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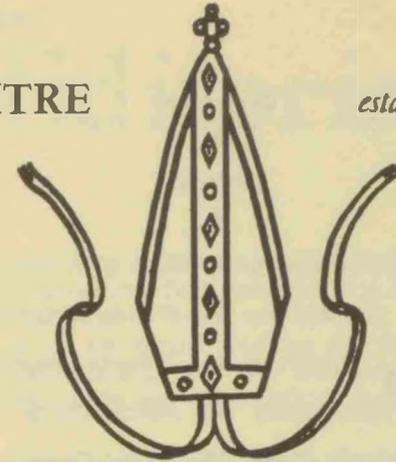
Dedication

To Robert Frost

'A swinger of birches'

THE MITRE

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	Dedication	
	6	
	Editorial	
	9	
Modern Poetry	10	<i>A. J. M.</i>
War Poets	11	<i>Wendy Stevenson</i>
Georgians	12	<i>Roberta Langford</i>
Edna St. Vincent Millay	16	<i>Naomi Curry</i>
Phyllis Webb	18	<i>Naomi Curry</i>
Book Review	21	<i>Andrew Webster</i>
Five-Finger Exercises	22	<i>Andrew Webster</i>
Modern Education	25	<i>Elma Beall</i>
Muddy Death	25	<i>David Snell</i>
Euphoria	26	<i>Paul Jones</i>
The Shores of Chance	26	<i>Blake Brodie</i>
The Beat Pig	27	<i>Anne Thompson</i>
Fairy Tales	29	<i>Scott Griffin</i>
Mediator	31	<i>Anne Thompson</i>
Lake Hamilton	32	<i>Ralph Gustafson</i>
A Poem	33	<i>Neil Tracy</i>
The Days of Dead Living	34	<i>Paul Jones</i>
Medusa	39	<i>Elma Beall</i>
The Jet	41	<i>John Anderson</i>
Thoughts	42	<i>Charles Cockerline</i>
To A Child	43	<i>Marilyn Page</i>
C. P. Snow's		
Tract For The Times	45	<i>A. R. G. Heward</i>

Editorial

The obvious similarity in the needs and functions of the mind and body is constantly surprising. Both are evident in all men; and according to his social position at home and at work he may lean more heavily on one or on the other. Perhaps this is one of the factors accounting for individuality, and yet, whether a man leans more heavily on his mind or on his body, both demand attention, exercise and discipline.

The athlete or the labourer who ceases to exercise his body soon finds that it grows uncoordinated and soft. He is unable to obtain the maximum result from his effort, and so falls to give place to a successor. Likewise the artist who, having gained artistic success, settles back on his reputation which, to his dismay, was never as strong as he supposed. For the artist's and the athlete's potential is not sufficient. Both the mind and the body demand consistent discipline and can only deteriorate in non-usage.

Perhaps the most startling fact about the mind and the body is the extent one depends upon the fitness of the other. How much more active is the body of the athlete whose mind is alert and quick to perceive. How many parents, school masters and coaches have shouted from the touchlines, 'Play with your head.'

The mind in turn depends upon the health of the body. If the body is ill kept and undisciplined it is reflected perhaps not in the quality of the mind, but in the mind's desire and readiness to respond. Robert Frost, dismissed from his college as a lecturer, in 1933, for his material ideas, declared angrily, but in complete sincerity, 'the nearest thing to Arts is the gymnasium and the athletic field. Your heart is fully in it. You excel at tennis, vaulting, tumbling, racing or any kind of ball game because you have the art to put all you've got into it. You're completely alert . . . Putting up the bar on the high jump, for instance. You deliberately limit yourself by traditional artificial rules. What you try for is effective and appropriate form. And success is measured by surpassing performance, including the surpassing of your former self.'

Even in the art of writing, mental and physical discipline is an indication of the author's value. This characteristic is just as necessary as talent and environment, and can often discriminate between a major and minor poet.

MODERN POETRY

FOREWORD

The four essays which follow have been put into one group, for they were all written by senior English students, partially to fulfil the requirements of a course in Modern Poetry. Each student was, in fact, required to write twenty such essays during the year, covering the so-called minor poets of our century, English, American, and Canadian.

To select four from a total of 260 was not easy, but these four, like many others, seem to be of more than academic interest, reflecting as they do the writer's own personal views and concern with the subject.

The Georgians and the poets of the First World War need no introduction. Edna St. Vincent Millay is also a familiar figure to readers of modern American poetry. On the other hand, it might be of interest to note that Phyllis Webb, still obviously a minor poet, is yet one of Canada's more distinguished younger writers. With her we are far from Sarah Binks in a world which, while it is small, shows nonetheless a sophistication and a maturity which is unusual. A. J. M.

WAR POETS SIEGFRIED SASSOON

In a few of his early war poems, Siegfried Sassoon reflects the prevailing attitude of the first few months of the war and expresses a sentiment similar to that of Rupert Brooke's sonnets. It can be seen in "France," and in "Absolution" he declares:

War is our scourge; yet war has made us wise,
And, fighting for our freedom, we are free . . .
We are the happy legions . . .

What need we more my comrades and my brothers?

This rather conventional utterance is allied to some of the purple passages in his early work, for instance the poem "Night Piece," which opens with an invocation to "Ye hooded witches baleful shapes that mourn," and continues in the same vein. However, the poet soon abandoned both these styles in favour of one which was sharper and more distinctly his own.

Sassoon is always intensely concerned with the fate of the unfortunate and bitterly denounces the attitude of the society responsible for their plight. This feeling can be seen dawning in "Blind" and in full force in the poem "Does It Matter?" which opens with:

Does it matter? — losing your legs? . . .
For people will always be kind,
And you need not show that you mind.

Sassoon's absorption with the war and his horror of it resulted in a scorn of all those not directly involved, as if they were in some way responsible for it. He extended his resentment of the incompetent and the safe, expressed in "Base Details" and "The General," to include all those incapable of understanding a horror they had not experienced; to old men in "The Fathers," to women in "Glory of Women," to the press in "Editorial Impressions," and even to God in "The Investiture" with the line "And God says something kind because you're dead." However, this last poem seems to refer more to the powers of earth than to those of Heaven.

Sassoon's grasp of a situation and his ability to portray it, led to a number of poems giving vivid impressions of life in the trenches. A few examples are "The Rear Guard," "Trench Duty," "Wires," and "The Dug Out," which concludes simply:

You are too young to fall asleep for ever;
And when you sleep you remind me of the dead.

The poet also dramatizes the feelings of an officer leading his men to their deaths in "Dream." On an even more elemental level he faces the position of all soldiers in "I Stood With The Dead."

I stood with the Dead, so forsaken and still:
When dawn was grey I stood with the Dead.
And my slow heart said, 'You must kill, you must kill;
'Soldier, soldier, morning is red.'

Sometimes Sassoon writes of the dead in a quieter mood, free of resentment, as in "Together" in which he says of his dead friend:

I shall forget him in the morning light,
And while we gallop on he will not speak;
But at the stable door he'll say good-night.

Another side of the poet, one that balances his outbursts of bitterness, is a passionate joy and belief in the world. This emotion finds its best known expression in "Everyone Sang" which concludes:

Oh, but everyone
Was a bird; and the song was wordless—the singing
will never be done.

— WENDY STEVENSON

GEORGIANS

The term Georgian applies more to a type of poetry than to certain individual poets. Therefore, in this essay, we will talk of Georgian poetry, and not so much of Georgian poets, illustrating from those poems which do have the required characteristics.

The term "Georgian" first came into existence in 1912 when an anthology of selected contemporary verse was printed. This book was entitled **Georgian Poetry**, and was designed to make readers aware that "English poetry is now once again putting on a new strength and beauty — that we are at the beginning of another 'Georgian period'."

Georgian poetry appeared at the time when old traditions were collapsing, when industrialism flourished, and when nations were first contemplating, and soon afterwards, engaged in war — certainly not a time of peace and quiet! And yet, this chaos was not reflected in Georgian poetry. Instead of the passionate, urgarous poetry we might expect, of the, "Play up, play up, and play the game!" or the "but, tomorrow, by the living God, we'll try the game again!" gendre, the Georgians placidly gave us the poems of the, "Oh, England is a lovely place" type.

With everything crumbling into ruins about them, these poets took refuge in traditionalism, they shut themselves in a confined, limited world, where everything was as it might be in the country — a world where truth and reality were sacrificed to agreeableness. In reading the majority of Georgian poetry, we get the impression that life is as calm as the surface of a pond — not a ripple to be seen. Yet once in a while there is an indication that all is not as it should be. John Drinkwater, in **Of Greatham**, tells us that "nations marketing in death" have destroyed the life he loves and he closes with:

"I sing of peace. Was it but yesterday
I came among your roses and your corn?
Then momentarily amid this wrath I pray
For yesterday reborn." (Of Greatham)

Prose

"But the best I've known,
Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old, is blown
About the winds of the world, and fades from brains
Of living men, and dies.

Nothing remains."

(The Great Lover — Rupert Brooke)

Again in W. J. Turner's **Death**, we have the lament that the love of nature, the trees, and the hills of earth which

" . . . were once as close
As my own brother, they are becoming dreams
And shadows in my eyes;"

Here a man has forgotten his only brother whom he loved greatly. Could it be that nature, which is equally dear to him, will be similarly forgotten? It was against such a thing that the Georgians were fighting. Because in nature could be found the things now lacking, Georgian poets busied themselves in praising and describing these elements in loving terms.

The majority of the poets do not even acknowledge that the situation was less than "sugar and spice." In reading their works we might easily be assured that England was a veritable paradise. In John Drinkwater's words:

"I see the valleys in their morning mist
Wreathed under limpid hills in morning light,
Happy with many a yoeman melodist.

