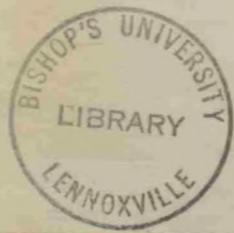
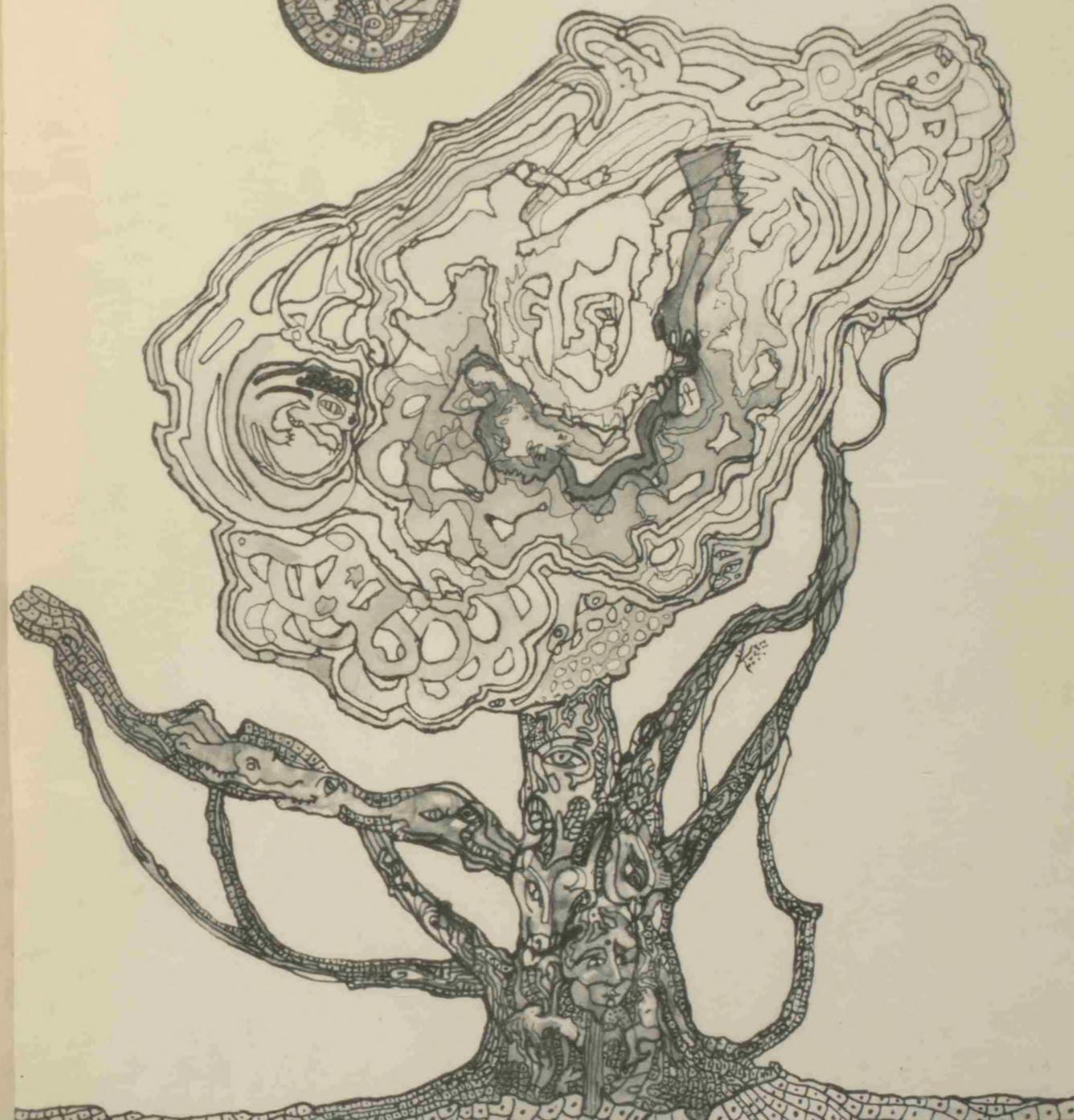


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## *New Mitre Dedicated to Sarah Binks*

Sarah Binks, 'the woman and the poet', that humanist, naturalist and fundamentalist, that lady of the earth, rooted to Saskatchewan's soil by threads deeper than those attached to that vegetable so often associated with her name. That Sweet Songstress of Saskatchewan, winner of the coveted Wheat Pool Medal, recognized, revered and respected as a poetess who wrote in the Western Canadian Style; Sarah Binks fathomed the quagmire of North Willows ("her last resting place") in living the lives or playing the roles of those characters about whom she wrote. Evidence of this sincerity in "getting to know my subject" is witnessed by the title to many of Sarah's poems. I refer to:

'Pigs, Song of the Cow, Steeds,  
The Bug, The Farm Skunk, and  
This Makes me Scratch Myself  
and Ask.'

One may ask whether or not Sarah had any dealings with Homo Sapiens. The answer is that Sarah in fact was not only spiritually and emotionally involved with people but she also revealed a romantic and sexual inclination as well. Her famous love poem written for Stem Grizzlykick (who gave it to Mathilda Schwartzhacker), entitled *Hi Sooky Ho Sooky* embodies the innocence and charm of a lonely relationship; however, it becomes apparent to the keen observer that Sarah's "innocence and charm" were in no way any deterrent to her sexual fulfillment, as expressed in

"Now is the Last Spike Driven  
and in The Man whose Tile has  
Almost reached its Ending."

In closing, it can be said that there is a definite degree of difficulty in determining the exact period to which Sarah's poetry belongs. However, whether Pre Regina or Post Regina, poetry written in the P.R. period had to be good.

HERE LIES SARAH BINKS  
and so do I

Ron Perowne  
President of the S.P.M.S.B.  
(Society for the Preservation of the Memory of  
Sarah Binks)

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## FANTASIA ON FOUR DEATHS

ralph gustafson

—Kent State University, May 4, 1970

Four *impudent snobs*  
Fall. I was standing beside  
One, blood on her blouse  
(Prague on her blouse,  
Vietnam on her blouse).  
It was killing. But then, we can't  
Have a *sniveling, hand-wringing*  
*Power structure*. Something  
Must be done. I,  
For one, will not lower  
My voice.

They were standing  
On a hill watching  
The forces of law and order  
For no apparent reason.

There seemed to be screams around me,  
Though with the burst of rifles  
And the stunned unbelief  
It is hard to tell. Most likely  
There was silence, the instinctive hush  
Before the gentle press of  
Flesh on the trigger  
Prolonged into fact though no one  
Knows whose is the motive  
Nor where it is pointed nor even  
The direction it is coming from . . .  
A metaphor for all  
Self-propagated violence.

But back to the business at hand . . .  
Silence or screams, the students,  
Intellectually *effete*,  
Dived to the ground in terror.  
They were lucky. *Tomentose*  
*Exhibitionists*,  
Only ten were wounded.

Four died. Where  
I stood, one can be vouched  
For. She fell against me.  
Krause, Allison Krause  
Her name was. She placed  
A flower in a rifle,  
"Flowers are better than bullets,"  
She's supposed to have said.

Another  
Knelt beside another . . .  
Funny, violence never  
Shows, much, until

You turn them over. Even  
Grief is under suspicion.  
People trust life.

Too bad.

So.

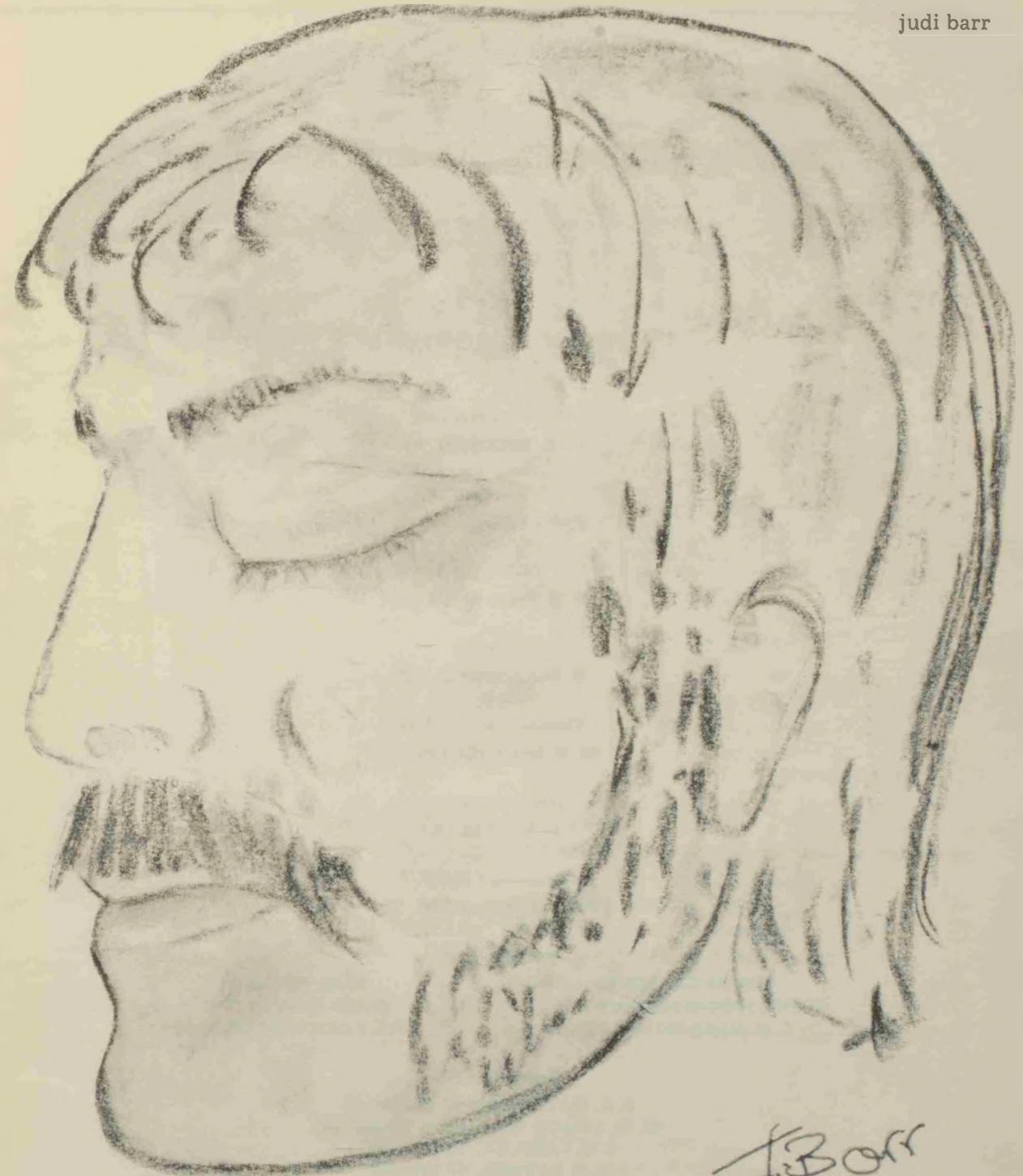
*Where emotion  
And muscle replace reason,  
As in this girl dead  
As mutton at my feet,  
You must expect violence.  
You can't expect blanks  
All the time. The Guardsmen  
Were tired. They undergo  
Relatively little discipline.  
The main weapons at their  
Command— rifles and bayonets—  
Are obsolete. "One set  
Of kids against another,"  
The father said. They did  
What they could. It was inevitable.*

Nor can one communicate  
Much with rocks and bottles . . .

