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FOLIO

IN THIS ISSUE

The Living and the Dead

First Prize

He came to the city in the spring when the earth was singing and awake. And the people said, he is here, it is the great explorer. He had seen the far countries and had walked the world like a god, and now he had come to the school to talk and the auditorium was hushed and silent like a forest of pines.

When I saw him he was straight and tall and there were rivers and far cities in his eyes. He spoke of the lands he had known and the people he had dwelt among and he pointed to the map, to the great mountains and the jungles and the hot, dry deserts that he had met and conquered, and all of them were part of him and when he walked I saw the wild hills and the forests and the strange far borders of the world. And I knew then that he alone was alive, and all the people in the houses and the streets of the city were dead and had never lived.

I looked at the other students and they were listening but they didn't understand. They were sitting with dull faces and they went back to the class room later and the teacher said "We will now review the subjunctive." They spoke about the subjunctive and their voices were muddy waters flowing into a hidden pool.

When the class was over, I walked from the school to the town and the air was wild with music and there was gold in the sky. The sky was gold and the wind was a silver flute, and I spoke to the merchants and told them of the sun and the stars. There is freedom in the world, I said; he was at school and he told us and he showed us the far corners of the continents that belong to his heart. But the merchants looked at me coldly, with their cold faces, and the air was cold and I shivered, for there was greed in their eyes and I saw that their hearts were dead.

I went to the factory where the men toiled for the machines and I told them of the great explorer. The air was evil with the machines and the factory trembled at their anger. The men were feeding the machines from vast assembly lines and I cried "Slaves, he has come; he will set you free." And I told them of the explorer and of the wondrous beauty of the world he had revealed. But their faces were grey like the machines and their voices were lost in the roar of the machines and when I walked among them I saw the long steel chains that bound them to the machines and which would never let them go.

In the winter, when the snow was falling, I heard that he had died. In the far wild jungles of the Amazon he had vanished and the people said he was a fool, they are all fools, why do they not stay here in the

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(Last Spring, Folio conducted a short story contest. We are happy to announce and publish the winning entries. **The Living and the Dead** *was first;* **The Foreordained** *and* **Saved** *placed second and third respectively.)*

safe places? I walked through the town through the streets of the dead and saw their cold faces and listened to the bleakness of their words. Money, they said, money, safety, prices, ah God, they had lost life and sweetness and beauty and they would never know. I was sick and I left them and went past the great factory of the machines and saw the grey faces of the slaves who worshipped the false steel gods.

It was dark in the country and in the sky the moon was walking among the stars. I stretched my arms to the sky, to the moon and the stars and to all the wonder of the night and the snow. I walked in the cold, in the darkness, through the trees to the river, and I cried, he lived, he lived, he was a man and he lived, and I turned and went back through the snow and the whiteness of the fields to the city and the houses and the factories of the dead.

—J. C. CAIRNS.

EVANGELISM

Swivel hips
butting a swivel chair,
Lena leaning back,
legs shot into air,
like scantling strips,
straight out and wide apart:
(JESUS LOVES ME!)

Lena with utter lack
of inhibitions
in her ac-
tions
pouring out her heart
through her teeth-receding lips,
through her masticating mouth
wide apart:
(JESUS LOVES ME!!)

Lena
lost in the frenzy of swivelling
hips
and parted lips
hurls
her swirling words as she
whirls—
(JESUS LOVES ME!!!)

through her mouth and away
from her face,
beyond her protruding parts,
into the public place,
her shrilling heart
she shoves.
Jesus loves—
she.
(JESUS LOVES ME!!!!)

—GEORGE H. THOMSON.

The Foreordained

Second Prize

It had always appeared to me that the doctrines of predestination were little short of ridiculous. If such were the moral structure of the universe, what point would there then be in the will or in the ability to choose? Yet I could not believe that the will or the ability to choose had any but apparent significance. Are not our immediate choices based upon earlier experiences? Are not the interpretations of these earlier experiences based upon inherited characteristics and conditioned by early childhood, environmental factors over which we have absolutely no control? Free choice then, I had reasoned, was but an illusion. It was society and not the thief that should have been crucified. Having abandoned both of these philosophies I had been forced to face the disconcerting truth that, at best we were windblown irresponsible creatures; helpless grovellers beneath the heel of society; dumb bondsmen to the failings of our forefathers.

Then I discovered Ellen. Ellen was the waitress in a Northern Ontario summer resort at which I recently spent a memorable fortnight's vacation.

I arrived on the first of September, and because the season was aging, discovered myself to be the sole guest at the lodge. I remember quite distinctly the warm wave that swept over me the first time I saw Ellen. The dining room was small and I was sitting at a tiny rustic table, waiting for the evening meal. I had been watching the sun fade into the September dusk and at the sound of footsteps turned to see her standing before me, trim and fresh in a white frock. An artist, I believe, would have classed her figure as hyper-feminine. However, I am outstripping myself for it was not her body that first attracted my attention but rather her face. An interesting face is infinitely more rare than a beautiful one. Ellen's face was absorbingly interesting and the most interesting part of her face were her eyes. They were of liquid gray and heavily lashed. They had an exotic tilt and in the dimness appeared almost as though they were too large for her face, as if her eyes alone were real, the remainder spirit like. They had an expression of fathomless depth that was as disturbing as it was intriguing. Her voice brought me back to reality. At the time I attributed my strange enchantment to the pleasure of being free and happy and alone.

As I discovered later that evening, Ellen was the betrothed of Gus, a lumberjack. Gus was a huge obese creature, affable and ungainly, and Ellen was profoundly in love with him. It was an unusual relationship, for as I watched them together it occurred to me that, paradoxically enough, it was in truth Ellen who towered above Gus. They brought to my mind the relationship between a cat and kitten at play. Ellen was as

benevolent, as adoring, yet as unmoved as the cat; Gus was as earnest, as wholehearted yet as ineffectual as the kitten.

I had retired to the lounge room after supper and Ellen and Gus had joined me. Ellen sat gracefully in a large maple easy chair while Gus sprawled before the open fire with his huge raw fingers clasping an incongruously tiny pipe. We chatted easily for a while. Ellen's voice was low and throaty. We talked of music. Ellen's favourite was Sibelius' First Symphony, and she asked me if I had ever seen a picture of Sibelius. I said that I had not. She told me that while she listened to Sibelius' First Symphony, if she gazed intently into space for a time and then closed her eyes sharply, she could quite often discover among the objects in the room outlined in the retinal afterglow a strange extra outline, in the form of a silhouette of the head of a man. It was a square head with a square jaw. Ellen was convinced that this was the spirit of Sibelius. I must confess that I have since attempted the experiment many times, but have as yet been unable to discover any outlines for which I could not account. In all fairness to Ellen, however, I must and that I did look up a likeness of Sibelius and her description of him was admirably accurate. But this is all by the way. You will forgive me for reporting these scraps of conversation, as it is only in this way that I am able to but slightly suggest the remarkable aura of strangeness that the woman radiated.

Ellen had a most unusual obsession. Early in her formative years she had been in the habit of going for Saturday afternoon drives with her parents and her brother. Ellen invariably sat in the front seat with her father, her brother sat in the back seat. One Friday night she had had a dream. She dreamed that she and her family were driving. There was a disastrous accident. She had awakened in a clammy sweat and had been afraid. The next afternoon she has insisted upon her brother sitting in the front seat while she sat in the back. The dream proved prophetic. There was an accident. There was the same sickening sound of twisting steel. Ellen's brother was horribly mangled. Ellen survived.

