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EDITORIAL

WE have pleasure in announcing that the prize of five dollars for the best short story submitted by an undergraduate has been won by Miss Margaret Amy Ross for her story *La Vierge* which is published in this issue. Honorable mention has been accorded to Mr. Graeme Taylor and to Mr. C. H. Dawes for their stories, which we hope to publish in our next and final number.

We take this opportunity of thanking Dr. H. G. Files who acted as judge.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the Red & White Revue has not yet had the good fortune of receiving a completely outspoken criticism it is not our purpose here to undertake so thankless a task. The critics of the downtown newspapers indulged in much unintelligent appreciation; it was left for J. L. E. to give us in the Daily something approaching an intelligent depreciation. For detailed analysis this must suffice. It will be better at this late date, to give our impressions of the productions as a whole and to make some suggestions for the future.

Without denying the merits of certain isolated parts, the candid critic can come to no other honest conclusion but that the show as a whole hovered close to fatuity. The music was as forgettable as—we have forgotten what. The Faust skit seemed to have been staged for the sole purpose of giving the actors unlimited opportunities of saying Hell. Indeed all the skits can be criticised for ragged and purposeless dialogue, lack of motivation in getting the characters on and off the stage, and febleness of plot. What the producers intended to make the grand finale was the worst offender in this way. *La Tuque Verte*, the acting of Messrs. Ford and Giulaneli and some of the clever authorship of Mr. Dawes were oases in an otherwise unrelieved Sahara.

The question which naturally arises is, what is to be the future of the Revue? Is this mediocre exhibition, this Martlet mummery, to be repeated year after year, a sort of college comic cuts? Five annual productions without noticeable improvement should be enough to convince the student body that we either lack the ability to create a good Revue or that there is something fundamentally wrong with the methods adopted to discover and employ such talent as we possess. We recognize that there has been a certain amount of cleverness in each of the past Revues, but there has never been enough to justify the time and energy spent in their preparation. This year, for example, rehearsals began in November, and the greater part of the college year went to the making of a show which on its merits should not have taken more than a month to produce.

If the Students' Council is satisfied with any performance, no matter how crude, so long as it can be counted on to make money, we can of course be contented with things as they are, but if some other recommendation is required, and the Revue as a permanent institution is to remain, some drastic changes must be made.

We would suggest the following: that the show be not given in an outside theatre—Dr. MacMillan has always been an uncritical and ardent supporter of the Revue and would, we feel sure, not oppose its production in Moyses Hall; that not more than six weeks be spent upon its preparation; and finally, that co-operation with the Players' Club be sought in order to obtain better direction and more careful choice of material (a blunder like *Dorothy and Desmond* must be prevented in the future). These suggestions if put into practice would result in an entertainment less lavish and more in keeping with the resources at our disposal. If, after a trial period of say two years, the show is still open to such criticism as can be brought against this year's edition, then let us turn our energies elsewhere.

A READER has informed us of an amusing incident that occurred recently at a social function. The company becoming bored, someone suggested a public reading from *The Martlet*. The suggestion was enthusiastically received. "Go ahead," said the hostess, "but for goodness sake don't read any of the poetry in the Fortnightly!"

* * *

THE next issue of the Fortnightly will be the last. Numbers nine and ten will be combined to form a double number, selling at twenty cents.

Morrison, Sweeney, and Mr. Standersdt

Leo Kennedy

ON one of those blue and silver nights that happen magically in late May, H. Morrison, stock broker and graceful fleecer of nitwits, left his club at the intermediate hour of 11 o'clock for the purpose of returning to the flat bosom of his family. Morrison was forty-five, with pale retiring hair and a babyish pink face. He had little, plump hands, and a trick of holding the left stiffly on the palm of the right; right fingers bent over like the flap of an envelope; when amused, he made a snickering noise that maddened fresh acquaintances, and exasperated friends of long standing. At forty-five he was mediocre and comfortable; the possessor of a thin, delicate wife who still loved him, and contrived his domesticity most excellently.

The distance from the club to his home being short and the night a pleasant one, Morrison decided to walk that distance, husbanding a taxi fare and enjoying the cool breeze of that place. He set out briskly, walking tap, tap, tap on the broad pavement, all amiability and rotund sturdiness.

