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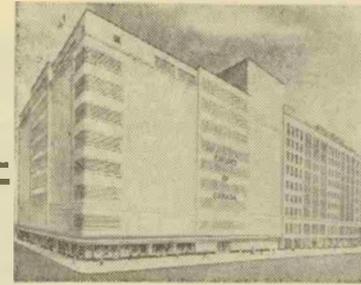
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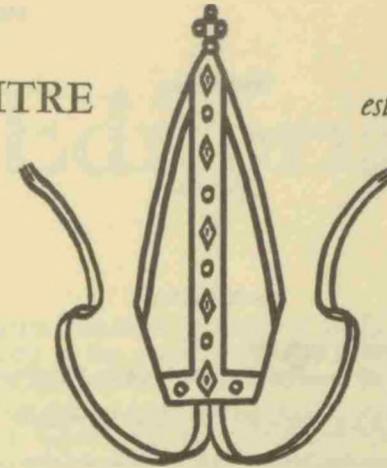
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*Dedication to
Archibald MacLeish*

*Who speaks to his own time in his poetry
and through his drama.*

THE MITRE

established 1893



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Editorial

One of the great themes of literature is man's inhumanity to man. It is the *leit-motif* of the work of Charles Dickens; it is poignantly treated in *Great Expectations*, *Bleak House*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Dickens was, of course, a crusader against the various forms of cruelty practised on their fellow man by society and the individual, and so we may feel that some of the situations which he presents are exaggerations of the truth. However, if we turn to the novels of Somerset Maugham, we find recorded therein, quite objectively, incidents of this same human characteristic of blind disregard for others. Of *Human Bondage* shows how a self-seeking woman almost ruins the life of a young man who loves her and how she is herself ruined by men whose only concern with her is one of momentary pleasure for themselves. There is the insensitivity of Mr. Carey and the hero Philip's own cruel behaviour upon occasion.

Some writers exploit this theme of man's inhumanity to man to make a living, and so we have a number of cheap thrillers and murder mysteries mingled with the productions of our more sincere authors. But even the latter are writing in the vein of realism; each page of their work cries, "This is Life!"

There is a danger that we, having been exposed to the realism of modern literature, shall ignore what it is telling us — we are a cruel breed — and remain indifferent. Then we shall write indifferently or worse, write safely of "the flowers of spring" and birds in their little nest agreeing. The world of Bishop's University is a comfortable world, but it is only a part of the larger world of men outside. This we must remember — it is a way of guarding against inhumanity. And so let us write, not just of the red of the rose, but of the redness of blood, not only of gaiety and ease but also of labour and sorrow; for this is the whole of man's condition.

EGYPT: CAIRO TO LUXOR AND THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS

Israel behind us, eight of us from the Eleventh World University Service International Seminar stood in the Cairo station waiting to board the train for Luxor, a town that had grown up across the river from the Valley of the Kings amid the massive ruins of Thebes and Karnak.

With the unerring recognition of all connected with the tourist trade, a shuffling mentor in blue coveralls materialized from the depth of the station and led the way to our compartment. Arched leather seats defied persons of any size or shape to find comfort in their arms, and the first of a long session of ticket collectors came to tear our tickets and return an ever decreasing stub to be cherished until the next intrusion.

Darkness fell soon after we started our journey and we settled back under the layers of dust and soot pouring generously in the window. A few stops served to initiate us in the finer points of the rapid exchange of coins and bottles by which hundreds of cokes changed hands at every station.

The morning brought a sight very different from the crowded tenements of Cairo. The train followed the Valley of the Nile and only in the distance was the sharp yellow line of the desert visible. We looked through the cross bars of a bridge to see feluccas skimming over brown waters, murky with the approaching flood. All life seemed to radiate from the water's edge. Fields of sugar cane were watered by the pail and weighted log of the ancient shaduf or by water wheels worked by yokes of oxen.

The initial shock of seeing three camels lined patiently at a level crossing soon became a common-place. A prolonged stop in a village provided the spectacle of small grey donkeys, almost covered by the sweeping robes of their riders, trotting across a square. A string of pack camels shifted restlessly under the care of one very small boy while a girl, balancing an earthen jug on her head, carried water to two mounted officers.

Long delays eventually gave way to a complete halt, and we found ourselves in the midst of a dry, mud-caked field, with people beginning to throw parcels vigorously out the windows. The sight of soldiers arbitrating with switches among hordes of potential bearers was not particularly re-assuring, and we clutched our baggage possessively. A few moments later, led by a soldier assigned to direct us, we joined the long safari twisting across the field.

The track we followed brought us to a small village of mud huts. The first sign of life was an emaciated dog lying in the sun, past even the curiosity to lift his head to look at us. By contrast, a very prosperous looking water-buffalo belied the poverty of her surroundings.

Soon we were guided onto one of the three waiting buses. It was

already crowded, but with good natured tolerance the people made room for eight grimy Canadians. Here, we finally learned that the main track had been blocked by a wreck during the night.

The twelve hours that the journey was scheduled to take passed by as we sat parked under the trees lining a canal. Outside, a traveller in western dress directed boxes to a destination beyond our line of vision, while a swirl of people claimed their belongings from exhausted and dripping porters. In their midst, an elderly woman crouched over her bundles waiting stolidly for whatever the next moment might bring.

At last we set out, following a winding road that clung to the side of the water. A number of houses, many of them splashed with the traditional bright blue of the Arabs, heralded the outskirts of a town, and we drew up at the station.

Preliminary investigations revealed that wherever we might be, it was not Luxor. Armed with this scanty knowledge, we made our way to another train. It did not take long for us to succumb to the sticky morning heat and lapse into the generally drowsy atmosphere of the car.

Another jolty hour on the far from perfect road bed brought us to our destination. Luxor itself flourished as a winter resort and the large hotels had closed, leaving the incautious summer tourists to their smaller brethren. Despite the well founded tradition that visitors limit their architectural enthusiasms to the morning and evening, we persevered in our travels.

We covered the final lap in a horse-drawn cab, a barge, and a vintage 1920 automobile. On our way, we passed the deserted mansion of Carter, the discoverer of King Tutankhamen, and drove through the forbidding mountains opening into the valley leading to the eternal stillness of the tombs of by-gone kings.

— WENDY STEVENSON

VISITEZ LA TUNISIE

Travelling is such a subjective thing. You really shouldn't tell anyone anything. You have to bribe them with drinks, a cigarette, and even a pretzel or two to watch your slides; the ones that have been so carefully catalogued and edited, and that bring to living colour the glories of that memorable journey. You have to listen politely when your audience makes irrelevant statements such as, "When I was over there, we went to the most fascinating little café; but then we had the right connections." They'll launch into a detailed description of THEIR trip which couldn't possibly have been worth all the money they spent; or they'll develop a glassy stare and make the occasional grunt which you may interpret as, "Aren't you a lucky devil," but which probably means they want another drink if there are to be many more of these things.

But travel descriptions, especially written ones, are much more satisfactory. You don't have to be on guard for that stealthy boredom that may creep into the listener's face. They have the right to yawn right into the printed page and, as long as you are not in the vicinity, you will not know to be crushed.

The primary objective of such tracts is to "Take-you-away." So, if I may be permitted to take you by your indifferent little hand, we shall go wandering through the land that the Tunisian tourist bureaus and I are so eager to expound.

