



# The Mitre

---

Lent 1954

University of Bishop's College  
Lennoxville

---

# Are You Leaving It Up To The Province To Decide Your Family's Future ?

Will-making is both a duty and a privilege. And **YOUR** Will is probably the most important document that you will ever sign.

If you have a Will, you select your beneficiaries and determine to what extent and in what manner each of them shall share the fruits of your labours.

**Are you willing to pass up these  
rights and privileges?**

If you fail to make a Will, the law of this Province will make these vitally important decisions for you!

Your Will should be drawn by a lawyer or notary — consult us as to the advantages of appointing this Institution as Executor.

## SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY

---

LENT 1954

---

FOUNDED 1843



ROYAL CHARTER 1853

## Bishop's University Lennoxville, Quebec

A residential University for men and women  
Faculties of Arts and Science, and Divinity.

*Courses extending over a period of three years are provided  
for the following degrees:*

Bachelor of Arts - B.A.                      Bachelor of Science - B.Sc.

Honours Courses in Arts and Science extend over a period  
of four years from the School Leaving Certificate (Grade XI).

Theological students may qualify for the B. A. with  
Theological Options in three years followed by two years  
of Theological study for the title of L. S. T.

*Post-graduate work is provided for the degrees of*

Master of Arts - M.A.                      Master of Education - M.Ed.  
High School Teachers Certificate

A Summer School for Teachers, of six weeks' duration,  
is held during July and August.

Valuable Scholarships and Exhibitions, including three scholarships  
given by Sir James Dunn of the value of \$425.00 each, tenable for  
three or four years on condition that a satisfactory standard is main-  
tained in undergraduate work. The Sir Edward Beatty Scholarship:  
The winner will receive \$200.00 annually for three years on condition  
that he maintain a satisfactory standard in undergraduate work.

*For Calendars, with information regarding entrance requirements,  
courses and fees, apply:*

THE REGISTRAR, Lennoxville, Que.

---

# Sherbrooke Daily Record

THE ONLY ENGLISH DAILY IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS



*Designers and Quality Printers*

## INDUSTRIAL PLATING

Chromium    Nickel    Copper  
Cadmium    Tin

## CASTINGS

Bronze — Brass — Aluminum  
Rough Cast or Machined

"Blue Seal" Semi-Machined Bronze Bushings

*All popular sizes carried in stock.*

## Union Screen Plate Company of Canada Ltd.

*Head office*  
Lennoxville, Que.

*Plants*  
Lennoxville and Montreal

*Learn your*  
**PRACTICAL ECONOMICS**



at "MY BANK", where students' accounts are welcome. You can open an account for as little as a dollar.

**BANK OF MONTREAL**  
*Canada's First Bank*



WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

Sherbrooke Branches  
Main Office, 93 Wellington St. N.: GILBERT A. RHEAUME, Manager  
Belvidere and King Sts. Branch: ARMAND LABERGE, Manager  
WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817



**EXPORT**  
CANADA'S  
FINEST CIGARETTE



# The Mitre

ESTABLISHED 1893

Hon. President — DR. W. O. RAYMOND

Hon. Vice-President                      Hon. Vice-President  
 PROF. J. GRAY                              DR. D. C. MASTERS

President of Publications — MERVYN AWCOCK  
 Editor-in-Chief — HUGH DOHERTY

Assistant Editor                              Women's Editor  
 PETER MATTHEWS                              MISS PATRICIA TECTOR

Art Editor                                      Secretary-Treasurer  
 MISS JANE HAMILTON                              MISS ELIZABETH WELTER

Exchanges Editor                              Circulation Manager  
 GEORGE CANTLIE                              JAMES CRAIG

Business and Advertising Manager  
 IAN LESLIE

## LITERARY BOARD

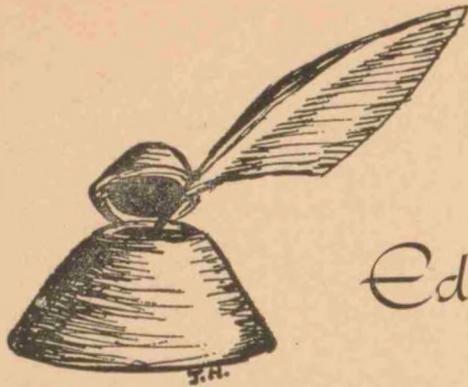
C. H. DOHERTY, CHAIRMAN. DR. W. O. RAYMOND. PROF. J. GRAY. DR. D. C. MASTERS. P. MATTHEWS. G. CANTLIE. MISS J. HAMILTON. J. PRESTON. J. CHAPMAN. R. MIDGLEY. MISS H. FAIRBAIRN. MISS A. DODDS. MISS ELIZABETH HOME. E. CLARK. MISS C. OWEN.

## A Student Publication

The opinions expressed in this magazine are those of the contributors only and do not represent either the views of the Students' Association or those of the University. Material may be reprinted without permission if proper source is acknowledged. Advertising and subscription rates will be sent on request.

# CONTENTS

EDITORIAL .....	6
IN THIS ISSUE .....	8
LETTER FROM NEW ZEALAND .....	9
<b>FICTION</b>	
The Boat .....	John Chapman 26
The Sceptic .....	Richard Berryman 48
A Northern Quebec Mining Town .....	B. S. K. 56
<b>POETRY</b>	
Desert Song .....	James K. Baxter 11
A Woman's Work .....	Louis Johnson 16
Icy Fingers Point at Me .....	John Preston 24
Epigram .....	William Prouty 28
Montreal East .....	B. S. K. 29
November .....	John Preston 41
Fir Tree Ballerinas .....	John Preston 41
A Trilogy of Lectures .....	Elizabeth Home 42
The Feline .....	Vals Horsfal 46
The White Cross .....	John McVittie 47
The Young .....	Ann Dodds 51
Seasons .....	Heather Maggs 52
Coming Together Again .....	John Preston 54
The Vigil .....	Helen Fairbairn 55
The Harbingers .....	Hugh Doherty 59
<b>ARTICLES</b>	
Many Happy Self-Regards .....	B. J. Cameron 12
The Land of the Philistines .....	Isobel Thomas 18
A New Elizabethan Age in Literature? .....	James Gray 30
<b>PHOTOGRAPHY</b>	
Snowspray .....	25
Old Arts .....	40
Sunset Spires .....	Heather Maggs 53
EXCHANGES .....	George Cantlie 60



# Editorial

*"The time has come," the Walrus said, "to talk of many things . . . . ."*

ONCE there was a little man who lived in a world among other little men and women. It was really quite a remarkable world, for you see, none of its inhabitants thought themselves little at all, or realized that their world was surrounded by another.

"Yes," said the little man to another little man one day, "it certainly is wonderful that we have achieved a perfect working democracy here." He meant that the government was modelled along democratic lines, that the people thought in democratic forms and expounded democratic ideals, and that the society as a whole valued the worth of the individual above the worth of the mob.

Yet, the government, unfortunately, was limited in its functions. It was democratic and free so long as it followed established principles in a few important issues, and governed unhampered only in trivial, unreal matters which reflected the narrowness of the little world.

The people thought in high sounding terms of freedom of action, word and thought but paid too little attention to the responsibilities which guarantee such actual freedom. "Why," quoth the little man, "I live as I like and say what I please. Joe, there, does all the work, so why should I bother to do it?"

All the other little men and women lived as they liked and said what they pleased, too, so long as "Joe" did the work.

And the value of the individual? Well, as the little man said one day: "Yes, Joe works hard, but he really doesn't belong in this world. Why, he's not like the rest of us at all, always discussing things no

one else ever thinks about, and wandering off by himself to find amusement."

"Joe" only shoulders the responsibility for preserving the little world, he gains none of its acceptance.

The little man, however, will soon have spent the requisite number of years in his little world, and will suddenly become a big man. Then he will leave for a bigger world, where the jurisdiction of the government knows no limits except those of public decision; where the people either accept a part of the responsibilities of democracy or forfeit their freedom; and where the individual is the supreme unit of living.

What then, little man?

C. H. D.



## In This Issue

IN THIS issue, the second of the session, we have been able to bring to our readers a rather interesting assortment of literature. There is once again a large selection of poetry as well as several excellent short stories and articles. It is, in the opinion of The Mitre staff, one of the more representative issues of a magazine which has always endeavoured to provide balanced and enlightened reading.

Perhaps the most interesting features of this number are the work of foreign authors — in particular those in New Zealand. In the **Letter from New Zealand** can be seen an appraisal of the motivation behind the poems **A Woman's Work** by Louis Johnson and **Desert Song** by James K. Baxter, both written by nationally known New Zealand authors and taken from one of our newest exchanges, the **Salient Literary Issue**, received from Victoria College in Wellington, New Zealand last term. The letter also came with the exchanges. Particularly interesting is the postscript, and should anyone wish to delve further into the matter of New Zealand contemporary culture, two issues of the **Salient** are available in the lower library on the exchange shelf.

Whether there is any psychological connotation in the dryness of the desert shown in both of the poems, I cannot say, but the outlook in both does not seem bright. We thought there must be some explanation for this and looked further.

In our search we came across the article abridged in this issue, **Many Happy Self-Regards**. This piece of writing is rather a vehement one, but as it is in fact an opinion, it should not be taken as too representative a picture of New Zealand society. We often see the same sort of thing in our own literature where authors frequently criticise one phase of our society and on it base a thesis for the greatness or "mediocrity" of our culture. In the article in question, the author has blamed a certain materialism and an almost secular puritanism for the lack of great literary works. It should prove enlightening to compare this work to the article on Canadian cultural accomplishment by one of the Mitre's former editors, Isobel Thomas.

Also included in this issue is an outstanding essay on English Literature by Professor James Gray, entitled **A New Elizabethan Age in Literature?** Included, too, are some contributions from a graduate "B.S.K.", who has always shown an interest in The Mitre which we certainly appreciate, and an **Epigram** from another graduate, William Prouty. It is our hope that more graduates will follow along this path, for it gives us great pleasure to accept the work they submit.

T. P. M.

## LETTER FROM NEW ZEALAND

Victoria University College Students'  
Association, Inc.

P.O. Box 196, Wellington, New Zealand

Dear Sir:

Since I have been interested in publications at this university I have read *The Mitre* with pleasure. It is, apart from the occasional copy of the *Trinity Review* the only Canadian student publication we receive. As your country is regarded here as the "rich boy" of the Empire, we are particularly interested to see how learning and the arts develop under what seem most favourable conditions — prosperity plus a widely varied land area, and in parts a mixture of two traditions. Sir Vincent Massey's Royal Commission of The Arts was regarded with envious amazement by artists in this country. Films like those of the royal tour and McClaren's experiments occasionally come our way. We are interested to see how your culture will react to American influences, too.

You will see, then how we regard *The Mitre* — as a possible indication of the growth of a Canadian culture, at university level. We note with respect that your magazine has been established sixty years. We can admire this all the more, with the sad memory that our own "*Spike*," which had seen the half-century mark has died, and due to economic difficulties does not seem likely to be revived.

However, there has been an offspring — still small, inclined to pimples, but economically sound, if rather austere. This is the *Salient "Literary Issue"*, which is the special issue of our weekly student newspaper *Salient*. Its often ephemeral nature as a college newspaper makes it poor exchange material, but it is hoped that the two *Literary Issues* enclosed will help make good our debt to you in this matter.

Our university, unlike your own, is a secular one, a fact which will be reflected in the contents of the magazines. The university (student population 2,000, full time, 500), has the reputation of entering fiercely into public disputes. It has contained at odd times most of the country's Communists. At times they have dominated the student administration. The reaction has been counter organizations, coups, constitutional resolutions, etc. All very exhilarating, but often tiring. During the thirties and during the immediate post war years,

students were constantly embroiled with the more conservative elements of the community. All this to explain the slant of the contents of these magazines. Although more purely literary than their predecessors, they remain conscious of the apathy of the great majority. They contain writing by people who are sometimes no longer undergraduates, but who are in some way still connected with the university, e.g. teachers who attend the occasional lecture.

The editorial of the 1952 issue will give you a general impression of writing in Wellington which is now outdated, for the groups have dispersed, and individuals are writing in near isolation making infrequent contact at a part time university. The average age of contributors is about 22, although the editors have been 18 and 20 respectively.

Nearly all feel that they are involved in a problem wider than just writing in New Zealand. Most are conscious of a conflict of values, Christianity vs Materialism in the modern world. For this reason, they tackle (prematurely it may seem to you) problems like the relation of ethics and aesthetics, love and sex. I think that if you examine them closely, you will find a maturing from the adolescents from such writers as Baxter and Johnson. Nearly all contributors have had their work published on a national scale, in one way or another.

Allowing for exaggeration, I think you will in a strange way get an idea of what younger writers are trying to do in New Zealand.

I hope that you will find it as valuable as we do *The Mitre*, to which we wish a solidly continued existence.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN CODY (*Editor*)

P.S. You will probably see also why we get embroiled with the public.

