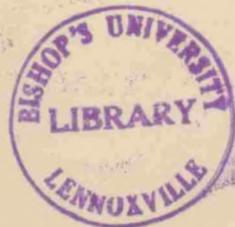
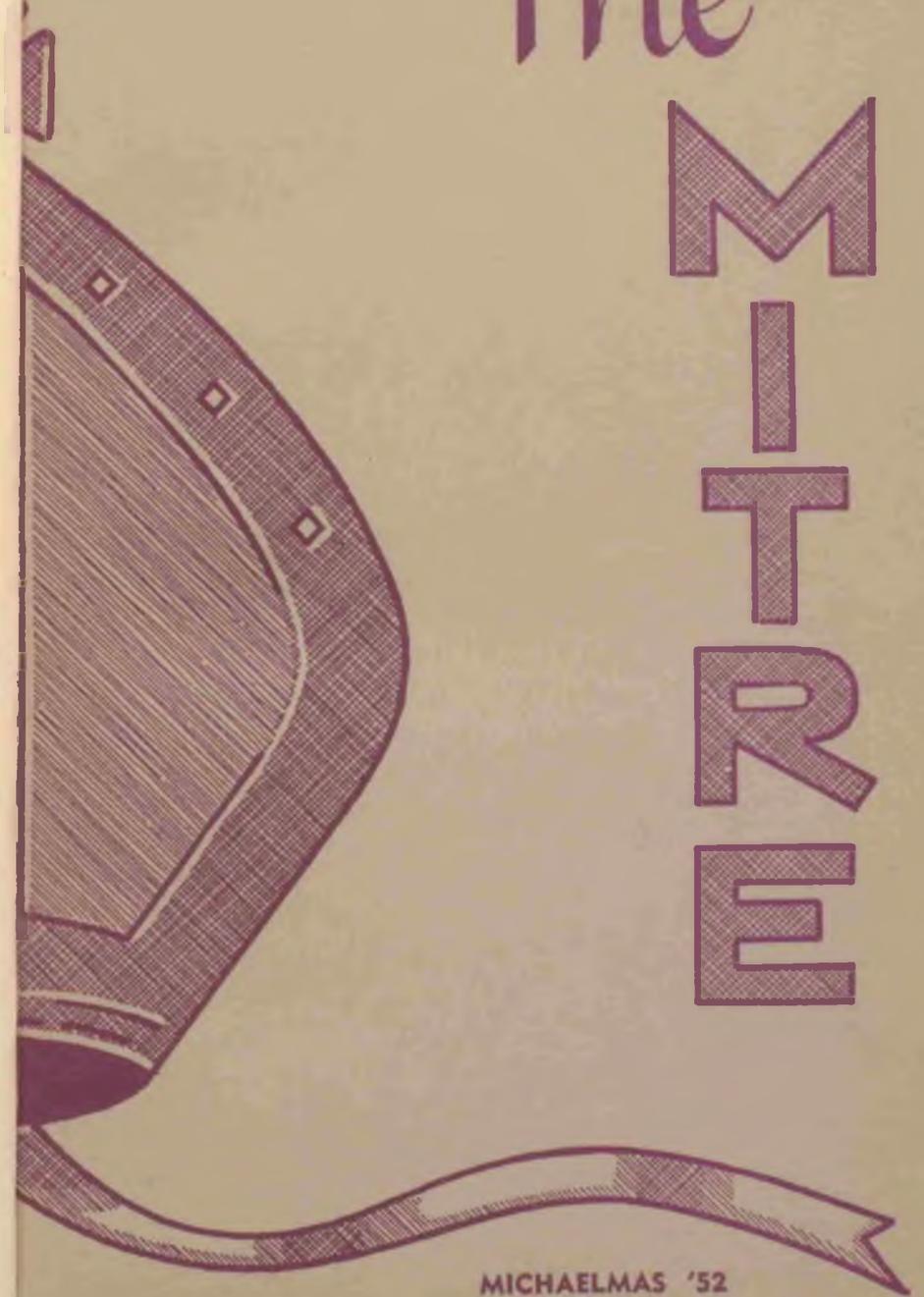


