the bishop's mitre
the bishop's mitre

A literary magazine since 1893.
I'd like to thank Ralph Gustafson, the English and dialogue departments, for their help.
I'd like to thank the contributors for contributing.
Next year the mitre might be ad-free. That would be good.
Thank you Joyce for signing the contract. And the editors . . . well . . . ya.

Hope you enjoy it.

Goodbye

Ian S.
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THE WORLD COMES UP SUDDENLY

In a minute the snow softly falling
Was white blinding the eyes,
Lake went and Longpré's house.
Flake stung. Mind disappeared.

Of infinity, in its finite cells
And beams and connections, brain
Swung concept round,
Of galaxies and suns, and black holes

Infinitely contracting, going crackers
Infinitely. Religion. Rip-offs
Flung forever, where?
The unanswerable plodding through

Blood vessels and oxygen in
And lung capacity out when
They had to handle the storm —
Not that the storm was irony. It was

As it was. Crystal flung
At brows and mind. The cold so sudden
It forced closed the eyes.
Walk was gone and road and lake-edge.

Ralph Gustafson
The Light Grew Whiter

An endless explosion of sun sizzled
on his scalp & chanted a single thick note
in his ears as his feet tumbled like
glass beads in a bed of raging rocks and
the light grew whiter

The field was brown and howling &
charred birds momentarily blackened
the sky before melting into the bright
as petals in the field hemorrhaged and
the light grew whiter

The trees began screaming as
the icy heat photographed his body
and held him in a stare
while rivets of water froze in his eyes
and the light grew whiter

Scott Lawrence

DESERT

1. this desert
   is unlike any
   i have seen
   the air is an empty feeling
   too hot by day
   and cold at night
   choking mind
   a level horizon
   there are no rainbows here

2. sand, sand
   i walk in circles
   sand, sand
   a dead sea

3. the soul
   frozen between extremes
   the body
   a prison
   more formidable
   than will
   i stand
   caught
   in a boring photograph

4. vultures masquerade as doubts,
   vegetation often a mask for dust
   the sun comes on
   like a heavyweight boxer

   David O'Rourke
ROOM

1.

four walls, one picture:
the universe across the street
images enter and depart
as nonsensically as colours flow
seated, i engage in interpretation
but face glazed. the painting offers no clue to its meaning

2.

a child is crying. i don't know why
he looks as though a prisoner in his playground
a woman appears and brings him to her breasts
tears on cloth, rain against the windowpane
you feel so helpless here sometimes,
amputated from the essence of what is taking place

3.

evening, and i am looking for a miracle
someone to raise me from the dead
(mirror, mirror, on the wall
won't you save me from this fall)
shades answer in a mockery of silence
the room thick with the air of a conspiracy

4.

night: body buried in clean sheets
while attendants big brother corridors
outside, couples pause for a kiss
as neon lights siren the darkness
anxious for the morning, i lay in wait:
each sun holds the promise of a prison-break

David O'Rourke

MISTRESS SUN
FOREPLAY

I can recall when i was a child
and morning streams of sunlight
would ooze into my bedroom through curtain cracks
unlatching my eyelids
saving me
from nightmares of seething locomotives
seizing me
from dreams of saddle ponies

She would coax me to a lakeshore
where she bled
infinite ripples of glinting light
A sky mirror
that shattered at my feet

A smooth stone
could vex the diamond flowing surface
in competitive plunks
that would then join rings
and dissolve

Diving
I would never see the diamond rings
I left behind
Trading
the surface spectacle for a sunken sensation
of chilly currents
that eased by shunning her light
and her warmth
The elements I strained for
till my fingers would rupture the liquid skin

—1975
Nelson Gonyer
MISTRESS SUN  
CLIMAX

I no longer play beneath her  
but must now survive summer work  
And noontide balances on the morning’s edge  
like suicide  
on a twelfth story window ledge  
Ultimately she will jump  
so that we may sleep  

The sun at its zenith  
sucks the crystal blood from every pore  
and the body works  
from within a moist sheath of salt  
Scalding sweat  
dribbling from my brow down to the nail  
and thumb I’m hammering  
My eyes ache  
I look up  
and squint in her searing light  
I look down  
and she sends the beer I had for lunch  
screaming into my sight  
She used to bring me to life for play  
Now I’m working and she’s murdering me  

