

# Folio



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# Editorial

**F**OR some time now there has been a strange legend, repeated in sad and doleful tones, which says that Canadians are a crude, materialistic people, practically immune to art, culture, and the finer things of life entirely. This, of course, is because they are still a Pioneer Race, and they are still living in a Pioneer Civilization, in which the only things that count are such base pursuits as chopping down forests, digging silver and nickel out of mines, and perhaps selling stocks and bonds on Bay St.

From this it follows that artists, poets, musicians and similar people can hope for nothing but a sickly, stunted existence in this country, at the very best.

Like the report of Mark Twain's death, we think this legend is a trifle exaggerated. Canadians are not as materialistic as many people imagine. Just as civilization is more rewarding to the spirit of man than barbarism, so spiritual and cultural values are more rewarding than purely material values. All Canadians may not realize this, but more and more of them are realizing it every year.

The people who create and spread spiritual and cultural values include the writers, the poets, the artists. Sometimes they are called impractical, but in the long run they are perhaps more practical than the people who criticize them. Nobody can live on art alone, but people who live without art will unfortunately have rather sad lives, and they will miss many values that as human beings they can scarcely afford to miss.

To the young writers and poets of Canada who are fortunate enough to be attending university, college magazines provide opportunity for expression and development. The role of such magazines is vital. If they perform that role honestly and successfully, their service to Canadian writers is of the greatest importance.

We sincerely trust that Folio, and other university publications across Canada, will not be found wanting in this respect.



**IN THIS ISSUE** we present the result of Western's literary labors during the fall term, including the stories and poems judged best in Folio's recent contest.

To all the critics who believe they can produce better prose or poetry than the material included herein, we say, come right ahead. We, the editors of Folio, may not be from Missouri, but we're willing to be shown. If you think Folio should be improved, it's up to you.

The second issue of Folio will go to press within the next four or five weeks. We beg, plead, and pray for student contributions. This is your literary magazine, nobody else's. As the weeks roll by before our second deadline in mid-February, we will be waiting hopefully and eagerly to hear from all you budding Hemingways.

# Poetry

1ST PRIZE

**r. a. stairs**

ON LEAVING A DANCE IN SPRING

*Come here and watch the night with me, the stars are flying.  
No more like this, while we two live, will they shine again.  
That moon won't set quite so; the night that's early dying  
Once gone is lost, once faded dies, no signs remain.*

*It passes, but the love that sees it die  
Remembers how the watching stars were bright,  
So watch with me, and in our secret eye  
Preserve these stars, these shadows, and this night.*

*I hear the music play again.  
Will you dance once more with me?  
I've shown you now to all the stars,  
But I want the world to see.*

*The dance is done.  
The day is almost here.  
Quite right, it's time we started home.  
Ah, there! All ready? What, your glove? It's here.*

*Not that way — mud. A perfect party, yes, and you  
The loveliest in it. Dawn, that lights your face  
With shining omen for our love, bids us no words.  
A kiss and silent lips. Your eyes are lit with dawn.*



2ND PRIZE

**phil stratford**  
SNOWING

*Swirling, steep, convulsive spirals  
Spin, wheelingly.*

*Sudden calm.  
Slow pendulum of motion  
Swaying,  
Turning lazily.*

*Swift playing upsweep and return  
To measured, circling, seesaw of descent.*

*Hard-biting lashing unrelentless stream  
Caught in sheltered lee,  
Slow-motioned, separated, soft.*

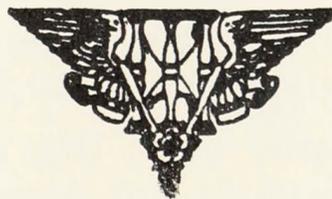
*The fallen, seized by gust,  
Whipped  
Into pointed plume,  
Dashed down,  
Scuds across streets and  
Pauses restlessly in drifts.*

*Muffling, tumbling, thick-engulfing.*

*Clings, chokes, blinds.*

*Brief flakes:  
Fashioned in misty maelstrom,  
Reel frantically through life  
And quickly plunge  
To join in blanket for bare earth.*

*Smoothing, nestles in sharp corners.  
Veils densely, lending grace.  
Shapes with loveliness.*



# Prose

1ST PRIZE

*lita maybe*

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

A GRAY light filled the schoolroom. The log walls were chinked with plaster; the low windows were banked with snow. It was Christmas week. I closed my book and told the children that we would go, now, to get a Christmas tree for our school. They all turned and looked out the windows at the mile upon endless mile of monotonous scrub pine, spruce, and birch. A Christmas Tree. "Why?" asked Armand, shyly, and Marya looked up from drawing careful, stiff letters in her scribbler, and asked curiously, "What is a Christmas Tree?"

What is a Christmas Tree! I was very new to the job of teaching, and their question startled me. They did not know; how could they? They were only small children in a very lonely world, bounded for them by Bush stretching from horizon to horizon; their world was snow, and trees, and sordid log shacks. It was all they knew. Once their fathers and mothers had been children in the far-off "Old Land" and had known about Christmas, and had laughed easily; but they came to Canada, and somehow to the land of outcasts, the North. Through the years there was little work to be had, and less money. They grew bitter and hard and ugly. The children came, always too many of them, and grew up without fairy tales or love.

They were ugly little animals, these children. It sounds cruel, but it was true. They were dirty because their mothers no longer cared, their hair was tangled and their clothes ragged. Nobody cared. They did not know what a Christmas tree was. I had to wink back a tear as I looked down at the hard, little, empty faces.

We all went out to find our tree. It was snowing, great, salt, wet flakes from a deep gray sky. I went ahead, ploughing through the snow. The children straggled along behind, Giovanni carrying my axe, and Bebien at the end of the line, stumbling a little. I saw a beautiful, well-formed spruce, and cried out, "Look! Here's our Christmas Tree!"

The children said nothing at all, but stood in a silent circle in the snow around the tree. Bebien took her hands out of her ragged pockets and breathed on her blue fingers to warm them, and looked unsmilingly at the tree. I took the axe and cut it down, then all together we dragged it through the snow, back to the school. All except Bebien; she walked behind, watching in silent wonder.

In the schoolroom the tree looked bigger, and the warm, damp smell of the evergreen filled the room. I set it up in the corner and fastened it in place. As I did this I heard little Pietro, behind me, say, "Look, a tree in school! It touches the roof."

He laughed, and the laughter sounded strange. These children seldom laugh. But Pietro laughed, and the others could learn.

I found a box of trinkets I had been saving; old Christmas tree ornaments, many of them broken, but still they were brightly coloured and gay. I fastened some on the tree and the children watched until I said, "You put some on; make our tree look pretty!"

They crowded round and eager hands reached out for the sparkling things, and they tied them on green branches. They chattered together in all the languages of middle Europe, and even laughed a little. Their faces came alive and their dull eyes began to shine. The tree grew in splendour. Bebien did not help. She stood aside, with her eyes very big and dark in her small, white face, and her hair wispy around it. She just stood, silent. I went over to her and said, "Come, Bebien."

She did not move. I put my arm around her thin shoulders—oh, how pitifully thin under the faded, shabby dress—and I drew her gently towards the tree, and placed a blue and silver tinsel star in her hands. It gleamed in the light and she held it very tightly, her hands cupped together, and stared intently at it.

Leon was the tallest. He stood on a high stool and fastened a golden angel on a high branch, and watched it sway a little. Then he turned and looked down at me and asked, "Why is Christmas, Teacher?"

Why is Christmas, Leon? Don't you know? I stood a moment looking at the small boy. He might have been eleven; not yet quite old enough to go out on the trap-lines. He himself looked like a young angel standing there, in spite of the rags. His eyes were very blue and overflowing with questions, and his fair hair made a halo about his head in the lamplight.

I told them the Story, then, simply and slowly, and I longed to be able to do it better. They listened, all interested, as I told of the Baby, and the Star that led the Wise Men and the Shepherds, and of the Angels singing. . .

They were quiet when I finished. Then Bebien come over to me and held out her hands. She spoke in a husky little whisper and she handed me the bright tinsel star. "The Star. The Baby Jesus' Star. . ."

And then, overcome by shyness, she ran into the corner, and hid her face. I did not go to her. One must not frighten little, wild, Bush animals, or they lose faith. But when the children were going home, back through the snow to the cheerless shacks, Bebien was the last to go. She came again to me and put her small hand on mine and said, "I like Christmas."

She said nothing else, but she smiled, the slowest, sweetest smile I have ever seen. Then she turned and ran away, out the door, stumbling through the snow. She was so little. Then the curtain of gray, falling snow blotted her from sight.

I took the silver star and hung it on the tree. It burned there on the topmost branch—Bebien's Star.



*clifford w. webb*

A WINTER'S TALE

I HATE you, you stupid, stubborn little prude!"

