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EDITORIAL

IT has lately become apparent that many university students are realizing that they are an integral part of the educational system. Student protest and revolt is manifest in every university. "All over the country," says Mencken in his latest, *Prejudices: Fifth Series*, "...in scores of far-flung colleges the students have begun to challenge their professors, often very harshly. After a while they may begin to challenge the masters of their professors. Not all of them will do it, and not most of them. But it doesn't take a majority to make a rebellion; it takes only a few determined leaders and a sound cause."

Realizing this, we read with considerable surprise some extremely interesting filler in the *McGill Daily*, which attests to a converse of Mr. Mencken's statement. Some professors have actually challenged the tribunal of the students of the University of North Carolina. The Carolina magazine, a student publication, recently contained a story entitled *Slaves*. The Students' Council, either extremely shocked or so brow-beaten as to try to anticipate action by the authorities, declared this story to be "obscene and indecent" and demanded the resignation of the editors. Instead of smirking smiles and nods of approval from the professoriate the faculty committee declared itself as opposed to censorship. The committee left the responsibility to the tastes and intelligence of the editors. Such a gesture, we feel, was a worthy one, and revealed that in some of the Universities on this continent there is still a realization of the true principles of academic freedom. The faculty of the University of North Carolina has set a worthy example to universities where there is a controlled student press, and where student activities are under the thumb of officialdom.

NONE shall say that McGill students do not care for things literary. Day by day in every way we seem to be getting better and better. *The McGill News*, hitherto an unhappy combination of serious articles and graduate chit-chat, has separated the literary sheep from the goats of gossip, and will soon, we trust, appear as an unalloyed quarterly, a rival to Dalhousie and Queen's. The *McGill Daily*, though still the dear old Daily at heart, has shown itself more sprightly, more facetious, of late; Wednesday's issue was something we had learnt to look forward to. Even the Fortnightly experienced, for a brief spell last term, the intoxication of popularity, from which it is only recovering with difficulty. And now we are promised *The Marlet*, a humorous monthly, (by *College Humour* out of *The Goblin*.) All the cartoonists, caricaturists, short story writers, jesters and jokers of McGill have been organized for this great effort; financial magnates are behind it; authorities, great and small, have given it their blessing; it is to be on sale in every book stall, every train in the country. Never before has an undergraduate journal at McGill been given so great a send-off.

Of the dead, *nil nisi bonum*; of those conceived yet not born, what shall be said? We hesitate to commit ourselves.

Was here the one thing needful to distil
From life's alembic, through this syndicate,
McGill's essential soul, her youthful will?
We ask; and wait.

May Lord Crewe forgive us.

* * * *

THERE was at the Junior College of Kansas City a paper under the direction of the students' council. It fell into the way of publishing reviews of books written by Cabell and Willa Cather. It fell also into other heresies, such as criticising some of the university courses. The college president decided to interfere,

feeling certain that the business was being subsidized with gold from Moscow; and so he gave the journal a constitution which rendered it completely innocuous. As a result, the students' council issued a statement to the effect that a muzzled university press defeats its own purpose. The paper was therefore discontinued, and a group of students started an independent organ, which they named *The Sacred Cow*.

The Sacred Cow continued the objectionable work of its predecessor, and the president was faced with the problem of dictating the policy of a magazine with which he had no official means of communicating. Having to treat the editors as individuals rather than as a body, he asked for a recantation together with a departure from their independent stand. All of the editors, except one, complied with his demand. Their notes of apology sound, however, somewhat insincere, but the apparent lack of sincerity was overlooked. The editor, who refused to crawl, has been expelled from the university.

The foregoing is a brief account of the recent suppression of free speech at the Junior College of Kansas City. No comment, we hope, is necessary. We are very thankful that such things could not conceivably occur at our own university, in view of the fact that there is not only the Fortnightly but also the Daily, which has shown throughout this session a remarkable degree of independence for an administration organ.

Strange Company

Invictus

A LIBRARY neatly arranged according to the alphabetical order of the authors may occasionally present startling contrasts to the discerning eye, not mere contrasts of the colour and size of the volumes, but the more interesting, psychological differences of the writers packed in such close proximity on the shelves. In what strange company do we sometimes find our favourites, and what Homeric battles there would be if the authors could for a moment break loose from the pages and confront one another.

