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THE McGILLIAD

Vol. II., No. 4

February - March, 1931

The Genius of James Joyce

A CRITICAL TRIBUTE

K. N. CAMERON

Temporalities

ALASTAIR WATT

Philosophies of History

BENJAMIN CAPLAN

Amateur Newspapers

W. A. BARCLAY

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CLAYTON OTTO, MARJORIE GOWANS, A. M. KLEIN, FRANK H. RAND, JOHN G. LANG,
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE ARTS UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY, MCGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL

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EDITORIAL

THIS is the fourth-fifth issue of the McGilliad, and we are convinced beyond any doubt whatever that it has proved its value. This is the reason why it is time to stop, take stock, and see how it may be improved for the future. For it would be unwarranted exaggeration to state that there is no room for improvement. There is, and we believe we have found the way.

One obvious fault is the irregularity of its appearance. This is slightly due to inadequate administration, but to a much greater extent due to the tardiness of contributors. The administration is inadequate simply because the administrators are too few in number; the work is obviously strenuous and a greater Board is necessary to cover it. This requires the cooperation of other faculties on the Campus, for if the magazine is really to be a representative student journal it must also be representative in its management. The fact that the McGilliad is nominally an Arts publication has also limited the number of contributors. For all the manuscripts from the pen of members of other faculties have almost always had to be solicited. Students of Medicine, of Science, of Law, and of other Faculties have so far evinced very little more than a casual interest in the publication. And yet they are the senior members of the University, and it is from them that we should expect mature thought.

Satisfactory as the initial Subscription Campaign undoubtedly was, seven hundred out of an enrollment of three thousand is *not* an adequate proportion. When we say this we are not so much concerned with the financial problem involved as with the simple desire to have the

publication read as widely as possible,—a desire which is as natural as it is proper. There are also other minor, though important, inadequacies in the present arrangement, and to all these problems, major as well as minor, there is one simple solution—*The McGilliad should come under the jurisdiction of the Students' Council.*

There is one important stipulation to be made. The freedom of the journal must not be endangered, the policy of the magazine must not be circumscribed. Fortunately we have at McGill the example of the Daily, where the policy is left entirely in the hands of the Managing Board. There is no reason why this should not be the case with the McGilliad when and if the Students' Council takes it under its wing. The present Editorial Board feels confident that the members of our student government will be more than ready to grant the McGilliad such liberty. There remains only one possible point for hesitation,—the financial factor. Here again the students are assured that there is absolutely no risk involved. With the greater facilities at the disposal of the Students' Council the magazine can very readily be made to pay for itself. We need not go into the details here, but the fact is very easily demonstrated.

The proposition has already been put before the Council, and we are happy to record that the response has been a very favourable one. No official statement has yet come forth, but we feel certain that the Council will not let fall so important and so valuable an activity. If this plan is consummated McGill may look forward to the permanent possession of an intelligent and critical forum, and of a medium for the encouragement of creative literary talent.

THE GENIUS OF JAMES JOYCE

A CRITICAL TRIBUTE

By

K. N. CAMERON

JAMES JOYCE is an enigmatic figure. The genius one can deduce from his works only after much labor; the man one can hardly know at all. A slim, arrogant figure, pale, handsome, silkily bearded: a tireless man surrounded with tireless, worshipping disciples taking dictation, hunting references, typing notes, preserving in all possible ways the fast-failing eyesight of the man they call "master"; a figure of mystery, of gloom, ironical, godlike, brooding: toiling ceaselessly sixteen hours a day for three small pages of perfect prose, weaving his vast arras with almost Oriental patience; the artist chained to his art whether he will or no, scorning alike the relevant criticisms of men of insight and the uncomprehending bickering of petty reviewers; believing in himself always, and with all the egoism of the great artist. There seems to be only one anecdote told about him, and that just revealing enough to incite further curiosity:—

When Joyce was a young poet in Dublin and William Butler Yeats a successful man of letters, Joyce went to borrow money from Yeats. When the two poets met, Yeats immediately perceived Joyce's object, and Joyce as speedily saw that Yeats had no intention of helping him; so, with rare wit, he turned the tables. "How old are you, Mr. Yeats?" said Joyce. Yeats was nearing forty. Mournfully Joyce shook his head. "I fear I have come too late! I can do nothing to help you!" On another occasion he modestly remarked to Padraic Colum, "I have written the best lyric since Shakespeare."

Not all of Joyce's contemporaries when he was young, however, held such exalted opinion of his work as he did himself. On the publication in 1907 of his first volume of poetry, "Chamber Music," George Russel remarked, "I don't know whether you are a cistern or a fountain." To-day it is difficult to see what prompted the fountain suggestion, for Joyce is a decidedly minor poet and "Chamber Music" a decidedly derivative volume. On another occasion Russel remarked, "I'm afraid you have not enough chaos in you to make a world." But he has since been proven wrong.

After his Dublin days Joyce emigrated to the continent, where he has resided ever since. During the war he made Trieste and later Zurich his home. At one stage of his career he decided to become a doctor and studied medicine for some years; at another his desire was to become a professional singer. While in Trieste he gave lessons in English, German and French. He is a man of extraordinary erudition, and a master of eighteen languages including Arabic and Sanscrit.

Little more is known about James Joyce the man. He writes only poetry and fiction, no self-revealing articles, and no critical essays to betray his prejudices or mental limitations. He never grants interviews, never publicly expresses an opinion on literature or politics, cares nothing for publicity or literary popularity and apparently little for money.

As to the genius, the artist, we can say more. Joyce's progress in his art has been extraordinary. Each work (in his major cycle) has shown an improvement over each preceding work which is, so far as I know, unparalleled in literary history. Many writers have started out badly, found their metier, and then sailed triumphantly ahead. But the early work, in such cases, is generally very poor. Each work by Joyce, however, in what I like to call his major cycle—*Dubliners*, a *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, *Ulysses* and *Work in Progress* as contrasted with the minor cycle of *Chamber Music*, *Exiles* and *Pomes Penyeach*—has been outstanding in its own field. And each has shown an advance, logically evolutionary yet almost leapingly progressive, such as is rare in literary development.

The stories of "Dubliners" are perfect, impersonal, tersely realistic, their seering passion steelmasked with intellectual irony. "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" is a classic of autobiographical fiction, the slow unfolding of a poet's soul, revealing, melancholy, introspective; the prose poetical, rhythmical, star-cold and flower-frail, flowing like a moonsilvered stream, sometimes deep with brooding music, sometimes light with the wide plashing laughter of spraying rocks; but seldom majestic, seldom sunsplendid, or roaring or massive. "Ulysses" is a world book, a revolutionary book, a book for the kings and gods of letters, a masterpiece, magnificent, triumphant, esoteric; a book for the literary dilettante, the intellectual, the artist, a poet's book, a book for philosophers and geniuses, and for them only, but, withal, a book of the ages, towering above time; a book to carry its gospel of negation and futility through the centuries and to find a reader here, a reader there, unborn Chattertons in garrets unbuilt, the Shakespeares and Shelleys of the future. But never a book for the literary masses. A work as great as "Don Quixote" or as "Hamlet," it will never in any sense be popular or even widely read.

And what shall we say of that great masterpiece, unnamed as yet, slowly coiling from the blazing furnace of the poet's mind: what *can* we say of it, of its half-intelligible language that is no language at all but the spirit of all language, a new art medium, a new tongue, the language of poets that even poets did not know: and what of its cyclic, timeless philosophy? Will it stand up with modern philosophies, or is it merely cerebral, an art form, perishable, purposely useless? If Joyce completes this work—the second of a stupendous trilogy of which "Ulysses" is the first—if he completes the trilogy, will he not rank as one of the greatest creative artists in literature? I think he will.

"Ulysses" truly is said to be a "hard" book, but it is a book whose deep-mind beauty will repay the most difficult, painful burrowing. No true lover of literature will ever be deferred from a work of worth by never so many initial difficulties. Besides, the difficulty of "Ulysses" is more apparent than real, and the far-bruited obscurity of it disappears like a dragon in

an old legend, before a steady gaze. It is not a difficult book in the sense that the "Critique of Pure Reason" or "Das Kapital" are difficult, for, with a few pertinent explanatory words much of the basic difficulty disappears. Let us examine it briefly.

In "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" Joyce employed a new method of fiction, that of narration from within the mind of his character. He perceived that he had far from exhausted the possibilities of this method. He intended to exploit it further in his next work. In the meantime he conceived another literary principle. *The most effective way of writing a novel is to adopt a different technique for each different type of situation.* This last is the real clue to "Ulysses." He intended, then, to write a novel applying the stream of consciousness method of presentation, whenever relevant, and to change his method of presentation, his literary technique, for every differing episode. But a new difficulty now confronted him: such a work would lack unity. He must counteract this. And it is in his efforts to unify his work that half its obscurity arises. The other half is due to Joyce's personal theory of the function of the artist. But first let us look more particularly into the structure of "Ulysses" and the methods employed by the author for purposes of unification.

Joyce was maturing, ambition-burning, eager. He aspired, like every young genius feeling the first full surging of power, to create a masterpiece. He wanted to give a panoramic picture of all life. He wanted to show, for the first time in literature, men and women as they really are, empty their minds alike of beauty and filth, relentlessly probing the soul to its ultimate depths, drawing out the evil equally with the good. This is why petty minds, seeing in Joyce's merciless picture the rottenness in themselves taking its place at last beside the ego-soothing good, roar that this fearful thing be withdrawn from their offended sight. It is indeed Caliban seeing himself in a mirror.

Joyce, being a man of keen critical perception, realized that such a work must, in his case, spring from his own consciousness and his own experience. The central figure, unifyingly dominant, must be James Joyce himself. He had given us the young Joyce, under the name of Stephen Dedalus, in the Portrait of the Artist. That figure, he decided, was not yet exhausted. He could use it again. But he had grown since his Stephen days, mentally, spiritually. So the mature Joyce must be there too, but not obviously. He must be disguised in order that the two figures, the young and the old, would not overlap as they do in life. So was the hero of "Ulysses" created—the white, flabby, appealing Jew, Leopold Bloom, half philosopher, half voluptuary, introspective, shy, sensitive, weak, but open-hearted, generous, trusting, with much that is noble in his life-racked soul:—one section of the mind and character of the mature James Joyce. The other persons in the piece: the erotic Mrs. Bloom, the rollicking, rabelaisian medical, Buck Mulligan, the cheap, romantic Cissy Caffrey, and all that host of immortal, unforgettable flame-flickering figures—the blind stripling, the irate "Citizen," Bella Cohen, the waitresses at the Ormond Restaurant, Mrs. Breen and her crazed husband, Father Conmee—all grew gradually into the picture. The characters were set, the scene inevitably the Dublin of the author's youth. But all was yet chaos. How could one handle such a bulk of material as Joyce contemplated and produce a unified work of art?

Joyce first called the old Greek unities to his aid. He had used the unity of place. He must also use that of time, compress this monstrous pageant of life into a minimum of time, into one day. Even this he felt was insufficient if he adopted his contemplated continuously shifting narrative technique. So he employed still further unity-producing devices: based his story on a well-known classic story—the "Odyssey" of Homer, fitted his characters with Homeric counterparts, put them into parallel Odyssean situations; dedicated each chapter (or episode) to an organ of the body, thereby implying the organic unity of the whole; gave an emblematic color and a symbol to each chapter. These latter devices, however, are distinctly minor in effect. Joyce relied chiefly upon his adherence to the classic unities and his parallelism to the "Odyssey."

Joyce's conception of the function of the artist, put briefly, is this: the artist creates for his own pleasure and only for his own pleasure: he creates because unique forces within him compel him to create: but he does not create for an audience. Whether he is understood or not is of no consequence. He must not strive to make his art intelligible. That is the function of the critic. In adhering to these principles Joyce is aiming at a purity of art such as has never before been contemplated. Explanation, interpretation, *must* be left to the critic, the philosopher; presentation and presentation only is the object of the artist. This dictum, if comprehended in all its implications, signifies, not a limitation but a logical definition of the artistic field.

The reader may, consequently, expect no help from the author in understanding the complex pattern of "Ulysses." In the opening chapter he is plunged into the middle of a scene which is rather bewildering unless he is acquainted with the Portrait of the Artist and with "Dubliners." Even then he must read the chapter twice before appreciating it. But he will be well repaid. This first chapter, dealing with Stephen Dedalus, is in a "young-narrative" style such as one might expect from a brilliant young poet. It is not unlike the prose of the "Portrait," but it is infinitely more powerful. Chapter four, on the other hand, which deals with the thoughts of the mature Bloom, is in a "mature-narrative" style. This is what I mean by Joyce's continually changing method of presentation, a kind of manipulation of lenses and camera angles to produce the best effect. In one episode, for instance, in dealing with the mind of a cheap-novel-fed girl, he adopts a kind of a Bertha Clay-Charles Garvice style as his best medium of interpretation. Another episode is entirely in Irish dialect. The culmination of this method, however, comes in Episode Fourteen, in which most of the male characters are gathered in the ante-room of a maternity hospital while a matron of their acquaintance is giving birth to a child upstairs. In order to create the illusion of the developing embryo Joyce parallels the progress of English prose in his narrative, writing first according to Anglo-Saxon models and so through the course of English literature to Paster in the last century. His imitations of Shakespeare, Sir Thomas Browne and Matthew Arnold are especially excellent.

When all is said and done, it appears to me that Joyce has achieved his object and the "Ulysses" is a perfect unity. Such may not appear from a superficial reading, but, with study, it becomes plain that this literary edifice, though colossal, is symmetrical.

PADDED CELLS AND THEIR INMATES

By CLAYTON ATTO



WELL-KNOWN English writer has remarked that "most young men of spirit are mad, in some ways; and a university makes a quite good padded cell." This statement, capable of different interpretation as it is, presents an aspect of the university function which is too often overlooked, and though it seems to apply more closely to the European system of education, the American universities would do well to study its meaning. Everyone must admit that youth, in all countries and in every period of history shows a certain tendency towards liberal, not to say radical thought, and in the universities the best mediums of self expression have usually been found. College magazines and debating platforms have been utilized by students of every age in order that they might propound the most extravagant theories and the most revolutionary ideas, often in defiance of authority, it is true, but at least they felt no hesitation in expressing their opinions.

As long as these world-shaking theories did not take the form of physical violence authority was usually content to smile tolerantly and permit these young radicals under their control to bang about within the padded walls of the university to their heart's content. As for originality of thought or even of expression, no one expected very much of that, most people were forced to admit that there was nothing new under the sun, and were content to solve most of the problems of this world and of the next, without bothering very much about the fact that solutions had been found so many times before, and in much the same way. Such was the theory in its ideal form; today it seems to have been modified.

It is not necessary to be hypercritical, nor is it in any way fouling one's own nest, if the claim be made that McGill, in company with some other Canadian universities, is more of a "padded cell" in theory than it is in practice. To a certain extent McGill abounds in opportunities for student expression, but whether or not these opportunities are being grasped is another matter. "The McGilliad," the second page of the "Daily," the Debating Union and certain of the sectional clubs exist for and because of the students; no such easily accessible mediums of expression exist outside of the university. They all welcome student opinion, but as yet none of these organizations have complained of too much attention on the part of the students.

The "McGilliad" is perhaps the least circumscribed by authority of them all, and yet dozens of potential contributors either entertain doubts as to their literary ability or find that other activities, intra-mural or otherwise, keep them out of its columns, thus neglecting a manifest opportunity. As to the "Daily," although three pages of that newspaper are the result of hard work in the routine and technical sense, several columns of the second page, under the ordinarily watchful eye of the Student's Council as they are, nevertheless are open to anyone with a desire to "break into print." The debating society of course demands more than mediocre ability along certain

lines, than the average somewhat timid undergraduate is able to supply, but many of the sectional clubs about the campus should provide for the less ambitious student a means of expression which he may not be able to find on the debating platform.

Notwithstanding all these institutions, the percentage of students taking active part in any one of these is in reality quite small. Those men, and men they are for the most part, who are doing any obvious literary work may be counted on the fingers of both hands, and as to the orators and avowed radicals on any subjects, they either exist in rather small numbers or not at all as far as it is possible for an outsider to discover. Dozens of reasons have been advanced to account for this state of affairs, somewhat apathetic as it is on the part of those who must realize that it constitutes an obvious neglect of an important part of their cultural development, but most of these arguments are contained in the mere statement: McGill is not a residential university. Students find that extra-mural attractions, in their own social and residential circle prevent active participation in university affairs, and as a natural consequence the accusation is levelled that McGill is becoming less and less the university it should be and is becoming more and more a mere "knowledge-factory." Sport of all kinds, and particularly intercollegiate sport, seems to be rapidly approaching the spectacular American ideal. It is certainly becoming less attractive to the average undergraduate who would much rather improve himself physically, than sit on an uncomfortable bench in the cold and watch several highly-trained athletes, more fortunate in some ways than himself, perform for the amusement of a noisy crowd. Few European universities, particularly English ones, confine themselves solely to the development of lung power in the majority of their students.

