THE
MITRE
1952-53
Making a Will
.... IS YOUR BUSINESS

Drawing a Will
.... IS A LAWYER’S OR NOTARY’S BUSINESS

Administering an Estate
as Executor and Trustee
.... IS OUR BUSINESS

Not next month . . . not next week . . . but now is the time to give your family the consideration you unhesitatingly give your business.

Estate planning, as well as administration, is part of our business. You are invited to discuss, without obligation, your Estate plans with one of our Trust Officers, for which your family will be lastingly grateful.

SHERBBROOKE
TRUST
COMPANY

Bishop's University
Lennoxville, Quebec

A residential University for men and women
Faculties of Arts and Science, and Divinity.

Courses extending over a period of three years are provided
for the following degrees:

Bachelor of Arts - B.A. Bachelor of Science - B.Sc.
Honours Courses in Arts and Science extend over a period
of four years from the School Leaving Certificate (Grade XI).

Theological students may qualify for the B. A. with
Theological Ontions in three years, followed by two years
of Theological study for the title of L. S. T.

Post-graduate work is provided for the degrees of

Master of Arts - M.A. Master of Education - M.Ed.
High School Teachers Certificate
A Summer School for Teachers, of six weeks’ duration,
is held during July and August.

Valuable Scholarships and Exhibitions, including three scholarships
given by Sir James Dunn of the value of $425.00 each, tenable for
three or four years on condition that a satisfactory standard is main-
tained in undergraduate work. The Sir Edward Beatty Scholarship:
The winner will receive $200.00 annually for three years on condition
that he maintain a satisfactory standard in undergraduate work.

For Calendars, with information regarding entrance requirements,
courses and fees, apply:

THE REGISTRAR, Lennoxville, Que.
'My Bank'
isCanada'sFirst Bank

UNION SCREEN PLATE COMPANY OF CANADA LTD.

INDUSTRIAL PLATING
Chromium Nickel Copper
Cadmium Tin

CASTINGS
Bronze — Brass — Aluminum
Rough Cast or Machined

"Blue Seal" Semi-Machined Bronze Bushings
All popular sizes carried in stock.

Hon. President — DR. W. O. RAYMOND
Hon. Vice-President — PROF. J. GRAY
Hon. Vice-President — DR. D. C. MASTERS
President of Publications — RODNEY MILLS
Editor-in-Chief — ALAN F. BUSH
Assistant Editor — BILL PROUTY
Secretary-Treasurer — MISS ANN DODDS
Art Editor — MISS JANE HAMILTON
Circulation Manager — RON ROSS
Exchanges Editor — HUGH DOHERTY
Advertising Manager — BOB MIDGLEY

LITERARY BOARD
A. F. BUSH, Chairman, DR. W. O. RAYMOND, PROF. J. GRAY, DR.
D. C. MASTERS, W. PROUTY, MISS A. DODDS, H. DOHERTY, MISS
J. HAMILTON, D. CONLIFFE, MISS R. DOBBIN, P. MATTHEWS.

A Student Publication
The opinions expressed in this magazine are those of the contributors only and
do not represent either the views of the Students' Association or those of the
University. Material may be reprinted without permission if proper source is
acknowledged. Advertising and subscription rates will be sent on request.
LIFE INSURANCE AND
YOUR MONEY BACK

A BRAND NEW SUN LIFE PLAN WHICH:

1. Provides insurance protection to age 65.
2. Returns all basic annual premiums paid if assured lives to 65.
3. Is available for male and female lives ages 15 to 50.

At 65, the funds can be (a) taken in cash; (b) used to purchase a paid-up policy for the original sum assured and the balance taken in cash or as a guaranteed income; (c) used to provide an annuity; (d) left on deposit at a guaranteed rate of interest.

Inquire now about this remarkable new Sun Life plan. For further particulars see your local agent, or get in touch with the Sun Life branch office in your community.

SUN LIFE OF CANADA

MOLSON’S
REMEMBERS...

FIRST FLIGHT IN CANADA—1879
Molson’s was 93 years old when Charles Page built a dirigible at Montreal, filled it with coal gas, and by means of a small engine flew it over 40 miles from the city, June 21, 1879.
The MITRE

EATON'S

Your unqualified protection against the question marks of shopping is the famous EATON Guarantee

"Goods Satisfactory or Money Refunded"

EATON C.

From Sea Even Unto Sea

This country is so big that when you see it for the first time, all of it, and particularly the west, you feel like Columbus and you say to yourself "My God, is all this ours?" Then you make the trip back. You come across Ontario and you encounter the mind of your maiden aunt. You see the Methodists in Toronto and the Presbyterians in the best streets of Montreal and the Catholics all over Quebec and nobody understands one damn thing except that he's better than everyone else. The French are Frencher than France and the English are more English than England ever dared to be."

—Two Solitudes—Hugh McLennan.

Here is a thought that strikes us at once with its terseness and its immediacy: It would seem that Canada is a vast country populated by too many little people, and we echo the cry of one poet—"Give me men to match my mountains"—men with big hearts and open minds to sense the great glory with which God has endowed this whole country, and who as a result seek to build a solid Canada—and by solid we do not mean economically solid.

It is an accepted fact that it is in the arts that we discover the heart and the soul of a nation, and that these arts reflect this soul to the rest of mankind. It would almost seem that Canada has no soul, for it has not yet made itself particularly evident. Canadian poetry and prose are sparse and, aside from a few outstanding examples, not overly good, nor even reflective of the nation. Canadian music is not. Canadian painting is, indeed, the only one of our arts
which has made any world-wide and lasting impression. Why is this? Before Canada can have any soul or any lasting art, we must embrace the vision embodied in our motto—A Mare Usque Ad Mari. Unless we see this our country in all its greatness we can have no national unity, no national soul.

But Canada is not made up of people who are Canadians—it is a "provincial" country. We have been told that a Canadian abroad boasts of his heritage, and of his great country; but we have observed that at home his interest goes little farther than his immediate surroundings—he is first and foremost a Montrealer, a Haligonian, an Albertan. Only secondly is he a Canadian. What narrow interests are shown in the people of a country so large! What small minds to cope with the greatness that is Canada! Very few Canadians know a great amount about their country and even fewer care to know about it. Last June while crossing Saskatchewan on the "Dominion" we met some Scottish immigrants who were travelling to Edmonton to establish a construction firm. Of all the people they had met since they had arrived in Canada, none had volunteered any information further than that about the beer and sex situation in the city. What an advertisement for the minds of Canadians! It never ceases to amaze that such could be the situation. Perhaps some inkling of the reasons for this may be found in these words of Bruce Hutchinson:

"Who can know our loneliness, or the immensity of the prairie, in the dark forest and on the windy sea rock? A few lights, a faint glow is our largest city on the vast breast of night, and all around blackness and emptiness and silence, where no man walks."

Yes, there are many lonely places in this Dominion, for the places where people get together are few and far between. In this century the frantic searching of man for something he knows not what, has caused him to be more and more lonely and has driven him to seek comfort in the society of his brothers. And this is true here as it is true everywhere. Man lives in small towns or large cities, afraid to venture out into the wild and lonely places of his country, afraid to look and search further beyond his own immediate sphere of society. He adheres to traditional ways, not because he loves or understands them, but because he fears to do anything else. If Canada is to become truly great her citizens must put away their fear and narrowness, they must learn all they can about their nation and themselves, they must dare to venture out on voyages of many-sided discovery. They must forsake the narrow societies within which they live and accept the loneliness of this country—for that is a part of its soul. Perhaps they can only do this if they realize that for the asking their God will go with them and keep their fears and their loneliness away, helping them to develop their country and themselves into greatness.

In the Trinity Term issue of The Mitre a poem, The Living Earth, was published. It came to us from Australia under very unusual circumstances, and we sent a letter of enquiry to its author, John McVittie. His reply, which we received during the summer, is printed below.

P. O. Box 83,
Newcastle 2N, N. S. W.,
AUSTRALIA.
20. vi. 1952.

Alan F. Bush Esq.,
Editor-in-Chief,
The MITRE,
Lennoxville,
Quebec,
CANADA.

Dear Alan Bush, I refer to your letter of 8th ultimo and thank you sincerely for copies of "The Mitre" for Michelmas 1951 and Lent 1952. They are valuable additions to my library.

In connexion with your interest in how I came to learn of "The Mitre." It happened quite by accident that my secretary, Martin Rawleigh, on a visit to the Nicholson Museum to examine some Babylonian antiquities on my behalf fell into conversation with a young Melbourne writer in the refectory at the University of Sydney (the Nicholson being the University Museum). He told me that the name of the publication was something like the "Chancel" and could not remember
The MITRE

precisely what the Melbourne man had said was the name of it. I have since remembered a Canadian tourist in a train mentioning it to me in the course of a conversation back in New Year 1950—in a train bound for the Bluff near Invercargill at the southern tip of New Zealand.

I therefore decided to angle for your policy and to find out just what sort of thing The Mitre was interested in. I mailed you ms. of my unpublished poem "The Living Earth" for this purpose but am afraid that your Editorial Board will not be particularly intrigued with it and I hope to be able to send you some more profound work at a later date which might be much more worthy of your interest, and consequently much more likely to be accepted for publication.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

JOHN McVITTIE.
Evening

I colour sand-dunes on the plain,
With slender fingers dipped in gold,
And gently with my touch, again,
I gather sleepy clouds to fold.

I fill my cup with misty dew,
And while the wasteland fades away
I blend my shades, and with soft hue
I tint the sunset shadows grey.

I slip the moon among the stars,
Then softly sweep my silent hand
To chase the last few sunset bars
Away from dreary desert sand.

Helen Fairburn.
An argument still sometimes used by critics of the Anglican Church is that it has no saints of its own. 'Your heaven is so empty!' commented a member of the Orthodox Church on his first coming into contact with Anglicanism, and it was a favourite thesis of the great Baron von Hugel that the Church of England, with all its excellencies, had failed in producing the variety and depth of the saintly life to be found within the Roman Communion. Von Hugel's devotion and intellectual powers have deservedly won for him a large following (more especially outside his own Church), but thanks to his skill and to that of other Roman propagandists we are almost persuaded that sanctity, true holiness of life and conduct, is the exclusive prerogative of their own communion, and the saints of Spain, Italy, and France are sometimes better known to us than our own saints.