O, isn't it tragic ?  
We thought to build peace,  
Peace. The floating dead  
On the Mekong River are  
This nearer campus. I slip  
From parable, sarcastic wit,  
Didactics O to plain  
Statement ! These four are dead,  
This blood coagulates,  
This waste, so vastly huge  
The human heart must harden  
Lest the loss, compassion  
For a history, forget  
The hour I sit where life  
Renews itself : this lake,  
This territory green and lovely,  
Claimed by song, by bird  
Provoking now this air,  
You'd know the name of it,  
I'm not very good at birds  
The turn is mordent.

Lake Massawippi,  
May 27, 1970.

Note : 6 phrases in this poem weren't written by me.  
They were written by Spiro Agnew.  
I apologize.



J. Barr  
C 70

"The Sight of God"

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lesley hogan

I hear your voice  
my body stretches long and thin  
uncoils itself  
squirms through miles of narrow line  
and slivers into your ear.

graeme hunter

## AMAZEMENT

I was amazed  
the first time  
I encountered  
a woman :  
How preciously  
I clung to  
My boyhood.

warwick j. farquar III

## ENCLOSED

dedicated to the john memorial library bathroom

man locks himself in—  
inside four walled rooms  
(with ceilings and tiled floors)  
hoping no one will knock  
or use the master key  
to catch him . . . sitting on the john.

richard price

## VISION

Alone at dawn  
I see you  
In my hand  
But you're breaking my fingers

## CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL, SOUTHERN ENGLAND

What a bloody great structure !  
 Let me see now . . . page thirty-six :  
 "So much beauty and interest . . .  
 Only after long acquaintance  
 Can one claim to be familiar with it."  
 Cautions my guide book  
 Seriously but politely,  
 Typically and tiringly.  
 Both book and cathedral  
 Were no doubt erected together,  
 William himself placing a word here  
 And a stone there.  
 Ahh history . . .  
 Look at that nave !  
 This south transept is really outasight !  
 The glorious lavatory is to your right.  
 There are a lot of people here today.  
 The lady standing in front of me  
 Has a rising volcano on her neck.  
 She is staring in religious rapture  
 At the cracked angels that vault the ceiling,  
 And now at the stained glass window  
 Before me — such beauty.  
 She has no time for eruptions and things.  
 Some of us, though, can't quite concentrate  
 On all these English visions.  
 Some of us are nervously bored  
 Like a young boy standing in the choir aisle  
 Energetically picking his nose,  
 Ignoring His presence.  
 I have had enough ; I am leaving.  
 It's lunchtime and I'm hungry.  
 Anyway, today it's raining  
 Inside this cathedral.

susan entwistle

It came slowly and softly ;  
 no one expected it  
 but no one was surprised.  
 Day by day it grew stronger  
 and blossomed like a flower.  
 Winds and storms battered it  
 but it thrived and grew more beautiful.  
 Then one day I looked and it was gone . . .  
 passed like death during sleep.  
 no one expected it  
 but no one was surprised.

## INTRODUCTION TO LIFE

An insidious plot  
 Achieved its aim  
 For unknown to me  
 I was born  
 And three-quarters of a candle  
 Burnt in my honour  
 But my doctor frowned  
 And punished me  
 With a spank.  
 Guilty I was  
 He said  
 Of original sin.  
 Had I time  
 To be evil ?  
 Damnation.  
 The idea of me  
 Wasn't mine  
 In the first place.

john scott

## OLD MAN'S SONG

A sad old man  
 Haggard and drunk  
 Slumped on a tavern's steps  
 And examined a locket —  
 A relic  
 Of a happy past.  
 A relic himself,  
 Surveying his story  
 In his sole source  
 Of pain and pleasure —  
 His memory —  
 And tears,  
 They too rolled quickly  
 Between the wrinkles  
 As swift as his life  
 Had fled by him,  
 And he rose and turned  
 As I passed  
 To hide the tale  
 Told in his face  
 But even the gray tavern walls  
 Couldn't hide  
 His swollen eyes  
 Or the tales  
 Of many others —  
 All sad old men.

(rob gordon)



FOUR ETERNITIES

—I—

I write you poetry  
in the hollow of my hand  
so that my palm radiates  
the peace of my mind.

—II—

I shall always be a child —  
never will I wholly  
give up my confessions  
to myself, to those  
that read them.

—III—

Because I am a child  
I need to love.  
I need to heal  
the scratches on the surface  
of my life  
with tears that cry  
for anyone  
that cries sometimes

—IV—

I feel my freedom  
breathing  
outside my city,  
my casket  
my door.  
Never the estrangement  
my heart makes of it.

And so to touch the secret of  
myself,  
I write you poetry  
in the hollow of my hand.



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## The Hunters

October was the best time to hunt grouse. The work at school was not demanding most of the trees had lost their leaves, and the roads were still free of snow.

Allen and Bruce needed little time to get ready. The encased shotguns were fastened to their bicycle frames with string. Ammunition, string and compass were placed in the pockets of the red and black checkered coats. Skinning knife sheaths were threaded on belts, the keen edged knives were inserted and the handle thongs were snapped shut. The boys knew each other well. They had hunted often together.

The road which led to the best section of bush lay in a southeasterly direction. Neither boy spoke as they drove along the side of the boulevard which connected on to the bush road. At the turn off, the boys stopped for a red traffic light.

"Have you got your licence?" asked Allen. The noise of the traffic swallowed his voice. He pointed to the plastic holder fastened to his coat and repeated the question. "Have you got your licence?" Bruce patted the breast pocket of his coat and nodded.

Allen and Bruce always felt uneasy when they were not moving. Passers-by seemed to stare at the canvas cases attached to the crossbars.

"Mind your own God-damn business. We aren't going to rob a bank," muttered Allen. The traffic light, once in their favor, was quickly acted on. The young hunters lost little time in leaving the corner behind.

They kept to the center of the road. It was higher than either side and contained fewer pot-holes. Allen and Bruce now peddled abreast of each other. The traffic was light and there was no danger. It seemed to shorten the trip.

The boys drove on in unison past a sprawling junk yard and auto repair shop. An oily, metallic smell seemed to permeate the air in the area no matter what the season. Only the occasional clump of crab grass growing among the derelict pieces of machinery gave any evidence of life.

The land began to level out. Hedgerows of aspen, birch and hawthorn trees, acting as fences between farm lots, stretched to the horizon on both sides of the road. The stone farmhouses could now be seen in the middle of islands of bare trees. They seem stranded and, bathed in the bright autumn sun, defenseless and vulnerable.

The alternate succession of fields and wooded ditches gave way to tracts of scrub bush. The forest loomed beyond that. Its great stands of hard wood stretched for many miles to the south.

The main road curved sharply to the left. Only a grassy foot-path continued on toward the bush. The boys followed the path on their bikes but soon had to stop because of the thick growth of grass. They were forced to walk the remainder of the path to the margin of the forest.

The shotguns were removed from their cases and the bicycles were left in the ditch which followed the trail. The barrels of the guns shone silvery blue in the sunlight as each boy attended to the loading of his weapon. One shot in the chamber and two in the magazine.

The boys walked together and spoke loudly. The best hunting area was some distance away and there was little chance that their voices would carry that far. They pulled at their crotches to rearrange themselves. Bicycle seats always proved themselves to be inadequate on a long run.

"Man, isn't this beautiful?" said Allen, gesturing at the view in front of him with the muzzle of his gun.

"Yeah," said Bruce, "It looks like a scene that Andrew Wyeth would paint."

"I wonder who owns all this?" continued Allen.

"I don't know, maybe its the government," suggested Bruce.

"Man, as soon as I get finished school and start working, I'm going to buy some land. Not around here. It's too built up around here. Up North maybe, or out West," said Allen.

"Yeah, I think the government pays you to go up North and start a farm and if you make it, then the land is yours," replied Bruce.

"Maybe we could try it eh? It can't be that hard," said Allen.

"Yeah, maybe," Bruce replied.

With the safety catches on, the boys attempted to pick up and properly lead the thrushes and wrens as they darted in and among the trees. The footing was good. The forest floor was covered with damp, dull leaves. Only the round cedar thickets offered visual relief from the thin, straight, vertical lines of the birch and aspen trees. Allen and Bruce walked quickly.

The orchard was the best place to hunt grouse. It was a small place. No more than four or five acres. Only the occasional post, rotten and at a crazy angle, remained of the barrier between the once tilled land and the forest. The apple trees were few in number. The fruit they bore was small and blighted. A profusion of sucker branches and dense crab grass made penetration of the area very difficult. Walking around the perimeter however, was usually all that was needed to flush the birds.

"Wait a minute, I have to have a leak," whispered Allen.

"Yeah, so do I," said Bruce.

They both cast about over the leaves until the streams hit some moss on a rock. They were close now and too much noise would warn the game of their presence.

"I wonder why the guy who owned this let it go to pot?" said Allen.

"Maybe he was sick or got too old to do the work," offered Bruce.

"It's a bloody shame to let a place just go like that."

"Yeah, well maybe he died and there was no one to take over."

"Christ, wouldn't that be a pisser. Work your ass off trying to build something and then have it fall apart when you do."

"Yeah. A real waste of time," said Bruce reflectively.

"Come on. Our talking about it isn't going to change anything and we're wasting time standing here like this. Let's get started."

"O.K. Hey, doesn't this remind you of that part in the book," Battle Cry," where the sargeant has all the recruits pull out their joints and says, "Men, you are now going to learn the difference between a rifle and

a gun. This is a rifle and this is a gun. This one's for shooting and this one's for fun," said Bruce, gesturing with his finger as he quoted the verse.

"Ha ha. Yeah, that was funny as hell," replied Allen. "The part about the rotten smell being like the north end of a skunk walking south was really funny too."

"Yeah, it's too bad more guys don't write like that," said Bruce.

"Yeah. Come on, let's go," reiterated Allen.

The boys squirmed until everything was in place. Then they picked up the shotguns.

"I'll take the outside and you move in about fifteen or twenty yards," said Allen. "The area in front of me looks better than where you are but anything that we flush will probably fly over to that really thick stuff past you".

"Good enough," said Bruce. "Just make sure you stay even with me so we don't shoot each other heads off."

"Right. Keep an eye on the trees," returned Allen. "With the ground wet like this they may be in the trees."

The boys worked well together. They always kept in sight of each other, stopping at regular intervals to motion a change in direction or speed. Their progress was slow but they covered the terrain thoroughly.

The land gradually sloped upward. Toward the back of the orchard, a sparse stand of elm and aspen replaced the dense growth of grass and apple trees which predominated in the lower section.

"Man, that's the first time in a long time that we haven't flushed something," said Bruce. "This is always the best place. If you can't find them here you can't find them anywhere."

"I don't know. Maybe it's the water on the ground," said Allen. "There are plenty of windfalls around and it's getting close to their feeding time."

"Maybe some other guys were here before us and scared them all off," said Bruce.

"I don't remember hearing any shots," replied Allen.

"I don't either. But we haven't been here very long. They could have been here earlier this morning or even yesterday sometime."

"Yeah. That's true," said Allen. "But I hope it's just the water on the ground."

"Yeah, so do I," said Bruce. "Do you think it's worthwhile working through that section up there?"

"I don't think we have much choice. It's too late to go much farther," replied Allen.

"Hey! Is that a nest or a clump of leaves over there?"

"Where?" asked Allen, staring past Bruce's outstretched forefinger.