You may remember that American lady on the plane from Geneva to Rome. She said that it NEVER rains in Tunisia. You'll arrive during one of the three most violent thunderstorms of the summer; the DC descending in swoops of a thousand feet, and you keeping that stiff upper lip, even in the face of imminent death. There are so many first impressions. You have landed in the capital city, Tunis. Probably the summary of your confusion is 'flat.' The land is flat, the roofs are flat, and so are the women's faces. But then you haven't seen anything. Perhaps you had better go to the coast proper; for a swim, if you want an excuse. Now you are on a sandy-coloured hill, looking down, through a couple of palm trees or a spiky cactus, to the sea. The Mediterranean is several shades of blue: a deep purple line at the horizon, then a greeny-blue at the shore flecked with bubbles because the waves are high that day. First let's pretend it's a beach. Follow that path down and you get to the sand. It's white and probably hot. You might go dashing in; the water is so clear, or you might recline upon your towel. There will be a funny fellow with a basket balanced on his head, full of peanuts packaged in newspaper cones so that you can stick them in the sand. While cracking the shells leisurely, you make amusing comments about the beauty of the human form because there is a bevy of bikinis near enough for observation. Suddenly, the door in the wall behind you will open and children will come rushing from the convent garden, trailed by grey-habited nuns.

The Mitre

Or, let's begin again. This time you start out on a cliff. It's sandstone. You are looking down, straight down, to the foam that is lashing about those jagged edges. Climb down, clasping your camera and expensive diving equipment, to the shelf of white rock. You will have chalk all over your feet, but you can dive off that edge over there and paddle about in a grotto of water. It is very deep and very clear so you might as well spear a fish or two — if you can. Or you could swim into the cavern that cuts under the cliff you were on a minute ago. It goes back for several hundred yards. The roof is about one hundred feet above you, and the rocks are worn smooth, quite breath-taking.

We should dabble in sociology. A shopping spree is as good a way as any and the best way to contribute to a rather poor economy. Find an Arab guide, otherwise you will be 'taken' unless you are a good hand at bartering in their language. You go to the "Souks" and meander along narrow passages in an area that is partly covered and that sprawls in a maze of tiny shops around the central Mosque. With any luck your Arab friend will wear a silkish robe, white if he is in the upper échelon, or striped. All the men wear a red fez. The women don't have their faces covered anymore; progress has brought their emancipation. They all wear white sheets wound about in an involved manner. They are usually very large figures; or, if not, they are accompanied by a rotund mother or aunt. A great many of them, especially the younger set, have been influenced by the French customs. (Tunisia was a French colony only four years ago.) They wear khaki pants and flashy shirts or dresses with the skirts at the kneecaps, discouragingly western. However, we were shopping, weren't we? The dinar (worth \$2.40) unfortunately resembles the one dollar bill and the merchants profit highly from this distorted sense of value. They have a great affection for étrangers. Better buy a pair of gaudy dandles and some jewelry or a brass tray, or even a hand-hooked rug. Anyway you come out into the air with a good deal less money than you went in with.

To get the full treatment you should go to dinner at an Arab restaurant for a meal of seven, highly spiced courses of indescribable contents, all mixed intricately and fried. The essence of everything will be 'Coucous,' staple of the Arab Crescent, a grainy rice which is capable of many forms. The accompanying music is whining and haunting, especially when interpreted by a beauteous belly dancer. Someone will shove a bunch of jasmin flowers into your hand for you to bury your nose in as an after-dinner reviver. The atmosphere is pungent with their gardenia-like odour and the smell of strong Tunisian cigarettes. It may take fortitude, but you will not leave until the dawn, for the festivities get gayer and, if you were smart, you slept all afternoon anyway. (Everyone does, except the mad dog and Englishman, wherever there is a patch of shade.)

Gather strength, upon the new day you must learn some history. We'll drive inland, through some low hills where you'll see the olive trees clinging tenaciously to the sandy soil, either grapevines or dry crack of

erosion between them. You will pass through little villages, everyone sitting outside at the café to observe you disinterestedly; and past herds of dromedaries. (There is a difference, you know; they only have one hump but they have the same snide expression as the camel and are equally imposing. There are no camels in Tunisia.) Then suddenly, we come over a crest and in the plains below you see a coliseum, better and bigger than the over-worked one in Rome. Or, it may be a whole Roman village excavated down to the streets and the mosaic floors. Keep your eye open for Roman coins. If you don't find one there will be a ragged little boy with an engaging smile to sell you one at the exorbitant price of twenty cents. It must have been quite a culture that the Romans had here. The museums are filled with statues and huge mosaics of lovely colour and design. The story goes that they cut down so many trees to heat their bath water that the land is now almost bare. Now the Tunisians, encouraged financially and technically by U.S. Economic Aid, have terraced the hills and planted olive trees. It is a slow, sad process of revival.

If you could stay all summer, you could go to all sorts of towns with fascinating names. Tunisia has many faces: fertile lands and deserts; great cathedrals, forbidden mosques, and ancient synagogues. You could go to the Island of the Lotus-Eaters. You could go to the Laurentian-like hills near the Algerian border and listen for bombings, though you are not likely to see much more than camps of weary refugees. You could go through miles of flat salt plain to a white villa on an exciting piece of the sea. You could meet Frenchmen, and Arabs, and German tourists. You could . . . come! (couldn't you?)

— ANN MEREDITH

Dinner At The Prin's

Such an honour
Such a treat
Such a lot
Of things to eat
Shined my shoes
Pressed my dress
He'll be hungry
Too — I guess
He's a good prin
Students' pal
Hope he's not on
Metrecal
I'm excited
'Cause tonight
I've a special
Appetitey
Mrs. Prin
Will joy to see
Just how clean
My plate will be
I will be the
Favourite guest
I'll eat more than
All the rest
I'm not piggy
Understand
I just think that
Food is grand
Dinner's the best
Time for meeting
'Cause you cannot
Talk while eating
What a lovely
Meal 'twill be
Food and people
Food and me
Had a thought
Effect was numbing
Must remind him
That I'm coming!

— SUSAN ANGLIN

Old Wicker Young

Old wicker chair, granddaddy in the dust-light,
 Early morning perch for a few crumb-birds,
 Rocked only a little in the worst big wind storm,
 Cast a tall shadow long before I was born.
 We could be the best of friends, (You've been lonely so long),
 If I only had the nerve to just sit down.
 Granddaddy rocked you and he rocked himself a million.
 Could I sit in your lap and you do the same for me?
 From this bird-dirty porch I can smell rainy sidewalks
 Or walk downtown by raising my head.
 Once I tried to run away in my red "salad-dressing-gown,"
 You don't run away from a place like this.
 Down three flights past unsown flower beds
 To the lost tennis court, (Just right for mud pies)
 Where the dandelions play for the love of the game.
 I can look far back; I can play with other days,
 Or put on Marg Whiting who has got Spring Fever;
 Take the cocktail glass from the Steinway grand,
 And play a composition in a nonsense key.
 Should I open summer-sun-doors and fry with the crickets?
 Should I burn brown holes in just-hatched green leaves?
 With this magnifying glass could I burn myself?
 I wouldn't dare use it on the old wicker chair.
 I'll sit down lightly, oh, it's swallowed me whole.
 Dirty old wicker with a lap full of memories,
 Dirty old wicker, have you got a soul or a song?
 We could be the best of friends, (You've been lonely so long!)

— BLAKE BRODIE

POETRY REVIEW

The publication in 1960 of Ralph Gustafson's *Rocky Mountain Poems* and *Rivers Among Rocks* is a further evidence of the value of the contribution made by the graduates of Bishop's University to Canadian poetry. It is of interest to note that in A. J. Smith's *The Book of Canadian Poetry*, the standard anthology, five Bishop's graduates are represented, a number exceeded only by the graduates of the University of Toronto. They are William Henry Drummond, Archdeacon Scott, Professor Frank Scott, Neil Tracy, and Ralph Gustafson. To their names might well be added as ranking Canadian poets, Professor Frank Call, who is represented by four selections in the Penguin Books *Anthology of Canadian Poetry*, and Professor George Whalley. As undergraduates of Bishop's, the initial poetry of most of these men was printed in "The Mitre"; and it is a mark of the vitality of our poetic tradition that our literary magazine, as distinct from a college newspaper, is now in the sixty-ninth year of its publication.