The belief took root in Ellen's mind that all her dreams were prophetic. It was bolstered by further fulfillments until the idea had become an obsession.

I had often been told of prophetic dreams before, but as I have already narrated, had discounted them as I had accepted the belief that chance alone was the captain of our destiny. Most accounts of prophetic dreams were gross exaggerations. The rest could be explained on the basis of coincidence. It was quite evident to me, however, even with my sketchy acquaintance with the dynamics of mental derangements, that Ellen's obsession might quite easily have disastrous repercussions.

In retrospect I realize the intensity of the interest the woman must have created within me. I recall a thought that flitted across my drowsy psyche later that night in the last incoherent moments before sleep. It

was as though I had realized that Ellen's love could be solely and unconditionally for Gus, and was already beginning to construct excuses for myself.

". . . At any rate, she would be a prohibitively expensive woman, any other blossoms but orchids would be hopelessly inadequate."

Gus left the following day. The lumberjacks were in the habit of spending several days at a time at work in the neighboring forest. The morning after he departed, I awakened very early and decided to go for a stroll before breakfast. Just as I was passing Ellen's room, she burst from the door and would have slipped past me had I not caught her by the shoulder. She was very distraught. Her pupils were dilated; her skin blanched. It may have been my imagination, but I fancied that even then her hair was graying at the roots. I shook her, but could ring nothing from her but that she must get away, she must get away quickly. Get away quickly before Gus' return. She must never see Gus again. With that she wrenched free. I was more than curious, but I realized that I could get nothing further from her while she was in such mental chaos.

In the days that followed, except at meal times, Ellen remained locked in her room. It was obvious that she was in the throes of some titanic conflict of the mind. She had become withdrawn into herself to such an extent that my greetings and questions appeared to fall upon deaf ears. Her hair was definitely graying. A wisp of pure silver swept back from her left temple. Every day a new furrow appeared across her brow. She was growing old before my very eyes.

As I witnessed this peculiar phenomenon, the realization of the purely artificial nature of the dimension called time struck me forcibly. It is not hours that are significant but ideas and events. The events of a day may be spread to cover a year; those of a lifetime may be concentrated into a few interminable moments.

The afternoon before I left, which was also the afternoon before the day Gus had promised to return, I saw Ellen standing in the lobby with her suitcase. I had long since lost all hope of ever obtaining any enlightening information from her. I could not help but wonder what Gus would do when he returned to find her gone. I had come to the conclusion that she had become quite mad.

Three hours later, one of the lumberjacks returned to the lodge in great distress. Ellen apparently had taken a short-cut through the forest to the railroad station. In her overwrought state, completely absorbed in her own thoughts, she had failed to notice the men at work and a huge tree had fallen upon her and pinned her to a rock.

I returned with the man to help lift her free. I shall always remember her as she lay at my feet, as fantastically lovely in death as in life.

Gus, still dazed, stood beside the glistening stump. The fateful axe had slipped from his hand.

DE PRENIER.

Saved?

Third Prize

Walk out into the street, Jake. You're not staggering. Hell, you've only had a few beers. Well, you can't exactly remember how many. Only been in there a coupla hours. Maybe three. God! Come to think of it, you didn't have supper! Hungry now. Better go up the street and have coffee and a sandwich.

Good to breathe fresh air again. So damn stuffy in there. And smoke! Made your eyes water. . . . Sick of the whole damn thing. Go home to bed. Whatthehell for? Tomorrow be just the same. Can't get away from her. Went in there and drank beer alone all night—alone, except for the rest of the drunks,—but still couldn't forget her. She watched you from a corner—over there, always looking at you. Then laughing and talking to someone else. Couldn't see anyone else but it must've been a man because of the way she looked at him. You could always tell the way she looked at a man. Wonder if she ever looked that way at you?

Damn her! Why couldn't she leave you alone? She left you—why rub it in? Three months she'd been gone. Nothing to do every night but drink beer—alone. Then go home to bed—alone.

Tonight it was worse. Your wedding anniversary tonight. Can't forget that, can you, Jake?

No coffee tonight; just bed. Too damn tired. Climb those bloody steps again. Steps into hell. Wish they were steps into nowhere.

Switch on the radio while you get to bed, maybe the music will help.

"God is still on the throne. Friends, Sister Grotton will sing this grand old hymn. And remember, friends, God is still on the throne, ready to take you to Himself and save you. What does this mean to you?"

G—— d—— religious b————ds! When'll they learn? Always screaming about God. What the hell's God got to do with me? Still don't give me back Mabel. Can't live without her. It don't add up.

Take some of those sleeping tablets. That's an easy way. Just go to sleep and don't wake up. G—— d—— right! Can't live like this.

That's it about six. There. God. Wonder what the landlady'll think when she can't wake me in the morning! She must've been in here today. What's that letter? Didn't see it before. Open it.

"Dearest Jake:

"I can't write much now. I just wanted to write first so you'd know things have changed. You won't know me at first, because I'm a different woman. I've found what I've never had before, Jake—peace and joy. The blood of the Lord Jesus Christ has saved me. We'll start all over again, and the Lord'll help us. God bless the Salvation Army, Jake. If they hadn't taken me in I would never have seen you again.

They'll do it for you, too, Jake. I can hardly wait to see you, now I know we can be happy."

What's it say . . . what's those last lines . . .. getting blurry . . . tired . . . sleepy . . . what . . . "All my love, Mabel" . .. . . no, can't be . . . can't be coming back . . . those tablets . . . do something . . . God help! . . .so sleepy . . . have to lie down . . . there . . . sleep . . . sleep.

—DAVE SPURGEON.

LINES

(Composed a few yards from Turner's Cow Pasture)

How now, brown cow, high in the mow
Is it then or is it now?

What think you of time and tide?
Or have you any thoughts aside
From what feels best to your inside?

D'you aspire to milk and honey?
Do you care a jot for money
Or do such things to you seem funny?

Do you have a favourite name?
Bessie, Ermyntrude or Mame?
Or do all seem to you the same?

Do you think that you look better
Swaddled tightly in a sweater,
Or do you think that clothes enfetter?

Is it true that just a word'll
Make you jump the nearest hurdle,
Causing all your milk to curdle?

Do icy fingers make you shudder
When they grip you by the udder?
And is your tail used as a rudder?

Do you know what fun man makes
About your Aunt Jemima cakes?
And does your tum have four-fold aches?

Does the passion in you rise
When you gaze in bovine eyes
Or does love take you by surprise?

Aha, brown cow! What magic now?
I saw your hue first turn to blue
Then to purple, then to red!
Was it something that I said?

—GERALD FREMLIN.

How to Contribute to Folio

Manuscripts must be prepared on standard paper (8½ by 11), typewritten and double-spaced with 1½ inch margin.

All forms of writing are acceptable for consideration: short stories, articles, essays, sketches, poetry, verse, jingles, rhymes, etc. Folio expresses a non-partisan view on political, racial and religious questions. Creative writing and art are particularly welcome.

