

* 571M 211 M XI

THE McGILLIAD

Vol. I, No. 2

Publication Office
Gardenvale, Que.

April, 1930

The Professor Looks at the Student

By One of Them

The Student Looks at the Professor

A. M. Klein

Rain on Fire — A Short Story

Virginia V. Douglas

Etudes et Etudiants en France et en Amérique

Georges Lemaitre

The Mind of McGill

Alastair Watt

Poems and Articles by

J. A. Edmison, D. J. Ross, E. A. Forsey, R. Levine, Leo Kennedy, Lennard Bernstein,
K. N. Cameron, F. R. S.

[20 CENTS A COPY]

CONTENTS

The Mind of McGill— <i>Alastair Watt</i>	2
The Professor Looks at the Student— <i>One of Them</i>	3
The Student Looks at the Professor— <i>A. M. Klein</i>	4
Mole Talk—Poem— <i>Leo Kennedy</i>	5
Rain on Fire—Short Story— <i>Virginia V. Douglas</i>	6
Demise—Poem— <i>K. N. Cameron</i>	9
Sweeney Graduates—Poem— <i>F. R. S.</i>	9
College Perennials— <i>J. A. Edmison</i>	10
Wit and the Unconscious— <i>Lennard Bernstein</i>	11
What's in a Name— <i>D. J. Ross</i>	12
Etudes et Etudiants en France et en Amérique— <i>Georges Lemaitre</i>	13
Reviews:— <i>E. A. Forsey, K.N.C., R. Levine,</i> —	

EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor

ABRAHAM M. KLEIN

Associate Editors

ALLAN EDSON DAVID LEWIS

R. LEVINE

Business Manager

O. S. MARKHAM

Chairman of Executive

ALASTAIR WATT

The Mind of McGill

Alastair Watt

THE most obvious objection to the mind of undergraduate McGill is its existence. One would prefer to write of the minds of McGill in contradiction to that community, that uniformity of thought, opinion, and standards which comprises the mind of a group; for it is not an unreasonable stand to take that the highest function of a university should be to foster individuality in its members. The point has often been laboured, but like a good story, it bears repetition. Students should emerge from college one would think, as correctives to, or perhaps moulders of the standardising influences of western civilisation by developing their differences instead of their similarities, by being critical of themselves and of their surroundings. To attain this end the atmosphere of at least the undergraduate body of the university should be conducive to the intellectual independence of the individual.

Is this the case at McGill? Hardly. The student body here prides itself on being a democracy. It might be more descriptively termed a spectatorship, for its ordinary state of mind is that of the looker-on. It is receptive rather than expressive, more passive than active. In the name of college spirit it requires for its keenest satisfaction large numbers to be doing the same thing at the same time. It has a passion for organisation, for groups, the bigger the better. One need not look far for illustrations. Take athletics. The ideal at McGill, as elsewhere on the continent, seems to be the production of teams, winning teams, instead of physically sound and beautiful individuals. We crowd into stadiums and forums to witness spectacles. Spectacles imply spectators: if we have plenty of both it is a good year athletically speaking. Read the Daily of March 22nd. The authors of the "coroner's Court" section—all fair examples of student mentality—joyfully predict: "The year 1929-30 will go down in history as one of the most successful in the past decade—red and white athletes have gained Six Championships out of a possible fourteen". Fourteen out of fourteen, we take it, would be a millenium.

One cannot of course quarrel with students going to see their fellows at play (although the idea of play does seem foreign to rigorous training, prolonged competition and organised praying for victory): but one can reproach them for making spectatorship their sole participation in sport. Nor can one minimise the difficulties in the way of having every student engaged in athletics at about the same time. Those difficulties are obvious; but no one seems to mind if they are never overcome. Too much emphasis is placed by the student on success, particularly on successful teams that will bring glory to alma mater. Track and field, swimming, boxing and wrestling are comparatively ignored by even the spectator, when they might absorb a far greater number of students as competitors. Success in them means nothing: their value lies in the self reliance they promote in the athlete. In competition he has to stand alone without help from his fellows. That is what should count, not the cheers of spectators, and the fulsome panegyrics of journalists with success in competition as their standard of athletic progress or decline.

The passivity of the student mind is apparent to a noticeable degree in our so-called intellectual pursuits, and it is most remarkable, because least excusable, in the Faculty of Arts. You may say it is the fault of formalism, of a mechanical system of mass education with its rigid gradings, compulsory lectures and required courses. Perhaps it is: but that does not excuse the student for neglecting the opportunities of intellectual development which lie to his hand. A professor once divided his class into sheep and goats, those who passed and those who failed. The classification, while too sweeping, is very descriptive, and the goats are perhaps the wiser of the two. They at least do not run the risk of becoming intellectual parasites and may assert themselves later. But the sheep, the good students, are often just such parasites—plastic material ready to be formed, or deformed, by the exigencies of the calendar. They force themselves

(Continued on Page 16)

The Professor Looks at the Student

By One of Them

THE Professor? There are many professors who would indignantly repudiate the suggestion that there is a definite professorial type, distinguished, according to current belief, by absent-mindedness, a certain sartorial negligence (to call it nothing worse), short-sightedness, and rather untidy beards. He would be a bold mathematician who would venture to determine the common factor which exists in all professors: they are indeed as varied as the subjects which they profess to teach. Some are young, some are old, some human, and some not: and consequently their attitude towards the student is capable of infinite variations. Which of us has not in his wearier moments sighed for a university which should consist entirely of staff? And yet, quieter reflection reveals what a ghastly thing such an institution would be. For the professor, like Moloch of old, demands his victim; and if the student is not offered up for him to teach, will he not immediately begin to practice upon his colleagues? No, even if the student is regarded by some as an evil, he is at least a necessary evil: while the professor himself, as probably most students would admit, though a nuisance, is a necessary nuisance. And so that strange relationship persists.

It is then a difficult, or rather an impossible, task to describe how the professor looks at his student: one can only say something of his individual outlook and hope that it is typical, which, of course, it may not be in the least. But perhaps all would agree in saying that they do not like their students to be infallible. Nothing can be more exasperating than the demure pupil, of either sex, who simpers over his (or her) fellow's mistakes and insists with an ill-affected bashfulness on answering every question that is put to the class. Let such a one, if such there be, read Saki's terrible story of the good little girl who won medals for obedience, good conduct, and punctuality, and who was finally devoured by the wolf, because as she was hiding in the bush her trembling made the medals clink together and so gave away her place of refuge. A spice of original sin is always attractive. It makes the professor more at home to find that his students are people of like passions with himself. It makes him feel young again: and if there is one thing which he must do, it is to keep young.

It is not always easy for him to do so. Every year some tie is snapped, the old familiar faces disappear, and new students take their place, as transitory as those who have gone before: and how shall he know when or where he may meet them again? There was A . . . for example, who used to be such an infernal nuisance in the classroom (I had to turn him out once): and yet, when I was lecturing far away from Montreal, he sat through it like a lamb, and his

beaming face was the first thing that I saw when the lecture was over. It made me feel quite guilty. They are so decent and so tactful, many of them. That student (I forget his name) who buttonholed me and asked if I remembered him at Toronto—how thoughtful of him to tell me his name. It would have been so difficult to say "Yes" otherwise without being found out! And how patient and forgiving they are! That crossing on Sherbrooke Street, for instance, just opposite the gates of McGill,—how broad and inviting it must seem to some of them! A foot on the accelerator at the convenient moment, an extra quick swing round the turning,—why, it would hardly take a month of well-directed effort to eliminate the whole of the absent-minded crew. I have often noticed a strange look on some of their faces when I have been abusing them for not making the most of their opportunities. Perhaps some of the abused ones have neglected their opportunity that very morning, deliberately missed me or one of my confrères, only to have to listen in silence to such unintelligent charges. What sublime magnanimity!

Yes, I confess it with bated breath, I like them—most of them. I like to look at a class, preferably a mixed class, of thirty or forty of them, their young faces shining with a determination to do the minimum of work. I like the subtle ways in which they attempt to trap their instructor into a lengthy digression, their ill-concealed delight when they think they have got the old man going. It would be cruel to disappoint them. I like to watch the progress of the best of them, to think that in a few years they will be able to teach me much about my own subject, and that perhaps I may have contributed a little to that result. It is a fascinating game to come into contact with so many human beings of such varied interests and such different points of view. It flatters the professor when they bring him their problems and difficulties, for it is an acknowledgment that they are aware of his interest in them. But at the back of his heart there is often a certain wistfulness. His path is settled: Men may come, and men may go, but he goes on for ever. But what of them? What of those bright, hopeful faces? Lamb's brother, watching the Eton boys playing in their fields, remarked with a sigh: "What a pity to think that these fine ingenuous lads in a few years will all be changed into frivolous members of parliament!" But there are depths of pessimism, gulfs of horror, into which it is wiser not to peep. Some happier fate, we may be sure, is in store for most of our ingenuous ones. Let us rather picture them as shining lights in that most admirable of all professions, the—Confound it all, there goes the bell, and they will be disappointed if I am late!

