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FOLIO

IN THIS ISSUE

Folio: Born March, 1947

Into a world of fear, this child is born. In an atmosphere of human confusion, this child must breathe. Within the shadow of the BOMB, this child must gain strength and grow. From the wrangling of nations, this child must learn. Amidst ignorance, superstition and prejudice, this child must live.

This child, our child, is subject to the one law accepted by all the Universe—he is born, he lives, he dies. Our child must not die for he has yet to feel the pain of injustice, taste the tears of sorrow and hear the sobs of Mankind. He has yet to know the joy of struggle and the thrill of achievement. Our child has yet to live.

He must live by striving, searching, fighting, thinking, talking, listening, weighing, hoping, discussing, accepting, doubting, believing and finding. He must find an answer, or part of an answer, a Truth, or part of a Truth, for this is the challenge of LIVING.

Our child will meet the challenge.

W. M. C.

How to Contribute to Folio

Manuscripts must be prepared on standard paper (8½ by 11), type-written, 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.

The Portrait of Marie

She was very young, her profile exquisite; from a classic forehead her nose swept down like a cusp of spray and retreated to her upper lip with the most fascinating subtlety, the mouth pouted and the chin was soft and rounded. The full face seemed only slightly oval, and blue eyes, moist and deep, received an accentuation to their orbed appearance from heavy curved lids. In contrast to her brown ,almost blonde hair, her eyebrows were strikingly dark.

Not lithe and youthful were her movements, but rather languorous, an aspect which invariably impressed all those who met her casually as an abnormality in one who was so very young. She seldom assumed a conventional pose. I don't believe I can ever remember seeing her when she was not in an attitude of semi-lassitude; half reclining on a chair or couch or standing by a table supported by one of her long, slightly plump arms, a position which caused her hip to extend and forced one shoulder to rise perceptibly and reveal its superb roundness. She symbolized quiet, naive passion.

It was either shortly before or shortly after my forty-ninth birthday that I first met her. It was at a party given by her mother, a woman not so attractive as her daughter but nevertheless possessing the sort of angular charm that sometimes graces middle age. I never quite knew why I had been invited, unless of course it was because of my position as Leyland's solicitor; but I seemed terribly out of place as a third-rate business man amongst those second-rate artists. It was to have been a dinner party followed by an evening of dancing at the hotel. Most of the other members of the party had brought their wives or their current mistresses. I as usual was alone.

Unthinkingly I arrived at the house with great punctuality. Needless to say, I walked into the living room to find a very homely atmosphere still prevailing. My host sat comfortably in a chair before the fire and did not get up to welcome me, but merely tilted his head a little and grunted a peremptory greeting. My hostess, on the other hand, walked over to me, proffered her hand and led me over toward the large bay window at the front of the room where her daughter stood looking into the street, apparently paying no attention to my approach. Her mother's impending admonition, however, caused her to turn around and face us with a too mature blush on her cherubic features.

I shall never forget how completely childish I felt on that occasion of introduction. It was as though we were two children who had been caught in an indecent piece of mischief of which only we two knew the unhibited joy and bliss involved. I believe I lived a lifetime then. No, that is to platitudinous. I mean really that I allowed more thoughts

to pass through my mind than I had ever done before in such a short time. They were depressing thoughts. The absolute banality of my existence seemed to be the main theme; my business, my horribly lonely and distorted bachelor experience, my sparse and uninteresting worlds of entertainment, all these things jumped at me like nightmarish pursuers at last caught up with me. Yet I don't think it was because of her appearance alone that I was so affected. There seemed to be a ray of warmth which germinated once again all my shallowly planted desires. In my heart was an artist, but I had been content to be a shy, inarticulate connoiseur.

"This is my daughter Marie," Mrs. Leyland said, unaware of what I deemed to be a spiritual recognition. "This is Mr. Rime, Marie."

I couldn't bring myself to say the customary words of introduction and I mumbled something as imperceptible to myself as to Marie and her mother. Marie's voice, in reply to my token sounds, was as tender as a baby's first attempts at speech, yet wild with incipient maturity. It completely destroyed what semblance of poise I had left.

I was startled by Mr. Leyland's voice.

"Marie, I think you had better get up to your room now. The rest of the guests will soon be here." He spoke in a strained voice with a touch of annoyance in it.

Marie brushed past us without a word, and by the time I had turned around, I saw only a faint outline of her back as she disappeared into the comparative darkness of the hall. I heard a soft rhythm of footsteps as she ascended the stairs.

At dinner that evening I was a hopeless guest. I spoke very little to my fellow diners, and scarcely heard any of their attempts at conversation. Even my inner thoughts, which were preventing my sociability, were not well ordered. There was, however, a vague presentment of change or release.

Later in the evening I was dancing with Mrs. Leyland.

"Nora, I'm looking for something to fill a space on one of the walls in my apartment. Has Peter anything that might be within my price range?" I asked. "The prices attached to his works at the galleries are beyond me."

"Oh, certainly; he has a few at the house that he hasn't shown yet, and I believe he intends to sell them. Mind you, they're not good, that is to say, he doesn't consider them worthy of a place in one of his shows. Why don't you come around tomorrow and look at them?"

"I'd love to. Will around four o'clock be all right?"

"Certainly; Peter is usually in his studio then."

The next day I arrived at Leyland's shortly before four. Mrs. Leyland opened the door to me, took my coat, and led me to her husband's studio. Leyland was standing with his back to me, facing his easel. He was not painting, but was standing back a bit from his canvas, and shifting his gaze from it to his model who was sitting with her legs curled up under her, on a low pedestal in the far corner of the room. It was Marie. I began to hear my heart beat. A tenseness like fear quivered through my body.

Leyland turned around. "Oh, yes, George, you wanted to see some of my seconds. They're over here in this pile. You might as well run off now, Marie. I think I've finished for the day." I thought he spoke rather gruffly to his daughter.

He flipped over a pile of canvasses and I picked out three for perusal; a landscape and two semi-abstract still lifes. He held them up on the wall one at a time, so that I could see them from the proper distance. While he was doing this, I noticed three unframed portraits of his daughter tacked onto the wall. They were unbelievable. He had exaggerated her attributes and clothed her in drab colors to accentuate her fresh, youthful complexion. Two of the backgrounds were white drapery, the third, the most tantalizing, was a stiff, flowered lace, with a hint of phallic symbolism running through it. It was the first time I had seen such symbolism westernized and shed of its glutinous orientalism, the first time, probably, that I had ever realized its pure significance.

I hesitated. Should I ask for one of them? No, I should be giving away my soul. I looked at my previous choices, his "seconds," and chose one without a thought of its appropriateness for my scheme of decoration. I felt limp and tearful. Once again the pain of my aloneness seeped through my body.

I took my picture, wrote Leyland a cheque, and left for my apartment. When I arrived I threw myself onto my couch without bothering to take off my coat, and clamped my teeth and squeezed my eyes shut to retain the tears that were surging from my heart in a spate of self pity.

Three or four years after that episode, during which time I had seldom seen any of the Leylands, I was glancing at a newspaper and noticed a small item at the bottom of the front page:

> NOTED CANADIAN ARTIST AND WIFE KILLED IN COLLISION
>
> Peter Leyland, noted Canadian artist, and his wife were killed instantly when the auto Mr. Leyland was driving collided with an oncoming truck. . . . Peter Leyland was one of a group of Canadian artists whose work set the stage for a revolution in the art of this country.

I read the article completely. No mention of Marie. I called the

Leylands' number immediately. A woman's voice. Certainly not Marie. "Is Miss Leyland there?" I asked, trying to sound calm and assuring.

"Yes, will you wait just a moment, please?"

"Hello! Miss Leyland? This is George Rime. I'm calling to tell you how terribly, terribly sorry I am. I — I do hope you're not too badly—shocked." My voice had an obvious tremor which offset the coldness of my condolence.

Marie thanked me briefly. There was no distress in her tone. The same soft, controlled music was there. The notes made my skin tighten and an agitation like a thick swarm of insects went on within me.

"Marie, I know this is very callous of me at this time, but I'd like to see you on business, perhaps sometime next week. You see, I'm the executor of your father's estate."

