1931

The Tangent: An Annual.
Edited by: Hilken, Kathleen and Walty, Bob

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From the Editor's Chair

(In sympathy with "Vanity Fair")

"An editor's life is not a happy one" might be a fitting opening to this number of the "Tangent." There are bright moments, of course, when a visionary "Tangent," revealing all the literary virtues, seems on the verge of creation, but as the months go by they are inclined to fade in the anxieties of advertisement hunting and the bullying of diffident or obstreperous contributors.

To all who have helped we extend our thanks and to all who read we wish enjoyment.

K. H.
The late Robert Holmes, R.Cuí.

From a pencil drawing by I. W. K.
I think he was happy when he started us on our lady's slipper design. He would give us for example some of his own water-colours and we used to admire so much the perfect delicate beauty of them, which seemed, with the flourishes of his "R. Holmes" signature, to be so much a part of his nature. I see that the present First Year are doing interesting work, but they cannot be as familiar with the lady's slipper as we were.

He loved to laugh at us. He was always ridiculing us, yet under his dry witticisms there was so much kindness, so much sympathy. Before we knew him we were rather afraid of his digs at us, but as we became acquainted with him we enjoyed his remarks. I can see him now, with his eyes laughing as he saw someone put a finishing touch to her work—"Look at Little Sister there, see how complacent she is." And again, "I guess you think that's a pretty fine design, don't you?" Such laughs at us made us laugh at him, in the same spirit. We used to caricature him and nickname him. Who that has studied with him will not remember, "I think that colour is not quite happy?" It was his own fault that "Happy" was the name which stuck to him. "Happy" supplied the spice to our routine. He had a thousand little ways and habits which endeared him to us. He was with us right to the finish, and then his day ended as the College paused for the long holiday. We were glad that they put his flower paintings in the midst of our flower designs at the Art Gallery. He would have chuckled, I'm sure, to see them there. So it seems strange to us that the College should start again without him. It does go on, but it is as if the flavour, the colour of it had vanished.

Sophie Livesay.
It is wonderful to be able to think of fine draughtsmanship as an essential part of everyday life. The child learns to write and draw and to think about the composition of the page—often in a manner that is more aesthetic than practical.

There is a certain advantage in being able to think in terms of the composition of a page, the sketching of a line, the drawing of a curve. This is a vital part of the education of the child. When they come to our schools, they are encouraged to do this. They are given the opportunity to do it.

They are taught to reproduce the sketches they have made, to draw and paint, and to think of how these things can be used to express their ideas. They are taught to think about the composition of their work. They are taught to think about the relationship of their work to the space it is to be used in.

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style of the period, and enables one to a certain extent to understand and sort out the good from the unimportant. It also keeps one from getting into a rut, to see new ideas in paint, and forces one to think in order to obtain any appreciation or critical attitude towards these thousands of paintings, which, if one is not careful, swamp their own individuality and leave one in the sad state of mind that there is nothing left to do; or else the other danger of disregarding the incomprehensible in modern art and comfortably saying, "Give me the old Masters every time."

Luckily both Paris and Vienna can give you these, too, and it is true that these cities harbour many students who live next to nothing, working and dreaming of nothing but their work, without the distraction of home and friends, and who accomplish a great deal that is worthwhile because their work is the centre of their existence.

If you cannot travel and see exhibitions, you can at least bring them to you in the form of good reproductions, and in this way keep in touch with what is being done, discuss them, think about them, and, in short, try to find their secret (if they have one), and endeavour to avoid that danger of working only with your hands, forgetting that painting is an adventure, a sort of voyage of discovery in which other explorers' experiences can help you to find a new continent for yourself.

I don't mean that by looking at Rubens you will know how to paint Canada, but the process of studying these men should stimulate you to find a way of your own which will be as new and as vital as the country you are living in.

I apologize; this last bit does sound horribly like advice. I must be getting old, so I will stop at once.
“How green the grass,” he meekly spoke, “How gently blue the tender sky,”
— B.G. 4/6 is more correct, B. 7/5,” she made reply.
He said, “The robin’s crimson breast Glows warmly by the tulip bed,”
“Give him notation R. 5/7,” she said.
He sighed, “The yellow daffodils Beside the purple crocus blow,”
“Y. 7/9 you mean,” she said, “3 P. 5/5, as all should know.”
“Your eyes are blue as rocky lakes,” P. B. 4/8,” she quick agreed.
He kissed her bright R. 3/10 lips; And Spring had come indeed.
Mary Munsell.