* * *

At somewhat the same hour Little Sweeney, alias Gregg of O'Donovan's, issued from the vague blackness of his cellar residence, alert for business possibilities. Sweeney was short and wizen, broken-nosed and thick-eared, the follower of an honorable profession gone wrong. Just now Sweeney was short of money, and logically, all the pleasant trifles that money will procure; and when he had walked some way through streets that should have not attracted him, the hoped-for but unexpected vision of a round fat figure walking ahead gave undue satisfaction. Someone, possibly James Joyce or Paul Morand suggests the imagery of a lean grey-hound following a plump heifer, though in a different sense, and had he known anything of imagery, Little Sweeney might have evolved certain graceful poetics from the situation. But Little Sweeney, or Gregg knew nothing and cared less than nothing for these things: his cat-like pad, pad, padding, and sliding along in shadow was part of the night's labor; at the end of it he would clout his man into unconsciousness, and rob him swiftly.

This was existence. You required food and cigarettes, and the maddening comfort of whisky; there was a small rental to pay and painted women to visit secretly . . . all this cost money. Then there were little things, dire necessities that were expensive too, and this meant money. So you went out at night with some others and broke into places, and looted; or you walked behind a man on a quiet street and

bashed him on the head from behind. Then you looted again.

There was a constant vigilance to be kept, bulls and stools to avoid, all the thousand enemies of an honest criminal. There was death, appalling possibility, that hung over you from awakening to going to sleep again; it percolated into sleep and caused a tossing and moaning; it might be a halter, a skilful knife, or swift searing bullet. On the whole though, life was pleasant there was only oneself to worry about; you walked along a little while making the best of the things till something happened, and you lay down wherever you were and that was the end of you. There were compensations as well. The drollery of good story, illicit intercourses, a badgering of the occasional fool who got religion. Religion . . . something that came with a big stomach, a Rolls Royce car, and the maximum amount of graft. Religion . . . Hump . . .

Within a few blocks of his home H. Morrison paused to light a fresh cigar. The match flickered and then burnt brightly in his cupped hands. He inhaled deeply, dropped the blackened sliver, and continued tap, tap, tap. In that short pause Little Sweeney crept nearer and clung like a disembodied thing to the wall's flatness. Police Officer Standersdt a few yards behind did likewise, purple visions of promotion and the accompanying reimbursement swirling before his Swedish-blue eyes. Law is as stealthy as lawlessness, it has to be. The policeman's great bulk moved swiftly and softly; he might have walked on cushions. To the blank eyes of the houses across the road they looked like figures of some ridiculous frieze, suddenly slinking from age-old frozen posturing. The gentlemanly thief, the sneak thief, and the honest policeman who sustained a large family on nothing, eked out with occasional well-earned bribes from divers sources. Three nice gentlemen. This could not last always. Presently the broker came before a narrow opening between buildings. The gloom of that place was impenetrable, and here Sweeney chose to launch himself like a cat at his victim. As the two hurtled into the alley's mouth, Morrison squirmed and thrashed with all limbs; the black-jack man battered him terrifically about the face and head; and in that moment Officer Standersdt pounded in after them, to throw himself whole-heartedly at duty. From evil and blackness issued grunts, the thudding of blows, the Sweeney's bitten blasphemy, and a persistent moaning. Then pistol shots muffled, an indeterminate screech, and silence made curious and heavy by the mingled smell of blood and burnt powder. Beyond and above the blue darkened, the silver of stars quickened to white gold, and the souls of the three dying stirred, uneasily preparing themselves for God.

* * *

The spirit of Morrison was first out of its husk. It was a very poor soul; it shivered and hunched together at the first breath of unaccustomed cold. It considered its residence of forty-five years blankly. Then it gaped.

"Ah," said the soul, and "Ah," then it sat down to wait for the others. The policeman's dying was a prolonged business; his popping blue eyes rolled in his head and he twisted a great deal. The life spurted out of him in crimson gout, but there was a lot of life in him. Little Sweeney by contrast had no vitality; he lay like an old sack that has contained unpleasantness, and bled slowly. One, two minutes ticked by, and

the soul of him sat up and tried to wriggle out. Sweeney stirred slightly and threw his soul into a grave predicament: the predicament of being half out of a man not yet dead. Then he lay still and the soul stood up and shook itself.

"If you will be good enough," said the soul of Mr. Standersdt, "you might help me out of this. This great body of mine is most tenacious of life, and I find the present interim very boring. Thank you; you are kind. Tell me please, what sort of world is it we are come into? Cold, you say? Ah. . . that is better. Here is the end of you, Mr. Standersdt."

He stood up too and nudged the dead policeman.

"A poor thing," he said, "quite devoid of all imagination. I am glad it is dead. Now, gentlemen, what is our next movement?"

The three regarded each other gravely. The same thought had found a home in all. It would be pleasant thing to go in company. That is the high adventure of dying in battle; there are so many of you.

