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THE McGILLIAD

Vol. II, No. 5 April, 1931

The Brahmans

R. O. BUELL

Proust the Idealist

A. S. N.

Darkness Falls

A SHORT STORY

O. MARY HILL

Other Stories, Poems and Articles by:

A. F. MACKENZIE, K. N. CAMERON, LEO KENNEDY, A. M. KLEIN, RUTH DOW, IRVING LAZARRE, D.L., G.W.L., R.F.D., F.W.P., R.L.

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EDITORIAL

HE reader will remember that last month we drew attention to the need for Students' Council control of the "McGilliad." And now we are happy to announce that the Students' Council has approved our recommendation, and has definitely taken the journal under its jurisdiction. The "McGilliad" is now a legal student activity, resting on a basis of sound and lasting security. We predict that it should in this way arouse still greater interest, and attract a still greater number of adherents. We have been told by most of the intelligent students of our acquaintance that the "McGilliad" is one of the best things "that has happened on the Campus." This the reader may justifiably call immodest, but we hasten to add that we do not claim any credit for its importance. The journal is of importance by its very presence; it calls forth interest by its very appearance. And the responsibility for this lies with last year's Arts Undergraduate Executive. We believe that future members of this Faculty will have reason to be proud of the interest displayed by their Executives of 1929-30 and of 1930-31; and that the University as a whole will have reason to be proud of its Arts Faculty. Commendation is also due the members of the Students' Council for their prompt recognition of the need and importance of this cultural activity, and for their unanimous support. Such an attitude, we believe, speaks well for the McGill Student body, and is indicative of the cultural interest which does exist even though it may be altogether inadequate as yet.

The work on the "McGilliad" was most pleasant indeed, and the editors leave their work with a great deal of regret. They hope they have served the magazine with sufficient enthusiasm, and they thank each other most lavishly for their individual efforts . . . This same generosity and consideration characterized their work throughout the year, and enabled them to derive a great deal of pleasure from their relation with the journal and with each other. There is only one message that the editors would leave with the Student Body: If you desire your next year's Board to accomplish great things in the administration of the Magazine, please give them your cooperation and support. Write often and much; send your contributions early; in short, remember that the editors require manuscripts in order to print the magazine. If the students respond in this manner there is reason to believe that the "McGilliad" may become one of the better national magazines. We haven't many of them.

There is one sordid question which editorial dignity would well like to avoid, but the situation is too serious. A great many of the subscribers to the "McGilliad" have overlooked paying their fee. The Executive hoped it might be possible to collect these moneys through the caution money; but the bursar's office couldn't see its way clear to do anything this year. It is, therefore, up to the individual students to pay their arrears without fail before the session is over. The obligations of printing and other costs must be met before the session is ended, and we feel certain that no student would wilfully jeopardize the good name of our university and of the student body by defaulting payment. The matter is serious, and this appeal is made with all sincerity. We hope that the subscribers will realize the seriousness of the situation and will respond accordingly.

* * *

In accordance with the change in the administration of the "McGilliad," next year's Editor-in-Chief will be a law student. The retiring Board is very happy to announce that *Mr. Alastair Watt has been appointed editor for the coming session.* We have no hesitation whatever in declaring that there are few students as capable of taking charge of the magazine as Mr. Watt, and fewer still who have evinced such interest in the publication. It was largely due to the efforts of Mr. Watt as President of the Arts Undergraduate Society that the journal was started, and we feel certain that Mr. Watt will not neglect one iota of the work necessary to make the "McGilliad" a magazine of outstanding significance. We wish him good fortune in his work, and a great deal of enjoyment from his connection with the magazine.

Proust the Idealist

By A. S. N.

IT will soon be nine years since the death of Marcel Proust. During the period between November, 1922, and today, his reputation has been spreading steadily. "Rising" is hardly the exact word here, for from the very beginning of Proust's literary fame there have been some who have rated him with the highest. A broadening-out, however, there has certainly been. The remarkable Scott-Moncrieff translation, which has made Proust accessible to the millions of English readers, has seen to that; and to it there must be added versions in almost every European language.

The average educated person now knows that about 1906 Marcel Proust, a comparatively wealthy and highly cultivated young Frenchman of Jewish descent, left the salon life that up to then had been the breath of his nostrils to begin a monumental series of novels, "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu." Although he had the blessings of money and leisure, his work was accomplished under fearful difficulties. Tortured by asthma, unable to endure the outside air, a victim to chronic insomnia, filled with morbid fears and inhibitions, he none the less, by sheer devotion to his task, won his way through; by 1913, when not a line of the series had been published, the whole was ready in a first draught. In that year, the first two volumes, "Du Côté de Chez Swann," appeared at Paris, to be almost universally neglected, or called formless and obscure.

The war interrupted publication of the series, and Proust, debarred by his health from military service, used the time to compose a sequel, "Le Temps Retrouvé." In 1919, two more volumes came out, under the title "A L'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs." This time, the public reception was different, and Proust's reputation as a novelist was established. He was awarded the Goncourt Prize in the face of keen competition. "Le Côté de Guermantes" followed in 1920-21. Next year, after completing the first draught of "Le Temps Retrouvé," and finally revising the remaining manuscript of "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," Proust died. His goal had been reached. At intervals during the next five years, the volumes which filled out the series were published, "Le Temps Retrouvé" capping it in 1927.

So brilliant and so merciless in their satire are the pictures of fashionable society painted by Proust, particularly in the last part of "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," that to speak of him as pre-eminently or even prominently an idealist may seem ridiculous. I am convinced that any such impression must disappear after a careful reading of "Le Temps Retrouvé," which in more ways than one is the key to the whole construction. Proust is an idealist; his series of novels is intended to exalt the ideal; and if numberless minutely-described scenes in it suggest the work of the realist, that is because we read and classify carelessly. For Proust, analysis must precede synthesis. He dissects society to show the absence of a soul; then he finds that mysterious, all powerful spirit within himself.

To read through this colossal work from "Swann" to "Le Temps Retrouvé" is a notable artistic experience. Only so can one come to a full realization of how perfectly it has been constructed and interrelated as cunningly as the most elaborate musical composition. The parallel between Proust's manner of writing and music has frequently been drawn, and it is inevitable. The appearance of the theme "Time" in the very first sentence of "Du Côté de Chez Swann" and the very last of "Le Temps Retrouvé"; the disquisitions on various aspects of this subject which keep finding their way, at appropriate moments, yet often with a slight, pleasurable surprise for the reader, into the life-story of the imaginary narrator; the almost incredibly skilful weaving together of the strands of character, which fall apart only to be brought into new combinations—all these suggest the fugue or the symphony, anything but the orderly exposition of a "piece bien faite." Once the parallel is granted, much that has previously been puzzling in the novel is classified. Now we understand the strange, rambling abrupt introduction to the first volume, which brings before us, in an at first maddeningly casual way, all the main subjects dealt with in the subsequent ones, underlining a few, sketching some, barely hinting at others. How many of those early passages we are to remember later, with a sudden overwhelming recognition of their true significance, only half guessed at the time they were read!

Not only, then, does Proust take "remembrance of things past" as his theme, but enjoyment of his story is largely dependent upon an exercise of the memory. You get as much pleasure out of comparing preceding pages with the one before you as you do out of it alone. In fact, the savour of some of the best of Proust lies in these mental additions. What would Robert de Saint-Loup, Gilberte Swann, the Baron de Charlus, the enigmatical Albertine herself, what would any of these be if we relied, for our conception of the character, upon an acquaintance with one or two volumes? It is in his ability to show that each is in reality four or five persons and yet to make such an agglomeration convincing that Proust's genius is displayed. These men and women develop to an extent unknown in the novel before his time; they change their groupings, their likes and dislikes, their professions of faith and their unspoken but easily-divined way of thought. Charlus, perhaps the finest of them all, and certainly one of the greatest figures in European fiction of our day, is a triumphant vindication of the method; at the outset a merely repulsive mixture of masculine and feminine, he gradually wins our understanding, if not our sympathy, and when near the end of the series we leave him, old and broken and sunk lower than ever, it is with regret. As for Albertine, only after she is dead and gone do we reach a realization of the evil depths in her character and of the completeness of the deception she practised on the narrator. "Disparue" from the external world, she lives on in his mind for a while, a maddening memory. And some of the saddest lines in the book

describe how with the passage of time this conscious recollection, too, faded out, and he could think of her almost as of a complete stranger.

The conclusion is very nearly this: that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. The material of life is indifferent. We make of it our graven images; they break, and we are no nearer reality. Seek for satisfaction, for happiness, outside yourself, and it will be torn from your clutch, be that as strong as it may. The characters of Proust's gallery, each in his or her own way, bear this message on their foreheads. Swann, with Odette, for whom he ruined his career; Charlus with his lovers, who detest him; the narrator, first with Gilberte, then Albertine,—everyone suffers disappointment.

There is, however, a striking exception. All are not let groping empty-handed in the dust. Those who have lived for art—Elstir, the painter, and Bergotte, the novelist, for instance—are exempt from the curse. They in their creations have caught and momentarily held reality. To their company we find, in the last volume, the narrator joining himself, with the realization that so far he has wasted his life for completion of the masterpiece he intends to write.