Manuscripts may be mailed directly to the Editor-in-Chief, W. M. Cornell, 25 McKenzie Ave., London, or to any member of the Folio staff. At the University, contributions may be left at the Folio office, room number 7 in the Lower Hall, N.W. wing, next to the Oxy office. Copy must be signed by the author, and publication under pseudonym or anonymous must be indicated. Deadlines for each issue will be posted on the bulletin boards and/or the Gazette.

Game authorities have found that foxes are not wanton destroyers of quail, as popularly believed.—(U.W.O. Gazette, Oct. '47.)

Angered Quail-lovers ask who the hell is, then!

Hot Towels

"Take civilization," said the barber.

Around the chin of the customer, along both sides of the jaw, half-over the ears, and criss-cross the forehead he arranged a hot towel. He bent back small, steaming folds in the centre of the structure.

The man in the chair breathed cautiously.

. . . Truly, thought the barber this IS a nose! . . . In these veins flows no temperate blue blood but a warm purple liquid which advertises a royal taste in wines. . . Now—seen like this—is not the nose the colour of my favourite grape jelly?

. . . Not only am I a barber and a poet but a baker also . . . It is a French pastry that I have made with the towel and the nose. . .

"Civilization," repeated the barber, out loud, "cannot be seen on the North American continent today. It is to be found only in one place. And where that is, monsieur? It is in the dictionary."

He unwound the towel. A second French pastry was created by a new towel, a very hot towel. For an instant, steam clouded the nose.

"My friend," said the barber, "I will read to you the definition so that you, too, may understand. My salon is not without its dictionary, you know."

He rummaged about in the cupboard beneath the large mirror.

"Aha! It is here. Listen now. 'Civilization: bringing out of barbarism; enlightenment, refinement; advanced stage in social development.' Ha! Did you hear?"

He snatched away the towel and patted after-shave lotion on the red face of the man. He stood directly behind the chair to do it.

"I have written something about our civilization," the barber whispered as he leaned forward, rubbing the man's face. He stepped around quickly to the mirror, picked up and flourished a piece of paper.

"This, of course, was written to be read," said the barber, straightening his shoulders. "Not out loud, you understand, but with the eyes, and the heart.

"It is a pity that you are in a hurry, but to oblige you, I will read it out loud. So!

" 'The character of our way of life is demonstrated by business promotion in the field of religion, and by jingle-bell commercialization of Christmas. Even the name of that greatest of all Christian feasts has been shortened to an algebraic blasphemy—Xmas. Business and Religion have wrestled and now their arms and legs and trunks are mixed up like a pretzel. Look you, when it comes to Easter, Fifth Avenue has triumphed over Calvary — and not only in the adjectival minds of Hollywood press agents. Here is what was printed in a newspaper on Good Friday: 'Easter means solemn commemoration of a

man who was hung on a cross for the sake of others, the sorrow of Christians for the crucifixion of Jesus. It means, as well, the joyful celebration by those same people for a Christ who transcended death and brought promise of everlasting life. And it spells the time of donning new clothes in rejoicing that spring has come. All of Easter's meaning is symbolized in the picture above, which shows pretty Diana Lynn in a spring print dress against a cross of lilies.' This is an indication of our civilization which is at the same time barbarism. The virginal 'teen-agers have great hero worship for a sexually promiscuous and perverted colony of photogenic actors and actresses. There is loud advocation of general sacrifice in public, and general practise of personal selfishness in private.' "

The barber laid the paper back on the mirror shelf. Slowly he returned to the man in the chair and began patting talcum powder around the nose.

"That is all I have put on paper so far, monsieur, but you can see how I am building up the case against civilization."

The man struggled from the chair.

"Who the hell's going to print that stuff?" he grumbled, shaking his hand around in his pocket and making the change jangle.

The barber faced about in front of the cash register.

"But, naturally," he smiled, "the Saturday Evening Post. Who else? . . . Thank you, sir."

"Next, please!"

—G. CAMPBELL McDONALD.

MORNING GLORY AND CROCUSES

The farm buildings were about a quarter of a mile from the road. A three-wire barbed fence separated the long roadway from one field but on the other side the plowing, dark and new looking, came right to the edge. An extremely large enclosure which contained the buildings was fenced off with the ubiquitous three strands of barbed wire. A small yellow house, a dingy slate coloured barn, and a meaningless jumble of huts comprised the building arrangements. Cattle were munching at a hay stack; some pigs were wallowing in a huge mud-puddle near the barn; and a few chickens indolently pecked their way about. Occasionally a whirl of wind spun the straw across the yard and piloted the chickens a little faster.

Around the house the ground was bare of grass from much walking. Off to one side a large mound of grey ashes contributed its siftings to the cracks in the hard-packed earth. An attempt at a flower border had resulted in a row of staggering sticks held together with binder twine. Over one of the sticks peeped an incongruous purple morning glory.

You could not escape the prairie. Somewhere there might be mountains and trees but it seemed hard to believe. Here there was just miles and miles of land with maybe a few houses but mighty few of those, too. No trees, not even a little bush. Sometimes she could just cry for the sight of a green growing thing that would be there year after year to be friends with. But even flowers had a hard time, what with the drought and the dust. Funny how the men-folk couldn't seem to take any interest in trees and such like. No money in it, they said; but you'd think they'd have some feeling for pretty things. Sometimes the prairie was beautiful. There were crocuses in spring. It just made her feel like a little girl again to see where a hundred furry buds had turned purple overnight. There wouldn't be any more of them close by now. The last field was already plowed and by next spring it would be in wheat. She was sure going to miss those crocuses. —ETHEL YOUNG.

The Crisis came in June

He had not thought it would be difficult to tell her he was no longer interested in her. Earlier in the day it had seemed it would only be necessary to remark lightly, "Look, darling, we've had it," or some such thing, and that would end it. She had never been difficult about things before and there was no reason to suppose she would start being difficult now.

But that had been earlier in the day. Now, in the darkness, he had a strong feeling that such a remark would not produce the desired result at all.

They were standing on the veranda of her home and the one thing in the world he wanted was to get away. He was leaving in the morning. He had to pack. He had a hundred things to do. But he wasn't quite sure of the words that would end it all on just the right note.

She moved closer to him and put her hand on his arm. At one time he would have wanted her to do just that, but now her closeness produced nothing. For the first time in his life he found himself wishing he was the happy possessor of a faint heart that never won fair lady.

Finally it was the girl who broke the silence. She spoke quietly and it occurred to him that there was a touch of sadness in her voice. She said, "It won't be the same at school next fall without you there. I'm not sure I'll want to go back."

He looked at her closely, frowning. He would have felt more comfortable if she had made one of her usual pseudo-sophisticated wisecracks. The whole thing was starting badly.

"Why couldn't you take some post-graduate work?" she asked. "Or why couldn't you have got a job here in the city? Why did you have to go all the way to the coast to get a job?"

Amazingly, her questions seemed to have put him on the defensive. He had known before that women have an instinct for manoeuvring a man into explaining his most innocent actions.

She added, "It might as well be China as Vancouver, mightn't it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well," he said, "that's just the way it was, that's all. Anyway, I won't be there forever."

"It might be forever," she replied. "It could easily happen that it might as well be forever, couldn't it?"

"Don't be silly," he said.

She sighed. "Well, anyway, it has been fun, hasn't it?"

"Yes," he answered truthfully, "of course it has."

"And it still is fun, isn't it? And no matter how far away you go it will go on being fun, won't it?"

"Yes, of course," he lied. "Why do you ask that?"