Betty sat on the red plush sofa and said nothing in reply. Her usually mobile features were serious. Where artless smiles had once dwelt was now only long solemnity. Her chin which usually looked only firm, now looked stubborn. She sat stiffly and said nothing. Her mouth still pouted from the recent kisses, but she said nothing.

He looked at her with an expression of the most supreme contempt he could force his features to assume. At the same time he wondered if his hair were mussed.

"I am going home, Andre," she said.

"Yes, go back to your self-satisfied little world," he jeered.

"Oh, don't be so ....." She paused, could not think of a word and so she repeated.

"I am going home."

"Alright," he said. "But I don't know what you're so afraid of."

"I only said I'd come down to your house because you promised you'd be nice."

"Am I so vile because I'm human?"

He rose and with ceremonial politeness got her coat and helped her into it. He noted how neat she looked as she patted her little woolen hat into place among her honey-blond curls. It gave him a curiously pleasant twinge. He smiled at her. Interpreting this as a good omen, she brightened and asked,

"Why do you want to hurt me, Andre?" In an instant she was petite, bird-like, eager to please.

"Why must you be so righteous?" he retorted. "You say that when I am angry the sky is gray for you. How can that be when you see everything as either black or white."

Again she became small, glum and gray. She knew what he was talking about, but she said nothing. They were outside now, walking through the crisp snow. It was windy and turbulent. Betty was glad. When it was windy, he didn't talk so much. She didn't want him to talk when he felt the way he did. Other times, she loved to hear him talk. He expressed so beautifully the things which she could only feel in dumbness.

Finally, in spite of the wind, he said,

"You know it is all your fault."

"What is all my fault?" she wondered, trying to think of something specific she had done. She could think of nothing.

"Your mind is so common and narrow. How straight-laced you are! You say you love me but that's only a mockery. I'm sorry I ever met you."

She cleared her throat and merely said,

"I don't think you had better see me any more."

The wind whipped her face and its roughness made her trembling lip seem unimportant. He would have known that she was going to cry even if he hadn't seen the tear which crept down her cheek. His feelings were mixed and then suddenly changed. Her tears surprised him even though he knew that that was what he wanted. He was amazed that she should care so much as to cry. And into the back of his mind stole the thought, "Maybe this time she means it."

As they neared her home, he said meekly,

"Forgive me."

"How many other times have I forgiven you?"

"But you know I really love you."

"Do I?"

"Oh, Betty, how can you say that to me? We have been so much to each other."

They stopped in front of her house, and she turned her back on the door and looked up at him. Her plain face was a study of puzzlement and conflicting emotions. He reached out and took her in his arms.

"Not here, my brother might—," but he tenderly pressed his lips against hers, and the warmth of the two of them defied the cold. She trembled, laid her head sideways against his chest, and said nothing. Then,

"Talk to me, Andre."

He closed his arms about her more tightly, and bending down he whispered in her ear.

"Oh, Betty, I do love you so. You mean so much to me. I love the little things you do—the way you walk and talk. You are such a sweet, funny little thing. I shall not be able to sleep tonight for thinking about you."

He chided her gently, but as he held this dear silent creature in his arms, he knew that he loved her with all his heart. He burst with words, and he longed to tell her over and over how much he loved her. He knew that he loved her as much as he could love anyone. If only she could see things the way he saw them. Why wouldn't she be wholly his? Why shouldn't she? Even as he held her in his arms, his bitterness gradually returned.

Finally, they parted and she went into the house. As she went up the stairs, her heart was light in spite of the apprehension that her mother might have waited up. In the back of her mind was the puzzle. "How can he love me so and hurt me too?"

Because she could not understand it, she forgot it. She knew she would forget and she was glad. As she sank, shivering, into her chilly bed, she warmed herself with the memory of his kisses and his wonderful words.

In the morning, her brothers chaffed her about being out so late. Although she was embarrassed, and could not help blushing, she did not mind the joking. She bustled about with the breakfast dishes and felt like whistling. The phone rang and she felt like running to it, but instead she walked to it in her usual neat, quiet, manner.

"Hello," said Betty.

There was a pause and then in the mocking voice,

"Good morning, you stupid, stubborn, little prude."

Betty said nothing. She replaced the receiver in her usual, neat, quiet manner.

*roger gleason*  
AND THE CYNIC CRIED—

HE was a cynic and proud of it.

Each day he looked down at the world from his little tower of self-complacency and watched the people hustling here and there in pursuit of money, power, fame and prestige. He knew what they were. He could see through them as easily as he could see through the window of his tower. Every one of them was motivated by self-interest. And although their words were honeyed, all the time they were working underhandedly—awaiting their chance to climb to success on the heads of their fellows.

This misanthrope had long ago forsaken the outmoded values of love, fidelity, honesty and sincerity. They were as mutilated as Mussolini, as passe as the passenger pigeon. He believed in no one but himself. And sometimes in periods of pessimism and despondency he even doubted his own invincibility.

Once he had believed. He could remember when he used to sit by his mother and trustingly listen to every word that fell from her lips. Then one day he was pushed out into the world of schools and books and bewildered little people like himself. It was in public school that he first learned what disillusionment meant, and that without a dictionary. His uncle had given him a green pen with a fine-writing, gold point. Such a nice pen, he had thought, until an older boy had dazzled him into trading it for a gaudily-mottled, red one. But alas, his new treasure was good only to look at and the small boy had wept great tears of self-pity.

The seeds of cynicism which had been planted that day, grew and flourished incredibly.

In his high school days his cynicism was a rather harmless and good natured segment of his make-up. It had taken the form of secretly poking fun at his friends and their foibles. It had assumed very little of the bitterness of later years; yet it was increasing with each new rebuff.

World War II and the cynic found himself swept into the ranks of those who were sailing off to save the world for democracy and lasting peace. His father lay buried in France in the first such attempt; he had believed that he was fighting in a crusade that would end war, and he had died. Now the young cynic wondered bitterly if the generation yet unborn would be fed with the same propaganda or if this war would be the final cataclysm to mark the end of the mass of humanity and civilization. Civilization! that most ironical of all words.

The physical battle over, he returned to his homeland to do battle with himself. The hallmarks of cynicism lay heavily upon him now. His lips were compressed in a half-hidden, perpetual sneer. His brow was furrowed beyond his years. His eyes regarded coldly a society he savagely distrusted.

With characteristic incredulity he had long since discarded the Bible as a collection of legends and fables concocted to content an ignorant and superstitious race of Jewish nomads. A book for weaklings, for children, and old dotards quavering on the brink of the grave, but to him—mostly rot! Besides, the people who claimed to believe it didn't follow it. The ones who talked the loudest and longest about its virtues were the very last to practise its principles in their daily living.

And of course there was no God or how could he have allowed the world to fall into such a whirlpool of cruelty and injustice, bloodshed and destruction. The gullible, trusting, fools who believed all that hooey about God and Heaven, sin and punishment, were little better than morons. They ought to know that man is the arbiter of his fate. It was time they realized that the old conception of right and wrong had been blasted to fragments.

Now the cynic had the ill fortune to live in the age when science had mastered man. The people of the world discovered one day, with earth-shaking abruptness, that their lives were the chattels of the cyclotron. Humanity talked in fear-charged whispers of The Bomb. A council of all countries was set up so that they might band together and fetter The Atom Turned Giant. But nothing could be done. The Giant would not be bound.

One peaceful autumn day the planes of the hooked ensign appeared high over the cities of the land and released their deadly, burning dust. The venomous dust hung over the streets in imperceptible clouds. Then the little children whimpered with the searing pain and they knew not why. Soon after this, almost simultaneously in every city mysterious and ugly diseases attacked the populace.

Nor did the cynic escape the foul plagues which swept the land. Great sores covered his body and he found himself dependent for succour on those he had despised. A man whom the cynic had cursed to his face brought soothing medicaments. From him the cynic heard of those who daily risked their lives to bring relief and comfort to the stricken.

In the semi-coma of his tortured mind the cynic wondered vaguely if he had been wrong. Perhaps compassion and decency still lingered in the human breast to be called forth in such an hour as this.

But now the city lay in the shadow of the final horror. A robot missile had nosed its way up into the stratosphere from the land of the hooked ensign and was headed, at supersonic speed, toward the city of the cynic.

The rocket reached its mark and the cauldron of Hell spilled over onto the earth. Buildings disintegrated into ashes. Human bodies melted like flies trapped in a blast furnace.

## II

The cynic awakened to that mystic reunion of soul and body which can only happen when the mortal puts on immortality. He found himself in a vast room whose vaulted roof reached upward into apparent infinity. An indescribable brilliance seemed to fill all space.

Then the cynic knew that he stood before the God he had defied.

In the radiance of Him who was seated on the great white throne the cynic seemed to wither and fear felled him to his knees.