I’d much rather be fondling the breast  
of some bizarre woman  
in the shade of a palm tree  
or on the passionate sands  
of a saline beach  

The sea  
Sweat pool of the earth  
but sunshine there turns me into bronze  
as she comes down on my back  
with solar claws baptized in acid  

— 1975  
Nelson Gonyer

MISTRESS SUN  
SLEEP

I will sit here  
each fall day at sundown  
to watch her  
pull all the color from my world  
hauling it all beyond my reach  
to the other side of that hill  
leaving me barren in black  

Her parting will make me remember  
my warm weather woman  
and how she’d press for a promising poem  
about her fading tan  
and the complexion of dying leaves  
Anything to nurture her  
while cradling summer photographs  
shot under the infidelity of sunshine  

Just before evenfall  
this park flecked with autumn  
will crimson  
beneath a short-lived residue  
from the horizon  

Just before the shadows of sleep  
lastly deaden us both  

Nelson Gonyer — 1975

The dream  
snatched from my tongue  
flounders pitifully  
in the mire of your fear  

Carolyn Cornish
Dream

Mary dreamed at night in her spare room, her blue eye gliding through cloud . . .

nude teenagers lean and hold thick gates; Athena, Aphrodite, Apollo; languid shoulders, melting apples in Aaron's amber hand. Mars shyly licks his wrist with a soft orange tongue. He floats to her side . . .

Mary dreamed at night in her spare room, red skin and angel's hair wrapped around her neon eyes:

"O Joseph
Poor Joseph
Come and lie here by my side..."

Ian Stephens

Poem

Holding her a gentle glass bird softer than a whisper

Seducing stars to balance the music of night

Cautiously we lay in crisp & perfect quiet

Scott Lawrence
Moonstone People

She emerged like a Russian flag from the shadows, her neck wrapped in gold, her body draped in red silk, the wind pulling at her long black hair. Her sharp toenails reflected like glass knuckles as she kicked at a flower lying in the sand. Lussa bent her knees; she carried it like a tiny glass child.

I heard a shuffle and looked up at Lussa's doll-face, her soft red lips touching the flower — as easily loved as any man.

"What a lovely colour" I said, "Is it for me? But look, isn't it cheerful? It reminds me of you."

"Please. Quiet!" she said and bent the flower into my glass, sending a fine cloud through the red wine to coat the surface. The tiny lily curled like a baby, a grey stem extended into the air like a calf; bent ankle and soft toe, shades of the abortion she had had in spring. She'd been moody ever since.

Lussa relaxed into the back of the chair and stared at me with cool eyes. My eyes smiled behind my sunglasses.

"You are a strange child aren't you. What's the matter? I bought you lipstick yesterday. And mascara. What is it with you?"

Her eyes turned to the wispy, almost transparent petals that were floating to the surface. She whispered "I don't care anymore," she stood up and started to shuffle around the table. She said — "I am the nearly blind soul. I'd like you to climb into my eyes. I'd like to show you something about your, Judla, have had the thrill to coat my breasts, to pull yourself into my eyes. My eyes smiled behind my sunglasses.

"You are the silver Angel teasing my hair," I replied. She moved behind my chair and slowly pushed the hat over my forehead, over my shady. "I am the dead. You are the dancer" she said. I felt her sharp fingernails on my skull, I could have grabbed her little hands.

She danced into the hot courtyard.

"What are you doing, my little cabbage!?" I shouted from my chair. "Come with me," I shouted, "I want to do something".

"Not yet Judla. I've not finished yet." She twirled towards me. a black soprano, bounced outrageous notes off short stucco buildings, off the mute soprano, bounced outrageous notes off short stucco buildings, off the mute

The tarantuala and Lussa faded in a green fog. I left the room with the crowd of townsfolk, my late parents among them, watching me from a plat­...
I entered the body of the boy and chased Lussa through the town, around the piazza, trying to hold my scarred lover, being cheered and encouraged by my parents and brothers. They sang with the beaks of parrots. I turned once but they weren’t there.

At last I caught Lussa, but as I held her we became hard and cold like marble. Row upon row of old faces and sunken eyes watched us. The townsfolk did not speak but leaned their heads over us — a stone couple, grey hair curling up our legs, around our groins, squeezing her breasts, wrapping themselves around my skull. Dead skin hands touched me and I was stuck in grief, hard and cold as stone. Black snow descended and filled my eyes, tears crashed to the ground in black and white...