"Well, you haven't talked about things like that lately. Most girls like to hear all about their futures, you know."

He felt a twinge of guilt as he remembered some of the things he had said to her. How stupid it would be if she had really taken them seriously. After all, a man's objective didn't necessarily have to be a Saturday afternoon with an organ playing and a loud soprano singing "O Promise Me."

"Well," she said lightly, "you might give me some sort of a hint about my future, mightn't you?"

He didn't answer. He was suddenly aware of the fact that he couldn't tell he what he had thought he could tell her. It was completely impossible. He would have to do it by taking longer and longer and longer to answer her letters. It didn't occur to him that he lacked courage or that he was following the line of least resistance. It was simply that he felt it would be better all around if he let the fire die out slowly.

"Darling," he said finally, "there's nothing I'd like better than to stand here all night telling you about your future. It's really a damn good future. But, honestly, I have to get home. I have to pack and do a hundred things before morning."

"All right," she said.

He sensed the disappointment in her voice and added, "I'll probably be home for a while at Christmas, anyway. That isn't so far off, you know."

"All right," she said "I'm a good waiter. As of right now I'll start dreaming of a white Christmas."

"Good," he said heartily. "That's the spirit. I will, too. It will sort of keep us together, won't it?"

"Will it?" she asked.

Damn the woman, he thought, why does she have to be so difficult? He put his arms around her and pulled her close to him. He tilted her head back and kissed her. She clung to him, her lips searching for something that he did his best to pretend was still there. And the analytical part of his mind stood off to one side, calculating coldly how effectively the pretence was working.

He put her from him and said goodbye. His voice was warm enough as he said it, although it was warm with a sort of relief rather than any more tender emotion.

Then he turned and left her, walking with his hands in his pockets. His steps were light and he had to force himself to walk slowly, as if with some regret. He repressed a sudden desire to whistle.

The girl stood watching him. Her arms hung aimlessly at her sides and her face showed no emotion. She watched as his figure, moving faster now, appeared and disappeared in the shadows of the trees on the sidewalk. He skittered through the glare of a street light, becoming small in the distance. He passed into the darkness beyond it and although she strained her eyes he did not appear again. Faintly she could hear the sound of his heels on the pavement.

The house was in darkness and she knew her parents were not yet home. She twisted her key in the latch and turned the knob slowly. As the door opened she stopped and turned her face in the direction he had gone. Her thoughts came slowly and almost painfully as though being wrung out of her mind a drop at a time.

You dog. You insufferable, conceited dog. You sat me on the edge of a star and then you knocked the star away; and it didn't even occur to you that I might know. If I had not had pride I would have told you how much I know. But it wouldn't have touched you at all. Well, thank God, I had some pride left. I would have ripped out my tongue rather than say anything. If God sent you back on a silver platter tomorrow I'd laugh at you. If you dragged your nose in the dust from here to hell and back I'd hate you. If you swore by a constellation of love and every star a kiss, I'd still hate you. Nothing you could ever do would stop me hating you. I'll always hate you, — darling! —TED FLINT.

OBLIVION

For one bright moment's grace
    A wondrous flame shot up, adorned the sky
It tarried briefly there in space
    Then wavered, fell, and darkness reigned on high.

A thunder of ten million drums
    Rolled down the aisles of time, in high applause,
Mocking the laughter of many tongues,
    Of hosts who had thought thus to win their cause.

For then when we as mortal gods
    Brought forth the secrets of the Universe,
Ten hundred suns weighed out the odds,
    And scattered our dust beneath a curse.

—H. E. WINGFIELD.

The Sweetheart

No one else in Company D could salute as smartly as Private Sigmund McKay. That wasn't all. No one else in the entire Battalion could lose at poker so steadily as Sigmund McKay. And no one else in the whole Canadian Army had a heart as full of love as Sigmund.

His salutes used to gladden the hob-nailed souls of drill sergeants, and leave young subalterns glowing with pleasure.

Three parts Greek and one part Scotch, Private Sigmund McKay (pronounced to rhyme with "sky," in true Scots fashion) hadn't always been such a smart soldier. The cause of his increased proficiency was to be found in the poker game which raged in Company D's hut between training periods. Sigmund McKay was a very poor poker player indeed. His losses at seven-card stud (one-eyed Jacks wild) were staggering.

Soon, his pay was insufficient to cover his I.O.U.'s. The only solution, he reasoned, was promotion. Get ten cents a day more.

Toward this end, Private Sigmund McKay put into practice a barracks-room motto: "If it moves, salute it. If it doesn't move, pick it up. If it's too big to pick up, paint it."

Before long he was promoted. The Commanding officer, wishing to enjoy a smart salute regularly, made him Orderly Room runner. The next day his name appeared in Battalion Daily Orders:

"To be Acting/Lance/Corporal, without pay,
with effect from 5 May 45:
D-57491, Pte. McKay, S."

Losing at poker was responsible for all this, but Sigmund McKay hadn't always played poker. He started after he joined the Army and went overseas. His heart was so full of love for his sweetheart, Lilac Minters, that he just had to do something while he was separated from her.

He thought about her all the time. Especially after he stopped playing poker and started saluting and got promoted. He was very proud of his sweetheart, too. She had joined the C.W.A.C. and was a commissioned officer.

Before Sigmund McKay could work up to the "with pay" category, the war in Europe ended. Because he had been in a training camp in England for two years, all at once he wanted to see Lilac more than anything else. So he volunteered for the Pacific war, even though it meant losing his Lance/Corporal stripe.

On the ship coming back to Canada, Sigmund McKay thought of

Lilac Minters. On the train going from Halifax to his home, he thought about her some more.

"She'll be at the station to meet me," he smiled inside himself, "and I'll throw my arms around her and hug her. And then I'll kiss her! Yessir, she'll be waiting on the station platform and I'll spot her in the crowd and rush right up to her and say, 'Sweetheart, I'm home. I love you'."

All the other fellows on the train kidded Sigmund McKay because he was so excited as the train got nearer and nearer home. But Sigmund McKay all at once felt that he should put down his loving thoughts on paper.

"I'll write a poem," he thought. He told his pal that he was going to write a poem about Lilac.

"To hell with Lilac," said his pal, trying to keep nervous tears from jumping out of the corners of his eyes. "What do you want to write a poem about her for? Write a poem about Canada. A few months from now Lilac will be no different than any other girl you ever knew in England. But take Canada, Sig. She's different. Where else can you find Canada but right here?"

Sigmund McKay asked, "Have you written a poem?"

"Of course," said his pal. "Here, read it. I can't stand talking any more. Full of emotion."

Sigmund McKay took the paper and read:

"Song For a Throat
That Hurts Tightly

This is wild—wild country:
Everything is free—
    Everyone is free!
At last I feel free—
    Free
From too many people
        too close together.
This is Canada,
BelovèdCanada:
    How I love you,
        Canada!
So big
And
So free."

Sigmund McKay saw that the train was pulling into his home town so he handed back the poem and hurried to get ready to meet Lilac.

When he stepped onto the platform, it was very crowded. He looked eagerly for Lilac, hoping she would be in a light summer dress with beautiful bright colours to match the flames that were leaping in his heart. But he couldn't see her at all.

Then he heard a familiar voice giving commands. "Squad, stand easy!" That was Lilac's voice! Where? Where?! He ran down the platform.

