

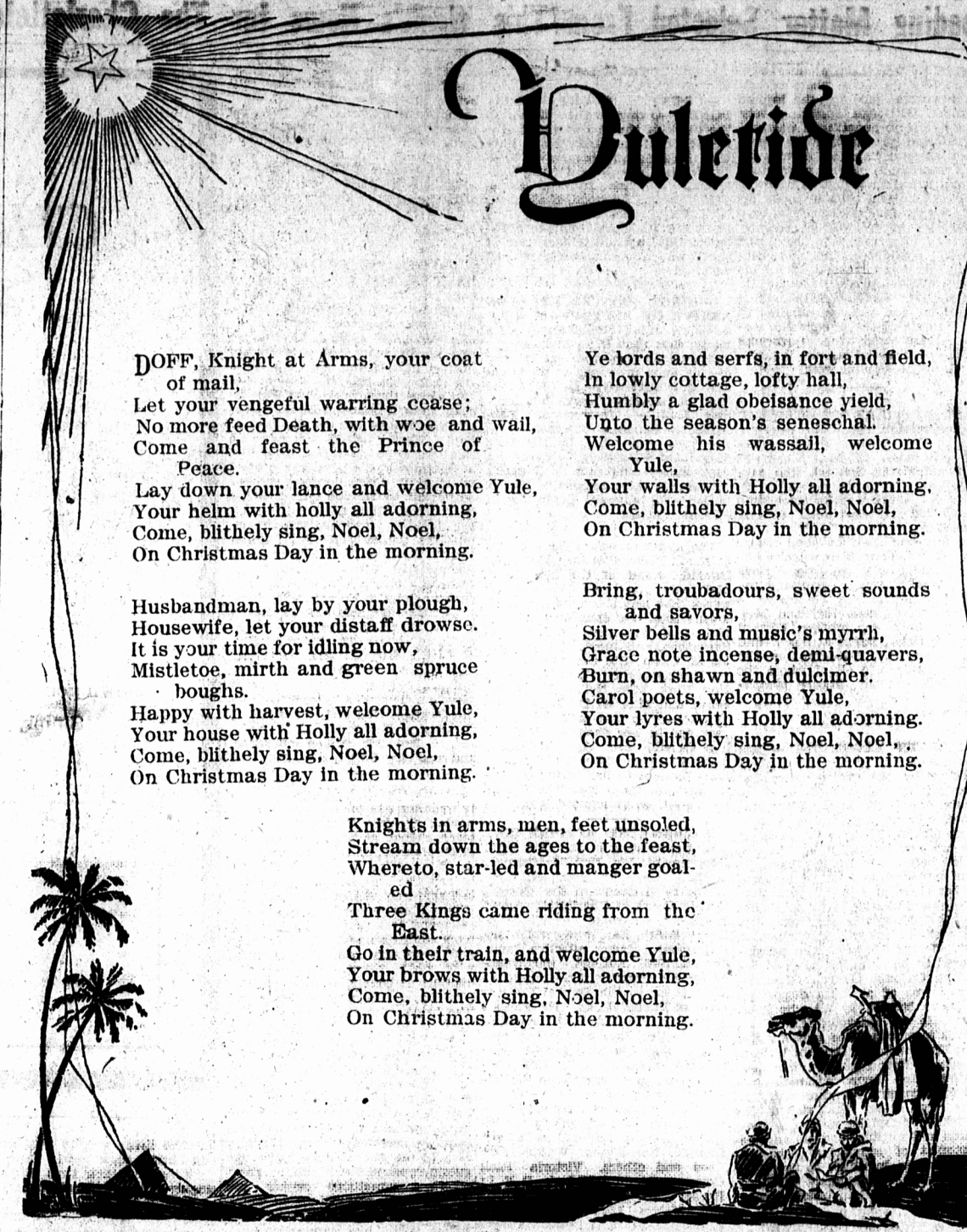
Empty Play-Acting of Modern Life

Condensed from The Yale Review (Autumn, '28) Max Reinhardt. It is to the actor and no one else that the theater belongs. I do not mean, of course, the professional actor alone. I mean likewise the actor as spectator. For the contribution of the spectators is almost as important as that of the cast. The audience must take its part in the play if we are ever to see arise a true art of the theater—the oldest, most powerful, and most immediate of the arts, combining the many in one. We all bear within us the potentiality for every kind of passion, every fate, every way of life. If this were not so, we could not understand and other people. But inheritance and upbringing foster individual experiences and develop only a few of our thousands of possibilities. The bourgeois life today is narrowly circumscribed, and poor in feeling. The normal man generally feels once in his life the whole blessedness of love, and once the joy of freedom. Once in his life he hates bitterly. Once with deep grief he buries a loved one, and once, finally, he dies himself. That gives all our little scope for our innate capacity to love, hate, enjoy, and suffer. We exercise daily to keep our sinews strong. But our spiritual organs remain unused, undeveloped, and so lose their vitality. Yet our spiritual life our bodily health depends upon the regular functioning of these organs. Unconsciously we feel how a hearty laugh liberates us, how a good cry or an outbreak of anger relieves us. We have an absolute need of emotion and its expression. Against this our upbringing constantly works. Our general social ideal is stoicism—always to be unmoved or at least to appear so. Passion, bursts of feeling and fancy, are ruled outside the bounds. In their place we have set up common, prescribed forms of expression that are part of our social armor. Often this armor is so constricted that there is little room for natural action. We make out of human relationships a game, in which the absence of feeling is shocking. We cultivate a few useful expressions of interest, of pleasure, of dignity, and a set grimace of politeness; and behind this armor the emotions evaporate. We ask people how they feel without waiting for an answer or, in any case, without saying any attention to it. The physical body is well-developed, but the emotional inflexibility is fearful to see. This "Prohibition" of the spiritual life is the most notable sign of our times. The modern social code has crippled the actor, whose business it is to body forth feeling. When generations have been brought up to repress the emotions, nothing in the end remains to inhibit or to show.

THE END OF ENGLAND