Still Life
Give me still life, no passion of the pulse stirring dark sediments of youth.
in my deep heart; but this cracked teapot, old pensioner of sink and parlour chat, this battered kettle cursed by tinkers’ dams, this empty bottle freed of all odorous sin; how sweet to contemplate these things and think of time and space and love and art, to paint, and paint, and paint, and paint again; with but the high light left me to achieve.
Merrian Bright.
My dear, it was my trip through the jungle that exhausted me. AH those wild animals. So terrifying. You know.
"You know I always say there's nothing like an early morning: ride to keep that schooler complex. Of course it's hard on the horse, but"
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Thus effects, painting is it. forget totally dots. Chinese exclaiming, until and generally graceful to so first, and been delight it student. Chinese study and paintings marvellous. At "The ancient is” The ancient is "It could and held the execution through the composition in the practice, concentrating in the inception, sustaining the strength of the masterpiece, releasing the rocks and trees, etc., from the a landscape, and from the free-hand sketches. In A.D. 15 when Buddhism departed from China’s Golden Age, Western art had been a landscape, and from the free-hand sketches. In A.D. 15 when Buddhism departed from China’s Golden Age, Western art had been.
painting.

...necessary to intensity...
Alas! the mystery is cleared. But does it not seem peculiar to emphasize too much on a stroke or line, and practically to ignore the other aspects of the subject? The Chinese artists find a lot of beauty in the spirit of a line or stroke itself. The Western Designer uses a plant form and departs from its natural appearance to create and still has a certain beauty. Likewise, is this peculiar idea of the Chinese artist. The collection of the Toronto Art Gallery represented side by side the two types of Chinese paintings: the pure Chinese, and the earlier type with the Indian influence. We are very fortunate to have them hung under the same roof with the Western paintings, for it is only through contrast that one will learn the good or bad of anything.
WHEN, in late September, my eyes opened to the Lake of the Woods, I experienced a bit of disappointment. Far as the eye could see were only dull green tamaracks and reedy bays. No hills; no sumacs; no colour of autumn anywhere. Kenora and Keewatin, despite their beautiful names, looked ordinary too. (I have since learned to think of them otherwise than ordinary: there are mills at Keewatin like giants’ castles and a gray spire stands high above Kenora.) But westward, in I'ellatt, I lost my disappointment. Autumn colour comes late here and there are few reds. But there is smouldering richness everywhere and an intensity unknown to brilliance. As if they had waited for my coming, the poplars on the hills that rise from Marie! began to mingle strange gold with their green. And there commenced an enchantment that has possessed me ever since. How can I tell about the black squalls that swept across Marie! in October? (About the yellow trees that lit the dusk and burst into flame when some wandering ray touched them?) Or about the storms that gathered behind War Eagle Lake? Later, when the leaves had fallen, there were other things: hillsides of black spruce, patterned with poplar clumps; jack-pines against a rising moon; new snow on little spruces. And then the winter! Freeze-Up came this year before the end of November and the lakes will not be free of ice until May. In the meantime they are the roads of the country: across their snowy surfaces, beneath the black hills, men in dark garb come and go. Even in mid-lake the snow is too deep for easy walking.
I see, stuck in the drifts before the store, handmade snowshoes and long, narrow, Swede skis. Christmas things were taken home behind the sled-dogs. Black has prevailed over colour; trees, rocks and ice are all mysteries of sombre tone. There are days and days of grey snow and greyer skies that lighten only at sunset when the fiery arrows of Keewatin streak across the west. A band of flame has appeared as I write, and I go to the window to watch the snow-blasts drive across the light. In my mind are running some lines I discovered in the fall:

Out of what vastnesses of air
No man can know or say
The north wind comes to my high hill
Sets all the pine-tops swinging,
Sweeps all my song away.

