



MITRE

**mitre**  
**1**  
**67/68**

# the mitre

established 1893

Editor • STUART ROBERTSON

Production Editor • DOUGLAS MENZIES

Associate Editors • SHEILA SALMOND  
ANDREA JELICOE  
LYNDA JONES  
PATRICIA PAUL  
JAMES MABBUTT

Art Editor • ROSEMARY LE GALLAIS

Promotion Manager • PETER GRIFFIN

Advertising Manager • JEFF ZELIKOVITZ

Warm thanks to Anne Lindsay, Lisa Young, and Barb Blake.

A student publication of Bishop's University,  
Lennoxville, P.Q.

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

## — Contents —

Page 5	<i>The Undergraduate Magazine</i> , by Millar MacLure
10	<i>The Flubber</i> , Anonymous
12	"An egocentric cocoon world splits", by Joanna Whiting
	<i>"In the hot July sun"</i> , by Sheila Salmond
13	"how I miss my pale horse", by Sheila Salmond
	<i>"A leering sneering world"</i> , by Heather Haas
16	<i>The Revolt</i> , by Terry Loveridge
18	<i>Invective</i> , by Edward Harper
19	<i>Photography</i> , by John Challies
20	<i>Art</i> , by Heather Haas
21	"A copper coin, an orange ball", by Gabrielle Jung
	<i>"The best part of love"</i> , by Margot Todd
22	"Lord what fools these mortals be", by Susan Ross

## — Contents —

- 23 *Photography*, by Struan Campbell-Smith
- 25 *Art*, by Janet Motyer
- 26 *Photography*, by Struan Campbell-Smith
- 27 "*Winding shrouds of snow*", by Rosamond Davies  
*Midas*, by Gabrielle Jung
- 28 "*Fluorescent dreams*", by Heather Haas  
*the harlot and the coriander*, by Sheila Salmond
- 29 *Photography*, by Struan Campbell-Smith
- 33 "*Winter is icummen in*", by Edward Harper
- 35 *Gwan-o*, by Douglas Menzies
- 38 "*Grey wings*", by Sheila Ascroft
- 40 "*the wind collects the leaves*", by Sheila Salmond  
"*Remember that night in September*", Anonymous
- 42 *Dialogue*, Anonymous

## THE UNDERGRADUATE MAGAZINE

by Millar MacLure

(Revised for Bishop's University and The Mitre - 1967)

Undergraduate magazines are of three main kinds: the yearbook, the newspaper, and the literary magazine. It is the last of these that is to be discussed. The yearbook is a keepsake or memorial volume, and its production is largely a designer's problem. It should be resplendently dignified and picturesquely nostalgic, something like an armorial bearing. The newspaper's function is to create and sustain a lively interest in all doings of the university community, though it also serves as a forum for student opinion on matters within and without its constituency. The best student newspapers are flamboyant but not coarse, light-hearted but not irresponsible. The functions and ideal form of the literary magazine are not easy to define.

One must distinguish between the magazine devoted entirely to explicitly "literary" material (criticism, fiction, poetry) and one in which appear also miscellaneous elements both of the yearbook and the newspaper kind. Here the main concern of the editors is the question of balance: how to keep the components of each issue in proportion. Suppose that the magazine comes out twice an academic year. News is cold in a day. Unless the reporting side is carried out somewhat creatively, it deserves little more than filler position. On the other hand, yearbook material, such as "messages" from dignitaries and group pictures give a somewhat embalmed air to the whole. The heart of the magazine, and that which gives colour and form to it, should be writing devoted in part to current commentary, in reviews, editorials or special features, and in part to free creative writing. The editor will adjust the relative weight of these elements in view of certain circumstances, or, more likely, in view of what he happens to have (if anything) in the barrel, and there on time.

This sounds like a fairly satisfactory form, rather eclectic but controlled. Its production, however, raises all manner of technical problems which do not face the editors of the purely literary journal.

Who reads the magazine described above, and who writes it?

The readers constitute, in more ways than one, a select group. Many people look at it, but not so many read it. There are at least eight classes of readers: the staff of the journal (usually), those who have a piece in that issue — they read what they wrote themselves, anyway, the senior members of the administration, some of the faculty, parents of students who take it home, devoted alumni, editors of corresponding journals in other universities, and an unknown number of students. In other words, a remarkably heterogenous if limited group. It is anything but a cosy little coterie.

The student magazine has the special problem of its reception by the faculty and administration. It is a delicate one, for three reasons. First, the staff and contributors to the magazine are under the usual rules of university discipline, which, however flexible, must be enforced for the well-being of the academic community. Second, universities are necessarily sensitive to public opinion. A university president may very well deplore the harmful power of the press, but he cannot ignore it, or fail to take steps to correct a situation which might have provoked it. Third, it cannot be denied that among undergraduates there exists, as part of their transition from their conformity of the collegiate to the freedom of their careers, a very natural desire to assert their developing individuality in a dramatic and provocative way. (This is why undergraduate dramatics are almost always good, and undergraduate poetry is almost always bad.) Put these factors together and you have a delicate situation.

Forcing this situation are the contributors who create the demand for some sort of organized speak-easy. Who are the contributors and what do they write? Almost invariably those pieces which sober or nervous opinion finds irresponsible and mischievous are tossed off either at the last moment, to fill space, without malice as a rule but also without forethought, or by some very bright person who has an incorrigible impulse to test his talents on a difficult question. The first kind of piece is contemptible, because its author shows contempt for the art of writing. The second is to be commended (wryly, perhaps) no matter how much trouble it has caused. One can put up with a great deal of discomfort for the sake of a fine phrase.

Many an editor would be happy these days to get even an inflammatory piece, to get anything in fact. The average undergraduate community is no nest of singing birds; if you hear a typewriter pounding in the night, it is an essay (late).

Why are the offices of the magazine not besieged by students bearing MSS—jubilant when published, angry when refused? The answer is that there never were crowds of aspiring contributors, and there shouldn't be. Writers are always in a minority. But that minority is not so dependably present and energetic as we like to think it used to be. A true community of writers is composed of a group of individuals, who write down their thoughts and observations anytime and in any form, surrounded by others who have been directed by a thorough discipline of rhetoric, so that what they write is competent.

But one cannot persuade students to write for their college magazine by telling them (a) that writing is a fine art and (b) that their training has left them unfit to practice it. Yet it is fair enough to point out that one reason for the paucity of contributions is the strict compartmentalization of student activity. Undergraduates in Arts in a university write a large number of essays, ambitious in length and in scope, every year. They brood, sweat, complain, burn the midnight kilowatt, to turn the things out. But they apparently see no connection at all between this literary activity and writing for a magazine. It is conventional to disparage the course essay, and to confine the term "writing" to frothy or morbid little stories, fragmentary poems, news items and parodies. But there is no reason why a college magazine should not publish formal essays in a revised form, no reason why all that intellectual effort should not be exhibited in another medium. But some will say, "But that would make the magazine so *heavy*. Who wants to read a screed on the structure of Racine's tragedies or Milton's doctrine of the Fall?" To which may be answered and asked at the same time, "Have you ever seen a college magazine yet that didn't need weight, and isn't a critical or expository essay a great deal more exciting than a carelessly written little squib about a maladjusted delinquent, or a broody little non-metrical poem about garbage pails or unrequited love?"

## The VICE OF SPECTATORSHIP

(When will Stephen Potter add to his achievements a study of this art?)

Most people prefer to look on. This attitude is, of course, the very antithesis of what is expected from the student, who is, by definition, in command, not at the mercies of his sensations. A writer is not a person to be watched, but a craftsman to be learned from, imitated. He is a journeyman or master of a secret guild of those who wield pens by night. As the hand forms the letters, the mind is transformed into those shapes, discovers itself in curlicues, strokes, periods. Write! Write about anything: a chance remark, an academic injustice, a piece of bread, a novelist, a child, a flower. You do not write to "express" yourself — a silly notion of those who equate art and most else with emotional release — but to interpret your condition as man to yourself and to others.

How do you know whether you have lived at all until you have made an inscription to your life?

This is our message to the people in the coffee-shop, and it will, like most good advice, have little or no immediate result. Yet, why should we despair. Only the general or the demagogue expects a mass reaction. He who expects intelligence must wait. The patience of editors is short, but that of faculty advisors is long and quiet.