The following Wednesday I went to visit Marie. I had seen her the week before at the funeral, but had spoken to her only very formally. This time it was different. I told her exactly how much her father had left her and what she might do with her money. I explained that I had the privilege of guiding her in her finances until she came of age. I suggested she might attend college in the coming term. She had no desire to do so. I asked her what she had in mind. She wanted to study music, if anything, for it was the only accomplishment she had that she considered worth while. I asked her to play something.

We went into her father's studio where the piano stood, almost hidden by the canvasses and artists' paraphernalia lying on it or leaning up against it. She played Debussey's "Les vents du plain." She played not masterfully but with her own unusual rhythm. Once again she was so deliciously herself. And I so downheartedly myself. Her three portraits were still on the wall. As she played I gazed at them and coveted them. Suddenly I realized something. I could scarcely wait for her to finish her playing.

I complimented her on her playing. I was very impatient to get to my point. "Marie," I said, "what about your father's paintings? Are there any you want for yourself? I imagine I shall be arranging for their sale sometime soon."

To my extreme surprise, she wanted none of them. I noticed the very faintest of frowns as she spoke, and a trace of impatience in her voice.

The pictures would be mine. Marie's portraits. I could see that they would never get to the evaluators along with the other paintings. I would set a price on them myself and never let them in with the others. No one need know.

"I'll have someone come around tomorrow and take them to some reliable dealer's, Cartiers I think, unless, of course, you have some other

choice." As I said this, I planned to have the delivery stop at my apartment on the way to Cartier's. It could be arranged very easily.

The following day I didn't go to the office. I sat in my apartment. I had taken down all of the pictures that had been on my walls and I was reclining on my couch, planning the positions for my portraits of Marie; one over the fireplace, I think—yes, and the other two on the south wall. Better not put them on either side of the window; lights too poor in the daytime. Shall I frame them? No, there will be a certain earthiness about the curled, crude edges of canvas.

The pictures arrived. With the tenderness of a lover, I unpacked them and hung them where I had planned. I actually ran my fingers over the dried oils and felt the grain of the brush strokes where they outlined the soft structure of Marie's face and shoulders. I felt ashamed of my gross sensualism and promised myself that I should never again indulge in such mock action. I argued that I must let my esthetic sense balance the grotesque mixture of lust and paternity I had for Marie.

During the year that followed I took mental care of the paintings; analyzing them, loving them, and planning the future for them. I had no one up to my apartment during that time. Whenever I had any business with Marie, I either went to her apartment, where she was living with a friend from the conservatory, or I had her come to my office. She knew nothing of my paintings, and I had a horrible fear of her finding them in my possession. My secret life was becoming one of guilt and shame. The picture fetish, I wailed. Yet I wasn't a fetishist, I thought. I had merely found a point upon which to focus my natural desire to possess another being. But I was getting worse. I knew that.

Then Marie changed it all again. I had been sitting alone as usual, sipping a glass of port after my coffee, when a knock on the door startled me to my feet. I went out into the little vestibule and listened for a clue as to the identity of the knocker. Not a sound. I opened the door—Marie. She walked calmly past me and into my living room. I panicked but tried desperately to retain some sort of composure.

She had come because she couldn't get me at the office and she had something important to tell me. She was to be married that summer and she wanted her legacy transferred to her future husband as soon as they were married. The matter didn't seem urgent to me.

She saw the paintings. I noticed only the slightest emotion trace itself on her face as she looked at them.

As she was leaving the apartment she looked at me with eyes that pitied; but beneath the pity I saw a deep understanding. I closed the door behind her, I shed my lust, and found beneath its shallow skin the purity and release of unselfish adoration.

JACK BRUCE

In Gophnik's Wake

Your wrangling, girls, misfits your sex
And doth the quiet evening vex.
Invectives ne'er will win a heart
Except perhaps in Eros' mart,
But sure, our home is not that den,
So stop your quarreling over men.
Come, gather near and list to me
And hear a tale of chivalry,
Of days when men outnumbered maids,
When love was proved with gory blades.
I'll parallel this tale of mine
With yours, so int'rest won't decline.
The case was threefold, as with you
A single heart was sought by two.
The two were knights, who by, ill fate,
Together reached the lady's gate
And each his rival's plan descried.
Then one unto the other cried:
"Avaunt, you hammurabic knave,
Don't think your slottishness can save
Your scuthless carp from Clenisthene;
You know, vile mulp, just what I mean,
Don't hide behind your tarstic clote,
No bruder could be that immote.
I could not spide its astertale,
So snog your fit, adjust your mail,
And then we'll see whose miligroon
Has clastest glit and best foreshoon."
Thus spake that handsome stostic knight
With belligrat as black as night.
"Your words," replied his foeman dire,
"Aren't like to set the world on fire,
But ne'ertheless, Slobovian fool,
By Lena's ear, I'll slop your grule
And splosh that glut whose rash expite
Hath turned Fair Ellen's day to night,
For by the Seventh Glosternoke
My snackenbar is fairly broke."
He donned his shining vestigeen
Put on his kite of scawlet green
Drew up his buckler's affrodite

And leapt into the vorple fight.
What words of mine can truly tell
Just how the faben stuke befell?
For such abattle ne'er was seen
In Teepotte or in Sooptooreen.
The larkish nash would fain expise
Until great Phoebus ginn arise
Had not Istalia's fentigrene
Then thrust itself into the scene
And made the fight more furious still . .
The clouds of dust rode up the hill
And made Aurora's face all black
And made the day to night turn back,
For even Phoebus' piercing smile
Behind that cloud, became erstwhile.
But underneath that Stygian cloak
Such sparks into the darkness broke
From fiercesome thrust and fierce defense
That squamish night was made less dense,
At least within the compass small
Where those brave knights sought not to fall.
Thus . . . fourteen times around the clock,
Until at last they'd reached bedrock.
Then no more the dust arose
Then 'twas seen, the paynim's hose,
Bereft of garters' sure support,
Around his ankles made disport.
Hapless he! His spurs got caught
And sent him crashing on the rock.
Quicker than it takes to tell
The fatal sword upon him fell.
The victor carried off his prize.
But I am not the one to prise
The nuptial bedroom's private door.
Thus, of the tale I tell no more,
Except to say, 'twas told to me
By one who claims great ancestry.

—GERALD FREMLIN.

Release

This particular cafe was a small, undistinguished establishment of medium-good reputation. It was in Paris, of course, and the tables were scattered about an outdoor patio, naturally. And, inevitably, there was a quiet, seedy little man seated at a table near the back of the court, indistinct in the restful dusk. This man, you are thinking, is a misunderstood poet or artist or possibly a destitute wanderer, squandering a stolen hundred-franc note. However, it happens that he was none of these; the unfortunate fellow was a corpse. Not precisely, of course, for there he sat, apparently a blooming organism, nursing a bottle of Calvados and writing in a small black notebook, probably the grief of a tortured soul.

Fortunately, for there must be a point, he was not quite as uninteresting as that first glance suggested. His clothes of good English tweed, although threadbare and ancient; his good choice of wine; and his peculiar preoccupation with his writing—all indicated at least a soupçon of breeding.

But you wax impatient; the man was dying, you say—and now I am being cheated with trivia of his tweeds and literacy; what venom was destroying him? A perfectly decent and logical question, indeed. The answer is of necessity a trifle evasive because this very ordinary looking man could not be satisfied with any but an extraordinary affliction. His body was in good condition and functioned with respectable regularity. He was completely sane and his mental powers, although a shade introspective, were undoubtedly keen and much better than average.

He was succumbing, not to the ravages of war-wounds, cancer or atom-bomb radiation but for the rather original reason that all his ideals and loves had, after six years of consistent punishment, been finally and completely crushed.

His wife, whom he adored with an intensity not always produced by a legalized, sanctified union, had been reduced to a grotesque animal. She had been tortured into abject, blubbering insanity by the predatory invaders.

He had fathered no heirs, and this was only another very real unhappiness that contributed to his general demoralization.

