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# The Trinity Review

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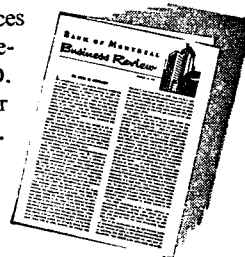
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The Board of Governors of Ridley College have announced the appointment of E. V. B. Pilgrim M.A., 35, as headmaster. Mr. Pilgrim was educated at Ashbury College and Bishop's University where he received his bachelor's and master's degree in history. He is at present on the staff of Bishop's College School. Mr. Pilgrim succeeds the late Dr. J. R. Hamilton who died last autumn. Mr. J. P. Matheson M.A. is acting headmaster this year.

## The Trinity Review

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VALENTINE, MILES GODFREY

*The award is made to* ROGER KIRKPATRICK *for his article,*  
WEAPONS AND FOREIGN POLICY

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# off the board

## CONTEXTUAL DILEMMA

Style is all. A peerless utterance which in its charming simplicity bears the unmistakable footprint of Truth. It has found an imperishable niche in the fly-leaves of contemporary eighteenth-century man, and is said to have been dyed on the callous heart of Mary Queen of Scots when she finally engraved after many long and, we trust, enjoyable years of life. What too few people realize nowadays, however, is that this casual remark was originally intended, like most such remarks, to be funny as well as original. Academic jokes especially have a high casualty rate. At any rate, the undeniable fact is that it was said in passing at an ancient defecatorium, by the well-known watchmaker-critic, Longines. He was conversing with his annalist and collaborator, Perry Hipsauce, the ex-detective and Arch-enemy of Crime;—a man of many talents, most of them centering around transport. "Style is all", said Longines with a wave of his minute hand. They both laughed heartily, and wrote it down.

Quoting out of context is so fashionable these days that the common reader will no doubt appreciate a quick sketch of the Historical Situation. Longines is famous for his exclusive Perrian main-spring, named affectionately after his annalist and collaborator. It is found now in few watches, and, indeed, in few critics, anymore. Perry, on the other hand, is remembered largely for developing a toad with a seventeen-jewel movement, in honour of his friend. The Greeks were great friends, a fact Highly Significant for Later Developments. Anyway, Perry had been trying to find a market for this toad among some time-conscious Scottish witches. These witches were nihilists, and since watches and toads were equally scarce in the Fifeshire of those days, they kept a brindled cat *faute de mew* for supernatural occasions, although he wasn't much good for eggs. But neither was the toad, who, although heavily jewelled, was chronologically impatient, and had other idiosynchronies as well, which made him loathe to join the soup. The upshot of the whole thing was that the witches, in a fit of peat, sent the toad back C.O.D. and started campaigning to get a few alarums written into their act. The toad arrived in tears, and stared at Perry anachronistically, thereby missing tea. It was then that Longines decided upon a Cheering Game to rejuvenate the toad. He concentrated on marble men, and

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Hipsauce concentrated on maidens overwrought, and between the two of them they created an eminently satisfying eternal moment, thus solving the Time Question by transcending it. The Greeks were fond of games like this, being basic by nature. They were also unrivalled experts at transcending time, probably because they didn't have much of it to deal with. It is perhaps significant that Longines is known more generally as a critic than as a watch-maker. Be that as it may. By the time the Romans came along the situation was so complicated that they rapidly became decadent, and whiled away the hours by peeling sour grapes for each other, thereby setting the few remaining teeth of the Middle Agers delicately on edge. In revenge the Middle Agers, captained by Sir Thomas Aquinas, systematically removed all humour from the timely remark which stands as our opening sentence. And to make sure that it stayed that way, they attributed it to the late King of England, who was so furious that he (posthumously) divorced his wife, to keep History rolling and confound the Middle Agers. His ex-wife was furious too, but she kept her head long enough to memorize the phrase and engrave it on Mary's heart, which brings the wheel full circle. Except that a renegade Irishman heard it and promptly incorporated it into a folk-tradition, subsequently imposing a Sin Fine on anyone who attempted to remove it from the Irish tradition. A long way from Longines' passing remark. But contexts *are* important, aren't they?

---

## REBECCA'S TREE

The kitchen was a hot, crazy red colour. Aunt Minnie wore maroon felt slippers. Rebecca climbed up on the high stool with one broken rung and watched Aunt Minnie drying dishes. She swung one foot back and forth, back and forth. Suddenly she said, "I don't know when my Mummie's coming home."

Aunt Minnie banged a large bowl down on the table. Rebecca stopped swinging her leg. "Look, I've told you over and over again. You're Mother'll be back at the end of the summer. She's abroad. Now go out and play and stop bothering me."

Rebecca climbed off the stool. She's ABROAD, thought Rebecca as she wandered out the back door. The wooden steps were dusty and hot. Little patches of tar shone all black and glistening on the road. A car went by red and noisy. She watched it pass hopefully, but nobody waved to Rebecca.

Aunt Minnie's voice came loud and sharp from the kitchen. "Close the door! You're letting in *all* the flies!" Rebecca let go of the screen door and it closed with a dry click. She went down the steps and around the side of the house, kicking at the pebbles with her feet. The summer stretched on and on in her mind, endlessly, aimlessly, shimmering with heat, filled with Aunt Minnie's sharp voice, whirring with the whine of the cicadas. She climbed up the steps into the garden. Off by itself in a corner stood the apple tree, resting in the afternoon sunshine. From the other side of the stone wall she could hear the rise and fall of lazy voices.

"Hot day, eh Bill?"

"It is that!"

"Say, how's the wife these days? . . ."

Rebecca lay down on the grass and looked up at the tree. The sun came down in bits and pieces through the branches. Rebecca thought, long ago I had a Daddy. He made me a swing in a tree like this. But he went away. Then I saw him in a church. He was lying in a long box and he was asleep. I said, Wake up, Daddy! but he just went on lying there with

flowers all around him . . . It's funny, I never knew Daddy liked flowers so much before . . .

The tree rustled softly above her, shifting the sun pattern on the grass. The branches looked cool and beckoning. Suddenly she started to a sitting position, hearing Aunt Minnie's voice on the air. "Girls aren't meant to climb trees!" She gazed up at the tangle of green branches. "Don't trees like girls?" she asked. She got up and went close to the trunk, touching the rough bark with her hand. She felt a sudden urge to climb, climb high up among the quiet green leaves, away from the hot dusty ground, above the sound of Aunt Minnie's voice going round and round in her head. She heard only the high pitched part. The rest was just an angry murmur.

She reached above her head and caught the lowest branch. Taking a deep breath she swung free of the ground, half expecting the tree to writhe angrily away from her, saying "Girls aren't meant to climb trees!" Her arms ached with the sudden weight of her body. Nothing else happened. Rebecca let herself down and looked apprehensively at the square-eyed house watching from the foot of the hill. It looked sleepy and it couldn't see much really with most of its blinds pulled down to keep out the heat.

Rebecca gave two little jumps and swung herself up onto the first branch. The tree trembled slightly. Rebecca clung to the trunk and held her breath. But the tree only sighed vaguely and stood still again. She carefully climbed up higher and lay flat on the wide branch overhanging the stone wall. The dandelions at the side of the lane beneath were smothered in dust. If she raised herself just a little she could see the very top of Mrs. Woods' funny



pink house where the black rooster swung when the wind blew. But today there was no wind and the rooster stood still.

All afternoon Rebecca lay on her branch and gazed down the lane. Once Cousin Ella passed right underneath her. Rebecca didn't breathe. But Cousin Ella didn't even glance up. She kept going very fast, and her feet in the silver coloured sandals looked like dusty flippers. Later on Agathe the Cat leapt onto the stone wall and started washing her face. She looked up once and stared at Rebecca with round yellow eyes, but it didn't matter about her. She didn't ever tell tales the way Cousin Ella always did.

When Rebecca went in for dinner Aunt Minnie had her company smile on. It always looked to Rebecca as though it had been pasted on in a hurry. Cousin Ella and funny round Mrs. Farley were sitting in the living room. When you look at Mrs. Farley sideways her face is just like a fish. Rebecca started climbing the stairs, trailing her hand along the banister to make it squeak. Then she heard Aunt Minnie behind her. She went faster, her hands held tightly at her sides. The Tree! Aunt Minnie would know!

When she reached the bathroom she started the water running fast and loud in the basin. Aunt Minnie came in and closed the door.

"Rebecca! Look at yourself! You're filthy!"

Rebecca felt her face go all stiff. Somewhere on the hot road she could hear a boy whistling. Aunt Minnie's smile was gone. She turned off the water. "You've been climbing on the wall again," she said, sloshing the face cloth around in the basin. "Don't deny it. You can't fool me, you know." She washed Rebecca's face and hands hard, then rinsed out the cloth. "Climbing walls at your age. Now go and change your dress and try to make yourself look half-decent!" She opened the door and went downstairs heavily.

Rebecca felt the stiffness flow away. Slowly she went into her bedroom and carefully she closed the door behind her. Aunt Minnie doesn't know! She thought I climbed the wall! She was wrong . . . Rebecca pulled her dress over her head and pushed it into the blue wicker hamper at the foot of her bed. She reached up and pulled a clean one from the rack. It had buttons all the way down the front. She went to the window and started to do up the big pink buttons. A quiet happy feeling began to spread all through her. There at the foot of the garden stood the apple tree—her tree. They had a secret together. They knew something Aunt Minnie would never know! Her tree waved to her gently. A car went by but Rebecca didn't even look at it. She started to go downstairs. She too was smiling her company smile . . .

# WEAPONS AND FOREIGN POLICY

Europe's drift toward war before 1914 was fairly well organized, and took place in the best traditions of *legitimate* diplomacy — *legitimate*, because pre 1914 Europe was run according to a *legitimate* international order: no one of the great powers was *revolutionary*, for though each might eventually seek hegemony in Europe, this hegemony was to be sought *within* the framework of a Diplomatic System founded in a balance of the Great Powers. The aims of diplomacy were fairly simple and easy to understand, and no power, with the possible exception of Serbia, objected to the European system itself, nor doubted the right of each of its rivals to decide, eventually, upon its domestic system of government.

The system of alliances that exploded in 1914, with Sarajevo, had been built up because age-old human sentiments were at play in Europe. Bismarck had been able, by the 1880's, to isolate France, by playing off one European Great Power against another, and Germany, buttressed by the Triple Alliance, was in a strong diplomatic and military position. When Bismarck quarreled with William II, Germany refused to renew her secret reinsurance treaty with Russia, and the Franco-Russian alliance, which was to solidify before 1914, due to the bungling of German politicians and military men, showed itself for the first time in the Franco-Russian Agreement of 1891, and in a military convention of the following year: France had come out of *isolation*, because Russia was not completely fearless.

Like Bismarck, William II favoured a policy of friendship to England, but a clash with England was bound to come, because of Britain's commercial expansion and colonization. The first tensions were generated by Anglo-German rivalry over railway concessions in Turkey and by Germany's actions

during the Boer War. In 1897 the Kaiser called on Admiral Tirpitz, and the naval programme, which was to thrust England into the arms of France and Russia, got under way. Britain offered alliance between 1898 and 1901, but her offers were rejected by Germany. The Kaiser had adopted Bismarck's *Blut und Eisen* diplomacy, but had failed to lay down a system of priorities, whereby one rival power would be played off against the other. Britain's *rapprochement* with France and Russia was due to Tirpitz's unwavering expansion of the Navy, and to the German rejection of British offers of friendship. Germany's leaders lacked the skill to use a *legitimate* international system to promote German hegemony: It is quite obvious, for instance, that France was committed to a policy of hostility to Germany, under Poincaré's leadership, rather than to a policy of gradual reconciliation with Germany (leading perhaps later to friendship), more by German actions than by the demands of French sentiment.

The policies followed by France, Germany and England before 1911 precluded the possibility of an alliance between these three powers, although Caillaux's foreign policy in 1911 aimed at a general programme (planned by Rouvier) of economic co-operation with Germany. Caillaux's policy did not yield any results, because France's seizure of military control in Morocco, after the occupation of Fez, in May 1911, was answered by Germany's sending the *Panther*, a German gunboat, to Agadir: Caillaux's government came to power, but Caillaux thought that even after his *coup* French public opinion would stand for a settlement with Germany — a settlement that was made behind the back of Caillaux's own foreign minister, de Selves, by private discussion. Caillaux hoped to keep the Germans out of Morocco by German compensation in the Congo, and he had reason to seek a settlement. In August 1911 Joffre had told Caillaux that the French army had not a 70% chance of success in a war against Germany, and General Jilinski, the Russian Chief of Staff, told General Dubail that Russia would not be in a position to go to war against Germany for two years. France could count on no help from England.

Before 1914, even though the press could be managed, the international politics of all powers were, to a very large extent, the expression of sentiment: Germany's sending of the *Panther* to Agadir had put the Morocco question out of the reach of table diplomacy, and the French people could not stomach Caillaux's methods. In January 1912 Caillaux fell, and the new French foreign policy of Poincaré, who came from Alsace, expressed France's desire for strength to oppose Germany, heightened by indignation into a *reveil national*.