MILLAR MacLURE

## NATIONAL COMMITTEE

### Officers and Members

#### Immediate Past President

G. W. HALL, Q.C. '30 — Montreal West

#### President

C. T. MANNING '46 — Montreal West

#### Vice-President

J. C. BRODEUR '44 — Town of Mount Royal

#### Secretary

F. KAUFMAN '46 — Montreal

#### Members-at-Large

MRS. PAT WILLIAMS '52 — Montreal

MRS. JEAN BAGNALL '47 — St. Lambert

J. E. M. LAWRENCE '52 — Westmount

D. A. LLOYD '62 — Montreal

S. R. MORRAN '60 — Montreal

#### Representing Montreal Branch

D. B. CAMPBELL '59 : P. R. MATTHEWS '61

#### Representing Toronto Branch

A. P. LEE '48

#### Representing Ottawa Branch

K. HARWOOD '47

#### Representing E.T. Branch

PROF. ERROL DUVAL '42 — Lennoxville

LT. COL. F. H. Baldwin '33 — Sherbrooke

#### Representing Quebec Branch

A. R. M. ROY '44



## Bishop's University Alumni Association

### BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY FUND COMMITTEE

#### Chairman

GAVIN ROSS

#### Deputy Chairmen

P. R. JOHNSTON '59

C. E. CABLEY '59

W. E. McLAUGHLIN

S. R. McMORRAN

### BRANCH PRESIDENTS

- Toronto: A. P. LEE  
49 Sledell Cres.  
Don Mills, Ont.
- Ottawa: W. D. HUMPHREY  
326 Island Park Drive  
Ottawa 3, Ont.
- Montreal: D. B. CAMPBELL  
6 Park Place  
Montreal 6, Que.
- Eastern Townships: PROF. ERROL DUVAL  
Bishop's University  
Lennoxville, Que.
- Quebec: A. R. M. ROY  
1306 Lavigeri  
Quebec City 10, Que.

## THE FLUBBER

He hits from traps  
He hits through trees  
He does these things  
With so much ease

He'll shank and dub  
And hook and slice  
Then say some word  
That starts with chriss . . .

He'll swear and cuss  
And bend his clubs  
When that little ball eludes him  
But when it finally  
Finds its mark  
The late success unmoods him

A course has 18 holes it's true  
But what about the rest?  
There's still an undone hole to do  
And here he does the best!

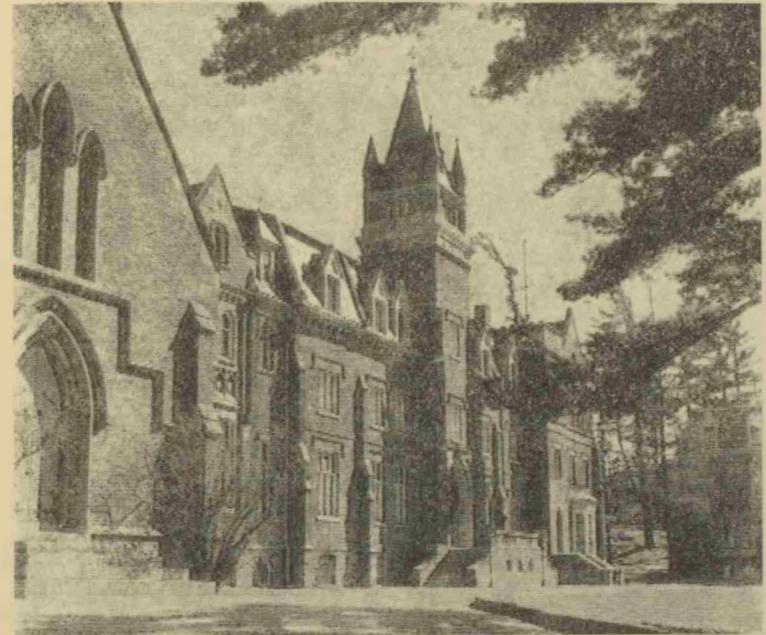
# Bishop's University

LENNOXVILLE, QUEBEC

Founded 1843

A Residential University for Men and Women  
offering courses in

Arts — Science — Business Administration — Divinity  
Education



*McGreer Hall, one of five Men's Residences on the Campus.*

For Calendars giving information regarding courses,  
entrance requirements, fees, etc., write to :

THE REGISTRAR  
BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY  
LENNOXVILLE, QUEBEC

An egocentric cocoon world splits  
as a negro moves to the rear of a bus  
and freckled children of the sun stare  
with white transparent eyes.

Internal warmth is shattered.  
Love is classified into degrees of emotion  
Rainbow faith fades to prism filtered light.  
while scientifically, humanity rolls toward war.

The grub contracts, briefly recoils to  
emerge again, a butterfly.

JOANNA WHITING

in the hot July sun  
I am :  
pigeons scrabbling  
on an icy slate roof,  
mourning and clacking their fate  
on my temples.

in the soft August rain  
I am :  
frogs sweating children  
in slime puddles ;  
their liquid birth drops  
from my eyes.

in September's rustle  
I am :  
rabbits caught  
between time and love :  
thumping complexity of purpose  
on my head.

SHEILA SALMOND

how I miss my pale horse  
when the witch-winds blow !  
( the air crying with light  
the moon speechless with cloud :  
my saddles are dusty  
the stable in shroud. )  
oh when he returns  
palamino and strong  
we will ride off together  
the whole dark night long !  
and firmly he'll hold me,  
the light will us touch  
the night will go gently  
with our love as such.  
but while I am empty  
because he has gone,  
I still walk in the wind free,  
the rider rides on !

SHEILA SALMOND

A leering, sneering world  
Awaits You.  
Go to it my darling.  
Steal its silver with  
Golden Looks.  
Feel its flattery with  
Growing Joy.  
Talk of life with  
Daring Scorn.  
Then come to me  
And tell me of death  
With lively hope.

HEATHER HAAS



## **BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL**

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

132nd Year

A Boarding School for Boys in the Country

*For further information apply to  
Headmaster*

F. STEWART LARGE, M.A.

Compliments of :

## **NATIONAL VINTEX CORPORATION**

225 Montcalm Blvd. N.

CANDIAC, P.Q.

---

Compliments of

## **R. E. STEWART CONSTRUCTION CORPORATION**

GENERAL CONTRACTORS

862 Wellington St. South, Sherbrooke, Que.

P.O. Box 277

Tel.: 567-4866

## THE REVOLT

"AH, but Georges it is a useless war! We should have no part of it".

Phillippe turned to face his friend, The flickering of many campfires threw distorted orange streaks across the outline of his companion's blue coat.

"I do not know why we are here in this land, thousands of miles from the Seine".

"Phillippe, settle down and finish your meal. After every letter you start running off at the mouth . . .".

There is nothing else for it, comrade, we are committed to this war . . ."

"War, nothing !

Phillippe, really, I . . ."

"You call a handful of rebels trying to create mischief a war?"

"Those rebels are fighting, and sometimes winning, pitched battles with the very army we faced not twenty years ago". Have you not forgotten the last war my hot-headed friend?"

"Ah, yes, but we fought for our—our country then. It was straightforward; a war to survive. We fought . . ."

"So now we fight again, but this time we pick a neutral battleground; we fight and stall to keep the war as far away from France as possible".

"Louis does not fight to protect himself Georges. To him, war is money, allies, trade and profit!"

"Yes, perhaps, and also war is revitalizing a beaten France!"

"We were sent here, Georges, because Louis is afraid of Britain. He is determined to prevent the spread of the English menace; nothing more, nothing less !"

"But shouldn't he be afraid, my friend? This menace is a threat to our very existence".

"Oh come, naive one! Can you not see that this talk of fighting tyranny, helping acquire personal liberty and freedom for a people is merely talk to please the dissatisfied Paris rabble. It makes them think they are fighting for an ideal, so that they will not realize that they lack these civil liberties themselves!"

"You do not think that we are fighting for such an ideal?"

Phillippe tossed the remains of his plate into the fire where it spluttered noisily. He picked up his mug and stood up.

"Georges, I think we are not fighting for the liberty of this rag-tag set of colonies, but rather to move these colonies from under the shadow of Georges' throne to Louis!"