His parents had been old and, latterly, ever expecting a quiet civilized death but their fate had overtaken them violently and pathetically in a man-made tomb designed to protect against bombardment.

He told me all this, incidentally, that same night; the good wine moved him to confidences and he found in me a suitably sympathetic

listener. He talked till dawn—quietly, insistently; and I listened—fascinated and appalled.

France, hardly less real to him than the people he loved, was almost as completely devastated as his wife. France, symbol to our world of the arts and human, inborn happiness. Even Paris, beneath her artificial gloss of sophisticated frivolity, was essentially of the lusty good of her energetic, enthusiastic people. But her ordeal had been a nightmare and nothing remained of that magnificent optimism of her "little people." Could it ever be restored? He thought not.

There was one love left—a perpetual peace that would be the salvation of the world. It would have to last for centuries; perhaps even long enough for the arduous, uncertain convalescence which might revive his beloved France. This last hope seemed finally to have helplessly fallen into the pattern of history. He could see no future—none, at any rate, for himself. The statesmen and politicians of the painfully disunited nations were bickering endlessly for no apparent reason; the notable lack of co-operation and selflessness meant to him another speedy finis to international good-will.

That's the story. Physically he was assured of several score more years of usefulness but mentally and spiritually he was already decomposing. He could see no conceivable reason for living any more—for what good is a man without at least one unmuddied ideal? And, naturally enough, the only supernatural being he could admit of was an all-powerful Prince of Hell whose barbarities he could no longer endure.

Of course, he died, and he willed it with a terrible irony. For it happened in the Rue de la Paix, three days after we met. The coroner, puzzled but unmoved, pronounced him dead of a heart disorder; but we know the heart was broken—his trouble was not organic.

JIM WIGHTMAN.

The Other Side

When stops your heart
It's steady beat
And time becomes
As an eternity
With ringing fullness,
And the world
Familiar, close and friendly,
Then have you crossed
A boundary.
All knowledge comes
To be mosaic pattern
Complete and satiating,
For understanding
Fills that vacuum
Where vainly did you
Seek growth, and flourish.
To cross this barrier
'Twas as it should be
The loss of self-love,
And the gain, humility.

—PAT. BOURDEAUX

Sonnet

How soon the searing flames of passion die!
The fire is cold. My love in ashes dead
Lies at my feet. This is no cause to cry
For it was but a shabby farce we led.
Four lines of verse, a rose now brown, two rings
You gave as proofs of love. I did not know
That true love needs no outward show of things
It's measured truly by the inner glow.
Man is, alas, a creature, habit snared.
And I have loved too long to break away.
I've nothing to replace the gilt we shared—
That shallow plating never meant to stay—
And, knowing it for what it was, I would
Rebuild again our love-sham if I could.

—MARG. MACKLIN.

Concerto

Oh, I can walk in meadows where we trod
    Or scale a cliff we climbed not long ago,
Retread a leafy path we used to know,
    And dig my toes in the cool, damp sod;
And I can wander through my books and find
    A passage that you read aloud, or hear
Again some word you laughed into my ear;
    I touch these things—and never even mind.
But when the day has lengthened into night
    And listening time comes 'round,
        it's then I hear
A song we loved together, then I know
    How great the music seemed with you,
        how slight
Each chord now lightly falls, and I'm aware
    Of one great lingering theme—I loved
        you so.

—MARY HALSTEAD.

Sonnet Composed To the Next War

Hear me, ye gods of reason and ye people
Who follow truth and freedom, and whose honor
Can point the way to glory as that steeple
Reaches to heaven. Honor's but a banner
That waves you on to make a greater nation
While enemies lie trampled in the dust;
We need but let them lie and grim starvation
Completes the picture, rend'ring all things just.
And yet I call upon you, help the helpless,
Because in doing so you help yourselves,
(The Golden Rule is out, I must confess),
The modern politician further delves
For maxims that will serve as more than jest
And finds but one: self-interest is the best.

—ETHEL YOUNG.

Sam Sees Me

Xerxephon Buchanan deliberately quit school at the age of five and a half years. He had acknowledged to himself that he was a genius, and he was determined that no individual nor institution should receive credit in later years for having helped him towards his predestined goal.

After attending classes for two days, he realized the futility of a formal education for such as he. So, late in the afternoon, Xerxephon Buchanan walked out, leaving a hushed classroom and a puzzled teacher behind him.

Previous to his dramatic exit, he had read completely through the Primer and was doodling on the first page as the rays of the afternoon sun spread like melted butter on the floor. The teacher was chalking dowager-shaped D's on the blackboard. Then she turned and exploded a "D" through her teeth at the class, and with each successive explosion she pointed to the written D's.

Xerxephon Buchanan stood up.

"I don't see him," he said loudly and clearly. His eyes returned defiance for the teacher's look of amazement.

"Whom don't you see?"

"Sam."

"But, Xerxephon—perhaps you weren't paying attention. Please do pay attention. We are learning 'D.' Not Sam—D." She smiled uncertainly. "Not Sam—D."

"Oui! Oui! Oui! Ce n'est pas SAMEDI! C'est vendredi," Xerxephon Buchanan flung out. "But I still don't see Sam!"

"Sam whom—I mean, Sam who, dear?" The teacher was nervous.

"The Primer says 'I see Sam,' but I DON'T see Sam. Where is he? And where's the cat? The book says, 'Sam sees a cat'."

"You don't understand." The teacher became determined. "You DON'T understand. Now, please sit down. Next week we shall all find out about Sam and the cat. But now, we must finish learning the Alpha-Bet."

She disengaged her eyes from those of Xerxephon Buchanan, drew a breath, smiled vaguely at the class, turned to the blackboard, and wrote another D. The chalk squeaked and everyone except Xerxephon Buchanan winced. He was in the cloakroom getting his cap.

At the door, he turned. "YOU don't understand!" he yelled at the teacher.

The door slammed. His light footsteps faded quickly. The teacher blinked slowly, frowned. She cleared her throat.

Then she noticed the small, hesitant hand that hovered in the air.

"Yes?"

The little boy spoke softly and shyly.

"I'm Sam, teacher." —G. CAMPBELL McDONALD.

OCCIDENTALIA

MARY McCORMICK, *Editor-in Chief*

As Editor of the 1947 Occidentalia, I feel that I am not in a position to give an unbiased opinion of the quality of this year's publication. The co-operation and enthusiasm of this year's Editorial Board and Staff has been excellent, however, and members of last year's OXY assure me that this year's book will be one of the finest year books published at Western.

If you want your OXY, order it early. There is a limited supply because of a shortage of materials. Orders will be taken in the OXY offices every day from 11:30 to 1:30 by Jim Whitman, Gwen Grieve and Max Coyle.

Birth of Fame

Resting gently on the clouds and secure in the arms of the towering Laurentians, the little village of St. Adele en Haut surveys the rest of the world with lazy pity. Here the rush of cars, trains and buses is unknown, where horses and dogs pull loaded sleds up and down the winding streets and where the only noise is the musical call of one habitant to another, "Bonjour, Bonjour."

It is clear and cold on Saturday morning as Pierre and Simone make their rounds in the early sunlight. This busy couple, well known by every member of the village, and believed by the children to be the oldest people alive, are especially early with their calls for there is news to tell.

They stop at the house of every friend and call in at every shop and everywhere they are greeted with cries of delight. For they have with them a book, from the back of which the face and name of their grandson stands out in bold black print.

It says below, and they read to their friends, "Guy Le Blanc, the greatest author of our time, has written another outstanding novel dealing with Canada today and the racial problem which is a vital part of our national life."

At noon they return to their home on the outskirts of the town with the book lying between them on the sleigh. Both are quiet as their thoughts go back to the day long ago when Guy Le Blanc came to them as a little boy of eight.

His father, their son, Jean Le Blanc, had been a ski pro. at one of the large resorts, where he had met and married an English girl. The young couple had gone secretly off to the city where her wealthy parents had taken them in. His mother and father were never to see him again. He and his wife were killed nine years later, leaving one child to the mercies of the world. This boy, Guy, was immediately sent to Pierre and Simone by his other grandparents, who were unwilling to be saddled with a child so young.