No one, I think, who has read his way through the earlier volumes, can approach without a heightening of the pulses this passage in "Le Temps Retrouvé": in it Proust tells us, with many repetitions and coilings back upon himself, as his manner is, how the sense of reality was finally driven home to him, and how he formed the resolution to compose his marvellous series.

Returning, weary and prematurely old, from a sanatorium, to which he had retired after the death of Albertine, the narrator has gone to call on the Princess de Guermantes. On the way, startled by a cab, he staggers, and finds himself with one foot on the sidewalk and one in the street. The sensation brings back, at a flash, the uneven pavement of the Piazza San Marco, and Venice in her glory is recreated for him at that instant as no amount of conscious recollection had been able to recreate her. Linking this experience up with others of the same order he recognizes that at such points he has had cognizance of a life where the gnawing tooth of time can be defied, a life of the pure spirit, immortal and ageless. But the good moments pass, and the conscious will seems powerless to recall them. What can he do to win for them a permanent existence? The answer is: write a book. He must go down into the very abysses of his own personality and dredge up the mysterious entity that had only gleamed at the surface in the evanescent "re-livings" of the past. The task is an enormously difficult one, so difficult that, as Proust says, authors in former days have gone to almost any amount of trouble to evade it — "Que de tâches n'assume-t-on pas pour éviter celle-là." No defence can be proffered by the true artist, however, for refusing to attempt a task merely because of its difficulty; excuses after all, are but tricks of the intellect, and he is guided by something more profound. "Instinct dictates the duty and the intelligence furnishes pretexts for evading it. Only, excuses have no part to play in Art, intentions do not count in it; the artist must hearken at every moment to his instinct, and as a result Art is the most real thing in the world, the most austere school of life, and the True Last Judgment."

By producing a work of art enshrining forever the experiences of his life, and in particular those fleeting glimpses of an existence beyond time, neither in the past nor in the present, the narrator rids himself of the immediate fear of death and extinction. Forthwith, however, he is seized with other fears. He is now well on in middle-age, and very weak. Will he find time to complete the work? He grudges even the slightest diversion from his self-appointed task; the very visits of friends are stealing his precious hours. "The artist who renounces an hour of work for an hour's chat with a friend knows that he is sacrificing a reality for something that does not exist."

So we leave him, grieving at the inadequacy of his equipment and tortured by the thought that his impulse to create has come too late to result in anything, but grimly determined to spend his nights and days in dedication to his art. "For the writer," he says, "who wishes to show the most utterly-opposed aspects of each character, to make of him as it were a solid, must prepare his book minutely, with perpetual regroupings of forces as if for an offensive, must bear it as a fatigue, accept it as a rule, construct it as a church, follow it as a way of life, overcome it like an obstacle, win it like a friendship, nourish it like a child, create it like a world, without passing over those mysteries which probably have their explanation only in other worlds than ours, and the presentiment of which is the thing that moves us most in life and in art."

The remarkable thing is that this fanatical, this quasi-maniacal pursuit of the ideal, is an accurate description of the novelist's own method. Just such was Proust's attitude to novel-writing. His book was his constant companion; he poured into it all the strength he had left; and he died as he completed the final volume. The effort, he felt, was well spent, for was he not seizing in words that inner life which for so long had eluded and baffled him? All that had gone before was rightly called "wasted time." In it he had striven to grasp an ideal, a happiness, that lay outside him. The heartless frivolities of salon life, the remorseless march of old age, above all the treachery of "Albertine," had taught him the folly of this. The ideal was something to be sought in himself. Unconsciously he had held communion with it, in the mysterious glimpses that had given him such rapture. He now dedicated himself to bodying it forth as an artistic creation. His contact with the Eternal would be an aesthetic one.

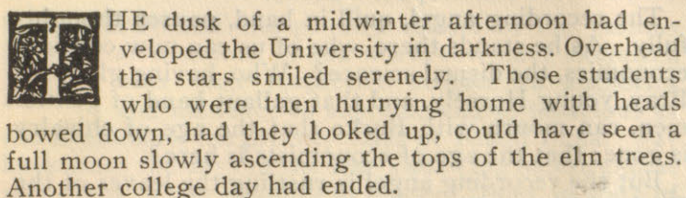
Thus, for Proust, Art, with its processes, plays the part played in most lives by Religion, with its cult. Nothing could be less like the "naturalistic" writing and its accurate depiction of externals for their own sake. As Proust himself complained, he is said, because he wrote at great length, to have used a microscope on life, whereas he has really used a telescope, bringing into our field of vision "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

He sobbed into his hands and said,
In life, great Father,
I was a vulgar little free verse poet
Writing of the subconscious,—
But a Voice said mildly,
Son, there was Bliss Carman.

—B. C.

Dismal Scientists

By A. F. MACKENZIE



THE dusk of a midwinter afternoon had enveloped the University in darkness. Overhead the stars smiled serenely. Those students who were then hurrying home with heads bowed down, had they looked up, could have seen a full moon slowly ascending the tops of the elm trees. Another college day had ended.

That recording angel who keeps the records of the lives of men might well have paused to smile as it noted the events of the day of the individuals forming the University and assessed their value for the judgment of God. The smile might well have developed into gentle laughter as he examined those professors of economics, who were then dispersing together with the students, to enjoy a well-merited repose.

Now the Department of Economics, and its inevitable twin brother, Political Science, was at the University second to none on the continent. Not being heavily endowed by wealthy men with decided ideas on subjects financial, it could not perhaps devote all its time to justify a particular brand of economic expediency. It had, alas, to content itself with merely searching for the truth of things, which, as any business man worth his hire will tell you, is, in this progressive era, regrettable.

We must, however, station ourselves in front of the University should we desire to see that interesting pageant which was then unfolding itself before the laughing eyes of the recording angel.

Striding down the campus walk, there looms up a huge, bulky mass, which on closer observation appears to be a man, encased in a long brown coat, fringed with squirrel fur, sedately manoeuvring a walking stick in rhythm with his immense body. His face, deeply lined, is set off by a fierce moustache, and topped with that type of luxurious grey hair, which one associates with the leader of a philharmonic orchestra. Such men as this must have led the ancient legions of Rome into battle. But no mere centurion of a hundred "wops" is this colossus. It is the well known figure of Dr. Bray, Professor of Economics at the University.

Every inch a man, well can he afford to smile down indulgently on lesser men from the majesty of his six foot three (in bare feet). In the class room, ponderous, slow, he yet possesses such dignity that none but the boldest question his pronouncements, delivered to the class, as a messenger of the Czar might have given an Imperial ukase to some mongol Khan of the Eastern Gobi. He has learned that the best way to forestall his being asked irritating questions, is himself to turn inquisitioner. Consequently students squirm in his class wondering whom next. Decidedly no quarter for a quiet nap! A confirmed British free trader, the nastiness of France in amassing gold, which England might well use, quite exasperates him. A world that cannot humbly acknowledge Britain's superior financial wisdom, he cannot understand.

His brow, as we observe him, is contracted in thought. Some solution to the world's gold question, you ask? No, nothing so trivial. He is meditating on whether he can get a second piece of that lemon pie he likes so well, for supper.

But come, who is that well dressed figure bearing down on us with measured tread. Clothed in that smart grey coat, he carries on his head a Fedora whose brim is completely turned down in the fashion which every man thinks he can wear, but, alas so few can. Under the hat rests a tanned, handsome face equipped with a firm mouth and penetrating eyes. The mouth, we observe, turns down at the corners, and the face, though pleasant, leaves one with the impression that here is a man who has seen life, in its full checkered career. No doubt, the subject of our interest, is some powerful tycoon, or a wealthy stock broker. No, this is Dr. Dumdum, a professor of economics.

Well known is his kindly figure to the students, his gentle Socratic manner, his philosophic cynicism. In argument impregnable, woe betide the rash student, who tries to confound him with some controversial point. From the smoke of battle, he is apt to emerge, sure that he has been repulsed, but, like a rejected suitor, wistfully wondering how. The broad tolerance of Dumdum harbors the belief that students have, behind their sleepy blinking eyes, original ideas. Led on by this futile will-o'-the-wisp, the lecture hour is often thrown open to discussion. And then what a shambles! Opinion after opinion falling incoherently from the trembling lips of the students, original in naught save vagueness.

Profoundly interested in politics, Dumdum will often let drop, with the ingenuous air of a child, telling that which it has been warned not to, some such startling revelation as that politics are crooked, or that the people, that magnificent symbol of modern democracy, are sometimes misled by ambitious men. "But you must not quote me," he hastily adds. Nobody ever does.

But Dumdum has already passed to mingle himself in the larger stream pulsating past the University gates.

Before our gazing eyes there now appears a little bounding piece of humanity, in evident hurry. Sharp protruding features, an inquisitive nose jutting out over a small bushy moustache proclaim a nervous, energetic personality. None other than young Horsely, most recent acquisition of the Department, intent on catching Dr. Bray, whose immense bulk is even now, silhouetted against the street lamp post, before he is swallowed up in the great world beyond the campus gates. What a picture! The poodle and the mastiff; the jackal following in the tracks of the lion. Some small destroyer following in the wake of one of His Brittanic Majesty's superdreadnaughts on patrol in the North Sea.

