

# PREVIEW

R SCOTT MARGARET DAY B RUDDICK PATRICK ANDERSON N SHAW P K PAGE

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## NOTE

Comments on the first PREVIEW have proved very satisfactory. The aims expressed in the statement are already in process of being fulfilled. Four of the pieces from last month's issue have already been bid for, contact has been made with a group of writers in Vancouver and another member has been added to the group. Comments from England are not yet available.

We wish to thank Miss Ruth Katz through whose great kindness these issues are mimeographed.

## SUMMER'S JOE

He unlocked an apple first, then lifted the latch  
of the ancestral tree,  
whistled amongst the tall corn gaily  
like a scythe of birds:  
on the shore the lion waves lay down on their paws  
and above the trodden sand  
a storm of gulls made sadness as white  
as April does;  
he climbed the stalled peak above the hush  
of the slurred sea,  
the lark went up on his stalk and the gorse  
had a fry of bees-  
O sign me into your water he cried  
to the cool annul,  
write me into your smooth bible  
he called to the lake,  
unwind me on your reel he said  
to the road of go,  
slow me into a grey rock!  
but the answer was No Joe.  
He called to the hunting morning then  
to shoot his blood,  
he asked the seamstress of the woods  
to stitch his manhood,  
he stripped to show his flesh, his flesh  
was white as snow-  
give me ecstasy of total love!  
but the answer was No Joe.

Then dropped by wind at the starting-point  
he was damped by stone,  
he was left with the grocer's salt of love  
in the place of boards;  
swallows passed him and sparrows shot  
above his head,  
light left in a gull for the farthest south,  
eyes fell from a kite;  
while the natural lechers in their pool  
pulled down the shades  
fireflies with their pouting milk  
perplexed the roads-



when night's a journey land's in doubt  
flesh is a traveller,  
ho for the lantern of yourself  
ho for the clock!  
In the always-easy bed he found  
the lazy chart,  
in the uncharted land he saw  
the heart's riot;  
wrestling weak angels then he climbed  
gristle and bone  
until on top of himself he saw  
that he was still alone:  
O God from my Italian pride  
deliver me now,  
and from my terrible steepness!  
but the answer was No Joe  
the answer was No.

Then sudden in the scope of sea  
with the delight of found  
he saw his treasure island,  
he saw his milkwhite fathom.  
To everyspar and nerve he set  
his orchard sails  
and in the fleet of love his eyes  
were sea-blue admirals,  
while at his telescope of brass  
she lulled her palms,  
lay level to his pride, lay still  
to his rocked rigging.  
O secret in that heart of a place  
a bird looks out,  
pivots the forest on its nest, its eye  
the germ of light -  
no join was seen between flesh and flesh  
between hair and grass,  
loving themselves the world they loved  
with a mirror's process;  
leaving their fear in another place,  
their clock in a pool  
it seemed that the earth had made of them  
its capital  
for the deputies of leaves and waves  
the motes of wit,  
a parliament of the water-jet  
and a sun-up senate.  
He turned towards his love and said,  
Love, tell me now  
is not our love perpetual?  
but she said No Joe.  
Is not our ecstasy for life  
with a hey-nony-no?  
and she replied from a long way off  
and her answer was No.  
I call you by our bed of love  
couple, roll and hairy-ho!  
she answered; While we loved these died,  
with no again, a feast of No.

Patrick Anderson

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Look novel at  
new styles in navels and a change of shirt.

( W.H. Auden's well-known lines adapted for use by Dylan Thomas )

## THE LIBRARY BOOK

Raskolnikov woke up late next day after a broken sleep and Caroline turned the corner onto William Street on a November evening. The sidewalk was wet after a day of autumn rain, it was covered with aging leaves. They protested softly, with a muffled sound, dying away into silence as she passed over them. Across the street was Harper School, beside it the jail with its high and plain stone wall. Caroline always looked specially at it, registered that it was the jail, made a momentary effort and then dropped it. She knew nothing about it, had never seen inside. She never could properly believe that inside there men were kept by force. William Street led on to the Courthouse Square, forming one of its four sides. Over on the top of the Courthouse, above the front door, Justice with her blinded eyes held out the scales. At present she was only a dim mass barely made out in the darkness. Caroline glanced up from habit. She imagined the statue soaring out into the rainy night, sightless, her arms aloft, passing over the river, down across the mountains. She would float over the United States which lay, lights winking distantly, a low shore line, on the other side of the river and from where she imagined always she could hear a faint and far-off humming. Across the Square the window of the First Church dimly glowed like a great coloured flower. She knew the few lights lit inside were at the back in the choir loft. It was Friday evening. Gordon Empey was having his organ lesson.

