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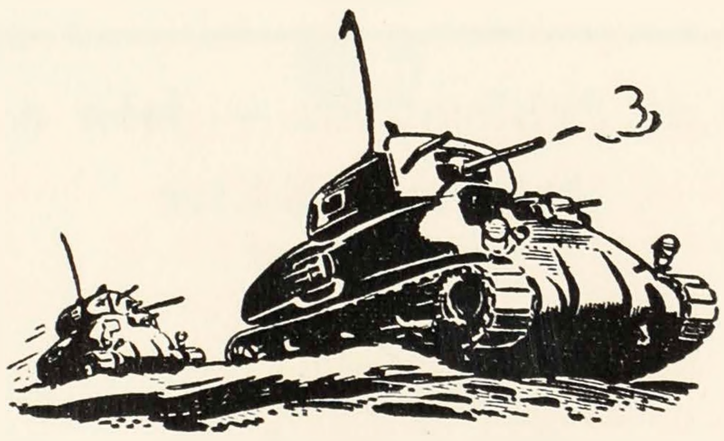
james f. pringle

BRAVE NEW WORLD

Unto the hills around, do I lift up my longing eyes.
And see
Field grey and khaki
Blood-splotched on the winter snow,
Bloated mules with
Legs like a table
Turned upside down
Pointing at a winter sky,
From stretchers
Eyes with a death film
Peering from stubbled faces
Pleading for morphine.
No larks, no poppies, no torch.
From whence for me shall my salvation come?
Shall I join the dance
With a sickle?
The prickly-pear is now the May-pole.
The olive branch once blasted
By a four-point-five
Now withers at the peace conference.
The cactus fades.
There is drought in the land
Now, as then—then as now.



clifford w. webb

THAT WAS ELLEN'S WAY

YOU HAVE SEEN Dresden china. You know its delicate nature. My wife, Ellen, was like that. I loved her. I loved her for her delicacy and her quietness. She had soft brown eyes and softer hair. Her whole being was one of subdued beauty. Yes—that was it—she was quiet, and what a relief that was to the dreadful state of nerves I was in when I met her.

What are nerves anyway, these nerves that make you hate yourself and all the world at once? I don't know, and I have read many books. But Ellen knew. She knew that I needed her. When we met in the garden of her aunt's place in Cornwall, she knew all about me. She knew that I was a young engineer who had worked too hard and played harder; who had not found that intangible purpose in life that everyone seeks. She knew also that I had had a nervous breakdown and that I needed rest.

How she knew I do not know. Perhaps her aunt told her. Perhaps I was more well-known than I thought. I do know that when I was invited to tea that fateful afternoon, Ellen knew all about me. She knew men and had marked me for her own.

It was restful to be with her. She sighed and talked softly of poetry and books, and all the while she smiled her quiet little smile. She was a doll—so delicate and sweet. I had no reason to fear **her.** I was only afraid to touch her with my clumsy hands. I tried to do things for her, but it was she who did things for me. She would be careful that I sat in the most comfortable chair; that I was not in the hot sun; that I had the exact amount of sugar in my tea; (I hate sugar in my tea). She did these things in the quiet manner that was her way, and all the time she was a perfect darling, so sweet, so fragile, so beautiful. I had never seen anyone like her. I worshipped her from the first day.

I came many days after that, until we were the best of friends. I dared not think that she could regard me as anything but a good friend. She would laugh and talk as if there was never such a thing in the world as passion. That was until the quarrel. It was really the quarrel that caused us to get married.

One afternoon, we had taken a short stroll in the garden, and we were talking about roses. Suddenly, she said that she didn't like yellow roses. She said that she didn't like yellow roses. I was in a rage in a second. I love yellow roses. They are so much more expressive than red ones. Red roses remind me only of blood, and I hate blood. But yellow roses are of the purest gold. Who does not prefer yellow roses?

I cursed Ellen for not liking them. I spoke loudly and roughly to her. In my anger the words spilled out and I did not notice their effect. Afterwards, I did. I became calm and then I looked at Ellen. Her eyes were wide, staring at me in unbelief. She had one tiny fist clenched between her teeth. She was pale as death. Uttering a little cry she ran away to a rose arbor.

I followed her, clumsily, and saw her sobbing quietly and piteously amid the beautiful yellow roses. I felt an agony of remorse. I bit my lip in despair at my stupid coarseness. How fine she was even in sorrow. At last, I ventured to touch her. She quivered and looked up at me with eyes of mute incomprehension. Immediately, I was upon my knees pouring out my love for her in phrases distracted and miserable. I told her how long and how hopelessly I had worshipped her. In my madness, I begged her to be my wife. She looked at me with surprise in her eyes. I kept talking, tenderly and lovingly, lest I hurt her with silence. Then she spoke. She forgave me for hurting her. She said I had a right to hurt her because she was really mine.

My joy was limitless. This wondrous little creature was mine. She had said it. She had even consented to marry me. How could this be? It was monstrous, this match of my roughness with her fineness and purity. I was unworthy of her, but I would try to be everything to her. With her I would be tender and considerate without end. I did not notice then that I was not so restful. It made me more nervous, but I had to have her. She was everything to me. How I yearned to feel the texture of her fineness. We did not wait long to get married.

We had a quiet wedding with an equally quiet honeymoon. Ellen liked to do things quietly and without fuss. I was glad enough of it. I had her to myself, this precious darling who was like crystal, so fragile was she. What joy it is to touch such a thing! Have you never known the exquisite thrill of handling delicate glass-ware? The mingled pleasure of handling it, and fear of breaking it gives an excitement of the rarest order. And Ellen was the finest of the fine. These rough hands were awkward and bungling, but what pleasure it was. I shall never forget that honeymoon. She was like a goddess or a water-nymph; her flesh was heavenly.

But my nerves—those wretched nerves. They became worse. I took a good position in London, but I did not do my best work. Perhaps I thought too much of my goddess. We were fairly comfortable. We had a pretty little cottage. Ellen thought much about the decoration, and busied herself with it constantly. She tired herself, poor thing. She was always tired when I came home in the evenings. She would always go straight to sleep after dinner. I often asked her not to work so hard, but she would only look hurt, and I could not bring myself to deny her these small pleasures. That was before the headaches. Oh! my poor Ellen.

She suffered terribly with the headaches. I could do nothing for her. They made her so sensitive. I could not touch her any more. She would wince, and I could never bear to see her in pain. I did not touch her. But it was so hard. My nerves became worse. I often thought I would go mad.

When I did not touch her, she did not have the headaches so frequently. If I did touch her, they were so severe that Ellen could not leave her bed. I became more and more distraught. Ellen became quieter and more delicate. I worshipped her more than ever. We lived like this for three years. Then she found out about Marie.

How she found out I do not know, but one night when I returned late to the cottage, I found her waiting for me. Quietly, she told me that she knew. I was amazed, and beside myself with remorse, and shame.

In confusion, I threw myself at her feet, and begged her to forgive me, as she had forgiven me in the rose garden long before. She smiled her quiet little smile and forgave me. But she would not let me touch her any more.

This, I could not stand. I was utterly miserable. What did I care for a woman like Marie? I only took her because Ellen had her headaches so often. I loved Ellen. I worshipped her fragile beauty. I could not live without touching her. I could not refrain. Afterwards, each time, I felt like an animal, unclean and savage. She forgave me even that. She was still quiet and cheerful. In fact she became more and more like she had been when I had met her. But I felt like a beast. Ah! What is there that makes a woman want to be with a man and yet not be of a man? Why do they find us necessary if they cannot be a woman to us? I did not touch Ellen any more. Her health improved and her headaches went away. But I grew worse, much worse.

Then poor Ellen fell sick. Oh! What a pity that was. I sent for her aged family doctor. He wagged his head and talked of vitamins and tonics, but he could do nothing for her. She wasted away each week. I knew she was dying before my eyes. It was such a pity, for I loved her so.

She still contrived to be cheerful, in her quiet way. I could see, however, that she was worried. She seemed abstracted when I spoke to her, and hardly noticed when I told her I loved her. I understood. I could see that she was getting worse. She was wasting away every day now. Poor Ellen! I loved her so. She got weaker and paler, until finally she died.

Yes, my poor darling Ellen died yesterday. Today a physician came around with an order for an autopsy. He said that Ellen had phoned him and insisted on it, if anything should happen to her. I wonder how she phoned him? I watched her constantly. I stayed off work to watch her. I was always present when the doctor came. Now they will surely find the poison in her body. But what does it matter? I will be joining Ellen soon. I think she must have slipped out of bed, and quietly phoned while I was asleep. Yes, that must be what she did. That was Ellen's way. . .

phil stratford

SPRING CRY

I want to stand on the crest of a high hill,
Erect, with my lungs open wide to the wind.
I want to thrust up my arms into the sky,
Breathe in deeply the newness of life.

I want to dig my hands deep into the earth,
Press and crumble the rich, red soil in my hands.
I want to clutch the joy of life close to my breast,
Let a song surge with the flow of my blood.

I want to feel the springing sod under my feet,
The pulsing caress of warm sun on my face.
I want to reach out and grasp firm its secret,
Fill my heart with the strong beauty of life.

I want to feel the keen knife thrust of cold rain,
To clench my teeth in the buffet of rough wind,
To see the green flush spring from the slender wood,
The sky bathing the earth clean with its freshness.

I want to hear the raucous call of the crow,
The slash of the wind-wracked boughs swinging free,
The deepthroated gurgle of brown streams boiling,
The staccato complaint of a barking dog.

I want to be one with motion.
The rhythm of life runs me through.
I want joy complete to engulf me.
I open myself to receive it; reach but cannot attain.
Since I seek it but never can know it,
I want pain.

cliff williams

DESERTED VILLAGE, 1944

THE SCOUT CAR moved at the core of a cyclone of dust, dust that spiraled in slow spreading clouds and dropped from the windless air as sand trickles from listless fingers. The scout car stopped, and the whorl drifted away, a slowly withdrawing veil that opened before the view of the driver a prospect of scorched fields and shimmering sky. Without comment to his companion, he stood up in the open body of the vehicle and, absently putting a cigarette to his lips, swept the scene with a long glance.

On either side he saw only the fields and the sky, and the wavering heat lines of the horizon, but directly ahead the road disappeared into a cluster of houses. With a grimace the driver threw away the unlighted cigarette and reseated himself at the wheel. "Village ahead," he shouted over the clash of gears as the car rolled forward.

When the first dim shapes of buildings appeared through the swirling dust, the men slouched lower in their seats and stared out anxiously on every side. They saw nothing but blank walls, heard nothing but the grinding motor amplified to a discordant roar in the narrow street.

The walls suddenly fell away, the driver tramped hard upon the brake, the engine ceased, and in an instant a stillness, thicker than the dust, fell around them. Squarely in front of the engine hood stood a great marble cross, on each side the sculptured figures of angels, defaced and shattered, the whole monument a ruin of ruptured stone. Tense with surprise, the men paused for a moment, then stepped out slowly, and stood by the side of the vehicle. Their eyes travelled down the length of the cross, and fixed on the angels' statues, which, with heads blown away and wings splintered on the ground, seemed still to bend forward in a peaceful homage, purged and calm.

At last out of the silence came the dry tones of the driver, "No place for angels it seems. Let's get going." The other soldier, startled as if from a dream, answered without turning his head. "This must be the town square. We'll look around."