The Student Looks at the Professor

A. M. Klein

THE impolite custom of staring at persons both of low and high degree has grown with the growth of modern biography. In spite of all the injunctions of a meticulous etiquette the curious still insist on prying into the privacies of the past; every literary mind has become an x-ray; and every skeleton in every cupboard is gloatingly dangled before the myopic eyes of a morbid public. When, therefore, the graves of the great are subject to the ravages of body-snatching biographers, we may well inquire whether the sepulchral sanctums of the professoriat shall remain intact? The writer of these lines, at any rate, knows hallowed land when he sees it; he has no intentions of breaking into the professorial chambers; he has no awful disclosures to make. He has merely called upon himself the ordeal of looking at the professor; in looking, he may either blink, leer, or gape.

In the early fancyings of our youth, we imagined the professor as a bespectacled and long-bearded baldpate, growing blear-eyed upon ancient tomes, stuffing his brain with erudite absurdities, grovelling among the ruins of antiquity, and finally leaving his bleached bones in a Sahara of dry learning. Professors of philosophy were to us individuals who, while approaching the eternal verities with a metaphysical urbanity, were rustics indeed in the handling of the ordinary conventions of life. We conjured up the vision of pundits of biology, frittering away their time and their talents in promoting marriage alliances between the various species of coleoptera, and the vision of doctors in classics estranging themselves utterly from the concerns of every day, doctors the only irregularity of whose lives were their Greek verbs. We thought of them as we thought of Dr. Arnold, a man who explained the ablative by calling it the *quale-quare-quidditive case*.

We now know whence came these impressions of the salad days of our youth. Joke-books featuring the professor in moods of continual abstraction, cartoons depicting him amid a plenitude of whiskers, and anecdotes from the German, these have conspired to produce the conception of a professor who is a misfit in space and an anachronism in time.

During our adolescence while we were reading the ordinary literature devoured in that period of life we discovered in Mencken that there were professors with whom the aforementioned had not any affinity. These were nattily-dressed Americans who lectured blithely and in slang on the art of making ice cream, the science of the eyeless needle, business, ethics, efficiency, and kindred lore. They made factories out of the universities, and turned out graduates on a regular union scale of production. They were moderns whose conception of the world was that of a universe of robots, controlled by automatons, and inspired by a *Deus ex machina*. Many a high-school slumber of ours

was disturbed by nightmares wherein hirsute grammarians of the Browning type grappled with the beardless minions of the Mencken description.

Came the dawn. In the groves of Academe situated in the biological hothouse, in the gardens of Epicurus flowering on the McGill campus, in the painted stoa sheltered in the Art's Building, there, said we, there we would discover the professor. Through the Roddick Gates we marched to gaze on mysteries soon to be revealed. We came, we saw, we were conquered. Mencken wrote, as he drank, well but not wisely . . . and even Browning had discussed a grammarian the taste of whom untold generations of worms have forgotten. The doctors we encountered were not specimens from the Academy of Lagado. They were actually endowed with the feelings of the lesser breeds of humankind; if you tickled them, they laughed; if you pinched them, they were annoyed, and in the hour of need they failed you.

There is only one professor whom we will remember for his absent-minded masterpiece, for his eccentric deviation from the logic of the man on the street. In justice to him let it be prefaced that he had a true appreciation of the beauties of Nature. On many a morning one could see him, hands behind his back, walking along the campus, gazing in philosophic wonder at the miracles of a progressive creation, studying the problems of William James in the gyration of a squirrel, listening to the divine fiat in the voice of a bird. He also taught philosophy. He entered his classroom one sunny afternoon in April, and pointing to the splendour that shone without, he said: Gentlemen, the study of books is futile. Look through these windows, and know the secret of life. This day in April, its sunshine, its birds singing,—here is a system of philosophy none dare refute. He paused for effect. Mr. Smith, he continued, will you please pull down the blinds.

While we were freshmen, of course, the professor was to us nothing more than a well-informed gown, talking with the authority of an alphabet of degrees. For us, he had no personal identity; he was a book incarnate. As we were herded into classrooms and given seats and numbers, we too began to lose our personality. It was a curious spectacle: an active text-book addressing potential examination-papers. We hesitate to suggest as remedy to this situation a conversat between the professors and the freshmen, but in the words of the impotent reformer we say that something ought to be done about it.

Moreover, to tell truth, something is actually being done about it. The representation of the professors on the executive of the various societies and clubs on the campus serves the very excellent purpose of bringing the student into more intimate relationship with the professor. Here, if he can not rub shoulders with the learned, he can at

least shake hands . . . here he may discover the personal in the professorial, the human in the Humanities.

And these are really the things that the student seeks. Very few indeed come to these sacred precincts with the intention of drinking in sweetness and basking in light, very few come impelled by the noble desire of seeing life clearly and seeing it whole. The undergraduate Jasons, foregoing the Golden Fleece, are content with merely the sheepskin. The intelligent student, as we know him, has already been tainted by post-war disillusionment. He has read Aldous Huxley. He sees before him shards of clay feet; the idols have fallen from their high places; prevails uncertainty. Even a college curriculum will not shatter his scepticism. When Pilate, jesting, asks what is truth, and stays not for an answer; when Plato expends ten books on a definition of justice, and ends with an interrogation; when men thunder an ambiguous righteousness in the pulpit; and when Nietzsche advances beyond good and evil, at that twilight hour shall the freshman enter the halls of learning seeking the positive and certain? We think not; he does not expect to find it. It was only in the days of Virgilius Maro that two students at Toulouse argued for fifteen days and for fifteen nights, over that immortal tense—the frequentative of the verb to be.

Even if the student did cherish high longings of sometimes seeing truth face to face and not darkly as through a glass, he is foredoomed in a number of cases at least, to partial disappointment.

For not to many professors is it given to tear aside the veil and bestow upon the initiate one swift keen glance at Beauty, and not to many it is granted that they show eternity seething in a test-tube, or that they pluck out the guts and gizzard of ultimate reality. But the revelation of the self extraordinary they all may achieve.

Therefore not the deep principles or the lofty thoughts enunciated by the professoriat will the average student grapple to his soul with hoops of steel. It is rather the obiter dicta, the words en passant, the thought parenthetic, that he will cherish, like the pilgrim his relic. The mind of a man on his death-bed, we will wager, does not concern itself with categorical imperatives; it is far more likely to recall such trifles as the taste of one's last pint of beer or of one's last kiss. The student too, is far more likely to nibble at the crumbs of learning—if we may again change the metaphor—than to munch at its loaves.

We have been a General Student; with becoming modesty we have abandoned Honours; we have resisted the last infirmity of noble minds. We have preferred to wander, like a peripatetic philosopher, from lecture-room to lecture-room, gleaning a secret here, snatching at a sunbeam there. And from these experiences we surmise what the student will remember in the days when college is a fire-place recollection of the past. He will more easily call up the fallacious proof that X may be equal both to two and to one, than the elaborate one of the binomial theorem. He may forget the theories of the Austrian school of economics, but the memory of the dismal science taught amid paroxysms of

laughter is forever his; nor will he wittingly efface the Socratic questionnaires of him whose doctrines had in them more of the colour of blood than the others'. Already is he ignorant of the first rudiments of Arabic which once he was taught, but though syntax may go down to oblivion, the letter Nun will ever bring before him suggestions of his lady's eye-brow. The rule of the subjunctive may become as chaff driven by the wind but he has wherewith to console himself: he has heard it in an undertone, and he knows why Dido was painted a blonde. . . . The faces of the members of the royal families of Europe with whom he hobnobbed for four years, may become blurred, but the impression of the genial humour and the satiric wit of those who showed him their pedigrees is indelible. The friendship between spirogyra and himself may fade with the years but the memory of the manner in which they were formally introduced will be a joy forever. Dan Chaucer's warbling may be lost in the din of a machine-mad world, but the thin small voice of the impresario who presented him will bring to him the ever-recurring titillation of a mischievous and mediaeval humour. In times to come his French may not trip lightly on the tongue, but the phantom of the perfect Parisien will haunt him; then, his German may shame even a Frenchman, but the fluent raconteur who engrossed him with it will evoke a second appreciation of an old joke. Then, too, his Spanish may be nothing to speak of, or with, but the genius of the professor—if genius is the ability of suffering infinite pains—will be a by-word in his vocabulary. And not soon will he forget the advice of him who urged him to court a maiden which only a professor could love, *mayden agein*.