Raskolnikov writhed with nervous irritation as the servant girl entered his room. Caroline shifted her umbrella into a more comfortable position and caught the books more securely against her shoulder. Who else knew how he hated his tiny cupboard of a room with its dusty yellow paper? A sudden flurry pattered raindrops onto the umbrella and a few clinging leaves. She raised her arm and the street lamp with its three pearly clusters sent a cold light for an instant on her serious face. Now she was on George Street and the library was just two blocks away. Crossing Courthouse Street which led to the river a coolness caused her to tighten her arms and shiver. She walked a little faster. That dream. Someday in some city, turning from a library shelf, "You're the one I've been looking for." His eyes would be lighted up. Waking in the moonlight hearing the softly breathing sighs of the sleepers. Those two in their enormous room, Grandfather in his bedroom at the back, Frances and Julie through the wall. Frances was chattering angrily, she listened, it died away into mutterings and moans. Past Mr. Reaper's house, a girl was going up the steps. The door opened and she heard the sound of the piano. "I hear you study vocal too?" "No, I don't study vocal. I take singing lessons." But not from Mr. Reaper.

Up the library steps. Inside it was warm, not a voice was raised. Through the glass window of the reading room the readers were to be seen, inanimate figures, in sprawling attitudes over the spread newspapers. Martin Fry was there. He was always there with a magazine. He was in her class, two rows over but quiet and awkward, from the country. They never said hello. She left her books on the desk. Three aisles along and down and back by the window. She switched on the light. Where was a name to be found like that? Dostoyevsky. The y and the o, then the e and the v. The name, the country, the books. A Caroline and a Fyodor, one had no chance. What next? She touched the books.

Mr. Wingrave wore a pince nez with black rims. He played with it nervously in his fits of irritation, his sharp admonishments for quiet as someone laughed out loud in the inside porch. Most people were afraid of his ill-humour. He was an Englishman and he hated this country, clamped down as he was in a small town, without contacts, for so many years. He hated most people, one felt. Caroline liked him. "What have you there today? Hm." His fingers, a little stiff with rheumatism, fumbled over a filing case of cards. "Mr. Wingrave," Caroline leaned slightly over the desk. "Have you any scientific books on table rapping?" He looked up at once. "Last night we made the table jump. I want to know the explanation. It's electricity or something, isn't it?" "You'd better be careful, young lady." He stamped her book and handed it across to her. "Of course I don't believe in it." She blushed. "I mean, I know it's nothing supernatural. I want to know how it's done. Are there any books here?" "Here? I don't think so." "Mr. Wingrave. You know the Fox sisters? The famous spiritualists. You've heard of them? They lived

in the States years ago. My father told me last night that we are related to them. Only very distantly of course." Margaret Fox sat up in bed and rapped sharply on the wall. "Indeed?" He was not especially interested. He had something of his own to tell. His eyes brightened a little, he glanced around and lowered his voice. "You know, Miss Berry, it's a very strange thing. If I could speak freely, one has to be so careful here--". He settled his pince nez and his face twitched with its nervous irritation. As he bent his head slightly forward Caroline was conscious of the strong odour of tobacco. "The slightest word, a position like mine---. Let me tell you something extremely interesting, of a rather personal nature---." The porch door opened and closed and a woman came in and over to the desk. He stopped immediately. Two boys came out of the reading room and began to examine a row of books. He did not look again at Caroline and she picked up her book.

What had he been going to tell her? But it was not important. She had another here in her hand. She had left Sonia with her thin pale face and her joyful timid smile. Now what? She felt prepared for anything. The rain had stopped as she came out on the steps. Martin Fry was ahead of her with his coat collar turned up. But he did not say hello.

She felt suddenly filled with happiness and very powerful and sure of everything. She felt very rich as if she had a million dollars to spend. It was the thought of how young she was, of how long life stretched ahead of her, of how much was to happen. Something rose in her throat, a sort of excitement that she could hardly bear. She drew a deep breath, swung her umbrella a little and began to hum. Everything was waiting somewhere. She turned around her own corner and suddenly the excitement in her throat sent her running up the street. She pushed open her front door. On a cold winter morning a train from Warsaw began to approach Petersburg at full speed.