'It is a true bill against the Church of England', says a modern Anglican writer, 'that we are not aware of our saints, and therefore not aware of the height and depth to which life in our Communion might grow. We look abroad, and forget our native quality of holiness, a quality which should appeal to English people, as Shakespeare's plays or Constable's landscapes appeal'. How far Constable's landscapes appeal to members of the Church of England in Canada may, indeed, be disputed; the Canadian scene has its own manifold and distinctive beauties and does not lack its own artistic interpreters. But the literary heritage of those years which saw the publication not only of Shakespeare's works but also of the Authorised (King James) Version of the Bible and of the Book of Common Prayer of 1662 is something into which we enter gladly and as of right, no matter where in the world we first learnt the English tongue. Yet we are very prone to regard those years of the late Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries solely as an age wherein a great common literary inheritance was wrought; and to forget our common spiritual indebtedness to the saints of those times. We easily neglect to look 'unto the rock whence (we) are hewn, and to the pit whence (we) are dug'. Or again as historians, we may be fascinated by the panorama of social and political upheaval those years present, in which a rising mercantilist bourgeoisie clashes head-on with the forces of a decaying feudal aristocracy and the bitterness of the Civil War may be ascribed to the intense emotive power of competing religious ideologies. But as Anglicans we daily declare 'I believe in the Communion of Saints', we should be professing an attenuated Creed if we failed to realise that this 'Communion' implies our fellowship with the saints of this age no less than with those of the Early Church and the Middle Ages. For amid the strife and controversy, the turbulence and torment of the times, the last years of Elizabeth I and the period of Charles I, the Commonwealth and the Restoration produced a body of men, and women too, who so constantly witnessed to the Gospel of Christ, who kept the Faith of His Church as they had received it, whose lives were so fruitful in holiness and love to God and their fellows that there is no reason to doubt that the prayer, 'Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints, in glory everlasting', will, in their case, have been fulfilled.

The ecclesiastical historian knows that for a representative survey of the essentials of Anglican theology in all its departments he can hardly do better than consult the works of such men as Lancelot Andrewes, Richard Hooker, John Pearson, John Bramhall, Robert Sanderson or Jeremy Taylor. For me, personally, some insight into the massive learning disposed of by these great 'Fathers of Anglicanism' was afforded in 1949, when I visited Longleat, Wiltshire, the surviving 'stately home' of the family of the Marquess of Bath. There is still reverently preserved the library of the gentle Bishop, Thomas Ken, who found shelter at Longleat when in retirement. The great collection is evidence of the wide scholarship that characterised the 'Caroline Divines' and their predecessors (and makes their sermons, for example, intolerably erudite for our limited appreciation! But what they have bestowed upon us as a noble heritage of doctrine and sound learning is almost incidental to the value of their lives and examples, both to their contemporaries and for us, their successors in the same 'God's household, the Church'. For, it has been well said.

They are our own, nourished by our English version of the Bible, by our Book of Common Prayer, worshipping God in a way that is familiar to us, using well-loved phrases when they pray, and yet arriving by those paths that we tread daily to a union with God 'where flame touches flame'.

What they achieved in personal holiness was wrought out
amid the acute stress and conflict of their time.

Through pain of doubt and bitterness,

Through pain of treason and distress

They for the right contended

Runs a hymn, and the words are an apt commentary on the times in which our saints lived. With the pendulum of popular feeling swinging now to Geneva and then to Rome, the task of commending the Anglican Via Media as the golden Mean was not an easy one. Charles I was martyred for his devotion to it; Laud executed for his zealoussness for it; the Commonwealth drove many Anglicans into an exile where it became difficult to resist the attraction of Roman apologists and the allurements of a claim to possess an infallible certainty of spiritual truth. It was hard for John Cosin, for example, to withstand the arguments of an exiled Queen Henrietta in favour of the absolutism of the Roman position. Five years before the Restoration of the monarchy and the Anglican Church Fuller the historian could say:

An ingenious gentleman some months since in jest-
earnest advised me to make haste with my History of the Church of England, for fear (said he) lest the Church of England be ended before the history thereof. Blessed be God, the Church of England is still (and long may it be) in being, though disturbed, distempered and distracted; God help and heal her sad condition.

The Restoration came, and with it the healing which Fuller desired to see. Yet some years later, we are told, the king, hearing that Waller the poet intended to give his daughter in marriage to a clergyman, sent to remonstrate with him for marrying her to a falling Church. 'Sir', replied Waller, 'the king does me a very great honor to take any notice of my domestic affairs; but I have lived long enough to observe that this falling Church has got a trick of rising again'.

That trick of rising again can only be explained when we watch these Saints of the post-Reformation period constantly rising from their knees, endued with supernatural grace that enabled them to face and endure and risk all in the cause of Christ and the Church they loved. We honour them for their profound learning; but it is their ardent devotion that challenges our heart and will. A Lancelot Andrewes has left us, in his Preces Privatae, a name as great in prayer as in scholarship. But he is only one of the company of varied figures who in their generation placed the supernatural claims of God challengingly before the world. There is George Her-
In the lives of these we have mentioned and of many more from this and other periods of its history we see how in God’s good providence the Anglican Church has sought to fulfil that task which is laid upon the Catholic Church wherever found — of being the ‘School of Charity’, as Evelyn Underhill, the greatest of modern Anglican teachers of devotion has called it. The Church is to be a School of Divine Love, wherein we may learn from the example of our Saviour and receive by His appointed means of grace the power of His love, to take hold of us and work through us on our fellows. Those whom we honour as Anglican Saints are our masters and teachers in that School; in each of them burns that ‘Spirit of Flame’ which in a previous age kindled a John of the Cross of a Theresa. They are men and women who displayed the flame in a ‘characteristically British way.’ As one convert to Anglicanism in 20th century America puts it, ‘though a St. Francis could scarcely be expected in England at any time, neither could a Hooker or a Ken be imagined in Italy. One star differs from another in glory, and the galaxy of English saints sheds a light very precious for the world.’

Sanctity is not the monopoly of any one body of Christians. The Anglican who prays that he may share in ‘the inheritance of the Saints in light’ is not always conscious of the rich contribution made by his own forefathers in the faith to that inheritance. He needs to be reminded of his spiritual ancestry, in the words of one of the greatest living poets of his communion, speaking of one centre of Seventeenth Century sanctity —

You are here to kneel
Where prayer has been valid. And prayer is more
Than an order of words, the conscious occupation
Of the praying mind, or the sound of the voice praying.
And what the dead had no speech for, when living,
They can tell you, being dead: the communication
Of the dead is tongued with fire beyond the language of the living.*

For we have our Saints. And our communion with them is real.

*T. S. ELIOT “Little Gidding.”

Poem

The animal peacock
Of the nutty world,
With his gray-bushy-brown tail,
Employing the fathers’ wisdom
Of unchallenged centuries,
Gathers about himself
His environmental sustenance
Awaiting the moment of winter,
Thinking him secure
In his tree-hole, home-hole,
Surrounded by past-accustomed things,
The present-future unquestioned uncertainty,
He finds his stored-up treasure
Buried-lying beneath the snow.

—H. Grant Sampson.
Call of Autumn

Come sing! Come live! Delight with me
In nature’s glory, her colour festivities.
Be warmed, as I, by scarlet fiery heat—
Burning brilliant backdrops beckoning all youth
To dance with joy. Like happy leaves sent scurrying
Across blue skies, by fresh wind’s playful bursts of breath.

Orange deep ornales the top of sun drenched trees,
Whilst others shine in yellow’s dancing hues—
From golden glows to toasted browns they blend.
But see! Strong rivalry in sister red they find
Her scarlet, pinks, and daring bloods defend.
Vermilion tones, cerise and rose, she roasts
The landscape in burning blushing pride.
Yet green still lives amid this world of wild colour—
Blue firs, cool moss, and chartreuse accents find
A place of prominence as contrast ‘gainst their lighter brothers.

So sing, rejoice with me in Nature’s glowing palette
That paints the countryside in colours bold but blending.
Come dance amid the laughing, chasing, costumed leaves
And revel with them in their new Fall glory.
This festival of colour, Nature’s pageant of beauteous displays,
Is the finale, glorious last act of pleasant summer days.

—John Preston.

Autumn

Here, on the hill, is what we have expected.
The corduroy roads and huddling pines
are laced over the crumbling land
where the winter-coloured rabbit hides.

Many days of black tree trunks
fallen in high winds, receiving
the summer burden of leaves. The green-mossed
stumps contain the rain in stagnant pools.

The streams do not linger
but impassionately shatter where the icelip
night-spreads to laugh no more.

The seed has turned to fallow and the sheep
gone over the hill where all fences
are down. The rusty plow is tilted
where lengthening shadows swell over day
obliquely. An unimpeded wind is rattling
dry leaves on the trees and skeletons
an early cloud to steal the moon.

—B. S. K.
Once upon a time there lived a king called Hrothgar, who liked nothing better than having a big clambake every so often and inviting all his friends and relatives. In the morning after one of these little get-togethers, Hrothgar's little woman would come into the parlor and see the sprawling bodies of a dozen or so healthy heroes who looked like the morning-after-the-night-before, and at this she always grew very vexed.

One day she screwed up her courage and approached the king her husband. "Hrothie," she cooed in honeyed tones, "wouldn't you like to build a nice big hall for your parties at a small distance, say a mile or so, from the castle? I know all these big strong heroes are your pals, but for Pete's sake, Hrothie, there's a limit to what a woman can stand."

"Wealthie (which is short for Wealththeow)" he replied, "that's a wonderful idea, but just what do you propose using for cash?"

"Tax the people," she replied without hesitation, and Hrothgar gave her a resounding slap on the back, shook her hand joyfully, and rushed out to post a new tax budget.

So it was built. And Hrothgar, having a rather childish passion for naming things, called it Heorot, and threw a great big hall-warming party. The party was a huge success, and just as the guests were getting to the let's-drink-each-other-under-the-table stage, the door opened and who should come into the hall but a monster.

Tell me, have you ever seen a monster? No? Well, this one was a dilly, more monstrous than any other monster in the world. He had one eye, two noses, and seven gaping mouths; his hands and feet were not hands and feet at all but scaly claws, and he stood eleven feet, seven and one-half inches in his stocking claws. His hair was chartreuse, and clashed horribly with the faded orange jersey which he wore, which, on the back, bore the legend "GRENDEL: MONSTER, FIRST CLASS."