"No, my friend". Georges idly twirled a twig above the fire.

"I think, perhaps, this time we are not a part of the scheming, plotting world you see. I think that there are times when profits and the ulterior motives do not dominate the actions of a nation and its king".

Phillippe motioned to speak but Georges raised his hand.

"Wait, my friend. I think that we may just be fighting "and dying . . ."

"Allright . . . and dying, for the right of a people to determine for themselves what they wish to do!"

Phillippe searched his friend's eyes through the smoke of the fire and realized Georges had spoken in all seriousness. He shook his head.

"A people, Georges? This collection of misfits, of country bumpkins, a people? Half of them do not even know where their allegiance lies. Regiments of them serve their king".

"A few in many Phillippe!"

"Ah, perhaps, but how many would serve the other side if given the chance. Are they not beaten? Washington has just come through a winter with only a skeleton of an army".

"But an army, nevertheless, and growing daily. The British supplies are fewer".

"You think sinking a few English vessels will win the war. If anything, it can only make them more determined to win. Other nations are crying out against such piracy. It can only lead to an Anglo-French war! Would you sacrifice France for these 'liberties'!"

"But Phillippe, if we are not prepared to stand for what we believe, to aid other such beliefs, then we have no right to continue as a nation. We must stand somewhere, and this place is as good as any!"

"Georges, here we stand ready to fight for a bumbling line of colonials led by a general! If they win, if they are delivered by the sword, their leaders will nearly always be generals! Do you stand ready to defend such a system? While our country pours its lifeblood into this godforsaken land . . ."

"We must win, Phillippe!"

"Of course, I grant you that. Come, it is almost dawn and the Régiment de Carrignan Salières must be aroused, for there are battles to be fought . . ."

"And wars to be won, my cynical friend!"

Phillippe grinned, "Yes and wars to be won, dreamer!"

The dawn broke over long columns of blue serge and glistening bayonets as the lines moved steadily up the endless road.

TERRY LOVERIDGE

## INVECTIVE

poets have always set their sails  
to trap Olympian winds ;  
they find their works  
imbedded in the ancient rites.

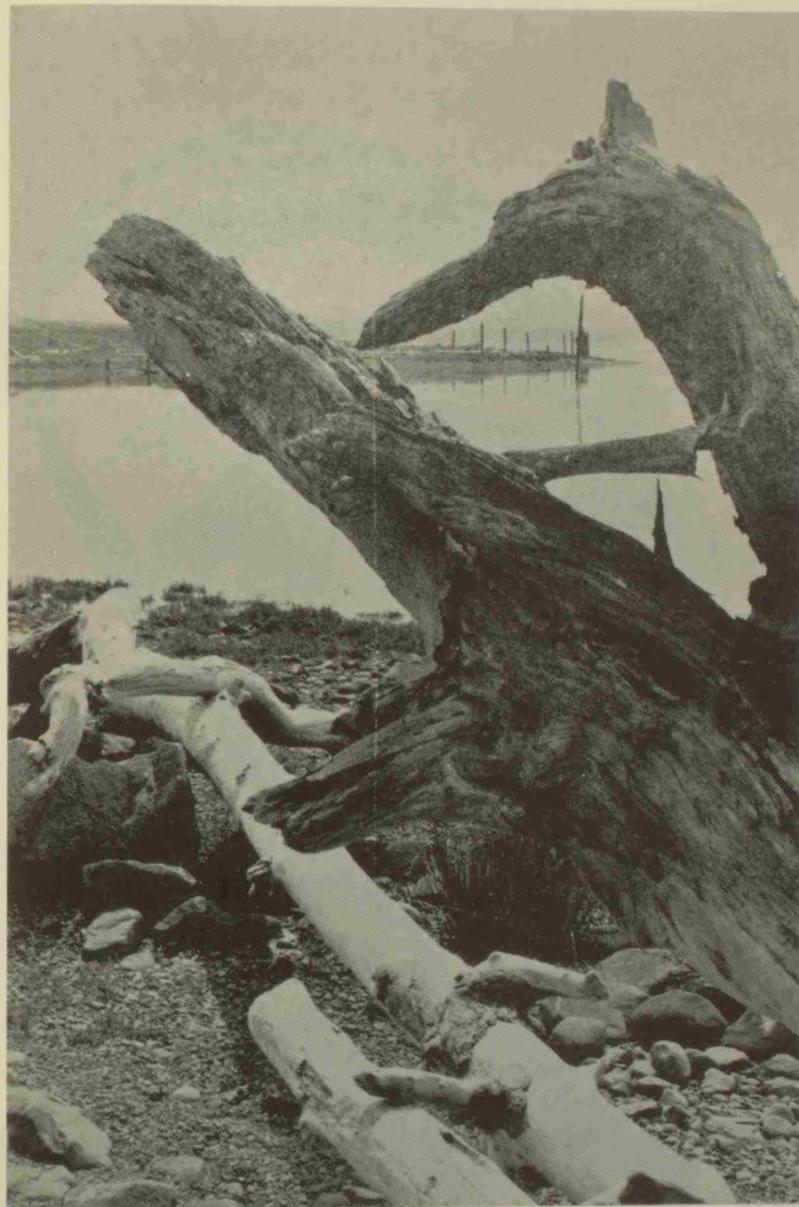
in the air of the Grecian godlands  
they find nobility  
and steep their pages  
in the dye of immortality.

but Antiquity and her Grave mate named Experience  
have left their mould in places more than ancient Greece.

throw down Zeus from his devining dias !  
leave Prometheus chained !  
let Dionysus sing and drink !  
screw the oracle at Delphi !  
(the hole is withered and cold and dead now anyway)

but perhaps my vehemence is too generalized :  
insert an elegant vein of rusty Greece into your work—  
if you're sure the chemistry's constructive.

EDWARD HARPER





A copper coin, an orange ball

The red moon burns with strange fire  
Between the swaying masts.

A dying sun, a globe of ire

The red moon glows with strong desire  
Over dark green islands sailing past.

Inflamed spectator of earth's lusts

The full moon blooms before a night blue wall  
A safron monk beguiled in adoration  
With hated object of his contemplation.

GABRIELLE JUNG

The best part of love  
comes when we lie apart,  
Closely separated.  
Teased by longing for you,  
I touch ever so lightly,  
The hollow of your arm,  
Tinged with pride that I have possessed  
And known what you gave me.  
You turn away ;  
Yet not even the wide expanse of matted border  
Can erase what you have done.

MARGOT TODD

*"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"*

W. Shakespeare.

*"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth . . . So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. . . . And God saw everything that he had made, and beheld, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day".*

Now it came to pass that several tiny mice were born in a small cubby hole within the woodwork of a warm house. They were soft, healthy things. Because the couple who owned the house were old and slow, food was easy to get. The mice grew fat. Life was easy. Unfortunately however, this simple life developed into discontent, greed and jealousy. The brothers and sisters quarrelled for the best tid-bits. One afternoon, while selfishly and greedily indulging in the after-tea leftovers, they failed to notice the approach of Taffy, the old cat. Their inattention was fatal.

Now, it came to pass that. . . . The sun sank alone and despairingly into the mists. Emptiness dominated. The mountains, forever powerful, loomed over the night, tenderly as a priest's black robe shields a sinner. Somewhere water sucked and lapped, sucked and lapped, sucked and. . . .

The air stank. And the breeze was humid and choking, even in the coming of the evening. It felt thick. It tasted thick.

