



Student Union

1934

## The Target: An Annual.

Edited by: Bowie, Nora and Hahn, Sylvia

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1934 - CENTENNIAL

1834 -



TANGENT



# THE TANGENT

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AN ANNUAL

MAY, 1934

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PRODUCED AND PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS' CLUB, ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ART, TORONTO

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*Sub-editor:* SYLVIA HAHN

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Third Year:		First Year:	
HELEN TERRY	LEON KEROPEAN	FRASER MCKAY	FRANK BOULTER

(COVER DESIGN BY NORA B. BOWIE)

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## The Editor's Privilege

THERE has always been an Editorial in *The Tangent*. I suppose there will ever be such—for which the readers have my sympathy. Personally, 'way back in 1933 when we, editorially speaking, were approached by last year's editor on the subject of occupying that exalted position in 1934—frankly we cringed; we had qualms. However, these many aeons after, we are genuinely disappointed it is all over. To date only three new grey hairs have been noticed—and all the time we had hopes of becoming a platinum blonde by Easter!

\* \* \* \*

We present the new *Tangent*. Not only does it embody in its pages new material, new ideas, new effort, but it has, we feel, a very definite character—an optimistic and industrious character representative of the new feeling evident in the Ontario College of Art this past year. Wherever a group of people, or a country, or an empire appears to manifest a definite change in outlook or atmosphere, there you will find the influence, the sincere planning, the careful thought of a leader behind it. We have found in Mr. Haines not only an exceedingly able leader, but an understanding friend; always ready to help with our problems, no matter how small—always reasonable in judgement of our faults; a man to be highly respected, a friend to be greatly valued.

\* \* \* \*

What, we inquire in the meek, patient, but persistent voice of the general public, happened *re* all ye competitions? We saw posters on the notice-board spurring us along in the revered names of duty, school-spirit, self-expression, etc. We worked, we slaved, we visualized, we thought, modestly, we had achieved. Obediently, with heroic sacrifice, our brain-

children were placed into the ever-grasping hands of Ye Powers—and lo, the hue and the cry faded, silence fell, we heard no more! By the way—who *did* win all the competitions? Pish, Oliver—not so loudly. Shirley won EVERYTHING— He keeps his prizes in the cellar!

\* \* \* \*

So much has been heard this year about Bohemianism, especially around second year haunts where beards, overalls and other queer fungi have flourished, that it is meet and right it should be mentioned in the Editorial. Bohemianism is nothing more, nor less, than the easy hospitality and air of spontaneity which permeates any rendezvous at which congenial people meet. Generally these people are artists, or literary aspirants; a few travellers add an exotic spice to the conversational flavour. Beards and overalls have nothing *whatever* to do with Bohemianism.

\* \* \* \*

All hope has been abandoned, at this date, for the 1937 *Tangent*, unless a great and epoch-making change takes place, before that time, in the spirit of the present first year. Within the pages of this, the 1934 copy, you will find exactly two contributions from the pens of first-year students, neither being a class representative. Many thanks to the only two ambitious freshmen. We nominate them for someone's Hall of Fame. To all other classes we tender hearty congratulations and copious *remercis*. To all other form-representatives we give what slight praise or compliment we may receive. To the advertisers, to our Mr. Mounfield, Sylvia Hahn, and Cleeve Horne, to the business-managers, to the printers, (here's ink-in-your-eye, gentlemen!), and especially to Mr. Carmichael with his inspiring sagacity in such matters as the evolution of this printed word, we offer our most earnest thanks. To you who read, our severest critic, we say: remember. This summer as you sit beside the lake, or on some gorgeous mountain-top, or in the stuffy, over-heated atmosphere of a city-office and peruse this magazine, or merely in your memory review its pages, remember! YOU wrote it . . . . I was only,

Sincerely,

THE EDITOR.



Lino-cut by

GORDON COULING

## THE RUBAYIAT OF O.C.A.

Awake, for ringing right beside thy bed  
Disturbs thee; and thy heavy arms are led  
To turn the darn thing off and sleep again;  
But you must rise and go to school instead.

Dreaming, as thy left hand is on the clock,  
Upon the door there comes a thunderous knock;  
A voice, "Get up, you nut, and get some food.  
I can't get in because you dropped the lock."

And as the clock struck, those who stood before  
The College shouted "Open wide the door."  
You must go in and slave amidst the dust,  
And think not of thy slumbers any more.

And now you all make merry in the room  
That still is filled with early morning gloom,  
Until the model comes; and then you work,  
And in the rests you sit around and fume.

Then in the noon hour, dashing down for lunch,  
You reach the door together in a bunch,  
And clatter trays and shriek in loudest tones,  
And sit and munch and munch and munch and munch.

Here with a slice of bread upon thy tray,  
A nickel—which is all you have today,  
A cigarette you bummed from someone else,  
You hear a bell and back to work you stray.

Now school is out and you are free again.  
Gaily you canter hatless up the lane  
And, whistling shrilly, hie thy homeward way.  
Hatless you go, "Who cares, just let it rain!"

*Jo (Omar) Condon.*

---

They once had an overall sale,  
So the latest spring mode for the male  
Is not cane and spat,  
They'd feel shy in all that,  
Just the picturesque garb of the jail.

*E.H.*

# “A Phantasy”

*By W. Jackson Wallon*

THE boy who had this dream dreamed it on a sunny afternoon in summer, lying at his ease at the foot of an old beech-tree. His eyes glowed under a mop of thick brown hair which fell in a mass over his forehead, and his face burned red against the moss-covered stem of the tree. He wore an old tweed jacket, a loose white shirt open at the throat, and baggy flannel pants. In his pocket was a copy of “As You Like It”, cloth-bound and dirty and bent in a curve, as if he had read it often, and opened it again and again at favorite passages.

He clasped his hands under his head, watching the leaves dancing against the blue and white of the sky, and the sparkle of light between, and then let his eyes wander down into the gloom of a swampy wood below him to the right.

“What’s down in there?” he asked blankly.

He rolled over on his side, wondering why he had never explored that place before. As he watched, the wood grew darker and darker and it seemed like night, even up on top of the hill. He began to fall into space, dropping down, down, down into the blackness. Then the direction changed, and he was shooting forward into the marshy wood. It was cold and still as eternity, with a dull-green glow from the trunks of the trees lighting the blackness.

He skimmed on, noiselessly, over the dim-shining water, his reflection below him travelling just as quietly and mysteriously. They watched each other gravely; two phantoms in a world of silence, where time ceased to exist.

The trees stood motionless; the water stretched into the shadows on all sides. The phantoms, one above the other, glided swiftly through space, leaving it all unchanged. And yet, the memory of them seemed to lag behind like a dim, uncomprehending consciousness which merely WAS, and watched . . . .

The boy closed his eyes, and the vision snapped. The solid root-ribbed ground pressed up against him, and the soft grasses mingled with his hair. He blinked, and looked up. The sky was grey, and a chilly breeze tossed the leaves and made him shiver. He stood up, stretched himself, and shook the drowsiness out of his limbs. A few drops fell, and soon after it was raining heavily. The marsh was black as a pit; the water lay unruffled, protected by the dense foliage. Neither sun nor wind ever penetrated there.



*Clara Harris 32/*



*The woodcut on the previous page was considered of such merit that it was reproduced by "Saturday Night" in the March 31st edition of that paper. It is by Cleeve Horne, Fourth year Drawing and Painting student, and popular Vice-President of the Student's Club. The scene: at Port Hope, Ont.*

## THE WILD RIDER

The sun dropped down like a ball of fire in the heart of the flaming west;  
A strong wind came from the sunset, where the far blue mountains rest;  
And the wild rider came galloping beneath the flaming trees,  
Gripping the rippling golden sides with golden-sunburned knees.