An index was once brought to our attention which contained the following items united in print till Doomsday:

LEAD, Kindly Light
LEAD pencils
LEAD poisoning

and something of the same fantastic effect we may observe on every visit to a public library. But the happy man, who possesses a library of his own and a something impish in his temperament, can exercise his caprices without being bound by any slavish adherence to alphabetical sequence. Should he find the *Letters of Queen Victoria* dull, he can sentence her to a place in his shelves next to Rabelais: and if Gibbon vexes him as he poses there in mock-devotional attitude with hands clasped together and a wink in his eye, he may be disciplined by a transference to the theological shelves alongside William Law's *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*. For

after all was not Law a faithful retainer of Gibbon's grandfather? Aldous Huxley, if too outrageous, may be separated from Peacock and introduced to Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Holy Dying* and the frankest of the Restoration Dramatists compelled to submit to penance by a prolonged sojourn alongside Jeremy Collier's *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*. Might not Byron's *Don Juan* and that other pilgrim, the hero of Bunyan's work, find much to discuss together? And if the clerical author of the *Sentimental Journey* joined the conversation, who knows what might not happen? It would only need a visit from *Jurgen* to make the party complete. And finally, if by some curious chance, (the gift, perhaps, of some jocular friend), Elinor Glyn should find a place in your library, her heroine might be prevailed upon to spend *Three Weeks* with Edward Young, sharing his *Night Thoughts on Life, Death and Immortality*. As for Florence Barclay—but there is no need to be ridiculous: of course you have nothing of hers.

Some such scheme of arrangement is well worth trying, for each book has its antidote; and the hero of such devastatingly dull works as *Eric*, or *Little by Little*, might discover by associating with a more human and red-blooded companion such as *Tom Jones* that the way to heaven is paved with lost opportunities. For books have strange and unexpected effects upon their readers. Did not one of Samuel Butler's acquaintances succeed in converting himself to Christianity by reading Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which he bought by mistake for Butler's *Analogy of Religion*? We confess that we narrowly avoided a similar mistake when we nearly purchased a volume entitled *My Ruin*, written by a prominent English society lady. But a glance inside assured us that the contents were architectural.

Homage to E. S.

NOW that the ashen rain of gummy April
Clacks like a weedy and stained mill

So that all the tall purple trees
Are pied porpoises in swishing seas

And the yellow horses and milch cows
Come out of their long frosty house

To gape at the straining flags
The brown pompous hill wags,

I will saw a wooden hyacinth
In the woods' callous plinth,

And set it seriously in a made jade vase
Appropriately upon the mantelpiece.

And there its creaking naked glaze,
And there the varnish of its blaze

Shall hold all time as in a glass
And snare our youth that tries to pass.

'Til we are held a child again
Under the hot icicles of rain.

Or failing this, I'll not go out of doors,
But find my childhood in these poems that are yours.

A. J. M. Smith

The Labour Party in Canada

J. S. Woodsworth, M. P.

INDUSTRIALLY Canada is largely a northerly extension of the United States. Most of our labour unions have pushed up from the south, and the Canadian Locals have their headquarters in various American cities. The higher officials are usually Americans, and their policies are naturally those of the American majority.

The Canadian Trades and Labour Congress is essentially the Canadian section of the American Federation of Labour. It deals especially with distinctively Canadian affairs, and has affiliated with it certain purely Canadian organizations.

The great American Railway Brotherhoods—the “running trades”—and various other labour organizations are international, but are not in affiliation with either the American Federation of Labour or the Canadian Trades and Labour Congress.

In Canada the Trades and Labour Congress does not monopolize the field. There are among others the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees, which several years ago was expelled from the Congress; the Canadian Federation, comprising several Toronto unions... the One Big Union, with headquarters in Winnipeg, and the Catholic unions of the Province of Quebec.

Until recently the political activities of the various unions has been very limited. Occasionally a labour representation committee of a trades and labour council would attempt to elect members to the municipal council or the provincial house, but without much success.

In the meantime, there had grown up various socialist organizations, drawing their membership largely from the unions. The Socialist Party of Canada spread eastward from Vancouver; the social democratic federation westward from Toronto. During the war the latter was suppressed.

With the incoming of large numbers of British immigrants, and after the war, stimulated by the organization and success of the British labour party, political labour organizations sprang up in almost every industrial center in Canada. Sometimes these were the rivals of, sometimes succeeded, the socialist locals. At this time also arose the workers' party—later calling itself the communist party—affiliated with the Moscow International.

