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THE McGILLIAD

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The Triangle at the Tetrahedron

A FARCE

DOROTHY J. ROSS and W. BRUCE ROSS

I. S. S. — An Experiment in Friendship

PHILIP MATTHAMS

Jacobi Eats Porridge — A Short Story

LEO KENNEDY

The Censor Censured

FRANK RAND

Other Stories, Poems and Articles by:

JACK RAYNER, DAVID LEWIS, MURIEL KAY, MONA WEISS, K. N. CAMERON, GORDON
LE CLAIRE, LENNARD GANDALAC, R. I. C. PICARD, A. M. K., "H."

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EDITOR'S NOTES

THE Editorial Board asks the readers' forgiveness for the late appearance of this issue. All students will appreciate the inevitable delay caused by the Christmas Holidays and the Mid-session examinations. This issue is the January one, the February copy will appear regularly, and the others will follow suit.

* * * * *

THE student body will undoubtedly regret to hear that Mr. Richard Alchin has been obliged to leave McGill and return to his home in England. As an associate-editor on the McGilliad Mr. Alchin contributed greatly to the success of the magazine, and the editors are honestly sorry to lose him.

Mr. Fred W. Poland, a student in Third Year Arts, has been appointed to replace Mr. Alchin, and the Board is certain that Mr. Poland will cooperate as best he can for the further progress of the journal.

* * * * *

WITH this issue the Editors are introducing a new feature. In accordance with our object to encourage all forms of cultural activity, we are printing two drawings by students in the Arts Faculty. Whatever the merits of these sketches may be, they are original works, and deserve the attention of our readers.

We ask all students who are fond of drawing to present anything they have to the Board, and we shall be glad to print it if it shows a definite striving for original and polished work.

* * * * *

THE Delta Sigma Society announces that Miss Maysie MacSporran, a graduate of McGill, has donated a Prize for the best contribution submitted to the McGilliad by any woman undergraduate of the University, during the session 1930-31. The following have kindly consented to act as judges: Mrs. W. Vaughan, Professor H. G. Files, and Professor G. W. Latham.

The Triangle at the Tetrahedron, or Euclid Explained

A FARCE

By DOROTHY J. ROSS and W. BRUCE ROSS

CHARACTERS:

King Rhombus of Surd—
Queen Hyperbola of Surd—
Princess Parallella—Their only daughter.
Frustum—A Sentry.
Pyramid—A Stranger (in reality, Isosceles, Prince of the Indices, heavily disguised).
Vector—Captain of the King's Quaternion Bodyguard.
The Quaternion—
Differential—A Footman in the Royal Household.
Diameter—High Priest of the Temple of Tetrahedron.
Plus }
Minus } —Acolytes.
Calculus }
Ratio } —Lords-in-Waiting.
Decimal }
Scalene }
Abscissa } —Ladies-in-Waiting.
Naperian }
Area }
Holomorphous—Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Euclid—Professor of Mathematics, betrothed to Parallella.
Infinitesimal—A Page.
Perimeter—A Herald.

SCENE I.

(A Corridor in the Royal Palace of Surd. Sentries at right and left stage. Enter *Rhombus* and *Hyperbola*, left, the former holding an opened letter in his hand.)

Rhombus—(spluttering) Impudent young puppy! A third Final Ultimatum! The upstart has the presumption to say that he loves Parallella, my daughter, a Princess of Surd!

Hyperbola—At any rate, my dear, his family is Royalty—

Rhombus—Royalty indeed! Everyone knows old Simultaneous made his fortune by going in on margin on the Book Exchange. And now that he's bought up the bankrupt kingdom of Index he expects the Old Families to accept his parabolic wife and their vulgar little fraction, Isosceles, as equals.

Hyperbola—I think, my love, we are forgetting that Parallella, poor child, is *very fond* of Isosceles.

Rhombus—(pursuing his own line of thought) And besides, the Family would never hear of it. Why, (paling slightly) the mere mention of such a thing to Great Uncle Postulate might easily cause him to alter his will.

Hyperbola—(decidedly) To be quite frank, my dear, the thought of Dr. Euclid as a son-in-law has never appealed to me. Do you realize, Rhombus, that the man lectures?

Rhombus—(defensively) Well you must admit that he has qualifications. He is a Count of Numbers in his own

right, and they say he has recently made an enormous fortune out of Supplemental Examinations.

Hyperbola—(realizing the uselessness of argument) Very well, my dear, we'll let it go at that.

Rhombus—(with satisfaction) Ah, I knew I could convince you.

Well, well. Now for a really crushing reply to this preposterous ultimatum. Let me see—how does this strike you?

Simultaneous, Esq.,
 The Palace,
 Index.

Sir:—

Will you tell your son to go to the devil?

Cordially,

RHOMBUS, Rex.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.

(The Palace Throne Room. Imposing throne on dais at left rear. Door to terraced gardens, right rear. Large open window, left front. Archway, right front.)

Discover *Frustum* on sentry duty just outside rear doorway.

Enter *Parallella*, who, looking apprehensively over her shoulder, runs across stage to rear door. *Frustum* turns, blocking her passage.)

Parallella—Do move, *Frustum*. I'm in a frantic hurry.

Frustum—Sorry, Miss Parallella, but as Captain Vector says, dooty is dooty. His Majesty has given strict orders that no one is to leave the Palace.

Parallella—Don't be pre-Einstein. Let me pass.

Frustum—(heavily) Sorry, Miss Parallella, but as Captain Vector says—

Parallella—(stamping) Captain Vector can go and stick his head in a bracket.—Oh *Frustum*, please let me by.

Frustum—(wagging his head) Sorry, Miss Parallella, but as Captain Vector says—

Parallella—(furiously) Oh, damn everything! (throws herself on couch and bursts into tears).

(*Frustum* stolidly takes up his position again outside the door. *Pyramid's* head appears at the window.)

Pyramid—Hello! What's up?

Parallella—(wailing) I want to run away!

Pyramid—Why—run away? That's just what I came to persuade you to do. (leaps through the window and strikes attitude.)

Fair Princess, *Pyramid* is my name. Coming from afar, I have swum the Quadratic Sea, scaled the highest peaks of the Harmonic Range, pressed through the impenetrable forest of Epsilon, ever hearing behind me the long-drawn wail of the hunting Catenary; to beg you, in the name of Prince Isosceles, my master, to fly with me to the land of Index!

Parallella—You darling! (throws her arms around him and kisses him).

Pyramid—(furtively readjusting his moustache) But we must haste! My faithful steed, Perpendicular, awaits in the clump of Dodecahedrons beyond the postern gate. Come!

(He springs to the window sill, and *Parallella* is about to follow him, when *Rhombus* enters, right.)

Rhombus—(shaking his finger) Tut, tut, young man. This is no time to elope with my daughter.

Ho, my brave QuatERNion Guard!

(Enter the brave *QuatERNion Guard*, led by *Vector*.)

Rhombus—Captain *Vector*, throw this impetuous young man to the Polyhedra in the Royal Zoo!

Vector—Very good, Sir. (to soldiers) Guard, number!

QuatERNion—(in turn) Alpha! Beta! Gamma! Delta!

(*Vector* barks alarmingly. The *QuatERNion*, registering intelligence, surround *Pyramid*.)

Parallella—(frantically) Oh please don't!

Rhombus—(the indulgent father) Well, well, my child, since you prefer it, we'll wait until after the wedding ceremony. (Bell begins to toll). Run along, you must get ready for the procession.

(Exit the rebellious *Parallella*, shepherded fussily by *Rhombus*.)

Enter *Differential*, who announces)

Differential—His Determinance, Diameter, High Priest of the Temple of Tetrahedron!

(Enter *Diameter*, attended by *Plus* and *Minus*.)

Diameter—(chanting) A squared plus two AB plus B squared equals A plus B all squared. A plus B into A minus B equals A squared minus B squared.—etc.

(Enter *Courtiers*, followed by *Euclid*, in cap and gown, who is completely absorbed in a calculation he is making on a writing tablet. Then, reluctantly, comes *Parallella*, dressed as a bride. She is surreptitiously prodded on by *Hyperbola*, who, with *Rhombus*, in a clean crown, brings up the rear. The Court distributes itself around the dais, on which *Diameter* takes his stand.)

Diameter—Do you, *Euclid*, vow by the bones of St. Vinculum that you will take this woman to be your wedded wife?

Euclid—(annoyed at the interruption to his work) Certainly, certainly. That point was fully covered in my last lecture.

Diameter—And do you, *Parallella*, swear, on your Hypothesis, that you will take this man to be your wedded husband?

Parallella—(vehemently) That mouldy old logarithm? I—

(Trumpet sounds, off.)

Differential—(at entrance, firmly) You can't come in now: it's after five minutes past the hour.

Perimeter—(off) As a Herald, I demand the Privilege of Admittance!

Rhombus—(fussily) Bless my soul!—I can't see him now. Tell him I'm not in.

Differential—(obediently, holding arm across entrance) His Majesty says he's not at home.

(*Perimeter*, a short, stout Herald, walks in under *Differential's* extended arm.)

Rhombus—(much annoyed) My dear sir, can't you see I'm not in?

Perimeter—(disregarding him, reading from scroll)—

HEREBY is proclaimed the Fourth and Absolutely Final Ultimatum on behalf of His Royal Highness, Prince Isosceles of the Indices.

WHEREAS His Highness's Indivisible Army has seized the Bridge known as the Pons Asinorum, and commands with cannon the Square of the Hypotenuse and the entire Conic Section of the City,

IT PLEASES the Illustrious Prince to demand forthwith the hand of the Princess *Parallella*.

Rhombus—(spluttering) But! But! But!—

Hyperbola—(interposing firmly) Perhaps, my love, it would be tactful, in the circumstances, to announce the engagement of *Parallella* to Prince Isosceles at once.

Euclid—(crossing stage, to *Rhombus*) My dear Sir, has it not been demonstrated beyond all reasonable doubt that I am to marry the Princess?

Rhombus—(brushing aside this detail) Ah well, we shall doubtless find someone else for you. See me in my office tomorrow.

(Before *Euclid* has time to protest, *Rhombus* turns to *Diameter*.)