The horse's mane and the rider's hair streamed backwards on the wind,  
And the hair of the girl was a golden flame that waved and burned behind.  
The horse's mane was fringed with fire, and gold was her shining hide  
That rippled and swayed as the muscles played along her glittering side.

And the horse and rider seemed all one, like a centaur of living gold.  
The only sound was the girl's wild song and the thunder of hooves on the  
mould

As they galloped over the road to the west and into the sunset light.  
Leaving behind the purple shades and the onward-rushing night.

*Sylvia Hahn.*



*Lino-cut by*

ROY AUSTIN

## WEALTH

The sound of eggs frying,  
The fuzz on a peach,  
The wind when its sighing,  
The sun on the beach.  
The roar of a fast train,  
The clop of a hoof,  
The pat of spring rain  
On a bumpy tin roof.  
The feel of a new brush,  
The squish of the paint,  
The slurp of wet slush  
On a day that is faint.  
The smell of leaves burning,  
The sound of the sea,  
These are the riches  
That life gives to me.

*Grace S. Brymner.*

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## EXPLANATION

You can think what you like.  
You can say that I'm crazy.  
You can charge that my brain  
Is intolerably lazy,  
To refuse to keep govern  
Your lands and estates;  
To exist on your caviare,  
Run your straight-eights.  
Here's psst to your liquor!  
And pshaw to your riches!  
I'm resolved to propel me  
From highways to ditches.  
In place of your polish  
I'll chose to eat dirt.  
I'll be cooking spaghetti  
And washing the shirt  
Of a penniless lad  
With an impudent grin.  
(And, meanwhile, you'll drown  
All your sorrows in gin.)

If you've any intelligence  
Scan the above;  
For Success with the Ladies,  
My Lad, Learn to Love!

*N.B.B.*

## O.C.A. vs. VARSITY

(In two rounds)

### *Round One.*

Any Varsity Student—"Are you going to Varsity?"

Me—"No, I am going to Art School."

V.S. (stumped)—"Really!"

Me—"Yes, isn't it?"

V.S. (either, one)—"You know, I used to be quite good at art in collegiate."

(or, two)—"You lucky thing—I can't even draw a straight line."

Me (brightly)—"Really?"

V.S. (abandoning further preliminaries and launching heavily into the attack)—"You must have a lot of fun down there, nothing to do but draw all day."

Me (with a distressed look and indignant tone)—"But we work awfully hard!"

V.S. (sweetly)—"But it isn't work for you, is it?"

Me (getting tough and nasty)—"Say—what do you think we do down there, play hop-scotch?"

V.S. (doggedly)—"I mean, if you like it, it isn't work."

Me (rudley)—"Pht-t-t-t!"

V.S. (the incorrigible creature)—"But you have no homework."

Me—"Phooey! Do you have 33 hours a week?"

(Silence on the part of V.S. denotes victory for me. We retire to our corners where I continue an illustration for Mr. Murphy and V.S. is fanned vigourously by fellow V.S.s with copies of "Epistaxis" which they all try to read, meanwhile, but don't understand.)

(End of Round One. O.C.A. leads by a nose.)

### *Round Two.*

V.S. (with renewed vigour)—"I bet there are some interesting people down there."

Me (suspiciously)—"I beg your pardon?"

V.S. (producing the inevitable weapon)—"Peculiar people — Bohemians."

Me (cringing at the word)—"Well, they try hard but don't succeed very well."

V.S. (catching a glimpse of the mirage again)—"I wish I'd gone there, instead of Varsity. We have to work so hard here."

Me (ruffled)—"I thought we argued that out before?"

V.S. (stubbornly)—"Oh well, I'd like to go anyway."

Me (determined to end it all)—"SO WHAT?"


(End of Round Two. O.C.A. wins by two lengths.)

*Jo Condon.*

Dear Editor:—


You asked us to write something for the “Tangent”, so remember if you don’t like this, you brought it on yourself!


After much thought and careful consideration, this poem finally evolved. Because the title suggested itself almost simultaneously, it has been named:


“Blank Verse” 

This, as you will notice, is a clear example of its type.

Not to be outdone, I am inspired to illustrate it. As you are well aware, Music and Art are closely related; because of this, I feel that I am justified in using the term, “Symphonic”, to describe the type of illustration. Therefore, this shall be called, “A Symphonic Illustration”. By the mere use of this term, I intend to insinuate rythm, movement and colour into the composition, to be presented in three parts; the first entitled,

“Mass”: 

the second,  
“Line”: 

the third, and final,  
entitled,  
“Atmosphere”: 

The usual procedure, I understand, is to present a picture and have it picked to pieces. I intend to reverse the process. The critics, if they are ambitious, can put it together.

You will kindly notice that this illustration conforms to the rules of good composition, having nothing in the exact centre, and also that it possesses unlimited dignity and is presented as simply as possible.

Having nothing further to submit in justification of my efforts, I am

Sincerely yours,

HELEN TERRY.

P.S.: You wouldn’t have liked it if I *had* put anything in the squares.

*H.T.*



*Lino-cut by*

JOHN PAGET

### A MODERN POEM

Love is  
Like mouldy cheese.  
Love  
Is like  
Mouldy cheese.  
“Why,”  
You ask,  
“Is love  
Like mouldy cheese?”  
How—  
Why—  
If—  
But—  
When—  
Whether—  
Maybe—  
What  
The Hell!  
How  
Am I supposed  
To know?  
I am not  
A grocer.  
I have never  
Been in love.  
I am  
Just  
Paid by the  
Line  
For my  
Poems.

*E.F.H.*

# The Study of Art

(With apologies to Sir Joshua Reynolds)

*By Roy Austin*

THE study of art may be divided into three classes. First, the elementary period which is the learning of the rudiments, including facility in drawing, and a fair ability in the handling of the colours, and the simple rules of composition. This period is a preparation for whatever sphere of the artistic world the art-student may wish to enter. The power of drawing and using colours is the language by which means the artist may express his thoughts and ideas. Once the artist is able to express himself he must then collect subjects for expression and amass ideas.

He is now in the second period of study, and his objective is to learn all that has been done before his time. In the first period he was under a definite master; now Art is his master. He must look for more general instructions. The perfections of all masters must influence him, and he must not let their deficiencies corrupt him. Although the student will not let himself be guided by any one master he must discipline himself, and not stray from the path frequented by his former masters.

The third period is entirely free from any ties, except those he shall himself judge as being reasonable. In the former period the student sought only to know and combine excellence, wherever it was found, into one idea of perfection; in this he learns what requires the most attentive survey, and the most subtle disquisition; that is, to discriminate perfections that are incompatible with each other.

Now is the time when he corrects what is erroneous, supplies what is lacking, and thereby makes the beautiful more beautiful. Having sound judgment and a copious memory he may now use his imagination.

A student unacquainted with the works of former artists of renown is apt to over-rate his own ability and, foolishly, applauds himself on arrival at a certain stage which they who have studied to more purpose have long passed. The more he has studied the works of those who have excelled, the greater will be his powers of conception and invention.

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## DUSK-SONG

Slow-moving dusk  
Creeping down  
With velvet tread,  
And, in its wake,  
Melody;  
The half-heard whisper  
Of sleepy things;  
A glow of lights,  
And melting shadows  
Purpling  
Into the blue.

*Zilla Dettlor.*



R. Austin



*Woodcut on previous page by Roy Austin,  
Fourth year Drawing and Painting student.  
Scene laid at Port Hope.*

# Compositional Cocktail

## SCENE I

*It is nine-thirty. I have been working on my composition since six. Just thirty minutes more. I am so sleepy.*

*Enter F.S.H. and J.W.B. The first is a good-looking, well-groomed man, with the deliberate affability common to those who rule. The second is stocky and aggressive. At the minute he is smiling agreeably—a lion with a light lunch of Christians before him!*

F.S.H.: “Nine-thirty and nobody here! I would rather have three earnest students than three hundred not interested enough in their work to arrive here on time. The others don’t amount to a hill of beans. I am here at eight-thirty to welcome everybody. What I want is Enthusiasm.”