When their voices faded, all sound seemed to die out of the world. No sign of man, nor sound of nature came from far or near. Through the beating sunlight and the drift of the heavy air not a bird sang nor insect hummed.

Across the square, the spire of a church cut a black cone of shadow, lopped off at the apex in curious comparison to the headless angels. The houses around threw down the same black images, irregular and torn, jagged with patches of brilliant sunlight. From the shadow-patterns in the dust the gaze of the men rose to the realities; measuring first the height of the decapitated church, moving along the broken walls, probing the dark interior. The doors were still upon their hinges, but flung wide open, and through the portals to the street lay a trail of church furniture and treasure.

Rich hardwood from altars and crosses, splintered wooden pews, gold-fringed robes of every hue, torn canvas of sacred paintings, tapestries, candle-

sticks, hymn books, breviaries, bibles, carved marble and broken bricks spilled down a stairway to the street, where particles of the stained glass windows glinted like lost jewels.

In the road a high-wheeled cart, half loaded with a similar rubble, lay crushed under a wall. From doors and windows the household litter spewed over the yards as though each building had been racked inwardly by a great nausea and had retched its contents through every orifice. Stores of food, bundles of clothing, hoards of cherished possessions, all the intimacies of domestic life were revealed and spoiling in the glaring daylight.

In the public garden of a cafe, tables were set beneath a row of trees. On one of the tables stood an unbroken bottle, beside it a plate of food, parched and putrid in the scorched atmosphere. The cafe no longer existed, and the bodies of the trees were driven full of iron.

In the general wreck a few houses were undamaged, except for shattered windows; of some the walls had fallen away, neatly exposing in cross-section the upper and lower apartments; others were meaningless heaps of wood and brick. A rancid stench reeked from these fallen houses, unusual, unknown, horribly suggestive of rotting flesh on fly-blown bodies.

There was in the desolation that which repelled every organ of sense except the ear. The dead hush that follows explosion seemed crystallized over the village. Against that stillness the driver struggled to articulate, but even as he opened his mouth, across the fields, over the rooftops, swept a roar of sound. A crescendo of detonations thundered to a climax and faded along the horizon line. Sharp, briefer, gunfire answered from the east. The driver listened, then his voice broke the deeper silence, "Eighty-eights that way, forty-mile-snipers behind. We're too far up." They got into the car, turned back along the street, and once more on the roadway the hot dust spiraled upward, then sank on the listless air.

rupert de prenier

CANDLE TO THE MOON

HE ASCENDED the stairs quickly and rang the bell. He found himself out of breath, and rebuked himself for not having waited a moment before ringing. He did not want to appear excited when she opened the door. Why was he excited? She was after all only a music teacher. He hated not being in complete control of himself.

He noticed when she opened the door, that she had stifled almost a gasp. She had looked deeply into his eyes for a moment as though searching for something. She seemed to find what she was seeking, for she flushed a little and turned away.

"Yes."

"I understand that you teach violin. I know absolutely nothing about music except that I like to listen to it and I'm pretty old, but I was wondering—do you think there's any hope that . . ."

"Yes," she said emphatically, "Certainly I've had lots of pupils as old as you, perhaps some older. Age is no object. When would you like to start? Perhaps Monday at eight or nine?"

"Monday at nine would be fine," he said, somewhat relieved.

"All right then, what is your name?"

"Richard Rockwell," he said.

He descended the stairs and went out. It was autumn, his favorite season. He liked it because it was cool and sharp, and put a spring in his step.

Richard had always been a collector. First it was picture cards of Indian heads; then nests and birds' eggs; then butterflies; then women's hearts; and now he was a collector of experiences—experiences of the mind as well as the body. He had never studied music before. He considered that it would be simply another experience of the mind, that and nothing more, or so he thought.

Richard was a creature of reason. He had a memory as swift and retentive as a steel trap. He considered all things of a poetic nature as effeminate and as signs of weakness; he therefore abhorred them.

As he walked through the park his mind wandered back to his teacher to be. Her name was Maureen. "Maureen," he thought, "sounds like the wailing of the wind about the chimney-pots of some old crumbling mansion on the edge of the moors. Jane Eire's name should have been Maureen." He laughed at himself contemptuously for having thought such a poetic thought, and ground to dust a leaf of crimson and gold beneath his heel. She looked younger than he had expected, not much older than himself. She was not beautiful in the common sense of the word, yet she radiated an innocent charm and sweetness that showed a deeper beauty, a beauty of the soul. He had noticed, too, that her figure was full and perfectly molded. The full lips bespoke a creature of passion.

When he had been questioning his friends about a suitable music teacher, one had told him of Maureen. She had been described as "angelic". Everyone to whom he had spoken seemed to have the same opinion of her. One had told him that in her presence it was utterly impossible to feel hate or jealousy or evil of any man. One was capable of loving the whole universe and all that was in it. Another had told him however that she had adopted some queer religion. She used to be a Christian Scientist. That was all right, but this new religion. . . "It's fantastic—came out of California, like all the others. Guess she's going queer," he had said wagging his head knowingly, "It's such a pity . . . such a pity."

II

A year had passed. Richard's music had advanced with amazing rapidity. His style was cold, hard, and brilliant, like polished steel. Maureen wondered as she watched his face, how one with such a face could possibly play with such coldness and hardness. To her, he was an enigma. The part that was "him" seemed to be surrounded by a high wall of stone. When, as on rare occasions she seemed to be able to reach the top of the wall and peep over to see the man himself, there was nothing there—just a vast and empty infinity. The thought made her shudder. She held him in awe.

During the summer they had spent occasional Sunday mornings together in the park which lay just behind Maureen's studio. Maureen told him of herself. She had been a sensitive child, had spent her youth in search of the infinite. At twenty she had taken to dressing in black and had contemplated the nunnery. She had followed closely the philosophy of Christ, existing only on the bare necessities and giving the remainder of her scant earnings to charity. She had tried many religions and creeds but had found satisfaction in none of them until she had come upon the sect of the followers of St. Audele.

Saint Audele had been, she said, an alchemist in the eighteenth century and had plumbed the mysteries of life and death. He was reported to have died in Paris in 1852 and then to have reappeared there several years later. In recent years he had appeared to a group of people to whom he had imparted his secrets. This group of people had formed the nucleus of a new religious group of which Maureen was a member. They were called "The Followers of St. Audele".

Maureen spoke of the true plan of the universe. Every personality, by choice of his own will, breaks out from the "great central sun" and starts the magnificent pilgrimage from octave to octave until he becomes a god. He begins his journey by becoming incarcerated in the lowest form of life on the planet earth. He then gradually ascends the scale through the animals to man, and passes from embodiment to embodiment until he becomes morally perfect. He is then able to burst the chain that binds him to the wheel of life and death, to make the "ascension" and to pass to other and higher octaves.

That a person should become aged, she said, was the result of the wasting of the precious energies of life in discordant actions, hates, lust, sexuality, greed, fear and other imperfections. If a personality were always in harmony with himself and the universe, he would remain forever youthful. How could a cancer exist in a body that was in perfect harmony with the divine plan? One becomes that which one's mind dwells upon. If one is inhibited

by fears and uncertainties he must of necessity remain in the gross and unproductive realm of normalcy.

Richard was suspicious of all religions. He suspected them of being props for personalities too weak to meet the stark realities of life. There was not one single bit of good solid evidence that there was anything beyond that which can be seen and felt. If there was some omnipotent being and it was important to him that men should believe in him, it would be the simplest thing in the world for him to give some sign that could be interpreted in no other way.

He could do it once or twice a decade too, and in all lands, instead of only two or three times in seven thousand years. There were just three pieces of experience that he could not explain to his own satisfaction. The origin of the first living cell; the existence of psychic phenomena including inspiration; and more recently, the effect of Maureen and her music.

As he listened to her, some part of him there was, that knew with indisputable certainty that he had lived forever and that that part should similarly never die. He told himself that it was all nonsense, yet, under the spell of her music the thought returned again and again with ever increasing force.

Concerning the origin of the first cell, the theory that chance had produced it in the primeval slime was more fantastic than the postulation of an intelligent creator.

Inspiration seemed real enough. All the poets and creators were convinced that they were not the source of their works but that they came from somewhere "beyond". He had partially satisfied himself that this was not so, but that inspiration was simply an exaggeration of normal psychology. Everyone is familiar with the experience of solving some problem which in spite of their painstaking collection of data, succeeds in eluding their grasp. Then, suddenly when they least expect it, the data seems to magically fall into line. It is as though some other mind had worked the problem. This certainly seemed to be a rudimentary type of inspiration. Inspiration is an exaggeration of the normal rather than a new phenomenon.

Furthermore he had heard of inspired seducers of women and murderers. If the source of inspiration is the beyond, the beyond shows itself somewhat indiscriminate with its information!

As for psychic phenomena, there did seem to be more than adequate evidence for the survival of personality after death. He had always told himself that he must explore this field, yet he never did. Perhaps he realized that if he did, his tiny world of logic would destroy itself, would fall upon its own sword. Perhaps he was afraid.

Maureen was very fond of swans. She knew all the swans that nested in the park and all their nesting places. She said they occupied a special place in the order of the universe. If a personality were on the verge of perfection, if he were in the very eve of his ascension and then fell into discord, he would not on death pass completely back to begin all over again but would enter the body of a swan. Richard considered this utter nonsense, yet he listened to her partly because he liked to watch her eyes shine as she spoke of St. Audele and partly because he knew that she was the possessor of something that was vastly different from the knowledge of any of his other acquaintances.

III

One evening after a lesson, Richard and Maureen were sitting alone in her apartment. Maureen was talking of St. Audele.

"When I want something, if the thing I wish will harm no one and will assist me in my upward journey, I close myself in my room, kneel before my picture of St. Audele and decree that it shall be given me." She went to her room to get the picture. "Here he is. After I kneel before him for a while I can feel his presence so close to me that it is almost frightening. About a month before you came I began to decree that St. Audele would appear to me in a physical embodiment. You look so like his picture, perhaps you remember how excited I was when you came."

She paused a moment to get her breath, and went on with a catch in her voice. "Even before you came, when I would contemplate his face, it would gradually change. It would become your face! . . . Are you St. Audele? Are you? . . . Tell me . . . Tell me!"

Richard knew that this was the moment he had been waiting for. In an instant he was beside her. All her pent up emotions were released. The cask burst and the precious wine poured forth through all the seams. Her lips were tremulous. Time closed over them. They were two souls lost in infinity, oblivious to all save the diffuse delicious aching, and the wild throbbing of their hearts. She was betrayed, and sacrificed to the unquenchable fires that burned within her. That night she slept trembling in his arms, in the arms of her God.

IV

He left early. The morning was bleak and grey. He waved once to her at the window, turned his back and entered the cold hollow world.

Two weeks passed. For Richard they were weeks of despair. He felt as though he had crushed all meaning from his life. He could not begin to think of what he had done to Maureen. He realized that he had really loved for the first time in his life. He finally mustered courage to visit her.

It was a stormy afternoon. The sky was greenish. The huge black beeches in the park tossed their heads restlessly in the gathering gale. A raven, shaken from its perch, croaked harshly and fopped laboriously off into the storm.

A crowd had gathered in the park. Someone had apparently drowned in the pond of the swans. Richard, deep in his disturbed thoughts, scarcely noticed, but he caught sight of the victim and saw that she was an old woman with straggled grey hair and a wrinkled face, yellow as parchment. There was something, he thought, that was familiar about her but he hurried on.