Needless to say, the men were terrified, and could only gape in horror as Grendel stamped over to one of the worthy guests, who was sleeping it off on a nearby bench, and proceeded to devour him, bite by bite. Hrothgar's first hysterical thought was, "What will the little woman say when she has to clean up the mess?" and then his mind grew numb. The monster, being hungry, repeated this process thirteen times, and then turned to Hrothgar with a leer. "Auf Wiedersehn," he said sweetly, and with a hideous roar of insane laughter, was off in a cloud of dust.

Time passed, and the story of the monster reached the ears of the Great and Noble Hero, Beowulf, as he sat at his beer one fine spring day. Being bored to tears and curious as to what a monster really looked like, he immediately packed his trunk, fixed up a lunch, and sailed off to find Hrothgar's court to slay the monster. Hrothgar welcomed him with open arms, and threw a party for him in Heorot. Beowulf, being the conceited type, made up a whole lot of fish-stories about how he swam miles in full armour, etc., etc., until the other guests felt that nothing could possibly happen to them with such a Big Strong Man around, and they began to eat, drink and be rather boisterously merry.

Suddenly the door opened, and in walked the apparition called Grendel. Beowulf took one look at the letters in the Monster's sweat­er and got very excited, so excited, in fact, that he forgot all he ever knew about fighting, and attacked the monster unarmed. Speaking of unarmed, that's exactly what he did to Grendel. With a great tug, he yanked the monster's arm from his scaly chartreuse body. Tears of hurt surprise welled up in Grendel's big soft orange eye, and with a heart-rending wail, he ran from the hall crying, "I'll tell my mother on you." Everybody congratulated Beowulf, and he became more con­ceited than ever.

That night, however, as he lay in his little bed, Beowulf remem­bered the parting words of the mortally wounded monster, and it oc­curred to him that since Grendel was a monster, the laws of heredity would suggest that his mother was also a monster. "Don't be half safe," a still small voice seemed to whisper, so he decided to put safety first, and bump off the old lady the next day.

Next morning bright and early, he set off in full armour along the path marked "To Grendel's Cave." He came suddenly to a murky pool, beside which there stood a sign, which read simply: "Elevator out of order—you have to swim, ha ha." Undaunted, Beowulf jumped in and immediately sank like a stone. He found himself in a large cavern, and seeing the corpse of the dead Grendel, he knew he had...
come to the right address. With a mighty roar Mrs. Grendel appeared, even more horrible than her son, standing thirteen feet high and having eleven gaping mouths with conveniently large teeth. With his trusty little sword, Beowulf ran her through, and slicing off Grendel’s head as a little souvenir, he swam nonstop to the surface and climbed out. There he was met by all Hrothgar’s court, who praised and complimented him and he became more conceited than ever.

He exhibited his gory souvenir, and listened to the cute little screams of the ladies. Then he climbed back into his ship, and as the orchestra played “I’m Gonna Wash that Monster Right Out of My Hair” sailed for home.

Since then he sits in his living-room with Grendel’s head before him, and tells the tale to his grandchildren. With each retelling, Grendel grows a foot higher, and Beowulf gets more conceited every day.

I don’t like him much.

---

The MITRE

--- 24 ---

MICHAELMAS 1952

Ancrona

By H. Grant Sampson

The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
And the lonely of heart is withered away.
(Yeats: Land of Heart’s Desire)

The wind blew cold and dark out of the clouds that encircled the little light of day. Twilight came; a cold twilight; a windy twilight, prophesying storm. The horizon darkened, and the wind blew past the lonely rocks, along the empty paths, over the barren land. There was no sound but the sound of the wind, of the wind in the rocks; the smell of the wind, the freshness of it, hard-torn from the rocks that clawed it, battering it back, back from the solitary house, and the barren land. The shepherds from the hills and the visiting people from the village hurried down past the wind-swept rocks; down past the wind-beaten house. As bats in hollow of mystic cavern when one of them falls from the rock, fly shrilling and cling to one another, so did these with shrilling cry cling together fearing the fury of the violent-raged storm. Downward they went, leaving behind them the house and the rocks and the barren land, downward into the protection of their sheltered village.

The house she lived in, like a burned tree, stood by itself on a vacant hilltop, a way apart, from the stir of society and the winding paths that lead through the mountain. The wind blows fiercely up there at all times; the power of the north wind blowing over the edge caused the excessive slant of a few stunted firs at the end of the house, and a range of gaunt thorns to stretch their limbs one way, as if craving alms of the sun. The house itself was strongly built, wrought with oaken serpents, coiling their unsuspected way around the corners of the door, like fruited vines. The impassive door stood bolted to the natural forces that battered its heart, trying to tear it open to the world, but no natural element had ever done this.

Behind this door lived Ancrona, a solitary figure in the solitary house. She minded this storm no more than the others, for there had been many storms up there on the hill. The wind brought the rain and the lightening, covering the earth with gleaming flashes, flashes
wrought by an angry Zeus, hurled down upon the land. Out of the storm came a figure.

Anacrona heard a knocking at her door. The suddenness of it, the strangeness of it startled her. It was repeated. She went to the huge door, with its coiling serpents, with its bolted iron, and opened it. There stood a young man, handsome to look upon, wearing a long cloak, with a bow and arrow in his hand — a hunter perhaps.

He smiled and bowed. "All I seek is shelter from this storm."

"But I cannot let you in, for I am all alone here. You must go on until you come to the village at the foot of this mountain."

"I am tired from walking, and wet from the raining, and it is far to the village. I have just this cloak to protect me, and I know not the way. Pray, let me in that I might dry myself and rest myself."

The storm blew worse, and Anacrona had pity on him, and let him enter. He took off his cloak and placed it beside the fire to dry. His bow and arrows lay on a table near by.

"You hunt?" Anacrona asked.

He nodded and smiled.

Thus they talked of many things; the storm blew and the fire darkened, and the embers died. And the room grew cold and dark.

The dawn came bright and early. The storm had broken during the night, and now the mountain shone happily with its clean earth and foliage. The shepherds began to climb the hills with their flocks, and the little animals, driven to find shelter the night before, ventured forth. The chapel bells from the village below were ringing, and the full mellow flow of the brook down the mountain sounded soothingly on the ear. The young man, with his cloak and his bow, came from the house. He softly closed the heavy door, and paused, and then went up the mountain. Inside the house, on her bed lay Anacrona, shot with an arrow. For he was the god of love.

---

Poem

I SEEKING

With capricious spirit
The child chases
A field mouse, whose
Taunting darts
Spark the glittering eye to flame,
Until the catch
That offers simple reward.

II THE SOUGHT

Sophistries of day linger
In gray and black,
A calloused, withered hand
Smoothes the matted fur
On a dead little body,
The dulled pierced eyes
Have searched and found,
The silent tongue
Burns with acrid tastes
No more.

—Jane Quintin.
Insistentialism

By John St. Vincent Smith

A new Canadian philosophy

The Drierson Press—$3.50

In the Trinity issue of the MITRE, chapters one to six of St. Vincent's latest book, Insistentialism, were reviewed. These chapters dealt with timely topics such as epistemology, ethicology, humanology, manology, Doeology and rulerology. Because of the importance of this book it was necessary to deal with the contents at greater length than is usual for a book review. The review of the second half of Insistentialism follows:

St. Vincent devotes a brief stirring chapter to Nominalism. "There is no human nature for there are no such things as empty and abstract universals." Freedom remains particular and real to us only as individuals. Since there is no human nature man cannot be determined. Man it seems is utterly condemned to freedom no matter in which kingdom he lives. "I think man is condemned to being alone," are St. Vincent's shivering nominal words. Even reality is swept away with St. Vincent's attack upon universals. And the only absolute truth there is, is oneself. 'To your own self be true' we could well say, and then — you pay for the consequences too!

This freedom is not without purpose as lines from St. Vincent's poem, Dogs lie complete (their heaven is not of the earthly way)

"There is no purposeless infinity
for nary a cat can climb a tree."

Chapter eight wrestles with the problem of Determinism. Determinism? "No!" soundly answers St. Vincent, "not if Insistence comes before essence because no individual action can be explained in terms of human nature. The springs of human action are deeper than the physio-psychical world whose determinations we think we see. Action can only take place in the Insisting present. In making a judgment, which must always occur after an action (Insistence) is over, we can never reconstruct all the humours which brought about that particular action." All judgments then, begin from a subject who can only be subjective in all his thinking.

But some people, thinks philosopher St. Vincent, have not the necessary integral Insistence to be able to withstand freedom. "They run to chains with rubber coatings (determinism) and they settle down to foam synthetic lives."

We come now to the largest and perhaps most important chapter of the book, Science and Society. St. Vincent's uncompromising attitude towards society has made him famous over the whole dominion. "Society begins as a fairly natural growth but it certainly has the family's ubiquitous roots. Society's note is spontaneity and a harness too-easily acquired." States are also social, he notes, but their membership is compulsory and meaningful. "Society shines the brass fittings and silver trinkets to help one forget the harness, but Insistentialism guards the individual from this menacing harness."

The purpose of civilization, some say, is science and the evolution of the machine. Insistentialism doesn't even worry about this folly. It knows that in the first instance civilization is the substitution of the artificial for the real. "Any deduction one makes beginning with civilization as the major premise is automatically false."

St. Vincent's attitude as a poet towards science and society is well-known through his poetry. Perhaps one or two examples would serve to clarify his position.

"You and I shall sprinkle bird salt as we dynamite this vault.
Tell me — Premier Renault — how do you open a vault?
Is it easy as pie or a 'clin d'oeil?"

Or this simple poem entitled NaCl,

"m.Adam
I see you relative to adam
clad in satin persuing the pattern of a road
macAdam ized in steel
car (thine sunchariot) that foam rubbers your haunches with the distance (quite far)"
And of course for his scientific satire one has only to look down The Narrow Hall, (St. Vincent’s latest book of poetry) for these lines,

",. . tons of
loam dung diosyncratically obtainable . .”

Science and society like to make objects out of life since that is the only way they are capable of dealing with Insistence. Human beings are treated as a genus and never as a species. “Society proudly proclaims man’s freedom in society. But,” points out St. Vincent, “it never mentions the equally important right of man’s freedom from society.” By objectifying one gets away from the first cause and Insistence. One becomes involved in the “quantitative expression” of life. Only the Insistentielst is capable of making a qualitative expression. The hypotheses and taboos of science and society are useless, unimaginative and incapable of expressing the deeper meaning of man.