In artistic technique and maturity of thought, Ralph Gustafson's *Rocky Mountain Poems* and *Rivers Among Rocks* are the fruitage of a long period of poetic development. In his initial book, *The Golden Chalice*, he reveals himself as a disciple of Keats, and his work is as yet uninfluenced by a study of modern poetry. He has, however, the primary endowment of a poet. Depth and subtlety of thought await the future; but rhythmic grace and melody are not lacking, as the poet revels with youthful extravagance in opulent and sensuous imagery.

During his residence at Oxford, Gustafson came into touch with the work of modern poets and their forerunners and, in particular, the poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins. In his dramatic poem, *Alfred the Great*, he models his verse, in part, as Hopkins did, on the Anglo-Saxon prosody of accented stress and alliteration rather than rhyme and metrical beat.

It was not, however, until the printing of *Epithalamium in Time of War* that the full extent of the influence of the poetry of Hopkins on Gustafson is apparent. In connection with this poem, I cite part of the fine tribute paid to it by Professor E. K. Brown of the University of Toronto:

Like so much of the best in contemporary verse it fuses an Elizabethan largeness of sound with a peculiar modern ellipticalness and compactness of meaning.

Commenting on the closing lines of the poem, Brown writes:

Here is inspired imitation, which goes near to the core of Hopkins' method, going as it does to what is most personal in his rhythms and diction. In the passage Mr. Gustafson's own personal stamp is obvious — the lightness of musical and intellectual pace, easily distinguishable from Hopkins' quickness, and a kind of daintiness.

In *Rocky Mountain Poems* and *Rivers Among Rocks* the variety of Gustafson's technique is illustrated by a striking difference between them. The diction of *Rocky Mountain Poems* is simple and straightforward. The lines are short and the words, to a large extent, monosyllabic. The content, basically descriptive, is easily grasped and not complex. The realistic noting of details, etched in succinct, vivid phrasing and imagery, is combined with an impassioned expression of the delight and awe of the poet as he gazes upon the stupendous panorama of the Rockies. Reflection as well as description is involved. Nature is related to the life of man, and an overwhelming sense of the Divinity immanent in the Universe is voiced in a sort of semi-mystic pantheism. The word *magnificence* is often used to express the poet's reactions. For Gustafson, as for Hopkins, the whole world is "charged with the grandeur of God." Many passages in *Rocky Mountain Poems* recall Gustafson's fine lyric in *Flight into Darkness*, "Excelling the Starry Splendour of this Night," in which he writes:

O mighty night and firmament of glory
Here on the yes of an eyelid hung!
The broad hills break whereon you stand,
O man, of god who gave.

Rivers Among Rocks is a more ambitious collection of verse than *Rocky Mountain Poems*. Here Gustafson's craftsmanship stems from various sources. His indebtedness to Donne and the metaphysical poetry of the 17th century as well as to Eliot in *Waste Land* is plainly discernable. Yet he has his own original vein and is far from being merely imitative. As in *Rocky Mountain Poems*, his response to Nature is that of wonder and rapture; but his vision is still more wide flung, cosmic rather than localized. Once more he often uses the words *majesty* and *magnificence* as descriptive of the phenomena of the Universe. There are numerous individual passages in these poems of rare beauty and originality of imagery. As, for instance, when the moon at midnight is pictured,

It is the rusted moon moves foamless parting sky,
Her salty starboard stowed still with beauty,
She weighed westerly soon.

It must be admitted, however, that many of the poems in *Rivers Among Rocks* made difficult reading. Involvement in metaphysics, the abrupt juxtaposition of images worlds asunder, the neglect of logical sequence, telegraphic tightness of phrasing, the quite unorthodox syntax, as well as being curious and subtle, at times obscure the meaning to the point of unintelligibility. Expression outpaces communication, and, despite oases of loveliness, the reader must cudgel his brains over craggy and contorted passages in which Mr. Gustafson's *Rocks* seem more in evidence than his *Rivers*. The bane of esoteric poetry is that its appeal must always be limited to a cult, since it divorces itself from wider human sympathy and understanding.

Yet there is a considerable portion of *Rivers Among Rocks* to which

this criticism does not apply. Mr. Gustafson as a native of the Eastern Townships district of Quebec, is a lover of its beautiful natural scenery and its country-side human life. The three poems on "Quebec Winter-scene," "Quebec, Late Autumn," and "Quebec Night" are admirable in their homespun realism, their fidelity, their simplicity yet magic of phrasing. Other poems in the collection centring on the theme of love combine beauty of imagery with that deft grace of touch yet vitality of lyricism, which reveals the personal and individual quality of Gustafson's gift as a poet. An illustration may be cited from the poem, *Armorial*:

our love
Was like gules emblazoned at Canterbury
Most kingly in windows and leopards
Passant on bars of gold. This
Was our heraldry.

Our love was larks and sprang from meadows
Far from kingdoms which regal grew
With rod and bloodred weed and rush
Where water ran; this was our love,
The place where she chose, I could not but come,
A field without myth or rhetoric.
She lay down with love and my hand
Was gold with dust of lily. This
Was our province.

Ralph Gustafson has won his spurs as a Canadian poet of distinction, and is to be congratulated on his achievement.

W. O. RAYMOND
(Professor Emeritus of English Literature,
Bishop's University)

Epigrams

TO A BOOR

Though we have no doubt that at home you're a star,
You were not invited to come as you are.

TO A PROFESSOR

For your own thoughts we may have to wait,
But believe me, old boy, your reading is great.

TO A POLITICIAN

Your friends and admirers would greatly rejoice
To hear what you offer aside from your voice.

— J. L. WISENTHAL

Aux Armes

Strong power blocs
May raise our stocks;
Armaments growing
No doubt help Boeing;
But the human race
We can't replace.

— J. L. WISENTHAL

EVE NORTON

After The Plumèd Serpent

After the Plumèd Serpent, I
wrote my "I" thus: i
In the hope that, bye and bye
Some Quetzalcoatl would come along
to dot it.

Reflections of a Molly On New Year's Day

A solution-to-the-mechanical-futility-of-our-society
seems just around the corner.

But a corner is a sharp edge to cross.
The green lights of this aquarium make me look so sickly
that i fear for my life.

But to break the binding liquid walls
they say i must develop a new breathing apparatus
& how ever in the world shall i
improve on the lovely symmetry of these gills?

Our Saucy Bright-Eyed Yellow Bird Sat In My Hand

& i

(who once was prone to strangle squabs
in the bad, bold, belly-button, hay-mow jumping
calf riding, woods hiding,
thumping, big-brother hating
days of spider fights
& us betting on them)
feathered the front on him
with tenderness.
Klee-like he twits and fluffs masculine feathers
about his ankles, and the love comes
not from manuals of instruction for resident women
under twenty-one
but from kindly creature closeness
like the damp warmth of a cat's belly
or the soft incredible pressure of your
warm mouth.

Time, Wine and Tenderness

Noble & fine. Noble & fine.
& what of mine can be noble and fine?
& what of us can be noblesse?
Our eternity seems glorious at the time
But what of it is noble and fine
When we both have reached the end of our wine
And run out of tenderness?

Book of One Chapter

I cry triple tears
that on striking the earth become tear-tombs
for the noise of my threefold howlings.

And about is the white sound of all pain; is round
endless.
My tears spiral to an energetic death; and I spin early
the path.

This is the first and the final time of weeping.

Deny to me, o you empiricists, the cycle
of the rise and the fall
of the thrust and the moan
of the rhythm of learning and forgetting.
You scientists and men of God, when will you understand?

We are the swindled . . .
The victims

& I

rage because some suffragette has robbed me of my
portion. My birthright of womanhood.
prenez gard!