"Over there, about three-quarters of the way up that elm. Do you see it? Just where the main branch on the left side joins the trunk."

"No, where," persisted Allen. "Oh there. Yeah. I don't know. It must be a nest. It isn't moving."

The elm tree, larger and retaining more leaves than those around it was half way up the slope of land in line with the derelict fence which separated the orchard and the bush. As the boys approached the tree, they lessened their pace. The grey-black mass in the crotch of the tree remained motionless.

"It looks like a furry nest," said Bruce.

"Yeah, its furry alright. It's a raccoon," said Allen as he raised his gun to his shoulder.

Both guns discharged at the same moment. The afternoon silence was broken again and again as the boys mechanically pumped their weapons. Then there was silence. The guns were empty.

The raccoon was jarred from his sleep by the sting of the bird-shot. The patterns of shot, choked to spread quickly for flying birds, were too thin by the time they reached the animal. Few pellets found their mark. But those that did penetrated deeply.

The raccoon started up the trunk of the tree but its back legs gave no support. The animal lost its balance and fell. It landed heavily on the ground. The animal, now on its back, thrashed wildly at the air like an enraged child. It righted itself and frantically worked its front paws like a dog digging at a gopher hole. Anxious grunts, like those of a sow in the throes of littering came from deep within its throat as it attempted to bury its nose in the shallow hole it had dug.

The boys gaped at the stricken animal, dead from the haunches back, as it scraped and tried to pull itself along. Allen grabbed at the pockets of his coat.

"Christ, I haven't got any shells left. Bruce give me one of yours." Allen grabbed at his friend's coat before Bruce had a chance to do so himself.

"Christ, don't you have any?"

"Yeah, one. Here."

"The bloody thing won't fit in the gun."

"You've got the God damn thing backwards."

"Shit."

The discharge of the gun at such close range was like a bomb exploding. The force of the blast drove the animal further into the hole it had started. It lay on its side. A large, animated hole appeared in the animal's neck and shoulder. The extremities of the raccoon's body convulsed slightly as if the lifeless animal were experiencing a chill. Then everything was still. Only the spasmodic ejaculations of urine down one leg gave the animal any semblance of life.

The boy's eyes were fixed on the wine-red hole.

"Do you think it's dead," said Bruce half whispering.

"Yeah. I think so."

Allen poked the grey-black mass with the muzzle of his gun.

"Watch it," warned Bruce, "They have vicious teeth."

The carcass rolled over easily with the prod of the gun. The animal's brown eyes fixed in an expressionless stare, contained particles of dirt. Deep red heart blood was smudged around the animal's snout.

"No, it's dead," said Allen as he gingerly touched the inert form. He leaned his gun against a tree and picked the animal up by a hind leg. A muffled, girgling sound came from deep within the dead animal.

"Christ, what's that!" said Allen, quickly dropping the dead weight.

"It's just the guts," said Bruce.

"Man, is he ever heavy. Lift him up."

Bruce grabbed the other back leg which now rested against the animal's side.

"Yeah, he must weigh twenty-five or thirty pounds. Feel that beautiful coat. Thick eh!"

"Yeah, you can tell he was getting ready for winter. That's why he's so fat and furry.

"Well, he won't have to worry about winter anymore."

"No, that's for sure."

"Kind of stupid that he'd pick a tree out in the open like this."

"Yeah, especially now when most of the leaves have fallen."

"Well at least he died quickly. He might have died of sickness or starvation. At least this was fast."

"Yeah," replied Allen, "He looks like he was pretty old. Raccoons don't live more than ten years anyway do they?"

"I don't know. I suppose not."

"Well, here he is. Now, what are we going to do with him?"

"I don't want him."

"Well you saw him first," said Allen.

"Yeah, but you killed him," said Bruce.

"Put it was your shell that did it," continued Allen.

"O.K. We both did it. The point is we have to do something with him. We can't just leave him here."

"He's got a beautiful pelt. Why don't we skin him," said Allen.

"I haven't any place at home to cure it," said Bruce.

"Neither have I," said Allen. "Want to take his tail?"

"Kill the bloody thing just for its tail? If that's all we're going to take, we should have left him sleeping in the tree," replied Bruce.

"How about taking him to school. Maybe the biology class could dissect it or examine the bones."

"No, they already have animal parts that are pickled. Anyway, it will start to rot by tomorrow. Then he'll smell like a blue cheese."

"Yeah. I hadn't thought of that. Well, what do we do then? We can't just leave him here."

"No, we can't do that . . . I guess we'll just have to bury him."

"Well, at least that's something. But what a waste."

The boys moved the animal from the small hole it had started. Leaves were kicked away from the trunk of the elm tree to provide a larger working area. Both boys, on hands and knees, stabbed at the earth. But the ground around the tree yielded little to the thrusts of the hunting knives.

"This is no good, said Allen. It's going to take us until dark to dig a hole here at this rate. Let's try under one of those aspens."

"O.K. But if the ground is too hard there, then to hell with it. We'll just cover him with leaves.

Under the aspens, the jabs of the knives were more successful. The ground had not been packed down and there were fewer roots.

"Alright, said Allen, "that's deep enough. We must have gone down close to two feet anyway."

The animal was placed in the hole on its back. The hind feet rested against its abdomen at a crazy angle. The front feet, now rigid, pressed against the jaw. The pads of the feet, facing upward, were worn and cracked.

The boys kicked the dirt back into the hole. Once the hole had been filled, Allen stood on the mound to pack the dirt down.

"Bruce you take a turn. This gives me the creeps. It feels like I'm stepping on half hardened cement."

Once the ground had been packed down, leaves were kicked up against the tree.

"There, no one could tell anything was buried here," said Allen as he stood back and gazed at the foot of the tree.

"Probably not", said Bruce, "but I bet another animal could."

"Well if one does, it won't be our fault. We did all we could. Most guys would have just left it."

"I suppose. But don't you feel kind of rotten shooting an animal like that and then just getting rid of him."

"So, we won't tell anyone. Nobody will ever know."

"Yeah, but the point is that you and me, we'll know."

"Why don't we set up some sort of marker."

"What could we use that would last?"

"We could cut a piece of bark off this aspen and carve in the date and our initials."

"No, that would take too long. I know, let's girdle the tree. That way it will die and act like a sort of tombstone."

"Alright. I'll start on this side and meet you in the middle. It would have been so much easier if we had just left him alone. I wish we hadn't come."

The knife blades had lost their keen edge. Much effort was required to separate the thin bark of the aspen from the trunk. When the boys finished, only the freshly cut wood chips and the seven spent shells scattered among the leaves, could be seen clearly on the ground. The trees, looming but indistinct, were now grey-black shadows.

Walking back to the trail became difficult. The high grass of the orchard concealed the mounds of earth and dead wood which, during the daytime, were obvious. The path itself, which led back to the bikes could barely be distinguished from the brush which hemmed it in on both sides.

The boys, wishing to avoid the stinging slap of the hawberry trees, kept to the center of the path. They walked, one behind the other, with their guns held up in front of them as a protection against the brush. They walked slowly. They spoke only to curse at the ineffectualness of their weapons to act as shields.

The bikes were as they had left them. Allen and Bruce pulled them out of the ditch to the side of the road. The shotguns were slid into the canvas cases and the end flaps were secured. Nothing remained but the ride home.

"Man, that's a rotten walk in the dark. Those bushes with the thorns scratched the hell out of my hands and face."

"Don't worry. You aren't alone."

"I'd hate like hell to ever get lost in there after dark."

"Yeah, so would I. You'd never find your way out. Imagine sleeping in there all night."

"No, I can't. I wouldn't try either. There are bears in there you know. They wouldn't think twice about attacking you. There are reports every summer about bears attacking people. Not here. Out West. But it's the same thing."

"Yeah, well we're out, so that's one thing we don't have to worry about," said Bruce.

"I know something we do have to worry about," replied Allen.

"What?"

"The road," continued Allen. "It will be full of cars at this hour, so we'd better ride in single file. And watch for those potholes up near the intersection. If you catch one, it'll send you arse over teakettle into the ditch."

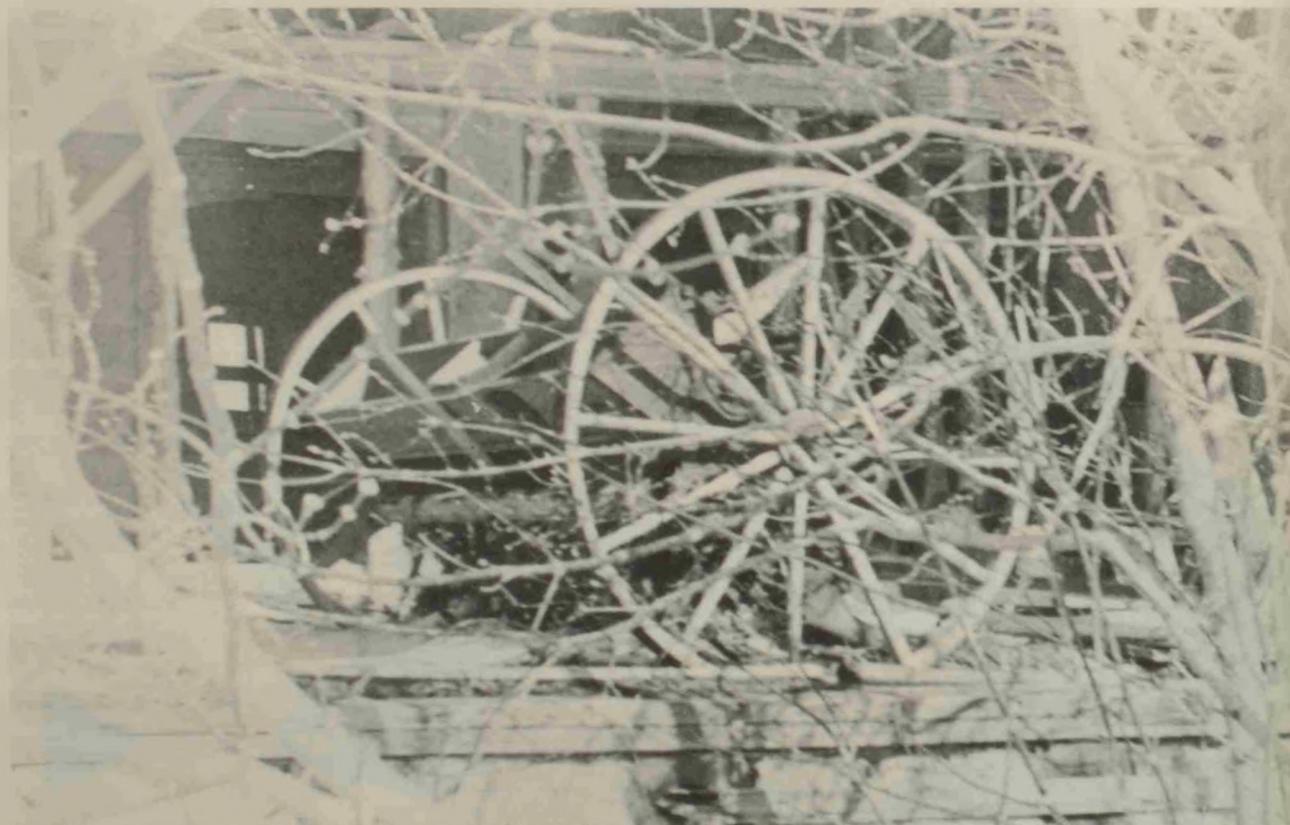
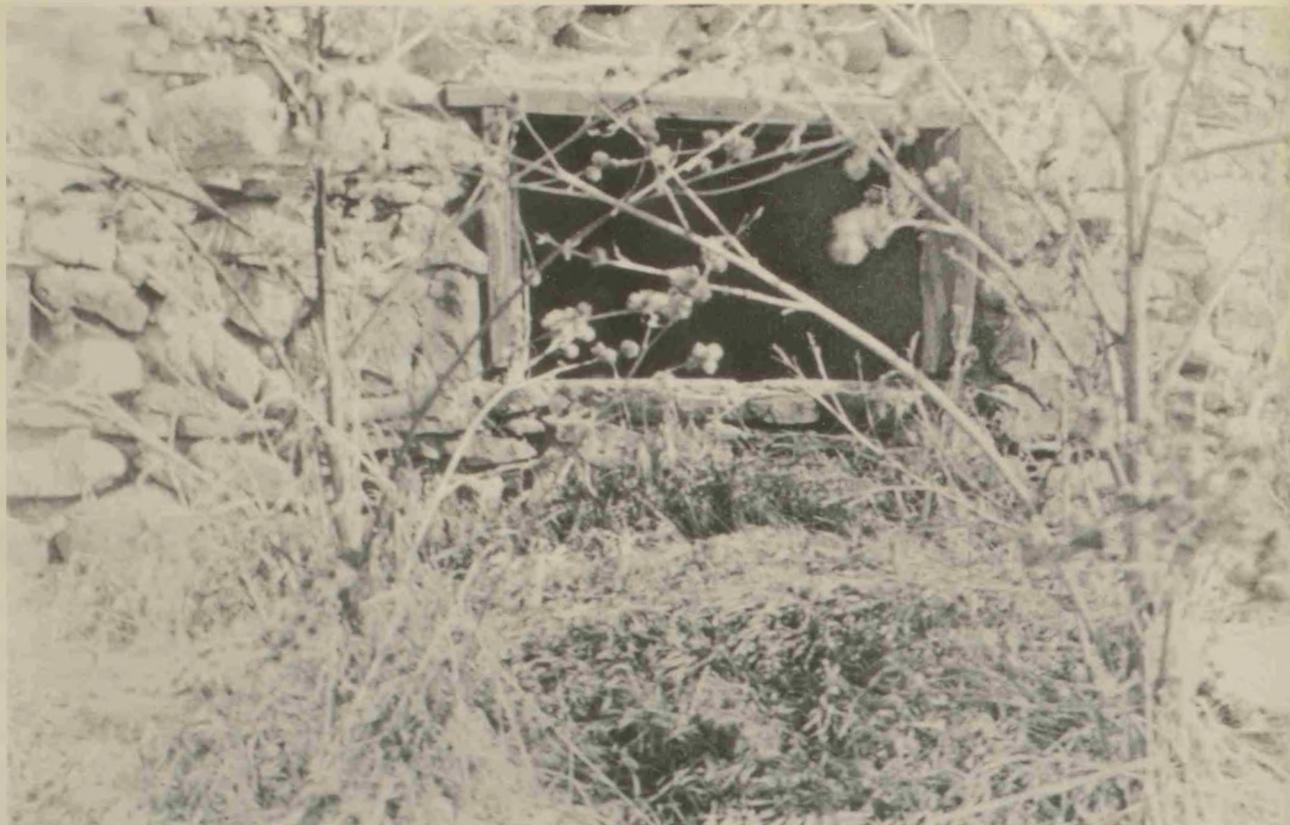
"Yeah, you watch too. Come on let's go. I'm getting hungry."