"I have heard," said the first, "that we walk down a brief passage from one phase of being to another. A draughty passage. Is this present place such a passage do you think, for it is cold enough and dark, and I am damned if I like it. But, hem," he smiled, "we are all for that matter. Metaphysics and such weighty things were always beyond me, and in any case I do not care for them. But I suppose metaphysics are involved in our momentary transience, and we must make the best of them, surely."

He drew himself together.

"I am verbose, gentlemen; forgive me. It is the novelty, the freedom I have not enjoyed in this cheap stock brother's lifetime. Ah," he said, "what is that?" and pointed to a large bluish star was quite over the alley-mouth.

All three went out, and the night wind curled about with cold tongues, chilling them. They huddled together. The soul of the dead bandit wailed. "It is unpleasant to be a soul. How cold it is. . . and one grasps the wrong end of things. You are wrong with your passage and your damming: we go directly to the Seat of Creation and there is some sort of a judging and sorting. At least, so I believe. But we three are futility, we are each quite sure the others are wrong, and uncertain of the soundness of our own conjectures. I am sorry that I am a soul, but I cannot help it."

The third nodded.

"That is so. We do not quite grasp what is expected of us. When I was incorporated with the mind of a Swedish policeman I felt something like this. I accepted Hell as a reasonable finale, the gesture of Omnipotence meting out a just punishment of evil. That was very fine; but I was terrorized at the idea of Heaven. I hated the thought of eternal boredom and tried to banish it by unbelief. A silly method as I see. And mind you, such is the complexity and duality of us, these opinions were individually mine and not the policeman's. I could not have been the policeman. . ."

"All nonsense and all rot," said the thief's soul, "there is the sorting and weighing that I mentioned, and there is that blue star overhead.

Let us attend to such things."

They went then all three, Homer Morrison, Little Sweeney, and Mr. Standersdt, blind-footed and doubting to their Judgement.

Blind Homer

Notes on James Joyce Chandos Mahon

.....a dark
Illimitable Ocean without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth and highth,
And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
And *Chaos*, Ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal *Anarchie* amidst the noise
Of endless warrs and by confusion stand.

Paradise Lost (Book ii)

JAMES Joyce represents the gradual but definite shattering of the old ordered literary method into an anarchic state which is the chaos of modern life. He started his literary career a product of the rigid scholastic training, the hair-splitting mediaeval interpretation of Aristotle and the study of Thomas Aquinas. He stands now, certainly not at the end of his career, but his table is littered and confused, where before all was orderly and systematic. The dishes are upset, the bric-a-brac is heaped up, some of the coffee has been spilt and the vase with wilted flowers lies on its side. Pen in hand Mr. Joyce is trying to record the scene with that peculiar detachment of his, and he does so with all the minuteness of the scientific reporter of an experiment.

For James Joyce today expresses, as no writer has done, the relentless mechanical hysteria of our century. His mind did not always see the world in this light, and if we consider *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* as autobiographical, which is reasonable enough, we can observe how Joyce's thought developed from the disorganized state of childhood through the methodical quibbling of his student days, to its present all inclusiveness. Gradually the chaos that was Dublin, his environment, took hold of him and destroyed this vision of things which saw all in terms of the logical precision which characterizes his early poems. As the destruction took place Joyce began to note the futility and disillusion and hysteria with that same mechanical relentlessness which marks these forces in modern life. So *Chamber Music* his first published work, a book of verse, with its delicate artificialities and chiselled lyricism is relatively unimportant in his development. It simply reveals that romantic trait in him, which is almost obliterated by the rigid discipline of *Ulysses*.

His next work *Dubliners*, a book of short stories, again shows traces of a certain artificiality as indeed most of Joyce does except perhaps the "Portrait." The method of Flaubert is applied to Dublin life (though Flaubert's essential *romantisme* is sometimes successfully rejected) the objectivity being very clearly realized, as, for example, in *Ivy Day in the Committee Room*. The Celtic romanticism is, however, still evident in some of the stories, particularly the last in the book, *The Dead*, a piece of work which leads us directly to the "Portrait."

The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man can be considered as Joyce's first mature work. *Ulysses* may be more "significant," but the "Portrait" is his best work. In it we see the conflict between an essentially poetic nature and the drab realism of the poorer Dublin scene which is its environment. We are shown

the conflict between mysticism and rationalism. The travail of a sensitive spirit is carried through from religious fervor to scholasticism and on to an almost perverted rationalism. The Jesuit strain is there and it remains,

.....you have the cursed Jesuit strain
in you, only it's injected the wrong way

Malachi Mulligan tells Dedalus (Joyce) in *Ulysses*. The strain exists to his very day.

