

"A new will I teach men. Behold, I teach you Superman."

We get glimpses like the one quoted above of what the Superman was to Nietzsche's imagination. But nowhere do we get a clear picture because Nietzsche did not have a clear notion of him. He could give only a vague outline of this being which he hoped but could not prove would someday exist. Unlike most philosophers, Nietzsche is not concerned with the happiness of the greatest number but with the evolution of the Superman. This creation of his imagination would, by his own methods, erase all the ills from society. How many other philosophers wished that such a "miracle" would happen. But they, unlike Nietzsche, did not allow a figment of their imagination to dominate their philosophy.

**Man and Superman**, written by Shaw to proclaim his belief in the theory of the Life Force and the Superman and his conviction that woman is the pursuer of men, is only one of his masterpieces but it is the one which changed the attitude of intellectual people toward him. Previously he had been regarded as a clever and amusing Irishman who poked fun at everything and seemed opposed to all existing laws of morality, religion and politics. Now they obtained a glimpse of the real George Bernard Shaw; the jesting, exaggerative dramatist who opposed many accepted values but firmly believed in the necessity of laws, religions and systems of ethics. Perhaps no better adjectives can be applied to the man who believed that: "Life happy or unhappy, successful or unsuccessful, is extraordinarily interesting."; than **Jesting Apostle**. And perhaps no finer tribute has been paid to Shaw than that of one of his fellow Irishmen Sean O'Casey: "Shaw will shine forth in the cathedral of man's mind a sage standing in God's holy fire as in the gold mosaic of a wall."

—MARY ELAINE TRAINOR '59

### TEEN-TALK

Yeh! the glad laddie  
Toots for his date  
In his dad's caddie  
Which she digs the most.

According to fashion,  
If they're hep at all  
They're rockin' an' rollin'  
An' havin' a ball—  
He in his tan shoes  
And pink shoe laces,  
Polka-dot shirt  
An' goin' places;  
She in skirt and sweater  
Stamped with his letter,  
Bobby socks and saddle shoes,  
An' not a thought of havin' the blues.  
To the shriek of the sax  
and the beat of the drum  
They twirl and jive

'Till they're close to numb.  
They phone each other frequently  
And meet each other after school;  
They teen-talk and sip their coke—  
I mean, these cats are really cool!

But we mustn't ban Cadillacs,  
Tan shoes and bobby socks,  
Teen-talk and the shrieking sax—  
For that's a-what they like!

—BEVERLEY HOWARD '59

### JUSTICE

Justice is a virtue, so they say.  
Each man must have it  
To live life right.

Justice is fairness,  
Justice knows no prejudice,  
Justice knows no selfishness.  
Each man shall have it—must.  
Does he possess it yet?  
But cast thine eye about thee, O Jerusalem,  
and see.  
Oh Lord, 'tis ruin—rebuild.

—M. J. M. '61

### PREMIERE PLUIE DU PRINTEMPS

Une autre fois hier c'était le printemps  
La joie douce d'une nouvelle saison  
Egayait les vieux comme les jeunes enfants  
Car les chauds rayons allaient murir les moissons

C'était une nouvelle métamorphose  
Qui après les longs jours hivernaux  
Venait fondre la neige pour les roses  
Et amenaient des beaux jours chauds

Aujourd'hui il pleut à boire debout  
La pluie tombe avec beaucoup de clapotis  
Sur les sillons gèles ça fait comme des clous  
Mais nous sommes heureux d'entendre ces bruits

En effet partout le ciel est gris  
Le soleil cache par les gros nuages  
C'est plutôt triste pour les petits  
De demeurer tranquilles comme des pages

C'est à ce temps-ci que jeunes et vieux  
Pensent au futur et au passé  
Car ils savent bien qu'il y a un Dieu  
Qui a creé un printemps pour les récompenser

Chantez et sifflez comme les oiseaux du ciel  
Qui après un long voyage aux pays chauds  
Reviennent avec la saison nouvelle  
Pour jouir des jours les plus beaux.

—ANDRE DROLET '62