In a thicket, not far from the large elm tree, a red fox gorged himself on an easy meal.

russell ough tred







A storm is upon them  
 The tide has changed  
 Uncertain waves no longer  
 Roll to shore.  
 They are far beyond the reef  
 In unknown waters  
 Tossing about  
 Unaware of where to go.

graeme hunter

IN ABSENTIA

From here I stare  
 through the flat afterthought  
 of a lens, into the faded colours  
 of a camera's dream. Again,  
 the picture is a plot. I am a theme

of strangers coming home.  
 A railroad threads  
 departments like beads.  
 From the caboose  
 of this Larousse  
 a single window serves my needs.

The languished mind  
 past empty eye and ears  
 may often find, in images  
 the lifeless hand may seize  
 of foreign field or copse,  
 the unhoused hopes  
 that make the senses willing refugees,

from so grotesque  
 an interdicted love  
 that dreams of lillies  
 by a maple blest, and sweats to spawn  
 a goose that might seem comely to the swan.

eva baldwin

THE DOCTOR

Gentle are the hands that feel the pulse,  
 Calm are the eyes that smile reassurance,  
 Careful are the fingers that write the prescription,  
 Swift is the bill in the next day's mail.

PROSTITUTE

The bright borrowed face  
of the moon  
must share herself with  
any curbside puddle.

(teri coburn)



george englebretsen

RELEVANCE

There are words which  
will always be unsaid  
between us  
For long ago I chose  
to be less relevant  
than you  
Only slightly less  
but the world pays  
little heed to choices  
And now it doesn't matter  
if things had been different

*An End and a Peace*

The five o'clock bell sounded again and everyone was preparing to leave. Happy faces and good-byes were echoing in the corridors as everyone was departing. Walking along the corridor was Jemalee, a young girl of nineteen, who had a strange look on her face. As she reached the door good-byes were sailed at her from happy faces. Too busy with their own concerns, they did not notice her bizarre look or her failure to return their goodbyes.

Jemalee continued walking till she reached her bus stop. There she stood silent and stared at the people surrounding her. Through the crowds she could catch occasional glimpses of radiant faces. The bus finally arrived, Jemalee mounted it and sat motionless on the seat which she had located. She turned to the window and again continued to stare at the people walking down the street. She caught sight of a couple holding hands and laughing gaily.

Suddenly she could no longer stand this and she turned her head to stare into space. The thoughts which she had been holding back till now began flowing in her head. So she could no longer keep on living the way she did. She felt like a zombie who was moving through time in complete loneliness. Oh, there were the hellos and good-byes of the people from the office but this they did only out of politeness. She was nothing to them except a face which they saw everyday. Her thoughts were interrupted when the bus driver cried "Van Horne". She then got up and dismounted the bus. From there she proceeded to walk to her dingy little apartment.

She was walking mechanically for her lonely thoughts had once again returned. She asked herself how long it had been since she had been happy, since she had not felt this loneliness. To answer her question, she had to dig back to her younger days. Even those she did not remember clearly. Her parents had died when she had only been three years old. She did not remember what they had been like but she did remember that she had loved them and they had loved her. Those were the only happy memories which she had in her childhood. After that, she could only remember the countless number of homes she had entered for none of her relatives had wanted her. She remembered that the State home was always reminding them that they were nuisances and extra mouths to feed. Oh, that they could do excellently. She also remembered how happy the head mistress had been when she announced that she had acquired a job at Welson's Company. Yes, she could remember clearly the words of the mistress, "Well, Helen, you can mark Jemalee off the list from now on. She'll be one less mouth to feed." It had almost sounded unbelievable, something, somehow that you would see in movies and then go home and forget about it. Only she couldn't forget for that had been her life.

When she had started working for Welson's Company she thought things would change. Oh, how badly mistaken she had been. At the home everyone was unhappy and lonely so it did not make much difference. But in the office, the happy faces and giggles which floated around were becoming unbearable. No, she realized now that things had not changed for the better, they seemed to become worse.

She was now at the entrance of her apartment. The view of the apartment when she stepped inside only added to her uneasiness. It was barren and dingy. The furniture consisted of worn-wooden chairs, a table, a desk and an old bed which she slept on. She had tried to grow flowers, but even those could not live in this apartment. They had died at the end of a week from lack of fresh air and sunshine.

She drew a chair and sat down. The tears which she had held back till now came flowing out and completely blinded her vision. She finally decided she could no longer keep on living like this. She was tired of telling herself that tomorrow everything would be different. There had been too many tomorrows which had never changed. She now faced the truth that no one cared and no one would ever care. This resolved, she knew that there was only one answer to what she was seeking. She proceeded to write a departing letter, but stopped. She suddenly burst into a hideous laughter and shouted aloud, "Why bother, no one will read it, no one cares." She got up and shut the only window which the apartment owned, said a wordless good-bye to the world outside, opened the gas pipes, and laid down to prepare herself for the peace which would soon fill the ache and emptiness which had characterized her life. Her last thoughts were that now she had to find the answer for this war, the last solution. And slowly her loneliness was ended . . .

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There is no forever—  
it dies with man.  
and his worldly dreams  
now lie rotting of disease — mocking him,  
polluting the white sand that once held  
his childhood, and now  
encircles his grave.

There is no tomorrow—  
it dies behind the dawn  
and is made a sacrifice—  
burnt by the sun's rising.  
But man still worships  
his charred future, and  
tries for eternity.  
It's a thing in his nature,  
a thing called futility or hope  
depending on where you stand  
above the ground or beneath it.

To listen ;  
To understand ;  
And yet not know how to help.  
To say what you feel in your heart,  
And fear that the truth may not be enough.

To involve yourself so completely in someone  
That your own welfare becomes a second thought—  
This feeling is one of sincere love.  
A love that few can share.  
A relationship that exists far beyond the physical  
And is content to rest as softly  
As a fallen leaf  
In the heart of the living soul.

east of the afternoon  
i have heard your sun song  
take it  
as far as you can play it.  
know it  
can only bring you better things.

there is a newer day  
beyond your mind  
just east of the afternoon.

tu le verras si tu cherches  
essaies-donc !

find it clinging  
to the heat glazed horizon :  
silently shimmering.

touch tomorrow.  
windless fingers  
will pass soft  
soon to touch unnoticed.

aussi souvent  
qu'on parle d'amour  
on n'en trouve pas.  
il faisait du soleil tantôt.

new things older  
faces indistinct  
with merging names  
hanging  
just east of the afternoon.

PATTERNS

The grey shears cut an erratic line  
In the pattern of the sky.  
Jagged yellow mountains appear  
Above the round grey hills.

The silver needle sews the crazy pieces  
Of sky and light together.  
The yellow mountains slowly melt  
Into the cloth of blue.

sue stapells

He stands up there  
Alone  
Speaking of nothing.

We sit en masse  
Some listening,  
Most not,  
Thinking of everything.

## L O V E S O N G

It is not for you  
 that I write these poems.  
 The sea makes a ragged  
 swirl at all my edges  
 Yet the grass goes on forever  
 at your name.

Your darkness is analytic  
 In quiet mother of pearl  
 fact ;  
 The timeless flux  
 I can hold in my hand and never have.

Yes — the flowers grow wherever I am,  
 I even see them with my eyes  
 sprouting yellow and faded  
 from a letter I once  
 received.

But it is also the pain  
 of non, of not, of my name  
 being spoken . . .  
 The want of each voice  
 with my magic word in their  
 mouths

The want I have to make  
 many tongues my own

The music of a voice that sings alone.

