

editorial

A NEW MAGAZINE always appears in a double guise. It is in one sense the arriving guest, anxious to exert whatever attractions it may possess on its potential host — the particular public to which it has chosen to appeal. But at the same time it sets out to become a host itself, offering its hospitality to writers and their ideas, and ready to welcome to the salon of its pages the most brilliant and the most erudite of guests.

During the past months we have spent much time and energy pressing the claims of *Canadian Literature* as a potential guest of the literary public of our country. We have pointed out that it will be the first review devoted only to the study of Canadian writers and writing. It will — we have added — throw a concentrated light on a field that has never been illuminated systematically by any previous periodical; and we have emphasized the kind of services it will provide for writers, scholars, librarians and — by no means least — the curious reader.

By the very fact of appearing, a magazine renders obsolete such prophecies and projections. It exists, and must become its own justification. But its very existence may have been rendered possible only by the faith of people and institutions who have been willing to become — in one way or another — its hosts. This is the case with *Canadian Literature*. We have been enabled to start publication partly by the support of the Koerner Foundation, which has provided a grant towards initial expenses, and partly by the confidence of the hundreds of individuals who have sent their subscriptions before our first issue even went to press.

Proust's Madame Verdurin thought that the ideal hospitality was that which restricted itself to the exclusiveness of the "little clan." *Canadian Literature* seeks to establish no clan, little or large. It will not adopt a narrowly academic approach, nor will it try to restrict its pages to any school of criticism or any class of writers. It is published by a university, but many of its present and future contributors live and work outside academic circles, and long may they continue to do so, for the independent men and women of letters are the solid core of any mature literature. Good writing, writing that says something fresh and valuable on literature in Canada is what we seek, no matter where it originates. It can be in English or in French, and it need not necessarily be by Canadians, since we intend to publish the views of writers from south of the border or east of the Atlantic, who can observe what is being produced here from an external and detached viewpoint.

As for the subject matter of *Canadian Literature*, the contents of the present number will at least suggest its scope. We welcome the reflections of writers on their own craft with as much interest as the analyses of the critics. Our field is that of Canadian writers and their work and setting, without further limitations, and anything that touches on this subject — the biographical as well as the purely critical essay, the discussion of general literary problems as well as that of individual authors — can expect our friendly consideration.



THE NEXT ISSUE of *Canadian Literature* will include: "Cat Among the Falcons," Ethel Wilson's reflections on the writer's craft; a discussion of the author's rôle in broadcast drama by George Robertson; an analysis of A. M. Klein's *The Second Scroll* by M. W. Steinberg; a study of Margaret Avison's poems by Milton Wilson, and the first of two essays by Desmond Pacey introducing new biographical material on the early Canadian novelist, Major John Richardson. It will also feature a discussion of the new legislation regarding obscenity in books.