Simone, as she leaned back to receive the warmth of the sleigh, remembered that day when she and her husband had stood at the station, eager and expectant, waiting for the small boy who was to become for them the meaning of life itself. She smiled, seeing him again as he climbed off the train in his stiff tailored suit. "Good day, Madame, I am Guy Le Blanc."

"And I am your grandmother, Simone," she replied in halting English, then switching to her native French, she welcomed him warmly to his new home. The boy stopped still with a puzzled frown.

"I do not understand French."

"Oh, but you must learn," Simone answered, startled but determined to be cheerful.

"Where I come from we do not speak such language; my mother said English is the only tongue." There was pride and scorn in his voice and the boy held himself away from her. Simone retreated, hurt and angry, yet filled with an underlying pity for this child.

And so in the days that followed, Pierre and Simone spoke only careful English, and the boys that came from the village, hoping to find a new playmate, were turned away with a cold "good morning" by "L'Anglaise," as he came to be known among the habitants.

Everyone pitied Pierre and Simone, who in turn had pity only for their misguided grandchild. Their thoughts were sad as they watched him sitting outside their cottage, looking at the French boys skiing up and down the slopes of the mountainside. His main interest was watching the ski tow as it pulled busy skiers up the hill again for another race to the bottom. It seemed to fascinate him and one day he said to Simone, "I'd like a pair of skis to try and ski tow over on the hill."

So Pierre went to the village and bought a pair of skis and with a quick "thank you," Guy went out into the garden to practice. His pride would not let him go on the hill with the others until he had mastered the sport, for he had a horror of falling before the boys that he had despised. Day after day he practiced on the little slope at the back of the house and after many falls, bruises and attacks of temper, he felt that he was ready to go out among the others and try the big slope and the tow.

When he reached the slope, the French children noticed him and all of them turned away, except one boy who waved and called as he came up. Ignoring the wave, Guy climbed on until he was in position for his first run. The boy who had waved skied over to him and remarked cheerfully in French that the snow was fast with a hard crust if one fell.

Guy stared steadfastly ahead of him, afraid to start out, yet not wanting to remain where he was. The other boy switched to broken English and spoke gently to the newcomer:

"If you want to follow me, Guy, I'll take you up the ski tow and show you how to hold on."

Enraged by what he considered the other's patronizing air, Guy turned on him with all the fury pent up in his small being after his weeks of enforced loneliness.

"Get back with your friends, you dirty Frenchman. I'll take no lessons from you: I don't need your help!"

Francois turned away with a shrug, but he stopped to watch L'Anglaise as he went racing down the long hill, his skis wobbling under him

and his inexperience showing in every movement. Just as he reached the bottom, one ski struck a rock of ice and he went hurtling into the hard snow.

With a quick shove on his poles, Francois tore down after the boy to whom he had taken such a liking, despite the other's cold, unfriendly manner. However, by the time he reached him, Guy was already up, struggling against the tears that would not stay back, and wiping the blood which flowed freely from a sharp cut on his chin.

"Come home with me, Guy; we'll get you cleaned up in no time and then we can try the tow." How was it that this boy, Francois, knew so well Guy's longing to go up the tow? Was it that he could see in the boy that which others missed behind the cold exterior, the greatness that lay asleep within and the terrible loneliness.

Guy took one last grasp of his beaten pride and said coldly, "I am all right, thank you; I'm going up the hill now." And with that he turned and skied towards the tow. His chin was sending sharp pains to his brain, and one hand, crushed under him in the fall, was aching and throbbing so that he felt faint and dizzy. He no longer wanted to go up the tow. He wanted, like any other little boy, to run home and be wrapped in sympathy and love.

The choice was his, but he was not yet strong enough to overcome the false pride which urged him on and he kept plodding mechanically towards the tow. Once there he waited a few moments, watching the others, trying to remember every move they made as they took the rope in their hands and glided swiftly to the top. He saw Francois pass by him and start merrily up and he knew his turn had come.

He stepped forward boldly and grabbed the rope. The jerk it gave his injured hand made a scream rise to his lips, but his mind working coldly, detached from the pain, forced it back. Francois, turning, caught a glimpse of the boy's face as the hope started up, saw it white and tortured, and he knew that Guy was going to need help.

Guy felt his skis running along in ruts and the drag of the rope on his arms nearly pulled them out of their sockets. Suddenly he felt himself waver and to keep from falling he swung one ski pole into the air, where it got tangled neatly with the rope. The sharp point of the pole dug well into the thick fiber and the rope seemed to wind itself around like a coiling snake. The band of the ski pole was around his wrist and Guy was pulled up the rest of the way against his will.

Panic seized at his mind and heart and he struggled violently to free his hand from the stranglehold of the wrist band. The more he pulled the tighter the band seemed to come, as the rope turned around, twisting

it cruelly against his skin. He looked up and saw the great wheels of the pulley coming nearer and a piercing scream tore from his throat.

Francois, waiting at the top, saw in a flash what had happened and, pushing frantically on his poles, he tried to reach the boy. But the only chance to save the boy was to cut the rope which, like a vulture, clung to its prey. He got one hand free and felt for the hunting knife his Dad had given him for Christmas. It caught in his belt, coming out. He saw with an almost detached fascination for the scene that Guy's hand had almost reached the great iron wheel that could crush the bones to powdered dust.

With the last of his strength he tore the knife free and slashed at the heavy rope just above the tortured hand. It seemed like eternity until he heard the sharp snap which meant that the heavy cord would give up its precious burden. Cold sweat ran down his face and all the strength left his body as he sank to the snow in blessed relief. He saw a great crowd of people gather around the unconscious form of the little English lad, where he lay, near him.

Francois got to his feet and turned down the hill. Guy was safe and all he wanted to do now was go home.

The next day as Francois headed for the hill he saw Simone coming towards him. She looked worried and tired out, but also she seemed happier than he remembered seeing her since the coming of L'Anglaise.

"Bonjour, Bonjour, Simone," he called quickly to cover his embarrassment lest she had come to thank him for his part in the rescue the day before.

"Bonjour, Francois. Comment s'a va?" Simone replied and, without waiting for him to speak, she went on to explain.

"Francois, I know you must hate our boy after the way he treated you, but ever since he became conscious last night he has been asking for you and I promised to come and find you. He says you saved his life and he must see you. I can't thank you, that is up to him."