"Sweetheart!" he cried. And then he flung his arms around Acting/Captain (whilst so employed) Lilac Minters, adjutant of the town's C.W.A.C. training centre. "I love you," whispered Sigmund McKay.

There were immediate giggles from the ranks of girls drawn up on the platform. They were rookies just arrived for basic training. Two of them started to laugh out loud as the private sought to kiss the captain.

His eyes were closed for the kiss, so he couldn't see that Lilac was glaring at him.

"Sigmund McKay," she hissed, pushing him away, "stop making a fool of me."

The love-lit eyes of Sigmund McKay opened slowly. "Lilac. . . ." he murmured.

The voice of Captain Minters cut short the titters of her recruits. Her tones were born of many hours on the parade square.

"Exactly what do you mean?" she screamed at Sigmund McKay. "I have a good mind to charge you with drunkenness, insubordination, impersonating an officer, and conduct unbecoming a soldier. Just because you've been overseas doesn't mean you can act undisciplined and set a bad example. I'll call a provost and have you arrested if you don't leave this platform—at once!"

Private Sigmund McKay took one step back smartly.

With his heart breaking in his eyes, he gave Captain Lilac Minters the smartest salute of his career. Then he about-turned and marched away, tears streaming down his cheeks.

That night Sigmund McKay wrote his poem about Lilac. It became a popular song, oddly enough, and he made a good living out of the royalties.

The title?

"The Sweetheart of Sig McKay."

—G. CAMPBELL McDONALD.

Jean-Paul Sartre : Existentionalism

The name Jean-Paul Sartre flows like leather in a whip-lash. Strangely enough, his philosophy of Existentionalism bears out this figure; it lashes the lethargy of post-war minds into rude wakefulness.

Actually, few people on this side of the Atlantic know that Sartre is one of the few French geniuses to spring out of the War years and dominate the intellectual life of France and the whole of the Continent, in fact. At present he is recognized as a philosopher, novelist, playwright and essayist of considerable stature. In 1943, he was a relatively unknown professor of philosophy. Who would have supposed that this unpretentious little man in his early forties would have become the symbol of a new renaissance in French thought!

Sartre's personal appearance is hardly prepossessing. A short, unhandsome man with a broad triangular face, wide lips, expansive forehead, thinning hair, and heavy horn-rimmed spectacles cannot normally stir gasps of admiration. Nevertheless, thinking Parisians are wont to breathe words that resemble "genius" at the sight of him passing in the streets. Conservatively well dressed and unpretentious in manner, Sartre does not look like one who has served as a private in the French army, suffered the deprivations of a prison camp, and fought actively in the nerve-wracking underground, Front National.

Sartre escapes from violent publicity. For a long time he preferred to live in a fourth-rate hotel, La Louisiane, on the Rue de la Seine, but excessive popularity forced him to move to more private lodgings. His disciples, mostly students and intellectuals from the universities, generally find him at the Cafe de la Flore on St-Germaine de Pres. In this respectable Bohemian restaurant on the left bank, he delivers lectures and discusses his writings with Albert Camus, Simonne de Beauvoire [illegible] other leading existentionalists. Sartre works hard and writes prodigiously.

The tenets of his philosophy are shrouded in difficult terminology. Thinking that it might take a Gallic mind less time to unravel it, I asked a French-Canadian intellectual just what was Existentionalism. "Existentionalisme?" he replied, wide-eyed with surprise at my interest and simultaneous lack of comprehension. "Mais voila, mon ami, c'est la philosophie de **l'existence.**" That made it at least one shade clearer. I now could pronounce the word, and I knew it had something to do with existence. The next step was to dig out a few facts about its origin and growth.

The nineteenth century Danish philosopher, Soren Kirkegaard is usually recognized as the father of this relatively new philosophy.

Searching for a new basis of Christianity by analyzing man's existence, Kirkegaard finally concluded that life was absurd and suffering too great. These beliefs he embodied in a book called **Fear and Trembling,** a beautiful story of Abraham and Isaac. In the long trek to the mount on which he was to sacrifice his son, Abraham puzzled over the reason for life. How could he live by the ethical law of his people, "Thou shalt not kill" and still obey the command of God? There was only one explanation: some existing universal law must transcend the ethical law. It was but a step from here to realize the absurdity of life.

A number of other sources have poured tributaries into the broad stream of Existentionalism in France. Neitsche's **Birth of Tragedy** cannot be ignored. The comparatively recent contributions of Heidegger and Jaspers at the University of Baden are offsprings of Kirkegaard. Even American writers, Steinbeck, Farrell and others, who now have great vogue in France, must admit to some influence on the existentionalists.

The immediate cause of this doctrine, of course, was the suffering and deprivation the French had to undergo during the Occupation. Cruelty and persecution forced the people to ask questions about their inner soul which they neglected in times of peace. Those engaged in

underground activities were particularly affected; there was always the fearful solitude, alone without aid of any kind, the great responsibility of not revealing one's comrades, even by a single word. They came to cherish liberty as it had never before been cherished under the Republic, and liberty became the cornerstone of this new philosophy. Man's greatest good is freedom. "You are your life and nothing else," says a character in the existentionalist play, **Huis Clos.** "Man is free to act, but he must act to be free. If he fails to choose a social or political line of action, he is not Being, he is Nothingness."

Too often, Existentionalism is associated with pessimism. The Parisian is fond of quoting Julien Teppe, a one-eyed neurasthenic and misanthropic ascetic who is famous for his remark, "Only through pain may the minds of men be sufficiently sharpened to see reality . . . in twenty years you'll be nothing more than garbage in a coffin." But Teppe represents only an excess of dolourism. The Frenchman who was heard to have called another, "espèce d'un existentionaliste," hardly realized that this term stood for a modern positive humanism, a courageous belief in stoicism and the possibility of finding a basis for man's existence in spite of the miseries that beset him on all sides. Poor man! He is born into a life with no choice of his own, with no control over either the society or the time he must enter it. Then, from the moment of his birth, he is alone with an uncertain future, an unfriendly universe, and an existence full of terror. He begins with a certain number of potentialities permitting him to develop in the way he chooses; what he makes of his life depends on his reaction to his environment. He must carve out his own life and only in this action can he realize the freedom which is his highest good.

Christianity is not one of the principles of Existentionalism. There is no active preaching either for or against it. Sartre maintains that "whether God exists or not is of no importance in our philosophy. There is no communication between him and us." Should Christianity permeate man's actions, however, Sartre does not object. This is a comparatively neutral position to take, but in other respects Sartre leaves no doubt in the readers' minds.

L'Etre et le Neant (Being and Nothingness) contains the kernel of Existentionalism in some seven hundred pages. **Les Chemins de la Liberté** represents an attempt to reach the general public through a three-volume novel of masterful narration. Here Sartre tries to portray the state of mind in France at the moment of Munich. Cleverly, he employs the trick of "spontaneity" which he claims to have developed from the practices of Virginia Wolf and Dos Passos. It consists in dissolving one scene into another without a break—similar to the technique used in a film—so that one may move with the action from Paris to Munich

and back all in the same paragraph and with no indication that the scenes and the characters have been thus twice changed. The trick is confusing, ironically telling, and exhibits perfectly Sartre's astonishing ingenuity. Briefly, Sartre attempts to show in this novel how human beings constantly cause unhappiness and suffering to each other.