J.W.B.: “I want them to WORK; twenty-four hours a day; and listen to me on Saturdays.”

*Enter F.C. and R.M. F.C. is an elusive little man of nondescript colouring and a sense of humour. R. M. is the typical artist; that is, he is conservatively dressed and wears no beard.*

F.C.: “Work! FUN you must not treat too lightly.”

R.M.: (*making for my picture*) “What is this?”

F.S.H.: “There is paint on it. Perhaps it is meant for a composition.”

J.W.B.: “There is paint on your nose—a gob of cobalt, but your nose is not meant for a composition! There is no design to it. It’s just a mess of paint.”

F.C.: (*turning picture upside down*) “This is the way it must go. Here is fine space division.”

R.M.: “There is a little spot of green in the left corner that is very pleasant to see.”

F.S.H.: “Modernistic. ‘A cabbage by moonlight’ perhaps. My daughter—”

J.W.B. (*austerely*) “The subject is Toronto in 1934.”

R.M.: “That prussian blue is very nice colour. I’d like to see a little more made of it.”

*With a fanatical gleam in his eye he picks up a brush and begins to paint a ship. F.C. deftly selects the best brush in the lot and begins to try it out, murmuring something about horizontal lines and repetition.*

J.W.B.: “I would like to see some solid masses on the third plane.” (*Picks up a brush.*)

## SCENE II

*The picture is finished. All stand gazing at it.*

F.S.H.: “Do you think it deserves a pass?”

F.C.: “I would consider it. I would consider it very seriously indeed. It’s not bad at all.”

J.W.B.: “The edge of the ship should be lost a little, and the light should break into the figure to the right.”

F.C.: “That’s a tree!”

R.M.: "There was no tree in that spot in 1834." (*Turning to J.W.B.*)  
"Damn your lost ship. I want to see some drawing!"

J.W.B.: "Drawing! Phwt and Pshaw! You cut off figures! I've seen you do it!"

R.M.: "Why shouldn't I?"

J.W.B.: "A lazy way to avoid drawing!"

R.M.: "It's better than gumming it off with a lot of tone!"

*The fighting blood of O.C.A. is aroused. The two begin to grapple. F.C., in good form from dodging students, gleefully leaps for a safe spot, but F.S.H. quells them with a glance.*

F.S.H. (*blandly*) "You two may have a week off to settle your quarrels. I shall consider hanging her picture in the gallery."

Me: "But it isn't *my* picture!"

F.S.H.: "What! Didn't you pay for the board?" *He drops heavy-principal role and pokes me playfully in the ribs.*

"Our aim is to give each and every student what he wants—in your case, one of Mr. Carmichael's beautifully lettered certificates. Mr. Carmichael is the best designer in Canada."

*Wild bursts of maniacal laughter on all sides. The room rocks. The staff disappears, but the laughter continues.*

### SCENE III

*The hysterical sounds of merriment echo down the vast emptiness of the upstairs hall. I open the door of Room 1 gingerly. Mr. Beatty's composition class has begun! I slink in, quietly.*

J.W.B.: "GOOD AFTERNOON."

*He picks up my effort and, in a determined manner, places it second from the end; then wipes his fingers on Dora Snell's smock.*

Success! Somebody has done a worse composition than mine!

### CURTAIN



*Lino-cut by*

GORDON COULING

## SATURDAY'S WAIL

One thing I desired,  
And one thing alone.  
You offered a kingdom,  
A crown, and a throne.

One thing I wanted,  
That thing you scorned.  
You offered me riches,  
I walked unadorned.

The thing that I craved  
Was the thing that was missin'—  
One darn good ideer  
For my composition!

*Grace S. Brymner.*

---

Did you know that:

TURNER had his first water-colour accepted by the Royal Academy at the age of twelve; and at eighteen his first oils? And although he is considered to belong to the "dashing school", yet in his painting of "Trey Bridge" the veins are drawn on the wings of a butterfly which is not three pencil-point widths in diameter?

REMBRANDT considered backgrounds the most difficult part of a picture to paint?

GOYA was stabbed on account of dabbling in politics?

VAN GOGH, in a fit of insanity, cut off his ear and presented it to Gauguin wrapped in a handkerchief?

MICHAEL-ANGELO found on one occasion that he had not marble enough to finish the feet of his statue?

MONET was the father of open-air painting?

KEN FORBES was a champion boxer in his class during the war?

ERNEST DALTON excels as a fencer and represented Canada at the 1933 Olympics?

EL GRECO'S real name was Domenikos Theotokapuli?

LEONARDO da VINCI, MICHAEL-ANGELO and RAPHAEL never married, yet on the other hand GOYA was the father of twenty legal children?

SIR THOMAS REYNOLDS painted his first oil painting of Rev. Smart from a sketch made on his thumb-nail while sitting in church, and enlarged it in a boathouse using a sail for his canvas?

CLEEVE HORNE.

## THE MERMAID'S SONG

The storm wind raved and the great waves rose and dashed on the roof  
of the sea,  
And the fish fled down to the depths in fear, but they could not frighten  
me, ah no! They could not frighten me.

I swam to the rocks, the cruel rocks, that rise by the western shore.  
I sported there in the pools and foam, where the wild green waters pour—  
endlessly dash and pour.

There came a ship that flew along before the breath of the gale.  
It struck on a rock, on a jagged rock, where the sea-gulls nest and wail—  
Like wild, lost spirits wail.

A man was snatched from the settling deck by the arms of an old grey  
wave.  
I caught him away from her clinging hands and mine to slay or to save;  
my heart, mine to slay or to save.

The hungry waves were following close as I carried him to the shore.  
And the grey gulls echoed the cry of my heart—“Alone for evermore!  
Ah woe! alone for evermore!”

*Sylvia Hahn.*



*Woodcut on page 19 by Sylvia Hahn, Fourth year Drawing and Painting student and daughter of Mr. Gustav Hahn, Instructor of Interior Decoration Department.*

Water rippling black and silver,  
Beneath a moonlit clouded sky.  
Across the lake the haunting quiver  
Of a loon's long mournful cry.  
It circles high—above the crest  
Of the gloomy longshore pines,  
On it's beating wings, on it's white-downed breast  
In it's flaming eyes, the moonlight shines.  
Up to the stars rings a yearning call  
For a long lost mate. The dark clouds sever  
The moon from the lake, like a shady pall  
And down to the watery depths forever,  
Glides a shadow of black and white,  
Down to eternal night.

*Phyllis E. Brett.*

---

I do my sailing on the sand:  
I lie and look,  
And choose a boat to hold my soul;  
My body slumps  
Upon the red and green and gold,  
The little bricks  
That ants make into palaces.

The sea is near;  
I smell and taste it, and the wind,  
Like cold salt-water, blows on me;  
And, if I care,  
Which I will not,  
To cross a ridge of wetted sand,  
And, wincing, step on ragged shells,  
I can be in the sea again.

*Elizabeth Fraser Holland.*



## SONG OF A SEAFARER

Sodden sand,  
A wild grey sky,  
Foam on the strand  
Where the curlews cry.  
The song of the wind,  
And the thundering sea,  
Sound a pagan drum  
In the soul of me.  
For the restless swing  
Of the boats in the bay,  
And the cry in the heart  
To be up and away,  
And the mystical lure  
Of foreign lands,  
Are calling me down  
To the sodden sands.