Many older people contend that it is not only usual, but often commendable for young university men to cultivate a radical outlook in the "padded cell" which the university is supposed to provide, on the grounds that because the student has the leisure time and opportunity to "blow off steam" there, his consequent degeneration into more conservative beliefs will be all the more certain.

In direct contrast to the absorbing interest which the European student has in political affairs, the Canadian student in general seems to adopt the traditional American attitude; that the politics of his own country are more or less of a game, and that politicians are best qualified to play that game among themselves, and pretty much as they please at that. Obvious radicalism in matters of government at McGill is therefore confined almost exclusively to students of other nationalities than Canadian; they provide the Socialist, the Labour and even the Communist parties at our mock parliaments, and lend a somewhat vagarious life to the Labour clubs on the campus.

Trends seem to be changing, and the laments of the older graduates to the effect that the young men of today are no longer what they were in times past,

might almost seem warranted if it were not for the fact that the students at the university of Toronto have tried the "padded cell," and though it has been found wanting, at all events they have tried it. Unfortunately for them, they have discovered that the guards, in the persons of their chancellor and the city council of Toronto, have taken their recent vindication of the right of free speech in favour of the Communist as seriously as only the Holy City can. After all, the undergraduates there seem to realize, as most of us do, that because free speech is a British institution, the subtle methods employed by the police of Montreal and Toronto in dispersing meetings of unemployed and the like because they may be seditious, are hardly those which would be employed by any British chief of police.

Sir William Mulock, Chief Justice of Ontario, and Chancellor of the University of Toronto, has said: "If a worth-while Canada is to be built up, it is not the rights and privileges as conceived by foreign inspired agitators for destructive purposes which must be protected, but those of a citizenship, devoted to the maintenance of the laws of God, and the ordinances of man, on which the foundations were laid. Russian communism as practised in Russia, if practiced in Canada, would be as illegal as highway robbery and murder, and when anyone in Canada advocates the setting up of that type of Communism, he is inciting to crime, is a criminal, and should be treated as such." It is reassuring, no doubt, to discover that "the ordinances of man" in Ontario are founded on the laws of God, notwithstanding the fact that the trend at Varsity seems to be towards Atheism. Their reasoning must have been simple—no God, therefore no divine laws, therefore no foundation for the ordinances of man, which must of necessity be defective in certain ways, notably in the unsympathetic attitude they take to free speech.

Furthermore, this pronouncement that "Communism would be illegal in Canada does not agree at all with a statement made by an associate professor of the faculty of law at McGill, in a letter published recently in a Montreal newspaper, which states that "communism is no more criminal than liberalism or socialism." However, the university of Toronto, both students and professors, eighty per cent of the undergraduates and over thirty per cent of their instructors, realizing the possibility of a general curtailment of free speech rights, if Communists were to be refused that privilege, voted in favour of free speech rights for the Communist.

A dutiful echo of the attitude which has been taken by the Roman Catholic party in Quebec is found in a paragraph from L'Evenement "The professors of the University of Toronto who revindicated the right of free speech in favour of the Communist have had the satisfaction of seeing that, by a majority of four-fifths of the votes cast, their students are of the same opinion on the question. One newspaper cites this as a supreme expression of the judgment of an elite group. It is the professorship supported by intellectual youth, it says, which realizes best the respect for liberty in the sum of individual liberty. Our contemporary does not seem to take note of the numerous protests raised by this university manifestation, protests by benefactors of the university, by business

men and professional men, men who pay for educational institutions and who send their children to them to be educated. But the point of view of the middle class has been vigorously and victoriously upheld by the city council of Toronto and by the commissioner of police. They have declared that law and order go before individual liberty, and that freedom of speech was limited throughout the world by statutes and by-laws. This represents the triumph of good and common sense over pedantry." No comment is necessary.

Whether or not the opinions of the student body and its instructors at the university of Toronto will have an effect other than that of drawing upon themselves a fire of ancient platitudes from guardians of the public welfare is problematical. At least they have upheld the university tradition of revolt against reactionary measures, and although the activities of the inhabitants of the "padded cells," may be limited by certain authorities, some effort is being made to show that the expression of student opinion is not a thing of the past.

TWO POEMS

By

MARJORIE GOWANS

FANTASY

Along a muddy stream,
We find a magic trail
Made by gnomes or elves 'twould seem,
Down which the witches sail.

We know 'twas made by fairy folks
Because it was so low;
And swansdown for their evening cloaks
On elder shrubs did grow.

The gnomes have made the road, we know,
For many large and heavy feet,
Its length have often had to go
To make the trail so clear and neat.

PICTURES

Prince, beggar, priest, palace, hovel and shrine,
The sacred Ganges, Himalaya pine,
Bright hordes of people through narrow lanes,
A creaking bullock cart, hot dusty plains,
High mountain peaks and tigers' jungle lairs,—
With these Great India my fancy snares.

China teacups, a pigtailed mandarin,
Royal palace gardens in old Peking,
Confucius and Polo and Kubla Khan,
Lotus-decked maid in a laquered sedan,
A land of rice and tea within a great wall—
These quaint etchings China recall.

AMATEUR NEWSPAPERS

By W. A. BARCLAY

IN the past fifty years there has matured on this continent a growth known as the college press. It has no counterpart in any other country. English and Australian universities have their weeklies, monthlies and quarterlies, but the daily paper which plays so large a role in American college life is quite unknown. Eighty years ago America was also barren; but soon afterwards the educational institutions began to acquire size and simultaneously began to feel the need of a medium for advertising things of local interest and for reporting items of local news. Student governing bodies took up the work, and about the time of the Civil War papers began to make their appearance at eastern colleges. These were not, at first, dailies; but merchants around the campus clamoured for advertising space and the sheets had really proved themselves useful, so the next step was naturally the birth of daily, amateur, college newspapers.

Looking at these early efforts, the modern editor is moved either to laughter or to profanity, according to his temperament. They looked a good deal like hand-bills and their method of presenting the news was almost as funny as their appearance. There was little or no contrast in type-face. Headings went verbless and made no pretense at balancing. News values were disregarded. The actual wording of the stories is painful to the modern ear; and what little semblance of sense they did contain was as often as not obliterated by the carelessness of small town printers. But they persevered, and gradually developed journalistic style, until today the college sheet can in many cases show the way to larger professional papers.

College newspapers pretend to no literary excellence, as those who examine their columns can vouch. They serve no purpose as organs of propaganda. They do not take sides in matters of import. They are local productions designed to tell simply and as completely as possible the news at the university to which they are connected. Many well-meaning persons insist that the college press is too professional—too pseudo-journalistic. They maintain that it should give up its pretensions to metropolitan newspaper standards; it should be, in short, a bulletin-board. And many papers have succumbed to the scoffers, conducting themselves in a slovenly way, slamming their seven columns together every night regardless of the finer points of the game. These sheets, however, are a small minority. The good college daily is a real newspaper. In its narrower sphere it does exactly the same work as the great city editions, with the difference that it serves its community in a much more intimate and complete way.

There is no longer any question about the necessity of the college paper. It is very hard to imagine the manifold student activities at McGill flourishing as they do without the Daily. It often assists the university administration in its humbler capacity as bulletin-board. As a newspaper it regulates publicity for undergraduate functions by applying the common-

sense laws of news value, and reports for permanent record the various events as they occur. Its columns are an open forum where opinions may be expressed in letters to the editor; and lastly it makes some effort to provide a more or less interesting "feature" for its readers every morning;—a thing, by the way, which no other college paper in the world attempts.

Many will be surprised to learn that college papers are as old as half a century. Our twenty-year-old *Daily* is a comparatively recent advent in its present form, although its predecessors, the *Gazette* and the *Fortnightly* date back to the dim seventies and eighties. To name a few of the more prominent American College papers, the *Purdue Exponent* is forty-two years of age; the *Pennsylvanian* is forty-seven; the *North Carolina Tar Heel* is thirty-nine; the *Stanford Daily* is no less than seventy-eight; the *Arizona Wildcat*, another upstart, is also twenty; the *Daily Illini* is sixty, and the *Syracuse Daily Orange* is twenty-eight. And so their ages range, many of them old enough to out-rank eminent and respectable city journals.

As to looks, many of the amateur newspapers leave much to be desired. Most of them are printed in small college towns where the local printery possesses but a limited selection in type-faces; and a paper without contrast in type is little better than a hand-bill. The stamp of amateurism is set upon the whole species by the fact that every college paper has its type wide-set, whereas a professional sheet presents a more compact appearance because the slugs are set-solid. A glance at the front page of the *Montreal Gazette* and the *Daily* will show the difference at once. The few papers which do not suffer from limited type selection are prone to give themselves over to bizarre lay-outs lacking rhyme and reason, giving the page a messy appearance. From the point of view of looks the *McGill Daily* is undoubtedly one of the best on the continent, as witness the following extract from an editorial in a small western college paper:—"The front page of a newspaper can be made to look really well. Take the *New York Herald-Tribune*, the *Springfield Republican*, the *McGill Daily*—!"

The average college paper is a four-page sheet. The *Ohio State Lantern* and the *Daily Illini*, giants of their kind, are just double this size, while the *Wisconsin Cardinal*, a sheet of tabloid proportions, puts out twelve-page issues. These papers, however, have special advantages. They are the only publications in prosperous little college towns of ten to fifteen thousand inhabitants, and are thus able to print world news as well as local university items.

The *McGill Daily* enjoys another advantage over its American counterparts. It belongs to no newsgathering association. Everything from the Today's Saying down to the last notice is the original production of some member of the student body. Other papers are full of press agency despatches, which involve very little work for the paper's staff and give no training to anyone in anything. Several of the larger college papers are members of the Associated Press, others have entered the Intercollegiate Press League, still others subscribe to the Western Conference Editorial Association, and so on—ad infinitum.

American college dailies have numerous and sometimes perplexing systems of organization. Some elect their editor, others appoint him. In some cases he chooses his own associates, but more often the whole slate is nominated at once. Where the paper is the laboratory of the school of journalism, as it very often is, everyone in the school has a job on the paper and all their names appear on the mast-head. One large paper lists a staff of almost one hundred above its first editorial. They range from editor-in-chief down to reporter through such devious and inexplicable by-paths as Promotion Manager, Assistant Promotion Manager, Promotion Assistants; Collection Manager, Assistant Collection Manager, Collection Assistants, Society Editor and Womens' Society Editor. Just what all these people do is more than can be guessed. It is interesting to note that no other paper follows the Daily's simple arrangement, with its inner cabal of five and its outer guard of twelve. Moreover, it has been assumed more than once that McGill has a school of journalism. One editor at a state college in the east, in demanding a school of journalism for his university, let himself go thus:—"Indiana, Purdue, Illinois and McGill all have splendid papers. It takes a school of journalism to do these things properly."

That there are scoffers who deprecate amateur newspapers is all too certain; but these gentlemen will be surprised to learn that a large number of the best men on city papers received their early training on the college sheet. The *Star* and the *Gazette* owe a strong debt of gratitude to the *McGill Daily* for the introduction to journalism of some of their most talented reporters and editors.

But perhaps the human side of college newspapering, like everything else, is its most interesting aspect. The staff of the *McGill Daily* comprises some ninety individuals, each one of them pledged to stay up late at least one night every week. They soon acquire a taste for impossible hours. They quickly become acquainted with all the outstanding landmarks of McGill College Avenue. They learn to guzzle coffee in the Northeastern at 3 a.m. They know the old drunk who haunts University Street, giving a different life-story each night for the price of a beer. They learn that Professor Clark in Education spells his name without an "e" while the Dean of the Faculty of Music is Clarke. They pick up odd bits of information here and there on everything under the sun. They can phone Colonel Bovey for information without a tremor. They work like slaves from seven in the evening till two in the morning without complaint. An employer would never be able to command such industry. They cover everything from football games to spiritualistic assemblies. They learn all the latest questionable jokes and limericks. They come to know the old "snow-bird" who shows up occasionally at the corner of Peel and St. Catherine to beg money for the purchase of his drug. Predatory ladies wandering the streets unescorted at 4 a.m. become well-known characters and long conversations are likely to ensue when she asks the time-honored question:—"Can you tell me the time please?"

It is this romantic spice which keeps the college dailies going. They would soon die out if there was no fun to counterbalance the long hours of voluntary toil.

For the most part they do their work well, but now and then glaring errors creep in. Freshmen in particu-

lar have to be watched. They have such quaint customs! A few verbs mean nothing to them, and coherence even less. Sometimes they get their facts wrong and all too often they miss the point in lectures and speeches. As an example of what can happen there was recently an announcement in the daily to the effect that Dr. Babcock would speak of the Psychological Effects of Music. The facts were that Dr. Babkin was going to speak of the Physiological effects of Music! On being traced to its source the blame was fastened half on miserable handwriting and half on the reporter who failed to check up.

Sometimes readers of the Daily are treated to choice pieces of unintentional drollery. Not long ago a reporter was speaking of "brass bowls." He forgot himself for a moment and typed "brass bowels!" which interesting fittings were later featured in the head!

On another occasion a reporter spoke of an expedition "on their way northward to photograph the vast silent wastes of snow with special talkie equipment."

On yet another occasion the printer left out a line giving an appreciative audience the following tid-bit:—"—little discomfort was experienced by the huge crowd, there being more room than has been usual in the past years when the cabaret included Mrs. Vaughan, Miss Herriott and Colonel Bovey—"

But in spite of many difficulties the college dailies continue to appear, and nothing will stop them until something is substituted for the newspaper—or until it becomes impossible to pass the blame for errors on to reporters and printers!

MARKET SONG

Plump pigeons, who will buy?
Plump pigeons and fat doves?
Come, gossips, hurry nigh,
Shake purses, hearty loves . . .
And buy my doves. .

O cheap at any price,
A most delicious morsel,
Made ready in a trice;
Take home a feathered parcel,
A dainty morsel. .

Wives, do you love your men?
Set love upon a plate.
A good bird is worth ten
Grown bony in a crate. . .
Wives, do not wait!

Go feel them, look at them—
Their breasts, their bright pink eyes!
You buy the like of them
Elsewhere, and at my price
My petty price? . .

Unknot your kerchiefs, then,
Shake out your coins, my loves,
But now, you know not when
You will catch such fat doves,
Such doves again.

Abraham M. Klein.

THE FUTURE OF ENTERTAINMENT

By FRANK H. RAND

NOW that the generality of people have passively resigned themselves to being amused by some outside agency instead of helping to create their own entertainment, it is no mere idle speculation to enquire whether this state of affairs is to be permanent. What is the logical development of perfected methods of seeing, hearing, and even reading about life instead of living it, such as centre, for instance, round the theatre? And will we grow tired of the logic of progress, of the age of mental immobility apparently already in sight, and demand a reshuffling of the icons which promise to mouth a perfected formula, but which we may come to realise is nothing more than a formula?

Science, which has ever been a gilt frame enhancing art, bids fair at the present time to hide the picture completely. We are like enough to find ourselves admiring a frame that has become a solid plaque, perhaps, alas, until the Guide tells us, pityingly, no painting is there. It is all very well to be assured that since the mechanistic theory of the universe is out of date, Science can be left to its experiments with mankind. It has industrialised him and enslaved him instead of dignifying him in his working hours; take care lest it try to dictate the disposal of his leisure hours, too. Progress has increased leisure; progress may abscond with it, leaving in its stead a substitute state of being as yet undefined by human vocabulary. The possibility, however, is not a probability, as I shall endeavour to show.

At first sight the trend in amusement seems to bear out the suggestion that science is bound to enslave artistic values for the majority of people. Consider the talking picture. Derived from the cinematograph show, a mistakenly-directed substitute for the flesh-and-blood actor, this form of entertainment began under technical difficulties which have been overcome far more quickly than those which demand an imaginative understanding of the screen in its relation to art. Synchronisation and acoustics have been well-nigh perfected, but what of the voices themselves? The science of photography has benefitted from exhaustive experiment, but what of the art of lighting, pictorial suggestion and rhythm? Money has run the machinery, but cannot persuade the spirit, and in any case genius has to be created before it can be bought. Thus the tail wags the dog, or proclaims that it is the dog, and may be believed before many decades have passed, unless radical changes occur.