Rhombus—So sorry to disappoint you, Dr. *Diameter*.—Some other time, perhaps.—Well, delightful little informal gathering, wasn't it?—Do drop in again—always glad to see you, you know—(pause)

Vector—Beg pardon, Your Majesty. (jerking thumb towards *Pyramid*). It's feeding time at the Zoo.

Rhombus—(brightening visibly) Yes, yes, of course. We needn't miss that. If the young man has no objection, we'll have him thrown to the Polyhedra right away.

(*Guards* attempt to seize *Pyramid*. He shakes them off and strides forward.)

Pyramid—(ripping off moustache) Hold!!

Perimeter—(piously) Well I'll be rotated around my own axis! (prostrates himself with care) My Master!

Rhombus—What's all this? What's all this?

Pyramid—(with a flourish) Allow me to present myself as Isosceles, Prince of the Indices. Sir, my card.

Parallella—My Isosceles *Pyramid*! (throws herself into his arms).

Rhombus—(making a masterly recovery) Well, well, delighted to meet you! A pleasant surprise indeed.—Do you know Mrs. *Rhombus*?—*Hyperbola*, my love, Prince Isosceles.

(They bow. *Rhombus* smiles nervously.)

Rhombus—By the way, my dear fellow, would you mind moving your cannon off the Pons Asinorum? These guns have a habit of exploding so unexpectedly. (sighing fondly). The Square of the Hypotenuse is *very* dear to us.

Isosceles—Certainly, Sir. (smiles at *Parallella*) Shall we see about it, darling?

Parallella—Let's!

(Exeunt *Isosceles* and *Parallella* by the window; *Perimeter*, with dignity, by the entrance. *Rhombus* mops his forehead and turns to *Hyperbola*).

Rhombus—(wistfully) Tea?

Hyperbola—(with decision) Tea.

(Exeunt all except *Euclid*, who draws his gown about him and stalks to centre stage)

Euclid—(in a cold fury) Ho! They discard me! They spurn me! They despise me! But I will have my revenge! I will make their name anathema! In my book will they be held up to never-ending hatred—exposed to eternal obliquity—reduced to an absurdity. Every school-boy will be taught to see *Isosceles* ignominiously shackled to the Pons Asinorum. What shall *Rhombus* signify, but one that is not square? (laughs bitterly).

And thou, *Parallella*, who hast turned from me with scorn, even thou art not straight. Some day there will be a reckoning. Some day, *Parallella*, again we shall meet—at Infinity!

CURTAIN.

I. S. S. — AN EXPERIMENT IN FRIENDSHIP

By PHILIP MATTHAMS

WE are perpetually plagued with "isms", so much so that upon hearing such an ending to a word we naturally revolt against it, be it Fascism, Socialism or Conservatism. The "ologies" and the "ics" have created as bad an impression too; theologies and semitics are the bane of our lives. As students, men and women, we are more inclined to words that end in "iss". Use your imagination and think of a few.

It may be mere coincidence, but I.S.S., or to give it its full name, International Student Service, is that something to which students in general, and those in Europe in particular, are turning, fleeing from the wrath that follows so many of the "isms". To describe it in all its technicalities would be to deprive it of its full meaning, and it can best be described, or experienced, as an experiment in friendship.

There were "isms" many, many years ago, but never an I.S.S. It is a war baby, if you would care to describe it as such. And like so many of the modern children of the age, it has far outstripped its parents, cut itself adrift from them, and is now standing upon its own feet, being of far more importance and doing far more work than its progenitors.

True to the cult of modern youth it has thrown overboard those ideals which were preached and practised in those dark days of years gone by, and which have brought us to the status quo, the mess we are in, be it the War, the post-War period, or Economic Depression. If nothing else its followers are honest. Things as they are must have had a cause, and if a repetition is undesirable, and their argument follows that line, then such cause or causes are to be eliminated. To leave a void after such a break would be equally as disastrous. Speculators and adventurers would not be lacking to use an opportunity like that. A new basis of ideals had to be substituted. This basis is friendship and co-operation.

But why, you may ask, is there any need for another International Student Organization? Are not the Confederation Internationale des Etudiants and the World Student Christian Federation enough? Each

perhaps serves its own sphere but they are not enough. They smatter too much of "isms", "ologies", and "ics". Moreover they are man-made not,—no I won't say God-made,—student-made. And the voice of the people is the voice of God: consider the League of Nations for instance. The two former were engineered into being by people other than students; the I.S.S. was a spontaneous growth of student enterprise.

The conference of the World Student Christian Federation in 1929, when it was a student conference for the first time, ended in a fiasco. Students were met under a common basis of Christianity. They were gathered from twenty-seven nations. Before long it was seen that the only thing which they could agree upon was to differ. Three distinct groups manifested themselves. The Barthians of the Teutonic strain, the quasi Anglo-Catholics of the British Isles, and the Moderns of the North American Continent. The leaders, who were not students, could sense which way things were going and in the culmination, when a message for the Federation was trying to be formulated and the crisis was about to be reached, they called for an oldtime prayer meeting, in spite of the fact that the majority of the students had expressed themselves as having no faith in prayer. You can realize the result. The students were up in the air about religion, on the mountains of Switzerland.

In the same year the conference of the Confederation Internationale des Etudiants met at Budapest. Here the students were in the midst of politics. It has been called the Students' League of Nations. One can easily believe that. Germany was not a member of the Confederation and France, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland were combined, in a ring around Germany, that she should not be. Italy was scheming that the control of the Confederation should go to her. In a previous year because Italy had not gained her point the whole delegation had been recalled. It was necessary that the English speaking students obtain the authority of their minister in Hungary to sponsor the Czech delegation before it was allowed to enter that country. The agenda called for a speech by a Croatian

student, whereupon the Serbs and Slovenes left the conference and were followed by the Rumanians and their ilk. The Croatian was asked not to speak and the delegation returned. The whole conference was marked by scheme and counterscheme. The students were grovelling in the mire of politics, on the hot plains of Hungary.

But in the selfsame year was held the ninth conference of the I.S.S. They were neither up in the air, nor grovelling in the mire, but participating in a remarkable friendship in the balmy atmosphere of the low rolling, vine clad, hills on the banks of the Danube at Krems in Austria. For all one knows it might have been the influence of the vine clad hills, but there was evidenced a spirit of friendship and co-operation the like of which had not been seen in any other International student conference. A few miles up the river was the fortress-monastery of Melk, at which even Napoleon was forced to stay for two weeks. Its wine is better than Benedictine. And not far away was the old castle of Durnstein, of which Richard Coeur de Lion enjoyed the hospitality for such a long time.

I.S.S. had returned to the country which was the scene of its first work. In Vienna in 1919 students were found by Miss Rousse to be in a most pitiable condition. Depression was not a suitable word, starvation and suicide described it better. She challenged the World Student Christian Federation that this was the work which they should be doing. Immediately throughout Europe and North America an appeal was made for funds to help those who were in such pitiable straits. Thus was formed European Student Relief, the magic initials of E.S.R. of which this student generation knows little or nothing. From this grew the International Student Service, formed by students, controlled by students, supported by students. It remained for some time an auxiliary of the World Student Christian Federation, but its scope and object became so broad that it could not be limited to any particular religious or political creed.

The conference at Krems, typical of the spirit of the I.S.S., showed what strides had been made in student friendship. Vienna, besides being the best example of a socialist community, showed also to what extent students could be divided. In the University of Vienna are to be found groups of students under the titles of Nationalists, Socialists, Communists, Catholics, Militarists and Jews. Each is antagonistic to the other. Yet in their remembrance of what the I.S.S. had done for their fellows in 1918 they united, and that most wholeheartedly, to organize the conference at Krems.

And how has this spirit of I.S.S. expressed itself in action? It started as a relief organization, based on the fact of common suffering; its members were students. From the relief aspect have developed two other aspects, each in itself a distinct contribution: Selfhelp and Cultural Relations. But the relief aspect has not been dropped. It showed itself more distinctly at McGill last year when over three hundred dollars was raised for the relief of Bulgarian Students. Over \$15,000 was subscribed for this by students of the world. This year the emphasis is being put upon the work in Nanking, China.

Selfhelp has come to the fore, mostly in Germany. Work-students in European countries were unknown and the economic distress make it practically impossible. For a student to work was foreign to the mind of the majority, and the attitude of the undergraduate

at Oxford or Cambridge can be easily construed. Instead of relief the students began to engineer their own schemes, and student co-operatives, usually centered around a student hostel, came into being. A hostel is being built in Sofia, Bulgaria; likewise, it is hoped, one at Nanking. The counterparts of such ideas are to be found at McGill in the Bureau of Student Employment and the Book Exchange. At Dresden has been founded an Institute of Selfhelp, in which are collected the experiments of co-operative enterprises, and at which is given advice to those forming the like.

That which is perhaps a more important outgrowth of the idea of relief is the formation of cultural relation groups. To give money to other students was not considered enough and a better understanding of the other student was to be desired. France and Germany, bitter enemies as they are purported to be in politics, have co-operated in these student groups to the greatest extent. It began with German students sending relief to the French students at the period of the depreciation of the franc. Now they are combining in student camps, conferences and groups of their own.

Not only has the student world seen ties that are cemented by the interchange of students as in the Rhodes scholarships, work-students, and it is hoped soon in Canada by the British public school boy coming to Canadian universities, but by the influx of the Oriental student. Special spheres of activity are organized whereby the Indian and Chinese student in particular is able to meet his western fellow. Groups of the two with European students have been meeting for some while.

Not the least of the cultural relations groups are they which include the Jew and Non-Jew. Europe in 1929 experienced a great wave of anti-semitism. It was experienced mostly in the universities, where Jewish students were driven from them. The University at Budapest closed its doors rather than have them in. An incident at Vienna was remarkable in that Professor Adler, of the Medical School, besides being Burgomaster of Vienna and a Minister in the Austrian Cabinet, was hounded out of his classroom by the students and not allowed to lecture. Groups and conferences of the Jew and non-Jew under the auspices of the I.S.S., impossible under any other organization, have helped to gain a better understanding between the two.

These and many other schemes are now in active participation in Europe. But what have they to do with our civilisation? Let Europe solve her own difficulties may be the answer. But the sphere has gone past purely European students, as the C.I.E. would try to keep their organisation. The Oriental students are participating with equally as great an interest.