## Desert Song

Your heart is the spring  
Where my army drinks  
The long feud forgotten  
Of the wounded desert.

There they lay down  
Their blood red banners  
And suck pale honey  
From the nipples flowers.

The sun is not darkened  
With brazen wings  
And the face of the gorgon  
Is hidden from them.

O come my sister  
With your yellow scarf bound  
Like sunlight in your hair  
And your hands like fawns playing.

Bring water that sings  
In the carved throat of stone  
And let them drink the dew pond  
Of your quiet palm.

For their swords are rusted  
And fallen among reeds  
And their mouths desire the kiss  
Of the petals of mud.

Who never in the desert  
Of a thousand years  
Saw other than blood colour  
And the salt mirage.

Let them tonight  
Sleep with no stone apollo  
But the candelabra  
Of the innocent stars.

And the young breasts  
Of you my sister  
Who tear of the torment  
From the face of the sun.

**James K. Baxter**  
From "Salient Literary Issue"  
September 1953

## Many Happy Self-Regards

B. J. Cameron

THE PEOPLE of New Zealand, bourgeoisie first and last, have fought in two world wars to keep their country a paradise for mediocrity. From a nineteenth century English middle class background have sprung three of their most salient characteristics. First, a negative puritanism. Second, an equalitarianism merging into worship of conformity. Third, a supreme indifference to things of the mind and the imagination.

☆ ☆ ☆

The average New Zealander is puritan by origin, upbringing, and instinct.

We are glum and apathetic in our pleasures, amusements, and vices alike — in the last category gambling easily leads the field, with squalid drunkenness in second place. We are determinedly serious, and distrust gaiety as a sign of instability and even effeminacy. Public laughter and the public display of affection are both improper. Spontaneous public singing is an objectionable foreign habit, and there is some pride that the New Zealanders in the First World War were known as the "Silent Division".

We welcome barbarous laws in relation to drinking, gambling and Sabbath observance, which make Sunday a desert, savagely restrict drink in all its more civilized aspects, and make us the laughing stock of visitors from foreign lands. Our innate puritanism makes us ashamed to drink in front of mothers and children, and drinking is thereby segregated from ordinary life and becomes a semi-furtive vice. Drink with meals implies that liquor might be natural and normal, and is therefore very wicked indeed. Drink with dancing implies that liquor and gaiety might be associated and is most properly prohibited.

Any real controversy is discouraged by an unofficial censorship in the newspapers and an official censorship on the radio. In radio suppression reaches fantastic extremes. Parliamentary speech, compared with Australia, is at girls' school level.

This puritan taint has deeply affected much of our literature, which tends to an Arnoldish high seriousness. Self-conscious and much given to solemn introspection, most New Zealand writers seem forever haunted by the necessity of explaining themselves. Song is escapism, pagan gaiety not quite nice, and Christian gaiety, of course simply a

contradiction in terms. In short, like our national character, our literature has been all gravity and no grace.

☆ ☆ ☆

By exception, New Zealanders do have two real enthusiasms, twin obsessions with equality and security. They are militant levellers, truly believing in economic as well as political democracy. No one must be allowed to have anything that everyone else has not a chance of getting. Consistently they are usually ready to take it easy as soon as they are earning enough for a respectable living (and they mean respectable, for this is the first and the greatest virtue). There is little of that appalling hunger for Success which obsesses so many Americans. In fact, except in sport, there is little urge to excel at all.

In the economic order, this has much to be said for it. The more ugly aspects of the sheep-mob theory of society and its inevitable effects on the arts generally, are however, obvious. They show themselves in an adulation of mediocrity, a fanatic urge to drag down, and on insistence on conformity.

A web of Main Streets smothers the land. Anyone who does not fit in with a stock pattern of variations is branded as a crank. Poets are cranks, artists are cranks, all longhairs are cranks, those who do not regard the suburbs of a New Zealand provincial town as the highest goal of human endeavour are dangerous cranks. Varsity students, being different are probably commos. Many students themselves agree with this judgment and go out of their way to assure people that any unusual ideas are the products of an irresponsible minority.

The view that variety is richness, that unity is not the same thing as uniformity, is heresy in New Zealand. Differences give rise to "problems", from which this country has so far been happily free. Immigrants are not wanted, or are accepted with reluctance in small numbers on the clear understanding that they will submerge themselves in our pumice-grey way of life. Above all, they must not infect New Zealand with any unpleasant Continental habits, all Continental habits that differ from ours being ipso facto unpleasant.

That intensification of living which is possible in cities and which is indispensable to any high level of culture is lacking. Our towns are suburbs scattered around non-existent urbs. Neighbourhoods are merely accidental congeries of houses. The community centre is rare, nor except in country districts is there a substitute such as the English pub. The male bar-school is the highest natural form of group life. The enormous amount of locality and city co-operation that exists in America would seem "rank" socialism in this country.

Even in their few individualisms, New Zealanders are merely conforming to a convention that in these particular matters everything must be completely unlike everything else.



The excuse that our materialism is an inevitable product of our frontier society has worn thin. We may still be at a frontier level intellectually, with the addition of hypocrisy, but the actual pioneering days are in most parts two clear generations away. It is time to recognize that materialism in a more or less crude form is an inherent feature of New Zealand character.

As befits a practical people unable to see that all practice is rooted in theory, we thoroughly distrust ideas and are ill at ease in handling them. Cold and precise thinking is alien to us and we therefore look on consistency as beneath the dignity of the British race. Our speculations are amateurish and woolly, and our muddled minds produce muddled thought, or rather the frequent substitution of sentiment for thought altogether. These are not simply lowbrow traits. They are apparent in many *Landfall* articles, in a good deal of our most pretentious poetry, in the drizzly stories of Sargeson, and in parts of Holcroft's *Discovered Isles*. They are seen in the popularity of the current cloudiest science, sociology. They are seen in the intellectual's philosophy of life, which is likely to be either a misty pantheism or a frank scepticism.

Religion means churchgoing and a wishy-washy doctrine that kindness is all. Ethics are of habit only, their unique sanction the opinion of our fellows. Theology is an even greater loss than philosophy. Mysticism proper is one of the many things that are un-British and being alien must necessarily be inferior, and a legitimate subject for sneers or the pity that surpasses misunderstanding.

A bread and butter theory of education is openly dominant. The purpose of education is to enable people to get jobs, and the purpose of higher education is to enable them to get better jobs. Our universities have accordingly been regarded as glorified night schools. Pure research, at least in fields other than the physical sciences, is something we cannot afford and can do very well without.

Our reading is wide, but uncritical and fills our brains with a hodge-podge of half-digested inconsistencies. Conversation is limited to shop-talk personalities and sport. The only subjects in which we pretend or aspire to any critical knowledge apart from personal fields of technical competence are sport and politics. Otherwise opinions are

taken ready-made from the Press, which in turn takes them second-hand from London.



If we have small concern for things of the mind, most of us have none at all for those of the imagination. This deficiency, together with the triumph of the Victorian heresy that art has nothing to do with daily life, has cut at the roots of any hope of a legitimate culture, unless the Maoris assimilate us.

Although every town we have built is festering ugliness, we are surrounded by beautiful scenery, much of which we have not yet found ways to destroy. This scenery has given to us in spite of ourselves some sense of colour. A sense of form is however entirely wanting.

We have no architectural tradition, no architectural imagination whatever, and very little good building. Architecture is fashion. Town planning is an imposed evil tolerated only to the degree that it serves the practical convenience of the moment.

We have no intelligent interest in the arts, and our taste is as deplorable as our knowledge. Music is a partial exception, perhaps because it is primarily an emotional one. It does not occur to us that the appeal of the other fine arts may be intellectual.

In art, modern means Rodin and Van Gogh. In literature, people are just discovering Hopkins and the early T. S. Eliot, and are still brought up on a basic diet of Wordsworth, Keats and Shelly. Stravinsky's *Petrouchka* is very advanced, very futuristic. By the pseudo-cultured, everything since 1900 is described as futuristic.

But it is in our painting perhaps that our philistinism reaches its zenith. The merit of any painting is judged exclusively by its approximation to a photograph. A suggestion that the artist may be trying to show the reality behind the appearances is met with blank stares, for it of course, is well known that the chief purpose and glory of art is to convey sentiment.

Grace of living is found among foreigners, who are dishonest, lecherous, and unreliable. Therefore grace of living leads, to, or at least is necessarily associated with lack of fundamental virtues. New Zealanders, who possess all these basic virtues, accordingly do not have the frills and graces, and will be well advised not to hanker after them.

An attitude that integrity and beauty, virtue and good living, are incompatible almost shakes the reason. The frightening thing is that many of our countrymen believe it.

(Abridged from *Salient "Literary Issue"*,  
September 1953)

## A Woman's Work

*Oh woman walking robed through mornings  
tasked to pleasure and content,  
in fondling hands the china warnings  
crack before your merriment,  
and the wind rising from cold South  
blows back your kisses in your mouth.*

*The unsuspected morning news  
tells of statesmen promptly murdered  
who subscribed to dangerous views.  
But will the roast arrive you ordered —  
will it be the best cut of beast?  
Wind rises, bloodied, from the East*

*The latest episode of adventure  
sponsored by soap to whet your ear,  
tells how one's heart was a debenture  
and how HE bought up every share:  
creates small stirrings in your breast;  
rebellious winds rise from the West.*

*Now afternoon; the lunch is over;  
soft the bubble-music floats.  
Will there come a mighty lover  
bright as day to burn your boats?  
— Oh no, Preserve me from love's wrath —  
the cruel wind whining from the North.*

*All round, all round, the treacherous winds  
render the climate of each day  
open to malice. Neighbours find  
in every step the old decay;  
muffle your heart against the cold,  
grasp with stifling hand at what you hold*

*The holiest family minds the glass,  
in terror sees the weathercock  
present its omens. There's a face  
kept under every face would mock  
decent behaviour, drawn your castle,  
pound the heart with wind's blind pestle.*

*Walk robed through mornings, sing your song  
and hope your deepest fears of wind are wrong.*

**Louis Johnson**

From "Salient Literary Issue"  
September 1953



## The Land of The Philistines

Isobel Thomas

THE subject of Canadian National Culture, and whether or not it exists, is one about which every thinking Canadian is concerned; this concern found its voice in the Massey report. From the press coverage of the Royal Commission study, I was under the impression, as I expect most people were, that the deplorable truth was that Canada has no culture. Those who have read the Report found somewhat to their surprise that such is not the case. The fact which was deplored was, on the contrary, the state of abysmal ignorance of their culture in which Canadians are allowed to remain by their educational institutions, their government, and their own unsmitten imaginations.

It is axiomatic that before any country can have a national culture, its people must be nationally conscious. Why are Canadians not nationalistic? Canada is vast; her population is pathetically small, hence urban centres to which we mainly would look for production of cultural products are relatively few. The Canadian people have come from many lands; under circumstances other than those in which Canada finds herself, the introduction of foreign influences would contribute richly to the pattern of culture in a new country. But in this case, these groups of emigrants have not been integrated into the population as a whole — rather, because of the size of our country, they have understandably tended to isolate themselves into small communities where they have managed to preserve their cultures from other influence. This has been the major cause of the provincialism of which Canadians are guilty. As a result, Canadians as a group have hitherto been unaware of the wealth of foreign art which exists within their boundaries. Another factor which helps explain the absence of a true national feeling is the chronic national inferiority complex possessed by most Canadians. As one writer puts it, the B.N.A. Act and the Statute of Westminster are far less dramatic than the Declaration of Independence. We have not had to fight for the preservation of our nationhood as have other lands, hence the fact of our nationhood is unexciting and taken-for-granted. However, as Dr. Masters observed in a History lecture in 1950, our generation, which includes a larger proportion of native-born Canadians than any of its predecessors, will perhaps escape this provincialism — this embarrassment at being only Canadians. It is our generation which

has the responsibility of evolving a national consciousness and sloughing off the negative mental attitudes which we have inherited.

We must reflect that a Canadian culture will not evolve inevitably. It is quite possible that Canada will go on being the pale cousin of the United States, and the self-effacing daughter of that cultural Valhalla, Great Britain. Our national consciousness must, because of Canada's unique background, be the result of conscious effort on all our parts. This effort should begin with a desire to become aware of what the cultural activity of our country has produced. It is our hitherto distinterest and phlegmatic unawareness which is the despair of Canadian artists today.

If we examine the subject, we find it is impossible to dismiss the artistic achievements of Canadians in two or three sentences. In the three quarters of a century that Canada has been a nation, she has produced at least fifty poets of worth, and at least half a dozen of great talent. The foremost of these today is Dr. Earle Birney (also one of our best novelists), who is a professor of English at the University of British Columbia. Yet I for one had never heard of him until I came to Vancouver and by chance came across a copy of his comic story of the Canadian Army experiences of a young man named Turvey. I would guess that many others have been in a similar state of ignorance. Since it is acknowledged by most people that the composition of poetry is the first stage in the development of a literature, Canada would seem not to have so bleak a future as we are led to believe.