When the film found its voice, brawn beat brain in the race for a new amusement to divert mankind. The whole industry was ruthlessly reorganized to adjust itself to the new conditions. Actors and actresses were replaced or told to learn to talk, or, more generally, sing; new studios were built; fresh methods were investigated. Unfortunately the film magnates treated the talking picture from the very first as a medium for persuading audiences that they had found a still better substitute for real theatrical performances. They imitated stage technique, and failed miserably.

Who has not fretted at the camera's crude pointing, first to one character, then another, in a futile endeavour to follow the dialogue pictorially on a screen unsuited for "a photograph of a play"? Or those fascinatingly undraped chorines, whom the camera shows ten times farther distant from the eye than they would appear in the back row of the gallery in the largest theatre ever built?

Speculation, as far as the film is concerned, begins at this point. There is a persistent cry just now for a much larger screen, to cover up the failure to imitate the stage which has all but destroyed the germ of real, creative, and above all, original art in the moving picture. Other devices will succeed it, if it comes, one after another, accompanied by a thin stratum of artistic effort always trying to achieve the impossible. Just as we may go to see a film which strikes us arrestingly original in material, treatment, setting, or photography, yet never witness another as good, so an artistic adjustment to an unsympathetic medium is scrapped directly some new scientific whim is introduced.

Worthy of remark, at this stage, is the assumption that all scientific innovations are acceptable to audiences, but that any artistic device in the unfolding of the drama which may disturb the complete mental quiescence of the onlooker is to be frowned on. Film audiences have never had the same appreciation for cinema technique that theatre audiences have for their favorites, and there is evident a levelling down to our modern entertainment. Even if we admit that the masses receive the shows they deserve, which we do not, there do not seem to be enough independent groups protesting against this standardization to justify a hope that, as things are now, the levelling process will not continue.

But relief is in sight after all. The talking picture continues to mouth its words, apparently oblivious of the coming of television. When we can sit at home to "see and hear," what is going to happen to the collective cinema audience? That is a problem whose depths movie makers can scarcely have sounded, since they continue to pour millions of capital into their industry in all directions. Yet the special danger of television to the talkie announces itself from the housetops. Put briefly, it is this. When films are broadcast, will audiences take the same trouble to go to see movies "in the celluloid" that they do to attend plays and concerts? I venture to prophesy that they will not. The same enchantment which makes people put up with long and inconvenient journeys in order to pack, say, the Queen's Hall, London, during the Summer Season of Sir Henry Wood's Promenade Concerts, although they are broadcast every night, will not operate in the case of the films. The charm lies in the subtle link between artiste and audience, an elusive but powerful personal contact. Concert and drama may limp along as haltingly as they do now, but the cinema industry will be worse off, a truncated sort of business.

The most significant result of such a situation is that which concerns the majority; the audience—us, in fact. Television will partially destroy the gathering together in one place of large numbers of "entertainment-conscious" people. But humanity, in its perversity, may insist in so gathering. Where will it go? To the "legitimate" theatre, of course. Televised, all entertainment will be on a par, and subject to the same disabilities, but I strongly suspect that the stage itself will enjoy a tremendous boom in comparison with its present somnolence. And because I believe that, despite the disparity in their methods, the newer art cannot thrive without the older, the celluloid will have to support the new prosperity of the stage. I can see the movie palace, formerly a home of the living drama, becoming so once again; I can see the home bird turning knobs to rid himself of an indifferent film just as he now possesses the power to eliminate unacceptable radio music.

If we seem to have wandered rather a long way from our grievance against invention, it has been to build up an answer, a hope for the future. The individual, in fact, much more articulate than the composite audience, is going to be a proportionately severer arbiter of taste, and he will, in the long run, see that art is not crushed by science, or creation by invention. We may become still more passive in accepting our entertainment from outside sources, but not more apathetic. Our critical faculties will be stimulated and nourished by the responsibility of individual judgment thrust upon us by the new conditions bringing entertainment to our homes; we shall find ourselves harder and harder to please, and getting more to please us. The glamour of a crowd which apparently approves but in reality is as bored as yourself will no longer sway your tacit judgment.

Like the inevitability of the English weather forecast, the further outlook may be unsettled, but it is not, after all, fundamentally a gloomy one.

CUSTOMS AND TRADITIONS

By JOHN G. LANG.

(Exchange Student from Scotland).

*'The college of the scarlet gown,
St. Andrews by the Northern sea,
That is a haunted town to me.'*

The University of St. Andrews, founded in 1411 by Bishop Henry Wardlaw consists of three colleges; United college of St. Salvator and St. Leonard, and St. Mary's college in St. Andrews; and University College at Dundee. In all there are about one thousand students in attendance. A wide variety of courses is offered in arts, science, engineering, medicine, dentistry and theology.

The visitor to any of the colleges would note with surprise that every student wears a scarlet gown both in lecture-hall and in the street. These gowns are reminiscent of the days before Scotland had a university when many Scottish students were to be found at the University of Paris. At this university the students were divided according to nationality into groups, called "nations." The Scots belonged to the English "nation", which comprised all students from the British Isles, Scandinavia, and Germany and this "nation" had for its distinguishing mark a scarlet gown.

The first-year men students are called bejants, a word reminiscent of Paris, being derived from the French bec-jaune, yellow-beak, in allusion to young birds. The second, third and fourth year students are called semies, tertians, and magistrands respectively. Semie is a contraction for semi-bejant, while magistrand is derived from a Latin gerundive magistrandus, i.e. "one who ought to be receiving a master's degree."

Midway through each term there is a holiday called Meal Monday. This holiday was once a necessity in the days when some of the students brought their own sacks of meal to college. As most of the students came from outlying districts and as one sack lasted but half the term, it was necessary to grant a long week-end to enable students to return home for supplies.

Another peculiar custom is observed on Raisin Day when any bejant or bejantine (a first year co-ed) must, if requested, present a pound of raisins to any third or fourth year student, provided a receipt written in Latin is given in exchange. These receipts are usually beautifully decorated but the Latin inscription is not always classical in form, as may be seen from the following:—

"Ego habui receptum unam libram uvarum siccarum de Johanno Fabro . . ."

In the spring of each year the Kate Kennedy Procession takes place in honour of Katherine Kennedy, niece of Bishop Kennedy, who founded St. Salvator's College in 1450. This young lady seems to have endeared herself to the students of her time; for although at that time no women were admitted to the university yet annually long after Kate had passed away there went forth from the college gates one clad in female clothes, surrounded by a crowd of courtiers and other dignitaries. During the period 1881-1925 this festival was not celebrated, but it was revived with increased pomp and splendour in 1926, and has been performed annually since. It is now a procession which presents in a vivid manner the history of the University and its great men and women. Writing about this pageant in the August number of the "Queen's Review" Mrs. J. Dall, Ph.D., says:—

"First goes St. Andrews in blue, bearing his cross, with martyrs, kings, churchmen and scholars coming after—all in their day and generation connected in some way with this ancient seat of learning.

"Through the old streets, by ruined castle and crumbling yet proud cathedral they go, by the old tower where the reek of Patrick Hamilton infected those on whom it blew, by the window where cruel Cardinal Beaton sat, over ways trod by admirable Crichton and George Buchanan to a Cathedral that has looked on King Robert the Bruce, by gardens where Mary Queen of Scots, the beautiful ill-starred queen, was happy with her maidens, to the place where Chastelard

perished for love of her—the modern embodiments of these move forward on horse and on foot mid throngs of red-gowned students and interested townfolk. For one day the old and the new come together and we realise ourselves heirs of a day gone by.”

The Rectorial Election stands out as a very important event in college life. At St. Andrews the election is not conducted on political lines as at the other Scottish Universities. Any student, provided he has a seconder and the candidate's permission, can nominate a candidate for the honour. The nominations are voted on by the matriculation students and the successful candidate is allowed to hold office for a term of three years.

The Rector is always a man of outstanding merit.

In return for the honour he visits the University and delivers an inspiring address to the students. Many famous men have held the office; the last four were Sir James M. Barrie, Rudyard Kipling, Nausen, and Grenfell of Labrador; among former rectors are found Sir James Sterling-Maxwell, John Stuart Mill, Sir James Anthony Froude, Sir Arthur James Balfour, Dean Stanley and Andrew Carnegie. Among the unsuccessful candidates for the position were Disraeli, Thomas H. Huxley, Sir John Lubbock, Galsworthy, and the late Lord Melchett. It is interesting to note that Sir W. Scott, John Ruskin and James Russell Lowell were elected but, for various reasons, they did not hold office; that Browning and Tennyson were approached but refused; and that in 1858 the Emperor of Russia was asked to stand as candidate.

HOLLYWOOD HIGHLIGHTS

By DONALD McCURDY

(Jottings from the Cuff of a Student on His First Visit to the Film Capital.)

SHOE hospitals, kitchen stove hospitals, what-not hospitals. Automobile laundries, dog and cat laundries, and just plain laundries.

Cathedrals of the Motion Picture, Cathedrals of the Hot Dog, Cathedrals of the Frankfurter.

Coloured skyscrapers of blue, gold, yellow, black. Coloured skyscrapers with surrounding pavements to match. Pavements of rubber to ease the feet.

One of Aimee MacPherson's "fishers of men" stopping a complete stranger in the street to ask him if he has been "washed in the blood of the Lamb," and if not, why not?

Aimee MacPherson's Temple of the Four-Square Gospel with its giant radio broadcasting towers. A large boxing ring set up inside the temple, and in this Aimee demonstrating to her congregation "boxing with the Devil," and giving the imaginary Devil a neat uppercut to the jaw.

Wilshire Boulevard, the Fifth Avenue of the West, with its luxurious jewellery and fur shops, though what one wants furs for in Southern California is a mystery.

Wilshire Boulevard, with its flashing Hispano-Suizas and its long, slinking Duesenbergs. Wilshire Boulevard with its motley, broken-down, second-hand cars you wouldn't be seen dead in.

Automobiles with hoods of polished silver and hoods of crocodile. Engine-turned silver hoods and gold-plated hoods.

Boulevard stops where you are supposed to pull up when coming onto a boulevard and dips in the road, at the intersection of a boulevard, where you *have* to pull up—or put your head through the roof of the car.

A lion cub riding in the rumble seat of a roadster with two little seven-year-old girls.

Traffic policemen in shirt-sleeves.

Churches with filling stations for the exclusive use of their congregations. Churches with private parking grounds for ditto.

Every large store with its own parking grounds, free to patrons. The signed chit you have to bring

with you from the store in order to take free delivery of your car, and the dirty looks you get if you request a chit after merely window-shopping.

"Goofy" Golf Courses on every street corner, brilliantly lighted at night. The Sunken Garden Course, the Village Green, the Demi-Tasse Country Club.

The Wilshire Links, with soda fountain attached, operated by Mary Pickford and done in "art moderne" by the studio scene painters.

The film star soirées in the Cocomat Grove of the Ambassador. The film star soirées in the Blossom Room of the new Roosevelt.

The early morning breakfasts at the Brown Derby—"Eat in the Hat"—built in the shape of a derby hat with the crown for a dining room and the brim a verandah.

The pavement outside Grauman's Chinese Theatre bearing the impress of the hands and feet of famous stars. An impress of the soles of Joan Crawford's tiny slippers with the "foot"-note: "To Sid Grauman, hoping this will cement our friendship."

A towering statue of a cow and milkmaid, advertising a certain brand of milk. An ice-cream stand built to represent an enormous freezer which churns all day. A coffee house in the form of a giant percolator with steam constantly coming out the spout.

Grotesque houses, and real estate offices more grotesque than the houses they sell. Some, moated castles with drawbridges. Others in the guise of pyramids, sphinxes, Noah's Arks.

Sunset Boulevard with its immense studios and its small studios. Casting Offices where the only "casting" they do is out of the door.

Max Factor's make-up "studio"—your face made up in five minutes.

Hollywood Boulevard with its luscious young ladies, over-red lips and eyelashes like great black cockroaches. Potential Bebes, Vilmas, Janets and Colleens. Effeminate youths with broad hips, marcelled hair, and a mincing gait. Pink, pale blue, and lavender suits. Buff and tan sport Oxfords, mauve and tan sport Oxfords.

Airplanes circling low overhead by day and searchlights plowing the sky by night.

An airplane standing in a plot on a street corner, tail up and nose buried in the ground as though it has just crashed to earth, advertising a film epic of the air.

An incredible Mardi-Gras-like head, eight feet high, bumping down Western Avenue, advertising a movie theatre.

The orchestra playing beneath the stars in the Holly-

wood Bowl Wagner's prelude to "Lohengrin," and just as the part is reached where, as with a shimmering of celestial wings, the strings first sound the exquisite Parsifal theme, a loud explosion. Then another and another. The hillside opposite the Bowl lighting up as fireworks crash profanely against the stars. The audience—aghast, unbelieving—turning as one and seeing, through smoke and flame, the name of a cheap slapstick comedy etched in the night.

Hollywood!

SEVEN CENTS

A TALKING SHORT

By FRED W. POLAND, Jr.

PERHAPS you think this too much to pay for the spice of life. Then stick to the curb. We're for journeying while we watch. "Prenez garde—take care!" The doors fold us in and we must pay before we can see the rest of the show. Evidently a full house. "Poussez en avant, s'il vous plait. Take care for de ladies behind." This man is often better than the show itself. He calls his wheres in two languages. "Demi-chemin—half-way." It seems he has the right to auction half lots as well as whole boulevards and avenues. And there are bidders. Three have gotten off in front and two squeezed their way out beside us. We can now stand on both feet and look about us. Now is our chance to reach the fare box. Our friend the showman has the eye of a train conductor and the reach of an oarsman. Get a transfer—they make good reading. Surely you don't prefer the Scandinavian news sheet that someone is holding so close to your face. When we get in the car, and if we do, you will be able to choose your reading matter. For everyone reads on the street car—if not their own paper then over someone's shoulder. Of course you mustn't be too finicky, because it's his paper after all and he wants to read the sports page. Get interested in sports and you'll really enjoy reading on the street car.

Are you interested in advertising? You must be if you've ever ridden in a street car. If you think you're not, try next time you ride to keep your eyes off the cards. Here is variety if nothing else. Everything from short loans to long trousers, from hair tonic to rubbers, from overcoats to the daintiest of lingerie, from baby food to razor blades, from the cradle to the grave. If you don't like the bathing girl advertising lettuce, perhaps you see something amusing in the gangster perched in a high chair and brandishing a greasy spoon.

With two exceptions you may do anything you wish on a street car. You may neither spit nor smoke. (But who wants to smoke). If you're standing up you can swing on the straps. With parcels in your arms and one foot to stand on, this is first rate exercise. Whole families go in for strap-hangnig. Mother holds on to dad's arm, the eldest hangs on to hers, and so ad infinitum. Teamwork comes into the game on curves or when the car stops suddenly.

You can make a speech in a street car without standing up. That large woman across the aisle is detailing the book of the month to the lady from next door but all the car is forced to listen. Your audience is assured and you're not annoyed by heckling. The couple in the corner are holding hands. True, he is standing and can't reach a strap, but you and I are cynical. We heard her lead the subject round to shows. She wears a close fitting hat the better to keep both curls in place. One is on her forehead and the other on the exposed cheek. They look like greasy watch springs. Between words she chews. But she is entirely outdone by that immense female with earrings to match. They are museum pieces—epic in proportion and reminiscent of curtain rings.

We are beginning to get back some of our seven scents with interest compounded, for it is impossible to ventilate such a vehicle. Cigars, chewing gum, perfumes, and etc. assault our nostrils. But they are very much the worse for wear and the least attractive part of the show. Now the car thins out and we get a seat.

The man next to you is reading the racing form, a stenographer is poring over Marriage Confessions, and the lad at the end is reading Clarissa Harlowe. But he's a college student as you can see by his beard. The quiet fellow with the quiet clothes is really reading Donne but he keeps a paper cover on the volume. He probably works in a large insurance office.

We are getting to the end of the line now. Our friend of the watch springs is assisted off the front by the hand she has held. The motorman has no sense of ridiculous juxtaposition. He picks this glorious moment to step to the door and spit eloquently as she skips to the curb. We are amused and vindicated. The inevitable baby waws and is hushed with a threat about the policeman standing by the motorman. We are not amused and vindictive. We yawn and reach for the buzzer. Four others needlessly follow suit. We try to look as if we hadn't done it for *them*, and get out ahead of them by stepping on someone's toe. We have been through a lot for seven cents. You complain that you have to endure it twice a day and you don't like it. Then you should have stayed on the curb this trip.