This year I.S.S. will come to the American continent for the first time, if not in active collaboration from the financial end or the work-student point of view, then from the fact of holding its conference here. Mt. Holyoke will be the venue of the eleventh I.S.S. Conference in September. What will be the outcome it is hard to say, but the European students are eagerly looking forward to it. It will not be too prophetic to predict that international student relationships will take a distinct step forward. Dr. Kotschnig, General Secretary of I.S.S., in his visit here to McGill last session stated that he had never seen such a relation as existed between two universities of different tongues in the same city, such as the relation between the

University of Montreal and McGill. A condition as ours could never exist in any European city. Danzig might be cited as a good example.

I.S.S. is a power and an experiment that is making itself felt in international relations. Its advent to the American Continent will make it more increasingly so. It augurs well for world affairs. At the Castle of Durnstein the delegates to Krems were being banqueted in the baronial hall. The speaker was the burgomaster of the little village of Durnstein. It might

have had a dozen houses. He might have been the village schoolmaster or postmaster. This was the theme of his closing remarks:—

"It was once the privilege of Austria to hold captive in these halls an English king, Richard Coeur de Lion. Because of that incident in history the whole trend of world affairs was changed. No more will it be the privilege of Austria to hold an English king captive, but I hope that the spirit which has brought you to Austria will so capture your hearts that the future trend of world affairs will be changed."

WHY PRINT THESE RAGS

By JACK RAYNER

IT is customarily considered both indecent and unprofitable to whip a dead horse; but, if one whips long enough, surely someone will remove the carcass? I should like to try this theory on college magazines. So frequently does one hear of the death of one of these things that the temptation to search for the vitality which so emphatically is gone is a temptation hard to resist. The search, however, is foredoomed. Usually, it is not that the magazine has died, but that there has been yet another unsuccessful parading of a corpse—another unsuccessful attempt to breathe life into a shape which earlier hands, with more modesty, have deemed lifeless.

It has lately been my drear and comfortless task to review the publications of universities in every part of Canada and some parts of the United States. Here, at the end of the year, is a full crop of them. No college so small that it is without; none so big that it ignores them. They vary widely. Some in covers of beauteous ornament, others severely simple; some on glossy paper, others unglazed; but, *en bloc*, not worth the paper on which they are written.

With notably rare exceptions (the fear that I may be prejudiced forbids me to name The McGilliad) the ingredients which go to make these most indigestible of literary puddings are as laborious in the reading as they must have been in the writing. They miss the frank freshness of immaturity which often gives charm to the high-school confection without attaining aught but a ditchwater mediocrity which, were it surprising, would be a truly sorry spectacle. Mechanically they are well enough. It is true that I have found a helpful article on proof-reading preceded by an article in which one word was spelled in three several and hideous ways; and the punctuation is often faulty. But, after all, they are edited at least as well as some of our great newspapers.

It is the writers and their writhings which have killed the college magazine and now are shaking the remains. If (and it is a wise policy) one disregards the columns of jokes and campus news, the contributions which remain will be recognized either as the frothings of the adolescent, or the laboured, sometimes viscid, sometimes watery, secretions of beings "cultured" and "educated" far too thoroughly to be of interest to themselves or to others. Stories and articles worth reading, and which might have forced the gates of professional letters, are present only by mistake or out of charity, as their infrequency will show.

And yet I see no cause for alarm; no real reason either for surprise or regret. These opuscles do not mark the crest of university endeavour, as their sponsors would have us believe. It is said, in their defence, that they form the last resort of culture in a dark age of materialism and unrefinement, and that they are the strongholds guarding our seats of higher learning from intellectual atrophy. If this is so we have, indeed, a lamentable state of affairs. I think, however, that there are grounds for a more optimistic interpretation. The college magazine is not so much a pain in the head as a pain in the neck, and its moribund condition marks not so much a fall from intellectual heights as a change in cultural values.

We have no longer any excuse for the ruminating dilettantism which, yesterday, was culture and made us pause before the creations of the brains of men long dead, and gasp with admiration and, gasping, seek to emulate their feats. Appreciation of fantasy has given way to appreciation of fact. The culture of the university of to-day does not demand that we juggle with names and words and dreams until we forget which begot the other: it rather insists on a grasp of facts and the ability to formulate and understand the truths which the knowledge of to-day unearths. There is no place for the leisure arts in this scheme of things. Until we have exhausted the possibilities of to-day we cannot, with a clear conscience, turn to the beauties of yesterday. If we could extend our student days for some twenty or thirty more years, then, at the age of fifty or so, we could spend our leisure hours in the company of Muses, could try to out-Milton the great Milton, or out-Shakespeare Bacon; but, until then, let us get on with more pressing business, let us realize that we are living in the present. For those who cannot resist the call of the quill there are dailies, weeklies, monthlies and quarterlies enough and to spare—all hungering for "culture". It is pitiable to see our universities weakly adding to their number.

While none of us may pretend to Miltonic or Shakespearean propensities, some of us are unwilling to contemplate some twenty or thirty more years, even in college, of more pressing business, unalleviated by leisure hours spent in juggling with names and words and dreams. It is our lament that the "culture" of the university of today does not expect some of this appreciation of fantasy that the writer pronounces *démodé*, and we protest there should be a place for the "leisure" arts in such a scheme of things. In any case, we would like to get in touch with more of those who cannot resist the call of the quill.—ED. NOTE.

PEOPLE AND THINGS

By DAVID LEWIS

INTELLECTUALS

(Dedicated)

THERE are men of intellect and there are intellectuals. The distinction is quite obvious to the observer, but not so evident to the intellectual. Hence his intolerable conceit and his unbearable arrogance; his indiscriminate contempt for all and sundry, his supercilious scorn for the products of the intellect. Consciously and laboriously he eliminates sympathy from his being, and painstakingly sets out to be as sweeping a nuisance as is possible. This is one way of gaining prominence,—perhaps the most effective way,—and the intellectual knows it.

Intellectuals dub themselves radicals. What does this mean? Are they socialists, communists or anarchists? Do they propagate atheism, sponsor birth control, or advocate free love? Not at all. Macdonald and Hoover are equally fools, Stalin and Mussolini are both insane. The earnestness of the League for the Advancement of Birth Control is to them as silly and as damnable as the zealous antics of the Boston Watch and Ward Society. What then do they want? Nothing. They feign abhorrence for everything that is, and they simulate contempt for all ideals that are not yet. Have they any substitute? Oh no; for that would deprive them of their tasteless distinction. They are conscious of only one desire,—eruptions, avalanches, cyclones,—so long as they remain outside the pale of consequences.

There are a good many individuals whom the apparent futilities of life have driven to wine, women and song or their equivalents. That is their own business. So long as they leave my wine and my women alone they can do anything they like when and wherever they like. In fact, I should be inclined to encourage them. For they certainly add an appreciable bit of variety to the monotonous uniformity of our species. And as a rule these epicures make no pretences. They are what they are, and that is usually interesting and frequently delightful. They sing, they drink, and they love successively or simultaneously in more than the mathematical number of combinations. They don't rant and they don't preach. Prohibition or no they get theirs and be hanged to you. The intelligent are delighted, the virtuous are shocked, and everything is just as it should be.

The intellectual, on the other hand, is irritatingly respectable. He marries and makes a good husband. He continually wails against restrictions, and when they are removed he remains staring stupidly at the liberties granted. All his wickedness is cerebral, his debauchery mental, and all his activities resolve themselves into words. Altogether he is as appealing and as useful as a toy-pig, with the difference that he does not require any outside pressure to bring forth his squeaking.

What exasperates one particularly is the intellectual's role of martyrdom. His ever-recurring motif is a serenade to his frankness and courage. Courage to do what? Let us examine the scene:—There is a battle in the valley. Mr. Intellectual has escorted himself safely behind a boulder and abuses harmlessly,—not any *one* of the fighting factions,—that would be too dangerous,—but all of them indiscriminately. Someone may occasionally take a random pop at him out of sheer exasperation, but otherwise he is not noticed any more than is the ticking of the clock or the groans of the destitute. He could not be any safer if he were interred in a safety vault. As many things about him his martyrdom is sheer sham, his courage transparent bluff. For conceit, presumption and stupidity the intellectual can find only one equal,—another intellectual.

* * * *



GOOD BYE Tammany Hall, Hello Montreal."

I recommend this to the Red and White Revue. With Mayor Houde as the heroic figure this should be the theme for an inspiring syncopation of perverted politics. We are Americanizing, and there can be no more doubt about it. So far Canada has been able to boast about the comparative decency of her political administration. But now Montreal has taken the lead in introducing Tammany flavours and Chicago odours into our City Hall. How much truth there is in Alderman Trepanier's accusation of corruption, or how apt his comparing Camilien Houde with Bill Thompson it is, of course, difficult to say. But it is not difficult to see that the teeth are not the only fake distinctions of our mayor, and it is equally easy to predict that his other shams will fall like Lucifer never to rise again. I congratulate the largest Canadian English Daily on its pertinacity. Party politics above all. Camilien Houde is conservative, and whatever else he may be the Montreal Star will support him to the last. But even conservatives are frequently intelligent, and the demagoguery of M. Houde cannot possibly appeal to them much longer.

* * * *



AS the McGilliad is going to print the Round Table Conference has come to an end. The proposal for the Federation of India requires much more detailed study than the casual reader of newspapers could give it. Hence I should like to postpone any criticism to a later date. But the mere fact that the conference ended with a note of understanding, and that a definite agreement has been reached to the practical satisfaction of all sections is a feather in Macdonald's cap and a credit to the Labour Government. If one is to judge the Conservatives by Churchill's famous balderdash and Peel's cautious vagueness, the people of Great Britain should feel grateful at having the Labour Party in power.

As I said last month I cannot possibly understand

how a man like Macdonald can tolerate the unwarranted suppression of freedom of speech now practised in India. And his declaration at the end of the conference was equally disappointing. He promised to declare a political amnesty if and when the civil unrest subsided. A statement like this requires no Macdonald. Mr. Baldwin would have made it with equal readiness, although he might fulfil such a promise with more hesitation. It is my firm conviction that in this case the Indians are the aggrieved party, and the British government is the offender. There is only

one thing Macdonald can do to atone for the injustice,—to declare an unconditional political amnesty immediately. This, I believe, would lead to a smoothening of friction in India, and would win for the Labour Government the sympathy of the intelligent outside world. It is about time, Mr. Macdonald, you became yourself and stopped mimicking the traditional and the conventional. You are a labourite and a socialist,—for which you deserve commendation. But you are too reticent and too cautious, and it would be regrettable if one had to add that you were too old. . .

