BISHOP'S MITRE

1981
The Mitre

since 1893
The Mitre
1981

A Bishop's University creative arts magazine

This eighty-ninth edition is dedicated to
Dr. Garry Retzleff,
without whose persistence in the face of long odds
it would not exist.

Thanks are due Principal C.I.H. Nicholl for
his financial assistance, and the editors of
the QUAD, Sylvie Gagnon and Nancy Jasperson,
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I'd like to acknowledge the help of my cat Terence, who
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mauling most of the layout sheets.

-Susan Milner, Editor.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dennis Atchison</td>
<td>You'll Have to Pay</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brian Fredette</td>
<td>The Excluded</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Random</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Montreal Night Jazz</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ralph Gustafson</td>
<td>Twelfth Century Music</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ramble, this time on itself</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brenda Hornby</td>
<td>untitled</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Encounter</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hidden Greys</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>New Tales</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kirk Lawrence</td>
<td>untitled</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shaun G. Lynch</td>
<td>The Play</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kelly Mackenzie</td>
<td>untitled</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Susan Milner</td>
<td>untitled</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Soliloquy</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Letters Mingle Souls</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carolyn Rowell</td>
<td>Eating</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Walking the Fields</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Rite</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daron Westman</td>
<td>A Nonscene Sense</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Knightmare Sequence for a Minor</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The drawings on the front and back covers are by Anna M. Grant.
YOU’LL HAVE TO PAY

You are here to learn, so you say
For this privilege you’ll have to pay

We will teach you to be:
a piece of society,
a piece of machinery,
a bureaucratic, instamatic,
incongruent, affluent,
highly organized, and totally efficient
graduate of our university.

What is that you ask?
Will we teach you to be:
an individual, non-residual,
compassionate, affectionate,
highly interested and totally rational
graduate of life?

You are here to learn, so you say
For this privilege you’ll have to pay
What is that you say?
Oh yes,
Good day

- Dennis Atchison

EATING

They swallow.
Diminutive grey mouths chew
and swallow you in
next spoonfuls.

She gives too much, too
often, to every­
one. Handing out comfort
like homemade bread;
giving whole chunks of love
away
like pieces of shivering liver
to be fried with onions
and bacon,
she surrounds you with
her solemn and sweet concern
and the calm consideration of
her hands - strong with kneading.
She says she asks for nothing in return but

you’re not so sure
since that four o’clock sunrise when
you woke to find her watching you, unsmiling,
you have been afraid of her staring grey eyes.

- Carolyn Rowell
TWELFTH CENTURY MUSIC

Where the cathedral yard holds regals,
Tambourine shivers and shawms take cold.
The mason puts his tools away,
His truth-telling chisel and his gospel
Square; listens. The carpenter climbs
Down his ladder and the glazier from
His crosscut scaffold, his beard shakes
At what the carver has done, the abbot
Crosseyed with his tongue raspberried
On a corbel. They hark to the rebec and the drum
Beating out the contagious measure.

O the great joy as the house
Of the Virgin is blessed built up!
The noise and O the nooks and niches
Of the saints standing near the elegies
Of glazed glass leaded in!
What praying and incompletion!

The far
Fields stretch away to the linn.
Around and around, girl and boy
Bow and dance to the nasaling music.
The prebendary looks on stingly.
What warmth to the soul! Clotilde is shy.
O the Round of the Incarnation!

- Ralph Gustafson

THE EXCLUDED

Uncertain in the night,
the melancholy guitar music
touching the empty sickness
in your breasts
like the sheets of your bed,
you listen to them -
singing songs, laughing,
obscenely free, and
naked in the pain of envy
you tighten fists in silent rage.
Madonna of a stillborn passion.

Brian Fredette
A Nonscene Sense

by Daron Westman

PROLOGUE

(Enter Nomán dressed as a charwoman)

NOMÁN: The universe is a thought in the mind of God, ...
     ... and God has just been cancelled.

PARODOS

(Enter Chorus chanting)

CHORUS:

Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
Lemon meringue and purple coasters,
Elephant feet and baby toasters!
Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!

SCENE 1, ACT I

(Water-Beetle and Philosopher descend from above on a giant lily pad, which lands at centre-stage)

WATER-BEETLE: If God is Almighty,
       Can he turn himself into a true frog?

