

COUNSEL

BY BABETTE DEUTSCH

Now, in the fist of agony too big
To break from, now while sick eyes
Blur, only not to see the scattered, torn
Members, not to watch the hands that dig
A common grave, now when the skies
Sow death more richly than the plains grow corn,
Remember joy.

It is a random thing,
Airier than a humming-bird, as quick
Away as light. And it may not return.
It is no sun, no planet whose wide wing
Sheds brightness still, however throng and thick
The dark. Its shape is strange to learn.
It is more secret than deep springs, but found,
Sweeter than water to a dusty throat.
Yet it is nothing gentle: it can pierce
Like a hawk's beak, like a knife's edge new-ground.
The thumbs of grief are not more strict and fierce.
But even now, now when the wounds of war
Cry with a million mouths, now when the ache
Of exile tugs the world's heart, when the good
Past is quite warped, the future a vast scar,
Look hard at joy, wherever glimpsed. Oh, take
Her image home to the mind's solitude,
There wholly to be loved, if but half understood.

WHY I HATE DOGS

By G. L. WYNDHAM

A WEEK or two ago I returned from a trip to New York City. It is a time, I am told, of serious food shortage. But I do not suppose that the average of nineteen visible dogs per block which I counted on a Sunday morning in the mid-town area of my hotel — dogs being walked by doormen, dogs being walked by silver-foxed dowagers and wedgied misses, dogs just wandering loose while policemen clucked and beamed at them, dogs of every nature and description — I do not suppose, I say, that all these tons of dogs were subsisting on air. Indeed, I can be quite sure of it. The copious and steaming evidences of hearty feeding and of subsequent metabolism were everywhere in evidence.

There is said to be a last straw. It is a true saying. I have experienced that straw. The details do not matter; enough that they impel me finally to put on paper

sentiments that I have long suppressed. Briefly, they come to this: that the dog is man's worst friend. Indeed, the dog is not a friend at all. It is a debased and degraded animal, of a craven, crawling and lickspittish spirit, scarcely any brains whatever, and a general oafishness and offensiveness which make its presence in civilized society an intolerable atrocity.

There can be no doubt that many fellow citizens will disagree with me upon this thesis. But I cannot believe that even in a world as dog-infatuated as this one, there will not be some readers who have long entertained in their secret souls just such sentiments as my own, and have feared to speak lest they incur the abuse of those legions of collie-worshippers, terrier-cultists and wolfhound-fetishists who, as the late G. K. Chesterton has well said, are committed to the indecent belief that the

G. L. WYNDHAM in this article speaks for a tiny minority only. His views on "man's best friend" are unlikely to make friends and influence dog-lovers. But ordinary democracy demands that on a subject so close to the popular heart the tiniest minority be heard. Reader comment is invited.