For various reasons, political organization was very difficult. (a) Canada is a vast country; its industrial groups widely separated geographically and very diverse in character. (b) The traditional policy of the American Federation of Labour was opposed to independent political action. In the constitution of some of the unions is a clause expressly forbidding the discussion of politics. (c) The election laws of Canada preclude a labour union contributing to campaign funds. These and other considerations have necessitated the building up of distinct political organizations.

Attempts have been made to unify the various political bodies. Of these, the Canadian Labour Party is most representative. It is organized on the principle of a Trades and Labour Council—an affiliation of the various labour and socialist bodies. The advantage of this is that it brings in the interested unions en bloc with their per capita assessments. The weakness is that many individual members of unions are still adherents of the old political parties, or in some instances members of the communist party. This has frequently resulted in friction and in inefficiency. In practice, each province—almost each city is autonomous, indeed almost isolated in its activities.

In Winnipeg, where the political movement is stronger than anywhere else in Canada, the Independent Labour Party is organized on a basis of individual membership, and has so far refused to affiliate with the Canadian Labour Party. Members of any union, or indeed anyone in sympathy with the aims of the party, may join. A compact working association of a few hundred has been able to command the support of the large majority of trade unionists as well as a section of the outside public.

The difficulty in the future may be to obtain funds and to retain close contact with the rank and file of the trades unions.

Slowly the idea of independent political representation is gaining ground. While standing aloof from any party organization—choosing to remain the “legislative mouthpiece” for organized labour, the Trades and Labour Congress in its election manifesto of this year recognized the existence of the labour organization in the political field in resolving “That labor political autonomy be left in the hands of the established political parties.”

There are now three labour representatives in the federal house, two from the Independent Labour Party of Manitoba, one nominated by the Canadian Labour Party of Alberta, and elected by the Dominion Labour Party of Calgary with the support of the United Farmers of Alberta.

During the past five years our first and most difficult task has been to attempt to convert labour to the necessity of sending its own representatives to the House, and, hardly less important, to establish that sense of common interest which will lead to a larger spirit of unity and to efficient organization. We believe we have been able somewhat effectively to broadcast the aims and ideals of labour, though it is still not quite respectable to be a labour member. Last year, owing to the composition of the House, we were able to have certain labour measures passed by the House of Commons—to be rejected by the Senate.

Perhaps our most important achievement in the House is the close working arrangement which has been established between the representatives of the industrial workers and of the farmers. In most questions affecting labour, we have the strength not of three but of twenty; and, further, the opportunity of forcing the pace of many members of the old parties who come from industrial constituencies. In England the Labour Party has been reinforced by a number of the so-called “intellectuals.” Why not in Canada?

Panic

(Escape after Crime of Violence)

REVERBERATIONS reiterated

Of thunder
In subaqueous canyons.Does it disturb the easy slumber
Of the Divine Average
Snoring by his wife?
Does he turn from the left side
To the right side,
Or from the right side
To the left, or from back
To gently digesting stomach?
Does he nudge his wife, wondering,
What is that noise in the avenue?
Is it an army marching?
Is it a rabble running?Not so thunderously
The sun sank,
Like a flaming battleship,
Last night across the bay;
Not so thunderously
Emergèd—a submarine?—
Was it only ten minutes ago?

Perhaps my wrist watch has stopped.

I can't hear it ticking
For the noise of my footsteps...Interminably down this street
One and by one
My feet pad thunderously.Are they made of lead
That they thud on the pavement
Like thunder or bowling,
That they are so heavy to lift,
And once lifted
So unwieldily clomp down again?They move up and down like a piston,
Like a rusty piston,
And like a piston on a pile driver
Instead of a locomotive.Yesterday she saw this sun.
Today the sun won't see her...
Put it away, put it away.
*The worms crawl out, and the worms crawl in,
They crawl all over your...*
No, no, put it away!If my footsteps
Make so such noise
And never get anywhere
They won't be splashing
Pools of new sunlight
Recklessly like this
Much longer.Hurry up there!
Run on tiptoes.

Where shall we run to?

I don't know.
Anywhere...
Away.*They crawl all over your mouth and chin...*
Away...away... S.

The Wind that Lived in a Lane

Leo Kennedy

ONCE there was a wind that went away. He was dissatisfied, that is why he went away. When leaves turned yellow, and gold, and brown, and yellow and gold and brown at once, he roared all about his domain, and turned, and went alone to the south.