PHILOSOPHER: And the wise men said ...

STASIMON I

CHORUS:

Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!

SCENE 1, ACT II

(Water-Beetle and Philosopher descend from above on a giant lily pad, which lands at centre-stage)

WATER-BEETLE: If God is Almighty,
       Can he create an object so heavy
       That he cannot lift it?

PHILOSOPHER: And the wise men said ...

STASIMON II

CHORUS:

Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
Yellow violets and frozen shrimp!
Animal crackers for a washed-up pimp!
Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!

SCENE 1, ACT III

WATER-BEETLE: If God is Almighty,
       Can he create a being
       More powerful than himself?

PHILOSOPHER: And the wise men said ... (Exeunt)

KOMMOS

CHORUS:

Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
Cephas and the rest can lead a wife;
Can Almighty God take his own life?
Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!

EPILOGUE

NOMÁN: How many gods on the head of a pin?
     How many pins in the universe? (Exit)

EXODOS

CHORUS: Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax! (Exeunt)
Know then
that in our mockery of love
last night
it was not I who held you
and you touched me but once —
only in passing
-Susan Milner

The sky overflowed with stars
Bright, warm, silent -
But there was no moon.
- Brenda Hornby
THE ENCOUNTER

In a glimpse of cool moonlight
I saw your half-shadowed face;
Reveal the hidden things,
the scheming devices of your mind.

In a glimpse of the hot moonlight
I watch you arise.
Take and spread the stars,
Disguise and disorder them;
Until they were no longer retrievable.
- Brenda Hornby

Walking the Fields

by Carolyn Rowell

It’s late fall. Already there has been a killing frost and the roadside grasses and weeds are brown and brittle. Everything is brown; the narrow road along which the farm truck bounces and sways, the close-cropped horse pasture, naked trees and rail fences. They pass a windmill. The day is breezy but the mill is not moving, the metal rusty. Pieces of angle-iron hang crookedly from the mechanisms.

The farmer and the woman turn into an even narrower track that cuts the big corn fields into two sections. The little dog is digging his nails into her legs, trying to get a better view. On either side of the truck long furrows of mocha slide in a broad sweep, on one side to the hill - to the fallow pasture on the other. Six fields to test. They stop at the farthest one.

When she jumps down from the cab she winces. The sun is harsh, unrelieved by greenery - a cold light. The dog jumps out behind her, wagging and sneezing, pleased to run in the fields. She walks around the truck to where he is waiting with the metal-collecting rod and a paper bag. The man carefully explains to her what he is going to do. Analyzing the soil. Capturing little bits of it and sending it away. In the labs they find out what sort of fertilizer he will use in the spring. The spring when she will be writing exams and defending a thesis. A spring after a winter of books. Should have brought a book.

She follows him as he begins the rounds of the fields. He walks easily while her shoes slip on the loose dirt. The dog runs ahead, ears up, leaping over furrows. As they walk she becomes warm, takes off her hat, wishing she had his funny billed one to keep the slanting sun out of her eyes. Wore too many clothes as usual. She tries to talk intelligently to him about deep harrowing and crop rotation but her breath is short and seems to escape from her in awkward gasps. By the time they reach the wood at the end of the field she is feeling annoyed at the earth shifting beneath her feet. The small open stand of maples has a foot of dead leaves on the floor. She follows rustling and kicking, and squirrels scamper.

"I'm looking for a few dead trees to cut for the fireplace," he says. "I could come back after it snows and get "some" with the snowmobile. These are maples. Good hard wood."

"This is really pretty," she replies absently.
“Remember the time last spring when you were visiting and I brought you some flowers? I was planting this field and I came into this woods to pick them.” She puts her arm around his waist, feeling his small muscular back through his shirt, and hugs him.

“OK, let’s go,” he says with an abrupt grin, slapping her behind.

She looks at him laughing. As he turns and walks out into the field again she watches his back. One night when she was prodding him with questions about himself and what he liked, looking for clues, hints, for something hidden that she herself would not give to anyone, she’d asked him if he ever masturbated. Yeh, sometimes, he had answered shyly. What do you think about while you do it? She prodded him in the ribs. Things. Unsure of himself he had breathed in sharply, hesitated a soft second and began speaking in a shallow voice. Sometimes when I’m ploughing or planting I get off my tractor and go into the woods. It’s nice to do it leaning against a tree. He had then hugged her in embarrassment, hiding her face in his neck.