(Continued from Page 17) before breakfast and returned to have a cold bath. They had opened and closed their pores during the financial year of April 1, 1927 to April 1, 1928, no less than seven and a half times more frequently than any other person resident within the City boundaries of New York. They had hired a coloured gentleman for a consideration to jump up and down upon their stomachs for three days without skipping until it bounced—and the result is what you might have been afraid that the result would be. THEY have beaten US. What, asks my newspaper, does this spell? It spells, answers the same organ, national degeneracy. It is true that last week we scraped home against Finland in the marbles, and Monaco, who were, of course, without de Binks, were hardly a match for us at Butterfly-Racquet. Yet against our American cousins our victories have been few and far-between. Nor is our correspondent at all doubtful of the causes. Cocktails, jazz, the cinema—these are, he says, the enemies of our athletic success. If England were all in bed by nine o'clock every night our star would soon be in the ascendant. But so long as our youth continues to poison its soul with the jazz and to ruin its eyesight, and even its morals, in the cinema, it is not within reason to imagine that we shall ever be able to compete against the manhood of a younger and less contaminated civilization, in which the cocktail, the jazz and the cinema are, I am led to believe, all but unknown. It is seen the correspondent, no time to fiddle while Rome is burning. The need is desperate. And if we would save British sport and all that it stands for, that time, old British tradition of fair play and hearty enjoyment of life to which the foreigner has never been able properly to attain, then he says that we must make up our minds to banish from our country all alcoholic drinks, to close down all places of amusement, to destroy all hot-water systems and to eat breakfast for breakfast. It is then possible that among the forty millions of this country one may be found, worthy of the giants of the past, of Bunyave and Wop and even of old P. Q. himself, one who will battle to the end against the American champion, never admit defeat until the last roll is rolled and perhaps even bring back again to these shores the proud trophy of an English triumph. Shall we not be ready to make this sacrifice for our country, our England? What have I done for thee, England, my England? What is there I would not do, England, my own?

BRINGING UP FATHER



Duletide

DOFF, Knight at Arms, your coat of mail, Let your vengeful warring cease; No more feed Death, with woe and wail, Come and feast the Prince of Peace. Lay down your lance and welcome Yule, Your helm with holly all adorning, Come, blithely sing, Noel, Noel, On Christmas Day in the morning.

Ye lords and serfs, in fort and field, In lowly cottage, lofty hall, Humbly a glad obeisance yield, Unto the season's seneschal. Welcome his wassail, welcome Yule, Your walls with Holly all adorning, Come, blithely sing, Noel, Noel, On Christmas Day in the morning.