Poincaré set out to strengthen France's diplomatic and military position, by tightening France's alliance with Russia, and by strengthening Russia militarily. In mid-February 1912 Haldane was in Berlin, trying to come to an agreement on naval armaments with Bethmann-Hollweg, and the failure of these talks helped to drive England closer to France. But England was loath to commit herself to Europe, so Poincaré sought Russian help. The French military men felt that they could defeat Germany if she were engaged on two fronts. After 1911 French and Russian interests no longer clashed in the Straits, Southern Russia being now the target for French Capitalism, and Russia could borrow the money necessary for her recovery from the Japanese War only on the Paris Bourse.

All the General Staffs in Europe before 1914 believed that the outcome of a future war would be decided by the first large battle. Russia was, according to existing Franco-Russian military agreements, to come into a war fifteen days after the opening of hostilities, an arrangement that seemed to involve a certain risk, to French military planners, for Russia might enter a war too late to be of any help. Poincaré worked to remedy this right up until 1914. In 1913, when preparations for war everywhere increased, Delcassé was sent as ambassador to St. Petersburg to persuade the Russians to build up their troops, to speed up their process of mobilization, and to improve the strategic distribution of the Russian forces. On November 31, France lent Russia 600 million francs to implement these changes, and to build new strategic railways to the West. So, right up until 1914, General Staffs had been urging the necessity for early, secure, mobilization, and Germany and Austria-Hungary, at least, believed when war came, that the situation created by that war would be better for the Central Powers than if they did not go to war. War, when it came, was certainly the continuation of policy by other means.

Let us compare pre-1914 Europe to the world today, and draw some conclusions: the Atom Bomb exists, and so do the means for its delivery: one three-megaton bomb is about equal in destructive power to all the explosives dropped by all air forces during the six years of the Second World War, and the West and Russia, with their aeroplanes, and missiles, can each carry seven thousand times this destructive power. There will never be an effective defence against such forces, because even if an effective anti-missile missile were perfected, the cost of setting up a 100% effective hemisphere defence system would be prohibitive, and, if funds were concentrated on such a project, such an investment would prejudice the Western, or the Russian offensive forces, which have a vital deterrent effect and maintain relative peace at the moment. Since, in 55 metropolitan areas of the Eastern United

States are concentrated 66% of the U.S. industrial capacity and 80 million people, and a similar concentration exists in European Russia, it can be taken as given that an attack on the Sino-Soviet block by the West, or vice-versa, would result in the most unholy mess. The consequences of nuclear war would be so frightful that talk of "nuclear war not being so bad" has absolutely no basis in fact. Furthermore, the international system today is not *legitimate* as it was before the 1914 War. Sino-Soviet diplomacy is dedicated to destroy a diplomatic system that allows capitalistic societies to continue to exist: Raymond Aron calls this diplomatic system *revolutionary*. So there we have it: vast destructive power and the ability to use it, concentrated in the hands of two Super-Powers, one of which carries out a foreign policy that is based, not upon sentiment, but upon expediency.

Russell has said that "It is a profound misfortune that the whole question of nuclear warfare has become entangled in the age-old conflicts of power politics," and that "it would be well to remember that men are not merely political and that, outside the political sphere, there is little important difference between East and West as regards purely human hopes and fears and joys and sufferings".

No one would deny that diplomacy's incorporation of nuclear power is a "profound misfortune", but it must be remembered that political and military men cannot afford to be other than "merely political" when they are up against a block that does not take account of "purely human hopes and fears and joys and sufferings". Our emotions lead us to hope for some miraculous agreement on disarmament and the control of nuclear weapons, but politics are made from day to day—indeed from minute to minute—by mere humans, and are short-term expedients rather than long-term panaceas. As Kissinger has said, "the nuclear age holds out merely a choice of evils."

Let us trace the development of today's bi-polar international system. At the end of the Second World War, the Soviet Union faced the West directly only in Europe—only in Europe had the ideological conflict become crystallized into armed frontiers. Russia did not yet have either the Atom or the Hydrogen Bomb. In 1947 Russia rejected the Baruch proposals, at the United Nations, for the internationalizing of atomic energy—of resources and production systems—and this rejection naturally put the West, which had not yet become a semi-solid block, on its guard. In Russia's rejection of the Baruch plan we see evidence for the first time of the very human feelings that have plagued disarmament negotiations ever since 1947. If America and Russia had agreed to a bilateral renunciation of atomic weapons, America would have inevitably been left in possession of the know-how of Atomic weapon



production. Since it was obvious to both the U.S.A. and to the U.S.S.R. that they would emerge from the Second World War as the two most powerful nations in the world, and the natural rivalry of Great Powers in a *legitimate* diplomatic system would inevitably be exaggerated by ideological differences, in a *revolutionary* system, Russia could not leave to the U.S. the potential decisive weapon, lest war should arise in an unforeseeable crisis. For moral reasons, the United States did not wipe out Russia during the period of the U.S. atomic monopoly, and after 1947 the lines of conflict began inevitably to harden.

In Europe, the camps began to draw into blocs when Western Europe accepted Marshall Aid, having merged the British and American zones of occupation into a bi-zone in Germany, and when the Soviet Satellite States refused such aid. Truman announced his doctrine of containment and, this once said, the struggle that had already begun between East and West made for an accelerated drawing of lines and arming of frontiers. In July 1947 General Wedemeyer sent a fact-finding group to China, a U.S. military mission went to Iran, the U.S. created a Little Assembly in the U.N., and Stalin created the Cominform. The Coup D'Etat in Czechoslovakia in February 1948 was followed by the Brussels Treaty and the formation of NATO. Then there were the Berlin Blockade, the Vandenberg Resolutions of June 1948, which granted the giving of military aid to allied defence pacts, the Johnson Report that recommended Japan's re-industrialization, the granting of increased support to Chiang Kai Shek. Such measures were followed by the Soviet-Finnish Treaty of April 1948, and only after the extension of the ideological conflict to the Middle East and to South East Asia did the U.S.S.R. announce that they had successfully tested an Atomic bomb. Since that time the Sino-Soviet Bloc and the West have built up a system of pacts, alliances and treaties—with SEATO, the Baghdad Pact, with the Sino-Soviet Treaty of April 1950, that have consolidated strong positions for both the Sino-Soviet and the Western Blocs on all fronts. The Western system of alliances today is an alliance of 44 Sovereign States.

The formation of two monolithic blocs has not been caused merely by the political expansion of the ideological conflict: there are economic reasons for the tight interdependence of sovereign states on both sides of the Iron Curtain. The production of even conventional weapons systems today demands such a high level of industrialization, and the cost of atomic weapons is so enormous, that they can only be possessed in large quantities by members of an alliance which shares their cost. NATO, for instance, has a commonly-financed infrastructure which to date comprises at least 160 serviceable airfields, 4,700 miles of pipeline and 26,500 miles of signal communications.

SHAPE has introduced a NATO light fighter, the Fiat G.91 and there is being produced at the moment an Anglo-German vertical take-off plane, a Franco-German light tank and a NATO destroyer. Sixty American Thor soft based IRBMs are in Britain and it is an American weapons system, the Skybolt air-ground guided missile that has been used to give R.A.F. Bomber Command's V Bomber fleet a new lease on life, after the abolition of the British Blue Streak IRBM project. America supplies arms to virtually all her allies.

The Second Allied Tactical Air Force, Northern Europe, is made up of Dutch, German, English and Belgian air forces, and at the Headquarters at Moench-Gladbach, near Cologne, allied officers work in close co-operation. Although the American S.A.C. and British Bomber Command are not under NATO control, and although the French will not co-operate in a system of allied air defence, Britain's fighter command is now under NATO command.

The same is true of the Sino-Soviet Block. The Soviet T2 IRBM is based in satellite countries, as are squadrons of T 54 tanks, and Nasser, in September 1955, bought arms from Czechoslovakia that were later admitted to have been produced in Russia. All the NATO commands are entirely integrated.

The Western and Sino-Soviet Alliances, then, are made up of dozens of interdependent sovereign states. Compared to such a vast bi-polar system, the comparatively loose alliances of the pre-1914 organization seem elementary. Indeed, compared to the war that both East and West are arming to avoid today, the war that Moltke and Conrad were arming to fight before 1914 was strikingly limited.

The consequences of the world-wide extension of an ideological conflict, coupled with the existence of unimaginable power, has brought about a revolution in all aspects of diplomacy, although the arms race today, and international relations in general, *do* resemble the arms race and the building up of the tension in Europe before 1914. But appearances are deceptive: similar outward and visible signs can and do conceal a revolution in the mechanics of international relations.

Clausewitz said that, "All military science becomes a matter of simple prudence, its principal object being to keep an unstable balance from shifting suddenly to our disadvantage and the proto-war from changing to total war."

And Aron optimistically holds that, "Political trends depend on men and societies as much as on weapons. If an atomic war is an absurd possibility

for all the belligerents, it will not take place, though this does not mean that history will be exempt from the law of violence."

It must be remembered that policies are built upon what is believed by military men and politicians, not upon what later results from their plans, and before 1914 both sides believed that the fighting of a war would create a situation *better for their side than would exist if a war had not been fought*.

Since both East and West, to-day, subscribe to this same principle, *total* war has been renounced by both as an instrument of policy, as have wars that are threats to the enemy unambiguous enough to merit massive retaliation. Insofar as the existence of the dangers of mutual extinction—and the full realization by both politicians and soldiers of the existence of this threat—preserves the peace, Sir John Slessor is right when he says that "Attack is the soul of defence". The big stick in the background encourages both sides to fight their battles within limits. The existence of a nuclear stalemate has staggering ramifications in the diplomatic field.

The United Nations is a collection of sovereign states without decisive military power, and events have shown that diplomacy will not run upon its own inherent logic in the absence of the traditional restraints of the international system, and just because these traditional restraints have largely disappeared, diplomacy runs on a new logic. Whereas, before 1914, the Powers that were stronger militarily imposed their will upon their weaker brethren, the possession of huge force today largely paralyzes the diplomats of East and West: The S.A.C. and the Soviet Long Range Air Force, with their missiles, are *too powerful* to be used in unambiguous situations. Korea was a war fought at the wrong time in the wrong place, for Western policy until 1953 expected any Sino-Soviet offensive to come in Europe. This was due to a complete misunderstanding of Sino-Soviet foreign policy. Peace for the West means absence of war; for the Communists it means—and we cannot yet risk action on the belief that it has ceased to mean—another *form* of war. Mao Tse Tung said "political power grows out of the barrel of a gun" and Stalin said that "words must diverge from acts." The launching of the *Partisans of Peace* offensive in Warsaw in August 1948, before Russia had the A Bomb, was a political *substitute* for war. One may hope that Communist words have ceased to diverge from acts, but at the end of 1956 Pravda insisted that the downgrading of Stalin—which began, incidentally, at the 20th Communist Party Congress in 1956—referred only to personality and did not affect the ideological posture of Communism. And if Mao's policy of guerrilla warfare and less-than-total wars for limited objectives seemed valid when he had 20,000 followers in the mountains of Yen-an, why should he abandon this policy when he has 600 million followers? And Russia has

also had fair success in supposedly less-than-total war in South East Asia. Unless there is 100% proof to the contrary, we must continue to believe that, for the Communists, "if war is a continuation of politics only by other means, so also peace is a continuation of the struggle, only by other means".

In the "*revolutionary*" international system, with the A Bomb, diplomacy has come to mean purely and simply "the continuation of the struggle by other means." Because the totalitarian Sino-Soviet states do not base their policies upon sentiment, but upon expediency—and are able to do so—the initiative is with them; they have decided what diplomacy means.

Before 1914 negotiations were used by diplomats to agree upon an issue, to settle it, because they had a certain interest in preserving the legitimate system. The leaders of the Sino-Soviet bloc today are exasperated by the international system itself, and consequently negotiate in order to affect any issue, not to settle it. Concessions are made not to enable settlement, but to win friends; indeed Sino-Soviet concessions, it would seem, are aimed not at the other negotiator, but at a third new force in diplomacy—at the neutrals. Concessions must appeal, not to your rival, as was the case before 1914, but to the leader of an ex-colonial state. For, although the neutrals resolved in April 1955, at the Bandung Conference, not to become involved in the struggle between the Great Powers, the very nature of the struggle itself has made it inevitable that they do become involved. It was in the same year as the Bandung Conference that large-scale Russian broadcasting to Africa began, and no one could say that the Great Powers did not pay attention to the Belgrade conference of neutrals last year.

Since the threat of vast destruction has to a large extent tied the hands of the Great Powers, it is possible for much smaller powers to play a role in international affairs that is quite out of proportion to their size or military strength. The Balkans played a large role in international affairs before 1914, but the running was generally made by the Great Powers. Today, the existence of a rival with a very big stick indeed limits the amount of direct meddling either of the Super-powers can do in the internal affairs of an "uncommitted nation". Before 1914, it was largely the machinations of the Great Powers that decided the action of a small power in the diplomatic field—today the independent action of a small power has a great effect on the machinations of the Super-Powers.

The fear of precipitating explosion and mutual annihilation forces the Great Powers to limit their moves to a very much greater extent than before 1914. This may not make for more peace in the world, but it does make for

less unrestrained belligerence, and for a maintenance of the status quo. Khrushchev wrote to Nixon on July 24, 1959,

*We are the two most powerful countries, and if we live in friendship then other countries will also live in friendship. But if there is a country which is too war-minded, we could pull its ears a little and say: "Don't you dare, fighting is not allowed now".*

It may seem unlikely that the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. will often combine to stop a fight, but something very like this happened in 1956, when the United States opposed the Anglo-French intervention in Suez. The desire to preserve the present situation of relatively little belligerence cut across the strongest alliance in the West. When Russia put down the Hungarian Revolt, America failed to intervene. And in Korea, when MacArthur had gone right up to the Yalu, the demarcation line that was decided upon at Panmunjom was drawn near the 38th parallel, re-establishing something very near to the *status quo ante*. Whereas, before 1914, time seemed to make for the correcting of "irrational" situations, the ever-presence of the possibility of nuclear holocaust makes for the crystallization and preservation of anomalous situations, especially of irrational frontiers, such as those of Germany or Korea. Modern total armaments, coupled with the world-wide bi-polar diplomatic system, have slowed down history to the state in which, for the time being, at least, several historical processes have been reversed.