Watching him walk back toward the truck ahead of her, she lets the thought of his confidences sink in her stomach. The red truck is far away, small. He is leaning down jabbing in the pole, pulling out soil, putting it in a bag. The furrows trip her up.

By the time she reaches the truck he has already sealed and labelled one bag and is ready to start a new section. She walks along the edges where the ground is level picking dried fox-tail, timothy, dried weeds. The man’s dog pokes along beside her, occasionally throwing back his head to look at her. She tries to take interest in her bouquet but it takes too long to build. Shouldn’t have come. Should have worked in the library this week-end. Is he thinking of anything as he gathers soil? She looks up and across the comfortable distance that grows between them.

His workboots ignore the stones and uneven ground. He doesn’t trip. He is graceful. On cement walks and the tile floors of shopping centers there is a clumsy spring in his walk as if to compensate for the uneven ground that is not there.

He is curly built; his broad-cut jeans cover small round buttocks, his shirt tautly covers his back and arms. His sleeves are rolled down and his hands, no longer than hers, are as brown as the soil, as his hair and face. She watches his absorbed face, blank, bending, hardly pausing.

She meets him at the truck. “Pretty bouquet,” he says. “I have two more sections to do. Do you want to come with me or not?” He looks at her from beneath his yellow brim. The eyes are greenbrown and clear - wide and set shallowly in his face. She wants to get away from him and the slow ritual, the pleasant chore.

“I think I’ll walk down and see the horses on the next farm.”

He only whistles at the dog to stay with him.

She walks along the road. Eyes watching for movement of birds or squirrels. The birds are gone. Wore the wrong things as usual. Had to borrow his shoes, his hat, his shirt, his jacket. No one wears a rummage-sale blazer around here. The sun makes her squint and a rising wind is making her cold. She walks down to the windmill. There she can see that the horses have gone to another part of the farm.

She stops by the small windmill. She looks up and smiles wryly. You look like I feel. She climbs on the fence that surrounds it. Shaking out her hair, lazily letting it fall in a determinedly casual way. Think Picturesque. Here you are sitting on a fence in the middle of a country road. Sun. Wind. Maybe you could look like a cover girl for “Mother Earth News”. For some reason she feels like crying.

The little dog is darting here and there along the field in the distance. The man is walking quickly now, impatient to be done; to go home, to do evening chores, to visit the bull in the home pasture, to eat his rice and smoke a joint in front of the squat fireplace. She can see him running up his stairs to change his clothes; hear his bath running slowly, hear the fridge slam shut, and the cat cry. Each sound is familiar but distant, every time a visitor, trying not to become a part of it but being lulled into its comfortable chairs, warm bed, candles and quiet.

I even look like him. She looks down at her clothes. Then across the wide field to where he is a blue familiar spot in a sea of brown. “Against a tree.” She begins to smile and then to laugh. Against a tree.

And suddenly it’s a hot summer day on a Sunday walk. In a fierce sun on top of the haystack - she is sunbathing nude. Beads of sweat stand out all over her skin. On the hot high altar she gives herself up to the sun and his hands and the hay.
RANDOM
When the music becomes clear
on vodka and codeine
then you can forget your ugliness,
and watch the tall and lean women
cross their stockings legs in boredom
in the smokey bars of your solitude;
and dream of a death-like beauty
that you will never possess.
So child, listen
and between the casual chords
of piano jazz, the rain falls
lonely wanderer on the cold pavement
of your tired mind,
random as a life
sprung from between the bloody legs
of a thrusting futility.

- Brian Fredette
RITE
White eyes. White eyes with centers of black, staring at the back of the girl in the thin dress.

She knows that he is there, that his fur is blue and his ears point. Cold breath, quiet haunches behind her. Against her stomach and thighs her dress feels chill, thin and then like breath she lifts her arms. The dancer of a thousand springs turns softly in her place to face the autumn dog.

