

67-N

THE MITRE



YOUR WILL

is probably the most important document you'll ever sign — as it is a job for a specialist, don't write your own.

The modest fee your lawyer or notary charges, may be the soundest investment you will ever make — his professional know-how will assure you of a valid transfer of your property after death.

We will gladly assist you in preliminary planning of your Will — without cost or obligation — and explain advantages of naming this Company as Executor.

**SHERBROOKE
TRUST
COMPANY**

FOUNDED 1843



ROYAL CHARTER 1853

Bishop's University Lennoxville, Quebec

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

Honours and Pass Courses are provided
for the following degrees:

Bachelor of Arts — B.A. **Bachelor of Science — B.Sc.**

Post-Graduate work is provided for:

Master of Arts — M.A. **Master of Education — M.Ed.**

Licentiate in Sacred Theology (L.S.T.)

High School Teachers Certificate

VALUABLE SCHOLARSHIPS AND BURSARIES

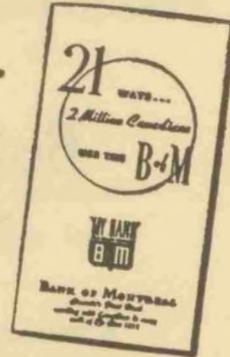
For Calendars, with information regarding entrance requirements, courses and fees, apply:

THE REGISTRAR
Bishop's University
Lennoxville, Que.

How more than 2 million Canadians save

Time and Money...

For Saving Money ... Paying Bills ...
Banking by Mail ... Travel Financing ...
Sending Money Away ... Safekeeping of
Valuables ... Operating a Joint Account ...
Obtaining Business Information ... Buying
and Selling Securities ... these are only
nine of the ways in which Canadians in all
walks of life use the B of M.



Find out more about the B of M's many time
and money saving services. Ask for our booklet:
"21 Ways 2 Million Canadians use the B of M".

BANK OF MONTREAL
Canada's First Bank

THERE ARE MORE THAN 775 B OF M BRANCHES IN CANADA TO SERVE YOU

Compliments

of

**CANADA
PAPER CO.**

When is a Right a DUTY?

Today everyone enjoys as his birthright, privileges which once were the possession of only a few. But his birthright also includes responsibilities with respect to the privileges he enjoys.

Education is one of the privileges which carry responsibilities. All of us have the responsibility, for example, of helping to ensure that every young person has the opportunity to complete his education, and of seeing that the quality of instruction at our schools and colleges is maintained at a high level.

Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada is preparing, for free distribution, a series of booklets on educational matters of importance. These booklets, issued as a public service, discuss problems in which all of us share responsibility. Inquiries about this series should be addressed to: VALUES IN EDUCATION, SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA, SUN LIFE BUILDING, MONTREAL.





THE MILDEST BEST-TASTING CIGARETTE

Sherbrooke Daily Record

THE ONLY ENGLISH DAILY
IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS



Designers and Quality Printers

MacKINNON STRUCTURAL STEEL COMPANY, LIMITED

Sherbrooke, Quebec
STRUCTURAL STEEL AND PLATE WORK
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

P.O. Box 728

Phone LO. 2-4779

Page-Sangster Printing Co. Limited

Printers • Lithographers • Stationers • Paper Boxes

406 Minto St. — Sherbrooke, Que.

LO. 2-3861

SOUTHWOOD, CAMPBELL & HOWARD LTD. GENERAL INSURANCE

167 Frontenac St.

Sherbrooke, Que.



Phone LO. 9-3654

M. W. Mitchell Sporting Goods Co. Ltd.

P.O. BOX 730 — LENNOXVILLE, P.Q.

"YOUR SPORTING GOODS HEADQUARTERS"

Keep your eye on Route 5 for the
opening of our new retail store.

SOON

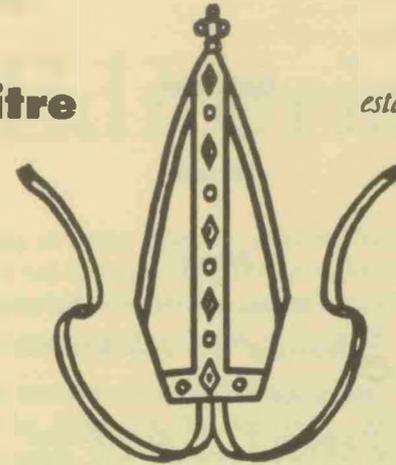
Dedication

To The Arts —

May They Regain Their Own

the mitre

established 1893



J. Gray • Honorary Vice-Presidents • A. J. Motyer

Editor • Bill Hambly

Assistant Editor • Scott Griffin

Women's Editor • Shirley McLeod

Business Manager • John Macaulay

Circulation Manager • Ian Griffin

Literary Board

A. J. Motyer

J. Gray

Shirley McLeod

**A Student Publication of Bishop's University,
Lennoxville, P.Q.**

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

Dedication
6

Editorial
9

Poetry

White	10	<i>Marion Ballantyne</i>
Someday	10	<i>Ann Meredith</i>
Fragment 1	11	<i>Anne Barnet</i>
Fragment 2	11	<i>Anne Barnet</i>
Mirror Pillar	12	<i>Eve Norton</i>
Voice of the Beat	12	<i>Eve Norton</i>
Discipline	13	<i>Eve Norton</i>
Solitude	13	<i>Eve Norton</i>
Lost	14	<i>Andrew L. Webster</i>
Sister's Striped Gift	15	<i>Andrew L. Webster</i>
Society	16	<i>M. A. Hughes</i>
Communion	16	<i>M. A. Hughes</i>
Kingdom of Crows	17	<i>Shirley McLeod</i>
Sonnet	18	<i>Elma Beall</i>
Misconception	18	<i>Elma Beall</i>
A Triumphal Ode	19	<i>J. A. Jefferis</i>

Prose and Drama

Edward	20	<i>F. D. D. Scott</i>
Dead End	21	<i>Elma Beall</i>
Rigor Mentis	22	<i>Elma Beall</i>
The Golden Grain of Summer	24	<i>Blake Brodie</i>
Fugue For Gas Man	33	<i>Bill Hambly</i>

Editorial

This is a time of great scientific achievement when numbers are being substituted for letters. Since the great industrial revolutions of the past century the Arts have been slowly losing ground to the influx of scientific experiment and technical knowledge.

Yet the Arts continue to be the expression of man, and, although they appear to be following the low road, the path of secondary importance and worth, (the allusion continued would then make man secondary to his scientific achievements) it cannot be denied that they are there.

Man continues to undergo a transformation of thought as his knowledge increases. Many times does one hear the phrase, "We are the product of our age." In the Arts this is apparent; there is a new style, a new way, new ideas, experiment, and technique. It appears in the schools of modern painting, of writing, and of music. It is lauded, it is condemned, and the criticism gives heart and gives anger, and there is more experiment and new barriers to overcome. Some is good, some bad, and the bad is dropped by the wayside to be picked over by the unwary while the little good struggles against the fallow and finally gains understanding and acceptance.

Thus we come to the Mitre. I am excusing the smallness of the issue on the basis of a lack of writers rather than a lack of interest by those who write. Whether this is the case is a matter for conjecture. However, presented here are works of varying merit. Perhaps a name appearing here will eventually carry great weight in the literary world, perhaps not. At this time it is of little importance, for, if the contents of this little book can cause some controversy, if a word of praise or a rebuff can be given to a contributor, spurring him or her on to some greater achievement, more important, if a few moments of entertainment can be found by a reader, then all are satisfied.

Marion Ballantyne

WHITE

Soft, silent world
Fashioned of death,
Built of an ending,
And yet alive,
Sifting the sparkle and glitter of life,
Through all the white,
Cold white, yet pure.

Soft, other world
Fashioned of death,
Built of an ending,
Yet more alive,
Showing the glow and the oneness of souls
Again through the white,
Warm white and pure.

Ann Meredith

SOMEDAY

I love long walks, trying to see things that no one else sees.
I try to listen to deep music and read new and strange things,
Listen and try to form thought.
I talk and listen, mostly talk, about things I know nothing of.
Perhaps, some day, I shall be something, someone . . .
I look at the reflection of the wind breathing into the pines,
They tantalize my window pane,
Then I sit and dream of Greece and people and places and things,
Someday, someday . . .
I know so much and yet I know nothing,
I have never loved with love or lived with life,
Yet.

Poetry

Anne Barnet

FRAGMENT 1 — FRAGMENT 2

FRAGMENT #1

I stood on the edge
And looked down.
Down to the pit so black
What was there?
Nothing.
Nothing but empty space
That circled around the pit
But there were people below
Wandering in a void.
In nothing but empty space and
the pit of black despair.
Who are the people
down below?
Where do they come from?
Where do they go?