No shallow product of a North American education is young Horsely. He has imbibed deep from the cup of learning. In fact, so easily did he take the hurdles of a local education, that he was sent perforce to the Old World, where he promptly soaked up, in the course

of three years, all that is best in an ancient culture. And this young phenomenon is now brushing past us, embodying the youthful vigor of the western hemisphere, together with the wisdom of an older society. Indeed we are fortunate, in the company of the recording angel, to thus observe this felicitous spectacle, even for so fleeting a moment.

Young, inquisitive, energetic, he is a believer in enlightened socialism, whatever that may mean. No nonsense of established property, emblem of senile conservatism, for young Horsely. Humanity must learn to entrust its future to the hands of those most fit to govern, or more simply, to men of the stamp of young Horsely himself. What more splendid goal than to have 200 arguing men settle the destiny of humanity. In comparison, what a drab spectacle is presented by rival lines of field grey and khaki clothed men, battling for an ideal.

But the figure of young Horsely has already disappeared into the night, and no less a personage than the Head of the Department, Dr. Freemock, himself, is moving into our view.

A man held in world-wide esteem, he is by far the most interesting figure in the human parade that marches before our eyes. An expression of contemplative thought erases the gentle mockery from the eyes of the recording angel.

There he is walking slowly past us, his head bowed in thought, an amused, perhaps ironic smile on his lips, his eyes fixed on the pavement in abstract meditation. A head, whose dominant notes are strength, intelligence and humor; strength is written by life on few faces of living men, an abundance of that humor which must form the essential characteristic of the destiny which governs or plays with mortal lives. In possession of a name that outshines those of most men now living, never has he presumed to declare himself as carrying a message for his age. Amongst the welter of lectures, advocates of new theories, drawing-room Buddhists, men with missions, which now afflict the modern world, Dr. Freemock has never proposed a solution for the woes of a distracted humanity. If no man can see life clearly, Dr. Freemock has seen it whole, if, of necessity, dimly.

Familiar is his figure, clad in tattered gown, in the class room. Stimulating his lectures, delivered often dogmatically, always interestingly. As he himself is wont to remark, if one is not dogmatic, one finds oneself quickly lost in a wilderness of barren speculation. Not content with confining himself to economics, he observes and discusses the conflicting tides of emotion which sway the souls of men. What he loses as an economist, he gains as a man.

Possessed of a fondness for the tradition of English individual liberty, he appears to harbor a wistful admiration for a bygone age, a philosophic doubt of the present, no matter how sweepingly he dismisses the past by vigorously pronouncing what concerns us is "Here and now, hic et nunc."

An author of many books, one cannot enter a book store without being admonished by advertisements to "Roar with Freemock." But even Dr. Freemock's slow stride has now carried him past us, and with him the last member of the Department of Economics. But wait. Where is young Prof. Mash, the Statistical Expert of the Department? Ah, is not that he in the little lighted room of the building on our left, wrestling with the existing business cycle (latest pupil of Terpsichore), the devious contortions of which are so elusive. If, as is claimed, the trade cycle is a product of statistics, Mash will find it, no matter how slippery; for is he not an economic expert, an High Priest of statistical magic, direct descendant of those Mediaeval alchemists, who devoted their lives to the search of the Philosopher's Stone.

The recording angel, quill in hand, pauses thoughtfully. As he stands there, who of us can now consider economics, the dismal science? Who. having glimpsed Bray, young Horsely, and that gallant band of gentlemen, can mourn with Burke that the age of chivalry is gone; that the age of economists is here?

But the recording angel is rustling the leaves of the Book of Time. The daily records of a university, and even such an important branch as the Department of Economics, forms but a minute fragment in the annals of mankind and the recording angel having writ, turns the page and moves on.

I am left alone, slowly to trudge away in the footsteps of those eminent gentlemen.

First Love

Having felt *my* fingers in your hair,
And *my* curled lips upon your lips,
Whoever's fingers linger there,
Or whose warm mouth above you dips,
Or whose lithe arm about you slips,
Will be, each time and every time,
Mocking mirrorings of mine.

This moon-proud brow and these brown eyes
Shall loom and pierce you like a lance
Whoever's heart beside you cries
For yielding of that troubled glance
That broke beneath my arrogance,
And every opiate kiss shall bring
Cold phantoms of remembering.

And each hot breath that breathes upon
Your mouth in easing of desire
Shall be one breath and only one:
That first fanned up the sleeping pyre
Of love and whirled it into fire;
And every trembling lovers-word,
Dead echoes of a voice once heard.

K. N. Cameron

Intimations of Immortality

My hair constrains the velvet feet
Of moles, whose swift surmise
Beneath indifference of grass
Breeds honeyed enterprise;
And lips that blanched with sorrowing
For one departed head
Now frame the constant bitter-sweet
Shrill laughter of the dead.
Bid grief withhold its pliant dole;
Bid charity conclude
Its dubious hymnal over bones
Too long misunderstood.

Leo Kennedy.

The Brahmans

By R. OOLHAGASAGARAM BUELL

AMONGST the priestly classes of the various civilizations of the world few have exercised over their respective peoples an authority and influence so supreme and so tenacious as the Brahmans, the priestly class of Hindu India. Far back from the days of the Rig-Veda (the oldest extant scriptures of the Hindus) to modern times, in spite of the Buddhist revolt, the fierce assault of Islam and the more potent and subtle inroads of Western civilization the Brahman has wielded his power not by such adventitious aids as money, or physical violence, but by sheer force of intellect and of consummate tact. For better and for worse he has supremely influenced India's life and thought. It is true that the forces of modernism are proving rather strong even for him, but in the villages of interior India his citadels are still holding out. How was such power secured and maintained? The socio-religious system, known as Hinduism, provided the Brahman with the opportunities, and his shrewd insight and ability exploited them to the uttermost to establish his ascendancy.

We shall proceed to observe how the religious elements of this system made it possible for the Brahman to secure dominance. The priesthood of a country is the product of the peculiar genius of its people. Its influence and prestige are to a great extent, in their initial stages at least, dependent upon the spontaneous regard and loyalty of the people to whom it ministers. A clever and scheming priesthood will, upon the foundation of a natural inclination to venerate things and men religious, build up for themselves an authority so absolute and arbitrary as will in subsequent years compel obedience and even submission. The incorrigibly religious temperament of the Indian people—a cause of their strength and weakness—has been an excellent basis for the establishment of sacerdotal sway. It was not the early Aryan settlers who brought to India this aptitude for religion. Before their arrival the Dravidians, who had preceded the Aryans, had succumbed to this environment and had evolved a religion predominating in magic and polytheism. The majestic Himalayas, the noble rivers, the vast dense forests, the extreme heat and monsoon deluges, the famines, hurricanes and pestilences all combined to produce feelings of mystery, fear and wonder—the causes of the origin and continuance of religion. The Pre-Aryan inhabitants of India peopled its mountains, caves and forests with gods and demons. The Aryans followed suit and placed the seats of their gods on the Himalayan peaks. To this day, to millions of orthodox Hindus, their paradise (Kailas) is somewhere on those snowy, undefiled Himalayan peaks; and the ice-caves, where their "sacred" rivers take their rise, are places of pilgrimage. The Aryans ,when they came and settled in the plains of North India had a few gods, the elements, sun, wind and rain, whom they had brought from the simpler, freer atmosphere of the wide central Asian steppes. Within a short time the influence of environment and contact with the Dravidians made them increase the number of their gods which now included not merely the bright and shining ones but also the dark and mysterious ones.

The original Aryan worship was simple; it consisted of an offering to the gods accompanied by the chanting of a few verses of sonorous Sanskrit hymns. The paterfamilias could perform this worship easily without any special training or qualifications. As the Aryan settlers moved southwards towards the Gangetic valley, the development of their civilization made itself felt most strongly in the sphere of religion. A complex ritual displaced the simple ceremony conducted by paterfamilias. This ritual required the officiation of specially trained priests, who gradually became a more or less distinct professional class looked up to by the rest of the community. The priests in turn endeavoured to elaborate the ritual and develop the theology of the vedic religion, thus making it more imposing and less simple. Such a development was advantageous to their own interests, for it led to their own exaltation.

According to the Rig-Veda the functions of the priests were the composition of prayers, the conduct of the ritual of sacrifice, and proficiency in the arts of healing by drugs and magic spells. The prayers of the priests were desired by princes when going to battle. Great though the power of the priest was, he did not yet claim that he could compel the gods to grant the wishes of his people. He could only, with all his costly sacrifices and an intricate ritual, coax them to accede to his wishes. He was nothing but a supplicant of the mighty gods, who were simply more accessible to him than to the rest of the community.

In the Brahmanas period, when we enter upon the sacerdotal epoch—Hinduism had begun to supplant the simpler vedic religion of the Ancient Aryans. The Brahmanas are prose commentaries on the collected vedic texts. They were composed to elucidate the meaning and ritual of these texts and were gradually themselves regarded as revealed Scriptures. With the increasing elaboration and extension of the sacrificial system the priests were not content to be mere supplicants of the gods and merely to wheedle them into granting their petitions. In this period the sacrifice was a ceremony of great intricacy and mystery, but its faithful and punctilious performance could wrest the desired boons from the most adamant of gods. As it was impossible for the layman to perform this highly intricate ceremony of sacrifice the priest was all in all. He was the mediator between the gods and mortals. To most people their goodwill or displeasure was a matter of greater concern than the favour of the gods. Fees paid to them were almost as capable of securing benefits as oblations offered to the gods on the distant and inaccessible Himalayan peaks. Wherever they went they were hospitably treated; costly gifts were showered on them.