He rang the bell. No one answered but the door was ajar and he went in. A strange emptiness filled the place. He could almost feel the emptiness. He called. He looked into all the rooms. He called again. One of her dresses lay over a chair. The rising wind rattled the shutters. She was not there. He picked up a book that was on the table. He thought he would wait for her. The door was open—she would not be long. He opened the book and read the note on the flyleaf.

"To Maureen, a lover of the beautiful. August, 1886."

He automatically calculated her age. Forty . . Fifty . . Sixty . . at least Seventy-two . . ! Her voice spoke softly within his mind. "That a person should become aged, is the result of the wasting of the precious energies of life in discordant actions, . . . lusts, sexualities" . . . the old woman's face in the park . . . that was why it looked familiar. It was then that he knew as reality what he had feared in the depths of his heart His had been the kiss of death!

He hurried to the pond of the swans. The crowd had disappeared. Still dazed he wandered to their favorite nest of swans. A family had hatched during the afternoon. He lifted one carefully from the water, and it snuggled closely into his hand.

In a sudden flash of insight he knew that Maureen still lived. The magic warmth of her presence had finally burst his cramping cocoon. His dazzled soul emerged on the flashing wings of faith from the petty world of the "material" into the vast new realm of the spirit. She had started him on the "magnificent pilgrimage". He was no longer sorry for what he had done to her, for time had lost its significance in an eternity. He remembered her favourite saying "What is the period of an embodiment to time without end, what a candle to the moon?"

———•———

james f. pringle

ENGLISH 48¾ Z.

To approach the task
One must have the correct tools.
I recommend 8 by 11 inch paper—
Free verse is but a series of ejaculations.
High diddle diddle
The cat and the fiddle.
A good basic knowledge of Plattdeusch
Plus Fjiord Norge
Is a must — for
A serious student of English.
Tom Tom the Piper's Son
Stole a pig and away he run!
The Morality plays offer us nothing
But a crude background.
In the later dramatists we see
The thumping monotony change to a limpid clarity.
Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard to
Find her Anglo-Saxon grammar—in order
To grasp the great vowel shift.
Roll me over Mother April
Beneath a picture of the Prince of Wales.

———•———

james f. pringle

NOVEMBER THE ELEVENTH, 1948

Thirty years after
Finds the four freedoms,
Flapping like wounded plover
Uttering plaintive cries
Upon a mistful sea.
This, then is the brave new world
Glimmering and gasping
Through the threatening
Atomic fog.
The age of efficiency—
With acres of white crosses,
Boom and depression,
Supply and demand,
Costs and prices
But, without controls
On our cheapest commodity—
Human life.

———•———

THE PATRIOT

I am a peasant, a Serb.
In my youth I was taught
My catechism,
Loyalty to king and fatherland and
To write my own name.
Other creeds politic
Did not matter.
To obey was my duty.
I fought the invader
And was driven to the hills
To fight again.
My wife was shot.
My daughter died a sweet death—
In a brothel for the S.S.
For four years I fought them
Then I was told, that
To remain loyal,
To my King
I must leave the country
To resist—the new regime, which,
Was not democratic.
So, now I enjoy democracy—
As number 013373—
On twelve hundred calories per day
In Nissen barrack forty-two,
D.P. centre Barletta Italy.
It is three years now,
Three years after liberation,
And I am still here.
Our former officers tell us
To be of good cheer!
Soon there will be—
Another war—of liberation
To restore the monarchy.
What is freedom?
What is democracy?
What are calories?
United, we defeated the enemy.
Now, our allies do not want us.
If I return—I am a traitor.
If I remain—I am a patriot—
On twelve hundred calories per day
In a Nissen hut in Italy.
I, do not know.
I am just a peasant, who
Can write his own name.

———•———

g. campbell mcdonald
ANNIVERSARY

VOICE FROM BEYOND: *For some souls there can be no rest, not even beyond the Veil. Here is one, a man—Christopher Cater—who, by a whim of Fate, has been condemned to suffer eternal restlessness. It so happened that Christopher Cater was smashed into Eternity when a four-engined bomber flew into the ground during a heavy East Coast fog on the fourth day of the fourth month of the year nineteen hundred and forty-four. Being a victim of numerical coincidence, he is obliged to fare forth on earth today, April 4, 1948. Already he has been dispatched in mortal guise on a mission of vengeance, although he has been honorably dead and decently buried these past four years. Regard in what strange circumstances Christopher Cater now finds himself, not knowing where he is, how he came there, or even that he is a tool of Destiny . . .*

* * *

Christopher Cater sat rigid, staring.

Finally his lips moved. Grey **crepe** with shadowy purple streaks. Two dead worms making a mouth.

Stiffly, Christopher Cater announced his bet:

"Forty-four thousand . . . four hundred . . . and forty dollars."

Silence wrapped the room in a shroud.

The swaying chandelier of cigars and whisky glasses, hanging over the heads of the poker players, tightened its circumference. The men behind Christopher Cater crushed him forward until his ribs buckled against the table. He strained against the kibitzers, struggled to move his chair. Impotently.

Full of pain, the sunken eyes of Christopher Cater lifted from his cards. He looked hollowly into the poppy-red face of the man opposite him.

"God damn you," said Morgan Wingco.

The crowd sagged when Morgan Wingco threw back his shoulders. Broad as a beam, they jutted out straight from a thick neck. Pall-bearing shoulders.

Morgan Wingco glared at his cards, squeezing them into a tight fan at his barrel chest. Smoke stung his blood-shot eyes. It curled up from a cigar butt whose tenacious white ash hung like a cremated bone over his dark-stubbled chin. He squinted through the smoke at Christopher Cater.

"That's a lot of money," he said.

"It's forty-four thousand, four hundred and forty dollars," said Christopher Cater.

Suddenly, hatred of Morgan Winco pumped through him. Like an embalming fluid, it froze Christopher Cater. He stayed crouched over the haphazard mound of money which was at stake. His satin-grey face worked agitatedly as he stared at the scattered coffin-silver coins, wreath-green bills, lily-white chips, earth-brown bills, sky-blue chips and sky-blue bills, and blood-red chips. On top of it all, his wallet.

"I'll call your bluff," said Morgan Wingco.

He fumbled a scuffed wallet from his pocket. It had a zipper which had come loose from the leather in several spots. He flung his cigar into an ash tray, but not before the ash had crumpled and spilled over his heaving paunch. The room was filled with the harsh rasp of his breathing.

Christopher Cater savored the drawn look of Morgan Wingco. He was pale as a corpse.

In a moment, Morgan Wingco's security will crash.

"For Christ's sake, let's see your cards," said Morgan Wingco.

Christopher Cater laid down his hand.

A moaning sigh rushed from the onlookers. Then into the empty space formed by a wall of humanity about the rectangular table, startled ejaculations fell like clods of dirt into an open grave.

"Four of a kind!"

"Good God, four FOURS!"

"—and Wingco had a full house!"

"That chap has the devil's own luck!"

"Wingco's wiped out—"

"—same hand he held before! Twice he gets four fours—"

"You rotten son of a bitch," choked Morgan Wingco.

His mouth twisted in distress. With one hand he shoved away from the table, with the other he reached for his handkerchief. Standing up brought on waves of nausea. He walked across the room. Unsteadily. No one helped him.

Morgan Wingco stumbled through a door, retching.

Christopher Cater was the focus of all eyes. Hatred released him from its grip. He straightened.

Then panic dulled his mind. It snuffed out the flames of vengeance as an altar-boy would the candles after a Mass for the dead.

> *I am terrified. I do not know why, but I have a great mortal fear within me. Why does not Morgan Wingco return and sit down again. Then we could continue playing. Forever and ever. I dread the game ending now. It must not. It cannot. What is there afterwards?*

Christopher Cater shivered.

The other players were counting their chips. None would meet his appealing glance. The kibitizers were drifting back to the bar and the billiard table. The game was over.

The player who had acted as banker wrote out a check. He tore it neatly from the book and handed it to Christopher Cater.

"O, just a minute!" said the banker.

He took back the check from the clammy, white hand of Christopher Cater and peered at it. Then he looked over at the nude calendar above the bar. It said: April 4, 1948.

Just wanted to make sure I had the date O.K.," said the banker. "Here you are."

As Christopher Cater left the club room, a voice reached him, rising clearly from the confusion of excited talk:

"Odd, isn't it? Today is the fourth day of the fourth month. And him with four fours!"

Outside, in a night made menacing by a shifting carpet of fog, Christopher Cater tried to think. But confusion raced through his mind.

He strained to concentrate, to remember how he got into the poker game, to understand why he hated the guts of Morgan Wingco.

Where am I, any way? Somewhere on the East Coast perhaps. It smells like it.

Vaguely he recalled a remark that the club house had been an Air Force officers' mess during the war. It had looked familiar, somehow. His head was swimming. It pained him to think.

As Christopher Cater hurried along, not knowing where he was going, or why—or even where he came from—wisps of grey fog swirled up and curled around his knees.

Suddenly he was deathly cold. Turning up his collar, he quickened his pace.

The fog grew thicker, billowing and rolling in from the sea. It surrounded him, encased him, its thickness restricting his stride so that he felt hobbled. The malevolent fog blocked his nostrils, stuffed his ears and poulticed his eyes with a cheese-cloth film.

A nagging memory shouted through his dizziness that this was not new. This had happened before. But where?

With a sickening thrill, he knew! It had been in an aircraft. He had been trying to land in a fog . . .

Fear rose in Christopher Cater. Not an inch ahead could he see. Nor behind. Left or right. Up or down. He stopped walking. He stood, blind and trembling. He was trapped!

At sea, a fog horn sounded its despairing sigh for a lost soul. For the soul of Christopher Cater, he thought deliriously.

May it rest in peace . . .

Through the solid fog sliced the sound of an aircraft. From the beat of its motors, Christopher Cater knew it was a heavy craft. The noise overhead grew in intensity. A disembodied voice. Rising and falling.

Dear God, what madman would fly in weather like this?

Fear twined icy fingers with the fog to strangle Christopher Cater. With a tortured cry of anguish, he began to run wildly. Gasping for breath, clawing the fog, he stumbled and slid forward, desperate in his need to hide from the eerie machine coming nearer and nearer.

Louder and louder raged the motors. The violent din was deafening, maddening.

Then, crazily, there was silence. The motors had coughed out.

Into that weird vacuum of sound, Christopher Cater screamed with black terror.

Gliding directly at him was a four-engined bomber! Its still idling propellers sucked in the fog hungrily. Rushing over the surface of the huge wings, the wind made a moaning, whistling sound, rising now to a shriek.

In the pilot's seat was a paper figure. Reports and orders and quadruplicate forms made up its substance. A stern mask of Morgan Wingco stared ahead with ink-well eyes.

Christopher Cater saw all this — and understood!

There was a ripping crash, a blinding flash of light. Flames leapt up, pink in the fog. They licked at the aircraft, and at him. He felt no pain. He was falling — softly . . .

Christopher Cater opened his eyes. Slowly he looked around. There was no fog. There was no four-engined bomber. There was no Morgan Wingco.

The moon in its last quarter shed a sickly light over the grave on which Christopher Cater lay. With difficulty he spelled out the small, neat lettering on the white wooden cross.