FRAGMENT #2

People
People like you and me.
They are lost in this world.
Confusion, frustration
Are theirs.
Hope they do not know.
We too are like them
Down in the pit so black
We can't go back or forward
But live in a world of woe.

Eve Norton

MIRROR PILLAR

(Thoughts on looking at a pillar made of squares of mirror.)
Self-conscious fragments
Leap from brilliant corners
Forming an introspective
Mosaic.
Cuboidal cheeks and fragmentated eyes, frantically
Seek to express in geometrical confusion
Their entity.
And muddy voices call dischordantly
Till the echoes of them spill out of a vast, shadowy wind-tunnel
Into the vacuum of my soul and I must
Turn away.

VOICE OF THE BEAT

White-skinned, with Africa's savage blood in my veins
I stand defiant.
Though I carve out my guts with a knife
And hope to die,
They sew my flesh and make me whole once more
And hand me my unemployment insurance cheque
Each month.
Though I defile my body with sex and my mind with death
Until the rotting of it can be heard
In the desert wilderness
Even then they will not lift their hand
Against me.

So do I live alone
With their eyes on me.
O who can understand my multidimensional world?

DISCIPLINE

Mine is the generation of indulgence.
Our teeth are fixed and our bodies clothed
And we are allowed to grow
Secure and comfortable and with a reassuringly
Full belly.
When we do wrong we are reasoned with
And we say yes, we are sorry
With our eyes fixed greedily
On the bountiful table. If something goes wrong, then
Daddy will fix it, and if not Daddy then
Big John Diefenbaker and besides
What could go wrong?
If we fail we cry and promise to do better
Although thinking wistfully of the success that is due us by right —
And what happened?
Nothing is too serious; not serious enough to bend our straight, tall
Indifferent backs.
Nothing, that is except the feeling
That we are spreading slowly
Like some melting
Ameoba
Into a greasy pool of irresolution
And What is it all about anyway?

SOLITUDE

The very word bespeaks of calm
A precious clarity swathed in velvet; dark green.
Freedom to crystallize the nectar of a psalm
Or ponder hist'ry with a mind serene
And here I am alone
And yet
I long to hear the prosy dull again
And be caught up in Nature's gaudy net
Even to hear the vulgarest of men
With flat cackling and a laugh too loud
Shatter the crystal cage that is my solitude
O jar me from this hollow hermit's place
And snatch from me Oblivion's solitary shroud.

Andrew L. Webster

LOST

In the wicker chair I sit
Enfolded in this narrow room
Glinting numbly at the fire.
The glimmer of my desires.

Not far from this palarcial mansion
Lies the academy wherein I went to school;
'Tis set there in tumultous solitude,
Set off, a tiny cage.

Outside my window
White-washed, black waves,
By the wind stirs through these cracked walls,
A weary, wanton woman within it craves.

It has not broken loose, it crawls
To find the air and light, struck down,
Enfeebled; the academy has strong claws
And prying leering eyes to watch
The monster nurtured from its very blood.

But hark, the guests have come.
The band is up; up and away boys:
We like the music; sing boys:
It's flowing nicely — drink boys.

Sweet nectar, golden sea,
Bright, sparkling tins.

Soft pallor, insidious gloom,
Disguiséd shadow, impending doom
Permeate my sunlit room.

O Lost!

Lost the spreading pine that spreads
In lifting twirls above the cruel, leering laugh
And singing fools that laugh and watch and talk
And sing no more.

SISTER'S STRIPED GIFT

It's just too, too incredible!
To rest I lie
To watch the tie
Before I die.
The Tie:-
It flutters and sways before my eyes,
It moves, it stirs my being. It tells me
I shall be coming home
To life that breaths a promise and a sigh

For the small flame that is in us,
For the shortness of its span,
For the strength, tempered by
The wisdom of our vision,
The prudence of our lives.

This blue and purple thing,
This tie so cool, refreshed and high,
Hung gently over a rusty nail
Above my bed in the yellow tent
Of my frustration; bright thing
Enclosed there amid the pallor,
The ennui of a life enclosed,
But crystallizing, incubating, reverberating

Against thin plastic walls
Grow subteranean dark and narrow;
Dim light, inextinguishable.

The tie, so bright, it gives a promise
To heights unseen, to home,
To the laboratory of clacking machines,
Season tickets to The Metropolitan
And all the theatre praised
By Kerr and Atkinson.

The tie:-
Vain thing, it lies.
Directed to another course:
It leads across the sea, the continent,
And purely cultural pursuits
By the mediterranean.

The tie:-
Its colours are pleasing to the eye.

But, sorrow, I shall not wear it,
Outside the musty walls of my domicile.

M. A. Hughes
SOCIETY

the world drifts
o'er the ceaseless waves
of progress
like the Dutchman
who forever floats upon
the tides of uncertainty
never reaching the safety
of a port called peace.
Our ceaseless, maudlin ramblings
which we so often
call progress
causes mankind to stagnate
in the mire of
egotistical complacency.

COMMUNION

In our empty generation
we, so oft, cry out
in hunger,
mewling for satisfaction
and whispering our needs,
but without an
understanding of that
love which satisfies
the basic emptiness.

Then, when empty and upon
our knees,
with hands outstretched
in eager anticipation,
our bodies racked with
mental pain,
we wonder of our worth
and think of
penitence.

In our emptiness
we cry,
grasping eagerly for some
breath of life.

Then suddenly we're
filled.
We feel a newness
in our mind,

our body's filled
by a spirit of
desire.
Love has been given
into our hands,
digested till it
fulfills our very
soul.

The emptiness is broken,
the aimlessness is redeemed
in sacrificing our pride
we find the meaning
of our life.

Shirley McLeod

KINGDOM OF CROWS

All is still in the kingdom of crows:
Morning is young in the kingdom of crows.
Comes the first pale glow of returning light
And "Caw!" the throaty call of an ancient
Is heard.

"Caw!" — more insistent this; no dalliance,—
All must awake in the kingdom of crows.

In the golden-dappled kingdom of crows,
Throughout the day in the kingdom of crows,
Hoarse voices in hurried consult,
Sharp messages: "Caw, caw!" harsh and hard
Are heard.

"Caw!" the ancient croaks approval to
Some deep plot in the kingdom of crows.

Evening descends to the kingdom of crows,
Eerie is nightfall in the kingdom of crows:
Black hides black. The ancient's eyes
Are hooded in sleep. No sound
Is heard.

And one may walk alone in the quiet woods
Unaware of the daylight kingdom of crows.

Elma Beall

SONNET

"I will show you fear in a handful of dust"

— T. S. Eliot

Come with me, all seekers of the true
 And rise on iridescent streams of light
 Where day emerges from the womb of night,
 Touching the earth with tenderness; where dew
 May cool the swollen, burning brain. Come you
 With me, to peace. The self shall vanish, trite
 And useless phrases leave the mind; give sight,
 Smell, hearing — all the senses — each its due.
 Fools are the scholars, when they think to find
 The answer to man's longing in some word,
 Believing in their arrogance that they must
 Reduce all to the concept of a mind.
 The ultimate definable? Absurd.
 I will show you truth in a handful of golden dust.

MISCONCEPTION

Try again, try again.
 Once nothing was, and once again shall be
 Save the infinite struggle toward the
 realization
 And the embodiment of the ultimate;
 In this wise was created earth.
 Light there was also; light gave life.
 The struggle began which shall again begin
 The life reached out and the life stretched
 up
 Seeking ever to bring forth the word:
 The word called Truth.
 The life reached out and the life stretched
 up
 The ape and tiger died, the reigning races
 Perished — and lo, there was crowned
 another king
 Whose name was Man.
 Here was a chance indeed, but the fire
 burned in
 Consuming itself, only ashes remaining.
 Energy was made man and the word became flesh
 But it was not Truth.
 Try again, try again.

J. A. Jefferis

Dear Mr. Editor

My heart is warmed by your request to the graduates to contribute to the next number of your periodical. No invitation could be more convenient to me. As you may know, one of our more celebrated alumni poets, George Whalley, a frequent contributor in the past, has this year been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. As one of our less celebrated alumni poets, I have been stirred to write a Triumphal Ode, a form of verse not often practised today. As the whole Ode would occupy a good deal of space, I am offering you merely one stanza for publication. It follows a rather more classical tradition than that affected by most of our student versifiers today. Nevertheless, you will no doubt observe the influence of Kierkegarde, Brecht and Anouihl, as well as that of Alfred, Lord Tennyson and the Reverend Augustus Toplady.

I am, of course, quite ready to waive any question of remuneration, without prejudice to my copyright.