Apart from sacrifices for individuals the priests began to institute great sacrifices of state importance, such as the Horse (an assertion of imperial authority) and the Coronation sacrifices. The intricacy and gorgeousness of the ritual of these sacrifices as well as their tremendous significance for the king and his subjects greatly exalted priestly prestige and secured for them special privileges. The priests were not to be censured nor punished. If a priest were slain for any crime by the king a costly horse-sacrifice had to be offered in expiation. In civil cases after a show of trial the decision was invariably in their favour. Should the king assign any portion of his territory it was understood that the property of the priests was to be always exempted. In short, the priests were exempt from all civil and criminal jurisdiction of the state. They might, as a matter of courtesy, acknowledge the power and authority of the king, but their allegiance was to a higher power, the god Soma. At every coronation ceremony, when a king was proclaimed ruler of the state, Soma was declared to the king of the priests. At this period the priesthood is said to have become hereditary. The high privileges accorded them were bound to result in their making their profession a close preserve for themselves and their sons.

Thus far I have refrained from calling Hindu priests Brahmans, the name by which they are so well known and which they received about this time. The word Brahman in the neuter gender means the universal or supreme Soul. Originally it meant a magical spell, a formula which will compel the gods to grant the sacrificer's petition. In the Rig-Veda it is a mysterious power to be evoked by the utterance of certain texts, chants and sacrifices. The masculine form of the word Brahman means a priest, one who praises the gods, one who utters prayers. The term Brahman was not at the outset the generic name for the Hindu priest that it has now become. It was the name of one of the sixteen classes of priests, who were the supreme and final authority in matters of the ritual of the sacrifice. The Brahman was learned in all the sacred lore. He was skilful in composing and in uttering prayers. He was supposed to be a healer of diseases. In matters secular, as the chaplain of the king, his counsel and prayers were invaluable for the prosperity and security of the state. Thus from the period of the Brahmanas literature the other classes of priests recede into the background and the Brahman comes into prominence, not only as the highest but also as the only priest.

During this Sacredotal period the Atharva-Veda, known as the fourth Veda, was compiled by the Brahmans. This is the complete manual of magical practices which had to be mastered by the Brahman and which in turn contributed greatly to his supremacy. The ritual of the sacrifice had been so greatly elaborated that there was a likelihood of some errors or omissions being made. The hymns of the Atharva Veda consisted of charms and incantations which were uttered by the Brahmans during each sacrifice and were considered most important for its success as they make up for any oversight or blunder in the performance of the very intricate ritual. Later, faith in the power of the gods was supplanted by that in the efficacy of magic to secure results. This reveals the shrewdness of the Brahmins to adjust themselves to each new situation as it arose and thus maintain their ascendancy. Fusion with the Dravidians who were highly skilled in magic gradually influenced the mass of the people of Aryan stock to have increasing faith in magical practices. The Brahmans, realizing this, collected and systematized these magical rites and acquired such proficiency in performing them as to make their agency even in this sphere indispensable. Thus they became more important than the spells and charms. "The centre of gravity has been shifted so far as meritorious conduct is concerned from the worship of gods to the giving of presents, of food and of honour to the Brahmans." (McKenzie's "Hindu Ethics"). All benefits such as success in war, in business, and in love, could be obtained not by hard work but by means of mysterious and occult powers.

The sacrifice itself is no longer an offering to the gods, but something that has power in itself. It compels the gods to grant rewards. The following quotation shows that sacrifce has itself become akin to magic. "The sacrifice is regarded as the means for attaining power over this and the other world, over visible as well as invisible beings, animate as well as inanimate creatures. *Who knows its proper application and has it duly performed is in fact looked upon as the real master of the world;* for any desire he may entertain, if it be even the most ambitious can be gratified, any object he has in view can be obtained by means of it." (Quoted from Hang's Aitareya Brahmana, vol. 1, p. 73). This passage indicates the declining importance of the gods and the usurpation of their place by the sacrifice. The importance of the sacrifice would necessarily raise the status and influence of the priests.

The Brahmins did not confine themselves merely to the composition and interpretation of hymns and the organization of the ritual of sacrifice; they devoted their splendid powers to the cultivation of the sciences and the fine arts. They developed a noble language and a grammar that is considered a classic. In mathematics, the industry and subtility of their minds bore rich fruit. Their most famed contribution, however, was in the sphere of philosophy, for in metaphysics, especially, the Hindu mind revels. With such a record up to 480 B.C. it was natural that they should undertake the education of the young men of the three principal classes of the community, viz., Brahmans, Kshattriya (princes and nobles) and vaisyas (the traders and middle classes in general). From early times the training of young priests was carried on by the Brahmans, but now (in period ending 480 B.C.) the system of education of youths of the three classes was enlarged and better regularized. All students had to reside with their teacher during the entire period of their course. In the case of the Brahman student the discipline was more rigid and exacting than in the case of others. Besides acquiring knowledge of literary and philosophical subjects he had, by vigorous discipline, to form habits of personal cleanliness, of an ascetic simplicity of life, of concentration (yoga) and of regular private worship. The keynote of his education was the acquisition of self-control, for unless he learned to control himself, how could he expect to exercise religious sway over the great masses of his countrymen? The following quotation from the Laws of Manu will show the kind of discipline the Brahman student had to undergo. "A student residing with his teacher should daily control his sense, worship the gods, offer libations to them, as well as to the sages and manes, and place fuel on the sacred fire. He should avoid honey, meat,

perfume and garlands. He should eat in silence, contented and without greed. He should keep away from women, from everything sweet that has turned acid. He should do no injury to any living creature. He should use neither shoes nor umbrellas. He should not dance or sing or play. He should refrain from anger, covetousness and evil desires; from gambling, falsehood and idle talk. He should always sleep alone and conserve his manhood."

The education of young Kshattriyas (princes and nobility) and vaisyas (mercantile class) was also undertaken and monopolized by the Brahmans. None but Brahmans might teach and train these young men. This was an excellent means of winning and retraining the respect of the Kshattriya and vaisya classes. These students also lived with their Brahman teachers. They paid him no fees but rendered any personal services required. After the termination of their period of study each student brought to his teacher a present. The giving of the present did not, however, terminate the obligation; that lasted till the death of either, and a teacher was entitled to call upon his students for any assistance or service he might require. The students were taught to consider it a religious duty to be ever grateful to their teachers and gladly perform any service required. In the Hindu epic, the Mahabharata, instances are given of how readily Kshattriya princes waged war to avenge any insults or wrongs done to their teachers.

The following passage from the Laws of Manu states some of the duties of the student to his teacher. "A student must always remain standing in the presence of his teacher until he obtains permission to sit down. He must always refer to the teacher, even when absent, in respectful language, and should he hear anything said in his dispraise, even though it be true, he must close his ears and depart at once. A student who criticizes his teacher, however true his words may be, will in his next birth be born an ass. When the wife of his teacher belongs to the same caste, he shall give her the same respect as her husband receives. But he must not wash her feet or dress her hair. Nor may he clasp her feet unless she is old." The sons and daughters and other relatives of the teacher were also to be respected. If for nearly twelve years each Kshattriya and vaisya student paid even a fraction of such respect to his teacher and his family who were Brahmans one can understand how great must be the authority of this class over the whole community.

There lay a bigger field for informal education as the Aryans kept on moving southwards. The non-Aryans were to be Aryanized or Hinduized. The Dravidians amongst the non-Aryans had a civilization of their own, not inferior in many respects to that of the Aryans. Their religion, in spite of some crude elements, was satisfying to them. In Hinduising them the Brahman, unlike the modern European missionary, showed real tact. He did not condemn their gods, as wood and stone, nor did he try to proselytize them by flaunting the superiority of his own creed. He allowed them to retain their gods and creeds. Hinduism has never been dogmatic in its theology. It has allowed an amazing latitude for diversity of beliefs and creeds. The Brahman helped to elaborate and systematize the rites of the non-Aryans; after admitting some of their priests into his class he quietly assumed the religious leadership of these new peoples. The non-Aryans acquiesced gladly; they even welcomed the Aryan gods into their pantheon. To have Brahmin priests and such of their own as were Brahminized officiate at their worship was rather flattering to their vanity. This conquest, on the whole, by peaceful means, was not merely religious but also cultural. The life and thought of the non-Aryans was both enriched and quickened. The inclusion of the non-Aryans into the Hindu fold tremendously increased the prestige and authority of the Brahmins for they paid him greater respect than even the Aryans. To this day, the Brahmin wields the greatest power in South India in spite of the anti-Brahmin movement started there.

The rise of Buddhism, a faith simpler and more ethical than Hinduism, threatened Brahmanical supremacy, for it drew away most of the Hindus into

(*Continued on page* 108).