. . .
I see the husband man who knows
Deep in the hearts the beauty of his power." (The Midlands)

This feeling is echoed by W. H. Davies:

"How rich and great the times are now!" (The Great Time)

It could well be that the Georgians felt that if they extolled the qualities they considered invaluable, and told people where to find them (i.e., praised the places in which these were found) there would be a general return to the virtues they admired. The idols of the Georgians were mainly three — Beauty, Certainty, and Quiet Kind.

"Say is there beauty yet to find?
And Certainty? And Quiet Kind?
Deep meadows yet, for to forget
The lies, the truths, and pain?"
(The Old Vicarage, Grantchester by Rupert Brooke)

In where to find these immortal three?

"White plates and cups, clean gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery fairy dust;
Wet loafs, beneath the lamplight; the strong crust
Of friendly bread; . . .
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;

And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;
 And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,
 Dreaming of months that drink them under the moon;
 Then the cool kindness of sheets, that soon
 Smooth away troubles; and the rough male kiss
 Of blankets; gaing wood: live hair that is
 Shining and free;" (The Great Lover — R. Brooke)

— in fact, in almost everything. They felt that there was a definite need:
 "... the need
 For handiwork and happy work and work
 To use and ease the mind if such sweet towns
 Are to be built again or live again."
 (Littleholm — Gordon Bottomly)

This then is the constant theme of the Georgians. Much of their poetry dwells on these three qualities, Quiet Kind, Beauty, and Certainty. In most poems we have a conviction that these qualities must be salvaged from the past, this perhaps accounting for the mood of reminiscence and/or meditation so often present. Thus Rupert Brooks yearningly inquires of England: "Stands the church clock at ten to three?
 And is there honey still for tea?"
 (The Old Vicarage — Grantchester)

and others meditate quietly on the quietness they knew:
 "I only know that you may lie
 Daylong and watch the Cambridge sky,
 And, flower lulled in sleepy grass,
 Hear the cool lapse of hours pass,
 Until the centuries blend and blur."
 (The Old Vicarage — Grantchester, by R. Brooks)

W. H. Davies also dwells upon this quiet:
 "What is this life, if, full of care,
 We have no time to stand and stare?
 No time to stand beneath the boughs
 And stare as long as sheep or cows."
 (Leisure)

Along with quiet and beauty is found certainty. The third member of the Georgian family of virtues, Beauty, is dwelt on at length, sometimes rather feebly in a mediocre fashion:
 "It was the lonely moon that love-like
 Hovered over the wandering, tired
 Earth, her bosom grey and dove-like,
 Hovering beautiful as a dove
 The lovely moon"
 (The Lovely Moon — J. Drinkwater)

The result of all this Georgian poetry is a static verse, possessing no real urge or enthusiasm. There seems to be nothing new said; and the poetry for the most part is unambitious. One of the few places where we

have any life at all is in **Silence**, when W. J. Turner, who had been looking at an apple tree, felt a silence so overwhelming that he impetuously cried:
 "Let's make a noise, Hey! . . . Hey!
 Hullo! Hullo!"

(Silence)

After reading the quiet verse which the Georgians affect, we feel the same overwhelming silence — and must shout to keep ourselves awake. Much of the Georgian poetry is like the work of De La Mare — where we have already described as living in an aery, faery world of grey indefiniteness.

Here, as in the majesty of De La Mare's verse we find no real meat. The poem is written on one level, and even that one is not of world-shaking importance. We have nothing that we can really "get our teeth into," no real challenge, nothing to remember.

Since the Georgian poets refused to recognize the true state of the world, their outlook and subject matter was understandably limited. We tend to have patriotism. Rupert Brock says proudly, "If I do die, think this — that there's some corner of a foreign land that's forever England;" and W. H. Davies insists that:

"Though I have travelled many a mile
 Give me this England now for all my world."
 (England)

The scope is narrowed even further until we have a type of regionalism, where each poet describes in glowing terms that part of the countryside which he knows, and which, therefore, is without a doubt, the best.

Such a period in literature must, sooner or later, come to an end. People cannot remain forever blind to the truth. While a dream world may be soothing and pleasant, the real world around is truth, and however unpleasant it may be, it will ultimately show itself for what it is. People were shocked into an awareness perhaps as described in **The Carter** by W. W. Gibson. Here, a man had been lured from the oppressive hotness of the day into the cool, dream world of icebergs, polar bears, seals, and snow, with its drowsy effect and then BANG — back to the hotness as the carter cracked his whip. At any rate, Georgian poetry ceased to be, — mainly because you cannot "fit war into a walled garden." This was not the poetry of men facing the facts. The inevitable happened.

"The tide swirling up the beach with
 steady advance had broken down the
 children's ports of sand."

— ROBERTA LANGFORD

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

The poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay encompasses a wide variety of themes. In her early poetry there is an eagerness for living and for wide experience.

But far, oh, far as passionate eye can reach,
 And long, ah, long as rapturous eye can cling,
 The world is mine: blue hill, still silver lake,
 Broad field, bright flower, and the long white road
 A gateless garden, and an open path:
 My feet to follow, and my heart to hold.

(Journey)

In particular, she is sensible to all the beautiful things in nature, and in her sensitivity speaks in terms of the "assault" of Beauty. She clearly shows her desire for growth and development, and gives evidence of an affirmative religious faith.

But as Miss Millay grew older she became less certain of her values. No doubt she pursued her personal affairs with the same eagerness for experience; and with experience came disillusionment. The majority of poetry is concerned with analysis and description of the various facets of love. The moment of passion never deepens into reliance, but fades. The tone of the poetry becomes increasingly that of loss and fatigue.

I see so clearly now my similar years
 Repeat each other, shod in rusty black,
 Like one hack following another hack
 In meaningless procession, dry of tears,
 Driven empty, lest the noses sharp as shears
 Of gutter-urchins at a hearse's back
 Should sniff a man died friendless, and attack
 With silly scorn his deaf triumphant ears;
 I see so clearly how my life must run
 One year behind another year until
 At length these bones that leap into the sun
 Are lowered into the gravel, and lie still,
 I would at times the funeral were done
 And I abandoned on the ultimate hill.

(Sonnet xxxvi)

Death is seen as the only certainty. At times she speaks in utter defiance of it. Gradually, however, everything loses value, simply because it must eventually fade.

Life in itself
 Is nothing,
 An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs.
 It is not enough that yearly, down this hill,
 April
 Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers.

(Spring)

Prose

Desolation dreamed of, though not accomplished,
 Set my heart to rocking like a boat in a swell.
 To every face I met, I said farewell.

(Desolation Dreamed Of)

Miss Millay also became increasingly disillusioned with mankind. In her poetry she is aware of man's constant inclination towards war, and successfully translates the denial of justice into comprehensible terms. Indeed, on the subject of mankind she writes very objective poetry, which is a relief from the subjectivity of most of her work. Her cynicism is perhaps the most bitter of her tones, and is accompanied by a loss of all her previous faith, in God, in men, or in herself.

Miss Millay's creed becomes increasingly similar to the polytheistic system of the ancients, whose literature and legends are frequently alluded to in the poetry. Always, she advocates enjoying pleasure while it lasts. Ultimately, Miss Millay retains reverence only for beauty. This is not the impassioned romantic beauty of her youth, but whatever abstract Beauty she can find in the world around her. This is the source external to the self from which she derives sustenance.

Draw from the shapeless moment
 Such pattern as you can;
 And cleave henceforth to Beauty;
 Expect no more from man.

(My Spirit, Sore From Marching)

It is claimed that Miss Millay has used the sonnet form very effectively. With this opinion I do not agree. Generally, her sonnets seem to lack concentration, and therefore lack the emotional force associated with this poetic form. It is true, one isolated sonnet may be subtle and compelling; but they are all so much alike that they soon become cloying. Miss Millay, however, does use the sonnet to good effect in realistic description, particularly of the dreary daily round of chores, or of the life of a woman numbed with suffering. But her practice of using a sonnet series as a narrative clouds the potential force in the form itself.

Whenever Miss Millay uses simplicity in imagery and balance she succeeds in inducing an instinctive response in the reader. In general, however, I find a superfluity of exclamations and intense melodrama in her poetry. The following provides an example:

Wept unseen, unheeded cried,
 "All you things my eyes have kissed,
 Fare you well! We meet no more,
 Lovely, lovely tattered mist!"

(The Blue-Flag In The Bog)

Occasionally a very unusual or extreme idea hits the mark (for example, the image of the uncarpeted stairs in the selection from *Spring* quoted above). But for the most part, I find the poetry too much of a muchness

to be read in any thing but **very** small doses. When, however, consistent overstatement is replaced by understatement, Miss Millay successfully achieves her goal.

Ebb

I know what my heart is like
Since your love died:
It is like a hollow ledge
Holding a little pool
Left there by the tide,
A little tepid pool,
Drying inward from the edge.

— NAOMI CURRY

PHYLLIS WEBB

Phyllis Webb writes her poetry with a certain distaste for living. Very rarely, if ever, can you detect a note of enthusiasm. Her predominant tone is one of fugal despair. Even her **Sacrament of Spring**, while concerning annual renewal, has a certain bitterness; for it means the annual renewal which recalls remembered and recurring death. In this despairing atmosphere Phyllis Webb writes her best poetry. She is keenly aware of a sense of impasse. An effective example is **And In Our Time**:

And In Our Time

A world flew in my mouth with our first kiss
and its wings were dipped in all the flavours of grief.
Oh my darling, tell me, what can love mean in such a world,
and what can we or any lovers hold in this immensity
of hate and broken things?
Now it is down, down, that's where your kiss travels me,
and, as a world tumbling shocks the theories of spheres,
so this love is like falling glass shaking with stars
the air which tomorrow, or even today, will be
a slow, terrible movement of scars.