CHAPELLE DE TADOUSAC

DEMOCRACY

By M. ABRAMOWITZ

THERE has recently been much talk concerning democracy as an institution of government. Everywhere people, especially students, have argued and debated upon the advisability of rule by the people. Some have condemned our system of government, others have lauded it, but the majority have merely been bewildered by the hopelessness of the situation. To revert to a monarchy or an oligarchy is unthinkable, and yet our present system of government, with its vast inefficiency, corruption and political manoeuvring, has become so so detestable that the mere mention of politics disgusts us. It seems as if mankind is doomed to govern itself badly. What, then, is wrong with our system of administration? What is the way out? Many have attempted to answer these questions with a condemnation of the majority as unfit to rule or with suggestions for the rule of the intelligent minority, but these have met with very little success, practically speaking. There is, however, one viewpoint which is being more and more accepted as the true solution of the problem, and that is the idea of industrial democracy.

It is my belief that so far democracy has been only an *apparent* failure because it has never truly existed. What does exist now is an outworn system of politics which has long ceased to serve its purpose. In other words, man has now achieved complete political democracy through universal suffrage, a democracy based on representation by electoral districts and thus a democracy on a land basis. But is that then sufficient? Does a democracy on a land basis fulfil its purpose now? Evidently not; and a moment's consideration will show why.

It is an acknowledged fact that the great driving force of our society is industry. Ever since the Industrial Revolution, the main pillar of our social structure has been industry. At the present time, with our vast industrialization, our trusts and mergers, and our concentration of capital, industry is the gladiator in the arena of politics. Our political parties are merely the representatives of different financial interests. Thus in the United States there are the Republicans, representing large interests and the Democrats, representing small ones. In our own country we have the Conservatives, representing large interests, and the Liberals, the small ones. The former want a tariff whilst the latter do not. It is fairly evident, then, that in order to have a complete and true democracy, we must first establish it in industry,—the backbone of society; and only then will politics be a true representation of the people. In other words, what is necessary now is industrial democracy, without which our political democracy is useless.

Yet what do we find? Strangely enough, although politically man has long ago emerged from the feudal state, industry is still in that stage of development. Any person who has capital to invest can open a fac-

tory and begin producing whenever and wherever he pleases, totally independent of other producers. There is no governing power to direct the production of goods by the manufacturer; "everyone for himself and the devil take the hindmost" is the slogan. In the place of the baron stands the capitalist, and instead of the serfs and villeins there are the workers, both skilled and unskilled, "But", you may say, "the worker is free to work when and where he pleases, and he has the choice of an occupation." Yes, but what freedom has the labourer when he knows that if he leaves one position he may never obtain another one? How free is he to act when he knows that it is practically within his employer's power to let him live respectably or to let him die in the gutter? Furthermore, what choice of an occupation has the worker if he has to accept the very first position that appears for fear of never getting one? Has he any assurance of his daily bread and of the means of sustenance? Surely in this respect even the serf was in a much better state than the worker is, for was he not sold with the land and cared for even as a horse or a cow would be?

To sum up the whole situation, then, industry is yet in the feudal stage, with each capitalist, like a baron of old, continually fighting the others in the arena of industrial competition, and holding in his hand the destiny of countless multitudes of employees. What is more, the producer is gradually learning the value of co-operation, and is banding himself with the others in great trusts and mergers which form an oligarchy wherewith he practically controls the wheels of industry. Society is heading for an industrial oligarchy which is fearful to contemplate not because of its efficiency, but because this efficiency, in the wrong hands, will result in the wholesale unemployment and starvation of human beings, to the consequent detriment of society. So long as those who create do not own the means of production and do not receive the full value of their toil, so long will the conditions of life grow from bad to worse until mankind will destroy itself in one final upheaval.

And so it can be readily seen that man can only achieve democracy through the democratic management and control of industry. And how can he achieve this industrial democracy? By allowing majority rule in and control of industry by the representatives of the people, that is, the government. That, in my opinion, is the only way out. Too long has mankind groped for the light of democracy while its feet were tied to the ground by the fetters of selfish greed, private gain, and exploitation for profit. It is high time that we learned to control this great power of the machine to suit and serve us not to drive us like slaves. It is high time that man, the rational being, learned to run industry in a rational and intelligent manner. The road to true democracy runs through the field of industrial democracy and only when we have achieved the latter shall we have attained our goal.

EUROPE

By NEIL GARDNER

EUROPE! To me it had always been just a page in my geography book with a few odd notions of what these "foreigners" were like: Dutch people with wooden shoes, stout Germans with large steins of beer and meerschaum pipes, and so on.

But as a reality, I had no idea of it. It had always seemed to me that I was about as likely to see Europe before that vague, distant future, when I would be "old and rich," as have my infant dreams come true of owning a candy store or being a private detective.

And yet, though not very old, and most decidedly not rich, I came back in the autumn from a ramble of three months in that part of the world, with the same feeling one has when he has been forced to part company with a new friend. The cost?—why, about the same as a round trip steerage fare from England to Canada.

Yes, I had a certain amount of luck—I had work for three weeks in an international office at Geneva (on modest enough wages). But I also had luck in encountering experiences which the most enterprising tourist bureau could not have equalled—work as an ordinary sailor on a freighter, a week's walking in eastern France, and two conferences with students gathered from all parts of the world. Travelling for the most part by third class, carrying a pack-sack and a brief-case, stopping at moderately priced hotels, preparing meals myself where possible, and general avoidance of conducted tours and souvenir vendors all helped to keep expenses down.

About a week after college closed, when I decided to "try Europe," my mornings were spent down at the Montreal harbor in search of a job. About the third day, a good-natured chief mate on a Norwegian freighter weakened—and I was on my way four days later.

Will I ever forget that trip across? Those thirteen days seemed just like a short life within itself. The first few days on board were too stormy to permit outside work, so I was made chief aide to the Steward, an austere old fellow who made it his practice to smoke vile-smelling Holland tobacco in a huge briar pipe. My respect for his virtue was shattered somewhat when I caught him one evening in the act of smuggling a French film magazine into his cabin.

My hands, wrinkled with dishwashing, soon began to blister. I was wakened early on the fifth morning by the Chief Mate, who announced my promotion to outside work. He put me under the care of the bo's'n, a small, wizened fellow, with a twinkle in his eye, who introduced me to the mysteries of chipping and painting rusted iron. I found that occasionally he could be caught unawares, among his pots of paint, singing "Silver Threads Among The Gold" in a quiet voice.

My acquaintance included even the most august of persons—the captain, who came down to my bunk one evening to find out what English books I had with me. We discussed preferences among authors, and he confessed a great weakness for Kipling's poetry. My last few evenings were spent in the sailors' messroom,

talking and joking with some of the crew. They compared Norwegian cities with Montreal. "There's not much fun in Montreal," one of them remarked, "only a few penny arcades and picture shows, and that dirty café on the corner of St. Catherine Street and St. Lawrence . . ."

Late one evening, we tied up at Katendrecht, the most undesirable section of dock in Rotterdam. I was one of the first to run off the gangplank into European Soil. Cobble stone streets—bright lights—blaring music—mugs of foaming beer in bars crammed with noisy groups of men and women—it all seemed so strange to me.

The next few days went in a rush. Before leaving Holland, I had one day in Amsterdam, just long enough to have a peek at the Rembrandts in the Art Museum. Then I boarded a train for Geneva, where I was to spend three weeks in an international office.

On the way, I had a few hours in Paris, between trains. At first glance, the seething metropolis seemed large and confusing. "Monsieur," I said to a porter with a walrus mustache, "est que—that is—pouvez-vous me dire ou—I mean—comment je peux trouver la Gare de Lyons?" He was very patient and obliging, and I managed to change stations successfully. I found that I had more than an hour to spare, so I set out for a "short walk." In half an hour I was lost completely, and it took most of my limited French vocabulary, much running, and a taxi to get me back to the station just before the train left. I had hardly boarded it when the doors were quietly closed, the engine gave an anaemic "toot" of about the same pitch and strength as that of a whistle on a popcorn wagon, and it glided noiselessly out of the station.

I had a grudge against Geneva even before I got out of the station into the main street. The depot was being reconstructed, and it took me half an hour to find the temporary exit, with a heavy knapsack on my back all the while. But the grudge soon disappeared. The magnificent lake—the romantic old city—the rapid, clear Rhone—Mont Blanc—even though possessed with an appreciation for beauty of the "bovine" variety, I was greatly impressed.

Before the office work started, I went for a week's walking in Bourgogne, France, with a veteran tramper. Each day on the trip, almost without exception, we had a refreshing bathe in a canal or small river. Where possible, we had it before dinner, and then basked, semi-naked, in the sun, and ate our meal of sausage, tomatoes, bread and fresh fruit. I thought of Montreal, in all its drabness, and could hardly believe that only little over a month ago I had been sweating over examinations in a stuffy classroom. I looked at my shorts and shirt open at the neck and thought of the heavy tweed suit hanging up in my cupboard at home . . .

I remember well one stop we made. It was at a little town by the name of Savigny-en-Terre-Plaine, which boasted of half a dozen streets, a little stone church and about three stores. We were looking for a place to get supper, and finally picked out a small house ad-

joining a harness-maker's shed. I will never forget the pride and care with which "Madame" placed a delicious omelet (eight eggs!) before us, and followed it with some homemade cream cheese, a basket of bread and bottles of red wine of her own brewing.

After three intensely interesting weeks in Geneva, I was on the trail again, this time to London. The English Channel was in a rough humor the day I crossed. About an hour after we left the French coast, over half the passengers had disappeared below. I was one of the first to go. Seasickness, somehow, is no respecter of persons. Dignified old gentlemen, dapper young men, austere clergymen—all were stretched out, groaning, now distinguishable only by their degrees of sickness. A small, energetic French waiter was doing his best to cheer up the drooping figures. He came over to soothe me. "Votre travail," I remarked, "il est très désagréable, n'est-ce pas?" He only smiled, and showed several gold teeth, and after rubbing my stomach, moved on to the next sufferer.

The size, the hurry and the buzz of London were somewhat bewildering. An international conference at Oxford beckoned, so I travelled on. On the train, I happened to be in a compartment with a middle-aged couple. "Ma" was trying to read a newspaper, while "Pa" kept nudging her, and pointed out passing objects from the window. Whenever a large, grimy factory was passed, he would nod to her knowingly as if to say, "Just look at the nice, big, beautiful factory." He never disturbed her when the train was passing by flower gardens, open country, or picturesque farm scenes

The Oxford conference was a unique experience. The gathering included students from all parts of the globe. The opportunity to converse informally with the different delegates was as valuable as the official sessions. One day I talked with a Ukrainian student, who discussed the hopes of his people for independence in his own country. A German exchange student at Cambridge gave his impressions of England and Englishmen. An American co-ed, who had been studying the race question in the Southern States, explained the difficulties involved in the problem.

On the way back to Paris, I stayed in London for a few days. Besides the usual sightseeing routine, I spent a short time alone in Samuel Johnson's house on Gough Square, where his famous definition of "oats" was doubtless formulated. Thackeray's "Pendennis" seemed to come to life, when I walked along Fleet Street and turned in at Inner temple, and looked at the names printed on the brick walls of the lawyers' lodging houses. A Punch and Judy show, stalls where I was able to buy coffee and buns, and pictures drawn in chalk on the sidewalks, were things which made my imaginary picture of London real.

Paris, which had looked so large and hostile, seemed more friendly on second visit. A few hurried hours in the Louvre and the Musée de Rodin seemed an unworthy tribute to their greatness. The Jardin des Tuileries and the avenue des Champs Elysées were my regular haunts for a large part of the time. I spent some time in Notre Dame, marvelling at the beauty of the stained-glass windows, and in spite of a heavy schedule returned a number of times to examine the intricate carvings of the façade. The central door,

above which was the Day of Judgment scene, with the group on the left going to heaven and the rabble on the right being hurried on to their fate by the Devil, was particularly fascinating. I spent the last day of my visit wandering through the magnificent gardens surrounding the Palais de Versailles.

Time passed rapidly. A few days in Geneva, a week at another student conference in the Swiss lake country, and I was bound for Antwerp, where I hoped to find a boat to take me home.

On the way I stopped at Frankfurt-am-Main, and had a glimpse of the narrow, winding streets and gabled houses which characterise old German cities. A few minutes before I boarded a train which was to take me to Antwerp, some Hot Dogs on a lunch cart in the station caught my fancy. Frankfurters in Frankfurt!—but alas, I could speak no German. What to do? With as much courage as I could muster, I accosted the vendor with the sinister phrase, "Sprechen Sie Englisch?" The salesman swung around. "Sure," he remarked, with a broad smile, "what do you want, Hot Dogs?" I did. They were excellent.

Once in Belgium I breathed easier. For at least I could speak a little French. Antwerp, with its International Exhibition, seemed studded with lights. My first few days were spent down at the docks, in search of a freighter going to Canada. I finally boarded a Norwegian one. Had they any jobs? The chief mate looked me over rather dubiously. No, he said, but I could buy a cheap passage to Montreal if I met the boat at Rotterdam in a week's time. I readily agreed.

In this old Flemish town I saw the inside of a true artist's studio for the first time: down a commercial street to a battered door, wedged in between two stores—up three flights of wellworn stairs to the attic The artist, a young Latvian, greeted me with an embarrassed smile. "You must excuse me for looking this way," he said, as I regarded his black velvet smock and blue trousers, tottered and blotched with different colors of paint. The sun, streaming through the skylight, revealed a dingy room, stacked with pictures. He showed me several with great modesty, and told me stories connected with the painting of them: Dray horses, painted rapidly in oils, at the docks—a scene showing mobs of people gaily dressed, inspired by scenes on the streets of Antwerp—nude studies, painted in the quiet of his studio He blew the dust off a scrap book and brought it to me. It contained many reproductions and flattering criticisms. I looked about the room; companions to the pictures were a threadbare couch, a once-upholstered armchair, a broken-down stove, and a small table partly concealed by a tattered curtain. The clippings were just appreciations

One morning, while wandering through a maze of narrow streets, I heard a loud tramping of feet. A moment later, a small contingent of soldiers rounded the corner. Every person on the street stopped. The men in uniform were all of about the same height, somberly dressed, but still more sombre in facial expression. Only one word seemed to qualify it all: Duty Duty They did not seem to see the pleasure, the adventure, in this whole business of training "in case of another war"

(Continued on page 88).

PEOPLE AND THINGS

By DAVID LEWIS

IN the present universal muddle one can be certain of only one thing,—uncertainty; and in the present quest for human happiness one finds one predominant achievement,—failure. This is our record to date, and this promises to be our record for some time to come. I know that such a statement is contrary to all the assurances of our politicians, to all the pious utterings of our financial and industrial magnates. Well, as a matter of fact, this is the best assurance of its validity: once an assertion is opposed to the opinion of these social leaders, then it is safe to assume that it conforms to fact. . . .

Such words may be blasphemy, but I am afraid that I have lost all faith in our law-givers, nominal and virtual,—a terrible state for a young undergraduate to be in, isn't it? . . . Faith, Confidence, Trust, these should be the powers behind a young man's spirit . . . It makes me shiver, this piety. Where is all this sympathy to spring from? What a charming atmosphere we live in, what really delightful surroundings:—A pleasant, amusing world; happy, joyous people; everything clear, and mellow, and beautiful, rational, and sane, and just! *Maybe*, grits the tattered, hungry "no-count" in the bread-line. *Yah*, hisses the irate mother shoving her breast into the brat's mouth. *Indeed*, breathes the sentimental observer. *You lie*, cries the impatient revolutionary as he is dragged to the prison. And finally, one has eyes and ears. One must inevitably come to the conclusion that the present social machine is breaking down. All that we can do is look into the future, and build something finer to replace it.

What else can we do to make the present system work? We have oiled the machine again and again; we have repaired it with our last despairing ounce of strength and, frequently, when it has refused to work of itself we have applied our shoulders to it until we became one with it. But so far of no avail. With an unheeded shriek of warning it invariably clogs, and thousands of lives are caught within its wheels still shrieking and still unheeded. This is the real situation, and we can get somewhere only through an honest recognition of the facts, a fearless admission of conditions, and an energetic battle to change them. I am convinced, and this is the conviction of an ever-growing number of social students and suffering citizens, that all the small improvements and palliative legislation can accomplish little, very little indeed. A complete change is necessary, a radical alteration in the entire structure is essential. This is our crime, this our iniquity, for this people are blacklisted, scorned, and imprisoned.

* * *

IN the meantime there is hysteria, hysteria in both camps. The suffering are determined to make themselves heard, and the authorities are determined to have them submit. The result is a ridiculous limitation of freedom, and an unwitting impetus to irresponsible

demagogues. Those of us who are attached to the Labour Movement are much more sharply concerned with the activities of Communism than any of the men in authority. We look upon their work with apprehension, we believe that they harm our movement and detract the workers from the right channels. Yet the practice of suppressing their meetings and demonstrations, of imprisoning and deporting them is as ridiculous as it is unjust.