Passages in the "Portrait" notably the dinner-table argument on Parnell are almost purely objective in contrast to the introspective exploration of the mind of Dedalus, which is later used so fearlessly in *Ulysses*. Through the book we see the maturing of the mind of young Dedalus and his gradual approach to the position Joyce holds today—a cosmopolite, arrogant and aloof from the other Irish writers, his contemporaries.

With *Ulysses* came the more spectacular acrobatics. Here Joyce walks the tight-rope of his own emotions. This book is frankly an experiment. It is not to be taken too seriously, but it has opened a new field for the novelist. In his shifting from the objective to the subjective with such dexterity Joyce has made a definite contribution to the technique of the novel. No action or thought of the chief protagonists, Dedalus and Bloom, is too trivial to be neglected. The frankness of the book has caused it to be compared with Rabelais, but there are essential differences. The gusto of Rabelais, his reformatory satire, his heroic pattern of life, are here replaced by an almost humourless passion for scientific investigation—scientific insofar as it is the search for cause and effect. The book is almost a tale from *Dubliners* treated in exhaustive detail.

Joyce today has drifted far from the "Portrait." Verbal acrobatics seem to absorb his interest in the later sections of *Ulysses* and to judge from the published portions of his work in progress they are absorbing all his interest at the present time. He has become a recorder of chaos and he seeks to record it in a suitable, chaotic form. That is why Joyce has turned to, such extensive experimentation, turned far from the haunting prose of the "Portrait." He goes from one experiment to another with the somewhat tedious patience of an analyst. Perhaps he will yet gather together the threads of his scattered work "the butt-ends of his days and ways" and bring us something as beautiful as the "Portrait," less gigantic than *Ulysses*, and his work in progress may turn out to be, after all, something better than it promises.

Back of all his prose so far there has been order—definite order, the precision of the Jesuit strain. *Ulysses* was placed on the framework of the *Odyssey*. Would it be fair to say that Joyce has been giving us ordered chaos. It would seem so if we are to take Mr. T. S. Eliot's word for it.

It [i. e. the use of the *Odyssey*] is simply a way of controlling, of ordering, of giving a shape and a significance to the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history.

Mr. Joyce probes the boredom of our existence and finds it interesting.

La Vierge

By Margaret Amy Ross

HE stood in a corner below the chancel steps, la Vierge in a blue plaster robe. For her the cathedral was a world in itself, alive with countless interests, head to her heart. Day long came the worshippers to kneel before her in adoration. How many souls. She loved it all, the celebration of the mass, the swinging of the censers, priest voices thundering in a Kyrie Eleison. Best of all she loved the hush of early dusk, when the church was alone. St. Joseph, grey bearded, in crimson raiment, stood to the left of the altar steps, brooding over the dusty pews. La Vierge watching him thought as always, what a fine dignity was his. Compared to him the twelve Apostles, set in the wall above, were nonentities.

Evening deepened. Very soon now Vespers must commence. Already Brother François, the youngest priest of St. James, had come from the Presbytère to light the candles. He moved, a lean dark shadow, past the confession boxes up towards the steps. La Vierge watched him fondly. As one could easily see holy vows had not brought him happiness. Such a boy, thought she, to have renounced the world forever. There were shadows under his sunken eyes, and he was very pale. Suddenly there came back to her, words once spoken by the charwoman to Le Forge the organist. "Ce jeune Frère François," she had said, "he was to be married, you understand, but the girl she became distraite."

La Vierge was troubled. She remembered now, when François had come to church as a child. He had been red cheeked then, and the eyes that had gazed upon her shone. Now they were dulled and listless in a lean mask of face. Ciel, what a change a few years had wrought. It was a grave pity indeed, that so fine a boy as François should come to hate life. As he passed her she was tempted to put forth her hand, and gently touch him. Pauvre petit. Through a haze of incense she studied the face of St. Joseph. Lost in reminiscence he started down the aisles to where lights played against smooth pillars. Brother François lit the candles on the altar, droning a pater noster under his breath. For a moment he stood there, watching the lights waver and shift. Then turning towards the Virgin he blew out the taper, and bent his knee for a moment's adoration. The draught falling from high narrow windows, brushed the candles one to another, and stirred the boy's dark hair.