The most fascinating, perhaps, of Sartre's works is his play **Huis Clos,** which was presented on Broadway recently under the title **No Exit.** The curtain is raised on a shabby sitting-room furnished in the style of the Second Empire. Three settees and a heavy bronze constitute the only furniture. The solitary electric light is unshaded. One is not long in observing that the door is barred and that the window is bricked up. It is "no exit" in every sense of the word. As the play progresses, the audience gradually realizes that this room is Sartre's conception of Hell and that the three characters in the room are actually dead.

Three degenerate people, each knowing the intimate and awful secrets of each other's life, are forced to live in the oppressive air of this single room. Garcin is a traitor and deserter from the army as well as a sadist who has tortured his wife. One of the two women, Estelle, is an infanticide and a nymphomaniac who has deceived both her husband and lover. The other woman is a Lesbian, who is savagely jealous of the

man who attracts Estelle away from her. Against their will, they are forced to reveal their character to each other, and consequently continue to live in a seething hatred. There is no means of death; they are already dead. They cannot avoid looking at each other; their eyelids have withered away and they must continue to gaze like some great unblinking birds in the garish light of their Hell. A wit remarked that at last Satan had found a cheap means of inflicting eternal punishment.

One could go on outlining others of Sartre's works, but they will soon be available on this continent for the general reader. One can only attempt to estimate the importance of this startling philosophy. Through the thickening storm of criticism a few brilliant analyses offer some light. Alvarez del Vayo in the **Nation** bitterly condemns Existentionalism as "an empty heroism that is the very negation of life, that suspends judgment on the social past and reads only futility into the social future . . . it is an escape for the disillusioned intellectual who always after a harrowing crisis seeks to establish his norm in a new philosophy or doctrine."

On the other hand, an English critic, Amabel Williams, writes in the **Spectator,** "Existentionalists have arrived at a clearer stand of stoical, humane, witty and courageous rejection of pessimism ("même avec la bombe atomique") . . . one will notice that (this philosophy) states elegantly, clearly and with passion, a great many ideas that we already hold or are on the verge of holding, and nothing is more delightful to read than a new, vigorous and eloquent statement of views one, in fact, holds but about whose tenability one is uncertain."

Les Nouvelles Litteraire denounces Existentionalism as "a fad of ugliness . . . Sartre's book seems to be a transcription of the mental life of ignoble and tranquilly abnormal people . . . a sickening mixture of philosophic pretentiousness, equivocal dreams, physiological technicalities, morbid tastes and hesitant eroticism . . . an introspective embryo that one would take distinct pleasure in crushing."

A reader who stands in ignorance of the meaning of Existentionalism now cannot remain so for long. A neutral position is untenable. Before praising it, one must be acutely aware of the tenets Sartre maintains. Before condemning it, one must remember that although the writings of the Existentionalists may not represent the experience of one reader in a million, they may reflect their unacted desires. A writer is eminently entitled to project his own imaginings on the world of his canvas. This is the most elusive and fast moving group in modern French letters; it will be very difficult to keep track of its developments. Is it mere modishness then to keep track of it? Well, it can be a merely trivial affair. . . for a merely trivial reader.

—HAL WILLIS.

FRUSTRATION

I believe in the transmigration of souls. Sometimes I feel with the utmost strength that I was once a bull. I think my name was El Torso. At other times the conviction that I was a flea forces itself upon me.

The trouble is that there is too much frustration in this world. One day I was looking into a candle flame and hypnotized myself. I saw my grandmother dancing on the ceiling. Now I am sure that this must be impossible because my grandmother never danced in her life.

Everywhere you look you find blank walls. And the doors are always closed. I have never been in a light room yet. They come at you from all sides, and you cannot hope to evade them. If you take one of the windows they are sure to come at you through the trap-door.

It is impossible to escape them. Every step is the wrong one.

The best method is the elimination of self. Transference of the soul might by this means be attained and it might enter an animal where no frustration exists.

—DAVE SPURGEON.

Conflict

"Nobody knows the trouble I see, nobody knows but Jesus." The thin voice wavered about the high notes. The little woman stopped, brush in hand to survey the expanse of darkened, fragrant floor. To the two girls sitting close together on the stairway this was just about the most delightful time of the week. Somehow the big room that was kitchen, dining and living room achieved an air of mystery and fulfillment when mother scrubbed it clean on Saturday night.

"Mother," said Emily, "have you really got troubles?"

"I suppose no more than most," answered Mrs. Carter. "So long as you girls are good I figure I'm pretty lucky."

"Daddy doesn't think he's lucky. He wishes we were boys," said Cora.

Emily and Cora were so much alike that they might have been twins. They were probably about twelve and thirteen, with straight blonde hair and wide, dark blue eyes. They looked like their mother but they liked to think they looked like their father who was a very handsome man. They had inherited his dark brows and lashes but that was all.

Everyone knew that Mr. Carter wanted boys. Boys would have been a help on the farm, though it was difficult to imagine how anyone could have done more than Mrs. Carter and the girls. It was accepted that the girls must take the place of the boys they had ousted.

Mrs. Carter wrung out the floor cloth and emptied the dirty water out the door. She was a slight blonde woman with a beautiful pink and white skin. When she was a girl her father had called her Ginger because of her hair. She had grey eyes but her fair eyebrows and lashes did not show them to good advantage. Every time she looked at the curling black lashes of her daughters, Mrs. Carter could not help feeling there was some point in having married Alwyn.

It was nearly ten o'clock but there was still plenty to be done and Mrs. Carter worked on. It was always like that; she seemed possessed of an energy that might have moved mountains but it was all frittered away on cows and pigs and chickens and gardens and helping to catch horses and trying to keep a house and family going. She was busy from dawn until after eleven every night but that was not so surprising as her ability to keep going at all.

Her children had no such driving power. They had to be pried out of bed in the mornings, though it is true they had to be driven into them at night. They had to be told to do things and reminded and scolded

when they didn't do them. Altogether it was easier to do the things yourself.

Emma was sent for water and Cora was to feed the baby. Emily grumbled. She did not like going to the pumphouse in the dark. It was about seventy-five yards away—handy to the barn. But Mrs. Carter was adamant. "You know your father will want a drink of fresh water when he comes and he'll be home soon."

Cora put on a coat and a scarf and her mitts and finally left for the pumphouse. She was back in a short time to report that there were lights coming down Martin's road. Everyone rushed to the window and it was agreed that this was probably their own car.

Now there was a great bustle to put everything to rights and get the baby out of sight. When the car pulled up at the door, all three rushed out to bring in the mail and groceries.

Mr. Carter came in first, bowed under the weight of a box of apples. He was not in a good mood. Three hearts sank a little and three sets of ministering hands set to do his bidding. But it was no use. The chores were done but the apples were four dollars a box. He was not made of money. Other people managed to make four dollars do for a whole month, while he had to bring home twenty-dollar grocery orders every week and send hundred-dollar money orders to Eatons every month.

There was nothing you could say to these accusations. If you did say it, it only made things worse. At those times the girls would creep off to bed and Mrs. Carter would not speak to Mr. Carter for several days. Of course, Mr. Carter said enough for a whole family. It was a sort of safety valve for all the stored-up resentment of his life.

These were the times that drove Mrs. Carter to her children. They became her reason for being. Through them she would have the things she had longed for and knew now she would never get.