POISONS AND POISONING

By MURIEL KAY

IT is very difficult to give an accurate definition of a poison, but the one generally agreed upon by toxicologists is—"A poison is any substance which, if taken in large enough quantities leads to symptoms which may prove fatal." The first thing which strikes a person studying toxicology is the large number of everyday and apparently harmless substances which are listed as poisons. The fact is that a great many of these may be safely used in moderate amounts and yet can prove fatal if in sufficient amount and concentration, or if the body is in a suitable condition.

A list of all the kinds of poisons would be very long, but there are three main types: Firstly—neurotics, of which the best examples are narcotics, intoxicants and anesthetics; secondly—irritants, such as dilute mineral acids and bases, metallic compounds and a few gases; thirdly—corrosives, consisting chiefly of concentrated mineral acids and bases.

The study of antidotes is an important part of the study of poisons. The majority of poisons have no chemical antidotes and the treatment in these cases consists in removing the poison as quickly as possible. An antidote is very useful however, providing that it follows certain requirements. It must be quite harmless, even if taken in large quantities, it must be capable of reacting with the poison at the temperature of the body, and it must form with the poison an insoluble or harmless compound which may be easily removed.

We turn now to a study of some ancient and modern poison lore.

Poisons were used even in prehistoric times on arrow-heads. For this purpose hellebore, curare, snake poison and putrid blood were employed. Other poisons which were known are arsenic, opium, henbane and aconite.

We have definite records of the use of poisons at the time of the great Egyptian civilization. Arsenic has been found in mummies dug from the tombs of the Pharaohs. On a papyrus which to-day is in the Louvre are the words: "Pronounce not the name of I. A. O. under the penalty of the peach." Now the peach itself is harmless enough, but the inside of stone contains an oil which, if distilled, produces prussic acid, one of the deadliest of poisons. This is the first evidence we have

of the actual separation of a fairly pure poison by a chemical process.

In Roman history we find no mention of the use of prussic acid, but, during the reign of Tiberius, a knight who was accused of high treason is said to have swallowed a small amount of poison and instantly fallen dead at the feet of the guards. It is not likely that anything except prussic acid could have done this.

In Greece in her most prosperous period, vegetable poisons were the most popular; the best known example being hemlock. In Greece there grew, two thousand years ago just as to-day, the *Atropa Mandragora*, a plant similar to our *Atropa* (Deadly Nightshade) but with different physiological effects. It was used by the ancient Greeks as a medicine and narcotic and also as an anesthetic, for it had the mystical property of producing a long deep sleep resembling death. This drug was used in the form of a wine. A description of the wine and its preparation has been left by Dioscorides and the younger Pliny, and they have even suggested a formula for it.

In 1872 a Dr. Richardson obtained some of this *atropa mandragora* from Greece and following the exact process of Dioscorides obtained a wine having all the properties ascribed to it. This was probably the potion known to Shakespeare and used in "Romeo and Juliet."

About 26 A.D. in Greece, Locusta became famous for her ability to prepare potent poisons and is supposed to have supplied them for the deaths of Claudius and Britannicus.

The ancients, of course, had no knowledge of the chemistry of the body and in studying the effects of poisons could identify them only by outward symptoms. As the symptoms of some diseases are similar to those of some poisons, there have been in history many deaths ascribed to poison which were really due to natural causes, and, for the same reason, many murderers have never been suspected of their crimes.

Between the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries poison was used on a wholesale scale for political reasons. In Venice the Council of Ten held meetings to decide which enemies of the state would be the next victims. They made no secret of the fact that they poisoned their enemies, and to-day we may read

the minutes of the meetings where they cold-bloodedly made their decisions.

In the seventeenth century a band of poisoners grew up in Italy headed by Toffana, who specialized in arsenic solutions. Arsenic white is a solid which may be easily administered, but it was believed, and rightly that organic preparations were more deadly than inorganic. Toffana prepared an organic arsenic compound in the following way: she killed a hog, cut it up, salted it with arsenic white and collected the juice that dropped from the meat. The solution was known as Aqua Toffana, and the origination of it is believed responsible for the death of more than six hundred people during her life, including two popes.

Lucrezia Borgia is believed to have used a similar poison and is famous in history for her dinner-parties after which, one or more statesmen would die mysteriously in a day or two.

One of Toffana's disciples formed an association of young married women, one of their objects being the assassination of their husbands when they tired of them.

During the Middle Ages arsenic white was a very popular poison, for it is tasteless and deadly. It may be introduced in many subtle ways, and like all arsenic and antimony preparations, has a cumulative effect. It can therefore be made to kill slowly or quickly, and has effects similar to cholera, so that its presence may not be suspected.

The alchemists studied arsenic and antimony and through their work, the use of potassium antimony tartrate, or tartar emetic, as a poison became popular. Basil Valentine was the first to distinguish chemically between arsenic and antimony compounds, and as they have very similar properties both had probably been used up to this time and thought to be arsenic. Basil Valentine was also the first to use these compounds for medicinal purposes.

Corrosive sublimate, or mercuric chloride, was another much used poison in the Middle Ages, and several cases of death from this substance are recorded in history.

The end of the ancient poison lore comes about 1836, with Marsh's discovery of a test for the detection of arsenic. Until this time, the chief reasons for the popularity of poisons were the mystery which surrounded their action and the impossibility of absolute detection. During the nineteenth century, however, the chemistry of the body was studied and accurate chemical tests for the detection of most poisons were discovered. By means of these tests, doctors and toxicologists can now distinguish between poisoning and disease which have the same symptoms, for example—atropine and scarlet fever, arsenic and cholera.

A rather interesting theory which was proposed by Dr. Richardson at the end of the last century was that poisons may actually be formed in the human body by chemical process and therefore cause certain diseases. An example of this is the fact that amylenol when administered to a patient produces somnambulism or something exactly like it. In one case in a London hospital, while a boy was under the effects of this drug he sat and played with a ball quite as accurately as though conscious, and yet he was unaware that his leg was being amputated. Another piece of evidence is the fact that mercaptans are known to produce great melancholy, while in the case of people suffering from melancholia, the odour of mercaptan has been detected

on the breath. This theory has scarcely been worked out but seems plausible in some cases at least.

Arsenic, even in our day, is still the most common poison for homicidal and suicidal purposes. It is said that the peasants of Styria and Hungary eat arsenic daily to give them strength. This, however, has been exaggerated by novelists, and there is not much foundation for the idea. Arsenic is still used in the form of arsenic white, but more frequently as Paris green which is so easily obtained, even in large quantities.

In 1903 there was an epidemic of arsenic poisoning, found to be due to beer. Sulphuric acid is used in the malting of beer, and this acid is made from iron pyrites which often contain traces of arsenic. This accounts for the presence of arsenic in the beer.

Nowadays poisoning by accident is much less common than it was formerly, due to the many laws in all countries regarding the form and distribution of poisons.

Although in the present times of peace, shooting seems to be more popular than poisoning, it is said that the next war will be over in a very short time due to the exclusive use of poisonous gases. This is quite possible in view of the modern scientific methods of liquifying and solidifying gases, and also in view of ever-improving air-craft.

To S. K.

Soon there will be the sound
Of wings overhead. Underground
Roots will be shooting longingly
Towards the surface. Hungrily
The fields of snow
Will melt with each other. So
Listen to the wind
Creep warily round your mind
And if you remember me at all
Remember me as symbolical
Of winter's slumber broken
And the new spring's token
And words never spoken.
If you remember me at all.

Discovery

Just outside of brown Capri
I saw something that haunted me
I saw the flaming golden sun
Count her rays. A golden nun
Fingering her beads.

And when she passed the loitering moon
Ignored his smile—remained immune—
And all at once I saw that he
Had loved the sun most patiently.

I've seen him spend a tortured hour
Then palely enter his darkened bower.

MONA WEISS.



THE HOLLOW

Noami Jackson



PORTRAITS

Gerald L. Goodstone

THE CENSOR CENSURED

By F. RAND



ATTACKING the censorship of the theatre has, in the past, been the favorite indoor sport of the cub journalist; in fact, a sure way of setting foot on the lowest rung of the ladder that leads to the Dramatic Critic's orchestra stall. This is peculiar at first glance, because statistics show that if all the defendants of the English Licensor of Plays were to call on him simultaneously to express approval of his policy there would still be too few to form fours up the carriage drive. The man who wins the Calcutta Sweepstake on an outside chance gains more fame than the fellow who merely has a dollar on the favorite, and gets home: the Censorship must be a pretty bad horse to be without a backer—or a jockey for that matter, as we shall see.

It is. Erudite nonentities will still arise to claim that Bacon's surname was Shakespeare, but Censorship lingers on without a champion—perhaps I should say a champion worth listening to. The retired but not retiring army colonel, who the night before has despatched his essence of "Pro Bono Publico" to the London "Times" may still address the House of Commons as Conservative (of course) member for the village of Magnum Parva with, "Is not this indecent play a danger to British Womanhood?" But he does not obtain the respectful attention which was his former meed. Instead, a bespectacled lady in the Government benches is likely to rise and ask the colonel what he knows about womanhood. The shocked questioner is too overcome by the indelicacy of the demand to reply, and retires discomfited.

Censorship, then, has become too impossible a ward for even, shall we say, Oxford, that inveterate home of lost causes. The trenches are at present deserted, but there are signs that the old warfare which had London for its cockpit is to be renewed in America in the near future.

England owns to a censor of plays which she has been trying hard to stifle for a hundred years, yet the United States, despite that awful example before her, is actually contemplating appointing local censorships. We may look on with pessimistic pity, because even in England few people are intimately acquainted with the history of London's skirmish with the appointee of that Minister of the Crown, the Lord Chamberlain, in whom rests the supreme authority of stage censorship: is it likely therefore that New York will take heed in time?

