluster of incongruous names. One almost despairs of some contemporary criticism; even Matthew Arnold was better than this.

The Why of the College Daily

(Continued from page 41)

the big metropolitan dailies". News, however trivial, always makes interesting reading and supplies one of our baser wants.

And finally, if for no other reason, college dailies are justified because by far the greater number of them would prefer to say political science, rather than *staatswissenschaft*; taboo, rather than *tabu*; statement rather than *pronunciamento*; conversation rather than *conversazione*; kind rather than *genre*; etc. etc. etc. It is a great pity that those who are so fond of italics have not a font of Greek at their disposal. What a good time they would have!

God save the King and the Daily press.

Editor's Note

We are glad that the spirit of controversy is being maintained within our pages. The discussion here begun might well be continued within the correspondence columns of the McGill Daily. It only remains to add that these two articles were written independently. Neither writer saw the other's article before completing his own.

The McGill Fortnightly Review

Editors A. P. R. COULBORN, A. B. LATHAM,
F. R. SCOTT, A. J. M. SMITH.

Managing Editor: L. EDEL.

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.

TEL. UPTOWN 6834

Burton's Limited

Booksellers & Stationers

597 St. Catherine St. West
Montreal, P. Q.

BETWEEN DRUMMOND AND MOUNTAIN STS.