A voice as of thunder proceeded from the Presence:

"WOE UNTO HIM THAT SITTETH IN THE SEAT OF THE SCORNFUL."

At this the cynic began to tremble exceedingly and he could say no word.

"THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART THERE IS NO GOD."

Then the books were opened and the account of one, a cynic, was rendered unto Him upon the throne, whose eyes were as a flame of fire.

"HE THAT BELIEVETH SHALL BE SAVED—HE THAT BELIEVETH NOT SHALL BE DAMNED."

"Another chance!" the cynic wailed.

"DEPART FROM ME, YE ACCURSED, INTO EVERLASTING TORMENT."

A wave of remorse overwhelmed the cynic as he recalled with terrifying clarity his fellow men whom he had derided. At the God he had denied the cynic dared not look. Madly he tried to break away from his guardians and throw himself at the foot of the throne.

"I believe! I believe!" he cried.



FOR THE FINEST PORTRAITS . . .

THE

*Darragh*

STUDIOS

214 Dundas St.

Met. 444

Harry MacVellar

Walter Dixon

**glen hyatt**  
ODE TO A HOT BATH

*Oh squat white shape, Buddha-like and gleaming  
Soon to exhume those turquoise vapors steaming,  
What sacrosanct retreat you give to man  
Who lowers his frail form beneath your span,  
And sighing vows forever here to stay  
Growing lobster-like and tender day by day.*

*Now first Oh Bath we steal into thy room  
Peering about to grapple in the gloom  
For some elusive light switch, far from sight,  
And, finding it, do flood thy place with light.*

*Like some blanched naked Aztec sacrifice,  
With trembling heart and clammy feet of ice,  
We stretch forth shivering hands to grasp the taps  
With hope that thou art kind, Oh Bath, and p'rhaps  
Will smile on us poor humans now, and not  
Make scarce the cold, or else begrudge the hot.*

*Thus with soft and trembling incantation,  
We twist the taps in quick determination.  
Proboscis-like, your spout erupts with violence,  
To spill forth sound and water out of silence.*

*Silently, with warm anticipation,  
We watch thy slow but magic transformation  
From form symmetric, quite devoid of life,  
To fluid shape, a refuge from all strife.  
Thy hot life creeping upward inch by inch,  
Receives a probing toe, returns a flinch.  
Until at last, O ecstasy supreme!  
Fulfillment reached, a symphony of steam.*

**CHORUS—**

*Oh Mighty spirit of repose  
Enwrap my form from toe to nose,  
That I may breathe thy misty balm.  
And snatch some measure of thy calm.  
Thou makest ache and bruise depart,  
Thou pinnacle of plumbers art!*



# Drama

*jack hutt*

THE CANADIAN THEATRE

ALL the talk and first stirrings of a professional Canadian theatre are healthy signs and good portents for the future of drama in our country. Yet I feel certain that for a long time to come, as it has in the past, the onus of theatrical activity will rest on the often-berated but irrepressible amateurs. By amateurs, I mean that not-so-small and ever-growing group of enthusiasts from Vancouver to Halifax who are aware of the need for the development of this side of Canadian life, who are doing something about it and not getting paid for it.

The word amateur used to smell strongly of church-social dramatics and of plays about Aunt Tillie or city slickers being shown up by the folks back home. That odour has gradually been dispelled by the Little Theatres across the country which have provided a training ground for talent until now there are many performers in Canada who are distinguishable from the professional only in that they earn their livelihoods outside the theatre. Or perhaps by the fact that they get more opportunities to act than do many professionals! But the Little Theatres have been less diligent in what I think is their most important task; that is, to accustom audiences to really good plays. Too often, their production schedules echo Broadway's lightest fare and provide no more spiritual and intellectual nourishment than the movies.

The chief trouble is the tendency to underestimate both the taste and the intelligence of our audiences. Nowadays one doesn't blush nor feel compelled to stammer some sort of apology when discovered listening to a symphony or coming out of an art gallery. Even the balletomane is no longer regarded suspiciously as being "odd." In the larger centres at least, the more mature and realistic films from England are competing successfully with the glamorous froth from Hollywood. In a recent interview on the air, Mr. Andrew Allen, one of the Canadian Broadcasting Company's leading producers of drama, stated that their most popular broadcast plays are the classic dramas of the theatre and that the loudest protests are directed against the wishy-washy comedies formerly considered as the certain successes. Canada's Little Theatres should take the hint implied in these conditions. Our audiences are ready and eager for serious plays, be they comedies or drama. The dramatic society of a small Western town found its biggest and most unexpected success recently in its production of Shelley's "The Cenci," a play that is rarely performed anywhere. The London Little Theatre's most widely-discussed production of several seasons was Shaw's "Saint Joan." This year's bill at the University of Toronto's Hart House Theatre includes "The Skin of Our Teeth," by Thornton Wilder; "The Sea Gull," by Tchekov; "The Doctor's Dilemma," by Shaw, and Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar."

With one exception, Canada's very few professional theatrical ventures seem to sense this leaning towards better things. The admirable French

Canadian group, Les Compagnons, have always followed a policy of presenting the French classics occasionally interspersed with modern plays of integrity. They recently opened their own theatre in Montreal with Tennessee Williams' "**The Glass Menagerie.**" Mrs. Mavor Moore's New Play Society of Toronto is finding its current season, which includes plays by Shaw, Bridie, Anderson, Sophocles and Sheridan, both popular and profitable. But Mr. Brian Doherty, whose name is inevitably mentioned wherever there is talk of a National Theatre, gave drama lovers a severe jolt when he selected for the first tour of his newly-formed New World Theatre Company a burlesqued version of the old-time melodrama "**The Drunkard.**" Its chief recommendations seemed to be that W. C. Fields had declared it "The greatest stage show on earth" and that Billie Burke, Harold Lloyd, Boris Karloff and Jimmy Durante have seen it twenty times!

Now, Mr. Doherty himself has written a play of merit in "**Father Malachy's Miracle.**" Furthermore, he knows what is good for he has previously brought to Canada some of the best that the English and Irish stages have to offer. "**The Drunkard**" cannot be considered as any sort of means whereby he can test the public's response to plays generally because it is being presented not as a play but as a music-hall entertainment with emphasis on the Gay Nineties music, songs, and skits. Therefore we can only hope that the tour will be successful enough financially that Mr. Doherty can proceed with his business of putting on plays and discontinue his attempt to disinter vaudeville. His desire to provide a paying outlet for Canadian talent is completely praiseworthy and deserves the support of all of us.

## II

Unfortunately, the instances of good work cited above are scarcely enough for the country at large. People cannot be expected to recognize fine plays if they have never seen one and it is up to the amateur groups to see that they have, at least, the chance to see them. Whether the Little Theatre has its stage in a village hall, in its own fully equipped theatre, or on the campus, it must realize that it has an important place in Canada's cultural growth.





DR. RICHMOND

**bill langford**  
ONE MISSING

*I heard a sudden splash of sound,  
An aero-engine clutching life;  
My heart stood still—then gave a bound,  
As fear cut through me like a knife.  
Bewitched, my eyes held fast this 'plane,  
As out from scowling thunder-cloud  
It screamed and fought, but fought in vain,  
To gain more height with effort loud,  
But stark, inevitable fate  
Rushed up to meet this lone last flight;  
Death's ready ambush lay in wait  
To dub another with its blight.*

*My mind knew years of boundless time,  
As stiff, I waited for the crash  
Of 'plane that never more would climb.  
It came—and then my hopeful dash  
Across the rainy country-side  
To aid this fighter of the air.  
(God grant this time he has not died  
And Death's still waiting in his lair.)  
For many years this field has lain,  
Fallow but fertile, still and green,  
With "V" of trees its border plain.  
But now its innocence has been.*

*Ominous, silent wreckage lies,  
A broken, petrol-scented bird  
That once was master of the skies,  
In soft Dutch earth now half-interred.  
The spark which linked machine and man  
Has fled from both and with it went  
The twist of fate—the cruel plan—  
The misty whim which brought this end.  
But look with understanding eyes—  
Norwegian serving R. A. F.  
(War's modern knight in foreign skies)  
Could choose no better date with death.*



# Sketch

*glenna leigh*

LEACOCK'S LITTLE TOWN

## I

**M**Y first poem was composed at the age of five, with the sole object of directing more attention to my already spoiled self. By the time I was twelve years old I was firmly convinced that I was destined to become a great authoress, but for a long time I was in a quandary. Would I become a second Pauline Johnson, or would I fill Canada's longstanding need for more typically Canadian prose?