In my cheated frenzy shall I castrate you
who are so disappointingly similar?

I heard somewhere of passion
Resolved to find it too
In experimental fashion
I tried it out with you

I cry triple

one for the loveless	
one for the damned	all of which
one for the false	I am

O listen with me to the blessed water's babble
For this is the last time of grief and
Thenceforth my withered eye-sockets
Shall only dribble
Dust.

ANTHEM FOR DOOM

He sweated in the shade of the jutting bricks and waited for her to answer the door. A woman approached leisurely, ultimately resting her cottony stomach against the screen.

"Just five minutes of your time, lady," he said.

"What do you want?"

"Just five minutes. Just that."

He was thin and dirty. His eyes stared blackly out from a furrowed brow. His denim pants were paint-spattered. She stood back from the screen door to let him enter.

I'll live forever. That's not what he said. But I will.

He cleared his throat.

"You are not going to believe this, lady, but I am begging only your time. I am asking you to give me just five minutes of your life span."

"Is it encyclopedias you are selling?" she said, not unkindly.

"No. No. You don't understand yet." His voice rose. "I need some time. A lot of time. I have this bargain . . . that is, promise, to myself. I must finish my life's work. I must." His eyes grew larger and blacker and more intense. "I need more time. I need five minutes from you. And you and you." He gestured jerkily at the other houses visible through the screen door.

"And what are you giving in return, honey?" She smiled.

"That's the rub. I can give nothing. I could give nothing. But will you help me?"

"Sure. Sure I'll help you honey." Her throaty laugh again.

He sat in his room and counted the receipts with trembling fingers. 25 - 30; 35 - 40; 45 - 50. Almost an hour. He replaced them in the little bag.

He said I shouldn't let my master work remain unfinished because of a creeping end that approaches all too soon. He knows my work must defy him. That I must live until it's finished. I saw him. I saw him looking at the painting. He knows it will be completed soon.

85 - 90 - 95 - 100 two hours.

Does he know how long it will take me? Does he know how close I am to finishing it? He can't know! I can live for years. He'll never realize the difference.

300 - 305 305 - 310 310 - 315

He cannot see through the artist's trick of lying any more than all the others. I can live indefinitely. Forever.

When he had reached the end of his normal life span the artist did not die. He began to live his borrowed store of minutes and hours.

Soon after he realized the horrible consequences of his bargain with Death.

His stangled cry of despair was animal, horrible, when he at last understood. It was still THEIR five minutes he would live. Still theirs. Over and over again he was condemned to live the last rattling drooling five minutes before death, to experience the unknowing horror and fear before the final leap. Over and over again.

"SOMETHING WORTHWHILE"

Marc Légaré stood on the snow-covered steps of his office building in downtown Quebec and contemplated its shadow on the opposite walls. The light grey stone walls of St. Peter's street provided an ample background for the silhouette of this impressive, eight-story heart of the financial life of the ancient capital. Moving his slight frame down the stairs, Marc turned to look proudly at the new brass plaque being placed beside the main entrance . . . M. Légaré et Cie., Agents de Change . . . and felt a surge of satisfaction and accomplishment. In twenty years! he exulted. In twenty years, he had advanced from the misfit of his graduating class to one of the great financiers of Canada, with office branches in Montreal and Toronto, and now Quebec.

Reluctantly tearing himself away from this gratifying spectacle, he swung briskly about, nodded to his chauffeur, and slid into the Cadillac waiting at the curb. Closing his eyes, he let his head fall back on the cushions and waited for the chauffeur to climb round to the driver's side. God, it was a long day! They all seemed long now, now that he was alone, and there was nobody to come home to.

When the chauffeur got in, he was about to have him drive to the Château Frontenac, when he remembered his promise to René Talbot. At first he hesitated . . . René was an old school-friend of his, who had 'phoned him that morning to ask him to dinner, and he had accepted. But now he was tired, it had been a long day, and he wanted to return to his hotel room and sleep before going back to Montreal for the board meeting the next morning. Finally, on an impulse perhaps prompted by the fear of spending another night alone, he leant forward, gave the driver an address in Ste. Foye, and settled back in the cushions once more.

René Talbot! Even now, after all these years, he still retained a spot of the old hero-worship he had regarded René with as a boy. Cheerful, healthy, good at studies and sports, kind and considerate to a fault, René had been idolized by every boy at l'Academie. What he could possibly have seen in Marc was a mystery. Out of all the boys who had clamored to be even associated with him, he had singled out that thin, sickly scape-

goat of the boys and brothers alike to be his constant friend and companion during their days at school.

Marc remembered the day when, in a desperate attempt to gain status among his classmates, he had dared hurl a piece of eraser at the back of burly Brother André, his Greek professor. But the brother had turned in time, and managed to see Marc in the act of retrieving his arm from its pitching position before the rubber bounced off his shoulder. In the hushed silence which followed, Marc had trembled in terror before the powerful teacher's accusing stare.

"Did you throw that, Marc?" he had asked.

Marc rose, shivering. "Oui, frère."

"Viens ici," the brother had said, turning to the blackboard, where he picked up a stout pointer from the ledge, giving a few preparatory swishes in the air.

Marc had advanced, pale and terror-stricken to the front of the classroom, when, no doubt touched by the pathetic aspect of the little coward, René Talbot had lept to his feet and cried out, "Frère, I will take the beating for him. Let him go, please."

René had taken Marc's beating for him without a flinch, while Marc retired, shame-faced but inwardly relieved, to his seat.

From that moment on, René had assumed the rôle of Marc's constant companion and protector. Through René's encouragement, and through his new-found stature as René's friend, Marc had gradually begun to emerge from his shell and to take a more prominent part in school life. His grades had improved, he took part in sports, and eventually found himself at least acceptable to most of his classmates. But even then, when he graduated, he was still regarded as the scapegoat and misfit of the class.

As the car rolled through the St. Louis Gate, Marc looked out the window at the Cross of Sacrifice, the Citadel walls flowing up to the Cape, the Houses of Parliament on his right, towering loftily over the city, with the fleur-de-lys fluttering on its flagstaff in the cold winter breeze. How Quebec had changed! The grey stone houses of Grand Allée, in his youth the homes of Quebec's rich and politically influential, were now turned into rooming houses for American tourists. Everywhere you looked, you were greeted by a forest of neon signs proclaiming "Tourist," "Vacancies." And yes . . . even an American stars and stripes fluttering over a whitewashed house, once the home of a Canadian prime minister, now tritely called "The White House" . . . all a blatantly obvious attempt to make the opulent American tourists "feel at home."

Tourists! That brought back memories too. Even in his days, Quebec had been a tourist centre, and he remembered how, on their excursions to the Dufferin Terrace and the Plains of Abraham, René and he had sat and watched the Americans arriving in their plush limousines, taking rides in the calèches, and having their pictures taken beside a red-coated Mountie, tipping lavishly wherever they went. He remembered how

ashamed he had been of his ragged breeches, and hot, black beret, whenever he saw the American boys of his own age, immaculately attired in white flannels and tennis shirts, parading haughtily in front of him. He supposed it was because of this shame that he had conceived the ambition for wealth that had driven him to where he was today.

After graduating from l'Academie, his uncle had got him a job at Barry & McNannamy's, a brokerage house on St. Peter's street. Once there, he had shown a phenomenal aptitude for the work, and had swiftly risen. When the war came, he was turned down by the army on account of his asthma, and while René fought courageously in Europe with the "Vandoos" regiment, Marc had obtained a good post on the Montreal Stock Exchange. Through wise investments in companies temporarily depressed by the war, he had been able to become unbelievably wealthy during the post-war boom. It was in 1950 that he met and married Louise Turcotte, the daughter of a prominent St. James street broker. She had never really loved him, that he had known at the time . . . why, then did he marry her? Perhaps it was just a desperate grab for something really worthwhile in his life. At any rate, the marriage had failed from the start; they had been separated now for five years, and Marc seldom even thought of her.

