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The REBEL

"There is more Day to dawn"

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Vol. 4. - - No. 2

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The Rebel

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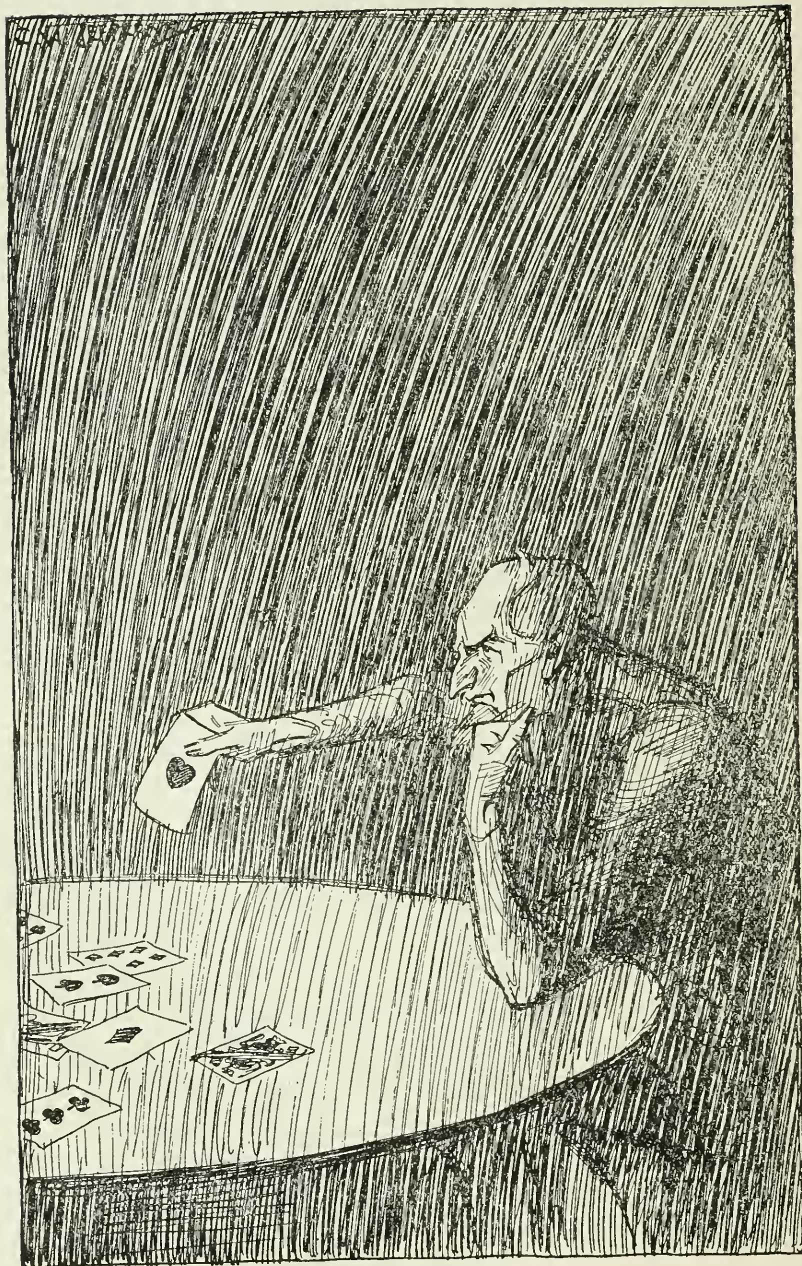

THE TRUMP CARD: A CYNOGRAVURE

By C. W. Jefferys

The Rebel

"Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous"

Vol. IV NOVEMBER, 1919 No. 2

Editorial

The Rebel Wonders

Whether the gentleman who was recently credited with saying that people had the right to protest against 'the abuse of the use of free speech' can give us his recipe for discovering the abuse prior to the use.

Why the suggestion that the War Memorials should stay in Toronto rather than go to Ottawa found no responsive voices in a population of half-a-million. It was first made in the daily press weeks ago. The rest is silence.

Why all the men in town are hastening to put on starched collars again instead of sticking to soft ones. If man was not born in chains, he may nevertheless have been born with a stiff collar. Rousseau does not say anything about that.

Whether the old adage that every bullet has its billet would not admit of spelling reform. Perhaps it is better left as it is. There are more bullets, even now, than Bullitts. The number of billets, however, seems to remain a constant.

How many of its readers are subscribing to *The Manchester Guardian Weekly*, *The Irish Statesman*, and *The London Mercury*. English dailies are out of the question in Canada. Here are two weeklies and a monthly that are bound to be worth watching. The first of these is already out in the open; the second has been seen in holes and corners; the third, a literary monthly which Mr. J. C. Squire is going to edit, sounds promising.

Whether General Smuts is the only man in the world today who thinks as he does or whether he is the only man with the courage to say so. We incline to the latter opinion.

Whether the swimming tank in Hart House is to be called a natatorium or not. The question is important; it is sure to influence one's stroke. For several reasons.

Whether the apparent success of the Ontario temperance legislation will lead, as it logically ought, to the penalising of subtler forms of intoxication, as, for instance, putting the final polish on one's brown boots in the cellar, or smoothing one's hair in public places.

Whether the old dances have gone for good. Many of us mean to try to shake a limb one of these days, but are not a little uneasy at the change of style. We have always thought that the Canadian waltz was a thing of real charm and a reasonable amount of initiative, but we read in a sedate English paper that 'modern dancing is superior to the old waltzes and polka in being far more varied, thus giving scope to some imagination on the part of the dancers'. Perhaps it would be wiser to look on. Will some expert contribute an article?

Whether there is not something of a contre-danse in the recent political prospect of the spiritual rapprochement between, say, the London *Nation* and Lord Robert Cecil or between some of Wilson's old supporters and the American Senate. Some aspects of the present political situation will hardly bear looking at. Under such conditions a smile is always in place.

Who can identify the following lines:

> I saw a stable, low and very bare,
> A little child in a manger.
> The oxen knew Him, had Him in their care,
> To men He was a stranger.
> The safety of the world was lying there,
> And the world's danger.

How many of its readers like the suggestion made over the dinner-table the other day by a man of indolent but fitfully brilliant mind that the University should extend southwards till it joined up with the Art Museum. This would do more to change the appearance of down-town Toronto than any single suggestion we have heard for a long time.

Whether, as was rumoured, G. K. Chesterton and John Drinkwater will visit Canada shortly. It seems almost unnatural for distinguished Englishmen to come here instead of concentrating on the U.S.A., as we have allowed them to do so many times lately. If these two do come, will G. K. C. be allowed to tackle the spiral

staircase from the gallery to the dining-room in Hart House? Or will he be dissuaded?

How many years will elapse before Toronto is recognized as the home of a dramatic movement in Canada. Will it be two years or five? The question whether there will actually be such a dramatic movement is quite another matter. Does not Toronto regard itself as a musical city without being anything of the sort? And has it not already within its precincts by far the most vital of artistic movements in British dominions outside of England without being even sluggishly alive to the fact?

Whether its readers are remembering that C. W. Jefferys is to contribute a drawing to each issue this year and that the complete set in reproduction will be worth distinctly more than a dollar.

Why the following definition of laughter is not better known: "To laugh is to be malicious, but with a good conscience".

Why Ontario's Educational System will keep Ontario first.

Why the City of Toronto is not expropriating land to widen upper Yonge street while it is cheap. If money is lacking it might be expropriated at present prices and the holders allowed its use till payment could be effected.

Why the Prohibitionists call themselves *Temperance* advocates in face of flamboyant literature and posters.

Where the joke lay in that joint photograph of Cardinal Mercier and Mayor Church which appeared in the daily press. We saw several people laughing at it.

On Every Height

(*Goethe*)

On every height
    Is peace,
Not a leaf is stirred,
    Nor heard
The gentlest breeze;
Birds sleep in silent trees.
Wait,—ere long
Thou shalt rest with these.

B. F.

Is There a New Poetry?

DURING the past fifteen years a great number of books on poetry have been written. There have been established many poetry magazines, some of them critical as well as poetical. There has been much discussion of what is called the new movement in poetry; and there is with many an impression that in this scientific age discovery has extended to verse.

All this is fortunate assurance that poetry is not in danger of being thought of as something finished and complete, used only for analysis and imitation. But whether real poetry is being read by more people than formerly may be doubted. The question is at any rate apart from whether the poetry which is being read is in any sense new.

The poetry which has spread the present discussion is not free verse. I would draw a distinction between the school of Vagueness (Imagism) which discards rhyme and, as popularly understood, metre, and has, whether we like it or not, a definite *rationale*, and the school of Violence, which retains rhyme and metre, gets with them attention as the band-wagon of the modern poetic parade, and assaults with intent to shock. There is nothing new about this sort of poetry. It gets its effect much as doggerel gets its effect—by over-emphasis, both in rhyme and rhythm and in subject matter. It appears in essence at least as far back as the formerly well-known song,

"We don't want to fight, but, by jingo, if we do. . . ."

Nor is there any ground for defending such verse by the plea that to express modern life poetry must be confused and chaotic. The poets who write it do not claim such defence. Still less do the poets claim it who are writing verse which is indisputably poetry and at the same time trying to get away from old forms.

The best of the "new" (not the young) poets, the Imagists, are intensely rational and very systematic. They have definite rules for the writing of poetry, and are, indeed, inclined to be doctrinaire. They are self-conscious. They love to work in subtle patterns. They strive aggressively for the "right" word. So they give us slight, fernlike poems, vaguely rhythmed, and sick with concentration upon the objects they portray. A poem typical of this school will show what I have tried to describe, and, printed without line divisions, will illustrate a point I wish to establish later.

CIRCE.

By H. D.