It is quite imperative that he should have gone away. How could he have come back else? And had he not come back, his companion could not have come too. When he returned, the first to know was a country lane. That lane was long and narrow and deep and wriggly; it had hedges on the sides. These were high and thickly set; innumerable blackbirds and robins, and a pair of orioles nested there. It was quite a nice hedge. The lane was rutted by the broad cart wheels; the earth was ploughed up in irregular furrows. The furrows were of that solid delicious brown that artists and poet fellows who chanced that way never wished to leave again. Once, a young man with clear eyes and wild hair laughed loudly when he saw these furrows and said he felt he could eat them. He never did: and went away after the rest.

But you see what that lane was like. On either side were fields of grass where sheep grazed in summer, that seemed to sweep up to the sky. They rolled like green waves and swept on forever, till standing at the turn of the lane, you could not tell where earth or sky began. In summer it was so fine; in autumn, sad; in winter, barren. But when winter ended it was different. A stirring was in the air, a half-remembered promise, the suggestion of things about to happen, of something wonderful to come. It was like the hour before a baby is born. The robins appeared suddenly, rather thin and querulous, but the robins all the same. They looked always down the lane and sang a fuller note each morning. Then one morning they sang like anything, and the sky smiled, and the earth laughed. But of the elm and the stile that were there....

The elm was of the sort you meet once or twice in all your years, and so rare are they, it is sometimes the same elm you see over again. A man sees such a tree only in his youth and when he is old: the first time he will laugh and hit it with his palm, and they will nod to each other in understanding, for they have seen the wind come down the lane; when they meet again he will touch its rough bark lightly and the heavy leaves will hush in sympathy, for the wind walked up the lane again, long ago.

This elm was of the magic kind, tall and stout with great green-clad limbs. The stile was a magic stile, broken and aged, and difficult to get over without a strong arm to help. It shared things with the elm, knowledge of many young people who had found the lane convenient for trysts. It was a mellowed and reminiscent old stile in consequence. Then it all happened. In a day the robins were plump and joyous, the blackbirds appeared, and made each hedge a wall of song; the orioles flashed like yellow flames and threaded a golden way through the budding branches of the elm. The wind came home easily, with all bluster gone, as befits a tender groom returning with bride. There is no doubt that he and Spring found these rare sympathizers when they set up housekeeping.

The Sabbath

Leonard Noble

HERSCHEL Raisin played in front of a mirror. He watched his white fingers strike firmly the ebony keyboard, as he shaped his fancies, hates and lusts into melody. From the shiny violin came a pure sound, clear and fresh and in his mind a hundred little tunes danced, each carrying a distinct variation.

Herschel was conscious of a certain feeling of comfort, a feeling that this piece of wood, on which were suspended bits of gut and wire had somehow become a part of himself which he could attach and detach at will. Seven years had elapsed since his parents had been prevailed upon to permit him to study music. They had wanted theology and had sent him to school, where a bearded teacher had expounded Hebrew in a dimly-lit class room, the boys solemnly repeating phrase after phrase. An almost perpetual droning of sound. Herschel had traced little songs from their monotonous.

Shaping into melody his fancies, passions, hates and lusts Herschel wondered as he stood before the mirror that there was no one subtle enough to read them. Was he not laying open his inmost thoughts? did not every note speak some hidden message directed from his brain through his fingers? And yet there was no one who, listening to him, could divine what his music meant, for every tone which came from his instrument was arousing different fancies, passions, hates and lusts in other people. It was an unknown language which he spoke to others but which no one comprehended. He did not understand the composers. What fancies, did they experience as they wrote down in material ink on cold paper the little dots which were to express the fire that blazed them. He merely saw fragmentary ideas and translated them according to the emotions which they aroused in him, and the emotions aroused in him were in turn being transmitted to and aroused in others... and the music passed on in waves, not mere sound waves, but waves of human expression, as deep and as unfathomable as the human mind of which they were born.

To his white-bearded grandfather this music had meant nothing. He was a Jew, learned in the Talmud, mouthing the thousand-year-old philosophies of his ancestors. Music to him was worldly, far removed from religion and study. To him Herschel was divorced from all seriousness. He had lost contact with Judaism. He was far removed from the traditions of his forefathers. It had pained the aged man when he had discovered Herschel practising on the sabbath. To him the sabbath was a sacred thing. One prayed, one rested... *six days shalt thou labour*... and after that the boy sedulously avoided being found playing his violin on Saturday. But his mild-eyed grandfather, bearded and old, frequently suspected him and warned him against the offence.