ROGER KIRKPATRICK

## TRINITY NOTES

Hello men—now that I have introduced you I want to talk about the college for a while, you know, just talk, just chew the rag, heart to heart stuff, about what you and I think about what we thought went on. I don't mind telling you that this is going to be straight from the proverbial shoulder—none of this arty junk that you and I can't understand, mind you. No high flying flights of feeble fancy here, because Trinity is Trinity, and if that isn't the first indubitable truth heretofore penned, then you better start the article again.

Now the Board of Stewards are a good bunch of heads, matter of fact they're all pretty well heads of something or other, except, of course, those floating members, which I think is a pretty sneaky way of saying that they are just kept on for the sherry. Which, by the way, reminds me that the drink has been banned from the Board Room, as being not fit for male consumption, which is fair comment on St. Hilda's. Now the Board came in mighty handy this year, even if you and I didn't realize it, 'cause there was a move in the upper rafters to get us to dance athletically in the Buttery, sort of it's coffee time in formals, yup, and what's more, some of the Board didn't like it, because, well you know coffee stains and gosh, you can't be always running out into the cold and over to the residences and having to begin all over again. Anyway, it all worked out in the end, and a serious problem in communications was solved. The Head of Arts and the Provost now have telephones, all of which recalls the Death Commission, I don't know just why—it seems that it is having problems with fruition. Add to that, the Food Committee, the Buttery Committee, and the case of the missing Empire-Builder in the Rhodes Room, and you have our Board. Except of course, for the individual personalities, oh yes they do have some—for instance Patrick Gray who spent the whole year looking for the Dry S.A.C. building, thinking that was why he got elected, or Jim Leach for instance, there's a nice boy who gets his shirts cleaned for 22¢ and is trying to take the rest of us to the cleaners. And John Watts, of course, who makes his absence felt, and F. Michael D. Witty, who isn't.



Now the Athletic Association is where we hit home ground—everybody knows about sports in Trin-Trin, knows that the football was great, until, at the height of our success in the B league, we were beleaguered by St. Michael's in the quarter finals or that the soccer team played with thirteen goalies and two forwards, and hence easily broke the record for the longest time without goals scored against U.C. with half the college and all the gowns in attendance, that rugger had its most successful season ever—seems that the feeling is growing that the ancient sport of ruggery is best played on hands and knees. More power to them. Squash and water-polo having taken their respective places on the court and in the pool, and hockey not yet over, we await with temerity the result of that eagerly sought after prize, the ping-pong tournament. Rumour has it that Byron Metcalfe is balls ahead.

Besides these many sterling results, the Athletic Association is to be roundly congratulated, for having erected a rink for us to skate on. Thank you. Nowhere else on campus can there be seen eminent professors of Politics and History, skating drowsily, dreamily, yet always alert under the stars at three o'clock in the morning. And the rest of the time, the rink is dominated by the Earplets; but still the Athletic did it and we are really awfully thankful.

And now, gentlemen, on to the T.C.L.I., that hub of college life, excluding the Buttery, of course. It's a very sad story this year, but before we get on to that let us linger longingly over the Conversat, this many weeks past. Although this year it was discoloured somewhat by a sprinkling of red ink (which is a clever way of saying that as a money-raising affair, it wasn't exactly a stupendous success), the dance was, let's face it guys, one hell of a lot of fun. Brilliantly coloured, by a prodigious display of flags from the U.N. (relevancy unknown)—erotically cloaked with Grecian nymphs gamboling across walls and entwined about neo-Gothic pillars—dizzily canvassed overall with a Parthenon type roof resembling the coat of one Joseph—multi-coloured with the gowns of some one hundred charming ladies both in the hall of Strachan and upstairs, where quantities of stolen Chianti bottles covered all the red and white checks.

Gosh, sorry, guys, got carried away on that one—must have been the memory of the dinner that night that did it. Speaking of dinners this year, the Lit. dinner was a good meal. There were good speakers, and all in all, goodness was the prime mover. This, no doubt, had a lot to do with the Primate of all the Anglicans who was our guest speaker. A damper was placed on the evening by the unforgettable speech of the Provost, when he

announced to a stricken and sorrowing audience, that he had resigned his position in deference to Sir Laurence Olivier. The Provost went on to say that the increased importance of the Dramatic Society had rendered this decision inevitable, and he finished by complimenting the Society on their phenomenal success. It was a sad occasion and a memorable speech. He announced at the close of the dinner that next year's first year R. K. class will be entitled, "Backstage with the Holy Ghost".

Other activities of the Lit. included the Un-Anglican Affairs Committee, headed by the Very Ribald Glen Pritchard, editor of this year's edition of "Who's Who in Heaven" for perspective tourists. Nicholas Pawley and Barbara Collier made the Music Committee what it was with a heavenly concert of Spanish music.

This is practically the end of the Lit. activities, and some wish it were

the end. The debates were sparsely attended and dull. Where were the simple speeches of yesteryear? One might well ask. Where are the brilliant orators, the sly punsters, whose debating was to the College as Mark is to Miss Darroch, or almost. Unfortunately, they've all graduated, dragging their speeches behind them.

Conversely, if you see what I mean, the T. C. D. S. became a major college organization this year. Brigitte Bardot made a serious attempt to unseat (I say) Dean Darroch as Matriarch of St. Hilda's, and all that that entails. The college name will be

changed to "St. Teresa of the Little Flower." All kidding aside, chaps, the Dramatic Society has really made a contribution this year. The hallowed name of the College, traditionally associated with Tradition, has acquired a new one, as valid as all the others. The theatre arts in Toronto are at long last recognized as acceptable forms of entertainment and what is more important, as a bona fide means of occupation. The Puritan-cum-Victorian bias against the supposed immoral nature of all actors is now dying in acknowledgement of the fact that that is not what matters. Right here in our college, prejudice is on the wane, and even though the Provost warns of the inordinate importance given to Dramatic Society productions, this is more of a comment on the other societies, than it is on actors as a whole. We Men of College, who are sympathetic to any organization which has



proved itself worthwhile to a sufficiently critical audience, assure the Provost and Mrs. Oliver that the Dramatic Society knows its place and desires nothing more than to be allowed to keep it.

Danton's Death, that story of young love in the Paris prisons, revolved excitingly to a close after days of almost rave reviews from the Toronto critics. Ralph Thomas, the Varsity's only counter tenor, accused the college of having effeminate voices. Well! John Watts brought real understanding to the role of Danton (for those who didn't see the play, he was a sort of Sal Mineo in 1789 dress), as did Ramsay Derry as Robespierre and Fletcher Stewart as St. Just. For the other major production, the College looked inward and produced both actors and audience for Dick Howard's musical, "The Urge to Emerge," all about Africa, the English and the Kennedy Piece Corps. A recording of the original music has been made available for a modest price. Trinity also represented the University in the Inter-Varsity Drama Festival, with Sam Ajzenstat's "Wrestlers in Exile", a play about two ex-prize fighters who had since been thrown into outer darkness.

The French Club, (president—David Steedman) has also been active this year, producing "Le Malade Imaginaire", starring Roger Kirkpatrick and Miranda Davies, and ably directed by Mme. Strobel. The French table in Strachan Hall (the one with the curved legs), received an encouraging response, especially from first year. The meetings were well attended, including Professor Ruddock's hot wine party on ice.

Lastly, the much maligned Review, has shown a new face this year under the very capable leadership of John Watts. Good short stories from Jon Ancevich and Caroline Stanley-Porter, provocative non-fiction from August Wiedmann, and pornography from David Reville, were successfully combined. Contributions flooded in from all over and it was difficult to select fairly. The number of issues has been cut to three because of difficulties in getting work done in the summer. The Review is now being bound by many universities on this continent, and overseas. The fame of the college is spreading almost as fast as the daughters of the Empire.

In ending our little talk, perhaps you and I would do well to consider the changing face of the college. We are in a transition period, with a new House opened this year, and more to follow. Provost Cosgrave House will complete the quadrangle and will be finished by September, 1963. To blend with the rest of the college, it will be done in Tudor Gothic architecture, with furnishings like those in Macklem House. This means that the percentage of resident students will jump to between forty and forty-five, the highest on campus. With the completion in the last ten years of the chapel, the academic building, Macklem House, the Senior Common Room, and the Combination Room, we have the most progressive college in this university, and we trust the best.

## The Lament Of The Last Survivor

*The last man of a dead nation commits to the earth the hoarded treasure of his people, and mourns their end.*

'Hold now, O Earth, what warriors could not hold:  
The wealth of noble men! Lo, once from you  
Men who were brave obtained it; now deadly war,  
Terrible evil, has taken off each man  
Of all my nation; they resigned this life  
Who knew the mead-hall's joy. No one have I  
To bear the sword or smooth the plated cup,  
The precious flagon; hence have retainers gone.  
The hardy helmet, fairly wrought with gold,  
Will be deprived of plate; the cleansers sleep  
Whose charge was to adorn the battle-masks;  
So the coat of mail, which passed in war  
Through crashing shields and biting of the blades,  
Will fall to dust, decay as did the men.  
Nor will the ring-mail armour travel far  
Behind the war-chief, on the warrior's back.  
No joy of harps remains, no sport of lutes;  
No good hawk flies, swinging through the hall;  
No swift steed tramples now the stronghold-yard.  
Death has banished much of mankind's race!'

*translated from Beowulf by BOB DINSMORE*

## before

The wind is drawn, hushed.  
Tension, like a cord, quick.  
The little things are heard,  
And then not.  
Unformed purple hangs in sheets,  
And uncreated yellow sparkles.  
Green waits.  
The night archer intensifies  
The brittle stillness.  
And all the world is a fragile pane,  
Listening.

## spring

Listen . . .  
The stream flows  
In the ravine,  
Gurgling now  
Ice has melted,  
Making the light  
Twinkle on  
The budding leaves,  
Running away  
With the joy  
Of the tall trees,  
Waking after winter.

SHIRLEY ALLAWAY

# CONTEMPORARY SCULPTURE

## — an interpretation

*Art plays an unwitting game with ultimate things but reaches them nevertheless.*

*Art renders the Invisible visible.*—PAUL JAMES

To point out a common quality among the endless varieties of artistic expressions in contemporary art is no easy task, and any attempt to arrive at such a common denominator is usually frustrated by a number of works which do not share a quality or feature elicited from the majority. Faced with an apparently hopeless undertaking, we must try nonetheless to bring some order into the seeming chaos, to apply certain categories which, while not covering the totality of expressions, cover at least those in the main streams of artistic development.

The question facing us is this:—Into what category, or under which quality, could we subsume the bulk of contemporary artistic creation? That, most fruitful as regards this particular body of art, I shall call, for want of a better term *cosmic-centredness*. Contemporary art is, I believe, a *cosmic-centred* art. Before exploring the meaning of this term, let us glance at traditional art, and those qualities under which it may be subsumed. In doing so, we shall see a peculiar advantage in my choice of *cosmic-centredness* as the distinguishing quality of contemporary art; for, characterized in this way, it is contrasted with the traditional modes of expression in Western art—art which I shall call *theocentric* (as in the mediaeval period), or *anthropocentric* (as in the Renaissance, Baroque, or Romantic art). One could speak of the Romantic art as being, perhaps in a lesser degree, *nature-centred* as well.

Having related these three categories to various phases of traditional art, I wish to avoid the implication that mediaeval art is only theocentric, or Renaissance art exclusively anthropocentric. Such questions of degree must always await the verdicts of particular works of art. I wish merely to make the point that traditional art, with regard to its animating principle and general direction, is either theocentric or anthropocentric, and to a lesser degree, nature-centred.

Let us return now to contemporary art, which in contradistinction to past art I have termed cosmic-centred. What do we mean when we call contemporary art "cosmic-centred"? Speaking first of all of the artist's intention, we could say that the artist of our times, in an effort historically unique, reaches out into the cosmos whose generating, animating principle he desperately struggles to apprehend. He is in search of that primeval nature, of that *Urnatur* (Nolde) out of which all nature proceeds and evolves. His desire is to pierce, to penetrate the veil spread over all finite being. He is the explorer seeking the mystery of magical life (Kokoschka). Against the idealization and emotionalization of man as witnessed in Renaissance and Romantic art respectively, against the representation of an all-powerful or all-loving God as revealed in the sacred art of the Middle Ages, the modern artist sets his revolutionary quest:—the unlocking of the secrets of the universe, a cosmic immensity whose infinite manifestations he humbly or lovingly, joyously and often despairingly sets out to capture.

No doubt some sort of cosmic aspiration was just as much part of the art of the Middle Ages or the Baroque. But, whereas in the Middle Ages the cosmos was apprehended as a "closed" universe with a God reigning majestically within and above it, and in the Baroque as an open sea with Man its purposeful navigator and circumscriber, the cosmic aspiration of contemporary art is the apprehension of an infinitely extended, infinitely mysterious universe within which man is no more than a speck, one mode in an infinity of modes issuing from the depths of the unlimited.