It was easy enough to bend them to my wish, it was easy enough to alter them with a touch, but you, adrift on the great sea, how shall I call you back?

Cedar and white ash, rock-cedar and sand plants and tamarind, red cedar and white cedar and black cedar from the inmost forest, fragrance upon fragrance; and all of my sea-magic is for nought.

It was easy enough—a thought called them from the sharp edges of the earth; they prayed for a touch, they cried for the sight of my face, they entreated me till in pity I turned each to his own self.

Panther and panther, then a black leopard follows close—black panther and red and a great hound, a god-like beast, cut the sand in a clear ring and shut me from the earth, and cover the sea-sound with their throats, and the sea-roar with their own barks and bellowing and snarls, and the sea-stars with the swirl of the sand, and the rock-tamarinds and the wind resonance—but not your voice.

It is easy enough to call men from the edges of the earth. It is easy to summon them to my feet with a thought—it is beautiful to see the tall panther and the sleek deer-hounds circle in the dark. It is easy enough to make cedar and white ash fumes into palaces and to cover the sea-caves with ivory and onyx.

But I would give up rock-fringes of coral and the inmost chamber of my island palace and my own gifts and the whole region of my power and magic for your glance.

"Circe" seems to me a very fine poem indeed. It has feeling and beauty and, in the last strophe, drama. Part of its fineness, however, comes from its only partly conforming to the first rule of the imagists. They think that poetry should keep as far as possible "to the language of common speech, and employ always the exact word, not the nearly exact or the merely decorative.* The diction in this poem (leaving out "nought"—a profitable transgression) seems to me merely adequate to express the surface meaning. It may seem like quibbling, but I do not think exactitude and adequacy mean quite the same. Adequacy gives "Circe" its distinction, and leads to limitations. The poem is thin, too clearly, coldly sunlit, and deficient in relieving shadows. It fails because for one reason the method by which it is written rules out the beautiful word so used as to spread its beauty beyond itself in the text, and thus sacrifices a whole range of legitimate poetical effect which will always be capable of giving pleasure.

"The unit of *vers libre*," say the imagists, is not the foot, the number of syllables, the quantity or the line. The unit is the strophe, which may be the whole poem, or may be only a part. Each strophe is a complete circle. . . . . Of course the circle need not be always the same size nor the time allowed to negotiate it be

*Amy Lowell: *The New Movement in American Poetry.*

always the same. There is room here for an infinite number of variations. Also, circles can be added to circles, movement upon movement to the poem, provided that each movement completes itself and ramifies naturally into the next."

This is only the summing up of what the imagists have to say about rhythm. "We believe," they add, "that the individuality of a poet may often be better expressed in free verse than in conventional forms. . . . We fight for it as a principle of liberty."

The imagists do not need to fight for free verse as a principle of liberty. By their own definition we have had free verse ever since the King James Version. They might say more fairly that they are fighting for a recognition that prose may be poetic or for popularisation of poetic prose. If for the first, we may agree wholeheartedly. If for the second we wish them success. But what basis is there for the claim of newness?

The imagists demand that poetry "render particulars exactly, and not deal in vague generalities, however magnificent and sonorous" and call for poetry "that is hard and clear, not blurred and indefinite." They add that they are not mere word-painters of natural objects. They claim the province of the mind with all its changing moods and conditions. "Imagism," they say, "means simply a clear presentation of what the author wishes to convey." So much we understand, but we cannot see that the statement adds anything to the aim of any sincere artist. But, they add, the poet "may wish to convey a mood of indecision: in which case the poem should be indecisive; or he may wish to bring before the reader the constantly changing lights over a landscape or the varying attitudes of mind of a person under strong emotion, then his poem must shift and change to present this clearly."

Do they mean that the expression of indecision should be indecisive? How then shall it be so driven home to the reader that he will realise it? Shall the imagist, striving for concrete definition, express indecision in the abstract? Shall the poem be indecisive in rhythm? The usual rhythm of the imagist is already subtle and vague. If one had to express irregularity, how would it square with the earlier notion of regularly recurring circles? The greatest success of the imagists is in dealing with outward objects. In describing states of mind they are likely to take refuge in symbolism and express feelings in terms of bubbles and balloons.

There is something to be said about the imagists' idea of how long a poem should be. Their official pronouncement that "con-

centration is of the essence of poetry" is elastic enough; and some of their poems are very short and some are very long. There is, however, such a mass of four and five line poems in their work that one cannot help thinking they have missed the fact that concentration is not the same as shortness; that brevity is not necessarily the soul of poetry. The imagists do seem to like brevity, and they have given us a great deal of it. Now, in a poem, as Edgar Allan Poe says, undue brevity degenerates into mere epigrammatism; and he adds, I think decisively, "there must be the steady pressing down of the wax." He might have gone further and said that extreme brevity is always in danger of looking like sententiousness. Into this danger the imagists sometimes fall. When they do it is amusing to see the seeker after poetic freedom revelling in the bonds of that most artificial device—laconism.

The imagists with their vagueness and the other more pretentious poets with their violence may succeed in popularising ryhthmic prose by calling it a new poetry, but Poe gives my reason for thinking that they will not be responsible for a new great poetic period:

". . . . just as the lily is represented in the lake or the eyes of Amaryllis in the mirror, so is the mere oral or written repetition of these forms, and sounds, and colours, and odors, and sentiments a duplicate source of delight. But this mere repetition is not poetry. He who shall simply sing, with however glowing an enthusiasm, or with however vivid a truth of description, of the sights, and sounds, and odors, and colors, and sentiments which greet *him* in common with all mankind, he, I say, has yet failed to prove his divine title. There is still a something in the distance which he has been unable to attain. We have still a thirst unquenchable, to allay which he has not shown us the crystal springs. This thirst belongs to the immortality of man. It is at once a consequence and an indication of his perennial existence. It is the desire of the moth for the star. It is no mere appreciation of the Beauty before us but a wild effort to reach the Beauty above. Inspired by an ecstatic prescience of the glories beyond the grave, we struggle by multiform combinations among the things and thoughts of time to attain a portion of that Loveliness whose very elements perhaps appertain to eternity alone. And thus, when by Poetry or when by Music, the most entrancing of the poetic moods, we find ourselves melted into tears, we weep then, not as the Abbate Gravina supposes, through excess of pleasure, but through a certain petulant impatient sorrow at our inability to grasp, *now*, wholly,

here on earth, at once and forever, those divine and rapturous joys of which *through* the poem or *through* the music, we attain to but brief and indeterminate glimpses. The struggle to apprehend the supernal Loveliness—this struggle on the part of souls fittingly constituted has given the world all that which it (the world) has ever been enabled at once to understand and feel as poetic."

R. B.

The Lonely Man

It's just about a lonely man
Whom long ago I knew,
And what I say about him now
Is absolutely true.

He never had a brother or
A sister in his life,
And, truth to tell, no mother
But his father's only wife.

His nearest blood relations were
His father's mother's son,
And his mother's father's daughter,
Who was an only one.

He never saw his cousins-german
On his mother's side,
Because her brother wasn't born
Before her parents died.

Nor did he know his other aunt,
And so he never missed her,
Because, you see, his father never
Had a little sister.

When very young he learned to walk,
Assisted by his mother,
By placing one foot forward, then
Alternately the other.

And so he formed the habit,
As he trod his lonely path,
And others also—such as using
Water in his bath.

And so maintained them all his life,
Though, curious to tell,
He didn't know that other men
Were doing it as well.

The oddest thing about him was
A most uncommon trait,
He never spoke a word unless
He had a word to say.

In early life he craved a wife,
And yet he never sought her,
Because, he said, he'd have to wed
Some other fellow's daughter.

And so he lived a lonely life,
And died a lonely bachelor,
And never went abroad because
He never had a satchel, or

Trunk, portmanteau, or valise
Till after he was dead;
And then he didn't carry one,
They carried him instead.

Though in a blameless, aimless life
He always spoke the truth,
A habit he acquired in
His very early youth,

The rascals who interred him most
Unjustly did presume
To inscribe, in staring lettering,
"Here lies" upon his tomb.

—Cinnamon.

I. Of Motors and Motoring

BELIEVE not for one brief instant, gentle reader, that I am guilty of a motor. I speak of them with all the innocence of blissful ignorance. To me sparking-plug, carburettor, and magneto convey nought whatever. I cannot distinguish a Studebaker from a Packard, nor is my ear sufficiently trained to differentiate from the hum of other motors the particular dissonance commonly associated with Fords. Contented for the most part with using my feet, I could echo the pious sentiment of Cattaway, the old Kentish gardener who was the hero of my youth: "If Gawd 'ad meant men to scorch, Wullie," he would say, "He'd 'ave put 'em on wheels." Such a remark, coming as it did from one who was a martyr to rheumatism, convinced me that I might well remain satisfied with the good pair of working legs with which He had endowed me.

But it is not a mere impertinence on my part to deal with a subject, the technicalities of which are beyond me. Lookers-on see most of the game: and a long experience of avoiding death beneath the wheels of motors, combined with occasional rides at every variety of speed, furnishes me with the qualifications necessary for discussing this topic, at any rate from an unscientific point of view. Moreover it is with the motorist rather than the motor that I would chiefly deal.

I have long felt that a code of rules should be drawn up instructing incipient motorists in the rudiments of good form: for I have personally been witness to some breaches of etiquette which betrayed extraordinary ignorance of the usual observances, and I cannot help feeling that these *faux pas* are generally due either to inexperience or to some unaccountable weakness of moral fibre which may well bring the whole fraternity of automobilists into disrepute. I know of one who deliberately avoided running over a man: it is true that, in excuse, he pleaded that the car might have suffered some damage; but I shrewdly suspect that this was only an evasion, and that he missed his opportunity out of sheer faintness of heart. Worse still, one of the "craft" recently so far transgressed the bounds of decorum as to offer me a lift down town. I was waiting for a street-car at the time, and as it was raining heavily I was glad to accept the offer: but at the same time I could not help feeling that this sort of thing would never do, and that a timely

warning was needed. If the gentleman in question should happen to read this effusion (there is only one, in this city at least, who has been guilty of such an irregularity), he will, I trust, recognise that it is only a kindly consideration for the good name of the great body to which he belongs that compels me to chronicle this strange lapse on his part.