O for a song with power of setting free
For flight to the sunset or the moon!
O, to follow the wind and the wind-song,
Ever on high, on high!
To mount at the last ever higher,
Draw the sky-colours around me,
Kiss with the stars and die!
Seriously speaking, however, the greater simplicity we achieve, the happier we are; this is a "secret" open to all with eyes to see. Some individuals, and some whole races, seem to have discovered this secret better than others.

As old Voltaire wrote to a friend in the midst of the flowery French fantasy of the eighteenth century: "More simplicity, please; less craving for effect. Don't attempt to be brilliant, but paint with the brush of truth, and your work will be delightful."

As for a whole race that has always appreciated this "delightful simplicity"—I have just been studying a translation of Chinese poems from the sixth century—over a thousand years old, and yet so natural and rhythmic that they might be modern.

Some of them reminded me of Port Hope; so on the chance that you may not have read them yourselves, I am selecting a few that somehow express my "Impressions" more aptly than I could hope to do myself.*

This is a "Morning Mood": "In the pure morning, near the old temple. Where early sunlight points the tree-tops, My path has wound, through a sheltered hollow Of boughs and flowers, to a Buddhist retreat. Here birds are alive with mountain-light, And the mind of man touches peace in a pool, And a thousand sounds are quieted By the breathing of a temple-bell."

Noonday: "On a road outreaching the white clouds, By a spring outrunning the bluest river, Petals come drifting on the wind And the brook is sweet with them all the way. My quiet gate is a mountain-trail, And the willow-trees about my cottage Sift on my sleeve, through the shadowy noon, Distillations of the sun."

Then Evening: "With twilight shadows in my heart I have driven up among the Lo-yu Tombs To see the sun, for all his glory, Buried by the coming night."

Autumn Night, the end of another happy summer: "While the autumn moon is pouring full On a thousand night-levels among the towns and villages. There met by chance, south of the river, Dreaming doubters of a dream. . . In the trees a wind has startled the birds, And insects cower from cold in the grass; But wayfarers at least have wine And nothing to fear—till the morning bell."

From "The Jade Mountain," by kind permission of the translator, Dr. Kiang Kang flu, of McGill University.
To the Cedar Grove

To J.W.B.

Beside the lazy stream, in friendly groups together,
Thy cedars stand or lean towards each other
To form a dusky grove, where stealing sunbeams
Weave a strangely patterned dance of fairy dreams
Along the purple trunks.

Within that soothing shade,
On many a sultry summer morn,
Artistically arrayed,
We students sit and gaze at all thy loveliness
And try to catch some phase of it.

But what a mess I make!

Upon my canvas, after worried thought.
With dripping brush, hesitatingly, I spot
A daub of golden sunlight on a drab background.
With startled glance, delighted, I imagine I have found
A touch of something that reveals thy subtle spirit.
So I think!

But the master approaching near
With puzzled look, stands in quiet contemplation
And then, with certain touch and sudden agitation,
Sweeps the brush across my timid futile strokes
And mutters savagely—
"Art has its little jokes."

Beside my humbled self, with tolerant smile. He comfortably seats himself and for a little while shows me that upward climb to the gleam afar of Elysian fields where the heights of greatness are.

He leads me on with apt remark and practised hand, a step or two and vaguely, I begin to understand those mysteries of varied tone and simple mass within thy drooping boughs and shadowed grass.

I watch in admiration as each point he demonstrates and notice, with amazement, the difference one stroke makes. The lesson ends. The master, with a kindly gesture moves on.

With interest new aroused in Nature, (hice more, I strive her spirit to acquire. In the studio, at evening, as friends about the fire Espy the picture on the wall... in wonder they exclaim with fulsome praise; talk gushingly of fame, of values, of colour and uniqueness of design—Forgetting all too soon, I murmur, "It is mine."

Port Hope Summer School. L. G. McKerracher. 22
WHAT should their colours be? We have no right to judge the success of a painting by the length of time the bottle lasts, as this ink will make all the difference in the world.

Here's rising a very slight murmur of approval. It's the way the subject has been handled that counts. This is, after all, something we can all admire - the way of life in the country.

Well, in the paintings of Gladys MacDonald, we find a world of contrasts. The quietness of the morning, the bustle of the afternoon, the stillness of the evening. It's a world where the past and the present meet, and we are invited to share in its beauty.