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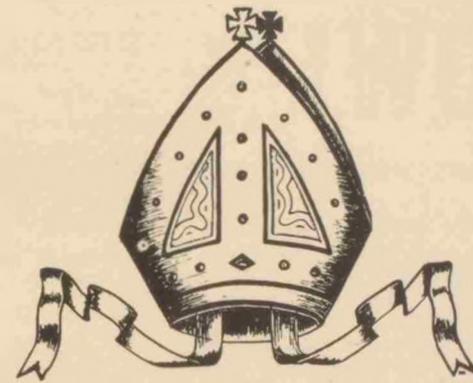
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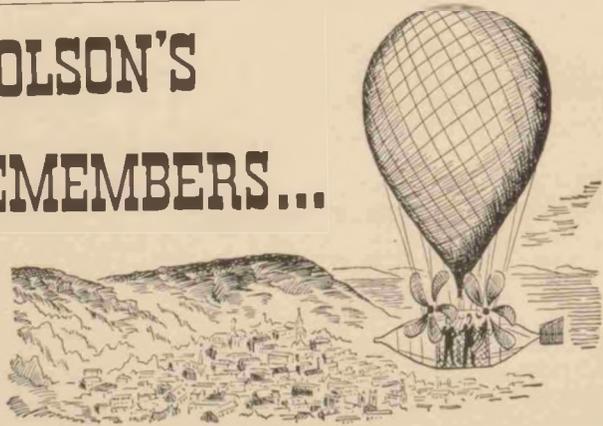
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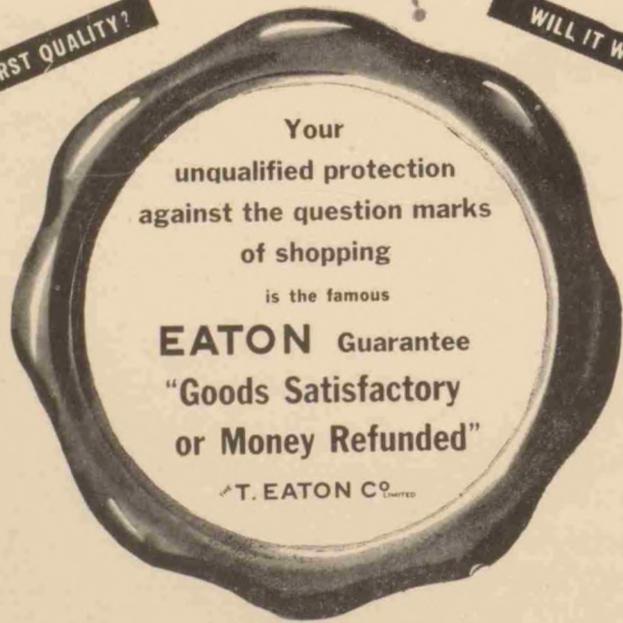
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From Sea Even Unto Sea

TH.S 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 6th ultimo and thank you sincerely for copies of “The Mitre” for Michaelmas 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.

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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.

Where Are Your Saints?

(a Postscript to "What's Wrong with the Church of England?", a talk delivered to the Canterbury Club of Bishop's University, October 28th, 1952)

By the Revd. H. L. Clarke

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 digged'. 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 zealotry 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-

bert, the 'Country Parson', who shows us in his own prose and verse something of that humble unaffected holiness which had an infectious effect upon those who came into contact with it, and which has been lovingly depicted in Izaak Walton's lines.

By his humble behaviour and visible adoration (Walton writes) he brought not only his own household to serve the Lord, but brought most of his parishioners and many gentlemen in the neighbourhood to make part of his congregation twice a day; and some of the meaner sort of his parish did so love and reverence Mr. Herbert that they would let their plough rest when Mr. Herbert's saints' bell rang to prayers, that they might offer their devotions to God with him, and would then return to their plough.

Another of our saints is Nicolas Ferrar, gathering around him at Little Gidding the first English religious community since the Reformation; another, of different sex and vastly different *milieu*, is Margaret Godolphin, achieving sanctity in the world, amid the intrigues and vanities of the Court

Everyone was in love with her, some almost dying for her (writes Evelyn, the diarist). She had not been two years at Court before her virtue, her beauty and her wit made her be looked upon as a little miracle. She had all the pretty arts and innocent stratagems imaginable, of mingling serious things on all occasions, seasoning even her diversions with something of religion which, as she would manage it, put to rebuke all their stocks of raillery, and as nothing was more agreeable than her company wherever she came, she made virtue and holiness a cheerful thing, lovely as herself.

The love of God was the motive power that drove Margaret into the most unexpected places. She knew the inside of the debtors' prisons and had released many people from them with her own money. She went fearlessly to the hovels and dark places by the water-side, if she heard of any sick people there whom she could help. The same power moved Ken, when Bishop of Bath and Wells, to active protest against the inhumanity of Judge Jeffreys toward those who fell into his power at the 'Bloody Assize' after the defeat of the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth. Ken opened a counter-attack of love, tending, feeding, clothing those who lay in the prisons at Wells, and succouring their souls. 'I visited them night and day', he wrote later, 'and I thank God I supplied them with necessaries myself as far as I could and encouraged others to do the same'. Ken has been deservedly called 'Christ's reply to Jeffreys'.

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 or 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 ornates 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.

Beowulf, or "Did You Know I Killed Two Monsters"

By Elizabeth Home

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 "GRENDDEL: 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.