Husbandman, lay by your plough, Housewife, let your distaff drowse. It is your time for idling now, Mistletoe, mirth and green spruce boughs. Happy with harvest, welcome Yule, Your house with Holly all adorning, Come, blithely sing, Noel, Noel, On Christmas Day in the morning.

Bring, troubadours, sweet sounds and savors, Silver bells and music's myrrth, Grace note incense, demi-quavers, Burn, on shawn and dulcimer. Carol poets, welcome Yule, Your lyres with Holly all adorning, Come, blithely sing, Noel, Noel, On Christmas Day in the morning.

Knights in arms, men, feet unsoled, Stream down the ages to the feast, Whereto, star-led and manger goal-ed Three Kings came riding from the East. Go in their train, and welcome Yule, Your brows with Holly all adorning, Come, blithely sing, Noel, Noel, On Christmas Day in the morning.

In Days of Old

(Continued from Page 17) Just then a twig cracked beneath his hand and the girl, looking in the direction of the sound, beheld the face of her lover, white, set and distorted with anguish. With a startled cry she darted away and never paused until she reached the shelter of her home and chamber, there to realize what she had done, and to weep bitter tears the long night through. Oh, Annie Laurie, what evil spirit tempted you to be faithless to the man whose heart you held in your keeping, and whom as after events proved you loved so dearly, notwithstanding your momentary disloyalty? Looking back across the distant years, can we not in some measure understand, just in a foolish maiden, perhaps longing for what the modern girl calls a "thrill," and carried away by the admiration and flattery of the (to her) dazzling soldier of the King. And what daughter of Eve does not love admiration and the sweet sayings of a man. And for that matter how many of the sterner sex can resist the subtle flattery of a woman?

neath one of the many giant pine trees that abounded, and the deadly bolt of lightning that felled the monarch of the forest laid Sandy McIntosh low. Sandy in the pride and beauty of his splendid young manhood. But weep not for him, for although his sun has gone down while it was yet day, it has arisen in a brighter clime "where loyal hearts and true, stand over in the light," but weep rather for the sweet and gentle girl who in this world will never know happiness nor peace again. After that tossing sleepless night she rose at dawn and, wandering out, felt impelled to take the old familiar path to the trying place, and there she found her dead lover. When Sandy was missed the little band of settlers came to look for him. Beside him was Annie Laurie with her head upon his breast. With many loving words and caresses she sought to awaken him. Her reason quite gone, the strain of the previous night and the terrible shock had done its work. They sadly bore her home to the chamber she had so lately left; and there in wild delirium she tossed for many, many weeks, day after day in heart-rending tones calling for her absent lover, "Sandy, Sandy, come to your lassie, I'm wearying for you, laddie. Forgive your ain Annie Laurie." "Come, Sandy, come!" This was her cry continually. And those about her beside thought it would always be the same, but quietness came when hope was given up, and gradually memory reasserted itself, and bodily health also slowly returned. But she seemed to have no wish to live, but went about as one dead, sad, sad dream. Like this she lingered through the summer, but as it drew to a close she gave up the struggle of living, and gladly went to join her Sandy. They laid her by his side in the little sepulchral place, that hallowed spot, and must indeed enter into his soul. Laid must he have kept his terrible storm came, and unmeddled by the distracted man, until when it broke in all its fury he was evidently forced to seek shelter under-

Health Services of Canadian Medical Association

EDUCATION PAYS Throughout our country we have under the provincial governments, provision for education. In most places, Education is compulsory, the law being an expression of public opinion that education is desirable, not only for the individual child but for all children. It is desirable that all be educated, and so all are taxed to pay for the educational system.

all the pain and sorrow of this world is forgotten and we doubt that Sandy McIntosh welcomed with a great joy the coming of Annie Laurie? We are told that after this life there will be neither marriage nor giving in marriage, but all will be as the Angels of God. But we know that love will find its own in holy joy, "and with the morn'ning angel faces smile, which we have loved long since and lost awhile." Long years have come and gone since Sandy McIntosh and Annie Laurie Buchanan lived, loved and died. Tradition alone remains to tell their sad and tragic story. Many lovers have exchanged vows since then, many hearts have been made sorrowful, many glad, and still the world goes on its way, forgetful of the sadness or the joy. It is believed that the spirits rest free from the burden of the flesh visit the scenes of their joy and sorrow. Is it any wonder then that towards the end of summer as the night falls, a solitary figure may sometimes be discerned pacing the shore of the beautiful Brudenell at a certain place, and at other times can be distinctly heard the weird sweet strains of "Annie Laurie"?