In the paintings of Gladys MacDonald, we find a world of contrasts. The quietness of the morning, the bustle of the afternoon, the stillness of the evening. It's a world where the past and the present meet, and we are invited to share in its beauty.
or may not have developed humility. If they haven't it is probable that they soon will.

Can the fourth year be distinguished in Saturday morning composition class? Not so. All are one mass of dark against light, and a fourth year Joseph closely resembles a third year Ferdinand. In costume we can make ourselves felt. If any third year should dare to intrude into our select assemblage let him beware! The pegs shall be seized from his easel, he shall be bereft of turpentine and he shall be cast out into the still life room. But beware also the still life room! Beware the jar that cracks, the drapery that will never be the same again, the lemon which though mouldy has a beauty all its own, and must not be removed. Fourth year in the still life room spends its time racking its brains in the effort to think of something which is not a bottle, and which hasn't been infinitely better painted by past generations than they can ever hope to paint it. With a sigh of relief Betty heaves the heaviest chair she can find to the highest spot she can find, and paints contentedly, knowing that this has not been done before. Flo finds something new in an interior seen from the exterior. Bon induces reflections in the top of a table long innocent of such luxuries and Dot enlivens the bottle and drapery room with posies culled from the out of doors.

By the way, did you see Gilbert's raven locks, Betty's famous hat, Walter's "humph"? Dead Fires Like pale pink shreds of pickled cabbage on plates of yesterday, your love now seems to me. I scrape it off my heart into the garbage can of old remorse; 'tis done, 'tis gone, 'tis ended, all is past; and not a sound is heard but a disconsolate sparrow stropping his beak upon the eavestrough, and the rumble of the scavenger wagon in the lane, bearing its assorted treasures to the dump of oblivion.
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Tl at quietly put in away spoken in

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waist raised through painted wig the
girl in Scotch and frivolity Gilberta

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The galleon the ship's name, 
that was chased by the night.

The fellow working on the painting, 
the sun shone through the cheese-cloth?

"Hey!" The big ball rolled 
by the large tree, we were astonished.

Thank you, Mr. Robson, 
who was studying the art.

Huge canvas was done, 
but before it was finished.

We were afraid of the painting, 
and the students couldn't believe.

I heard the rumble of the ocean, 
and I imagined the ship's life.

It was worth watching the painting, 
and the painting was a big success.

I was among the friends, 
and I went to the museum.

I didn't want to go, 
but I was forced to go.

We both held hands, 
and we went to the museum.

I was afraid of the painting, 
and I didn't want to see it.

I was a little afraid, 
and I was afraid of the picture.

I was not afraid to see the painting, 
and I was not afraid of the museum.

I was happy to see the painting, 
and I was happy to see the museum.

I was happy to see the painting, 
and I was happy to see the museum.
green lights was black. The hall gave the appearance of some submarine cavern, where there might lurk an ugly octopus ready to stretch out his brutal tenacles to crush some unwary dancers who had strayed outside. As I said before, the first year did a very fine piece of work in their room, which was used for serving supper. Their decorations being on a much smaller scale than those above could be more colourful, and the students certainly turned out some handsome panels done in gorgeous colours. The decorations on the lights were much sought after by the inevitable souvenir hunter, and by the end of the night most of the choice things had disappeared.

Now for the dance itself. Stan. St. John and his orchestra supplied the music. The costumes on the average were very poor and the large portion of them could not be recognized. Of course this does not count the dozen or so people who came as sailors who had met their fate at the hands of Davey Jones. The crowd was rather smaller than usual but this did not deter those who were there from having a good time, in fact quite the opposite was the case. One could at least move on the dance floor without having to fight six or seven other couple who all seemed to want to stand on the same square foot of floor space. By the time that "God Save the King" was played there were many tired legs, but no one was seen to skip joyfully out the doors as is usual on a school day. However tired the dancers were they were happy. The following day the school presented a forlorn appearance. Even the octopus at his point of vantage in the gallery rail looked lonely. There was no life in the fish that swam so gaily the night before, and here and there a jagged hole showed where some student had cut out a favorite fish to hang in his rooms to arouse fond memories of the now past masquerade ball. We all owe much to Gilbert Sclater for his hard work in preparing for this party. Let us hope that in years to come we shall be lucky enough always to have a president who will do as much work as Gilbert has done and that the Artist's Masquerade Ball may always be a great occasion.
Florenxe Robson. A Tragedy in One Episode. (Wherein the punishment seems to fit the crime.)