Automobiles are the just reward of industry and wealth, and it is ridiculous that those who have not earned such rewards should expect to partake of them. The arrogance of the average pedestrian is insufferable. One would imagine, from the leisurely way in which he crosses the street, that the motorist was beholden to him for the privilege of using the public thoroughfare. Women with baby-carriages are particularly offensive: my friend B. tells me that one deliberately tried to run him down, and that it was not till he had disposed of two babies and one mother that he succeeded in gaining the proper respect due from pedestrians. Motorists should not need to be told that children are softer than lamp-posts or telephone poles: if they do not know it, a little experience will soon teach them the desirable alternative.

But cyclists are the real nuisance, the object of the happy motorist's deepest scorn and hatred. There is something contemptible about the way in which these repulsive creatures slip in and out of the traffic: truly they are as slippery as eels, there is no catching them. Their attitude is always suggestive of "*Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell from heaven*": for "*Their looks and thoughts are always downward bent.*" But there is always one sure method of disposing of these pests: they dare not face a hill, but always dismount and push their machines up the very middle of the road. Catch them thus, and you have them on the hip: one swift rush, a stifled cry, a scrap-heap of twisted iron and torn rubber, and one more of these parasites of the road has gone to his last account.

It has been questioned whether the silent or the noisy method is to be preferred. The answer depends upon the temperament and tastes of the motorist. There are some who prefer to steal noiselessly, tiger-like, upon their prey, stalking it down street after street, playing with it as a cat with a mouse, and finally annihilating it with one swift, sudden pounce. This is the favorite method of your bicycle-hunter. As for pedestrians, there is more fun to be gained perhaps in pursuing the tactics of the charging elephant, running them down with triumphant trumpetings and with the cut-out opened up to the full. On such occasions the expression of terror

on the face of the destined victim adds greatly to the zest of the performance. B. has two cars, the "Yellow Peril", with which he stealthily tracks the slinking cyclist to his doom, and the "Red Death", which he reserves for pedestrians. Stout people, he tells me, answer the purpose best, as they are less likely to damage the springs of the car. Slim folk should generally be taken slowly, or they are liable to jolt the car badly. Some drivers prefer the wet, slippery days, when the chains are on the tires, but B. always maintains that such practice is crude and inartistic.

I shall never forget the day when B. took me over a policeman. It was down Avenue Road hill on a fine spring morning. The fire was in my blood, and, but for the risk of warning our unconscious victim of his impending doom, I should have shouted aloud from sheer exhilaration. Luckily I had the presence of mind to curb my exuberant spirits: perhaps it was the gleam in B.'s eye which warned me. We took him at full speed, for though he was not particularly corpulent, B. felt that such a chance occurs but once in a life-time and that he could not afford to run the risk of missing so unparalleled an opportunity. The car behaved splendidly, and B. afterwards confessed to me that it was a red-letter day in his life. It was something more than that to me. It was a revelation which opened my eyes, as nothing else could have done, to the true joys of motoring.

B., alas! is with us no longer: absorbed one day in the pursuit of a cyclist who had already escaped him once, he did not discover until too late that a fire-engine was bearing down upon him from the rear. It was a sad, an irreparable loss to the community. There are indeed others to carry on his splendid tradition, for the spirit of true sport is not dead among us yet: but I shall ever remember the gallant gentleman who did most to initiate me in the more recondite pleasures of motoring.

II. Of Urgers

IT is only by the somewhat ugly name of "Urgers" that the type which I am about to describe can be designated. Everybody must have met some, in real life or in literature, (Socrates, I take it, was one of them), but they have never, to my knowledge, been treated of under this particular title: and yet few titles could so aptly describe them.

My friend V—— is an urger, and if a club of them should ever be founded, I cannot conceive of anybody more suited to fill the chair. His most noticeable characteristic is a boundless enthusiasm, which glitters in his eye and trembles in his voice. I have heard that he does spend a few of the night hours recumbent in slumber, but I should have to be a witness to this unnatural spectacle to believe it. If ever a man was built for a somnambulist, he is. I myself am, to my shame be it spoken, a person of a somewhat sluggish, indifferent temperament, and my degree has ever been the comparative, rather than the superlative. It is such torpid creatures as myself that the Gods have ordained that urgers should befriend. A friendship between two urgers would be impossible: they would both die of physical exhaustion. This, no doubt, is why V—— has selected me and an impassive Caledonian with a cold, critical eye, for his companions.

There is something very infectious in the ever-bubbling excitement and rapture of these enthusiasts. Many a time have I been goaded out of my habitual sluggishness to read and enjoy a work which I had previously lacked the courage or energy to tackle. On one occasion, I must admit, V—— endeavoured to induce me to read that well-known drama by M——. Adopting what I may describe as the "imaginary opponent" attitude, he tore all my possible objections to shreds, and with such fiery eloquence did he plead that at times I was almost tempted to doubt the truth that lay hidden in my own bosom. It was only when he paused for breath after three hours of persuasive discourse that I found an opportunity to explain to him that I had read the work in question and admired it as much as he did. To his honour be it said that, instead of roughly demanding why I had not told him so at once, he warmly grasped me by the hand: and thereupon commenced a duet of praise and appreciation in which I manfully sustained the second part.

One might dilate at length on the ecstasies of these rapt enthusiasts. It is indeed fortunate for the Churches that they are unable to attract all men of this type into the missionary vocation: for so speedily would all humanity be converted, that bishops, priests, and deacons would pace the world forlorn, their occupation gone. The Rev. William Sunday is an urger, and only see what devastation he works daily among the battalions of the arch-enemy. My friend V—— would indeed prove a formidable antagonist of the Prince of Darkness, should the spirit ever prompt him to direct his energies to the mission field. Up to the present, however, I regret to say that I have been unable to persuade him to contemplate

these higher activities. With that charming modesty which is so attractive a feature in many of his kind, he belittles his own powers, and would doubt his ability to cope with so redoubtable and versatile an opponent. Let us hope however that advancing years will tempt him to abandon his present pursuits and enter the lists. Think of the excited crowds reading the bulletins outside the office of our respectable daily, the *Gl*——: Bulletin, 6 p.m.: "Missionary champ hurls defi at infernal potentate."

7 p.m.—"Satan comes off worst in first round. Odds even."

8 p.m.—"First blood to V——: Satan visibly tiring: V—— favorite three to one."

9 p.m.—"V—— puts over sleep-producer: downs devil."

9.10 p.m.—"SATAN CONVERTED".

How the extras would sell along Yonge street! How bashful V—— would be at the publicity of the affair! The *Gl*—— would attribute the victory to her (or his or its) influence on public morality: the *St*—— would claim to have been ahead of all the other papers in receiving the authentic reports: the *Te*—— would, I think, be a little disappointed at the momentous news: the general public, after a few days' reflection, would——but such speculations carry me far from my subject.

There is a warning which those who enjoy or contemplate friendship with urgers would do well to heed. With these enthusiasts there is no level ground: when they are not perched on the mountain top, they are in the depth of the valley; and in such cases they must be handled with special care. A "sanguine" temperament in the "blues" is a pitiable spectacle, and the inexpert are perplexed as to the proper method of treatment at such crises. For ourselves, we have found that deliberate and provocative insult is the surest if not the safest, cure. "T——'s productions", I once said to V—— on such an occasion, (T—— is a special favorite of his), "T——'s productions are unmitigated rot. He is a 'paltry poetaster and platitudinarian'." V—— was up from his seat at once with fire in his eye, and after an hour of breathless debate I allowed myself to be convinced (as indeed I already was) that T—— was one of the most inspired poets of the present generation. The blues were completely forgotten, and my little ruse had won the day. Once indeed I startled him out of a fit of depression by accusing him point-blank of being enthusiastic: but on this occasion he took such umbrage that ever since I have resorted to somewhat less outrageous insults. W. D. W.

Dutch Art in Canada: The Last Chapter

IT would be careless to assume that Dutch art in Canada was dead, gone, and forgotten, simply because it is sinking down to its natural level. Perhaps the happy days when a three or four hundred per cent. profit could be made on a Dutch painting will never return, but the amount of the stuff accumulated in Canada will cause some concern. Some compiler of popular statistics might figure out, laying them in a line from Montreal, where of course they start, how near they would get to Toronto. A long monotonous smudge of grey days, cows, and old women peeling potatoes.

While millionaires and connoisseurs were busy collecting this stuff the Canadian painter, always in more intimate touch with art movements, was feeling the influence of the French impressionists and, although the safe and sane Dutch route offered a much better livelihood, to the credit of Canadian painters, be it said, there were few who followed it.

But what is to become of the pile of stuff in private collections? The younger generation are not hypnotized so easily as their parents who fell for them. To own a Blommers and a Mesdag no longer gives us prestige or serves as an entrée to the homes of the haute bourgeoisie. How dispose of them? Drop them on the market and perhaps suffer loss and ridicule? Keep them in the family who are perversely growing up to admire Nash, Bakst, Davies, and John? No! Leave them to a museum and, if the museum does not want them, leave them a money bequest on condition the collection remains intact, a lasting monument to conceit and ignorance.