In the field of novel-writing, and non-fiction, we are not so far advanced, but taking the preceding observation into account, this is fairly understandable. But a few names at least stand out — Hugh MacLennan, Mazo de la Roche, Gabrielle Roy, Roger Lemelin, Bruce Hutchison and Dr. Birney. These, and other authors have concerned themselves with the Canadian scene and social problems uniquely Canadian. Yet I have met Canadian university graduates who have never heard even of Hugh MacLennan.

One of the major reasons why more Canadian literature is not on the market is that publishers in general hesitate to risk their money on it. This cannot glibly be assumed to indicate that Canadian literary submissions are of small worth. If the Canadian reading public were so discriminating, the millions of words of imported trash would not sell as they do. Rather it is because the publishers cannot sell even the three to five thousand volumes necessary for them to come out even financially. Surely, one would think, one half of one percent of the people in this country have the desire to be aware of what is

going on in the field of Canadian literature. Except in a few instances, however, such seems not to be the case.

In the field of drama, we have much less to show. I believe, nevertheless, that taking all aspects of the situation into account, this is due not to the lack of Canadian talent in the dramatic field, but to the lack of support this talent has received from the Canadian public. Plays about Canada and Canadians will only be written when there are Canadian drama groups to present them; and Canadian repertory theatre must have audiences composed of Canadians. In Quebec, Fernandel and Gratien Gelinas have endeared themselves to their audiences. Unfortunately, these latter must be composed only of Canadiens and those Canadians who understand French. In London and Toronto there are repertory theatres, and in Vancouver there is one, the Avon theatre. The Totem theatre, which flourished at the original time of writing, moved some months ago to Victoria because of lack of support in Vancouver. From all reports it is not doing well there and may have closed up shop by now. The Avon theatre is doing fairly well, mainly due to the fact that it imports its stars from Hollywood.

The important fact is that these groups **do** exist, and are gradually educating and building a pride of accomplishment in their audiences. Yet Vancouver, a city of half a million, has not enough drama-conscious people to enable its drama groups to exist without financial worry. Until this situation is alleviated, who can expect people with talent seriously to concentrate their efforts on playwriting with little or no hope of seeing their plays in performance?

Musically, we are far more fortunate than some critics would have us believe. I must disagree emphatically with the statement that "Canadian music is not." Two or three years ago, the Toronto Symphony produced a group of concerts of music composed by Canadians. The press reviews were favorable, but a deficit of several thousand dollars had to be met by outside sources. That is, not enough Canadians living in the Toronto area were sufficiently interested to attend the concerts. Some of the same music was performed later in Vancouver in a special Symposium of Canadian Music. This was extremely well received, and was recognized as a great accomplishment for the cause of Canadian music. Yet it received hardly any publicity in the Eastern press; apparently it was assumed that it was a matter of interest to Westerners only. How carefully our Canadian press preserves, almost respects, our provincialism!

Charles Comfort, a foremost Canadian artist, said in his report to the Royal Commission: "The assumption that any influence not peculiarly Canadian is inimical to the development of a purely Canadian

culture is fundamentally wrong." Many Canadians are of the opinion that until we have a quantity of musical composition which reflects Canadian sounds exclusively, we have no Canadian music. If these people had their wish, we should have a flock of Canadian counterparts of the Grand Canyon Suite, and not much more. I for one would not be too happy about that. It is only in folk music that we find traits which stamp it as peculiar to a particular nation. Folk music can develop only where people are relatively isolated from other contacts. This enforced insularity causes them to express their musical thoughts in modes reflective of their way of life. For that reason, Canadian folk music belongs almost entirely to the Canadiens, parts of the Maritimes, and to Newfoundland. Canada as a whole has skipped this stage, and her musicians must go on to the composition of music of an abstract rather than a pictorial nature.

To say that Canadian music "is not" is a flagrant distortion of the facts: what is important is that we have flourishing communities of musicians **who are Canadians**. We have well over a dozen symphony orchestras, four of which are definitely of a professional calibre; we have two professional ballet companies, the Winnipeg Ballet in particular having earned for itself an international reputation; all our major universities have music schools, the Toronto Conservatory being one of the largest in the world; there are innumerable choral groups, some professional and many amateur. There is no National Opera because of the lack of facilities for production, not because of a lack of suitable talent. It is no wonder then that practically all of the great singers and instrumentalists whom Canada has produced have sought the fulfillment of their careers in the United States or Europe. If it were not for the CBC we should have never had the opportunity to hear Canadians portraying the classics of the operatic repertoire. In fact, it might safely be said that it is to the much-vilified CBC that we owe the continued existence of professional Canadian musical organizations. The CBC subsidizes the major symphony orchestras, and provides almost the only medium by which young Canadian artists can reach an audience.

The question now remains — what should and could be done to stimulate and encourage interest in the arts in Canada and in Canadian Arts? The University graduates of Canada should naturally be the group which takes the lead in a new movement towards increased awareness of the situation. Yet the appalling truth is that the curricula of our Universities do not make contact with the artistic achievements of our own country inevitable or even possible for all students. Why does not at least half the freshman course in English consist of a study of Canadian literature — poetry, novels and drama? As it is, at Bishop's and most other universities, the first year English course,

which is the only English course received by many of the students, consists entirely of the study of British literature. I would not be so foolish as to imply that this is not valuable; because Canada is to all intents and purposes an Anglo-Saxon country, British literature is our heritage, from which Canadian literature is an outgrowth. But as the present situation in Canada concerning the arts is one almost of emergency, what better way to alleviate it than to ensure that the students of our Universities gain a knowledge of their national literature? In our second-year Novel course at Bishop's we spent approximately three weeks on the modern novel, and that brief study dealt entirely with the more unintelligible of the American works. There was hardly any mention that such a thing as a Canadian novel even existed, to say nothing of Canadian poetry. I do not recall that even in the English Major was there any course which dealt with Canadian literature. Is the University not the most logical place to invest Canadian youth with a realization of our artistic achievements? Yet it is possible for any student to graduate from University without having ever studied so much as Canadian history. I believe that the second-year Canadian History class in 1950 at Bishop's consisted of about forty students. Only those who were majoring in history had any more contact with the subject than that provided by this one course.

The curricula of our Universities should be designed to ensure that no student who attends college can possibly leave without having had some contact with Canadian Literature and History. Canadians make a great game of laughing at the way in which "The American Way of Life" is ballyhooed in the United States. No one would deny that this has been carried to the maudlin stage. Yet it has served its purpose; American children are from their first years at school imbued with an awareness of their heritage. Canadian schools are so occupied with educating Canadian youth about the achievements of other countries, that their own is neglected. I would be the last to advocate the encouragement of a petty sort of nationalism whose only criterion of merit is Canadianism; but neither should it be possible for our youth to finish their education with the conviction that Canadian Art is not!

It is surprising that the Dominion and Provincial Governments have not yet undertaken concentrated campaigns to alleviate the situation as it has been revealed by the Massey Report. Most of the authors of the Reports to the Royal Commission felt that a Government-sponsored campaign of propaganda and material aid to the arts in Canada would be of inestimable value. The first would be to combat the ignorance and self-consciousness of the Canadian public; the second would be an aid to enabling young Canadian talent to complete

their artistic training in Canada, and to make a living at their art in their own country after its completion. Such programmes are followed by many of the other Commonwealth nations, Great Britain and Australia having special Government Departments whose business it is to foster the development of the arts.

I have not attempted to deal with all the realms of art, but only with those of more obvious importance and about which I believe the greatest ignorance prevails. I wish to stress, however, that the main thesis of this piece is that Canadians must stop passing the buck of responsibility for the situation. We should remember that other nations take us at our word when we deprecate or ignore the existence of these things of which we have so much cause to be proud.

*"Come, come, no time for lamentation now,  
Nor much more cause  
let but them find courage to  
try hold on this occasion."*



## *Icy Fingers Point At Me*

*Icy fingers point at me,  
Point and poke at me  
As I walk away, away.  
No shelter in cold bone arms  
You mocking grey black skeletons.*

*A face follows every where  
Leering, sneering white skinned tormentor  
Leave me in darkness. Let me alone.  
Why must you point my pathway  
So pitilessly, revealing me naked,  
Naked, relentless, reaching eye.*

*But worse the one who dares to touch  
Smacking my face, pinching my body  
With cold, cutting humour.  
Scream on fiend, voice of a wicked, witless world.  
All laughing at my night's mistakes  
I'll run, run, Run.  
Run away from your lunatic laugh  
You haven't won!  
You haven't won, yet.*

**John Preston**

Snowspray



# The Boat

John Chapman

**A**re you at times bothered by some compulsion? Are there occasions when without apparent reasons you are struck by strange motivations? If this is the case perhaps you ignore them and hide them from even your friends. Some people, however, obey these impulses.

Take Jim Neill for example — a fine man, loved by his family and respected by his friends. Then one day he got out a hammer and some nails and lost everything . . . or did he?

"Jim!" exclaimed Vera, who sat across the table from him, "you're not listening to a word I say; I can't understand the way you've been acting recently!" Her husband sat slumped in his chair, looking as though at some distant object, the piece of meat on his fork going cold. Hearing her he started, turning over his water glass as he did so. He looked at the widening pool a moment then arose from his chair and left the room.

As he walked into the back yard a feeling of pride swelled in his chest. It seemed that every time he looked at his boat he had this feeling. Furthermore he wasn't happy unless he had the firm feeling of hammer or chisel in his grasp, adding a piece here, a piece there, always a bit closer to its completion. Yes, he thought as he patted the hull, it's a fine boat, a fine staunch craft. It should be too, I've put a lot of good wood and good work into it. You can hardly see the seams; I guess I can be proud of it all right — just about finished too.

"Hey!" His neighbour Stan Hunt called to him over the fence. "Man, your mind's half a mile away. Looking at your boat, eh? Looks good, I guess you're nearly finished now. You should be; been working on it nearly a year now. Say, what was it you said you were going to do with it?" This he said derisively. "There must be room for nearly twenty people in it. Looks kinda big to me. Don't know that you'll be able to find a trailer big enough to haul it to the sea. It's a bit useless just sitting here; I suppose the kids could play in it though."

Jim looked at his boat again. Sure it was big; there's nothing wrong with that, it shouldn't be too hard to move either . . . if I ever have to move it.

\* \* \*

"You know, Jean, I've been watching him for a couple of months now and really, the attention he gives that ridiculous boat of his! It doesn't even look much like a boat, all squarish the way it is."

"Well I don't know what you think, but I don't mind telling you, I think the man's crazy, completely crazy . . ."

\* \* \*

"Say, Jim," one of his friends at the office hailed him, "we don't seem to be seeing much of you these days, you don't come over to play poker the way you used to. You know, I've been thinking. We all ought to get together soon and have a stag; a real stag I mean, with lots of beer and a girlie show." He moved his hand suggestively.

\* \* \*

During his lunch hour he wandered about the streets aimlessly, stopping to look in at the windows here and there. He didn't know why but suddenly people began to annoy him intensely; not just some people, but people in general. It seemed that the only time he could enjoy peace of mind was when he was working on his boat. He knew what people were thinking and saying about him behind his back and now he began to feel that perhaps they were right. Still, he couldn't go back to the office this afternoon to face the seemingly trivial work there waiting for him. Impulsively he hopped onto a waiting bus and went home.

When he arrived, the house was empty, but as he was getting his tools his wife appeared, her arms laden with groceries.

"Jim! what are you doing home so early?"

"I took leave," he replied.

"Leave! how many times is that this year? What sort of a vacation will we have this year if you keep taking leave to work on that . . . that thing of yours!"

He turned and walked toward the boat, again he had that feeling of warmth and pride and as he began to work he forgot his troubles.

"Dad!" The voice of his son Ricky awoke him from his semi-consciousness. "Can I help?"

Ricky had been a great help, he thought. Poor young trusting Ricky. Through all the building he had never asked what the boat was for. Only he could believe in his father.

"Sure Rick," he replied, "grab that can of paint off the porch. We've just got to paint the cabin and we're through."

"Dad," said Ricky as he slapped on the last few strokes of paint, "where are you going to put the motor?"

THE MOTOR — he was frozen by the word. Strangely enough he had never thought of what was to propel the boat. There was no motor in it. There were no sails, no boiler, no turbines, no fuel. Nothing. It was a wooden box: nothing more nor less than a huge wooden box!

WHY? Why had he built such a thing? Had he gone utterly mad? What force had compelled him to make this great useless shell? He stood looking at the skies for a long, long time.

It was not until the first great black drops of rain began to fall that he understood.