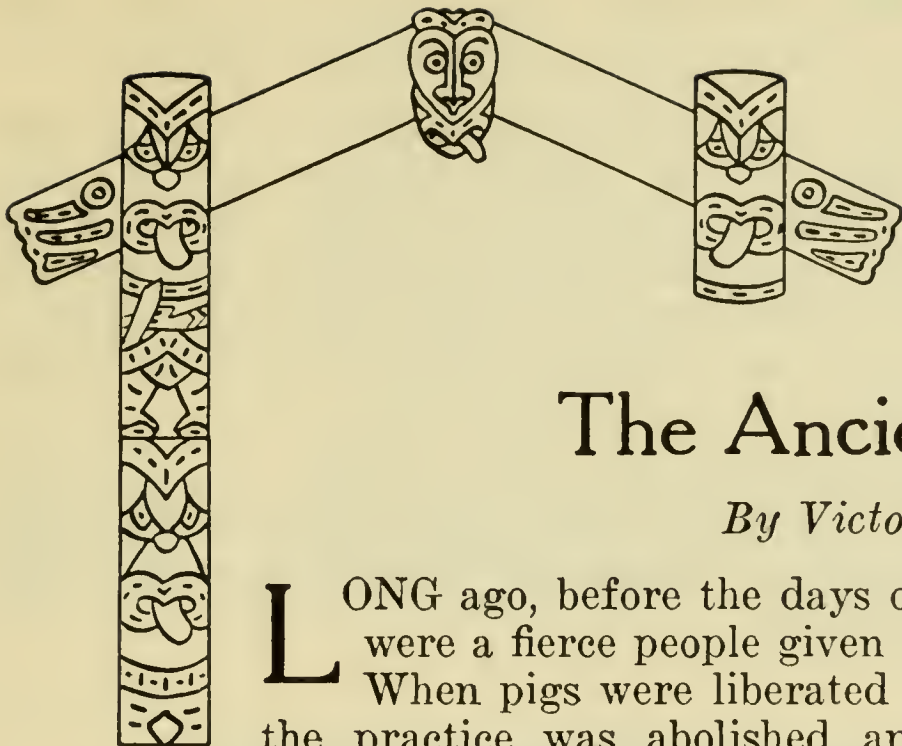
*Nora Bowie.*

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## THE SINGING THREADS

The hot June silence all along my way  
Makes footsteps boom in the small insect's ear.  
I thunder by the hopper in the hay,  
And I am deaf to all the wee things hear.  
And over the long, dusty, silent road  
The singing threads are calling to and fro—  
Black veins from town to city, tapping code,  
And shimmering on with not a glance below.  
They sing so silently that the small bird  
Has perched upon them with his own bright song  
To scorn the nonsense of the spoken word,  
When all he needs is breath to trill along!

*Elizabeth F. Holland.*



## The Ancient Maori

*By Victor Hyde*

**L**ONG ago, before the days of the early settlers, the Maori were a fierce people given to the practice of cannibalism. When pigs were liberated over the land, by the settlers, the practice was abolished and, to-day, a visitor to New Zealand is usually surprised and mildly disappointed to find the Maori, virtually a "brown European." This is probably one of the reasons for the frequent native exhibitions of ancient customs.

On these occasions the trained performers don their garments of flax and feathers and take us back to the days when the "Rangatira" led his fierce warriors in battle to the accompaniment of a savage haka. The "Rangatira" was elected for his courage and wisdom; his word was law, and it was necessary for him to memorize scores of chants and prayers, besides complicated genealogies. His right-hand man was the "Tohunga" whose services were required at most of the social functions. If war was contemplated it was necessary to consult this medicine-man. In order to settle important questions he would retire to his sanctuary and make small offerings to the gods. His verdict was highly respected. After handling the dead, whose bodies were considered sacred, he became "tapu," and everything he touched became "tapu" also. He dared not handle food because it was thought that it would thus become "tapu," and kill him. Under these circumstances he had to be fed by an attendant who took great care that neither he, nor the utensils, touched the holy man. An elaborate puré was necessary to lift this state of quarantine.

This ceremony required the assistance of the "Ruwahine," or wise woman, who was an herbalist, also skilled in weaving and other duties in which the women were engaged. Her aid was essential during the ritual used in making a new "whare" (house) fit for habitation.

The "whares" were invariably decorated with the ancient art of wood-carving. Wood-carvers held an important position in the tribe which was usually hereditary. They followed time-honoured principles, and their conventional designs were often embellished with gayly coloured shells. "Tikis" were imposing effigies of celebrated ancestors, each tattooed and holding a wooden club in a three-fingered hand. Many interesting charms

were laboriously fashioned from greenstone. The primitive carving tools of bone were highly prized and handed down from father to son.

The tribesmen enhanced their marital appearance by having their faces and bodies elaborately tattooed. An artistic pattern was drawn on the warrior's body by the "Tohunga-ta-kauwae" who then followed the design with a small bone chisel. The women also submitted to this painful operation, but the decorations were confined to the chin and lips. A dark pigment made from the soot of certain woods was used to colour the imprint in the flesh.

The tribes lived in stockaded villages, or pas, which were guarded by trenches and watch-towers. However, they lived happily enough cultivating sufficient vegetables for their wants, and varying their diet with roots, birds, fish and other sea-foods.



*Lino-cut by*

YVONNE CARR

LADIES OF THE GRANGE 18 - -

They stepped beneath the chandeliers  
With rose and feather in their hair;  
—The tinted drops like elfin tears  
That hung from candles, everywhere.  
They stroked the little, naked god;  
And gazed in awe at Psyche white;  
And watched the stern young curate nod,  
And wished they'd put them out of sight.  
For, "Art is very well, my dear,  
For queer young men with lots of hair;  
But under our own chandeliers!  
I do not think it should be there."

*E.F.H.*



*Lino-cut by*

ELIZABETH WILKES

## THE WICIOUS WOMAN

Woman close resembles a slinking feline sleek;  
She superb in beauty decoys both strong and weak;  
Like feline, who with arching back, rubs by her master's leg,  
Then quick as asp is off to kill, his chick scarce from the egg;  
She close conceals her muscles steel beneath a coat of silk;  
In vain we think the small coy mouth would stop at lapping milk;  
A picture of smooth symmetry, yet screening sinews tough,  
Two creatures this, rolled up in one, deceiving ball of fluff!

Oh! Hell-cats wait — who men would be —  
But for a chance to torture,  
To wreck the hopes you hold so free,  
And blind, and rend your future;  
Beware man's terrorizing She,  
Humanity's black panther!

Man. (J.H.)

---

## TO MEN

Oh, "Women are the bunk," (J.H.)  
"They're just a lot of junk"—(J.H.)  
Yet there really is a lot to say  
For Men.  
Men are simply *too* divine,  
They can string the swellest line;  
Yes, you have them for a time  
And then—  
Just when you think you'll get them,  
When you know you can't forget them,  
You simply have to let them  
Depart.  
For you see, these super-creatures  
Think that they're the only teachers  
Of the noble art of "Featuring  
The heart"!  
Furthermore you treat them rough,  
Then they think you're kin' of tough,  
And yet they seem to like it  
All the same.  
Then again you're on thin ice,  
If you treat them "extra-nice"  
They're so cautious, they'll suspect its  
Just a game.

Always filled with inspiration,  
They're the cream of all creation.  
When it comes to a temptation  
*They* don't weaken!  
But you must be blonde and fluffy,  
As for brains—they can be stuffy.  
You just have to be cream-puffy,  
Dumb and meekened!  
Oh yes—"women *are* the bunk,  
Why, they're just a lot of junk".  
But there really is A LOT to say  
For Men!

Z.D.