It is probable that much of this stuff will eventually be offered to public galleries. The Montreal Art Gallery already has too much. The stranger goes in expecting in the metropolis to find a representative collection of Canadian art and finds instead the commercialized Dutch school, and not enough of our own work to fill one small room. It's time to say bluntly: Morrice is a bigger painter than Anton Mauve, Ernest Lawson than Mesdag, Tom Thomson than Weissenbruck. The average collector would sniff at such a comparison and look up the market prices, but if sincerity, courage, and individuality mean anything we are quite justified in making such a statement. We are no longer humble colonials,

we've made armies, we can also make artists, historians, and poets.

One hears the usual excuse: "Oh we're a young country". It's that youthful spirit of daring and enthusiasm which should go into our art. Art is not a sign of middle age and moral rottenness.

Dutch art had done much to delay progress, but now that it is losing its lustre it would be most unfortunate if the evil done by the collectors should be perpetuated by our museums meekly accepting bequests from them.

AJAX.

Below the Rapid

In the black swirl at the pour
  Of the rapid he drifts ashore;
The wanton river has worked its will
  And he can return no more.

He'll follow no more the sun;
  Portage and rapid are one;
Night brings no need of a camping-place,
  The end of the trail is run.

Take him not back to the town,
  Here where he died set him down;
He'd scorn to lie in a formal plot,
  Awaiting a harp and crown.

'Twere heaven for him to stay
  Where the rocks lie cool and gray,
Close under the balsam boughs, a-toss
  In the rapid's windy spray.

Asleep with all he loved best
  We leave him in lasting rest,
Where solemnly stand the fretted spruce,
  Deep in the dark Northland's breast.

J. M.

Politics and People

THE greatest American republic has not yet joined the League of Nations. In the framing of the treaty President Wilson was accused of assuming too much responsibility: in an endeavour to secure its acceptance by the people he represented he clearly depended too much on his own powers. He was stricken down in the course of a campaign of education. It remains to be seen whether his countrymen will grant him in sickness what they denied him in health. It is a curious fact that Sir Edward Grey, another example of the limitations imposed by the physical upon great men, reached New York as British ambassador almost at the time of Mr. Wilson's collapse.

* * * * * * *

Rarely do they go as deep as first principles at Ottawa. The descent of President Falconer the other day on the Capital induced a philosophical discussion of unusual interest. In the course of a plea for assistance in educating returned soldiers, Sir Robert argued that such education would constitute an investment for the country; that half a dozen men so educated might make discoveries which would pay for all Canada's war debt; that the contest of the future was with a Germany crushed materially, but well educated. Mr. Nesbitt elicited these views by stating with laconic assurance: "You give me capital and I'll give you the men to develop the resources". This remark so typical of the atmosphere which gave it birth reminds one of the newly-rich father who was told by the headmaster that the slow progress of his daughters at school was due to want of capacity. "Capacity, capacity," he exclaimed, "How much does it cost? They shall have it at once."

* * * * * * *

The election campaign in Ontario is in merry progress. Some three hundred candidates are applying for one hundred and eleven seats. Some of our Liberal newspapers have worn the spectacles of party so long that they can see nothing but evil in such a state of affairs. Many worthy candidates will go down to defeat in the melee, they contend; the United Farmers are playing into the hands of the enemy in their stupid insistence on representation by men of their own choice. The same press never thinks of mentioning the fact that the farmers are opposing five cabinet ministers, or of suggesting a very simple device for avoiding the ill in question. The device, however, will become law only with a modification of our rigid party system, such as may result from the present election.

It consists in the option of designating a second or third choice of candidates. If this were permitted a contest among more than two candidates could hardly fail to result in the election of the man regarded by the majority as the safest candidate.

* * * * * * * *

The Minister of Education, whom we may congratulate on receiving an acclamation, has been criticizing the Recall as un-British in character. Party is very jealous of divided allegiance. It may well be contended on the contrary that no single feature of the present elections is more cheering than the intimate way in which the farmer candidates are connected with their constituencies. It really looks as if we might have a revival of representative government. In the circumstances one should hesitate to exclaim against the Recall, questionable as it may be in principle. It is true that it has not been employed in England. Neither for that matter has the Referendum. Both betray a mistrust of Parliament, the Recall on the part of the local community, the Referendum on the part of Parliament itself. One is as un-British as the other.

* * * * * * *

Mr. William Ivens is a visitor in Ontario. He was announced to speak on Prohibition—that is prohibition of the sale of intoxicants—at a recent Sunday evening meeting. The owners of the theatre in which he was to speak, having been approached, it is said, by the Dominion "Authorities" refused to sanction the use of their sacred premises for this purpose. They even refused to allow Mr. Ivens to enter the building and sit silently on a chair. Previously similar, but less devious, objection had been raised to his speaking at Sarnia. He did speak, however, and has been invited by the veterans' organization of that city to fill a return engagement. The "Authorities" evidently think all this perilous to public morals. They regard freedom of speech as a minor element of the freedom we fought for. We hold no brief for Mr. Ivens. We merely believe in ventilation. And we have this suggestion to make in the matter. We suggest that the "Authorities" again intervene. This time let them insist on the theatre being opened to Mr. Ivens and Mr. Meighen. Let the one expound, not the virtues of Prohibition, but the history of the Winnipeg strike, while the other tells the history of those thousand ballots, and let the audience determine which story is worse for the morals of the community. We forget. The discernment of the public in such matters cannot be trusted. That being the case a jury might be empanelled from the professors of our theological colleges. P. B.

An Exhortation

(On reading that Edinburgh was to be the seat of an international Prohibition Congress.)

I've heard a crowd of wild-like Yanks
And other Christian Temperance cranks
Are goadin' ye to stir your shanks
On their dreich way;
Oh dinna let them prick your flanks
To be as they!

They envy you your heads of worth,
On two percent they go to girth
And like auld Dives in their dearth
They look on you,
And seeing a' your canty mirth
Are like to spew.

My heart fair greets to think how soon
In homely Ayr a stranger loon
Wi' nasal wailin's may ca' doon
Teetotal's curse;
When ye've no honest Rob to droon
Them a' in verse.

If he were only livin' yet
He'd show these rantin' fools the gait,
Some Willie in their band wad sweat
O'er his own prayer;
And a' wad quake to see them set
In "Holy Fair".

Oh Scots wha syne wad sooner die
Than gie up Scotch or warmin' Rye;
Oh let your humour still be dry,
But not your throats:
Ye'll wail from Embro Toun to Skye
And John o' Groats.

Besides dear Scotland think of me,
Your bairn removed but ane degree,
Next year I thought in one grand spree
To see thy land
And toast thee deep in Barley Bree—
Must *that* be canned?

Then Scotland tell them ye are auld;
Ere they were breekit ye were bald,
And langsyne found what ye could hauld
Without the aid
O' Billy Sunday and his cauld
Waugh limonade. H. K. G.

Return.

House of a thousand vanished days,
In the sunshine and the rain,
Girt with song of woods and fields
Where the birds cry "Home" again,
Home, home, ah home again.

On the days that sleep with you
Let the silence fall;
While among the falling leaves
Birds shall cease to call,
"Home, home," the homing call.

Only let the bees still hold
White hives in the sun:
Where those patient labours went
Till the day was done,
All the care soon spent and done.

When about the house the pines
Whisper after rain,
When the welcome even falls
We shall turn again,
Home—home of joy and pain. H. K. G.

"Again I Take My Pen in Hand"

I HAVE lost my fountain-pen. This statement is not meant as a complaint, much less as a thinly-veiled accusation. As a matter of fact, its loss was to a certain extent an act of self-defence. Let me explain myself.

Time was when the seriousness of writing "in ink" weighed heavily upon me. Paper, blotter, ink and penholder had each to be found, after which came the selection of a pen-point, a nice matter. As the victim of an almost pathetic faith in human nature, my natural instinct was to select a ball-point, because its advertisement seemed so sound. Need I say that the result always failed to fulfil my expectations? A medium fine pen, such as is used in most schools, was the lady-like choice which accompanied a frilly dress and letters to unfamiliar relatives. The hand-writing was invariably neat, the language most polite, and the letters excruciatingly dull. But in moments of asceticism or aspirations to martyrdom, was I sufficiently interested in this world to give it my written thoughts, I selected for the purpose a pen of fin-like proportions. My impression of stubs was that all really strong-minded persons, such as parents, teachers and aunts, always used them; only occasionally, when I had passed an examination, or had a birthday, did I aspire to imitate their choice with its accompanying features of lack of punctuation, substitution of dashes, and an abrupt style. Never in those days did I succeed in feeling at home with a stub pen.

My point with regard to the fountain-pen is now easily made clear. I bought it in a lady-like moment and I had to use it in all moods. Life lost all its zest. What could I do but lose that pen? It was little less than dishonest to write a slip-shod essay with that pen, and yet I perpetrated not only this crime, but also used it for an ascetic letter.

But another development has ensued since my loss. I have formed an unbounded affection for a stub pen, of what looks to me like the accepted variety. The question now aroused is: Have I grown strong-minded, after the fashion of my elders and betters, or are stub pens not what they once were?

SCRIBE.

Books at Random

"*Here is more matter for a hot brain.*"—AUTOLYCUS.

Sylvia and Michael. (By Compton Mackenzie, Harper). When Sylvia Scarlett came out one of my friends rejoiced in the revival of the picaresque novel. There was a delight in being hurried along breathlessly down the stream of Sylvia's adventures and development. After a long sojourn in the tents of Henry James we had acquired a certain meticulousness of conscience about the propriety, the literary propriety of course, of any keyhole. peeps into intimate soul-secrets, unless the literary structure of the story warranted the presence of a duly authorized eye at the keyhole We could sorrow over such a literary blemish in the intricate web of Nostromo as the poignant description of Decoud's lost agony. But in Sylvia Scarlett, and now much more in this latest volume of her history, there is no question of peeping and keyholes, Mr. Mackenzie throws the door wide open, draws back every curtain, flings up in turn the innermost windows of Sylvia's soul, and we never stop to ask by what right he does so, or how he comes to know so intimately her midnight musings, her very dreams. We are too interested in Sylvia herself to enquire very closely into the particular literary method which Mr. Mackenzie has chosen for her portrayal.