The face of the Virgin was very gentle, as she looked upon him. Had he glanced up she must certainly have spoken, but his eyes were fast shut, and his lips moved tensely. La Vierge, hands outstretched, blessed him with all her heart and was vexed that St. Joseph did not observe and do likewise. But he was thinking always of the Pope at Rome, high mass, or the singing of choirs. What a man it was. Suddenly across the quiet of the hour came a sound, far back at the entrance to the edifice. The great doors swung open tempestuously, the figure of a girl slipped through. Brother François, it appeared, had heard nothing; devoutly he prayed on.

La Vierge caught St. Joseph's dazed stare, and lifted questioning eyebrows. Joseph came out of his reverie with a start, and followed her gaze down the dim aisle to the intruder. Distinctly then, he shrugged. Slowly the woman came out of the shadows, glancing furtive-

ly about her. La Vierge watched her with a sense of uneasiness. She felt somehow that this was not the first time she had beheld that pale restless face, framed in dark hair. The eyes were very bright, oddly dilated. "Joseph" she murmured, but he motioned her to be still. The girl paused for a moment, and leant dazedly against a pew nearby.

Fixedly she started down at the bowed head of brother François. With the rise and fall of his earnest voice the light in her strange eyes deepened. Now he became aware of a presence close behind him. Starting, he dropped his thin hands from his brow, and glanced sharply across his shoulder. In that moment came the sound of laughter, high, shrill, mad laughter, jarring on the heavy air. La Vierge drew a breath of horror. Laughter in a church? if it had been only the laughter of a child, but from the lips of one unsound in mind, what desecration! François shaking now, yet kneeling, stared at the woman behind him. She stretched out her arms to him, and her face was flushed, distorted. Faltering she came forward, crying in a voice choked with passion, "François."

Hastily the boy rose, and made the sign of the cross. His face was set and grim as he turned towards her. La Vierge alone saw the suffering in his eyes. Slowly the smile faded from the girl's lips, her eyes became clouded with anger. Suddenly she clutched at the neck of her dress, cried out in helpless agony, and fell in a fit. A broken sob came from the little Brother. "Mother of Christ," he pleaded, "is it necessary, such misery?" The Virgin's eyes were filled with compassion. "Oh les pauvres enfants," she murmured horror-stricken. The door of the vestry opened, and Monsieur le Forge, the organist, came forth. As his eyes fell upon the scene, he stood still, transfixed in amazement. Brother François called to him bravely, "Le Forge, mon ami, come help me."

Monsieur le Forge obeyed the summons in haste. He knew well enough the story of Frère François, his face was filled with commiseration. He knelt beside the girl, and grasped her hands firmly. For a moment she struggled against him, then suddenly fell back, limp and unconscious. Le Forge took her slight form up in his arms. Thrusting the frenzied boy aside, he bore her from the church. For a moment La Vierge thought that François would follow them, but even as he hesitated a wave of intense nausea swept his soul. He fell upon his knees before the Virgin, murmuring distractedly. La Vierge glanced at St. Joseph, and sadly shook her head. Her tears rained down upon the boy's head unrestrained. He was to her at that moment, everything that she had missed since the statue of l'Enfant Jésus had shattered in a thousand pieces.

The Unknown World

BEHIND the eye and the ear
A world is in hiding,
Remote, yet incredibly near,
In the spirit abiding,
A world that the heart and the mind
Can share in receiving,
A world that no song can enwind
In its weaving.

Jon Grahame

Woodcut of a Figure with Pebbles

SHE wanders far from shrub or tree
Along the fringes of the sea.

The friendly women find her slow
To answer, when the tide is low.

Old men will tell you with surprise
Of strange discernment in her eyes.

They say her step is livelier
When the wind works his will on her.

She loves to laugh aloud, they say,
When there are shadows on the bay.

Yet often she will stoop awhile
Without a smile, without a smile,

Gathering pebbles one by one
Distractedly beneath the sun.

*And only one child understands
Why she holds pebbles in her hands.*

Bernard March

Vale

AFTER a dread farewell
Turn away.
Sit in the dull corner
Of an empty day.

Can you see dust-motes
Dance in the sun?
Then you are not all
Undone.

Still on the earth's face
Trivial things move;
This is a solace
When you lose love.

Once there was laughter
And eyelids lifting.
And now? See, in the gutter
Old papers are drifting.

Bernard March

VARIA

I. Portrait of the Artist as a Poet

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 he carved a moon. His song
Treated of ecstasy, of things like these:

Cupid and my Campaspe, kisses, cards;
Pledged cocktails of a woman's eyes;
Tears idle tears, tall trees and dusty shards;
Love, laughter, beauty, apples, angels, flies;
Mermaids 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 scarlet, for he saw the smoke;
And somewhere fe lowship, he stood alone.