-Carolyn Rowell

RAMBLE, THIS TIME ON ITSELF
Not one but a ramble of flowers is necessary, a single bloom Graces a shelf but when was Eden not a garden and Adam digging? The nerves want profusion, a license Of you know what, of smell and blossom, Worm and sunslap all over the place. Not less than extravagance will do. Perfection's parsimonious, only the generous flaw will do - to perfect The poet in us. Jewels in the mud. We want Nine Symphonies And Haydn's you don't know which from which. Moiseiwitsch set the texts in their place, SPREZZATURA was what he was after, TEMPO RUBATO, lost notes under The piano, but what a recital, not a recital! Bach played morning, Noon and night on his organ. God, I suppose, is in the profusion business, What with His push-ups and prohibitions. Words, words, Joyce was after: Three floorful, Picasso Painted his fraudulent facts. Book After book of mine, the profusion not Prolific, just abundant.

- Ralph Gustafson
HIDDEN GREYS

You tell me your favourite colour is grey,
A strange reply from you with the red cheeks,
And smiling eyes.
And it's confusing:
For is this grey not a mood,
A state of mind, the 'blahs'?
So today I will try to see through your eyes
this grey ...

We drove through grey streets once white,
Soon to illuminate in flashing red and yellows.
And this grey you speak of;
Is neither black nor white
Perhaps somewhere in between -
Yet not a mixture,
Distinct, indistinct.
Grey is the hidden, the better unseen.

There's a stray grey cat on my window ledge,
Her shining yellow eyes watching.
Grey is this alley-way of dust and filth,
Overflowing garbage cans;
The manmade grey tin world.
In front, the paint-chipped houses.
Here live the many old and young grey people,
Lost in cement grey skyscrapers and factories.

Grey is the unnoticed, the neglected, the overlooked.
Yet is is the very-center
External and internal.
Our lives are neither black nor white -
We are the grey, we are the hidden people.
... You are very perceptive, my friend.

- Brenda Hornby

SOLILOQUY

seriously we take ourselves
indeed;
only let me laugh
sometimes,
borrow laughter from some future
for i know i shall then be amused
by what is now
yet today even in my knowing
i cannot steal more than an almost-empty
philosophically resigned
emasculated chuckle.
how seriously we
all
take ourselves.

and writing this
knowing perhaps only a shadow of it,
as so many have written
and perhaps known,
i still cry, 'the potential'
and am sad.

- Susan Milner
MONTREAL NIGHT JAZZ

Tired of taking my pleasure
in the sad soft bodies
of Boulevard hookers,
seeking perfectly
for the quintessential metaphor
of loss
and pain of loneliness;
I trace the random jazz
of neon light
rain splashed streets,
back through unprofound realities
of red and green blur,
unoutlined form images,
back to mediocrity;
thinking of nothing
thinking of sleep
- Brian Fredette

The Play

by Shaun G. Lynch

(The play is set in the newspaper office of a small university. Many of the scenes in this play actually happened, though the names of the actors have been changed to protect the guilty.)