Slowly, gradually, I resigned from Lussa’s eyes. I faded back into my skull and put on my sunglasses. The corners of her mouth curled slightly, she said — “Symbols of your past, perfect stems and shadows, memories captured in film, your adolescent moments, awkward boyfriends, girlfriends in the dark, shaking the bed against the wall, classical passion, imaginary or real... I am a curator of your past”. Her words fell from her lips like orange snakes on the sand, they climbed my legs.

“I’ve held our baby in my hands” she said, “I saw your handsome face in his, all tiny, innocent and dead... I kissed and held him”. Her words tightened around my head.

She reached for my hand, her fingers warm and soft, all tension in her face replaced by a mask of confidence, her eyes had an orange tinge. She laughed, a gay loud laugh, the children imitated her and Lussa laughed even louder in a hard masculine way that filled the arena.

“I see a tarantula eating your brain” she said, “Slowly, as steadily as a tumour — I suppose some memories never die... One day something grey and dry will break within you, sand will clog your chest. You’ll die in the desert, your forehead cracked upon a rock, sand stuck to your eyeballs, lying like melting grapes under the fire”.

The children watched Lussa. She turned and waved for them to come to her; they started to jump and dance as Lussa moved from me and clapped her hands. A thin boy grabbed the hem of her skirt. She lifted him into the air like a blond cat to her chest, they twirled around and around, her black hair covering half his smile, his eyes like moonstones, shooting long lunatic rainbows through my chest.

“Give me, give me all of this” she growled.

Ian Stephens
Lady, You’re Crazy (Dialogue)

You say you want to leave
For I do not want you
Lady you’re crazy

I want to have you here
to be near
But I can’t let you get too close

Lady you’re crazy,
If you think I don’t want you to stay

*Man, You’re crazy if you think I can.*

Patricia Bray

You walked away
I wanted to say
I’m your girl
I’ll never chain you
cheat you
bled you

Want to have you
buckled to my side
flaunt you
like a flag

I see. Do you see?
You are the only spoils
of a wanton plunder

Leah Bradshaw
she is the epitome
of orgasm and conception
she is a mind fuck
and a spirit.

feel the rushes
through my lives
see the tears come
to my eyes:
power gone,
wasted, spent . . .
laugh at it,
a man's lament.

Chris Shipton

My words —
like drips of corn syrup on the tin
stick ruthlessly
to my lips.

Sadness
may melt them
till they run fluidly —

But the clean cloth
of your body
wipes the very need
for them
away.

Carolyn Cornish
SPIKED BOOTS.

I stopped when I saw your white gloves in the shower under his thighs.
I put on my sunglasses, watched warm saliva falling from his lips, through your vest.
I got my camera, took pictures, printed, sold them to every bell-boy and car-salesmen in Belleville Ontario;
   a real horny town wearing spiked boots.

She is borrowing five minutes from a day filled by five minute interludes painting her nails a loose juicy red
What lovely gems dripping from the tips of all her tingling nerves fluttering simpering finger ends addressing whose delight?
Fancy any man could discomfit such a woman's clever lie

Ian Stephens

We are here and we are lonely like a winter of lost trees like the severed hands of thieves we have bled so much no blood is left in us and we turn black with flies.

We are the ones who escaped our shaven heads lifted finally to the winter sky and smoke. I was the oldest sister then, knew history and went to the commander and begged only for a comb, a piece of soap. His laughter was raucous. Seeing my head, my wasted skin, my bones what need had I for soap or comb?

Even an animal tries to keep itself clean.

Sharon Nelson

hunting

am I expected to point at you and say you, I want you, then why must I play these asinine games just to masturbate in public?

Ezekiel
IF I WERE A MEDICAL DOCTOR

if I were a medical doctor
I could delude
myself and my patients alike:
you are cured!
cured of the cancer of death
of the boil and the ache
of grinding your teeth in the night
against death.
I am not a medical doctor.
I know
the final prognosis is bad.
Tomorrow will find me
with boils or a pain in the neck
cut fingers and blood.
The final prognosis is bad
I know
tomorrow the beds
will be made and unmade.
The floor will be swept
and more crumbs will fall on it.
The dust will descend
on the tops of my tables.
The lamps will go out.
The grime will curl itself
lovingly round my house.
If I were a medical doctor
I would be cheerful and wise:
The prognosis is good, I'd say
sending you off
lanced and drained
and happily purified
myself and my patients alike
feeling good
at cheating old death one more time.
I am a home maker.
The dust in my house reoccurs
with chronic regularity
and the beds are unmade punctually.
I have no illusions
of permanence or Art
nor of Reality
for every day
everything I do is undone
and undone
by the people I love.