Captain Carey's Vigil

(Continued from Page 17) chief engineer thought he could keep her afloat for a few hours longer if he could only keep steam in the boiler. It is here, just at the supreme moment, that one stumbles and gropes in darkness of spirit, groping for the commander. Not that he has not there at the helm. But in his mind there is a blank. What is he thinking of? Why his officers tumbled in agony down below. Before him, as the Voltairre did come, there loomed the shadow of ultimate disaster. It grew in his mind that for him this was the end. The grand consummation of a career, forty years of impeccable service, was to be something rather different from what he had planned. There was now, as he watched the boat swinging wide from the davits, a chance of retirement to the little house at Great Crosby. Why did not the Voltairre come? Why had she not put on speed when he had called her? This was no way to treat a shipmate. He had not been to bed since he left New York on Saturday. It was on Monday, as the Vestris lay on her beam ends, that we see him on that upper deck, collarless and unshaved, his face haggard with the burden that was his alone, that he could never bring back from the pop's of death. We see him giving orders here and there, telling passengers to try this and that, and the steward, Duncan, who was with him, put on a lifebelt and jump. In a steady fashion this elderly man about to die, who had never made a mistake in a decision before, did what he could to save his men. He was aware, of course, that with a ship so canted many would be lost in the sea from broken boats. But there was one place which would be vacant. He could never be there himself. He bade them farewell. ONE LIGHTING FLASH OF AGONY And perhaps up there alone on the high port rail of his foundering ship he would see (being an experienced master) in a lightning flash of agony, what would come after he was gone. He would see the inquiry; the visible, inaccurate evidence of fire-arms and mess-boys and deckhands; the nearly statements of suddenly terrified seamen who had stood the minor test of personal fortitude. He would see the pallid, distorted features of men and women who had been long hours in the water, whose children had been flung screaming from suddenly released lifeboats into the cauldron of the sea. He would hear the voices of those people who had been his passengers, voices lull with a hysteria born of an impregnable sense of wrong. He saw them—in that last blind flash of agony—what was the Voltairre—accusing him of flinging their lives away. As though the very fibers of his heart and mind had now become saturated in the years of his service with an almost morbid concern for the safety of his charge! He would hear the relentless clamor of men with recondite qualifications. And then perhaps as he went down with his ship into the roaring dark, peace came to him and touched his troubled heart with healing fingers. Surely there could be no hell beyond what he had endured!