Standing thus before the mirror one day Herschel realized that he was soon to be summoned to the death-bed of his grandfather. The aged man was seriously ill and would not survive the day.

Herschel and his mother were silent during the short drive through the sun-lit streets. The yellow light fell, trampled by the slow-lifted hoofs of the two horses, and the turning wheel cast an oblong shadow, turning and turning and turning like a

spinning wheel. Mendelssohn's *Spinning Song*. A shuttle driven, clattering across a loom. Marguerite seated at her wheel spinning and spinning and spinning, two gold chains of hair hanging almost to the floor. The virgin Marguerite, singing her *Roi de Thule*. Mephistopheles dragging Faust to hell-fire.

With a jerk the cab stopped and they entered the house of death. From the bright sunlight into the gloom. The blinds were drawn. The deep silence which hung over the place was broken by the creak of a board as they mounted the stairway. Then they stood before the dying man.

The chamber was flooded with an almost mystic light which found its way in under a half-drawn blind and through a thick curtain. Herschel saw that a white sheet lay near the mirror. The glass would be covered soon. And on the bed, his beard as white as the sheets, with his eyes wide open lay his grandfather. The doctor was taking his pulse.

At any minute now, he whispered to the relatives gathered about the bed.

The dying man's face was composed, and lying on the pillow seemed to Herschel as if it had been cut in white marble. A blue vein, filled with blood that was coursing through a body almost for the last time, stood out like a branching tree against the background of a white cloud. Chopin's funeral march (thought Herschel) stately, slow, defined. Just the right amount of sentimentality in the middle movement. Or Beethoven's mighty sonata. What grief shook that mighty frame... There was a solemn uncanny silence in the room.

Suddenly the dying man spoke, his voice, sounding like a far-off whisper, sent the memory of a Hebrew chant through Herschel's mind. He was started to hear his name called.

Herschel. His grandfather was speaking to him. It is not time for me now to speak of my disappointment... your turning away from a life of study to your violin. At this moment I am reconciled. But give me your promise, your hand—and he lifted his shaking hand—that you will not play on the sabbath.

Giant fingers seemed to clutch at Herschel's throat. A tragic chord crashed through his mind. The fingers of his grandfather seemed to grow in size. They filled the room which turned around him in vast circles, turning, turning, turning like the spinning wheel. The marble statue on the bed was looking at him, waiting. He was conscious that his mother was weeping in a chair near the window. The whisper of the doctor outside the room came to him like some jarring melody played on a hand organ. Slowly he stretched out his hand until it touched his grandfather's.

A gleam of light appeared in the dying, feverish eyes of the aged man. Herschel pressed bone and skin, in his long, artistic fingers. His grandfather could speak no longer, but he nodded his head and closed his eyes. A thousand melodies swelled to a mighty chorus in Herschel's head. He staggered from the room and sat down in the large hall, dazed and weak. The yellow sunlight came through the small window of a door and cast grotesque shapes on the carpet.

He was roused from his stupor by a light tap on his shoulder. The doctor was standing beside him. Your grandfather, he was saying... and if he played on the sabbath that scene would ever stand before

him, he would always feel the bony fingers of the hand. . . your grandfather, the doctor repeated, your grandfather is dead.

A shudder passed through Herschel. The compact was sealed.

I can't, I can't, he sobbed.

And the dark, gloomy house, silent save for the weeping of relatives in the upper room, echoed him.

Night

E. S. F.

WHAT is night?

To the child, night is a fearsome time wherein his untutored imagination wanders unchecked among goblins and dread spirits. Naked terror stalks abroad. All the mystery of superstition and fear of the invisible inherent to our kind comes to the surface in a child's mind at night.

The Young Man's night is peopled with luxury and romance: it breathes the perfume of flowers and the poetry of life. Its music is the swish of silk and the throbbing of jazz. To him night is June night, a gold moon and a whispering breeze. . . . Tenderness, caress, slow moving water mirroring the constellations, and—"her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dear red curve of her lips."

In Middle Age night is merely a period between sunset and sunrise when one eats, and sleeps, and prepares for the next day's work. A dividing line between one day of routine and the next.