Stephen Leacock made up my mind for me. I became proud of my town, Orillia, when I learned that he had immortalized it as Mariposa in his "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town." Like him, I would write fiction and copy my characters from real life. One aspect of the problem bothered me considerably. I was afraid my writing might get me involved in various lawsuits, if my villains objected to being classed as such. I wasn't sure how Leacock had got around it, but I evolved my own method. My mother had been head-secretary in a law office, so with my gleanings of legal phrases, obtained from her, I drew up a formal document. It stated that the undersigned gave me full rights to use him in a story if I so desired. Then, by flattery, I inveigled most of my friends and some of my enemies into signing.

The fact that Leacock had written about Orillia painted the place with magic for me. I felt as though I were living in a story-book town. When I sat on Pine Tree Hill in Couchiching Park at dusk, and watched the lights across the lake blink on, one by one, it was as if I were enjoying a physical sensation of beauty, and reading about it at the same time. It was as if I were unreal, a character in the same book that must contain the description of this whole lovely unreality.

Leacock describes Mariposa as a little town lying in the sunlight on a hillside overlooking the lake. An old steamer, the "Mariposa Belle" of Leacock's story, and the Steamer Cariella of reality, was tied to the government dock. Missinabi Street, which ran up from Lake Ossawippi through the heart of the town, was merely called "Main Street" by the townsfolk, just as Lake Ossawippi was just "the Lake." The one or two carriages which appeared on the street and the occasional unhurried inhabitant who sauntered by the main intersection might make the town seem unduly quiet to a visitor from a place like New York. However, as he said, inhabitants of the town knew that it was a veritable hive of activity.

His description is so accurate that it might almost fit the town today, if motor car were substituted for carriage. The town is considerably larger now, and the storefronts are new, but all the growth is only relative. Orillia is just as small, peaceful and serene in comparison to the atomic age and chaos of the world of 1948, as that other Orillia was in the world of 1912. The enormous cedar poles which Leacock said supported the lighting of the main

street are gone now, however, and in their place, on steel standards, are brighter lights than will be found on the main street of any other town of its size in North America.

## II

A temperance turn on the local option issue has taken away from Orillia some of the comfortable conviviality to be found in "Sunshine Sketches." No longer do the bushwhackers come in to Smith's Hotel to quench their thirst in the spring. Most of the worthwhile timber has been cut out of the woods surrounding the town, and at any rate the wherewithal is no longer to be had in Orillia. Of course, every once in a while, the rumour runs around the town that somebody is "getting up a petition" to force a new vote on the issue. Then the temperance-minded citizens rise up in righteous indignation and get up a counter-petition, which quickly squelches the first. When the furor dies down, most of the people settle back comfortably into the status quo.

Naturally, as a result of this situation, there is an odd bootlegger in town. I remember one who lived on our street when I was about three years of age. His son was my favourite playmate and I was bitterly unhappy when the family moved away. I believe the father entered a more honest, if less interesting, occupation shortly after leaving our street.

Leacock mentions Orillia as a thriving tourist resort, and says that "all seven" of the lakeshore cottages were occupied in the summer. What a contrast that picture makes with today's! Now there is hardly a square inch of ground on the whole circumference of the lake that does not contain a cottage, summer hotel, athletic camp or park. Every year the board of trade has a be-polite-to-tourists drive, and residents regale each other with tales of the peculiarities of the breed. It's almost a game in Orillia. To a man, Orillians profess to look down on the summer visitors from their lofty status as natives. But bring forward a suggestion which might harm the tourist trade, and they oppose it fiercely—also to a man.

Since I had determined to follow in his foot-steps, I was fascinated by the proximity of the cottage of a real live author. Leacock's summer place was about two miles from Orillia on the shore of Lake Couchiching. Once, while exploring the lakeshore near his home, I found a tiny dilapidated cottage. It was near enough to make me feel that I was on his property, and far enough away so that I wasn't afraid of discovery by the caretaker. There was a pine tree growing at a forty-five degree angle in front of the cottage, so I named it Leaning Pine Cabin and used it for bicycle hikes.

A few years later I went for a walk across Lake Couchiching in the winter and came upon a rambling white stucco summer home. I explored it thoroughly, clambering up the inviting drifts onto the veranda roof, and peeking in the unshuttered windows. It was not till I returned from my walk that I realized that it had been Leacock's home. It had been his veranda roof from which I had been jumping into the snow.

## III

That was the year that Leacock died, and I felt as though I had been treading on a grave.

**pat harrington**

**LINES FOR A YOUNG COLLEGE**

*The loveliness that comes from centuries  
Of sculptured stillness, or the wistful grace  
Of crumbling learned halls, here has no place  
In your clean buildings, edged with sapling trees.*

*Yet here is Beauty: captured strong in stone;  
Dim in the shadowed grove, a voiceless elf;  
Ensnared between the books upon a shelf;  
Clear-shining from the faces we have known.*

*What ask we more? Beyond, the kind years wait,  
Laden with learning: Truth and Faith sublime,  
Ever to make your children's souls more free,  
Unshackled more from blindness, sloth and hate;  
While slowly in your corners gathers Time  
To blend sweet echoes in your melody.*



**glen hyatt**  
**SHADE**

*Our carefree fathers took their ease  
Beneath their spreading chestnut trees,*

*And later we preferred by far  
The softly shaded cocktail bar.*

*Our children dwell, with equal calm,  
Beneath the mushroom of the Bomb.*



# Satire

*r. a. o'brien*

## THE PHILOSOPHICAL IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

**T**HE International Society of Pedants has recently issued a very strongly-worded, and of course, scholarly pamphlet of about 800 pages, entitled "Strictures Against The Prevalent Agitation For Original Thinking Among University Undergraduates." The learned gentlemen of this Society are, as is well known, largely recruited from the faculties of universities, large and small, all over the world. They form the nucleus and the chief motivating force for The New Pedantocracy, which, with International Finance and the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy, is devoted to the preservation of the *status quo*. The doctrine of Pedagogic Succession is, of course, the Rock upon which the Society was founded, and the present Ineffable Pedant, Pangloss XXXIX is the expounder of this latest Pedantic Bull.

"We are committed," writes the Ineffable Pedant, "to unalterable opposition to all those disruptive forces in the world that would threaten the Bourgeois Way of Life through attacks upon Vested Interests, the Profit System, and all Orthodoxy. Hitherto, the surest Bulwark against the downfall of Privilege has been the yearly crop of university graduates, the great majority of whom, thanks to the Faithful among the faculties, have been inculcated with a proper veneration for Rules, and that Display of Learning which is divinely ordained to keep the Lower Orders thankfully in their rightful places. It is with profound disquiet therefore, that we note ever-increasing signs of rebellion and mis-directed zeal for what is called 'freedom of conscience'—or some such cant—among the undergraduates of the day. We impute to no specific segment of the student body in any one university (except ONE, to be herinafter described), the blame for this state of affairs, and we should be most loath to think that the malign influence could come from amongst those gallant young men who so recently have returned from their inspired and selfless struggle for our Way of Life."

It is rarely indeed that the Society speaks, through its Head, *ex-cathedra*, for its members realize very well that their opposition to the Free Intellect must be carried on in the field, so to speak, and that official pronouncements can only serve to inflame the dangerous passions of the dissenters. From the classroom, from the guarded and inviolate faculty office, from carrel, stack and reading-list must be carried on the unremitting attack on the formative mind; the passionate struggle for the prevention of deviations from the norm. But we anticipate. What can have brought forth this frank and profound statement of policy in the face of an ancient tradition of *sub rosa* indoctrination?

The answer seems to lie in the Society's concern over university libraries and the uses made of them by both faculties and students. With what we can only term commendable dispatch, the Ineffable Pedant comes quickly to the point (well within the first 300 pages actually), and discourses upon how the library may best be used in the "production of the future educated minority

whose holy task it is to be the essential leaven to the effervescent spirit of the times." He points out that it is imperative that each university equip its library with a complete selection of volumes, embracing all of the learning of the past and present; not even shunning works of all shades of dangerous "liberalism," so that no man may be able to accuse the institution (with mistaken deprecation—but such is the way of these inverted pedants!) of retrograde tendencies. But—and here the Society shows its fine hand—it will be the business of the several faculties so to load the students with assignments and examinations designed to reward only him who faithfully reproduces what he is taught, that they will be too busy in these salutary pursuits to indulge in any ill-advised and corrupting research among liberal works; and, more important still, too busy to engage in that most ludicrous form of undergraduate dalliance known as "independent thinking"—or some such drivel. "Imperat aut servit"—it rules, or it serves—the tract observes of the university library "and our motto must be IMPERAT!"

## II

Our readers will undoubtedly recoil with horror—as we did—upon being acquainted with a particularly gross example of the sort of thing **not** to be tolerated if we are to preserve such sacred institutions as the Committee For Un-American Activities, The League of Decency, the W.C.T.U., as well as such inalienable rights as sitting on boards of directors, directing community cultural activities, and refraining from the contamination implicit in ward politics, that the educated classes have so long—and rightly so—reserved unto themselves.