### Epigram

*How glad, God, will I be,  
Arriving in Heaven to find,  
Only one of Thee.*

**William Proentz**

## Montreal East

*Monday spread threadbare wash  
from a third balcony to freedom down slanting steps  
extended uncomfortably over an unshingled roof*

*where her plodding August feet fell flatly  
gave rasps to the air with her third-storey voice  
rebuking these gutter-soiled children*

*toiling with a one-armed toy  
darting eager eyes that flashed hard  
against the question of white face, a mother turned*

*a rose-lipped maiden, strolling Raoul le duc  
to greet a lover heavy-eyed  
this man with ditch-mud reeking*

*his swollen body at day's unrepentent end  
holding the guttering candle  
in his swelling unlit fingers, finding music*

*in this rocking chair (string for spokes)  
rolling over an ocean of night jokes, slapping  
the child-on-knee, watching the rose-lipped maiden*

*perched on cushion-padded sill  
magnet his iron eyes as the large red rusty nail  
sun disintegrating the sky, slinks under the tallest leaning house*

*this vacant lot with hard-pressed sand  
where an old foundation, refracting sun, stretches  
her drying skin tight.*

**B. S. K.**

# A New Elizabethan Age In Literature?

James Gray

WHAT are the prospects for a new Elizabethan age in literature? The accession of a new monarch invariably gives rise to speculation, and it is not surprising that the advent of Elizabeth II should prompt literati to reach into the hidden recesses of the second half of the twentieth century for signs of a second Shakespeare, a Marlowe, a Raleigh, a Sidney, a rarer Ben Jonson, or a Donne. Already, high claims are being staked for Christopher Fry as the herald of a new Shakespearean spring, and the past fifty years of Eliots and Audens and MacNeices may yet be designated as the Era of Fry's Forerunners, or, as a facetious literary historian might put it, the School of Small Fry.

Now speculation of this kind is not within its value, for it might lead to a re-examination of the standards on which the literature of our time is based. By analogy and comparison, moreover, it might enable us to see ourselves more clearly, to convince us of our shortcomings, and to set the sights of our writers on a more sharply defined target of literary achievement. More particularly, it might help us to determine the range and quality of our humanism at a time when humanistic values are recovering from a period of disintegration, frustration and, to take an extreme view, moral blight.

When Elizabeth I came to the throne, her country, like our Commonwealth today, was languishing under many shadows. Religious differences had created a yawning gulf between Protestant and Roman Catholic. Foreign relations were dangerously confused: England was at war with France and entangled by marriage and blood alliances with Spain and Scotland. The nation was deeply in debt, and the economic mess caused by Henry VIII's debasement of the coinage continued virtually unchecked. Despite the promise of spiritual emancipation offered by the Reformation, Englishmen were still being condemned to death for heretical beliefs, and the net result was a tepid state of religious feeling among the common people. This situation had one fortunate consequence, in that writers were forced to turn their literary attentions elsewhere. They indulged in a humanistic sensuousness in their poetry, and derived from the Renaissance a sturdy reliance on human values which were unscathed by the detrimental implications of the Reformation.

As in every era when humanism flourishes, cultural interests prospered, and literature was enormously enriched by the researches of scholars and the voyages of adventurers. More important, the fruits of these intellectual and geographical discoveries were made readily available to ordinary and even illiterate people, mainly through the theatres — primitive though these were — for playwrights lost few opportunities to introduce topical references into their work. There was an ever-expanding variety of dramatic material to hand, thanks to the variegated influences of the Reformation, which had put the English Bible into the hands of the people, and to the enormous wealth of literary, artistic, and general cultural treasure revealed by the Renaissance. The English language, too, enjoyed a greater flexibility than ever before, and its vocabulary profited immensely from the multiplicity of new trades, occupations, and interests. Shakespeare and his contemporaries were quick to realize the rare worth of this vital development in the use of their native tongue.

Much of the credit for the work of the Elizabethan writers was, of course, due to the conditions under which they wrote and to the great queen who helped to create these conditions. The large network of patronage enabled men like Daniel, Peele, Lyly, Greene, Lodge, Nashe and Drayton to enhance their country's literary riches, while translators like Chapman, North and Florio were blessed with adequate financial support for their conversion of Greek, Roman and French classics into English masterpieces. Above all, there was close and intimate contact between the literature of the nation and the centre of national life, an indispensable condition for consistent greatness in art and letters.

A paradox of the age was the fact that literature prospered most when religious conflict was most bitter: conflict, not so much between one sect and another as between the humanist, secular spirit of the Renaissance and the revived spirit of early Christianity, with its emphasis on self-denial, austerity and other-worldliness. The Reformation had released extremist passions and Puritan idealisms which were bound to come into conflict with the comfortable self-indulgence and pleasure-seeking fostered by the new culture and the growing prosperity of the country. This cleavage of aims and interests had a marked effect on the poets of the period, some of whom, like Spenser and Donne, attempted to amalgamate religious and secular elements in their work. Sir Herbert Grierson has shown, in his work on the seventeenth century writers, how the greatest of these poets fell short of a synthesis, largely owing to the fact that "Christianity and the spirit of polite literature (were) divided, as by a gulf, because of a radical difference in their estimate of human nature."<sup>1</sup> On the one hand the Renaissance thinkers and writers were inclined to depreciate

Christian ethics as slavish, while the reformers laid their stress on doctrinal rather than humanistic interests. As Grierson says, "it is difficult for us to conceive the mind of men who saw all around them the evidences of God's anger directed against errors of doctrine. You could in the Middle Ages (and even in Elizabeth's day) detect an heretic by his smell." <sup>2</sup>

It would be absurd to suggest that the two camps, religious and secular, were mutually exclusive, but the attempts on the part of writers to find common ground between the two extremes were, more often than not, abortive, for the simple reason that the writers themselves were frequently biassed one way or the other. Spenser's "noble gentleman" may have succeeded as a morally virtuous prototype, but he exhibited too much humanity to convince his Puritan critics of the necessary high spiritual seriousness demanded of him. It is significant that a contemporary of Spenser's, a judge and a man of religion, saw fit to condemn *The Faerie Queene* as a tale of manslaughter and bawdry. As it turned out, the only mind capable of embracing both worlds was the "metaphysical" which, with its "unified sensibility," <sup>3</sup> as T. S. Eliot has described it, succeeded in refraining from being committed irrevocably to any one world. In the poetry of Donne and his successors, indeed, a unified *Weltanschauung* is in process of being established; but the most convincingly "metaphysical" mind is undoubtedly that of Sir Thomas Browne, <sup>4</sup> who constantly maintained an amazingly just proportion between secular learning and Christianity. More particularly, he represented the honest thinker and humanist who recognized the fundamental duality in man of good and evil, of spiritual hopes and secular aspirations.

This duality was foreign to the thinking of the first Elizabethans, who recognized in the Renaissance a liberation of the human spirit from monkish incarceration. The recognition was gradual and it gave rise to two parallel, but later opposing, types of humanism — types which Jacques Maritain has labelled *theocentric* and *anthropocentric*:

The first kind of humanism recognizes that the centre for man is God; it implies the Christian conception of man as at once a sinner and redeemed, and the Christian conception of grace and freedom . . . The second kind of humanism believes that man is his own centre, and therefore the centre of all things. It implies a naturalistic conception of man and of freedom. <sup>5</sup>

As Maritain points out, the humanism of the Elizabethans was not itself antithetical to Christianity. The rift between the secularity of the Renaissance and the spirituality of the Reformation widened at a later stage, as the tension at the extremes caused the centre to split:

As the pessimism of the Reformers unduly exaggerated the Christian concept of original sin, so the optimism of the Renaissance unduly exaggerated an equally Christian but opposite concept, that of the value of the human being who is the living image of God . . . Here again everything was to issue in the secession to anthropocentricism. <sup>6</sup>

Turning to what he calls the dialectic of modern culture, Maritain sees three distinct phases or "moments" in the modern history of humanity. In the first (sixteenth-seventeenth centuries), when culture flourished in the plenitude of its glory, civilization became forgetful of its roots, and men sought "to inaugurate by force of reason a certain human order." This Maritain calls the *classical* moment of our culture, the time of Christian naturalism. In the second phase (eighteenth-nineteenth centuries) this culture, which had been clinging to its Christian "style," gave way to a movement "to liberate man from the superstitions of revealed religion, and to open out before his natural goodness perspectives of perfect security." This is labelled "the moment of rationalist optimism, the *bourgeois* hour of our culture." The third phase is that of our own time — "the materialistic reversal of all values, the *revolutionary* moment, where man engages in a desperate effort out of radical atheism to bring a wholly new humanity." <sup>7</sup>

This philosophical and sociological thesis may well be substantiated by literary evidences, but for the present purpose it is necessary only to glance at the first and third phases. The Elizabethans were very much concerned with the domination of man over matter, and God was assumed by them to be the guarantor of this domination. In our own day, we have witnessed "the progressive forcing back of the human by the material": material and technical forces are rapidly gaining complete mastery over man, and we reach the conclusion of Nietzsche when he re-echoed the words of the ancient oracle, "God is dead!"; adding to it the question of whether Man is dead also. To put it in another way, man materialized is man dehumanized. Thus the fundamental difference between the Elizabethan climate of ideas and our own would seem to be a very great difference indeed. We have, in a sense, reached the bottom of the slope. They had just attained the summit.

This, at any rate, is Maritain's view. As a sociologist, he seeks to apply his theories to the planning of a new social order. But the ideal of true humanism towards which he would have us strive is not a new concept. There are countless examples in history of true humanist thought and action, and of innumerable attempts at reintegration, going right back to the Middle Ages. As a contemporary writer observes:

Even if we pass over the humanists of twelfth-century Chartres, with their belief that 'the philosopher is the lover of God,' we cannot fail to find a theocentrically humanist spirit in the personalities and art of Italy in the thirteenth century, the age of St. Francis, Dante and Giotto . . . There runs through the Italian Renaissance as well as that of France and England, a vein of the purest theocentric humanism. It can be traced through the writings of Ficino, Pico and other Florentines, Erasmus and More, Scève and the Lyonnais poets of the sixteenth century, Sir Thomas Browne, and the Cambridge Platonists . . .<sup>3</sup>

The list might be enlarged to include the neo-Platonists of later times, the Romantic poets in England, and above all, Shelley, whose Platonico-Christian beliefs (a label he would have denied and detested) came well within the definition of true humanism. But of all the humanists mentioned, the English religious poets of the Elizabethan and Jacobean period provide the closest parallel to the writers of our own time, precisely because their work and the work of our post-Waste Land era represent conscious, if not always well organized, attempts at reintegration. The poet, ahead of his society, recognizes the self-destructive principle of a false humanism. Just before Elizabeth I died, this principle had begun to show itself in an otherwise unaccountable pessimism in literature, a growing preoccupation with the idea of the finality of death (an idea which Donne and Marlowe had fiercely attacked), and a certain artistic frigidity, particularly noticeable in the work of Mannerist painters.

Donne, Herbert, Vaughan and their followers were fully aware of this manifestation, and they shrewdly attributed it to the growing divergence between the dogmas of established religion and the scientific theories of the age, which provided a vivid challenge to the unproved assumptions of "revealed" religion. Their solution to the problem thus created was to try to restore the situation by incorporating new scientific discoveries into their older credo and by enlarging the medieval notions of substance and accident and of the correspondence between the natural and spiritual worlds to include such discoveries as the circulation of the blood, the solar system, and the revolutions of the planets. This courageous attempt at reintegration brings the Elizabethan world into very close sympathy with our own, for the problem of the Metaphysical poets was almost exactly the same as that described by Yeats in *The Second Coming*, by Eliot in *The Waste Land* and elsewhere, and by Auden in *The Age of Anxiety*:

In the high heavens,  
The ageless places,  
The gods are wringing their great worn hands

For their watchman is away, their world-engine  
Creaking and cracking. Conjured no more  
By his master music to wed  
Their truths to times, the Eternal Objects  
Drift about in a daze.

The despair of the modern poet, aware of the lack of purpose and direction in life and of the overwhelming challenge to faith inherent in every new scientific revolution, is very much akin to the heart-searching of the Metaphysical poet; but the latter had, in the end, something solid and reliable to fall back on, for his spiritual foundations were as yet relatively unshaken by the reverberations of a false humanism. The concept of the unity of life was defiantly preserved. Herbert was voicing the views of his century when he asserted his belief that "the relations between man and man, or man and nature, are inseparable from the relations between man and God." Even the *motifs* of secular art were called into the service of devotional poetry and painting. The earthly love of the *Carte du Tendre* was transfused with the greatest of ease into the spiritual love of *Pilgrim's Progress*, while the Elizabethan sonneteers, with their mellifluous themes, provided much of the substance for Herbert's celebration of the love of God in *The Temple*.