This is no valedictory. But the student in looking at the professor, must if he seeks to evaluate him correctly, also visualize his phantom in the days to come; and in doing this, he may forget the vistas that he saw from magic case-ments, but remember he will that on the road to Camelot he engaged in high talk with certain doctors and masters of learning.

Mole Talk

The weasel and the wren consort
Beneath one coverlet,
Upon the whittled bones of each,
Docility is set;
Strange fellows for a common bed,—
The rodent and the bird
Lip deep in sand and gravel, lie
Without a grudging word.
No shuddering disports the worm:
Too wise are they, and proud,
To lift a stiffened limb, or pluck
The seaming of a shroud.

Leo Kennedy

Rain on Fire

Virginia V. Douglas



HEY stood at the foot of the Scala di Spagna, the tall thin slightly stooping man and the girl in the blue raincoat. It was a dark rainy day and the flower stalls were covered with heavy tarpaulin. Some of the flowers had fallen to the sidewalk and lay there crushed and muddy. People under umbrellas hurried up and down the stairs, taxis squawked in the piazza, smoky clouds hung low in the sky, and the tall man and the girl in the blue raincoat were quarreling.

They had been going to Babington's for tea, walking briskly, their hands tucked together in the big pocket of his overcoat. Through the Pincio they walked, down the road under the old clipped trees, past the Villa Medici, to the head of the stairs. It was there, as they paused to watch the black umbrella tops bobbing below, that the quarrel had started. She had said something quite casually, as though she were speaking of the bleary weather, that made him jerk his head around and peer with frightened brown eyes into her blue ones.

"What did you say, Alicia?"

She was still absorbed in the scene below. "Oh look at that funny old man holding an umbrella over his horse's head." She laughed and pointed down the stairs. "What do you suppose he intends to do about the poor creature's back?"

He did not look at the old man. "Alicia, what did you say?"

"I said look at that funny . . ."

He jerked her around by the shoulders. "Alicia, you know very well what I mean. What did you say before?"

"Oh that? I only said it is a pity I must go back to Paris so soon."

He was silent a moment, repeating what she had said to himself. Then he asked gently, "Are you teasing, Alicia, dear? You know you mustn't tease me about such things. It was just a little joke, wasn't it?"

"No, of course it wasn't a little joke. I must go in a few days." Her fingers twisted nervously at a button of her coat. "You knew, Dante, that I had to be back for the Salon de Printemps. I told you that a long time ago."

"Ah yes, you said that a long time ago, but it's different now."

She raised her eyebrow. "Why is it different?"

"Ah, Alicia, now I know you are teasing me. Come, my dear," he took her arm, "let us go and have our tea and perhaps you will stop being so naughty. Think how nice it will be; we will sit at our table by the fire and eat hot scones and butter, and I shall order some honey, too, just to celebrate."

She went with him down the stairs, silently, but at the bottom, between the blue and orange blurs of the flower

stands, she stopped and said, "Really, Dante, I wasn't teasing you. I'm leaving for Paris the day after tomorrow."

Abandoning his air of humoring a child, he dropped back against the stone balustrade, his eyes pleading. "I don't understand, Alicia," he said, "what does this mean?"

"I have just explained to you what I mean." Her patience was obvious. "And for that matter you knew it all along. Why do you ask such senseless questions?"

"Senseless, senseless?" His voice rose to a cry, and she glanced about anxiously to see if they were attracting attention. "Is it senseless that I should wish to know why you are going back to Paris, why you are calmly planning to leave me now that we have found each other?" His voice lowered to a trembling whisper. "Oh, Alicia, my dearest, do you forget how many times you have said. . ."

"Oh yes, I have said; but I never intended to stay here in Rome all my life, living with you in your cold little studio, not being able to take a cab when it rains, having honey for tea just to celebrate." She laughed a little bitterly.

"Oh, Alicia," Dante moaned, "why must you say it all so cruelly?"

His head was bent, but under the broad brim of his hat she could see his lips quivering. Acting, always acting. He seemed to think his tears would soften her heart when they only disgusted her beyond telling. Her patience was at an end.

"You wouldn't think it was cruel if you had an atom of brains. Anyway," she added almost to herself, "I have to say a thing cruelly before you understand it."

He raised his head and his eyes were full of big tears. "Alicia, how can you love me and speak this way? You know you are the heart of life to me. What would the world be if you went away? How can you love me and speak of leaving?" His eyes narrowed at the expression on her face. He bent nearer. "Alicia, you do still love me, don't you?"

She looked away. "It's cold out here," she said, "let's go into Babington's and have our tea — and honey," she added laughing.

Dante's shoulders fell in a helpless and miserable sigh. "Ah yes, Alicia, have your tea. Here is the money. I will wait for you out here."

"Now, Dante, please don't be dramatic. You know how I hate it. Come with me and wait until we get home for your scenes."

"No, you run along, dear," he said wearily, "I really don't care for tea today. It's — it's always so hot in there."

She shrugged her shoulders. "All right, if you insist upon being childish, I'll go have my tea all by myself. Perhaps I can find some nice, cheerful, young man to come and sit with me. Well, goodbye, Dante, I hope you don't catch cold standing out here in the rain."

He watched her, a blue streak weaving her way through a somber crowd and disappearing into the door of the tea shop. She had actually gone without him, she didn't care if he stood out in the rain, she had even said she might find some one else to have tea with her. Oh certainly she would never do that. But that was the way he had met her. He smiled to himself as he remembered the day. It had been at a thé dansant at the Hotel Russie. He had gone in hopes of rousing himself from the feeling of apathy that had been weighing him down for weeks. But even the music and the gaiety had failed to brighten his eye or lift his spirit. Then he had seen her, only a glimpse among the dancers. He watched until she appeared again. A perfect Botticelli face; she might easily have been floating her golden hair with the Three Graces of Spring. He had been struck by the shades of her skin. Was it transparent flesh over gold? No, there was a blue to it somewhere. He had puzzled over it until the dance had ended and she and her companions had walked past him. He had been simply enchanted by the rhythm of her. She moved like a wave, a morning wave, graceful and unhurried, but with a sparkle and gaiety beneath a smooth surface. What a creature to paint. Or perhaps she would better be interpreted in music, something that pulsed along to a crescendo and ended in a fearful crash of chords.

For an hour his eyes had hardly left her. He absorbed with delight all her little mannerisms: the way she drew up her shoulders when she laughed, the way she marched her fingers along the edge of the tea table while she talked. As he watched she became more a personality to him and less a picture. He wanted to know who she was, to hear what she was saying. When the dance was over she would go away and perhaps he would never see her again. The thought inspired him with the idea to ask her to dance with him. He debated with himself a long time before he gathered the courage to approach her. Would she think him rude? Would she be very angry? His heart had been beating rapidly as he crossed the room to her table, hardly daring to hope she would say yes.

But it had been love at first sight. How many times she had whispered it to him since that day. Something had compelled her to dance with him, a complete stranger. Certainly it had been a moment in a lifetime. Each had recognized the other as the complement to his soul. It was preordained. He could hardly realize that they had not always known each other, always been in love. But there was a shadow in that. Why had she refused to answer his question? She was angry about something. She thought he didn't care. He must hurry to her and assure her of his boundless love. Nothing could ever separate them; they were too united to ever thrive apart.

With tears smarting in his eyes he rushed through the crowd to the tea shop, pushed open the door with one lunge of his shoulders. Where was Alicia? Not by the fire where they always sat, not by —. Ah, there she was, brushing a lock of hair back under her hat. He knew the gesture well. She would be sighing a little; she always did. He hurried to her, smiling tenderly. "Alicia, my dear —," But with a gasp he stopped short. There was some one with her. That

it was a Frenchman he could tell at a glance, a sneaking, sleek-eyed Frenchman showing his pretty white teeth in a smile for Alicia. This was not true; he was dreaming.

Alicia smiled calmly. "Oh hello, Dante, did you decide to come in out of the rain? I guess there is room enough here for all of us." She examined the corner dubiously. "Dante, this is Monsieur —," she frowned. "Why, I do believe I have forgotten your name. Please forgive me."

The man with the white smile rose and held out his hand. "Monsieur Collard," he said, bowing graciously.

Without seeming to be aware of it Dante shook the man's hand. Then, collecting himself, he drew up his shoulders and said coldly, "You'll pardon us please, we must go now." He reached for the coat Alicia had thrown over the back of her chair.

"Oh, but I'm not ready to go yet." She took another scone and prepared to butter it. "Monsieur Collard and I are having a most interesting discussion. I'm sorry if you must leave so soon, Dante."

He stepped to her with a quick movement and took her arm. "Come with me," he said quietly.

Alicia, after a moment's hesitation, put down her scone and rose. "Will you pardon me a minute, Monsieur Collard? This — gentleman wishes to speak to me. I will be back shortly." She walked leisurely to the door, Dante shaking with rage, behind her.