I see that I am in danger of becoming serious over this matter: that is what has been the trouble in the past. Every critic has been wholeheartedly passionate in decrying the unjust anomaly in the English Constitution which permits a member of the Court Household metaphorically to thumb his nose and say to the British intelligentsia—I retain the urban vernacular—"Yah, you can't touch me." Of course, the Lord Chamberlain and his Committee of Readers do nothing of the kind, but even the House of Commons cannot officially criticise his findings. He is not voted his salary by Parliament; he is on the Civil List, and his landmark cannot be removed. Perhaps it is this which accounts for the almost communistic earnest-

ness of the censors of the censor, who feel an almost apoplectic impotence to right matters. As Mr. Bernard Shaw said when asked for his plan to abolish the censor, "You'll have to abolish the monarchy first." At any rate the only way out seems to be to laugh him out of court. *Ridendo castigat censorem*, to adapt an old axiom of comedy.

A pertinent stimulant to the risibility suggested is a familiarity with one or two of the really funny anecdotes about the Censor's alterations in plays submitted to him for licensing. These are legion, and the following two only representative.

The decision of the Lord Chamberlain many years ago that whenever the name of any one of the Holy Trinity was mentioned on the stage the word 'heaven' should be substituted led to Sir W. S. Gilbert's being proprietor of a phrase too exotic even for his wit. In his adaptation of Dicken's "Great Expectations" for the theatre, "his chambers were fit for a lord" became "his chambers were fit for a heaven".

The Gallic Scribe, that skilful contriver of *pièces bien faites*, related the gem which follows. "In one of my vaudevilles a gentleman who was making love to the cook asked her the way to her bedchamber, to which she grandiloquently replied, 'By way of the Church'. The censor thought this profane, and substituted, 'By way of the kitchen!'" (a somewhat inverted construction of the old adage that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and as anatomically devious).

France can perhaps afford to laugh at herself more than staid old England, for she is, as a republic, young: can we in Montreal take leaves out of both countries' books—and burn them? Judging from the censor's antics in this city we have not only taken them but enlarged and framed them. I refer now to the movies, since we are only a dramatic appendage of the London and New York stages, and if they don't like a play our chances of seeing it are as slim as a starving woman after the eighteen-day diet.

A choice instance of the assiduity of M. Filion, our censor, who recently jumped into prominence over a banned vaudeville act at the now defunct Gayety Theatre, was afforded by the talking picture "Common Clay". This film, featuring Constance Bennett, was exhibited in Montreal in October last. The plot turned on the tribulations of a girl who seeks to be a social asset as parlormaid in a wealthy home, after a night in jail with less desirable inmates than her speakeasy professional companions sharing her incarceration. The son of the house, home from college, protects her from unwelcome attentions to such good effect that she becomes the mother of his son.

Here the censor steps in with his "thou shalt not" and by a subtitle informs us that they were really married, but the father has had the marriage annulled because of their youth! If we accept this—and do we?—the sequent action becomes quite unintelligible. She is in court, goaded to desperation and charging the son with having relations with a minor. The defending

attorney, in endeavouring to blacken the plaintiff's character, extracts from the girl's supposed mother the fact that the real mother died and left the baby to her protection, and the details convince the cross-examiner that by a coincidence the dead woman was "the girl he left behind him" in his youth.

Re-enter the censor with another subtitle. "He really married her, but she left him because she felt herself a hindrance to his career." The purifier of pictures steps back and surveys his handiwork while we return home, soon to envy those who, I am assured, successfully demanded their money back at the box-office.

The really humorous—or degrading, according to your philosophy—core of the incident is that children under sixteen years of age are not allowed in Montreal cinemas. The implications thus involved in the censor's eliminations and 'explanations' become overwhelming. They damn our Examiner with a purient Victorianism that Mrs. Grundy herself would have disowned. She, if questioned, would scarcely have denied the existence of children born out of wedlock.

Local authority waters down the stupid but now seldom exercised efforts of the Lord Chamberlain into a moronic despotism that treats the drama as a series of dustbins, and applies standards scarcely equal to those of garbage supervision. It is much harder to laugh at City Councils than the English censorship: they are infinitely less amusing; and we are perhaps witnessing in the United States the embryo of a campaign of vituperation unenlivened by the fresh air of ridicule. We must not forget to laugh heartily because, although poking fun has not dislodged the King's Censor it has almost silenced him.

There is one phase of the drama about which we cannot, however, afford to be flippant, and that is the religious drama. New York, which played Marc Connelly's "Green Pastures", has done much to offset the recent vulgarity of its Thespians by this play; in fact even the Church agrees that Broadway may learn to look after itself in the aesthetic sense. Bishop Manning, in speaking at the annual memorial service of the Episcopal Actors' Guild, repudiated censorship, but

feared that it might be forced on the theatre from outside unless it abjured pornography. London, on the other hand, while theatrically far more stable, still suffers from the rule that no representation of God shall be allowed on the stage. It would involve too much history to discuss the exception that immediately strikes us, that of "Everyman", but the fiat is an ancient one, so that the character—and negro nature—of "de Lawd" is temporarily debarred from moving London audiences.

That this prohibition is temporary I am sure. "Green Pastures", when serialised in a London evening paper, became the subject of a Question in the House of Commons. The Tory party's reactionary element naturally deprecated such vulgar journalism, which only goes to show that the English censorship is after all not entirely untainted by the vice of political partisanship, a contamination from which it has ever declared itself free, since the Patent Theatres Act of 1843.

Censorship was truly described after the report of the Joint Committee of 1909 as 'a mosaic of compromise'. Perhaps that is why we Britons tolerate it. Compromise, except in its amorous connotation, has acquired the credit for all the achievements of our Empire: should we not then embrace it in its theatrical guise? That, however, depends on your theory of government and opinion of institutions that have long outworn any supposed usefulness that was once ascribed to them. Can the mud-slinging of the modern daily journal be less effective than Fielding, whose satire "The Golden Rump" set the wheels in motion for Walpole's Censorship Act of 1737 to protect a corrupt ministry from attack? The Editors' Union would blush for shame at such a suggestion, as would the modern novelist if he were charged, as he often was at the beginning of the century, with being incapable of stirring the emotions as strongly as the stage. Unconsciously therefore he is giving nothing away when he presses for the elimination of the censorship, but we who believe in the theatre know that it has in any case something better to do than to try to out-Herod Herod.

JACOBI EATS PORRIDGE

A SHORT STORY

By LEO KENNEDY

THIS tells of Jacobi the Dollmaker of Milan, and how he ate porridge. It would seem that this famous craftsman in the poverty of his middle life, travelled on foot between his home and the noble city of Padua, restoring the faded beauty of dolls and begging his way when trade was bad. You are told briefly that one evening he came to an inn.

In the yard two game cocks were fighting, surrounded by the happy olive faces of loungers and servant men; the traveller passed them unnoticed and walked into the kitchen of the inn. On a low stool by the hearth a woman sat with a pot upon her knees; it contained porridge which she ate with a little salt.

Jacobi bowed low to the creature, trailing his battered cock's feather across the hearthstone. It was unusual for journeymen to wear plumed hats, but

Jacobi was unique. He smiled, showing his ugly teeth, and wrinkled up his nose comically.

Jacobi said—Madam—and deposited his string of saleable dolls upon the floor. He set his small work chest by the woman and sat down upon it.

She continued to eat her supper.

Jacobi turned his feet to the fire and folded his hands in front of him; he was hungry and regarded with approval the activity of some of the kitchen folk who were adding the final garnishes to the evening meal. They had completed their cooking and did not disturb the two by the fire.

Jacobi repeated—Madam—and looked with interest at the porridge. As the woman offered him none, he sighed and shifted on his box. Coughing behind his hand, Jacobi said:

—It is fair, Madam, that I should tell you who I am. I am Jacobi, a dollmaker out of Milan; I travel and on my travels I observe.—

He nodded.

—I observe. I meet many notables . . . both ladies and gentlemen of quality. And it is clear to me who have met so many fine women that you are too pretty and talented to spend your time in this rustic place. You should go to Padua, or better still, to Milan. You would be much appreciated in those large cities.—

A glowing wood ember fell from the fire onto the hearth. The woman pushed it back with her shoe and continued to feast, her unfavored black eyes regarding Jacobi. The dollmaker continued:

—Also am I in spare hours a poet, though in these times of modern barbarism, there is no market for verses not intended to flatter the ears of titled, be-ruffed jackasses. Hence I am poor . . .

—You must know that in my tenderer years, before I embraced this trade of dollmaking, I was by repute no inconsiderable writer of lyrical pretties and rhymed fal-lals. And I was an aesthetic radical, Madam, a free poet, as I may at any time prove by reciting verses of my own decomposition. In those times, too, I went delicately in good broadcloth, and had not these so objectionable fissures in my breeches. Pleasant days!—

He mournfully considered the woman's ladling, but went on:

—I was a lover. I was on terms of polite intimacy with a beautiful lady of the middle class, who was in face and figure not dissimilar to yourself. In fact, I would say that she resembled you closely, though scarcely enjoying your large eyes, your elegant bearing and genteel expression.—

He spread his hands in a fine gesture.

—She proved my undoing. She became affianced to a corn merchant. She permitted her father to give her away, for a share in the business. She permitted her husband to beget an unseemly number of small corn merchants upon her person. She did not revolt; indeed, she appeared to like it. At all events she is fat now, and has forgotten that which was between us.—

The woman stared into the pot, pursing her lips.

—You have visualized exactly what she was like,— Jacobi said eagerly.—She walked into my life with lips a-pout and disorganized my art. She beckoned, and at her beckoning I followed promptly, leaving a fine metre half formulated. You will be disturbed to hear that she broke my heart exquisitely on a wheel of April forenoons that bristled with crocus spikes and the yellow violet. I regret that there are not such blooms in this province.

—That is how it was with me!

—For a clockbeat I stood with my face to the sky, shrilling love's swan song to the jangled accompaniment of my snapping heart-strings; crying splendidly of the emptiness that is a man, and of the woman whose propensity it is to fill the vacuum. And now—I do not complain: see, my hand is steady; my eyes are dry. Like my dolls I have since been often broken, and as often mended. That is because I am a philosopher.—

Jacobi stretched his legs.

—How may I phrase it? Art and these puppets and the nonsense I am talking all crowd a pattern from

which philosophy has its being, and about which philosophers make weighty observations. Only one cannot be philosophic about an empty belly.—

He got suddenly to his feet.