## A LOVE STORY

You have many victims  
 Sometimes we all get together  
 And over black wine and rotting wafers  
 We talk  
 Hollowly we laugh and joke  
 Nervously we compare scars  
 Some swear dark oaths  
 And mumble black verses  
 Others pray and look upwards  
 While trading confessions under the table  
 Nothing has ever helped . . .  
 Before we all leave  
 We each sip the wine  
 And eat a wafer  
 Then fall to our knees  
 In memory  
 Pretending  
 We are before you  
 For fast hours and painted love  
 With hooks that hold

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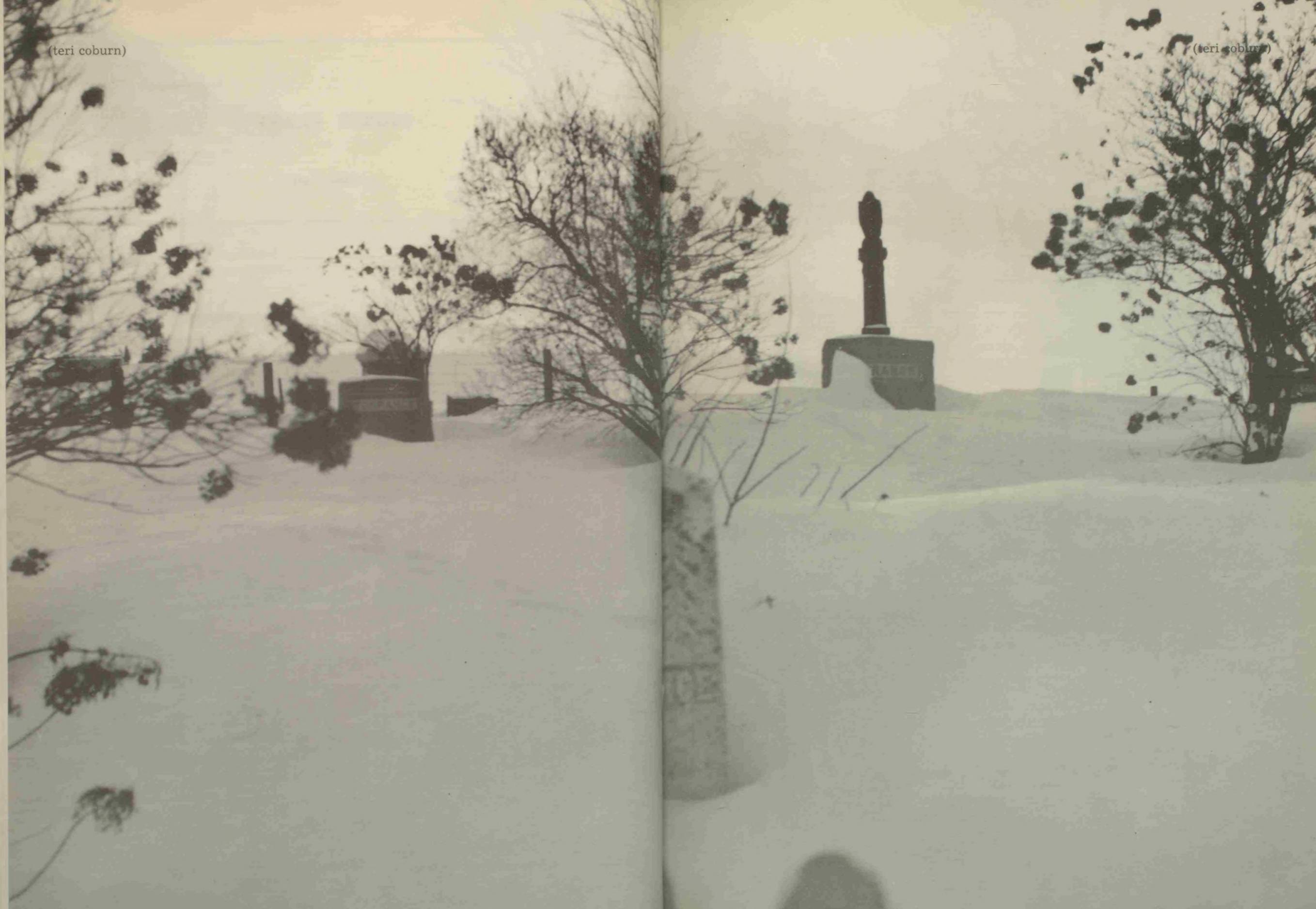
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LEATHER GOODS  
GIFTS

1918 - 1968

142 Wellington North/Nerd, Sherbrooke, Que.



(teri coburn)



(teri coburn)



## Theatre

The Quebec kidnappings have been carefully staged happenings, almost a new form of theatre. The wall between life and art has come tumbling down as groups such as the FLQ have initiated 'actions' designed to shock or ignite, to inspire fear or uncertainty. These happenings are far different from the tame theatre engaged in by actors that profess a social conscience. Rather than theatre moved out into the street, it is the street adopting theatrical modes. The anarchist or terrorist has clear motives: to collect a pile of cash, to obtain publicity, to fulfill fond dreams of liberation, to see the system squirm. Theatre has always tried to make money, garner public exposure, free man from his delusions, and offer social criticism. But traditional theatre pretends; the new street-theatre refuses to imitate life, and instead prefers to shape or alter actuality. Kidnappers, victims, police, and political figures are the actors. The media are the producers; they prepare the events for our eyes and ears. Theatrical space is the city, the province, the country. Casting is precise, with real people living their roles. Costuming is perfectly realistic. Suspense is genuine as the 'director' initiates the scenario with an abduction that leads actors, producers and audience through a series of acts and scenes. The streets do not belong to the people because they are home in front of their television sets, busy being the audience. And we are all caught up in this drama; it is nearly impossible to escape the news events of the day. It is all so convenient; if we miss the 6:00 episode, we catch the replay at 11:00. Profoundly dramatic as only life itself can be (this is the 'naturalistic style' with a vengeance), it is also profoundly disturbing. Disturbing for a number of reasons: because we are faced with fact not fiction, because no one can say when this event will finish and another begin, because there is always a chance that we will become actors rather than spectators. Above all, the happening is grotesque or becomes so as we note the contrast between terrible tragedy and bumbling comedy, both a part of the program. Strangulation and false walls are macabre and burlesque twists of plot. Perhaps it is this mixture of the macabre and burlesque that explains our ambivalent reaction, the fact that we are repelled yet fascinated, upset yet unable to ignore events. The temptation to watch life unfold on the evening news is difficult to resist, and there is an impact involved that Centennial Theatre can hardly match. And there is potential malaise in our forced attendance at this evening performance. As happening follows happening, the feeling of *déjà vu* attacks our sensibility; we become either bored or outrageously indignant through the simple fact of repetition. As a result, such happenings become either tiresome, the fate of nearly all new theatrical forms, or violently suppressed, the alternate possibility. Both these possibilities suggest a growing insensitivity. But we may be sure that more of these planned and orchestrated confrontations will happen. In the United States, they call it Theatre of the Apocalypse.

sue stapells

Twinkling  
Lights  
will  
not  
S  
T  
O  
P

STROBE

Flashing                      Glimmering  
Ready                      Willing  
TO CONQUER.

steve clarke

dorchester at 5:00

old  
man  
scratching  
in between a place  
only  
fingers know  
dirty  
old  
man  
nobody sees.  
scratch  
in between a place  
where only  
fingers  
go

penny smith

mind,  
crawling  
antlike,  
leaving mucous,  
whispy trails  
of thought  
that wander  
and seek . . .  
one straight path,  
and the mind recalls a moment —  
thoughts flow  
and emotion  
drives the heart to a quickened pace —  
a sense of warmth,  
of pain, . . .  
of love.

penny smith

A  
star  
alone,  
but in  
the sky  
surrounded —  
A  
part of  
a wonder  
which overwhelms me.  
A world wonder.  
A  
tree  
a blade  
of grass  
heavy with seed,  
an animal,  
belly round with  
young to come . . .  
the dirt—  
the pristine  
freshness of soft,  
new life—  
the tattered look  
of old . . .  
a coil . . .  
a cycle . . .  
the wonder,  
and  
me.

une croix pesante . . .

(Laporte found 18/10/70)

life, forcing out of a man  
more than he could give  
alone.

hard words force  
people  
apart  
to stand a brief moment  
alone.

your tears cannot  
be shed in vain.  
a man apart cannot  
understand  
but then his understanding  
has far surpassed our own.  
life drained from a  
now useless body  
— so much that could have been  
and now  
can never be.

sad, sad saturday  
now stands lonely.

—history has been well made  
as a new bed.

it is all against the wall  
light shines stronger,  
eyes see a little more  
we are no longer  
alone

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james boast

A BLINDWORM

A creature so light  
so airy  
so transparent  
so broken  
so musical  
so tender

— One could kill it.

Waiting like Venetian glass —  
Provocative  
Exaggeration  
. . . Death

john scott

THE GYPSY VINE

Last autumn  
And a gypsy vine  
Clung needlessly  
To a trestle  
Like a green  
Paisley bikini  
On some  
Superb woman.  
It hid nothing  
That I knew  
Wasn't there  
Save,  
By chance,  
A hideous scar  
That I'd rather  
Not see  
Anyway.

A MAN OF THE SEA

for Sigi

And the old man — white bearded and wrinkled  
 saw from the seacliff's edge,  
 children playing  
 down on the beach.  
 They waved, and laughingly  
 climbed the rocks up to him  
 (for they knew he was the last living  
 lighthouse keeper in the West)  
 and they, with shy respect, asked  
 what he knew.

And the old man nodded to the children  
 with half-smiling eyes  
 and spoke with that quiet gentleness  
 that is a part of the Inner Peace.  
 He said :

Let the sun light your dreams  
 and show you their path.

Let the sea waves give meaningful motion  
 to your thoughts.

Let the seagulls' cry deepen your emotions  
 for others and not your self.

Let the salt wind blow hope into your spirit  
 and take away your fears.

Let the sea be your Master and  
 Life will be your god.

And the old man stood silently—  
 his half-smiling eyes on the coast  
 as the children clambered down to the sand,  
 to their carefree games with the sea.

And the old man knew one of them  
 had understood his words  
 for one child stood off from the games—  
 silently watching the sea waves.



Dolores Goldsteiner

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## Reflections of Sartre

It was a quiet morning, the first Tuesday in November, I had just missed the 9:05 bus. I stood by the yellow bus sign (number 75 in black) waiting for the next one. It was a strangely quiet morning. No other people were around, not even late students rushing to the school over on rue de Chateauguay, and only a few cars went by on the cross-street. The cars were filled with people anxious to get to work, but not really wanting to work at all. They would make it to the office in time, glad that they had not been late, yet sad that they had a whole day's work ahead. That bothered me. So few people seemed to enjoy their work, oh they would say 'it was a good living', but never that they ENJOYED it. Oh well, that was THEM and not me. I let the whole thought go. It was still quiet about, nothing loud or moving fast. Even the sun was dully bright as it yawned through the clouds. I was still too, my mind wasn't jagged or tight but loose. Missing the bus didn't upset me like usual and I had all the patience to wait for the next one. It was a low-key morning with time itself being valuable.

I was aware of life around me. Life in the winter-bare trees that stood on the frozen lawns, up and down the sides of the boulevard. They too, stood silent with their bare branches curving upwards from the main trunk-stretching out to scratch the cold sky. I thought of the statue of Shiva with all her arms in the air. 'Shiva-Indian goddess of destruction-destroys the finite to make way for the infinite.' A remnant of a religion class. My mind was wandering. It was on its own that morning. I couldn't find the desire or need to control it.

My feet were cold. I had not bothered with snowboots simply because there was no snow. The air was cold and dry but there wasn't any snow yet. My feet felt insulted by the cold. They complained to my mind independently of me. My body was alive on its own like my mind, and I had nothing to do with either except transmit ideas and execute actions on command.

Two sparrows flew by, and I hoped to watch them fly far into the distance, changing from birds to dots into nothingness, knowing they were there in the distance, and yet unable to see them there. But no. They just flew across the boulevard to a nest in the eaves of an apartment roof. I wanted to see them fly forever — but they too had destinies and places to go.