Dance

We left the highway and honking cars
And entered a wood whose leaves were stars
Huddled and chanting in midnight host;
Where each gaunt tree was a pirate ghost
Swinging white scimetars under the moon
With a swishing, rollicking, sea-dog tune;
And each spry plant and dewfired grass
Danced with a madness that would not pass,
Danced like red-heeled witches at widdershins,
Danced like mischievous Catshill manikins;
And the pirate tune and starleaves' croon
Seized our blood like a winemad moon.
The goblin grass with its comical prance
Forced our feet to the whirl of a dance
And a fury thirled our brain like a lance;
And we whirled and danced, and danced and whirled
Till the old earth shook and the sky unfurled
Like a Saracen banner with diamonds dight
Flashed in the frenzied hands of the night:
Earth and sky and trees and all
Joined in that magical midnight ball.
And you danced east and I danced west
And both whirled together with a terrible zest
And neither of us thought for a moment of rest
Till our hearts' pound-pound and heads spinning round
Sent us down dizzy like tops to the ground;
You looked very funny, and said I did too,
So we laughed and laughed, and that comical crew
Of goblin grass with eyes of dew
Chuckled to see us reel and stagger
Till an old beech tree, with the queerest swagger,
Tried to look both sober and staid again,
Tried to look like a prim old maid again.
And all the trees and starleaves too
And the goblin grass with eyes of dew
Grew quite ashamed, grew very haughty
With the dignity of children who have just been naughty.
We looked at each other and looked round the wood,
Still very merry with the racing of our blood.
What a night! What a night! Shall we have such another
With the earth for our sister and sky for our brother?

—K. N. Cameron.

POEM

by

ABRAHAM M. KLEIN

EXORCIS

The tongue has faltered. I
Scattered the essence, th'i
The ghouls return to fruc
And pandemonium again is

The circle broken; bird-fe
Within the dust upon the
On hallowed midnights m
Wholly discomfited; the t

The mispronouncement of
Conclusive renders the go
Alas, the hesitancy in the
The stutter in the tetragra

ISM VAIN

Hence, revoked the demons,

h'incantation futile,

nctify their lemans;

is motile . . . .

feet traced but slightly

book-shelves; magic

murmured eruditely

eerror tragic,

of the syllable

good deed undone—

e call,

grammaton . . . .

DECORATION

by

GERALD L. GOODSTONE

Darkness Falls

By O. MARY HILL

ANN LORIMER, clutching the square of white paper in her hand, moved slowly towards the window. Yes—it was the same; the green lawn, the reaches of blue water glimpsed beyond, the hawthorn trees just breaking into blossom. Incredible that it should be the same—incredible that it had not changed at the approach of death. Death!—she thought of the room above, heard again that sickening thud, saw her father's still, white face. Involuntarily she shivered, and as if to assure herself of the reality of it all, gazed at the paper in her hand.

"DIED—Suddenly, in this city, June 14th, Peter Grant Lorimer, beloved husband of Mary Ryan, in his 50th year."

Two hours ago life had been an adventure, now it was an ordeal. Ann leaned her head upon her hand; gazed into space. They had done what they could; her mother's low moans had been stilled in sleep; the doctor had gone; even the notice for the newspaper had been written; there was nothing to do now but sit alone in that strange, unearthly silence and understand what it meant. She felt as though an icy hand had touched her, robbing her of power to think or feel; her thoughts were trivial and her life was not yet Sorrow, but Darkness. She looked across at Uncle Leslie, finding some comfort in his silence. "I always knew," she said as they watched the sun go down behind the trees, "that something awful would happen when the hawthorn bloomed . . . . it's too lovely; and life makes one pay . . . . for loveliness. Oh God! why should he die . . . I'm afraid of death . . . I can't imagine people dead! Oh that awful moment when I saw him lying there . . . . I could only think ,all at once, of what Dad meant to me—the tramps we'd had together, the trips we planned, the talks we had . . . . just for a moment, and now I don't want to remember any more. I wonder, was he afraid of death? I told him once that the only prayer I ever prayed in my heart was this: 'Deliver us from the fear of death.' He smiled and quoted Shakespeare—'it seems to me most strange that men should fear'—but I can't help wondering whether he meant it,—were you afraid? Uncle Leslie, he's not dead, he was too wise and good . . . . he's not . . . . Oh God, you can't—I won't—it's not true!"

There was a dull sound of sobbing; the paper, torn into bits, fluttered slowly onto the floor.

* * *

Mr. Leslie Hamilton laid down the paper and fell to polishing his spectacles with a hand that trembled visibly. A man of scarcely fifty, his face was deeply lined, and his eyes were tired.

"There's a fine article on Peter in this 'Tribune,' Jane," he said to his wife, who was seated near him sewing. "Traces his whole career, and speaks of the fine work that he was doing for education in this province. He's a loss to the province, Jane, but it's not of that I've been thinking, but of Mrs. Lorimer and Ann. Jane," his voice suddenly shook—"I keep remembering what little Ann said to me this afternoon. We did all that we could, and Ann helped with everything—even wrote the notice for the paper. Afterwards I sat with her for a while, and she talked in that dull, monotonous tone that we all use when dreadful things happen. When I was leaving she came across the room to me, looking suddenly grown up, and said, 'Don't stay away too long . . . . it's my first time . . . . alone.' It's not my first time alone, but I feel it as much."

"Poor Ann—it was all so sudden. You haven't told me much about it, Leslie, but if you'd rather not talk of it—"

"I'm like Ann, I must put all my jumbled thoughts into words—I must talk of it. And it would be better for you to know before you see poor Mollie. Well—Peter came home from the office, explained to Mollie that he was a little tired, and went to his room to rest. Half an hour later, Ann, who was studying near, heard a muffled thud. She rushed in to find Peter lying on the floor, unconscious, with his hand on his heart. She called the servants, and ran to get her mother, but before Mollie could drag herself to Peter's side, he was dead . . . . The next hour was horrible—and that child Ann helped me all through—got the doctor, stayed with her mother until she slept . . . . went here and there.

"It was easier then, Jane, for all its horror. There was so much to do, and I was thinking of Mollie and Ann . . . . now I'm beginning to realize what Peter's death will mean to me. Why should a man in the prime of life be taken and the useless fry left? It's an old question, but as I looked at Peter, I asked it again . . . . he had so much to give. Then I thought of all our days together—fishing trips . . . . hikes . . . . hearing him talk of Ann . . . . listening to him joking with Mollie of the days when they would be old cripples together . . . . Peter will never be that—

"And then—working together . . . . the days when we planned the new school . . . . the fight we had to get the money for it . . . . Peter's grim determination . . . . how he laughed while I raged . . . . I've remembered all sorts of trifles this afternoon, and I've tried to keep my mind on them, to save me from darker thoughts. He was a good man, Jane—I went through some of his papers . . . . everything clear, ready, as though he feared. . . . . Life won't be the same without Peter . . . oh, there will be a sunrise and a sunset . . . . there will be some talk of his death, and then life will settle down again, and people will forget Peter. Jane, I think I'll give up business soon . . . . I don't want to go on with Peter's work." . . . .

* * *

"Good morning, Susie," said Mrs. Motherwell pleasantly to her charwoman, who was scrubbing the floor.

"Morning, mum," answered Susie in a subdued voice.

"You're rather late today," Mrs. Motherwell continued in brisk tones, "and there is so much to be

done—the front room to clean, the windows to wash, and the silver needs a polish."

"Yes, Ma'am, sorry I wuz late, but I wuz feeling kind of bad."

"Why, Susie, what is the matter—are any of the children sick?"

"Oh no, ma'am," answered Susie, sitting back on her heels, "Mr. Lorimer died last night, sudden-like, and I felt awful. I used to work for him, you know ma'am, and he wuz an awful nice man."

"Lorimer?" queried Mrs. Motherwell, "what Lorimer is that, Susie—where do they live? I haven't read the paper yet this morning."

"Well, missis, they lives on Eagle Ave., and Mr. Lorimer, he done have something to do 'bout the schools, 'cause once he put my boy Jamie back when he wuz fired out. My, but he wuz a nice man. He died sudden, too. I wuz a-hearing 'bout it from Mrs. Greene; she works for the lady next door, and wuz a-hanging clothes out on the line when it all happened. Mrs. Greene says—"

"Wait a minute, Susie, surely you don't mean Dr. Peter Lorimer, the educational director? He's a very well-known man."

"Yes'm, that's the man. You see, Mrs. Lorimer, she's all crippled—and his name's Peter, 'cause she wuz always a-talking about her Peter; he used to carry her around like she wuz a little kid. Gosh he wuz a nice man. Why, every time he saw me he'd say, 'Hello, Susie, how are all the family?' Bless you if he didn't know all their names—even Florabelle, and her only going on three months! An' at Christmas, he'd give me a big fat turkey, and lots of toys for the kids, and when I'd say 'Thank you, sir,' he'd smile slow and answer, 'That's all right, Susie, have a good Christmas.'"

"Well, well, he must have been a kind-hearted man. I only remember meeting him once, but I've never seen Mrs. Lorimer. She's a cripple; his death must have been an awful shock to her. How did it all happen—had he been ill?"

(*Continued on next page*).

GEESE *By J. Gershovitch*

(*Continued from page* 101).