Phyllis Webb is an evolutionist and conscious of the cyclical progression of nature. She is therefore doubtful about the significance of mankind. The only solution she can offer to the human dilemma involves an acceptance of the position of ignorance, and a gleaning of a few dregs of meaning from life. Within this philosophical framework it is not surprising that Phyllis Webb uses death as a frequent subject of her poetry and her imagery. She also shows interest in the workings of the mind, the interrelation between the apparent and the real, and the illusions which the mind presents to man.

The style of the poetry is interesting since it encompasses a variety of forms. I would say, however, that Phyllis Webb's work lacks integration.

You can sense the influences upon her, her philosophical training, her knowledge of liturgy, and her familiarity with the English classic poets (Milton for example). These influences appear either in direct quotation or through imitation. I think that Phyllis Webb is most at ease in relatively formal poetry. When she attempts to write free verse or poetry with broken lines, her style becomes wooden and prosaic. Her poetry makes good use of internal and final rhyme, but it lacks a lilt.

Phyllis Webb's poetry is largely descriptive, but it is description with a metaphysical quality. One aspect of the subject becomes symbolic; for example, the kiss in **And In Our Time**. She exhibits a definite skill in manipulating words.

I thought,
and he acted
upon my thought,
read by some wonderful
kind of glass my mind
saw passing that way
gulls floating over boats
floating in the bay,
and by some wonderful
sleight of hand
he ordered the gulls to land
on boats
and the boats to land.

(The Mind Reader)

Her poetry is always "patterned," and is rich in imaginative imagery, much of which is startling though usually appropriate and effective. For instance, hate becomes "bitter grain," and fear becomes "a forest of green angels, a threat of magnificent beasts." Occasionally the expression, while imaginative, is epigrammatic.

Patience is love withdrawn
into the well; immersion into
a deep place where green begins.

(Patience)

This poetry makes enjoyable reading, and shows potential in imaginative imagery and experimental forms. Frequently, however, Phyllis Webb's imagination is lacking in discipline, and consequently her poetry becomes very obscure. In her own words, it is sometimes "cloaked in sheer profundities of otherness."

— NAOMI CURRY

The concept of pain, in this novel light, is seen merely as our constant efforts to avoid pain. "Wanting to get out of the pain is the pain," the author asserts.

Moreover, by overcoming the mind-body dualism of the West we are able to conquer the fear of death. According to Watts there is nothing more "creative" than death because it is the point at which we are compelled to abandon our desperate clinging to security and plunge headlong into the unknown.

To accept this is to realize the futility of regarding each moment as an expectation of future pleasure, and the monster Death, before dreaded because it is the point at which all expectation of pleasant things must cease, is now simply regarded as a moment in the great stream.

Anyway, Watts concludes, "I am sure that the body dies because it wants to," just as the body subsides into unconscious sleep after a tiring day.

The new concept of awareness, which we have said is an awareness of experience you are undergoing **right now**, rather than self-conscious attempts to define that experience, is equated with dynamic all-encompassing "love."

This type of love is seen as the unifying and organizing principle which makes the world a universe; it becomes for Watts, the power and principle of free action and creative morality, as opposed to the morality of reward and punishment so prevalent in Christian thinking.

Self-love is the scourge which prevents man from becoming at one with his universe. Real love comes "only in the awareness that one has no self to love." Then the mind is not concerned with the naive goal of "being good." It is interested not in itself, but in the people and problems of which it is aware.

By comparison, Watt's Hell is the "everlasting impossibility of self-love, self-consciousness and self-possession. It is like trying to see one's own eyes, hear one's own ears and kiss one's own lips."

"The Wisdom of Insecurity", and the growing belief in some Western circles that its completely different approach to life deserves a hearing, is significant in at least one major way.

It indicates that Western philosophy, having run the entire gamut of system builders from Plato and Aristotle to Kant and Hegel, now faces an era in which no would-be philosopher dares to build up a system which aims to explain the mysteries of the universe.

The modern philosopher knows that any system he may devise can be quickly reduced to rubble by a people grown so "sophisticated" that nothing is sacred or infallible.

The gaping vacuum created by this skepticism may be filled a little by turning our attention to the wisdom of the East. It is ironical we should do so at a time when much of the East is reacting violently against Western materialism.

— ANDREW WEBSTER

BOOK REVIEW

"The Wisdom of Insecurity," a book written by Alan W. Watts and published in 1951, is certain to be dug enthusiastically out of many dusty book shelves with the current reawakening of interest in Oriental philosophy which has started to sweep the university campus.

If Sartre and existentialism heralded the spiritual depletion of the West, Watts as spokesman for the East probes deeply into the very roots of a civilization grown frenzied and spiritually barren, and ends up with a message worth detailed exploration.

Mr. Watt's main quarrel is with the West's painful cleavage which has lifted the mind out of the body and given rise to every conceivable frustration.

Because the human mind, as opposed to the human body, is capable of looking into the future and foreseeing a time of death, it is torn by an insatiable and hedonistic craving for as much experience and pleasure as possible in the shortest space of time.

The author asserts that we have allowed "brain-thinking" to overrule the instinctual wisdom of the body, a phenomena in Western culture which causes us to fill our bellies with food when we are already full, and pursue sex in a most un-animal-like fashion.

The result is that we have become increasingly incapable of real pleasure.

The conflict all began when man first discovered words and began to define himself. When man stood outside himself and pointed, "That is I!" he became separated from the stream and reality of life.

Just as we have allowed symbols to stand in the way of the reality which it represents — good scotch is consumed not for its full-bodied taste, but for its alcoholic content — so have words resulted in a great deal of verbiage classification, thus removing man from the real stuff of which life is made.

Our mad pursuit of money as a symbol in itself instead of in terms of what it can buy, is the most flagrant example of bastardized Western thinking.

And the more man comes to live in this world of words and symbols, the more he becomes isolated and alone, and the more he begins to exchange all the joys and liveliness of life for mere security and certainty.

Instead of pursuing this phantom which retreats in a perpetual circle from our attempts to grasp it, Watts recommends that we not only recognize there is no such thing as security, but become insecurity itself.

This we accomplish by hurling ourselves into the great stream of experience, substituting present and vital and actual awareness of an experience for our utterly useless attempts to define it and give it a name.

Sanity lies in the realization that we cannot separate ourselves from our experience, that we are not divided and that "man and his present experience are one."

FIVE-FINGER EXERCISE

Peter Shaffer's *Five Finger Exercise*, which opened at the Music Box shortly before Christmas, is an intensely moving portrait of a British family bitterly torn apart because they can find no common ground of understanding.

Central figure in the drama is Clive Harrington, a hypersensitive youth from Cambridge, who is at war with himself and his family.

His Father, Stanley Harrington, is a rich furniture manufacturer whose favoured activities included long walks in the country air, golf and the odd whiskey, sipped among friends in the quiet intimacy of the village pub. Carrying his pragmatic, business-man's philosophy to the extreme, he suspects any line of endeavour which doesn't aim toward some useful goal; hence his deep distrust of a son who clearly exhibits an "artistic" sensitivity.

Both Father and son speak a different language. Their desperate groping to find common ground has been described by some critics as comparable to similar scenes between Big Daddy and Brick in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, and Willy Loman and Biff in *Death of a Salesman*.

Clive's sensitivity appears to have been cultivated by his mother, Louise Harrington, whose pretentious brand of cultural affectation leads her to stand at opposite poles from a husband whom she openly labels as "commonplace" and culturally inferior.

The seeds of conflict lie unspoken until Walter Langer, a youthful, delicate-looking, blond German tutor, comes to live in the Harrington household. Desperately yearning for the love and affection which was denied to him as the son of a Nazi militarist who beat him when he couldn't recite anti-Jewish slogans, Walter comes to cherish his new-found stability as instructor to the Harrington's younger daughter, Pamela.

But his presence opens some gaping family wounds. Mrs. Harrington happily embraces his refined manner and sees in him precisely the same qualities that her husband lacks. Clive, who is an astute observer, immediately notices this new relationship and sees it as a threat to the Oedipus bond which the playwright has firmly established between mother and son.

Clive's unhappiness turns to bitter despair when he stumbles in from a drinking bout to discover his mother gently caressing the wavy blond hair of the German tutor in a tender scene of mutual affection on the living room sofa.

To add further complexity, Clive is attracted toward Walter in a subtly-drawn and understanding homosexual attachment.

Mrs. Harrington is later jolted when she discovers that the affection which Walter bears toward her is the unfulfilled love that his real mother denied him. This shattering revelation leads her to ask Mr. Harrington to dismiss the tutor. She is not aware that Clive has already blurted out a lurid and exaggerated description of what transpired on the living room sofa between Walter and herself.

With everybody frantically gripping the edges of their seat, Mr. Harrington confronts Walter with Clive's accusation. The delicate German, shocked beyond belief, is then dismissed and is threatened with deportation back to his hated homeland.

As though a steamroller had just come along and flattened him, Walter staggers up to his room in a heightened state of shock and tries to gas himself to death, while Mahler's Fourth Symphony echoes ponderously in the background.

The curtain falls with Clive trying desperately to summon up courage for them all.

The dramatic impact of this last scene is shattering.

During the course of the action Mr. Harrington is broken up in little pieces by his inability to communicate with his son and by bitter quarrels between himself and his wife.

He accuses his wife of turning Clive into one of those "arty-tarty" boys, and Mrs. Harrington counters, in dagger-like fashion, that only she can understand their boy; that Clive's unhappiness is due entirely to her husband's failure to understand.

Clive himself observes that the gulf which separates his mother and father is "the difference between the salon and the saloon."

The character of Clive is the most full-bodied creation of the playwright. He combines a lashing wit with a brooding sensitivity, which is always acutely aware of the shifting shades of emotion around him.