But with Old Age the child's conception has returned. To the old man night is a symbol of the After. He looks through the night as he looks to the nearing Change: it is black, mysterious, unknown—but the moon of belief casts its light feebly on the pathway, and the stars of faith mark his course. Passing clouds and doubts eclipse them; but they pass as all passes, and night drifts down to sleep.

Doctor Anthony

AS Doctor Anthony was lying
Abed one night there came to him
The certainty that he was dying:
Vague memories began to swim

Into his ken; but things nobody
Would think of at death's door but he—
A thrashing in his father's study,
A weasel running up a tree,

Cowslips and a demented tramp,
His college dean's wife offering him tea,
Some stolen cake and a three-cornered stamp,
And sherbert in the school laboratory.

And all the while as he lay dying
Among the shards of this miscellany,
Poor Doctor Anthony was trying
To conjure from the past most desperately

Not this the boyish trash of yestertime
But some exalted sentence he had read,
Some hallowed deed or even splendid crime;
Poor Doctor Anthony is dead.

Philip Page

Jargon and the Sad Thingums

Leo Kennedy

"Is the art of . . . fairy stories dying out?"

London Opinion

IN a mood that I can only describe as introspective, Jargon, the dragon killer of Alliswell, stood against a becoming background of grey sedge and hills swarthened in the purple of distance, and carefully dug his lance into the great mauve belly of the sad Thingums. Jargon wriggled it. The Thingums coughed. . . .

"Well," said the Thingums, "I never. . . ."

"No?" said Jargon, still wriggling, "then your education has suffered. Or been neglected. Or something. But as I am in a mood that one can only describe as introspective, you must not disturb, please." "Yes, sir," said the recumbent Thingums, still coughing and trying to get the lance out of him, "but what's introspective? And if it is what I think it is, how could you be introspective and careful with that pole?" Jargon sniffed. He took the lance out of the Thingums belly and considered the bloodied point with his head on one side. "O," he said "introspective's from introspection and that's self-analysis. Looking inwards. I've done that lately. You see, we're waning, we and fairy tales. Finished. I'll be looking for a new job soon. Now this introspection is something Joseph Conrad or Madox Ford started and no one's been able to finish. If I could get into some introspective books. . . . But that has no bearing on the present matter. Stand still, please, while I cut your head off; I want to use that new up-and-down stroke I've perfected. Damn you, will you stand still?"

Lashing all its nine sad tails the Thingums hopped out of reach. It arched the shapeless back it wore; it yowled; it tore up sods acres large and tossed them miles; then it sat down in all its sadness and scratched meditatively.

"Why, no, Jargon, I'm tired of this nonsense. I won't be killed. You said it was honorable and no end jolly, but that pole has given me a sensation in my midriff vaguely reminiscent of the sensation I had the day I ate those aldermen. Unpleasant. I'm tired of this head chopping too. Ompf yesterday that near-sighted loon the Striped Ompf from the Lost Caves of Woggle Woggle had his off. He said it was so warm with all that hair, and heavy with all those tusks. This morning when I went to the door for the milk he was barging about looking for his caves. He can't see and wants his head again."

Jargon chopped at the sedge with his curved sword engraved in the twelve fairy languages. "That's hard for both of us," he admitted, "as a Thingums of substance and yoptoff sorcerer of Karvan your whims must be respected, quite apart from our friendship. But as a salaried dragon killer—though I will be let out—I have an obligation to the old firm, and you are today's assignment. Besides, we ARE done for. So why not take it easily, with the swank that you may be the last of the dragons?"

"You put it prettily," said the Thingums, breathing green smoke rings and fanning them with an occasional tail, "but you did not see that headless fellow from Woggle Woggle. All neck and that, all stickie out. Now a Thingums of my color is a joy for ever, and about being the last dragon—we'll see. But if you cut off my head with that new up-and-down stroke

you have perfected, what assurance is there that I'll still be attractive?" And he hugged with both paws that great gaping tear in his stomach place.

"Please," said Jargon, "I'm feeling introspective again. Till it wears off I'll think in full stops and dashes...like Madox Ford...Ford...dragons. Perhaps you're right. Why do we kill anyway...inside do I want to kill—does my subconscious prompt it...killing. Tummy-sticking and head-chopping...I want to emancipate...higher things. We can't help it, Thingums, new slavery...sold before birth...Mrs. Stowe, Uncle Tom, little Eva...Fords...tin things that run and rattle..."