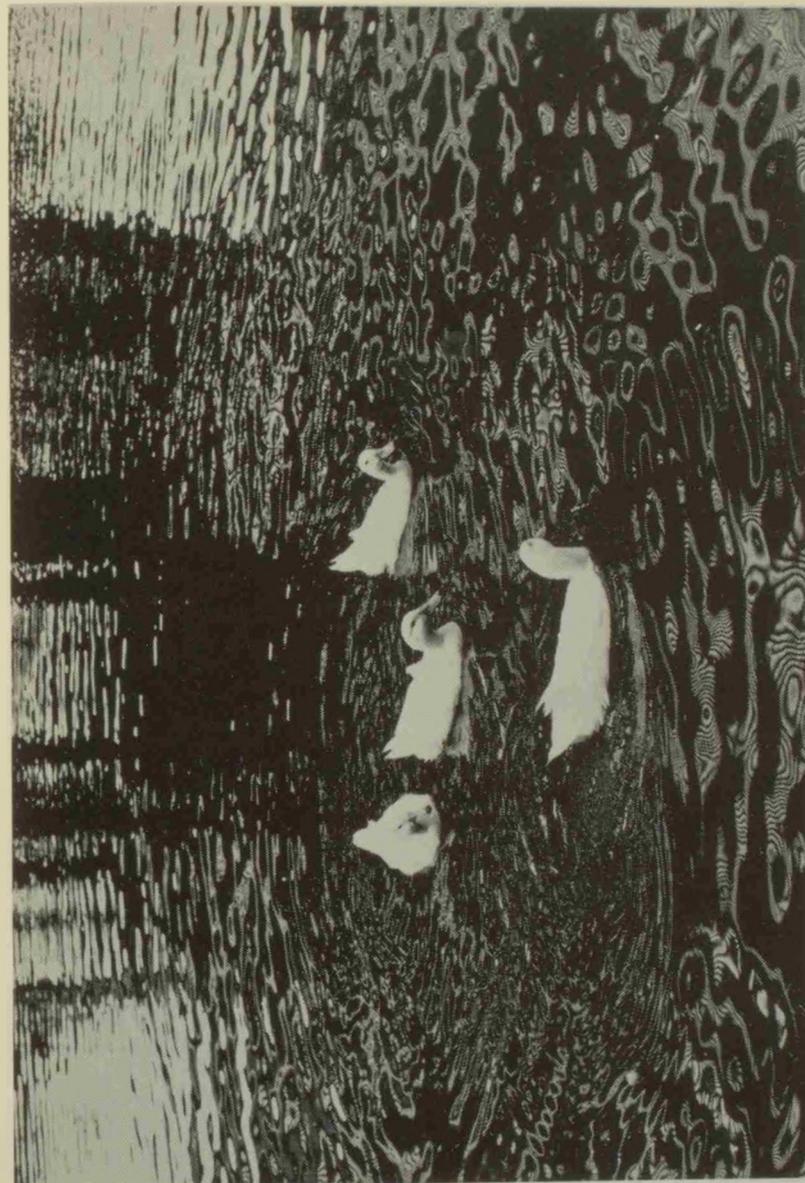
I stared, not believing. And I felt fear, a dark powerful fear, that made me want to scream, but I dared not. Somewhere, water sucked and lapped, sucked and lapped. . . .

The leaves did not rustle in the trees ; there were none. I saw only a lone stump and then several hundred yards away a few torn, racked branches, their disjointed ugly limbs broken and lifeless.

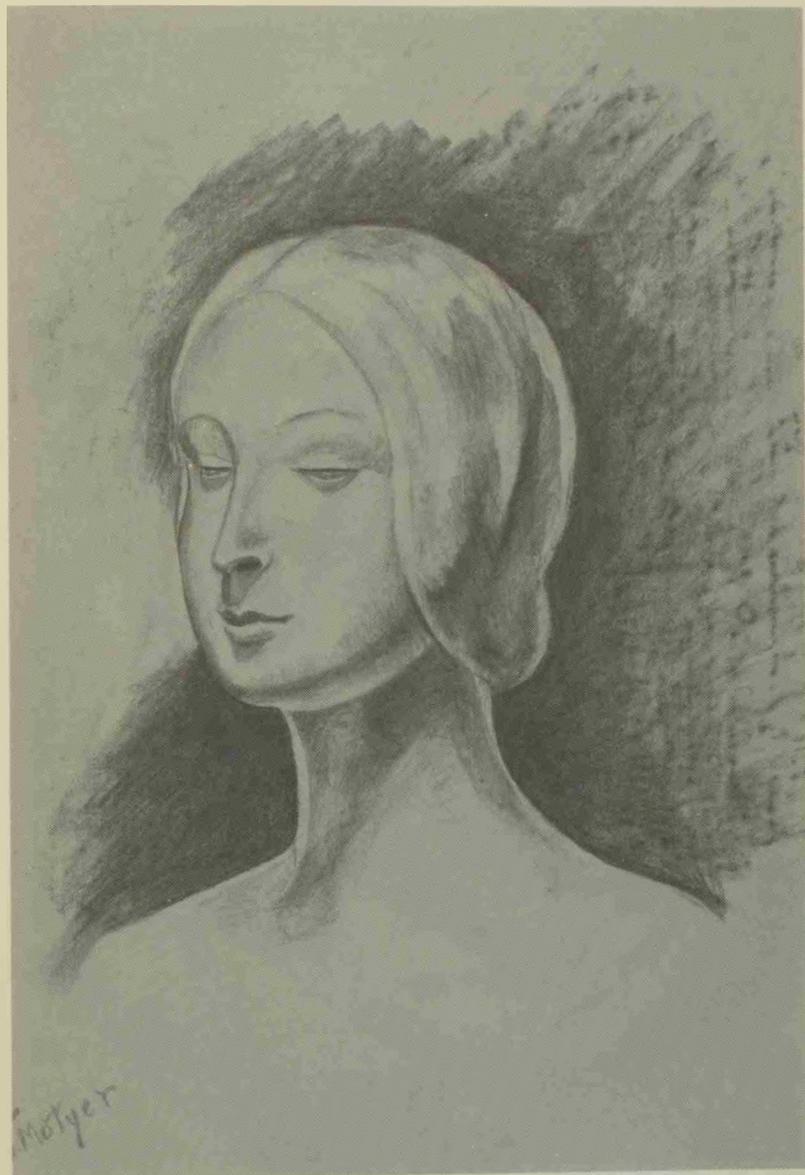
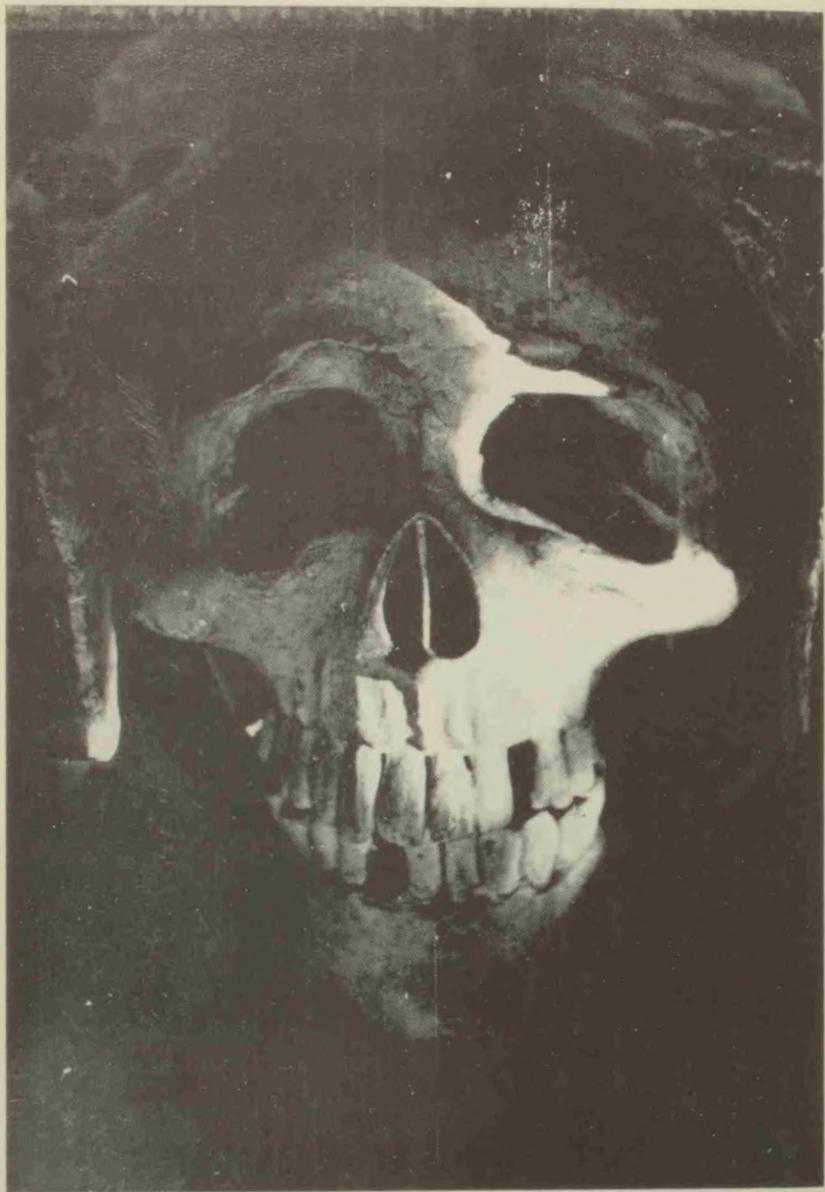
A ditch was collecting rubbish and remains that the heavy air scattered and spread about. Part of a fence, still stood, rocking slightly, as an old woman does, nervously, after extreme shock.