This "unified sensibility" was a strong safeguard against humanist disintegration, but it did not last long. Within two centuries the economy, the philosophy, and even the politics of the modern world were based upon man-centred humanism, with its self-destructive dialectic. A time was reached when reintegration along the lines followed by Herbert and Vaughan became impossible. This "point of no return" might be said to have coincided with the great liberalizing movements of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The Tractarians, vaguely aware of the situation, tried to meet it by putting the clock back. A visionary like Blake could recapture some of Herbert's theocentricity, but his was an individual solution to a corporate problem. Besides, the industrial revolution, with its "dark Satanic mills" and other horrors could hardly be reconciled with the revelation of God's purposes in any poetic framework. The Oxford Movement's aim to reaffirm the miraculous grounds of belief and so to restore the balanced religious consciousness of the seventeenth century was bound to be unsuccessful. It has been suggested by some thinkers that the cause of the failure was a complex one, that the Tractarian movement was "largely a revival and an attempted restoration, whereas the Caroline Church which it took for its model had attempted a reintegration between new thought and traditional beliefs."<sup>9</sup> It is true that the latter Tractarians tended to disassociate themselves entirely from The World, while the Metaphysicals had

used The World's own terms, and even the terms of the Devil, to accomplish their work of reintegration.

Marlowe, although not himself a Metaphysical, illustrated the effectiveness of this interchangeability of terms. His Edward II, at the end of his dismal career, sums up pathetically but clearly, the record of humanist disintegration. His Tamburlaine and Faustus, each in his own way, reveal in unmistakable terms the falsity and baseness of the anthropocentric dialectic, by their shocked awareness of the limitations of merely human (if violently exaggerated) ambition. Faustus and the Devil neatly symbolize Man and False Humanism. Finally, Marlowe's Barabas illustrates the ruling philosophy of a strictly materialist world, in which Machiavellian opportunism (in its Elizabethan interpretation) prevails:

In a world where love, justice, honesty have all lost their validity, no character is fundamentally better than the frankly opportunist Barnabas. The Christians . . . have diverted their worship from God to Mammon. Practices and phrases which once were the expression of spiritual experiences linger amongst them as 'ideals' in the Shavian sense — truths which are outworn from a materialistic viewpoint, but which are retained for the commercial value of their respectability.<sup>10</sup>

This, perhaps, is the most emphatic point of contact between the Elizabethan world and our own. The myth of Inevitable Progress, based upon scientific materialism, is still rampant, in spite of its many and bitter assailants and debunkers. Nature is still being bullied into subserving ill-considered temporal ends, always at variance with the end of true humanism, which is "unitive knowledge of the Divine Ground of being."<sup>11</sup>

It seems, then, that the new Elizabethan age is thoroughly capable of making the same mistakes as were made by the old; that the positivistic philosophies of our time are but a development of ideas current even in Shakespeare's day;<sup>12</sup> and that the process of reintegration, possible then in corporate terms, is possible now only in individual terms.<sup>13</sup>

It is no accident that writers in the first half of the present century have been much preoccupied with the fact that traditional sources of value have evaporated. "Futilitarian" poets and novelists have been legion, and the death wish has been at the centre of much of our literature. Writers have had no solid community of belief on which to draw, and, as a result, they have been forced to address themselves to relatively isolated audiences and to adopt a policy of "art for art's sake," to write "difficult" poetry and produce obscure

novels employing a stream of consciousness which has no intelligible tributaries. Public truth, such writers contend, has disintegrated into innumerable private truths. Hence each writer has had to create his own personal pattern of reality or compensate for the lack of community of belief by new techniques in expression.<sup>14</sup>

The Elizabethan upheaval was less far-reaching, but the conflicts and confusions were much the same. Dr. E. M. W. Tillyard has shown, in *The Elizabethan World Picture*, that many educated people still accepted the old cosmology and believed man to be the centre of creation around which the sun and moon dutifully revolved, in spite of the fact that Copernicus had demonstrated, even before Henry VIII came to the throne, that the sun stood still and the earth and planets moved round it. Scientific discovery was not taken with the same matter-of-fact compliance as it is now, because it was frequently classed with the unreal and the occult. Even the most forward-looking thinkers reasoned about well-authenticated scientific facts with a determined thoroughness. There was no facile acceptance of science because it was science. Philosophers weighed each piece of evidence against the authority of ancient knowledge, using the inexhaustible resources of the classics to clarify their own indistinct thoughts.

Mr. H. V. Routh has drawn attention to another fact about the Elizabethans which bears directly on our own period. They possessed a steady purpose which transcended their conflicts and confusions and which gradually took possession of their artistic and literary sense:

Every critic and historian recognizes their purposiveness. Yet it did not culminate in the perfection of forms, as in Italy and France. Its greatest exponent is to be remembered by a collection of stage-plays, a mixture of medieval pageantry and superstitions, Senecan rhetoric, farce, fiction, and tragedy, jumbled together, with flashes of unstudied poetry, none the less technically inappropriate because inexpressibly beautiful and revealing.

Something analogous may be going to happen to the present generation. At least we can point to a similar progress, equally tendentious and contentious, muddling along a similar path, though it may never end in so glorious a realization. In our case the dominant motive power is not classical humanism — that influence has been discarded no less ungratefully than the Elizabethans discarded Gothic art — but observation, clear-sightedness and curiosity inspired by modern science.<sup>15</sup>

It may well be that the purposiveness of which Mr. Routh speaks is the very impetus which the present generation of writers require

to enable them to launch a new Elizabethan literary era. Community of belief does not exist, but the consciousness of a common *purpose* might provide the necessary life and meaning which the work of even our most gifted writers seems to lack. There have been several hopeful glimmerings of it in the unifying idea which might be described as the interdependence and interpenetration of the social and psychological man — an idea which has been developed successfully in poetic drama by Eliot in *The Family Reunion* and *The Cocktail Party*, and in the novel by Graham Greene in *The Heart of the Matter* and *The End of the Affair*. But the efforts towards such a synthesis have been, as yet, unco-ordinated. We still require an organized movement which, recognizing that civilization has lost its way because it has lost touch with humanity in an age of mechanization, will conceive and promulgate a new humanism aiming at "a more perfectly harmonized and more finely balanced expression of both personality and community."<sup>14</sup>

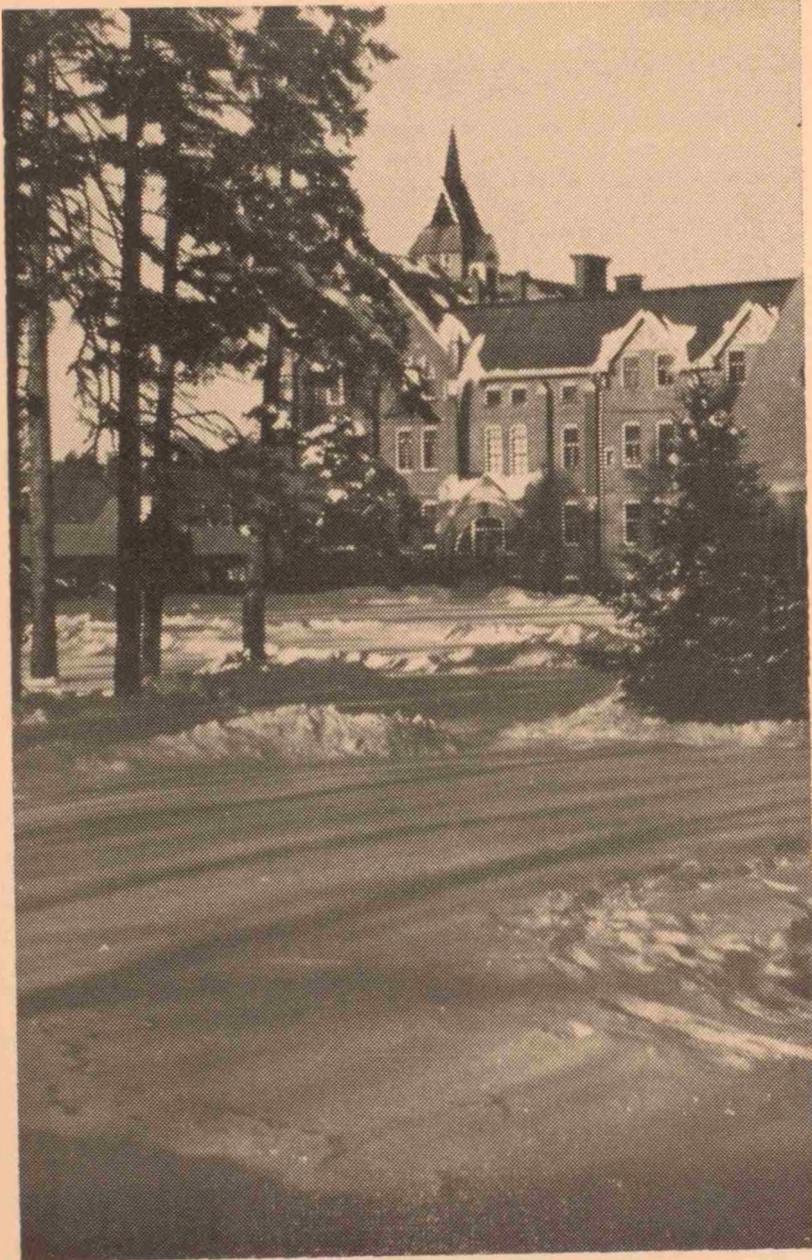
The prospects for a new Elizabethan age in literature are by no means dim. The materials for great writing are present in abundance. The atmosphere is crowded with expansive ideas, waiting to be given shape and meaning by art. Science has provided writers with a wide variety of channels of communication with their public, an enviable condition which the first Elizabethans were denied. All that is needed, perhaps, is the strength of a common purpose which will provide the basis for a new awareness and understanding of life.

## FOOTNOTES

1. H. J. C. Grierson, *Cross Currents in English Literature of the Seventeenth Century*. (London, 1948), p. 29.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 32.
3. See Basil Willey, *The Seventeenth Century Background*. (London, 1934), p. 42. The implications of this now celebrated phrase and of T. S. Eliot's "dissociation of sensibility" are ably discussed by F. W. Bateson in *Essays in Criticism* I, 3, 302 ff., July, 1951.
4. Willey, Ch. III. An excellent commentary on Browne's position.
5. Jacques Maritain, *True Humanism*. (London, 1946), p. 19.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 17.
7. *Ibid.*, pp. 22-3.
8. M. M. Mahood, *Poetry and Humanism*. (London, 1950), p. 19.
9. Mahood, p. 51.
10. *Ibid.*, p. 77.
11. See Julian Huxley, *A Re-definition of 'Progress'*. (Lecture delivered at the opening session of Unesco at the Sorbonne, 1946).

12. This fact emerges with convincing clarity from the recent study by Henri de Lubac. *The Drama of Atheist Humanism*. (London, 1949), in which the author traces the positivist transpositions of Feuerbach, Nietzsche, Kirkegaard, Comte, and Dostoevsky. The Elizabethan origins have been dealt with in detail by Douglas Bush in *The Renaissance and English Humanism* (Toronto, 1939).
13. Even the attempts of the Victorians, at their best, to establish society on a Christian basis, were always troubled by serious doubts about the truths of revealed religion. These doubts, as Tennyson's *In Memoriam* shows, were raised by the evidence of geology, before Darwin's study of the evolution of species shook the foundations of Christian belief.
14. This entire thesis is well argued and illustrated by Professor David Daiches in his companion studies, *The Poet and the Modern World* and *The Novelist and the Modern World* (Chicago, 1949).
15. H. V. Routh, *English Literature and Ideas in the Twentieth Century*. (London, 1948), p. 191.
16. Routh, p. 193, quoting Lewis Mumford, *The Condition of Man* (London, 1944).





New Arts

*November*

*Quietly the land waits  
In hushed expectation.  
Her voiced subdued to moaning,  
She shivers silently through  
Dark and dismal hours.  
Now is the unsung season of decay  
Of death and loneliness  
Of heavy skies of grey  
Upon this lifeless land.*

**John Preston**

*Fir Tree Ballerinas*

*The audience is restless  
The overture begins at last.  
A line of nervous prima donnas  
Shiver with its warning.  
The wardrobe mistress knows her job  
Swiftly, with silent skill, she slips  
Them into fresh white dress.  
All ready on the silver set  
The curtain rises.  
The Ballet Winter has begun.*

# A Trilogy of Lectures

Elizabeth Home

## I ANCIENT HISTORY, JANUARY 23

<p><b>Thrasybulus</b> Was very Ruthless, Dotty, And despotty, Mad, And made Periander of Corinth Quite bad. <b>Polycrates of Samos</b> Never blundered As he plundered, And as sich, Got rich. Until the Persians Cast aspersions, And he tried,     But died.     We all cried. <b>Aristagoras</b> Used to bragoras, Could never say no, Was both anti- and pro- Persian (I think) Until he drowned in the drink. <b>Histiaeus</b> Trod water While his daughter Held on to his feets While he delivered a speech While floating on The Hellyspont. <b>Thrasybulus</b> Sent a messenger To the cornfield Which revealed I am told (With truthlessness) His ruthlessness.</p>	<p>Here we have Nasty non-Dorians Trying to insert themselves On non-non-Dorians; A conflict racial (Also facial) (But not glacial) Developed And enveloped The Peloponnese In the evening breeze, As the birds sang in the west (I seem to have Somewhat digresst.)  At Sicyon <b>Orthagoras</b> Was sitting on the tufty Grass, Followed by Sir Cleisthenes Who warbled in The wafty breeze. <b>Kipsalous</b> Was tipsalous At the time And remained so. (He was irained so) (So it wasn't his fault At all.)  <b>Myra</b> Of Coreyra Attracted all the kings Who brought her Rings And things. O Fie-ra</p>
---	--

On Myra  
Of Coreyra!  
She has foundered  
In the mire-a!