Apprehended, then, as but one manifestation of the totality of universal life, man no longer inhabits the pinnacle of creation. Neither favoured nor specially rejected, he takes his place as another thread in the infinite fabric woven on the loom of universal being. The artist captured by this primordial apprehension seeks no more for any one thing, but rather for the "organic rhythm of all things" (Marc), the "heart and pulse-beat of creation" (Klee). Instead of exploring the soul of Deity or Man, he sets out to discover the world-soul, or those eternal forms that he believes make up the foundation of reality.

Philosophically, we could say that contemporary art is in its intention metaphysical and ontological, in the sense that it is not concerned with empirical reality but rather with the ground out of which all finite existence

emerges. We could call the artist a "pictorial metaphysician", in so far as he labours under a truly metaphysical apprehension:—namely, to give meaning and form to entities or states which he apprehends as world-constituting. Significantly, and in face of the rejection by current philosophers of the metaphysical activity as meaningless, the artist alone carries on the quest of discovering Being, of penetrating into the reality behind appearances. A compensating situation, perhaps, and especially if one happens to believe in the providence of a wise distribution. But allow me to introduce now a warning note. In conceptualizing the artist's intention by means of philosophical categories, I do not wish to give the impression that artists are inquiring consciously into first principles. No doubt some do, and to a very great degree: witness, for instance, the writings of Paul Klee, Kandinsky, or the group of Russian Constructionists. The manifesto of this latter group has all the trappings of a metaphysical treatise, remote from the usual artistic credo. In any case, the point of the moment is that the artist's cosmic aspiration is more often than not a form of pre-reflective apprehension—a nameless, vague, primeval urge for, and search towards, an embodied comprehension of the cosmic mystery.

To recognize this quality of cosmic-centredness in contemporary art is to have understood at least its animating principle, and also to a great degree the means by which it gives shape to this awareness. On its material side, we would come to apprehend, for instance, that the sculptor's choice of materials is not rigidly determined, since within his cosmic apprehension life, dignity and mystery belong to all things—claypipes, pieces of driftwood, even chunks of iron. In the artist's universe all things are equally suggestive. From this point of view we would come to realize also that the sculptor, far from imposing his own preconceived ideas upon a lump of clay or a piece of wood, collaborates intimately with whatever he touches, in a sort of dialogue between two living entities. Charges of dehumanization in contemporary art will be seen to be ill-conceived and groundless, based as they are on an utter misunderstanding of the artist's intention. It has been pointed out that from the cosmic-centred point of view man is simply one manifestation of the totality of cosmic life. To those accusing him of dehumanizing man, the artist might well reply by pointing to the anthropomorphic fallacy underlying their accusations, a fallacy which is a hangover from those periods which glorified and idealized what they believed to be the unique and providential role of man in Creation. What our artist rejects here, is an exclusive admiration of the human image, based on a lop-sided evaluation of man's worth relative to the worth of the rest of things. Far from abandoning man in his new art, the contemporary artist sets out to domicile him anew in a cosmos which he dares not yet to understand.

Having attempted to define in principle the quality of cosmic-centredness,

let us now inquire how and through which modes this quality expresses itself. Here too, we have to avail ourselves of certain categories, certain blanket notions under which the mass of experience can be subsumed. In sculpture, the quality of cosmic-centredness finds expression in four more or less distinct modes of representation. In the absence of any officially recognized terms, I shall refer to these modes as (a) the *organic*, (b) the *formalistic* or *geometric*, (c) the *existential*, and finally, (d) the *construct*. Our next task now is to define what each of these four modes imply.

By the *organic* mode in sculpture (see fig. 1, 2, p. 31), I mean that expression which attempts to represent a universe incessantly active and creative, a cosmos whose totality is apprehended as a living organism forever pregnant with life, eternally giving birth to all things that are. More esoterically, we could call this mode *apeironistic*, since it sets out to represent symbolically the *apeiron*, that primeval ground out of which, according to Anaximander, "all things arise and return according to the disposition of time." In itself this primeval substance is indeterminate, formless, but out of its whirling and dynamic chaos, all forms and determinations arise; and it is to this ground that all forms and determinations will return. Form is here understood as arising from non-form, being from non-being, non-being apprehended here as sheer creativity begetting and destroying in endless cycle.

The potent notion of the *apeiron* issuing into all sorts of organic representations figures prominently in Paul Klee's apprehension of reality. In sculpture this dynamic mode comes unmistakably to the fore in Arp, Lipton, Ferber, Laurens, and in some works of Henry Moore. In these representations the emphasis is always on growth, life, organic development bringing about unique states of metamorphoses testifying to a cosmos of eternal becoming.

Turning to the *formalistic* or *geometric* mode (see fig. 3 and 4, p. 32), we may say that it opposes diametrically the organic mode. Here, the artist's cosmic apprehension, instead of seeking the whirling creative ground, searches for those immutable forms and essences that he believes underlie perceived reality. Again we could choose different names for this apprehension, calling it, for instance, Pythagorean or Platonic, since it rests on the assumption that all life and being proceed from eternally pure essences or forms which impart order, measure and harmony to a world intrinsically fleeting and transient.

In other words, within this formalistic apprehension the whole of the universe is conceived as being created in terms of pure form. Hence the references to sculpture as being geometrical, formal, cubistical. Emphasis in this mode is almost exclusively on combinations of pure shapes, either contained within simple monolithic blocks or arranged sensitively in agglomerations of widely divergent forms. To seek for the highest purity of form in sculpture is of course to turn to Brancusi, whose finely polished spheroids



and cylinders furnish the ideal demonstration of the Platonic craving for essences. Brancusi's almost religious obsession with smoothing, rounding and polishing his shapes conveys the double purpose, first of eliminating all extraneous foil and complexity in order to arrive at purity of form, at timeless perfection, and second, of letting form mirror the surrounding universe. Significantly, he calls his famous egg-shape "the beginning of the world". With its highly polished surface it is indeed a world-reflector, attesting to the primacy of form in the cosmos.

In a more archaic formalism, the geometric mode finds expression in Modigliani's heads, and in Derain's monoliths. They are representations concentrating on the block-element, employing exclusively verticals and horizontals. More subtle and ethereal are Barbara Hepworth's sophisticated construction, with their classic sense of shape and volume. These are but a few exponents of the formal, geometric mode in sculpture, that mode which apprehends the world by means of pure forms, which proceeds from the assumption of a timeless realm of eternal Being.

The *existential* mode (see fig. 5 and 6, p. 33) includes all those expressions representing man as the lonely, isolated, atomic creature, domiciled, or rather abandoned, in a world he does not love or understand. It is into this mode that there creeps a tragic element of despair, witness to the condition of deeply-felt existential rootlessness. In these works, man is a creature alienated and estranged, subjected to and devoured by the cosmic forces of space and time. The existential is a world labyrinthine, infused with hidden terror. Giacometti may represent this mode. In his art man is terror-stricken and hopelessly engulfed in a threatening infinity of space. Human bodies are thin, bruised, fringed, crying of the destructive power of time, the eternal enemy of all things alive. What remains of man in Giacometti's representations is a frail, thin spindle, a vibrating antenna reaching for contact through the vast emptiness of space.

This existential mode finds a slightly different expression in the work of Gonzales, the "iron sculptor". Unlike Giacometti, he does not represent the emaciated and trembling vertical produced by cosmic pressure, but rather opens up, spatializes the human body to reveal its wounded and violated condition. His images are gnarled, knotty, contrapuntal construction—human "stakes" full of a painful irony, and the biting chill of the loneliness that is the lot of man's existence.

Typically of this mode, Gonzales' materials are things found: pipes, plates, rods—scraps from the garbage-pile. His welded and bolted iron skeletons reveal the sharp, thrust-like dissonance of forms warring with each other. Still, the effect is often that of a revelation, monumentally naked and unashamed, of a world in pain, a world of torture and despair. Gonzales' iron images treat prophetically of the crudely twisted and distorted human



FIGURE 1  
Herbert Ferber  
"Model for a Sculpture"  
1956

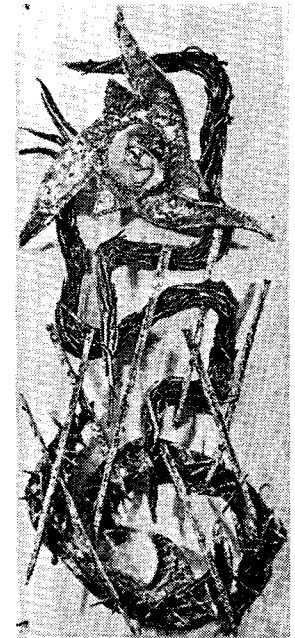


FIGURE 2  
Seymour Lipton  
"The Spring"  
1956

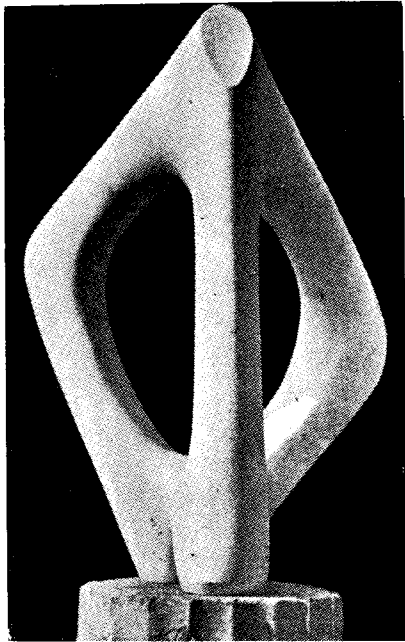


FIGURE 3  
Karl Hartung  
"Sculpture"  
1954

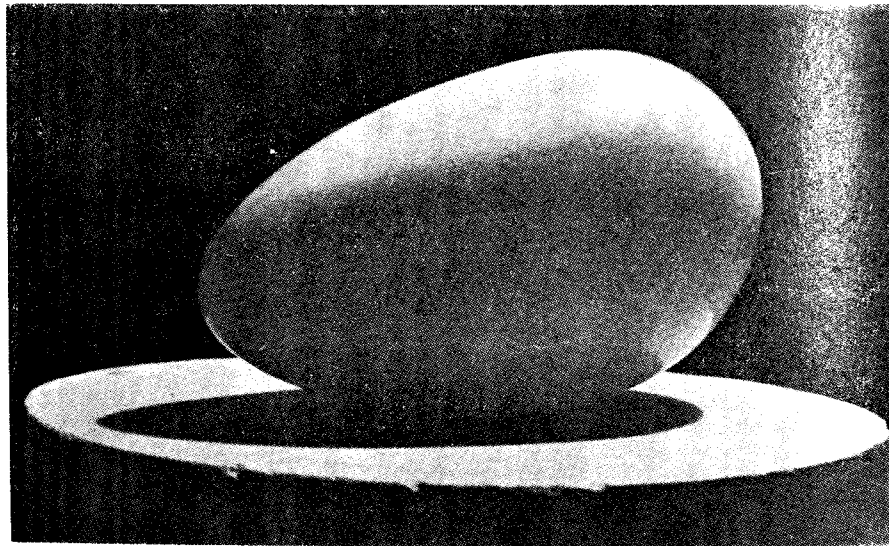


FIGURE 4, Constantine Brancusi, "The Beginning of the World", 1954



FIGURE 5  
Giacometti  
"Man Pointing"  
1947

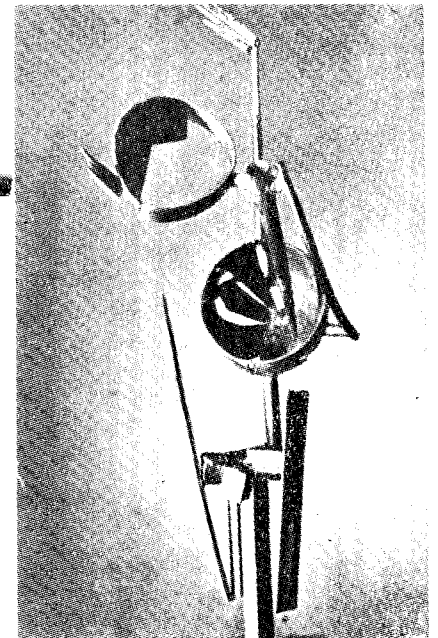


FIGURE 6  
Julio Gonzales  
"The Dream"  
1931

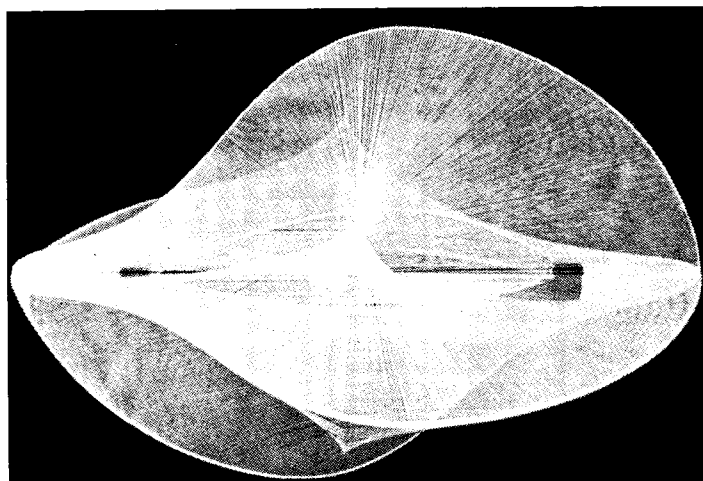


FIGURE 7  
Naum Gabo  
"Linear  
Construction  
in Space"  
1954

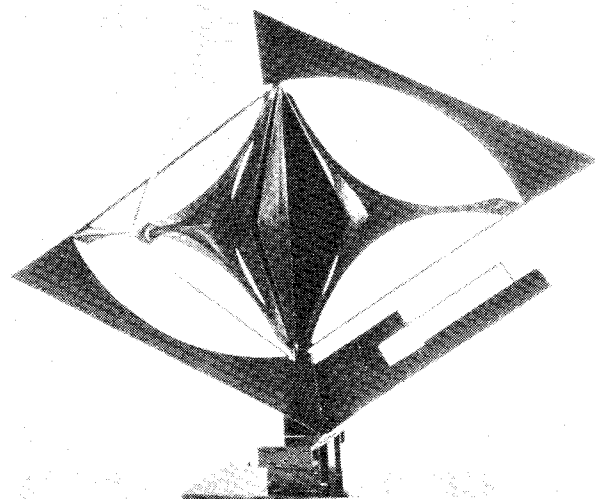


FIGURE 8  
Antoine Pevsner  
"Construction"  
1933

image thrown carelessly on the Dachau scrap-pile of an indifferent cosmos. There are many variants within this existential mode of expression. Yet in spite of widely differing solutions, all of them arise from man's alienated and estranged condition in a terrific universe.