It said: **"J-01234, Pilot Officer CATER, C."** And, beneath, there was the date of his death on active service: **"4.4.44."**

So it had been four years ago, April 4, 1944, that Wing-Commander Morgan Wingco had ordered Christopher Cater up into thick fog . . . and now he had re-lived that lonely horror during those last fantastic minutes . . .

Far away, Christopher Cater heard a clock strike dully. It was midnight. He felt himself beginning to sink. Through the roots of the grass he watched a cloud slip across the moon's fragile crescent.

At the stroke of twelve, he closed his eyes.

As darkness enveloped him once more, his final awful thought was of April 4, 1952. The second anniversary. What did a cruelly whimsical Fate hold in store for Morgan Wingco then? . . .

A melancholy wind wailed through the deserted military cemetery.

When the moon re-appeared, a young couple stood by Christopher Cater's grave. The girl was humming a tune to keep up her courage. It was "The Anniversary Song."

"O, how we danced—"

She broke off humming with a little shudder.

"Scavenger hunts are fun, Bill," she said. "But this is going a bit too far. I mean, having to find a four-leaf clover in a cemetery. I don't like it."

"Listen, you don't believe in ghosts, do you?" said the boy lightly. "Who cares if we hunt on the graves?"

The girl took a determined breath, then leaned forward. Gingerly, she plucked a stem of clover from the grave of Christopher Cater. She held it up quickly.

In the moonlight, both counted the leaves hopefully.

There were three.

* * *

VOICE FROM BEYOND: *Fools, have you so little awareness that you dream any part of this poor Christopher Cater could fertilize an omen of good luck?*

j. k. langdon

IF IT CHANCED . . .

But if it chanced the farthest star
Were here, close by, instead of far
Removed from this our narrow sphere—
Less precious would it not appear?
Bounteous goods on man are rained,
Yet if they be too easy gained
They are as naught. So let the sky
Hold back the stars until we die.

———•———

MOONLIGHT MADONNA

Within the swelling leaf a flower,
Entombed as in a mother's womb,
Awaits the striking of the hour
In fairest, virgin white to bloom.
Moonlight Madonna, startling, nude,
More brilliant than a tropic dawn,
At night, in beauty's solitude,
Bursts forth in glory; then is gone.

Sometimes, my love, I wish that you,
Like this soft fairy flower white,
Could, in your soul, find something new
To fill with joy the dark, dark night.
I would that that emotion be
As happy as the quiet sea.

———•———

ACCEPT IN SPRING

O who can be agnostic in the spring
When green leaves and warm skies crown nature king?
Let God with love and music interfuse
And let not thee the path of reason choose.
Instead, let but your feelings be your guide,
And make surrender to thy soul inside.
Let God swell like a melody sublime
To render beauty in that mystic time
When lips pledge heart in tremulous embrace,
And time stands still while feelings onward race.
Accept with faith in spring. For in the fall
You will, perhaps, again reject it all.

———•———

clifford w. webb

THE FORGOTTEN PEOPLE

"TELEPHONE, Mr. Emsworth."

John Emsworth straightened up from his draughting board and gazed vacantly at the face which had just poked in the door. He came out of his daze, and pushed back his green eye-shade.

"Thank you," he said, and got up. He brushed back his grey hair with a wave of his hand and went out into the corridor where the public telephone was.

"Hello," he said, "Oh, hello, dear."

"John, will you stop by at Graton's and get another pork chop. Charlie was in and he said he'd maybe stay for dinner."

"Another pork chop," said John, "All right, dear."

"You won't forget?"

"No, dear, I won't forget. G'bye."

John Emsworth hung up the phone mechanically and straightened his long frame as he stepped out of the phone booth. He walked down the corridor past a sign which said, EMPLOYEES WILL PLEASE MAKE PERSONAL CALLS FROM PAY PHONE, and into the stuffy cubby-hole where he worked.

"Maybe Charlie'd stay for dinner," he thought. "Humph! That good-for-nothing always stays for dinner, and no maybe about it. Well, maybe, he won't talk so much as he always does. Humph! No maybe about that either."

He sat down on the tall stool and picked up his draughting pencil. He gazed at it for a moment. Then he threw it down.

"What time is it?" he thought. He got out his Big-ben pocket watch and looked at it.

"Ten minutes after four." He sighed again and put the watch away. He picked up the draughting pencil and tapped it against his teeth. He threw it down again.

"Why the devil do I feel like this, today?" he wondered. He shook himself and picked up the pencil again.

"Eye-shade," he thought and pulled it down into place. The door opened and another face appeared on it. It was red and fat and had horn-rimmed glasses.

"I hope you'll have that gear drawn by five o'clock, Emsworth," the face said, "It's badly needed."

John Emsworth nodded without looking up and muttered. The door closed. He threw down the pencil. He got up and peered through the dingy panes of the one small window in the room. There was a slight drizzle of rain outside. Across the street two men walked out a door, spoke a few words, and then walked away in opposite directions. A woman walked rapidly by, half dragging a child by the hand.

"I used to be quite a devil, then," said Emsworth aloud. He started with surprise at the sound of his own voice. Again he lapsed into thought.

"Why am I thinking about her today?" he thought, "I haven't thought about her in . . ." he stopped as he realized he was going to say 'years'. Then he realized that it was years, since he had thought of Carole Grange.

"Years," he said aloud. He felt a lump in his throat. He passed his hand over his leathery neck. It was something he was not used to.

"What was it she used to say?" he mused. Then he smiled. It was a smile of warmth. Years fell from his seamy face, and for a moment he looked boyish.

" 'Look into my eyes, Johnny, and see if you can't see us going through life always happy, together. We were meant for each other.' What eyes she had—a kind of grayish green. I've never seen anything like them since."

Emsworth roused himself with a jerk. He realized that he had been staring at the zig-zag path which the rain drops slowly made on the window pane. He looked around the room. Suddenly, he felt a rage rising in him. The stool, the draughting board, the filing cabinet, his coat and hat on a nail behind the door, all seemed sordid and somehow foolishly futile.

With a gesture of impatience he snatched up his coat and tugged it on. He tore off the eye-shade, pulled his hat over his eyes and walked out. The faces in the outer office stared, but Emsworth didn't see them. In his ear was a voice which said to him, as clearly as it had twenty years ago,

"Look into my eyes, Johnny."

His mind went back to a large room crowded with people, rough frontier people, who wore their fancy clothes as if they were unused to them. A fiddler and a guitar player were playing, "Skip to my Lou." Across the room a girl was dancing with a black-bearded prospector. Her cheeks were flushed with pleasure and she was laughing so that her white teeth showed. She was a large girl with red hair, and she had greenish grey eyes. The dance ended and he went over to her.

"I hope the next dance isn't taken, Ma'am," he said.

She looked up, half-surprised, and then appraised him with a cool glance. He saw her mouth form into a ravishing smile.

"No, it isn't," she said simply.

John Emsworth watched himself dance the whole night with Carole Grange. As he walked the empty streets, oblivious of the rain, he saw himself again as a tall, willowy youth, a boy with a head full of hopes and plans. He watched himself going for long walks with the girl. He watched himself falling in love with her. He followed the course of their love affair, and felt again the keen, surging emotions of his youth. He felt again the exultant happiness of his first love.

The rain came pelting down harder. It beat on Emsworth's face, and for a moment its force made him abandon his reverie. He found himself down by the river which flowed through the city. He gazed with disgust at the black water. Some garbage floated by.

"Oh, for a breath of that prairie air, again. Why don't I chuck everything and go somewhere; start all over again; Africa or India, maybe. God! I'm fed up. *Look into my eyes, Johnny.* I couldn't go to India, it's too blamed hot. *Can't you see us?* Maybe South America; some parts aren't too hot. Agh! You know damn well you couldn't go. *Always happy.* What's the use of thinking about it. *Always happy, together.* What a green kid I was when I was out west. I wonder what she saw in me? *Going through life.*"

"Have you got a match, buddy?"

John Emsworth plunged his hand angrily into his pocket, produced the match and walked on. The mood was broken.

"I might as well go home," he thought. He walked through the rain trying to conjure up some of the former images which had crowded his brain. Nothing would come. He felt vaguely irritated.

"Look into my eyes, Johnny!" he said aloud. "Agh, what a dope I am to remember all that." He felt wet and cold. The rain nettled him.

As he neared home, he felt mingled relief and boredom. He turned in at Sexton street, and his glance travelled familiarly down the row of dingy, identical houses. Each of them had the corner on one side cut away, or so it looked, to make a porch. Each of them had cheap red pots on the corner of the railings. The plants looked sickly. In front of all the houses the small square of ground which served as a lawn, was muddy. The grass showed the path which the occupants of these houses took from the street to the door. The doors were all the same, except for the variety of scratches on them.

Emsworth's feet felt soggy as he went up the identical three steps of his particular porch. His wife met him at the door. She was a fat woman and she wore a rumpled green sweater. Her figure had suffered progressively with each of her six pregnancies.

"Where on earth have you been, John? We waited for you over half an hour. We've all had our dinner. Your boss phoned from the office. He's hopping mad because you didn't finish some gear or something."

Emsworth went into the house and pulled off his rain-soaked coat. The front hall was dingy and cramped. He could barely see his wife in the dim light. He suppressed a sigh.

"Yes, yes, I know, mother," he said wearily. "Phone him and tell him I'll come down to-night and finish it."

Emsworth looked into the kitchen which was brightly lit and narrow. The smell of grease and cookery was strong. He hung his coat on the stand beside the cracked mirror and went into the kitchen. He wondered whether his wife felt as tired as he did.

"I'd better go and get a paper to put under that dripping coat," she said. "But where have you been, John? I phoned Graton's and they said you hadn't been there. Charlie went for the meat."

"Oh, yes, the meat. I'm sorry I forgot it."

"But where were you, out in the rain all this time?" Mrs. Emsworth's pouchy face looked worried.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Carole, I was just down at the river looking at the water." He felt tongue-tied and foolish for not being able to explain his delay.

"Well, there's a chop in the oven," said Mrs. Emsworth, looking puzzled. She turned away to get the paper. John Emsworth looked after her as she went out. He felt a twinge of affection, mixed with a vague feeling that somehow life had cheated him. There was not much of the red in Carole's grey hair. He hadn't noticed the green in her tired eyes.

For a last time John Emsworth heard a faint voice saying, *'Johnny, Johnny'*. It died away. He went over to the oven and fished out his pork chop.

———•———

m. j. p.
FOOLISH VIRGIN

m. j. p.
SUBLIMATION

j. k. langdon

TODAY

Today there is no truth nor good within the race
Nor in ourselves. In these confusing times we face
History's greatest ebb of decency and love
And faith and hope. And our destitute morals shove
Us to the very brink of earthly hell called war—
Though but an hour ago the dead cried nevermore.
The world exudes its putrefaction. With breath still
Man waits like lithesome leopard, crouching for the kill.

phil stratford

ICE FLOES DOWN RIVER

The brittle stillness stands
Poised on a crystal edge,
The clear-cut image
Of the distant shore lies
Frozen in the deep,
Smooth green of the water
Gliding out before it.

The reeds, the stones along
The shore, the blackened heads
Of piles, which crowd up through
The ice, are spangled with
Fine prism forms of frost.

The air is clear and pure.
Its ice-fire claws the lungs.
The sky's intense blue sings.
The virgin whiteness of the
Shore ice sings reply, and all
Is liquid-pure and calm.