**Periander**  
Was a dander!  
525 B.C.  
Strong too.  
Founded Epidamus,  
Went home,  
And left it to

**Leicaphone**  
His boy,  
His joy,  
But he was notidae  
At Potidae.  
He was truthless  
And ruthless,  
And hastily got rid of

As a nuisance.  
**Periander**  
Was the best;  
Looked up to  
Throughout the west.  
He tried  
Familiacide.  
He was not endless,  
But died,  
Friendless.

**Cleisthenes**  
of Sicyon  
Became a dander  
After Periander.  
**He** had a daughter  
Who was (but hadn't oughter bin)  
Named **Agoriste**  
Which is very difficult  
To rhyme with.

(At this point, the bell rang, so we must pass on to the following:)

## II LATIN, JANUARY 26

Here is the room  
In which I am endeavouring,  
With infinitesimal success,  
To become a classical scholar,  
Which strangely enough  
Is not my ambition.  
But here I find myself,  
Ferretting out archaic verbs  
From tired, dusty dictionaries,  
Which line the shelves in dusty rows,  
And opened, involuntarily cough up  
The language of a by-gone age  
And hide their secrets in yellow-creased pages.  
Before me is a great leather chair  
Pock-marked by a thousand studded buttons  
Which puff it out into obese cheeks.  
The desk there is full of self-importance,  
With its undulating, roll-slatted top,  
And a hundred tiny niches  
Housing priceless gems from 16th century Latinists

Which must be read,  
Translated,  
And re-translated  
Until they (or I) pass into oblivion.  
Vergil sits calmly on the desk  
Taunting me, reminding me,  
That I too am imprisoned in this dust.  
But his malice is tinged with green-eyed jealousy;  
For I, when this specified hour is up,  
Will escape from this prism of frequentative verbs  
And ablative absolutes,  
And go out into the light and talk and laughter,  
While he is left alone to ponder the grammar  
Of a long-dead age,  
Weeping softly in the grey-feathered dust.

### III SHAKESPEARE, FEBRUARY 11

Oh what is the mattra  
With Queen Cleopatra?  
Is she too fatra?  
Oh no, no, **no!**  
There is **nothing** the mattra  
With Cleopatra,  
According to A. J. M.  
Who, with quaintness,  
Regards her as his patron  
Saintess.  
Although her behaviour  
Often savoured  
Of the unsavoury,  
And made the temperature of men go up fifteen degrees  
By thermometer,  
Her essential nobility is illustrated by the fact that she spoke in  
Iambic Pentameter,  
And was as sweet  
As your or my grandmother,  
Sitting  
Knitting.

George Bernard Shaw  
Says Cleopatra was vile,  
Barging up and down the  
Nile,  
Dressed up like Venus  
In water wings

And things  
And very little else.  
Eternity was in her eyes,  
Which I think  
Explains why she didn't blink  
When Antony called her names;  
She just sat and watched the trains  
Go by.  
(These trains were not  
Of the chuffing variety  
But the type like sails  
Attached to the tails  
Of all the courtly courtly courtiers  
And carried by short men with big feet.)

Cleopatra died  
With an asp  
In her clasp.  
As she staggered  
She reached for her dagger  
But she had left it in the pocket  
Of another pair of water-wings,  
So she clasped  
Another asp.  
Around her, her maidens  
Died like flies —

But, it could have been worse:  
They might not have died  
In pentameter verse!!  
But they did,  
SO, all's well that ends well.

They were all buried in a row,  
With Cleopatra at one end,  
And the asp at the other,  
And Antony in the middle  
With all the maidens.

### ETITAPH FOR ANTONY:

*"Noblest of men, woo't die?"  
"Yes, woo't  
And doo't."*

## EPITAPH FOR CLEOPATRA:

"Something WAS the mattra  
With Cleopatra.  
She breathed her last  
With a gasp  
In the clasp  
Of an asp."

## EPITAPH FOR ASP:

"Well done, old Asp, old friend!  
I thought the play would never end."



## The Feline

He sits there, completely motionless,  
The sun reflected in his golden eyes,  
A slight warm breeze ruffling his splendid coat.  
Is he thinking deep, serious thoughts?  
Does he enjoy the warmth on his back?  
His slanted eyes are closing dreamily;  
He settles himself more comfortably.  
What is in that impenetrable mind?  
Perhaps in that deepness there is nothing.  
That immobility, like a statue's,  
Is empty, without feeling or idea,  
The wind sets leaves to scurrying by him.  
He springs to quick, graceful awareness,  
Pounces, killing with deadly kitten claws,  
Now, he goes, on some remembered errand,  
We are left to wonder.

Vals Horstol

## The White Cross

We knew him not, — no plaque there was, no name, —  
No name etch'd on the white wood of the cross  
Nor on our errant minds remorse or shame  
That 'neath those weeds — that barren island dross  
Where under tropic skies the lost winds blew  
There lay interr'd a friend perhaps belov'd by you.

There were no ghosts — no eerie battle echoes there,  
No sad heart beating nor the throb of native drum —  
Only Pacific winds exhaling in our hair,  
Earth's wild whispers, and the droning insect's hum;  
And where the camp had been those winds in ecstasy blew over it;  
And where the cross was there shy gulls in curious play flew over it;  
So undisturb'd the snake, the spider and the adder grope  
Back with the war-scotch'd jungle — creeping back along the slope.

We knew him not — and never will we know him now;  
But when in factory's clang or in the jostling street —  
Or when we cross a neighbour's fallow field to plough,  
When in our passing poignant dreams our reverie  
Reveals the name on phantom cross as one we knew  
Long buried in our heart's volcanic wilderness  
Then We,  
In lonely moment will remember You.

John McVittie

## The Sceptic

Richard Berryman

**I**N A MONASTERY GARDEN according to the voice on the radio, was the title of this restful music which was having such a strange effect on Thomas. Thomas is a sceptic. Yet he is not satisfied with his scepticism — it did not serve in the slightest to assuage this yearning within him—for peace, for something to lean on when he felt as he did right now. He is seated in his solitary, lonesome room, alone physically and spiritually. The book he is reading has fallen, forgotten, to his lap, and his vacant start comprehends nothing of the material world around him.

Even though Thomas has long since banned religion from his life as silly superstition, these past few weeks have found him sorely tempted to try just one more sect — he must find a solace for his troubled, lonely spirit somewhere, or go completely mad . . . In a **Monastery Garden** — what is there about these secluded, contemplative oases in the frenzy of our modern world that leads their inhabitants to find peace and contentment?

With a wandering mind unusual for a man such as he, Thomas began to picture a visit to a monastic community. Why? maybe it was the music which expressed in quiet tones the harmony he sought for the discord of his being. Perhaps the sceptic in him desired to examine and debunk yet another religion, to prove that it is just another shrewd attempt to sway the emotions of some of the more soft-headed of our civilization. Until recently Thomas had been dead sure that all this religion business was sheer, unadulterated hodge-podge, but of late he had found that his breaking down, in his own mind of so many beliefs had left him nothing to turn to. There must be something in this world he could count on—not just some cold, bare truth he could believe, but something relevant to the inner calm he longed for so very much.

With a sharp click the heavy iron gate swung shut behind him. The music and noise of voices saying he knew not what, which had been torturing his ears, ceased with that click. Just as when a radio is turned off, silence reigns in the room, while somewhere, in literally, another world, the music continues, so the click which had just sounded in Thomas' ears shut out one world as he entered another. Now to see what this strange world is like . . .

The chapel was completely empty as Thomas entered, except for smells and sights, strange indeed to him. The light blue haze of incense near the roof of the building exemplified to Thomas the whole atmosphere of this place—just as the smoke hung in the air, so the silent semi-darkness of the Chapel bore down upon him oppressively. Statues stared at him coldly, scenes depicting the Stations of the Cross seemed rather repugnant to him, he felt a desire to turn on lights, to flood this dark place with the light of scientific examination. Thomas felt rather proud of his ability to keep such an unaffected mind in the face of all these emotional stimulants.

He sat in a pew about half way up the Nave of the Chapel, and began to examine some of the ornaments around him. The flickering flame of the Votive lights illustrated to Thomas his opinion of Christianity's fight in this modern world—a small flame in a great darkness, soon to run out of fuel. There was absolutely nothing here to suggest to him anything that could provide food for his hungry, seeking intellect.

In his pew, Thomas found two articles, a Bible and a small metal crucifix with an inscription on the back. Picking up the Bible he chuckled to himself as he thought of the many inconsistencies, absurd statements and self-contradictions he had picked out of this collection of literature written by some ancient wishful-thinkers. He had heard it said that this Book contained the secret of peace for all troubled souls . . . bah! He liked to compare himself with Thomas called Didymus . . . the doubter, the sceptic, and even now as he flipped through the Bible he found himself reading again that story of Thomas' firm stand against anything that lacked visible truth . . . there is a wise man! However the Bible was soon discarded — nothing there for him — all humbug to any sensible twentieth-century mind. Continuing his examination, Thomas picked up the little crucifix. Gazing at this figure of a man . . . crucified for his idiotic insistence that He was the Saviour of the world, he thought how utterly absurd it was for people to believe that He could have walked and talked after suffering this terrible, humiliating death.

Then it came back to him as he looked at those outstretched, pain-wracked limbs — the words came into his mind like a clarion call — "Except I see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe."

The door on one side of the Chapel opened and a robed figure entered. Aha! here is one of these strange creatures called monks. "I wonder if he is intelligent, I always wondered if any really, sane,

sensible man could shut himself up in a place like this," thought Thomas. Here was his chance to find out, in conversation with this man.

Thomas regarded the approaching figure with no little admiration, for he truly commanded attention. There was something besides the man's tall, well-proportioned build, and his erect, graceful carriage which caused such an impression on Thomas. There was something about his face — the eyes — that was it! Never had Thomas seen such a penetrating glance. His robes were strange looking, but all these men clad in various coloured habits had seemed strange to Thomas.

The stranger came and sat beside him. At first he did not speak and after a few minutes of rather strained silence he began with words which shocked Thomas as much as that upsetting, soul-touching stare in his eyes had. He said, "Peace be unto you — Be not faithless, but believing." How strange that he should recognize at a glance that Thomas was seeking some faith to lean on — was it that obvious in his face? Thomas was so amazed, that the flood of questions which had been waiting in his mind to flow out and engulf this man in a deluge of scientific scepticism was dammed up inside him before he could say a word.

The man continued, "Why seek you a sign? — blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." Familiar words to Thomas, for he had just read them. The stranger then reached over and, picking up the crucifix Thomas had dropped, he said, "Thomas, reach hither your hand". As Thomas did so in confused obedience he placed the little figure in his hand. While he was doing this, Thomas noticed an ugly mark on the man's hand — things were beginning to fit together in an utterly impossible way in Thomas' confused mind.

Turning to go, the man smiled at Thomas, and that smile held all of Eternity in it. It was too much for poor Thomas, the Chapel swam in a whirlpool of unbelief and confusion — it was all so clear yet so utterly, absurdly preposterous.

The next thing Thomas remembered he was standing, staring vacantly out of his apartment window. The Monastery bell ringing the evening Benedictus on the outskirts of town had snapped him out of his reverie. What a wild day-dream he had had — he was in a cold sweat — he simply must see a psychiatrist about his confused state of mind. Any more tortuous episodes like that one and they would be coming for him in a little waggon. Well he had better get ready to go out for another solitary dinner. He straightened his tie and reached into his pocket for a handkerchief. He felt that he must be running a fever, the way he was perspiring.

For one dreadful moment that seemed an hour, Thomas' heart stopped dead — from his pocket he took — a small metal crucifix with an inscription on the back, this time he read the words

"My Lord and my God."