Your obedient servant,

J. D. Jefferis

A TRIUMPHAL ODE

to

GEORGE WHALLEY

Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada
 Stanza 7 (Roman numeral 7)
 The Good News Reaches Africa
 On the coasts of far Ashanti
 Every heart goes panty panty.
 Hippopotamus and rhino,
 (Which is which I'm damned if I know),
 Orang-utang and baboon,
 All join in with cheerful tune.
 E'en the dangerous crocodile
 Wreathes his chops with winsome smile.
 Houphouet-Boigny and Nkrumah
 Are delighted at the rumour,—
 Wear their top hats and umbrellas;
 George is one of those Royal Fellows!
 All are happy as can be;
 George is now F.R.S.C. !

F. D. D. Scott

EDWARD

Edward's moments of tortured anguish rarely lasted long.

Take last Monday, for instance. Holiday from business, holiday from trivialities, he thought. It was hot and he began drinking early. As he pulled more dark green bottles from the frig he felt the usual sensation of a heavy head on top of a light breakfast.

From his third floor alcove window he surveyed life. Life? No, an illusion, he reprimanded himself. A cooling breeze blew in his face. Must he enjoy it?

Miles below him he watched humanity moving in its inevitable circle. The sound of salesmen's steps on the concrete shouted . . . "success!" A policeman made jottings in his book. The scrape of a streetcleaner's shovel was interrupted irregularly by the squeal of impatient tires.

Edward walked from the window and flopped onto a couch. He surveyed his paintings, his books, his furniture. Ideas artfully conceived — but he was tired, so weary and tired of all that now. To hell with it.

To hell with cool breezes and pleasing shapes. The beer foamed as he poured too much too hard. He watched it spill over that "beautifully executed Britania Ware" mug. That's what the dealer had told him: "beautifully executed," and he had bought it.

Well he didn't want to see an antique dealer again. He was as tired of artists as he was of stockbrokers. It was all ugly humanity. Edward was depressed and that was that.

The latest *Life* was on the table and the picture of a dead dog caught his attention. As he continued to jerk the pages over one by one his eyes became fixed and a protective haze enveloped him.

The ring of the telephone startled him and his hello was not quite steady.

"Edward, have you buried yourself in that dashed garret on a day like this?"

"No, I'm merely . . . depressed, James."

"Oh, stop being fashionable, Edward." (Edward flushed). "I've got two beautiful girls here who want to meet you. We're just around the corner at the Toddle. Shall we see you in a minute?"

Edward recovered himself. "Well, yes, sounds like fun."

Elma Beall

DEAD END

Thick black night, oozing dampness at every pore, and a long road home, with only a street light between here and there; beneath it, one lonely man with a single sputtering match shielding him from the dark. To this add a skinny spinster, thirtyish, with a dreary road behind her and one more dreary ahead: Fear lives and becomes a presence here.

She hurries down the street, nervous little heels tip-tapping; one hand clutches a shapeless jacket tightly across her flat chest while the other grips her handbag defiantly. "You can't trust any man," she would tell you, and now she looks with scared hatred at the still figure below the streetlight. She comes nearer, nearer, his breath scratches in her ear; she is passing, is past and— dear Mother of God! Footsteps behind her, sure as sin; slow steady steps with the pulsing beat of desire.

Frightening shreds of thought tumble about in her mind; "That girl last week . . . you hear about cases like this all the time . . . I know what he wants . . . all men want the same thing . . . God, how much farther?" while the steps grow quicker, ringing louder, until they blend with the terror of her heart-beat. Her stomach writhes in a tight little coil, protesting against the thoughts of life; thin nostrils quiver closed, shutting out the smell of Man. Louder grow the steps, faster, faster; faster goes the little brown mouse, scurrying away from the big bad cat.

There it is now: a tiny grey house at the end of the road. "Just a few more yards to go," she thinks, then shivers with a new fear. She lives all alone in her tiny grey house, and these men will stop at nothing once the lust is aroused within them.

"A young woman, unprotected . . . and still attractive too. These creatures know— they look us up and down and they pick the ones . . . Father in Heaven, what a disgusting thought!" She has reached the house, the house which seems as defenceless as she, runs up the steps and peeps back, blood bounding, thighs trembling. She looks again, straining through the dark, and sees— nothing. Nothing, nothing, nothing . . .

Far down the road, a young man waits beneath a street-light, flicking ash off his cigarette. She cries out, this little brown woman, stamps her tiny foot and bites at her claw-hands. It is a cry of anger, and tears of shame and frustration sting strangely her dead, dull eyes.

Elma Beall

RIGOR MENTIS

The twentieth century could accurately be termed the age of mass hypnosis. Parents, teachers, and clergymen have long been aware of the efficacy of repetition in instilling ideas and moulding character, so long as they can seize their victims early enough. "Eat your spinach if you want to be a big man", "Democracy is the best form of government," "Live a good life or you won't go to heaven" are examples. Now that the slogans and catch-phrases of these authorities, plus those of politicians, manufacturers and countless others, can be drummed into the subconscious of millions of people daily through the media of television, radio and the press, the sway of repetition has reached terrifying proportions. How many people would buy "Smirk" tooth-paste on the strength of one exhortation? We poor dupes may imagine that we are immune to such methods, but the time has come to exhume the truth. Any phrase, repeated ad nauseam, has the power not only to induce us to buy "Smirk" or to vote Conservative; filtering insidiously into the mind and festering there, it may completely thwart the development of one personality — or of a million

Had any psycho-analyst been able to probe into the hidden caverns of John Blainsford's mind, he would have found that that specimen of humanity had the private opinion that he was rather more intelligent and a great deal more sensitive than average, with large powers of insight and imagination, and an apprehension of a Great Destiny before him. He was, in short, a thoroughly normal, ordinary young man. At the age of twenty-two, John had acquired the degree of Bachelor of Journalism, and although the idealist in him rebelled against the degrading tawdriness of "journalese", the realist recognised the value of daily bread and butter. Life was for him an interesting journey toward some unknown promised land, occasionally depressing but generally exhilarating. He believed, incidentally, in the perfectability of Man, which gives an indication of what an optimist he was.

The first position in which young John found himself was that of a reporter on the Midland Times. Midland was a smallish, sluggish community of some ten thousand souls, amazingly free from the contamination of dope smugglers, murderers, nuclear scientists and other such entertaining phenomena. Naturally enough, Blainsford soon felt the need of less limited horizons; consequently in his free moments he would often indulge in solitary excursions into the neighbouring hills, notebook in hand, as the saying goes. Seated at the top of a cliff, or the foot of a tree (or even at the foot of a tree on top of a cliff), he would scribble little essays or snatches of poetry. Sometimes those efforts were gay and sometimes rather morbid, depending generally on how well their

young author had slept on the preceding night. Inevitably, some of these little specimens began to appear in the pages of the Midland Times.

Let us pass over the intervening months and concentrate our attention on the decisive event in John's life. This was the notice taken of one of his poems by a moderately famous literary critic who happened to be in Midland for a rest cure. This poem had been written around three a.m. during a time when John was in one of those "Where am I going anyway?" moods which are common to many, but felt deeply only by the chosen few. It was conceived and brought forth to the accompaniment of several whiskies and half a pack of cigarettes; in consequence it might have been called "disjointed." This, however, was not the term used by the afore-mentioned critic. He remarked on its "subtle penetration" and "sensitive apprehension" and, which is most important (n.b.), he referred to its creator as an Angry Young Man! When John Blainsford first saw these words applied to himself, he put down his half-eaten ham sandwich and began to reflect. He realized, suddenly, that he was angry — about a great many things. It was a novel sensation, and strangely exciting.

Once John had begun to think along this line, nothing could hold him back. From the moment that he became known as "jon", his degeneration was inevitable. Critics excitedly hailed his progress: far from concentrating on his private frustrations, he developed a "cosmic outlook." He was the true spokesman of the nuclear age. The suffering of millions of helpless people received a voice through his pen—or typewriter, to be less romantic but more accurate. The burdens hanging gloomily over the innocent heirs of two world wars, the impossibility of God, the injustice of a pitiless Nature, the blind stupidity of humanity digging its own grave: there are lots of things to be angry about, if one only looks for them. Having a certain knack with words and a pair of eyes equipped with 20-20 vision, John (pardon, jon) felt that his success was inevitable as the heat death of the universe.

Let no one imagine that his task was an easy one. There are moments when the most dedicated pessimists forget their rage. The fiery glare of a dying evening, the pregnant hush of the morning's birth, a barefoot race over sun-hot sand or a breathless skim down a ski-marked mountain; these were all pitfalls to be avoided most scrupulously. Moreover, it has long been recognised that the best way of ridding oneself of bitter feelings is to get out and do something — mow the lawn, weed the garden, et cetera. Take heed, all ye would-be beatniks, and inscribe this maxim on your hearts: **Action is the enemy of Anger.**

What happened to jon? Well, he achieved fame for a few years but, being a conscientious young creature, he took his creed very seriously, a thing which is always dangerous and often fatal. Having realized that absolutely nothing in the world or out of it was worth the energy involved in its creation, jon turned to beating his head against walls and other such unorthodox methods of physical release. He was eventually given a nice clean white jacket and his own private room complete with softly

padded walls just made for banging, and he is probably living there still. Incidentally, the warden will tell you that he is described as being "not at all violent or dangerous" . . .