SCENE — Art College the morning after the ball.

Characters — Stelen Haunton, Ray Mothwell.

Stcloi — I hear you lost your man at the dance last night though Mr. Mar Donald did all he could to stop it.

Ray — Yes! Just wait until that Robson woman Coombs, I'll Challener to a duel in Moun field.

Stelen — Shirley you're not that Despard, better go to Stansfield, or a nice place would be near Montgomery.

Ray — Let me get my Hahns on her. She won't have a Barron on her head.

Stelen — Is that Hall you've got against her?

Ray — No, if I hadn't put up a Howell, she'd have taken McKague too.

Stelen — You don't make yourself Claire.

Ray — It's just as well. It would get all Hoover the college.

Stelen — Here comes John now. Had we better Goforth? Where in I [ilken we go] "-

Ray — Johnston enough for one evening, he'd better Beatty retreat.

Stelen — It's a pity his mother didn't Sanderson to some other college.

Ray — Yes, if he hangs around here he'll get Dinsmore hot water.

Stelen — Well, don't tell me any Maw now, Sclater than I thought, besides any Merrill be too much. May the laughs be Lowden long.
Night

The world is dead tonight. It may seem just as other nights, but other nights at least have ghosts and this has none. There is no wind, nor stars. No sense of rhythm in the air, no cold, nor warmth, nor rain:

The world is dead.

This longing I have for you is an exquisite, aching thing, a subdued, lovely loneliness, making me one with the soothingly cool air and the tragic quivering stars, and yet alone, like the solemn pain of a voice in the night.

Houses After Midnight

They crowd upon me, black oppressing masses, crushing me, clutching at that spark that I would hold, stifling me with pent-breathed closeness, hiding the half-moon, drunk and upside down, that lights them not, nor would, could its flood even reach their madness.

They hate me with their grim intensity, unmoved but fraught with passion: and yet they let me live.
As I began to re-examine my memory, I could feel my heart rate slow down and my breathing become more regular. I was not yet ready to face the world, but I knew that I needed to keep going. I had to keep moving.

I thought about the people of this place—people who had known me, who had loved me. I thought about the places I had visited, the things I had seen. I thought about the things I had learned. I thought about the things I had forgotten.

And then I thought about the things I still needed to learn. I thought about the things I still needed to see. I thought about the things I still needed to do.

And so I continued to walk, to move, to live. And I continued to remember.
There lifting my orbicularis palpebrarum to my paper I read and answered such questions as these:

1. Make a picture of the skull.
   (a) Put in all the teeth.
   (b) Don't use any big words.

I wrote and continued to write until my lumbricalis gave out and I looked like the diagram on page five of Dunlop's — and then sighing like a furnace — I shook off anatomy, washed my hands and face snapped my fingers, and returned to normal for another eleven and three-quarter months.

Note. — For any necessary elucidation of the terminology, see Dunlop's "Anatomy for Art Students"; Hatton's "Figure Drawing"; The Encyclopedia Britannica, vol. 75, etc., etc.
Friday Night's Entertainments

Who remembers —

Mr. MacDonald's paper-gumming-floor-sweeping endeavours after art?

Mr. A. Y. Jackson's story of the luckless pig?

Mr. Wlv Grier's recollections of the awe-inspiring Le Gros?

Mr. Stansfield's recommendations for less sleep and more concentration?

Mr. Dinsmore's word of comfort to those whose handwriting is illegible?

Dr. Hardy's references to our budding poets?

Mr. Holden's illustrations of recent male coiffure?

Mr. Robson's comments on the mystery which stockings provided to the African natives?

Mr. Mounfield's version of the Queen of Sheba's visit to King Solomon?

Miss McKague's dealings with the continental police force?

Dr. Sclater's paternal disclosures of the president's use of symbol?