If only our political authorities took time to think they could not help but see how ridiculous it is. The most cursory perusal of history, the most elementary understanding of it shows how invariably futile has suppression proved in the past. And for very obvious reasons. It may be taken as an axiom that people do not protest unless they have cause to or, if you like, unless they *think* they have grievances. In either case their mouths cannot be forcibly shut, and when an attempt to do this is made it only helps to lend their behaviour the halo of martyrdom. When in the last century socialists were treated as are communists now, they were vengefully militant and bitterly revolutionary. The recognition of socialists as well-wishing citizens played, in my opinion, an important part in rendering them responsible and moderate. Such an attitude admitted them into the pale of respectable society, gave them an opportunity of legally obtaining an audience, forced them out of the realm of sentimental appeal into the world of logical argument. And reason seldom admits of violence. This seems to me elementary. But, then, this is theory. And politicians take no stock in theory. They are practical men, men of action; and when they need a scapegoat to hide their own incompetence any excuse will do.

Students of Political Science know that in democratic countries our attitude to sovereign authority has entirely changed. One need not be a legal expert to see that in a political system such as ours there is no room for sedition, unless it be an armed uprising. For our legislators are no longer our rulers in the old sense of the word, but our servants in the real meaning of the term. They are there only because we put them there, and in delegating to them sovereign authority we reserve the right to criticize and condemn to our heart's content. In fact, this is an essential part of the democratic system. Without the liberty to criticize thoroughly and fearlessly there can be no freedom in the real sense of the word; there can be no genuine representative government. For the rule of the majority, if it is to be just and efficacious, must permit the minorities to give vent to their thoughts and feelings, must leave them an open opportunity either to attract a majority or to disappear. Again this is an elementary corollary of the democratic axiom.

And finally, I consider the suppression of the Communists unjust because their protests are justified. Their method is impractical; Bolshevism is an impos-

sible substitute for the present impossible system, but their cries are, nevertheless, perfectly justified. The crimes which they impute to the present system are there, the misery and injustice which they point out are there, the intolerable poverty and dangers of war are there. They exaggerate them but seldom simply because it would be difficult to exaggerate them. And this is the reason that they find any response at all in a country such as ours, and all that suppression accomplishes is to bring their protests to the attention of our citizens. Perhaps this is a desirable thing.

* * *

MORALITY is the last refuge of the unscrupulous. Therefore politicians are essentially moral creatures. And we have recently been blessed with a government whose sense of morality is as strong as its legislative competence is weak. Hence its war against Communism is a moral one. It is not the deeds of communists that they fear, it is their corrupting and ungodly influence. They refuse to have anything to do with them, and so they place an embargo on Russian imports. They assure us, mind you, that this action is not a continuation of the protective policy,—for then so extreme a measure would be unwarranted,—but it is the result of a determination to boycott and ignore an unruly and unscrupulous individual. I seem to remember reading in the Bible somewhere that one should extract the log from one's own eye before one is concerned with the splinter in the eye of another. In fact, I should advise Mr. Bennett & Co. to reread their Bible. There is wisdom there for all people; there is certainly wisdom for them.

For the life of me I can't treat this embargo seriously, for it is contrary to all economic logic, to all political sagacity. The system in Russia need not concern us more than the system in Italy or anywhere else for that matter. The Bolshevik system is the business of the Russian people; they must be left alone to work out their own destiny. I am convinced that a change will take place there as I am convinced that a change will take place everywhere else. I am *not* convinced that a change is as urgent there as it is here. But, however this may be, there is not an iota of justification for this embargo. Again, it is as ridiculous as it is unjust.

As two of the largest wheat-producing countries Russia and Canada must obviously cooperate if the agricultural problem is ever to be solved. Action such as the recent embargo precludes any possibility of their working together, and Russia will be absolutely justified to do as she likes with her wheat, disregarding entirely any world complications. For if the world refuses to have anything to do with her she has a right to refuse to consider that world. And what of the significance of the Russian market? It is as obvious as the stupidity of political appeal that as Russia progresses industrially she becomes an increasingly important market for implements of all sorts. Industrialization invariably raises a people's standard of living, and there again Russia must provide an extensive market for consumptive goods, if not now, then in the near future. What then was behind that em-

bargo? God only knows, and He must find it pretty amusing. But then, what can you expect from a government that thinks a tariff will solve the industrial depression, and that a \$20,000,000.00 grant will solve the unemployment problem?

The most amusing part of all this, however, is the fact that the Liberal opposition cannot touch this issue, whatever they may think of it. For, firstly, they are afraid to; and secondly, it was during their office that power to declare an embargo was granted the government, and it was during their office, too, that relations were severed with Russia some years ago. This is a most articulate travesty on our system and on our two leading parties.

* * *

YET it is not in the political field alone that delectable material for amusement may be found. Our educational institutions do not lag far behind. We can, of course, always depend on Toronto to provide us with a titter, but the University of British Columbia added its spice to the programme. The issue in *Varsity* was in keeping with their reputation. This is no aspersion on our friendly rival, for in a great many cases they can perhaps claim priority. Their cultural work is really admirable. Their Art Exhibitions and Musical Evenings are indicative of their activity in the realm of culture. Nevertheless a rumpus such as the recent one is peculiarly *Varsitiesque*. One must read that famous editorial really to appreciate the joke. It is harmless, almost pious. It merely describes a situation, and the tone is almost regretful. How any modern university worries about atheism or agnosticism in the twentieth century is beyond me; how any authority can object to an innocuous statement of fact is indeed a riddle. But then, you may expect anything from our moral guardians or mental dieticians.

The issue at the University of British Columbia is a much more important one, and to that extent much more intolerable. Again the question of political criticism enters. The attitude of their legislature seems to be, "You, students, are in *our* university. Its administration is in our hands. Use your heads, never mind using your brains." They seem to object to the attempt on the part of their students to be concerned with their university, to make themselves real citizens of the institution. To me such an attitude is contrary to the entire object of education, detrimental to the development of a genuine university spirit. But I, and others like me, are obnoxiously perverse, and are just the ones that should be kept in check.

Fortunately, however, I am at McGill, and I say this with a sincere feeling of satisfaction. From personal experience I have, after four years at the University, come to the conclusion that we may genuinely be proud of the freedom which we enjoy. On our campus we have had discussed everything without hesitation and, except for an occasional authoritative rumble, no objection was ever raised. This may be another proof for the argument which I put forth earlier in this article. The very freedom which we enjoy has given us a sense of responsibility and an appreciation of good taste.

TEMPORALITIES

By ALASTAIR WATT

IN page 1278 of a history textbook there lived, or rather existed, a villein named Pigarth. As a villein he was attached to the soil; as Pigarth he was no less firmly attached to his wife. Eleanor was a yellow-haired beauty, womanly, wise, and perverse to a degree. For these very reasons Pigarth was troubled in his mind, for had not Beowulf the bailiff hinted that such grace and virtue in a serf were quite opposed to what history would have to say of the meanness and immorality of the Middle Ages. It was flying in the face of Providence, and something was bound to happen.

Something did happen. Sir Glancelot, the lord of the manor, sent for Pigarth, and in the manner of the lord offered him a cow and a hide of lamb for Eleanor. "Good my lord" quoth Pigarth involuntarily, "if the land be fertile and the cow be docile, by St. Swithin I shall be the gainer." Then recovering himself and glancing covertly at the printed page, he resumed: "I trust I know my feudal system well enough to realise that we villeins, or serfs, have no rights as against our lords. Custom has not yet hardened sufficiently to protect us, and while it is not in the interests of a lord to maltreat his serfs, isolated instances of violence doubtless occur. Far be it from the humble Pigarth, who although personally free is economically bound, to mar the symmetry of the feudal system and his own appearance by denying your lordship's right of eminent domain. Eleanor is yours".

"Very truly spoken" yawned Sir Glancelot who lived in a dryer atmosphere farther up the bookshelf. "I can quite see your difficulties in conforming to the rather geometrical base of the feudal pyramid. This pyramid, one of the wonders to the ancient world, was erected by the labours of countless historians, and, as you know, is an uncomfortable place in which to live. Consider my position, encumbered as I am with Political Feudalism and Chivalry to boot. The essence of feudalism is a distribution of sovereignty. In this distribution I partake, and therefore have jurisdiction over my dependants, the exact extent of which is still in dispute among historians. They are all agreed, however, that I have complete jurisdiction over my serfs. So that, ignoring for the nonce ecclesiastical prohibitions, I may appropriate Eleanor. But what about the Church and Chivalry? When knighthood is in flower, no true knight may deflower, and the learned man in whose book I exist would never permit his "very parfit gentil knight" to do aught but champion chastity, without stopping to consider the possibility of grave unemployment. I sometimes wish I had been created a monk by some virulent anti-papal historian. As it is I am on the horns of a historical dilemma. Beowulf's views only confuse the issue. According to his authority, and we all know, by authority that this is an age of authority, beauty and virtue such as Eleanor's cannot exist in the person of a serf. It begins to look, Pigarth, as though you were a widower".

"It begins to look as though your mother was fond of bones" muttered Pigarth, as he made his way toward his hut which indeed was little better than a hovel. His way lay across the three-field system and there he happened on a wandering friar. The friar proffered Pigarth an indulgence, and taking one himself, asked what the trouble was. Pigarth made haste to explain and queried whether his wife could really be said to exist. "Only conditionally," replied the holy man. "Any one with a little knowledge of Church history will tell you that during the Middle Ages the Church was the sole repository of whatever there was of Truth, Beauty and Virtue. Eleanor must go to a monastery; she can't exist without one. But I pray you take her to one reconstructed by a reputable Catholic historian. Virtue is a jewel: its high price is a consequence of its rarity. Pax vobiscum".

That night Pigarth unbosomed himself to Eleanor. He told her she was a jewel of high price, and consequently so rare as to have practically no existence outside of a properly constituted monastery. "Zoologically speaking, Pigarth, you are a perfect host," cried Eleanor, giving way to a fit of temper and kicking a pig across the hut, before she lay down. She rose again with the moon. She was tired of living with these historical robots. If she didn't exist on page 1278 Pigarth didn't exist off it. Quickly donning the medieval equivalent of a tight brassiere, she dressed as a page and brought herself up to date.

Eleanor soon found a niche in the modern world. She entered a Canadian University, took honours in Medieval History, a course in Anglo-Saxon and another in Norman French. Soon you could scarcely tell her from the average coed, unless it were for her boyish camaraderie and addiction to profanity. She soon acquired the knack of appearing not to be bored, and, having been a married woman, modern dancing came quite naturally to her. Her fame as something different soon spread among the brothers, and she was taken here, there and anywhere. Two of them took her to the Saturday Night Club. On Eleanor's right at the table was Spieler, on her left was Scott. Spieler talked in a high-pitched metallic voice, laughed loudly at his own remarks, and was a self-constituted authority on most topics. Scott was a silent man. He only talked when under the influence of liquor. Tonight he was fluent.

Spieler was animadverting on religious ceremonies. "Say what you like I prefer the Roman Catholic service. It is not for nothing that the modern drama had its origin in the Medieval Church, for the service of that Church is itself a drama with a continuous run of over 1500 years. There's the secret of the Catholic success: it gives you spiritual recreation with the emphasis on the ritual. That is as it should be. One shouldn't go to church to hear moralising, or thundering ratiocinations on theological doctrine. That's the objection I have to your Protestant sects. It's supposed to be the Gospel, the word of god, yet they keep on arguing about it. What the human soul needs is infallibility, permanence, something to

worship. Those things the Roman Church gives you, in an altogether suitable atmosphere of symbolism, mystery, miracles, and awe—a spiritual feast.”

“I grant the feast, but deny the spirituality” interjected Scott. “To me all your services are essentially materialistic. You, Spieler, are an idealist, and can only speak for yourself. The Russians are right. From their point of view your spiritually-minded, religious folk are God-eating materialists. But I share your admiration for the Catholics. They make no bones about the Mass. Bread is body and wine is blood. Presbyterians have a well deserved reputation for hypocrisy. They dine divinely off a symbol. The Anglicans, — they masticate a compromise. — a theological hash. They all make me sick.”

“Don’t be so serious” Eleanor broke in. “The situation is really funny. Christ is the Son of God. On his own admission,—and he is Truth,—he is also the Son of Man. But he cannot have two fathers. Therefore Man is God and God is Man. Therefore the God-eaters are man-eaters: the communicants are cannibals.”

“Eleanor, you combine a medieval flare for logic-chopping with a woman’s inherent inability to wield the chopper”, commented Spieler. “That sort of stuff ended with the Renaissance, the birth of the modern world...”

“Yes, and the Reformation was its afterbirth,” continued Scott who refused to be diverted from his favourite theme. “It was the nasty but perhaps inevitable subsequent of an otherwise auspicious occasion. Consider what was happening. The Humanists were conquering the Superhumanists. Religion was being looked upon as a super-superstition. Frazer would soon have saved the trouble of hanging Religion on the Golden Bough. The Church was ceasing to be a soul corporation. The Popes were patrons of Art. You could call a priest “father” and reserve “uncle” to its proper use. Rabelais dedicated his Pantagruel to a Bishop. Dawn was at hand: The Reformation kept it at an arm’s length. The terrible trinity of Luther, Knox and Calvin were not wholly to blame for the deluge of killings, burnings, and intolerance which ensued. The Renaissance of Religion was the work of vested interests. It had, by the way, the peculiar effect of resurrecting Judaism. The God of Israel became the God of a good half of Europe. The despised sons of the circumcision had a sweet revenge. The Laws of Moses governed the goyim. It was a trial by jewry. The Sabbath, the Old Testament, and the fear of God became what they had not been—Christian institutions. That’s a digression. What I wanted to stress was that Religion from the Reformation on has been a weapon in the hands of vested interests, special pleaders, and priesthoods of one type or another. You can see it today. The pillar of the church is often the coping stone of the economic structure.”

“You are surely not suggesting that Religion is superfluous?” said Spieler in shocked amazement. “No such product of human experience can in the face of it be wholly unnecessary. Take Christianity as an example of a fairly modern religion. Its teachings may be resolved into two essentials: the Golden Rule and a belief, however unwarranted is beside the point, in a state of reward and punishment after death. The former is a rule of human conduct and

the latter its sanction *divini juris*, and ‘so long as there are more obligations which the earthly tribunals will not enforce so long will Religion be necessary. Think how many potential criminals have been restrained, how many duties discharged by the mere prospect of appearing in the courts of Heaven whose bailiff is Death. Taking now a purely positive point of view you cannot fail to notice how the golden rule mitigates the rigours of the rule of gold, and what a stay and comfort Christianity is to the poor. The poor are always with us and any religion which emphasises the blessedness of poverty is bound to succeed. What matter that they suffer here, they will be rewarded hereafter: no cross, no crown. But Christianity is more than that. Seek and ye shall find, and every man finds in it what he seeks. The rich man finds it possible to thread a needle with a camel. The vain man finds a personal saviour. The virgin finds a celestial bridegroom. But most souls find a belief in God an escape from the essential solitude of their existence. They fear loneliness in time....”

“What the— Where’s Eleanor? She has disappeared. I... I... Why, I was just looking at her and she vanished into the air!”

“God, yes... It’s uncanny.”

Scott and Spieler stood looking at each other in bewilderment. And on page 1278 of the History Book lay Eleanor stretched voluptuously, heaving sighs of relief at having escaped from that futile deluge of nonsense. She was waiting patiently for the Lord of the Manor to take her where she rightfully belonged, and to pay deserved tribute to her beauty, her grace, and to the accentuated woman which she felt pulsing in her body...

TWO POEMS

By

HILDA RABINOVITCH

TWO

His hair was tousled when I saw him first,
His eyes were *his* eyes, sparkling, darting, shy.
He was himself—I *know* he was himself—
A living person who might laugh or sigh.

And now his eyes are wary, guarded, cold,
His wild, bewildered hair is caught and tamed;
He plays the cynic with the cynic’s smile,
He cannot look at me: he is ashamed.

KIN

And we were lost on the hillside,
A cemetery down below,
And the world was black in the graveyard
While above was a world of snow.
And the pale, far lights of the city
Were set in a sea of black;
As if we were looking down at the stars
And they were staring back.
And here were a ring of tombstones,
And there was a ring of stars:
And much as we tried to see only the light,
The graveyard was kin to the cold, white night,
And the city was, oh, so far!



SOUND AND FURY

Gerald L. Goodstone.