II. Portrait of the Artist in Spring

Young Punchinello in his college days
Encountered boredom in the hairy spring;
The mucous membrane of the muddy ways
Was all he saw of what the shepherds sing.
He thought the trees looked naked but not nude,
Bewildered as a chicken from the egg,
Benevolently wished the world were stewed,
And felt quite grateful for a woman's leg.

He elegantly skipped among the mud,
Feeling an impulse in his body quicken
The sluggish movement of his heavy blood
That overcomes his caution. See it th cken
To cloud with an old opalescence
What Punchinello likes to call his brain.
He feels the earthiness of countless peasants
Stir in his loins and sprout like little grain.

Then April sent a gentle wind, and all
The budded trees shook down on him a sweet
And delicate shower: he felt his footsteps fall
Softly, caressing the mud, and saw that his feet
Were cloven, and knew that his limbs were hairy.
All over the wet campus he pursued a maid,
And caught her, changed to no laurel, but a fairy
With whom he somehow rather sweetly played.

III. Portrait of the Artist as an Old Man

Punchinello in an old plug hat
Sat up behind his unfrequented horse.
The beast was drooping—it was never fat—
Ribbed as an umbrella, final as divorce;
It was as weary an old bag of bones
As the *Deus ex Machina* on the seat;
And each found anguish in the squawky tones
The taxis lathered on the sprinkled street.

Punchinello, for the better cheer,
Muttered among his stubble some old rhyme,
Some old wives' tale—his eyes went bear—
Some song remembered from his singing time.

He pulled the rug up, and with rheumy eyes
Scanned the pedestrians for likely fares:
These left him sorrowful and rather wise—
Some went to women and some went to prayers.
But Punchinello waited where he was:
The price of oats was so and so and such,
Cheaper, indeed, than high grade motor gas,
And yet, upon the whole, not cheaper much.

When that I was and a little tiny boy
The hounds of winter did not mire the spring,
A drowsy numbness did not rot the joy,
All night the nightingale ceased not to sing.

A. J. M. Smith

Gertrude Stein Has Tea at the Union

F. R. S.

WHAT I want to say is sometimes. By that I mean this. So many students in so many universities have asked me so many students have asked me to have tea. So many students have asked me to have tea, but other things always prevented this utter sacrifice of detachment. There were not enough, however, as there are now. So now is different from before. This time by that I mean that.

Take another without fear. Pierre is a mythical myth in a mythological mythology who claims credit in your Daily in your Daily in your Daily daily for other people's comestibles. Thus the outside comes inside through the middle. Absolutely.

You asked me tomorrow for today, but I accepted on the subsequent day for the day before. It often happens that way. We live in a strange age of strange inversions inverted strangely for us to live in. If it was not inverted we should not confidentially be able to live in it. If it were the right way up we should all fall out. Because if it were the right way up with the up way the right way always it wouldn't be an inverted age therefore we wouldn't be able to live in it because we live in an inverted age and no one can live in a different age from the age in which they live. So the moralists are wrong behind. Probably probably prob-

ably they are wrong in front too. Because they want to make this age like some other age which you can't do for two reasons first because if you did you shouldn't and first again because if this age were like there must be a this age for living people to live in. By this time by this I may mean something else.

Without sugar your tea is poor, much poorer. But I some other age there wouldn't be any this age and don't mind I don't mind for you haven't got *Ulysses* in your library. To be forever without something is not without something I don't know what. Something less than nothing is quite too bad, don't you think? Because everything is nearly.

The only things worth doing are the things worth having done when they are done. Almost I am sure of this.

I am becoming very interested in my interest in my interest in your University in its relation to beauty. If you do not mind I will tell you how it all happens. You see I am a follower of beauty follower of beauty and because I follow beauty beauty is just in front of me. That makes it very beautiful, being so close. Being nearness is contemporary with the quite. Now it seems to me that you have beautiful gates just in front of the college with the college behind and the gates in front. The college is not far behind the gates. So it seems to me that your college is following beauty and that is the most beautiful thing a college can follow. Nothing can be more than the most.

I see you have a daily paper which comes out every day except Sunday just as if each day were not a different day. It is very wonderful overcoming newness every day every day except Sunday which is the only day different from the other days. And I see you have a fortnightly paper not out every fortnight in which I am speaking to you as I am speaking as I speak. Don't you feel the wonder of this thisness? Here I am sitting here drinking tea not minding the tea and yet I am not here but speaking from the pages of a fortnightly which does not come out every fortnight. I always wonder why I am where I am but of course nobody knows it as long as nobody knows it. I see also I see you have a funny monthly monthly which takes months to come out. Would more wonder than this be anything? Continuous present is one thing and beginning again and again is another thing. These are both things. But never being continuous and never being again and again and still yet being is something most arduous and succinct. I mean that as it was.