---

### MACCRIMMON WILL NEVER RETURN!

Round Cullen's peek the mist is sailing,  
The banshee croons her note of wailing;  
Mild blue eyes with sorrow are streaming,  
For him that shall never return, Maccrimmon!

Chorus:

No more, no more, no more returning,  
In peace or in war is he returning;  
Till dawns the great Day of Doom and burning,  
Macrimmon is home, no more returning!

The breeze on the brae is mournfully blowing,  
The brook in the hollow is plaintively flowing,  
The warblers, the soul of the groves, are mourning  
For Maccrimmon that's gone to find no returning!

The tearful clouds the stars are veiling;  
The sails are spread, but the boat is not sailing,  
The waves of the sea are moaning and mourning  
For Maccrimmon that's gone to find no returning!

No more on the hill, at the festal meeting,  
The pipe shall sound with echo repeating,  
And lads and lasses change mirth to mourning  
For him that is gone to know no returning!

*Composed by his sister upon his departure with the men of Clan Macleod for "Culloden," 1746. This is a translation from the original Gaelic. Contributed by Allan Cameron.*

## GROS PIERRE

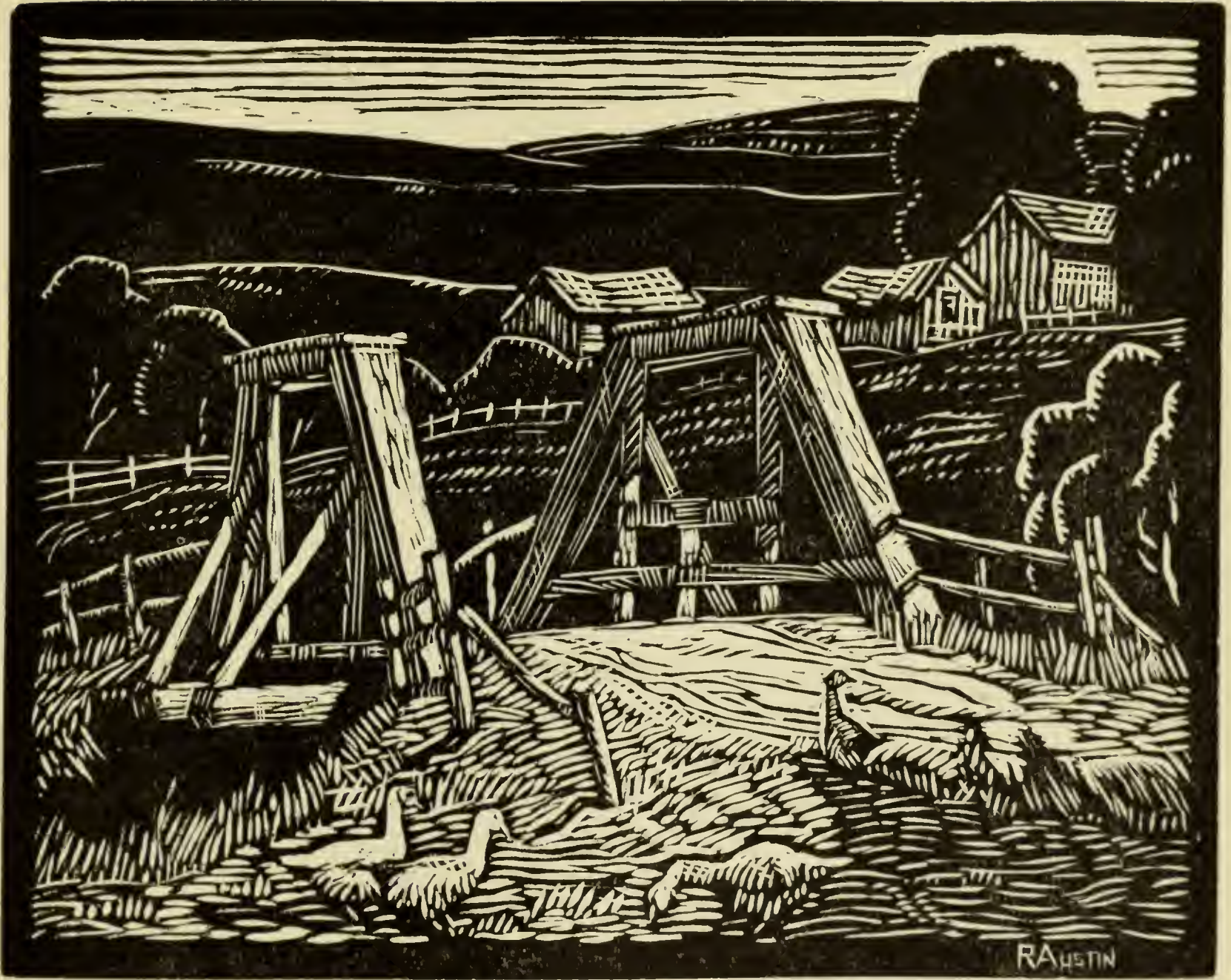
Oh, gros Pierre est un joli homme,  
Un grand voyageur de l'ouest;  
An' w'en he see de grea' goose fly  
A wing to hees Nordern nest—  
He say: "Let heem go—away to hees home,  
I'll eat feesh; let heem go, dat's best."

Oh, gros Pierre est un joli homme,  
Un grand voyageur de l'ouest;  
An' w'en de great bull-moose come down,  
Come down to de reevère to drink—  
He say: "He's a keeng, by hees crown,  
Let heem go; he's gran', don' you 'tink?"

Oh, gros Pierre est un joli homme,  
Un grand voyageur de l'ouest;  
An' w'en in de fores' he see de deer,  
Sun-spotted an' all a-queever—  
He say: "She's a fores' fairy, I fear,  
An' I rather dat you do leave 'er."

Pour gros Pierre est un joli homme,  
Un grand voyageur de l'ouest;  
An' beeg an' stron' wid a cour d'or,  
As kin' as kitten an' queeek as mink—  
An' he say: "I don' keel de animal for  
Dey are my broders—I t'ink."

*John A. Hall.*



RAUSTIN

*T. P. Austin*



*The woodcut on the previous page is by Roy Austin, Fourth year Drawing and Painting student. This cut won the competition held in December, 1933, by the Hart House New Year's Graduates' Ball Committee, University of Toronto, and was given as a memento to the participants at that dance.*

# The Incubus

*By John A. Hall*

**B**AHARAZOFF was very depressed when he entered his draughty, squalid little room after his cold walk home. Leaning his purchase against the wall, he seated himself on the side of his small cot and rested his elbows on his knees. He had obeyed an impulse and, as is frequently the case, he regretted it. Two roubles was all that had remained between him and poverty, and now he had thrown that away on a dirty old painting to satisfy a whim.

For several minutes, in a state of hypochondria, he remained seated, his head lowered. Then, raising his eyes, he noticed the painting in its battered gild frame, its subject veiled by a coating of dust and stain. Listlessly he rose and washed the canvas with a moistened rag. Almost immediately a new brilliance was imparted. It was, probably, the portrait of a Tartar Chief, or some other swarthy Oriental, with a sneering, malignant, diabolically-cruel and hawk-like face.

But the eyes! Now Baharazoff realized what had drawn him to the picture, and what had made a loafing droshky-driver turn to him and whisper, "Those eyes! It is the Evil One!" and then, quickly, walk away. Now, with the washing, they seemed to live, shining out from the shadow of their dark brows, and stare into his very soul. Baharazoff was fascinated and stood for many minutes returning their stare. Then, to gain a better view, he stood back from the picture, entranced with the expression of those hypnotic eyes and that sinister mouth. The sensation of fear gradually became master of his spirits and, unconsciously, he backed away, stopping only when the edge of his cot pressed against the calves of his legs. He dropped, lifelessly, into a sitting position, still staring.