And his predicament goes beyond the dimensions of the domestic drama, extending into a world made hard and frightening and cruel by the clash between the artist's love for a person or thing *in* and *for* itself and the ugly type of materialism which Clive seems symbolized in his Father's furniture factory.

It is no wonder that Mr. Harrington cannot understand when Clive attempts to explain the reasons why certain people are important to him. Of an Indian at Cambridge, Clive says:

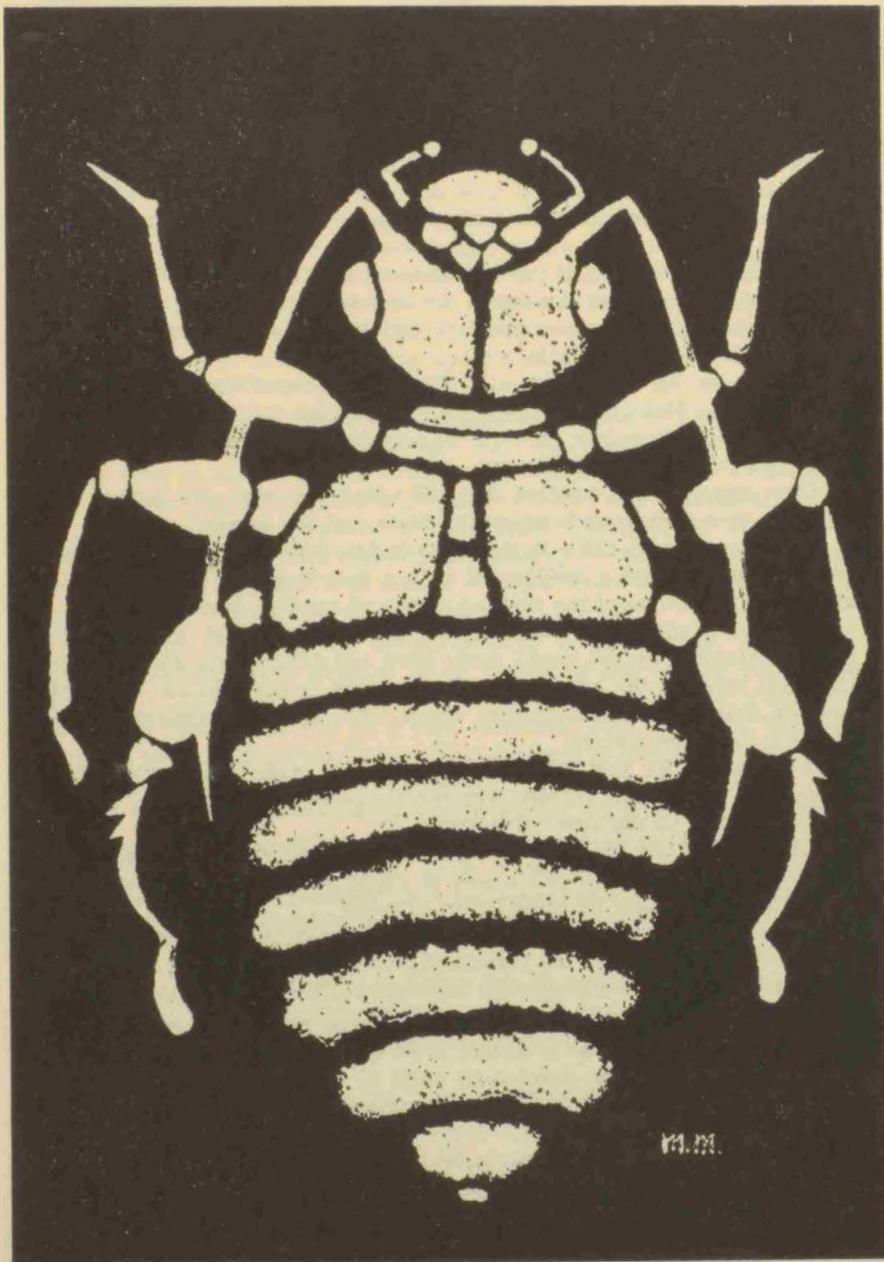
"He's completely still . . . I don't mean he doesn't move. I mean that deep down inside him there's a sort of happy stillness . . . That's why he matters — because he loves living so much . . ."

The universality of Clive is also seen in his failure to become interested in anything solid — the pursuit of money, a profession or a religious doctrine — which could arouse his interest and lift him from despair.

His lack of direction, it would appear, is the result of a world which moves so quickly that man is unable to sit quietly for a while and reflect soberly how he got from point A to point B; hence man's failure to put his problems in a philosophical framework and digest the significance of what his hand has wrought.

In the last scene Clive, aided by the thoughtful German tutor, comes to grips with the furies that are trying to destroy him. With passionate sincerity he feels his way: "I think I want . . . to achieve something that only I could do. I want to fall in love with just one person. To know what it is to bless and be blessed . . . I want to be *involved*."

— ANDREW WEBSTER



Modern Education

Little boys pull legs and wings
From spiders, ants and butterflies,
Indicating crude beginnings
Of Scientific Enterprise.

Before they turn to seek the fruits
Of other fields which catch their eyes,
Grown-ups give them substitutes
For spiders, ants and butterflies.

— ELMA BEALL

Muddy Death

Downy white puffs against a creamy sky,
Pink and azure are nestling side by side,
West winds crooning a gentle lullaby;
Those who hold forth a promised land have lied.
Sonorous, melancholy brass bells sing,
Muffled by the tiger-white teeth of waves,
On airy currents the albatross wing;
While plashless He goes down that my soul craves.
On glistening beach a white wound cuts the sand,
Running jaggedly to the water's edge,
A gentle merging of the sea and land;
There lies a muddy pool under a gray ledge;
Still, silent—He is there whom you have found,
But He lies on the bottom, God has drowned.

— DAVID SNELL

EUPHORIA

He felt comfortable, lying there looking at the stars which showed through the window above the winter frosting. The room was dark and warm. His wife lay beside him, her head on his shoulder, cradled in his arm. Later his arm would grow tired, but for the moment all was fine. He stroked her gently and she, answering, rubbed her cheek against him. He remembered a phrase "all passion spent," that described it perfectly. This was all peace and calm and contentment; the warm bed, his wife drowsy beside him and the children asleep. It was Sunday tomorrow, he could lie abed for an extra hour or two. They had been married for three years now. He remembered how worried he had been about marrying a widow with a four year old child, but it had worked out all right. It was moments like these that made everything seem worthwhile, even that damn factory. He stirred uneasily at the thought and his wife half rose questioningly in the gentle dark. He smiled wryly and pressed her down again; she submitted without protest. Why think about that damn factory now? He thought of other things. Tomorrow they could visit his brother. No, it took too much energy to even think about going places. They could just lie here all day, just drowsing. He grinned; that was easier said than done, what with the children and the way one thing led to another. Would he be feeling so peaceful now, if he hadn't been with her a little while ago? He doubted it. He could feel her quiet breathing underneath his hand. What was she thinking about? Was she sharing this moment of dreaming things, this period of contentment, or would she sit up in a moment to remind him of a dripping tap. He laughed quietly, but the slight movement and sound was sufficient to make her rise up on her elbow again.

"What are you laughing about?" she asked softly.

"Nothing, what were you thinking about?"

"Just how nice and quiet everything was."

He could see she was smiling, then she lay down and cuddled in beside him again. He kissed her gently with slack lips. Perhaps they were closer to each other than they knew. He kissed her once more and prepared to sleep.

— PAUL JONES

The Shores of Chance

'When we're young
We fall in love. And this is
The only time, and nobody ever tells us.' —Ernest Hemingway

For she can find beauty in any sad thing,
A tide-smoothed brick,
Or a wedding ring.
And, both are washed to the shores of chance,
And there they smile
And there they dance.

They wait for a couple just sifting along,
To be warm to pick up;
To be warm to belong.
But the loving two are blind to all,
And the girl picks only
That smooth brick ball.

"Oh, I now pronounce us man and wife,
And our love shall make sacred
The bed of our life."
Then she closes her eyes and begins to sing
And culls in her palm
What she calls "the ring."

For to her a ring was a sight unseen
Though her thighs would murmur,
Their love was green.
But her lover laughed at the "chip of stone,"
Still she squeezed it tightly,
But all alone.

Their love was stooped and their love was shammed,
For what she'd chosen
Was love, but damned.
Then she craned her neck and she glimpsed the tide
As the ring dribbled out
And the surf soon sighed.