It would be amusing to discover how many young people believe that "Smirk" toothpaste makes their teeth brighter; it would be interesting to learn how many people believe that a Conservative government makes their taxes lighter. I suppose it would be neither amusing nor interesting, although perhaps — horrors! — instructive, to know how many hopes-of-the-future are at this moment sitting on their backsides in a total paralysis of impotence because they believe that to be young and reasonably perceptive has as its corollary to be bitterly and frustratingly furious.

Blake Brodie

"THE GOLDEN GRAIN OF SUMMER"

(a new play in one act)

AUTHOR'S NOTE

In September the following manuscript was completed and submitted to the Dramatics Society as a competitor for the minor plays. With script approval production began and a cast was assembled. It was at this point that the script fell into the hands of people who had no business reading it. The rumour began to circulate that, in fact, it was "dirty". These rumours soon reached myself and the cast members. From nervousness line changes were suggested. Then we were indirectly advised by the Dramatics Society to cancel production. I was the "bad boy of Bishop's". It was suggested I remain clear of dramatics until the whole business blew over. My one counter-attack was thus, to have the script printed. Below is the "immoral" work. — B. B.

(As the scene opens we encounter a livingroom comfortably steeped in a baronial academic atmosphere. Up stage right are text books piled high atop a trunk. To the left opposite this is a couch facing out toward the audience. Further downstage we see assorted livingroom furniture. To the far right is a cutaway view of the kitchen. As the curtain goes up the one person on stage is Jasper Farthright, a twenty year old college student. He is at the time attempting to fry chicken.)

Jas: (cleverly maneuvering the frying pan about, he stares blankly at the chicken) Hello there, Southern friend. Aren't you glad you're you? Ah, well! It was a short but happy life, no? (Suddenly some of the grease splashes over onto his hand. Dropping the pan, he tears out

Prose and Drama

into the livingroom, grasping his hand.) Holy Hell!! (At the top of his voice) Hallelu-Yaa! (He continues to dance about the room, gritting his teeth. His mother, a middle-aged society-club type, enters from right.)

Mother: Good heavens, Jas! What's wrong? (Not content with the fact that he is in pain she pursues her quarry, who is still dancing about the room.)

Mother: Jas? Now Jasper, really, how . . . ?

Jas: (turning on her, practically yelling down her throat) I burnt my bloody hand! Okay?

Mother: You were making sounds like an animal mortally wounded.

Jas: (recovering, he puts his hands on his mother's shoulders) My dearest mother, I am an animal and I was in pain.

Mother: You really should learn to restrain your emotions a bit, dear. Your outbursts are just a wee bit, shall we say, gaudy. (His father enters from right).

Father: I think they could hear you at the end of the block. Also, you might remember Gladys is sick upstairs.

Jas: Gladys is a vegetable. Gladys is sick every two weeks. She's weeding an extra day off out of you.

Father: We're lucky to have a maid of any description.

Mother: She's really a member of the family now. She's not young and she's put down roots, dear.

Jas: (gesturing toward an imaginary ceiling) One of these days I expect to see those roots come down, burst the ceiling and hug to death everyone in the room. The poor old maid whose only delight is to read Kinsey passionately.

(His mother and father have on evening clothes and are obviously headed out to dinner. They use this as an excuse to change the topic.)

Mother: Well, I gather your hand has recovered? (Jas has plopped on the couch and is inspecting the hand under a floor lamp) I hope you and Taddy have a nice dinner. Uh, you have told her you're leaving next week.

Jas: (sitting up somberly) Yes.

Mother: (putting on her gloves and heading for stage left) Well, then, have a good time and don't do anything I wouldn't do.

Jas: (stretching) Which gives me plenty of leaway. I know.

Father: (who has started out) Dear (She hurries out).

(Jas is left alone. He goes back to the kitchen and starts organizing the meal.)

Jas: (picking up a piece of a chicken leg) My dear, you have beautiful legs!

(Unknown to him, Taddy, a shapely seventeen year old friend, has slipped in the back way She wears shorts and an old blouse which look like a personification of the last few days of summer. She slips through the livingroom and into the kitchen. She sticks two fingers in his back, rather jabs them in.)

Taddy: (playfully) Get 'em up! I surprise you, eh, soldier boy? Matahari surprise you. (She swirls her arm around the back of his neck passionately, overdoing it ridiculously).

(Suddenly, the two of them break out into uncontrollable laughter. Jas staggers into the living room, collapsing on the couch. Taddy squats on the floor.)

Jas: (recovering) You little slob! You didn't even wear shoes.

Taddy: (in sing-song fashion) I don't like shoes.

Jas: What have you been doing all day in that get-up?

Taddy: (moquishly) Oh, you know, playing in my sand box.

Jas: (getting up and pacing around the room) You could have worn a dress.

Taddy: (standing up beside him) Maybe you would have liked a black one.

Jas: (putting his arms about her) I'm sorry, Tadpole. It's just . . . here it is in the middle of September. Summer lovers! We're a big, fat, juicy anachronism. (They look at each other a moment, eventually kissing tenderly.)

Taddy: (dashing over to the couch) Are we? Then I think more people should try it, don't you? (We sense a slight false note here, a forced gaiety. She attempts a summersault on the couch.) I'm stuck. Push me over, Jas, please. (He complies, and her legs come down in every which way.)

Jas: (sitting down beside her) You're kidding yourself, Tadpole.

Taddy: (standing up and walking to centre stage) Alright, so I am! Do you know what I've really been doing all day? Thinking, just thinking. (Gulping) And I had no idea how on earth I was going to ask you this, but why shouldn't we get married? (There is a long, numb silence.)

Jas: (quietly breaking in) With what?

Taddy: Well, you could get a job on the newspaper. And you're a good pianist. Do you remember last year when they offered you a job at the Club Seville and you had to turn it down because you were under age? Well?

Jas: If it didn't work out, though?

Taddy: (her hands cupped behind her neck) It would, Jas. Oh, I know it would! Just the summer isn't enough anymore. Why should it have to be just the summer? Do you remember how I used to be in the library every day before you met me. There wasn't anything else. I used to go in there and read and read until I was sick. I was so sure I could find a purpose . . . But it was a tomb, Jas. Sometimes I used to look around in the stack rooms and wonder if I wouldn't find hieroglyphics on the walls. Honest to God, I must have had the world's flattest B-U-M from sitting in that place!

Jas: (stretching himself out, looking towards the audience) You used to hate me when I tried talking to you on the way out.

Taddy: (squatting in a duck-walk position beside the sofa) I thought you were just like all the rest of the kids: smoke it up, drink it down. You know, a bad imitation of their fathers.

Jas: They never asked you out?

Taddy: (moving center stage, looking down at her cupped hands) Once. Most of them were members of a "No Virgins Club". They found I was hard to get to know . . . (In a hoarse whisper) . . . Thank God! I learned to hate those books, but there was no other way . . . till you.

Jas: (sitting up) And I had to fight to get you to even sit in the sun for half an hour. (Smiles to himself. He walks over to her. Turning her towards him, he places her hands on his face. She smoothes it.) You were brown for the first time last summer.

Taddy: Yes, but there there was that cold nothingness of winter again.

Jas: Weekends were ours.

Taddy: (shaking her head) Not enough. I'd remember us as the golden grain of summer, swimming when the sun was so strong in the west the only people we could see on the beach were ourselves, watching the tide come in, leaving us stranded on that craggy little island. I began to learn what life meant in the summer, Jas. (He embraces her, whirling her about in a circle.) You don't have to go to university. You'd be a success at anything you took on. That's the way you are, darling.

Jas: Taddy . . . we both know I've got a scholarship to Oxford. If all goes as it's supposed to I'll be three thousand miles away for at least two years . . .

Taddy: (squatting) I hate to be disrespectful, but you can tell that hallowed institution what they can do with their scholarship.

Jas: (hands in his pockets he moves up centre stage) If your parents knew we'd been married . . . Oh, it's as preposterous as hell! . . . They'd have the whole thing annulled.

Taddy: Not if we have a baby. Not if they knew I was going to . . .

Jas: (turning on her) And what, pray tell, would we support that little parcel on?

Taddy: (beaming up at him) Sugar and spice and everything nice. (She giggles) I'm going to let you in on a little secret. Three years ago my grandmother died, and in her splendid little will she left twenty-five thousand dollars for the support of my first child. I always remember that phrase for the support of my first child made me feel very warm inside, as if I'd had a glass of Christmas sherry. I wondered what it would be like, and it was almost as if I could see five or ten years into the future. I met you that summer after my grandmother died.