Mr. Carter was tired tonight. He should have gone to bed, but he went on with his accusations and self-pity. His wife's calm air of superiority infuriated him and the way his children silently allied themselves against him made her completely hateful.

A thing happened then that they weren't any of them ever to forget. Out of the past the man dragged a weapon that would at once besmirch his wife and raise him to the height of a hero.

He turned to the two girls. "You think your mother's a wonderful woman. Well, if she is, it's me you've got to thank for it. She wasn't so wonderful when I married her."

The woman turned white. "You needn't have married me," she said quietly. "It's many a time I've wished you hadn't."

"What could I do?" sneered the man. "You, about to drown yourself and all on account of some drunken bum."

"He was a better man than you," flared the woman. "He wouldn't have done what you're doing. He wouldn't have blackened his children's mother."

Emily and Cora were horrified. They were used to quarrels but there was something deadly about this one. They edged toward the door but they were not to get off so lightly. Their father stopped them.

"You've heard this much," he said, "you may as well hear the rest."

"Don't, Al," begged the woman. "They wouldn't understand. Haven't you done enough for one night?"

But the man was determined. "They'll understand enough to know you for what you are. They know it's a disgrace to have bastard babies. Don't you?" and he turned toward the girls.

They nodded dumbly.

"Well, your mother was going to have a baby. She said she was going to drown herself. She wasn't, but I believed her. The more fool me. So, I married her."

A wave of silence met the man. There was something wrong. This was no triumph. His wife's head was bowed in her hands. There were tears on the faces of the girls.

He opened his mouth to go on with the story but no words came. Slowly he arose and stumbled to bed.

—ETHEL YOUNG.

A Note to the Reader

We are happy to incorporate in this issue two poems by George Thompson and an essay by Hal Willis, both graduate students. Their contributions were to be printed in last year's publication but time and space prohibited it. Since Jean-Paul Sartre's books are now available in English, we felt Mr. Willis' article was of interest.

SENILITY

Purple dusk had begun to soften outlines so it was hard to see the little figure struggling toward the bus. His steps were so short that he didn't move more than a few feet with a score of them. It was like walking on a moving stage. But the driver saw his frantic lame wave and waited for him.

Shaggy blue coat almost dragging on the ground. Bowed grey-capped head squinting at the ground; little wooden cane tapping; shoes with turned-up toes. Shuffling, shuffling. Hurry, hurry, time grows short.

What is senility? Is it a living-in-the-past? Yesterdays lived over? A book well known, to be turned to any page — a book with the story complete, the climax known, only a few more pages to turn to round off the plot?

Or is it a living-in-the-future? Tomorrow lived today? Tomorrow known by instinct, apprehended by fear, or anticipated by faith?

His panting clamberings ceased. The bus driver sat patiently as he paused for breath and then sank to a seat.

His gravelly voice wavered, high-pitched, as he leaned toward the driver. "Good thing I didn't miss this bus, son. Boys woulda missed me. Woulda been the first pint o' beer I'da missed with 'em in thirty years. . . ."

What is senility? Living, I guess. —DAVE SPURGEON.

In Defense of Critics

The delusion still persists that a critic is a sour, embittered, disgruntled individual who, having failed to achieve success of his own in some field of the arts, now follows his chosen profession — and that word is usually heavily enclosed in quotation marks to connote that it is being used with sarcasm — for the sole purpose of wreaking his vengeance on those whose works have reached the stage, the concert hall or the book stalls. Who has not heard it said in response to a critic's unfavourable estimate of some creative effort, "Let him do it himself, then"? Who, perhaps, has not said it or thought it himself? There is, after all, something very much akin to indignation which rises within all of us when we see the work of an artist, fashioned with infinite pains and loving care, mercilessly dissected and exposed by the critic as a failure.

Though we may experience this reaction, it should be but a momentary one for on reflection we must realize that the critic is doing his job, not only for the editor who employs him but for us as well. I am speaking only of the reputable critics, those who are qualified to judge, though well aware that they are a minority among those who set themselves up as such. The remainder though they may affect immediate sales or box-office receipts and carry some weight with those who are no more perceptive than themselves, need not be taken seriously. There is little cause to care whether an ignorant man praises or condemns. But the critic of taste and discernment cannot be disregarded. Being well aware of his responsibility to his calling, the work, and its author that he is about to appraise, and the public, he does his job with respect and sincerity. If he condones he is happy to do so; if he condemns, he does so without malice and because his conscience will not let him do otherwise. That he could not achieve the standards of artistic creation which he demands of others does not matter. Does one withhold criticism from the contractor for building a faulty house because one could not do as well? It is important to the owner of the house that it be well-built; it is important to the critic that literature, or the stage, or music be well served.

If the critic is not regarded as a disappointed artist, his judgments are dismissed as "just his opinions." That is very true, of course, but they are opinions that are based on careful consideration, study and application of the principles of criticism, and an intimate knowledge of the great works of the past in whatever field his work falls. It may be impossible to eliminate personal preferences, likes and dislikes entirely, but the critic, with other standards to guide him, can reduce them to a minimum.

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Another misconception held of the critic is that he is a most venal fellow, who can be induced to comply with any wish of producer, publisher or author — for a price. He is thought to be the centre of a sinister and corrupt web of intrigue, paid not only to bolster up the reputation of some new book or play for the advancement of one group but to blast with a few well chosen words of condemnation all chances of success of some rival production or publication. This is not only so far wide of the mark as to be completely laughable; it is extremely flattering in its estimate of the power of a critic.

In the first place, critic, author, producer, publisher and so on, would stand to gain very little by such tactics as are described above. Small as is the public comparatively speaking, which they attempt to reach, it is of a high enough level of intelligence to detect very soon any such malefactions, and as it is also a very articulate public, critic, author, producer and publisher would soon find themselves without any public at all. No, integrity is still high up on the list of qualifications which critic and artist demand of each other.

Secondly, this view of the critic presupposes a measure of omnipotence which does not exist in the wildest dreams of the most egotistical of them. It says, in effect, that the nod of approval from the critics is enough to ensure popular success to any book or play and that, likewise, a critical "Nay" spells its doom. Though this would undoubtedly prove to be a healthy state of affairs for art and criticism alike, it is far from the truth. The disapproval of nearly every dramatic critic in New York did not prevent "Abie's Irish Rose" and "Tobacco Road" from running years on Broadway, nor did all their hurrahs in favour of "Paths of Glory" help to reduce the losses its producer suffered. On the other hand, the number of plays which they have frowned upon and which have scarcely survived opening night is impressive enough to draw upon their heads annually a collective bellow of rage from those on the receiving end of their brickbats.

When practised by a master, criticism can and does exert an influence. Bernard Shaw set out with the avowed intention of rescuing the English theatre from the stagnation which threatened it when Henry Irving held sway with his heavy-handed productions of turgid melodramas and smothered Shakespeare's poetry with over-elaborate presentation. He succeeded and gave it new life by championing the realism of Ibsen, and, I might add, of Shaw.

I do not claim that critics are responsible for all that is good in literature or the drama. Its record is none too impressive. With the exception of Aristotle, the greatest critics have all written within the last three hundred years. Yet there has been no advance made upon the plays of the ancient Greeks which were written several centuries

before Christ, nor upon the poetry of Shakespeare. But the critic cannot, and does not pretend to, bring forth genius. He may not always recognize it for none of us is infallible. Still, I imagine that the number of "great" writers, composers, musicians, painters and sculptors who have lived and died and are still unrecognized is negligible. And for those whom we do have, who have enriched and continually refreshed the spirit of the world through the ages, we can, in the main, I believe, thank the critics.