Mr. Challener's chop suey?
A Pair of Eyes

M. MOUNFIELD.

I had not seen the lady before, or yet her beautiful eyes, but knew, the moment she opened my door, that she had beautiful eyes. Her sweater coat's too long in the sleeve, but she has beautiful eyes; her skirt is a Scotch Tartan weave, and she has beautiful eyes. I could not see what covered her feet, or past those beautiful eyes; her face may, or may not, be sweet. She has most beautiful eyes. I know not the color of her hair, for she has beautiful eyes; such lapses of observation are rare; but then, those beautiful eyes!

Should these lines offend she'll throw them away, and flash those beautiful eyes; tho' I've seen them but once, I make bold to say "I love those beautiful eyes!"

Inclined and Disinclined

Planes

Grace Meikle.

DRAW in perspective the outline of a house with a cat resting on the ridgepole of the roof. Eye is 5 feet above the ground and 10 feet under it. The cat has half swallowed a bird, the feet of which project from the mouth to the left, making an angle of 50° with the P.P. Draw bird forward to touch P.P. The cat's tail will be contained in a vertical plane if it should suddenly sit down. Project the shadow of the cat on the roof if the sun should get in its eyes and it should lose its balance and fall off the roof, cracking the ground plane three feet to the left, but landing right side up, leaving the picture plane uninjured. Scale the side of the house to get a good look. Draw right side up.
Magnitudes

The stars are bright points of light, energy trifocaled in nickelodion electrons, way up, not stood on concrete poles for taxicabs to tell street numbers by; yet they light chariots too, light Mars and Venus on the gay white way of Einstein avenue, and guide Orion to his starry flat.

great telescopes! how swell they are, I guess I'd better not really try to express my ultimate feelings about them in a little magazine like this.

Merrian Bright.

Ring Off!

I have your number, kid, I spin the dial of memory and you reply with prim and sweetened voice, hello!

I answer not: hello! you firmly say, hello! you shout, . . . and I, beneath my breath, hiss in the vacant mouth of the receiver and grin to hear you strain. then destiny cuts us off and all is peace . . .

I have your number, kid, I never gave you mine.

Merrian Bright.

37
Arts and Crafts at a Summer Camp

Doris McCarthy.

It sounds funny, doesn't it? And it is as funny as it sounds. At 11.30 the chicks, who turn out to be campers under eleven years old, will be clamouring around you to the tune of "What can I make now?" "I've no leather left!" "Why can't I paint a box?" "Mary took my basket!" and for an exciting hour you untangle small fingers and settle disputes, preferably by arbitration.

After class comes one of the most precious bits of the day in the "shop", when the Crafts counsellors tidy and sweep and gossip, enjoying together the laughable things that have happened, and rejoicing mightily in their own wit. "The shop" for me last summer was at Camp Tanamakoon, in the woods of Algonquin Park. There the campers came for periods of an hour, and there we taught them basketry, leather work, lacquering and lino cuts. Their courage and enthusiasm knew no bounds. Nothing was too difficult for them to attempt and some of the craft work produced was beautiful.

Occasionally groups of five or six campers would go off for a whole day to some island in another lake, to try some interrupted sketching. The work varied — a few achieved quite creditable drawings in pencil and water colors; Mime were hopeless. However, it was fun to watch their delight in trying and to suggest some new ways of looking at the world.

But man's life at camp consisteth not in the number of objets d'art which he perfecteth! To waken in a motionless world of gray and see a doe and her fawn poised beside the water; To watch the world turn from gray to gold as the sun rises; and to waken...
To the call of the bugle and the laughter of a hundred girls; To join in their songs at breakfast and enjoy their frank comradeship around a table for eight; To surrender yourself to the busyness of an active morning; To welcome the pause that is rest hour; To sail for a madly exalted hour on a blue gusty lake, or to sleep in the sun on a rock; or to idle in a canoe reading poetry with a kindred soul; To taste the freedom of an hour after "Taps," when the campers have been ushered to their cabins and left to the night; To toast popcorn at the stone fireplace with the other counsellors or to drift about the lake under the stars; And to end the rich day with a moonlight dip in cool waters; These are the gifts of a summer at camp!
IT of Rodin, of architectural, based produced. To an extreme of atmosphere immense up looms in pathos not were to times no idealization but let racial by most most great artists the merging of art the realism of his creator of "Labor" as illustrative, the new phase of his life his shop. He comes back and goes to-day the wharf.