ACT I

Roy: My uncle was a handsome chap with eczema. When he folded his arms, he looked like the pirate flag.
Jim: You can't argue with that.
Roy: No, he told me so himself.
They continue to work at the layout table
Jim: Yuri, are you still working?
Yuri: Yes, I just have to finish my introduction ... I cannot write this, the man is a fascist!
Jim: You must write it! It's your duty as a journalist ... And besides, it's one o'clock in the morning and I want to get the hell out of here ... Shaun, are you doing anything?
Shaun: (As he continues to type) I am typing a play about what is happening in this office at this very instant.
You're all in it, and some day it will be made into a movie and I'll get an Academy Award for writing about you.
Jim: (To Roy, ignoring Shaun) ... There's no rhyme or reason to the way I do this. Use Sans BF ... 36 point ...
You could try Tempo ...
Roy: Italic or without?
Jim: ... two columns ... 24 point and see what happens. There are some people who don't believe in guessing, but sometimes it works ...
Roy: How about Bolt Bold?
Jim: Oh Christ, don't use Bolt Bold!
Roy: Why not?
Jim: It's illegal ...
Roy: Illegal?
Jim: It's got to be the ugliest type in the book.
The spirit of the Average Bishop's Student floats into the scene d.r., chugs a beer with one gulp, throws up all over a desk, and floats back out d.r.
Yuri: What was that?
Ernest: Doesn't anyone study German things?
Yuri: Well, German people study German in Canada.
Ernest: But when you study German grammar and German food and German culture, and it's not until the last five minutes that you do anything about the relevance of German literature for Canada.
Yuri: Who cares?
Ernest: Technically, you're writing for Mr. and Mrs. Bishop's.
Yuri: But I'm sure nobody will read it anyway. They are all fascists so they do not understand.
The spirit of Reality floats in from the ceiling, begins laughing uproariously, falls to the stage, and dies a painful death ... A stage hand walks on u.r. and drags the body of d.l.)
Donna: Yes, they are; they were killed in Act II when a typical layout session became a metaphor for the Viet Nam war.
Rick: But that doesn't mean they're dead. You just said yourself that it was only a metaphor...
(Jim enters d.r.)
Jim: Hi guys! How's it going...
Rick: You see, he's not really dead...
Donna: He is so... symbolically at least. Isn't that right, Jim?
Jim: Unfortunate but true. I was killed by a tired playwright very late at night.
Rick: But you're alive right now...
Jim: What's that got to do with anything? Are you hung up on reality or something? If so, you might as well
leave right now. The Spirit of Reality got killed in Act I, and we're all fair game now.
Rick: That's ridiculous. It doesn't make any sense. Reality is reality. Don't give me any of that philosophical
bullshit. We're all sitting in the newspaper office, just the three of us...
Jim: ... and Lenin...
Rick: ... Lenin?! How does he come into it? Jim, Lenin has been dead for years, and besides that he never
even came to Canada, so he could not possibly...
(Lenin enters u.r., pulls out a pistol, and shoots Rick in the chest. Rick falls over, dead. A stage hand enters u.l. and drags the body off d.r.)
Lenin: I didn't like the sound of him. He is clearly a representative of the fascist imperialist capitalist class who
exploits the workers in order to line his own pockets with gold. They should all be shot... Have you seen Yuri
around anywhere?
Jim: Well, he was blown up in Act II, and I haven't seen him since then.
Lenin: Oh well, it's not all that important really. I just enjoy having challenging discussions with people who
agree with my point of view... Could you lend me some money?
Rick: You're not going to get all this down...
Lenin: About ten dollars...
Jim: They're coming to get us! To think I wanted to do this all summer...
Yuri: The bloody fascists! They are all idiots... they should be shot...
Jim: Well, that's what they're trying to do to you, son...
Ernest: You're probably right.
Roy: I think he's just looking for a socially acceptable way to avoid layout.
Yuri: Why does he do that?
Ernest: He's a fucking idiot.
Roy: (crouching behind a table) I heard something from over there (pointing off r.)
Ernest: (Passing part of Shaun's completed script to Yuri) Here, art in the making.
Yuri: (reads the passage and begins to laugh. He then rushes around to look over Shaun's shoulder. They all
stop working and look at Shaun. He stops typing.)
ACT II (A short time later)
Jim: Find something terribly dull.
Roy: Terribly dull?
Jim: Well, it's all subliminal, you see. If you make it look big and interesting, everyone reads it. We don't
want anyone to read this.
Ernest: Don't talk while Shaun's typing. He'll record everything you say.
Yuri: Why does he do that?
Ernest: He has a need to be creative...
Jim: He's a fucking idiot.
Yuri: You're probably right. 
Roy: (to Shaun) Why did you do that?
Ernest: Don't talk while Shaun's typing. He'll record everything you say.
Yuri: Why does he do that?
Ernest: He has a need to be creative...
Roy: I think he's just looking for a socially acceptable way to avoid layout.
Yuri: He's useless at layout. Let him type...
Yuri: I want to lay out another page...
Jim: Are there any others?
Ernest: There's the one Shaun was supposed to do.
Jim: That really makes me mad.
(Roy: (crouching behind a table) I heard something from over there (pointing off r.)
Ernest: (Passing part of Shaun's completed script to Yuri) Here, art in the making.
Yuri: (reads the passage and begins to laugh. He then rushes around to look over Shaun's shoulder. They all
stop working and look at Shaun. He stops typing.)
ACT III - the continuing saga
Donna: Rene Levesque is confronting Canada...
Shaun: Could you slow down? I'm having trouble following your arguments...
Jim: You're not going to get all this down...
Shaun: I'm coming close...
Donna: How can you make all these judgements about people?
Jim: Because I know people. I know how they're going to react...
Donna: No, you're wrong... You're wrong... You're giving all these judgements... no, that's not a word...
habits to people without really knowing them...
Jim: But I do know them! I know all of them. I am a journalist. It's my job to know all of them, every one of
them... I know how they're going to vote, I know what they eat, what they feel, how they think... It's my
job to tell them what to do...
(Yuri enters d.r.)
Yuri: They are all fools, all of them. They should be shot... bloody fascists...
Shaun: This is going to be the most boring act...
Jim: Well, what do you expect with all this political discussion going on?
Shaun: It's no good, we'll all have to come back later...