In the small vestibule of the tea shop they faced each other. She was calmly indignant. "Before you begin ordering me about, Dante, please remember I am not an Italian woman."

He cut her short. "Alicia," he said in a thick, unnatural voice, "I only want to know one thing; do you still love me?"

"Oh," she cried, putting her hands over her ears, "you and your everlasting questions are driving me crazy. I've put up with you as long as I can. I'm going back to Paris." She swung about abruptly and marched to the door, her heels clicking on the tile pavement. At the door, her hand on the knob, she turned and swept him with scornful eyes. "And what makes you so sure I ever did love you, Dante?" she asked. "I certainly don't know; I hate you, hate you!"

The door swung open and shut again with a wheezy sound. She was gone. He stood there staring at the spot where she had stood, hearing in his mind the echo of her words 'I hate you, hate you.'

* * *

Alicia, climbing the dark, curling stairs to the studio, was dreading the scene before her. Matters could be no worse between Dante and her than they were at that moment. In the tea shop she had told him what she had been longing to tell him for weeks, that she did not love him. Not that she had been hating him for all that time; her feelings had been for the most part irritation and disgust. But that afternoon had been the climax; she could bear him no longer.

Of late she had often wondered what had prompted her to dance with him that day at the Russie. He wasn't the type of man she was generally attracted to. For one thing he was much too serious about everything. To her there was a funny side to being in love, but he could never see it.

When she laughed at some of his preposterous vows he would be hurt. "How can you say such things, Alicia?" he would ask. He was always asking questions and, although they required no answers, he would insist that she reply. "How can you, Alicia, how can you?" he would repeat over and over until she would want to scream. And the way he said her name, Alicia, with a sort of pleading lift to it; she couldn't bear it.

Now everything about him irritated her. His eyes that she had once thought his most attractive feature now struck her as being amazingly cow-like; she hated to watch him walk with his queer way of springing up on his toes at each step; everything, everything, displeased her.

Well, she would find him in the studio, probably sitting in his chair by the window, looking utterly stricken. He would reproach her first by sighs, and then by threats. Perhaps he would declare he was going to throw himself into the Tiber, but he had said that before. One time they had had a terrible quarrel over nothing. For hours he had cried with great, horrible sobs. Then he had risen from the bed where he had been lying, face downward, and stalked dramatically to the door, a determined look in his eye that meant only one thing. How disgusted she had been; but that time she had thought it wisest to play up to him. She remembered with half amusement their little scene at the door, she barring it with her arms, he ordering her aside. A page from a penny thriller it had been. So childish. Well, her only wish was to disengage herself from this tiresome affair as soon as possible and get back to Paris. Paris — the word held out its arms to her. There one could take life as it came and laugh at high emotions. And the French men were easier. They knew when a thing was finished and were not disagreeable about it. The Italians loved to act. They loved to pace wildly up and down the room, wringing their hands and moaning. They reveled in the suffering of love. It wasn't that they cared more; it was just their inherent desire to make themselves miserable. And she hated that more than anything else in the world.

Outside the studio door she waited a moment, listening. There was not a sound. Perhaps he was not there and she could go in, pack her clothes silently and quickly, and be gone before he returned. She lifted the latch and carefully let herself into the room. At first it was so dark she could see nothing, then as her eyes grew accustomed to the half glow from the light in the street, she looked about. The room was empty. Dante was probably walking in the Pincio weeping with the fountains. Or perhaps he was watching from the street below for the light. She would pack without it.

In the brown dusk she hurried from cupboard to dresser collecting her clothes and jamming them hurriedly into her suitcase. Tomorrow she would pack more carefully. Her only thought tonight was to get away before Dante returned. What would he do if he found her preparing to run away? Probably threaten to kill her, but he had done that before, too. She would tell him to stop being a fool. She wished she had told him that long ago, or, better still, that she had run away when the infatuation of those first few days had worn off. Now it was all so stagey. It oc-

curred to her that she herself was acting in a most undignified manner, scurrying about in the dark, and jumping at every creak on the stairs. She seemed to be making little progress with her packing; she could find nothing. Her blue dress, where was it? Oh yes, she had put it in the suitcase. and her brown gloves? They were on the table by the bed she remembered. She groped her way to it.

"What are you doing, Alicia?" The voice from the bed was low but threatening. Startled, she dropped the things in her hands and backed away with a little scream.

Something moved on the bed. A match spluttered and the lamp flared into light. Dante, his hair wild and his eyes unnaturally bright stood beside her holding the lamp in his hand. It reminded her of some picture in London — in St. Paul's. Yes, this was a picture. She was with her sister in the cathedral, "Pre-Raphaelite Alicia." The lamp moved slowly to the middle of the room. It was Dante. He was looking at her half-packed suitcase lying on the floor.

"You thought I wasn't here?" His voice sounded so strange. She couldn't take her eyes from his face, so distorted and red. "You were going away without seeing me again? Then it must be true; you don't love me."

Alicia was alarmed. "No, it's not true, Dante, I do love you. I was — oh, I was angry with you this afternoon for being so rude to Monsieur Collard. He is an old friend of mine."

His face brightened momentarily and then fell. "But, Alicia, how could he be an old friend of yours? You didn't even know his name." His voice had the old pleading note she knew so well. Then he was only acting this time too. For a moment she had been genuinely frightened.

"All right, I never saw him before. It's true what I said this afternoon; I hate you. I'm going away from you and your comic operas. Tonight I'll go to a hotel and tomorrow I'll leave for Paris. Oh, I hope I never see you again as long as I live."

She picked up the things she had dropped in her fright. One hour and she would be safely away from Dante and his queer eyes. Then she would laugh to remember how frightened she had been. Tomorrow she would take the train for Paris where life was tranquil and the lights were bright. She pushed the things into her bag with feverish haste, fearing something would detain her. Dante did nothing but stand silently beside her with the lamp in his hand. Was he going to let her go without a word more?

Then he spoke in a sing-song voice that was high and thin. "You think you will never see me again, Alicia, that you are going away from me forever, but I won't let you. You are never going to be able to forget me. I will hunt for you all over the world if you try to hide from me. It would be much better if you were to stay here and listen to all the questions, much better. Perhaps then you could get away. But you can never forget."

He began to mumble the words over and over to himself, "never forget, never forget." Alicia forced herself to look up. The light from the lamp struck a jagged shadow across his face; it looked like a scar. She slammed shut the lid of her suitcase and tried to fasten it, but her fingers were stiff.

He was just trying to frighten her again, she told herself; well, she would show him she knew he was acting.

"It's too late now, Dante," she said in a steady voice, "I've made up my mind."

He laughed a little and moved away from her to the table by the window. "Oh, Alicia," he said, "here is your Spanish stiletto. Aren't you going to take it?"

"My stiletto? I had almost forgotten it." She held out her hand. "Will you give it to me, Dante?" She snapped her fingers impatiently. "Please, Dante, give it to me; I want to put it in my bag."

Looking around she saw he had not moved toward her. Instead he was slowly dragging himself across the floor. Her eyes widened with terror.

"Dante, what are you doing?" she whispered. Something had frozen her feet to the floor. She could only stand there like stone and watch him pull his long body on to the bed. Finally he lay there panting.

She wondered if she had died. Her heart seemed to have stopped and a cold cloud had settled on her forehead. The horrible sounds from the bed pulsed through the room like

the rush of air from some huge bellows. Then she heard a soft laugh. The sound, so natural brought the blood back to her legs. "Dante," she cried, rushing across the room to him, "what is the matter?"

He held out his hand to her and smiled a stiff, narrow smile. "Alicia, Alicia, do you see what I mean, do you understand?"

The hand in hers grew soft. The fingers felt loose. She let it drop and it fell against the bed with a little thud. There was something so unreal about all this. She was in a strange place. This queer man on the bed, who was he? This was an unfamiliar room with its dark shadows slanting across the corners.

She felt her brain swoop and dive in horrible circles. Gradually the circles grew smaller and smaller until they spun around a single thought. She knew it was there, but she dared not look into her brain to see it. Then as gradually the thought grew larger and larger until it became a huge ball in her head and with a fearful noise it exploded. In the quiet nothingness that followed she understood, she saw what Dante meant.

Demise

Edmund Chadwick,
lover of art, —
why did he put a
bullet in his heart?

He who clutched
with frantic fingers
the last pink cry of
dawn that lingers,

he who watched the wind
in the grass,
hour on hour,
pass and re-pass,

watched the shadows
in the snow,
purple . . . lilac,
come and go,

He who sought for
beauty like a rover:
What shall we say now
all is over?

What shall we say?
What leave unsaid?
We loved his songs,
and he is dead.

I think I know
why this man died,
know why he laid
his songs aside,

know why he thought it
a better thing
to shut out the keen
sweet cry of spring.
* * *

Gaunt gray buildings
grayly pushed
against his brain
till it was crushed.