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 Anacrona, 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
Smooths 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, Doelogy 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 is a vault society's fault?"*

Or this simple poem entitled NaCl,

*"mAdam
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)*

(at least Milton, Ill. to a Texas Bar
ranch.
what i see too is pendent
to the garden
where snakeslunk
to eve arden
t of paramour."

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 diosyncithclynicide 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 Insistentalist 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 Insistentalism 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 Insistentalism is capable of thinking out."

The following chapter *Aristocracy versus Tyrannyism* 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, Insistentalism 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 Insistentalists. 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 quixotically 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."*

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

Leisure shall be given to the Insistentist for only he can be entrusted to make proper use of it. This is the subject of the following chapter. Insistentism 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 Insistentist 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 summarize 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 posses 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.

*"Commtes are Red, tories are blue
how in the h --- did you escape
from our zoo
with democratic 'secrets'
sewn 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

| | | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------|---|--|
| 1 Revolution of industrial wheel | 2 3/4 University professors | + | 5.33 1/3 Red convertible cars (each with 328 lbs. of chromium) |
| on which 25 work- ers are chained | | | |
| or more simply | | | |

$$x = 2\frac{3}{4}y + 5.33\frac{1}{3}z$$

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 expedicted is the herding of men together into cities. This, we all know "has taught men toleration. Are not the city dwellers the best-humoured, most smiling and hopefulest 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 Insistentia- lists 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.
O those landlord cellar millionaires
creeping up our pantry stairs."*

Insistentia- lists 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." St. Vincent's analytic mind has plucked out these salient facts and noted a tendency which historians should now thoroughly investigate.

With a chapter on *Insistology*, St. Vincent ends his book of Insistentia- lists. "Insistentia- lists," he maintains, "aims to make the individual free, but not with the meaningless freedom of democracy. Man

cannot live wholly in a vacuum unless he wishes to be nothing. As a result there will always be a constant absorption into and corresponding revulsion from society." St. Vincent sees this as the fundamental spirit of history in all ages.

The supreme political objective of Insistentia- lists society can only be the fullest development of good potentialities within us. Justice insists in the state to see that this is achieved, guaranteeing to the greatest number of Insistentia- lists the external conditions necessary for the maximum development of individual personality. "Never will our state regulate the inner man," says St. Vincent authoritatively.

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, "Our 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 Insistentia- lists has no need for society. But we will have one all the same."

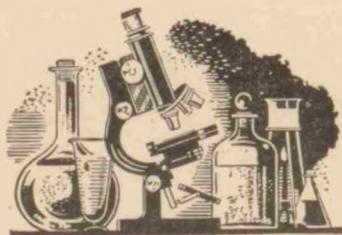
John St. Vincent Smith, Canada's true bard and now philosopher closes his tenuous book with a verse from a poem that shows his Insistentia- lists fears.

*"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:
a 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 Insistentalist pastures.

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

—Brian Kelley.



Icelandia

*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 slightest 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 rabsence 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

Ars Poetica

By N. L. Wilson

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."

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 "Frisc hweht 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 re-distribute 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 sore 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!



The MITRE

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.



MICHAELMAS 1952

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 wrung
By neglect and want,
But yet again —
Fury will rise to be calmed
By the miracle of a crystal drop.

—Jane Quintin.

A Rebellious Study

THE history of music has produced two great composers. The critic of *Freymüthige* wrote after the premier of the *Eroica* that in it many failed to find any "artistic value", just "an untamed and unsuccessful striving after singularity", a use of "strange modulations and violent transitions". The result was the "unusual and fantastic". At the Paris premier of *Pierrot Lunaire* members of the audience snatched the instruments from the musicians; in Vienne fighting broke out in the hall; in London the English sniffed.

Ludwig van Beethoven died one hundred and twenty-five years ago; Arnold Schoenberg, only last year, yet there is no doubt that these two men have had a more profound influence on the course of musical history than other composers. It seems the inescapable destiny of all great artists to be attacked or ignored (which is infinitely worse) during the greater part of their lives. What criticism is left of the first performance of the Beethoven C major symphony is adverse; five years later it was held up as the model to which the composer should return. In the case of Schoenberg an attitude of hostility is still being felt; no major work except his *Verklaerte Nacht*—an early piece of post-Wagnerian program music—has been played in Canada. Yet his relation to modern music can be compared only with that of T. S. Eliot to modern literature. There is one fault in this analogy: the influence of Mr. Eliot has been principally on just English speaking countries.

To concentrate on Beethoven, to examine his development, to criticize his standards, to assess his importance is much easier than to deal with Schoenberg, for although they were both trying to solve much the same problem, the irrational prejudices both for and against Schoenberg tend to blur his real significance. To comment on Beethoven is to imply much about Schoenberg.