Jas: (facing directly out into the audience) I want to marry you. It's God's truth I do, but it'd kill my father . . . There are some people who say a man either falls in love with a woman or his work. Never both. My father fell in love with his work. My mother was just a companion society saddled him with. He could have been a well paid pharmacist instead of an underpaid chemistry lecturer, but he couldn't stand the thought of having to sell toothbrushes, as he put it. He fell in love with his work and he expects me to do the same damn thing! (Turning, throwing wide his arms) No, I'm not. I'm a wide eyed wonder who somehow thought himself into a scholarship . . . all glory laud and honour . . . who high school teachers idiotically refer to as showing promise; and who has had the bad luck to find love, honest to God love at the same time. (He flops beaten onto the couch).

Jas: (his head in his hands) And you tell me your delightful deceased grandmother is prepared to posthumously support our first child.

Taddy: (beside him, smoothing down his hair) The rest of the world will tell you to wait, but love's a fleeting thing. You can never hope to pin its wings down, only hold them for a while. Why, there must be millions of people that never even touch them . . . like Gladys.

Jas: (smiling lightly) Like Gladys.

Taddy: (propping up the corners of his mouth) When you smile, smile broadly, my dearest.

Jas: (talking to himself) No Oxford?

Taddy: No Oxford. We could live in a wonderful little world of our own bounded by four different varieties of blissful ignorance: not seeing, hearing, smelling, or feeling anything about the outside world.

Jas: Oh, my Lord, but I want to.

Taddy: (criss-crossing her legs as she walks in crooked little circles) Does love frighten you?

Jas: Only if it's second hand, from books. Reading about it scares the pants off me.

Taddy: (pulling him up to her) Let's never read about it.
(He is about to kiss her when he hears rumblings off stage right).

Jas: (plodding towards sound) Oh, good Lord, it's the vegetable!

Taddy: (suppressing a smile) Gladys?

Jas: The same. The nation's supreme example of frustration. Down to fill that great void of hers known as a stomach. Shall we chaperon her to the kitchen?

(A portly middle-aged woman enters the room. She looks old maidish).

Gladys: Good evening, children.

Jas: Hello, Gladys. Uh, could you refer to us as Jas and Taddy?

Gladys: (moving towards kitchen) I suppose so.

Taddy: (moving with her) Gladys?

Jas: (sarcastically) There's plenty of chicken left, Gladys. We haven't had a chance to touch a thing yet.

Gladys: (inspecting the pan of chicken) It's cold, but it'll do. I like cold chicken, anyhow.

Taddy: (fencing around) Gladys, do you believe in love?

Gladys: (munching on a chicken leg) The love of God. That's the greatest power on earth.

Taddy: You've never loved a man, though?

Gladys: (snapping noticeably) I've never felt the need for it.

Taddy: Do you think that when a person loves another person they should be able to "do what they want to"?

Gladys: (simply) Those that do will go straight to hell. They'll burn.

Jas: (running interference) Oh, come on now, Gladys. That's not the old Kinsey spirit.

Gladys: (trying to break away from them and into the livingroom) Kinsey will go straight to hell too. You can bet your soul on that.

Jas: (haunting her) How about his readers, Gladys. They headed there too?

(She strides off stage right.)

(Hollering after her in a sing-song voice) Glad-ys! Where art thou, Gladys? Back in thy little stye?

Taddy: (having moved to a sitting position on the couch) That's horrible, Jas.

Jas: (coming back into the room, leaning on arm of sofa) What?

Taddy: (looking up at him) Being like that. That's purgatory for a woman. I'm always afraid when I see something like that, so afraid it'll happen to me. I'm afraid now. (She gets up and puts her arms around his neck, or starts to).

Jas: (sweeping her arms down to her sides) Is THAT why you want me to marry you, because you're AFRAID?

Taddy: (wining a little at his rough grasp on her shoulders) No!

Jas: (yelling) Is it just straight panic? Is that it?

Taddy: (wrenching loose) If it was, I wouldn't be a virgin now!

Jas: (sinking his head in his hands) Oh, my God, I'm sorry, darling!
(He holds her out in front of him. He simply looks at her. He can say nothing).

Taddy: (quietly) You're glad she came down then, aren't you? We were hedging around the question, weren't we?

Jas: (a little drawn) Yes. Yes, we were.

Tabby: (terribly child-like) Do you love me? Do you want to marry me?

Jas: (floundering) Yes, of course . . . We're not just two chubby little animals, though. How do you ignore that checker board known as society? Tell me that, eh? I'm the Golden Boy of this little burg. I've got a brain, apparently. For that I've got to pay dearly.

Taddy: (softly) The fair haired boy.

Jas: (clenched fists) Financially, it's Oxford or nothing. And the townspeople don't like to be diddled out of a celebrity. They'll make us suffer, Tadpole.

Taddy: (making a sweeping gesture toward the touch) Sit down, sweet prince. (He concedes).

Jas: (pushing his two fists forward) Everyone in this town has a fist on my insides.

(Taddy walks around back of him. She puts her arms around his shoulders.)

Taddy: Would it not hurt more to lose this, or the feel of my cheek on yours? (She walks around in front of him). Or would you rather smell of cold bronze a hundred years from now?

(He looks up at her. She kneels down on the couch beside him. He kisses her).

Jas: (a molten form) What now?

Taddy: (exploding into stage centre) Darling, we don't have to stay here. I've got five hundred dollars. You've got close to a thousand. We can have a terribly expensive honeymoon, and I guess end up the happiest two down and outs in the world! Summer's been prolonged this year FOR US. The leaves haven't even started to turn. We'll live like two puppies floating downstream in a canoe. (Turning back toward Jas.) I know, we'll fly south with the birds!

Jas: (now beaming) Oh, no you don't! A flat in Greenwich Village.

Taddy: (standing, holding his hands, her legs squeezed between his knees) Cold water?

Jas: Sure. Toughen you up. (Whacks her on the behind).

Taddy: And tonight we'll live the way so many people want to and never do.

Jas: (suddenly sombered) You make it sound like the end of the universe. The animals returning to their cave, eh?

Taddy: (freeing herself) In the raw-ta-ta-ta. (Clicking her fingers and stamping about à la Mexican dancers) Oh, my Lord, you're white!

Jas: (still seated) How do we leave, just get in the car and go?

Taddy: (her tongue in her cheek) Would you like to walk, my love?

Jas: (in that iceberg known as panic) Oh, my God, Tadpole! Do you know what you're doing?

Taddy: (sitting on the truck next to stack of books) Don't be so frightened. It hurts me. Let's be just two little animals, Jas.

Jas: It's not that easy to just forget twenty years of social inoculation, Tad. Of doing the right thing. Of going to church every Sunday. (Pointing to the books) Those are the insides of a four thousand dollar scholarship.

Taddy: (pulling a book off the top, thumbing through it) Works of Balzac. What the devil could Balzac know about us? He's been dead too long. (Taking down another book, tossing Jas. the first) Applied Biology, in which we learn what a bunch of slushy little chromosomes we really are. Revolting book! Algebraic Computations and Combinations. Some stout old boy tries to solve the theory of the universe and ends up with egg on his puss, I'll bet.

Jas: (as she tosses another book to him) Well, when do you get your sheep skin?

Taddy: (hugging herself in ecstasy) When you marry me, summa cum laude. (Throwing herself on him) Let's make love summa cum laude. Jas!

Jas: (wrapped in her) Oh, sweet one!

Jas: With your late grandmother footing the bill for our fair haired boy, eh?

Taddy: (suddenly jumping up) Who says it's going to be a boy?

Jas: I'd never make it past thirty if I had a daughter like you.

Taddy: (dodging behind the books) You're awful!

(Jas jumps up, trying to capture her. She scoots back of the couch).

Taddy: I used to think this only happened in Saturday Evening Post cartoons.

(Jas. is now standing in front of the sofa; Taddy back of it).

Jas: (pulling her onto the couch) Down, Fido.

Taddy: (sitting bolt upright) Naughty, naughty! (Gets up).

Taddy: (standing center stage) WHAT would mother say? (Rolling her eyes ludicrously) What WOULD mother say?

Jas: (coming up to her) Don't do anything I DIDN'T do.

(They kiss passionately. We sense, however, that she is more in need of him than he is of her).

Taddy: When are your parents coming home?

Jas: (playing with her hair) Not till three or four. Gladys, though . . .

Taddy: (flopping back on couch) Oh, poop on Gladys!

Jas: (looking at her from a few feet away) You have a pouting lower lip. (She slides down into a prone position).

Taddy: Do you love it?

Jas: (coming closer) Oh, my God, yes!

Taddy: (reciting) "And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay, And follow thee my lord throughout the world."

Jas: (taking her hand and sitting beside her) That's stolen. Juliet. (She nods) Your hand is moist.

Taddy: (softly) That means I want to . . .