In a way the book is a sort of watershed of opinion, its many streams of thought and tendency all flow away from the Victorian slope. It is intensely modern, and to some Sylvia will not be interesting at all, simply unintelligible and repugnant. One is reminded of Mr. Lytton Strachey's ironic picture of Victorianism by some of Mr. Mackenzie's passionate outbreaks. He puts the following meditation into Sylvia's mouth, and I should say, into her mind, just before the emotional crisis of the book—"It is a tragedy for the man or woman who realizes futility without being able to escape from it. That's where the Middle Ages were easier than we. Futility was impossible then. That's where we suffer from that ponderous bag of Victorianism. When one pauses to meditate upon the crimes of the Victorian era! And it's impossible not to dread a revival of Victorianism after the war." Again—"Sylvia had seen illustrations in English newspapers of beaming old gentlemen 'doing', as it was called, 'their bit', proud of the nuisance they must be making of themselves, incorrigible optimists about the tonic

effects of war, because they had succeeded in making their belts meet round their fat paunches, pantaloons that should have buried themselves out of sight instead of pirouetting while young men were being killed in a war for which they and their accursed Victorianism were responsible by licking the boots of Prussia for fifty years".

This note of slightly self-conscious modernism is most apparent in Sylvia and Michael. The impress of the war is very evident. Mr. Mackenzie has been through it without any illusions. His reflections on the grim light which the war has thrown on the inner nature of modern western civilization go deeper than any contemporary criticism has yet done. It is a far cry from the entrenched complacency of "Musings without Method". There are many passages worth quoting in this connection, but one must suffice—Michael is thinking aloud to Sylvia—"I'm not going to lay down positively that this war may not be extremely salutary. I think it will be, but I acquit God of any hand in its deliberate ordering. Free will must apply to nations. I don't believe that war which, while it brings out often the best of people, brings out much more often the worst, is to be regarded as anything but a vile exhibition of human sin. The selflessness of those who have died is terribly stained by the selfishness of those who have let them die. Yet the younger generation, or such of it as survives, will have the compensation when it is all over of such amazing opportunities for living as were never known, and the older generation that made the war will die less lamented than any men that have ever died since the world began. And I believe that their purgatory will be the greyest and the longest of all the purgatories".

Some of our old friends appear again. Guy Hazlewood has a few crowded days with Sylvia before he is killed in the first Bulgarian onslaught on Serbia. Sylvia finds Philip Iredale again in Bucharest, acting as officer controlling Transport of Neutral Passenger Traffic, and has a characteristic interview with him in her endeavour, bootless of course, to secure a passport for Concetta. Her pathetic effort to work out her own spiritual salvation in the attempt to save Concetta is one of the most tragic things in the book. We are taken into deeper waters in this book than in the first stage of Sylvia's history. It is the Odyssey of Sylvia's spirit, her history from the time when, to use her favourite quotation from Apuleius, she had eaten rose-leaves and ceased to be a golden ass. Her reunion with Michael, which Mr. Mackenzie, in spite of modernist canons of fiction, is not afraid

to give us, is inevitable and a masterpiece of emotional development.

Perhaps one of the main features of the book, a feature which is as much a merit as a defect, is the frequent occurrence of long stretches of reflective analysis, extraordinarily incisive and illuminating. One is reminded a little of the Fourth Gospel: whoever speaks it is always the voice and the style of the writer himself. So in this book, whether Sylvia, or Guy, or Michael discuss or meditate aloud, one is conscious that the writer is speaking, one recognizes the showman's voice behind his marionettes. But this is not to say that Sylvia or any of her figures degenerate into types or mere vehicles for the author's ideas. Mr. Mackenzie is far too good an artist for that, and Sylvia's personality and development become more and more convincing and interesting until the end, if end it can be called, is reached, high upon the cliffs of Samothrace. The story of Sylvia is a new and modern and wholly delightful rendering of Psyche's wanderings, only it is the Unknown Eros that she seeks and finds. S. H. H.

The Owl—A Miscellany. (Martin Secker, 1919). An enterprising library would hasten to secure this first number of *The Owl.* If it continues as it has begun it will be a thing of real artistic and literary value. We are told that it "will come out quarterly or whenever enough suitable material is in the hands of the editors". These are the aristocrats of journalism, indeed. They also remind the reader that "sixty-seven years separate the oldest and youngest contributors", these being Thomas Hardy and Pamela Bianco, who enjoys the double distinction of being the latest of the Primitives in pictorial art and the only distinguished lady in England whose age is calculable by a simple subtraction sum.

We suspect that this new miscellany originated in the studio of William Nicholson and that the cover design and two anonymous illustrations inside are his. The items of indubitable value in the collection are, first, a characteristic poem by Thomas Hardy who is the youngest old man that ever was. Not that his moods are youthful—one might suspect him if they were—but that his art is as strenuous in this and one or two other poems that he has recently allowed to appear as if he were still in the prime of life. Next a poem by J. C. Squire who is rapidly slipping into a position of literary leadership among the younger writers in London. He has distinguished himself as editor, critic, parodist, poet. These two poets, one at the beginning of his career and the other at the end of

his, stand out strongly. The others present average representations of themselves standing at ease. There is a sonnet of Masefield's about Beauty which closely resembles the best part of a hundred others that he has printed in recent years. One wonders whether he will ever begin to write about Life again. His career has been uncertain from the start and it is useless to prognosticate, but his period of distemper has been distressingly protracted and one may be pardoned for fearing that it has become chronic.

Of the illustrations, which are perhaps better as a whole than the letterpress, there is none better worth mention than a wash-drawing, "The Indian", by Joseph Crawhall, who serves to illustrate the fact, observable any day of the week, that in Anglo-Saxon countries an artist does not even need the help of a bushel in order to hide his light. Who is Joseph Crawhall? Cock-a-doodle-doo.

In conclusion *The Owl* presents five pages of Max Beerbohm's best prose, entitled "A Clergyman". No, the thing is not to be had in Toronto.

B. F.

My Intent

I intended to blame,
But my heart felt like water,
I intended to blame
A young Turk, his full name
Alexander, the same
Not yet known to fame;
I was set on great slaughter.
I intended to blame,
As I certainly oughter.

Yes I certainly should,
And—in heaven's name why,
Since I certainly should
And felt sure that I could
If my heart were of wood—
Perhaps then I could,
Make that bold young un cry
"Camerad!" As he should,
Still—I'd rather not try.

O. C. P.

Dreams

I HAD laid down a book of Noyes' poems, and was watching the figures in the fairy-land of the coals as they acted the story of Silk-o'-the-Kine. I saw Eilidh and Isla as they came hand in hand down the hill from their hut in the heather, and I felt the cool, sunny, pine-sweet breath of the morning that played around them as they crossed the sandy beach. I saw them enter the water and swim out together towards the sunrise, while the sea broke round them in ripples of gold and green. Further and further they swam, dwindling and dwindling, till only an occasional flash of Eilidh's white, wet arm could be seen. Then that, too, vanished, and I was alone with the sea. Slowly the picture clouded, faded, and died, and once more I found myself gazing into the coals.

For some time I sat thus, surrendering myself, with as glad a trust as Eilidh's, to the guidance of that sweetest and most selfish mistress, Fancy. A little flame flickered lightly in the stillness, and, as if in response to the sound, all the half-seen surroundings of the fire seemed to withdraw. They mingled, blended, and veiled themselves, losing colour and outline, and merging slowly in a darkening mist. The fire itself grew larger and brighter, and I felt myself being carried rapidly towards it through a universe of transparent blackness. Then, as the motion ceased, the glow of the fire was clouded over. Slowly the mist thickened, but through it all the shifting, changing glow of the fire could be seen, till at last the curtain of mist was torn across and scattered and the picture was revealed.

In the distance, across a great strath, a range of hills cut into the glow of a wonderful sunset. The sun itself was veiled by a flame-tipped screen of cloud, whose crimson edges showed vividly against the ruddy orange of the sky. Farther from the fiery glory of that source the cloud-tints changed. Orange they were, amber, and light, delicate pink. And the sky changed with them, from a blaze of smoky red to saffron, and transparent, pellucid green. Near the zenith, on a ground of deepest, tenderest blue, floated a tiny cloudlet of fairy, ethereal white. In the foreground a river mirrored every line and tint, save in the shadow of the farther bank where it flowed calm, dark and dreaming, breaking here and there into quick, golden ovals as a grayling rose to a drifting fly. A light, warm breeze blurred for a moment the reflection, and rustled the

crisp reeds with a low, musical tone. Gradually the tone increased in volume, and then there pealed forth a chord of a richness that even Beethoven could never equal. The music rose in a clear summons, then sank again as the air filled with a tender whisper as of the wings of angels who bowed before the glory in the west. Again it swelled in rich pealing chords, till the whole earth seemed to vibrate in harmony with music that interpreted all the wonder, all the grandeur, all the holiness of the beauty of that sunset—such a sunset as there may have been before the first Sabbath—such a sunset as the Creator may have looked on when he found this world "very good".

Slowly the colours faded out of the sky as the sun sank. A light chill breeze dimmed for a moment the dark mirror of the water, and touched the reeds with a faint sad whisper as of a parting kiss. It brought with it a sound, distinguishable at first only as a sound, but quickly taking form and character, till it sounded through the varied voices of the night with the mellow tenderness of a violin played by a master hand. Gradually the slow-distilling notes formed themselves into a song whose tones seemed fraught with all the weary hopelessness, with all the useless yearnings and regrets of a world grown old. Faint and sad, the notes crept away down the lonely river, to lose themselves in the rising mist.