How long he stayed there he did not know. At last, shuddering with the cold which had begun to penetrate his body, he drew his eyes away from the picture and, in doing so, experienced the sensation of coming out of a trance. He snuffed out his candle which, by now, had burned very low. Sleep did not come to him. Though the portrait no longer remained before his eyes, its image had taken firm hold on his mind. He tried to apply his thoughts to other ideas but always through his conceptions gleamed first the eyes, and then the whole face, deriding his attempts to dispel it.

Inadvertently he turned on his side. The moon, shining through the broken panes of the window, cast a lurid, cold blue light on the portrait. Baharazoff was transfixed with terror. He felt choked, smothered; he wanted to scream, but could not; neither could he withdraw his eyes from the face before him. He felt completely paralysed. Finally he blurted out, "Good God, go away!" and felt ashamed. Of course, the face did not disappear; rather, it appeared more lifelike, and seemed to smile maliciously. Its lips trembled as if about to speak, causing Baharazoff's very insides to turn in terror.

Then the lips *did* move! "Nicolai Andrievitch," they said in a cold, expressionless tone. Baharazoff started at hearing his name and patronymic. "Nicolai Andrievitch, I am your guide; I will lead you." Baharazoff uttered a hoarse choking sound, and shuddered.

"To buy me you have spent your last rouble. In return I will remunerate you, relieve you of your many debts, and save you from being thrown, starving, into the street."

Baharazoff waited in apprehensive silence as the face smiled patronizingly.

"You have a friend, Vasili Semenovitch Zaroff, the money-lender; you are his debtor to the extent of over a hundred roubles. He may be your friend, but he is a man who loves money above all. He will soon want payment; he has begun to hint that already. Soon he will ask it, and then your friendship will cease and he will come to you accompanied by the bailiff."



*Lino-cut by*

JOHN A. HALL

"You are afraid of that, aren't you, Nicolai? You are afraid of Marfa Parfenovna who is becoming more insistent in her demands for back rent. And, of course, even now you are destitute. In short, you are very, very badly in need of money, what can you do?"

"I know a way. Listen; there are more ways than one in which to obtain money from Semenovitch. There is one way which both releases you of your debt to him, and yet gives you the money!"

Here the face lighted up with a suggestive, satanic expression, and seemed to come closer to Baharazoff who burst out into a cold sweat.

"Go away, you devil!" he screamed, and then, with a sigh, collapsed back from the sitting position in which, curiously, he found himself.

"What is it suggesting?" he wondered. "Is it to *murder* Semenovitch; murder Semenovitch, my friend?"

Furiously, he rose, spat at the face and hissed the word, "Devil!" The saliva, dark in the moonlight, seemed to run, like blood, down the forehead. The lips smiled at the bewildered Baharazoff. "Murder!" The thought dawned; "*I should murder!*"

"Nicolai Andrievitch," said the cold voice, "it is easy—easy. He will be alone tomorrow, Sunday afternoon—"

"Go back to hell!" screamed Baharazoff, shaking with rage.

"To-morrow, alone in his shop, making up his accounts. Alone, in his shop—for you."

"I won't do it," Baharazoff murmured, trembling, "I won't."

"But think of the results! It is so easy, and so safe for you."

The face faded, and Baharazoff raised a moist hand to his clammy forehead and fell back.

The rest of the night was one of torment. Thoughts of the murder of Semenovitch, acquirement of wealth, and of conviction for crime, wavered back and forth in his mind, and behind all these was the face in the picture.

Dawn's grey light found him lying motionless, staring at the ceiling. His head was throbbing, his mind harrowed with conflicting thoughts.

. . . . .

On the following afternoon Baharazoff's gaunt figure, in an oversized greatcoat, trudged furtively along the streets leading to Semenovitch's shop. His hands were plunged deeply into his voluminous pockets, and in his right he grasped a hatchet, stolen earlier in the day from the room of the *dvornik*, or house-porter. Baharazoff was now in a state of fevered agitation. He felt that he was acting a part in a horrible dream, that he was being scrutinized by each passer-by, that they knew his intentions and loathed him for them, and that the hatchet, of which he was over-conscious, was exposed to view.

By the time he reached Semenovitch's house his nervousness and impatience had considerably quickened his pace, and it was with difficulty that he assumed, what he thought to be, a more natural appearance. As he reached the door he hesitated with fear, and was about to turn and forsake his project; but, plucking up his last ounce of resolve, ventured

several knocks. Even then he would have fled had not Zaroff been quick in admitting him.

Once inside the shop Baharazoff felt electrified with a curious tingling sensation. For a moment he stood in the centre of the floor staring at Semenovitch .

“Nicolai Andrievitch, to what reason do I owe the honour of your visit this afternoon?” asked the latter coldly.

“I—I have come to borrow some money. I want only a small amount.”

“You look ill, Andrievitch, very ill. You should be in bed.”

“I am not ill—only very cold.”

“You are more than cold, Baharazoff!” Semenovitch said, leaning over the counter and squinting at him curiously.

Baharazoff remained silent, still staring into the face of the usurer.

Zaroff drew himself up. “You ask for money? People don’t do business on Sunday.” He paused. “On the other hand, I might lend you a little—though you owe me a great deal already. How much do you want?”

“About eight or ten roubles,” Baharazoff said hoarsely, with impatience.

“You act queerly, my friend. Are you in some trouble?”

“No, not—listen, will you mind your own business, and let me have the money?” said Baharazoff becoming irritable.

“Take care. Remember I don’t have to!” said Zaroff mistrustfully, as he drew a pad across the counter and, picking up his pencil, leaned over to write.

This was the moment upon which Baharazoff had counted. Now he must act quickly. Steeling his determination, his face a frightful mask of horror and loathing, he drew out the hatchet and, almost blindly, struck with all his strength at the bald pate before him. There was a crack like the bursting of a melon, a feeble cry, and Zaroff fell limply with a thud at the feet of his murderer. For a few seconds he writhed and trembled before collapsing in death. Baharazoff, panting heavily, leaned weakly against the counter, the bloody hatchet loosely held in his hand. For several minutes he remained looking fixedly with revulsion at the wildly protruding, staring eyes, and the convulsed and horribly distorted features of the head that was lying in a widening pool of blood.

Finally shaking himself, he rallied, bent down, and wiped the blood from his hatchet on Zaroff’s coat. Then, feverishly, he searched the pockets for the keys to the money-box which, he knew, was kept behind the counter. Eventually he found them, and was just rising when an old clock struck four times. Terror-stricken, he dropped the keys, and with his face twisted in fear, his eyes rolling wildly, he remained tense for several minutes in a stooping position. Then the desire to leave the shop with its corpse and its silence formed within him. He rose, trembling, and, grasp-



*J. Abbott*

*Lino-cut on previous page by John A.  
Hall, first year student at Ontario  
College of Art.*

ing the keys, rushed behind the counter. After much hurried searching he found the box, and, though scarcely able to fit the key in its hole, finally opened it. Within lay a small amount of money which he grabbed hastily and jammed into his pocket, together with the hatchet. Then he made for the door, but, just before reaching it, stopped. Much as he wanted to leave, the fear of the street with its wayfarers and its police caused him to hesitate. He felt trapped. He felt that if he stayed he would certainly go mad; yet he feared the consequences from the world outside. Curiously, what he desired, above all, was to sleep. After standing for a long time listening searchingly to those small sounds so often heard in old houses, he slowly opened the door and went out onto the sidewalk.

As soon as he had left Zaroff's street he sensed a feeling of relief that remained with him until he reached his lodging. During his long walk through the yellow winter twilight his mind was in a torpid state; so much so, in fact, that frequently he found it necessary to retrace his steps in order to keep in the right direction.