(Jas. bends into the curvature of her neck, smothering any line he might have in a kiss, first on the neck, then on her cheek, finally finding an exquisite joy in her lips. During this he has slowly edged his body alongside hers. There is a brief lovers' silence. Then suddenly . . .)

Jas: (pushing himself away) No! (He is practically choking; quivering). I can't! (He goes over to the stack of books, slumping down beside them). I can't. There's too much . . . too much else.

(The girl is now merely staring into blank space. She has not moved.)

Jas: (head slightly bowed) Lord, but I want to! I love you, but . . . the summer's dying. The grain has been cut. (He can barely get the words out).

Taddy: (coming over to him; at first softly) You don't mean that, Jas. (Then more frantically, grabbing at the buttons on his shirt). No, no you don't.

Jas: (finding it terribly difficult) Yes, I do, Tadpole. (They embrace, as if this last embrace could solve all the troubles of the universe).

Taddy: (now backing slowly away in the direction of stage right, her eyes red with tears, whimpering slightly). Poor little vegetable. Write. Let me know where you're growing.

Jas: (calling after her) I thought I could. But, God, I love you too much to just . . . and I CAN'T marry you. (He is now playing to an empty stage, but is afraid to admit to himself she's gone). It's something that's been drummed into me, something I've got to live up to, I guess. Let me be the fair haired boy for just a while. Scientists are an important commodity . . . (Suddenly pushing over the stack of books, collapsing in the debris). Poor god damn vegetable! (He cries quietly as the light fades).

CURTAIN

FUGUE FOR GAS MAN

AUTHOR'S NOTE

In the third issue of The Mitre last year, the first section of the novel *Fugue for Gas Man*, Intro—take 1, was published. The part printed here is the remainder of the intro.

Blues, yeah—he had them all right, real down blues, down inside where the gears were and they were like thick grease so that everything floated free and easy, but also so thick that everything stopped and hung there suspended and there was no movement, no contrast, no shadows, and everything blended in one.

Blues, yeah—he had them all right, and there was no fighting anymore for being no movement there was no desire to move, to cast off the depressive, to leap up and snap on the lights and see the shadows tumble into place; there was no reason; there was no beginning nor an end; there was no motion, no thought.

Blues, yeah—he had them all right, and blues were a drag at first when the fight was still there, but now the fight was gone and the blues were accepted as a form, as an end for to-day as a wiping out of the past and the future and even to-day was forgotten, even one's self—everything was gone and there was nothing except the blues themselves and he had them, real deep blues that glared at him across the room from the Royal Bank of Canada calendar tacked to the blue kitchen wall over the blue porcelain sink, only it had gold writing on it and mesmerized he found himself walking towards it without moving and a table leg got between him and the gold blue-framed and he dropped his glass—an ice cube skithered through the rye and broken glass until there was a skirting board and it stopped to melt unhindered into nothingness.

The kitchen sink wasn't blue, nor were the walls; they were white.

He WAS in the kitchen—strange because he would have sworn he was sitting on the couch in the livingroom and he turned to see if he was still there but of course he wasn't because he was here and the couch was unoccupied and upside down on the ceiling and there was movement for it was following the second hand of the clock and so was the ceiling so maybe it was the floor instead, or maybe they weren't moving at all, maybe it was him, but it wasn't, for he was leaning against the kitchen door watching the whole thing quite fascinated; however, one thing was certain, there was movement and so the blues were gone; the blues were gone and the bottle was empty and Johnny was dead drunk and Johnny was feeling quite ill and Johnny stopped off at the bathroom on his way to the bedroom and he was in such a rush that he didn't even bother to knock, just barged on through, and if there was any blueness left in his stomach it got to the bathroom before he did

So now it was Johnny's turn to dream. Everybody dreams, you know, at least that's what they say. Well, what Johnny dreamed was wild this time and his mind was dead with liquor and lack of sleep and his mind

just refused to go along with what those people said, at least it seemed that way, at first.

Johnny Black lay face downwards, head pillow-buried, yet the room ran as the high seas and he twisted a body that longed for sleep. No matter which way he turned, the walls closed and opened like accordion bellows even though he could not see but the colours dancing in his eyes like he'd closed them while staring into the sun, yet in time they also faded as his mind spun slowly lazily circling while limbs already dead relaxed in sleep.

They were right those people and the needle graph jumped slowly higher because Johnny was dreaming and a dead past was alive and here in the present unconscious or sub-conscious or whatever it was.

"Oh, welcome Johnny, for we have missed you. Come walk with us Johnny for we are a part of you. Remember this path, this hedge, you played here as a child. Take our hand Johnny and come walk with us and together we will see what we have already seen. Remember all these things ?"

. . . . And Johnny remembered. He remembered waiting for a Santa Claus that never came because his true friend told him he never would . . .

He remembered a park and a pond and a homemade gun that ruined the hull of a toy sailboat and a pond afire with gasoline and running, running through those hedges and across the lawns, and water could not burn but it did

(Johnny Black clenched the sheet and moaned softly in a restless sleep).

"Oh, Johnny, hold our hand tighter. Do not be afraid, my son. Come, we will walk further. Remember this beach, Johnny? You lay here and feared the vampires of a camp-fire story. Remember, Johnny? . . . but you slept, you slept soundly, didn't you, Johnny ?"

(And Johnny slept soundly quietly with heavy breathing and he would lie part on side and back and if one had turned him he would have struggled back to side and back but no one turned him for Johnny was quite alone).

"Johnny, Johnny. Wake up, Johnny. We have a long journey before us and there is no time to rest, no time to rest"

"No time to rest," and Johnny spoke out to the silent darkness.

"Keep running. Hey John, go, go. Grab it, grab on. That's it, swing, swing, swing up, hold on, hold on Johnny . . . look out!"

(And Johnny held tightly to the steel ladder, but he didn't see the trailing point and his running feet found it there in the darkness of a summer night and Johnny was dragged on the gravel, rolled in the cinders, and the train went rumbling on.)

"Pick yourself up, lad. Rub the dirt from your soiled body and let the black blood jell on the torn flesh and do not feel the hurt for that was long ago. Come Johnny, look over here, look beyond the shade of hedges to the sungreened fields. There is Prince sniffing in the badge holes. He is a big dog-Prince, almost like a human-Prince; your dog, your pal. See, he hears us coming; look at the ears standing so straight and watchful.

Now he knows us, see? The tail going round in circles, just like Prince. Call him, Johnny; go to him boy and we'll be right behind."

. . . They ran across the wide green field, a boy and his dog meeting once again. The rifle with which two old friends hunted the shadows in these same fields many a droning summer day lay loosely in his hands, and dog and boy raced smiling over the sungreened field. But Johnny did not see the trailing point that rose from the grass which suddenly was gone. Johnny could not see but Johnny heard the shot which sprang from the street outside and two old friends met never on a sungreened field which suddenly had gone as a car started forward on the green light

"Prince, Prince, please Prince."

"Do not call him, lad, he can never come. He died while as a child you stalked this wide wasteland. A gun that never should have fired lay quiet by your side; a dog that never should have died lay silent in your arms, and there was only the sound of a whimpering boy and the wind rustled grass and the blackbirds cawing in the trees. Do not call him, lad, for he will never come."

"Prince, Prince, please Prince, wake-up, Prince, wake-up."

"Johnny, Johnny, lie quiet now, rest a little and then we can go on . . ."

"No, no. No time for rest."

"Lie still! Now Johnny, we are here, we your friends are here. Do not lie so restless. There is time for sleep and our journey is so long and tiring. Lie still now, we're right here beside you, we won't leave you, you know that. Sleep now."

(And he slept, silently and for now untroubled. And as he slept he knew they were there and there was both fear and sadness. These were his people and himself—those of the past. He slept too tired to be troubled in a sleep too deep and the sweat dried on his cold forehead and his body was as dead. Yet way down deep inside, there his mind stalked restlessly back and forth and his whole life banged on the cell doors and bits and pieces gathered and began to ascend from the depths and Johnny was too tired to resist as they rallied and it was only a physical sleep. At first there were no thoughts, only a feeling, a tingling in his brain, then the thoughts forming as they poured from the depths, the thoughts and then the words, and the screams, the screams and the perspiration flowing from his body to the rumpled bedsheets twisted and damp).

"Get away from me! No closer, no, no, don't touch me, get-a-way-FROM ME."

"Johnny, Johnny, it is only your mother"

"Get her away, take her away, please take her away."

"She is gone. Your father is here, speak to your father."

"NO, not daddy. Janet. Janet."

"Janet is gone, Janet is gone, Johnny."

"No, no, Janet."

"She's here Johnny, with your father. Speak to your father, he loves you very much."

"Dad? Dad, is she there dad?"

"Yes, son. We are here. Sleep now Johnny, we won't leave you, we are staying right here."