PHILOSOPHIES OF HISTORY

By BENJAMIN CAPLAN

TWO difficulties present themselves to the historian; (1) the reliability of the information relative to the event; (2) the tracing of the proper causal sequence so as to set the event in its proper historical content. That these are no mean difficulties can be readily understood when we consider both the distortion of history by chauvinists, where information abounds, and the probable untrustworthiness of hypotheses where there exists a paucity of facts. Thus, under the first case, the chauvinist teaches that "the sun never sets on the British Empire," and interprets it historically by implying that the sun would never have arisen, had it not been for the existence of the British Empire. Under the second case, we find Nordic mythologists uncovering the corpse of some Nordic behind the great events of history.

But beyond these two problems exists a third, more fascinating and more suggestive, though much more liable to error, namely, the interpretation of the movement of history. The doctrine of the "Fall of Man" has been abandoned and we talk glibly of progress, a concept which, as Professor Bury has shown, has had its origin only in the seventeenth century. But if the idea of progress is introduced, with it come teleological problems. For, as the idealists plausibly maintain, if progress is discussed, surely it must mean progress towards some goal, towards some Absolute? To the idealists, of whom it may be said, "The poor in mind ye have always with you," the answer is obvious. We are the goal, we are the standard! The Past is interpreted only by means of the Present, and only in terms of the norms of the Present. Weighty objections may be raised against this answer. It may be argued that the progress of history is no longer mentioned, that what is meant is the evolution of history, a notion implicit in the concept of ceaseless change but involving in no way anything more than the doctrine of Heraclitus that "All things move." "Panta Rhei." But with this question, this article is not concerned, being meant as an exposition of two recent attempts at interpreting history.

It was only when theological deceptions had been sloughed off and an attempt made to replace them with proper scientific concepts that history could advance as a science. Among early attempts we may mention Montesquieu and Hume. Hegel's dialectic, with its pronouncement of the "thesis and antithesis" march of history must be noticed because it formed the foundation of the Marxian economic interpretation. But where Hegel soared into the realms of the Spirit, regarding History as the fulfilment of an idea, and disdaining the concrete for its defilement of the Spirit; Marx, following Feuerbach's dictum, "Der Mensch ist was er ist," gave Hegelianism a materialistic twist and sought the meaning of history in the economic institutions of men. For Buckle, the purely physical environment gave the allure to the events of history. Carlyle thought to find the explanation in the "great Man." Sir Henry Maine enunciated a "Status to Contract" development.

Of all these most fruitful, hitherto, has been the Marxian formula. It has neutralized the writing, if not the teaching, of history, and has essayed to depict events against a more realistic background as canvas. The Marxian formula, however, does not supply a complete answer to the riddle of time. It narrows unduly the scope of the enquiry and ignores psychological factors uninfluenced by economic motives—the folkways and prejudices of people and of peoples.

But to advert to the main topic: two post-war efforts have attempted to unravel the web of time and extract therefrom an essence which shall reveal to the exoteric, as well as to the esoteric, the meaning of History; Spengler's "*Der Untergang des Abendlandes*," 1917, and Heard's "*The ascent of Humanity*," 1929. The first, as its title, "The Decline of the West," indicates, views the present with the jaundiced eye of a pessimist, while the other believes that "Progress" can be re-established as a revivifying influence in the thoughts of the world. Spengler attempts a biological description, Heard a psychological. In two great volumes Spengler, with becoming modesty, offers a Copernican theory of History, one which shall displace the erroneous Ptolemaic description. He refers here most pertinently to the obviously fallacious division of history into Ancient, Mediaeval, and Modern. This division leads to an unjust disregard of Egyptian, Indian, Chinese, and early American cultures.

To present his main thesis briefly:—A bird's-eye view of world's history shows the rise and fall, with almost cyclic regularity, of cultures which have their day and either vanish entirely or linger on in lifeless petrification. Cultures present, therefore, the same phenomena that human beings display—birth, growth, maturity, decline, and decay. Each culture possesses a "Soul" (*Seele*) of its own which gives it a distinct individuality as expressed in such cultural activities as architecture, philosophy, mathematics. When the Soul dies Culture is succeeded by Civilization which is inertia preserving the husk with the animating spark fled.

Important conclusions follow from this: There are many Cultures, and each Culture has its own appropriate Civilization which may be analogous to, but not identical with, the Civilization of another Culture. Each Culture is individual. Therefore there exist not one architecture, but as many architectures as there are Cultures; similarly with mathematics, philosophy, art, etc. Thus, the historian who attempts to trace the development of architecture from the Egyptians down to the present day and tries to show continuity is actually essaying to reconcile arts utterly alien to one another in spirit.

Spengler deals specifically with three "Souls" or Cultures; the Apollinian, the Magian, and the Faustian. The Apollinian soul was embodied in Greek Culture which lingered on in Roman Civilization. Its distinguishing mark lies in its choice "of the sensuously-present individual body as the ideal type of the extended." It was ahistoric and lacked all ability to grasp aught but the present, and only those magni-

tudes directly perceptible, as a totality, here and now by the senses. Greek art, according to Spengler, reveals this. The Magian had its heyday in the Judaeo-Arabic culture of the "Dark Ages" period, and its peculiar characteristic (*Eigenart*) is its conception of space as a deep and high cavern, with nothing outside, as manifested by the dome. One wonders whether Omar Khayyam's famous line of "That inverted bowl men call the sky" did not bear influence upon Herr Spengler.

As for the Faustian soul, which is ours, here are the words of Spengler: "a boundless mass of human Being, flowing in a stream without banks; up-stream, a dark past wherein our time-sense loses all powers of definition, and restless or uneasy fancy conjures up geological periods to hide away an eternally-unsolvable riddle; down-stream, a future even so dark and timeless—such is the groundwork of the Faustian picture of human History." The Faustian soul like Faust in the play of Goethe, strives after the illimitable, after the infinite, seeks to penetrate into the mysteries of the workings of the universe. In architecture, the Faustian creation is the Gothic arch, which gives the impression of vast and profound space. But the Faustian soul was not content to express itself solely in "frozen music," as Hegel called architecture, but strove onward into the creation of music, which so adequately serves as an expressive medium for the illimitable sense of the Faustian soul. In mathematics, the mathematical limit of calculus illustrates this again.

Spengler harps continually on the theme that History is a Process, History is a becoming, *Ein Werden*, not a Become, *das Gewordene*, and must not be studied with mechanistic concepts of polarity and of casual sequence. History is destiny. More important still, as Paul Valéry has so finely expressed it: "We cultures now know that we are no longer immortal, that we too must die." Hence, "The Decline of the West."

Faustian culture ended with the eighteenth century, with Goethe as the last great representative of it, Goethe, who was the intellectual master of Spengler, even as was Nietzsche. We are now in the "Civilization Phase," and the Great War is not to be taken as anything but the fulfilment of our Manifest Destiny, Manifest thanks to Herr Spengler. Imperialism is an inevitable attribute of Civilization. Interestingly enough, Spengler believes that a new culture is gestating in Russia where the peasants have evolved a distinct type of architecture.

"The Decline of the West", as Shaw has said, is an intellectual novel in which one wanders through the corridors of Time, lit up so often by the brilliant aperçus of the author.

What is to be said of it as a scientific document? Wyndham Lewis, in his "Time and Western Man" has shown its connection with the "*Time Zeitgeist*" and its relation to the works of Whitehead, Alexander, and Bergson. But aside from its close affiliation with contemporary Time philosophy, Spengler has contributed nothing new when he talks of history as a series of cycles. This is no new theory, as the phrase "History repeats itself" exemplifies. But in his classification, in his essay at a Morphology of History, in his interpretation of the various phases of history, what has he advanced that could be regarded as a distinct addition to the world's understanding, as a clarification

of the Cimmerian darkness of the meaning of time, history, evolution, and other such toys of the human mind? It is easier to pose this question than to answer it.

A few criticisms may, perhaps, be helpful to gauge his contribution. Spengler's use of the term "Soul" is highly suspicious. It smacks overmuch of animism, of subjectivity rather than of objectivity. Again there exists a great deal more continuity between Cultures than Spengler desires to admit. His interpretation of the historic sense of the Greeks has been questioned. Most important, he does not allow for the vital differences between the modern era and the past, namely, the utilization of power and the machine. That, if anything, will perpetuate ourselves and our property. His antithesis of "Culture and Civilization" resembles the German "Kultur" and the French "Civilisation," and seems to reveal a desire to disparage the victory of the French and the defeat of the Germans. His title "Decline of the West," confirms this Ptolemaic egocentricity of the Germans who saw in their defeat the crumbling of the world. But this must suffice for Spengler and his thesis, however inadequate this criticism may be. A perusal of the two volumes will amply repay in a broadening of the panoramic vistas of thought.

Heard advances no cycle theory per se. History, for him, describes a special evolution. The clue to the flow and ebb of History lies for Heard in the consciousness, in the evolution or rather condensation of individuality out of the undifferentiated co-conscious herd into a state of super-consciousness, with egotistic individuality sloughed off, in its turn followed by a higher but impersonal individual who finds his position once more in the group.

Before the individual appeared, history did not exist. The unit was the group which acted with the same mysterious union that causes the birds to fly in groups from one clime to another. When the individual first appears, he appears as the priest-king, as the witch-doctor, the magician, who is sundered off from the rest of the group by talus, since he has the quality of uniqueness which is not possessed by the rest. Here, he is the proto-individual. He develops into the Hero. It must be remembered that the appearance of individuality is not a phenomenon occurring simultaneously in all the units of the group but rather singly and in isolated cases. Had individuality become simultaneously universal, it is Heard's thesis that the group would have exploded by sheer friction of these atomic individuals. But they appear, at first slowly, later, with increasing frequency. As a result, in early history the individual as Hero dominates the group. This is allied to Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship" interpretation.

Dealing with the Hero phase, Heard says:—"When the economic interpretation of history held the field it used to be said that the raiders settled in the richer lands of the weaker peoples they had dispossessed and themselves became in consequence weak. We now see it is not the rich land that makes its possessors weak, it is the disappearance of the leadership which had made them strong, a gradual abdication of the head, which has to pursue its own evolution toward contemplation."

The individual develops into a king, a monk, a philosopher, and a man of science. The evolution is not

continuous. There are relapses, frequent ones as history show us. The key-note to this Odyssey of the "I" which is the story of history, is that the more the "I" is developed, the less corporate and social is the individual qua . . . individual. What does evolving consciousness do? "Its stirrings must first raise society; its maximum motional activity create civilization; then suddenly, as a liquid boils, the force volatilizes, an invisible evolution has taken place; individuality releases itself, passes into a higher form of activity, and material civilization, like a mud crust from which the informing steam has escaped, falls in."

The ego, in its advance, is fated never to find self-satisfaction as it escapes from the mass; it seeks its own gratification in whatever guise this may be, as a priest-king, or a monk, or a philosopher, but having accomplished its desire, it finds that all has turned to "gall and wormwood." This leads either to a complete immediate collapse or else to a form of deferred collapse, either salvationism as exemplified in the Abelaid, or Apocalypticism in the Jews under the Romans.

(Continued on page 88)

WOMAN IN HOMESPUN

By LEO KENNEDY

*There was a woman—so the tale begins—
Who lived for thirty years with scarce a friend
On three harsh acres open to the hills.
The land was hers by an inheritance,
And she lived for eight long years alone
Plucking her sustenance from stubborn ground.
And she was wry and arid in her soul
Through years of dumb communion with her self.*

I

And always before lilacs she could feel
An indefinable tension; she surmised
The advent of the small impulsive throats
That let a lyric have its will of them.
The trembling of tamaracks, and sweet
Confusion of frail aspen hands, and water
Murmuring underground, and perishing snow
Distressed her with their message as before.
She thought of how the fields would look, when tall
Grass grew there, falling over like a wave
Of breaking water; closely set with spikes
Of arrogant purple weed; and how the heads
Of golden rod and marjoram would top
The sombre crests of crow weed; and how sorrel
Would spread its crimson stems beneath the dank
Mould of dead leaves in woods that had no path.

There were four changes to the year, but each
Brought no change to this woman; every change
Was but an aspect of the secret earth's
Conspiracy against her, clothed in new
Yet too-familiar vesture—and her thought
Continued to a sequel she had thrust
Away from her with nervous strength before,
But now should meet—and welcome—

There was yet
One gesture for her wrist's smooth turn, one cool
Departure she might take before her mind—
Stretched tight like a drum's parchment—split across,
And the frail wraith passed wailing from its dull
Receptacle of flesh.

She could not bear
The constant thought of madness closing down
Upon her, and she laughed to know that soon
Fear and despair would go—as she would go.

II

One night she poured some water in a cup,
And then fine powder, till a heavy cloud
Formed in the cup and settled; then she drank
In one long draught the price of her release.
Her throat pricked curiously, and that was all.

Lilacs would show again beside the wall,
And form brave clumps in hedges; daffodils
Would nod and courtesie in the passing wind,
Or stand up sparse and tall upon the world;
Willows would sway; frail aspen hands would swoon.
Time would go on without a pause; the hours
Heap one upon another with the same
Persistence; days grow into weeks—months—years
Of careful suffering—only she would not
Be here to watch the lilacs burst and bloom.

Poplars would cry at night and strain beneath
The stinging lash of rain, or lean against
A moon's serene wan marble; wind would move
Over the narrow orchards bearing fresh
Scent of pale apple blossom; wind would pass
Shouting down rutted lanes to leap across
Hollows and leaf-filled ditches—God!
What had she done that she must stun herself to these.

Blackbirds would gabble where the larches threw
Fantastic shadows on deep moving pools
Of yellow sunlight, and where dog-wood sprayed,
Sobbing their threnodies amid the shrill
Abuse of jays, from foolish lifted throats—
Late blackbirds pouring song into the soft
Seclusion of the twilight time, and she
Not there to hear—not anywhere to hear—

What had she done that she must put away
The rapture and the loveliness, the smell
Of rain-wet lilac, and the shouting birds!
What had she done that she must go into
The moist black soil, and lie beneath a stone!
She had not thought to feel the earth grow near
And merge into herself; it was too small
A place, too close, too intimate and dear.
She felt that she might hold it all within
A warm embrace as one would hold a child
To cherish it—

Dear God to leave it now!

She hurried through the doorway, stumbled down
The front yard path, and swayed against the gate . . .
The painted cloths of night about her house
Muffled the frenzy in her brain; the ground
Shifted beneath her feet that numbed like stone.
She clung to the wood palings of the fence
That leapt out of the dark to her support;
She beat her hands against the stakes and choked
The soul back in her breast, with every nerve
Screaming against the agony that tore
Through throat and vitals . . . Christ!
Was there such pain on Calvary, when three were
crucified!

Wave after wave of flame surged down and closed
Over her consciousness; licking with tongues
Of white-hot steel at that grey shrivelled thing
Inside her skull; each nerve thread stretched out taut,
Shrieked of its agony without respite.
A blade of crimson seared its way across
Her sight, and darkness dropped again. It seemed
A whip thong lashed from the split sky—or was
It no external force—did brains scald of
Their own volition; change in writhing flame
To powdered fibrous embers—

Christ! the pain
Was liquid, passing down into her bones!

The gate slipped from her grasp; she fell and lay
In rain wet stubble . . . and the tide rolled back.

—Life was the precious gift—and blackbirds called
From clumps of swaying lilacs—and the wind
Bore down the strength of grass—and crooked rain
Scratched from the twilight to the early dawn;
Water sang underground and snow made pools
For the light feet of children—and the draught
Had pricked her throat as needles prick a hand—
She would go back again and walk among
Bright growing things, and draw her penance out
Until the final breath, and she would love
Harsh stone and sandy acre—
Then she died.

*Silence lay heavily upon that place.
No whippoorwill demurred; no little fox
Barked at his hunting; no late cricket shrilled.
Night was a fitting shroud, and there were more
Candles than one might count, fragile and white.*

TWO PICTURES

By FRANCIS L. McNAUGHTON

I AM called and doomed, you see, to describe" writes Maxim Gorki somewhere, and I am afraid that like him, I must be content with description. You see, we medical people get into the habit of observing and describing human things, with our own personal feelings kept out as much as possible for fear of distorting the truth. The artist, say, or the writer of plays, is observing too, but he is very much himself all the time. It's a different kind of truth we get from them.

So if you want wisdom or great generalizations, look not for them here. I must merely describe two pictures which have come to me as I wander leisurely "through the wilderness of this life"—curious pictures they are, and possibly changed somewhat from the originals; but that is because they have been broken down and rebuilt, passed through the metabolic pro-

cesses of my body. These two pictures have clung together probably because both concern that creature woman, or perhaps because there is really no earthly reason why they should cling together.