When Baharazoff returned to his room he found himself not afraid, not horrified, and certainly not having, in any way, a feeling of attainment. Rather, he felt utterly indifferent and morose. He was able, fortunately, to return the hatchet without being noticed, after which he threw himself upon his cot, having already stuffed the money in the ticking of the mattress. Some minutes passed before he turned and saw the portrait. Immediately, he was filled with an extreme loathing for that sneering face. Disgusted, he rose; took off his coat and, hanging it from a peg directly above, covered the picture.

For three days Baharazoff confined himself to his room, claiming to be ill. On Thursday morning as Annushka, the servant-girl, brought him his coffee, she announced that there were some men downstairs to see him. Baharazoff, greatly alarmed, hesitated a moment, then bade her show them the way up.

There were two of them; Vlodkin, the police-inspector of the district, and his assistant. Vlodkin, an easy-going fellow, noticing Baharazoff's emaciated state, asked kindly after his health. The latter, intending to mislead them, said he had been ill for over a week.

Vlodkin then explained that the object of this visit was to check up on the pledges held by a certain money-lender, by the name of Zaroff, who had recently been murdered. Amongst them had been found a gold watch belonging to Baharazoff who, by now, felt greatly relieved.

The inspector, about to depart, looked around the room. The gild frame, peeping from beneath the old great coat, caught his eye.

"You have a picture here. Do you mind if I look at it?" he asked, raising the bottom of the coat. Two staring eyes and a demoniacal face confronted him. The face seemed to smile. Vlodkin's fat hairy hand fingered the raised edge of the coat; this he lifted suddenly for closer inspection. Then he started.

"Why!" he blurted out, staring piercingly at the cringing Baharazoff; "why, there's blood on this coat!"



## A LADY ARTIST TO HER LOVES

You say: "I'll want you all my life!"  
You say: "Please, darling, be my wife!"  
You say: "I'm making lots of dough!"  
You say: "We two could make a go!"  
I know you feel that way—and how!  
But what about twenty years from now?

Its like this business men call "Art"—  
(A thing adjacent to my heart.)  
I know that Art appeals to me.  
I know I'm painting what I see.  
I know I am sincere—and how!  
But what about twenty years from now?

Both you and Art desire my time.  
You both supply the needed dime.  
Perhaps I'll split you fifty-fifty  
(That situation might be nifty!)  
I want you both so much—and how!  
But what about twenty years from now?

*N.B.B.*



*Lino-cut by*

YVONNE CARR

## Ancient Greek Costume

THE Greeks were very careless as a race and some of them forgot to wear any costume at all except for a feather-duster on the ankle or a helmet. One lady who was posing for her statute was so indiscreet as to let the artist go on when her robe fell down to the waist. As I said they were a careless lot and no one seemed to have noticed that he forgot to put arms on her. Those who did wear clothes were always running the risk of losing them. Instead of elastic and hooks and eyes and safety-pins and braces they trusted to suction and to Pallas Athena. Now I have no doubt but what Athena was a very capable woman but to have to hold up the raiment of several thousand Athenians with only two hands was a bit of an order—she *HAD* arms. Everyone who did dress wore skirts but the women's were easier to trip over than the men's and they simply NEVER ironed ANYTHING. In any statue you see wrinkle after wrinkle I think they were even proud of them. The Greeks as I may have mentioned grew wings in the most unexpected places not only from their shoulders but sometimes from their heels or even their helmets. And some of the people turned into horses or goats half-way down. The population was literally a walking side-show. Now I'm all for the League and I don't want to prejudice you against any of your brother-countries so I'd better end by saying the Greeks have improved a lot since early times. The modern ones seem quite normal.

*Elizabeth F. Holland.*

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### BIRDS

Everytime  
I touch a line  
What a mess I make!  
I turn and twist  
But still a list  
Insists on spoiling drake.  
And Oh! I am  
So tired of drawing birds!

Everyday  
I hope some way  
To brigh—t—ly succeed;  
By afternoon,  
Alack-a-day,  
My drakey is knock-kneed.  
And Oh! I am  
So tired of drawing birds!

*Y.K.C.*

## THE SONG OF THE FOREST

Brave we stand beneath the sky,  
Children of the earth and sun,  
In our branches, reaching high,  
All the winds of heaven sigh,  
And the storms unfettered run.

Deep our roots are in the earth,  
Far our branches spread above.  
From the seedling's secret birth  
To our years of greatest girth  
All the world shall know our love.

In the spring our leaves, unfurled  
From their sheaths of shining brown,  
Spread a mantle on the world,  
And our blossoms, raindrop pearled,  
Make for her a bridal crown.

When the days of summer beat  
Scorching from the blazing sky,  
Living things about our feet,  
Sheltered from the withering heat,  
Live, that, shelterless, would die.

When the winds of autumn roam  
Through our twigs, our gay leaves fall  
On the roots beneath the loam  
In their frozen winter home,  
Spread, protecting, over all.

Winter comes with bitter chill,  
And the North Wind, like a knife,  
But our strength they cannot kill.  
Through the cold there slumbers still,  
In our hearts, the spark of life.

Brave we stand beneath the sky,  
Children of the earth and sun.  
Through our branches, stretching high,  
Restless winds forever sigh,  
Singing raindrops ever run.

*Sylvia Hahn.*



*Lino-cut on previous page by Sylvia  
Hahn of the graduating class in Draw-  
ing and Painting.*

## If I Had a Daughter at Art School---

. . . . She would be artistically inclined and not less than eighteen. Her general intelligence, I hope, would be average, and she would have a nice, practical balance of values. She would be the possessor of a keen sense of humour and have absolutely no memory for so-called "dirty" jokes. The words elegant, swell, grand, die-veen, boy-friend, classy, wonderful and lovely would never pass her lips; and she would not "tell the world" (in the cloakroom) about her various romances; nor would she use crimson finger-nail polish. I pray heaven she would not go "boyish" on me, even if she *did* belong to the modelling class; neither would she gyrate about looking like an *olla podrida* of Dietrich, West, Garbo, Sten and Bankhead. She would not chew gum, and she would always have her own cigarettes, even if I had to pay for them.

In her first year she would have the intelligence to understand the significance of the call "First Year" when the 'phone rang. At this period of her school career she would *not have the nerve* to show even vague signs of ownership when a student of any other year passed by in the hall wearing my daughter's favorite smock. I would insist upon her acquainting herself, within the first few weeks, of the names and faces of all the instructors and various form representatives. She would learn to take slams from her superiors with an easy grace, and stage a hefty comeback to any contemporary who pulled the same trick.

She would wear sports-clothes only, at school; but no brogue type of shoe; neither would she garb her feet in Deauville sandals. She would abhor jewellery, white smocks, perfume, hair-dye, and run-down heels. If she became colour-conscious I hope she would have the sense to keep the information to herself; and I should prefer her to be considered "dumb," in the literal sense of the word, than garrulous. She would strive to keep her nails, and her mind, as clean as conditions permitted. She would have her own opinions on all subjects, and the divine gift of the gods in being able to admit one or even half a dozen of them *might* be wrong. She would read at least three books on art, per year, three on poetry, three on physiology, and three on philosophy. Any extra time she had for reading could be used on fiction. I hope her religious views would be sane, and that she would not talk about them. I'd rather she lived her religion. I hope she would put more paint on her palette than on her face; if I had a daughter at Art School. . . .

N.B.B.