The Thingums howled and ramped in circles. "Stop it" he cried, "and waggle your sword engraved in the twelve fairy languages. For I am in a mood that one can only describe as anything but introspective..." and he ran at Jargon and bit him in two. Then he thought he would bite those who have replaced the old order with introspection and ruined all our Jargons. He ramped once more and went away to anotherwhere.

Decadence

PASSIONLESS one, to whom all days are dull,
Come and intrigue me with your weariness.
Droop round me, as the loose fringe of a dress
Flung on a chair's edge, droops; let languor lull
All our mind's curious life, all questionings,
The futile fancy and the puny prayer,
Till on the idle, unadventurous air
Breathing is loud, and sighs are terrible things.
Why lift the pale tip of a forefinger?
If so much move, you make a right and wrong,
There is a God, and we lose Paradise.
But we hold heaven if only you will linger
In stupid rest, and while my kiss is long
Stare out at nothing with indifferent eyes.

Bernard March

The Poet Accuses the Psychologist

YOU spoil my tools—my words—and I am helpless
To guard against your ravages. I say
My friend's unhappy. "Only a slight conflict,"
You competently observe. I say again
"Subconsciously I knew—" you interrupt
Me blandly—"Subconsciously' means nothing."
I protest (in vain) there is a word
So long as, when I use it, faces light
With understanding. "She has a quaint reserve,"
I muse, and you—"Greatly inhibited."
"He can never love her," I say in pity
Of two we know. "A serious maladjustment,"
You agree. I marvel at a tale
Well-told, of the great friendship of two women.
"A homosexual attachment, for which the one
Crucified love," your diagnosis runs.
You are all moths, and eat holes in my language.
And I despair, knowing there is no cedar
Of a sufficient pungency to keep you out.

Bliss Chapman

BOOKS

AVOWALS

(By George Moore. Boni & Liveright. \$2.50)

GEORGE Moore has made the whole world his confessional. With every succeeding volume of intimate disclosures—and who has ever told his own story so often?—we come upon yet another picture of the man we knew already, painted with the same liveliness, the same precision, the same precious taste, the same evident desire to *épater les bourgeois*. How interested we are, for a time, in his comment on literature and life, but how rapidly we tire of the narrow pathways of a mind great only in its self-complacency, and of the delicate, almost plaintive voice, forever striving for the perfect note, forever failing to attain it because the inspiration never ceases to be self-conscious. "The sadness of the satellite," do not those words ring true of this man, who, he is so careful to inform us on all occasions, has hobnobbed with all the great artists of his day and made much copy of them? They are words used by himself to describe the essential quality of woman. True, yes, and doubly true, for when Mr. Moore is most beautiful it is a feminine beauty that he possesses.

Avowals, now published for the first time in a popular edition, is talk, excellent talk, about books and people, but chiefly about the author. More confessions by the same young man, whom the years do not alter. The "genius for intimacy" which Mr. Moore ascribes to himself is here; is only equalled, in fact, by his perfect readiness to dissect close friends in public. It is an occupation which he knows most of his readers will enjoy.

DUBLINERS

(By James Joyce. The Modern Library Inc., New York. In Canada, The Macmillan Company of Canada Ltd., Toronto. \$1.00)

IN these realistic slices of Dublin life we see Joyce in his early twenties poking his finger into reality and finding the experiment not uninteresting, much like a medical student dissecting his first stiff. The short stories contained in this volume are a definite part of his development as a writer of prose. They come between *Chamber Music* and *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, and in them we find no attempt to violate the traditional form. The forces which culminated in the epic satire *Ulysses* are to be seen now and again in this book. Joyce's prose is smooth, polished, and extremely vigorous. In its accuracy, precision and careful placing of every word it is the prose of a man who has had a rigid Catholic training, a man who has struggled with the intricate philosophies of the Jesuit fathers.

The stories are invested with a futility and helpless pessimism which the early works of a writer trying the world for the first time do not always reveal. Joyce is never exuberant; his humour is cold and almost morbid. He tramps the streets of Dublin and examines the people who are about him with a magnifying glass. When he does laugh, and he does in *A Mother*, it is the sardonic and bitter laugh of a man in whom art and scholasticism are fiercely contending with each other. Despite this, Joyce, the poet, appears on every page, and in the last story, *The Dead*, this poet rises to the heights of Tchekoff. Here, most of all, we see the

beginnings of his exposition of the stream of consciousness already striking the *motif* for *Ulysses*. The story is, in parts, a prose poem of rare lyric beauty.