Then too the games which you play when you play if you play them are certain. A great difference is made by this great difference. It is fine to see so many watching certain games with certainty. Nothing changes from generation to generation except the thing seen and that makes the game. The few who play it as it is played are the few who used to play it as it was played. All the rest are the rest and the more you have of the rest the less you have of the few. From this time on the problem becomes definite.

I hardly feel heavier than before. So I will go away now for the only way to do new things is to do them when they are new. Sometimes my mind is tersely, and then I write things which you can only read and which only the editors of understanding periodicals can ever come near to understanding nearly. This is as it is now.

Troubled Understanding

DARK rhymes
Woven of old, sad words
Are your eyes.

Song lurks
In the long hair fallen
Over your pale shoulder.

Then why does the touch of your hand
Trouble me with understanding
Too deep for verse?

T. T.

Journey

G. R. M.

YOU can't idealize the Nation's Capital. You can try to, but you can't. You can't idealize the Nation's Capital. See me in the Parlor Car of the 8.15 express to Ottawa! Ah, to get away from Montreal! To sit back in my little plush seat and watch the snow-covered fields rushing past and the lighted stations going flick! flick! as our locomotive plunges us through the night, scaring the blackness with the fire it belches forth. To get away! Away from it all, the drudgery of routine, the sameness of St. Catherine Street, the scandal of city politics. To go plunging through the night on a little plush seat, searing the blackness. . . .

The passengers in the parlor car doze and smoke cigars; doze and read the evening papers and chew the ends of cigars. See the flouncy little Y. W. C. A. stenographer in the seat ahead of mine! see her flounce her head with disgust at the great sleek, fat, commercial travellers, all dozing and chewing cigars! How unfavorably they compare with the smartly-tailored Greek gods in the illustrations of the magazine she is reading! So she flounces her magazine shut and leans her perky head back on the plush seat and she too dozes . . .

Ottawa! Ottawa! "Dis way out, genelman, 'dis way," shouts the black-faced porter, the cheerful black-faced porter who hands out your suitcase to the platform and in return cheerfully exacts the statutory quarter. I seize my suitcase; it is very heavy. "Carry your bag, sir?" chirps a young red cap; a young, smooth-faced red cap with a chirpy, pleasant voice and big, wistful, devoted eyes. The bag is heavy, but he struggles with it proudly. Ah, how proud he is to have a bag to carry! How he would like to devote himself, always devote himself to some master. Those wistful eyes, how devoted is their glow!

"Chateau, Sir?" It is the obvious question. In all Ottawa, the Nation's Capital, there is only one hotel. But no Chateau for me. "The Raymer Apartments," say I, "do you know them?" He does, does Master Wistful. How eagerly he explains to me that they are, as the crow flies, only a step distant, if only we could take the direct way. They are just across the canal -

a few hundred yards away, but we cannot walk across the canal, the snow is too deep. So up the steps of the big Union Station we go, and out into Sparks Street.

The Nation's Capital — all concentrated there, in that small area! The Nation's Capital what does it consist of? Easy enough. There is the Union Station, the Chateau and the Houses of Parliament. Nothing else. Not even my lodgings, the Raymer Apartments, that we struggle to down a slippery side street, wistful gleefully leading the way struggling and panting with my big heavy, leather suitcase. Past a high gaunt building with hundreds of small windows. Is this it? No, replies Wistful, grinning, this is the jail." To another gaunt building, soaring sky-high. The Raymer Annex." Ah, the Raymer itself, at last. Mr. Wistful puffing proudly over his exertions. "Twenty-five cents, is that enough?" "It is plenty. Thank you, Sir." Good-night. "Good-night, Sir."

Ah, that last look of those, devoted eyes! How he would like to attach himself for ever to some master—to devote himself, to carry forever a heavy, leather suitcase over the slippery Ottawa streets.

I enter the hideous rotunda of the Raymer and look round for the office. There is none, apparently. I ring for the elevator. "Is there a room reserved for me?" "What name?" I give my name. He will go and see . . . No there is no room reserved for me. Would it be under another name? No, it wouldn't and it was definitely reserved. He would go and see again. . . . It was all right; I was expected last night so my room had been given away. But they would fix me up for tonight.