Lino-cut by

NORA BOWIE

# "Tangent's" Interview for 1934

STOP THE PRESS NEWS

(Special)

AT least two students of the O.C.A. whole-heartedly hope that the "Tangent" goes over in a really big way this year, but their solicitude is prompted, unfortunately, by more or less selfish motives. Provided Herbie Black, Dick Walters and Doug. Diamond sell enough advertising lineage and the entire edition is grabbed up by an eager student-body, your magazine's Board of Directors will be faced with the following account: "*Re* two staff-interviewers, two pair of crutches," for we, "The Tangent's Wondering Reporters," hope to tell you that holding one's foot in a door-way, and a stage-exit one at that, is a feat not to be laughed off lightly; it just shows what two news-hungry boys will endure when their sole intent is giving their readers the facts.

Nora Bowie, whose slightest request means action, had no sooner laid down the editorial dictum, "Get Bernie," than the "Wondering Reporters" were headlong on their way to the "Imperial" (Advt.), where genial Ben and "all the Boys" were packing 'em in. There is no need for detailing that long vigil prior to the questionnaire, since the touching reference a few lines back excludes the danger of aggravating your pities to too serious a point. However, we might say that the soul-stirring strains of the cheerful "Last Round-up" from back-stage didn't help a bit.

The boys decided that since they were confining their prowess to one interview this year, it would be in keeping, for unity's sake, to epitomize their questions to the "Ole Maestro" in one pithy query. Undoubtedly, this singleness of purpose was the greatest factor in maintaining the boys' morale, which never weakened. When the cigar-loving orchestra-leader did finally try to make a hasty exit, the realization of their foot-in-the-door dream come true seemed, momentarily, to overpower the waiting news-sleuths; luckily, or unluckily, as you desire, Norman Grant revived in time to see the great "maestro" making a frantic rush for his car, and was able to intercept him and gasp the question, "Mr. Bernie, we represent the Ontario College of Art 'Tangent'; have you a word of advice for art students, and if so, we would deem it most propitious that it be now divulged, lest our readers be misinformed?" The great "ad lib" artist seemed Buffaloed for a minute, but eventually these words of wisdom were heard: "I've only one slogan, 'Be kind to your fellow-man',\* and if that doesn't apply to art students, I guess I can't advise you." Since the last-mentioned qualification is so problematical, the "Wondering Reporters" decided to leave any pros and cons for the "Letters to the



*Lino-cut by*

JACKSON WALTON

Editor'' column, feeling that their job of reporting was complete without venturing their personal opinion.

. . . Thus we conclude 1934's interview, sincerely hoping that this publication's sales are in no way hampered thereby, and reminding you, modestly, that the Tangential Reporters will be right in there, constantly dogging your next year's interview.

\*Editor's note: Winchell, and others, are you listen'?



AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

# A STATEMENT

Generations of Artists engaged in teaching of Art have used Winsor-Newton's Artists' material for their own work, finding much advantage thereby.

# A PROPHECY

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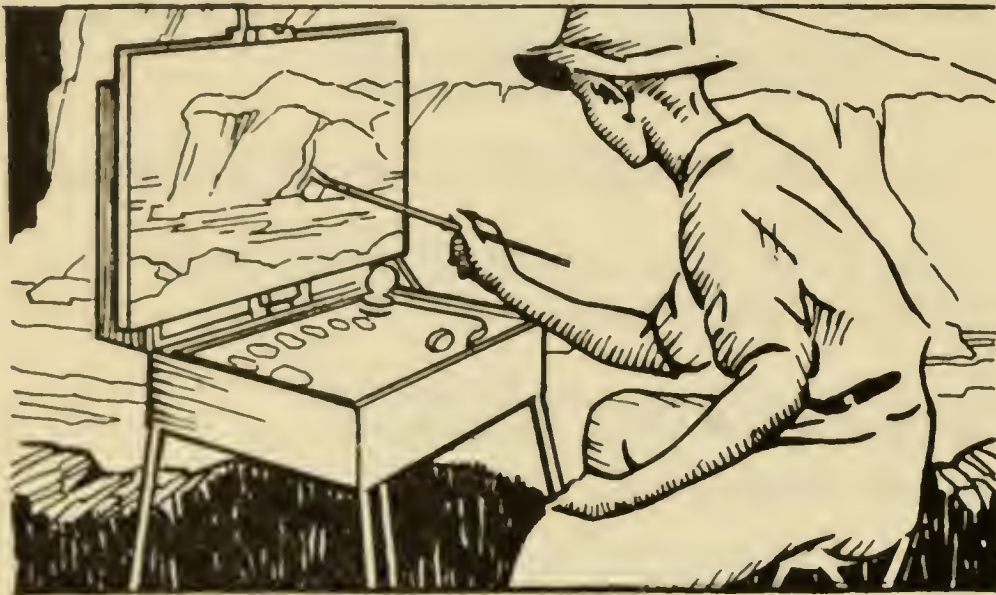
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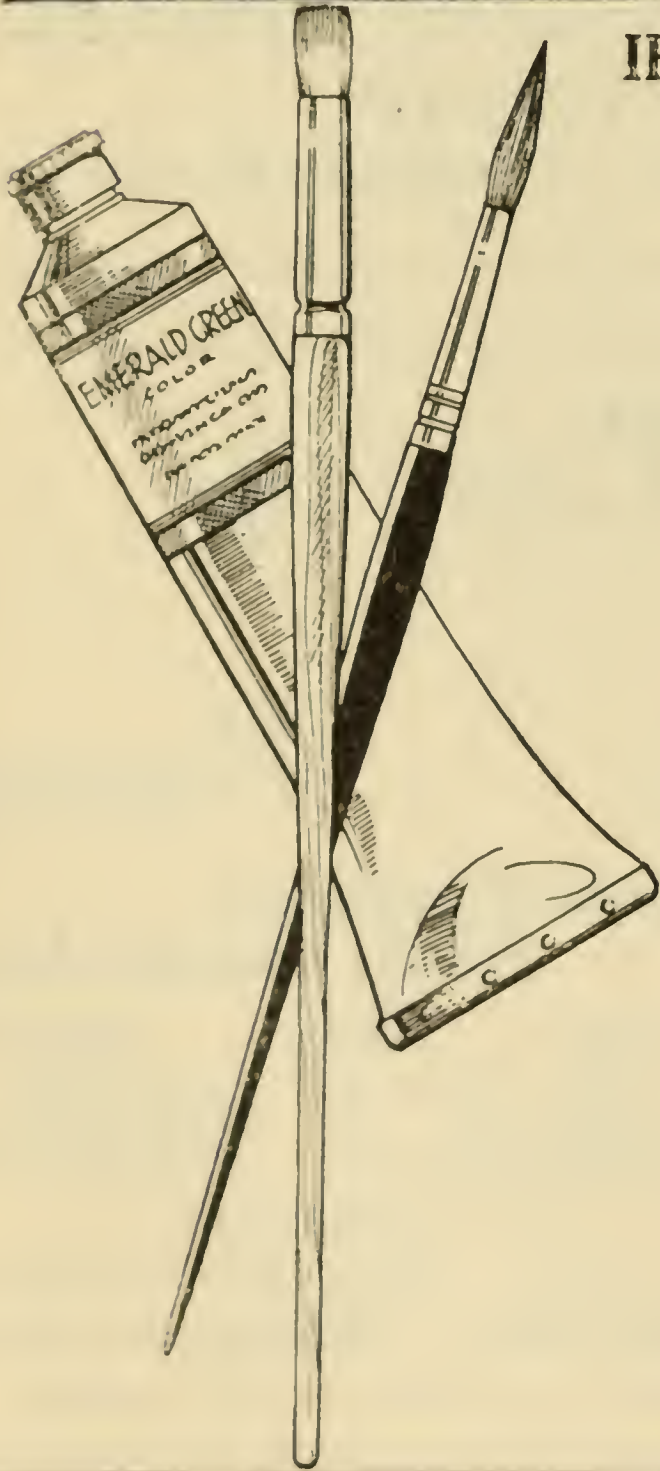
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