— BLAKE BRODIE

The Beat Pig

like he lives in a sty man
sort of shut off and he doesn't see the world like the rest of us do
it's green and leafy outside but
all he sees is
mud
brown and it's starting to bug
poor old dad pig
he can't seem to get clean
so he makes with the oinks and snorts
but after he's chewed some food that a
real square
brings to his pad
he'll make with the blinkers at that forgotten-to-be locked gate
and go on wallowing

— ANNE THOMPSON

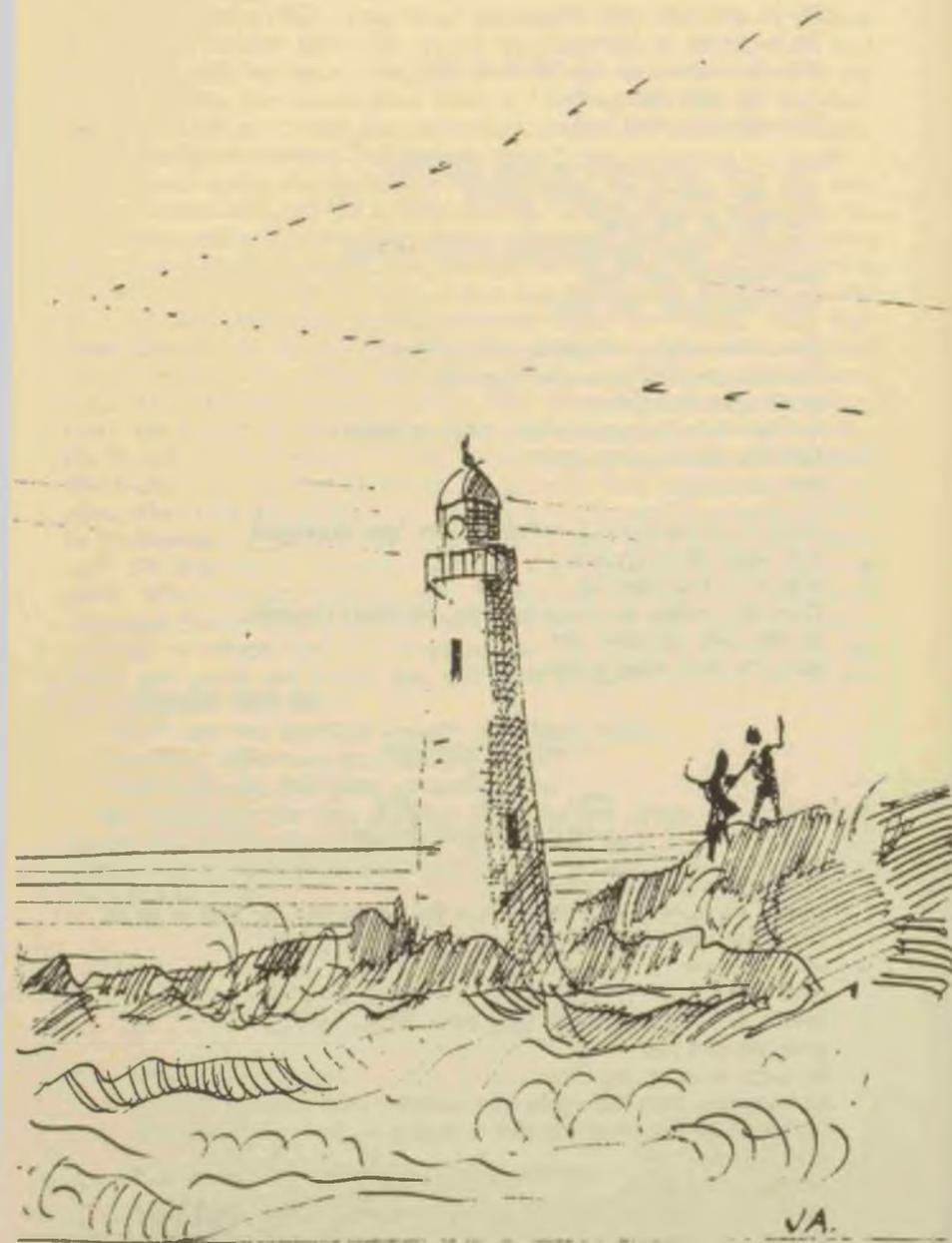
FAIRY TALES

PART ONE

The sea roared and threw up spray along the shore of the island. Up the rocky path near the grey-stoned house, weathered by the wind and the sand, stood an old man leaning on his rake and staring into the late November sky. It was a cold day with a high East wind, and so he pulled tighter on the maroon scarf that his daughter had bought from the sailors on the supply boat, six years ago. A few wisps of rain blew against the side of the house and the old man turned and began to make clear again the sticks and the bigger stones from the meagre, rock filled, garden of twisted broken flowers. A few minutes later he left the garden and made his way inside the house and took down the old ship's lantern from the arm of an anchor that was cemented into the fireplace. After lighting it, he went outside and looked up into the sky, anxiously watching for the birds. He muttered something about it being a rough night for her and then turned sadly down the path and headed for the lighthouse which rode out on the North-East promontory of the island.

The old man had lived on this island for sixty-five years and had derived his happiness from his granddaughter, Sheila, and from the birds. The Canada Geese honking and crying as they migrated every year North and South. Every year he and the girl had thrilled to watch the long V-shaped flocks making their way against the winds and the cold sea currents of the East Coast. Every year he had told her the distances they travelled and the way they lived. Slowly she had learned the difference between the Western, Richardson, Cackling and Honker Goose. As she grew older she had come to love the birds as much as her Grampa did, and had always longed to hear their mysterious cry with the passing of every summer. One spring both she and her Grampa had found a Honker down at the beach where they kept the dories; near the old fishing wharf. The bird's wing had been broken and Grampa had been forced to kill and bury it behind the lighthouse. Every year the Honker had come back to the island, circling and crying for his mate, and always Sheila had wanted to tell the goose what had happened. She had even suggested to Grampa that they dig up the dead bird and show it to the goose, but he had told her that it would do no good and that every season the Honker would come back circling the sky for his mate until he died.

The girl had worked every day out in the fishing dories with her Grampa, and sometimes late into the night at the lighthouse, shining the old ship's lantern and the big glass windows. Often the old man had told her stories of the world she had never seen, but always they would end by talking about the birds. It was always Sheila that had seen the birds first that year winging Northward in the autumn sky. She had come running into the house 'remember' yelling 'Grampa, Grampa, the birds, come quickly.' Every year it had been the same. Until late one night Grampa had risen to stir the fire and found that Sheila had gone. She



had left a note on the reading table saying that she had gone away to live with the birds.

The old man climbed wearily up the last flight of stairs and stopped at the top. One of the big framed windows had blown in and smashed on the floor. He never believed in omens, but when he saw the window he looked up at the darkened sky and muttered, 'Pray God, Sheila is safe tonight,' and then he cursed the birds. It took him longer this evening to light the big lamp, because of the wind roaring through the North-East side where the window had fallen in. Tomorrow he would have to board that space up and then wait five more weeks until the supply boat came.

The night darkened, and as he closed the lighthouse door he heard the furious pounding of the sea on the beaches. He shivered in the wind and hurried quickly up the path to the dimly lit house. The old man was aging, for he slipped twice on a path he had travelled for sixty years, and cut his hand. When he reached the house he took a role of white tape from the kitchen shelf and stood staring at it; the last time he used this was for Sheila when she sprained her foot fishing on Scraggy Point. After a moment he turned and filled the old-fashioned iron kettle with water and put it on the stove, and then went over to the glassed book-case and took down an old piece of folded paper from between the colourless books. It was the note Sheila had left him six years ago.

The old man stared at the childish scrawl that had been written hastily with a blunt pencil, and slowly the words and phrases came alive.

Dear Grampa:

Last night I dreamt that I heard the sound of wings. So I ran down-stairs and outside to the beach and saw the most beautiful Calling goose standing in the sand. He told me how many times he had crossed the sky and seen us watching the flocks, and now he had come to take me away. He told me of the great breeding grounds far in the North and the great journeys they took every year.

Grampa, I will miss you and the island and all the excitement of the supply boats. I know that I will long for the garden and the house, and my room, but I belong with the birds and cannot return. When the spring comes, watch for me, and when I pass over I will cry out to you. I love you, Grampa, and I will not forget you.

Sheila.

The old man crossed over to the window and stared at the blackness outside, interrupted only by the brightness of the lighthouse struggling against the rain and the spray. He looked at the note and wondered why in six years of watching he had never seen or heard of his granddaughter; he turned and mumbled 'she'll come tomorrow.' But Sheila was a young woman in love now and had long forgotten the dreams of an old man and his lighthouse.

— SCOTT GRIFFIN

Mediator

"After an atomic war no good will and intelligence will be needed to bring permanent peace to the survivors. They will get it in the jumbled stones of their cities."

One World or None—chapter 15

Reflected in the mirror-surface of the oaken table
Faces twisted into frowns,

Distrust incognito as a smile.

All eyes transfixed upon the two
Whose pounding hands punctuate their words
While their iron mouths blast the iron-clad mike
And eloquent trivialities are translated into thirty-four languages.

The foundations convulse at a fiery paroxysm
And pane follows pane
From the rectangular architect's delight.
Then the empyrean fury thunders into every corner.
The white stone trembles, and falls
Into the cultivated garden of statues,
And the noxious rain tumbles down
In azotic pools silent.

Amid the burning ruins one arm emerges from its stone cocoon,
Tentatively spreading its fingers.
Then another, of different complexion.
Two men appear, heads bowed
Under the burden of realization-come-too-late.
Shoulder to shoulder
They wend their way out of the fire,
Lips silent and unsmiling, hands at sides,
They need no translator now.

— ANNE THOMPSON



RALPH GUSTAFSON was born near Sherbrooke in 1909. While at Bishop's, from which he graduated in 1929, he was active in debating and acting. From here he went to Oxford where he obtained a B.A. in 1933. From 1934 to 1937 he taught in London, England. Since that time he has been engaged exclusively in literary work in New York City. His works include a volume of poetry, *The Golden Chalice*, published in 1935, a verse play, *Alfred the Great*, published in England in 1937, an *Epithalamium in Time of War* (1941), and *Lyrics Unromantic* (1942). He has also published a group of poems in the *Sewanee Review*, and has edited an anthology of Canadian poetry.

Lake Hamilton
from *Rocky Mountain Poems*

Some of these trails test stamina.
A viewpoint is needed.
The muscles respond and the heel
And the eye to place the foot,
Roots are a problem, laid bare,
Certainly shale is, to go across,
The balance knee hinged to a one foot
Path. You train the eye. But four
Hours on switchbacks, the forest
Closed-in— the sixth hour, the mind
Needs a viewpoint, a lake to hitch to,
Or a peak to latch on, across the valley
Twenty miles distant. It makes
All the difference— if you can look out,
Or take a distance, to where you're going.
The muscles stay strained as much,
God knows, a great view won't get you there,
Literally, I mean; we saw Emerald
As big as a mousetrap down there
And the climb was as stiff. But seeing it,
A mountain-down, made all the difference
After thirty hauls in timber. Lake Hamilton
Wasn't much to pull to— a sweet smooth pond
The quail played round under glaciers,
But we got there— seeing Emerald three-quarters way
Up into the Col, it got us there—
The sudden sweep— space sweeping back around us,
Range after range. Because we did,
Our gastrocnemii ached like Lucifer, back down
To stove and bacon, and the thought of having been up there.