—Madam—said Jacobi—you try my patience. You perceive that I am hungry, and that I have told you a story with moral adumbrations in prepayment of my supper. Yet you persist in devouring that porridge, and make no stir to offer me a portion. In a moment I shall consider you a glutton.

—Ai! It is as I said . . . you have wolfed the last morsel before my face! You are a wretch, Madam, fit only to be bedded by a corn chandler, suited only to be a mother of mice and mutes!—

At this word Jacobi started, and looked at the woman closely. He touched his lips and ear with a significant gesture, and she replied to him with a flutter of hands. The dollmaker then showed her by signs that he lacked both food and money, at which she hastened to bring him porridge from another dish.

Jacobi bowed gravely and resumed his seat. His foot by accident struck the dolls and set their wood limbs rattling. The head of one snapped from its trunk and rolled on the floor; settling upright it regarded him solemnly.

The dollmaker ate his meal humbly, casting glances of shy compassion at his hostess.

—I am glad that I am a philosopher—he said—I might weep else. You, my dear, do not know what philosophy is, and if I defined until the crack of doom you would not hear me. No more than that tongueless, trunkless fellow on the floor. But what does it matter? Life is life, and art is art, and porridge restores the contemplative balance.—

So saying, Jacobi belched gently, bowed his thanks, and shouldered his property. He walked out under the high stars, leaving the woman to stare after him. You will never know whither he wandered nor where he slept.

CAPRICE

I sat beside the river and said,
 "O River bring forgetfulness,"
 But the song the waves sang sounded
 Like the rustling of your dress.

Then the snow fell by the river
 And with the wind danced sarabands;
 The white snow dancing by the river
 Was like your small white hands.

K. N. CAMERON.

LOVE'S AFTERTHOUGHT

Dusk—and the song-birds singing,
 Warbling of Love and you,
 Waking my soul, and bringing
 Heart throbs that torture anew!

Dawn—and the song-birds singing,
 Casting their spell all in vain,
 Warbling of Love and bringing
 Memories of exquisite pain!

GORDON LeCLAIRE.

DREAMS

By LENNARD GANDALAC

RARE indeed is the man who has not cogitated about his nocturnal meanderings; less rare are those who have written books about them. Most of the books start with Freud, and magnanimously grant him a certain degree of insight. In the main, they weightily adumbrate, he is nevertheless manfully groping and rather frequently stumbling. Psychology is indeed a field where every man is in his own humour; while the sore problem of dream analysis has produced probably the most variegated conglomeration of garrulous twattlings ever set before deaf humanity. All this is of course a healthy sign, for it shows that the time is not too far distant when somebody with a slightly sharpened intelligence and lacking prejudice is going to plough through the whole lot of incoherent mumbblings and write the answer in four paragraphs on the back of the grocer's bill and be presented by his home town with a house that doesn't belong to them. Meanwhile it is very fatiguing.

What most authors on this subject seem to lack, besides the ability to write without committing verbosity, tautology, and the other ten or twelve cardinal sins of composition, is an orientation. They take the dream, and forget all the anatomy, physiology, psychology, and neurology that they ever learned, and formulate a theory regardless of what axioms it contradicts or what principles it defies outside its own immediate province. They do not correlate their results with those of any other science. Every psychologist has something tangible to work on: the nervous system; but most of them go on with the same old scientific egotism, trying to put their own subject in a nice little compartment by itself, quite separate from all the others. Psychologists are probably the worst offenders in this respect, at that.

At any rate, now that a good many clever men have wasted the luxuriance of their verbosity in begging manifold useless questions, it is high time that somebody injected a little common sense into the proceedings. This, naturally, I do not propose to attempt; I will leave that task to more sanguine speculators. All I want to do is show that it is possible to write about dreams without revolting the grammatical fastidiousness of our younger barbarians; meanwhile conveying ideas.

* * * *

The thalamus is a large mass of nervous substance in the centre of the brain. It is the great relay station for all impulses to and from the cerebral cortex, the seat of conscious activity.

When a sensory impulse on its way to the cortex is stopped before it can become conscious, it is said to be inhibited. Inhibition requires the expenditure of psychic energy.

If we suppose that every mind possesses a constant amount of psychic energy (which you may call the "libido" if you are careful), we can explain a whole lot of things. We can explain why some people are more active mentally than others, and we can also formulate useful hypotheses about such matters as insanity,

hypnosis, sleep, and dreams. It is obvious that if an individual expends most of his energy inhibiting, he is not going to be very alert mentally.

Since all sensory messages pass through the thalamus before being relayed to the cortex, we can regard the thalamus as the great inhibitory centre, where any or all incoming impulses may be stopped or shunted off to another track.

Sleep is an inhibitory reflex involving most of normal consciousness. Dreams are compromise activities involving the normal unconscious plus a little of the normal consciousness.

When you sleep, all your psychic energy is concentrated in the thalamus trying to inhibit the incoming sensations so that you won't be disturbed and so that your cortex, having nothing to be conscious of, will be given a chance to rest up. If anything can break through the inhibiting barrier, it will disturb your sleep. The stronger it is, the more it will disturb you, and if it is strong enough to break down the barrier altogether, all your libido will rush back to the cortex and you will become conscious or awake. But something has to be done with the aborted sensations, because they are forms of energy. It is the function of the dream to let these sensations exhaust themselves without disturbing the sleeper.

During waking life, there are certain emotions which some consider it desirable to repress—some forms of sexual desire, some fears, some forms of egotism, and so forth. This repression is accomplished by abstracting sufficient inhibiting energy from the sum total of psychic energy to balance the latent energy of the emotions, thus forcing them down into unconsciousness and keeping them there by sheer strength. It follows that the less repressed we are, the more alive we will be, since we will have additional energy to put to useful ends—both the energy of repression and the latent emotional energy. This obvious conclusion will be offensive to many of the more conservative minds among us.

The foreconscious includes the contents of our memory, and all that body of knowledge which we retain and can make conscious at will. During sleep, our libido is employed in keeping the foreconscious from becoming conscious. This requires not only all our ordinarily active libido, but also some of the libido used in repressing the undesirable. The deeper the sleep, the more repressive libido is taken away to strengthen the barrier between conscious and foreconscious. Thus in the deepest sleep, the unconscious, full of undesirable feelings, is left wide open.

Now take ordinary sleep, where the conscious is nearly cut off and the unconscious is half open. Let an alarm clock fall off a table. The sound hits our ear and shoots into the thalamus as nervous energy. In the ordinary course of events, this energy would reach the cortex and be interpreted as an alarm clock falling off a table. But if we valued the alarm clock, this

(Continued on page 20).

The International Gold Situation

By R. I. C. PICARD



AS the current economic depression continues with little optimism for a revival of trade and commerce in the near future, it is perhaps not inappropriate to cast a searching glance at the world's credit structure, which supports prices, to see if any great influence has been exerted by changes in the volume of gold which form the basis of our money economy. The question of maldistribution of the gold reserves of the world is naturally involved and will be considered in due course. What appears to be of particular interest, though, is the statement made by the Gold Delegation of the Finance Committee of the League of Nations in their interim report, in which they say: "As the result of its analysis of the large mass of statistical data collected, the Delegation has reached the conclusion that the inadequacy of the supply of new gold available for money is likely, at no very distant date, to exercise its influence in depressing prices."

Before examining the implications of the above statement, it is necessary for us to make three assumptions: First, that the principal trading countries of the world will continue to exchange commodities with the existing mechanism based on the Gold Standard. This, of course, includes the free movement of gold between one country and another as trade requires, and also the nominal if not actual convertibility of paper money into gold. We also assume that the present legal minimum of gold required to back notes and other liabilities be retained. Second, that the Quantity Theory of Money is correct, which is to say that the general level of prices is proportional to the quantity of money in circulation, other things being equal. We mean here that an increase in the amount of gold produced per annum will eventually cause a rise in prices, first in the gold-producing country, and later in the world market. Third, that the aim of all Gold Standard countries is to support the general level of prices at a constant height by a sufficient supply of gold. The harm caused by unstable prices is self-evident. A fall means a period of depression while industry and agriculture adjust themselves to the new and lower level; profits and wages decrease, while unemployment grows with declining demand for goods and the accumulation of stocks. We are agreed, then, that the general level of prices will remain stationary if the media of exchange, based on gold, are available, since general overproduction of commodities is impossible if world buying power is being maintained.

Basing his investigations upon the period 1850-1910, Professor Cassel has found that production increased at an annual rate of about three per cent. This implies that an annual addition of three per cent. to the total gold stocks of the world would be necessary to maintain stable prices. Mr. Joseph Kitchin, world-renowned statistician, reaches a somewhat similar conclusion with this difference that he finds that the world's *monetary* gold stocks will have to be augmented annually at the rate of three per cent. to keep prices

stationary. Mr. Kitchin estimates that the present world production of gold amounts to about \$400,000,000 each year, that this figure will rise during the next three or four years, and then decline below the required amount. His calculations are based upon the assumption that no further economy in the use of gold will be adopted. Accompanying Mr. Kitchin's estimates is a table carefully prepared from surveys taken by the leading gold-producing countries of the world. Production is seen to reach its maximum in 1932; the demand for gold for non-monetary purposes and commercial use shows a steady increase with a resulting decreasing amount available for monetary requirements.

Mr. Kitchin is not alone in his belief. The February Letter of the Royal Bank of Canada made this statement: "If Central Banks continue their present policy and standards of gold reserves, declining prices will result." Dr. Gregory remarks: "By 1937 gold output and the addition to required reserves would about balance; before that date there would be a surplus available for industrial use and the East, without prices falling or reserve ratios declining; after that date either consumption must decline or reserve ratios alter, or production must increase."

If index numbers of world prices from 1821 to the present day are compared with the figures representing the world's production of gold for the same period, a correlation can be seen. From 1821-1848 gold production increased steadily but not sufficiently to meet the rapid growth of trade; hence a steady decline in prices is evident. The discoveries of mines in Australia and America during the period 1848-1873 exercised a much greater influence on prices than before, with a resulting rise in prices though the demand for gold was increased greatly, due to the entry into the market of India and other Eastern countries. From 1873-1896 prices again fell steadily, largely the result of declining world production of gold and increased demand from Germany, the United States, France and the Scandinavian countries who had now definitely committed themselves to the Gold Standard. The shortage was accentuated by the additional requirements of the United States for the conversion of Civil War paper money to a gold basis. A graph of world prices indicates a rapid rise from 1896 to 1930; the world's gold production, increased greatly by the new South African mines, was fundamentally the cause, though inflation during the War period exerted a tremendous influence on the price level. Annual fluctuations cannot, of course, be attributed to changes in the gold supply, but it is evident that secular variations of prices correspond closely with those of the relative stock of gold, i.e., the ratio of the actual production to that required for stable prices.