The horrific example referred to in the Tract under review came to light during a comprehensive tour of universities undertaken by the Ineffable Pedant and some of his College of Pedants recently. An unscheduled visit to an obscure little city in the very heart of conservative Ontario (of all places!), brought to their notice the existence of a seemingly unpretentious university which had so far escaped their benignant attentions. The whole retinue, therefore, descended **en masse** upon the unsuspecting institution. The writer observes that they were welcomed somewhat less than solemnly by "a gentleman, ungowned and of a most unscholarly, Falstafian presence." To their request that they might be conducted to some of the lectures and to the library, this person stated with very apparent satisfaction, "I'll do better than that—I'll take you to the very Nub of the thing gentlemen!" With this observation, the Dean—for so he proved to be—led them down a long hall at the end of which was a great and imposing arched doorway, but as the Pedants confidently marched toward this inviting portal, they were stopped by their guide, who was standing before a much smaller, and darkly obscure door in the wall of the passage.

The tract records the Dean's words at this point as follows: "Before taking you, Your Profundity and Gentlemen, to that Nub of which I have just spoken, and for which you are as yet spiritually unprepared to a degree, permit me to show you the living shadow of what we once were—the scholastic refuse heap, so to speak, from which we sprang. Light is our essence now—darkness was theirs."

With these words the unprepossessing door was thrust open, its hinges howling dismally, and Pangloss XXXIX and his retinue were bowed over the threshold. Once inside they observed, in the weighted words of the Pedant, "... a long, low room to which penetrated no sounds of the outside world,

and which was o'er-cast with a most seemly pall of silence and meditative gloom. In long lines of box-like, metal stalls, sat many bent figures, all in cap and gown and all writing assiduously. By the construction and placement of each stall furthermore, each man was effectively prevented from any communication with his neighbour. I was about to remark upon this very agreeable scene of scholarly industry when my words were arrested by the sight of lengths of rusty chain on the floor by each individual bench.

"My questions were anticipated however by our guide who spoke thus: 'These dried-up relics are the only visible remains of a system which once held this school in subjection. This is our Corp of Pundits, made up of those who once performed such unholy offices as preaching to hapless undergraduates in unremitting flood of erudition from bell to bell; who stretched young intellects on the rack of rote learning; who penalized him who dared to use his mind and not his memory exclusively! But we have been merciful: you see them now in the compartments in which they chose to confine themselves—the chains have long since proved superfluous—when conformity (or rather non-conformity) was required of them under the present system. They serve a useful purpose too, since the product of their combined futility is published in quarterly form for the delectation of the more reactionary among those who require occasional evidences of our orthodoxy to ensure their support or at least their non-interference.'"

In moving words, the Ineffable Pedant describes the shocked disbelief of himself and his venerable companions, but it seems that before they could express themselves, they were herded from the chamber of the Pundits toward the great door previously mentioned. Before this door their guide stopped them and pointed to a motto emblazoned above it:

. . . take

This motto of a Latin make  
To grace the door through which I pass  
Hic Habitat Felicitas!

Then, without further ado, the door was flung open and they entered—but here we must again allow the Ineffable Pedant to record his reactions in his own resounding prose.

"Great Heavens what a sight! Before us lay an enormous hall, lofty and flooded with pure light from a glass ceiling which covered it all. About this great expanse were Grecian temples, Elizabethan stages, great areas of chemical and scientific apparatus, representations indeed, in literal form, of all conceivable areas of human knowledge; and through it, and around it, there wandered, clambered, clustered and meditated, myriads of young men and women, seemingly without hindrance, and yet strangely purposeful in their mien and bearing. I turned to the Dean for an explanation of this unprecedented scene and with a smile he encompassed it all with a large gesture, speaking thus:

"Your Profundity, **this** is our university library—all knowledge exposed to the untrammelled intellect. Unlimited light wherewith to see, and space wherein to move. Only the independent can have courage to use his mind.' As he spoke we moved about, and I observed that he was greeted by his students with a sort of happy deference. As if commenting upon this, he

remarked, 'Guidance is useful if sought, and there is no lack of it here. But to point the way is the work of the few. No lecturers, but the civilized, who can be seen by the example of their lives to have found a way better than that of the multitude, are the tutors in our university. We have a haven for them also, which they share only with those among the students who have achieved the civilized state: who realize that the pleasures of the intellect and the emotions come first and that those of the senses remain a little in the rear, forming a charming background. Come, let me show you.'"

The Ineffable Pedant, sufficiently dazed at this point to be deprived for once of words either of protest or precept, to judge from his comments, describes how they followed this monster of unorthodoxy to yet another door set snugly in a wall—a door strangely aged and mellow in these shining surroundings. He asked of the Dean—save the mark!—whether behind this door at last might not be a true *sanctum sanctorum*—one fit for scholarly pursuits away from the vulgar world. But he was not to hope for long; the words in answer, and the revelation to follow, damned forever this institution of liberalism! The Tract reports the reply to his hopeful query thus:

"It is indeed a *sanctum*, gentlemen, but it exists only as an anteroom to the world. It is not a resting place for the lazy, nor the den of the sensualist, nor yet the sealed compartment of the pedant—it is—well, see for yourselves!" With a touch of the speaker's hand, this door swung smoothly open and it is to the eternal credit of His Profundity that he was able to retain his composure sufficiently to leave us his impression of the scene that was exposed to his martyred senses!

"Behind this last door lay an intimate, cosily-furnished room, beamed, low-ceilinged and with all the appurtenances that one has seen in pictures of the best of those detestable English institutions known as Public Houses. One supposes that this room, with its warmth and its fine blue haze of smoke might be a replica of the sort of hellishly attractive den—'Pubs' as a certain class of the barbarians under discussion called the places they frequented overseas—which seem to have left such an indelible impression upon their minds of what they have been pleased to call 'a truly civilized atmosphere' and other equally absurd rubbish. About a tiny bar and in groups were what I could only conclude to be the 'civilized' students of which the Dean had spoken. Talk was low-pitched but seemingly marked with point and vivacity and over all, I must confess, was a most consummate air of composure and urbanity."

The great Pedant turned, he tells us, to give the Dean—what a parody!—the benefit of his scorn and indignation at such a revelation of pointless nonconformity within the confines of a university, but that official was gone, '. . . the better to enable you—' as a letter from him to His Profundity later stated, '. . . to muse upon what you had seen without any further comment from me; and to extract whatever lesson you might, from all that I had said in relation thereto.'

### III

The Tract concludes that the proof, to the International Society of Pedants, of the baneful influence of such libertarian institutions as that just described, lies in the fact that graduates from that Sink of Unorthodoxy frequently become outspoken critics of all manner of sacred and inviolate institutions, and make unblushing attempts to convince the unsuspecting that, in the words of that arch-cynic, M. Voltaire, 'All is not done for the best by the honest, well-bred stipendiaries who manage this best of all possible societies.'