Margaret Day

#### Desiring Only . . .

Desiring only the lean sides of the stomach  
sagging towards each other, unupholstered. . .  
pass me nothing of love done up in chocolates  
or the fat first fruits of the tree  
you planted from seed.

Desiring only the bone on the Mount of Venus  
and the death rattle caught in the musical powder box. . .  
pass me no hand, then, as an offertory,  
no, nor sound of your voice.  
Keep silent and do not touch me,  
even the air on my face is an effrontery.

Desiring only the bare soles of the feet  
pacing triumphantly the ultimate basement. . .  
pass me no thick-carpeted personal contact,  
nor little slippers of pity and understanding.

P. K. Page

#### No Flowers

You who have floated on bored water among the islands,  
stopped for the length of an old-fashioned, the length of a tea  
in ports you cannot remember and only remember  
by the shape of the sandwiches or the cocktail napkins;  
you who have cruised always on the luxury liner,  
do you find comfort in the tiled bathrooms on this sea?  
You have faithfully tipped the stewards but will they serve you  
with equal faithfulness when the ship is sinking?  
The steamer rug and the deck chair in the sun  
are little to cling to when the deck creaks down.  
No hand made shoes can reincarnate Peter  
and Elizabeth Arden cannot withstand salt water.

Your face under the wave will be  
Pitiful as the little lackey's  
and the initialled suitcase you pack and save  
will only precipitate the gall green grave.

There will be no laying-out on the shell ribbed bed,  
no undertaker with fat white breath  
to comb the feather hair or stick the pin  
into the gilt edged stock beneath the chin;  
and no old woman will come with guttering hands  
to seal your eyes with pennies and no old man  
will need to press the tired ball of his foot  
sharp on the spade to dig the hallowed spot.

Octopus arms will hold you and sea snails  
will stud the carefully massaged lobes of your ears.  
The wide blade of the water will pare the hips  
down to a size sixteen--the coveted size;  
and starfish, swept by the wakes of other ships  
will cast their angular shapes across your eyes.

P.K. Page

#### Drowned Sailor

He couldn't hear their roar  
Nor see their belly shake  
Sea green.  
Brown was the sea weed  
That ringed his frigid ear  
And distant the rasp  
Of the claw upon his cold snow bone.

Carving the thin horizon  
Was the torn sea shudder,  
That day,  
When time still moved,  
When the ships were full  
And knived the sea dance-  
Gulls hung whistling in the empty air.

New green was the colour  
And far below was near  
At hand.  
The fish were intimate  
And the casual shadow passed  
His disrobing flesh,  
And the careful trace turned fluid.

Neufville Shaw

#### Poem

It is not only this  
the fusing of the lips  
the fell moves  
of blunt loves.  
It is not in the whisper  
nor the coils of despair.

There is nor like love for  
rocks undying  
freed from fear  
of years' undoing.

Watching the harried lift  
of hands washing the marks  
the grey minute has left,  
while the dark day mocks  
and seeps to the heart  
and does not leave.

With this incessant hurt  
grows the love.

Bruce Ruddick

Boston Tea Party, 1940

Beneath this hum of trivial talk  
A rebel memory vainly stirs.  
The hardened arteries of speech  
Obstruct the paths the blood prefers.

The formalisms, cut as glass,  
Sway gently on their silken thread,  
Emitting tinkles as we pass---  
The embattled farmers long are dead.

The Harvard pundit's tea is brought  
Amid the ample female forms.  
He quits his crevices of thought  
To taste the soft and simpler norms.

While D.A.R.'s and Ph.D.'s  
And 'How-d'ye-do's' and 'Is-that-so's'  
Are wafted on a scented breeze  
That piles the orchid on the rose.

The English butler scarce is heard  
Purveying the historic drink.  
His servile mien, without a word,  
provides the true historic link

Of colony and ruling class,  
Of rights by royalty dissolved,  
Declared dependence of the mass,  
And revolution unrevolved.

O serve me, Butler, mild and meek,  
Your gentle tea so piping hot!  
No rebel here shall dare to speak,  
And round this world, who hears a shot?

F.R.Scott

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Those who wish to continue to receive PREVIEW are reminded that the subscription is fifty cents for six issues, mailable to Mrs. Kit Shaw, 5593 Cote St. Luke Road, N.D.G., Montreal, Quebec.