The annual non-monetary demand for gold is certain to show a continual increase, leaving what remains for monetary purposes. Since this demand is largely for industry and the requirements of India, it can

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REVIEWS

NOVEL IN FOUR DIMENSIONS

"Success"—By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. Viking Press Co. \$3.00.

Although we have it on reliable authority that there's naught in a name and that a nose would smell as well by any other, the importance of a book's title to its sales' receipts is not to be gestured away. It was with this wisdom in mind that the volume which made Feuchtwanger famous on this continent, originally dubbed "Jew Suss", was later for no inscrutable reason baptized "Power". "Success", however, does not seem to us as happy as heraldry to an American public, for whom the word has become a vaudeville cliché, a chauffeur's *ave-atque vale*, an exclamation as pregnant with metaphysic meaning as the "cat's pajamas." One is surprised to find, therefore, that both the Muirs should not have known that in a world where Hoover synonymizes on prosperity and Bennett bids the unemployed consider the lilies how they toil not neither do they spin, Success has become a colloquialism. The word would much better adorn a MacFadden moral or point a Tarkington tale. But perhaps *Erfolg* in Germany is really success.

Howbeit, one does not judge a book by its cover, Success is far less hackneyed than its name. In seven hundred and eighty-one pages of vigorous though somewhat prolix prose Feuchtwanger essays a photographic representation of life in Munich in the third decade of the twentieth century, all seen skeptically through a negative. The author on the magic carpet of his prose projects himself into some distant future, and looks back upon contemporary events with the spectacles of a history professor; he records the idiosyncracies of his age as if he were creating a comedy of manners. He compiles statistics; he interpolates with scientific treatises. By a technical fiction he is an age in advance of his contemporaries, and thus is able both to obtain a perspective of this generation and to lend a romantic glamour of the past to what is as yet the present. He begins with the premise that his characters are already corpses, and forthwith sets out to resurrect them.

Exactly the reverse was done in *Power*. There for the first time in historic fiction the mediaeval heroes were treated as if they had psychological reactions beneath their helmets, and sex appeal behind their jerkins. The Middle Age was not a tapestry, it was a cinema reel. Volts of electricity were injected into coats of mail and they walked like moderns.

By thus juggling the idea of time so as to make the mediaeval appear the modern and the contemporary the already historic Feuchtwanger achieves his fascinating effects. It must be said, however, that this venture into splendid anachronism is really the execution upon a grander scale of a method employed by rhetoricians to gain their ends: the consideration of dead nature in anthropomorphic images; and the attribution of mechanistic manner to living matter.

It is the fourth dimension—time—that gives this volume an importance in the history of technique.

Yet the book is not, despite its heroics about nonentities, a romantic pot-pourri, proving that our world is the best of all possible worlds, and our time a very millenium. Like God, the spirit of Feuchtwanger broods over chaos, but never does he see that it is good. For its realism the book seems to be modelled on a city directory where no detail is omitted, and where all is recorded with mathematical precision. An army of Bavarians tramp through these pages, and each is inventoried: name, birth, colour of eyes, and predilection for pretzels. So great is the multitude of characters which Feuchtwanger dissects that at its conclusion the book looks like a morgue. According to proverbial sapience, a book is good company, but here we have an excellent crowd. Vast is the canvas upon which Feuchtwanger paints, chirrup the critics; indeed, it extends from Munich to Paris, and thence to Berlin.

The result of this annotated roll-call is that the pages of *Success* are cluttered with mediocrities, and that what the book gains in length it loses in depth. Out of the multitude whom Feuchtwanger portrays but several are left human; many are called but few chosen. Only two of the characters are at all convincing, Jacques Tuverlin, who is most evidently a literary reincarnation of Feuchtwanger himself, and Kruger, who escapes the author's dehumanization, mainly through the fact that for the greater part of the book he is behind bars. Johanna Krain, evidently the heroine of the book, is the most histrionic character of them all. Melodramatically she undertakes to marry Kruger, because before his imprisonment she had had with him what the French call *un amour passagère*. When she wishes to free him she discovers that she must obtain the good-will of numerous notables in Bavaria. Hence a few more infidelities to prove her faithfulness to her convict husband. As a further complication she falls in love with Tuverlin. To climax the melodrama Kruger dies in prison. One would think that the path of love should now run smooth, and that Tuverlin and Johanna should live happily for another two hundred pages. But God and Feuchtwanger will it otherwise. Johanna does not yet consider herself a widow; the blood of Kruger cries for Justice. The blindfold must be taken off the eyes of the madonna of righteousness. When this is done it is discovered that the lady Justice is astigmatic, but Johanna has done her duty.

Even less convincing is the Jew Geyer, who in his youth has been indiscreet enough to produce one Erich Bornhaak. Geyer is a Socialist. Bornhaak is not only a pervert but also a Fascist, but when Bornhaak is killed in a True German uprising, Geyer, the Socialist, not only mourns for his Fascist bastard, but does so in a typically orthodox manner, by rending his clothes and sitting shoeless on a stool. But perhaps in this incident there is a moral of good-will.

His American, Mr. Washington Potter, becomes under Feuchtwanger's magic wand a veritable Santa Claus. A good number of the other characters are not really characters, but types drawn for a modern morality play. Thus Kaspar Prockl may be painted Revolution, Cajhetan Lechner, — Bourgeois, Ostermacher, — Pedant, Hierl, — Clown, and so on through the whole *dramatis personae*. They are simple formulae and not human complexes. Even Kutzner, struts his none-too brief hour on the stage, recites his lines, and withdraws amidst cat-calls. But this actor-like characterization is justified. Kutzner in the flesh is Hitler.

What Feuchtwanger botches with his matter, he redeems with his manner. The book has, if not the epic, at least the classic imprimatur. Tuverlein, né Feuchtwanger, himself admits that his irony and satire are at least imitations of the Aristophanic. His epical characteristics seem to be borrowed from the Aeneid and the Odyssey. Just as in the epic the fixed epithet is predominant, as when Virgil's Aeneas is ever pious, and Homer's Aurora ever rosy-fingered, so in Feuchtwanger Fortsch is never mentioned, but he is called rabbit-faced, Dellmaier is never invoked but his grin comes with him, and in *The Ugly Duchess* the albino is never produced but his frog-eyes are there too. The repeated line, characteristic of the epic, occurs also: — "until the trees blossom"; "six trees make a garden." The epic catalogue, intimated so bombastically by Whitman appears in prose style in Book I Chapter iv; Book II Chapter xiv. For classic invocation, Feuchtwanger uses the continual appeal to Justice. The epic according to the tradition of the masters, must not fill less than twelve books. In this too Feuchtwanger follows in the path of the elders. Like a number of his Teutonic contemporaries, he writes à longue haleine. A little asthma should be relished by the best of German writers. At least two hundred pages of the middle of 'Success' could be eliminated; it moves as slowly as the Bavarian mind. The last hundred pages too could be dispensed with; it hath a dying fall. As it is, the book is as long as the German reparations bill. Feuchtwanger shares this habit in common with another group of German writers. Thomas Mann writes an incidentless novel in nine hundred pages, and Wassermann produces his lengthy pot-boilers every year. The curious thing about this situation is that these books are in translation consumed mainly by English-speaking readers. Is this revenge? *Vae victoribus*.

Although Feuchtwanger emulates the epic writers in the afore-mentioned details he deviates from them in his treatment of sex. Homer for example does not mention the matter at all in all his books; but Homer was blind. Feuchtwanger not only sees what the Bard has overlooked, but he even outdoes the moderns in his consideration of the subject. Whereas an ordinary writer would prepare his reader with several hundred pages for the breach of the seventh commandment, Feuchtwanger's characters commit adultery most casually. They fornicate in parenthesis. Huxley's Point Counter Point is an Odessey which moves from bedroom to bedroom and ends in a bathroom; Aldous never forgets it. Feuchtwanger deals with these things en passant; to him sex is a necessity not a literary luxury.

Besides essays in psychology, treatises on history, and statistics in economic and short story sketches, Feuchtwanger also has some discussions on art and

literature. Tuverlin's arguments with Kaspar Prockl are most edifying. In these discussions the author analyses Tuverlin's style, which of course absolves us from going any further.

A. M. K.

EMPIRE ECONOMICS

Economic Prosperity in the British Empire: by Stephen Leacock, LL.D., Litt. D., etc., etc., 1930, the Macmillan Company of Canada Limited. Toronto. pp. 246; \$2.

Except for encyclopaedic articles, Professor Stephen Leacock, head of the department of economics and political science in McGill University, is not a frequent contributor to the literature of current economic thought. His chief claim to fame has rested rather in the domain of Leacockian humor. On this account, the publisher's announcement of a forthcoming work from his pen upon a subject of the importance and general interest of the "economics of the British Empire" must have been looked forward to with considerable anticipation. The result has been disappointing.

The volume under review is divided into two parts. The first part, "Until Now," is, as its name implies, a review of what has been done in the way of empire development since the days of the earliest explorers. There is an outline of the geography of Canada, with particular reference to climatic conditions. Here it is shown that the annual "mean" temperature of most Canadian centres is really very equitable, and not, as most persons suppose, cold beyond the possibility of regular habitation. But the nature of "mean" temperature is not pointed out. Here is but one example of the type of reasoning to be found throughout the work. Much is said also, of the vast, untapped wheat-bearing potentialities of the great Peace River district, which by itself makes very fine reading—the type of stuff that might be administered in large doses to intending immigrants, in brochures designed for their consumption. Nothing, however, is said about the movement of world wheat prices, growing competition from European and other centres, the increasing difficulties of marketing the product, nor the sad state of the wheat farmer in those United States and the peculiar economic nature of the remedial measures there attempted. Early migratory movements from the British Isles to the United States are described, and over them many a bitter tear is shed. If only these people had come to Canada, to Australia, to New Zealand, to Rhodesia, to Kenya, anywhere but the United States!