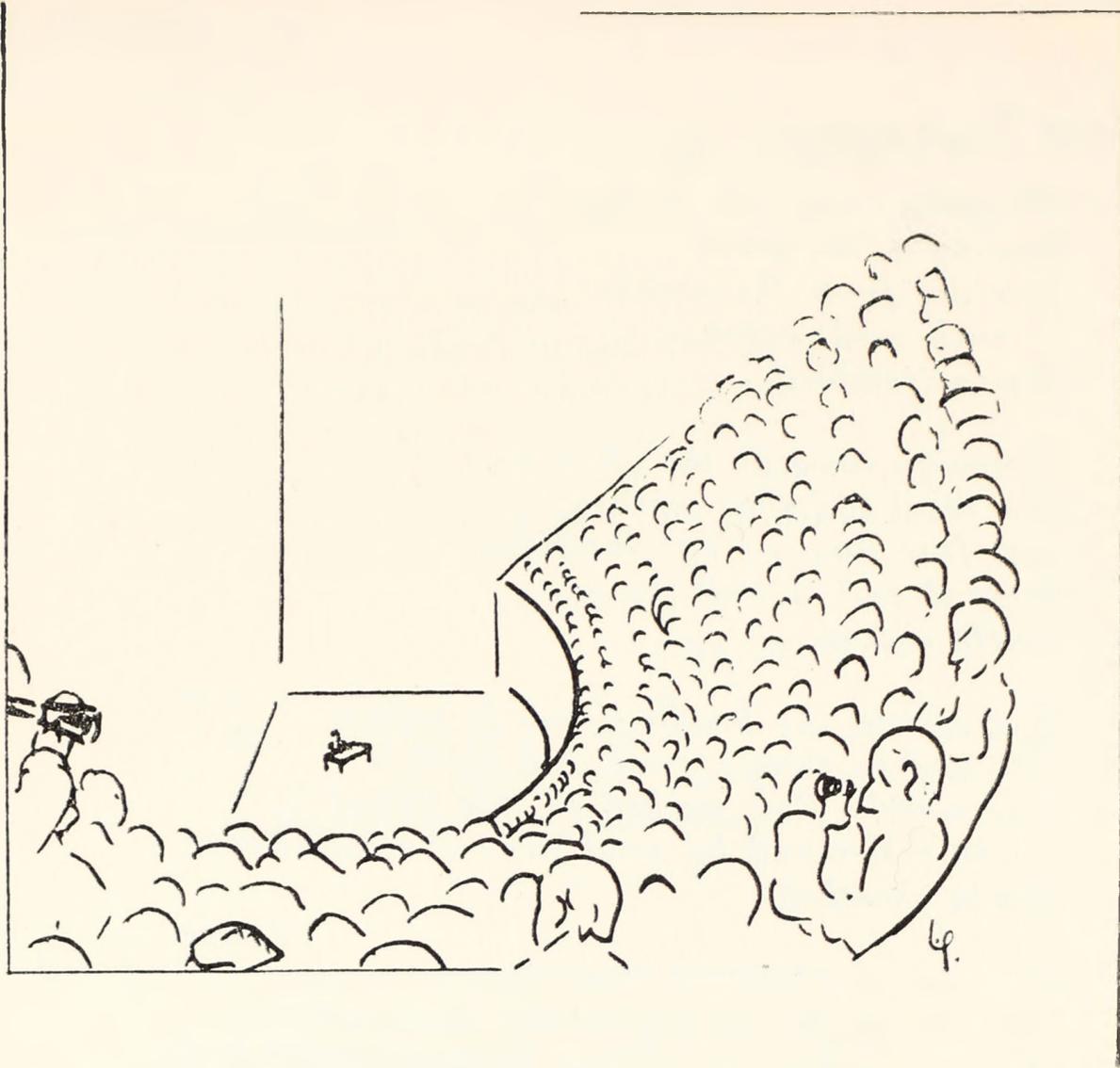
# Poetry

**bill langford**  
SUMMER EVE

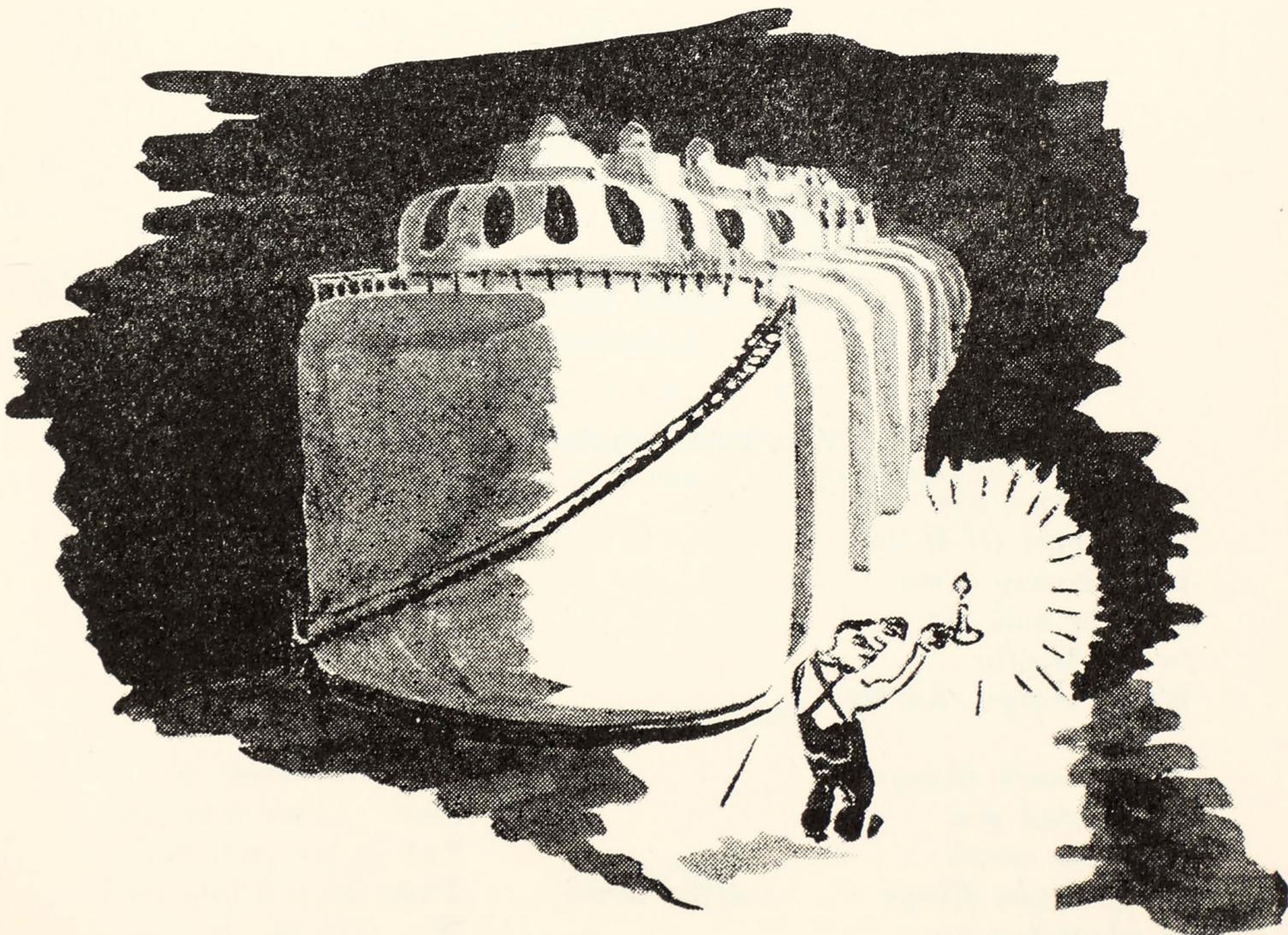
*Softly, slips the shade of Summer eve,  
Transforming day's harsh light to make-believe;  
A magic mantle, nature's cloak,  
Defying brush's faintest stroke,  
Of fabric fashioned far too fine,  
Too mere for lightest pencil line,  
A dew-dipped, sweetly scented curtain,  
Such quiet cover, yet so certain  
To slowly veil the searching, searing sun.  
Night draws close and day is nearly done.*

*These words of mine seem so inadequate  
To frame this vision intimate  
Of day's departure into night;  
This oft-repeated, miraculous delight,  
Which makes one thank the Lord for sight  
And feel compassion for the blind man's plight.  
How full and fervent flows our praise  
Of beauteous end to all our days!  
Twilight smothers day's hot rush,  
A fairy drug that brings us evening hush.*





“ . . . Now if you’ll watch closely gentlemen . . . ”



The Dark Ages—1948

**frank english**  
FLOODS OF SPRING

*Creeping 'long the bridge,  
Staring at the water,  
Pouring from the arches  
In such mad careen,  
Marta trembled.*

*Yearning towards the other side,  
She tried to hurry onward,  
But fear, fouling her footsteps,  
Sapped and slowed the pace,  
Marta sighed.*

*Entreating, the bridge began to tremble,  
The arches, then, to sigh and screech.  
The muddy flow pushed on, too strong  
To be restrained by weak'ning concrete bonds.  
Marta shrieked.*

*She ran, on unnerved legs, towards the near-gained end,  
But fell as fast as any falling block fell down  
Into the curling, murd'ring binding stream below,  
And soon the playful air ceased fleeing from her lips.*



**bill langford**  
FORBID THE ATOM

(War's not what it was)

*In my time, son  
We fought OUR war  
With manly arms.  
And we had fun  
In lands afar  
With foreign charms.*

*To-day such things  
Prostrated are  
By atom bomb,  
Which ruin flings  
In place too far  
For troops to come.*

*The good old days  
When men were brave,  
Have left us for  
These cruel ways  
Of spark and wave  
And atom war.*

*Gun, ship and 'plane,  
Tank, flame and gas,  
Sub, mine and shell,  
They were humane—  
But now alas—  
This atom-hell!*

# Burlesque

*g. campbell mcdonald*

CRY IN THE NIGHT

Now o! now it comes:  
my gushing day-free merriment —  
pulsinggaybubblingmirthyfoam  
in reck less cour sing spurts  
s t r e a m i n g  
into the twirling bowl of hydro-spun;  
there with cres-  
cent rin-  
sing swirls  
laughter laps the rimming lip  
of this oval glass of light  
— goblet fashioned from nigrescent mass.  
crystal glazed by mazda craft.

\* \* \* \* \*

Above,  
bumping moths and bugs a-sizzle  
— by fine-blown brilliance  
HYPNOTIZED,  
wheeling in cut-  
l g  
anoissecorp ssal  
suddenly scalded! by delightful boiling  
(sadness soured into screaming acid  
masquerading as a joyful liquid) —  
h r  
s t t with a splintering blurr  
a e  
into a patternless frenzy,  
Nature's art destroyed.