"Just as we do not expect the butcher to know the first cause of his meat, so Insistentielst does not expect science to deal with quality or primary aspects of matter or Insistence. “Burn, defile, tear down these false gods!” shouts St. Vincent. “Regard the splendid harmony among the scientists, the great literature of agreement that lies between the various branches of science. One sees the scientist sweating over the atomic bomb, and a fellow scientist sweating over the operating table where his fission-burned patient lies.”

Never do we confuse the counters of the chess game with the thinking being behind it. So we must realize the inertness and immalleability of science and the staticness of society. They should only be the counters in the game of life which “solely Insistentielst is capable of thinking out.”

The following chapter Aristocracy versus Tyrannixsm is a definite come-down from the preceding brilliant and cathartic chapter. The reviewer must admit that this posing of the above question admits of as much ‘choice’ as the classical question, ‘Have you stopped beating your wife?’ However, Insistentielst demands both servers and servees. All men are suited to one of these categories. The hideous aspect of modern aristocracy is its anchorage in wealth, and the corresponding little bits into which it makes man. St. Vincent sees this process:

“In order to stay in power it (aristocracy) must be continually increasing, for otherwise does the capital wealth it lives by degenerate. Therefore it must be ever seeking wider control. Wider control means the eventual collection of all small industries into one or two large industries, cartels or monopolies. This in turn spreads the processes of production over a greater number of persons, until each individual is turning a single bolt in a car or driving a single nail in a board. This has a mentally dulling effect. Even to the aristocrats, man is a limited asset, for he is liable to colds, cancer and nervous breakdowns, whereas the machine is not. The cosmic view that existed in the farmer’s sons is lost in the city worker who cannot even see one microcosmos. The city worker has nothing to go by but his bits and pieces. The need for specialization has broken man up into little bits and pieces.

However, an organized condition of society is impossible without some people being more equal than other people. (Italics the reviewers) the criteria of who shall be servers and who serves will rest wholly upon Insistence.”

This leads naturally to the following chapter on State Welfarology. “Guard against state control, O Insistentielst. For wherever the state goes in there is it reluctant to leave. We must not let the state insist within our hearts, neither must we permit the tories.” What of the judgment that must be made by the state, viz. the division of the people into servers and servees? St. Vincent says that the final judgment will be made in the succeeding world when we cease to Insist and merely ‘sist.’ Then it appears we shall pay for our categorical errors (i.e. in making the wrong people into servees).

One efficacious factor will always be the discrepant environments in which the respective children of the servers and the servees are brought up. So we can only assume that it is necessary that a few of the poor should suffer in order that the wealthy might Insist.

In The Narrow Hall we have seen St. Vincent fighting bravely and quixoteanly against state welfarology in such lines as,

“Carlie Joanie Griffie dilly-dally in the slum while their old man is on the bum.”
Ran away with babybonus
protected by the government onus . . . ”

or these more recent lines,

“From the delphis to the toombe
lay my dear Miss Mary Coombe
paternally bestowed
by the government's middle-rowed
policy.
And why? Because her immoral scholicy
in schule
and before she could come under the babybonus rule
so it become an orphan.”

Insistentialism shuns state welfarology because of the shelving of responsibility. But an Insistentialist must always be responsible for his Insistence, although officially he has had nothing to do with his birth.

Leisure shall be given to the Insistentialist for only he can be entrusted to make proper use of it. This is the subject of the following chapter. Insistentialism demands leisure for the contemplative listening to “the Insistence of things.” St. Vincent moans on, “O that the common good ever became confused with the common need, for then it seemed right that work should engulf more and more of man's life until that little leisure that was left (by sheer accident) was for the sake of work.” The Insistentialist must, he says, step outside this fretful world. This we would note is not an escape but a step into pure, absolute, pastoral Insistence. Leisure does not have to be filled with activity. The two words, ‘tabula rasa’ placed at the head of this chapter do indeed summarise its whole argument.

Chapter thirteen deals with the thorny problem of Communismology. The neo-Marxist is concerned with distribution whereas the Adam Smithist is concerned with production. But St. Vincent thinks that it is a bad thing that all should have an equal share as proposed by communism. This would remove all class distinction and what could be more dangerous? For class distinction is no longer stably rooted in blood distinction, but in material wealth. “If a man has five material objects,” thinks St. Vincent, “he is better than the man who only possesses four.” This surely is right, for has not the former exercised more discipline in his life in order to possess these five material objects? How is the stability of the nation preserved? St. Vincent says that man has invented a great number of laws about material objects which make it very difficult for them to change their owners.

For the danger lies in the fact that material objects are more liable to change than blood distinctions.

All this is a good thing thinks St. Vincent, because the upper class (the Insistentialists) will be able to possess more material objects which in turn means that they can gain more material objects and as a result have more leisure time. “Like a see-saw on which two children of unequal weight sit, so that the lighter child balances the heavier by sitting at the far edge of the board. shall be Insistentialism, which like the light child is very shifty and cunning.” This simple image St. Vincent uses to clarify his philosophy is probably drawn from his childhood when he was a light, weak boy in Wenlock. The upper class (the Insistentialists) will be able to buy or exploit the spontaneous culture and folklore of the peasant and turn it into a very lucrative culture that will employ all the intellects and prevent the upper class (the Insistentialists) from becoming bored.

“Commites are Red, tories are blue
how in the h--- did you escape
from our zoo
with democratic 'secrets'
awn in your shoe?”
sang St. Vincent in The Narrow Hall.

Capitalismology is the title of the next triumphant chapter. This is a good thing, for St. Vincent has noted the mutual dependence of cultural and material advance in the rate of creation of capital. He has drawn it up in the interesting equation which follows.

\[ SMITH'S (ST. VINCENT) LAW, HYPOTHESIS, OR HUNCH \]

\[ x = 2\% y + 5.33 \frac{1}{3} z \]

1 Revolution of industrial wheel on which 25 work-ers are chained 5.331/3 Red convertible cars (each with 328 lbs. of chromium)
or more simply

\[ x = 2\% y + 5.33 \frac{1}{3} z \]

if you know what the symbols stand for. Any number of corollaries may be drawn from this.

Capitalism is chiefly concerned with production. This is good because it keeps the power in a few hands (by unequal distribution). “Capitalism enslaves man by its omnipotence to make or break him. And even those who are made,” thinks St. Vincent, “are more of a slave than those who are broken by capitalism. For the former must then invest the whole of their being in the monster.” Does this seem to be at variance with the earlier statement “man is utterly condemned
to freedom...?" When man is confronted with absolute freedom he is horrified and wishes to regain a certain amount of enslavement. This is exactly what Capitalismology does, it makes man recognize his own Insistence by that encounter with "somethingness."

Another good thing that capitalism has expedited is the herding of men together into cities. This, we all know "has taught men tolerance. Are not the city dwellers the best-humoured, most smiling and hopefulst members of our Canadian nation?" asks St. Vincent. Perhaps this attitude may surprise the early St. Vincent Smith disciples who will remember St. Vincent's ennui when first exposed to the city. This is indicative, surely, of philosophy's great powers in enabling us to see life realistically.

Capitalism has also taught men how to exploit their own subjectiveness as well as that of other people. Life under capitalism becomes more specialized and more meaningless. This is a good thing for it has brought man to realize his own Insistence. Capitalism is in the enviable position now of not only being able to twist and maim men's bodies, but also to control and warp their minds. St. Vincent thinks that "in the future we will see many more Insistentialists as a result of capitalism."

Democracology is the title of the fifteenth chapter. These lines from his poetry open the discussion.

"I am proud to be in a democracy
where liquor is taxed and speech is free.
And thrice round the bush of mulberries we go
when as tenants we're pushed into the thirty below zero.
Or those landlord cellar millionaires
creeping up our pantry stairs."

Insistentialism considers that there has only been one true democracy in the world and that was in the United States of America. But the defects in this system are so numerous that St. Vincent wonders, "whether democracy is really a responsible form of government. Although democracy is the chief advocate of Capitalism' fair deals, equal distribution and social amelioration have been creeping in surreptitiously. Democracy is becoming communistic."

Of course modern organization (or disorganization) demands the Insistence of a state. "We cannot Insist any longer wholly within a small given community, simply because our jobs have become too specialized. O that men might return to Wenlock and see the simple Insistence of the peasant in his pastoral idyllic background. But man will become more dependent upon other men for his own welfare. And these men on whom he depends are, like himself, interested only in their own Insistence," forsees philosopher St. Vincent Smith, now standing up and peering darkly into the future from his cemetery-facing room in Wenlock. How we read with bated breath as this great dianoetic personality became erect and prophetically quitted this earth to commune with his Wenlockian spirits. He continues, "Out-actions have wider effects. This is a good thing. We can care less because our actions affect so many people. We know that there will be no earthly reckoning. When people were in the early stage this was not so. We cared how we acted for we knew personally those whom our actions would affect. More lives now depend upon fewer brains. Let us admit modern society is organized for the protection of the weak who cannot act. The strong Insistentialist has no need for society. But we will have one all the same."

John St. Vincent Smith, Canada's true bard and now philosopher closes his tenuous book with a verse from a poem that shows his Insistentialist fears.

"Elections
produce... subcutaneous infections.
Now woman knew when first there was light
that Adam's heart lay with his appetite.
What came to woman obviously
the politicians only today can see:
am man's vote must with his appetite lie
(so the tories were in by a piece of raisin pie)."

John St. Vincent Smith, Canada's true bard and now philosopher closes his tenuous book with a verse from a poem that shows his Insistentialist fears.

"Elections
produce... subcutaneous infections.
Now woman knew when first there was light
that Adam's heart lay with his appetite.
What came to woman obviously
the politicians only today can see:
am man's vote must with his appetite lie
(so the tories were in by a piece of raisin pie)."

John St. Vincent Smith, Canada's true bard and now philosopher closes his tenuous book with a verse from a poem that shows his Insistentialist fears.

"Elections
produce... subcutaneous infections.
Now woman knew when first there was light
that Adam's heart lay with his appetite.
What came to woman obviously
the politicians only today can see:
am man's vote must with his appetite lie
(so the tories were in by a piece of raisin pie)."
We see the immortal thinker with his deep-bowed head proceeding down the Wenlock road, each elm becoming a philosopher with whom he can commune, the air pregnant with foxsmell, the Wenlockian gamins respectfully making way, and the attendant goats, rabbits and Ayrshires awaiting the arrival of their master in the Insistentialist pastures.

(Any correspondence on this vital subject should be addressed to that other Insistentialist, J. P. Starter, 'Huis Clos,' Paris XIV, France.)