Suddenly, he remembered René, and thought of what he had done with his life. On his return from the war, René had entered Laval University, received his doctorate, and gone to the Sorbonne in Paris. Now he was back, and teaching French philosophy at Laval. Once, Marc had met another old classmate at a party near his home in Westmount, who told him René had married while studying in Paris. Marc reflected with amazement on the vagaries of life. How was it that he, Marc, had been able to accomplish so much in life, while René, so obviously superior to him in early life, was eking out an existence on a classical college professor's salary? He wondered complacently what René's reaction would be when he pulled up at the door in a chauffeur-driven Cadillac, the picture of success.

The car, slowing down to a stop, brought him out of his reverie. He found himself outside a small brick bungalow, with the standard picture windows flanking the front door, a few straggly conifers and a pair of barren window-boxes serving as the only ornament.

He told his chauffeur to return at nine, walked slowly up to the door, and rang the bell.

Instantly, he heard a wild clamour of childish voices, the laughing "Shhh!" of a woman, and the door was flung open by René. He had not changed. Claspng Marc's hand in a warm grasp, his face wreathed in smiles, he boomed out, "Marc, it's good to see you again. Come on in."

The first minutes within the house were so confusing to Marc that he remembered very little of it. He had a glimpse of a dark, plumpish woman, surrounded by three excited young children, all smiling happily; there was a close but not unpleasant smell of roast beef in the air. While

his coat was being taken from him and hung in the cupboard, René and his wife were laughingly remonstrating with him for not having visited them before on his trips to Quebec.

After being introduced to René's wife, Yvonne, and his three children, Marc was seated in a comfortable armchair in the living room. The wife, after a few cordial remarks on her joy over meeting her husband's old friend, rose and left for the kitchen, taking the children with her.

René turned to his friend, and clasping his hand again, repeated, "It's good to see you. Would you like something to drink?"

A glass of scotch in his hand, Marc contemplated his friend. He had never seen a more peaceful, happy countenance. They talked cheerfully together for five minutes. Marc found out that during the war, René had seen such horror that he had resolved on his return to try and do as much as he could to restore people to a more humane, peaceful set of values. He obviously liked his work, and Marc could easily imagine that he would do it very well. When Yvonne entered the room to announce that dinner was served, René rose, slipped his arm about her waist, and said,

"But as you can see, I didn't spend all my time in Paris studying. Next to Yvonne, whatever else I got out of my years in Paris is nothing."

At dinner, midst the happy chattering of the family, Marc surveyed his surroundings. The house was comfortably and tastefully furnished, although inexpensively, and spotlessly clean. He liked the paintings on the walls, original French Canadian farming scenes. They were not really very good, but probably represented more sacrifice on the part of this happy couple than the outrageously expensive pictures at his home in Westmount, which he hated, and had only bought for the name attached to them.

Yvonne, chatting gaily and shamelessly about how well her husband was doing at the university, for all her naivety and simplicity, was far more charming and gracious a hostess than Louise had ever been.

When the dinner was over, he and René retired to the living room to talk and smoke, while Yvonne bathed the children and prepared them for bed. Marc began to tell René of his success in business, feeling an annoying and inexplicable desire to show him what a vast difference existed between them now. But the hilarious squeals of laughter coming from the bathroom distracted him, and he found his words sounding awkward and petty in his mouth. Why must they keep up that horrible noise? he asked himself.

Eventually the wife appeared with the three children so they could say good-night. After they kissed René, Marc realized with horror that they were intending to do the same for him. He picked one up with a strained smile on his face, and, while she leant over to kiss him, he was alarmed and surprised to find tears welling up in his eyes. Quickly, he yanked the other two up, and having allowed them to perform their silly little ritual on him, he sat them back down. Damn them! he thought . . . Who

do they think I am, anyway? . . . that's it, go, go to bed, and taking out his handkerchief he blew his nose with unnecessary and unaccustomed energy.

Suddenly he felt uncomfortable and restless. He could not explain it, but he suddenly felt out of place here, in this pitiful lower-class home. What was he doing here, anyway? He wished he was back at the hotel among people who counted, among his own kind. He'd had enough of this sickly-sweet sentimentality. How ordinary these people are! he thought. Poor René, to have wasted his life on this.

He looked at his watch, and saw with relief that it was ten to nine. The chauffeur was due any minute, and although he had planned to make him wait, he was more than ready to leave now.

The wife returned and smilingly thanked him for his kind treatment of the children, pardoning their behaviour in climbing all over him.

"Think nothing of it, my dear, it was my pleasure." One of them had sticky hands; he had smudged his tie.

Looking across the room at the couple sitting, hands entwined on the sofa, he was swept by a feeling of nausea. How plebeian all this is . . . I wish I'd never come. My God, will that fool never get here? Here he is, thank God! Oh my dear friends I almost forgot I have an appointment in fifteen minutes: isn't it lucky my chauffeur arrived on time and reminded me? I'm very sorry too where's my coat; give me my coat you petty, wasted thing with your peasant wife and your dirty, snot-blowing children let me out of here it's been a lovely evening I'll be sure to come again when I'm next in Quebec like Hell I will!! my God even the door sticks why won't it open why good night thanks again.

Marc walked rapidly down the path into the empty, cold car. Sinking back into the hard seat with a surge of relief at his escape, he almost shouted at the chauffeur, "To the hotel, quick."

As the car pulled out, he looked at the house and saw the couple, arms about each other's waists, waving to him from the window.

What a vulgar scene! that René should have come to this!

Still, the flower-boxes must look lovely in Spring.

— BOB HARLOW

*A Un Historien d'Esprit
Canadien Anglais*

On vous appelle historien de réputation,
Mais tous vos diplômes, vos grades et votre instruction,
Loin de vous éclairer sur l'histoire de ma race,
Vous font préjuger, voir une incorrecte face.
Contrairement à Thucydide vous exposez,
A travers vos cours, votre nationalité.

Aux philosophes du quinzième siècle, vous êtes pareil.
Ils entrevoyaient un diabolique conseil
En l'idée d'examiner la bouche d'un cheval
Afin de connaître des dents l'exact total.
De la même façon, vos connaissances sont nées
D'un jugement rationnel et des autorités,
Et non pas en observant. Mais faites attention
Que "le raisonnement en banisse la raison."
Souvenez-vous que les philosophes mentionnés,
Sans trouver la réponse, ont dû démissionner.

Permettez-moi de remarquer qu'il serait sage
Que vous sachiez de ma langue le correct usage
Et fassiez accorder l'adjectif dans "bête noire"
Avant de l'employer, à mon grand désespoir,
Dans un de vos livres où vous faites tant d'injustice
Aux Canadiens Français avec vos préjugés.