Again there was silence. The west was a pale green, flecked here and there with dim ghosts of clouds, whose tenuous edges retained but the faintest shade of colour. The surface of the river was dark, cold, and mysterious, and began to be veiled by the gathering shreds of mist. Suddenly the silence was broken, as a salmon leaped out of the water and rushed round a wide circuit on the surface as though in a despairing effort to escape some relentless foe. After a few moments the fish sank back, the disturbed water subsided, and there was silence till the widening ripples touched the bank. The hungry, sibilant whisper of the water, as it seeped through the brown, dead reeds, held the ear for a moment; then that, too, passed. Here and there throughout the strath lights gleamed from windows, lonely and far apart, and one light moved and winked in and out as though fearful. It was as though little men had found themselves in a world of great malevolent spirits, and crouched trembling in their hiding-places while the unknowable dangers of the night woke and stirred around them. Stronger and stronger grew this feeling of a formless terror, till all Nature seemed to thrill with a fear for which no expression was found.

The mist on the water was thickening. The grayling had ceased to rise. The glow had nearly vanished from the west, and in the east the menacing arc of the earth-shadow raised its gloomy bulk-like Fate made visible. A great hush fell. It seemed that nature was waiting, knowing that expression must come, and with it, if not security, at least relief. Then through the hush there came the faint, far notes of pipes, and the terrible tension was relieved. Yet the fear remained, for in every note the music spoke of the fear. It spoke of giants that sit among the mountains and look down on men to do them hurt. It spoke of hags that ride the storm and hurl man's handiwork to destruction. It spoke of the beautiful maidens of the sunset that draw men after them till they fall over the edge of the world, and it told of kelpies waiting to pull down the stifling, fighting traveller at the ford. With a last tremulous note the music ceased.

In the silence that followed the fear increased to a nightmare terror. Then something snapped, and I was gazing into a cold fireplace with a jingle of words in my ears:

"Said Tweed to Till,
'What gars ye rin sae still?'
Said Till to Tweed,
'Though ye rin wi' speed,
'As I rin slaw,
'Yet, whaur ye droon ae man,
'I droon twa.'"

A. F.

Of the Ups and Downs of Life

I stay out all night,
And wander and smoke
When my schemes all go right.
I stay out all night,
So my cash takes to flight;
And then when I'm broke,
I stay out all night,
And wander and smoke.

A. F.

"Rantin', Rovin' Robin."

PROFESSOR Macnaughton* made mention of this half-forgotten song of Burns'; but he did better—he acted the part inimitably. The lad born in Kyle "had nothing on" this bellicose professor who lectured on Burns as if he were leading an attack, and viciously running the bayonet into enemies unseen. One after another he laid them low—the deadly goddess of Respectability, the false idol of Prohibition, the weak-kneed Pacifist, and the "scrags" who knew not poetry—to the entertainment and amusement of his audience.

The high art of trenchant phrase, and the stinging denunciation: the art also of admiration that glows with life and vigorous understanding—Professor Macnaughton knows them all and with them plays on his audience like a master musician.

"Pith" and "Power" are words that recurred in the mountain torrent of his vituperations and appreciations; and they serve very fairly to express the lecture and the lecturer.

What he said about Burns seems to matter less than how he said it; still I do remember that we started with the homely vigour of Anglo-Saxon, and chuckled with him over "The Jolly Beggars", sharing his glee as he pounced on some disreputable word. These too he singled out: the calm sufficiency of a line in "Death of Dr. Hornbook":

> "The wife slade cannie to her bed
> But ne'er spak mair,"

and the terse phrasing of "A Man's a Man", with the magnificent ideal of its last verse:

> "That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
> May bear the gree, and a' that."

Then the climax came—and the lecturer let fly his quiverful of arrows at the unfortunate Cambridge professor who had dared to say "Scots wha hae" was rant. It proved stirring verse indeed as Professor Macnaughton declaimed it—with offstage remarks—in his stride. We feel that he has much more to say about Burns—and other things.

C. C. C.

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*At the English Association.

The Players Club, Hart House Theatre and the University

IN 1913 there was formed the Players Club of the University of Toronto. The main object at that time was the production of plays for the University and for the people of Toronto. There was also in the minds of those who were responsible for the first steps in the formation of the Club that when in the future, after the completion of Hart House, the University had a theatre, it would be an advantage to have some organization ready to begin at once the staging of dramatic performances. In 1913 and 1915 the Club, with the help of women actors within the University, made two productions: "An Enemy of the People" by Ibsen, and a double bill consisting of "The Pigeon" by John Galsworthy and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets" by Bernard Shaw. By the end of the second production it was realized that the war would ertainly put an end to the carrying out of further plans and the Club as a living organization came to an end.

At the end of the war there remained enough of those who had been concerned in the earlier history of the Club to make a fresh start; and last spring in a series of meetings a new committee was elected, a new constitution drafted, and plans made for an extended season of plays during the coming term. The constitution of Hart House entrusts the management of the equipment of the theatre, subject to the approval of Hart House Committee, to the charge of the Club. The affairs of the Club are in the hands of a committee known as the Board of Syndics, elected annually, and containing representation from undergraduates, graduates, and staff. The activity of the theatre is not, however, confined to the putting on of plays by the Players Club. Hart House Theatre is for all the University and it is expected that other dramatic organizations, centering there, will use the theatre, its equipment, and so far as they may be available, the services of its director. It is probable also that the theatre may be used for courses of lectures and musicals which have no direct bearing on the drama.

Hart House Theatre is the most complete of its kind in America. It seats five hundred persons, has ample loge space and accommodation for box office staff and its entrances are so arranged as to allow easy access to it independently of the rest of the building. On the stage many of the devices are being installed for the first time

outside of the European theatres. In addition to its stage mechanism the theatre has its own workshops and scene studio.

The plays to be given during the season by the Players Club are as follows: *The Queen's Enemies:* Lord Dunsany; *The Farce of Master Pierre Patelin, The Chester Mysteries of the Nativity and Adoration; The Alchemist:* Ben Jonson; *The Trojan Women of Euripides; The New Sin:* MacDonald Hastings; and *Love's Labour Lost:* Shakespeare. In addition the Club plans to give a series of lectures on the plays to be presented. It is expected that the lecturers will be Professors Kittredge and Simpson of Trinity; Professor Pelham Edgar of Victoria, and Professors Dale and Wallace of University College. There will be also a series of *quasi* dramatic presentations, *matinées lyriques*, hitherto well-known to France, where they have gained great popularity. The *matinée lyrique* is a combination of reading and music adapted to the interpretation of literature in which the poetic content so predominates over the dramatic as to make it ill-adapted for full stage production. The Club proposes to interpret in this manner during the season *The Vision of Giorgione* by Gordon Bottomley; *A Masque of Dead Florentines* by Maurice Hewlett, a group of poems under the head of "Music" and another under the heading *All Seas All Ships*. Finally the Director of the Club will give six lectures on the art of the theatre. A calendar giving dates and times of both plays and lectures may be obtained on application to the secretary of the Club.

The Director of the Club is Mr. Roy Mitchell, who is well-known in Toronto because of his productions for the Arts and Letters Club from 1909 to 1914, following which he became technical director for the Greenwich Village Theatre, New York. Mr. Mitchell brings to the work at the new theatre the practical experience from lack of which non-professional producers sometimes suffer. The productions and *matinées lyriques* will be under his direction.

The Rebel feels that it can ask for this comparatively new University enterprise the support of all its readers. Dramatic art does not flourish more than any other art apart from public appreciation, patronage, and approval. Undergraduates who are fond of the theatre and want to learn its working have here an opportunity which few other Universities can offer. The Hart House Theatre needs undergraduate actors, designers, and technicians. It will need to develop undergraduate playwrights. It needs

undergraduate organizers, and needs undergraduate audiences. From the University staff and the Toronto public it needs practical cooperation by attendance at its performances and suggestions for their improvement. We hope that the enthusiasm of the University will justify this attempt to establish at Hart House Theatre a type of dramatic production hitherto confined to larger cities.

R. B.

To the Ship of State

[HORACE, CARM. I, XIV.]

Oh ship, what will thy fortune be,
Launched on a new, uncertain sea!
All bare thy sides, the oars are gone;
Thy mast is sprung, the mainyards groan;
No tackle now supports thy keel,
No spirits answer thine appeal.
Why boast of timber and a frame
Descendants of illustrious fame,
If thou, in fickle humour, durst
Not let thy children quench their thirst!
The southern breeze, with piteous whine,
Wafts faint perfume of native wine,
And mingles with thy children's cry—
"Give us to drink, or else we die!"
What sailor heeds the painted stern,
If so he knows not where to turn
To wet his whistle, should he land
Upon Ontario's arid strand—
Dry as the great Sahara's plain
That knows no dew or gentle rain;
Devoid of all those pleasant places
Refreshing as the green oases—
The only caravansery
A Government dispensary!
Oh thou, my trouble and fatigue,
Insidious foemen are in league,
With minds resolved and efforts bent,
To bind you down to two per cent!

CINNAMON.