Vast ice islands slip down
The slick blue surface of
The stream, incessantly.
Their progress ponderous,
Unguided, blundering,
Tells latent, crushing strength;
Yet is so uniform,
So gentle and so slow
That surely the hand of
A child could arrest it.

Suddenly the silence
Is split by the sound of the
Shearing, crunching, chaffing
Floe as it grinds its way
Along the ice bound shore.

The sound is so fitting
With the frigid calm, it
Crystalizes into
Substance more tangible
Than silver sound itself.
The gurgle of sinking
Floes becomes liquid
And slips into the ear.
The shivering jar and
Crash of shrieking ice
Are a lance of solid
Sound piercing the stillness.

Abruptly the mass breaks free.
Then all is still. Once more
The silent gliding of
Ice floes down river.

harry furlong

A PARTY FOR PETER

THE LIFE OF every little boy is thought to be more or less the same by most people. At least anyone who writes about little boys always has the same thing happen to every generation of ten year olds. And I guess most little boys do go through a series of laughs and tears that is part of their growing up. They find out all the things that make being a small boy such a wonderful time. A time when there is nothing in the world that doesn't cause small eyes to widen in that beautiful expression of a simple belief in all things.

But some little boys are different. Sometimes things happen to some of them that gives them a rough push along the way of life, and sometimes a ten year old isn't a little boy at all. Peter Sheane was one of these little boys. Peter Sheane when I knew him was ten years old, but Peter was a very old man.

Peter lived in a big white house on Grant street in the little town of Harland. The town wasn't really as small as most small towns, because the city was so close that people who worked there lived in Harland. This made the town more like the city than anything else. Especially this small town, because a great many very important and some very famous people lived in Harland. Peter's father, Micheal Sheane, was one of these famous people. He was a writer and his wife Margaret used to be an actress, and Peter thought that of all the famous people who came to the parties his father gave, Micheal and Margaret Sheane were the most famous of them all.

Peter liked living in this big house. He liked the rooms that always smelled so cool on the hot summer afternoons, and always greeted him with warm arms on the cold winter mornings. But on Saturday morning the whole year round, when Cook was baking, the house smelled the most wonderful. Just like the kitchen at the bakery where Peter and his friends used to go to get the tiny loaves of bread fresh from the oven, that the old German baker made from the little clumps of dough, left over from the day's batch.

But especially did Peter like his house on those late autumn afternoons when the sun, shining through the tiny squares of the big front window, threw tiny blocks of rainbows all over the flowered wallpaper that he and his mother had picked out together. He would sit for the longest time watching the colors change slowly as they moved across the wall, until the sun disappeared behind the steeple of the church across the street. Then Peter would climb into his father's big chair and wait for the fire in the open grate to cast its shadow around the room. It was really wonderful, the life of this small boy. The most wonderful life, Peter thought, that anyone could have.

Every fall Peter's father went to the west coast to help the people who made pictures, with some story they were changing to a film. The night before he left there was always a party at Peter's house. This was one day in the year that Peter looked forward to more than any other. Maybe even more than Christmas — but he never said this to anyone — because this was a day when everyone was happy.

Peter's mother would spend at least two days getting ready for the party, baking and phoning and cleaning the house. Peter was always given the job of seeing that the lawn was raked clean of leaves, and that the gravel drive was smooth and even. Peter's father said this was the most important job of all and Peter always took great pains with his task.

This year, however, things were a little different, and Peter was a bit puzzled. Oh they were going to have the party and Peter still had his job to do, but there were a lot of men around the house parceling up books and pictures and stacking the rugs in neat piles and all this Peter couldn't understand.

The day of the party Peter's mother told him that this would be the last party in the big house, because he was going to live in the city. They were selling the house and were going to move. Peter felt quite badly but his mother eased his feelings by telling him of all the wonderful things in the city and that he could come back to Harland and see his friends any time he wanted. Peter thought this would be nice, but he cast a wistful glance at the big window and the pretty wallpaper and he know somehow it wouldn't be quite as nice in the city. His mother stood watching him for a moment and her eyes were clouded and misty and when Peter turned quickly to ask her a question, she had to force a laugh so suddenly she knew it must have sounded terrible — especially for an actress. Just then Peter's father came in and Peter was sent out to see that everything in his department was ready for the party.

"Did you tell him?" Micheal asked.

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing very much," Margaret answered. "There wasn't much he could say. I think he feels quite badly though."

"Yes, I suppose he does," Micheal said. Peter's father was very quiet for a long time, then he added in a strange way. "Is everything else ready?"

His wife didn't answer. She just looked at Micheal, then nodded her head and went into the kitchen where Cook was busy with the supper.

"Little boys are funny, aren't they, Cook?"

"Yes, ma'am — sometimes they are — funny."

The party was the best one yet. Peter heard everyone saying so, and he thought he had never seen anyone as lovely as his mother. He was sitting at the top of the stairs watching her talking to his father. She wasn't very tall. Not as tall as Katherine Hepburn and not nearly as tall as his father, but that didn't really matter. She had big blue eyes that were always wide open, as though she was afraid she would miss something wonderful if she closed them for a minute, and her mouth was soft and sweet and there was just the trace of a dimple when she smiled. She looked beautiful when she smiled, Peter thought, because her teeth were so white and her nose wrinkled just a little bit. And no matter how angry you were, when she smiled you forgot everything and fell so much in love with her you were afraid to stay angry for fear she might leave and never come back.

Peter thought his mother and father were the best looking and happiest people he had ever seen. His father wasn't really handsome the way some fellow's fathers were. He was tall with curly black hair and he had blue eyes that looked right through you when he was angry, but most of the time were soft and smiling and sometimes a little sad. Peter liked them best when they were smiling, because he knew Micheal was thinking of nice things, like the

stories he told Peter before the fire on Sunday afternoons when the snow was falling softly through the trees outside.

Peter couldn't see his father's eyes now, but he knew they would be mixed up between smiling and sad, because Micheal would be having a happy time, but he would be sad at the thought of leaving Margaret and Peter. Peter felt very happy even though they were leaving tomorrow. He felt very happy. He knew that no matter where they lived—Peter and Micheal and Margaret—his life would be wonderful. In all his life Peter had never felt so happy because his whole life stood there beside his window that made little rainbows on the wall on those long autumn afternoons.

The guests were leaving and Micheal stood by the door saying goodbye. His friend Jim Ward who was a lawyer and also Peter's godfather was the last to leave. He came up to Micheal and shook hands with him and said he would see them all the next day. And not to worry about the sale that was to start early the next afternoon, because he had the best auctioneer in the county. Micheal smiled and said he wasn't worried about a thing. He closed the door behind Jim and then went over to the piano where Margaret was playing and sat beside her. They didn't say anything for a long time. Margaret was playing some old pieces they used to sing when they first moved to the white house on Grant street.

"It's been a long time Margaret," Micheal said and his voice very low and husky sounded just the way it did when Peter heard him talking to the doctor, the time his mother had been so sick. "Fifteen years is a long time."

"Yes Micheal," Margaret answered, "a long, long time."

She began to play "September Song," which was Peter's favorite song and his father's too. She didn't say anything more, she just played the song and then at the best part she stopped and gathered her long skirt in her arms and left Micheal sitting at the piano. He heard her quick step on the stairs, but he was too deep in thought to hear her sob when she leaned over his son and kissed him gently and neither Peter nor his father saw the tear that fell softly on the white pillow next to Peter's head.

"Good-night Peter," she said, "it has been a long time for us all."

II

The next morning Peter's father woke him early. Earlier than usual because he said they had to drive into town to keep an appointment he had with Peter's Uncle Jim. Everyone was very quiet during the ride from Harland and when they did get to his Uncle Jim's office Peter had to stay in the car. He didn't mind this though, because his father and Uncle Jim were always talking business and Peter didn't like sitting in the big hard chair looking at the law books and not understanding anything. He wished his mother had stayed though, so he could talk to someone.

His father wasn't very long because Peter had only counted about a hundred cars going one way when he saw Micheal crossing the street to their car.

"Where's mother?" Peter asked.

"She's staying in town, son — for a while," his father replied.

Peter didn't say anything and on the ride back to their house no one spoke. Not even when they drove through the park where the high-school

football team was practicing. Peter was going to say something then, but he felt somehow that his father didn't want to talk.

When they arrived at the big white house that wasn't theirs anymore, there was a big crowd all over the freshly raked lawn and the driveway was full of holes that someone had made with the heel of his shoe. Peter wanted to protest but by this time his father was pushing his way through the crowd into the house. Peter could hear a man calling numbers and holding up one of his mother's pictures, and the crowd in the room were calling back to the man with the picture.

His father left him standing in the big room by the window and people kept bumping him into the radiator and up against the wall. They were very rude people, because they kept fingering his mother's nice things and saying strange things about his father and his mother. Peter felt very strange. He kept looking for something that was familiar to him, but the bright rainbow spots from the big window were scattered in a crazy pattern across the backs of the fat women who were talking in a loud way to one another about Peter's mother. And the big fireplace was black and empty except for the jumping sparks of the cigarettes thrown into it by the men dressed in black suits and shiny shoes who were laughing in a strange way about his father.

Suddenly Peter realized he was alone. He broke from his corner and ran struggling through the crowd crying loudly for his father. The fat woman he careened into gasped at him in an angry outburst:

"Well I don't blame her for leaving him. Little wretch!"

The tears came into Peter's eyes even though he tried to keep them back. Peter grew up in that moment. A little boy died in the cruel hold of those words and Peter Sheane became old. He felt the strong arms of his father around him and heard his angry words, but Peter didn't know what his father said. . . It was then that Peter remembered the words he had heard in his sleep so many dreams ago. . .

"It's been a long time, Peter . . . a long, long time for us all."

III

Through the window of the big room where he was standing alone a little boy watched the sun slip quietly between the steeple of the church across the street and the distant hills beyond. With serious eyes he saw the last dim light of the day gathered in the arms of darkness. He heard the trees whisper their last good-bye to the leaves and across the green lawn he heard the last rustlings of his summer as it faded softly into the night.

jim o'neail
THE LOVER

DICK SAW A pretty girl at the far end of the hall. He dropped his cigarette butt to the floor, ground it out with the toe of his shoe and sauntered along the edge of the dance floor.

Therese likely wouldn't be around for a least an hour so he might as well have some dancing. And that Gwen sure did dance up close.

As he approached he saw Gwen look up, a sudden glad welcoming smile lighting her pretty features.

"Hy, Dick."

"Hello, Gwen. I haven't seen you at Young People's lately."

"No, this is the first time I've been here for a while."

"I thought I'd missed you. How about a dance, Gwen?"

"Sure."

Quickly she jumped to her feet and, placing her hand in his, she stepped out to the floor where Dick swept her into his arms and glided in effortless grace through the swirling couples. As they moved amid the crowd Dick tightened his arm about her soft waist and moved his head slightly until his lips brushed her ear. Willingly she moved against him, her whole body seeming one with his as they glided sinuously about the shadowed floor. Gwen's left arm tightened across Dick's shoulders while her other hand released itself and slowly stole about his waist.

The blood pounding in his temple, Dick felt tremors pass through his partner's body pressed so tightly against him. No word passed between them as they continued their slow, gracefully sinuous gliding through the heedless couples about them. Their feet followed no set pattern but the very closeness of their bodies allowed her to know every move of his muscles and she followed effortlessly, the two moving as one in graceful symphony of movement.