— PEGGY ANNE MORENCY

On Hearing A Poet

or

From One Hypocrite To Another

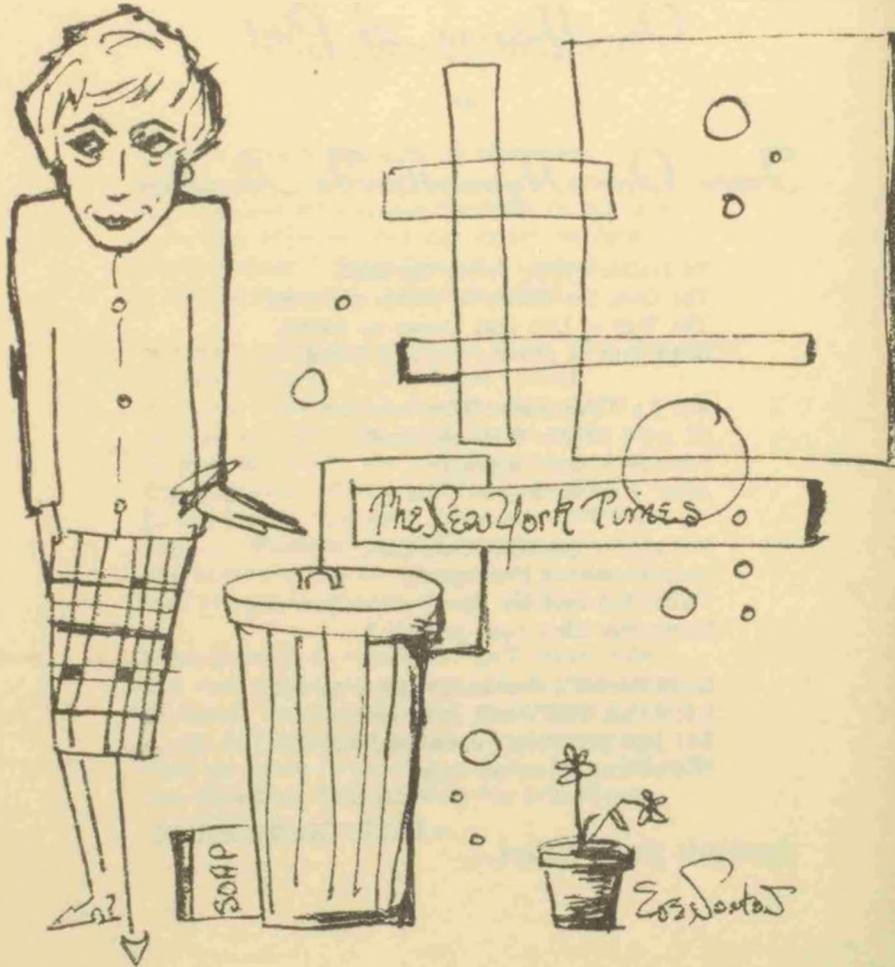
To realize Truth, to see the End,
The One, the Great, to Whom we bend,
The Way of Life that knows no bound,
Some type of poverty must be found.

But I a "Westmount" life have led,
Of solid Middle Class am bred,
For this I must apologize,
Alas! I never may be Wise.

But stay! a gremlin at my feet,
Beckons me, as if to speak,
"What ho! says he, "good cheer, you see,
Licentious life's your poverty."

Good Gremlin, thanks, but truth to tell,
I feel that THEY will go to hell,
But joy! privation's constant fact,
'Tis education we all lack.

— BARRY WANSBROUGH



"SOMEBODY HAS TO BUY THE NEW YORK TIMES"

(A FAIRYTALE FOR ADULTS)

She was still young enough for her mother to call "that girl," but she was hardly the terror that the phrase implied as she approached her mid-thirties. She lived with her parents in one of those six-story, aristocratic, old, Sherbrooke Street apartment blocks. Her father was a retired big-business man turned child tyrant like many other retired big-business men his age. Her mother had the chore of listening to him and feeding him from time to time to keep him quiet. Together with a dog, an English cocker-spaniel who was decidedly spoiled and liked things that way and who looked rather like Louis the Fourteenth of France, this was her family.

Her life as a private secretary may not have been complete, but in its humdrumness it avoided unpleasant surprises. She ate well. She slept well, and on good liquor she frequently felt "quite stupendous." And, this is the way she might have continued if it hadn't been for her one small passion, *The Sunday New York Times*.

An intelligent person, if not a mightily well read one, she was a self-confessed sophisticate. Whether this seems good or bad to you, she liked to know a little about everything so that at cocktail parties or just out with friends she seemed to know quite a bit about quite a few things. *The Sunday Times* more than anything else tended to turn the trick. If this is a weakness, it was hers. At first she took the paper as a mild antidote for a bad sermon. Soon she began to honestly like it, and, eventually it developed into a monomania of sorts. Carrying *The Sunday Times* can be very much like carrying a good, hefty baby, and as such habits can also be comforting to an unmarried female, she grew quite fond of it with all its magnificent bulk.

But, it was the week the price went up in Montreal that the story really began. Unfortunately, it didn't just go up. It doubled. And, in turn, our secretary, snubbed by the very paper she had been so faithful to, stopped buying it, and the lanky news dealer that had sold her *The Sunday Times*, in his turn, stopped calling her "A gentleman and a scholar." It was a very sad time. In fact, she was so disillusioned that for several weeks she stopped buying newspapers altogether. At the same time her social life came to a standstill. The first indication that she was really slipping, though, didn't come until one evening when she discovered herself "drifting back to watching television and eating wounded salad olives from the jar — just before bed." She knew she was grasping at straws, but she stood firm in her boycott of the paper.

As this kind of frustration usually leads to rebellion, and as she most

certainly had the spark of rebellion in her, she wrote her first letter to any publisher, the publisher of *The Times*. In her most ambitious prose, she pointed out her original loyalty to the paper, how her morale had all but disintegrated without it, and that perhaps it might be published a lot less expensively right in Montreal. The letter went unanswered, and the days and weeks plodded on. And, with the faint scent of camellias in her room, she began to take to her bed for whole weekends at a time. But, only for weekends. Alas, the working girl is not allowed the luxury of declining in the grand manner.

It was a Wednesday about three weeks after the ill-fated letter had been posted. She was putting out the garbage, and although she had never had much of a preoccupation with other people's garbage, her eyes wandered across the small tiled landing to the neighbouring cans belonging, of course, to the other apartment on the same floor. Suddenly, straightening up, she looked much more closely at the pile of papers. The subdued print was familiar. Someone had thrown out the first section of *The Sunday New York Times*! She restrained herself as the blood pounded through her. Finally, with as much delicacy as anyone could muster under the circumstances, she tiptoed across to the cans and pawed through the papers. Lobster shells had been laid to rest in one of the cans some days before and this gave her mission something of an heroic quality. So with a firm grip on the vital piece of newspaper she slipped back through her own open door, and closing it, she reflected on how fascinating the venture had been. The little animal called delight had stirred inside her. Then, a thought struck her, maybe other people in the same building bought the same paper!

Good Lord! she said to herself. What a patsy I've been! And, too, she thought about the wrack and ruin she had almost brought on herself. Now there was hope. She had only the first section, but the incentive was there to uncover other sections in the same way. She felt somehow beautifully lightheaded as well as light-fingered.

She had a new lease on life, and it had grown as the simple fun of, say, pilfering apples would. Only in this case, it had been the neighbour's garbage instead.

And, so it began. In the next few days she visited garbage cans on the fourth, fifth, and sixth floors, looming up from the third herself. It was during these excursions that she felt herself pass from the simple life of a sophisticate to the bright world of true urbanity. She knew it was urbanity because sophisticates could never make such a studied art of filching something like *The Sunday Times* from other people's garbage. In any case, her timing was perfect. No one appeared from the respective back doors as she made her rounds. And, sure enough, one of the fourth floor apartments came through with an only slightly torn book section and a magazine section that had nothing wrong with it at all, except the crossword puzzle — which had been done. Nearly everyone, she found, kept particular sections for some reason or other. An apart-

ment on the sixth floor, for instance, supplied the fashion section which seemed to have cradled a halibut as far as a stove. But, she couldn't be sure and with the complete indifference of a scholar, she pushed it under her arm. Then she stole back to her own apartment and closed her door with a sigh of relief and a great feeling of accomplishment. In time even her lost social life might come back into focus.

Going through other people's garbage is an art with its fine points like any other art. One of these fine points is the sometimes very distinct things it says about its owners or abandoners, whichever they are. For instance, people with startling garbage may very well be startling people. Or, people with yawning, topless soap boxes may be well on their way to a new set of silverware, much needed. And, for this reason people are generally very self-conscious about their garbage. It is a private thing for the garbage man alone to behold. Which brings up another fine point of the art. No one should ever be caught going through someone else's garbage.