Finally, the *construct* type of sculpture (see fig. 7 and 8, p. 34). It is this mode of representation that is perhaps most typical of our machine-age civilization. It is the art of the engineer turned sculptor of *space-time*. Many of the works of this type possess the airy and mathematical elegance of a logical calculus. At best, they achieve a luminous and weightless transparency which defies gravity. In opposition to the existentialist sculptor, the constructionist declares the infinity of the cosmos his home, and affirms the space-time continuum as his proper subject of representation. The transformation of matter into energy, into a vibrant and luminous elasticity:—this is the pictorial ideal of these artist-technicians. Their credo is the spiritualization of matter into images of spherical harmonies and vibrating infinities. This art is in the truest sense constructive, for it gives back to man the experience of an awe-inspiring and sublime cosmos in all its majesty. Here is not the oppressive and threatening universe of Giacometti and Gonzales, but a universe radiating and reflecting a spiritual infinity of order, measure, and harmony.

The movement is properly known as *constructivism*. Within its defined area it admits of various interpretations and directions. Thus one of its branches stresses the kinematic images (see the mobiles of Calder), another the idea of "light-sculpture". The greatest exponents within the movement are undoubtedly Naum Gabo and Antoine Pevsner. Constructivism owes its origin to Cubism, and much of its incentive to the Bauhaus.

It is within these four modes, then, that the quality of cosmic-centredness expresses itself in contemporary sculpture. As a further qualification we could add that the organic and the construct modes admit of both static and dynamic interpretations. Lipschitz' organic representations is much more dynamic than Arp's static apprehension. Similar comparisons could be drawn among sculptors in the construct mode.

Having enumerated and defined in principle these four modes, we must not, however, expect to find them always represented in their distinctive purity. They are often and successfully combined. Combinations of the organic and the formalistic modes are rather common, as in the works of Laurens and Henry Moore. Nevertheless their constituting principles may easily be apprehended and attached to one or more of the modes described. The types admitting of no combination with other modes are unquestionably the existential and construct types; their expressions are immediately typed. Not so the artist, however, whose career may progress, for instance, through the geometric to the organic mode. He might even work concurrently in, say, the existential and the formalistic modes. Perhaps the most coherent (because

the most goal conscious) of sculptors are the constructivists, who work closely with their own clearly-formulated *credo*.

To give a complete historical account of our four types of representations would, of course, exceed the scope of this paper. At the risk of oversimplification, however, a sketch can be drawn of those intentions and aspirations that helped pave the way for contemporary sculpture.

What emerges in art towards the end of the nineteenth century is a general emphasis of, and acknowledgement of form as the principle of symbolic significance. The uncompromising return to the primacy of form constitutes one of the most revolutionary aspects of modern art. This principle of form, by virtue of its universality, began to be apprehended as being the only means for communicating cosmic states and conditions in the shape of the eternal, the immutable, the active and the creative, the uncertain, fractured and ruptured.

"Content", since it was assumed to be present in the creative act itself, suffered no exclusion under this apprehension. The great French sculptor Laurens expresses in this way the changing relation of form and content: "Before my sculpture represents anything it is a plastic fact—more precisely a series of plastic events—an answer to the requirements of creation. Titles, I supply afterwards only." In other words, the act of creation is its own justification—its own content; following a *logos* peculiar to itself. The artist's creative activity, as an analogue of creation primeval, is logically prior always to the existence of any *one* particular thing. It is therefore prior to all namings and definings, for names or titles are only signs for relatively finished and "fixed" entities. More simply, our sculptor's aim is not so much to depict known objects as to represent pure creativity. It is in this sense that Laurens can speak of sculpture forming a "series of plastic events", for creativity, manifesting itself in such a succession, is nothing but its own inevitable consequence. And with the sculptor's aspiration to echo cosmic creativity there comes naturally the realization that each "form-event" is but a link in a chain of creativity in an eternal act of self-manifestation, an urging towards its own embodiment. Each form-event could be said to imply an infinite concatenation of further plastic events.

The realization of "form-begetting form" is another characteristic, peculiar to our own period, which enriches greatly the field of sculptural expression. Here the key notion with regard to the infinite realm of potential forms is, not surprisingly, Metamorphosis;—its first representative: Rodin. From the foregoing account it can easily be seen that aspirations such as those expressed by Laurens imply representations of the *organic* variety, in which form is employed metaphorically to convey the cosmic activity of creation. An artistic activity which Friedrich Schlegel's Romantic idiom characterizes in this way.

All the sacred play of art is only a distant copying of the infinite play of the world, that work of art which is eternally fashioning itself.

Before the organic mode could fully emerge, however, it had to suffer the purgatory of an uncompromising form-purism, a form-purism whose artistic child is the contemporary mode we have called "formalistic".

Historically, Laurens' development is unrepresentative of his period. The general tendencies which prevailed in the second decade of our century revolved about two antithetical developments: one leading towards and concentrating on the *closed*, resting, self-contained *block* or volume; the other, on the *open*, restless, highly ramified configuration. In terms of its representatives, the antithesis is between Brancusi and Boccioni. Their sculptural ancestors are Maillol and Rodin.

Brancusi's unique position in the history of sculpture justifies a further reference to his work. There, the elements of block and volume reach their highest concentration. Radically reduced to their simplicity, they appear to confirm the "law" that the purest forms mediate the greatest content; that the more closed and indivisible the form, the more "world" is contained in it. Brancusi, with his trans-human form creations, is the sole pioneer and originator of that form-purism in sculpture which no later workers could profitably ignore. Like Mondriaan in painting, Brancusi purged and clarified form until its universal significance, that is to say its idea-conveying import, was unmistakably revealed. The image of man, enshrined within these volumes, becomes the idea, the essence of a man as a calm, self-contained being-with-himself. The symbol of the fish becomes the sum of all fishes; the bird in flight, the sum of all aspirations towards the eternal. Brancusi's reaching for symbolic essences, for sensible universals embodied in pure forms, was to set the norm, the *ne plus ultra* for subsequent developments.

It is from the confines of his form-purism that the geometric mode sprung, taking also its most powerful impetus. It is through this same form-purism that the gradually-emerging organic mode had to pass in order to shake off some of its extraneous foils and playful, decorative *Youth Style* tendencies.

The historical answer to this uncompromising reduction of form was the attempt to loosen up, spatialize and ramify the sculptural image. This movement's initiators were Picasso, Matisse, Boccioni, and Archipenko. At its inception, few considerations were given to any mystical contemplation of timeless essences. Impatient and quick in their experiments, spontaneously modelling, improvising and inventing, they worked from a different ideal of sculpture. Planes and surfaces became dramatically decomposed, split,

arranged in a restless interplay of surfaces and forms opening up at the same time to incorporate the spatial dimension. Occasionally they carried their experiments to the extreme, and the massive solidity of the sculpture dissolved into a whirling frenzy of movement. Theirs was a stormy temperament, aiming at the dynamic of pure movement. To achieve this, they had first to invent their own means, which exceeded the traditionally-accepted canons of execution. In their choice of materials, too, they had to "trespass" beyond the limits imposed by the "noble" substance of stone, wood, and bronze, seizing upon whatever served their purposes. In this process glass, cement, leather, mirrors, pipes expanded their sculptural opportunities. The sacrosanct reign of marble and the other dignified materials was forever destroyed. With the new image, gesticulating, mimicking, came the inevitable dethronement of pedestal sculpture.

The incorporation of *space* into their configurations was, next to their obsession with the dynamic of movement, one of their main contributions to the repertoire of future sculpture. Theirs was the conviction that sculpture is primarily a spatially-joined form-phenomenon. Art, they believed, must determine space as well as form, and in equal measure. One of the most important lessons of Archipenko lies in this discovery. And so, too, with Henry Moore, who most successfully integrates the spatial dimension into his monumental archaism.

These are the two main antithetical streams out of which contemporary sculpture emerges: on the one hand, a concise, flawless and uncompromising determination of form, on the other an intricately ramified and dramatically decomposed spatial image. In terms of aspiration we have here the greatly condensed sum or essence of man and cosmos; there, the constantly changing response to an existential restlessness which is forever inventing and rejecting.

Following decades witness the slow transformation of the merely formal experiment into the compelling symbol, a testament of the artist's gradual awakening to the cosmic vision. The first movement begins to divide itself into the organic and formalistic modes. The second movement develops immediately into the existential mode — from the point of view of working materials, a consequence of the movement's emphasis on dramatic form and surface decomposition. Having increased the technical means and "know-how" of the sculptor, another side of this movement provided the new constructivist with a greatly-enriched material vocabulary with which to express his space-time aspirations.

To bring these movements up to the present day would require more space than is at this writer's disposal. Assuming their continued development, then, we must introduce several qualifications. One great factor is the immense effect primitive art-forms have had and still have on con-

temporary expression. Seen in their merely compositional aspects, they provided for some artists new possibilities, even solutions for their own organic or formalistic problems. To others, primitive art served as a stimulus in returning to a certain naive immediacy of feeling a fresh wonder at the world, qualities which were thought to be hopelessly frustrated by the social and technical machinery of civilization. Similarly we must consider the stress placed upon the art of children, who, not yet imbued with the false consciousness of an "objective" and scientifically-oriented outlook, were able to "connect" more truthfully with the mysteries of life and being. This immediacy, and this spontaneity of response, have been of incalculable value to the practising sculptor. They are qualities whose need is purposefully recognized by a number of contemporary artists.

Today, the immense variety of plastic expression reaches, if we are "open" enough, into the deepest layers of our consciousness: into the anonymous melting and merging with the procreative, preserving forces of a vital cosmos (the organic mode), into the spiritual manifestations of measure, form, and order (the formalistic mode), into the frighteningly alien "otherness" of man's earthly existence (the existential mode), and into the finer cosmic air of the space-time continuum (the mode of constructivism). The artist is, perhaps for the first time, truly aware of his role as creator, fashioner of states and entities analogous to states and entities of the creative dynamic at large. Entering unhesitatingly into the realm of the *mysterium perrenis*, he seeks in his own way to supply new answers to the conundra that have forever beset mankind. He inquires courageously into the meanings of life, death, rebirth, being and becoming. His ultimate aim and unquenchable ambition is directed towards a new reconciliation, for a new age, of man and cosmos.

AUGUST WIEDMANN

# How I Became — A VAMPIRE

*The vampire is a particular form of demon which calls for some notice. In Europe, the Slavonic area is the principal seat of still-prevalent vampire beliefs, and indeed, the word itself is of Slavonic origin.*

I, Staz Jachmiak, had been living in Canada for only three years when I received from Poland the news of my brother's death. We had always been very close, my brother and I, and as my fluency with languages had brought me considerable money as an interpreter during this short period, I determined to return home and see him properly buried. But grief seldom comes singly it seems, for scarcely had I arrived and seen the funeral rites completed, when my aged mother, as dear and wise a mother as any man could ask for, also died. She had been a robust old lady, so much so that strangers were always astonished on learning that she was over eighty. She had never, as far as I knew, been ill in her life, and I had given her at least another ten years to live. But I kept my suspicions to myself; one never knows in these cases, and the doctor put it down to the culminating effects of old age.

The night after her death, I felt I could stand the pressing, stifling confines of the house no longer. I wanted to be alone somewhere—I had to go where I could howl my sorrows to the moon, not parade them in front of a rabble of tearful relatives. On leaving the house, I was pleased to find that my spirits picked up somewhat in the fresh night air. I decided to take a walk. As chance would have it, my aimless wanderings led me to the very grave-yard in which lay my recently interred brother, and it occurred to me to look once more at the melancholy spot where rested the earthly remains of him I had lost. But which way was the grave? A sort of fog, a haze of grief had muddied over the recollections of the last few days, so that while I knew the site of the

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grave was in a far corner of the plot, I could not think whether it was in the south corner or the north. At length, making a purely arbitrary decision, I made for the south corner, picking my way among the many tombstones.