I stamped my feet. The cold was eating them. It had chewed through the leather and green wool sock and was now gnawing at the skin and bones. There — down there in my feet in the useless shoes on the indifferent pavement — my feet were hurting cold. I pulled up the collar on my suade jacket and stuffed my hands in my pockets, but my feet...

I looked up the boulevard for the bus, nothing. Actually there was something — a person standing at the next block waiting for my bus.

A mailman turned the corner and walked towards me, preoccupied with sorting some mail. His feet were warm. They were wrapped in gray socks then covered by black boots with a thick pyle lining. They were probably sweating in the warmth.

My feet had begun to annoy my mind, things lost their easy neutrality and became stupid or ugly.

The black boots turned left again and walked up a set of stairs and pushed at a heavy wooden door, then disappeared. I looked at the building — it was an ugly thing. A square dirty-red brick structure that simply stood there. It had probably just stood there for years watching people waiting for buses. Its blind-drawn windows looked sleepy or bored as if I didn't deserve to be fully surveyed while waiting for my bus. I wished the mailman would come out. I didn't want him to get caught up in that drowsiness. In a stupor I stared at the house while it stared at me. He came out. I was relieved that he had broken the ridiculous situation. As he walked by he smiled a relaxed-type grin, and I felt embarrassed by my mind's imaginings.

I found my face smirking. It was as if the smile creases had formed on my face of their own volition. It was spreading... a huge idiot grin. I tried to think why I was smiling but having no reason made me smile more.

Interruption. My feet just sent up another warning, and my smile has gone laughing down the street, leaving me behind to take care of the cold invasion which was spreading upwards.

Damn. Where was the bus? I was getting angry now — I knew I was but... I could be in bed now — yes in my warm bed with the heavy blankets and a pleasant vagueness over my body and mind. Yes, I should be in my bright little room with the sailing poster on my ceiling that I see first thing... Why did I have to come to the bus stop today? Why stand here waiting to go to the city? Why go and write an exam to get a credit to complete a degree so that I can stand here waiting for the bus to work in the city? A vicious circle. I should have stayed in my warm room and worked on my own. It was stupid to stand in that cold with that dull-ache grabbing at my feet. I wish they were not a part of me. They were hurting and making me angry. I should have stayed home. I should go home, I should...

Where was the bus? I was tired of looking at this street with its intimidating buildings that stared at me, with its sterile trees that bore no leaves, with my feet that were attached to me.

It was coming! The bus was coming. It stopped to picked up the figure at the other block. I could see its brown and white body, it was moving towards me.

"Oh my God, no. No stop. No," I screamed in a whisper of a voice.

A black dog had run across the boulevard right in front of the bus. He had melted into the black wheels of the bus.

No. I couldn't take it. I wasn't made for these things. Life was too ugly, it was too much for me. Oh God. No.

Where was the dog? I didn't see it anymore. There was no black mass lying in the road behind the bus, no puddle of fur and blood mashed together. Where was he? I saw him get hit, I saw him go under the wheels — I had seen it happen. The wheels. He must be stuck to those black wheels. Oh God.

Time seemed infinite. So much seemed to be happening in my mind, it was as if the bus would never get to me. A million thoughts were rushing in my head. Yet I knew only a few seconds had lapsed. An eternity of seconds.

(sheila ascroft)

The bus was so slow. The black wheels rolled on the asphalt, pushing down hard on the body, crushing the bones of the black dog. A little dog killed by a monstrous black-wheeled bus.

It was not fair. Life wasn't fair. There was no equality or a reason for anything. Meaningless . . . life was meaningless. I didn't like this world very much right then. I could have been at home now. I could have been in my warm bed and happy without any awareness of this cold raging in my feet, of that little black dog, of that bus-monster . . . why hadn't I stayed home?

The bus was closer, the wheels were black — that was all. Black and smooth with nothing else on them, no bits of fur or flesh on them from the dog. He was gone. He had come from nowhere, run across the street, and had melted into the wheels, and was gone. Only the black wheels remained.

I stared at them as they moved toward me and stopped. I hated them — I feared them.

The bus was stopped, waiting for me.

Get on, I told myself but . . . the black wheels stared at me, threatening me. Fear. I didn't want to get on. I wanted to be at home, in my warm safe bed where nothing like this happened, where I was warm and happy. I didn't want my mind to know about these realities, these ugly things like dogs getting run over. But I saw it — I had seen it happen — and my head now knew this feeling of revulsion, the unfairness, the infinity within time. And yet there was no dog. No proof of what had happened.

"Hey lady, are you getting on or not? I can't wait all day," the driver was asking me.

Oh God, what was I to do? I couldn't get on and sit in that . . . that thing. I stared at the driver stupidly. He had killed a dog back there with this black-wheeled manevolent object under his control, and now he was asking me to get on it. I waited . . . my feet were freezing . . .

"Look lady, I can't wait, I've got a schedule to . . ."

My feet were traitors and climbed up the black steps. I stood glaring at the driver, hating him. I wanted to crush him, to see if his skin and bones and blood would mash together under my black hand. I turned my eyes from his face (which was now an ugly mess like the dog back there in the road should be), I watched my hand drop the ticket in the box.

I wanted to run. To run away from this stupid man and his bus. But I took the blue transfer from his black hand, in a quiet mechanical motion without looking at his face. With an exasperated sigh of impatience, he threw his cigarette stub out the door and closed it. I walked to the back of the bus and took a seat over the wheels. The black wheels where the dog had melted into death.



(rob gordon)

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## English and Canadian Poetry . . .

What makes the difference ?

There is something unmistakable about the poetry being written on both sides of the Atlantic : it is poetry written to survive the cold war of the heart. The differences in English poetry are subtle yet often surprising. The English do not write with such a sense of isolation, northernness and coldness that so characterizes Canadian verse, yet the English love of the earth is profound.

When in England, I had a chance to talk to poets and writers and discovered something amazing about them : they are all self made. It seems to me that in Western life, society makes and determines its artists to a degree in which they are more than simply determined or asked for, they are fused and shaped to society. Yes, you're saying, that's true of every culture, but the English writers are different. Their backgrounds, although sometimes connected with universities, are not often formed by them.

This characterizes their free, loose, melodic, and flowing style and their sense of Rootedness which is real. Over here, rootedness is a thing of the mind, not of the body.

This real lack leads to outrageous cries from Westerners like Irving Layton who tries to put poetry back where it belongs — in the individual. Poetry, he would claim, has in Western society resulted in a sort of excuse for non-existent religious piety.

As he says : "Decent, right-thinking people, the WASPs in poetry, offered themselves in a secular age as replacements for the discredited clericals . . . Pleasingly formed shapes of air were a desirable substitute for a pulpit that insulted the modern intelligence."

In England, poetry is not a religious excuse nor does it need the pretense of being anything but itself. There, the roots of poetry are never questioned and they have been free to transcend the society that practically contains them.

Sadly, to say, however, this is not to say that English poetry has completely transcended "English Tradition" which is quite another matter.

As Layton would say : "I entered Westminster Abbey and for the first time in my life I saw clearly what was meant by English tradition ; — "How it is a slice taken out of Death and made homey and negotiable like currency."

Modern English poetry has made the decadent "English Tradition" much more interesting and much less boorish. Let's say it's acceptable.

Another thing of interest is that English poets seldom abstract their imaginary fantasies.

They don't need to. In Canada we get the need to break away entirely from the face of the earth and want to swallow the world.

Our need to be free of ourselves is overpowering, as is suggested in Canadian, Alden Nowlan's poem, "The Mysterious Naked Man." :

"A mysterious naked man has been reported  
on Cranston Avenue. The police are performing  
the usual ceremonies with coloured lights and sirens.

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Almost everyone is outdoors and strangers are conversing excitedly as they do during disasters when their involvement is peripheral.

"What did he look like?" the lieutenant is asking.

"I don't know," says the witness. "He is naked."

... And the mysterious naked man is kneeling behind a garbage can or lying on his belly in somebody's garden

... and by now he's probably done whatever it was he wanted to do and wishes he could go to sleep or die or take to the air like Superman."

But maybe our need to transcend the pavement, is greater as seen in Miriam Waddington's "The City's Life" :

"She is a woman possessed by cities,  
In love with imperfect faltering man,  
Her time is taken with analysis of eyes screened off by glass, thinning hair,

Blood out of season, limbs that scan  
With perfect measure to the count of Death.

These elements rise unsolved into the air  
or melt against the salt of road beneath,  
And bring her to a strange inverted bliss."

and in "Looking For Strawberries In June" :

"... I'm just standing here on the threshold of a different country,  
everything is made of plastic and silence ;  
what month is it anyway ? I'm knocking at the door but nobody  
answers... I don't know the password I only know it  
has nothing to do with being good and true nothing to do  
with being beautiful."

— Canadian poetry also asks what and why ? Here is an example by Seymour Mayne :

"What is it important to do now  
in bewilderment, soft confusion ?

—Lie down by the stream,  
let your head slowly float out  
upon the water, neck aching  
at the edge..."

This kind of poetry has a hard time — just accepting life !

We are the mobile society. In England I was shocked to meet a young man who took seven months to decide if he would let himself take a four day vacation abroad to visit his girlfriend. People over there just don't go anywhere. You could almost say their sense of roots is pulling them into the ground !

In England, in this almost secluded and lost environment, writing soars and poetry is still written there in the Dylan Thomas fashion. You can smell the earth in this poetry. (Can you smell the ice in Canadian poetry ?)

Seamus Heaney and Derek Mahon are the two Irish poets that are now writing some of the best poetry in Western Europe. Their poetry has all the earthy decadence that Canadian poetry hasn't.

Sometimes, but not too often, English poetry even has some humour mixed in with its affection, like in Seamus Heaney's "Shoreline" :

"Turning a corner, taking a hill

In County Down, there's the sea

Sliding and settling to

The back of a hedge, or else

A grey bottom with puddles

Saying, "Back in ten minutes".

— English and Irish poets are readily accessible. One can just go and meet them. They are people. Needless to say that sort of situation doesn't really exist in the "New World", but to compensate for natural hospitality, the English remain critical of the North American critical arts. Here is the view as said by Louis Simpson :

"Whatever it is, it must have  
a stomach that can digest  
Rubber, coal, uranium, moons, poems.

like a shank, it contains, a shoe.  
It must swim for miles through the desert  
uttering cries that are almost human."

The English couldn't say it better.

meredyth kezar

---

#### HOW TO DISTINGUISH A GREAT POET

I spend many hours searching for my poet  
And strangely I always find him.  
Seldom at a poetry reading  
Or at a Writers' Workshop.  
He's rarely grinning from a flyleaf  
Or crying from a rooftop.  
And never scratching with a pen  
Or asking friends to read his wisdom.

I find him near a blade of grass  
Studying a raindrop.  
I find him running with the wind  
When no one else is looking.  
I see him watch a little girl  
From an open window.  
And always I can feel him loving, loving.

douglas hooper

### ARCTIC SUNSET

The setting sun :  
Gold and indigo  
On a glassy-calm sea.  
And tons of broken ice,  
Drift aimlessly with the tide.

July 10, 1970.  
Deception Bay

lesley hogan

You want to prove your manhood to me,  
I who tormented you as a young boy,  
I who laughed when you kissed me then.  
Picking flowers in Westmount park,  
Soaring above you on the swing  
Higher and higher you pushed and pushed me,  
Hoping the chains would crumble  
Wishing me to fall down, down  
Lay at your feet,  
Staring into the fistful of stars  
Haunting the warm night.