On the pale face
of each pale wall
were blood-drops growing
for a fall.

Beneath the song of
every tree —
the low, black music
of futility.

His old lover-friends,
the stars, —
dead embers dripping
through cold bars.

Even in children's
aimless chatter
came a saint's head
on a silver platter.
* * *

Edmund Chadwick,
lover of art,
I know why you put that
bullet in your heart.

K. N. Cameron.

Sweeney Graduates

(With all necessary apologies)

Sweeney, collegiate vertebrate,
Emits stenography. Content
To write as ragged notes dictate
He earns an adequate per cent.

The hour is procreant. His mind,
Incapable of further suction,
Gives sudden, fissive birth—a kind
Of protoplasmal reproduction.

He sloughs the academic skin.
The intellectual skirmish ends.
Now may the serious work begin
Of piling up the dividends.

Professor Slogan, D.C.L.
Sifts truth from error. He conjectures
That Sweeney knows his questions well
Since they are answered from his lectures.

His depelliculative dome
Preponderates with pride, as all
His pet ideas come flocking home
Inviolatè, identical.

So Sweeney passes. So they pass
In thousands down the milky way.
Nebuchadnezzar, throned in brass,
Laughs at the prophets' disarray,

As educated hordes intrude
On meretricious premises
And magnates in their magnitude
Dispense the dubious degrees.

F. R. S.

College Perennials

By A. J. Edmison

HE was an intercollegiate debater—and he knew it. He wore an intercollegiate debating watch charm—and so everybody else knew it. He was an Authority on debating—and hence it was only appropriate that he give his opinion concerning it to the hungry oratorical sheep of the freshman year.

He believed in debating, he did. Great practice in speaking, excellent training in creative thinking, highly inductive to repartee.

How did he win that debate against Ottawa College? Well now, that is an interesting question in itself. He had betaken himself to the Redpath Library, he had wiped the dust off ancient volumes, he had compiled data and illustrations and facts and figures. He had browsed through "Forty Thousand Quotations" and had selected eleven of them for possible use. He was now thoroughly prepared—he was master of his subject—he could make his speech fit his illustrations—he had several "That Reminds Me. . ." jokes which he could bring up with well-prepared spontaneity . . . he had arguments which he could make lie down, stand up or roll over.

How did he deliver his speech? Ah—just leave that to him. He had it timed to within a quarter of a minute of his allotted fifteen. He had memorized it most carefully from his introductory—"I have listened most attentively to the arguments brought forward by my learned opponents and can find nothing in them"—to his concluding. I submit, Mr. Chairman, that the opposition have completely and absolutely failed to prove their case". He had planned to bang the desk four times during his address, to clap his hands thrice, to make a loud exclamation twice and to speak in a whisper once. Did he use any notes? Well—not exactly—He had them before him just in case of emergency—and kept turning the pages as he spoke. You should never leave anything to chance, you know.

Did the judges come to an unanimous decision? No—but the two judges who thoughtlessly voted for his opponents gave them such scant majority that the third judge through generous marking was able to over-rule them both. Long live Intercollegiate Debating.

THE SENIOR in Arts was slouched before the fire in his University Street room. ("No noise after 11 p.m.—Use of bath every second Saturday—No card-playing on Sunday"). This night he was in a reflective mood, which after all is excusable in seniors.

Hum-m. Pretty soon through the grace of Allah and the generosity of the Profs. he would be a Bachelor of Arts. (Striding to the bureau he gazed, not without some feeling of satisfaction, on his features in the mirror) . . . A Univer-

sity graduate! . . . How the folks back in his Ontario town would look up to him—"My—look at old Tom's boy—went to that McGill school in Montreal—He knows Latin, he does—and a lot of other high fallutin' things—ain't education grand?" . . . Yes—and why not?—He was an educated man—He had gone places and done things—He had broadened out—He had outgrown Main Street with all its petty taboos and Mrs. Grundyisms—egad.—He had read some Karl Marx, he knew how to spell Nietzsche, he could pronounce de Maupassant, he had seen "Strange Interlude", he had been to the Frolics and the Gayety, he knew the first names of the Pig bartenders, he had once winked at a chorus girl. . . In other words, he was a man of the world and he knew what it was all about . . . Suppose he had never gone to college, suppose he had taken that hometown job and married that hometown girl. . . (Horrors!)—What a broadening influence university had been. . . He was now without prejudices, a thoroughly tolerant and enlightened individual. . . It was nice to feel that way. . . He could look down now on the K. K. K. and the Orange Lodge and the Boston Watch and Ward Society. . . He pitied such deluded folk who so broadcasted their intolerance and bigotry to the world. . . He was above all that, of course he was. . .

Getting late . . . better hit the proverbial hay. . . Going to the hockey match tomorrow night—Damn shame how the Maroons are treated. . . Referees rob 'em and give Canadiens all the breaks. . . Can't see Morenz, he's not in Stewart's class. . . And how unfair those Canadian supporters are, too prejudiced, no sense of fair play. . .

Mustn't forget to vote at the club elections tomorrow. . . Let's see, who's up? . . . Guess the Yid is the best man, but the white men should stick together, shouldn't let those fellows get too much prominence, it isn't right. . . Absolutely nothing against Non-Nordics as long as they stay in their place. . . Some of them are agitators, therefore Bolshies. . . If they don't like the country they should get the hell out. . .

Better line up a good "date" before the final cram for examinations. . . Drat these modern women . . . they go out with a dozen chaps . . . don't know what constancy is . . . Course it is all right for men to do that sort of thing, but girls shouldn't, really. . .

More student trouble at Varsity yesterday—Bah-h, what a wet place that is! . . . McGill is the only real university of the bunch. . . Queen's is too provincial and R. M. C. is too snobbish.

Ah-h . . . come on you "B. A." . . . it won't be long now . . . great stuff . . . Yes Sir . . . Won't let it go to my head though. . . Will try to be patient with those people who are ignorant and bigoted and intolerant!

And so to bed!

Wit and the Unconscious

By Lennard Bernstein

SIGMUND (need I say it?) Freud, "author and inventor" (so smirks cynical St. Cyr), has propounded a theory of wit so ingeniously fruitful and so enticingly apt, that the moment it was published it was hailed far and wide by competent persons as a masterpiece of barrenness and impertinence.

Those who read their Freud on the street-car, carefully exposing the title, will remember "Wit and the Unconscious" with disappointment and sad headshakes. They who are really interested in Freud's theories, while they deplore the lack of sex appeal in the book's torso (the extremities are more engaging), will at the same time recall with approval the analogies he draws between wit-work and dreamwork, thus integrating this most inspirational of all psychic phenomena with his psycho-analytical system; and it is this integration which gives the great value to his work. Authors, indeed, who ascribe wit to the this, dreams to the that, and reveries to the them, when even psychologists admit that they all spring from the same loins, convince not. But Freud succeeds in attaching the mechanism of wit to the same main-spring as all the other wheels of the imagination,—the unconscious—so that they all go round together and in harmony.

There is something definitely elusive about wit which has made it for centuries the blarney-stone of the sages; let the word "wit" but touch an aesthete's lips, and he acquires the gift of the gab forthwith; off he goes at a gallop, mounted on his favorite theory, trampling friend and foe alike, the sparks flying behind. For wit presents this prehensible aspect, which no other aesthetic problem possesses, in that it encourages every mental philosopher to make a pass at it. A play, for instance, may be rhapsody to a critic, and sapsody to George Jean Nathan; a woman may be It to you and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me; but a good gag is bromo-seltzer for everybody, always—provided they can understand it, "get the point". And this is what all the clever men have been trying to do for ever so long,—trying to determine just what it is that gives wit a *point*. Nor have any of them done it adequately. Every author has his own idea of what makes a joke funny, but no system has as yet been devised which fits every case—no system, that is, except Freud's. What gives the point to wit, says he, is the fact that for a moment it has dipped down into the unconscious to be elaborated, or perhaps simplified. And when it is told to another, it dips down into *his* unconscious for a brief interval to be diselaborated. It is this dropping out of consciousness for a moment that gives the unmistakable feeling that this is wit, that this is a "clever" statement.

Freud adduces much evidence, and very convincing it is, in support of his contention. In the first place the finger of elimination points unerringly at him. Nearly everything

has been suggested at one time or another to account for the crispness of wit. Nothing works in all cases. Freud suggests unconscious elaboration. Unconscious elaboration works in all cases. Ergo, unconscious elaboration is the oven which crispens our epigrams.