Yuri: They are fools... they do not understand...
Ernest: (Passing part of Shaun's completed script to Yuri) Here, art in the making.
Yuri: (reads the passage and begins to laugh. He then rushes around to look over Shaun's shoulder. They all
stop working and look at Shaun. He stops typing.)
(Roy enters d.r.)
Roy: I've had it with this play! It started out with a decent premise concerning layout night for the newspaper, but now you've totally destroyed its meaning ...
Shaun: You can't stop it as long as I control the typewriter! As long as I'm typing, the play continues, and I just have to type in a bomb or a shooting or some other natural disaster and you're gone, and I no longer have to deal with you ...
Roy: Move over ...
Shaun: ... no way, I'm not letting you get near ...
Roy: Move over ...
Shaun: Only I know how this play should go on ...
Roy: Move over, or I'll push you out of the way ...
Shaun: If you do that, the play will end ... You can't get rid of me and still survive ...
Roy: ... Can't I? ... Move over ...
Shaun: ... no ... you'll never take over ... I won't let you! ... it's my play! Mine, I tell you! ... You can't muzzle genius ... (Roy grabs the typewriter from Shaun)

Curtain

ACT IV - a short time later

(Shaun enters d.r., and hurries to the typewriter, where he begins typing. After a few moments, he stops, looks around the room, and realizing that there is no one present, he pulls the page out of the typewriter and exits d.l.)

FINAL CURTAIN
from KNIGHTMARE SEQUENCE FOR A MINOR

You are
nude before me
in the garden, and I
want so very much to say "I
love you."

Choosing
to love you could
never be easy; not
at the extravagant prices
you charge.

Come, let us pretend to
have a good time.
and feign love when
really all we want is a
little
easily-bought
second-hand sex.

Let us leaven
even our
very smiles, and
escape all the
questing hands
under evasive tables

Your arms
embrace me as
you tell me that your love
for me will never die, and I
am cold.

- Daron Westman

NEW TALES

Fairy tales of our childhood
Unfold adventure, love and destiny;
All and forever after.
Fly away - You anger me now.
Spare my children this fantasy land,
Tell a story of life,
Of love, yes for it is real;
But add the unsweetened version
of heartbreak and unhappy endings,
Of gilded castles destroyed
never to arise again.
Of dancing ladies in the sun
Who become dizzy and fall.
All travellers that fail to
reach their destined lands,
Yet have strength to continue.
Tell these to my children,
And wish them well.

- Brenda Hornby
Today, a letter from Clayte. Sheila was sure of it, but she walked slowly, just in case the postman was late. Unreasonable, he's never quite this late. Still, he might have been bitten by a mastiff, or whatever it was postmen got bitten by. As she approached the gloomy house where she had a room, her step lightened. The postman had not been bitten; her letter was there, pushing up the lid of the mailbox.

Sheila knew Clayte lived somewhere in the territories north of the respectable provinces. Now she refused to look at the postmark on the envelope she carried. It might be legible, and then Clayte's exciting life would be pinned down beside a dreary name. No return address, of course. Funny how he wanted only to write letters, not receive them. How like a man, she thought fondly as she climbed the dark stairs, wants to talk and not listen. She turned the key in the lock. The landlady did not approve of that lock, but a single girl alone in a big city couldn't be too careful.

Clayte no doubt had stories of his son's exploits, terrors in the northern wild that his wife had overcome recently, bears, wildcats, goodness knows what. He could be relied upon to be interesting, unlike the landlady or the people at the office.

After she had read the letter through twice, Sheila carefully burned the envelope in the electric heater and filed the slightly grimy pages in the shoebox marked "Clayte". Tomorrow there would probably be a letter from Deborah, a swinging singles currently living in the eastern States. A racy letter, though not as heart-warming as Clayte's stories of his family. And the next day, perhaps a breathless note dashed off from somewhere in deepest Africa, from the wandering Nathan.