In 1792, probably because of the urging of Count Waldstein, Beethoven went to Vienna to study under Haydn. He did well for himself and by 1801 had published his Opus 21. The depth of emotion in the song *Adelaide* (1796), the slow movement of the *Quintet for Piano and Winds* (1797), or the second movements of the C minor and the D major sonatas Opus 10, or the opening of the sonata Opus 13, indi-

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 Haydnesque 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 75, 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 needed to 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 matter; single notes and chords became points of suspension, as in the conclusion to the *Das Lebewohl* of the twenty-sixth pianoforte 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, neomodality, and polytonality 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-drams 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*, *Apercus Désagréables* and *Airs à Faire Fuir*, and Hindesmith 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 derogatory 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 all together, 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 Schaffender 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, equality, 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 'heroness', 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 Wiessenbach 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.



A Notice Found on an Undergraduate's Door

At about three o'clock in the morning of a cool October day we were prowling the corridors of Old Arts when our eye was caught by the sight of a notice on one of the doors. Being by nature curious, we paused in our progress to read the following promulgation. It was obviously written by some poor unfortunate Arts student who was labouring under great academic and emotional pressure. Upon reading it we were tempted to open the door and shout, "No, no, go not to Lethe" However, respecting the sentiments of the author and realizing results of such an action, we retreated down the hall rejoicing that for once in a university we had found a notice written by a student who was obviously more educated than a ditch-digger, so deciding to give up our previous resolution to join their ranks.

*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.

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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 inasmuch 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-

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

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 and
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,
Dissatisfied 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 shufflambulation 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, veinous 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.

Magazines . . .

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)



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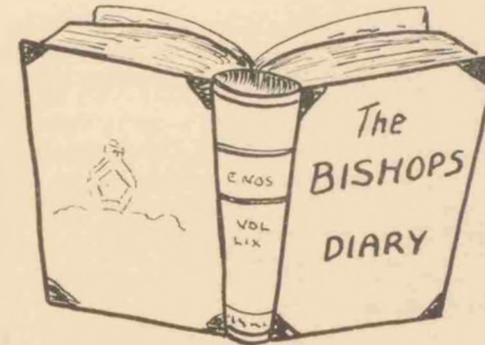
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- Sept. 17: Bishop's has its first look at the Class of '55 and appears to like what it sees of the new studes.
- Sept. 20: The Leslie Bell Singers arrive, sing beautifully, and leave with the hearts and thanks of the college. Quiet get-together at Audet's follows. Let's hope they will visit our campus again next year! (Cahan, cahan, helia hoop-la).
- Sept. 22: Freshman week begins with donning of purple-and-white headgear and identification cards. Wiener roast brings to light organizational talents in copper-thatched Divine.
- 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.

The MITRE

- 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. 25: Al Black elected I.V.D.L. prexy as college again prides itself on strength in dramatics.
- 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.

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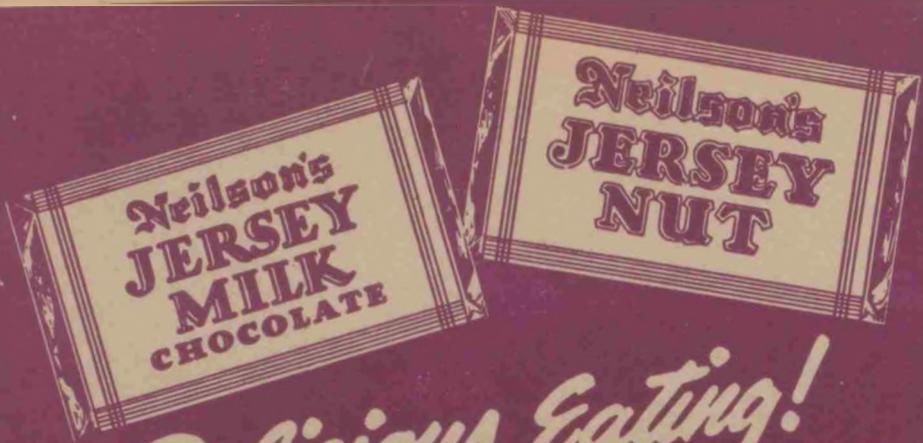
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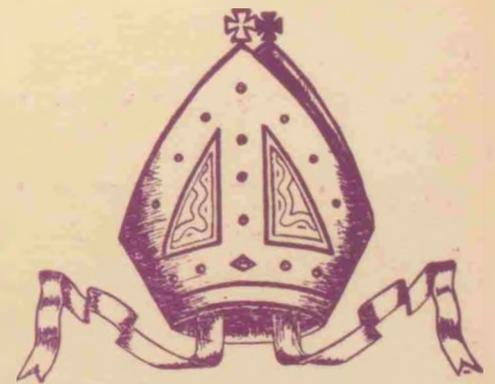
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