## The Young

*Stand shy at the door, tip-toed  
to fly to nothingness once more —  
door to the room of the  
sound of your voice and the  
drive of your gesture, the  
meaning and being of you.*

*Come into yourself,  
Dip into yourself.  
Someone gave, left  
a green thing growing secretly within you,  
to be plucked and given back when  
time ripened.  
Enter, and lead your pale self out to the sun.*

**Ann Dodds**

## Seasons

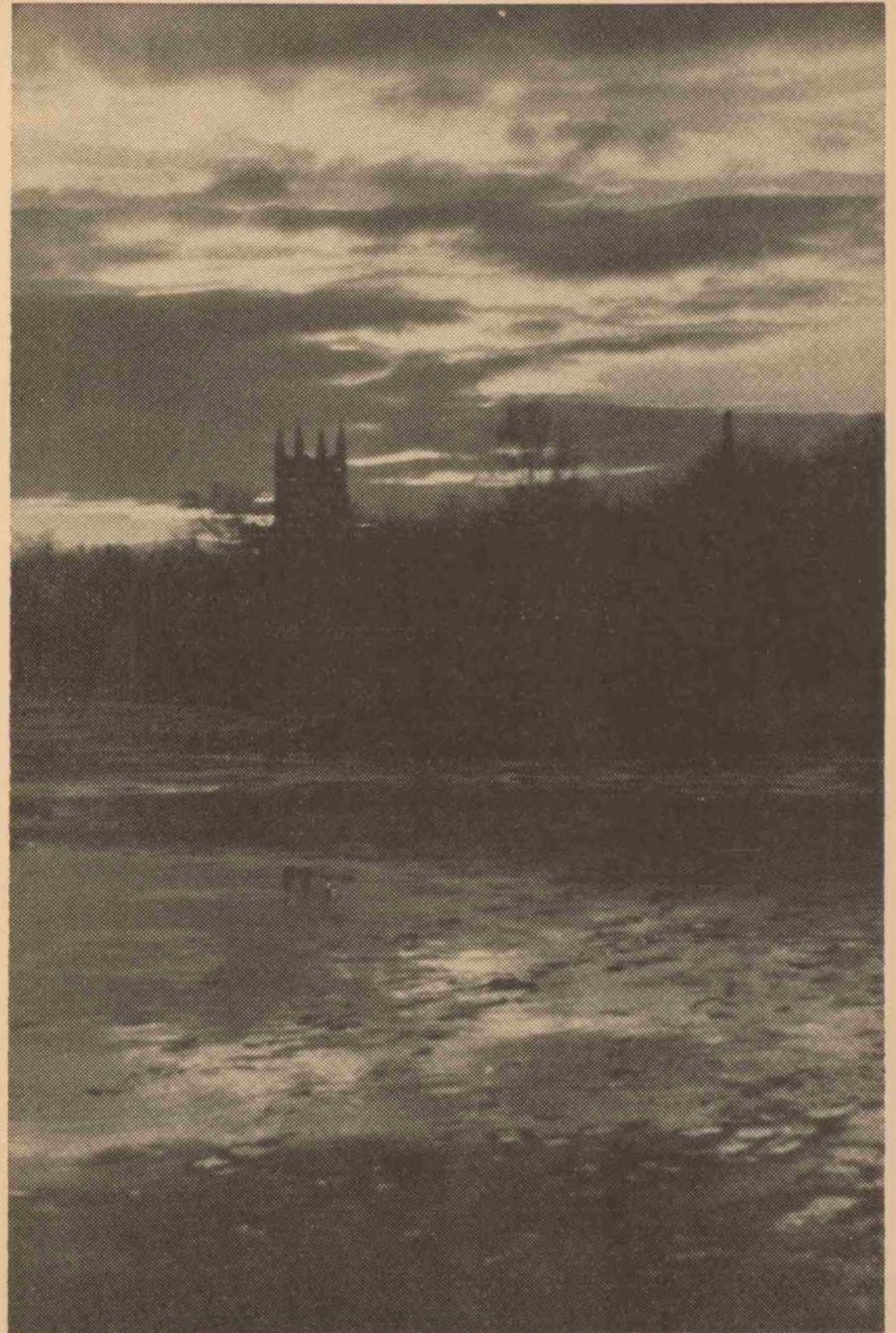
*Fall  
consists  
of tangerine and tweed,  
leaves  
crackling  
underfoot and  
cold nippy air penetrated only by the aroma of hot  
coffee.*

*Winter  
is  
crisp and honest,  
youthful  
laughter  
echoing  
across the hard-packed squeaky snow only to bounce back to its  
author.*

*Spring —  
God's  
divine sign that He is  
still at hand  
to renew life —  
brings  
courage, melody and love all in the palest tints of  
green.*

*Summer  
is  
a cool white rose  
blossoming  
amidst intense  
heat,  
heavy, breathless air sapping strength until rescued by cool  
rain.*

**Heather Maggs**



Sunset Spires

Heather Maggs

## Coming Together Again

*Will we come together again  
Will it be soft and slow  
Like rain rolling down my window pane?  
Will it be the spring sun  
Warm, clean on sweet earth and sweeter buds?  
As swift and fine as the  
Eagle's proud line flight across the peaks?*

*Not one, but all these things.  
Will it be easily done?  
Will it be the opening of a summer rose  
Or the tearing, wild rush  
Of thunder, cloud burst, roar and fire?*

*Will it come at all?  
Can the shattered dreams and straying lives  
Ever join as one again?  
Is it all too much to ask?*

*No. Something is changeless  
There is still a secret love.  
And we are wiser now.  
It has been brutal, it has been hard  
But tenderness remains  
We will come together again  
Softly, slowly, wisely,  
We will come together again.*

**John Preston**

## The Vigil

*All night I have watched and waited  
Wishing He would appear;  
But His coming is belated  
Though I pray He be near.*

*I thought that He'd come when the sun  
Sank near to the shadowy trees,  
When the blazing ball rested  
On the red rim of the seas.*

*I imagined He'd follow the moon  
Across the sleeping sky,  
And espying me here alone  
He would not pass me by.*

*But I've waited the night in vain  
For the darkness is gone;  
The dawn is come again  
And I am still alone.*

**Helen Fairbairn**

## A Northern Quebec Mining Town

B. S. K.

L YING in the pre-Cambrian shield like a wound, the factory whines and humps, rumbles with low lamps, the men coming with lunch under arms or in windowless cars recklessly along quiet roads. The factory feels out of place not having grown up with these hills. Yet the unplanned factory growing in all its ugliness was proud of possessing a quality that was not in the hills. And as if that was not enough, its single great chimney belched tons of calcium dust over a radius of several miles. This dust fell like snow on the green leaves, gently, gently, hardly motioning their tubular and vibrant stems.

In six months the tree was dead. Then came a time when the tree unjointed all its arms, and they scattered hopelessly at the base soon to become cemented in decay. This gaunt tree went through many storms in the winter, standing horribly alone. Then in the spring, when the battle seemed to be over, the weak arm of the warm wind pushed it over like a card house, falling and breaking in several sections as it hit the earth. A few birds came to peck and find insects. But birds trusted only that which stood up.

And when the barrier of leaves had gone the dust settled directly upon the ground. Nothing remained but the white sharp ends of tree trunks. Even the branches were worn into the earth. And the earth, now powerless, could only accept them as in a tomb. The bodies looked peaceful providing the winter winding sheet was about them, the fields appeared to have gooseflesh. But in the wind of spring, these loose sheets lifted and sagged, soon flew very far away in the March wind and we were left with the tomb full.

Still the factory grew. The ugly tin building housing the kiln shivered in the wind, flapped at the corners, drew out frail nails that scratched against the tin. Here and there a section of tin was missing altogether. But that did not matter on the sides of the building for there were many days when even the sieve-like tin did not let in enough fresh air for the men attending the kiln. Calcium dust fell upon the tin roofs and any sloping sides of the factory so that soon the hideousness melted in with the grey desolation about the factory. The main building or shed of the factory soon grew other sheds like

tumours, one at its waist and another at its chin. Other outhouses followed, pushing on old sheds, buckling them like spring ice, folding them over like lava fields. Still the factory grew wherever it pleased, always extending the rough grey skin of calcium that made the new match the old.

Nothing could stop this factory since there was no original town to which it had become attached. A small "Tobacco Road" settlement, a stone's throw from the factory, mushroomed up just high enough from the ground for a man to stand under. Some of the unfinished boards were whitewashed. A few bricks to make a chimney stood straight as lightning on the always shifting ground. Small tin outhouses grew up beside them as if too-suddenly bold. The large tin sheets that would not fit in small places were bent back and folded as one might fold a book's page with the intention of returning there again some day when one had time. And still the factory grew, perhaps the later additions were not quite so haphazard as the first, but the fact that the first buildings stood on question marks spoiled all later development. The contrast between the recent attempts and the former could be perceived even through the protective coating of grey calcium dust.

The winters came, so certainly, bringing snow as the postman brings letters, too many of them at Christmas from unheard of friends. And in the spring more of the bleak, elongated trunks began to quiver, and through the screened windows of new houses one heard the tearing, the lurch and crash. Perhaps a dying tree would fall across another. Then there would be a tragic embrace as the falling tree sagged and cracked its back once so proud. And having no top branches with which to cling to the other tree, sank vertically to the earth. By now the hills looked as if covered by many bears sleeping at random. A very few young bushes grew, not having heard the doom, and sent out spindly branches in all directions inquiring into the sudden gloom. All its questions remained unanswered. The wind came and shook the few leaves with a furtive noise, as if of kindness, it might bring it to death, young. But it was to no avail. In the gloom the bushes grow being too small a target for the calcium.

The factory had reached fleshy middle age. The new flesh seemed reluctant to grow. The pulse and pressure was still there, but not to grow, only to keep the large rambling frame warm and going. The tumours hardened into cists that almost looked permanent. The lean became defined and settled. Indeed it seemed as if the whole landscape was becoming lopsided and not the factory. And yet the factory gloated over the hills, protruding like an ugly wound no matter from which direction you approached. The yellowy sandy road wound through the desolation self-consciously, missing the tickling sweeping

sensation of the roadside grass that always thrilled and flew like a ribbon in the stream of cars.

The factory was proud and threw out hoots of delight, first at seven a.m. and again at twelve and lastly at six p.m. Short hoots crashed against the hills as one might fling a long whip. The hills' red granite was blistered with many stripes.

The men were short and without any forethought. They too were a part of the factory, part of the ugliness, moving with a sliding motion in heavy safety boots and dirty caps. Being a part of the factory, they stretched the grey skin of the womb out in many directions. Some to Harrington, some to Calumet, taking the grey-dusted cars, bringing the dust into their porches and finally into their kitchens. The women sometimes made attempts to exclude the grey by assiduous dusting. But it was like trying to hold back water with sawdust. The sensible thing was to let the grey dust gather, over the house, under the eaves, on the window sills, impregnating the paint, collecting in the little squares of the screen, and finally lying on the tables and chairs, on the tops of cardboard boxes and piles of magazine covers.

There was something powerfully attractive about the dust. It cast a horrid grey web of beauty over everything. Nothing was overlooked, even slippery surfaces. One could look out on the grey dead fields and be fascinated. So quietly, quietly dead, without tears of flowers these fields. And in the Autumn there was nothing to die. The wind could pick no song in the grass and could cease no singing.

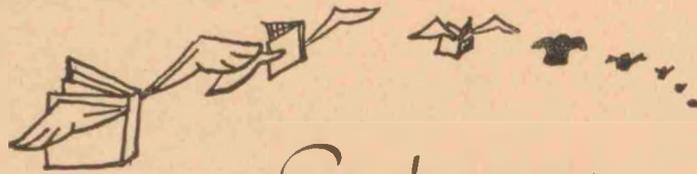
And on the fringe of this area, grass grew like some disease, stunted, with a wide circle of grey ground about each stalk, like a man going bald. There was no earthly reason for this grass to try to grow, and yet this grass grew in its own formless way. But why should one look for a reason when the grey dust settled down so consistently over the face of the land as if it meant to take a death-mask of the little village.



## The Harbingers

*Thin little breezes  
Waved damp fingers of washed air  
At the shy rays  
Of pale sunlight which  
Had slipped off the edges of  
A fragile veil of frail blue mist,  
Fluttered delicately about waking buds of  
New yellow, pink and mauve,  
And pulled  
Gently  
At shining spikes of tender,  
Peeping  
Green, softly breaking the warm, moist earth with  
Hesitant pricks of life. They  
Whispered to the ground,  
And a sparkling answer returned  
As myriads of tiny, gleaming rivulets  
Chattered incessantly  
To each other,  
And running wild,  
Combined in dancing,  
Mercurial lights,  
Gurgling and streaming  
In ecstasies of release.*

**Hugh Doherty**



## Exchanges



By GEORGE CANTLIE

A TOTAL of seven literary magazines were received this term; of these, all but one are university publications, and two are from Canadian Universities. A most interesting magazine was the newcomer, *Salient*, from New Zealand, which has received separate comment elsewhere in this issue and will not be treated here.

*Acta Victoriana* (Victoria University, Toronto) carries an interesting article written by one of the four student delegates from Toronto to the World University Service Seminar in Napore, India, which took place during the summer of 1953. Those who were present at the Students' Association meeting in early February, here at Bishop's, will remember that Mr. Lewis Perinbaum, executive secretary of W.U.S., alluded to this visit in the course of his instructive talk.