In similar vein, the migration of capital in past years is touched upon.

The second part of the volume, "From Now On," is devoted to a consideration of means whereby the British Empire may be economically integrated. The first chapter of this section concerns itself with a suggested Imperial tariff system, by virtue of which the malignant efforts of alien nations to sell things to Britishers will neatly be aborted. There is neither space nor occasion here for a discussion, either academic or "practical" upon the time-honored subject of protection vs. free-trade, but the present

reviewer finds it difficult to refrain from bringing to the notice of the author the platitude that nations from whom we do not buy cannot buy from us. The chapter on tariff policy is long and detailed, as, of right it should be, but it is so inundated with reasoning of a *Post hoc ergo propter hoc* type, that its resonant Leacockian phrases lose all of their dignified majesty.

Even more true is the last criticism when applied to the chapter on suggested future population movements. Professor Leacock would like to unburden the crowded shires of England of their superfluous population and transport these people to the wide open spaces which characterise the British Commonwealth of Nations—population density statistics are displayed to prove the feasibility of such action. He definitely implies that people bring work. The present reviewer has always thought (and still thinks) that work brings people. It is a pity that the chairman of McGill's economic department did not choose to concern himself with a study of employment statistics in the Empire over the past decade.

One could go on indefinitely in this vein, stopping with good reason at every page, but of the book as a whole it may be said: The argument does not march.

"H"

AN EARLY EFFORT

"*Claudia*" by Arnold Zweig. Translated by Eric Sutton.
The Viking Press, New York. 252 pp.

Those who have read "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" can hardly recognize the same hand in this latest translation of one of Zweig's works. The virility and force of the earlier translation here gives place to parlor aristocracy and cultured diletantism. The rough and ready character of Grischa and the unaffected, boisterous courage of his friends and fellow-sufferers give way to the sensitive self-restraint of the refined Claudia and to the critical egocentric behaviour of the discreet Dr. Rohme. The style is equally vigorous and adequate, but the very subject introduces a note of judicious, carefully-uttered sentimentality. The reader of "Sergeant Grischa" visualizes the author to be a man with a taut-lined face expressive of force and bohemian energy; "Claudia" changes the picture to a face of pallid emaciation expressive of psychological complexes and vacillating seriousness.

Thanks to Anatole France, Havelock Ellis, James Joyce and Aldous Huxley we have learned to be suspicious of "artistic souls." We have become tired of their complexes, and have no more patience with them. We delight to see them writhe under the caustic castigation of the author of "Point Counter Point"; we get an unholy glee when they are "exposed," and shorn into shreds of affectation, weakness and conceit . . . But a book which attempts to treat of them sympathetically runs the danger of leaving us rather cold. We are apt to sneer at the characters, and to condemn the weakling writer for seeming to be moved by them.

The duster tells us that "Claudia" appeared in Germany sometime before "Sergeant Grischa." This is quite evident. "Claudia" is almost obviously an earlier work, the work of a younger man who must give vent to the troublings of the soul, who must give expression to idealistic visions and conceptions. Zweig

does this admirably in this book. Whatever his subject he writes interestingly and profoundly. Herr Zweig is undoubtedly a master of fiction. He is a profound and minute psychologist and has an excellent sense of the interplay of incidents and emotions. In addition he is appreciative of the minutest details of a scene, and possesses the power of depicting them vividly and colourfully. "Claudia" illustrates this as much almost as does "Sergeant Grischa," although the latter is an entirely different type of book.

I have often wondered whether it is due to the difficulty of translating the German or whether it is characteristic of the German writers, but the English translations of Wassermann, Zweig, Feuchtwanger, and even Mann present a certain heaviness of style, a preponderance of adjectives and adverbs, an intricacy of syntax, and a complexity of construction which render them onerous and sometimes difficult to read. This is less true of "Claudia" than it was of "Sergeant Grischa," but it is evident nevertheless.

"Claudia" is in reality not a novel at all. The original title, "Die Novellen um Claudia" is more correctly suggestive of the fact that the book is a series of seven short stories with Claudia as the central figure. These stories form an entity not so much through any definite sequence of action as through the presence of this highly interesting character. The introduction of the other figures; Claudia's mother, Klaus Manth, the artist, Alexander Sirmisch, the musician, and the dead Oswald Saach,—serves as a foil to set off the nature of Claudia and to a lesser degree that of Dr. Rohme. In addition these figures present to the author opportunity for juggling with more complexes and for unravelling further entanglements of the spirit. All of them are extremely interesting, each one possesses something distinctly individual and intriguing.

The characters of Claudia and Dr. Rohme are admirably complete and consistent. Claudia is a well-educated and a highly cultured aristocrat, who in spite of a thoroughly modern education and rational mind has retained a certain incredible naiveté and passion-purity. Dr. Rohme is of humble birth; clever and adroit in his work he suffers from a modesty amounting almost to self-degradation and arising from his inability to find a place on the social chess-board. The relations between these two opposites are delineated with admirable completeness; Dr. Rohme's courtship and their eventual marriage; and finally their sexual contacts are portrayed with delicacy and frankness. Everything is treated naturally as if it were usual to discuss such things as masturbation and sexual perversions at tea-parties. The author makes no comments. It has happened, he knows that it often happens, and he does not even hesitate a moment to consider its moral implications. This is a healthy form of detachment and strikes a distinctly modern note.

D. L.

Chapter the last

A skull for my neighbor;
A mole for my friend;
A long lease from labor,—
A dead way to end!

THE INTERNATIONAL GOLD SITUATION

(Continued from page 16).

readily be seen that monetary demand will suffer mostly with a shortage in the world's production of gold. More than half the amount mined at the present time is available for monetary use, and it can be assumed that the same proportion will continue to be necessary in the future, as gold does not flow in very large quantities from non-monetary to monetary reserves except in war time.

While the maldistribution of gold reserves among the various industrial countries of the world today is not the fundamental cause of the current economic depression, as Viscount d'Abernon would have us believe, there is no doubt that it is a deterrent in the process of readjustment, in addition to being an irritating factor in the stabilization of world prices. At the present time, France and the United States are in possession of almost sixty per cent, of the world's monetary gold, far in excess of their normal requirements. The trade policy of the U. S. A. is, of course, largely responsible for the surplus which pours in to pay for its enormous export balance. But two other factors have been at work since the war, both influencing gold movements to a considerable extent. First, the internationalization of stock exchange securities has made speculation in foreign markets not only possible but profitable. Second, the easy transference of funds to take advantage of higher rates of interest on short loans abroad has stimulated large movements of gold across international boundary lines. These two influences explain, to a certain extent, the great influx of gold into the United States just before the 1929 crash, and also why Canada, Australia, and Argentina were obliged to suspend the Gold Standard in the same year in order to retain sufficient gold reserves. The United States has not allowed its surplus gold to influence the internal price level to any great degree. Such as has not been required has been "sterilized", i.e., no credit has been issued against it, thus eliminating the ordinary rise in prices which takes place as the result of gold imports. In this way, it is estimated that France and the U. S. A. have sterilized about \$535,000,000, which sum is of course useless to the world, whereas in the normal course of events rising prices would have attracted imports and the surplus gold would have been exported to pay for same. It seems likely that the repatriation of French funds, invested abroad during the 1926-27 "flight from the franc", has been partly the cause of recent large imports of gold to France. About one and a half billion dollars worth of foreign securities were purchased in 1926-27. It is claimed, also, that clauses in the constitution of the Bank of France prevent it from taking action to discourage excessive gold imports.

Even were gold reserves distributed among countries according to their several needs, it appears to be doubtful whether in the near future there will be a sufficient amount available for monetary requirements. Further economies in its use, either by the lowering of the present legal minimum backing for notes and other liabilities, or by the wider use of the Gold Exchange Standard, would provide only tem-

porary remedies. The concentration of gold in Central Bank reserves is a reality in many countries and the tendency in others has been to withdraw gold coins from circulation. The time draws near when the world will have to invent a drastic method of economy in the use of monetary gold or else find a substitute for the Gold Standard.

DREAMS

(Continued from page 15).

would necessitate getting out of bed and picking it up; your thalamus, however, knows better than you what is best for you, and says "No sir! You need the sleep, more than the alarm clock. You, Mr. Impulse, are not going to the cortex dressed that way." At this moment, a horse gallops up in the guise of an ardent desire to kiss a certain girl whom you had seen just two hours before at a dance. Since the girl is engaged to your best friend, however, the desire had been carefully repressed: forgotten, but not destroyed. The horse explains to the impulse that the barrier is high and strong across the main road. "But," he continues, "I know a little bridle path where they have taken away most of the barrier to strengthen the big one here; if I only had a rider, I could jump the other one easily enough, and we should reach the cortex in no time." The impulse agrees, since there is no other way out, and the thalamus, being somewhat fatigued, gives his consent, forgetting that the horse had been forbidden to leave the nether regions of the unconscious. Once having leaped the barrier, the horse chooses the path of least resistance, which is usually one that had been just recently used; suppose you had been visiting a farm that morning, for example. The result is that the sound of the alarm clock falling pursues a roundabout route to the cortex, and finally registers as an image of yourself kissing a pretty girl in a pigsty and making that rich sound which only true love can produce during osculation. Thus a noise which would ordinarily cause you to waken is transformed into an image which makes you only too pleased to keep right on sleeping. Thus is the dream the guardian of sleep.

In this allegory, I have used the thalamus to represent the Freudian censor. The dream itself is also Freudian: that is, it is a wish fulfillment. Many writers contend, however, that the dream might just as well be a fear realization: that is, an ex-soldier might convert the sound of the falling clock into the bang of an exploding shell, and have a nightmare. My own opinion is that nightmares are caused by an interrupted wish fulfillment—as though the horse tripped over the barrier because the censor woke up before it was too late and pulled his tail.

The transitory nature of dream memory is due to the fact that our stallion of desire pursues his course ad lib and quite hedonistically, so that he jumps from part to part of the cortex, and the various impressions registered, having no apparent connection to the waking mind, are easily forgotten. This explanation is not wholly satisfactory, but it is very helpful.

Other characteristics of the dream, such as displacement, condensation, and secondary elaboration could be probably explained quite ingeniously by somebody who isn't as lazy as I am.