Follow me first to a busy Flemish seaport on a hot day in June. As strangers in an old land, we wander along the quays looking at the ships, and remark on the great horses which pull the drays along the waterfront. Chance leads us along a narrow side street, cobbled, and lined with mediaeval Flemish houses with those charming step-up gables. We are on the "Rue des Anguilles," the Street of the Eels.

A large ugly woman sits outside one of the doorways on an old rocker, reading. As we pass by and marvel at her ugliness, she looks at us with a blank expression, inclines her head very slightly to one side, and winks with that eye. The whole motion is per-

formed coldly, mechanically. We are on the street of the "Femmes d'amour!" On the street ahead of us, beside each open doorway sits a similar large ugly woman, on a large rocker, seemingly busy reading. As we pass each and gaze curiously, there is the same cruel stare, the slight inclination of the head, the slight wink towards the doorway. No more; not a word is spoken.

We pick our way along the street of would-be Sirens and stumble through a dark passage way under the old Guildhall of the Butchers, where several other women lurk in the shadows. On the other side, the street is sunny again, and we climb several steps into an upper street, passing other women who sit outside the little shops—waiting. As we go by the last one, we see ahead—a Calvary, (one of those done in the flamboyant Baroque style, so common here),—a plump Christ gazing down placidly from his cross. The features can hardly be made out by now, after all these centuries of neglect, but he looks almost comfortable! John still kneels in tears, and the Mother is wringing her hands with grief for the son above who seems to have forgotten her. We pass the last woman, she too gives the "sign" and laughs at us. Then we turn the corner by the Calvary, and almost trip over a group of children playing together and laughing. A canary is singing in a cage in one of the upper windows, and there are bright flowers on the window-sills—

The second picture takes us across the Ocean and far into the Canadian West, where European peasants are struggling to make a living in a new country. It is early morning of an autumn day, in the time of wheat cutting. What a relief to breathe the air here, and look at early morning colour in this new land, after the hot stuffy days in the Flanders seaport!

I lead, and we turn off the trail and stop at a little mud cottage. There is a light in the window although it is very early for people to be up. We must hurry or we shall be too late. A man meets us at the door and we go in without a word. He seems glad we have come. The room is bare except for the table, cupboard, and two iron beds. In the far bed a little boy lies asleep, and in this bed near the door is a woman, writhing and groaning. She is a Polish woman, she is "in labour" and we have come to see her through safely. The man hurries about, splitting wood for the fire, and getting hot water. Somebody else hangs about the doorway outside, awkwardly.

As dawn is breaking, and the time has come, we prepare the bed. The sleeping lad of six in the other bed is wakened, and hustled outside, still half asleep and puzzled, rubbing his eyes. Then follow tense moments, anxiety for us and for that man outside the door, anguish for the dark Polish woman. She bears it all with hardly a cry. Then comes the rush and splash, and our baby is born—funny wet purplish thing, squawking and crying in protest, as if it did not want this to happen at all! The woman relaxes now, and sighs with relief that the ordeal is over. "A man child is born into the world." Then the dogs outside begin to bark, the sun shines over the bluffs, and the man by the door comes in. We bathe the wet purplish thing called a baby, now changed miraculously from purple to bright pink, and after a search find an old shirt to wrap it in, and give it to its mother.

These, fellow traveller, are the two pictures I spread for you and for myself. Although I did not realize it, now I see that I have pictured two sides of life, the one cruel, calculating, but fascinating, the other simple, and kindly in contrast, also fascinating. Both are Woman, but one we call "bad" and the other "good" in our human way. There is a tangle of the "good" and the "bad" which probably puzzles you as it does me. But for all its unknown depths life is Let the Moralists ponder further.

D e s e r t i o n

The birds mock me—
The trees point
Their gnarled fingers
At me and laugh
Derisively.
The very flowers
That we loved
To watch sway
In the wind—
Bend away from me.
Why have you taken these—
These that I loved
Away with you too?

T o S. K.

And so I said I loved you. You too
Did not know that you would rue
My surrender. How could I know
That you were a lover of the unattainable?
How foresee that the conquered soul
Would not be sweet but contemptible?
I shall sit on my doorstep—weaving
Gay silver fancies of what might have been,
And pretend to turn my head away at your coming;
But Sorrow's Daughter (Wisdom grown lean)
Has tarried too long. You already know
How soft my breast, how sweet my flesh.
And knowing—you shall pass and go
Nor see—nor care to see—my anguish.

—Mona Weiss.

A t A C h a m b e r C o n c e r t

Who are Music's votaries, where her shrine?
Is this vast temple, dedicate to plush,
Rich hangings and huge murals, this divine,
Or merely barrack-ground for human thrush?
About me tier on tier of torpid men
Unwilling hither dragged to pay the way
Of preening wives—those Upper Ten—
Cast furtive glances bar-wards when they may.
A subtle game, this make-believe-we know,
The studied plaudits, daw-like turn of phrase
To criticise a bass—or piccolo,
Whose lovely lore their interest outstays.
Oblivion take them; why this mock'ry
Of Music's infinite sublimity?

—Frank H. Rand.

THE WATER WAGGON

By G. B. PSHAW

POLITICAL fantasy in one act with no preface,
no prologue, no epilogue, and no interlude.

Dramatis Personae:

1. Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett
2. His conscience.

(When the curtain rises Mr. Bennett is discovered at his desk probing into space with a vacant Einsteinian look in his eyes. An ominous thud on the door brings him back to earth.)

Bennett—Come in.

(*Enter Conscience*)

Oh, I say, this is a surprise. You intrude at the oddest of times, so that one never knows when to expect you. However, be seated, and we'll have our little chat. No, closer . . . right there . . . that's better.

Conscience—Your indulgence overwhelms this poor spirit, Mr. Bennett. Will you condescend to join me in a smoke? (Extends a cigar.)

Ben.—Well, I think so, Mm . . . what's this . . . "Made in Havana." Why, you are well aware that I couldn't smoke any cigar that wasn't made in Canada. You anger me: have you no regard for my feelings?

Con.—But I can't stand Canadian tobacco, it upsets my stomach, it turns me sick.

Ben.—Oh, I see, so a little discomfiture crowds out your patriotism entirely. Think of the thousands upon thousands of men who have bled and died for their country, and here you refuse to undergo that sacrifice . . .

Con.—Oh, all right, have your way about it again, as you always have where I'm concerned. By the way, I just dropped in to congratulate you about that Russian embargo. It was a neat piece of work.

Ben.—Yes, it was a noble thing. Torrents of approval are pouring in from all parts of the country. It's almost making up for the Imperial Conference. The will of the people is behind it: I am only their voice, and their instrument.

Con.—Tut, tut, Mr. Bennett, there is no need for formalities, you know. Let's see, what are the *real* reasons for this ban . . .

Ben.—This country is founded on lines of pure and sound democracy. We tolerate no goods produced by sweated labour, forced labour, or criminal labour, such as exists in Russia. Under communism every man is like a slave—he is told what to do, and when to do it; in Canada every man is his own master. I would rather starve in Canada, a free man, than feast in Russia, a slave!

Con.—Bravo! Mr. Bennett, nobly expressed. Every workman in Canada is his own master. We don't force a man to work do we? Oh no, he is at perfect liberty to starve. What labourer in Canada, or elsewhere for that matter can dictate the terms and circumstances under which he shall work? This quibbling in words . . . Oh, Mr. Prime Minister, please forgive this intrusion. Sometimes I forget myself. What was that you were saying about labour in Russia?

Ben.—Why, I said that the reason we barred certain

goods from Russia is that it has been definitely proven that criminal labour is exploited.

Con.—I have often wondered Mr. Bennett, just how great was this undesirable labour, and just to what extent it affected trade.

Ben.—Its actual influence on the trade matters not, it is the principle that matters.

Con.—Well, Mr. Bennett, it is said that the exploitation of criminal labour is not entirely unknown even in Canada.

Ben.—You lie!

Con.—I don't know how to. What's more no one had compunctions about trading with Russia before the War when it was under the yoke of the Czarist regime. Then we had actual serfdom, virtual slavery, then if ever it was forced labour, and no quibbling about it. Why the sudden spasm of righteousness, Mr. Bennett?

Ben.—Two wrongs do not make a right. If we erred then that is no reason for continuing to err now.

Con.—Ah yes, but all I ask of you, Mr. Bennett, is that you be consistent—in all things. You ban Russian goods because there—and I quote from your official ban—"the standard of living is below any level conceived of in Canada." Have you ever considered the standard of living in Europe? Come to think of it, haven't I often heard say from many platforms, mostly political, that the Canadian standard of living is second to none. Given a few simple premises as these, Mr. Prime Minister, can we not trust your unfailing reason to conduct things to their logical conclusion?

Ben.—Now, listen, if I didn't think you were a well-meaning friend I would have lost my patience with you long ago. Are you naive enough to believe that urgent economic motives were the cause of the ban? Remember that the whole Russian trade amounts to only a few million dollars. Although it has not been expressed officially, perhaps it has even been denied, yet everyone must realize that we have acted on principle. The trouble with you is that you always think of the pocket, that you place that before all other consideration, even your patriotism. This action was the result of high principles, such as the love for justice, liberty, and truth, in short we are not opposed so much to Russia, as to Communism.

Con.—Oh, Mr. Bennett, I am sorry if I have misinterpreted your motives. Sometimes other people make me feel so stupid, you know. Therefore you will forgive me if I ask the significance of this ban in connection with what you have just said.

Ben.—Well, the idea has been well expounded by my friend Sir George Gold, and it is this. The civilized countries of the world must scourge themselves of this drag on humanity, and we hope that Canada has indicated them the way by this example.

Con.—You mean by a general cessation of trade with Russia?

Ben.—Exactly. The nations of the civilized world must build an embargo cordon about Russia, both to save themselves and her.

Con.—I see by the papers that the farmers are raising an awful rumpus about compulsory pools, banks, and other things. What do you think—

Ben.—But why are you running away from this topic about Russia? You want to say something? Out with it!

Con.—Well, all I wanted to remark is that inconsistency in thinking angers me more than anything else.

Ben.—Explain, please.

Con.—Is it not true that you are continually saying that since communism is such an error, both economically, ethically, and morally, that the mass of people even in Russia, shun it instinctively, and that they only suffer it now because it is imposed on them by a dictatorship—

Ben.—Yes, the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Con.—Ah yes, I had forgotten that. And haven't you repeatedly stated that the great mass of the Russian people would voluntarily and gladly throw off the sinister yoke of this dictatorship at the first opportunity? In short, do you not always stress that the Russian people as such are not responsible for communism and all the dire effects which it wreaks upon the world?

Ben.—That is true. The masses in Russia are no more responsible for communism and its subsequent evils, than are the German people, as such, guilty of causing the Great War.

Con.—Hurrah! So you've changed your tune . . . Germany still remembers, to the shame of her former enemies, the horrible embargo placed on her after the war, the starved thousands—

Ben.—There is no doubt about it, a general embargo on Russia would never do. Only the guiltless would suffer. It would only infuriate the already hunger-stricken masses of that country. Humph . . . It is as I always suspected. I fear that more drastic means must be adopted.

Con.—Do you know, Mr. Bennett, it is remarkable how well we two get along together, considering how utterly unlike are our temperaments. You are too much the "man of action" for me, practical, perhaps you would call it . . . I like to think things over now and then.

Ben.—That's just the trouble. People talk, discuss, argue, debate, agree and disagree about the problem, when all we need is a little action and the thing is solved beautifully. You know it just as well as I; the only effective way to deal with Russia and communism is to have all civilized nations band together in an alliance, march into Russia, depose the existing unholy despots, and allow the people to set up a government on lines of pure and sound democracy such as we have here. That would be the simplest way of settling the thing forever.

Con.—Mr. Bennett, you are a bachelor—

Ben.—What occasions this personal remark?

Con.—No offense, Mr. Prime Minister, no offense. I was just going to suggest that the fact that you are a bachelor may be given as an explanation for your lack of knowledge of human make-up. If you really want to do your country a great service, why don't you make it illegal for any but a married man to hold the office of Prime Minister?

Ben.—And what has all this to do with the topic at hand?

Con.—Merely this, Mr. Bennett: here we have a country like Canada fearing the competition of Russian industry,

especially wheat, and we look forward with frank dismay to the success of the Five Year Plan. Through some mysterious process of reasoning we mark the competition unfair, because of their social and economic organization. And so it is proposed that we march into that country and set up a democratic government, such as ours, eh Mr. Bennett?

Ben.—A government founded on lines of pure and sound—

Con.—Yes, yes . . . A government which would grant \$20,000,000.00 for unemployment relief: Bravo! And supposing we are able to affect an alliance between the jealous and antagonistic countries of Europe, we will not escape the usual consequences of war—

Ben.—A certain amount of suffering and sacrifice is inevitable if a principle is to be maintained.

Con.—And then there will be more war debts, and if we are victorious we shall perhaps have the thankless task of collecting an impossible indemnity.

Ben.—What matters, as long as we have achieved our end?

Con.—But what will we have achieved? Do you really suppose that, once they have been inspired by it, the Russians will give up the present Five Year Plan, or not plan other such schemes? Do you suppose that such action would eliminate Russia's competition for Canada or anybody else? Do you hope to bring back the days of the Czar? These things are as clear as daylight, yet some people go about making the most idiotic remarks—

Ben.—Are you referring to me?

Con.—Why, does your conscience trouble you?

Ben.—Phoo! public men forget they have a conscience. But if you think the problem is so simple, what would you do in my place?

Con.—Well, if I had any say in this matter I would change the whole public policy. We must realize that Russia is come into the picture to stay, and we spite no one but ourselves if we do not co-operate with her.

Ben.—You would accept Russia's proposal for a Wheat Conference and her trade proposals?

Con.—Most decidedly. I am surprised that the vast store of economic knowledge which you undoubtedly possess, has not told you before that it is the only sensible thing to do.

Ben.—But it is feared that if we have any such dealings with Russia our people will become contaminated with communism.

Con.—Humph! Our poor people . . . The policies and methods of government as practiced by Mussolini are, I hope, objectionable to most Canadians, yet we do not break off relations with Italy. Trust our staunch and God-fearing countrymen to remain immune to the wiles of communism.

Ben.—Do you know that I have an inward feeling that you have been trying to put something over on me . . .

Con.—Oh really, now it is my turn to be offended, and so I'll take my leave. I'll just collect my cigars . . . say, what's this . . . you've smoked half of that Havana cigar . . . Absent mindedness, no doubt, or perhaps the intensity of the discussion . . . Well, good-day. If you should want me, you always know where I can be found, or do you want me to drop in again soon?

Ben.—Oh, no, no, I shan't need for you quite a while.

Con.—I have no doubt you can do without me . . . Well, so long . . .

(Exit Conscience.)

(Bennett probes once more into space and there leaps into his eyes that vacant Einsteinian look.)

CURTAIN

REVIEWS

COOPER REDIVIVUS

"*The Limestone Tree*", by Joseph Hergesheimer. Longmans Green and Company, Toronto. 386 pages. \$2.50.

A contemporary essayist has remarked that the history of every literature is marked by an increased mastery of the difficult art of simplicity. The first attempts of any people to be consciously literary are always productive of the most elaborate artificiality. It is interesting in this regard to see how far Mr. Hergesheimer has come in his latest novel, *The Limestone Tree*, from the Fenimore Cooper of, say, *The Last of the Mohicans*. The same attachment for the woods of the frontier is implanted in his characters, the moving incidents of that early life rouse in us the same interest, and he paints just as vivid and colorful a scene a hundred years afterwards as did Cooper who was almost contemporary with the life he depicted. But the modern novelist writes better literature because of the simplicity with which he tells his story and makes us acquainted with its persons. Every word he writes has its true validity in the task of describing life and incident, and we do not feel, as we might with Cooper, that the author, in striving to get an effect has achieved an over-effect. His straight-forward style is in pleasant contrast to Cooper's heavy metaphor and tiresome "kenning." We feel that the scene is real and the psychology of the incident faithful. When Nancy chokes Laure we see clearly how and why it was done. The tragedy of her enmity moves us with the penetrating genuineness of real life and we unconsciously approve the way it is presented to us. Cooper would have obscured the incident and intruded on simplicity, with an axe "cleaving the air" and the villain "gnashing his teeth with unbridled rage". The modern reader, conscious that he has heard the expressions before, is either not impressed or else definitely amused. Mr. Hergesheimer achieves pathos to the extent that Cooper reveals bathos, he transcribes life where his forerunner wrote melodrama.