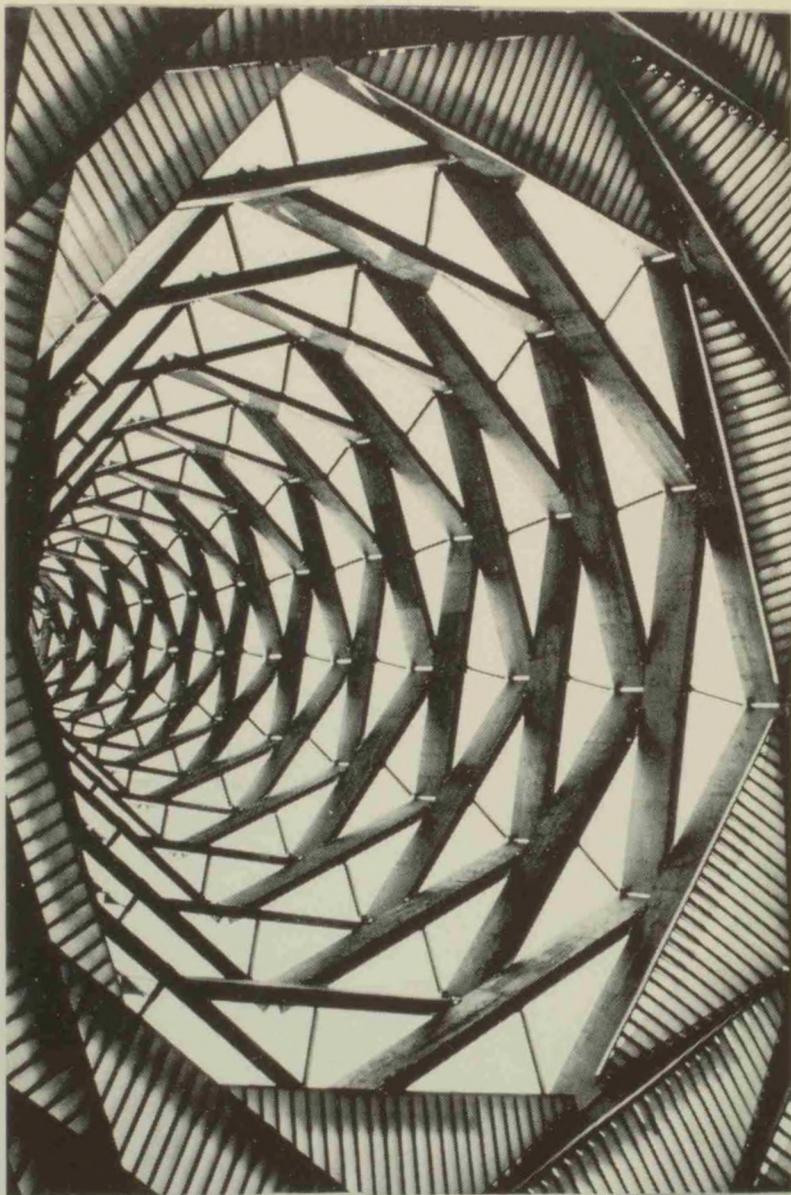
The land was void of birds and trees ; void of grass.

The land was void of men.



SUSAN ROSS





Winding shrouds of snow  
Deep as there is depth to see,  
Envelop the earth.

ROSAMOND DAVIES

MIDAS

I met you in the meadows  
Around your golden castle  
A shepherd boy playing at kings.

You loved me below the turrets  
Of your golden castle  
A shepherdess with her white fleece

One day, the war trumpet sounded  
Near your golden castle  
My shepherd boy became a prince.

You were an impossible dream  
In your golden castle  
In the land where dreams happen.

Our love bloomed with the flowers  
Of your silver gardens  
An ephemeral dream.

Our love dance with the winds  
In your amber forests  
Arabesques unknown to me—

Your love died, one day, I looked  
Into your ruby heart  
And found— a red stone—

GABRIELLE JUNG

Florescent dreams,  
orange, purple, pink and yellow  
ride wildly by on fire stallions,  
while mundane realizations in their grey blue swaddling  
rock dully in sober cradles.  
Phosphorous fallacy  
shines bright and light  
rocketing on in that virile current,  
but she will end rusty, rotted, and torn,  
Beating against some oily shore.

Dive down deeply, quickly  
into the awakening of cold, clear truth  
which runs pure  
only in the sandy bottom . . . or  
fly always  
with the vultures at sunset.

HEATHER HAAS

#### THE HARLOT AND THE CORIANDER

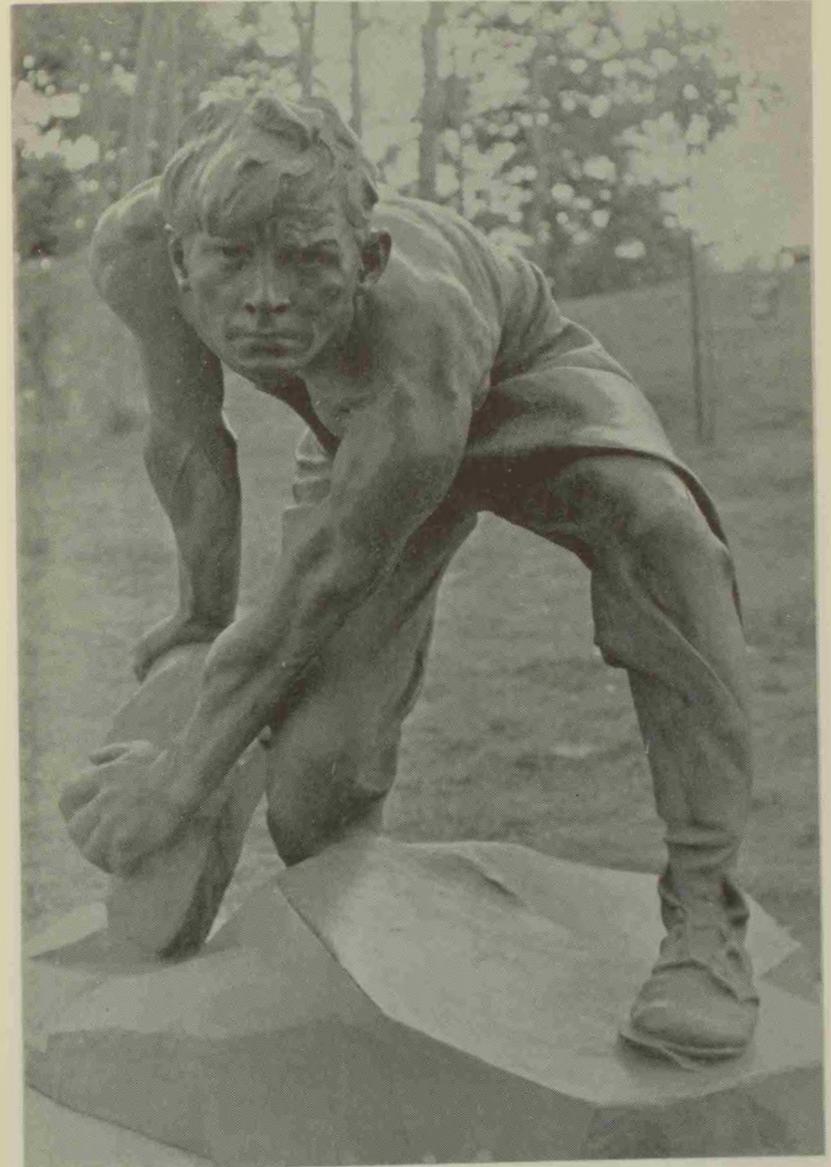
incongruous !  
they faced  
and matched their ferocity of life.