(And the voices spoke. Johnny heard them, and he slept. He was safe now. He knew they were there).

It was strange the way it happened like that, the voices I mean, the way they talked to him and troubled this mortal man who walked the city streets as any other would likewise do. Now they had faded away and possibly would never return again. Johnny would never know that they were there, for it all took place while he slept. If a tape recorder had stood by the bed faithfully turning a carpet of silent recorded sound, then maybe Johnny would know what had happened this night. This is the only way that anyone could ever possibly know what went on in the darkness of that late summer night in flat 23 on the 800 block. No one was there but Johnny, no one heard but Johnny, and his ears were sealed to the rumblings of his soul crying out to the clinging shades of night, the echoes of the fear and strife of this one of many troubled men. There is no use to pour him into an illfitting mold where the cracks will form when the molten probings harden. Let him sleep, let him sleep. The night is flying to the coming dawn. Let Johnny sleep.

And he did. He lay naked between the sheets thrown loosely over his slowly rising and falling chest. Johnny slept deeply and another unmowed stubble pressed against the pillow battered beneath his head. It was a quiet morning and it still rained, settling the dirt in the streets and lifting the heat from the earth until all was chilled and early workers walked quicker along the naked walks of a naked city awakening to another ticking day. Produce from the country rolled steadily through the winding city streets grinding gear to gear as lights greened to red. Another day breathed awake as Johnny breathed asleep and some tumbled into bed as others tumbled out and washed their faces and drank their coffee and glanced at morning headlines of statesman suing for peace and strikes and strikes and nuclear bans. And Johnny slept.

The curtains twisted and billowed over the bed in the breeze off the wet street in the early dawn. It was cool and silent but for momentary drops falling from the rusted and split eavespouts. The dawn brought no twittering of restless birds in the early light, only the rumble of trucks and honking cars and exhaust fumes wafted by soot and factory belching chimneys holding away the gray sky which threatened to smother the city, soot and fog and rising river fumes of ruined virgins of the mountain springs, and there were ships and tugs and river ferries and the morning slipped into its dusty berth.

The apartment he had was in a good building, the landlord was a decent sort who kept his tenants happy, and the river of life flowed gently on. He had a rule of thumb that a good outside made a better inside, and he applied it to everything. He would call on his tenants in a clean and pressed blue serge, his nails clean and his shoes shined. As he says, 'A man who comes to me looking for a job, if his shoes are shined and his nails are clean and his overall appearance is pleasant, I don't worry if his cuffs and collar are worn and if his suit is worn, a tidy

and clean man is a safe bet. It's not just a matter of good first appearances. You can tell when a man is putting on a front.' And he'd ramble on and talk about other things drawing the same parallels, of a city with bad streets that has bad drivers and how it will vary from section of the city to city section, of clean streets and less crime, of children's habits being formed from the attitudes of their parents to these things. So Johnny lived here and liked it, and at the same time he saved his money and invested it in long term stocks and safe buys and looked ahead to the time when he would settle down for the last time and move into a better district to raise a family and live as a citizen of the city and sit on the community council. He had a theory which clung to him since his college days, of talk and big plans and he as the rest of his classmates, until one of them said sure and in another five years every one of us will be settled down with a wife and kids and a steady job of sixty a week to meet our gas and light and we'll get up at seven every morning and go to bed at eleven every night and do the same things day after day. They call it routine and just see if I am wrong, and of course he wasn't, except maybe Johnny wouldn't see it in five years but knew eventually it would come. The world varied little as time went on, and the river of life flowered gently on with little eddies here and there.

And mornings little varied as they flowed on. Some arrived with sun and warmth, some with rain and a chilling cloak wrapping itself around shivering inmates of the waterfront. Men and women scurried past the street corners and waking doorways and shop fronts. The early traffic picked up until the rush to offices dwindled and fewer people gulped their last cup of sediment coffee and rushed for buses that never waited and for doors that always closed one person ahead, and those that were lucky shouldered their way aboard and hanging on to the edges of reality felt another's rain scurry drip persistently under chaffing dampness of coat collars and tried to read the soggy news grabbed from a hurried by newsstand and the stuck needle voice of the newsman. And with gentle oblivious breathing Johnny slept on.

The traffic settled down to the daily flow. Whistles blew on the water and alongside the piers, vessels growled and tugboats yelped and freight churned up the stream and trucks rolled along the river bank and rails running either way carried along the clicking wheels. A few stragglers stepped along the sidewalks and rushed the yellow lights and the early shoppers began downtown, the sheets thrown off the counters displayed anything from worthless to pearls and the salespeople matched their wares. He heard the rain begin again on the roof and the curtains flattened against the window screen, and he rolled on his side and clutched the pillow and breathed lightly on.

The Breakfast Club filtered through the walls from the adjoining apartment and about the time of the march around the breakfast table he opened his eyes. He lay there not quite awake and his mind blinked open and he stared at the darkened ceiling. Ears heard the drumming of the rain and he turned towards the window and grimaced at the outside day. He rolled over and looked at the clock. It said a little after four

thirty. He cursed himself for forgetting to wind it the night before. His mind accepted the fact grimly that it was too light to be four thirty in the morning and too dark to be four thirty in the afternoon, and if it was that late then Darling would be pounding on the door but he wasn't so that took care of that. He was very punctual on calling on his wards. Johnny staggered out of bed and stood up carefully; he felt quite squeamish in his stomach, and flopped back onto the bed again as the room began to revolve around him. He detected traces of a well advanced hangover. He struggled to his feet and moved to the mirror, sticking out his tongue at the glass and peering intently at it. His mouth felt as if he'd been licking sandpaper all night and the sawdust of a heavy sleep. He picked up the watch lying on the dresser and saw it was about ten. Much disgusted with everything he lit a cigarette and went out to the kitchen to put on the coffee and then retired to the bathroom where he immediately swallowed two 222's and stepped into a cold shower. He groaned as the water struck his body and against his wishes managed to stay under it by holding tightly to the faucets and leaning his head against the wall.

About an hour later he was feeling more presentable and he sat in the kitchen over his coffee reading the news and listening to the radio perched on the shelf. After he had done what dishes there were he went into the living room and decided that he was in no shape to practice yet so he got out his pencil and made a list of everything that had to be done during the day.

The bedroom was of a size that would rival the livingrooms of most apartments. The room was finished in a pale blue and a sheltered hundred watt skyblue bulb dropped from the overcast off-white ceiling, casting a delicate aura upon the drapings of the room. A large window opened on the lawns and flowerbeds of the park which fell away to the distant avenue. Beneath this window cloistered by the drapes slightly angled to the wall sat a heavy mahogany desk which had been discovered by Johnny at some obscure family auction on the death of a mourned relative for whom most wished little more than a hasty passing. He would sit at this desk for hours looking over the serene grasses of the park watching children run among the hedges and couples sitting close together on a summer's twilight evening and while he watched, his mind travelled on the sifting breezes, and his pencil scratched incomprehensible thoughts in circles, triangles, and connecting spirals on the blank page. A package of cigarettes always lay beneath the lamp which cast a gold glare across the leather cornered blotter. Where most all the lights in the apartment were tinted blue, Johnny always worked at his desk under the auspices of shielded white burning down upon his neatly arranged work. This, too, was where his business was transacted and where business associates were met, and, indeed, he took great delight in the uncomfortable reactions of many as Johnny on ushering them into his den indicated the edge of the bed pushed against the wall and not the beckoning easy chair placed conspicuously in their path of vision across the room. Upon noticing the guest's eyes falling on this piece of furniture, he would

become very warm and discourse eloquently on its history and comfort making it the more appealing and inviting, then explain that he reserved it exclusively for reading and for hanging his clothes on before retiring for the night, leave the ill-at-ease associate sliding off the edge of the bed and ask the nature of the visit whether it be known or not.

It was to the bedroom that Johnny retired with his pad and pencil. He sat at the desk thumbing through his address book. The phone cords tumbled past the ashtray and brushed his bare arm. It had not rung once all morning. The answering service reported no messages. The record player still rumbled to the intricate solo of Percy Heath in the other room and Johnny returned to the control board and switched over to the bedroom monitor. The barking of a dog rose from the park and he watched the wagging brute bound about after thrown sticks and branches tossed by his young master. He watched in a settling state of melancholy thinking back to his own youth and the many dogs they'd had, and of Prince, his favourite, his . . . something he never wished to think about. He returned to the present and its gloom creeping along the wet afternoon. The boy and the dog were walking away, disappearing under the trees at the far reaches of the park, they played through the rain in raincoat and plastered shaggy hair. The weather dropped on Johnny and he mired in its unwelcome mud. He pushed against the dragging dampness of heavy spirits and sank deeper into the pool. Last night's orgy tumbled in his stomach and he knew better than to attempt solid food. He was bored, terribly bored and disgusted, and having nothing to do, his mind pecked at all evil and no good. He wandered pursued by himself, he paced helplessly through the apartment, he saw the walls before him, he turned and saw the walls before him, he lay down and saw the ceiling above him, he walked again and stopped by the livingroom window. The rain pelted river strolled past in the mist. The day drooped and clung to no horizon, no sky no land.