Like the *Leather Stocking Tales*, *The Limestone Tree* is a series of stories strung together on the thread of a single character. In Cooper the character is a man who lives through pioneer, revolutionary, and early war troubles. In Mr. Hergesheimer's story it is the character of a family, traced almost down to the present day. The contemporary novelist here shows his main weakness. In order to compress into one volume the amount of incident Cooper put into six he has to burden his story with too much detail for either he or his reader to keep track of easily. *The Limestone Tree* is never distinct in all its branches even though he gives us a composite picture at the end of the story by means of an improbable dream resume. We are throughout occupied with close-ups

of various members of the family. And their numbers and nomenclature confuse us. As we read, we have to keep in mind that Archelaus is one of the distant cousins and Hymettus only one of the race horses the family owns. A diagram of *The Limestone Tree* would be a useful illustration but that is hardly the work of a novelist. There are several good situations presented in the course of a rambling attempt to show the chances and changes that come to family traits in a century and a half. But at the end you will conclude it is "just a novel", — fortunately a good novel.

F. W. P.

KIPLING AND HIS PUPPY

"*Thy Servant a Dog*," by Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.00.

Mr. Kipling's small booklet, "*Thy Servant a Dog*," is characteristic and admirable. It is sure of a huge success, partly because it is by Mr. Kipling and partly because it is about dogs.

The book is the life-story of a hound from the time he is being walked, up to his death, told by his close friend and admirer, a Scotch terrier called Boots.

If some transmigration of souls had projected Mr. Kipling into the body of Boots, I do not suppose that he could have written a more convincing account of life from a dog's point of view. He has given his book that peculiar blend of mischief and pathos which you find in the eyes of all dogs who have terrier blood.

There is a great deal of the child in dogs. They have the same insatiable curiosity. Surely, due to their very stature, they must magnify the importance of relatively unimportant objects just as children do. Accordingly, Mr. Kipling has evolved a brand-new and peculiarly appropriate dog-jargon to put into the mouth of his bristling scottie,—a sort of baby talk which has the additional appropriateness of sounding exactly like a series of quick, sharp barks.

Here is Boots describing the arrival of a new member in his master's family: "We heard New Peoples talking in Big House. Own People said: 'Angh! Angh!' very small, like cat-pups. Other People said: 'Bye-loe! Bye-loe!' We asked Own Gods to show. We went upstairs to Small House. Adar was giving cup-o-tea to New Peoples, more thick than Adar, which was called 'Nurse'. There was very-small-talk inside kennel-that-rocks. It said: 'Aie! Aie!' We looked in. Adar held collars. It were *very* Small Peoples. It opened its own mouth. But there was no teeth. It waved paw. I kissed. Slippers kissed. New Thick, which is that Nurse, said: 'Well-Mum-I-never!' Both Own Gods sat down by Smallest Peoples and said and said and kissed paw. Smallest Peoples said very loud.

New Thick gave biscuit in a bottle. We tail-thumped on floor, but 'not-for-you-greedies'. We went down to hunt Kitchen Cat."

From the very first paragraph when Boots says, "Please may I come in?" you can't escape taking him into your heart for good. You are drawn straightway into his hectic life. You share with him and his friend Slippers the pleasurable (though precarious) delights of "hunting Kitchen Cat all over garden to Wall," baiting the clumsy bulldog, hunting the "Hen-lady with pups" who "bit Slippers, two times, with her nose, under his eye." There are dust-bins to be opened with one's nose, beautiful smells to be followed, and Biscuit-time to be anticipated.

Scattered through the pages you meet with all of Boots' most intimate acquaintances. There are Master and Missus, and Adar and Vet-Peoples, and Postey and Pleasm-butcher. There is Harry-with-Spade and James-with-Kennel-that-Moves. There is "Kitchen-Cat which runs up Wall," and "that dash-Ben-cur-dog, tied up because he has took meddy."

It is all nonsense of course, and sentimental nonsense, but it is enchanting. And I hope that Mr. Kipling will go on amusing himself with such light diversion. Nothing of this sort will diminish by one inch his considerable literary stature.

Nothing better in the way of dog-diary has come to my watchful notice. It will probably be particularly adored by oldish boys and by men who are unreasonable about dogs.

D.Mc.

GIRLS AT SCHOOL

"*Claudine at School*" by Colette and Willy, Albert & Charles Boni, New York. 297 pp. \$2.50.

Colette is known, in countries outside of France, as the author of "Cheri" and "La Vagabonde". The Claudine series of novels, largely autobiographical and written for the most part in collaboration with her husband, are relatively unknown in translation. The literary partnership, judging by the book at hand, was decidedly successful. That a novel written by a boulevardier, a bonmotist à la Paris of Willy's type, and an emotionally intense woman like Colette, should show essential unity both in structure and handling, is remarkable.

"*Claudine at School*," and for that matter every book in the series, is written in the first person and in a sort of diary form without the ugly and unnecessary date-lines. It relates the story of a sixteen-year-old girl's life at school during the graduating year. The place is a small provincial town in France; the time, the first year of this century. And although thirty years separate us from adolescent Claudine, her figure, because of its life-like presentation and exceptional vividness, still fascinates. There is a remarkably small amount of staleness in the book.

It is quite impossible to sketch the plot of the novel. There is none. "My name is Claudine, I live in Montigny; here I was born, here I probably shall not die." In this easy and charming fashion Claudine begins her story and just in that rambling, sometimes childish manner but nearly always amusing and witty, the narrative proceeds.

With the observational faculty of a painter and the instinctive cleverness of adolescence Claudine pictures

her schoolmates, her teachers and her benevolent but somewhat helpless father, sharply and amusingly. As has become usual by now in books about school-girls, the problem of the "crush" (euphemistic slang) comes up. It is here treated at length and in detail but it is done naturally without either grundyish snickering, or the metaphysical emotionalism which colours the German treatment of the subject.

However, in spite of all the virtues enumerated, the book is not a first-class performance. It lacks artistic harmony and leaves the reader unsatisfied even though royally entertained. As in all the other books by Colette I've read, the male characters are not realized at all. They are all represented as a rather dull set of nincompoops strolling to and fro upon the face of the earth, an inexplicable but necessary evil. Perhaps there is a reason for this caricaturing in the present book owing to the fact that the characters are viewed through the eyes of a sixteen year old girl..

The translation is done very smoothly reproducing as far as possible the individual style which characterizes Colette's work. The illustrations by Mirande add to the humorous element in the book.

R. L.

PROFESSOR WALTER'S MENDELSSOHN

"*Moses Mendelssohn*" by Dr. Hermann Walter, published by Bloch Publishing Co. \$2.00.

Dr. Walter, it seems, has of late been exhuming the Semites in the Walhalla of the Teutons for the purpose of according them, after these many years, a decent burial and a fresh immortality. He began by dissecting and taxidermatising Heine, or what there was left of him after the germs, the worms, and the commentators had opened their mouths; and now he proceeds to Mendelssohn.

About Mendelssohn there are almost as many judgments as there are Jews; even those who know little of him afford themselves the luxury of an opinion. The Reform Jew considers him, erroneously it is true, the founder of his temple; the Orthodox, visiting the sins of the children upon the father, points to his apostate progeny and, unjustly no doubt, spits anathema on his name and the Yiddishist forgets not how Mendelssohn began by criticizing the French of Frederick and ended inevitable climax — by scoffing at the Yiddish of the Polish Jews. Metaphysicians, ambiguously interpreting his contention that man has a simple soul, maintained that his only claim to the title of the "hunch-backed philosopher" was his hunch-back. The angels must have wept at his proof of the existence of God. Aesthetes revile his aesthetics, especially his insistence on the moral and the didactic; and theologians contend that his religious paradoxes are camouflaged contradictions.

To take such an one, fallen upon evil days, and to make an interesting historical and biographical study of him has been the task and the achievement of Dr. Walter. The story of the temperate Mendelssohn of course, could not be as fascinating as that of the temperamental Heine; yet there was in the life of the former a great deal that is both instructive and entrancing.

The Talmudist coming from the Ghetto to Berlin to exchange Maimonides for Wolff; the Jew meeting the German Lessing over a chess-board, the stammerer

insisting on freedom of speech; the German Socrates invited by Lavater, not to drink hemlock, but to dip in the waters of baptism; the translator teaching the biblical patriarchs how to speak grammatical German—all of this is told with an unacademic charm and a popular scholarliness.

Dr. Walter's book differs from most of the treatises on Mendelssohn in that it is not a mere collection of anecdotes but an analytical study of the man and his times. In point of fact, however, it is not really a book on Mendelssohn; it is an inflated essay on the man printed in large type on small pages with wide margins. There is hardly any new contribution to Mendelssohnianna; it is a fine synopsis of a number of essays and treatises on the subject. It can in no way be compared to Dr. Walters' book on Heine which not only gives an excellent biography of the man, but also discusses in a most fascinating way some of the ponderous Heine problems.

The Doctor, to be sure, occasionally slips; the Beth-Ha-Midrash is not a higher school for the study of Talmud; it is a part of the synagogue sometimes utilized for general studies; and Maimon was not the author of the "Guide to the Perplexed" which Mendelssohn is supposed to have read before the age of thirteen; that is, before 1741. The author of this book was Maimonides, Maimuni as Graetz calls him, or Rambam, as he is known in Jewish lore. Maimon, Solomon, was a contemporary of Mendelssohn and was not born until 1753. But then even Homer nods. The important fact to remember about this book is that the reader doesn't, for Dr. Walter, by actual deed, disproves in one fell swoop two popular fallacies—that a professor is boring, and that a learned German is pedantic.

On the whole the book is authentic and easy to read. For the consumption of both the student and the Jew on the street it might run into several editions, the first of which will be recognized by the fact that on page 14 "mead of veneration" is written where "meed of veneration" is meant.

A. M. K.

PRUFROCK OF MONTREAL, QUE.

Twenty-Seven Poems by A. J. M. Smith: The Thyrsus Press: Boston: \$1.50.

A. J. M. Smith, without benefit of trumpets or obtrusive pressagency, has placed a narrow, lavender-bound first book of poems to his credit. It is an act long restrained and overdue, since the poet, as his intimates know, has had the material for a far bulkier volume than the present one under his hands for some two or three years at least. That, however, is not the issue; we are here concerned with a book which represents a most meticulous gleaning from the larger sheaf.

Undoubtedly there are sources. Doctor Donne, the seventeenth century metaphysical poets, and the studied *weltschmerz* of T. S. Eliot whisper and echo from one page or another. The later Yeats, too, has been permitted his fling, though the traces of this poet are faint and few.

What A. J. M. Smith has consciously, or otherwise, borrowed, has been transmuted through the fire of his

own fervent talent into verse that is fair and as brittle as glass, convincingly original, undisputably his own.

Of the twenty-seven poems collected, almost all have been published in magazines at some time or another. They have appeared in such diversified journals as the *Dial*, *Voices*, the *Nation*, the *Commonweal*, the interred and lamented *Canadian Mercury*, and the old *McGill Fortnightly Review*. One or two are actually lyrics resurrected from the older *Literary Supplement*, entirely rewritten, it is true, from the poet's more mature viewpoint.

A. J. M. Smith has adopted the aristocracy of the intellect over the cruder emotions, though sadly conscious of the fact that the integrity of intelligence is not a dominating factor as this world goes. He is aware that the factor he represents must stand aside while the animal stream of living goes brutally and blindly on, carrying away all that it overtakes in a swirling vortex.

A bitter King in anger to be gone
From fawning courtier and doting Queen,
Flung hollow sceptre and gilt crown away
And took a staff and started out alone
And wandered on for many a night and day,
And came, at length, half dead, half mad with
 pain,
Into a solitude of wind and rain,
And slept alone there, so old writers say,
With only his pride for a counterpane.

O kingly One! Divine Unsatisfied!
Grant that I, too, with such an angry heart,
And in simplicity, may turn aside
From any love of fellowship or art
That is not a lying of Pride with Pride,
That is not colder than a rain-wet stone,
Sharper than winds that make the raw face smart,
And has not such a strength in blood and bone
As nerved the Spartan spearman when he died.

His mood elsewhere is entirely aloof; like the Hamlet of some modern Elsinore he sits and juggles sad abstractions. Despair sits at his right hand; the easy tolerance of his generation for those forces for destruction outside of him, sits at his left and contrives some balance. I quote from *Testament*.

It is along the seamed and gnarled
And long-dead river-beds
I take my way—I, molten,
Moulded, hardened into stone

Was it an old poet spoke of wells
And green and grass and juicy trees?
April has the sound of silver bells
Or a certain misremembered voice
Calling to me out of a child's heaven

I'm for the desert and the desolation.
I have kissed my hands to distant trees
And to the girls with pitchers
Waiting at the well,
And I am set upon a pilgrimage
Seeking a more difficult beauty
Unheartened by even the most faint mirage.

I am not I but a generation

Images and terms crowd his poems; images of water and the waste land. Life and death are terms to disport with. Life a thing to be discussed; death a matter to be enjoyed. There is a good collection of epitaphs and mortuary poems, carefully segregated under the subheading of *Gravedigger's Anthology*. The puckish humor of this title is entirely belied by the metaphorical gravity of the poems represented. I quote from *The Shrouding*.

Unravel the curdled cloud,
Wash out the stain of the sun,
Let the winding of your shroud
Be delicately begun.

Bind up the muddy Thames,
Hearken the arrogant worm,
Sew the seams and the hems
With fine thread and firm.

The volume ends on a note of loss:

This is the sheath, the sword drawn;
These are the lips, the Word spoken;
This is Calvary towards dawn;
And this is the third day token—
The opened tomb and the Lord gone:
Something Whole that was broken.

Only twenty-seven poems in all, but each of a subject and artistry that is seldom met with in the work of Canadian writers.

L. K.

EUROPE

(Continued from page 72).

My last days in Europe were spent in Rotterdam, where I had passed my first days. On the day of sailing, I spent a few hours strolling near a great old windmill. It was no longer in active use, and had been left on a square at the head of one of the main avenues, after all the surrounding district had been changed.

As I stepped on a bus which was to take me to the docks, I had a last look at this windmill, with its sails turning lazily in the wind, and thought of all the charm and romance yet to be found.

Half an hour later I was on the freighter. A race of engines, a hauling of ropes, a piercing whistle . . . and I was on my way back to Montreal.

PHILOSOPHIES OF HISTORY

(Continued from page 80).

"Looking at the accumulation and ruin of civilization, the simple belief in material progress can only be interpreted as a series of collapses. With the psycho-

logical interpretation of history we can advance further, and it becomes apparent that social decay is a symptom of the spirit of man volatilizing out of its works, and so we reach the conception that this spirit is always attempting a secular deliverance . . . the only true evolution, the only possible progress, being the evolution of consciousness. Then we can understand history as a whole and see the periodic rise and fall of civilization as that of a yeasty crust of material rising under the urge of an invisible energy and falling back as that energy, having raised the swollen mass to rupture, escapes—only to gather again under the crust and again to raise it."

The "ego" reaches its efflorescence in the Renaissance period. For the individual qua individual no scruples exist, no morality fetters, no conventions constrain, and in this period he is pure intellect, unfeeling, unmoved by outside considerations. This explains the cruelty of the Renaissance. But the sense of frustration attacks the individual and Cesare Borgia is succeeded by Hamlet, who epitomizes the period. Humanism is followed by Humanitarianism. The higher intellectual is succeeded by the lower emotional individual who feels passionately an interest in the welfare of man. This coincides with the rise of the Men of Science who display impersonality. This foreshadows the future. The distinction between subject and object, a result of the rise of the "I", is becoming lost; impersonality is the key-note of the future.

Individuality is but a phase in the history of life. The Superconscious person will arise, and this implies a form of collectivity.

In tracing the evolution of history as the spatialization in Time of the gradually developing individual, Mr. Heard will find few to quarrel with him. There may be differences as to periods but undoubtedly there remains the undisputed fact of individuality becoming more and more pre-eminent. But at a moment when the individual is triumphant, to say that he is to vanish and that, upon such controversial evidence as telepathy, he seems to make an egregious blunder. The economist and sociologist would assent to the prognostication that we are becoming more collective-minded. But it does not thereby follow that individuality is to be dispensed with. Rather let us say, that the "ego" will have its energies socially channelized so that it may yield the maximum of benefit with the minimum of friction.

Moreover, Heard overlooks the close connection that exists between economic means and the expression of individuality. He tends to minimize economic determinism as seen in his quoted extracts.

Both attempts at discovering an Aladdin's lamp to uncover the purpose of History, if any, while intellectually stimulating, nevertheless seem to show that we are still entreating the genius of Time who holds the key to History in the words of the Chorus in Oedipus Tyrannus; "Eipe moi, O chrusseas teknon Elpidos, Ambrote Phama." "Speak to us, O child of golden Hope, Immortal Voice."