—Brian Kelley.

In the crystal vacuum of a winter night,
The wind drifts loosely,
Sliding, twining
Around the hard, statuesque trunks of the frost-powdered Trees;
Blowing the frigid lights of heaven
Into dancing fragments of flaming ice.
Earth and sky are locked together,
Motionless
In the freezing rays of the hoar-haloed moon,
Rays that weave and bend with each gentle touch
Of the swirling breath of night,
Interlocking and unbending again,
Lifting the twinkling facets of the sugary snow
Into a motionless veil of diamonds,
Hanging above the frozen foundation
Of the earth.
Away
In the infinite distance of glassy space,
The slighest whisper
Of earthly sound
Bounds and rebounds
From the glistening, silent, snow-bound mountains,
Echoing from the agate blueness of the sapphire lakes,
Gleaming in their settings of silver flake,
And loosing itself in
The twisting labyrinth of
Shifting, crackling branches which threw
The last remnants of the faded sound
From twig
To ice-rimed twig.

—Hugh Doherty.
Sonnet

Sweet flowers, no joy find I to gaze on you,
Who line the path that leads me now away
From my life's Rose, the maid I love so true.
He absence now doth cause my life's decay.
Each day this journey brings me deeper woe,
That Fate should force us now to be apart!
Once nights brought Paradise, for loved we so;
But now their darkness mirrors my sad heart.
I live no more, my life has been destroyed.
The peace, the joy, the happiness, all fled!
O cursed life. Why have we been betrayed
By Fate so cruel, that though I breathe, I'm dead?
Though life's one happiness true love doth send,
By twist of fortune love may cause life's end.

—John Preston

Henry took a long drink from the bottle of beer at his elbow and prepared to work himself up to the pitch of creative frenzy necessary to write a prize-winning poem. He'd never written poetry before and he didn't know the first thing about it, but that didn't matter. Roger didn't know anything about writing poetry either, but he fancied he did, and that was what made him so insufferable at times. For instance, it had been all very well for Henry to admit to Roger that he had no imagination, but he hadn't quite relished Roger's patronizing reply: "Yes, you are a remarkably unoriginal person, and what's worse, you don't appreciate originality in others." Having delivered himself of this shattering summary, Roger had exhaled his cigarette smoke through his nostrils, by way of expressing the poet's disdain for the Philistine. The remark was probably a roundabout complaint at Henry's refusal to accept Roger's own estimate of himself, but it rankled nevertheless. Henry despised himself for being so childish, but that didn't lessen his determination that he, and not Roger, would win the Literary Guild poetry prize, even though Roger had written a good deal and had even had some of his work published.

The Literary Guild was an organization of undergraduates who met periodically for the discussion of things literary. One meeting a year was devoted to the reading of members' original work. At this meeting the individual contributions were discussed, heaped with immoderate praise and voted upon. On the basis of the voting, first and second prize-winners were designated in each of the two categories, prose and poetry. The Guild budget never permitted the presentation of any more substantial rewards for merit, but it was the bare honour of winning first prize that was the object of Henry's present aspiration.

It was fortunate that he was not attempting to write good poetry according to his own lights. It was actually much easier to write a prize-winner. All you had to do was be sufficiently mystifying. He'd start with the first thing that popped into his head. "The garden hose." No, better make it "the sinuous garden hose." That wouldn't do either—too obvious. Hoses can't help being sinuous. Better make it voluptuous. "The voluptuous garden hose entwined the cabbage."
The MITRE

Cabbage cabbage He'd make it "ruthless cabbage." "Ruthless" was a good strong word. On the other hand, someone might ask him what he meant by a ruthless cabbage, and then where would he be? Better make it "tortured cabbage." "Tortured" was equally powerful and, come to think of it, cabbages do have a somewhat tortured look about them.

O. K., so much for the homely details. Now he needed something to give the poem a cosmic sweep, a gust from the intergalactic spaces and all that sort of thing. How about "Spica winked at Arcturus", or "Spica leered at Arcturus"? No, too ugly sounding. "Arcturus winked lecherously at Denebola." That was it. Pornography, of course, wouldn't do for the Literary Guild, but just the barest suggestion of sex would be a good thing, and "lecherously" filled the bill admirably. Some of the members would get the idea that the poem was based on Freudian psychology, and if their minds ran riot looking for sex symbols, so much the better: they would be that much more susceptible to the hoax. Moreover, there would be one or two people at least who would vote for a sexy piece just to show themselves that they were emancipated and therefore members of the intelligentsia. After all, voters were what he was out for. As a matter of fact it might be a good idea if he mentioned the word "libido" somewhere. He'd see if he could work it in.

Now for a quotation. "Incandescent copulations of the Gods" was quite meaningless and sufficiently extraneous for his purpose. Those who had read Huxley would be impressed by the allusion; those who hadn't would be bewildered enough to be impressed, period. He decided he could do also with a foreign quotation, just to give the poem class, to make the author appear "eclectic", as they call it. Latin was too pompous and academic. French had no punch in it and he definitely needed something with a punch. Which left German. T. S. Elliot had used "Frisch hewe der Wind, der Heimat zu," from Tristan and Isolde. Was there something from The Ring he could use? Oh, of course: "Walse, Walse, wo ist dein Schwert"? Just the thing for a concluding line. The haunted cry of wretched mankind echoing unanswered in the endless night. That sort of thing always goes over big. Besides, the people who were acquainted with the libretto of The Valkyries would be so delighted with themselves for identifying the origin that they would be sure to vote for his poem out of sheer gratitude.

The next thing he wanted was some reference to the Machine Age. Guns and tanks? It's been done to death. The atomic bomb? Oh, hell, no, everybody's fed to the teeth with that. How about turbines? Yes, turbines do have some sort of brutal aesthetic appeal about them, but

he would treat them with a nice poetic scorn nevertheless. He'd work that out later.

Looking over what he had written, Henry realized he had enough concrete images. What he needed now was a few single words to stand alone or in a pair on a line. That was always effective provided the words chosen really packed a wallop. He reached for his psychology book and turned to the table of words listed according to the potency of their emotional content as measured by the galvanic response,* and noted a few suitable ones: kiss, love, death, wound, dance, proud, fear, war, desire. He looked them over. Dance of death. No, too hackneyed. Dance and desire. Death in desire. Desire in death. Mmm, some possibility there. He'd see. Now all he needed was the human touch, some pompous nonsense about man's hope and man's fate. Then tie the piece together as incongruously as possible, add a dash of purple, polish it up a bit, concoct a title and he'd be finished.

His method of polishing was to delete anything that could be construed at all intelligibly and substitute something quite irrelevant. Scansion was an utter mystery to him. However, he knew vaguely that it was what makes poetry go di-dah di-dah di-dah di-dah. So he set cheerfully to work beating some rhythm into his lines. It was easier than he expected, since he didn't have to worry about distorting his meaning or destroying a carefully wrought mood, and of course no one would expect a really strict metrical pattern anyway.

Title. His eyes lighted on the beer bottle, by now empty, and he thought of "Broken Bottles." This he promptly discarded in favour of The Shattered Urn. He reflected, however, that it might be carrying obscurity too far. Why not call it Siegmund, after the speaker of his concluding punch line from The Valkyries? That was it. Now the masterpiece was finished.

Henry arrived at the Guild meeting bright and early, and blandly submitted his poem. It was the custom in the Literary Guild to redistribute the manuscripts for reading so that the more atrocious items could get by under a beneficent cloak of anonymity. As a rule, however, questions regarding the intent of the work forced the author to reveal himself. When the manuscripts were distributed, Henry was tremendously relieved to see that Gertrude had drawn his own composition. He was phenomenally lucky, for Gertrude had studied elocution and had a lovely, rich voice. Also, Gertrude had beautiful emotions. Admittedly she was rather gullible in matters of taste, but that was all to the good. She'd fall for Siegmund hook, line and sink-

*Ruch, Psychology and Life, Scott, Foresman and Co. p. 158
er, and her beautiful emotions and her beautiful A. C. T. L. voice would take care of the rest. As a matter of fact she put everything she had into the reading. She read very slowly as if to allow the group time to apprehend all the hidden meanings. They wouldn't apprehend a damn thing of course, but they would probably blame it on their own obtuseness—at least he hoped they would—and be duly impressed anyway. He suspected that most of the other contributors were in a state of perspiring wretchedness as their stuff was being read. He, on the contrary, was as cool as a cucumber as Gertrude's mellifluous voice rolled over the empty sonority of

Siegmund

Amid the mocking murmur of the Pleiades
Arcturus lewdly winks at Spica.
A garden hose entwines the tortured lettuce leaf,
While worms and dead things mutely acquiesce.
Death in desire

Turbines whirr, distilling endless kilowatts
From the fragile beauty of falling water,
Mankind waits amid the rubble of its aspirations,
Waits, cheated of the consummation
Of desire, even in death.

The mortal Libido, bound in chains of its own concupiscence,
Writhes in witless envy
Of the incandescent copulations of the Gods.
Walse! Walse! wo ist dein Schwert?

At the conclusion of the reading, there was the usual long, awkward silence until the president broke in, the relief of awkward pauses being the principal function of the president. "Well, it's certainly a subtle piece," he ventured.

"Yes, I liked it," Marion remarked gaily. Marion had a habit of announcing after each piece that she liked it, as though she were stamping it with the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval.

"Would I be correct in guessing that the idea in the poem derives from Existentialism?" someone else asked, obviously less concerned to gain information, than to let everyone know he had been reading all about Jean-Paul Sartre. Henry admitted his poem might have something in common with Existentialism. "But I certainly didn't have it in mind when I wrote the poem," he added with perfect candour.

"Well, the idea was developed in a very clever way," someone else commented. Henry was thinking he'd have to make a point of asking him afterwards just what idea. When the discussion showed signs of drifting more specifically to the subject matter, the president, for obvious reasons, found it convenient to ask for the next selection.

There followed some rhymed verse, blank verse, free verse, shaped verse and poems which defied classification. A few were fairly good, some were bad, and some were simply dreadful. It seemed to Henry that all were either revoltingly sincere in their intention or ostentatiously experimental in their expression, but he reflected that he was in no very safe position to pass judgment. He couldn't help being mildly excited while the vote was being taken and counted. He still imagined that he had a chance for first prize, since it just so happened that this year no poem of obviously outstanding merit had been submitted. As it was, he didn't get first prize, but he was genuinely pleased at being awarded second, especially since he didn't lose out to Roger The latter, surprisingly enough, had submitted, not poetry, but prose—and had likewise taken second place. Henry accosted him over the coffee afterwards: "Say, I very much enjoyed your contribution, Roger," he said, lying in his teeth.