Dick's fingers were sensitive of the warmth of Gwen's body and he could not keep them motionless. They had a life of their own and caressed her slowly, his right hand moving restlessly over the smooth silk of her dress, pressing gently the softness of her back. His breath was coming more quickly now as Gwen's head twisted tightly against his cheek; her breath tickled his neck in short, quick catches; her fingers tightened spasmodically on him; her nose snuggled under his ear. Dick could not wait for the dance to end.

"Let's slip out for a breath of air," he whispered.

Gwen did not answer, but let him lead her from the floor and into the cooling moonlit air.

"Isn't this a honey of a night?" Dick commented.

"It sure is," came the low reply.

"Let's cut through the park."

She did not answer but he took her hand and led her into the park where lines of trees shadowed winding paths from the summer moon's brilliance. Dick glanced at his companion and smiled at her as she turned her eyes towards him. An upsurge of sudden emotion filled his whole being and he

squeezed her hand, drawing her more closely to him. Their shoulders touched and they wandered on, in the spell of the soft evening air, silvered and shadowed by the moon and the trees.

Finally Dick turned to the young girl.

"Not very talkative tonight, youngster."

Silence greeted his remark.

"Come on, honey-chile, what's the matter?"

"I don't know, Dick; guess I'm just silly."

"Well, I won't argue with you there?" he laughed.

"Oh, I didn't mean it like that. You never take anything seriously, do you?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that."

"I guess I just didn't grow up. I still take everything too seriously."

Restless at the trend of the conversation, Dick grunted sympathetically and gave Gwen's hand a tender squeeze.

"I guess I'm too sentimental?" she continued slowly. She hesitated, then: "Dick, did you ever feel like giving up?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, don't things ever get you down so you don't care what happens to you?"

"Oh, I suppose I feel that way sometimes. But it always goes away."

He spoke lightly, trying to laugh off the subject.

"It doesn't go away very easy with me," she mused. "Sometimes lately I've wondered what it would be like to jump off a bridge or something. Oh, Dick, I can't help it. I always take things too seriously. I wish I could forget things like the other kids."

She was speaking haltingly now in a voice which fought to keep back the tears.

"I've only had one boy friend in my life, and I believed him when he used to tell me things. But I found out that he didn't mean them at all, or at least didn't seem to. I used to go home at night and cry in bed. I always cried easy."

Dick felt uneasy now. Yet there was a certain feeling of mastery too. He hated to see her feeling badly but he realized, almost gloatingly, that he could still have his way with her.

The thought of her jumping from a bridge troubled him momentarily, but he dismissed it immediately. She's a nice kid, he thought. Damn it, why don't I stick to her? She loves me and I'd probably have a good time with her. And she's passionate too. If I went steady with her she might come across. Hell, she could hardly stop herself even now. But he wondered if he himself would go all the way with her. He really didn't intend to, or even really want to, when he started. But he probaby would if he got the chance. He felt pretty squeamish sometimes, but he realized that when he got worked up it was hard for him to stop, even though he was afraid of what might happen. He never expected to go all the way. But it was fun to see how far he could get.

She likely didn't realize it but she had an effective weapon to use on him. As soon as she started to talk about how wrong it was he would start to

think and then he'd slow down. She'd say "Isn't this a sin?" and he, realizing that it was, would start to worry. But then, thinking he wouldn't go all the way with her anyways, and still wondering just how far she would go, he would say, "I don't think so. After all, we're just human. You can't help how you feel. As long as we don't go all the way we're okay."

Then she'd hold him more tightly and tell him that it was wrong, all wrong. They weren't supposed to do anything like that. At times like that he half-wished that he didn't have to worry about those things. He didn't want to sin, but this other was such a temptation. So he refused to think about it.

He really didn't know his own mind. He didn't know whether he should stick to Gwen or not. Sometimes he thought it would be good for him to have someone like her for a steady. But then he'd think of other girls whom he knew and would remember things in them that he liked too. There were so many of them he would like to go out with.

Quickly he put them from his mind and looked at Gwen. They were passing a sheltered bench now and he drew her over to it and sat beside her. Wordlessly he put his arm about her shoulders and she slid against him, her arms resting lightly against his chest. His lips brushed her forehead and he stared away into the darkness. Silence was all around them.

With cupped hand he gently raised her chin and they looked into each other's eyes. She did not draw back as he slowly, deliberately, drew her closer to him.

Then her eyes closed and his lips met hers, gently at first, then fiercely, passionately. Straining against him, she returned the kiss and seized him tightly in her arms. He crushed her body against him, and his thirsting tongue, suddenly beyond control, titillated her parted, quivering lips.

Suddenly she writhed, and, with a groan, jerked her head from him. She beat upon his chest with clenched fists and pantingly jerked out, "No, Dick, we mustn't. You promised me you wouldn't kiss me like that any more."

Dick's breath came in short bursts now. He begged her not to stop. Please kiss him again. His voice was low, but passionately vibrant. He wouldn't hurt her. He loved her. He really did. He couldn't help himself.

"But it's wrong, Dick. You know it's wrong. Isn't it wrong?"

"I don't know, Gwen. We can't help it. I just can't help feeling this way about you. Every time I see you I feel this way. Oh, hon, I do love you."

He tried to kiss her again but she averted her face and dropped her head to his shoulder, murmuring that it was wrong, it was a sin. Dick cursed silently, all the time running his hands over her shoulders and feeling the warmth of her skin through the thin summer silk.

Suddenly he felt her quivering and lifted her face. Her eyes were filled with tears. Dick felt sudden remorse, slightly tinged with an almost sadistic, but well-concealed, pleasure.

"Aw, Gwen, honey, don't cry. It wasn't your fault. You can't help your feelings."

He let her head fall back on his shoulder and drew her against him again. He fondled her consolingly and brushed her silken hair with his parted lips, murmuring sweet endearments, all the time enjoying mastery over her.

Finally the quivering ceased and she lay passively against him. After waiting what seemed an appropriate time, Dick lifted her face and kissed her, more gently this time. It wouldn't be wise to try that again right away. All

the same it likely wouldn't be too hard to get her worked up again. Maybe she wouldn't break off so quickly the next time.

"Are you okay, hon?" he asked solicitously.

"Yes. Don't mind me. I'm just a sentimental fool."

"No, you're not, Gwen. You can't help it. I guess I'm not much help though."

She didn't answer but moved out of his arms and stood up. Dick stood up slowly, looked at her as lovingly as he could, placed his hands on her shoulders and kissed her gently on the forehead. For a moment she swayed toward him, then straightened and brushed her eyes with her knuckles.

"We'd better get back, Dick."

"Okay, hon. You're sure you're okay?"

"I'm okay," she answered.

As she turned toward the road, Dick hastily wiped his mouth and followed her. Then, hand-in-hand, they returned to the dance.

Inside the door, Gwen excused herself: "I'm going to run downstairs, Dick. I'll see you later."

"Okay, sweetheart."

Strolling with studied nonchalance into the hall Dick lighted a cigarette and leaned against the wall. He looked up to see Fred beckoning him.

"Dick, Therese came in about five minutes ago. I told her you were around somewhere."

"Oh, thanks, Fred. I just stepped out for a breath of air. Where is she now?"

"I think she's sitting down along the side."

"Swell. Guess I'd better ask her for a dance. I'm supposed to go down to her place for coffee after."

doug spettigue

SUMMER AFTERNOON

Soothingly, softly, the breath of a lazy breeze,
Whispering wistfully, sighs in the maple trees.
Sleepily, slowly, the song of a hidden stream,
Languidly, listlessly, tinkles a sylvan theme.

Sorrowfully, sweetly, the voice of the mourning dove,
Dotingly, dearly, tells his mate of his love.
Fatherly, fondly, a bunting watches his nest,
Wearily, wisely, a fox abandons his quest.

Steadily, surely, the summer sun mounts on high,
Artfully, airily, a hawk soars in the sky;
Fearlessly, freely, the deer feed in the glade;
Blissfully, blindly, the hunter sleeps in the shade.

———•———

ON HURON'S SHORE

The wild sea is green and the poplars lean,
And the winds like lost souls in pain.
How the dark clouds lower and the breakers roar,
And fast falls the driving rain!

Now, the gulls seek the rocks in storm-driven flocks,
And the pipers have fled from the shore.
Now the winds howl weird tunes among lovely dunes,
And the sonorous breakers roar.

Dark the clouds follow high in the lowering sky,
See the billows like wild steeds driven!
And I left alone on the sands, to atone
To the awful revenge of Heaven.

———•———

margaret thomas
ON DISHWASHING

THE HUMAN RACE is divided into two classes: those who dislike dishwashing, and those who avoid dishwashing. The latter class is believed to be extinct in our society.

Let us clarify terms. We speak of the dish. This is not to be confused with the vernacular noun "dish" which denotes an attractive girl. Attractive girls seldom have any contact with the former type of dish; eating from dishes would make them fat, and washing them would result in rough, red, unromantic hands. Nor is dish to be confused with the verb "to dish", which is generally followed with the direct object "food".

You have undoubtedly heard that dishwashing machines are employed in Canada. This is correct. Most dishwashing machines are approximately fifteen years of age, wear white aprons, and produce peculiar noises resembling this: "Aw, Mom, do I have to? Why can't Mary do them?"

The true student of history perceives that the instinctive dislike of dishwashing has been a motivating factor throughout the ages. Why did the Epicurean philosophy decline? Because, although it undoubtedly was great sport to eat, drink and be merry, just think of all the dirty dishes and wine goblets!

Yet dishes have many delightful purposes. One eats from them; movie theatres induce people to see dull pictures by giving them away and cats lap milk from them. The word "dish", by the way, is descended from the Greek "discus" meaning a "quoit". You might say that you are feeding your cat a quoit of milk, and when people pounce on you for your diction, you can explain that "dish" is related to the Greek word which means quoit. No one will consider this far-fetched, and you will be thought of as a very learned individual. The cat will appreciate you also.

Actually, dishwashing procedure can be quite simple. First, finish a delicious meal. Second, digest it in leisurely bliss, relaxed in your chair. Then pay heed to the head of the kitchen's look and the light will dawn. Look at the table. Well, after all, it wasn't a very large meal . . . only two hundred cups, four hundred plates, six hundred pieces of silverware and one orange juice squeezer. Piling these utensils neatly atop one another, gently now, wend your way straight to the kitchen sink.

It is unfortunate that Junior left his skates directly in front of the sink. He must be spoken to about that sometime, you muse, arising from the debris of broken glass. Now gingerly pick up the six hundred pieces of silverware and gracefully slip them into the soapy dishpan. Two hours later when all sparkles with cleanliness, you notice Sister Mary standing beside you. Your family, you think, operates on the co-operative plan. Each must do his share. You wash the dishes, and little sister watches you.

The savages found it very convenient to eat from hand to mouth.

phil stratford

AUTUMN WALK

Two old ladies, withered,
In their straight, black coats,
Take petipoint footsteps
Among the fallen leaves.

Two pairs of empty eyes,
Out of focus with the present,
Pick out the cautious path
They timidly follow.

They thread their gentle way
With tortoise slow precision
Down to the street's end,
Among the dying leaves.

Two pairs of fragile feet
Halt now, unsteadily,
As younger footsteps go
Tick-tackering surely past.

A waxy, brown-veined hand
Rests on a thin black arm,
Together, their progress
Is braver and stronger.

b. leslie

BRIDGE FOG

I

Above,
A light, its brightness choked
Back in its face,
Smothers.