— RALPH GUSTAFSON



NEIL TRACY was born in Sherbrooke in 1905. He graduated from Bishop's in 1928, receiving his M.A. a year later. While at Bishop's his motto was recorded as being: "Anything for a quiet life." He contributed occasionally to *The Mitre*. Since 1939 he has been the District Secretary of the Canadian National Institute of the Blind in the Sherbrooke area. He has published one volume of poetry, *The Rain it Raineth*, as well as contributing to several anthologies of Canadian poetry.

And what of Mary, now the years have sped;
My hair is gray, I am well versed in wine;
I am content, what is gone by is mine;
The songs are nearly sung, the books well read;
The fire seems good on ancient shins outspread,
Dusk has been long with me, and autumn shine;
Life is a warm old robe, where moods combine
With greens and browns, shot with a flash of red.

It is to smile to fancy I have strayed
Behind the flutes and drums of other springs,
Where cakes and ale was all the stir we made,
And any vagrant kiss could give us wings;
And Mary moves through all, a blessed shade,
For Mary was a world of lovely things.

— NEIL TRACY

THE DAYS OF DEAD LIVING

He woke up in the big bed, and for a moment he was puzzled, then he remembered that they had put him there when they had gone off to the hospital. The early morning sun was bright through the big dormer window. He lay there for a few moments, considering what he could do today. He hoped his father would be back. He loved without fear his easy-going father; he could understand him, but his mother was different. She was volatile and sometimes she would quarrel with his father and he would be left between them, his ten year old loyalties torn and divided by forces he could not understand.

He heard a key in the lock and a murmur of conversation. He shouted down to them and wriggled excitedly, hoping for a wrestle in the big bed. There was no immediate reply but he heard their steps coming slowly and deliberately up the stairs. His sister came in with her husband. He began chattering but her expression stopped him. She spoke quietly and with a deliberation that he could never afterwards forget.

"Peter, I'm afraid we haven't got a father anymore."

He repeated her words uncomprehendingly, then the meaning took him with sudden force and he burst into tears. They did not try to comfort him; there was nothing they could do. He cried, not bothering to hide his face. This was the sudden coalescence of his secret fears which had been with him ever since his father had fallen ill. He heard a cry outside and his mother came in. She was completely distraught and was only partly dressed. They had been persuading her to lie down, but she had come up to see him. Her grief was extreme, with all the abandon of her continental forbears. She bent over him and he felt a desire to shrink away. She embraced him, telling him in quick, incoherent sentences, not to forget his father; what a wonderful man he had been. He kept remembering their quarrels as she spoke. He remained passive in her arms as she rocked him back and forth. He waited, and then quietly asked to go and get a drink.

He looked at the reflection of himself in the mirror. He looked much the same, save that his face was white and he could see the traces of that first flood of tears. He wanted to cry again, but he was drained of grief. He suddenly felt a savage guilt. "You wondered what it would be like not to have a father, now you know. How do you like it?" He hit his hand on the wall in a desire to expiate with pain his sense of guilt. Then he turned away and made his face inexpressive for his return to the bedroom.

His mother was now lying in the bed and his sister and her husband had gone downstairs. He climbed into bed and his mother held him, mumbling about his father. He felt the dampness of her tears upon his cheek. He let her hold him, unresistingly but resenting her and the memories of those terrible quarrels. No one would ever see him cry again for his father, least of all his mother. "You won't forget him, will you, Peter?" "No, mother," he answered submissively. She must have felt

something of his reaction against her, for she continued quickly, "When we argued it didn't mean anything," and then she started crying again. He waited until the paroxysm had stopped and she had gone to sleep, then he slipped downstairs. His sister was in Jack's arms, just standing there quietly taking strength from her husband. She looked up when she heard him. "Muriel, could I have something to eat, please. Mother's asleep." She smiled and went away to prepare the food. Jack picked him off the stairs and carried him into the kitchen, talking as he went, but Peter replied in monosyllables until the nervous attempt at conversation ceased.

He was halfway through the food when they heard his mother calling. His sister ran upstairs. When he looked up to try and hear the conversation better, his eye fell upon his father's pipe. For a moment he almost cried again, but only for a moment. The conversation upstairs ceased and he heard his sister returning. "Mother wants you when you've finished," his sister said. He nodded, slipped from the chair and went back to the bedroom. She reached out for him. "You're all I've got now," she whispered. He felt a dread of something he could not quite understand, of a role he could not quite fulfill. The slow hours wore on and his mother cried herself to sleep once more, holding him in an uncomfortable position from which he could not move for fear of waking her. It was not until the early afternoon that she allowed him to escape. He washed and dressed. His sister was drawing the curtains in the front of the house and he asked her why, knowing the answer very well. He watched her keenly while she struggled in an embarrassed way to make a suitable reply. The day slipped away and far off in the hospital the body of his father slackened into the supine state which immediately precedes decay. As the night came on, Peter slipped more strongly into the mask of indifference he had chosen to wear. Jack slipped out to buy him a book and he received the present gravely, with the same expressions of pleasure he always showed when presented with gifts. The three of them had a silent meal and then listened to the radio with the controls muted. Upstairs his mother slept exhausted.

"I'd like you to sleep in mother's bed again tonight, Peter," his sister said. "It'll be easier for her." He nodded without speaking. Easier for her! his sense of isolation grew. He felt dead with his father. Refreshed by her sleep, his mother was recalled to her sense of grief and the night hours were spent in a ceaseless recapitulation of her loss. Finally she slept, but he lay awake, and the most terrible moment came. In her sleep she reached across him to the space he could not fill and said "Where? where?" Fear covered him like a pall and he trembled. This unconscious vocalization frightened him as nothing had previously. He was being tried beyond his measure; nothing had fitted him for this horror of being made a funeral doll. Without conscious resolve, he decided never to proffer love again. Love was a trap. He had given it to his father and seen the gift spurned by death. His mother used his love as a substitute, and his sister now was detached from the family, here from the goodness of her

heart. Only when he was worn out by the turmoil of his thoughts did he fall asleep.

The days continued in the same pattern. They sent him away on the day of the funeral and not until many years later did he know it had taken place on that day. He could not visualise the physical remains; it was the spiritual loss his mind recorded. Still they wanted him to sleep with his mother. Daily there was the normal routine of school and nightly the same litany of his father's perfection. At school they suspected nothing. He overheard one teacher speaking of how well he had stood the loss and the return answer that he was not a very sensitive child. He smiled and found satisfaction in thinking how well he had deceived them. Seeing he took the loss so well, the teachers gratefully returned to treating him as they had before. He remembered one teacher who had laughed at him when his father had been suddenly sick. Peter had not known what was going on and had burst into tears. For a time this teacher was quiet and avoided his eye until some bad work gave a chance to rebuke the boy. The emotion with which he verbally pursued Peter and thus absolved his soul in violence had been the opening for a consistent, belittling attack.

The months went by and the dead living continued. The school reports went down and now the nightly sessions became a ceaseless repetition of his own unworthiness. He was told what he must do and her voice droned on bewailing the death, "How different it would have been if your father had lived." "I want to be proud of you," she said one night, and he, stung by the challenge, promised that she would be. He had thought to buy some emotional peace but the gift was turned against him. It became a weapon to be used whenever anything went wrong. Only in his imagination was there a day worth living. He read anything he could find, magazines left by his now departed sister, books of any sort. His mother would find him reading some of these books and ask him why he did not find something worth reading. He tried to read the books she proffered, but after a few pages he would deliberately lose interest and go back to his own choice.

When she decided to go back to work he was sent to another school where he was to board. Peter left the old school with false good wishes ringing in his ears, for they were glad to see him go. His unruliness and refusal to cry even under the severest beatings had irritated them. Using an action culled from his reading, he spat on the ground as he left. The school had hated anything vulgar and this was the most vulgar action he could think of. Years later he found the letters exchanged between the Principal and his mother. The Principal had spoken of indiscipline and had urged some school far away. When one had been chosen he had thankfully excused the fees owing.

There was no immediate happiness at the new school. There were pressures from the new adjustment. He had to learn to fend for himself in a thousand new ways. Indulgence had spoilt him. The pressures had been relieved to some extent, but sorrow still ate cancer-like within him.

He was not one of the group, and occasionally they would bait him and he would have to fight. Sometimes after finishing his carefully non-committal letters home, he would walk by himself and think of his loneliness, for to be happy he felt was traitorous to the past.

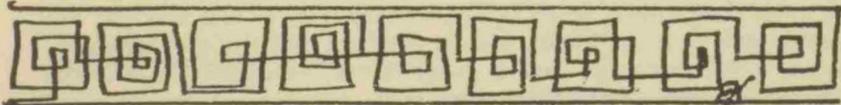
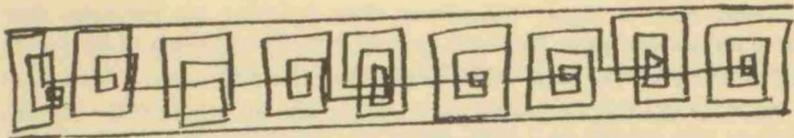
Mr. Leaf the English teacher was a short man of around fifty. He was from the army and quite militarist in some respects, but he liked boys and understood them. He ran his scout troop like a battalion and put them through training sufficient to daunt hardened troops. He used kindly sarcasm to keep order, and there were few, even in that hyper-critical society, who had anything bad to say about him. His hair was grey and every year the effort to keep his small form in shape became a little harder, but no one was allowed to see this. "Midge," short for "Midget," they called him because of his small size. Every night Midge would work late in his office and then stroll home for dinner.