For ten years publishers refused to bring out this book. It is available at last in a popular edition, and some of the best stories of our century need no longer go a-begging for publication.

COLLECTED POEMS

(By James Stephens. London, Macmillan and Co., \$3.)

"WE ARE at the beginning of an era, and who creates a new world must create a new art to express it. . . . We must evolve a new technique, or we must continue to compose and paint and write in the only form that can deal with an interim situation, or with speed—the lyrical form." This is the thesis of an introduction to a collection of lyrical poems that are at least as notable for their intellectual content as for their technical cleverness, and even their imperfections are clever.

James Stephens is a Pantheist who does not worship, but identifies himself with, nature; and although he holds that the duty of the lyric poet "is not to express or explain, but to intensify life", he has one or two dominant ideas which are reiterated and embroidered in a variety of forms through many different poems. Chief of these is that of the divinity of excess, the ultimate union—on the principle that if you go far enough round you will come back on the other side—of good and evil, a marriage of Heaven and Hell, expressed at times with the genius and simplicity of his master Blake. The parti-colored notes of Pity and Hate, Joy and Sorrow, Ecstasy and Despair are touched not infrequently in Mr. Stephen's symphony, while their spirit of sheer fun, pure comedy and country simplicity, make these poems worthy of their own special niche among the English Classics.

PLATO'S AMERICAN REPUBLIC

(By Douglas Woodruff. E. P. Dutton & Co., \$1.00)

MR. Woodruff, a young Englishman who went from Oxford to an American college, has expressed his criticism of the American people in this little book in the form of a Socratic dialogue. The as yet unnamed pastime of poking fun at the New World has seldom been indulged more humously or more cleverly than here. Those of a too serious turn of mind are likely to be annoyed at the on-sidedness of the picture, but that is to be expected of people with a too serious turn of mind. The rest of us can enjoy a book that neither exceeds the limits nor wastes the opportunities of satire. Canadians should find it particularly amusing, for many of Mr. Woodruff's arrows strike vulnerable spots in our Canadian social armour.

THE PORT OF MONTREAL

(By Laurence Chalmers Tombs, M. A. Published by The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited. Price \$0.75.)

THIS is the first monograph to be published for 1926 in the series of *National Problems of Canada*. The monographs are all M. A. theses in the Department of Economics and Political Science at McGill University. Each study is made by a graduate student in economics, under the guidance of a member of the department. All of the essays are on national questions.

Mr. Tombs' thesis, *The Port of Montreal*, is a

lengthy and detailed account of the Montreal Harbour, its place in Canadian transportation, and its probable importance in the future. Many readers would probably be most interested in the discussion of such matters as the proposed Georgian Bay Canal and the St. Lawrence Canal.

There is an informing chapter on the rôle of Montreal Harbour in grain transportation. There is, besides, an interesting conjecture as to the possible results of making Montreal a winter port. In this connection a short account of the views and work of Dr. Howard Barnes on the ice problem is given.

MAN AT ODDS WITH SOCIETY

(Published by The Student Christian Movement of Canada., \$0.25)

THIS is a series of essays by a group of young McGill graduates, in preparation for the National Conference of the Student Christian Movement. The essays are on the State, Education, the Church, Art, and so forth. Ideas are suggested rather than questions answered; problems are presented rather than solved. The unity behind all the essays seems to consist in a challenge to the institutions one takes for granted, such as the Church, the State and the schools. The criterion whereby they are to be judged is their value to society. They derive their support from mankind, and the question is: what do they give in return? Their service to man is, in short, the extent to which they are conducive to the establishment of the "Kingdom of Heaven on earth."

The little book is entirely typical of the new self-examining, critical point of view of the Student Christian Movement. Perhaps from this will be nourished a leadership which will lead the way to a younger and more human Canada than has yet been.

Two Poems

The Way of Youth

GENEROUS as well as wild,
Heart of Youth consorts with strange
Bedfellows, outcast, reviled,
Stopping not to count the change;

Asking naively, whether pain,
Greed and dirt must always be:
Comfortable folk and sane
Shake their gray heads knowingly.

Youth plays with loaded dice,
Learning soon to hoard the pence,
Learning tricks of cowardice
Age will call experience.

Portrait

TOOTHLESS and bald
And foul of breath,
Staring with brittle
Eyes at Death,
Age, fumbling at his
Watch chain, sung:
*I was a Radical
Myself,
When young.*

Philip Page