Won't it ever stop this damn dripping. What a hell of a day, it's downright depressive. The weather doesn't affect us, so much bull. And here am I stuck in this bloody apartment. I could go out but where do I go. Wander around in the rain? I don't want to see anyone. I suppose I could practice. I should, I haven't touched the horn all day. Ah, the hell with it. I hope Darling gets drenched, serve him right, I hope he doesn't come, but he will, he never fails, oh I hope he gets soaked, the idiot. To think he was once my best friend; I must have been potted. People sure can change. And what about you Mr. Black? What makes you such a great guy. You'd think you were a tin god the way they flock around you. Why can't they just let me be. I don't want to be the big attraction. I just want to play. Why can't they leave me alone. If only I could win the Sweepstake or something and take off and retire to some little pad in Scotland or something and just play . . . but they find you, they always do, and the next thing I'd be playing at some sheep festival. I wonder if sheep dig jazz? At least, they wouldn't always be bleating around trying to tell everyone that they dig and aren't they great . . . Oh, what a rat

race. It's about time I got out of the city. Darling wants me on the road. Hell, that would be worse. Why can't they just leave me alone.'

A kid darted out on the street and a truck screamed to a stop. Johnny looked down.

'A little sharp man if that was E natural. Kid, that is one sure way of getting killed.'

'Jimmy,' he yelled down, 'you be careful what you're doing or I'll personally put you over my knee.' Jimmy looked up slightly unsure of himself. His mother stuck her head out of a window a floor below.

'James, get up here this minute.' Then looking up at Johnny leaning his elbows on the window sill, said, 'That child will be the death of me some day.'

'Or of himself,' answered Johnny. 'It's all right Mrs Morgan, I learned not to run out on the road the same way.' Mrs. Morgan smiled and retrieved herself from the window, Johnny could hear her yelling at the kid.

'How many kids do that every day, how many get hit. A counter action against over population, not as good as a plague or starvation. Someone said that. Starvation, what a way to die, and we never hear how many do go that way. Thin ankles, malnutrition, we need another big war. I wonder what I'd do then. No Glenn Miller to get lost over the Channel. I guess we'll never know what happened to him. Pretty sweet band. Maybe I'd start a bop group, that would be a gas. Black Bop. If the musicians still have to pick up the corpses maybe we could have some swinging wakes. Black Bop and Bagpipes. We'd have to fight the Germans. Throw in a couple of Jew's harps blowing Parker riffs for international flavour. Evans could do the arrangements if he could do them, what a wild band. Free improvisation, playing African folk songs to a Latin beat. We could brain wash our own troops and maybe even raise the dead to fight again. At least, it would keep the boys moving forward if only to get away from the sound. Mass youth rallies and the band in the rear ranks. What a scene.'

He chuckled to himself.

'And it's all no good. You're talking through your hat. You're no damn good, Johnny, you're a drunkard and a fool. You stand for nothing. You stand for less than nothing, you're a failure and you haven't got the sense to see it.

'That's not true. I'm good, I'm a musician, the best jazz trombonist living to-day.

'Maybe to-day, but what about tomorrow.

'Yes, but will it rain tomorrow?

'So you're a musician. What good is that. You're not accepted, you live from hand to mouth, you're called immoral, you're called no good and you don't have the guts to stand up and fight. Instead you throw away the only really good things you find. And you throw away her.'

A tugboat strained at the water with its barge. His eyes found it in the grayness.

'I don't want her hurt, that's all.

'Her or you. Who are you trying to kid, yourself?

'No, I'm just trying to be realistic and do the best thing, no more.

'Pretty thin excuses, Johnny, pretty weak.'

He staggered away from the window and fell on the sofa.

'Stop it, stop it, stop it. All the time, the same things, over and over again. I'm falling apart, I'm no good, I've got no strength, no spine. God, why can't I forget her. All the time she's here haunting me. Why can't she leave me alone. I can't play, I can't, I don't want to. I just don't give a damn. Why can't she leave me alone.

'She's caused it. I'm on top and I don't want to be. I'm the best and I don't want to be. The second best, anything, but not the best. And how am I supposed to stay there when I can't play, it's all her fault Damn it to hell leave me alone . . .'

He wandered about the room. He picked up the bottle and put it down again.

'Drinking won't help. It's just running away. It wears off and you're back where you started. I'm through . . . finished . . . I wish I could just die and end it all . . . sink into oblivion . . . fade out of existence and forget everything. I don't want to live, I don't care anymore, there's nothing to live for.

'I just want to die.

'I just want to be someone with no worries and no fears, not me. I've had it, oh why did I ever take up the horn, why did I turn her away, why why why.

'I wish I could just lay down and die.'

And he lay his face in his hands and the tears came and burned his eyes until his whole body shook, convulsion followed upon convulsion, and he shook and cried and his soul opened and unleashed the gathering storm which blended with that outside. It grew darker and it rained and the thunder drowned out his sobs and the lightning stabbed upon a broken man.

There was a storm without and a storm within.

There was a fugue gathering in the darkness and it was coming faster and the chords were building. The dissonance grew and the fugue surged ahead, one of blues and minor fifths.

He had stopped walking, this man, and now he stood in the darkness and waited for the last note. He wanted to hear what he could not bear. He was falling through the darkness and if he did not wake up he would die when the note came.

And he just wanted to die.

COMPLETION OF INTRO—PART 1

. . . And this is Johnny Black, the man, the quiet one. This is the way he appeared to the world on August fifth, nineteen seventy; he was twenty-nine at the time.

Yes, this is Johnny Black, a common name for a common man, just

like you and me. He lives in a world that is the same as that in which we live, basically the same as that in which anyone has lived. Yes, this is Johnny Black.

This is Johnny Black, a young man with the weight of his whole life pressing on his back, his life and the life of everyone else, at least, that which makes up the basic elements in the life of everyone else. Maybe Johnny has more to cry about, maybe not. He is just a man, a man with unsolved problems, just like you and me. He cries because—well, because Johnny has forgotten the good and sees only the bad, and there seems to be no exit, no exit at all. Yet there is a way; there has to be a way—there always has been. It is not always the perfect way, but there is a way.

Yes, this is Johnny Black, a man with a life to lead, a life that can only be lived the right way as he interprets it—there is no room for a guilty conscience for one who wishes to succeed, room for mistakes, yes, if it is done in ignorance, but not for a burdened mind. Look at Johnny, he is much like everyone else. This is his story; it embraces everything essential to this man, his hopes and fears, his trials and his frustrations, his happiness, his sadness, his loves, his . . . an unlimited quantity of things, just as in his life, sometimes they appear singly, sometimes all together, sometimes understood, sometimes not, sometimes misinterpreted, sometimes overlooked, just like Johnny—his story, a story of success and failure, of everything common to every man, often more than is common to every man, seldom less.

Johnny might have been a farmer, a doctor, a tradesman, Johnny might have been any number of things; he had the opportunities and the talent. but Johnny became a musician. To many, this makes him different than you and me; to some, this makes him inferior—because he is a musician. This is society and this one of the many unwritten clauses in our code, our code of life. But Johnny, like so many others, loved his profession, loved it above social graces, loved it better than anything else on this earth, and because he did he fought for it, he fought for Johnny because that is what came first, but he fought for the profession too. This is Johnny Black.

This is his story

A Message from

EATON'S

Make ***RETAILING*** *Your* **CAREER**

We invite you to discuss your career with us. Please contact our Personnel Manager or Employment Manager to arrange an interview.

1. Job Opportunities are numerous.
2. Wide scope for the ambitious.
3. Plenty of avenues from which to choose a future career.

BUYING	SELLING	MANAGING
WRITING	DRAWING	SKETCHING
FASHION PROMOTION	PERSONNEL WORK	

Retailing is an exciting field in which men and women have equal opportunities to reach Executive positions.

PHONE: VI. 2-9331

LOCAL 630 or 584

T. EATON CO.
OF MONTREAL

COMPLIMENTS

OF

**G. T. ARMSTRONG
& SONS LIMITED**

Sherbrooke, Quebec

SUPPLY
DEPOT
FOR . .



FOOD STORES Coast to Coast



Compliments of
L. LAVIGNE LTD.

Authorized Bottler of
Pepsi-Cola

2685 Galt Street West
Sherbrooke, P.Q.



BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

121st Year

A Boarding School for Boys, in the Country
500 ACRES OF GROUNDS

SEPARATE JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

For further information apply to
Headmaster, Ogden Glass, M.A. (Oxon.)



THE MITRE