But besides this eliminative empiricism, there is plenty of positive corroboration. Even the most casual introspection during the formation or appreciation of a witticism will prove adequately enough that there is nothing deliberate about it. We are playing quite casually with an idea; suddenly for a lightening interval, there is a profound drop in mental tension: our mind is a complete blank; then, Pop! up shoots the witticism like an automatic sky-rocket. There may be, it is true, a quite conscious *desire* to make a witticism; but the actual fusing of the elements takes place quite independently of our will. There is a similar spontaneity about understanding a witticism when it has been imparted to us; we do not get the point by surgery; on the contrary, dissection would be sure to spoil the joke; we let it "sink in", and when it has sunk in, through no effort of ours, we are risibilized.

To simplify matters, let us consider only the originator of the joke. You, or I for example. We have all made jokes at some wrong time or another. But we did not put them together piece by piece, or letter by letter. We may have put ourselves in a creative mood for a joke to appear, but that is all. When—and if—it did appear, it had its face washed and its new suit on, all ready to see the light of day, and needed no further scrubbing; nor was it even got up for the occasion with the automatism and diminished attention of the foreconscious. We made it—but we were absolutely unconscious of the making.

Consider then. First there is no joke. A moment later there is a joke. We did not construct the joke consciously. Therefore . . . well, there is no way out of it, even for a psychological Houdini; we must have constructed it unconsciously. Indeed, the ability of mankind to be witty is one of the clearest proofs for the existence of the unconscious, especially when we take into account the fact that there is no wit found amongst children, although every other form of the comic is, and also that there is very little correlation between the batting averages of individuals on puns and on intelligence tests.

Another powerful argument in Freud's favour is the striking similarity between wit-work and dream-work, first noticed by him. All the dodges used by the gag-mongers are duplicated every night in their dreams:—displacement, sound similarity, allusion, representation through the opposite, condensation, and many others—yet no one noticed it before. Further, if these devices are used in logical conscious thought, we denote them "faulty thinking", or "jingling reason". All of which goes to show that the modes

of thinking found in wit are foreign to our usual modes of thought, but are very similar to those found in dreams, which spring from the unconscious. The indications are clear, then, that wit derives its technique, if not its content, from the unconscious.

And there Freud stops, not seeing the tremendous possibilities of his own discovery. One of the few facts which the psychological Presbyterians will acknowledge about dreams is that they are tricky things, hard to remember. Yet it is mainly on them that the psychoanalyst must depend for his news from the front. Nor can he ever be sure that he is just right in interpreting this Esperanto of the Unconscious. Freud can say that a telegraph pole is a phallic symbol; Jung can say that it is the tree that our grandfathers used to cling to when men had real hair on their chests and women's place was in the home; Adler can say that it represents the club with which we are going to beat the world into submission; and no one has authority to contradict any of them. Witticisms, on the other, hand, are easily remembered. Their technique is easily discovered, and

there can be very little argument about them. So having fathomed the secrets of wit by comparative use of the dream, why not carry the procedure farther in the other direction, and unearth the laws of the dream-work by applying the rules of the wit-work? When, where, how, and why is which technique best suited to which sort of witticism? Which material makes the best wit? Which technique is most strikingly affective? What are the predisposing factors which determine which technique will be used at a given moment rather than any other? Discover the answers to these and many other similar questions. Find the laws of unconscious mentation as manifest in wit-work. Set them down. Take your dream. Apply the laws you have discovered. Interpret your dream. There is your correct interpretation, obtained not according to the discipline of a particular school, not by the universal and unbending application of a single tenet, but by the flexible use of inductively and equitably obtained natural laws. The field is rich in hay and clover.

What's in a Name

By D. J. Ross

THE vagaries of Chance have always provided a fruitful source of humour, and there are few things more at the mercy of a mischievous Fate than the names with which we are arbitrarily afflicted. A fair man goes through life called Black, while a dark man is for ever labelled White. The lightest-hearted can be hailed by his friends as Coffin, and Mr. Virgin may marry Miss Batchelor. Clean-shaven men find themselves called Beard, bald ones Hair, and so the list runs on.

The seventeenth century has earned a reputation for peculiarities of nomenclature based on the Scriptural names used by the Puritans. A casual reading of the documents of the period, however, shows that that century, as much as the twentieth, abounded in entirely fortuitous oddities. Among these, Mr. Affidavit Watkyn and Mr. Alphabet Faierclogh rank high. Lady Buffs, Sir William Wallopp and Sir Thomas Freke are a close second. Following them come John Broomstaff, Posthumus Hoby, and Mr. Eubunke.

Then there are the names which, normal enough in themselves, produce wonderful effects in combination. We find mentioned in the same letter Bowle and Kettell. In another, Jelly and Bagg appear together. Further pairs are Fountaine and Penn, Cliffe and Craggs, Fenn and Fludd, Woodcock and Bird, Wighell and Waggett are more militant, as are Cock and Crew, while Bray and Makepeace are actively hostile. On the human side we have the eternal triangle of Boyes and Gell, and finally, there is the triumvirate of Witherings, Cooke and Frizzell.

The seventeenth century seems to have been fond of fitting names to occupations. Henry Vertue is, of course, a rector, and Robert Heele a shoe-maker. We are not sur-

prised to learn that Mr. Chipps is looking for a position as cook, or that William Washer boils soap for a living. Mr. Goodie and Mr. Parsons are most appropriately, sent to arrest disguised priests.

The Army shows discrimination in its choice of recruits. Symon Muskett and Nathaniel Snipe make an excellent pair, with Captain Conquest to lead them to victory, superintended by Major Duett and, as something of an anticlimax, Major Lumax.

In the matter of names it is the Navy, however, which produces the most artistic effects. The titles of the ships themselves have a humour all their own. The "Rose of Swineshound" seems strangely incongruous, while the magnificent "Gift of God" is found in company with the plebeian "Bread and Beer Pot". The "Leopard" and the "Antelope" peaceably patrol the Channel together, while one of the "Lion's Whelps" . . . there are ten in this robust family, besides the "Lion" . . . sits patiently on a rock for a week. Again, who could be more fitted to the command of vessels than Captain Leake and Captain Fogg? What better ship's officer could be found than Augustine Boate? And who, indeed, would more appropriately navigate the "Blessing of Cramond" than Captain Kerse?

These are the bright spots which lighten what is too often the tedium of historical research. They seem to occur in the dullest documents . . . the above collection, for example, comes mainly from the otherwise uninspiring State Papers. So while Fate may seem unkind to the victims themselves, the grateful history student offers heartfelt thanks when, like stout Cortez, he gazes with eagle eyes upon such treasures as Sir Thomas Freke and Lady Buggs.

Etudes et Etudiants en France et en Amérique

Georges Lemaitre

UN Européen voyageant sur ce continent a souvent l'impression que le Canada constitue un pays de transition entre le vieux monde et la jeune civilisation américaine. La vie universitaire en particulier y retient des traits qui rappellent les traditions scolaires d'Europe et d'autre part y présente des aspects témoignant d'une forte influence des Etats-Unis. Deux exemples extrêmes: celui d'une Université française et celui d'une des plus grandes Universités du Middle West peuvent illustrer facilement ce que le Canada a cru bon de choisir et d'adopter dans l'un et dans l'autre système.

* * *

Les raisons qui attirent les étudiants dans les Universités françaises et américaines sont très différentes: Un fort petit nombre de Français seulement s'engagent dans les études supérieures; ce sont seulement ceux qui ont (ou qui croient avoir) des capacités intellectuelles. La plupart sont à la recherche d'un degré—d'un diplôme, comme on dit là-bas, celui de licencié, d'agrégé ou de docteur, suivant les cas, qui leur permettra de vivre ensuite plus ou moins dans l'aisance. Quelques uns espèrent acquérir des connaissances qui leur seront utiles plus tard. Il y en a même certains qui travaillent par amour de la science. Les motifs qui amènent les étudiants dans un Université du Middle West semblent être au nombre de cinq:

- 1.° La mode. *Daddy* est fier d'avoir ses enfants au *College* et plus tard on pourra dire négligemment à un ami que l'on a "graduated" en telle ou telle année.
- 2.° L'idée que l'on a "a good time" à l'Université.
- 3.° L'athlétisme.
- 4.° L'espérance d'attraper un mari (co-eds seulement).
- 5.° Quelquefois enfin le désir de recevoir une éducation. . .

La différence d'intention amène une différence de résultats. L'étudiant français en général travaille—très souvent même travaille trop, non parce qu'il est vertueux mais parce qu'il est de son propre intérêt de travailler. Il faut obtenir le diplôme, souvent au prix sévère. Une moyenne de dix à douze heures de travail par jour soutenue pendant plusieurs années n'est qu'une chose très commune. Dans une "résidence" de l'Université de Paris où, par économie, la lumière électrique était strictement limitée pendant la guerre, nous nous réjouissions quand les Allemands faisaient des raids aériens, car on descendait alors dans des caves où il y avait de la lumière—et où l'on pouvait travailler. Le travail de l'étudiant américain quelquefois mené avec intelligence est, en quantité, toujours beaucoup plus réduit. Il est inutile ici de donner des chiffres: des variations individuelles sont très grandes—comme au Canada. . .