"Rousseau and Romanticism"

(By Irving Babbitt)

THIS is a book that defeats its own purpose. Designed to illustrate the dangerous absurdities inherent in the romantic creed and practice it succeeds in enlisting the reader's sympathies on behalf of the theories it aims to discredit. It is late in the day to tell us that enthusiasm is sometimes ridiculous, nor are we so benighted that a learned professor from Harvard must unseal our eyes to the harmless exaggerations and the delicious absurdities of a movement which despite all the follies it engendered saved poetry to the world. It is a very gullible undergraduate who takes Hernani's posturings too seriously or is the dupe of all the paradoxes that flow from the Rousseauistic source. What requires to be counteracted now among youthful students of poetry is rather the tendency to refer everything to the measure of common-sense experience. One hundred years ago Shelley made his famous plea for poetic imagination as the one force capable of saving his age from enslavement to the mechanical processes which science was multiplying with such alarming rapidity. Mr. Babbitt's alarm at the utilitarian advance is as great as Shelley's, and his attitude is distinctly more hostile. What characterizes his position is an extreme fastidiousness that amounts almost to a denial of the poetical virtues of the 'romantic' imagination, and an extreme timidity that condemns the great romantic writers as morally unsound. "There is no such thing," he says, "as romantic morality" and "romantic imagination" is at once philosophically and poetically ineffective by its failure to illuminate reality.

Mr. Babbitt has much to say of the sensuous irresponsibility of Rousseau and his following. The theory of the 'beautiful soul' is one of the legacies from the eighteenth century to which he attributes the moral deliquescence of our own age. In those earlier times it associated itself with the passion of benevolence. Rousseau, Diderot and Shelley were men for whom "the war in the cave" did not exist. Instinct was only another name for virtuous inclination, and from the essential purity of their own impulses these phantasts argued the natural goodness of humanity at large, and a proximate golden age in which men should be free alike from the irksomeness of external checks and the restraint of the moral conscience. I do not know who at the present hour cherishes this visionary faith—

we are, I fear, too scientific to be so credulous and so generous—but Mr. Babbitt designates Renan, Browning, Bergson, and Maeterlinck as its modern continuators. His book is richly documented, and he quotes a passage from Renan to justify his alarms: "Morality has been conceived up to the present in a very narrow spirit as obedience to a law, as an inner struggle between opposite laws. As for me, I declare that when I do good I obey no one, I fight no battle and win no victory. The cultivated man has only to follow the delicious incline of his inner impulses. Be beautiful and then do at each moment whatever your heart may inspire you to do. This is the whole of morality."

Mr. Babbitt protests against the error of regarding Browning as a philosophic and religious teacher. "Browning can pass as a prophet only with the half-educated person, the person who has lost traditional standards and has at the same time failed to work out with the aid of the ethical imagination some fresh scale of values and in the meanwhile lives impulsively and glorifies impulse. Like the half-educated person, Browning is capable of almost any amount of intellectual and emotional subtlety, and like the half-educated person he is deficient in inner form; that is, he deals with experience impressionistically without reference to any central pattern or purpose."

Mr. Babbitt condemns the romantics for their delirious abandonment to nature. Rousseau's lyric raptures, Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey", Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind", and all poetry that is inspired by the impulse to commingle and find spiritual communion with the external world of beauty, mystery, and power are subjected to the magisterial censure of this uncompromising judge. Browning, had he had Mr. Babbitt for his adviser, could not have written:

> Oh World as God has made it—
> All is beauty,
> And knowing this is love, and
> Love is duty.

"It seems", writes Mr. Babbitt, "to follow from these verses of Browning, *perhaps the most flaccid spiritually in the English language*, that to go out and mix one's self up with the landscape is the same as doing one's duty. As a method of salvation this is even easier and more æsthetic than that of the Ancient Mariner, who, it will be remembered, is relieved of the burden of his transgression by admiring the colour of water-snakes!"

I am in Mr. Babbitt's debt for a refined phrase, and will remember that since the days of Wordsworth it has been the mark of the highest poetic ambition "to go out and mix one's self up with the landscape".

This book is no less learned and more topsy-turvy than Max Nordau's "Degeneration". The main contention—that the highest imagination is not divorced from wisdom—is not a new discovery and needs no laboured proof, while it is a mere flogging of dead horses for an author to lose his temper about defects that "every schoolboy knows".

P. E.

Romany

He has his woman and his pipe,
A flute and a great dancing bear;
They wander seeking copper coins
Of little children everywhere.

The heathy winds are in his flute,
And birds, and bells, and tinkling rain;
And every joy that comes to earth
In lonely spaces of the plain.

They gather up the copper coins
Of little children everywhere,
Who hear and watch in happy fear
The flute, the woman, and the bear.

No wonder that the clumsy bear
Gets tall and sprightly at the flute;
The tired children follow it,
Till scanty coppers make it mute.

In lonely spaces of the plain
He leans against the sleeping bear,
Sorting the magic of his tunes,
While the dark woman braids her hair.

The may-bush bloom hangs round her head,
The daisies fringe her skirt of blue;
And as the flute calls to the clouds
She sings a careless stave or two.

"When first the bloom comes on the hedge,
We have our will and privilege
To sleep by wood or leaning sheaf
Until the turning of the leaf;
But when we see the scarlet leaf
And hear the threshing of the sheaf,
No more below the windy hedge
We take our will and privilege.

We sleep the foggy mornings in
By waggon wheel or stable bin,
And stumble through the frozen snow
To reach a tavern fire we know;
But ever in our hearts we know
The sunny melting of the snow,
And dream by mow or stable bin
Of larks that sing the morning in".

The flute leaps gaily on the wind,
The blackbird answers on the thorn,
A shadow sweeps the sunny plain,
And the dark woman sings forlorn.

"He gave the maid a golden ring
And like a lark her heart did spring,
She did not know the ring had bound
Her heart forever to the ground.

He had a ready store of rings
For every rosy maid that sings;
No maiden knew her ring would find
Sorrow and care in every wind.

She cast away her golden ring
And thought her heavy care to fling,
But still she roams the world around
In sorrow till her ring be found".

J. M.

The Art League of Toronto

All honour is due to a new venture, and such is the Exhibition of Pictures and Sculpture held by the Art League at 101½ King Street West. One gathers that a few of the younger artists—all of them, I think, pupils of the Ontario College of Art—have joined together to make a representative showing of their work. This is for the most part sketches—breezy, fresh, and full of zest—of Canadian woods, lakes, bush and farm land. There are one or two portraits, decorative studies, and larger, more ambitious pictures which are not nearly so successful as the first-hand impressions of the sketches.

Technically these little pictures are free and broad in treatment, and some of them show decided individuality. Manly MacDonald, of course, is beginning to be known as a painter of snow and sunshine, and there are several of his stretches full of light and vibration: quivering patches of sun on the sketches of snow and narrow shadows of tall trees.

F. N. Loveroff has a delightful little sketch, "Autumn", rich in colour and well composed, with its high horizon line, and one of the most ambitious pictures in the Exhibition is also his. High in tone and bold almost to crudity in treatment it shows white-sailed boats at anchor "On the Bay", but is rather unsympathetic. His big snow picture, with its sluggish stream, is much more successful and "Willows" is strong in atmosphere.

One or two small pictures by Peter C. Sheppard show force and technical competence. "The Coal Hooker" has a free bravado, and the movement of the dark mysterious water is successfully captured.

Quite unassuming, but charming with the tender green of spring, is a little sketch by Arnold Gruodi, just a small white house, budding trees and a wide low sky line, but the very smell of growing things is there.

Miss Betty Muntz shows two sketches as well as her modelling. "Chicopee Hills" is breezy and energetic. "April in the Hill Country" has the free atmosphere of the northern wilderness. There are only three bits of sculpture, all by Miss Muntz, and the portrait of Miss Phyllis Armour is possibly the most salient. There is an unfumbling assurance in the modelling, and the pose of the head with its slight droop is very attractive. "La Silencieuse" has

been exhibited before, but the head of a man is strong and interesting.

Miss Winifred Roden's sketches are fresh, and one has a delightful feeling of pattern, whether it is trees outlined against the water, or an old lighthouse and fishing boats.

Miss Marjorie St. G. Wilkes' work is decorative and she leans to the mystery of shadowy trees in the moonlight, though a sunny, colourful garden sketch belies this conclusion.

A large garden picture by Mrs. Geddes radiates the hot shimmering vibration and vivid colour of a midsummer day, and she exhibits a decorative triptych of oriental inspiration as well as sketches and a portrait.

Speaking of portraits, Cyril Brady has painted a young girl, looking out rather uncertainly and shyly from the canvas, and it is very fine with the high light striking her fair hair and the soft contours of youth. He calls it "Cynthia".

It is impossible of course to mention all when there are almost a hundred pictures exhibited but one must not forget pencil sketches by Gordon Payne of old houses which are well treated, and the delicacy of water colours by Miss Edna Bowers.

Altogether the Art League earns the interest of those of us who love pictures, and we may hope that next time they will be able to leave the housetops for an exhibition room accessible to the general public.

C. C. C.

On the Pleasure of Tragedy

DEATH, and death which is the culmination of a struggle with the forces of impending evil against which the main protagonist has been powerless to cope owing to some frailty of nature, is in the general sense the main subject of the tragic drama. Is, then, the student right in defining a play which has some such plot as a tragedy? Not necessarily so. A tragic piece must be presented in the theatre and produce on the playgoer "the pleasure of tragedy" before it can be rightly classed as a tragedy. Effectiveness of production is the only infallible test of a tragedy. The end of all art is to give pleasure. And it is the business of a writer of tragedy to construct his work so as to produce "the pleasure of

tragedy"; otherwise he is not a true artist. And in so arguing we are doing nothing more than following along the line of thought suggested by the great philosophers of ancient times.