He could hear them calling to each other before he reached the entrance to the quadrangle. Years of teaching had attuned him to the different sounds of boys' voices. This, he decided, was trouble. In the dim light he could see three or four boys. They were throwing stones down the steps which led to the boiler house. He timed his moment for maximum effect and then bellowed and went for them. They scattered, calling out his name in warning as they went. He looked down the steps, and heard a cautious movement below. "Come up out of there," he shouted, and slowly a small figure detached itself from the gloom and slowly began to ascend. "What were you doing down there?" His voice was non-committal, ready to relax for a boy who had been a victim or sharpen for an offender. "They made me go down there." Midge softened his voice. "Who were they?" The small figure remained silent and dejected and, recognising the code, Midge chuckled a moment. "Come along then" and he led the way. The boy was crying now, and Midge remained silent as he had in many such crises.

The boy sat on the edge of the chair and balanced the cup between his knees. Midge talked inconsequentially of the war and laughed to himself as he watched the calculated nonsense catch the boy's attention. He waited until the boy was showing interest and hero-worship and then sent him off. He grinned sardonically as he closed up the office for the second time. For a few years he would have a disciple, but what were teachers for if not to be idols with feet of clay.

Peter watched the small figure disappear into the dark with a feeling of dumb gratitude. The others came round then, nervously asking if he had given their names. When he said no, they thanked him and left. For the first time he found himself free of grief and only left with memories. He ran a few paces and gave a jump. Midge, he decided, was a nice person. The days of dead living were over.

— PAUL JONES



Medusa

I came creeping softly
Through the garden gate,
Where roses bloomed and birds sang
And none had heard of hate.

There was a little child;
I thought she would not see.
I tip-toed near and—dearest God!
She turned and sighted me.

Bright was her face and fair,
Soft was her face and sweet;
She looked at me, shivered, and fell:
Clay pieces at my feet.

I left the doomed garden,
Slipped down beside the lake,
Where tender-footed, soft-eyed deer
Drew near their thirst to slake.

Trembling with joy I gazed:
They were so wild and free.
I closer crept, they started, then fell—
Lifeless. They had seen me.

Now in the moon's white gleam
I stand, as I must, alone,
But the desperate cry which I raise to the sky
Echoes back from a world of stone.

— ELMA BEALL

THE JET

Out of a bright, burning, cerulean blue, an Avro-Arrow, no more than a minute silver speck, dropped through countless feet of summer sky as it broke the sound barrier. The muffled explosion rocked the brown countryside beneath, so that birds on the wing swerved in their flight, and the persistent chorus of crickets wavered for a moment in its response.

Old Mrs. Rawn, in her dark kitchen, hearing the sound, thought Old Mr. Rawn had fallen out of his chair. She wiped her wet hands on her apron and hurried out to the porch. The old man was rocking gently, oblivious of the hot brown friends, of the scintillating scientific acrobatics performed miles above his head, oblivious of everything save his own gentle motion.

The heat settled everywhere, turning the cluster of barns, idle farm machinery, and statuesque cattle into a sepia haze. White dust from the road hung in the air and heat waves danced above the huge cucumber patch where George Rawn, back bent, brushed aside the torrid leaves with large brown hands. Occasionally, with a mild curse, he threw out a yellowed cucumber that shot like a boomerang through the shimmering air and landed in the long grass at the foot of an apple tree, and then continued his search for the long, slim, green cucumbers that lurked like crocodiles in the only coolness, ready to snap at wandering fingers. They too were grasped firmly behind the jaws, torn ruthlessly from their green anchorage and placed carefully in a wicker basket.

When he had caught enough, George Rawn slowly straightened himself, reached for his basket and, choosing where he trod, moved off towards the house.

Old Mrs. Rawn still stood on the porch beside the nodding figure of the old man. The sun dazzled the window panes, turning cobwebs into incandescent filaments, shone in marvellous transparency through the leaves of a wilting geranium, and finally settled in large uneven squares of pale light all over the floor and walls.

Between two sticky brown fly papers that hung slowly twirling from the ceiling, Old Mrs. Rawn watched her son approaching the house. She moved to the door, opened it gently so as not to disturb the old man, and stood outside in the full heat of the day. "George," she cried in a high querulous voice. "George, what was that noise?" George did not answer but, coming up, lowered his basket onto the first step of the porch. Moving closer to his mother, who on the top step was the same height, he pointed with a strong brown arm into the fathomless midst of the blue. She screwed up her eyes, inclined her head and following the various contours of her son's arm and forefinger, launched herself lady bird-like into the sapphire summer day, her eyes for a moment lost in its depths until she too encountered the slender thread of white.



The incessant noise of the crickets increased as the afternoon advanced. Far in the distance, lost in its own haze, a threshing machine tossed a golden plume of dust into the air. Minute figures moved to and fro quite unconnected to the odd shouts and bawled instructions that hung ownerless in the air.

Leaning on the porch steps in the full sun, George, with his imperfect knowledge, explained to the old woman something of the natural laws that accounted for the strange sound. A weariness passed over Old Mrs. Rawn's face as she listened to her son. She squinted up into the open sky and could no longer find the streak of white. George, holding his hand against the intense blue, flashed it in front of her eyes in an attempt to illustrate the progress of the distant plane, and spoke with enthusiasm of resistance and friction.

After a final inspection of the cornflower sky, and seeing nothing remarkable, the old woman took the basket of cucumbers and turned to re-enter the house. A fly, nicely caught by the tip of one wing, sent out a perfect semaphore of distress as she passed into the cool black depths of her kitchen.

George Rawn sat for some time on the steps gazing fondly upwards.

The afternoon waned. Still the distant roar of the threshing machine weighted upon the air, imparting a deep somnolence to the countryside so that the fields of stooks and motionless cattle looked as though they would never wake.

Again the amber afternoon was shattered by a sharp explosion. George Rawn out in the fields turned his head upwards in reverence. Old Mrs. Rawn in her dark kitchen felt sure the old man had fallen out of his chair, and hurried out to the porch, where he rocked gently, oblivious of all the world.

— JOHN ANDERSON

Thoughts

The mavis' voice upon the air
 And raucous crow from shiv'ring pine
 Hold us here below — prisoners of Life.
 They, whose words we yearn to know,
 Tease, deny.

Life teases us like eternity, when we think.
 But who can think, or even try?
 Some say the fires which kindle you and me
 Are stoked by fuels unseen;
 I say the keys to Life are yours and mine
 But they will lock and not set free.

— CHARLES COCKERLINE

To A Child

Child,

With laughing innocence in thine eyes,
 I would protect thee.

Thy free, unchecked rill of laughter
 Thy pure, unfeigned innocence
 Thine impetuous outbursts of love
 Thy blind, so humbling, trust.

I am sorry. Life will change thee.

Thy laughter to painful shyness
 Thine innocence to bitter experience
 Thy love to self-conscious indifference
 Thy trust to sulking suspicion.

I am sorry. I cannot protect thee.

— MARILYN PAGE

Red and Gold River

Fine-meshed nets hang all around me
 Not supported by my wonder.
 Let us float together to the sea.
 Can you come away under the apple-tree?
 Can you come away and talk with me?

Float us, to the sound of thunder
 Past the castle, bulging on the hill;
 Past five modern duplexes and under
 The shaking bridge. Our splendour
 Causes all the Lambs of God to pause and wonder.

Can you come away and love me? till
 The whistle blows and we must scramble somewhere?
 Now the plastic mechanism all is still
 And hulking rests the school-mill
 All immobilized by the miracle

Of the golden barge coasting fleet and fair;
 And grass-gold is the witchery
 Of wilder light reflecting in your hair:
 In sudden, mad-illuminating glare,
 The Sunday-men stand shaking on the shore and stare

At us, as we clumsily
 Attempt a nonchalance we do not feel;
 Nor can ever be
 Blasé about our trip to sea
 In a golden barge, large with urgency.

The bells clang at us and peal
 Angrily. Irreverently
 We flash orange-gold from our swift keel
 And the red-hell lights of the bark reveal
 A jagged shore-line of stainless-steel.

Please can we go together to the sea?
 The trip alone would be too much for me.

C. P. SNOW'S TRACT FOR THE TIMES

As far as I can gather from a reading of American periodicals, it appears that M. Jacques Barzun's *The House of Intellect*¹ is arousing a considerable amount of discussion and soul-searching. In England, however, it is Sir Charles P. Snow's Rede Lecture 2, delivered last year at Cambridge, that has provoked reactions out of proportion to those normally given to a public lecture. Perhaps the extremely straight-forward, cool and pungent style of the lecture made it inevitable that Sir Charles would be attacked by a few of his critics as being 'insensitive' or even 'philistine.' The style was, nevertheless, dictated by what appeared to Sir Charles to be a sense of urgency. The first main thesis was devoted to the cleavage in Western culture between the scientists and what are conveniently called literary men; the gulf separating them must have been familiar in one form or another to all of us, yet it required some rather plain speaking on Sir Charles' part to point out that the intellectual life of the Western society has long been split into polar groups and that, unless we do something, and the sooner we do it the better, this process will continue beyond recall. This separation involves a basic difference in attitude that cuts across all other divisions and as a result the means of communication between the 'two cultures' are practically non-existent. The scientist and the literary man are simply not interested in each other's world and do not, for that matter, see any reason to be so.