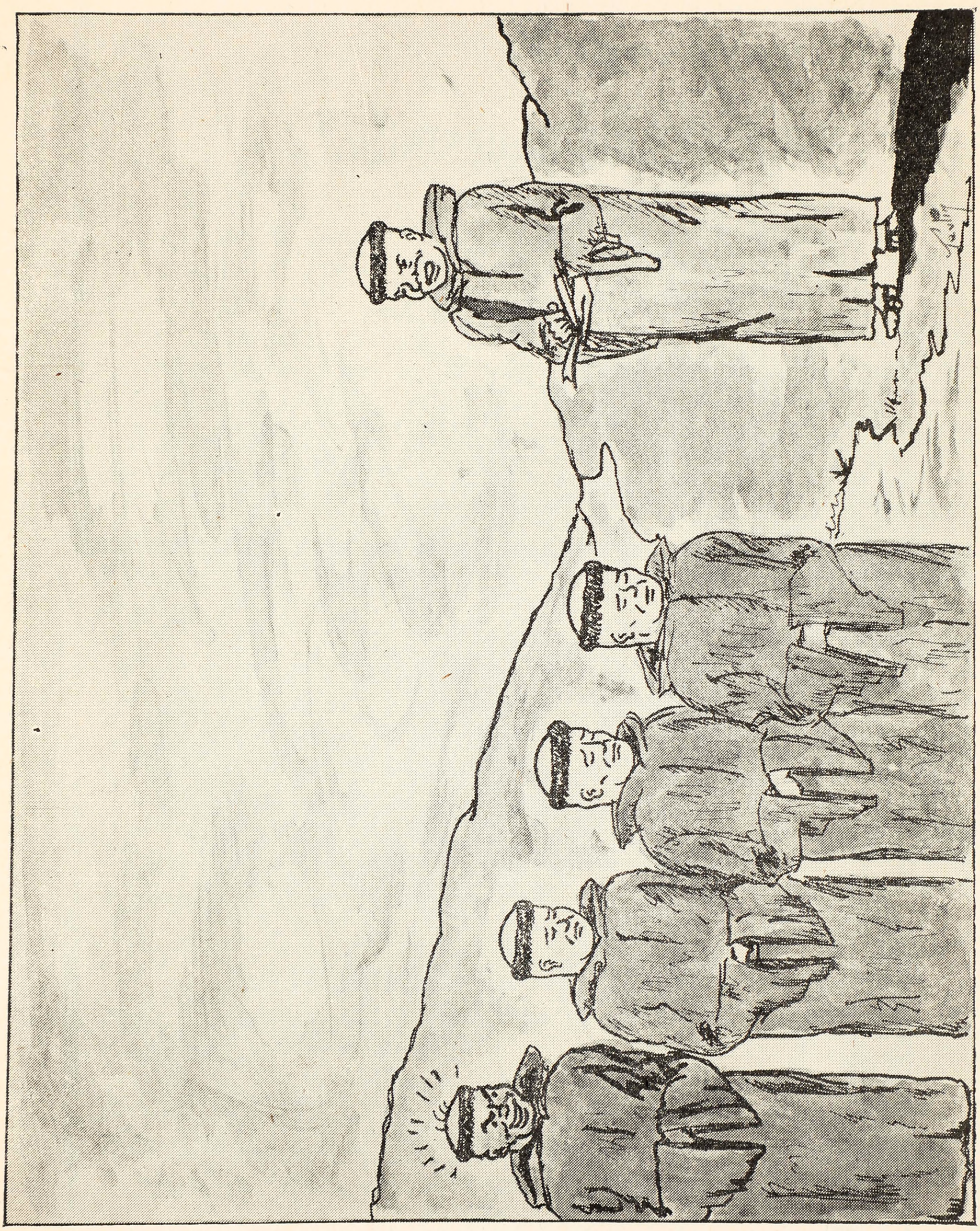
"I will come, Simone."

When he reached the room where the injured boy was resting, Francois felt awkward and ill at ease, remembering the insults he had received the day before. Screwing up his courage he walked in and stood shuffing beside the bed.

"Good day, Guy, how are you?" he asked in his best English, hoping that it did not sound too awkward.

"Bonjour, Francois," Guy replied quietly. It was the only apology he could give and the only thanks worth anything to the other.

—ANN WELDON.



"Brother John — check; Brother Stephen — check; Brother Charles—check; Brother Orval — HAIRCUT !!"

A Piece of Social Significance

Once there was a young man who was disillusioned. He decided to stop breathing.

"What ta hell," he said. "I mean, what's tha sense? You know what I mean."

So he stopped breathing.

Soon he got very red in the face. And he felt funny in the chest.

I probably look like a goddam pigeon, he thought.

His thoughts came in little, pulsing waves of intensity, growing stronger and hotter each time he thought. I'm a — goddam fool, he thought—why—hold my—breath—like a goddam—FOOL!

His breath came out in a great retching gasp. He sucked in and down sweet round fresh air and felt so suddenly liftingly roundabout swaying drowsy swinging up and down and around and down.

Then he got mad. He resented his weakness. So he held his breath again. He was really mad.

This time he held it longer. But had to let it out.

But he kept at it.

People came from all over the world to watch him try to stop breathing.

—G. CAMPBELL McDONALD.

Short Story Contest

Folio is pleased to announce the first annual short story contest. A first prize of $15 and a second prize of $10 will be awarded.

RULES

1. Open to all students except Editor-in-Chief and the two Associate Editors.
2. Entries must be typed.
3. Only title and author's name to appear on page one. Author's name must not appear any other place in manuscript.
4. All entries must be made before April 2, 1947.

Flight

I ran with the moon through darkness
And followed down streets of night—
The tears froze fast on my cheeeks
As my feet echoed quick in my flight.
The sky was frost starred and blue
And you were silent and silver;
I was small and afraid
But I longed to make you my own.
But you, oh, beautiful moon,
Slipped from the cloud-net that held you
And ran through the dark of heaven
As I ran fast upon earth.
I ran with the moon through the darkness
And followed down streets of night—
But my beautiful moon ran seeking
Some moon of her own in her flight.

—JUNE ROSE.

August Rain

The sidewalk dimly mirrors
Tree and lamppost,
Tangled tracery of branches.
In the pools,
Mist grey of the sky
Blanches to washed silver.
Foot falls to meet foot rising
Shadowy, inescapable.
The strong line of a wall
Descends to meet the oblique
Foreshortened angle of its counterpart,
Which starts boldly, wavers
Soon and disappears.
The quickly passing eye
catches the angle and swings it
Pivoted, through the possible arc,
And leaves it suspended until
another vision brings it another existence,
Another reality.

——GORDON KIDD.

Southern Justice

Four tall, heavy set men were walking in the shadows of Henry's Alley, towards the centre of town. Their soft felt fedoras were pulled low over their faces. Their footsteps rang hard and rough in the still night air.

"I don't like this," one of them said. "I don't like this, Mac."

"Lissen, Red," Mac said. "You better like it, see? You're gettin' paid, ain't you?"

"Let's get it over quick," someone said.

"Lissen," Mac said. "We're gettin' these guys an' we're gettin' 'em good. We don't want no unions here."

"This is a democratic country," the fourth man said. "We don't need no unions tellin' us what to do."

"Are they Communists?" the man called Red asked. "Did Mr. Anderson say they were Communists?"

"Are they Communists?" Mac said sarcastically. "They're union, ain't they? Mr. Anderson said they were organizing the niggers this afternoon."

"I don't know," the man called Red said. "I never done nothin' like this before. It don't seem right."

"It don't seem right, eh?" Mac said. He stopped and took the first man by the collar. The other two men stood waiting, one on each side. Their faces were dark blobs in the shadows. Their hands were in their coat pockets. They looked at Mac expectantly.

"Lissen, Red," Mac said. "I'm runnin' this, see? I don't know why Mr. Anderson got you in it." He twisted Red's collar savagely, till Red's face was white. The other two men stood motionless, smiling mirthlessly. Their eyes were hard. "But now you're in it, you're stayin' in. Isn't he, Joe?"

The third man looked at Red. He took a length of lead piping from his pocket and balanced it in his hand.

"I'd sure hate to see him try to get out of it," he said. He put the lead piping back in his pocket.

"It's like this," Mac said. "I just want you to get this, Red. You're doin' this for the people, see? You're a real American, ain't you? You heard what Mr. Anderson said about these agitators. We don't want no foreigners tellin't us what to do. You don't want no niggers joinin' unions, do you?"

Red didn't say anything. He stood, shivering slightly, with the three men around him. Mac's hand was tight on his collar.

"We can run things our own way," Mac said. "We're goin' to show these union rats what real Americans think of them."

"There won't be no — killin'?" Red asked. His face was a sickly green in the dull half light of a distant street lamp. "Not like I read in Atlanta?"

"We don't want no killin'," Mac said. He smiled contemptuously. "We don't wanta make things tough for the sheriff; do we, boys? The sheriff don't like killings on these jobs. Other ways is just as good as killin'."

"Let's get goin'," Joe said. "Red ain't goin' to make us no trouble. Let's get this job done with."

"Sure," Mac said. "Red ain't goin' to make no trouble." He released Red and started walking again. The others followed him. They left Henry's Alley and came out on the main street. A soft rain had started to fall. They pulled their collars higher and hunched their shoulders. Under the low brims of their fedoras their faces were almost invisible.

"There it is," Mac said. He stopped, and they all stopped behind him, looking in the direction he was looking.

"There it is," Mac said savagely. "Union bastards."

There was a lighted window in a second story office of the building across the street. The blinds were up, and they could see two men in the room. They were in shirtsleeves, and they were bending over a table in the centre of the office.

"That's them," Mac said viciously. "Talkin' to the niggers this afternoon."

"They won't talk to no more niggers for one long time," Joe said. He put his hand in his coat pocket and took out his piece of lead piping. He looked up at the window again, at the two men working there in their shirtsleeves.