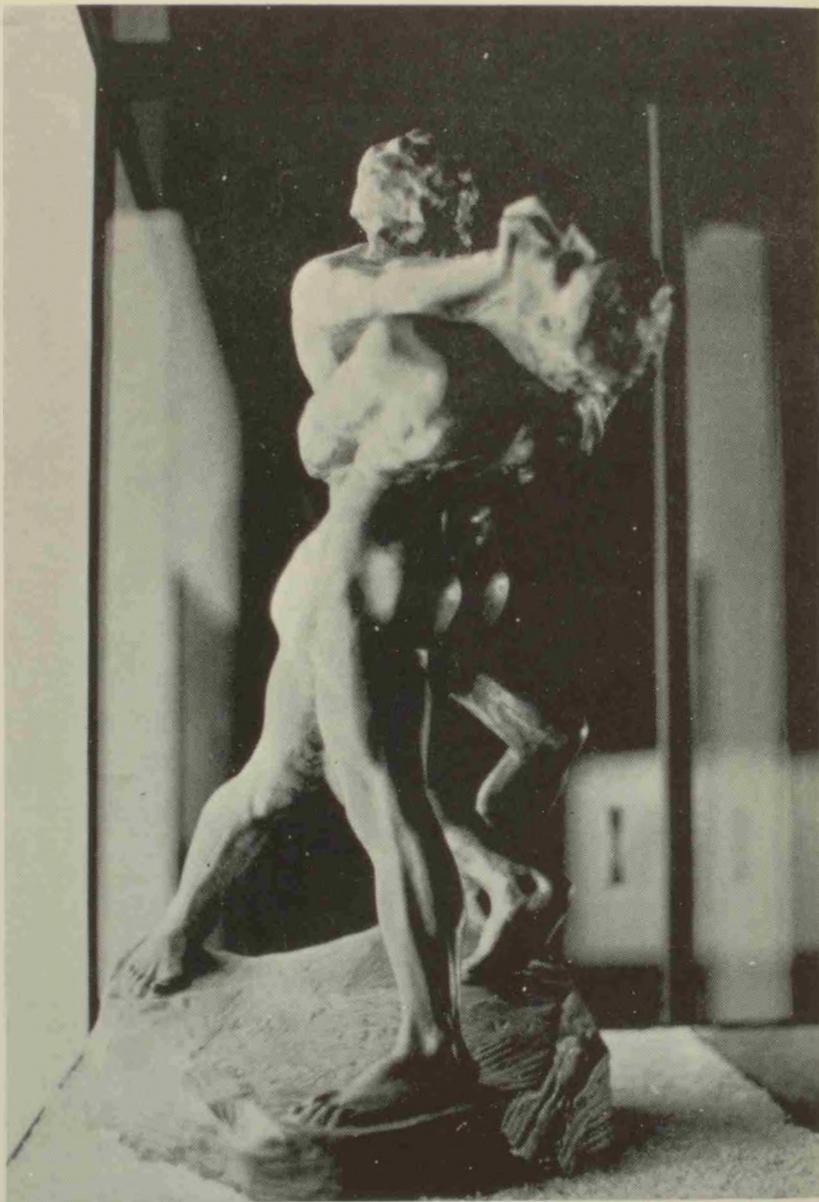
outstared,  
the curled leaves  
rebuked the human vehemence.

the human ignorance is  
more yielding  
than natural growth.

more valuable a smile  
than a hundred promising,  
but negligent, blooms.

SHEILA SALMOND





---

## *Toi et moi*

123 Wellington St. North  
Sherbrooke

---

---

## The Hat Box INC.

123 Wellington N.

569-7515

Sherbrooke, Quebec

---

---

P.O. BOX 639

TELEPHONE 569-5559

*the* **kiltie** COMPANY LIMITED

96 Queen St., Lennoxville, Que.

Proprietor: BILL BARNARD

QUALITY HARDWARE - PAINTS - TOYS & GIFTS

---

---

117 Queen Street

Tel. 569-3120

## **HADLOCK'S**

MEN'S - LADIES' - CHILDREN'S FURNISHINGS

10% DISCOUNT FOR STUDENTS

Lennoxville, Que.

---

Compliments of :

**Watson and Fuller  
Limited**

GENERAL INSURANCE

Sherbrooke, Que.

Compliments of :

**McKenna Florist**

236 Dufferin St.

Sherbrooke

Tel. 567-4841

**S.O.S.  
Sherbrooke Office  
Supply**

144 Wellington St. N.

SHERBROOKE — QUEBEC

Phone: 562-2344

**CKTS 900 PROUDLY  
PRESENTS**

- Bishop's Assignment
- Bishop's Sports
- Teen Tempo

Three Productions  
of Bishop's Radio Club

ENGLISH RADIO HAS COME A  
LONG WAY IN THE TOWNSHIPS

October 31 — "Winter is icummen in".

ezra pound

they perverted  
from the hallowing of the saints  
who march in disguise  
this evening  
touching the moment

of token sand stones on a coffin —  
the debutante flakes herald  
Great Drifts which later will  
fill our graves  
in ignorance of Spring.

Michael leaps bilingual  
in the night  
and Persephone retires —  
the rapist worships  
pomegranates in the fires.

it is : one night —  
more from symbols bred  
in geography and churches  
filling our graves  
in ignorance of Spring.

TED HARPER

---

COMPLIMENTS OF

**UNION SCREEN PLATE CO. LTD.**

---

---

Compliments of

THE STUDENT'S UNION  
**SNACK BAR**

---

---

**LENNOXVILLE BUILDING SUPPLIES LTD.**

BENJAMIN MOORE PAINTS



Lennoxville, Que. - Tel. 567-4874 or 567-4875

---

---

**SUN LIFE OF CANADA**

ASSURES SECURITY

RONALD S. COTTERELL

W. ARTHUR QUICK

Telephone : (Off.) 562-4711

SHERBROOKE

QUEBEC

---

GWAN - O

Little, he stands wide-booted watching from the shadowy cave of tree trunk, the boy, the snowflakes running past the lamp light coming and going out of pool of suspended discovery, cousins kissing cold his upturned cheeks and staring lashes over wondering eyes.

She is watching me watch him, forget her you're getting hung up again, egotist, egoist, egomaniac, she's not watching. Damn, damn, oh my, hell. The kid, the little boy ;

Stiff he moves one leg, committed, moves both, straightens back, stretches. Looks again, but it is gone, he knows it and is moving with sensuous unconsciousness to his next assignment of elicited attention.

Why am I disappointed, why shouldn't he have moved, so what, hell he doesn't even *think* about it, christ it is perfect, was perfection correction ah yes. Chuckling, he let the curtain drop back and turned again on the creaking floor, looking down quickly at his large feet on the creaking pine-honey floor, noting his training, his trained reaction, moral dulled to novel, reaction why I'm naked. He was pleased, wondered probed desultory for a reason, he had turned around.

The girl sitting on the bed catching light cradled it, breathing, breasts, thighs the Baptist inventory, the frantic sensualism almost anxious.

Damn, conscious, of course, think half-conscious, still thinking. The tired completion of the circuit through to egotist must be clear. (Meandering rivers, rigid integrity of adolescence, formation of ox-bow lakes, I think straighter now but : they were right do everything yourself a waste of time. I could scream but it's been done, all done).

Chuckling now of course she's still why so still, that gentle inclination of neck, the eyes watching Assyrians killing knowing that even the Apache suffered more than 50% rate eye disease poor ventilation the clear-eyed Indian merely another / LOOK AT ME. LOOK, why this, this peace, no concern defeated? great useless tenderness she tried she's tried. Suspicion of strength of purpose in waiting; impatience for it to happen.

The tableau, the two suggested Mary and Joseph, Joseph's just said after three days of wondering

I too many have  
Ic to fela haebbe

on account of this child bearing insults received  
paes byrd scyped bealwa onfongen

"so then Joseph says, "Sure I do believe, God", which is funny, he listens to his chuckle come, worries when she merely only breathes in recognition.