Sharon Nelson

— idols —

Don't be frightened
Don't be disillusioned
that moment, when you see
your idols
scattered
without cohesion, unbounded
from your thought.
The idols crumbled
in front of your eyes.
You remained lonely
all alone face
to face with many mirrors
without relative forms.
One mistake and
the mirror broke.
The forms were changing
‘your idols’
You had to touch
from a very close distance, very close
with your eyes
Reality
you have to look straight
the lines of the front
of your friends
Look straight, deep into
the eyes from a close, very
close distance the eyes
of your friends
Don’t be afraid to face
Reality
if you hide behind
your own eyes
alas, alas
many idols you will see
you will build in front
of yourself, idols, for which one day
you will be disappointed
when you see them cracked.
Do you see in any Mirrors
of great eras?
none of these figures
you can see straight
on the front
deep in the eyes.
These are cracked scattered idols
and what remains, is you, behind you
Some friends

Yiannis Roussi

"voyage"

Behind the wings
The fog of separation

We flyed high
upon the borders
which make the "countries"

We saluted with white hand kerchiefs
the wish for the "ideal city"

We began to touch points
which before only fantasy could touch

The white hand kerchiefs
began to change colour

They reel'd, saluted

We could see for a long distance
of time and space
the hand kerchiefs, red
transfigured to blood.

We felt the Pain.
The pain and joy of Earth.

Yiannis Roussi

--- 26 ---

“The Golden Serpent” (La Serpiente de Oro) a novel by Ciro Alegria

Near the place where the Marañón (1) river breaks the mountain chains in a driving will to thrust on, the Peruvian Sierra has the fierceness of a cornered puma. In such surroundings it is never wise to be caught off guard.

When the river swells it crashes against the rocks, invades the vast shores and covers the stone beds. It runs bubbling, roaring in torrents and turns, undulating in the shallow parts... A deep rumour which palpitates in every corner announces the imminent February swell. Then one feels respect for the rushing water and can understand that its rumble is a personal warning.

We, the cholos (2) of the Marañón, hear her voice with an attentive ear. We don't know the birthplace or the grave of this river which would kill us if we tried to measure her with our rafts, but she speaks to us clearly of her immensity.

--- 27 ---

Man is a river, deep and set with eddies, yet always unyielding. The earth soothes itself by sprouting fruit; nature is a feast of rainbow colours — shades of luxuriant green contrast with the live red colours of rugged rocks and the blue and milk-white stones and sand on the shore.

Among the berries, bananas and yuccas — which grow in the shade of avocado, guava, orange and mango trees — the voluptuous melody of the

(1) pronounced Ma — ra — nyon
(2) natives, indians (sometimes derogatory)
The trees embrace and sway in never-ending gyrations.

Intoxicated with life, hundreds of birds sing in the shade of the forest; farther on, under the gold of the sun near the jagged rocks, wild fields fatten the horses and asses that are to pack loads to the towns. The light reflects on their lustrous rumps and robust veins draw branches on their legs. Every neigh is a jubilant hymn.

... the river hears us and growls as usual, calm in the summer and savagely omnipotent in the winter... If we die, what of it? We were born here and in our veins we feel the violent and magnificent impulse of the earth. In the thicket the wind sings a hymn to exuberant existence. The banana trees sway pendulous tight clusters; avocados and lucumos (3) swell up their fruit like breasts; golden orbs roll along the ground near orange trees, and the coca, like our history, is bitter-sweet.

Excerpts from chapters one and nineteen translated by Herbert Bailey.

What it comes down to

a groan
a howl
a crippled orchestra

Scott Lawrence

(3) South American tree which bears the lucuma fruit
A snake peered out my window
And pondered heavy thoughts
Like: "What do snowmen eat?"
And: "Who invented knots?"
Finding no solutions,
He slithered up to me,
And whispered very slowly:
"Do elephants drink tea?"