As a novelist of genuine merit as well as a scientist by training with considerable experience in the Civil Service during the Second World War and afterwards, where he had the opportunity to interview some forty thousand applied scientists and engineers, Sir Charles is undeniably well qualified to speak of the two cultures, and for that reason we are fairly compelled to stop and take notice of, for example, his suggestion that there might be some truth in the statement made by non-literary men that modern literary men, at any rate the major ones who influenced their culture, have often been political simpletons. There are reasons for this, the main ones being revulsion against modern industrial society and anti-social attitudes, as the cases of Wyndham Lewis, D. H. Lawrence, Yeats, Pound and perhaps even T. S. Eliot³ indicate. There are many reasons, Sir Charles declares, to account for this as for the two cultures; for the purposes of his lecture, however, he limited himself to giving one reason which, as he put it, "is not so much a reason as a correlative, which winds in and out of any of these discussions" and it is that intellectuals, particularly literary intellectuals, have never tried, wanted, or been able to understand the industrial revolution, much less accept it. These intellectuals Sir Charles terms the 'natural Luddites.' Education, in England at least, was largely to blame for it; instead of acknowledging that the industrial revolution had transformed society, just as the agricultural revolution must have transformed the earlier one of hunting and fishing,

the educational institutions continued to teach the traditional culture and only succeeded in abstracting it further from the newly transformed society; at the most, this education consisted in training its young men for administration, for the Indian Empire, for the purpose of keeping up its culture, but never for equipping them with knowledge to understand or take part in the revolution. Even the pure scientists more often than not wished to remain pure and disdained to have any truck with 'applied sciences.' If such a picture as this is true, as I can only suppose it is, it does go a long way to justify Arnold's remark that Oxford (and Cambridge to some extent too) was the 'home of lost causes.'

The industrial revolution, in any case, was for the most part left in the hands of handymen. A few of these handymen with a dash of genius, like Henry Ford, found ways of extending the revolution in new directions. A stranger side to the story, which Sir Charles himself says he cannot begin to understand, is that a considerable number of Germans, in spite of their educational limitations, hardly different from those found in English and American types, did nevertheless apply themselves to a thorough study of industrial techniques and so went to England and the United States to take over the control of the revolution and developed it further.

Of the literary men who did take note of the revolution, there were a few like Ruskin, William Morris, Thoreau, Emerson and D. H. Lawrence, and they didn't like what they saw. Instead, they indulged more or less in nostalgia for times past, attached priority to the refinement of man's sensibility as if it were to be a protection against the modern world, and, in Sir Charles' words, "tried various kinds of fancies which were not, in effect, more than screams of horror."⁴ All the same, it is important to remember, as Sir Charles rightly observes, that literature changes more slowly and that its misguided periods last longer than scientific ones. In any case, the two cultures tend to create in each other's separation a misunderstanding that comes from one's lack of proper knowledge of the other's.

As may be guessed so far, Sir Charles' estimate of the world of applied scientists and engineers is higher, but there are defects as well. He finds in this culture very little knowledge of literature; the scientific people are generally impervious to literature and often their assessment of books are utilitarian in the worst sense possible, such as a remark made by one interviewed by Sir Charles reveals: "Books? I prefer to use my books as tools." But they do seem to have just as much interest as do the literary men in psychological, moral and social problems. In fact, as Sir Charles believes, they are on the whole sounder in political views and as a group, morally speaking, they are the soundest group of intellectuals that he has known. Some scientific individuals may possess a tragic sense of life as much as do the literary men, but differ in the important respect that they are very conscious of the social conditions of the world and of the need to ameliorate these conditions with all resources available, the scientific revolution included. Since they are isolated in their own culture, however, Sir Charles has this to say of them:

It isn't that they lack the interests. It is much more that the whole literature of the traditional culture doesn't seem to them relevant to their interests. They are, of course, dead wrong. As a result, their imaginative understanding is less than it could be. They are self-impooverished. ▀

The crux of the matter is not merely that it is a pity that the two worlds are so far apart as this when there should be one culture instead; rather it is that talents are becoming more diffuse and scattered, and in view of the increasingly specialized nature of education in England and the United States, will only grow more so. For the pressing problem — and it is here in his second main thesis that Sir Charles is most challenging — is that industrialization and the scientific revolution that accompanies it is no less than the hope of the poor. The issue is more than local, it concerns the whole world, and the more we allow the two cultures to crystalize in their polarisation, the less are we able to make use of the scientific revolution to meet the growing needs of the non-Communist underdeveloped countries. The Russians, Sir Charles points out, have grasped the problem very well, as their education programme plainly enough shows. The industrialized nations are getting richer and richer while the non-Communist underdeveloped countries are getting poorer and poorer. So long as this imbalance continues, the western world will find itself confronted with the 'new poor.' Since it is technically possible to carry the scientific revolution to India, Africa, Latin America, the Middle East, and south-east Asia within fifty years, the question is whether the western world will take up the challenge and invest both in men and in capital in this direction, or lose out by default to Russia. The problems of nuclear warfare, over-population, and the growing gap between the rich or the need nots and the poor or have nots make it all the more imperative, in Sir Charles' opinion, that the Western world use the scientific revolution as the way out.

To undertake all this, and this applies in the main to the United States, it would require the training of thousands more scientists and engineers as well as intensive investment of capital. The missed opportunities of education have never been more evident than the present time, and although the United States is the wealthiest nation in the world, Sir Charles is not too optimistic as to whether this nation would undertake such a 'sacrifice' as the application of the scientific revolution to the underdeveloped nations is bound to involve. For such a sacrifice would amount to national effort, not unlike, and perhaps even more so than, the one the United States undertook during the last war. Yet were this done, it may be optimistic to believe with Sir Charles that it would mean **no sacrifice at all, particularly when viewed in worldwide perspectives.** It might be argued, however, that neither the United States nor Britain, nor both together, have anything like that number to spare, and Sir Charles concedes that this may be so but the problem remains nevertheless, and, in view of Russia's capabilities as well as willingness to give just the kind of help the underdeveloped nations need and ask, the whole point is simply whether the Western world will make the effort or not.

If and when all this is done, it will be important, Sir Charles adds, to see that there is to be no trace of paternalism whatsoever, for we have come to the point where the noble and devoted works of Francis Xaviers and Albert Schweitzers will no longer be welcomed by Asians and Africans, if only for the reason that such a trace of paternalism exist in their labours.

The burning sense of urgency in the Rede Lecture can be borne out, I believe, by a reading of, say, an economic analysis in a recent issue of *The Reporter*,⁶ an American journal, in which it is revealed that if the present rate of growth in America remains constant in twenty years' time, as is likely, this nation will grow at least twice as fast as India, as much of South and Central America, as most of Africa. The danger lies in that not only is the distance between America and the non-Communist underdeveloped world expanding, not diminishing, but also that consequently America may well come in for the wrath of nations. And to complete the stark nature of the situation is the further realization that Russia today is growing twice as fast as the United States.

Viewed in this context, President Eisenhower's most recent decision to increase foreign aid, particularly for India, is a happy sign, but only in a very limited sense since the whole tenor of his Administration's policy reflects a sense of priorities that could hardly be said to correspond to the problems so clearly articulated in the Rede Lecture. President Eisenhower's attachment to the balanced-budget ideal, based as it is on old-fashioned fiscal conceptions, has provoked Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s, remark that "the reason we are falling behind lies in the lack of purpose in our national life. We are promoting private prosperity at the expense of national strength."

Perhaps the greatest difficulty of all — and this consideration is all the more relevant in that this is an election year in America — is how is it possible to translate all these problems into political terms. If examples in the immediate past can be taken as an indication of this difficulty, we can cite the case of Mr. Adlai Stevenson and his tireless but unsuccessful attempt to inform public opinion. (Incidentally, he has been one of the few political figures who have clearly recognised the dangers of the growing gap between the rich and the poor in the world). To make the attempt at all would, as professional politicians might put it, be trying to do something that "hasn't any political mileage." And Sir Charles sadly recognises this when he says, ". . . I confess, and I should be less than honest if I didn't, that I can't see the political techniques through which the good human capabilities of the West can get into action."⁷ Whatever happens, Sir Charles' lecture has been a memorable performance and will remain so for some years to come.

(To be concluded)

(In the second part of this article, the author hopes to discuss the implications of the Rede Lecture in literary and scientific matters and

the reactions expressed by Sir Charles' critics as well as his own reply published in the February issue of *Encounter*).

1. Secker & Warburg, 32s. 6d.
2. *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution*, Cambridge, 3s. 6d.
3. What Mr. Eliot would think of this is uncertain, but it is ironical to note that recently he cited Mr. Allen Tate as a praiseworthy exception to the tendency of modern men of letters to be 'political simpletons.' See *Sewanee Review*, Autumn, 1959.
4. *The Two Cultures*, p.24.
5. *Ibid.* p.13.
6. *New York*, January 21, 1960.
7. *The Two Cultures*, p.47.

— A. R. G. HEWARD

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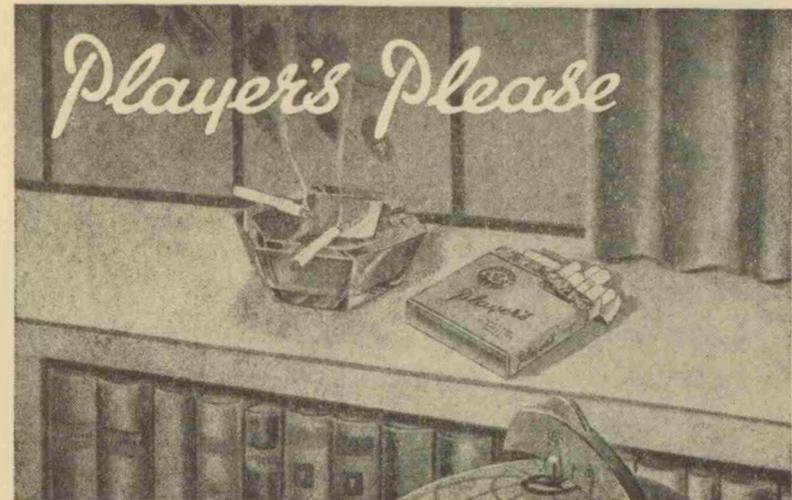
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