Par contre la vie sociale est beaucoup plus développée en Amérique qu'en Europe. L'étudiant français vit isolé, sans contact avec ses professeurs, presque sans relations avec le

monde extérieur, enfermé dans ses livres. Il acquiert beaucoup de science et fort peu de connaissance de la vie réelle. Contrairement à la tradition, il ne sort guère avec des demoiselles. A l'École Normale Supérieure, il n'y a qu'une dance par an—et encore cette dance est-elle destinée surtout aux jeunes gens en quête de légitimes épouses et aux jeunes filles en quête de mari; aussi est-elle assez irrévérencieusement appelée "la liquidation des stocks" (*clearance sale*). Ceux qui n'ont pas l'intention de se marier immédiatement s'abstiennent souvent d'y aller. Ce genre de vie ne pousse pas l'étudiant français à une grande gaieté et cordialité. Il est souvent critique intelligent et impitoyable des défauts d'autrui—en particulier de ses professeurs. Il a l'esprit sérieux, sarcastique et quelque peu cruel. L'Américain du Middle West passe la plus grande partie de son temps en dehors de ses études. La danse, le "picnic", le "driving"—et "parking", absorbent évidemment une notable partie de son énergie. Souvent même il prend quelque métier bizarre pour gagner quelque argent. A la fin de l'année il se trouve très léger de grec, de latin ou de littérature française mais riche de connaissances qui sont, hélas, beaucoup plus utiles dans la vie de tous les jours. Ses rapports avec ses professeurs sont d'un excellent esprit et d'une aimable camaraderie. Il leur envoie quelquefois de grands coups dans le dos, mais ce n'est pas là de sa part manifestation de hostilité, au contraire. Il suffit d'être prévenu: ce sont des marques d'affection. Avec cela très agréable dans la salle de classe: il s'intéresse aux choses qui y sont dites ou faites, prend une part active aux conversations, montre souvent une vive intelligence et ne pousse des cris d'animaux qu'à intervalles éloignés.

La coéducation exerce une beaucoup plus grande influence en Amérique qu'en France. Les jeunes filles qui vont à l'Université en France travaillent souvent plus que les hommes. Les deux sexes vivent très séparés. Une université française n'est à aucun degré une agence matrimoniale. Une jeune fille qui s'y rendrait avec l'espérance d'y trouver un époux y perdrait simplement son temps. L'esprit féminin ne contribue presque en rien à la formation intellectuelle d'un étudiant français; l'"éternel féminin" ne lui donne—sur les bancs de l'Université au moins—presque aucune tentation. Il y a pratiquement cloison étanche entre étudiants et étudiantes. Il n'y a pas de cloison du tout en Amérique et le fait est d'importance capitale: les "coeds" naturellement développées de manière plus précoce que les hommes, dominent très souvent ces derniers au point de vue intellectuel pendant les années de collège; elles leur imposent sans lutte leur manière de voir et commencent ainsi un règne qui se prolonge, dit-on, souvent dans beaucoup de ménages américains. La culture—même chez les hommes—semble de ce fait avoir en Amérique une forme féminine. Une autre

(Continued on Page 16)

Reviews

THE CATHOLIC AND NATIONAL LABOUR UNIONS OF CANADA by Allan Brockway Latham, M. A. McGill University, Economic Studies — No. 10. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited. PP. 104. \$1.00.

TO the "Orange Sentinel," "L'Action Catholique," and "The Worker". This monograph will no doubt prove disappointing. It is none the less a valuable contribution to Canadian economic literature. On a subject which lends itself easily to polemics, Mr. Latham has produced not a party tract but a coldly scientific study, distinguished for accurate scholarship and judicial impartiality. The most careful scrutiny will disclose only two or three slight indications of his own opinions: traces so faint as to be practically invisible. This is no small achievement.

The first three chapters provide the setting necessary to any clear view of the subject: the social doctrine of the Roman church, the Roman Catholic labour movement in Europe — which has exerted a very real and direct influence on our own —, and the struggle in Canada between national and international unionism. Chapter IV describes the history of the Catholic and National Unions in Canada; Chapter V their organisation and status. Catholic unionism in Canada is the product of several factors: the clash of the national and "international" principles, resulting in the exclusion of "dual" national bodies from the Trades and Labour Congress; the direct initiation of the clergy; and finally, though only to a small degree, the tepid encouragement of employers. The actual organisation has been modelled first on the Knights of Labour, then on the American Federation of Labour always with the significant addition of close ecclesiastical control. Discrimination by the church against the non-sectarian unions, as Mr. Latham points out later, has never assumed serious proportions, but seems rather to have been the work of over-zealous local priests.

The attitude of the Catholic unions towards social insurance, set forth in chapter VI, is admirably calculated to quiet the fears of the most timid. The unions are prepared to advocate old age pensions from the State, and insurance against death, illness or accident by benefit society or group insurance methods. On unemployment insurance their position is as obscure as Mr. Mackenzie King's. "In principle," to quote Mr. Tremblay, "unemployment insurance is excellent. — The worker alone cannot pay the premiums. He must have the assistance of the State and of his industry." This looks plain enough, but Mr. Tremblay goes on at once to muddy the waters. "The State must fill the insufficiencies and draw-backs of private charity. It must not substitute itself for the latter." This is wishy-washy enough, one would imagine, even for the "Montreal Gazette" and the Prime Minister. But another protagonist of Catholic

unionism, the abbé Boileau, produces a scheme which should win even more applause in that quarter. "At Ghent a plan was conceived which succeeded admirably. It consisted in granting municipal subventions to unemployed workmen — provided they could prove by a savings booklet that they had made economies which had become exhausted. All received doles in proportion to their efforts at economy; and the proportion is 50%. They must be on good terms with their employers. — Such a system is the best means of taking Bolshevik ideas out of the workers." Hear also what comfortable words the abbé Perrier, chaplain of the Catholic unions, saith: "Obligatory insurance by the State smacks clearly of Socialism. The choice among other varieties must be determined by the different circumstances of time and place. — Would the social question be solved through the fact of the workman having more to throw away on himself and his family? Insurance is an excellent factor in the matter of savings and economy."

Chapter VII summarizes certain opinions regarding the National and Catholic unions, citing Messrs. Tom Moore, Gustave Francq, G. D. Robertson, Brunet, Lespérance, and Saint-Martin. Mr. Saint-Martin is a Socialist; the others are or have been officials of International unions. Their views, as Mr. Latham says, "form a crescendo, beginning with mild opposition to the general tendencies of Catholic unionism, and ending in extreme antipathy." That the "opinions" are off from opponents of the Catholic unions may seem at first to belie the author's claim to impartiality. But the inconsistency is only apparent. In the earlier chapters the advocates of the ecclesiastical unions have explained their case in their own words at some length. Their opponents are entitled to equal treatment: they receive no more.

The last chapter deals with "other Catholic social enterprises in Quebec," notably the unions of women workers organised by the Federation Nationale St.-Jean-Baptiste, and the co-operative banks.

How far are the Catholic unions genuine? This is a crucial question. Mr. Latham's answer is illuminating. The authentic trade union, he says, exists "primarily for the purpose of raising and maintaining the wage level." This necessarily involves the use of the strike weapon, "because the only defence which a trade union has against attacks on the wages of its members is the collective cessation of work." The Catholic unions claim to "exist before everything else for the 'amelioration of wages.'" Mr. Latham, however doubts 'the exactness of the implications' of some of their statements. The test of exactness he finds in their attitude towards the strike. The Catholic unions are "lacking in the two following things which are essential to the success of strikes: (1) strike insurance; (2) willingness to engage in sympathetic strikes, which in many cases are necessary in

order that the first strike may be successful. They are particularly necessary where workers are divided . . . according to crafts . . . The Catholic unions have gained a reputation among the employing classes for good behaviour. On the other hand we have the word of Mr. Gustave Francq that in the exclusively Catholic parts of Quebec the Catholic unions are performing a distinct service to the labouring class.

The monograph ends perhaps rather abruptly and inconclusively, but it is hard to see how this could be avoided without taking away from the very qualities which give the work its greatest value. The only real defects are matters of detail. It seems a pity for example, to follow the admitted mistranslations of the official "Report on Labour Organisation in Canada." "Research clubs" for "cercles d'étude" is rather pretentious. "Useless" on page 61, presumably for "inutile," shares with "syndicates" for "syndicates" a misleading and excessive literalness. The reference to the United Mine Workers of America on page 85 is an obvious slip (see page 48). In describing the powers of the chaplain, on page 56, the analogy with the Governor-General is not very happy, and the powers of the Governor, the King, and the British Parliament are loosely and inaccurately stated. These criticisms may seem pedantic and needless. Their justification lies in the very excellence of the monograph. Minor flaws stand out in disproportionate relief against a whole which is beyond praise.