"Of course not," I replied.
"You naive, uncouth snake,
You'd know if you read Plato,
The tea they drink is fake.

"Ah so, I see," he said and smiled,
"then that explains it all:
Why snakes have no tootsies
Since Adam caused the fall!
You know, I'd be a neo-Platonist," he hissed,
As he flicked his tongue out twice,
"But I don't hollow in humans."
He grinned, then vanished in a trice.
OUTSIDE, INSIDE

Outside young girls negotiated
the seesaw rocking
up & down & up & down &
sometimes precariously in between
while an apprehensive chipmunk prepared
to retrieve a stray acorn.

Inside his room was thick and stuffy
and smelling of age even though the single
window was wide open and gawking
He lay still on his damp and wrinkled bed
while chaos balanced on his flickering breath.

Outside one girl screamed as
her half of the seesaw hit
ground a little too hard.

Scott Lawrence

---

THE CRUELTY
IN CHILDREN

They kept on badgering the dog
kicking at the backward bend
of her hind legs
burying their boots
in her belly
till she would
wrench her body
into a forewarning snap
at the cold prodding
of their sticks

A gouging blow
came out of the moon
down to her right eye
leaving it a bleeding
pendant on her snout
Presently
daylight
awarded scarlet
to the spilled spirit
of her stand in the snow

The bitch
never did break
the constricting circle
of her bludgeoneers

---1974---

Nelson Gonyer
Sweet Joan D’Arc

Fat little animals
heave their pimpled faces
to the shelter
of a burning smile.

I asked her quietly to
not scream for them.

not to scream for them.

I asked her not to
cry for them;

frozen tears shivered
into her skull.

One eye fell into
the fire
like a stone,
the other fell into
her skull
like a stone.

I heard them cheer all night long.

I held their gristled lips to
mine,
asked their gristled lips
to close
but they cheered all night long.

The next day they smoked
the leaves and studied
the charts and wires
of ash, asking,
        crackling paper
to dust.

I remember Joan
in her soft, red shadow
dancing on the moon,
her back to the world.

Song For An Apostate Priest

We do not melt into each other.
We do not blend. We bend. We struggle
to recreate that old virginity poets spend
their lifetimes crafting
whittling the bones of each other
and innumerable other lovers.

We have stopped counting
the bones on which
we make our songs.

Innumerable consummations later
the hunger has not abated, nor the pride.
We grow old together
tumbling innocent boys and girls
in and out of our fantasies
building a cleanness of teeth and a wilderness
mutually desirous
moving toward that virginity
that is hunger and lust and satiety.

I remember Joan
in her soft, red shadow
dancing on the moon,
her back to the world.

Sharon Nelson

evening

gold becoming black
coffin walls the night
black becoming the sun
soon buried from sight
wind in a spin, like
a drugged nightmare
reeling in delight
at a world in despair
(walls, walls, i can’t see
jesus, won’t you come
and set me free)

David O’Rourke

Ian Stephens
Portrait

Like tin soldiers worn out from some imaginary battle,
a banister composed of dusty and dented chalices
guarded a portrait of the hardly clothed man.

He was strangely suspended there
with arms fastened to embrace an absence
that must have caught the world by surprise
& his crossed feet formed a fragile glass dagger
that strained to pierce the ground below.

A watery substance, like diluted blood,
defined his body in a stark and colourful web,
tickling his sides with giggling pain.

His scarce muscles appeared tense
like those of an animal exposed,
awaiting a crucial & conclusive verdict —
but the face over which a scream had just passed
looked like dignity, or the last word of a poem.

Scott Lawrence

POEM FOR A NEW YEAR

God as the Inexpressible Other
Should watch His Ps & Qs.
We will catch up with Him,
We will express Him,
We will become Other.

Why, consider our computers,
Indices, lenses and sex.
We look into hills, the diamond
Blind in dark, we have
Communal thought, impenetrable
Masses, dodecaphonic melody.
How will He compete?
Who is He anyway,
Does He know until we tell Him?
Who are we, does He
Know? Of course not.
We are the inaccessible,
We kill
For less, we have
Cosmic leanings,
We love
Ourselves. Does God?
I mean, is He us?
Some say He is both diamond
And cutter, peach and fuzz,
Cop, cop-out. We
Tell Him,
Don’t we?