\* \* \* \* \*

The chuckling geyser stops.  
What spouted is overcome by Gravity  
and dribbles gloomy  
d  
o  
w  
n  
soaking in the forlorn ground . . . .



**verne h. atrill**  
CONCERT

*And as the music soared aloft and bore my soul  
Above the din and clatter, mind and matter  
That so binds me to the earthly pattern,  
A dream, a mystic melancholy view arose,  
And there the gentle strains disclose  
The tenor of the timeless roll.*

*I drifted into unseen, never-charted shores,  
And lightly touched the green, and sampled of the sheen.  
Meditative joy beholds not Nature's spleen.  
And then—the music rose to pagan heat  
And bore me from my fast retreat  
To hateful land once more.*

*And in the dying strain of even-patterned tone  
I stumbled through the spray, life's mission to obey.  
And knew my path was decked in doleful grey.  
I beheld the ugly rocky crag whereon I dwell,  
And lonely stepped beyond the swell.  
I felt the land and was alone.*



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**I**

*How many tears does the lover shed  
When love is dead?*

*As many as the stricken leaves  
That Autumn heaps in hollows,  
As many as the flakes of snow  
That come when Winter follows.*

*Do lovers' tears melt like the snow  
And fall again like rain?  
Do lovers' tears assist new love  
To come in leaf again?*

*One season only knows love's tears  
And when that season dies  
A cynic wind blows from the heart  
And purges weeping eyes.*



**II**

*A blossom eager for the sun,  
That breathless indiscretion speeds  
To burst too soon in frosty air,  
Our love, that one time seemed so fair,  
Now blackened lies among the weeds . . .  
A thing forgot by everyone.*



**III**

*Our love was like a splendid rose  
Whose flush conceals its thorn,  
And now, since fondling it too much,  
I find my hand is torn.*



*Now am I like some stunted sprig  
Whose clutching roots suck barren ground,  
Whose mother seed, in error placed,  
Has only poisonous nurture found.*

*On earth long soaked in war's sick tears  
And fertilized with bloody greed,  
Now parched by shrivelling mistrust . . .  
Here fell the destiny blown seed.*

*And now the clothing bark is split  
But not in lithe expansive life,  
Oh from a hollowness within  
More grievous than a wilful knife.*

*The gentle or the violent winds  
Will strip away the last loathe shred  
And only leave a grotesque stub  
To mark where simple hopes are dead.*



**MEDITATION AT THE BALL**

*No fluid forms from stone I beat;  
In words and paint, ineloquent;  
I tune no thoughts upon the stave.  
I know no pool in which to lave  
A heated mind. No willing vent  
Through which to free it of its heat.*

*Through fields detailed with paint's caress  
I followed wondrous music's sound.  
Heard to the song the poet sings  
In hopes to find the heart of things.  
My journey ended, all I found  
Was but the isle of Loneliness.*

*Becalmed beside the shore  
With social sails close-furled,  
I curse the windless atmosphere  
But won't unfurl my ready gear  
While all the docile world  
Wafts o'er the waving floor.*

***gerry fremlin***

**SONG OF THE SEDUCTIVE SOPHIST**

*Pretty maiden pray beware  
Of the vows your lovers swear.  
Though each vow is truly meant,  
Lovers know not Love's intent.  
Oh the sad parental wonder  
At a bundled bouncing blunder!*

*Love's effect. But what's its cause?  
Impersonal atomic laws!  
The laws that govern CO-2  
Likewise govern him and you.  
No heart had yet such flinty rind  
It could not be adrenalined.*

*The moon, a lover at your side  
Inspire to virginicide.  
Do you not know why this is?  
Lunar photosynthesis!  
Happy boys and Freudless gals  
Are victims of their chemicals!*

*Victims, victims are they all,  
Each to chemicals must fall.  
But now enlightened, you can stay,  
Maiden, as you are to-day,  
But don't you think it might be smarter  
To be a happy blissful martyr?*

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**bill langford**  
SUSSEX

*Sussex is a lovely county,  
Sweet and stately as a nun;  
Sussex has God's beauty bounty  
Blest by kindly, golden sun.*

*Brightly rain-washed, balmy air,  
Sparkling, vibrant, clean and fair,  
A lady lovely would compare,  
Tangy sea to scent her hair.*

*She's good and pure and proud,  
Though sometimes happy, free and gay;  
She doesn't vaunt her charms aloud,  
But woos us softly night and day.*

*Her anger's shown in mighty waves,  
That crowd her cliffs with thunderous blows;  
Sometimes, surely, she behaves  
With temper as a woman does.*

*But after storm has passed  
And dark clouds swept from radiant face,  
What wealth her beauty has amassed,  
What charm, what purity and grace!*



**ian martyn**  
GOD

*I travelled to the edge than night  
And saw the face of Power there  
Uncontemplated yet.  
It moved,  
An endless single pattern  
Of motion back and forth.  
And yet, no kind of presence felt  
But just a source of mighty power,  
Not good or bad or seen or heard,  
But 'twas so great to me;  
I could not stand the strength of it,  
I had to wake and flee.*

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*"The Dance of the Year"*

# Criticism

*r. a. o'brien*

## A THEORY OF THE AESTHETIC EXPERIENCE AND ITS CAUSE

ONE does not spend much time in the company of those usually referred to as "intellectuals" before hearing much talk, metaphysical or merely discursive, of such things as **the meaning of art, the nature of beauty, significant form, and, inevitably, the aesthetic experience.** But, out of these discussions and the great mass of material which has been and is being written about art and its emotional concomitants, nothing in the nature of a delightfully self-evident truth is likely to be distilled by the most earnest individual. There is a fair possibility, however, that he may emerge from the intellectual fray with at least two abstractions as trophies, which may be worded perhaps thus: "Art is the expression of an emotion felt by the artist," and "The aesthetic experience is that emotion felt, to some extent in common, by the creator of a work of art, and by the sensitive observer thereof." We will assume that our searcher is an individual, well-endowed intellectually, "normal" physiologically and psychologically, who recognizes the fact that he himself has known what he vaguely understands to be "the aesthetic experience." In other words, an intelligent person who has, perhaps, stood in the midst of a scene of natural beauty at the precise moment when that scene was capable of evoking in him a distinct emotional reaction which he recognizes as unique. He may or may not have had a similar reaction to a work of art, say a painting, but most writers on the subject agree that the delightful emotion felt in the presence of some natural scenes is essentially the same as that produced by great art.

Our subject then has felt a distinct sensation, a delight, the result of contemplating a natural scene or a great work of art. He is intellectually capable of attempting to discover the reasons for this reaction by studying the standard works on the subject, and, perhaps, by trying to analyse for himself his own experience in the light of what he learns from the authorities. Possibly we, in our consideration of this question of art and its effect upon the observer, might find it useful to become this hypothetical person of our recent creation, and to turn inwards upon ourselves in an effort to reach some valid conclusions.

As humans then, is there any one aspect of being that we all share? Well certainly we all came out from the dark comfort, the ideal **oneness** of individual and environment existing in the womb, into the first undifferentiated shocks of the outer world. Sensation it must have been, although probably not conscious experience. The point to be made is that from the moment of birth, the self and the environment became distinctly separated, never again to be identified, but for the rest of life to be, whether consciously or otherwise, the object of the ultimate desire for such reunion in the individual. Because of his distinctive make-up—a creature of reason rather than one of instinct, like the insect for example—the necessity of adjusting to his environment is more imperative for man, and the process more difficult, than for other creatures. The rest of his life then, is spent in an effort to

find some means of improving the unity between himself and the outer world, and he uses art, religion and philosophy to aid him in creating this unity. The intensity of his desire and his choice of means will depend upon what sort of individual he is.

It would seem perfectly reasonable then, in view of this unique search of man for the means of providing himself with aids to his desired but impossible goal of complete identity with the universe, that he should be capable of discovering isolated **islands** of achievement, where a small segment of truth is felt to be known completely. It is further conceivable that such a discovery, arising as it does out of a truly cosmic search, should result in real, even exquisite, satisfaction. Such a feeling could come, one feels, to a scientist who has, out of all the infinite realm of shadow, finally uncovered one tiny, perfect ray of truth. Such a feeling is undoubtedly what the religious mystic feels when he has achieved what he conceives to be perfect union between himself and his God. This is the aesthetic experience, the same emotion that is felt by the artist in creation and by the observer of the product of his art, who is capable of being so inspired. There is, however, an important difference between the experience of the scientist or the mystic, and that of the artist, and that is that the aesthetic experience is only **incidental** in science, religion, or philosophy. It was not for this that they were conceived and followed, but for practical purposes, to place their imprint upon the world. Art, as is often stated, is **disinterested**, and merely exists to attempt to show what the ultimate control of that which Elisabeth Schneider in her "**Aesthetic Motive**" calls ". . . a world-without" would be like if it were possible. In other words, art tries to give us the sensation of having achieved complete unity with the essentially antagonistic world that is not of ourselves.