E. A. Forsey.

LHUDE SING CUCCU

The Canadian Author's Association issues yearly a little book containing the poetical endeavours of its members and of those fortunate enough to win a prize in one of its nationwide competitions. I came across the latest of these books the other day, and read it right through. It is an interesting book. I heartily recommend it to the student of abnormal psychology.

Here are the first two sentences of the preface: "The tragedy of many an undeveloped genius is that he is practically starved to death. If he does not suffer, as did poor Chatterton, the extremes of physical hunger, he lives a narrow life of unsatisfied desire for self expression". I quite agree with the writer of the preface. We should not starve our undeveloped geniuses. (Chatterton, by the way, was not an undeveloped genius.) It is a barbarous method, and if the C. A. A. are contemplating the construction of a Lethal Chamber For The Painless Disposition Of Undeveloped Geniuses, it is a worthy project and deserves the support of all humane persons. We might start off with a tag day. We could have a parade with banners and floats exhibiting a few of the more heart-rending specimens of the undeveloped genius. We could start a coast-to-coast campaign.

But let us return to the preface.

My hopes were raised by the following sentence" . . . the Poetry Group is modestly proud of the following pages, prophetic as they are of the delicate stuff from which the national dream shall be made". I recoiled mildly from the

expression "national dream". It seemed alarmingly akin to national butter or national railroads. I am not quite sure that I know what a national dream is, but if the inner circle of the poetry group say we are going to have a national dream I suppose we are going to have one.

In the table of contents the following title caught my eye; "Rhapsody To An Ailing City Tree" page 29. I turned to page twenty-nine. The poem started.

"Though embedded in cement,
And tortured from your natural bent,
Brave city tree for my sake live!"

I said that I read the book right through. I must apologize. I did not read any more of this poem. It received an Honorable Mention in a competition limited only to members of the Poetry Group. The poem that won the first prize was "Metamorphosis" by R. S. Kennedy. He writes of war and love. These four lines interest me because I cannot tell whether he is describing the torments of love or of war. Perhaps it does not matter very much.

"Hours eternal of agony!

I could not cry,

And aeons passed.

Miles eternal shrieking by!"

After these two poems I felt slightly discouraged, but turned to page one and read to page fifty. After page fifty there are forty blank pages. I don't know why they are there but I was glad to see them. I do not think I shall quote any more poems. I do not think I shall say anything more about the year book. I feel weary . . . comatose . . . anesthetic. The only sensation I have is a mild kind of curiosity about the poems which did not even win an Honorable Mention.

K. N. C.

ECHOES OF THE WAR

"Good bye to all that," by Robert Graves. Jonathan Cape, London, 4446 p.

It was the so-called war generation, which suffered most through the ravages of the Great Struggle. Thousands upon thousands of boys, just eighteen years old or so, stepped into the jaws of Moloch in 1914 and four years later the terrible god spewed out those whom he did not consume and left them disillusioned, bitter and broken for life. They had to go out and make their existence in a world now strangely grown cold towards them, and lead a sedentary humdrum life after years of gruesome reality in the trenches.

Robert Graves, the well-known young English poet, is a member of that generation, and in his autobiography he pictures interestingly the years of the war and their consequent effect upon him and his friends. The book has not the intensity of Barbusse's "Under Fire" or the universal appeal of Remarque's "All Quiet On The Western Front" but it is more personal than either of them and possesses a sort of passionate sincerity characteristic of the poet.

Graves was nineteen when war was declared. He was ardently patriotic at first, not the least, I presume, because his mother was German. Everybody thought that the war

will surely end in four or five weeks so youth flocked to the recruiting stations. The grim business of actual warfare soon sobered him up. He did not look upon the war now as a fight against the Prussian heel or as a struggle for naval supremacy. He did not understand it. He only knew that it was an actuality caused by the stupidity of mankind, and that he was part and parcel of that actuality. They, he and the others at the front, waited for the "guns to stop" (it is thus that they thought of the end of the war) and meanwhile they went on doggedly doing their duty and losing life or limb.

Graves was wounded in 1916 and went on leave to London. But he could not stand the war propaganda, the chauvinism and the utter ignorance of real conditions which prevailed in the country. So he rejoined his regiment and went back to the trenches.

It was not all as gloomy as that. The book abounds in humorous incidents and descriptions. I should like to quote some of them, but I am afraid that the particular brand of humour is a trifle too strong for this family periodical, and the suitable portions are just watered Punch.

Excellent as the book is, there is an unmistakable air of theatricality about it. For example, the dedicatory epilogue, as Graves calls it, to Laura Riding which, I confess, I do not understand; and also the title of the book which smacks of the movies.

Not the entire volume is taken up by the war. His life up to 1914, his public school experiences, and his varied existence since the armistice as student, shop-keeper, professor at a university in Egypt, in succession, and as a poet all the time, make very interesting reading.—R. Levine.

THE MIND OF MCGILL

(Continued from Page 2)

to work in prescribed courses, they think reading a book is studying, they compile arid masses of notes, and, worse still, read them. They get good marks in an examination; and they are wasting their time. They have absorbed a great deal, forgotten a great deal, and expressed nothing but a few hurried pages of examination paper. We must change our attitude in this respect. We must throw away our books for longer periods and put the time gained into something that approaches more closely to creative work. It may be writing essays without being asked to do so, it may be debating, public speaking, attempts at writing or amateur theatricals: but whatever it is, let it be expressive of individual initiative, effort and thought. Achievement along these lines is its own reward. The spectative mind of McGill may not appreciate the value they represent, but McGill may change its mind.

A change of mind in this direction cannot well come about until there is a lessening in respect for loyalty. The student body at McGill has been repeatedly told, as if the admonition were necessary, that loyalty is a virtue, and it believes conversely that disloyalty is a vice. In this belief the undergraduate takes his cue from the graduate, in whose retrospective attitude towards his alma mater loyalty is confused with memories of youthful enjoyment. The student is only too willing to put on his red and white

sweater in the fatuous conceit that there is none better. His favourite refrain is "Old McGill" instead of the new McGill which he might be aiding to create by exhibiting a little of the disloyalty he so emphatically and uncritically deplores. Not disloyalty for its own sake remember, or for the sake of notoriety, but for the sake of reasoned conviction. Disloyalty in this light is only another, a higher form of loyalty—loyalty to oneself as opposed to accepted convention and the past. It sounds well to say one should be loyal to oneself and to one's country, college or other community; that one should be loyal to the traditions of the past and to the promise of the future. As if such loyalties were always compatible with honesty. The educated and critical intelligence must surely be faced with a conflict of loyalties. If he is loyal to his own convictions he may be disloyal to the group, if loyal to the past disloyal to the future. An appeal to history is perhaps a questionable resort, but a case could be made out for the view that disloyalty has been the price of progress. Christ is a good example of a sincerely disloyal man. His compatriots thought him disloyal, the Church thought Luther disloyal, the Tories thought the Canadian reformers disloyal. And so they were in a sense. But do we not admire them for holding to something they held better than authority or public opinion would admit? At McGill we need to be more tolerant of that sort of disloyalty, and if toleration requires the intelligence to distinguish between the higher and lower, the sincere and the insincere forms of disloyalty, where shall we find that discrimination if not in a university? If the university is to provide the fullest play for intellectual honesty and independence then we must expect and welcome criticism, call it disloyalty if you will. Mental inertia may pass for loyalty; reasoned and reasonable disloyalty requires intellectual ability and more boldness.

EDUDES ET ETUDIANTS EN FRANCE ET EN AMERIQUE

(Continued from Page 13)

conséquence est le bénéfique très inégal que l'homme et la femme retirent de cette affaire: l'étudiant y perd surtout du temps et de l'argent; l'étudiante y trouve la possibilité de développer de manière prodigieuse des qualités féminines par excellence qui finissent par faire de la femme des Etats-Unis un des êtres les plus séduisants qui existe.

Il existe bien d'autres différences mais les quelques points brièvement mentionnés plus haut permettent de saisir l'essentiel. L'étudiant français est plus instruit; il travaille d'avantage, s'enferme d'avantage dans le cercle de ses études dont il espère tirer un avantage matériel important—l'étudiant américain est plus humain; il n'apprend pas grand chose à l'Université; il s'y prépare à la vie—souvent de manière un peu aimable et superficielle, mais pour lui la vraie vie commence au delà. L'étudiant français est persuadé que s'il réussit à l'Université—sa vie est faite . . . en quoi il se trompe parfois. En tous cas lorsque l'Européen et l'Américain quittent leur "Alma Mater" respectives, ils emportent un bagage d'idées entièrement différentes. Heureusement qu'il y a des politiciens qui les aident à se comprendre!