II

Beneath,
Wet blackness, heavy like
A sodden Turkish towel, hangs
In the hollow.

III

And you,
Clammy beneath the moist opaqueness
Of your rubber coat,
Stop:

IV

Held by the advancing
Stealthy, steaming swirl.
Long waves of fog drift into you—
Melt through, mingling with your
Momentary wake of breath . . .
Close in—
Losing the echo of your footsteps.

V

Till with a sudden grind of
Shifting gears,
A truck rolls through.

jim o'neail

PAGLIACCIO

THE CROWD WAS at pay-night peak. The bat-wing doors occasionally punctuated the hum of conversation as customers slapped through from the night air of the small northwestern mining town.

Hanging oil-chandeliers, ranged high along the length of the bar, shook a dim, quivering glow over the scene, glinting greens and reds from the shelved bottles and leaving the remote corners in shadow.

Deep in the shadow sat a solitary drinker, head bent forward, in silent contemplation, over the amber liquid which he swished about in his glass. His eyes, if one could see them, were sad, and filled with bitter longing. At each flap of the doors his eyes would jerk up furtively, and would follow each newcomer questioningly, fearfully. Then he would slip back into his lonely reverie.

Suddenly he stopped swishing the glass. Terrified, he kept his head down. Eyes were boring into him. He knew that. He could feel them. Forcing his hand to steady itself, he slowly raised the glass to his lips and glanced furtively over the rim. Two eyes were watching him, quizzically, from the next table.

The solitary drinker set his half-emptied glass on the scarred table and sat staring unseeingly into the liquor. Had he been recognized? It had to happen sometime. Could he get away and out of town in time?

He didn't know how long he sat there, staring into his drink. Suddenly he was aware that the occupant of the next table was leaving. He looked quickly and saw broad shoulders disappearing into the night.

What was the use of running any more? Four months since he had sung his last Pagliacci. He felt the music still straining within him. But he had had to force it down, keeping his identity secret as he roamed from town to town, working a few weeks here, a few weeks somewhere else. He drank continually, seeking to drown his sensibilities and his memories, memories of thousands of opera enthusiasts who had hung spell-bound on his every syllable and who would stand in wild applause while his last booming note rolled through the trembling hall and pulsed into their passion-wrought hearts.

These were the memories which forever tortured his soul, not the memory of that other night. He had never regretted the killing. He had been crazed with grief then, grief and hate, black, all-consuming hate at the sight of the two of them. That night had torn his life apart. He had lost his wife, now he had to lose his only other love, his music.

Damned if I will, he vowed. Let the cops come. I can't go on forever without singing. I have to sing my Pagliacci. No one would ever forget my Pagliacci. Am I not the greatest that ever lived?

Slowly his head came up and the tenseness dropped from his shoulders. His eyes roved over the noisy room. Slowly he rose to his feet. His eyes were no longer dull or listless. The bitterness was still there but it now had an added aspect. A sardonic challenge smoldered there now, narrowing his eyes and twisting one corner of his mouth upward in a tight three-cornered, twisted humorless smile. Motionless he stood there. His breath came slowly, evenly.

One of the drinkers turned from the bar and saw him there, doing nothing, just standing. Others turned then, singly at first, then severally. Soon every eye in the room was on him. The general buzzing died slowly and puzzled silence pervaded the room. Men glanced at their neighbors without speaking, but their eyes, drawn irresistibly, swivelled back to the figure standing alone in the half-light.

This is my cue, he thought, the strangest cue I've ever had.

A spark in his eyes, he drew in a deep breath. And he sang. He sang as he never had sung. His voice, charged with emotion, rolled through the room, each note trembling with his bitter longing for freedom, his reproach against the world which shackled him. Wasn't he after all a Pagliaccio himself?

The words tore themselves from his heart: "Laugh, then, Pagliaccio, for your love that is broken."

His voice faltered and broke. Tears sprang to his eyes. With a lurch he stumbled toward the door, toward the welcoming darkness. A choked sob and he lurched into the night.

The slapping doors punctuated sudden bursts of laughter in the saloon. A burly miner grinned at his neighbour.

"Who the hell's he think he is? Caruso?" he snorted.

"Funny how this stuff affects some guys," laughed his friend. "Guess he just couldn't take it."

They turned back to the bar and picked up their drinks.

mandy di francesco

THE MODERN UNIVERSITY:
DIAGNOSIS AND TREATMENT

WHEN WE LOOK back over history and about us at history and tradition in the making, we are struck at once by the primary and fundamental importance that one type of institution assumes in the constitution of a culture; these institutions are those of education.

The successive and continuous attempts of every period of civilization to achieve in education the harmonious and unified synthesis of all the various phases of that period's culture is an attestation of their importance in history. The sum of all the experiences and traditions of religion, of the home, of politics, and society is evaluated in the light of common ideals and systematized that it may be taught, investigated and elaborated for the benefit of their own and succeeding generations. This becomes the function of education.

It may be said, then, that education is the hub of a wheel of culture; from it all the various phases of culture radiate; in it are their roots.

The three wide classes of education, primary, secondary, and college and university education, are concerned with the development of the human intellect. The highest form of education is the last division, that of college and university education, for it is here that the transition of the intellect from the mere passive acquisition of facts into an active mode of understanding is made. The other divisions are primarily concerned with preparations for the education of the university. It is here, in the university, that the most perfect manifestation of the culture of the era is to be found, for the university is the center of education as education is the center of the culture.

The knowledge that is garnered in universities is different from that in primary and secondary schools. This higher learning comprises the highest, the most perfectly developed knowledge which the culture and tradition possess; it is here in the higher learning that the deepest and most fundamental truths of human experience are investigated. It is here that the greatest traditions of literature and art are studied to be apprehended and appreciated.

Most important of all, it is here that the intellectual potentialities of man are cultivated and developed that they may be completely realized. This knowledge, this cultivation of the intellect can be accomplished only through the exercise of the intellect in understanding. The formation of proper intellectual habits should be the primary aim of the university.

II

The modern university traces its beginning to the "stadium generale" of the Middle Ages. The "stadium generale" or university as it came to be known was born of the cathedral school of the Church in the latter part of the twelfth century. For medieval man, the full realization of his nature was to be found only in the study of the basic liberal arts; in them did he find the necessary knowledge and cultivation for fulfilling best his function in society.

In its traditional function, then, the university, while treating the theoretical sciences as ends in themselves, nevertheless has a very practical end in view, the cultivation of the social nature of man. The cultivation of society was not to be accomplished so much through mechanical improvements, as through a cultivation of the intellects of the individual members of society. This is how the basic liberal arts became a traditional and necessary note in the constitution of the university.

Modern universities are accused of violating their tradition in the practice of overspecialization. The products of their training stand as evidence to this charge; not only the culture but also the graduates themselves have found their training to be inadequate to their needs.

In the academic sense of the term, specialization signifies the confinement of a student's efforts to the mastering of one's discipline or branch of knowledge.

For the student without the general background of the liberal arts, the results of specialization are a tendency or inclination to become a slave to his narrow field of accomplishment and to subject the whole of reality to the criteria of the particular aspect of it with which his discipline is concerned. This succeeds in making the mind of the student less free and without the freedom that is engendered through the study of liberal arts, he may not realize the freedom that is his in society. Many disciplines, each enslaved wholly to the knowledge of their departments, are utterly at a loss in finding universal truths equally valid for them all; therefore, when results of their investigations contradict each other, they can reach no common agreement, can make no decision as to the validity of truth and ultimately refuse to recognize any truth. This results in the complete destruction of the university and of its ability to provide a unified reflection of the culture.

For the modern mind, a university denotes an institution in which is embraced the sum total of all human knowledge and skills, both theoretical and practical. According to the first tradition of the university, it is an institution in which the liberal arts were taught.

The inclusion of all kinds of polytechnical schools in the university has now been carried to such an extent that the proper object of a university education is lost sight of. These polytechnical schools, which constitute a major part of the university, are primarily directed at the development of empirical skill rather than intellectual cultivation, and have, really, no place whatsoever in the proper constitution of the university.

Specialization and technicalization have succeeded in relegating the liberal arts to a minor position in the modern university whereas their proper position is one in which they are the central and most important study of the school. The liberal arts have a very firm foundation in the nature of things which justifies their use as the fundamental curricula in the training of the human intellect. These arts train the nature of man, realize the most fundamental aspects of his being and in so doing prepare the man to function in his fullest powers.

The liberal arts of the medieval schools were composed of the trivium and quadrivium. The trivium was concerned with the mind of man; in logic it studied the habits of the mind, how a man is to think and in grammar and rhetoric the powers of communication were investigated and developed. The quadrivium aimed at a knowledge and understanding of matter from the

aspects of quantity and extension. Number was studied by arithmetic and music, and extension was seen through astronomy and geometry. The whole of reality was realized, mind and matter; the mind was freed from its narrow view and given a universal and fundamental insight into the whole of man's existence.

III

We find that today the universities are inclined to judge the worth of what we call the higher learning by standards of immediate utility and monetary value to the individual student who practices the arts he learns. This is wholly contrary to the proper spirit of education and has yielded a demoralizing effect on it and on the culture of which it is a part. A true university must not become a mere utility to the productive and active elements of that culture. It must remain a part of the foundation of culture.

Modern universities have another extremely bad fault. The stress on the mere acceptance of facts in order that they may be utilized rather than on a thorough understanding of them has made for a brand of superficial intellectual activity that utterly neglects the development of individual powers of reasoning and insight. Such a mode of thinking as this which, unable to comprehend the real and fundamental values of things, is swayed by superficial considerations, becomes utterly worthless when confronted by life. This inadequacy and lack lies in the fact that the nature of man is not the object of development, but unless it is developed a man cannot hope to function well in society.

Another aspect of the departmental autonomy that has characterized the modern university is the individualism of so many of the teachers. University professors today require that they have complete freedom and independence from the university both in their professional and social capacities. The prevailing attitude is that they are to teach in any department in precisely the way in which they want to; they do not want any discipline or order imposed upon their methods by the university.

Compared with the spirit of the medieval educator, the modern professor is far short of being an ideal teacher. A certain humility was insisted upon in the Middle Ages, such a humility that would cause men to respect the rulings of higher laws in order that they would best serve their function. This humility prompted the recognition of common principles that bound all together that strove to a common end. So it was in the universities that the teachers strove by co-operation to achieve the best possible results of education and serve society well.

Today, however, we find that as a result of the individualism, the personal autonomy of the professors, that they recognize no common truth but only that to which they feel personally attracted; they know no common end but recognize only that of their own discipline. The modern professor has isolated himself from his colleagues, from the university and from truth itself.

IV

There is one thing that is common to all the faults and errors of the University, one thing that accounts for the lack of unity, for over-emphasis in one case and to under-emphasis in another: this is the failure of the modern university to recognize the need for any kind of order, unity and co-ordination within itself. The educators of the Middle Ages had a common principle that was recognized by all and by which all lived. The common truth of the era

was that man's end in life was to serve God and thus to effect the salvation of his own immortal soul. On this truth were based all the institutions of man and it was, therefore, the truth upon which the universities were founded.

It is immediately evident, however, that this solution will not solve the problem for modern universities. In a world in which there is no common faith, theology cannot serve as the criterion for all the sciences nor as the judge of truth.

In fact, we can go farther and say that we can have no solution to any modern problem that is outside the natural order, for modern learning is not inclined toward acceptance of any truth outside the natural order. We must find among the natural sciences a science more fundamental to any other, a science that must be universal embracing all of reality and which can arrange all the branches of human knowledge in the light of common principles.