These are a few of the lessons our heroine picked up during her few weeks of carefree rummaging in the cause of her beloved newspaper. Garbage, she found, was an intellectual delight. It could also be quite presentable as light entertainment. But, despite her interest she remained stealthy. Wherever she struck she was as silent as snow itself. However, this was not enough. Unfortunately, people, especially people who are afraid their garbage is telling too much about them, begin to notice when newspapers disappear a few hours after they are put out. Inevitably, then, our heroine was exposed.

She was browsing after the financial section, a piece she wasn't even particularly fond of, when the door to apartment nine flew briskly open. A fat, older woman, whose garbage was nearly always brimming with potato peelings, stood in the doorway.

"All right, explain yourself," demanded the woman, sounding like the voice of the entire police force. "Come in," she said wryly.

Our heroine was flabbergasted, although she should have been prepared for the worst. She apologized, explained, and argued with the woman, who was not amused and seemed to have nothing better to do than tend to her garbage. Eventually, our heroine was escorted back to her apartment by a weary and confused policeman who had no interest in anybody's garbage.

Her father, when confronted with her and the officer and informed of what she had been doing, said: "Oh, my God!" and turned away dramatically. He meant, really, that he couldn't think of anything else pertinent to say. And she knew he would never pay for *The Times*, as he had stopped buying all papers when his second childhood convinced him there was nothing he could do about the outside world, anyway.

The policeman asserted himself. "Somebody in this apartment will have to start buying *The New York Times*. **Somebody** has to buy *The*

New York Times!" he declared with Churchillian force. Our heroine, quite simply, glared at him.

"The Sunday Times is too expensive for the average working girl. Is there anything criminal in going through other people's garbage?" she asked pointedly.

"You could be charged with disturbing the peace," said the policeman.

"I was quiet and content among the garbage. I was learning about people . . . the humanities." She shed a sincere tear.

And at this the policeman felt ashamed, as he had always considered himself a friend of the humanities. In fact, he felt so hurt that after he left, he went down and removed parking tickets from an entire street full of cars to show his true "humanitarian" colours.

At the same time, with almost the same breath, our heroine fell back into her old way of life. There seemed to be no redeeming her. But, keeping a high moral standard, she never removed anything except The Sunday Times, although the glossy covered magazines often tempted her. She kept her dignity.

Life drifted on like this for her as her weekly visits passed without any further incidents. Then one day, digging for the theatre section in odd garbage from an apartment on the second floor, she met its owner. It was all very innocent. He was putting out garbage, and she was removing some. And, he looked so bewildered that, instead of apologizing or even being sarcastic, she gave him the whole story. This had no adverse affects. More than that, he seemed fascinated with her method of picking up The Times. The whole business had turned her into one violent flash of determination. And on top of that, she had developed good leg muscles. You meet the right people in the damndest places, he thought to himself. She was a reader and a thinker. He was merely ecstatic.

It was clear to her that he was taken with her. It had also come to her during their small conversation, judging by the number of tin plates and cans in his garbage that he was a bachelor. And, since he was taken with her and he seemed handsome to her, she could hardly do much other than reciprocate and be taken with him. Which she was. This sort of thing, in time, tends to lead to families. So, in the natural course of events they were married.

But, what did our heroine have to sacrifice? They moved to a ranch-style bungalow, in the suburbs because the suburbs were really the only place for young married people. However, she found nobody there bought The Sunday Times, or read it, or sold it. They had children instead. And, as she was living in the most suburban of suburbs, she was advised to forget about The Times. It was not long before the atmosphere got to her. Soon she found herself watching television, eating salad olives out of the jar, having children, and putting out imposing garbage in well capped, brightly coloured plastic garbage cans. And, in a while she could not even remember what it was she missed.

— BLAKE BRODIE

The Shepherd Cometh

See them huddled, cheerfully pitiful
And pitifully cheerful
Awaiting their long-overdue Messiah
Two thousand hell-years tardy
With unbounded unfounded assurance.

Fools, idealists;
With eyes turned upward
Adoring an invisible Light
With a childlike faith,
Mocked by a saner world.

Unshepherded, alone;
Imperfect, striving for perfection:
Yet pure amidst all Hell's impurity
They live and wait and love,
For He will come.

— DOROTHY GILLMEISTER

AN INQUIRY CONCERNING THE HEAD OF A PIN

This is a metaphysical treatise on angels; epistemological, ontological, and psychological in character, tempered by the Nature of mankind and the appeal to Good Sense.¹ I will attempt to interpret a medieval philosophical problem by applying contemporary convictions in knowledge to an extremely elusive discussion. Wherever possible I will show the effect of the problem on the history of the world. Where conflicts arise between my thesis and others, I will, of course, bamboozle my opponent by turning the attention of the reader to the scandals of his private life, gloss over the facts, pad my argument with bits about the weather, and in other and diverse manners entertain and confuse the reader in the true spirit of philosophy.

The first major problem concerns the pin itself. Modern methods of production have erased the need for speculation about the exact size of the surface with which we must deal. It is now possible to buy standardized pins so that we are not plagued with the highly individual pin heads manufactured in the early years of the controversy when private industry was The Thing. Any derisive remarks about automation will be accounted for as mere Sophistry and a foul slap at the Socialist System, for Good Sense assures us that we can make all pin heads identical with one another. We shall have no swelled heads, but conformity from point to overlap. Furthermore, as we know, it is possible for a skilled artist to paint pictures on the head of a pin, providing of course the artist desires to accomplish this end against the General Will, and providing General Will² goes along with the whole scheme, how much easier it will be to solve what is now known as the Pin Riddle, not to mention *percipi esse* and *a priori ad nauseam*.

The Pin Riddle began soon after a monk was excommunicated for suggesting they look in the horse's mouth in order to verify the number of teeth the beast had.³ The excommunication caused a nasty stir and the monks were forced to stay indoors and those that strayed outside were forced to walk as all horses refused to carry them and most had gone to pose for Rembrandt who was a long time in getting there. To prevent such a dreadful event from returning, it was decided that all future arguments must be on a more elevated plane. The Index of Worthy Subjects suggested the topic of angels. These creatures would later be described as arising through a process of compounding, comparing, and diminishing in an attempt to do away with the problem, and probably would have succeeded if the author had not become embroiled with a Frenchman who emotionally overstayed his welcome and ran about the coffee shops calling everyone who interfered by his wrong name. He was answered by the other who drew his predecessor to his logical con-

clusion by including the Frenchman with 'Wormwood and Sugar Plums' being not the same thing, later on notated by Tchaikovsky and the Good Fairy who wrote the lyrics for 'T'was the night before Christmas.'

It was the Renaissance artists who first put form to the problem by painting their angels female and fat. These monstrosities were the direct result of mankind not remembering to hoard the golden mean but of spending it on the sugar plums before mentioned. Beautiful became synonymous with overweight. Even the child angels were pudgy and unexciting and prompted a later writer to put them to swift use in puddings and things. This state of affairs put the philosophical world in turm-oil which is very sticky and hard to remove. Obviously it was quite impossible to stand, sit or recline one of these females on the head of the pin, for imagine a 250-pounder sitting on a bar stool. Moreover, the wings tickled. It was a Fine Thing that the whole business was cubbyholed at this time before some dreadful catastrophe occurred.