I HAVE TO (maybe I can't) it's her fault. Hell. I should tell her I understand, it helps. Tell her you love her, tell her you love her.

when will SHE GO AWAY, GO, GO. (It would of course be better).

Accepting the *fact* of loving, one does not affect one's freedom by the recognition of the causal relationship between the fact and one's decision to assume the responsibility and the moral entailments of that assumption of loving. The fact that the psychological mechanisms of the maintenance of the moral situation are determined by Daddy, Mommy Presby-christly Church et al is balanced by the freedom of the decision to accept the situation. But the one free act a free person cannot make is the decision to be bound. (WORDS). (important, though) Yet freedom is discovered and explored only by those actions which destroy it. One cannot maintain its indivisibility; one is driven to recognize it as a prior assumption in the categorization of freedom, pressing words — decision, choice, responsibility, hope; which beg the question, love.

He thought he was going to vomit. The choking was a redness film like a net before his eyes (the rhythmic distortions of perceptual/sensory fatigue (he catalogued) he was screaming, judging coolly, realizing now of course he was alright waiting for her to leave (YOU FILTH) (come, come now, my dear, dearly beloved Watson into the (red rosy breech).

(And then of course the objective view. He'd played his cards right, and it was all falling into place, her father of course could do no. She was fine, just fine, fine. He was, after all was said and done, safely out of a tight spot for a while. A few hang-ups, but they were inevitable, of course very natural, but you'll, I, grow out (YOU COLD LITTLE HORROR, YOU NOTHING) of. There there now).

The girl stands slowly, dressing with the detached concentration that shows she's worried, sure, that is it. The scene, she's good, the Saint Mary, the all-woman, the gesture of abandoning, the resignation, the amen quality. But I know, I'm one jump ahead I know you know, SHUT UP, christ why can't you (feel) stop intellectual. She doesn't know I don't CARE, DO YOU HEAR I DON'T CARE! (of course)

(SHE HAS SUFFERED THROUGH YOU, BUT FOR HERSELF. SHE SHOULD BE HELPED TO NEED (me) SOMEONE (me) AGAIN. AT LEAST ( ) ).

He helps her with the coat, the scarf he hands her, purse. Sans une parole, il l'aurait quittée / Actually he took one foot and watched it step towards her, then another.

She's doing it, (It's clean of me). The full scene must be felt this pure, the coat yes, the scarf purse, good, now, don't be nervous she knows not to confront, to talk.

There was anyway the perceptible demand on the purity of the act, he looked away, an inventory (or make sure (she's) left nothing) of the known objects the light (clever, the pink gels), the effect, the sheen of light on her hair, the wispy mist of loose strands the lights always picked out, her lovely blond hair, turning, going away, (deep breath, it's over.) the quick happiness like the time Grandpa had caught him out he had lied, lied, desperately Grandpa please believe me (knowing Grandpa didn't want to believe the thing anyway) and he stood and listened and gone away smiling laughing, crying (I only saw his (feet).

With the hat at the door, purse, juggling, freeing the near hand so that her face will be uniformly away from mine until she closes the door, the hat.

—Oh, it's, it's snowing

—Thank-you

—uh, breath

—Bye

—Yes

Afterwards sitting, watching the light he wondered for the second time that day whether he was going mad.

DOUGLAS MENZIES



the wind collects the leaves  
from wandering, Lear-lonely  
ruffled patina, transformed into ashes  
by Scorpio, incinerator.

lately, Night and Winter met  
( four o'clock )  
on the corner of early November  
decided :  
snow this evening.

send me your reviews of summer :  
tape recordings of bees humming  
etchings of rain on dusty windshields  
embroideries of dandelion fluff

in dark February, we'll replay August  
every Wednesday night.

SHEILA SALMOND

Remember that night in September  
When the moon was so bright  
We could see our shadows  
By the fire ;  
The fire that you built  
Because mine wouldn't burn.  
Sometimes it lit up the whole inside  
Of our lopsided tent,  
Held by the knots that I tied  
Because you couldn't learn.

ANON

---

WOOL SHOPPE

*Chez Yvette*

16 Wellington St. North

Sherbrooke, P.Q.

---

**FERNAND GAGNE**

MEN'S WEAR

Quality New Fashions

182 Wellington N.

Sherbrooke, Que.

Tel. 562-9853

---

Compliments of:

*Sherbrooke Daily Record*

"Only English Daily in the Eastern Townships"

---

**Come and browse in your**

**BOOKSTORE**

---

## DIALOGUE

Notes from a conversation with a Soviet Citizen

Place: Riga Latvia, in the Soviet Union.

Time: Summer 1967.

Speaker: Professor of English Literature, about 28, tall dark, mid-eastern looking, a slim Omar Sharif.

Place :

Lobby of the Hotel Riga.

"American poetry is good because it is religious — in the good sense".

— Hoy about T. S. Eliot? The Four Quartets?

"Ah yes! I like that more than anything else. Eliot is great because he is global; not just Western and Christian but Indian religious too. We need that in our time. When Eliot died, I felt that part of me died with him. My favourite philosophers are Indian Metaphysics".

Place :

Kazan Cathedral, converted to anti-religious museum.  
"Are young people in America religious?"

— (nominal) Yes, but serious Christians and serious atheists are closer together than serious Christians and non-serious Christians.

"Yes, but Pascal talks about those who believe in God without knowing, those who have not studied and read but who believe deeply. We see that here. There are thirty million believers in the Soviet Union".

— I had wondered how it was possible to blot out religion in fifty years, but seeing Kazan Cathedral I understood. They select the Inquisition to tell people about.

"Yes, but the Inquisition does not compare to persecution here. I have met martyrs. In 1952 you could be arrested for believing in God. I know a man arrested because he owned and read books by Socrates and Plato. All foreign influence was to be eradicated. You could be arrested for speaking English. The intelligencia was liquidated. The non-thinking masses have no choice but to believe what they are told. Atheism springs from lack of knowledge. Schoepenhaur said: 'Materialism in theory is bestialism in practice'. This is bestialism".

Place :

Soldiers' Memorial Cemetery. Large statue of Mother Latvia, eternal flame, etc.

"Yes, they try to substitute. They try to manufacture symbolic life. But it does not work. It fails and people turn to religion again. There are many believers in the Communist Party secretly. They dare not let it be known, but they secretly have their children baptised".

— Why join the Communist Party then?

"For material gain. One cannot get anywhere with career or prosperity if he doesn't".

— Cult is nationalism. This is archaic and dangerous in the Atomic Age when universalism is called for.

"Yes, nationalism, patriotism is impossible except in the Christian sense; except I know that these other people, not my own, are my brothers. Nationalism with Christianity teaches hate".

— Will religion, the church in the Soviet Union survive?

"Yes, of course! As it says in the Gospel, they can kill the outer church, but not the inner church".

Place :

Exhibition of electrical appliances, radios, computers, etc.

"This man Lenin really believed that electricity would bring paradise. Only those without inner peace invest their lives in outer things".

We stood before a large, colourful, modern mosaic of Lenin.

"It is not like the Sistine Chapel, is it? One cannot compare atheistic and religious art".

We spoke of the Wedding Palace in Leningrad where about forty couples are married each day. Fifty percent of the marriages end in divorce. The ceremony is short and comparable to the Anglican substituting the words "state" and "Lenin", for "God" and "Christ".

"The Soviet wedding ceremony is a tragedy. They try to answer the need for the church but they cannot".

"Yes, the young people are asleep. But there are many of us — the intellectuals, those who have read and thought, those who know the deep feelings. We speak differently in our own homes than we do to foreign guests. If there were free elections, there would be no such thing as a Soviet government on earth.

Only madmen can believe in a material heaven on earth".

Place :

Active church, mostly old women.

"That is because men drink and have the outlet. Alcoholism is a serious problem here. We must believe that God cannot, will not be defeated. We must believe that, and hope.

"The great catastrophe will come. There will be a great war with China. The Yellow Race is the punishing force in history. We shall be punished for allowing Communism to exist. We must pray, every Christian must pray for forgiveness. It is a corporate guilt, not just individual".

Place :

A park near the hotel, the following day.

The reason for the war in Vietnam was brought up. "It is the fault of the Vietcong".