"Let's go," he said. "Let's get them nigger lovers."

"No killin," Mac said. "Mr. Anderson an' the sheriff don't want no killin'. Let's get them now."

The four men walked across the road and up the steps of the building. Red was a little behind the others. He was walking with short nervous steps. The street was empty except for a lone policeman. When he saw them he turned his back and began moving away into the distance. When he had gone only a few yards the rain and the mist had hidden him.

"Lemme go first," Mac said. He opened the door, and they came in after him. There was a flight of stairs to the right as they entered. They walked up softly, one at a time. The stairs creaked slightly as they climbed. At the top of the stairs, on the left, was a doorway with frosted glass. The light from the room within came through the frosted glass and fell on them. As they stood there they heard the

noise of a typewriter, and the sound of voices.

They're in there," Mac said. "Union bastards."

He put his hand on the door knob and tried to turn it. It was locked. They could hear movements from the room within.

"Bust it in," Mac said. He stepped across the hall and flung himself against the door. The bolt was a thin one and, when his weight hit it, the door burst open and he went into the room, half running. The other three came behind him. Each had a piece of lead piping in his hand.

Two men were standing in the centre of the room, facing them. One was a small, wiry man with grey hair, and the other was big and tall and blond. There was a desk with a typewriter in the corner. Beside it was a table with letters and pamphlets.

"What's goin' on here?" the wiry man said. He had a New York accent.

"We're gonna get you nigger lovers," Mac said. "We're gonna teach you to come down here to Tennessee. We're gonna show you what real Americans think of unions."

He went up to the wiry grey haired man and hit him in the face, hard. The man fell forward, blood streaming from his nose. The big blond union man picked up a chair and threw it at Mac. Mac ducked, and the chair hit Red on the head. He fell against the wall. Someone hit the blond man from behind and he dropped, groaning, then pulled himself to his knees. Joe kicked him in the face, and then in the stomach, and the man rolled over.

"Give 'em some more," Mac said, viciously. "We haven't hardly touched 'em yet." They picked the two union men up and propped them against the wall. The tall blond man was strong, and he fought savagely. The wiry man was cursing. "Gangsters," he said. His nose was broken, and the words were twisted when they came out his lips. "Fascist swine. Fascist murderers." The blood was pouring from his nose, and his eyes were bright with hatred. They slashed his face with lead piping, and they did the same to the strong blond man. One of them picked up the typewriter and smashed it against the floor.

"That's enough," Mac said. They threw the two union men on the floor. They were moaning, and almost unconscious. Blood from their faces was seeping over the carpet. The smashed typewriter lay on the floor in the corner of the room.

"Let's go," Mac said. "Let's get outa here."

He walked out through the open doorway and the other three followed him. In the top hallway they could still hear the groans of the injured men, but as they went down the stairs they died away. They opened the door of the building and stepped into the street.

There was a policeman standing by the lamppost, and he nodded at them as they came out. They walked quickly into the darkness, hunched against the rain.

"We sure fixed them nigger lovers," Mac said.

"Yeh," Joe said. "Yeh, we got them good."

"He got you with that chair, Red," Mac said. "Does it hurt bad?"

"No," said Red. Now that it was over he was ashamed of his fears. He felt strong and proud. He touched the bump on his head.

"No," he said. "It don't hurt bad at all."

"They won't came back no more," Mac said. "We sure fixed them."

"Yeh," Red said proudly. "We sure fixed them boys."

—J. C. CAIRNS.

Darkness and I

I
along the bluff with night
in the deep dark of mist
immerse myself
And unpavilioned notes of music
float up the immeasurable dome—
gray souls in ebon ether
Below I feel
the unseen shore
in the still rustle of the water on the stones.
I
in the pouring dark
with the silent rustle
and the unpavilioned notes
long
to plunge like a black swan
on
to the centre of the mystery
to lose myself in the core's centre
and expand my being
to darkness.

—GEORGE H. THOMSON.

The Importance of Being Gielgud

"Does an actor need brains to succeed?" someone once asked James Agate. To which the English critic replied:

"Not if he can act."

"And if he can't?"

"Then they help."

The conversation ended there, but it might have continued like this:

Questioner: But if an actor can act and has brains as well?

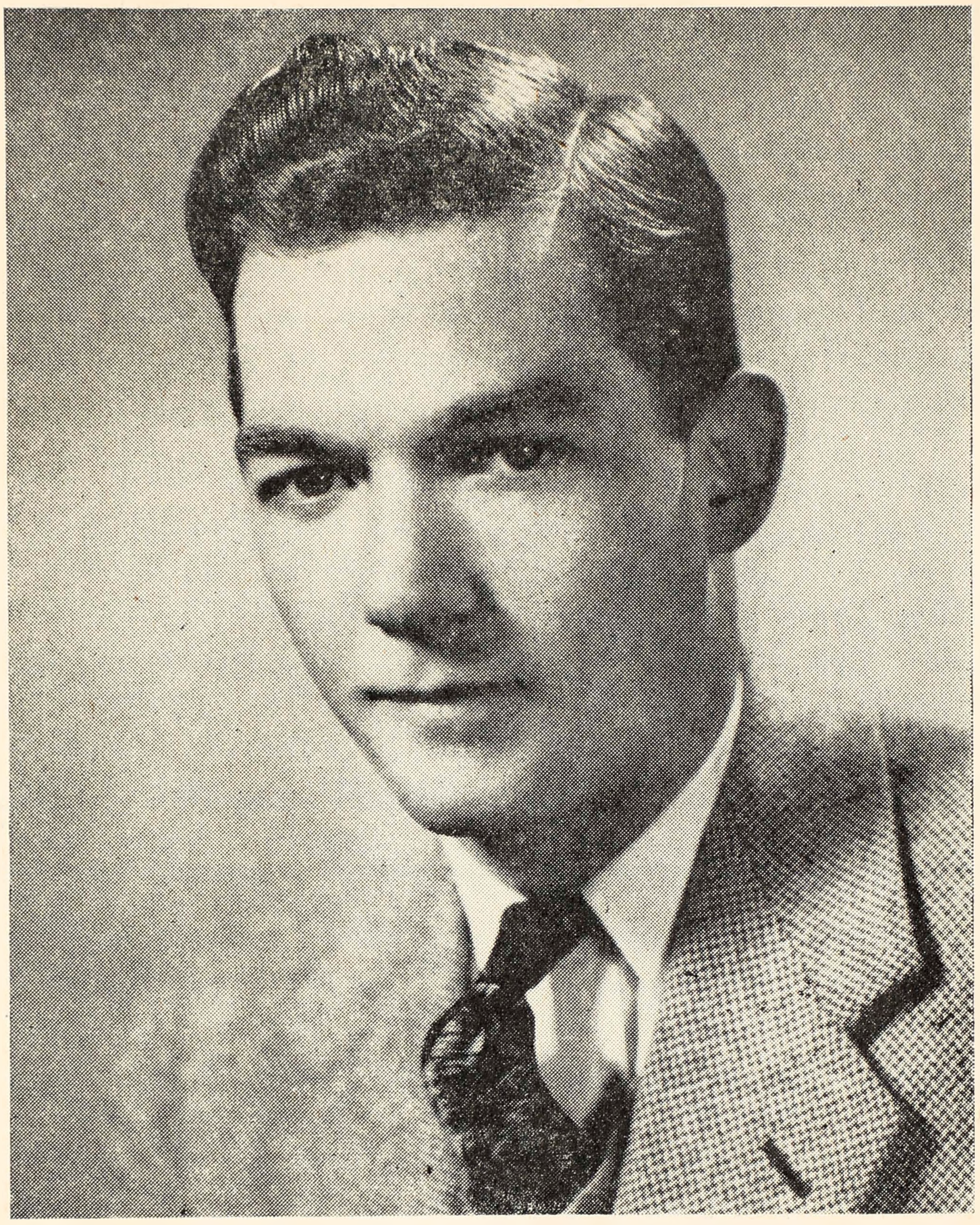
Mr. Agate: Then we have a John Gielgud.