Ralph Gustafson
And when we returned from the river (there we'd been sitting... watched the bright light break: a thousand dancers, a thousand shapes upon the water), we opened the old books, saw the grey poems, our withered arms, the bad teeth in dry sockets — oh sad days, when we shuffled down the street humming nothing at all, empty-headed, dry-mouthed, always coming home from the job... cheap dirt under the nails and tired, so tired, hungry old men in Kansas, or some such typical dusty place...

who cares.

--- Richard Price
No more poems
go more cheap songs
to garnish
a surrealistic world
already filled with
plastic rubber plants
made to last:
no trouble
no water necessary
especially sanitized
shiny.

Those songs
are all the comfort they need.
those who buy them.
And when snow spins
outside their picture windows.
they have the solace
of their plastic palms
adorned with plush-covered monkeys
bathed in warm red light.

The Layton I Want To Know

I want to know the message
You pound out, between
The thighs of sighing women
For I have read, your words,
your verbs,
Yet feel there is a lack
For even you cannot capture
What the scent of an exhausted lover bears
Salt, sweat and seminal fluid
Essence of Life
Type and paper is not the medium
For things such as these
Thigh against thigh
In never ending rhythm
The message does emerge
No punctuation, no period
Diminuendo
All ending with a sigh
Could you grasp such a message
With your pen
Or does it always
Seem to slide away
And is then lost between the sheets

Patricia Bray

mood

rain
day full of rhythm and sound
i roll another cigarette
and remember
the taste
of your hair.

Heather Tod
BESTIARY

At the trough and then the urinal,
A mighty magnificence is mankind.
Nature has us stumped. Body's soiled.
Listen to him rant then consider
These two colts in fettle, they push
Not, neither do they pretend.
Or ponder this baboon, it does not
Laugh too loudly at its own jokes
Nor go to Helsinki to give away
Patrimony, it is tolerant of whether Christ
Is cocoanut or banana,
It is a very Christian soul,
Not paying to see others fornicate
Either missionarily or in dog fashion.
The cat, sleek, washes its hair.
It is a beastly world. Ducks
Stand naturally on their heads, swans
Are silent and dying, the elephant
Seeks privacy, does not visit
Auschwitz and go to the moon.
Preeminently the spider is beautifully subtle.
Even Death
Seeks various considerate ways to make
His ever appealing presence known.

Ralph Gustafson
Lennoxville Georgic

These anile Greeks
grooming their helmless heads
and stirring their drinks:
doppelgangers to the brownfaced bottle.
These predictable villagers
jawing tooth and nail
about burlap and farrow and —
"damn it all!"
Between gulps of considered ale
slopping and soiling their garb,
their deities social peace and plenty.
There comes the time to rise
the inevitable "back to the wife"
and tomorrow back to the soil.
An old patron, farming eyes,
vacates a bar
heaves in a pick-up truck,
vroom to the barn:
not alone tonight
not tonight alone.

Malcolm Curtis

Ezekiel

Shy kitten,
waxy and soft,
red lips
in a red sweater.
the pale skin
hustlers
jump
in a wink.

pub

flow of beer is steady
distorted lights, sounds, thoughts, senses
Tokyo like masses that
cut off
any exit
steamy chokey claustrophobic feelings
tobacco breath
stale air
hazy bartender
becomes even more hazier
aaah
wobbly floor
macaroni legs
limp and dangling appendages
watering, burning eyes
numb hands
many collisions
woops sorry
ceiling is spinning
uuuuuup n doooowwwwwwwn
ears chime louder LOUDER
ZAP
wake up to
a face of crusty vomit
sledge hammer of a head
dry puckerish taste
total degradation
struggle to the gas chamber
temporary job of restoration
till next time

Anon
A Man of the 50’s

They added antimacassars
To the severity
Of your New England House.
You were defiant and defensive
But not without dignity.
Your long bones retained
Some memory of those painted monasteries
Of Herzegovina
And you could converse over a samovar
With jam in your tea and correct patronymics,
For the rest,
Moses and Christ fought it out.

Intermittently young,
Yet, like Babel’s man,
With spectacles on your nose
And autumn in your heart,
Asking “what’s the use?”
Yet, you continued,
Knowing that you would not have
the Justice of your seasons.

Perhaps you can be known,
Now, as still you teach,
Now, in your stillness.

For B W., with thanks

Anne Thaler
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