You try to show me now  
Worldly wisdom in your caressing fingers,  
The touch of a man who's touched many.  
No tulips strewn at my feet this time  
No shy wet kisses on my eyelids  
No groping for my warmth.  
You demand my body  
As payment long overdue.  
Fascination I felt for your childlikeness  
Shatters in the stillness of the room  
And I no longer want you.

meredyth kezar

### LOST ART

Man is like a poem  
Never precise, darting away,  
Hinting at perfection.

Unfortunately he tries  
To tear himself apart,  
To fit his life on neatly written lines  
of narrative . . .  
A poem never sung

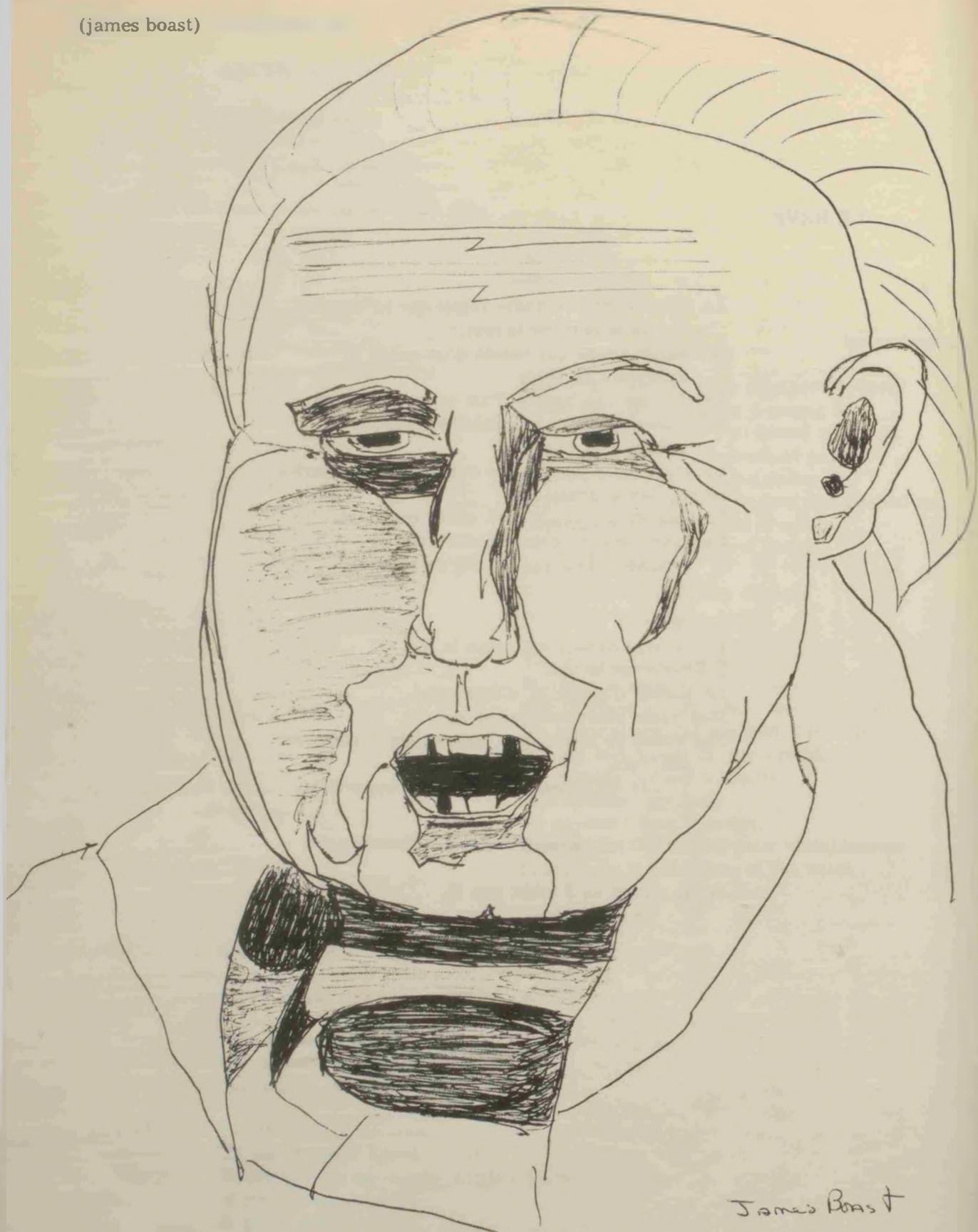
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### LE REVE

La crête écumante d'une vague qui se heurte  
contre le bord de la mer,  
La feuille jaune qui tombe d'un arbre se  
balançant au vent,  
Les larmes touchantes d'un enfant pleurant,  
La brise douce qui rafraîchit les rayons  
brûlants du soleil,  
La pluie qui donne la vie aux fleurs mourantes,  
Le cri d'un nouveau-né,  
La flamme aveuglante du soleil couchant,  
Le baiser tendre de deux amants qui se  
chachent dans l'obscurité de la nuit,

L'Amour . . .  
L'Amour, l'Amour est toute la vie,  
L'Amour est la vie.  
Le plaisir d'aimer et d'être aimé.  
Mes yeux cherchent les siens ;  
Nos mains se joignent et nous somme unis pour  
toujours,  
Je lui appartiens . . . il m'appartient.

Je ferme mes yeux, cherchant à retenir cette  
joie.  
Je les ouvre — il n'est pas là,  
je n'ai rien . . . rien qu'un rêve.



BIRTH DAY GIFT

The red carnations perished first  
the love heavy  
blood bursting blooms.  
That frightened me.  
The flush pink flowers died next  
healthy glow fading to  
dried shrivelled cheeks.  
The ice white ones  
breaths of deadening frost  
stood stark.  
I threw them back to the long, narrow box.

We take the drug of ourselves together,  
smiling, sometimes hesitantly,  
we pop each other into our mouths.

It was when you taught me how to sleep,  
laid me down on your big bed  
and touched me

I wanted to scream my peace,  
violent and incredible  
in the night air  
what understanding WAS.

And it WAS I that wanted you  
to replace your vanity for poems  
replace the not knowing with knowing.  
substitute self love for love

No one had ever wanted you that way before.  
But the body, the body, you said.  
We are women.  
The universe will not understand us.  
The universe cannot understand our love

But I say  
This is not poetry  
There are different pills  
in our mouths.  
There is only one understanding.

THE VICTIM

A fly-trap yawned  
And caught a passing fly  
In all its innocence  
Of curiosity.  
You stood in silence  
Behind a plastron of greenery  
Too captivated to help  
And too sad to move.  
A clear breeze  
Whisked by  
Ignoring the scene  
And the marsh remained serene  
Beside the pond,  
Oblivious of the action.  
None of them cared,  
But you did  
And yet,  
You refused to help  
And free the captured.

(john scott)

WATERLILY WORLD

I'll praise the waterlily  
When I can stand on it  
And leave the surface  
Unruffled ;  
When I can delight  
In the pious simplicity  
Of a loon  
Like a passing white nun  
In her holy world ;  
When I see a trout  
Dart by  
My waterlily  
Hoping to catch a fisherman  
And discovering it wasn't intended  
That way ;  
When I see a crow  
Greet a gull  
And love him  
Because neither know hate.  
I'll praise my waterlily  
When I can stand on it  
In peace.



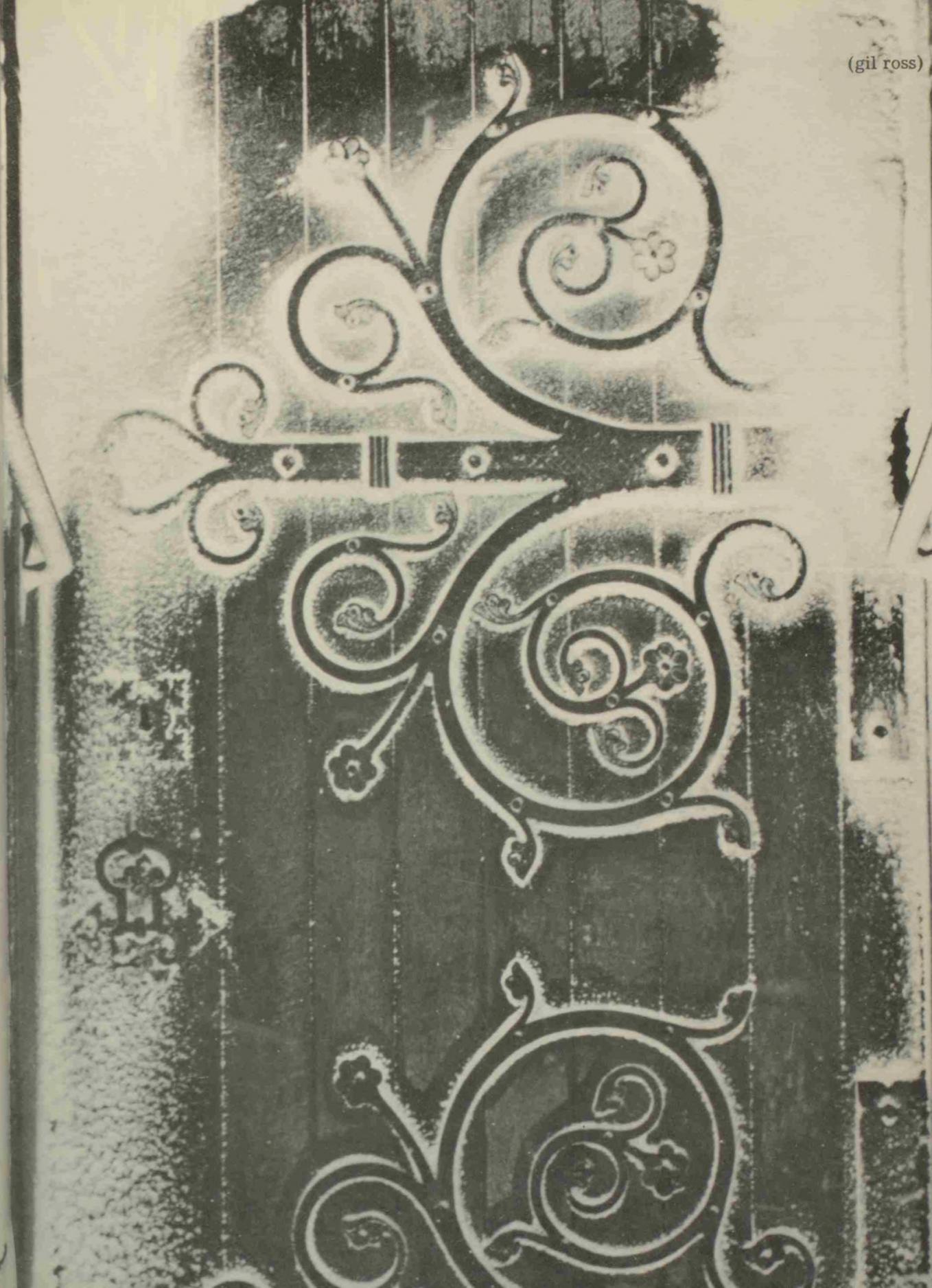
peter lidington

(drawing by cheyanne lane)