The one point over which Aristotle is most concerned in the "Poetics" is how katharsis can best be produced in the theatre. He experienced how wonderful was this pleasure and what a salient influence it had in the state, and in the greatness of his mind he analyzed what constitutes this "pleasure of tragedy." Unfortunately, up to the present, only a part of his original scheme has been discovered. But the important thing for the student is to understand how he worked, and then follow his mode of thought. Go to see a play which purports to be a tragedy. Do not try to criticize it during the actual performance. If you leave the theatre feeling in high exultation of spirit, then you are right in speaking of such a piece as a tragedy. But if you feel exhausted in mind after having witnessed scenes, the very gruesomeness of which tends to leave an impression of horror, then you are right in saying that such a piece is not a tragedy. (Of course we assume that in either case the acting is adequate to bring out the poet's real thought.) Then try to analyse what is this emotional feeling you have experienced. Some modern scholars look for a new "form" of tragedy and more playwrights attempt to write so-called tragedies. If they can attain the effect, that is all an audience asks; if they do not, why ignore the teachings of the greatest master of masters, Aristotle. Shakespeare's tragedies are great, not because he was a close student of the Greek philosophers, but because his natural genius discerned the essential constituents of which to mould a tragedy so as to get the proper effect. It so happens that these are in the main the same principles which Aristotle enunciates.

What, then, is this pleasure which a tragedy must produce?

The effect of all amusement is to make us forget. The content of the term, "forget" implies a temporary getting out of oneself, an escape from self, or what in highly technical language is called a certain transcendency of the ego. The emotions that contain most of this self-idea, are those of pity and fear. Self-preservation is the primary instinct of life, and fear of destruction the primary egoistic emotion. We feel pity for another, according to the philosophers, where in a like instance we would fear for ourselves. And as the emotions of pity and fear tend to make us self-centred, so whatever may cause even a temporary riddance of such, will be a very important factor in making us forget. This is the basis of the appeal

of tragedy. Again, the world of the stage is the realm of unreality. Indeed, the fictitiousness of the scene must never become so real that the spectator unconsciously is led to compare the life there depicted with his own. If so, his emotions become the more self-centred, and the effect in the very beginning is spoiled. It is on this point that so many of the so-called realistic tragic plays fall down. By placing the action in an ideal world—ideal as opposed to actual or real—the poet overcomes such a difficulty, because the very setting of the piece indicates a society removed from all contact with the circumstances of ordinary every-day existence. Again, to stir our emotions of pity and fear the central figure must be a person not eminently good or despicably bad but actuated by motives similar to our own and exhibit in his character a certain weakness which is finally the cause of his downfall. And since we are not all alike in nature, he must also be of typical rather than individualistic personality. Moreover, that our emotions may be the more deeply aroused, his fate must be of vital interest to the welfare of the community, such as a ruler of the people, etc. These, then, are the two necessary conditions of the 'modus operandi' of katharsis; first, separation from the facts of the routine of daily life; secondly, universality of appeal.

With these premises we may now consider the manner and the means of the working out of this appeal. The plot is of first and foremost importance. It is not merely the framework by the basic structure in which character, thought, etc., are but of secondary value. It is the unfolding of the story, the incidents, that first attracts and holds the interest of the spectator. And as his emotions become the more stimulated as scene follows scene in the development of the play, for the time being his mind loses consciousness of the self-idea: his attention becomes engrossed in the fate of the hero. In the great cataclysmic turn of events the playgoer is lifted out of himself; or, perhaps, he may more correctly be said to find his true self—a self unhampered in the fullness of joy by the dread of life's burden. In this transport of self he has undergone a change. Aristotle calls it "ethopoios", character-moulding. No one can help being actuated by nobler thoughts after seeing a tragedy. It is not that the play itself points a moral, but the stimulus from experiencing truth in a concrete form leaves an indelible impression on the mind. Indeed, no artist can deal with serious things in a serious way without being a teacher.

But all this is more a matter of reflection. In the theatre itself this marvellous excitation of spirit, which all the time has been gradually the more incensed, is stayed with the death of the hero; yet it does not cease there. Death is necessary, apart from the emotional appeal of the attendant circumstances, as a means to end the actual contact with material life, but the flight of the spirit has already begun. In the calm which follows comes that all-wonderful pleasure—katharsis of tragedy. It is not that our emotions have been so much purged of their baser elements, although that may be true in some respects, as that they have been given what Aristotle calls their proper nature, "trophe". It is not purgation merely in the expellant but rather the curative sense. The constant application, which our daily round of duties imposes, tends to warp the soul; the full joy of untrammelled existence is enslaved by toil. It is freedom from such, escape, transport, etc., that is the pleasure of all art. In tragedy this feeling is most profound, because there all the arts are blended in one splendid whole; and more particularly because tragedy is designed wholly with a view to such an appeal. The katharsis of tragedy is the greatest pleasure, at least so far as things earthly are concerned, that the mind can experience.

This little essay is not a plea for the idealistic or what is sometimes called the romantic form of tragedy. But it is a plea for a sane judgment of tragedy from the effect produced. In my short study of tragedy I have yet to come across a single instance in the so-called modern tragic drama where the real pleasure of tragedy is produced—certainly in none of the modern "problem" tragedies. Problems and such-like themes are very fine material in themselves, and perhaps incite a peculiar interest on the stage. But when a playwright has his problem and that alone in his mind, the characters of his play become mere puppets, and the plot is relegated to only a secondary position. He doubtless brings home to his audience the problem, but that is not the pleasure of tragedy; our emotions are only the more intensified without the necessary relief. No, the artist must first realize that there is something in art greater than self-expression. Unless a dramatist concentrates his energies on getting the effect and the proper effect, his efforts will be more distorted than a futurist painting. There probably never was a time when people needed amusement as much as at the present, and the student of the drama will do well not to ignore how the ancients successfully produced the "pleasure of tragedy".

HARTLEY W. CAVELL.

Correspondence

The Editor of THE REBEL:

Dear Sir,

The request which I have to make of you may appear to be somewhat removed from your usual type of correspondence, and yet I venture to ask you to give it space in your columns. My husband and I hope in this way to reach a solution of a difficult and, I believe, not unique domestic problem.

My husband, as head of the Department of —— in the University, receives a comfortable, though not a generous salary. (Anyone directly concerned may find exact figures in the last Report of the Board of Governors). Until recent years our ménage has consisted of a good general maid, the usual odd job man, and a girl to take the children out in the afternoons. I myself superintended the children's education, entertained our friends in a modest way, and, as a University graduate, kept up my connection with one or two organizations whose activities especially appealed to me. Now, however, we are entirely without service in the house, as, indeed, are many of our friends.

As we have always entertained the most ardent sympathy for the emancipation of the worker, we wish to look at the situation in the most "democratic" manner. I should like to find an educated woman who would be capable of acting as mistress of the house, educating my two boys, and entertaining our friends at suitable intervals. Executive ability would also be a great advantage, as she might then take over my work as secretary-treasurer of the —— Women's Club, and social convenor of the Ladies' Aid Society. I myself realize that no outsider wishes to undertake menial work, and shall therefore personally attend to the routine house-work—sweeping, washing, scrubbing, cooking, and waiting on table, I could also wheel the baby out in the afternoons. We should arrange to have such a person take entire charge of my husband's salary, making us each a monthly allowance as the means afforded.

My husband would also like to find a college boy who could relieve him of a large part of his lecturing, and also take over several contracts for articles for periodical publications. He finds his time for these things much curtailed by necessary tasks such as cutting the grass, attending to the furnace, mending the electric bells, and

putting washers on the taps. This should be an excellent position for a bright undergraduate who is putting himself through college, as it need occupy only a part of his time, and may be done largely at his own convenience.

Hoping that these openings may appeal to some of your enterprising readers, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
JEAN F. ——.

[Several members of THE REBEL Staff think of applying for the positions you mention. They *may* be of assistance.—EDITOR.]

DE PROFUNDIS

Professor X————, who has vacated his old room in the Main Building, and now leads a troglodytic existence in the catacombs beneath the old Dining Hall, visited us the other day in our editorial mansions. He had, he said, an interesting problem to lay before us. When he first entered his new quarters he was surprised (no, he was not really surprised) to find in them ten chairs and no desk. His application for a desk was kindly received by the proper authorities, who promised that he should have the identical one which had been his in his former abode. Days passed on: the desk aforementioned appeared outside its old premises, but refused to budge any farther. At last, one fateful Friday, the patient gentleman arrived at his new quarters in time to behold two sturdy henchmen (he thinks they were henchmen, but cannot be quite sure) carrying in a very disreputable old table. "Why?" said he in mild surprise, "I was promised the desk from my old room." "Well, you see, sir, it's like this: the superintendent thought perhaps it might be a little *damp* for that desk in this room."

The problem for solution is the damp-resisting capacity of desks and professors respectively. (Personally we have always held that if there is one thing drier than a desk, it is a professor: but we forbore to tell him so.)

Our friend has promised to entertain us in what he playfully calls his *Humidor*, when he succeeds in convincing the authorities that underground dwellings are more convenient for reading purposes when fitted with some kind of light.—EDITOR.

"The Lists"

A Field for Literary Jousting.

A.—A prize of two dollars will be given for the best advertisement (with or without illustration) for THE REBEL.

N.B.—The Editors reserve the right to use any advertisement submitted in this contest.

B.—A prize of five dollars will be given for the best essay on "Why is a Fool?"

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.

"The Lists" are open to all readers of THE REBEL *unless specifically restricted.*

All envelopes must be addressed to "The Lists" Editor, THE REBEL, *University College.*

The name and address of every competitor must be written on the MS. itself. Pseudonyms will be used in publication upon request.

Competitors must write on one side of the paper only.

The Editor reserves the right of withholding any award in case, in his opinion, the matter submitted is not of sufficient merit.

The Editor reserves the right of printing on this page any matter sent in for competition, whether it is awarded a prize or not.

All entries for the above competition "A" must reach the Editor on or before December 15, 1919, and for "B" on or before January 1, 1920.

The results will be published in the January issue.

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