Oh, I'm afraid it was terribly bad," was the reply. Henry guessed he was actually afraid of nothing of the sort, but was more likely piqued at not being awarded first prize.

"Yes, my muse seems to have quite deserted me," Roger continued. Muse indeed! Roger seemed to think he had some sort of priority on the services of a muse, while all the rest of the poor carpenters were expected to hammer out their atrocities on their own.

"As a matter of fact, I expected you to contribute some poetry," Henry commented.

Roger replied, "Well, I don't know what was the matter with me, I just couldn't seem to get any appropriate inspiration."

"Inspiration?" Good God!
Poem

At noon in the sunlight are quiet sounds,
The rising hills are bright-coloured mounds,
And the essence of every flower abounds,
And all is still.

The purple of twilight is on the hill,
How the soft and calm world seems to thrill!
And somewhere sounds a trickling rill;
And night comes soon.

The night wind whispers a quiet tune,
The trees are all aglow with the moon;
And listen — there is the cry of the loon,
And quiet descends.

If yet the will of man unbends,
If he but to these beauties lends
A listening ear — and to them tents,
All will be well.

— A. F. B.

Perdu

He drew his coat more snugly around his shoulders, and leaning into the wind made his way across the square. It was a wild night. The moon had disappeared and a storm had sprung up from nowhere. The brightly lit window of a public house and the sound of cheerful voices contrasted sharply with the shuttered buildings clustered about the square. A shaft of light had brief battle with the stormy elements as the stranger entered the inn.

He leaned against the door and nervously glanced at the people sitting close to a roaring fire. All was well, no one here knew him. That had been a narrow shave at the supper table and he wondered how much his nerves could take. There was something supernatural about this night. In fact for the past twenty-four hours he had felt that he was being motivated by a power far beyond his control.

He glanced about the room and crossed to a solitary figure sitting at a table away from the rest of the company. He sat down and accepted the glass pushed towards him. As he raised it in silent toast some of the contents splashed over his hand. A bright red stain ran across the back of his trembling fingers. Still silent his companion passed him a packet and made his way out into the night.

Calling for another drink he looked at the packet. It was a small leather bag. Opening it he counted the coins within. He then slipped the drawstring over his head and tucked it into his shirt.

He sat silently drinking. His wind wandered back over the happenings of the last few years. They had been happy years on the whole. He had deprived himself of many of the material things of life. It hadn’t been easy by any means. But in that odd company of men he had known a way of life that, though quite foreign to him, had been strangely satisfying. What would be the outcome of this night’s activity? He didn’t want to think of that, for deep within himself he knew the answer. It beat on his brain insistently. Loudly he called for more wine. The hours slipped by: still he sat drinking silently.

Gradually the room emptied. Finally he was left with the fire and the howling wind for company. He idly arranged the empty glasses in a ring around the edge of the table. Eleven. Eleven glasses plus
the one in his hand made twelve. Twelve. But there were really only
eleven left now. He held up the twelfth glass; it was still half full.
With a violent motion he shattered it against the hearth.

With sudden purpose he crossed the room and opened the door.
A boom of thunder and a flash of lightning greeted him. He crossed
the deserted square and disappeared into one of the many narrow
twisting streets that ran in a maze all over the town. Soon he had left
the town behind him and within minutes had found what he sought.
Deftly he set about the preparations for his grim task. In a few minutes
all was ready. This was the moment. Now. As he jumped the purse
about his neck was ripped away and the contents spilled onto the
ground. A flash of lightning illuminated for a brief instant a pair of
kicking feet and on the ground, thirty pieces of silver.

Poem

Mary is waiting at the gate
so don't be late. She isn't short
she isn't tall, so if you wish either
don't come at all. She isn't comely
nor is she fair, do not come expectantly
for she won't be there. Nor even bright
her dainty eyes, seeking these
you'll find but lies. Her hair no poem
need describe, so lay your pipe
and verse aside. Mary is waiting
at the gate. You shan't be late.

—B. S. K.
The Awakening

Seething with fury
Pellets of slashing rain
Pound the parched terrain
Stirring life within her bosom.

Pouting withered petals
Shout to each glistening oval
To renew their velvety colour.
Burning leaves riot,
Each yearning
To fulfill hope of beauty.
Slender white-silver birch,
Stained by years of want and fulfillment,
Drink each liquid drop
Aware of renewed life.

Nothing is forgotten,
Rain pours
Itself into steaming ground
Leaving an aurora of splendor
To be eternally wrong
By neglect and want,
But yet again —
Fury will rise to be calmed
By the miracle of a crystal drop.

—Jane Quintin.
cates the gradual growing away from the 'classicism' of his teacher. As yet, though, it was more a tendency rather than actual breaking away from the established tradition. The six Quartets of Opus 18 and the first symphony seem to me to be a return to Haydn-esque ways. This return is not surprising when we remember that daily he was exposed to the quartets of his teacher performed at Prince Lichnowsky's home under the composer's direction. And although the literary world was experiencing the stirrings of what came to be called 'Romanticism'—Goethe's love lyrics, Jean Paul Richter's fantasies, Schiller's heroic dramas—the musical world was as yet almost unaffected by this new movement.

Beethoven had admiration for his teacher, but there was one essential difference between them. Haydn lacked daring. When he wrote a symphony he wrote within the bounds set by tradition, his former symphonies, and his restraint. Perhaps 'restraint' is a better word to indicate this quality, for occasionally, as in the slow movement of the Symphony number eighty-six or in that of the Quartet Opus 76, No. 5, he seems on the verge of crossing the threshold into "Romanticism". That he didn't is not surprising since the ideals which gave impetus to that movement and caused the French Revolution were quite as foreign to his thought as the concept of the virtuoso. Haydn and Mozart lived in the age of Dryden and Pope when 'unpremeditated art' was not believed in. Beethoven came at the end of this period, when revolt was in the air, and when it was possible to revolt and accomplish nothing.

This difference is seen in the matter of form. At the back of every Haydn composition stands form, the 'chaperon of the party', making its presence felt, discreetly but plainly. At times he does succeed in momentarily losing the chaperon, thus affording a link with the Romantic Beethoven. His attention was given to detail; Beethoven paid attention to detail too, but he enclosed it in what has come to be called 'psychological' form. This is merely a term used to indicate the deviation from classical or formal structure neede dto complete a full exposition and development of a musical subject according to the dictates of emotion or some similar principle. The material was chosen for its psychological content, for its expressive coherence and the development was not carried out in terms of academic balance and contrast. Naturally this would lead to the breaking away from the classical sonata-allegro form, but Beethoven was too near his forerunners in point of time and sympathy to break away completely. Rather, he extends the form to include what he felt should be included. It is significant in this respect to note the paucity of formal compositions written by Romantic composers; for example, the concerto: two by Chopin, three by Schumann, four by Mendelssohn, and those by Liszt do not really deserve the name.

In spite of the instruction and the friendship, Beethoven's music shows little influence from Haydn. The primary reason for this is probably one of temperament. Beethoven was more like, both personally and environmentally, Emanuel Bach. Haydn and Mozart were working towards technical proficiency. Beethoven had something to express. I don't mean that Haydn and Mozart had nothing to say—at times I find them quite verbose. But the classical concern was rather for formal expression than for inspired expression. What Hopkins called the 'inscape' of a work of art was got by them through external structure, by Beethoven through the nature of the idea itself. Beethoven and Emanuel Bach were working towards a new set of standards; Haydn and Mozart were using already existing ones.

Beethoven took the music of his teacher as a starting point and proceeded from there. His development sections were treated as necessary metamorphosis of the original material; his ornaments and bass parts turned into melody, the chords became an integral part of the whole; the scale passages were a part of the subject material; single notes and chords became points of suspension, as in the conclusion to the Das Liedewohl of the twenty-sixth piano sonata. All these were departures from the method of his teacher, and they can be seen in varying ways employed by the Romantics.

His most interesting and most significant revolt was in the realm of tonality. In this age of atonality, multitonality, neodominality, and polynationality a revolution of any consequence within tonality itself seems unbelievable. But at that time Beethoven's introduction of distant and frequent modulations was of vast significance. Generally they were used to indicate a change of mood, and this type of use can be appreciated when we compare the music-dramas of Wagner with those of Mozart. Such a seemingly simple change as that from E major to E minor between bars nine and ten in the first movement of Moonlight Sonata stands out as revolutionary when we analyse a sonata by Haydn. This brings us to two aspects of Beethoven's method which deserve some comparison with that of Schoenberg.

Beethoven, in his need for extended means of expression, turned to modulation, and all that that implies. Following upon the strict footsteps of the classical composers with its tradition of harmonic progression, he was able to achieve a major revolt by this innovation. Schoenberg, on the other hand, was faced with a much more complex state of musical theory from which to draw his solution. His was an age of gay destruction: Debussy had stressed colour and atmosphere
rather than the formal aspects of music; Stravinsky mastered the art of musical pastiche and became a ‘time traveller’; Poulenc travelled even more extensively, Americans wrote jazz, and Negroes introduced the blues; Satie composed pieces with such titles as *Pieces in the Form of a Pear, Apercu Desagreables* and *Airs à Faire Fuir*, and Hindemith wrote *Gebrauchsmusik*. In such an environment revolution in the traditional sense would be as ‘ineffectual as make-up on an intellectual or veneer upon veneer.’ Although much of the music composed between 1900 and 1920 might be justifiably called ‘veneer upon veneer’, I doubt that Schoenberg’s deserves this rather degrading description, even though there are many critics who would think Warren Stevenson’s phrase extremely apt. Being unable to rebel against the tradition, there being practically no tradition sufficiently powerful to rebel against, Schoenberg revolted untraditionally. This complex movement—and it now can properly be called a movement when we consider the importance of such followers as Berg and Webern and Boulez—can probably best be understood in terms of tonality. Whereas Beethoven revolted against tonality, effecting a much freer use of change from one key to another, Schoenberg ignored tonality altogether, composing works in no key whatever (I’m referring of course to those written after, say 1907). Naturally such a neat comparison is somewhat unjust, and terribly oversimplified, but in general this is the interesting difference in one aspect of these two revolutions. I think that both men were trying to solve the same problem: the expression of their depth of feeling for which the means at their disposal were not sufficient: It has been pointed out that there is a “meaning” or “philosophy” in the music of Beethoven which is not found in the music of Haydn and Mozart. This is very true and it can be seen why their methods were not satisfactory for what he wanted to say. Both Beethoven and Schoenberg composed with little reference to the opinion of their time or their audience. Schoenberg was for a time president of the Vereinigung Schaffer der Tonkuenstler which had been founded for the promotion of “free creative art, independent of commercial consideration or newspaper criticisms.” This recalls Malzel’s remark to Beethoven, “The trouble with you, Beethoven, is that you have no showmanship. A good composer, but completely ignorant of what the public wants, or how to give it to them.”