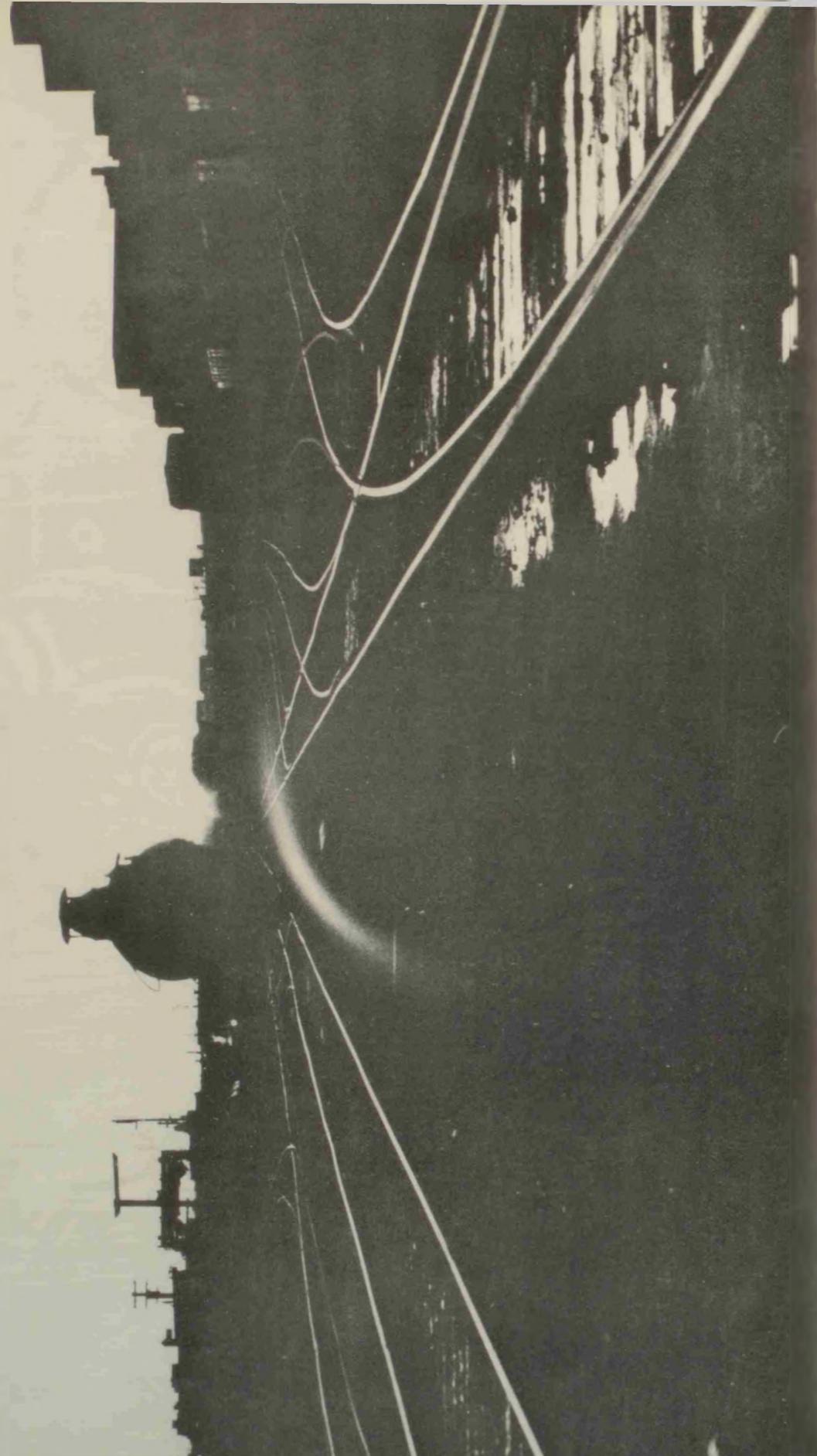
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## FROM DUSK TO DARKNESS

The turquoise tones of dusk dissolve  
As the navy night  
Advances.

The blur of salmon pink fades  
Into shades of purple,  
As the light is coaxed  
Beneath the low horizon  
Cradled in the hills.

A splinter of the moon  
Stabs the water colour dome  
Of endless space ;  
And Venus crackles as she blazes  
In the heavens,  
Her planetary fires aglow.

Drifting clouds like floating glaciers  
Traverse the sky,  
Pierced by swimming darts of phosphorescent light.

Until the moment  
When the earth and sky  
Are one.  
In darkness.

## BUTTERFLIES

Butterflies summer-saulting  
on summer sunny days  
like miniature kites  
stringless  
in a whirlwind  
and wild

free  
fall  
fun

tossed  
and  
spinned

riding gusty air rapids  
on painted paper thin  
butterfly wings  
little fast flying splashes  
colour random  
whirled

and twirled  
and swirled

and dandelion drunk  
CAUGHT and FLUNG

and now resting calmly  
on a clover runway.

a hush falls over all  
soft voices murmur  
a steady monotony of sound  
the light fades into the atmosphere  
a strong but sensitive voice  
echoes forth  
lightfoot  
dylan

words  
music

of love  
of pain

life  
death

douglas hooper

1—

Drunk on my birthday  
And faces watch my happiness  
Quietly thinking, "Now he is happy."

2—

Awakening in my empty bed  
I remember better times  
Times we had together,  
But my tears fall on my own shoulder.

3—

Cold unknown faces  
Turn and question my presence :

4—

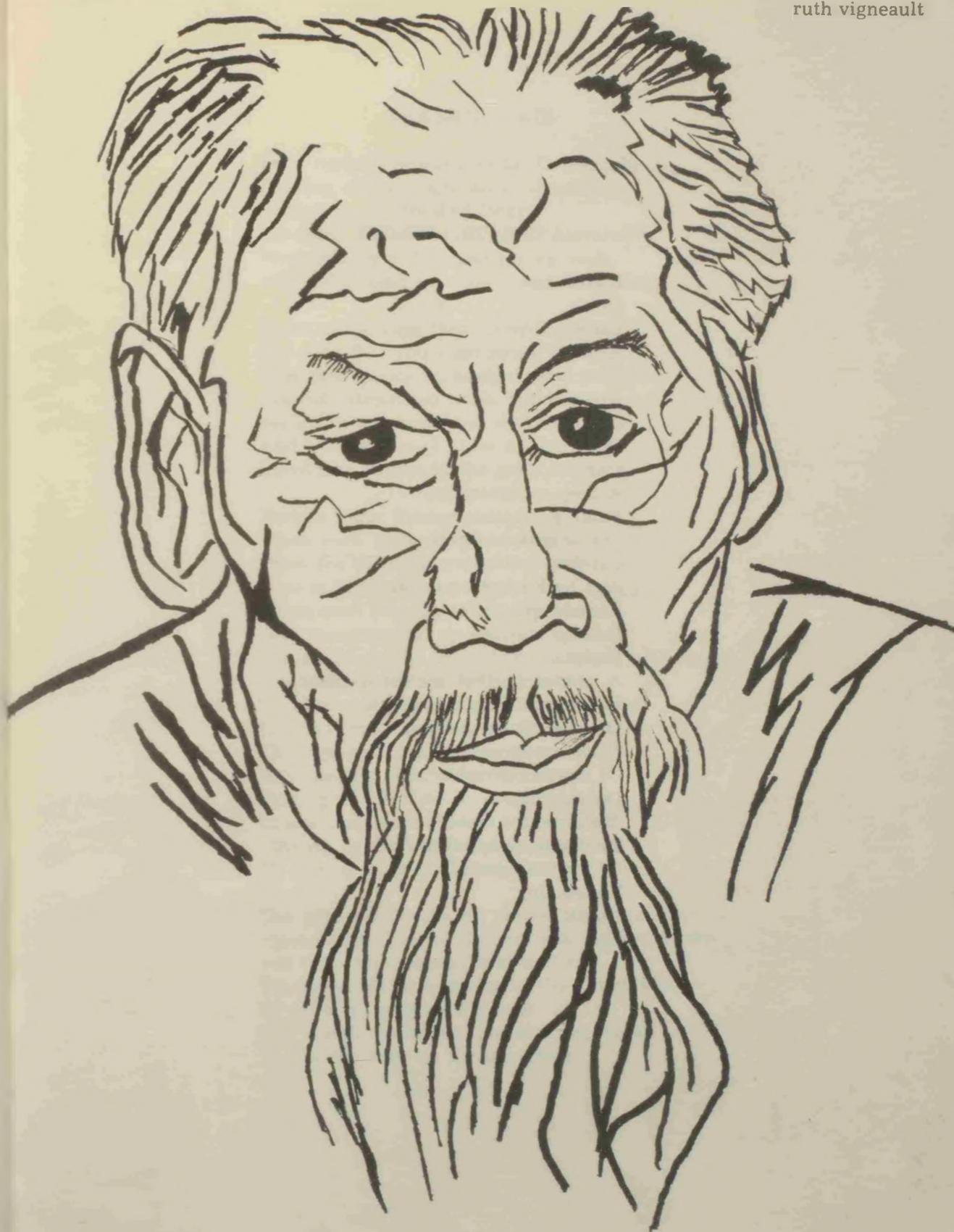
"How is she ?"  
(trying to be diplomatic  
but closely watching my reaction)  
I reply "well" and "thank you".

5—

I lie :  
She is not well and  
I am not pleased at their asking.

6—

On my birthday.



## A CREATED BELIEF

Round, up  
 Down  
 Under.  
 A pause intruding,  
 That lapse in time  
 And mind.  
 Round, up  
 Down  
 Under  
 A deep concentration  
 Finding substance.  
 Practicalities impeding  
 Careless desires ;  
 And back to procrastinate.  
 Round, up,  
 Down,  
 Under.  
 A groove in that incessant plane.  
 Lodgement for that tumble weed  
 Of unpredicted pattern.  
 Sincerest shred  
 Of neutral thought.  
 Developing,  
 Yielding to a mold,  
 Synthetic composition  
 Of the total you.  
 Round, up,  
 Down.  
 Up.

## THE MOUNTAIN

Time rushes eastward on St. Catherine's  
 Flowing silently, aimlessly, timelessly  
 Behind gaunt, streaked faces;  
 Extended and examined on the pavement  
 Measured by a thousand pacing souls  
 And a thousand piercing eyes that measure.

There are always these constant eyes  
 The eyes that you meet in dark halls  
 Eyes that glance furtively  
 Around dilapidated brick buildings  
 Behind counters; behind wickets  
 And a multitude of other dreary stalls  
 Lined like crosses at the gates of Rome.

Here is Time; Friday at five  
 When each hour promises respite  
 From the ceaseless unity of change.  
 Here is Time; Sunday at nine  
 When each hour threatens the next  
 And tomorrow brings endless rebirth.  
 On this bank, the river drifts slowly  
 And moments hinge on moments  
 To form the endless current that passes  
 Only to return and repass again.  
 The dying serpent submerges itself  
 Into the oily river's ebb and flow  
 Hoping to end time by death  
 In one timeless moment in time.  
 Sinking downward into the waters  
 To emerge on a farther shore.

The past and future are absent from dreams,  
 Time is the illusion of those who cannot dream.  
 For those who dream, time suffices  
 To regain all temporality in the Great Time  
 Of always and eternally now.  
 The womb re-entered, paradise regained;  
 This is the way up the mountain.

THE FINAL HOUR

You have at that final hour  
Over against all which was sought  
The potency, the pride, the power,  
A certain solitude of thought.  
Like the humble waters that wend  
Among brooding forest giants  
Knowing hot passions' end  
And the futility of defiance.

Be like that acquiescent stream  
That murmurs now over stone  
Sing your song and be seen  
Walking in the dawn, alone.

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