## II

Miss Schneider, whose work is the direct inspiration for this essay, has revived an old aesthetic theory which has its roots in the cosmology of the ancients, and has treated it with such simplicity, clarity and force that out of it one cannot help but derive new and thrilling ways of thinking of the bases of all art appreciation. By accepting this conception of the reasons for the aesthetic experience, we can avoid most of the deadening analysis that creeps into most treatises on the subject. There are also certain assumptions which can be arrived at logically by the acceptance of this reasoning about the aesthetic experience that come as something of a shock to anyone who has been rather inclined to accept the much-pronounced dicta of the professional aesthetes. Some of these assumptions are capable of causing much intellectual backtracking in an effort to discover just where the anomaly lies—in our thinking, or in someone else's—always a salutary process.

For example, by this "unity-in-variety" theory, ". . . any man may find aesthetic experience almost anywhere in life" to quote Miss Schneider. Just as it is possible that many intelligent and well-informed people are unable to recognize the aesthetic experience, so is it also possible for the less sophisticated who are unused to contact with real art, to obtain a genuine aesthetic experience from, say a photograph of a sunset. On the face of it this seems rather like heresy, but if the photograph should cause this type of person to feel that beauty must have been in the original scene because someone saw fit to photograph it, and this realization makes him "suggestible"

and creates a "pre-aesthetic" mood, as Miss Schneider puts it, then the photograph contains enough of the wonder-creating element to give rise to an aesthetic feeling.

The basis of this particular phase of the position is that the capability of having an aesthetic experience is variable with the person. In the case of the photograph just mentioned, a person accustomed to receive aesthetic pleasure from the arts or from nature would fail to be moved by such a picture. There is nothing in it to arouse that sense of wonder which is always present in aesthetic experience. Skill must have been present in art to the degree that we are filled with awe that such diverse means should have been used to produce such significant ends. The same is true in nature—the scene or object must strike us as something unique—a completely satisfactory **symbol** for all the meanings it suggests. Certainly this attitude in the experienced observer of art explains why good taste instinctively rejects the sentimental and the banal. We require that the form, by which the unity we seek in life is compressed into an acceptable symbol, shall itself be complexity resolved into miraculous oneness. Thus it becomes possible for anyone engaged in a workaday task involving his conscious creation of unity out of a diversity of disparate entities, to feel the pleasure of bringing the **many** into the **one**. The aesthetic experience is thus lifted out of the arid wastes of metaphysics into the daily world of men.

It will be seen that there is no attempt, in this very broad manner of explaining the origins of the pleasure of aesthetic response, to invalidate the many theories of just how, psychologically, the art form or the natural beauty react upon the organism to produce the emotion. Actually—and this is the beauty of the whole conception—such speculations are not important to an appreciation of the basic theory. We have found a valid and deep-seated motive for seeking aesthetic satisfaction. Just what physiological and psychological phenomena occur within the human being once the unity motive has been satisfied, remains an interesting speculation—useful no doubt, but not vital except to the specialist. In most other speculations upon the subject, it is necessary to become involved in complicated and tiresome minutiae which obscure the essential spiritual basis that one feels must be present in anything so semi-divine as a true aesthetic experience.

To further discountenance the orthodox one might point out that, by our theory of "imaginative union of reality" to borrow another phrase from Miss Schneider, it would even seem unnecessary to make what Collingwood and others consider to be a necessary distinction between arts and crafts. The argument is briefly, that the artist has an experience which demands expression, but has no idea of what that experience is until he has expressed it. Therefore, it follows that since the products of a craft are made as means to an end, to a preconceived plan, this element of what Collingwood calls ". . . the unreflective spontaneity of art" is missing; and since the aesthetic experience can only be obtained from a work of art (to leave nature out of the argument), it is impossible to be so moved by the crafted object.

However, if one can obtain an aesthetic experience from "almost anywhere in life," then one supposes that such an experience might conceivably be obtained from contemplation of the product of a craft. As in the case of the photograph of the sunset, it is only necessary to postulate the existence of an individual in whom the product of craftsmanship would

awaken a speculative train of thought and feeling that would carry him behind and beyond that object to a greater conception. There is no disagreement here with what has been said about the experience of the artist demanding expression **unreflective and spontaneous**. It is only that the field **outside** art, wherein some people may find a valid aesthetic pleasure, has been widened.

### III

It need hardly be observed that, looking at all the aspects of art from the position herein explained, one inevitably finds it necessary to do a great deal of readjusting of previously-held concepts. Space prohibits any consideration in the light of "the control of external reality for the purpose of imaginative unification" of such familiar matters as the motives of the artist, the medium in which he works, form and content, and so on. These all lie without our immediate concern with the aesthetic experience; but full appreciation and understanding is not possible without their inclusion in the thinking of anyone truly concerned with art in its broadest reaches. It is suggested that all of these familiar aspects of art assume a fresh and exciting significance when viewed from the standpoint of the theory we have been discussing, which goes deep to the roots of man's primary motivation in life, and gives depth and validity to that most rewarding and delightful of his unique spiritual capabilities—the aesthetic experience.



**william e. carter**

REFLECTIONS ON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

*Still I have walked amongst these cherished halls,  
And felt their grandeur thrill me to my heart;  
Though not in me has yet there been distilled  
All light and virtue which shines in every part.  
But not in vain have thus I been exposed,  
Nor have those rays omniscient passed me by.  
For, at times, when in some quiet solitude  
Far from the concrete world removed, there comes  
Such hosts of thoughts so sweet and pure and fine,  
It seems my breast with joy must burst apart.*

*Here, beneath the quiet wooded bowers,  
I have spent the pleasantest of hours  
In quiet contemplation of ideals,  
The beautiful, the good, and man's own soul.  
Nor have I here a good friend been deprived,  
For such an one does walk these paths with me,  
And with me to the very dregs, life drinks.  
Together, do we thank the Deity  
That brought us to this hallowed sacred place;  
That planted round this pile of hewn stone  
The rolling greens, the sparkling silver stream,  
The stately trees, and undulating hills,  
As His approval of enduring worth,  
As symbols of His ever present Being.*



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# Book Reviews

*mary markham*

SARAH BINKS

IT is ironical that a professor of Chemistry at the University of Manitoba, (far from the cultural centre of Canada!) should have written the first appreciation of that great Canadian poet, Sarah Binks. The author, Paul Hiebert, examines the poet in the act of "poeming" against a background of gopher meadows and gumbo. All the divine frenzy of her "lyrical outbursts of pulsating beauty," all the private symbolism, indeed all the private life of Sarah Binks, has been penetrated in Hiebert's best chemico-literary manner for the delight of his readers. This reviewer can do no better than quote part of the dedication. "After all, what was the beauty of sky and field and rain-drenched hill, of prairie swept by storm, of dazzling alkali flat, of hot fallow land in the sun of a summer afternoon, of the misty pastels of spreading time? All these things have been hers." For anyone who can still enjoy a hearty guffaw, for any Honours English student benumbed by the intricacies of literary criticism, for all the bibliophiles and dry-as-dust scholars who inhabit musty library carrels, this book is recommended as an antidote to madness.

*Sarah Binks*, by Paul Hiebert. Drawings (also very good) by J. W. McLaren. Oxford University Press, 1947.

## HERE AND NOW

A NEW literary periodical, formally patronized by both The Brewing Industry of Toronto and Lady Eaton, "Here and Now" is preparing to celebrate its first anniversary. A nice blend of critical articles from professorial pens and episodic stories and patterned poems from left-wing neophytes makes "Here and Now" quite the most exciting literary experiment in Canada in a long, long time. Of the latter, James Reamey ("I am the Luna-moth fluttering lost and despairfully in the yellow waters of the Sun") is a sinister example of the personalist trend in modern poetry. Stephen Spender's "Poem," in the same issue, is a perfect answer to such nonsense.

*"Be of this earth, no longer driven,  
By whips and flutes of hell and heaven."*

The attractive format of the magazine is a reply to those who say Canadian craftsmanship is inferior. Several pages of photographs are devoted to the work of Canadian artists—sculptor Cox (the Canadian Henry Moore) and the painter David Milna. The forthcoming issue promises essays on Thomas Wolfe and James Joyce, short stories by Roy Daniells, Robert Finch and Ralph Gustafson, a poem by A. M. Klein. Judged by its own standards, "Here and Now" approaches distinction, and deserves the support of every student of Canadian literature.

*Here and Now*, published thrice-yearly at 70 Grenville Street, Toronto. Editor, Catherine Harmon. Subscription rates—steadily going up.

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and college days are dreams . . .*

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