For Mr. Gielgud is very liberally endowed with both gifts. Agate has himself dedicated one of his books of collected criticisms to "John Gielgud, our first player," and if there is anyone who has done more to raise the artistic standard of the English stage than this actor-producer of some forty-odd years, that person has done so under a cloak of remarkable secrecy. Thus far, in his hour upon the stage, he has established himself as the greatest Hamlet of his generation as well as indissolubly linked his name with a half dozen other of the great Shakespearean roles; he has reinstated the bard in London's West End apparently for good, established several young British playwrights, by intelligent productions of their plays, and associated himself either as actor or producer with most of the notable classical revivals of the last decade.

Mr. Gielgud talks about his craft as brilliantly as he practises it. He makes the lecture platform as exciting as one of his own productions. Moreover, he is that rare bird, an actor who sees the theatre as something more than a showcase for the display of his own talents, something greater than himself or his place in it. The play is the thing which must emerge from the combined efforts of its interpreters. His method of attacking a role consists of reading it, again and again, until no vestige of its meaning has escaped him and he has captured the precise fall of every line and determined exactly where every stress and inflection is to be given. To do the latter, an actor must have that all-important yet very elusive faculty which Gielgud, for want of a better term, calls a "sense of ear," the instinctive feeling for a line, of knowing just how it should be spoken. Astonishingly few actors, even successful ones, possess it. It is relatively rare among directors who should have the keenest ear of all.

"I'm afraid that I make myself very unpopular at rehearsals," he went on, "by insisting that every player attain the proper reading of his lines, but it's absolutely essential. A week of preliminary reading and round-table discussion is not too much to reach that end."

And then there is that tenuous, indefinable something known as style. Gielgud dismisses naturalism in acting with a wave of the hand.



LEN THORNE

To say that an actor is acting naturally is to say that he is not acting at all. He may act naturalistically, giving the impression of acting naturally, but players performing on the stage as they would in the drawing-room would reduce a play to a mere sequence of speeches and bore an audience to distraction. Acting has become naturalistic largely because of the films, but also because the plays being written now call for that style. Or perhaps the style shapes the plays. At any rate, the day of the virtuoso player is past; the actor around whose performance a play is built is no longer catered to. Irving's great reputation rested on roles which furnished scope for his elaborate, complicated, anguished, sardonic style. In those plays everything else was subjected to the effect he sought to create by his portrayal. Nowadays the emphasis is on teamwork, and Gielgud feels this is right.

A certain artificiality must supplant the naturalistic style when doing, for example, Restoration comedy. Edith Evans, comedienne in the grand manner and supreme exponent of this genre, believes that it should be played quite statically, each actor moving scarcely more than his head to direct his speeches. Such plays are written for the intimacy of the court theatres and audiences which allowed of little movement. Modern conditions are totally different and Gielgud favors a very great deal of movement to achieve variety, fluidity and pictorial interest.

Acting is nearest greatness when it is most moving, and to be moving it must be compounded of breadth, warmth, and simplicity. To scale some great heights of emotion and then at just the right moment perform a simple gesture, utter a homely phrase which strikes the spark of recognition and establishes again the character's contact with the rest of humanity, is to be most completely moving. Lear, on the heath, raging against his cruel misfortunes and storming against the storm, dropping from his mighty utterances and fumbling helplessly to strip himself of his clothes, calling to the Fool, "Come, unbutton here," can wring the heart. Shakespeare abounds in such moments. That is why he is so wonderful to act.

Yes, it is interesting to hear an artist expound his theories about his profession, more interesting to watch him illustrate them in one of his own productions. "The Importance of Being Earnest" contained ample evidence that Gielgud practises what he preaches. Here, indeed, were players who had caught the full flavor of Wilde's lines, whose inflections, so subtle yet so precise, reaped rich harvests of laughter. How often one noticed that it was not what was being said but the manner of saying it that provoked amusement. There is nothing particularly funny in the exclamation, "A handbag!" but when, as it did here, it "soars through two octaves," as Agate said of another actress' rendition, the house is thrown into an uproar.

Here, too, was movement in abundance, constantly shifting pictures,

groupings and arrangements which, however purposeless they may have been to the action, certainly achieved the variety for which Gielgud seeks. The whole piece assumed something of the aspect of a ballet, the play of words accompanied by the motions of a dance, and arriving at the final scene and the union of the three pairs of lovers in a perfectly balanced, symmetrical stage-picture. Permeating the whole production was the sense of style, feeling for period, the accurate suggestion of the elegance, the formality of an artificial society, all conveyed with just the slightest trace of grave mockery.

John Gielgud does not believe that the present spate of revivals in both the English and American theatres is at all a bad thing. It is preferable by far to that decade of the nineteen-twenties when there was not one major revival of a Shakespearean play in the fashionable theatres of London. Then it was that the brittle, staccato dialogue of Noel Coward and his school held the stage. The rich fullness of the classics was left undisturbed between the covers of books. Now the theatre is interpreting anew these glories of its past, and providing at the same time a valuable training ground for fledglings as well as astringent refreshment for the veteran performer.

This trend is after all but a reflection of the times and conditions which have prevented the rise of new writers and hampered the development of the old. It is writers of which the modern stage is in most need. The world is too distraught, too out-of-joint for the potential dramatists to nurse their talents to fruition. It will probably be years before the great play which the hot experience of war has begotten in the mind of some playwright, perhaps still unknown, will find its way onto a stage. Meanwhile, moving pictures and radio with their promise of rich rewards beckon irresistibly, and who can blame the author who heeds their call. Oh, the theatre is not dying; it will not die, but go on being the "fabulous invalid" always ailing but surviving somehow. But it is a stern taskmaster, withholding its choicest prizes from all but those who serve it most faithfully.

The theatre's whitest hope lies in repertory. Gielgud spoke optimistically about the future of repertory in Canada. The lack in Canada of a commercial theatre is but the lack of one of the most difficult obstacles repertory has to overcome. He can think of no better foundation for the establishment of a repertory group than the Little Theatre as it is organized in London, Ontario. The main point of repertory is a permanent company and a permanent policy. Are the aims to be directed towards artistic plays, classics and experimental dramas, or towards the easier popular hits of Broadway and Shaftesbury Avenue? Gielgud characteristically favors the former and strongly urges that there be a certain recklessness, occasional plunges into the unknown, in choice of

plays and production for the sake of stimulation.

The financial limitations of the repertory theatre forbids the engagement of a sufficient number and variety of actors to cast ideally every play in its repertory. It must, too frequently, miscast roles at the risk of throwing the play badly off balance. The great dilemma is this: should the plays be chosen and then the performers to suit the plays, or should one assemble the actors and then choose the plays accordingly? The ideal is that in which company and author work together. The most conspicuously successful example of such a combination was the French Compagnie de Quinze, in which Andre Obey, as author, and Michel St. Denis, as director, collaborated, each knowing exactly the other's requirements. Sean O'Casey, whose Irish dramas have never been adequately staged, needs just such treatment as this. Shaw and Barrie, on the other hand, were such skilled technicians, knowing so exactly what they wanted, that their plays offer few problems to the producer.

Mr. Gielgud had a few things to say about the Old Vic Company of London. This renowned institution, which in the period between the wars, was essentially a people's theatre where, at very modest prices, Shakespearean productions of taste and integrity were offered to an eager public, is now pursuing a policy directly opposed to the principles of Lilian Bayliss, its founder. With Lawrence Olivier and Ralph Richardson heading the company, it has become a theatre built about the talents of these two very great artists. Its standards are greater, its aims higher, yets its present pinnacle is a dangerous one. Both actors cannot stay with the company indefinitely and it threatens to be in the unhappy position of being a star theatre without stars. All the best actors of today have done their stint at the Old Vic in the old days when they were glad to accept the steep reduction in salary for the training it afforded. Gielgud spent two seasons there, in which he played all the major roles in Shakespeare, when he feared that the more flowery path of commercial success was endangering his development as an actor.