"No ma'am, but he worked awful hard, and I used to think that he looked tired. Well, Mrs. Greene told me, Miss Ann, she's 'bout twenty, and pretty—heard her Pa fall, and when she got to him, there he wuz, on the floor, half dead. I reckon she won't forget that for a while. She wuz terrible fond of her father—used to talk about him kind of proud. He died afore the doctor come, and Mrs. Lorimer, she wuz took bad, and the doctor had to stay with her—Mrs. Greene says that the missis has got a weak heart too, but I guess it's only her gossip."

"It's very sad, Susie; I know you must feel badly; but you'll not make it any better by thinking about it all day. Be careful to scrub well under the stove, and hurry."

"Yes'm, I'll try, but I jes' can't help thinking 'bout that poor man. The funeral's on Thursday, in the morning—I'd kinda like to go. I got a black hat from Mrs. Greene what she's not using—have you got an old black dress? It'll be a swell funeral . . . . maybe I'll take the kids . . . . poor man. I always kind of worried 'bout my heart, too . . . . "

* * *

The Hon. George Granger seated himself at his desk, put on his silver-rimmed spectacles, picked an imaginary speck off his trousers, and addressed himself to work. As a prominent politician, the Hon. George felt it incumbent on him to do everything with dignity. The silence was rudely interrupted; the door opened, and in rushed Mr. Justin Scott, literally tearing his hair. "Did you see," he shouted, "what's happened? It's a hell of a mess!" And Mr. Scott handed his chief a marked paper, then stood gazing at his bald head. The Hon. George took up the paper leisurely (Justin was really too violent) and read slowly—

"Died—Suddenly, in this city, June 14th, Peter Grant Lorimer, beloved husband of Mary Ryan, in his 50th year."

The paper fell from his hand; he looked across at his campaign manager. "It's a devil of a mix-up," said Justin, gloomily. "Two weeks before the election, the old fool dies, and leaves us to make an important government appointment—has to be made at once, and good-bye to us if we pick the wrong person! We'll lose votes on it anyway—the cohorts are gathering already—half the city will be after the job. Lorimer never did do things the way any ordinary sensible man would—always had new ideas—even about dying."

His companion looked at him with sympathy. "Extraordinary thing, Justin, I was talking to the man only two days ago about the plans for another new school. Lorimer wasn't a wonderful man—rather too quiet for my taste—but he gave us very little trouble. I often wonder"—he placed the tips of his fingers together—"whether modern life isn't—"

"Good God, Granger," Justin shouted at him, and started up impatiently, "quit that talk—don't you see how important this is! We'll have to lay our plans at once. Look at all the men who'll be hanging on us for the job—Charlie Steele and his gang—they were peeved years ago when Lorimer was appointed, and Charlie's been sticking around and praying for Lorimer to die ever since: there's old Timothy Smart; he's in his dotage, but he'll have a try for it—and the whole damn crowd will be around my neck! Just when the campaign was going reasonably well. Heart attack or not, why did that infernal ass die two weeks before an election!"

* * *

"Well," said Dr. Blair, setting down his bag, and choosing a cool corner of the verandah, "I've found a house."

His young wife looked up with excited eyes. "The right sort for a rising country doctor?" she asked impishly.

"Exactly," answered her husband. "It's quite large—a separate wing for an office, large verandah, garden, a lovely view, and I should get it for quite a low price. Heard about it today from old Grant, the real estate man—he came running after me to tell me all about it."

"It's not too far away?"

"No, it's on the Marysville road, about eight miles from here. It's a fine place—I've passed it often, but never dreamed of its being for sale. Grant told me that he had just heard of the owner's death, and he imagines that it will be sold at once. He is writing to the executors tomorrow. He told me who the man was—lived in the city, and came here sometimes in the summer, because it was his old home. I can't recall the name, but Grant seemed to think that he was quite a man"

"I believe I know," said his wife, "Mrs. Harvey, next door, was telling me while she was waiting for you this afternoon—you know how she loves to gossip! It's a Dr. Lorimer—"

"Lorimer, that's the name! What did Mrs. Harvey say about him?"

"She used to know him when he was a boy. She said he was a clever man, and did awfully well for himself—got to be educational director, whatever that is."

"He was only fifty, Grant says, and died very suddenly of a heart attack, worn out with the worry, probably. When I'm a prominent specialist, Alice, I'll invent a cure for over-worked executives. Well, it's a good house, and I hope they decide to sell. I wouldn't wish anyone ill-luck, but if the man had to die, thank God he left the house I've been looking for!"

* * *

Far across Canada, the Vancouver "Tribune" was just going to press. Reporters were busy pounding typewriters, while an excited city editor tried to hurry everyone at once, and snatched the stories page by page from the typewriters.

"Half a column yet to fill," he shouted—"who's got a decent story? What's that—educational director for Quebec dead—who the hell is he? Here's a story about someone's pet cat—shove it in—and for God's sake hurry!"

Anguish

The moon
Is sudden grief
Across a star-pricked sky.
It is an interjection, crying
O! . . . .

—A. M. K.

Intermission

Ethel McNaughton

"When A Man Dies—"

By RUTH DOW

SOME scientists tell us they see no reason why life should not go on forever. Several of the lower forms of life openly practice a worldly immortality with protoplasm similar in every respect to ours. Why, then, should our human machines not function indefinitely? On the other hand, why should they? It is obvious that they do not. "Early or late they stoop to fate and must give up their lingering breath." As far back as we can probe into the past, it has been so; we may reasonably expect the future to show a certain leaning towards the past. Wave after wave of humanity rolls on, dashes its crisping ripple on the beach and then, recedes, fades into the parent stream.

When a man dies, he is dead. Do not seek the subtlety hidden in these words. You will never find it, for there is none. I merely mean that the problem of immortality does not concern me at the moment. "Whence we come and whither we go," a fascinating problem for philosophers, must here give place to what the immortal part—if there is any such—is inconsiderate enough to leave behind, when it wings its way into Elysian fields. If we were made of the stuff of time, we should simply disappear like the Old Year giving place to the New—which would be infinitely more convenient. Instead of that, we make our presence very much felt even though we are "departed." We stay behind even though people may say in sepulchral tones that we have "gone before." It is our final kick at humanity that we say we are sorry, we simply cannot stay and yet we linger like an unwanted guest.

An involuntary shudder runs down my spine when someone talks about John Smith's "remains." There is something sinister, icy-cold-gripping-at-the-heart about the word. Yet if I step on my fountain pen, no such feeling assails me when some one mentions the "remains." A little regretfully I look at them—warmly, when I think of how many exams. they have pulled me through—and sadly, when I think of the $4.00 I must spend on a new pen whose touch will be unfamiliar. My feelings when someone mentions the remains of a chicken or the remains of a feast vary directly as the quantity of remains, but never are unpleasant. It is only when the word becomes related to the human family that it assumes its horrifying qualities. My first impulse is to start a movement for the suppression of this particular use of the word "remains," but second thoughts hold me back. So many people seem to get such a solemn joy out of it, I would be the last to spoil legitimate pleasure. You can imagine them, deprived of their favourite expression, groping about in sad bewilderment for some adequate substitute. They would probably invent something as bad if not worse. Better to leave them with their first love.

Having disposed of the deceased (another barbarous word) either in a $1,000.00 coffin or by cremation, the mourning "friends and relations" erect a tombstone to his loving memory and proceed to forget him. Great masses of marble and granite, ponderous and sombre, testify that such a man once trod the earth and has long since passed from mortal ken. Frequently a burying-ground, old and neglected, becomes peopled with ghosts, a place seldom to be visited in daylight and never after dark. Chains are supposed to be heard clanking on the ankles of the miserable spirit-walkers and deeds too terrible to be mentioned are performed in the accursed spot. I have visited a few such graveyards. In each it seemed as if the world had come to a stand-still. A strange, breathless hush enshrouded everything; the curse of the living had fallen on the place of the dead.

Men write curious things on grave-stones sometimes. Some unknown impulse, some freakish whim, makes them dare to be unorthodox amid the orthodox "in loving memories." One stone in a haunted graveyard bears the following inscription (translated from the native language):

"Remember man as you pass by
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, so will you lie;
Remember man that you must die."

This pleasant little homily wastes its sweetness on the desert air. And the motive that prompted it? There's the rub—motives . . . .

Everyone knows of Stevenson's death in Samoa, his burial on the heights of Mount Vaea, and his Requiem. Exultant in its tone, what a contrast it is to poor Paul Scarron's Epitaphe:

"Celui qui cy maintenant dort
Fit plus de pitié que d'envie
Et souffrit mille fois la mort
Avant que de perdre la vie.
Passant, ne fais ici de bruit
Et garde bien qu'il ne s'éveille,
Car voici la première nuit
Que le pauve Scarron sommeille."

* * *

And you, when you die—as like as not you will—are you to be buried and have a tomb-stone to your loving memory? Or are you to be cremated and scattered to the four winds of heaven? Perhaps you prefer to leave the responsibility to those who will be there as you will be unavoidably absent. And I,—oh well, by that time someone may have discovered how to disappear gracefully without leaving a trace behind.

Easter Morning

Each pale Christ stirring underground
Splits the brown casket of its root,
Wherefrom the teeming soil upthrusts
A narrow pointed shoot—

And bones long quiet under frost
Rejoice as bells precipitate
The wild ecstatic sundering—
The hour inviolate.

This Man of April walks again —
Such marvel does the time allow—
With laughter in his blessed bones,
And lilies on his brow.