I have already implied the second aspect of these two revolutions to be compared. Beethoven’s was a-theoretical. I coin this word because I don’t want to suggest that Beethoven was opposed to theory. He could never argue his divergence from classical tradition, any more than he could his sympathy for certain aspects of classicism.

Partly because of his shyness, partly because of his early deafness, mostly for reasons never known he was not agile at expressing his ideas in words. One senses in his letter to his nephews the sincerity and profundity of his thoughts, but his expression of them is not eloquent. As he grew older he became even less a part of the brilliant Vienna around him. I imagine he felt very much as did the young Yeats in London. But Beethoven had no homeland, imaginary or real, to escape to. He could only turn to his music and express in its vague terms his thoughts. He was reflective, and accepting this as a quality of Romanticism, Beethoven’s Romanticism ran deep. He was unlike Weber who, traditional at heart, perceived the approaching wave and rode on it to popular fame. His popular and worthless Opus 65 is indicative of his approach to art. Beethoven was not the official reformer as was Gluck before him, and Wagner after him, and as Schoenberg has also been accused of being. It is perfectly true that Schoenberg’s revolution was based on a careful theory, but I think that there is too much sincerity, both artistic and personal, in his work to classify him as merely a theoretical reformer. His persistence in the face of equally persistent criticism and derision support this.

Beethoven’s knowledge was of the vaguest kind. He probably knew of, and subscribed to, the current views of God, freedom, nature, identity, but there was little particularized about them. He dedicated his *Eroica* to Napoleon; Napoleon stood in his mind as a symbol of the heroic quality, or what Plato would call ‘heroiness’, a vague, undefined idea. In this respect I suppose it might be argued that Beethoven was a Platonist. He had very little formal education, and this coupled with his natural reflectiveness forced him to follow his intuitive urges, guided by his own integrity and simplicity. This is shown in the ‘grandness of conception’ and the ‘depth of philosophical grasp’ in his works. While being profound he succeeded in being simple and natural. This quality of simplicity seems to have been outstanding in him. The poet Wiesenbach wrote, “Never in my life have I met with such a childlike simplicity, in company with so powerful a personality. He has an inner drive towards all that is fine and good, which is far higher than any education.” His forthrightness, his helplessness (which endeared him to women) and his credulity were a part of this simplicity. He never could be accused of the derived ardor so much a part of many of the Romantic composers’ method. His innovations and his music was always sincere and natural; qualities also found in that of Schoenberg. It seems to be that the sincerity with the self is the distinguishing characteristic of the great artists. It is quite permissible to assume a pose so long as the artist is perfectly aware that he is doing just that. However, many who are generally re-
garded as great have simply succeeded in convincing themselves that they really are what really they are not; and many in music have employed the method of Beethoven for this self-deception, just as many are now accomplishing this with the help of Schoenberg.

H. Grant Sampson.

Away, Away, Blind souls —
Bespattered, weary, worn, and racked
With care. Trouble me not.
I, blind,
Need no one to lead me blind.
Knock only with the Mower's scythe
Or fit my latch with
Keys transported from El Dorado's Doors. No other thoroughfare.
None. None. None, though pain
Foretell a friendless end.

Fare forth, forth fare to
a heavy, heaped, vain, unvivified existence.
No love for thee my fellow man
Will take me o'er thy crossings—
For I have none.

—Bill Prouty.
Here’s a HIT PARADE of
NAME BRANDS exclusive to
Rosenbloom’s

- JAEGER woollens
- CHRISTY’S hats
- HUDSON’S BAY blankets
- WELSH MARGRETSON neckwear
- WEBB’S gloves
- LANSEA woollens

Rely on these world famous brand names, exclusive to Rosenbloom’s and you’ll be better dressed, better pleased — and what’s more, you’ll actually save money!

Clothes of Distinction —
Rosenbloom’s
Wellington St., Sherbrooke, Que.

MICHAELMAS 1952

By C. Hugh Doherty

Too often, students in quest of a wider scope of interest in the thoughts and literary practices of universities other than Bishop’s, ambitiously study this section of The Mitre, and then triumphantly declare themselves to be liberal thinkers invested with the new blood of ideas and traditions not Bishopian. Unfortunately, this article has no power to infuse new blood; its purpose is primarily to indicate what outside publications are available and to emphasize briefly the more outstanding aspects of each magazine. It is then expected that the individual will follow these signposts, and by an actual reading of other university organs acquire at least an appreciation, if not a well-rounded knowledge of college views in other parts of the world.

This term a fairly representative number of exchanges has been received, only one of which, however, is Canadian. The Review (Trinity University, Toronto) was the sole native publication received, and nasmuch as Trinity was celebrating its Centenary, is largely a summary of past events in the college. Of special interest are two historical articles Trinity in the Twenties and A Write-up for the Graduates, written by a former porter of the university. Both are rather amusing in tone, and while they portray a good deal of the background tradition of Trinity College, they also serve to point out that college life in general is the same in any location or generation.

From the United Kingdom come once again several excellent literary exchanges of varying profundity and size. Q (University of Belfast, Ireland); The Unicorn (Bedford College, London); Echoes (St. Andrews University, Scotland); The Serpent (Manchester Uni-
The MITRE

versity Unions); Sphinx (University of Liverpool); Northerner (King’s College, University of Durham).

Q presents a number of good short stories, among which is a rather puzzling and thought-provoking treatment of drug addiction entitled “The Penumbra.” A large selection of poetry is also included in this issue, one of which, “Snowfall,” offers an outlook on snow which is completely alien to our Canadian mind, accustomed as we are to long, cold winters.

“Snow fell last night;
Over the patterned landscape,
And on the wizened trees
That lurch across the light
Of street lamps, hung against the dark

A heavy snow
That fell into men’s hearts
And left them standing frozen,
On the ice-cap world.

Only the schoolboy saw the truth that lay,
And threw it in the snowball that he hurled.”

“A Young Black Horse” is particularly striking because of its strong, galloping rhythm.

“There is something that is noble
In the grace of every line
Of this young black horse’s bearing
That I feel it is true and fine
When I see him lightly stepping
With a springing measured tread
Or watch a hay-wisk waver
And shorten when he’s fed.”

For those whose inquiring minds engulf a wide variety of subjects, Sphinx and The Unicorn are two magazines which certainly must not be overlooked, for they both touch upon many matters ranging from mountain climbing to glimpses of Paris.

Sphinx contains a large number of interesting articles and a few short stories, but is rather deficient in poetry. Perhaps one of the most interesting articles is My Friends, the Critics, in which the author attempts to illustrate his contention that critics are born not made. In general the article concludes that a writer or painter, no matter how great his ability is quite incapable of criticizing his own

MICHAELMAS 1952

work or any other person’s. Also contained in this exhaustive little booklet are an unusual article “On the Endearment in English”, a discussion of the history and derivation of what are now termed “sweet nothings”; an extremely informative piece on the climbing of Mount Everest; “The Truth About Texas”, evidently written by an American and contrasting quite vividly with the style of the rest of the magazine; and a highly learned treatise on the relation between the composer and the rest of society at large. A rather cryptic but humorously optimistic epilogue closes the issue:

“Nothing worthwhile to do
Nowhere worthwhile to go and
Nothing magnificent to live for,
But
What the hell’s that thing
Coming around the corner?”

The Unicorn is similarly diverse. Those interested in Education would be well advised to take note of “Methodology”, a short story describing the evolution of the school teacher in three startling episodes. Another enlightening article dealing with Education is “Are the Social Sciences Necessary?” a discussion which is primarily preoccupied with revealing how “scientific” social sciences actually are. The world traveller, too, could well afford to peruse The Unicorn as it contains a peculiarly descriptive “Glimpse of Paris”, which by the presentation of a homey little analogy, quite successfully conveys the mood rather than the appearance of gay Paree. Included, too, in this issue are an article dealing with yet another aspect of Paris, and one “On an Australian Island”. In reply to the many charges laid against British publications by somewhat shallow-thinking Canadians that they are too complicated and too profound The Unicorn presents these lovely verses.

Winter Morning

Last night the stars shone on the snow;
And in their fusion seemed to glow
The cold that burns

Now window panes are over-mossed
With filigree of silver frost,
And wrought with curling ferns.
The sun—slow-sculptor—works in clay;  
He adds, and alters—goes away,  
Dissatisified year after year.

But winter, chiselling swift and sure,  
Fashions, in brittle ice, art pure,  
Immaculate, austere.

Surely the descriptive simplicity and direct vividness of this poem refute any accusations of obscurity.

The Serpent is a publication attempting to satisfy the literary needs of a very large university, but unfortunately, seems to have been crippled by a type of apathy peculiar to college literary publications. As a result, material is somewhat scanty in The Serpent, but what has been published is well worth reading, especially a searching short story, "Long Vacation", aimed directly at the student who imagines that the designation "collegian" is the pass word to success. Also of interest are a description of the 1952 Olympic Games, as witnessed by a competitor, and a very mature discussion on drama centering about the plays of Stanley Houghton.

"Echoes", too, suffers from a dearth of good literary material. One outstanding item in this magazine, however, is "Triptych", a skillfully-drawn character sketch. The subject is an ordinary young man, and the reader is shown three different views of him, through the eyes of his mistress, his girl-friend and his mother, who in revealing their individual conceptions of Peter, the young man, at the same time lay bare their own characters. At the end, Peter himself appears, and in mental soliloquy, belies the opinions of the three women:

"He'll go into the house and sit down with his mother; he can still feel the weight of Julie in his arms; after dinner, he'll go down to walk along the lake with Isabel. And still be himself."

Echoes also presents a unique if not particularly informative article on "Toothpicks in England", which manages to deviate sufficiently from its course to direct a sharp English barb at the Americans.