But having reached my destination, I became almost convinced that I had been in error; the grave was to the north. I had turned to go, when directly in front of me, I remarked a yawning hole in the earth, and beside it a loose mound of raw dirt. Doubtless, I thought, the sexton has worked late tonight preparing this grave for a new-comer in the morning. But there was something unnatural about that hole, something which seemed to rivet my attention upon it, and something which eventually compelled me, as though drawn by a magnet, to go right up to the edge and look in. Horrors! There was already a coffin in that grave — *an open and empty coffin.*

*The accounts we have of the vampires of Poland are most incredible. They are, in the usual form of belief, reanimated corpses which supposedly gain nourishment at night by sucking the blood of living persons. Opening their coffins, they force their way out of their graves . . .*

Suddenly I was startled by a sound. It was the harsh grating of the cemetery gate, a noise which had irritated me earlier, but which now struck into my heart an unreasoning disquiet. Telling myself that I acted merely out of my present desire to avoid companionship (for only human fingers could unfasten that gate), I hastened to place myself behind the grave's head-stone.

A figure approached through the night. It must be the sexton returning to complete his work, I thought. But no, the lateness of the hour did not support such an hypothesis. The figure, that of a man, continued to wend its way towards the gaping grave. Now the insane thought struck me that this was some unfortunate soul who had been buried alive, à la Poe, and who, after vast struggles, had managed at last to force his way out of his premature grave. Hardly. Even if it were true, such a person would not return to the place of his torment. What then? (The figure was quite close now). A spirit? A ghost? This, to my tortured mind, seemed the most likely supposition so far, and yet who ever saw a ghost that walked — walked I say, not flitted — in such a purposeful and human manner, or whose lips glistened like that, or whose face was flushed in the moonlight like that with full, rosy bloom of health?

*According to most reports, the corpse may often be recognised by its unnaturally ruddy and fresh*

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*appearance. A never failing sign is the wetness  
of the lips with blood.*

The man, it *had* to be a man, stopped abruptly. Seemingly he was testing the air with his nose, and then . . .

*A marked characteristic, and probably a terribly  
useful one, is their acute sense of smell.*

. . . for one long horrible moment he stared straight at where I was hiding. And now he began to move again, quickly this time, not stopping at the lip of the grave, but skirting it, coming up beside it, right up to where I crouched horror-stricken in the shadow of the head-stone. And it was then, then as he bent over me in the pale moonlight, and his hands found my throat, and his stinking breath filled me with nausea, than as my straining fingers pressing into the initials etched in the cold tombstone confirmed what my eyes refused to believe, it was then that realisation came. I *had* gone the right way, the grave *was* to the south, and the face that laughed harshly two inches away from my own, while the powerful hands tightened their inexorable grip, was that of my late, beloved brother! And my only thought in those last awful moments of consciousness was — my brother, he's going to kill me, my brother, why? My own brother, why? why?

*Evidently the deceased is not only doomed  
to vampirize, but compelled to confine his infernal  
visitations solely to those beings he loved most  
while upon earth.*

She crouched and watched, horror-stricken. The man, it *had* to be a man, stopped abruptly. Seemingly, she thought, he was testing the air with his nose. For one long horrible moment he stared straight at the place where she, Mrs. Staz Jachmiak, was hiding. It was not until the hands, my hands, reached out for her throat that . . .

*As to the question concerning how vampires  
come into being, it is generally assumed that,  
depending on certain favourable conditions, every  
victim of one of those creatures is himself a  
potential vampire . . . .*

By TERRY PRATT

**REFLECTIONS,** *after the storming of the Convent of  
Nuestra Senor del Amparo by militiamen in Madrid,  
November 15th, 1937.*

Oh priest  
Confessed at last to have ignored the weeds  
You vaguely move among your nuns  
Whose wavering, white lily fronds  
Are tinged around the edges,  
A little stained, not parched by drought—  
You fed them well—  
But bruised by a million rabid seeds  
Who shout for freedom, uncut soil.

Oh priest  
To have ignored the weeds;  
For they have stormed  
Your carefully weeded garden.

MICHAEL WITTY

# ST. HILDA'S NOTES

My task it is to endight ensamples of goodly maidenhood, and sing praise of those who seek learning within the peaceful walls of the College of Saint Hilda, until such time as they will issue forth, blushing brides of the world.

Behold the maidens gently led thither by the modest head lady, Miss Ann Tottenham, at the ball in their honour on first entering the College. Here one blushing doth accept the hand of a goodly knight and moves into the dance. The very floor doth smile, so caressingly doth her foot tread upon it. There a maiden muses upon the levity of her companions, and turns her mind to higher things. There a knot of damsels doth make the rafters echo with the sweet chime of their laughter.

But what is this? A gleam of malice in the eye of those ladies who are beginning a second year in the pursuit of wisdom? See, see, these ladies with delicate taunts and cunning despight do drive the two unknowing maidens out to offer themselves, innocent victims, prostrate at the foot of the Monster Automobile. See now, them, unhappy wretches, compelled to sweeten and cleanse the northern wall of the Varsity Stadium, with—O loathly tool—a toothbrush. And now see them, slaving over a hot fire, preparing such comfits and sweetmeats as could be exchanged for gold, which gold, the fruit of painful labours, finds a happy resting place in the hands of SHARE.

Such cruel jests are soon forgotten, and an harmonious peace created through the venerable ceremony of Dubbing, which ceremony is a marvellous apt example whereby we may see how woman is gradually finding equality with man. For the stroke which the humble maiden receives upon her kneeling shoulder is parallel to that blow which the young squire suffers when he is created knight.

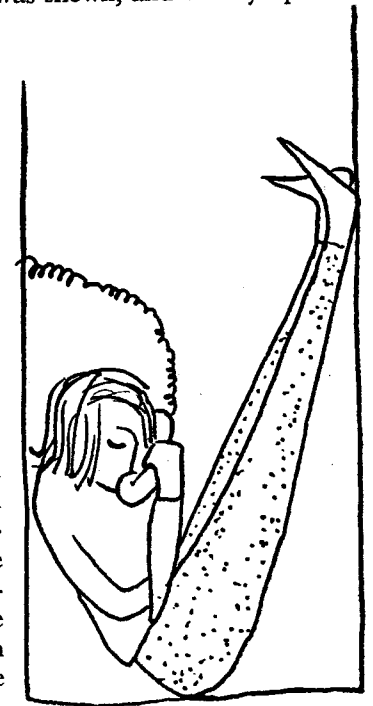
All demoiselles draw their black gowns about them and withdraw into the long winter quiet of study and reflection. There are those however, who would fain practise a more active virtue, and venture forth to acquire those skills in games and jousting which were the ornament of their great-grandmother, Britomart. One of these maidenly skills doth require the sliding on ice while beating a flat circular object with a stick, as it were persuing and harassing a mouse in an enclosed area. Those lady knights who have attained sufficient skill in this sport to challenge knights from distant parts are Miss Susan Griffin, Miss Laurel Ball, and Miss Jan McAdam. Another of these games

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shows us the warlike damsels vying with one another for possession of a large ball, in order to heave it at an object suspended in the air, called a basket. Is there perhaps a lack of delicacy in this game which doth inspire repugnance in the lady knights of St. Hilda's? For indeed, in tourneys, their valour did fail them, and they rode away without honour.

A variation of this game which doth appear more seemly, is one in which a ball is tossed gaily over a net. In this tourney, our valiant ladies gained the victory from a band of hardy foes, who, whether for the particular style of their armour I know not, nominate themselves POTS. Another variation of this game, in which the ball doth possess an oval-pointed shape, was accounted so unseemly, and so unworthy of maidenhood, as to be totally *banned*. But our gallant maidens gained much skill in the classical art of jousting. True it is, that for the weaker strengths of ladies the lance is considerably shortened, and the object at which she doth aim is not a moving knight, but a moving ball, yet the highest valour was shown, and victory upon victory was won, until inevitable defeat was suffered at the hands of those invincible lady knights of the Order of Physical Education. The private tournament in the lists behind Trinity Keep brought forth the flower of professorial knighthood. Startling skill in arresting the flight of the aforementioned moving ball was demonstrated by the resident Holy Father, or chaplain at the Keep, and his Feudal Lord crowned the pageant with his red plumes and the geometric device on his habergeon.

The dance of the Saints, which outbreak doth relieve the consistent quiet for a night, was seemly set forth in guise of Camelot, and the S. J. S., which dance doth occur after Christmas, and provide a balance in the smale of levity, was set forth as a fete or jolly fair. There are seen such promenading and rich array, are heard such witty repartee and sprightly music as do glad the heart of every maiden for many a day thereafter. Who doth not joy to see a matron dance or the long flowing gown of a damsel move in happy agitation, inspired by the music of the Twist.



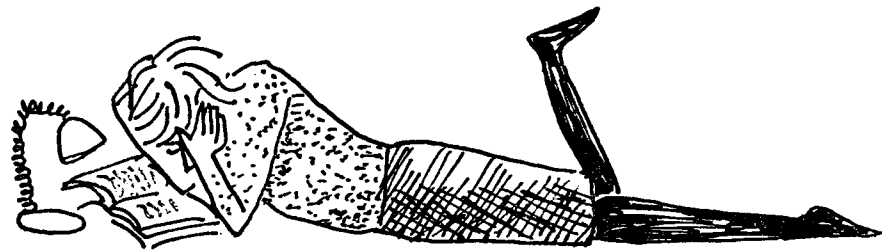
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But for the most part the maidens continually endeavour to progress in the improvement of the mind and spirit. Picture them in sober vein, enpondering the deeper mysteries of *The Wasteland* in a scholastic ritual directed by Mistress Brückmann, and produced by the chiefest literary lady, Miss Patricia Earle. Or think you see them reverently watching the enacting of certain plays in which the author doth most efficaciously inculcate moral principles. They did witness *The Fall of the City*, a play written by learned Professor MacLeish on the principle of freedom; the *Secunda Pastorum*, the which doth lead the mind from levity to perfect religion and virtue; *The Rehearsal*, which doth bend the mind to a right disapproval of light and meaningless entertainments; and *Ophelia*, which doth figure forth a right ensample of goodly womanhede. Or again, see them engaging in witty repartee with a number of Knights of the Order of the Engine, on the resolution that the knights of that order do require culture. This is a question of gravest import, and one which Miss Susan Foster and Miss Lynne Woodruff did ponder and debate with many a downward cast of the eye and many a modest blush.

To a chosen number of the maidens St. Cecilia doth call. Barbara Collier and Cecilia Anderson did make music in consort for the delight of an assembly of the most noble knights and ladies in a goodly hall of fair proportion which to the Lord of Trinity Keep belongs. Both did also make music in the House of the Hart, and another musical maiden, Janis Neilson, did play in the final concert of a large festival of music called Kiwanis. O who doth not delight to hear these gentle damsels to make such concordant harmonies as raise the soul to greatest joy?

Hush! The blanket of winter hath fallen over the maidens' stronghold. But see, a lamp glimmers in an upper room. Behold, young Katherine MacLay, musing alone, doth ponder how, in maidenly modesty to draw the public view toward a play of the greatest moral efficacy: the *Agamemnon*. Should she, could she, disguise herself as town crier, and roam from keep to keep ringing a bell and calling 'Agamemnon!' 'Agamemnon!' until it were thoroughly engraved on the mind of all? Would it be too bold to gain a monopoly on



a newssheet, and fill it with nothing but *Agamemnon*? Could she, O could she deface the outer walls of keeps and castles with notices and proclamations? What troublous thoughts for so tender a breast. But lo, below in the dark depths of the stronghold a single candle flickers, illuminating the hand of Kady MacDonald as she does bend o'er a fine seam. What sweet uncomplaining sacrifice for what noble cause!

Could we but view at once the whole of this bless'd community, now the weeks of final trial approach, see it wrapt and thoughtful, submerged in sweet contemplation of the delights of learning, we would sigh, nay weep, and say it was a dream.

## a glancing tenderness

You were like the fluttering bird  
Caught in my hand  
Yet I was captured.

Contact with the past,  
High thoughts like incense  
In cathedral choirs.

Strong manhood's prior gentleness.  
When young gods ride  
As radicals in attic rooms  
Wearing brown mohair jackets  
And drinking wine.

Still may we each  
Go our ways in peace.  
A glancing tenderness.  
But O my beautiful soul  
You tripped that time.

SHIRLEY ALLAWAY

## THE MORNING AFTER

We met that morning, my friend and I, to talk of the recent tragedy of our mutual acquaintance, Michael Evans. He was at that time under observation in the psychiatric ward of the general hospital, after having attempted suicide at a party several days before. I hadn't been at the party, realizing that it would be the usual drag, but my friend had gone, and I was anxious to hear the details of Evans's behaviour from a first hand source. Before beginning he excused his presence at this particular soiree by claiming that he had only been an amused observer, but I knew that he could bandy Bartok with any undergraduate, so I took this rather self-conscious defence with a grain of salt.

He began.