—JACK HUTT.

NOCTURNE

The town appears deserted. The wind is chill.
The streets are silent now. And I alone
Move in the night. So black, so cold, so still
The river slips beneath the arc of stone.
The bobby eyes me as he saunters by:
I smile and nod. I straighten from my slump.
Cunning, from the corner of my eye,
I watch the bobby vanish—then I jump.
Why do they gather 'round and stare, and cry,
With eyes all horror filled, and puzzled mind:
"What made him jump? He was too young to die."
Fools! Pity not! Mourn not! Go back and find
Your own safe life that waits. But know this last,
No, not too young. I just grew old too fast.

—MARG. MACKLIN

MY LOVE

There is love
To numb out feeling
To render silent
Our clamm'ring hearts.

There is love
With lips to tremble
Fingertips gentle
And eyes to pledge.

I know a love
Which transports senses
To colourful magic
A wonder.

I feel a love
That speaks fulfillment
As surely, as softly,
As ripened grasses.

—PAT BOURDEAUX

Book Review

On the subject of the Soviet Union and the Communists there is an increasing volume of literature available which indicates a lively interest in perhaps the most vital issue of our time. There is so much material, however, that it is impossible for any but the serious student of the subject to read more than a small fraction. The question then arises—which shall it be?

The decision of what to read is made more difficult by the fact that many of the writers are violently for or against the Soviet and everything pertaining thereto; it is sometimes difficult to believe that the same country is being described by two authors. Considering that there is a growing number of anti-Soviet articles in current magazines, it would not be a bad idea to look at the other side of the picture.

I would like to be able to suggest one book that would give an adequate knowledge of the background and present day issues but I don't think there is such a book nor can there be. No one can understand a people by looking through the eyes of one interpreter. How much smaller is the chance if the interpreter be completely unsympathetic.

We come to the conclusion then, that if we are to understand the Soviet, we must read not one but several, as many as possible, books.

I would suggest that a good book to start with is **POLITICS of the U.S.S.R.** by Fredrick Schuman. The historical background is fairly brief and quite interesting. The story of the revolution is dramatically and sympathetically told. A history of Russian literature, such as the one by Waliszewski, can tell you as much, perhaps more, than the political histories. Last of all, and most important, read some Russian authors. Try Dostoevski's **The Brothers Karamazov.** If you have plenty of time dig into Tolstoy's **War and Peace.** If you are interested in literary form read a collection of short stories. Among the books of contemporary writers, Alexei Tolstoy's **The Road to Calvary,** cannot fail to hold your interest. This book received the Stalin Prize for literature.

There are people who will immediately brand as a Communist any who are interested in the Soviet or in the Communists. Surely this attitude smacks of medieval times. If the majority of us do not yet realize that enlightenment is our only weapon against evil then the future is dark indeed.

From the Penguin editions there are two little volumes that might well find a place in every library. One is Howard Fast's **The Unvanquished,** the other is **Lovely Lady** by D. H. Lawrence. D. H. Lawrence,

the Freud of English novelists, has been reviled and loved as only a great man can be. If you have read nothing else of his, you owe it to yourself to get acquainted with this man who saw so deeply into the weaknesses of humanity.

If you happen to remember that Lawrence also wrote **Lady Chatterly's Lover,** don't let that scare you off. "Lovely Lady" is a collection of short stories which only lightly indicate what you might expect in his novels. The style is the disarmingly straightforward kind that seems no style at all. Some of the people in the stories you already know but you will be surprised how much better you will know them after looking through Lawrence's microscope.

The Unvanquished is the story of a great man and the story of a turning point in history. At least, the history books tell us it was a turning point, and when we look back we can see clearly that it was. But the men who lived then did not know, or at least only a few of them did.

This account of the first eight months of the American Revolution is one of the most dramatic things that I have ever read. I could see it unfolding before my eyes as if the people lived and breathed. And through it all, now muted, now like a trumpet call, goes the tall, gaunt

figure of George Washington. It is a harsh, discordant symphony but the theme is beautiful.

Listen to this description of the Army of Liberty less than a year after they set out from the hamlets and the farms. "How it happened they did not know but suddenly they were an alien army in an alien land; every hand turned against them, every door closed to them, every window barred to them, and death waiting if they should venture only a few hundred yards from the main army." And this profound truth, "Out of all this there was coming a curious knowledge that wars and freedom are not won on a battlefield." I could go on quoting for pages but you'll find it all in the book, and so much better.

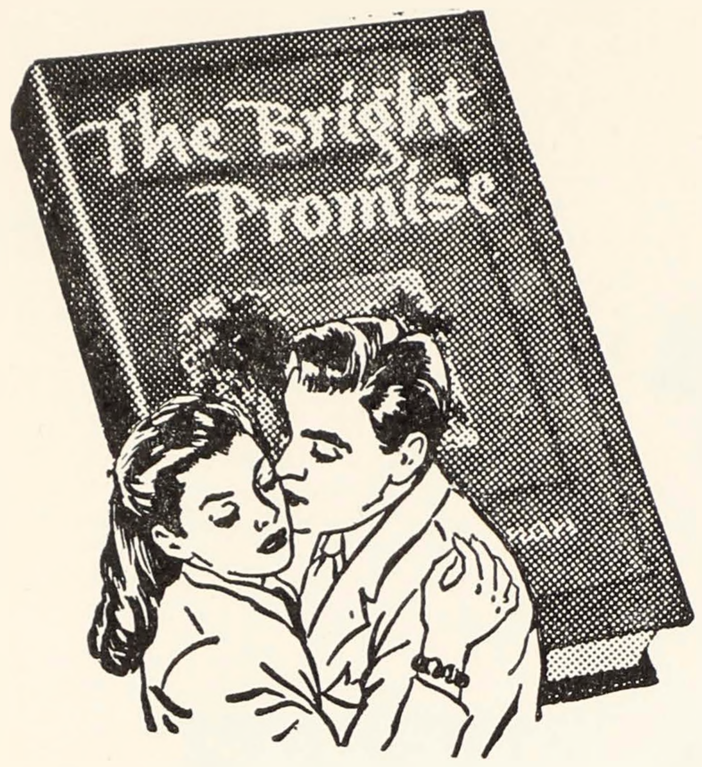
Fast's book will make your heart beat faster as you follow the "ragamuffin little army" and watch "how a Virginia farmer became a man of incredible stature . . . the father of a nation that was to be peopled by the wretched and the oppressed of the earth, giving to America for all time the ideal of leaders who serve a people but do not rule them."

—E. Y.

DREAMS IN BLACK AND WHITE

Space is a rainbow curving
and the pure colours streaming
to a kink in the curving rainbow
where the colours, battered to darkness,
eddy to a vortex of light.
From the shudder of the shifting focus
out of the core of light
the white Essences
into the waves of swirling darkness
are cast.
Up through the blotching chaos
they pulse with the urge of unknown affinity
till embraced in the coils of the eddy
the Whiteness is blotted away
and dissolves into darkness
that wheels to the vortex of light.

—GEORGE H. THOMSON.



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