LIFE IN THE RAW

Life in the raw is what many women of today demand—on paper and on the boards. One of that type of woman, who received a current success in play; she received its melange of delicacy and brutality with irrepressible delight. "It's life in the raw!" she enraptured ecstatically to her companion. Large numbers of eminently respectable women today "eat" raw and tabited. Therpis, unbridled and riotous, abuses many women. There sit the urrites with a sophisticated assurance which seems to say, "We know what we want." There sit the transient tourists collecting naughty lines before returning to Dulgasp. In the second balcony gather the wearers of bargain furs; in the orchestra seats bask the owners of costlier symbols of the cave. All these seek life in the raw. Feminine financial support is indispensable to the would-be raw authors, and to the little pseudo-critics who pour libations to the would-be Raws in the cozy-corner columns. Petty authors and petty critics, trying to color the vapors of their pale brains with red ink for blood; and women are their dupes. Well, life in the raw was what our pioneer ancestors wanted, at least it is what they wanted when they invaded hostile territory in the Covered Wagon. But it was raw life sliced other-wise, with a quite different flavor. In a modern New York apartment a hostess sketches for her guests a bit of typical family history: "My grandmother left New York in 1833 for a settlement in Michigan, where life was simple, yet exciting. The men were needed for work in the field, so grandmother, then a young married woman sprang into a wagon and started toward Pontiac, the nearest source of supplies—a long journey over almost impassable roads. She left her three children at home to shift for themselves, one a baby of two years. On the third day, Lack came grandmother, the rattling wagon laden with provisions for the entire settlement, including a supply of dried apples, choicest of pioneer rations. "One day while grandmother was in the field helping the men, Indians stole her sleeping baby from the cradle. But the theft was a prank rather than a serious kidnapping, for my grandparents and the Indians were on friendly terms. In a short time the Redskins brought the baby back. The reinstated baby grew up to be my mother." This was life in the raw—so much less comfortable than sinking into a padded theater seat to luxuriate in the modern rawness which obliging playwrights provide for us. The theatrical business demonstrates that middle-aged women make risqué plays profitable, because they have the leisure, the money and the taste for daring situations on the stage. The box-office registers that off-color plays flourish financially on mid-week matinees, patronized mostly by older women. To be sure modern youth, or some of it, is not averse to life in the raw. The acid work of the revolts appeals to the unripe, restless girl, alert to bite into the wormy fruit of the moderns. But the chieftain patrons are unoccupied matrons, bereft of home duties, seeking to fill their minds with raw life, and bursting with ardor to impart impressions in eager tete-a-tetes. Even grandmothers join the parade. A well-informed, well-read through long association with playwrights, tells her impressions when escorted by a sprightly old lady to a play in New York. "I was disgusted with the whole show. Two men behind us got up and walked out before the first act was half over, but this elderly friend of mine sat there entranced, fairly glowing over it, as did other women in our vicinity. In my opinion it is the nice rural women who seem to enjoy most the filth on the stage. A New York producer told me of his experience. He was losing money on a clean drama with a great actress as its star, and therefore went to the matinee of a particularly salacious play to observe a money-getting rival production. He was the only man there, so far as he could observe, although the house was packed from balcony to pit, and the women giggled and nudged each other and enjoyed it heartily. "Apparently dowagers, betwixt age and youth lead the procession of rank-play addicts. They seek the excitement which the drabness of their minds denies them by a pursuit of life in the raw at intellectually decadent or sensationally vulgar shows. "Hurry to buy a ticket!" impels the eager rush of women to the British drama; the play leaves the British matinee. The District Attorney is investigating the hurry, or it will be padlocked before you get there!" As for fiction served raw, mature ladies consume one portion after another almost before it falls from the publisher's meat-chopper. "My fear, ask your librarian for the Scotty Question—there isn't a moral line in it; every character is bad in

Captain Carey's Vigil

(Continued from Page 17) chief engineer thought he could keep her afloat for a few hours longer if he could only keep steam in the boiler. It is here, just at the supreme moment, that one stumbles and gropes in darkness of spirit, groping for the commander. Not that he has not there at the helm. But in his mind there is a blank. What is he thinking of? Why his officers tumbled in agony down below. Before him, as the Voltairre did come, there loomed the shadow of ultimate disaster. It grew in his mind that for him this was the end. The grand consummation of a career, forty years of impeccable service, was to be something rather different from what he had planned. There was now, as he watched the boat swinging wide from the davits, a chance of retirement to the little house at Great Crosby. Why did not the Voltairre come? Why had she not put on speed when he had called her? This was no way to treat a shipmate. He had not been to bed since he left New York on Saturday. It was on Monday, as the Vestris lay on her beam ends, that we see him on that upper deck, collarless and unshaved, his face haggard with the burden that was his alone, that he could never bring back from the pop's of death. We see him giving orders here and there, telling passengers to try this and that, and the steward, Duncan, who was with him, put on a lifebelt and jump. In a steady fashion this elderly man about to die, who had never made a mistake in a decision before, did what he could to save his men. He was aware, of course, that with a ship so canted many would be lost in the sea from broken boats. But there was one place which would be vacant. He could never be there himself. He bade them farewell. ONE LIGHTING FLASH OF AGONY And perhaps up there alone on the high port rail of his foundering ship he would see (being an experienced master) in a lightning flash of agony, what would come after he was gone. He would see the inquiry; the visible, inaccurate evidence of fire-arms and mess-boys and deckhands; the nearly statements of suddenly terrified seamen who had stood the minor test of personal fortitude. He would see the pallid, distorted features of men and women who had been long hours in the water, whose children had been flung screaming from suddenly released lifeboats into the cauldron of the sea. He would hear the voices of those people who had been his passengers, voices lull with a hysteria born of an impregnable sense of wrong. He saw them—in that last blind flash of agony—what was the Voltairre—accusing him of flinging their lives away. As though the very fibers of his heart and mind had now become saturated in the years of his service with an almost morbid concern for the safety of his charge! He would hear the relentless clamor of men with recondite qualifications. And then perhaps as he went down with his ship into the roaring dark, peace came to him and touched his troubled heart with healing fingers. Surely there could be no hell beyond what he had endured!

—By George McManus