It goes without saying that he considers such roles indispensable to the training of an actor. Once the apprentice has essayed the poetry, the passions, the delicate nuances of the Shakespearean gallery, he is ready for anything. The modern approach to the bard is vastly superior to the "barbarous treatment he received at the hands of the Victorian and Edwardian actor-managers." They smothered the poetry, the very life, out of Shakespeare with over-burdened, over-dressed productions, whereas the plays were written to be played with the maximum of speed and the minimum of scenery. Much of his quality is lost on the modern type of stage, where the action is confined within the frame of the

proscenium. The value of the apron stage was conclusively proved to Gielgud last year when he was playing Hamlet to the troops in India.

"In Madras we were given a theatre with a stage the approximate size of a postage stamp and a semi-circular auditorium which absolutely prohibited one-third of the audience from seeing the play at all. Something had to be done quickly, for we had only a few hours until the performance. We threw a large apron stage well out into the house so that we were playing literally surrounded by people. The gain in intimacy, effect and speed was amazing and wonderfully stimulating. I was so close to those people that I could have spit in their faces." Then he added, "I probably did."

Also essential to the understanding of Shakespeare is the reading and study of Granville-Barker's "Prefaces," which Gielgud calls "Unquestionably great." Barker devoted his great gifts, his impeccable taste, keen intellect and the experience gleaned from a lifetime in the theatre to the writing of these analyses of the plays. No student of the drama nor of English can afford to ignore them.

Gielgud is convinced that a new theatrical technique is imminent. The few tentative, awkward experiments that have been made in bringing the drama out of its stage frame to unite more closely with the audience are a presage of the shape of things to come. It is almost sure to borrow from film technique and fuse it with the best of its own. Whatever its directions, this man of the theatre will be in the vanguard, for, though he derives inspiration from the past, he is alert and receptive to every innovation which points the way towards a higher theatre art.

—JACK HUTT.

(It is interesting to note that plans have already been announced regarding the formation of a Canadian Repertory Company.—Editor)

Reflections on the Poetry of Our Times

Now modern poetry is such,
To me it's very plain,
You really can't enjoy it much
Unless you're quite insane.
And some will sing of Gertrude Stein,
(Oh, pigeon in the grass)
But I prefer a touch of rhyme,
So make mine Ogden Nash.

—J. C. CAIRNS.

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EDITORIAL BOARD.

The Gift

From the crowd,
The small crowd
She came up to me
Wrapped very tightly around the breasts,
Clothed very closely with striped green shrouds,
Going around her several times
So that the contours of her body were lost;
So that she looked like woman.
And she led me through the lobbies of time
Where old heads bobbed without speech,
Young mouths talked from still heads,
And darkness shone out from the empty alcoves.
Beautiful darkness!
She embraced me in the darkness, and her shrouds
were warm,
Her lips were without dimensions.
At the end of the long length of rooms
Looking down on the lobbies and alcoves,
Was a stage where devils and men
Kept closing the curtain and running,
Where an unseen and an unknown
Parted the curtain, revealing
Darkness and sourceless light.
Oh, God!
She led me behind the curtains,
Folded me into her shrouds,
Blessed me with exultation,
Gave me for ever and ever
The soft green distances.

—JACK BRUCE.

Das Zerbrochene Ringlein

By Joseph Von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

In the cool of a shady woodland
A mill wheel slowly turns,
And there dwelt my beloved—
The maid my own heart yearns.
Our troth we pledged together
And sealed with lover's band,
She broke her holy promise,
The ring flew from my hand.
Far in the world I'll wander,
A lonely minstrel I,
I'll sing the world my love songs
And journey 'til I die.
I'll be a knight in battle,
In the thick of gory fight,
To lie by the still camp-fire
And hide in the depths of night.
The mill-song haunts me always,
I know not where I will,
I'll take my life and break it—
O heart! at last be still.

—Translation by JUNE ROSE.

Prison Walls

Adamantine
walls of stone
Towering high
with spikèd tops
and broken glass.
Gray brutality
of men's minds:
prison walls.

—HAL. WILLIS

The Small Ones

Come put aside your studies, love,
And let us wend our way
Down to that cosy corner
    At which the "small ones" play.
I love to see them play their games
    All ev'ning, without pause,
Hide-and-seek and blind man's buff,
    Among the sipping straws.
I love to see the way they dive
    Into the silex pot,
To have a drink and then a bath
    In coffee, steaming hot.
I love to see their little heads
    Along the counter-top,
As patiently they watch and wait
    To see a morsel drop.
And then to see their headlong rush
    To gain the fallen crumb
With one intent, to drag it back
    And share it with a chum.
For they must share and share alike
    That each may live his life,
For otherwise, in such a throng,
    Starvation would be rife.
Come, come my love, don't lag behind,
    To lag is fallacy
When such a lesson's to be learned
    In true democracy.

—GERALD FREMLIN.

Book Reviews

This book reviewing section will, for the most part, be devoted to books that have been on the market long enough to get into cheaper editions, such as Penguin or the Modern Library. We shall therefore be aided by time in making selections. It is possible that an occasional best-seller will be considered good enough to make these pages, but we feel fairly safe in promising you that it won't be often.

Penguin fans will already be acquainted with the new American series of both the Penguins and the Pelicans. You who do not yet know the little English birds should look them over. Undoubtedly you will decide to brighten up your library with a few of these most inexpensive of complete literary works.

An Enemy of the People: Antisemitism, by James Parkes. One of the most unfortunate things about the dissemination of information is that people who most need to know are precisely the ones most difficult to reach; in other words, the people who should read this book probably won't. If, by any chance, they do read it, I challenge them to retain their antisemitic views intact.

The open-minded will welcome this addition to the comparatively large number of works on the Jewish problem because it is both comprehensive and well-written. The historical background and the sociological and psychological implications are part of a penetrating study of our society as a whole.

Mr. Parkes says that we are all slightly mad on the Jewish question. "In no field has Hitler's propaganda been more successful." The most potent weapon in the fight against this propaganda is education, in the words of Mr. Parkes, "the healing rays of knowledge."

Just how much do the people who dislike the Jews know about them? Is there a greater fund of knowledge behind the people who say smugly, "Some of my best friends are Jews but—." How many of us know, for instance, that in the "Protocols of Zion," Freemastons are named jointly responsible with the Jews for a world plot against Christendom? I was also surprised to learn that almost everywhere the Jewish birthrate is lower than that of the general population where they live.

Antisemitism has been most adequately dealt with in Russia, according to Mr. Parkes. There, antisemitism came to be considered "bourgeois" and "reactionary," which was much more serious than just being illegal. The exhibition of racial prejudice was something to be ashamed of rather than punished. Mr. Parkes points out that we shall have to get rid of antisemitism without being able to attach the magnificently derogatory word "bourgeois" to it.

Among the latest additions to the Penguin series we have chosen three authors who are important modern stylists. Students in English and Journalism will be interested in Sherwood Anderson, James T. Farfell and John Dos Passos, because of the way they write. Everyone will find something of interest in "Winesburgh, Ohio," by Anderson; "Short Stories" by Farrell, and "Manhattan Transfer," by Dos Passos.

I should say at the outset that none of these are designed for the palate of the delicately squeamish. Some of you may be shocked, but if the society we live in has its shocking aspects, surely it is better that we know what they are. Just possibly we may be able to do something about it.

Winesburgh, Ohio, caused a furore in 1919 when it first appeared. It was something new in American fiction and the influence of Anderson on most of the writers of the period was enormous. If you have not read any of the three mentioned above, start with Winesburgh. It is the most likable and a forerunner in style of the other two.

The short stories of James Farrell have their setting in the depression of the twenties. Farrell says that his approach to his material can be suggested by a motto of Spinoza "Not to weep or laugh, but to understand." He attacks social conditions with a bitter savagery that leaves the reader no chance for vicarious enjoyment of the sex situations. I am recommending it particularly to Business Administration students and, insofar as they think they may have anything to do with when and whether we get the next depression, to Economics students.

Manhattan Transfer is a cross-section of New York during the prohibition era. The construction of the book may confuse you at first but stay with it awhile and you'll catch on. Then you will probably be ready to embark on Dos Passos' famous trilogy, "U.S.A."

—ETHEL YOUNG.