He leads me to a room — a poor scrawny room, with a flat hard bed and two thin blankets. The window is open, but the air is hot and stuffy. I look out of the window. This is an "inside room" and looks out into a narrow court. I crane my neck and discern a minute patch of sky miles above. No wonder there is no air! "Is this the only room there is?" The only one. But to-morrow something better might be arranged. Oh, all right. The chief matter is to get some sleep . . .

Look at me next day having breakfast all alone in the great dining room of the Chateau! It is eleven thirty and all the other people have finished. I overslept because no light came into my inside bedroom to warn me it was time to get up. See the smooth, quiet Scandinavian waiter move about at my bidding! What could I like? I could have anything on the menu except hot cereal. I will have orange, poached eggs and a pot of tea. Thank you, Sir. I read the *New Statesman* . . . Then he comes back, the cute, smooth little Norwegian waiter and puts an orange in front of me. I eat it, and get the rest of my breakfast placed before me. The tea in a heavy metal teapot containing rather less than a cup. The tea leaves tied up tightly in a little bag.

The waiter brings the bill. I find I have been eating oranges at \$2.40 a dozen, eggs at \$3.00 a dozen, toast at \$1.40 per loaf, butter at \$6.50 per pound and tea at \$22.50 per pound. See me playing the careful house wife in the Chateau Laurier! Ah, to get into the fresh air again after that stuffy inner bedroom and the heaviness of the Chateau! The lovely morning air, the lovely air and sunshine as I stand on Parliament Hill looking up the river. Ah, the crime of an inside room, of a Chateau dining room, on a day like this. To stand only to stand on Parliament Hill all one's days, breathing in the lovely morning air, breathing in the warm

sunshine, as one looks down the splendour of the Ottawa River!

I inquire at the newsstand of the Chateau for the *Martlet*. They have not got it. Do they expect to get it soon? Don't know; never heard of it. So I resignedly read the *New Statesman* again.

It is afternoon; see me at the door of the National Museum. Where is the Permanent Collection of pictures? It is up on the 4th floor. Thank you. So up I go; up in an elevator run by an official plastered with ribbons. Had he been in the War? Had he been in which war? He had been in five Wars. Had he been wounded? He had been wounded seven times. Had he retired from the Army? He had retired.

The Permanent Collection. "Italian, Flemish, Dutch and English Art of the 16th to 19th centuries." All this in one room! "Italian, Flemish, Dutch and English Art of the 16th to 19th centuries." The Permanent Collection. Those portraits of Gainsborough's. Those dandies of the Regency; those smooth-faced superior, imbecile dandies so beloved of Gainsborough. Where is their dark self, ah, where is that splendid darkness and aloneness that stands out in the men of the Spanish School? Those swarthy, secretive men in the little room nearby, the Spanish room! Ah! the Art of Spain, how it overwhelms the "Italian, Flemish, Dutch and English Art of the 16th to 19th centuries!" Beside those dark secretive Spaniards, how simpering appear the Madonnas! How wooden the Dutch figures. How idiotic the superior dukes and duchesses that Gainsborough dotes on!

And oh, the dreary brightness of modern English Art! That constant theme. "The Bathers" — "Les Baigneuses." The idealization of the human figure, the unlovely human figure of the modern English and French seaside resorts! That deep blue sickly sea, the nauseating glare of the sun, the oppressiveness of the sand the long strip of yellow sand, the garishness of the bathers' tents!

The cleverness of men like Orpen, the futile cleverness of the Orpens!

And the *diabolical* cleverness of John! But all, all, futile! The super-intellectualizing of Art, the fastening on to the upper centres, the conscious centres, and the complete obliviousness to the dark depths of the Spanish self! Ah, let me away from it all; let me away from the smugness of the English landscapes, the sleek domesticity of the cows, the sleeker domesticity of the portraits, the sickly freshness of the children . . . let me away from it all!

Let me go back to the dark self, the aloneness of the Primitives. Let me gaze on the Modern Primitives, the Cézannes, the Tom Thomsons. Where are the Cézannes? There are no Cézannes. Where are the Tom Thomsons? The Canadian Section is closed up for repairs. For repairs! for repairs! What repairs are needed on "The Jack Pine?" Where is the Canadian section, anyhow? The Canadian section is closed, sir, for repairs. Then where are the Renoirs? There are no Renoirs. No Renoirs! It is too much. Out of the Permanent collection. I stumble out into the afternoon sunshine, the fresh, always beautiful sunshine. Ah, to walk through the melting snow in the afternoon sunshine, always to walk, swish through the puddles and the melting snow in the lovely sunshine. After the Gainsboroughs and the Muirheads and Laverys. To walk always in the melting snow!