Definite industrialism, its expected. "Labor" be considered time to compare. Its social and marked individuality. Not be considered in comparison with the Modern Sculpture, its present, its past, its future. Its individuality.

One of the major sculptors of the 19th century was Auguste Rodin. His works, characterized by their emotional intensity and attention to human perspective, have had a profound impact on the development of 20th-century sculpture. Rodin's approach to art was distinct in its rejection of academic ideals and imitation, leading to a more personal and expressive form of sculpture.

Rodin's use of the human form in his work is evident in the way he depicts figures in a way that is both lifelike and idealized. His nudes, such as "The Thinker," are not mere copies of human anatomy, but rather are characterized by their emotional depth and psychological complexity.

Rodin's work often incorporates elements of classical and Gothic architecture, as seen in his use of arch motifs. This is evident in his famous "Gates of Hell," which features a series of sculptural figures that are placed in a framework of arches.

Rodin's artistic vision was often associated with the development of modernism. His work, along with that of other contemporaries such as Auguste Barye, Henri Matisse, and Pablo Picasso, was characterized by a rejection of traditional artistic conventions in favor of a more individualistic and experimental approach. This was reflected in the way Rodin worked, often using a variety of materials and techniques to create his sculptures.

Rodin's influence was widespread, and his works have been exhibited in museums around the world. His ideas and techniques continue to inspire contemporary artists, and his legacy remains an important part of the history of sculpture.
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A Fairy Story

By Lee Tong.

ONCE upon a time, in one of those fearful dark, dark nights, a beast with a snake-like body, and a pair of hungry glaring eyes floated in the air. Upon it rode a dark creature, who called himself Death. In his hand he held a peacock feather which he had heartlessly pulled of! an innocent bird on the night previous.

An artist newly inspired was working upon the masterpiece of his life.

"B-o-o-b!" roared the beast. But the artist didn't hear it, for he was too hard concentrating.

Then Death, with his peacock feather waving across his face, said in a small and attractive voice: "Look! what I brought to you! My beast thinks you are very sweet!"

It was told that the beast has a body as long as from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean, and greater part of it constituted its lung. Seeing the artist was paying no attention, in its rage, it roared at last with its full capacity. The Rockies shivered, all the trees on the continent were bare of their leaves, and the oceans rocked like a kettle boiling madly.

But the artist was too busy concentrating. Didn't he notice? Didn't he hear? Why yes, but knowing he has his duty to fill for his Master, upon whose protecting Hand he is resting, and because he was given so little time to carry out the large amount of works incurred in his duty, he can't afford to be bothered.

In many forms the Master will test our faithfulness. And so, the artist concentrated on.
We Meet Ourselves in 1950

WHY my dear, it's simply ages since we've met like this. I mean it must be all of three days. Do you ever get in touch with the old college crowd? You don't! Why I just wear myself to a positive frazzle keeping track of everyone. Did you hear about Dorothy Stone? You don't mean to tell me you haven't heard! Why she was made Head Mistress of the college just the other day. And of course you know about Grace Brymner? She's acting as hostess down in that new night club on Dundas Street. Yes! She always did know a lot of people, if you know what I mean. And you remember llerk Ely? Well, my dear, I hear he's made a positive fortune with Christmas cards, and the other day he presented the old place with a new piano. Can you bear it? Who? Oh, Edgar Herold! Well, he's over in Turkey or some such place and he's got his own harem! The poor boy was just driven to it. actually, my dear, just driven to it. Helen Staunton? Well, surely you can guess what she's doing! The Alumni elected her cheer leader the other day. My dear, she's a positive howl! And so cyclonic!

Oh, I must tell you about Gilbert Sclater. I went up to see him the other day, and, my dear, I simply couldn't get near him! He's President of a Young Ladies' College in Ecclefechan. I think that smock of his did it. Couldn't you die! Kay Ililken? Why, darling, she's still trying to recuperate after getting up that nineteen thirty-one edition of the Tangent. They tell me — he's still quite violent. What am I doing? My dear, I thought I told you! Why I'm still at the dear old school trying to get through my Life Course. Can you cope with it my dear?
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