I have left the "Northerner" (University of Durham) to the last, because to be perfectly truthful, I found that I could not comprehend the greater part of the material contained in it without considerable difficulty. To all those who aspire to very mature and profound reading on any subject, the Northerner is highly recommended. It is an outstanding example of a literary magazine at its best, and at times it is somewhat difficult to believe that it was produced by common university students like ourselves. Lovers of modern poetry will most certainly want to read "Inspired Mathematics", a highly involved and technical discourse on modern trends, chiefly in the works of Auden, Dylan, Thomas, and T. S. Eliot. Ambitious philosophers may find themselves confounded by an article entitled "Let Us Proceed To Argument", while those who call themselves painters might well founder on the technical reefs of "Some Remarks on Modern Poetry".

Another philosophical article, "Other Minds", is equally as profound as the others but intensely interesting because it involves the everyday question of how we perceive someone else's feelings.

"Consider the man who gives you an orange and says: 'Shew me the inside of that,' and, when you remove the peel, says: 'That's not the inside.' And when you separate the segments and cut them into pieces, laughs and still says: 'That's not the inside.' If you know the game he's playing you would tell him that he's using the word 'inside' in a funny way and there's no such thing as inside in that sense. The inside of an orange is what appears when it's cut open."

The whole point is that there is no such thing as seeing inside another's mind. We are inclined to attribute to other people those feelings and sensations which we would experience if we were involved in a certain behaviour.

"Behaviour, gestures and facial expressions are signs of, or evidence for, inner states. Maybe—but how do we know? The answer often given is 'I know what it's like for you to be angry, in pain and so on because I've been angry and my feelings are just like your feelings."

"How can we know that what a person expresses by gestures are the same feelings which we would express by the same gestures? Perhaps they do not even have the same meaning for pain that we do."

"But what if I could get inside your body, see through your eyes and feel your feelings, or if I could read your thoughts as they came to you and told you accurately what they were and never was mistaken."

The conclusion naturally follows that no one actually knows what another person's feelings are.
Another disquieting contribution to the Northerner is “Pandorama”, which, for want of a better name might be termed a mood interlude.

“The thought took me again down the steps away from the concise adviser, up-sizer of trouble doubling the bubble of my fermental, away step by step, the inept concept kept rapt the trapped cap of thinking, linking with this body shoddy in its shufflelambulation from the past master of pined mind.”

The poetry contained in this publication is largely classical in style, especially a short narrative poem on “Ariadne in Noxos”. The loveliest selection is, however, a quiet descriptive lyric called “The Foxglove”, which almost floats to a most peaceful and lulling conclusion.

“Here in the depths, Depths of the foxglove flower, The air is cool and translucent, Pale and faint, Shining through white, venous walls. Silence and swaying stillness, Motionless motion, like a silver grey fish Sliding through green water.

Ages away, along the trumpet, Lies the world— Indented disk of green, Moving with the wind. Shimmering and changing from green to pearly-grey In the wind. Wind-rubbed fingers, Miser’s fingers, Making no sound. There is no sound in all the world.

Damp silence surrounds me, And I am lost. Yet here I have found myself, As never before. And may again lose myself Never to be found

In addition there are a number of reproductions of paintings executed by both established artists and students of King’s College.

In reviewing the British publications as a whole, one must comment that they do appear to be on a more mature level than those of Canada, but they are not all necessarily more profound; rather they are much more diversified. British students show a decided tendency to probe into the motivation of things rather than simply their appearance. They write seriously of love, marriage and politics from a higher experience plane than do most Canadian students. Certainly the proximity of the Continent of Europe has lent them access to more and larger experiences and opportunities than many Canadians may enjoy, while the antiquity of English tradition itself provides them with a much older mental background. However, Canadian students should not feel inferior to those overseas, for they are writing from a newer and more vigorous stock of experience and usually with a great deal more imagination.

Last on the list of exchanges is a completely new arrival from the University of Vera Cruz, Mexico, Universidad Veracruzana. Though it is a large magazine and I am sure most interesting, there is very little that can be said about it here, for it is printed entirely in Spanish. Its study I will leave to the keen new students of Spanish who wish to improve their knowledge of Latin American dances, modern medicine and Mexican poetry as well as their command of the Spanish language.

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following magazines:

- The Review (Trinity College, Toronto)
- Q (University of Belfast, Ireland, two editions)
- The Unicorn (Bedford College, London)
- Echoes (St. Andrews University, Scotland)
- The Serpent (Manchester University Unions)
- Sphinx—(Liverpool University)
- Northerner (King’s College, University of Durham)
- Universidad Veracruzana—University of Vera Cruz, Mexico
Sept. 17: Bishop's has its first look at the Class of ’55 and appears to like what it sees of the new stude.

Sept. 20: The Leslie Bell Singers arrive, sing beautifully, and leave with the hearts and thanks of the college. Quiet get-together at Audet’s follows. Let’s hope they will visit our campus again next year! (Cahan, cahan, helia hoop-la).


Sept. 23: Author Hugh MacLennan addresses appreciative audience in Old Dining Hall.

Sept. 25: Frosh bows to Seniors 16-10 in annual softball classic despite classy thirty-hit pitching of the Magog Kid.

Sept. 26: Goal booted by tiny Brian Wilcock enables Seniors to edge Frosh soccerites 1-0, and girls down Little Sisters 2-1.

Sept. 27: Introduction Dance well attended by new guys and gals. Well-oiled Dance Committee proclaims unprecedented success.

Oct. 11: Bishop’s ‘Gaitors return to gridiron after year’s absence, and lose hard-fought game at Mac. Powell’s punts, Killer’s major, Drab’s injury salient points.

Oct. 14: Anglicans elect to keep bell clanging despite sterling opposition.
Oct. 17: NFCUS Conference decides against Russian student exchange.

Oct. 18: 'Gaitors lose to heavier, more experienced Sherbrooke club 12-0. Three-hour Freshman Dance (Sunday, you know!) is successful and Chisholm Orchestra makes good impression.

Oct. 25: Bish drops heartbreaking final game to Cadets 13-11 despite valiant efforts of Chester, Misty, Ross, Abbott et al. Consensus of opinion: regardless of winless season, return of football is the reason for the decided improvement in spirit over last year. Bishop's says Well Done!


Oct. 31: Hallowe'en Dance in Dining Hall brings forth various amusing and educational (?) costumes. Member of local cloth appears fascinated by near-Bikini bathing costume.

Nov. 1: Pork outplays Hot Rod in straight set for second consecutive tennis crown. Dr. Raymond makes presentation but Pork has something prettier to take home.

Nov. 6: The Razor's Edge is well-screened in atmosphere of better acoustics to capacity crowd in Old Dining Hall.

Nov. 7: Deadline for Michaelmas Term Mitre contributions so we sign off for now.

BRAN.
Sherbrooke Daily Record

Designers and Quality Printers

MATHIAS TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
Burrough's Adding Machines
Phone 2-0440       Res. 3-3358
41 Wellington N.
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Compliments of
RICHMAN'S INC.
Wellington St.
Sherbrooke

AFTER THE GAME
DOWN TO

RENE'S RESTAURANT
Main Street       Phone 3-0230
LENNOXVILLE

26 Wellington St. N.,
SHERBROOKE, QUE.
Phone 2-3849

Compliments of
OLIVIER'S
The largest cosmetic store in the Eastern Townships.
12 Wellington St. N.
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

J. O. Rouillard
FLORISTS
91 King St. W.
SHERBROOKE

Compliments of
OLIVIER'S
The largest cosmetic store in the Eastern Townships.
12 Wellington St. N.
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Your family druggist.
Lennoxville 2-8555
Horace H. Clark
Chemist and Druggist

Compliments of
Lennoxville Building Supplies Ltd.
Lennoxville, P.Q.
Telephone 2-9915

Compliments of
J. A. GERVAIS
Barber
106 Main St., Lennoxville.

Compliments of
Sing Lee Laundry
189 King St. W.
Sherbrooke

Compliments of
NEW SHERBROOKE HOTEL

MICHAELMAS 1952
McMichael, Common, Howard, Ker & Cote
Advocates Barristers Co.
360 St. James St. West, Montreal

Compliments of
Maurice White
48 King St. E.

Compliments of
DAIGNEAULT JEWELLERS
46 King St. W.
Sherbrooke

Compliments of
FURNITURE FOR
· HOME
· OFFICE
· STUDY
ECHENBERG BROS.

Custom Tailoring to Your Individual Measure
An Investment in Good Appearance
“Canada’s Leading Clerical Robemakers”

J. A. WIGGETT and CO.
Established 1886
HIGH GRADE FOOTWEAR
94 Wellington St. N. Tel. 2-2245
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

JOHN MILFORD
and Son Reg’d
FLORISTS
Sherbrooke, Que. Phone 2-3757

Compliments of
Boisvert and Sons
5 King St. W.
Sherbrooke

Compliments of
Savoie Drug Store
51 King St. E.
Telephone 2-1567

Robert Gauthier
103 King St. E.
Sherbrooke
Pleasant View Hotel
North Hatley, Que.
Open all year for general hotel business.
Conventions, Lunches, Dinners and Dances
John R. MacKay, Prop.

McFADDEN HARDWARE REG'D.
A. Doiron, Prop.
General Hardware
Farmers' Supplies
Paints, Varnishes and Wallpaper.
Tel. 2-7111
155 Main St. Lennoxville, Que.

The MITRE

One of the newest and most select all year round resorts in the Eastern Townships.

NORTH HATLEY, QUE.

- Famous for Meals
- Distinguished Clientele
- All Summer and Winter Sports

Tel. Sherbrooke 3-0180

OUR ADVERTISERS
MAKE THIS PUBLICATION POSSIBLE!

Please Favour Them
With YOUR Patronage
Whenever You Can!

The Largest and Finest Hardware Store in the Eastern Townships

DISTRIBUTORS FOR:
C. C. M. Skates — Spalding Hockey Equipment
Bentley Badminton Rackets — B. F. Goodrich Running Shoes
Daoust Lalonde Ski Boots — Harvey Dodds Skis
Sunbeam Electric Appliances — Kelvinator Refrigerators
General Steel Wares Products

ALSO
Electrical Supplies — General Hardware
Building Supplies — Fine Chinaware — Crockery

COAL • COKE • FUEL OIL

1876 — 1952

Hardware-Electrical Appliances
J.S. MITCHELL & CO. LTD.
78-80 WELLINGTON N. • SHERBROOKE, QUE.