Yet between then and the present day, a Neo-Pin Head pupil of the school decided to try again. The limitations of man's mind played a strange trick here in the course of history and helped to un mire the problem. It happened because the pupil was not able to take all factors into consideration. To understand what chanced, we must scrutinize one of these Renaissance paintings. You will notice that all portrayed angels are not only fat but also naked.⁴ Another factor involves the perception of these artists, as they were quick to perceive the importance of love to mankind. Because all the women were so fat, the Platonists had once again gained the upper hand and ideal love was valued higher than physical passion. This is quite natural as the thought of making love to these beauties was overly repulsive. The dissenting faction among the artists grew beards to prove the virility of man, claimed they were all descendants of Samson, moved to the left bank,⁵ and read books. Their remedy came from this heavy reading, for someone discovered a mythological character called Cupidoll, whom they dusted off and replenished with arrows, and the arrows were handed out to all those pudgy little children who showed signs of a hate complex.

The great advance triggered by the pupil Pin Head happened very simply and quite by chance in the manner of Causality.⁶ The pupil, a student statistician as well as philosopher, had decided to cheat in the interest of true confusion. He mixed the little angels and the big angels together in the turm-oil and made no mention of their relative size. This, he hoped, would help reduce the number of premises for the sake of simplicity. Alas, one of the wee pudgy ones with the hate complex had brought along his quiver. In the organizational shuffle that was evolving on the head of the pin, with no protection from one another in the way of clothing, someone slipped, lost her balance and was skewered. Bedlam ensued in which half a dozen more were popped before order was restored. Those poor skewered souls proved to have been quite deflated!

This philosophical breakthrough was accompanied by the staggering

scientific invention called the Reducing Pill (with psychology Six added for those who can't swallow before every meal) patented, of course, by this same pupil.⁷ The immediate results are clouded in obscurity, but in the long run, it is quite evident that the whole history of civilization was directed and shaped by this discovery. An important case was that the artists agreed to stop the painting of fictional people and for the most part are now concentrating on wasting paint at exorbitant prices under the trade name of Subjectivism. We should not complain as the agreement could only be made with much sacrifice on both sides and we must pay the price for Neutrality. To keep the terms of this rather unhealthy atmosphere from the populace, the artists union instructs all members to mumble about Art for Art's Sake as expressed in the **Yellow Book**.

In our own time, the trend away from the fat is best reflected in current Christmas cards where little, dainty children, none above the age of three and a half (at which age they are too young to handle weapons), have completely replaced the older women. To point up their innocence, they are dressed in full length white robes (which helps set the trend in dress lengths for the coming year) and are paraded under glowing haloes, symbolic of their innocence. The robes are white, not for symbolic reasons, but because the great fashion houses need more time to decide the colour for the season and the cards are printed too far in advance.

Nudes have also gone out of style, and pictures of same must be bought on the black market in this country. Those that have delved as deeply into this matter as I have, will verify that in all back copies of these magazines in past years, fat nudes are strictly taboo. Again, an intense and extensive search of all bars has proved that the pendulum has swung totally in favour of calendar girls (who pose for the same magazines while eating cheesecakes which does not seem to bother their figures but associates the physical drive for food with the physiological urge for reproduction of the species) and away, I say, from bar belles who were hanged above the mantlepiece. I think these examples are strong proof of this thesis, which desires in part to show the influence of sex on the social behaviour of societies.

Unfortunately, all these changes have not settled conclusively the problem of how many angels can or cannot fit on the head of a pin. All that can now be said is that more will fit than was before thought possible when philosophers did not realize that a greater number of angels were capable of filling the same space than was then believed demonstrable which has now been shown to not have been the case in preference to that period in which the belief was prevalent that fewer angels could sit on the head of a pin than is now thought possible. Therefore, in the need of logical clarity, it can only be concluded that the whole course of civilization has been altered to no good purpose. To say more than this would be to overstep what can be accurately deduced from our argument and would put us into the realm of metaphysical dogmatism which would be altogether horrid.

It may also be of interest to the reader (although of no use) to briefly speculate what the next step may be. I think it is safe to say the students of the Modern Neo Pin-Heads School of Philosophic Inquiry and Evaluative (Scientific) Processes Class of '60, have decided at their latest convention that it is pointless to continue in the old tradition, and their new platform is to form the **Back to the Horse's Monk Chapter**. The convention broke up in diffusion and many and various are the factions that arose. One group is parading under the banner of **Vice is Spice**, another is organizing cross country walks to gain sympathizers with their sore feet, another is On Strike for recognition of their grievances, and the whole world is threatening to break into armed camps under the general heading of Pin Heads and Thumb Tacks with the idea of nailing everyone with or without money to the wall. The B.H.M. Chapter has disengaged itself from worldly affairs and hopes, by empirical observation, to return to the crux of the problem through the intermediate step of squeezing people into telephone boxes.⁸ If the criticism of inference can be cleared, it is further hoped that the Pin Riddle will be solved in this manner in connection with the necessary analogies. If this can be accomplished, it will be regarded by all as the next most memorable occasion in the history of the world.

May I add that here I am absolutely finished. Anyone who draws forward what is implied in my thesis will not be granted a charter for his school and will face expulsion from the Metaphysician's Guild. Do not look for it, there is nothing you can refute.⁹

— BILL HAMBLY

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1. The Eighteenth Century Method expressed by the Pope; Alexander that is.
 2. General Will was propounded to replace Sir Roger de Coverley by Edmund Burke, who felt the latter would be out of place in America.
 3. The story is that this very scientific monk and his horse wandered about the country trying to establish the first order of logical positivists, but since it was before the invention of toothpaste, no one dared go too near the horse to see if the monk was right. It was a great pity that this early advance was so doomed to failure.
 4. Before the day of half sizes and shops for matronly women.
 5. The beginning of the Rightist party because the French like to confuse.
 6. B follows A and B precedes C because it was figured out this way.
 7. The first illustrious member of **Who's Done What and Who Cares**.
 8. A new variation of confessionals, with the added social advantage that your confessions will probably not be kept a secret.
 9. The New Method — which is bully.

Nocturnal

In tangled river weeds
The gnarlèd trees clutch tips of stars;
Winds cough painfully like crinkling
paper in the borrowed-for-the-day hearth of the sun.

Spectre-gray the shifting shade
On my forehead falls.
Enraptured so, I lose the sight
Of wilting wonders in the night.

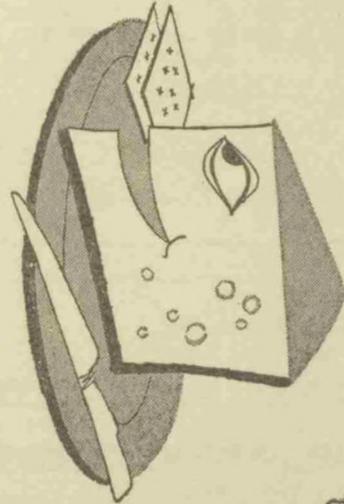
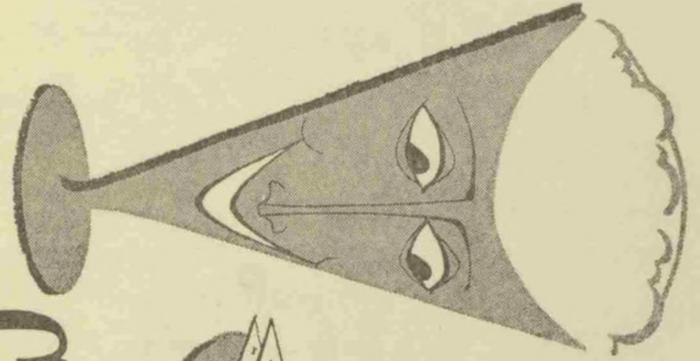
— CHARLES COCKERLINE

MOLSON

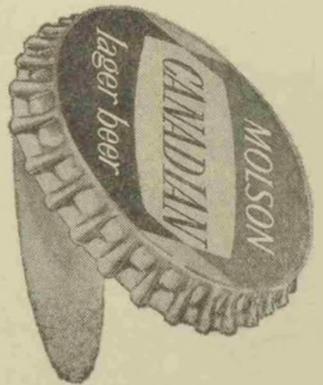
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