"It started as the same sort of evening that you know yourself—with that damn hi-fi at full blast, beginning with the most avant-garde delights—concerti for radios and airplane engine, that sort of thing. For the first half hour everyone sat around the machine, commenting profoundly on 'this exciting solution to our contemporary social problems, artistic without being metaphysical . . .', or looking overwhelmed when someone read from the notes on the album cover that the composer had died at the age of six from sclerosis of the liver. Gradually the company broke off into groups, and somebody—I'm sure it was that ass Duncan—found a Sing Along With Mitch record hidden behind the radiator, and put it on when no one was looking. Myra was there, so naturally she made a slight fuss, to keep her intellectual integrity intact, but she didn't carry the protest too far—so that the necking could start in the corner to the strains of Sweet Adoline. The party began to sink, as they always do, to that mixture of tawdry emotion and momentary passion.

"At about ten the refreshments appeared—cheese and wine as usual (Brazilian Moselle, I think it was)—and the drinking began. The object of these parties being either stimulation or oblivion, the consumption of that delightful Moselle increased rapidly. It looked as though the evening would

end in its usual fashion, everyone drunk, and both records and reputations slightly tarnished, but good for another whirl."

My friend's face took a strange cast suddenly, and I saw him looking uneasily away from me. Discretion being the better part of friendship, I didn't interrupt.

He continued.

"Of course Duncan made a complete fool of himself again. He turned up smoking a pipe, drawing at it in the most pretentious Ph.D. manner. This time he got going on his latest literary jag—a Freudian interpretation of *The Old Man and the Sea*. It all depends on the fish being female. Completely ridiculous—but he got Myra with it, the black-eyed bitch!"

Another glance at my friend revealed another change of colour, traditionally green in poetry, but actually a brilliant blushing red. Again I pretended to ignore it.

"Damn that Duncan!" he burst out. "I'd like to take his pipe and . . ." But he checked himself quickly, for his lapse of temper drew a startled reaction from me. I felt I must say something to the poor chap, so after assuring him that Myra was so obviously his intellectual inferior, I encouraged him on. I really wanted to know about poor Evans, and I told him so. This time he got to the point.

"At first Michael didn't seem particularly different. Of course he was tired—stayed up the previous night with his father, who's dying you know—got cancer. We tried to cheer him up, naturally—'rough luck, Mike, terribly bad of the old boy to cause a fuss the night before a party'—that sort of thing. It was at this point that I first noticed he was a bit upset, for instead of responding in a good-humored way, he grew rather angry. He even issued a terribly vulgar invitation, which I hesitate to repeat, even to you. I must say, I hardly expected the situation at home to affect Michael so much. He was always so sensible in his approach to his father.

"However, he seemed to settle down after that, and I thought a drink or two would soon revive his spirits. He got talking politics with some person or other—I forget who—covering the usual subjects. He got on to the old liberal-intellectual line about nuclear war—how he wasn't going to fight a war for any damn fat-assed generals, and if war came there would be three men missing, himself and the two M.P.s chasing him, and he'd be damned if he'd kiss their fatuous flag—things like that. He kept drinking steadily.

"The only person who seemed to be affected by it was that damned little . . . was Myra. She had always gone for that left-wing cant, provided that it came from the right source. Michael, being male and over sixteen, qualified. I saw her rush across the floor, glass in hand, cooing something like, 'I just *adore* pacifists, they're so exciting!' Duncan had passed out on the sofa by this time. As I watched Myra move in for the kill, I expected . . . well . . . the usual outcome for her little projects."

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I looked at him again as he paused, expecting another flash of jealousy, but on the contrary he wasn't disturbed in any way, and actually seemed to relish the next part of his narrative.

"But you'll never guess what happened . . . you won't believe it! Ha! I laughed to tears! Poor Myra."

Sympathy for "poor Myra" wasn't exactly gushing from his soul, but I listened intently as he went on.

"As soon as Michael became aware of her advances—which were none too subtle, thanks to the good old Moselle—he became absolutely furious. His mouth began to twitch spasmodically, his eyes glowered with a dilated fervour, and he began to rant in a great heat.

"Myra was cheap and affected. She had betrayed her sex in a misguided frenzy of being, as he said, 'a modern, emancipated, free-thinking bitch'. He railed at her short skirts, and tried to wipe the make-up from her face. He was frantic. Most of the women left the room, looking slightly guilty.

"The rest of us were pretty much alarmed at this sort of behaviour as you might expect, and some stepped forward to try and calm him. Myra was sent from the room—she didn't want to go, she seemed fascinated—and we tried to talk him down. Our efforts were futile, for he broke out again.

"Get out! Get out you officious hypocrites! I'm sick of you and your smooth culture, and your goddamned rotten sophistication! You're weak! You're lifeless! You're sterile, goddamn you, and I hate your bloody eyes! . . . Sinful! . . . Idle! . . . HYPOCRITES!!!"

"And then—'FIRE OF HEAVEN, BURN THEIR BODIES! CRUSH THEM YE ANGELS IN IRON-HEELED JACK-BOOTS! CRUUSSH THEM!!!"

"Now really, there was never such insane raving anywhere. He shouted other things as well, to me even, and he was very insulting. He accused me of calling myself an atheist—'Just like all these other intellectual fads', he said, 'you don't even know the terrible meaning of that word'. Completely ridiculous, of course—I know what 'atheist' means—besides, I have never actually said that there is no God. And as for being a fool, at least I don't go around shrieking about angels like a madman.

"By and by the climax of his passion passed, and he sank slowly to the floor. We stared at him as he sat there, mumbling softly to himself. I caught snatches of the words. Sometimes he would whisper 'father, dear father', in a pathetic, childlike voice, or he would mumble something about 'lost innocence' and about being foul and corrupt, himself and everyone else.

"Then someone said, 'Dear God, he may be right', and each of us turned with a start. 'Shut-up you!' screamed Duncan, who was awake by this time, and considerably shaken by what he saw. During this brief interruption we took our eyes off Michael, and it was then he tried to kill himself—slashed his wrists with a broken wine bottle. We stopped him quickly, as soon as we

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noticed. He was tied with some cord—not resisting at all—and we telephoned the hospital. And that was it. An ambulance arrived shortly, and he was taken away—neither resisting nor saying a word—although his mouth still twitched in that spasmodic way. Needless to say, the party broke up almost immediately.”

He paused a moment, frowned, and then said, “It was a combination of fatigue and shock, I suppose. Michael had always coped in such a mature and intelligent manner. I can’t understand where these silly emotional ravings came from. What do you think?”

I told him that I agreed, Evans must have been over-wrought—his father’s illness would explain it. I also mentioned that the suicide attempt probably wasn’t genuine. It takes a great deal of courage to kill oneself. Sincere efforts are rare, but usually succeed.

My friend seemed pleased with this assurance and left looking reasonably content. I hadn’t revealed the whole truth to the poor chap of course—no need to trouble him. I realized full well what Michael’s trouble was. Just a simple death-wish transferred to his father’s situation, perfectly common in such cases involving repressed, inverted masochists and their father-figures involved in a love-hate relationship. Perfectly normal. Michael’s reaction was typical of any sensitive person in a similar situation. Even so, and I said to myself, I won’t drop in to see Michael right away. I can see him any time—tomorrow perhaps—and besides—there’s a frightfully good Italian film playing at the society to-night. I mustn’t miss it.

BRIAN METCALFE

## CONVOCAATION

Every year Convocation takes space in an issue of the Review to report on matters of interest to its membership. Often this report includes a summary of the activities of the organization from the date of the last report. It would appear, however, that no description has ever been given of the Executive Committee of Convocation. This is a surprising oversight when one considers that by the Statutes of the College and the Regulations of Convocation, the Executive Committee is empowered to perform all the functions and exercise all the duties of its parent body. The Executive Committee is as difficult to describe as Convocation itself which may account for the situation. With this in mind perhaps the best method would be to describe a typical meeting of this body which by illustration will indicate its function.

Picture if you will the Board Room of the College. The room is long, rectangular and traditional, yet incorporating the best of modern. One side is given to high casemented French windows soaring almost to the vaulted ceiling. The remaining walls are panelled in red oak (blonded as part of the recent renovations) and above the panelling to the ceiling the walls are superbly finished in traditional plastic simulated matting. Entrance is gained through the massive brass studded oaken door (blonded as part of the recent renovations) which is located in the centre of the long wall facing the windows. The room is sparsely but expensively furnished. Perhaps the dominating feature is the great refectory table in the centre of the room. The finely carved end legs support the vast top of red oak (blonded as part of the recent renovations) polished to a high gloss by generations of elbows.

It is a few minutes before eight in the evening and the members of the Committee are already seated. Precisely on the hour the door is swung backward and the College Porter attired in his formal black uniform announces the arrival of the Chairman of the Executive Committee and the Provost of the College by invoking in a husky old world voice the traditional—Please Sirs. The members rise as one and turning bow low as these two living embodiments of, respectively, the lay and spiritual tradition of the College take their places at the head of the table. Before each member is a quill pen set in a gold inkwell embossed with the arms of the College. Each member has already received the minutes of the last meeting and the agenda for the evening, hand-printed by photo-offset process. There follows an interval of

precisely five minutes while the members read this material. This pause enables the Chief Wine Steward of the College and his two senior butlers to furnish coffee and ascertain the preference of each person in regard to liqueurs or port. One cannot help but notice that the majority choose the famous Cognac of the College, the remains of the 1852 shipment ordered by Bishop Strachan. The cognac is actually rather flat with a definite acid quality presumably because it has aged almost fifty years in excess of the optimum for brandy. Nevertheless, those members who choose it are obviously well satisfied, motivated no doubt by a sense of tradition combined with palates deadened by many years of bad drinking habits. Cigars are out of the question because of the recent decision to break with precedent and admit St. Hildian graduates to the Committee. Unless it be thought that this interlude is unnecessary it must be remembered that the 8 p.m. commencement has placed the members in the awkward position of having to leave their dinner tables prior to the cheese and savouries. They are thus only being afforded in the most civilised way under the circumstances of finishing the evening meal. Indeed the men have not had time to change from black tie nor the women from dinner dress.

Sharply at five minutes past the hour the business of the meeting commences. Cognisant of change when change is merited, the Committee operates completely within the sub-committee system. Every item on the agenda has already been exhaustively considered by those members in whose purview the item falls. The necessity of prolonged and irritating concentration is thus obviated and the long agenda is covered swiftly. Traditionally only the Chairman speaks. Other communication is by penned notes carried by the half dozen page boys always on duty for this purpose. The tread of the butlers is muffled by the thick carpet and apart from the pop of corks, the rustle of the black and red silks of the butlers and the occasional scratch of a quill pen the meeting proceeds silently. Members indicate their votes by a barely perceptible movement of the index finger reminiscent of a Sotheby auction. Typical areas of decision are the date of the next publication of the Bulletin, the date of the next meeting of the Executive, whether or not the stock of liqueurs should be augmented by the addition of Drambuie and so on. The members of your executive are fully prepared for their service through vocation and tradition and these complex problems are well within their capacities. Representing as they do many walks of life—lawyers, doctors, clerics, businessmen, academicians, chartered accountants, architects and lawyers—only the military is missing to give a complete spectrum of society — again a signature of the times. Although elected to the Executive in the hard fought campaigns which are such a notable feature of the College life there is now no lack of dignity, none of the more banal aspects of the politician. Why do they serve? Partly the sense of duty so peculiar to their class and partly, it must be admitted, for the immense prestige and status afforded by the position.

*page fifty-four*

The meeting closes with met a' gona and the members are helped to their waiting cars and so home.

As the last Convocation report appeared in the 1961 summer issue, there is not a full year on which to comment. However, some of the highlights during this period merit consideration.

1. The revision of the Regulations of Convocation was completed and approval given by the Executive Committee of Corporation and by Convocation. The revision reflects amendments to the Statutes and to a change in the internal organization of Convocation. In addition, vigorous pruning and the elimination of much technical phraseology has made the new Regulations easier to read and digest, a minor miracle when it is considered that three members of the Constitution sub-committee were lawyers.

2. A number of changes have been considered, and some implemented, to make the Bulletin more interesting to members of Convocation. It is intended to use more illustrations and to have feature articles on topics of interest pertaining to the College of which the article on the new phonetics laboratory by Professor Joyce was a well received example.

3. Because recent graduating years have exhibited less enthusiasm in supporting Convocation than could be expected, steps have been taken to remedy this situation. Among other things, the undergraduates in the third and fourth years are being reached through meetings with members of the Executive Committee to acquaint these future graduates with the structure and aims of Convocation. The efforts to keep up and increase contributions to living endowment have continued and have been on the whole successful.

4. Convocation social events have been continued, an example being the successful Fifties and Sixties Dance on December 1, 1961 organized by John Goodwin.

Robin W. W. Fraser '52.