The article centres about Prime Minister Nehru: the attitude of the Indian people towards him, some insights into his character, and his general outlook upon world affairs. The students, it should be mentioned, were very fortunate in being able to obtain an interview with the Prime Minister, at which twenty of their number were present. Nehru appears energetic and quick witted in the face of what must have been quite a chore for him. His replies are informative, and definitely in keeping with his strongly nationalistic outlook. The author remarks that *Time Magazine's* idea of Nehru 'sitting on the fence' between growing communist imperialism and the Western World was a grossly erroneous one. Nehru is for India alone, and he regards the barrier between communist and non-communist as a division ruinous to world co-operation. Thus his unwillingness to go to either side is not evidence of indecision, but of common sense.

Also to be found in *Acta* is an article entitled "Behind the Myth of Social Credit". The author examines the economic and political trends which are manifested by the Social Credit party, and the article proves interesting reading for us Easterners who are as yet unaffected by this controversial opponent of the once securely established Western parties.

It is pointed out that the Social Credit movement began in Alberta during the depression of the 1930's. The reason for its rather sudden birth was that its platform was basically an economic one which found favour at the time. The theory is too complicated to deal with here; suffice it to say, (in the author's words, more or less) that it is unorthodox, and would result in inflation and consequently mild depression, if put rigidly into effect.

The fact remains that Social Credit won the 1935 election in Alberta, and subsequently provided a satisfactory administration there. The economic program was not adhered to. In 1952, the party won the British Columbia election, and so far there have not been too many complaints from our most western province. The author feels that the major fault of the Social Credit Party lies in the potential danger of its political views rather than its economic ones, especially if the group should aspire to the national level. He feels that although Social Credit has given Alberta a steady government since 1935, there is a definite totalitarian element in their policy. This he enlarges upon, of course, in the course of the article, and ends up by saying that Social Credit has a chance, however slim, of becoming Canada's second national party, due to the present disfavour towards Conservative and C.C.F.

We find in *The Leopardess* (Queen Mary College, London) a most interesting article entitled "Thoughts on the Ballet". The comments and ideas are concerned with British ballet, and especially with its relation to the motion picture industry. For most of us, this is the only medium by which we ever come in contact with ballet, and those of us who have seen and appreciated such productions, often wonder why there are not more current films, British or American, that deal in some way or other with this form of art.

One of the most outstanding advantages of the moving pictures as a medium for the ballet, points out the author, is that they serve as a means of preserving technique from generation to generation — we must remember that there are never many really good dancers, and the continuity of fine technique is always threatened. Herein lies the value of a good documentary film. There are, of course, disadvantages to the screen as a medium for ballet. Everyone has realized that classical ballet is not particularly successful in some cases when

presented via the moving pictures. The reason for this is that such performances were intended to be put on before a "live audience". The author interestingly points out that the great Pavlova maintained that the audiences in Imperial Russia created a very strong link between auditorium and stage. They were very critical, and as a result they maintained for themselves a very high standard of ballet.

One solution to this problem, it is pointed out, is to create new ballets especially for the flim medium. For certainly, if such can be managed, not only will there be opened to the public a varied and easily accessible means of obtaining culture, but inevitably the scope of the ballet itself will be much extended and developed, with the possible evolution of a new form of art.

Such measures, of course, are already well under way. The author mentions the fantasy ballet in "An American in Paris", and there are many other examples. But these are musicals; to my mind, we must try to preserve the timeless, remote, and entrancing spirit of the ballet by foregtting about the Twentieth Century, and trying to produce something for the screen which is abstract enough to allow varied interpretation, and yet is acceptable enough to the practical modern moviegoer.

**The Fiddlehead** was the magazine mentioned above as being the single non-university exchange received. This is a literary magazine which is published by the Bliss Carman Society of Fredericton, N.B. The issue consists only of poetry and two book reviews. The poetry on the whole is good; some, it is evident, is mediocre, but the general standard is high enough to make worthwhile reading. Most of the contributors are accomplished poets who have written for varied Canadian literary publications and periodicals. The magazine evidently has some connection with the University of New Brunswick, as a good number of the contributors are graduates of that university. We note from the inside of the front cover that there is a tablet on the U. N. B. campus commemorating the fact that three of Canada's well-known poets — Bliss Carman, Sir Charles Roberts, and F. J. Sherman all studied at the university and, in fact were born in or near Fredericton.

One rather good descriptive poem in this issue could receive comment; it portrays the kind of situation one would observe on the shores of a Northern Canadian lake as evening is coming on. The poem is entitled "The Loon", and we get a very good impression of this strange bird, whose strange cry never fails to affect its listeners. There is something very Canadian in the scene of a glassy lake, gray with evening, with dark fringed shores and a small, lonely swimming silhouette. When we hear the mocking defiant cry, we realize what a vast land this is of ours, how small a part of it we

actually occupy, and most of all, how wonderful it is to have such loneliness in a busy, troubled world. As the poet puts it:—

".....

*The loon gave a broken, mirthless cry  
That shivered over the warm flesh of creatures  
Hastening from the night to roof and shelter,  
Distant ten thousand years from the dark lake margin."*

One wonders why the title page of a literary magazine should be taken from the name given to an unfolded fern — such fiddleheads are common sights in this area. On the back cover appears the justification, which the reader may judge for himself.

#### THE FIDDLEHEAD

*Fusing earth and rain  
Unfolding scroll of green  
Symbol of the sun  
You are the brain of harmony.*

*Tender fingers stretch  
And midget leaves unfold  
Subtile dream of Truth  
You are a many-fingered thought.*

We have yet to report on **Echoes** (St. Andrew's University, Scotland), **The Review** (Trinity University, Toronto), and **The Gryphon** (University of Leeds, England). These publications contain, for the most part, short stories and rather long poems, which are two varieties of creative writing that do not lend themselves too well to a brief review. **The Gryphon** is noteworthy, in that it contains a fair amount of student art.

The editor would like to express his gratitude for the Exchanges received this term, and would like to extend the offer of mutual exchange to any university or other publications that might be willing to co-operate.

#### Acknowledgements

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following:

**Acta Victoriana** (Victoria University, Toronto)  
**The Leopardess** (Queen Mary College, London)  
**The Review** (Trinity University, Toronto)

Echoes (St. Andrews University, St. Andrews)  
The Gryphon (University of Leeds, Leeds)  
The Fiddlehead (Bliss Carman Society, Fredericton)  
The College Times (Upper Canada College, Toronto)  
The Postgrad (Sir George Williams College, Montreal)  
Mount Allison Record  
Stonyhurst Magazine (Stonyhurst College, Whalley, Lancs.)  
Revue de L'Universite d'Ottawa



IT PAYS  
TO SHOP  
AT  
EATON'S

- LARGEST ASSORTMENTS
- BEST ALL-ROUND VALUES
- GOODS SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED

T. EATON CO. LIMITED  
CANADA

The MITRE

Tel. 3-5211

# D. M. RENÉ

Office Machines and Equipment  
Your Choice in  
Portable Typewriters  
Smith - Corona  
Remington  
Royal

53 Wellington South — Sherbrooke

## Crown Laundry OF SHERBROOKE LIMITED

*It's the "Famous for the Finest"*  
SANITONE SERVICE

1705 King St. W. Tel. 3-2585

*Compliments of*

# WEBSTER MOTORS LTD.

*"One of Canada's Oldest Automobile Dealers"*

Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, Cadillac,  
Chevrolet Trucks

345 Wellington St. South  
Sherbrooke, P.Q.

LENT 1954

AFTER THE GAME  
DOWN TO

## RENE'S RESTAURANT

Main Street Phone 3-0230

LENNOXVILLE

## Pleasant View Hotel

North Hatley, Que.

\* \* \*

Open for general hotel business.  
also  
Lunches, Dinners, private dances  
or meetings, conventions, etc.

\* \* \*

John R. MacKay  
Proprietor.  
Phone 23 North Hatley.

ENJOY *Player's*  
"MILD"



Canada's Mildest Cigarette



# Neilson's

MAKE DELIGHTFUL EATING

ATHLETES  
EAT NEILSON'S  
JERSEY MILK  
CHOCOLATE  
FOR ENERGY

It is a striking fact that many of the outstanding athletes train on chocolate because it is a food and an energy producer.

Chocolate is a creator of vigor and nerve force and supplies the body with that extra energy—that added punch—that is necessary to win.

Jersey Milk Chocolate is the finest of all milk chocolate. Experts say the habit of eating a bar of Jersey Milk Chocolate every day is a healthful one to form.

HS-53



Neilson's QUALITY CHOCOLATE BARS  
THERE'S A BAR FOR EVERY TASTE

LENT 1954

Compliments of

## OLIVIER'S

The largest cosmetic store  
in the Eastern Townships.

12 Wellington St. N.  
Sherbrooke, Que.

## HOWARTH'S

Clothiers and Outfitters

Complete  
COLLEGE OUTFITS

Custom Tailoring

\* \* \*

S. W. HOWARTH LTD.  
1444 St. Catherine W.,  
Montreal, P.Q.  
UN. 6-7213 — UN. 6-8019

Compliments of

Perkins Paper Products  
LTD.

MONTREAL

CANADA

*Mc Michael, Common, Howard,  
Ker & Cate  
Advocates Barristers & c.  
360 St. James St. West, Montreal*

**Custom Tailoring to Your Individual Measure**

*An Investment in Good Appearance  
"Canada's Leading Clerical Robemakers"*



Compliments of

**Northern Electric**

COMPANY LIMITED

DISTRIBUTING HOUSES THROUGHOUT CANADA

**J. A. PIGEON Reg'd.**

The Leather Goods Store

Badminton & Tennis Rackets  
Repaired  
with Sorrano Automatic Stringer  
Shoe Repairing

142 Wellington St. N. Tel. 2-3424  
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

*One of the newest and most select  
all year round resorts in the  
Eastern Townships.*



NORTH HATLEY, QUE.

- Famous for Meals
- Distinguished Clientele
- All Summer and Winter Sports

Tel. Sherbrooke 3-0180

**LEADER IN  
WORLD-WIDE LIFE  
INSURANCE and  
pioneer in employer-  
employee Group  
protection plans, the  
Sun Life of Canada  
gives unequalled  
service to the holders  
of nearly two million  
policies and Group  
certificates, from  
offices situated in  
strategic key centers  
around the globe.**

*Life insurance  
in force  
exceeds  
\$5 billions*



**SUN LIFE ASSURANCE  
COMPANY OF CANADA**

1863 - 1953

**90th Anniversary**

- FURNITURE
- FRIGIDAIRES
- WASHING MACHINES
- PIANOS - RADIOS
- STOVES

RECORDS & MUSIC

**H. C. WILSON & SONS  
LTD.**

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

**JOHN MILFORD**

and Son Reg'd



FLORISTS

Sherbrooke, Que. Phone 2-3757

**STERLING TEA & COFFEE**

*"Exclusive to the Catering and Institutional Trade"*

**STERLING TEAS & COFFEES LIMITED**

486 LAGAUCHETIERE ST. WEST - MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1875

English Flannel  
Made-to-Measure  
and  
Ready-Made Suits  
also  
Scotch and  
Irish Tweeds



IN SHERBROOKE

Harris Tweed  
Sport Coats  
and  
Top Coats  
University  
Blazers  
and Crests

*Compliments of*

**SHERBROOKE  
MOTORS  
LTD.**

Ford, Monarch Dealers

430 Minto St.

"A-1 USED CARS"

FURNITURE

for

- HOME
- OFFICE
- STUDY

**ECHENBERG  
BROS.**

**H. MUNKITTRICK**

Motorecycles, Bicycles, Skates, Skis and Keys

SALES, SERVICE, REPAIRS

35 Belvedere Street

Telephone 2-1234

TEL. 2-8555

111 QUEEN ST.

*Compliments of*

**H. H. Clark**

*Your Friendly Family Druggist*

*Prescription Specialist*

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

The MITRE



She'll be walking  
on clouds

in hosiery

by

**KAYSER**

Make hers a gift that's sure to please — Kayser "Custom-Fit" proportioned nylons to flatter any figure, and with the exclusive "Strait-On" heel to keep seams from twisting. She'll also love beautiful Kayser lingerie in nylon tricot . . . or smartly-styled Kayser gloves for dress and casual wear. Whatever the occasion, a KAYSER gift is always right.

**KAYSER**

HOSIERY • GLOVES • LINGERIE

---

*The Largest and Finest Hardware Store  
in the Eastern Townships*

**DISTRIBUTORS FOR:**

C. C. M. Skates — Spalding Hockey Equipment  
Bentley Badminton Rackets — B. F. Goodrich Running Shoes  
Daoust Lalonde Ski Boots — Harvey Dodds Skis  
Sunbeam Electric Appliances — Kelvinator Refrigerators  
General Steel Wares Products

**also**

Electrical Supplies — General Hardware  
Building Supplies — Fine Chinaware — Crockery

**COAL ● COKE ● FUEL OIL**

**1876**

—

**1953**

*Hardware-Electrical Appliances*

**J.S. MITCHELL & CO. LTD.**

164 Wellington N.

—

Sherbrooke, Que.

---