The science that fills all these requirements is philosophy or metaphysics, the highest and most perfect form of purely human knowledge. The object of philosophy is universal in that it seeks to know all of reality in the light of its first principles; it is fundamental to the other sciences in that it investigates the first principles of these sciences and it is the science that can best establish a hierarchy for the fact that it alone of all the sciences knows the fundamental value of things in relation to the primary ends of man.

Philosophy must be recognized as the "Queen of the Sciences", the lawful ruler of all the sciences who will regulate their activity to their proper ends and thus realize the common end of all knowledge. This is the only possible solution to the dilemma of the modern universities.

The movement to rejuvenation must begin in the universities themselves. The schools have at hand the means of their salvation and if they are again to become the centers and leaders of the culture they must make use of themselves. Modern universities should realize that their hope and their importance can only be comprehended and realized in the tradition of the past which has been abandoned by them.

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phil stratford

CUTTER RIDE

Keen sing of runners over crisp-packed snow,
The slap of harness on the smoking flanks,
Creak of cold leather:
Warm moist tang of horse,
The shimmering flex and ripple of strong muscles
And the quick chaulk-chaulking
Of criss-crossing hoofs on ice-glazed roads
Flash
Of gay color,
Cascade
Of bells and laughter.
Diamond sparkle of sun's gleam on snow,
Fresh magic of sharp wind,
Exhilirating frost—
And breathless speed!

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book reviews

john c. cairns

THE PRECIPICE

IN RECENT YEARS Canada's increasing maturity in the field of literature has been reflected in the number of serious works by Canadian authors. Despite the shortcomings of many such authors, it is evident that they are making honest attempts to portray life as they see it in Canada today. This is in welcome contrast to the unfortunate absorption with nature which until recently characterized so much of the writing in this country.

Among serious Canadian novelists, few are more talked about than Hugh MacLennan. His first work, **"Barometer Rising,"** presented a powerful and impressive picture of Halifax during the first World War. Despite minor flaws, it brought Mr. MacLennan immediate acclaim as a writer of merit. The strength and the vigorous realism in Mr. MacLennan's writing were especially commendable.

Mr. MacLennan's stature, among the general public at least, was increased by his second novel, **"Two Solitudes,"** a study of the conflicting racial and religious attitudes of the French and the English Canadians in Montreal.

To the critical reader, however, **"Two Solitudes"** displayed Mr. MacLennan's weakness as well as his strength. As a thesis novel, dealing with what is considered a fundamental Canadian problem, **"Two Solitudes"** won praise for its objectivity and its sincere presentation of conflicting views. Despite this, and despite the favorable reception which the book received, **"Two Solitudes"** was unsatisfactory as a work of art. This was largely because of its lack of unity. The novel fell apart in the middle, and the impression was rather of two novelettes loosely joined together than of one well-constructed novel.

Mr. MacLennan's failure, in short, was one of artistic ability, not of artistic courage. His literary technique, despite occasional patches of brilliance, proved unable to handle the difficult theme he had set himself.

II

In his most recent work, **"The Precipice,"** Mr. MacLennan again gives us what must be called a thesis novel. He has chosen to tackle a question which would present the greatest difficulties to any serious novelist—that of the differences in outlook and attitude to life between Canadians and Americans. This is a theme frequently discussed by people in this country, and Mr. MacLennan's attempt to present it in artistic form is praiseworthy.

Unfortunately, Mr. MacLennan's presentation itself is not so praiseworthy. In treatment of theme, in characterization, and in artistic unity, **"The Precipice"** is the poorest of Mr. MacLennan's novels to date.

The setting of **"The Precipice"** shuttles back and forth between New York and the small Ontario town of Grenville, with occasional excursions to other places. The contrasting Canadian-American outlook is exemplified in the marriage of Lucy Cameron, who has grown up under the conventional social mores of Grenville, and Stephen Lassiter, from New York. In their marriage, in their experiences together, and in passages dealing with their earlier years, Mr. MacLennan shows that their individual environments have given them conflicting viewpoints and philosophies. The hectic, confused, aimless life of New York has given to Stephen Lassiter one set of values; to Lucy Cameron the staid, conventional upbringing of Grenville has given quite another.

These conflicting outlooks on life are apparently intended to represent the essential difference between Canadians and Americans.

Whether or not Mr. MacLennan's analysis is correct, his method of arriving at it is invalid. In comparing the society of New York with that of Grenville, he is comparing two subjects which have really no common basis. In pointing out that life in New York is faster and more enervating than life in a small Ontario town, Mr. MacLennan is merely saying something which his readers already knew. New York is one extreme in American life; the town of Grenville is the opposite extreme in Canadian life; and the differences between them are as much differences between large city and small town as they are between Canadians and Americans.

A more valid method of showing contrasting national temperaments would have been to compare Grenville with a small American town of the same size. Here the subtle distinctions in outlook, in values, in social attitudes might have been presented. Such distinctions do exist, and they form a tempting subject for artistic treatment by a novelist who has the ability to probe into such matters. Mr. MacLennan's attempt, unfortunately, merely deals with the obvious.

"The Precipice," in characterization, is not on the level of Mr. MacLennan's preceding novel, **"Two Solitudes."** The characters bear an unhappy resemblance to types, rather than individuals, and rather stock types at that. The plot has not the vigor or power that one might hope for. The relation between character and incident, especially, is imperfect. This lack of synthesis is most noticeable in those passages dealing with the war, which give the appearance of having been pushed into the book, rather than of having been placed there as part of a unified pattern.

Mr. MacLennan, in short, has proved unable to fuse together his materials for **"The Precipice"** into an artistic whole. This is much the same problem which defeated him in his earlier **"Two Solitudes."** The correct synthesis between character, incident, and setting, necessary for a work of true literary stature has so far escaped him. In **"The Precipice"** his major fault is that character and incident are too hackneyed to adequately portray the complex social theme he has in mind. His reach has unfortunately exceeded his grasp.

Mr. MacLennan's failure to achieve his goals in both **"Two Solitudes"** and **"The Precipice,"** however, largely stems from the difficult goals he sets. He consistently chooses the most controversial and complex themes and attacks them courageously. It is true that to date he has only tried and failed, but this is certainly preferable to not trying at all.

The Precipice . . . Hugh MacLennan, William Collins Sons and Co. Ltd., Toronto, 1948. $3.00.

jim o'neail

THE HEART OF THE MATTER

GRAHAM GREENE'S greatest work to date, **"The Heart of the Matter,"** is a disturbing novel of a man's inner conflict in attempting to reconcile his own innate creed with his belief in and his understanding of God. Under the guise of the story of a man corrupted by sentiment, this novel, in realistic fashion, develops the spiritual disintegration within a year of middle-aged Colonel Scobie, deputy commissioner of police in a West African town during war-time.

Scobie, a convert to the Catholic Church and hopelessly married to Louise, a bore who has lost all her youthful charm, patiently accepts her burdens, as he must, by his very nature, accept the burdens of every sufferer whom he meets. In compliance with Louise's request, Scobie sends her to South Africa, after borrowing money for her passage from Yusef, a local Syrian considered untrustworthy by government officials. Scobie welcomes the opportunity to live alone and work in peace.

His peace is short-lived, when a group of shipwrecked survivors reach the settlement, among them Helen Rolt, a 19-year-old widow. Through pity for her Scobie becomes her fast friend, but their companionship fosters adultery and she becomes his mistress.

Louise, informed of her husband's relationship with Helen Rolt, returns to the colony, and Scobie, not realizing that his wife is aware of his behavior, must go on deceiving her, rather than desert the otherwise friendless Helen.

The deception is complicated by Louise's insistence that Scobie receive Holy Communion with her. Unrepentant of his actions with Helen and unable to reconcile to his conscience a severance of relations with her, he is refused Absolution by Father Rank in the Confessional. To keep up appearances with Louise he risks eternal damnation by receiving the Blessed Sacrament while not in the required state of grace.

Events rush toward the inevitable end with catastrophic rapidity. Scobie's official integrity is blasted when the Syrian Yusef uses written evidence of the adulterous relationship to force Scobie into concealing contraband. Ali, Scobie's faithful black servant for 15 years, is murdered and Scobie realizes his own guilt in the matter.

Only one sin is left to Scobie. Taking care to make his death seem accidental, he commits suicide, believing that his death will bring peace to all who are in contact with him.

II

Mr. Greene, in his sympathetic treatment of his protagonist, leaves us no doubt that Scobie must be considered a worthy hero. From the first, Scobie is an appealing figure. His unwillingness to see others suffer gives us the key to his character.

Along with this flaw, if it is a flaw, in character, Scobie repeatedly puts off unhappiness for another time.

"He had a dim idea that perhaps, if one delayed long enough,
things were taken out of one's hands altogether by death."

These flaws do not turn the reader against Scobie. When we have finished the book we can not say that Scobie is damned, even though he himself believed that he was. I feel sure that the author did not intend Scobie to be damned. Otherwise how are we to account for the striking description of Scobie's mental reactions after his taking the lethal overdose of sleeping tablets?

> *"Somewhere far away he thought he heard the sounds of pain. 'A storm' he said aloud, 'there's going to be a storm,' as the cloud grew and he tried to get up to close the windows. 'Ali,' he called, 'Ali.' It seemed to him as though someone outside the room were seeking him, calling him, and he made a last effort to indicate that he was here. He got on his feet and heard the hammer of his heart beating out a reply. He had a message to convey, but the darkness and the storm drove it back within the case of his breast, and all the time outside the house, outside the world that drummed like hammer blows within his ear, someone wandered, seeking to get in, someone appealing for help, someone in need of him. And automatically, at the call of need, at the cry of a victim, Scobie strung himself to act. He dredged his consciousness up from an infinite distance in order to make some reply. He said aloud, 'Dear God, I love . . .' but the effort was too great and he did not feel his body when it struck the floor or hear the small tinkle of the medal as it span like a coin under the ice-box—the saint whose name nobody could remember."*

How else can we interpret this than as an answer to God's appeal to Scobie. Is this not the miracle for which Scobie had earlier prayed; a sign of supernatural intervention at the last moment in the cause of one who, pitying others at the risk of his own soul, now needed the pity of God at the last hour?

Father Rank's emotional outburst to a bitter Louise bears this out:

> *"For goodness' sake, Mrs. Scobie, don't imagine you—or I —know anything about God's mercy."*
> *"The Church says . . ."*
> *"I know the Church says. The Church knows all the rules. But it doesn't know what goes on in a single human heart."*

Graham Greene's style of presentation is in keeping with the demands of his subject. A paucity of ornateness suits the mood and background of the book. There are no "pretty" scenes in the book. We know nothing but rain and heat, vultures clanging on corrugated iron roofs, dead pye-dogs adding to the general stench of the settlement, the brothel near the jail—all accentuating the sense of doom which shrouds the plot.

Mr. Greene's character portrayals are excellent. Each of the characters is clearly drawn. Each is vivid enough to remain in the reader's memory. Yet Scobie transcends all of them. This is accomplished through the author's building up of Scobie's inner spiritual conflict. Whereas the other characters are concerned only with worldly affairs, Scobie enters fully into the spiritual side of life, the heart of the matter.

The Heart of the Matter . . . Graham Greene, The Viking Press, New York, 1948. $3.00.

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