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## SUSTAINING MEMBERS OF CONVOCATION

### ENDOWING MEMBERS

J. H. A'Court	'37	Prof. C. A. Ashley	Assoc.
B. S. Connolly	'09	Mrs. Britton Osler	'08

### ASSOCIATES

Anthony Adamson	F. Ronald Graham
D. S. Beatty	Charles L. Gundy
C. J. F. Beny	Senator A. C. Hardy
L. C. Bonnycastle	Prof. R. K. Hicks
W. H. Bosley	K. M. Hunter
Miss A. L. Brock	J. George Johnston
Miss M. G. Brock	F. I. Ker
Charles E. Bull	R. A. Laidlaw
Mrs. A. B. Cayley	John L. McCarthy
Donald A. Davidson	Mrs. Hedley C. Macklem
Mrs. G. R. Deacon	Harold E. Manning
H. B. Dean	Graham Morrow
H. M. Dignam	Mrs. Campbell Reaves
D'Arcy B. Dingle	H. L. Rous
T. G. Drew-Brook	Arthur L. Scace
Mrs. E. E. Fairweather	H. B. Scandrett
Mrs. J. B. Fotheringham	Norman Seagram
D. H. Gibson	H. R. Stephenson
Mrs. A. E. Gooderham	J. Page Wadsworth
Duncan L. Gordon	W. P. Walker
Col. H. D. Lockhart Gordon	A. M. Wilson
	C. W. Young

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Messrs. George & Moorhouse,	Paper Co. Ltd.
Architects	

### ALUMNI

Dr. Charles Carter	'93	Dr. Hartley Howard	'32
Dr. G. B. Strathy	'00	Robert L. Pepall	'32
Mr. Justice P. H. Gordon	'05	D. A. McIntosh	'33
W. S. R. Wilson	'05	Mrs. W. D. Marshall	'33
J. H. M. Bond	'09	Hubert Martin	'33
Mrs. W. A. Kirkwood	'11	J. L. Stewart	'33
William Lunan	'11	George A. Stiles	'33

Miss E. H. Newton	'11	E. H. Ambrose	'34
G. B. Jackson	'12	J. David Cromarty	'34
R. C. Berkinshaw	'13	J. C. Denison	'34
Mrs. Timothy C. Eaton	'13	Lawrence W. Skey	'34
Mrs. J. R. Bulman	'14	Miss Margaret Weller	'35
Dr. David Keys	'14	A. B. Allison	'36
Mrs. James Baxter	'15	G. G. Crean	'36
W. E. Sommerville	'15	Montgomery Gunn	'36
Dr. G. W. Spragge	'15	Alan Y. Eaton	'37
Thomas Oakley	'17	Lionel C. Graham	'37
J. L. Charlesworth	'18	Robert A. Kingston	'37
Mrs. Thomas Oakley	'20	John H. Osler	'37
Argue Martin	'21	Miss Olwen Chappell	'38
J. S. D. Nation	'22	Mrs. Frances Ireland	'38
Hudson J. Stowe	'22	G. H. Southam	'38
Judge E. L. Weaver	'23	Morgan Reid	'39
Hugh C. Cayley	'24	William Sparkhall	'40
R. S. Chaffe	'24	Robin S. Harris	'41
Christopher Morrison	'25	Stanley Armour	'42
E. H. Charleson	'26	D. A. Berlis	'42
D. Martin Symons	'26	Dr. Isobel L. Rigg	'42
Mrs. Ian Macdonell	'27	Rev. E. R. Fairweather	'43
Rev. Lyndon Smith	'27	R. W. L. Laidlaw	'44
F. J. L. Evans	'28	Gerald Nash	'45
Ray R. Manbert	'28	Rev. John A. Coombs	'46
R. D. Ralfe	'28	Paul F. Greer	'46
J. G. K. Strathy	'28	P. B. L. Mackinnon	'46
J. A. Wright	'28	Douglas C. Matthews	'46
C. F. W. Burns	'29	John F. Mitchell	'47
David G. Guest	'29	Miss M. E. Cockshutt	'48
Mrs. J. G. K. Strathy	'29	George O. Shepherd	'48
St. Clair Balfour, Jr.	'31	John D. Stennett	'48
David H. Kirkwood	'31	Michael K. Macklem	'50
Dr. Harold V. Cranfield	'32	Peter H. R. Alley	'52
John G. Edison	'32		

### NEW ALUMNI SUSTAINING MEMBERS

Augustus T. Wood	'12	Mrs. H. Arnold Ward	'35
Bertram R. Wood	'12	Patrick M. Keenleyside	'37
The Hon. Mr. Justice C.D.	'26	Mrs. D. D. Preston	'46
Stewart			
C. Franklin Farwell	'29	Miss Elspeth Abbey	'47
Mrs. Graham Morrow	'30	James W. Vair	'47

### YEAR ORGANIZATION

Vice Chairman of Convocation — Jasper E. Moore

### YEAR GROUP CONVENERS

To 1924	Hudson J. Stowe	WA 4-4111
1925-1929	Colin M. A. Strathy, Q.C.	EM 4-1231
1930-1934	<del>Dr. Harold V. Cranfield</del>	<del>VI 3-0724</del>
1935-1939		
1940-1944	C. Ian P. Tate	EM 8-6767
1945-1949	David C. Higginbotham	EM 8-8041
1950-1954	Robin W. W. Fraser	EM 8-4511
1955-1959	John G. Goodwin	EM 2-1631
1960-1963	G. Robert W. Gale	HU 8-0252

1964

### YEAR REPRESENTATIVES

To 1899	William R. Wadsworth, Q.C.	EM 4-1221
1900-1904	Gerard B. Strathy, Q.C., LL.D.	EM 4-1231
1905	Hon. Mr. Justice P. H. Gordon	Regina
	Thomas W. Lawson	EM 3-3388
1906-1909	Samuel Wilson	CH 1-2193
1910-1912	Gordon B. Jackson, Q.C.	CR 8-3351
1913	Ross Sheppard, Q.C.	<del>EM 6-3350</del>
1914	Lt. Col. H. Eric Machell	<sup>365-4039</sup> EM 3-1211
1915	Dr. George W. Spragge	HU 8-6313
1916	Harold E. Orr	<sup>441-8952</sup> EM 4-9141
1917	A. A. Harcourt Vernon	<sup>247-1516</sup>
1918	Ralph L. Lovell	<sup>AWOAS</sup> Ancaster
1919	Rev. William A. Brown	Brampton
1920	W. Harold R. Lawrence, Q.C.	AV 5-5546
1921	Dr. Charles E. Phillips	Milton
1922	Rev. Frank H. Mason	WA 4-4111
	Hudson J. Stowe	
1923		
1924	Rev. F. Arthur Smith	WA 4-5838
1925	Rev. Canon Robert P. Walker	Peterborough
1926		
1927	Rev. W. Lyndon Smith	WA 3-8411
1928	Frank S. Edgar	Preston
	Robert D. Ralfe	WA 4-4111
1929	Edward H. Blachford	EM 4-8211
1930	Dr. J. Allan Walters	WA 1-1013
1931	Robert H. R. Gray, Q.C.	EM 3-0166
1932	Murray A. Wilton	EM 2-1485
1933	Jasper E. Moore	WA 4-6811
1934	Bernard L. McEvoy	EM 6-2851
1935	Samuel F. McAdam	EM 6-2848
1936	John L. Wright	Aurora
1937	Beverley S. V. Cudbird	EM 2-6211
1938	Charles G. Greenfield	EM 8-4781
1939	E. Douglas K. Martin	WA 4-9111
1940	Norman M. Simpson, Q.C.	EM 2-2868

1941	Arthur R. Kilgour	WA 3-6611
1942	<del>Arthur A. McMichael</del>	<del>EM 4-4171</del>
1943	J. A. (Tony) Whittingham	LE 4-3521
1944	Fraser Broadshaw	BA 5-8826
	<del>Frederick C. Stinson, M.P.</del>	<del>EM 6-8851</del>
1945	Donald Baker	EM 8-8256
	Donald W. Falconer	EM 3-9003
1946	James W. Vair	EM 3-0661
1947	William N. Greer	EM 3-0366
1948	F. Gordon Stanley	EM 8-6731
1949	G. Patrick H. Vernon	EM 6-7771
1950	Lawrence B. Heath	EM 6-9481
1951	G. Donald Scroggie	EM 8-4511
1952	Robin W. W. Fraser	EM 8-4511
1953	William A. Corbett	EM 8-4511
1954	Hugh H. Vernon	HU 1-3728
1955	Peter H. Russell	WA 3-6611
1956	William M. Crossin	UN 1-5111
	H. Douglas R. Stewart	HU 8-7017
1957	John G. Goodwin	EM 2-1631
	W. David R. Smith	VI 5-4681
1958	Thomas G. Deacon	EM 4-2481
	<del>Terence W. M. Grier</del>	<del>Ottawa</del>
1959	Peter G. Saunderson	<del>AV 5-3593</del>
	<del>Benson E. N. Wright</del>	<del>Port Arthur</del>
1960	A. Maclean Campbell	HU 9-6959
	John H. Macaulay	HU 3-2294
1961	G. Gordon Macey	HU 8-9376
	G. Robert W. Gale	HU 8-0252
1962	Arnold McCausland	LE 6-3958
	<del>Peter Adamson</del>	<del>HU 3-7766</del>
1963	President St. Hilda's Alumnae—Mrs. John J. Dashwood	WA 3-0801
	<del>RICHARD P. SMITH</del>	

### YEAR GROUP CONVENERS

To 1924	Mrs. J. H. Fraser	HU 8-5596
1925-1929	Miss Ervilla B. Brett	HU 3-4835
1930-1934	Mrs. L. L. Warren	HU 3-3671
1935-1939	Mrs. Grant Finch	HU 5-3142
1940-1944	Mrs. Henry Turman	BA 1-0345
1945-1949	Mrs. J. D. Bain	HU 9-9934
1950-1954	Mrs. J. J. Dashwood	AM 1-0914
1955-1959	Miss Hugheen Cree	WA 1-4448

### YEAR REPRESENTATIVES

To 1907	Miss Theodora Hewson	Barrie
1908-1911	Mrs. G. B. Schwartz	HU 9-2691

<del>1912-1913</del>	<del>Miss Fern Wood</del>	Orillia
1912 - 1914	Miss Margery Austin	LE 6-6985
1915	Mrs. G. L. Clute <i>Miss Louise Hill</i>	WA 5-3944
1916-1917	Miss Bessie Kidd	WA 3-1676
1918-1922	Miss Beatrice Turner	WA 2-7821
1923-1924	Mrs. F. H. Mason	Milton
1925-1926	Miss Ervilla B. Brett	HU 3-4835
1927	Mrs. J. Esmond Grier	HU 3-9054
1928	Mrs. G. M. Mudge	WA 3-8395
1929	Miss Edith Dick	HU 1-0818
1930	Mrs. W. R. Rogerson	HU 8-0707
1931	Mrs. L. H. Garbutt	WA 2-1571
1932	Miss Sheila Owen	LE 2-9233
1933	Mrs. W. K. Gibb	HU 5-8289
1934	Mrs. Ray Malkin	HU 9-0030
1935	Miss Dorothy Lee	LE 4-4094
1936	Mrs. A. W. Bell	WA 2-0161
1937	Mrs. A. E. Culligan	HU 3-6968
1938	Dr. Hilda Macmorine	ME 3-8700
1939	Mrs. A. M. Macnaughton	HU 9-5507
1940	Mrs. K. H. Candy	BE 1-5762
1941	Miss Philippa Macpherson	EM 8-2352
1942	Miss Ruth Stedman	WA 3-8170
1943	Mrs. H. B. Hussey	RU 3-9633
1944	Mrs. A. G. Roberts	WA 1-2571
1945	Mrs. G. E. Bettson	BA 5-9645
1946	Mrs. N. H. McMurrich	HU 5-6820
1947	Miss Marion Cosford	WA 2-4335
1948	Mrs. J. H. C. Riley	HU 1-0688
1949	Miss Marion Cobban	HU 8-5080
1950	Mrs. R. W. Butler	<i>Hu 7-2182</i> <del>HU 9-2882</del>
	Mrs. F. C. McLaughlin	BA 1-3607
1951	<del>Miss Nancy Lawson</del>	<del>WA 3-1716</del>
1952	Mrs. J. J. Dashwood	AM 1-0914
1953	Mrs. J. S. Herron	HU 1-4828
1954	Mrs. D. R. Hughson	RU 2-8341
1955	Mrs. E. M. Ballon	HU 5-9760
1956	Mrs. J. A. McPhee	<i>Wa 4-2561</i> <del>WA 2-2669</del>
1957	Mrs. F. B. Sutton	WA 5-0624
1958	<del>Miss Janet Kerr</del>	<del>WA 1-1560</del>
	Miss Sydney Machell <i>MRS. C. E. WOODLORDE</i>	HU 1-0580 <i>Hu 3-1734</i>
1959	Miss Jane Amys	WA 3-1463
	Mrs. D. W. Nicholls	WA 4-8208
1960	Mrs. R. S. Wilkinson	<i>Wa 5-8767</i> <del>HAMILTON</del>
	Miss Sally Houston <i>MRS. PETER SANDERSON</i>	HU 3-3438
1961	Miss Georgia Phillips	WA 5-6233
	Mrs. S. C. Smith	WA 5-6226
1962	Miss Mary Louise Dickson	HU 8-7576
	<i>MISS PATRICIA EARLE</i>	<i>WA 3-845 P</i>

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factory or Money Refunded".

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is our greatest asset*

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One of the first

is the realization

and prices can be

If we should have

of quality, the in-

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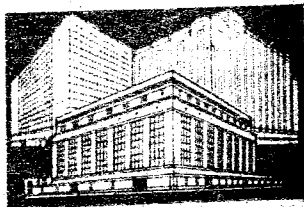
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in establishing a

is the policy lan-

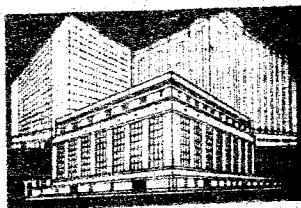
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on customer-confidence  
public places not only  
but in the descriptions  
One of the first steps  
is the realization that  
and prices can be  
If we should have  
of quality, the method  
and the statements  
before the descriptions  
More important  
in establishing customer  
is the policy laid out  
"Goods Satisfactory"



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