— Not the American fear of Communism?

"No! America is doing what it must do — defending itself. North Vietnam is the aggressor, it wants to swallow up South Vietnam".

— Even if that is so, they get nowhere by slaughtering Vietnamese. They are responsible for dictatorship in South Vietnam.

"You North Americans are children. You are a child. What do you know of Communism? You do not know! There is a difference between dictatorship and Communism. Nuclear war is but temporary destruction. Communism is long range destruction of the human race. I have seen it with my own eyes. I have seen men changed from conscious beings into beasts. You do not know. As for war; do not fear those who kill the body, but those who kill the soul. Communism kills the soul".

— Why do you say these things? Who are you? How did you get to be this way?

"The others know the truth too, but they are afraid to speak the truth. I have suffered, but I have learned not to be afraid".

— Does your family share your views?

"I share my family's views. I was raised this way".

— What does your father do?

"My father is a writer. He has suffered much. He

writes historical novels. One of his books was translated into English".

Place :

A stocking factory.

"This is the way Russians swallow up smaller nations — building factories and bringing Russians in from all over to live among the native people, marry them, assimilate them, destroy their integrity. Only half the people living in Latvia are native Latvians. Thousands were deported to Siberia after the war. Other republics know this too and know the danger of being Russianized".

We entered the manager's office to talk with Communist Party people / Classic picture: proletarian, open shirt collars, proud and loud factory head, pictures of Marx and Lenin over his head. We were invited to ask questions.

"Ask how many workers own cars. They know very well no worker can afford a car. You can hardly live on workers' wages. Clothes are so expensive".

Place :

Factory nursery. Appalling, but friendly, with dolls, toys and games. Each child had a small bunk. Statues of Lenin as a child. Picture too. Poster: 'Lenin lives forever!'

"How awful this is. How can children be raised without religion? In my republic, seventy percent of the young people are on drugs. Ask them why and they say they have no faith, they were raised with no religion. The young pioneers are taught about murder, war, slaughter; they call it heroism. They are trained to be brutes".

Place :

Hotel lobby, just before leaving.

"I am sorry if I disturbed you by saying these things".

— No, I was interested. You are right. We do not know much about war or Communism. And surely you know more about being Christian than we do. But isn't there something. . . .

"Yes, it can be a blessing for Christians to be able to live in hell. We know that blessing".

ANON.

---

Artists' Supplies  
Cameras  
Blue Prints  
Photostats

**Art & Photo  
INC.**

HOBBY SHOP

Rénauld Charland, prop.

107 FRONTENAC

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

---

---

Framing

Plastic Models

Copper Crafts

*Compliments of*

**HUNTING'S DAIRY**

---

---

*Compliments of:*

**FONTAINE et FILS LIMITEE**



Bakers and Confectioners

867 - 869 KING ST. WEST - SHERBROOKE, Que.

---

---

FAMOUS FOR FINE WOOLLENS

**THE WOOL SHOP**

159 Queen St.

Lennoxville, Que.

---

---

---

**Lessard Bus Line's Reg'd**

"TO CHARTER A BUS CALL US"

Lennoxville

569-3380

---

---

**RAY'S RADIO TAXI**

R. Carrier, prop.

LOCAL and LONG DISTANCE - 24-HOUR SERVICE

3 cars fully insured

1-B Depot St.

Tel.: 562-2411

LENNOXVILLE, Que.

---

---

W. W. I. Nichol

H. H. Nichol

**JOHN NICHOL & SONS REG'D**

GENUINE DRY-CURED BACON

WHOLESALE & RETAIL MEATS

Phone 562-1531

Lennoxville, Que.

---

---



**H. J. Delisle Inc.**

EXCLUSIVE SHOES

SHERBROOKE

---

---

---

## ***You know more ...***



so you're bound to take more advantage of all social, artistic or sports events, as well as shopping opportunities, in Sherbrooke when you read . . . . . **LA TRIBUNE**

Sherbrooke's French Daily, serving the entire community

*—It's also an excellent way to improve your knowledge of French.*

Have your personal copy delivered daily, just dial . . . **569-9201**

---

### **PAGE SANGSTER INC.**

PRINTERS • PAPER BOXES • OFFICE SUPPLIES

406 Minto Street

Sherbrooke, Que.

Tel. 819 - 562-3861

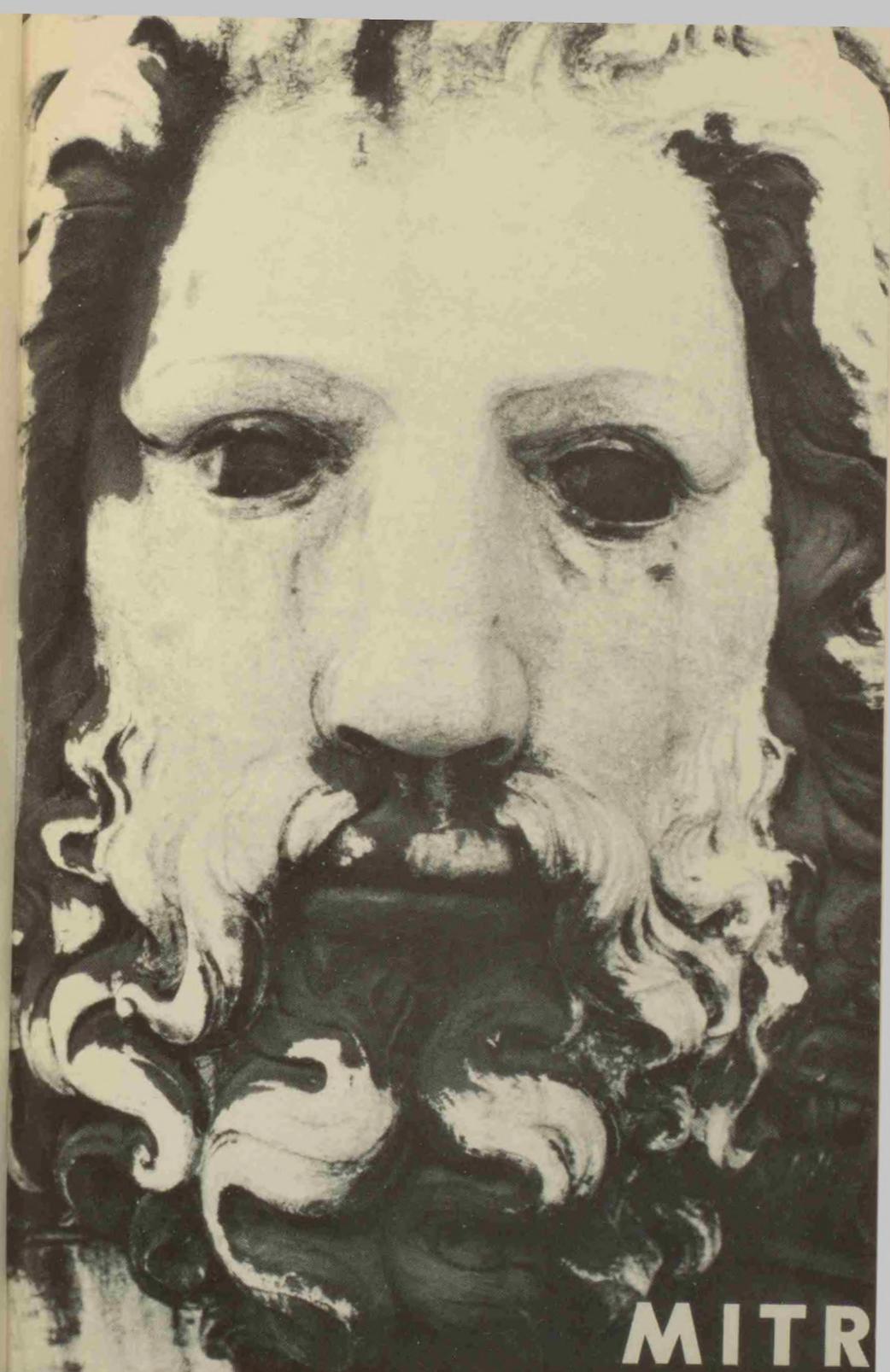
---

Compliments of :

**NOUVELLE MODE**

20 Wellington St. North

---



**MITR**