Leo Kennedy.

REVIEWS

THE CLASS STRUGGLE

"Dynamite: The Story of Class Violence in America," by Louis Adamic; The Viking Press, New York, 452 pp.; $3.50.

Ever since the publication of the "Communist Manifesto" in 1848 there has been an enormous amount of theoretical controversy as to the extent and the acuteness of the class struggle. But a great number of individuals, who were concerned less with the theoretical discussions, and more with their daily scramble for a crumb of bread, paid no attention to all this mental wrangling, and went ahead warring with those who were determined to limit the size of the crumb. While class-rooms, lecture-halls and printing presses were full of affirmations and denials, the war between the haves and the have-nots proceeded with cruelty and bitterness on both sides. The story of this struggle is a fascinating one, the value to sociological understanding cannot be overestimated, and Mr. Adamic has written a book which places this all-important social phenomenon of our system in a clear and definite light. The importance of such a book becomes still more evident when it is remembered that this struggle is by no means ended, and that it promises well to continue until there is an entire change in the system; a change which will do away with the dependence of the greatest mass of the people upon the whims of a few; which will place the workers more as human beings and less as mere commodities; which will leave no room for "frame-ups," gangsterism, racketeering and the like.

In this book the writer traces, with meticulous detail, the story of the struggle between the workers and their bosses. Beginning with the very introduction of industrial enterprise in the United States, the writer leads the reader through the entire development to the present day. From the moral objections of Miss Frances Wright at the beginning of the nineteenth century, we are taken through the adventures of the Molly Maguires, the complications of the Haymarket Affair, the activities of the Wobblies, the details of the explosion of the Los Angeles Times, the Sacco and Vanzetti scandal, and the Mooney-Billings frame-up. Everything is told in a graphic and absorbing manner; every statement carries with it the air of authenticity; every assertion is supported by voluminous quotations and proof. Without being personally acquainted with any of the incidents detailed, we nevertheless do not hesitate a moment to assert that the book is beyond any doubt authentic, its information reliable, its sweep comprehensive and thoroughly satisfactory. Anyone who has studied the history of the American Labour Movement at all must be impressed with the intimate knowledge of the Labour disputes and policies which Mr. Adamic displays.

In a short little preface Mr. Adamic frankly admits that his sympathies are with the have-nots; but this really does not prevent him from treating the doings of some of the American unions with the necessary censorship. Where Mr. Adamic may be accused of partiality is in his oft-repeated and frequently-emphasized assertion that the violence which Labour has undoubtedly employed in a large number of cases was called forth by the treatment of the industrial bosses. But it does not require any sympathizer of Labour or the workers to make such a statement. This must be obvious to all except to the most reactionary. The industrialists in the United States as well as in most capitalist countries have the police, the army, the court, the politicians at their beck and call,—and, what is more important, they use them indiscriminately and without consideration or justice. What is the worker to do when he is pitted against such powers?—"Dynamite, that's the Stuff!" It's violence answering violence; and if in any human war there ever was offender and offended, then the class war is a paramount example. We may not like it, we may regret it. But no sentimental moralist could possibly regret it more than the great mass of the workers. Theirs is a war of despair; the industrialists wage a war of greed. Which is the guilty party the human conscience indicates? This is the message, expressed and unexpressed, which Mr. Adamic has to bring to the reader, a message which is fraught with meaning; fraught with significance to the future of our society.

D .L.

THE COVERED WAGGON

"American Caravan IV;" edited by Alfrd Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, and Paul Rosenfeld. The Macaulay Co., New York: $5.00.

"American Caravan IV" has just been published under the distinguished editorship of Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford and Paul Rosenfeld, and with a dedication to the late D. H. Lawrence, "lover of the American soil." This fourth appearance would indicate that the "Caravan" has become an established institution, and that it must respond to a very definitely felt want. Unfortunately, it is a huge ponderous tome of nearly six hundred pages and with exhibits of the work of forty authors. Experiment proves that there is no human posture attainable in which it can be read with physical comfort. Intense desire to get at the contents enables a reader to overcome material resistance, comparable only to barbed-wire entanglements.

There has been much in these books that no student of the contemporary scene could afford to neglect. Presumably, the origin of the "Caravan" was the belief that it would be desirable to present to a section of the public various kinds of experimental work that could not be carried along in the ordinary channels of

publication and that were deserving of greater permanence than the pages of freak magazines promised. In this respect the "Caravan" fulfilled its purpose, and its promoters are deserving of gratitude.

The present volume does not impress one so strongly by its novelty as its predecessors did. The explanation is that much that seemed novel a few years ago has now gained recognition. It is also true that the "Caravan" apparently continues to move in the same direction in which it started. In looking over "Notes on Contributors" one is struck by the large number in this volume who have also contributed to the earlier ones. The influence of Hemingway and Eliot may not be as potent as heretofore, though their names occur over and over again in the critical articles. But in the main the tricks are the same that we have grown accustomed to. One shrinks from the suspicion that the editors are inhospitable to other types of experiment than their own.

Of peculiar interest to readers of the McGilliad is A. M. Klein's "Designs for Mediaeval Tapestry." In half a dozen pages of *terza rima,* Mr. Klein, with his characteristically deft, terse and often highly subtle phraseology, gives us a marvellously graphic group of sketches of Jewry in the Germany of the Middle Ages. Nothing in the "American Caravan IV" has any better right to live than these lines.

G. W. L.

ENTRE NOUS

"Cerberus and the Mole" and other Poems, by Leo Kennedy. Huntley and Palmer, Chicago. $1.50.

Last month we had the pleasure of printing a review of A. J. M. Smith's "Thirty-Seven Poems," his first appearance in book form. Now another of the group which centred round the defunct McGill Fortnightly Review, follows closely on his colleague with a first volume of collected poems. When a young poet enters the lists with a first book it is usual for him to select the poems he considers the best from among his contributions to periodicals and to add some unpublished material. It is rather unfortunate that we cannot agree with Mr. Kennedy in his present selection. He seems to us to have neglected his best work, and only in an odd poem or two do we glimpse his usual mastery of verse form and melody. Surely the following poem must be a very youthful effort. It is called "Song":

Since of a splendour that you have
They are come sighing, to your door
All the young men . . . .
Will voices sadly amorous
High deeds, or riches clamorous
Avail them, then?

Or . . . would you hear earth's lost music,
And all the tears that are
The rattle of the rain; and those old things,
Fleeting in the mystic twilight of a wood,
Horned, nameless, with the little hoofs of goats . . . .

So in some verses one will bring
Blind pagans sing and dryads dance,
While an elf trips:
Besotted Bacchus pours his wines
In cups of gold from fairy mines
Wooing your lips . . . .

Its lazy form irritates us when we know he can do better. Worse, it has no melody, and when Mr. Kennedy is wanting in melody, what is there left us? We cannot but regret that he is such an inadequate critic of his own work as to include this bit of juvenilia to the exclusion of such work as the following which we reprint from the Canadian Mercury (that was):

SINGING GIRL

She has put away
Her singing and her laughter
All the fierce pride
Of her golden throat;
She has laid aside
Beneath a granite rafter
The echo of her vanished note.

Let buds wither
And the grey rain wander
Down a dim place, where
No bird sings;
These cannot hurt her
Any longer;
She has closed her
Heart to these things.

Draw the shattered end
Of endless music over
Stone, and bid the rain
Wail against her breast;
She will not again
Attend the skirling plover,
And she will have abjured the rest.

Such a mischoice is not without parallel in the rest of the volume, and anyone who knows Mr. Kennedy's better work must, on the whole, regret this first collection. We hardly dare hope that the selection was the work of the publishers, for the book is one of a new series to include some of the lesser poets of modern melancholy. We await with bated breath the appearance of A. M. Klein, whose name figures in an ambitious list on the jacket.

R. F. D.

VIVISECTION JUSTIFIED

"André Maurois," by David Glass Larg. Harold Shaylor, London. 239 pp.

Matthew Arnold once remarked that one of the greatest services the good critic could render the reading public was to recommend to them the good writers as they appeared. In recommending an author to them it was his practice to correlate the life and experience of the artist to his work. It is often urged that to read a man's work is to read the man himself; but in this truth lies a greater and fuller, namely, that a familiarity with the author's life means a fuller appreciation of his work and its meaning. If a man's work is himself, we cannot with justice afford to ignore the experiences which have gone to make up that work, any more than we can judge a man comprehensively by reading one or only a few of his books.

This last is one of the reasons why a full treatment and final estimate of an author is reluctantly undertaken before his death. But a great deal of literature makes its greatest appeal when it is warm from the press, and we still want to know a great deal about the author which might help us to an appreciation of what he has so far done. This seems to be particularly

desirable of Mr. Maurois, who has so obviously stamped his own personality on the biographies he has written.

To read *The Silence of Colonel Bramble* or *Bernard Quesnay* is to realize that the author is relating his experiences, and projecting his personality into the story somewhere; and we need only the guiding finger of biography to point us more accurately in our appreciation of the author's character. But anyone who knows Shelley's life from the usual sources, must feel a keen curiosity to know something of the biographer who is so subtly and delightfully shadowed forth in the process of his writing *Ariel or the Life of Shelley.* We get to know Shelley quite intimately, but it is as if someone were telling us all about him. How much better if we knew the interpreter, could appreciate his point of view, and estimate the force of his bias! Then we should know two men in their relation to each other, which is perhaps worth more than two independent acquaintances; just as we take more delight in a new friend if he knows and sympathises with one we already know and like.

This introduction to André Maurois the man, is quite admirably offered by Mr. Larg's little book. We follow the novelist through school and college to the war, and its influence on his early work. We see the Emile Herzog of the cloth factory and the André Maurois of *Climats* live side by side. And here and there throughout the book we are treated to specimens of unpublished prose and verse, letters and other personal documents bearing on the author's achievements, which somewhat make up for the critic's lengthy digressions attempting to show how much he understands what Mr. Maurois was driving at in this or that particular work. At the same time, Mr. Larg pegs so consistently and tirelessly at his job of interpretation that he occasionally achieves a fine figure which brings Maurois' purpose more strongly into the light. On the whole the volume is chiefly valuable for the facts it tells us of Maurois' life, and in this regard earns a place on our shelf of "books about books." It contains a full and up-to-date bibliography, a publisher's note, and a forword, and is dedicated To Sister Ann. It is one of a series on modern writers under the editorship of Thomas Moult. Another we should like to read is Louis Golding on James Joyce.

F. W. P.

BARTER

An hour of love
you gave to me,
and, I to you,
a memory.

Hours fall
to decay,
but memories never
die away.

I shall soon forget,
and capture
many an intenser
rapture.

But you, my dear,
will always be
drowned in a white-winged
memory.

—K. N. C.

A FICTION SALAD

"Quite Contrairy," by Paul Bloomfield. The Bodley Head, London; 7s. 6d.

It is the special privilege and attribute of genius to demolish ancient prejudices and preconceived nations, by the sheer majesty of its utterance. Mr. Bloomfield's present opus is a case in point. I had always believed that to have written a novel in the manner of Aldous Huxley was quite sufficient and that it was quite a feat to concoct an Ethel M. Dell romance. But I never thought that the time would come when "Chrome Yellow" and "The Inconstant Lover" or "The Queen's Slipper" would be housed between the same covers, the mixture constituting the most tasteless and humourless literary brew to be found 'twixt here and the holy waters of the Ganges. The dish is seasoned with generous portions of Richardsonian-dialogue sauce and embellished with sprinklings of French phrases ("Ah! pomme de terre").

And here is the tale.

After Mrs. Vanbrugh's death, her husband left their son in the hands of his worthy friend the Rev. James Brand, who had a daughter, Gabrielle, of the same age as Vanbrugh Jn. "When the Rev. James Brand had realized that he was dying" he wrote to Mr. Vanbrugh and entrusted both children to his care. "Mr. Vanbrugh set eyes on the beautiful pale face of his friend's daughter and his mind was made up. My poor dear child, he said, etc." Young James is a Socialist, and father and son quarrel after two pages of pseudo Huxleyan dialogue-debate. The son is cut off with a few shillings. Meanwhile Mr. Vanbrugh bought a manor in the village of Meadway. Some interesting people live in Meadway. There is Marmaduke Crosby, who "in fact, lived with a lady not his wife"; there is Dr. Ranalow, a psychoanalyst and advocate of birth control; there is Busby, or "Holy Moses" as he is called "a flourishing evangelist of seventy-two," etc. Even the villagers, the mere mortals, are a godly crowd. "Mr. Tuppin had just seduced Mr. Linseed's third daughter, who 'did' for him in his quaint cottage." "Mrs. Snipe had just spread the malicious rumour that Mrs. Cookson of the tea-house was tubercular" and so on, ad nauseam.

To revert to the destitute hero. James meets Dighton Willoughby, a painter from Chelsea and a friend from yore, who puts him up in his studio. Dighton was "a big man with fierce blue eyes and a small red beard," and this is his manner of speaking: "Come in, *carissimo,* come in *mon vieux.*" The artistic atmosphere.

James, after some meditation, feels love sprouting in his breast, love for Gabrielle. He masquerades as a Mr. Jakes, by profession philosopher, to be able to enter his father's house and be near his beloved. Here the author grabs a chance to knock off a dozen pages of Aldous Richardson dialogue, and he does it with a vengeance. We are also presented to Bonamy Bulstrode, an Oxonian invert, the ceiling of whose study was an aquarium containing "several varieties of the most peculiar looking fish." Bonamy speaks thusly: "You absurd old thing; you touchy old thing."

After many and diverse discussions and meditations on human nature and the New Physics we are intro-

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duced into the very life of the Chelsea artistic colony—an artist's ball. There besides the usual descriptive incompetence the author reveals to us a hidden truth and discovers something new. "She had that exquisite air" he remarks of the heroine "which sometimes make a woman seem like a flower." How beautifully true!

Oh, yes. It has a happy ending. "James and Gabrielle sat down on a bench under a tree. They were very happy."

Gloria in excelsis dei . . . . . .

R. L.

(*Continued from page* 97).

its fold. Moreover, several rulers had also accepted Buddhism and propagated it throughout India and beyond it with very great enthusiasm. Hinduism, though deprived of all influential support lay low, biding its time. For about a thousand years these two faiths contested with each other, for the allegiance of India. The strength of Buddhism lay in its richer ethical content and its simple rites. The strength of Hinduism in its Brahman priesthood and its gorgeous ritual. The Buddhist priesthood lacked the learning, the knowledge of human nature and the organization of the Brahmans. After a severe struggle Buddhism was defeated, and so complete was the victory of the Brahmans that not a single follower of Buddhism is now found in India, though in the adjoining countries of Burma, Ceylon and Tibet it is the religion of the majority of the inhabitants. The Brahman had observed what elements in Buddhism appealed to the people and had incorporated them into Hinduism. Bloody sacrifices were abolished. Meat-eating and polygamy were forbidden to the Brahman. The recovery of Hinduism meant a tremendous accession of power to the Brahman. He was now the supreme religious authority in the country enjoying all the privileges and prerogatives it carried.

Buddhism gave a great impetus to architecture of the religious type. Stupas were first built to keep the relics of Buddha and later under the patronage of Asoka numerous religious edifices were erected or carved out of hills. The Chaityas (assembly halls) were excellent centres to draw people and elaborate forms of public worship were set up. Hindu worship had consisted chiefly of sacrifices conducted in the open air, under the blue dome of the sky. After the victory over Buddhism the Brahmans encouraged Hindu rulers to build great temples that would vie in size and magnificence of design with Buddhist edifices, and especially in South India the response was splendid. Great temples were erected, and after the abolition of sacrifices by Brahmans, they became centres of worship with a wealth of ceremonial that outdid Buddhist services in gorgeousness. The Brahman was of course necessary, as in the sacrifices, to see that every detail of the ritual was punctiliously performed, thus perpetuating the authority and infuence he enjoyed in pre-Buddhistic times. Religious festivals organized under the auspices of these temples took the place of the public worship conducted in Buddhist Chaityas (assembly halls) and they gave further opportunities for the enhancement of Brahmin sway. The magnificent South Indian temples, especially, are to this day centres of great festivals. Few religious festivals, even to the Western observer, are so fascinating as the great festivals held in these famous temples. On these occasions hundreds upon thousands of devout Hindus from the hamlets and towns swarm into the temple-cities and are entertained for days together to spectacles such as not only satisfy their curiosity and piety but also re-enforce their esteem for the priesthood. The great processions, the drawing of the huge temple-cars, the chanting of sonorous hymns, the waving of lights, the tumultuous music of conches, pipes and tom-toms, are impressive events, but in the fore-front of the picture and in its background are the holy Brahman priests directing and controlling every ceremony and without whose prayers and blessings at every stage the entire worship and festival are mere tomfoolery, devoid of religious value to devout souls.

Certain spots, renowned from pre-historic times as sacred either on account of their natural beauty or the medicinal properties of the waters near them, were also taken over by the Brahmans and invested by the performance of some rites with additional sanctity. A pilgrimage to these places is at the very least, a means of acquiring merit, and more often the means of achieving salvation. At these places colonies of Brahman priests have been established and from the day a pilgrim enters the place till he leaves it every ministration for the satisfaction of physical and religious needs is not only given by Brahmans, but is also therefore invested with deep spiritual significance. Any omission or error would detract from the importance of the pilgrimage. An excellent atmosphere is also created by the ringing of temple-bells, the almost ceaseless round of ceremonies, the droning of prayers and incantations to ward off evil spirits, and as the poor pilgrim succumbs to it he gets more and more involved in the meshes of the priests. He returns to his village and holds forth about the all-pervading influence of the Brahman and the efficacy of his incantations and prayers, and thus Brahminical authority is perpetuated.

Vigil

Evening . . . . Feathery grass . . . . Boughs
That coldly lift a silent offering . . . .
The shadowy swaying of trees,
Like graceful forms in a moveless dance . . . .
The yearning stillness of an ended night,
And clouds, the colour of oyster shells,
Clustered about a comfortless moon . . . .

Dawn . . . A crayon held in a master's fingers
Pencilling in soft outlines the earth . . . .
The hills: Humps that tell laconically
The labouring age of earth . . . .
And suns that turn the wayside streams
To moving panes of light . . . .

—Irving Lazarre.

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