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Dedication

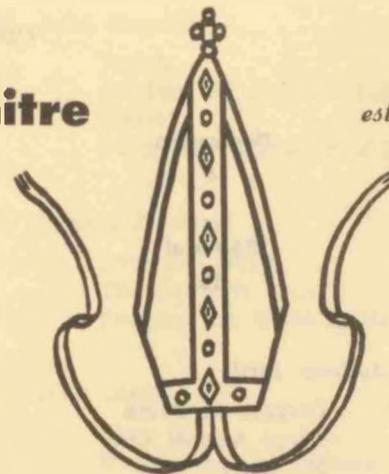
To Ernest Hemingway

because he wrote

"the way it was."

the mitre

established 1893



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Editorial

IN the past there have been issues of **The Mitre** which no one disliked.

This will not be such an issue.

It will be an interesting **Mitre**.

It will be a new **Mitre**.

This issue has been prepared and edited on the maxim that in any form of art, it is far better to convey very much to very few, than a little to a great many. With this goes the theory that an artist, in this case a literary artist, must be bold. He must fashion with a strong but tempered hand. He must have his own views on what he is striving to produce and must stick to them. The weak hand or the many hands cannot carve anything worth the price of endurance. Even the bold but wrong hand fashions a better form of art.

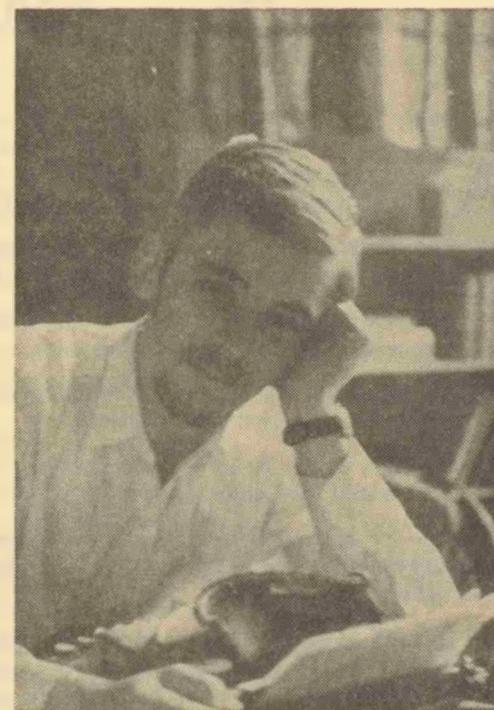
This is a **Mitre** based on the strongest side of many personalities. Personality must be the predominant feature of any publication. And yet, consistency is also important. The question is how to achieve consistency with the many different personalities involved.

This is the editor's job.

Here before you are bits of men's souls. Men are different. Their souls are even more widely varried. Yet out of this vast jumble of pieces of assorted souls, a strong unified semblance must be carved. The editor like the artist must be bold. He must cut and prune with a strong hand. He must present these men's souls in the proper package. Some are bound to be hurt in the fashioning of a **Mitre**. Some will perhaps gain undeservedly.

It is with the hope that my editing has hurt few, that I respectfully place this issue of **The Mitre** before you for your approval.

Space Devoted to



Andrew Little

I write for my fellow man. I do this because no matter where I go, I find a man with courage or a man with guts or a man with stamina — never a man with nothing. And I always find these things where I least suspect them. My church is a bar, a boat, a baseball stadium.

"a negro jazz musician existing in a small, dingy bar in Boston, so doped with heroin that his eyes blink once in five minutes . . . yet he manages to come in loud and clear on every chorus with split-second timing.

"a fat and painfully ugly Jewess in menopause, who, with her husband, runs a waterfront restaurant in a ramshackle hut . . . yet she maintains a happy line of chatter to cheer up her skid-row customers.

"the army corporal, with four kids and a habitually unfaithful wife, who is so in debt that he knows he will never get out . . . yet happily plays penny-ante poker with the boys at lunch hour."

These are my gods. The little people without fame, fortune or hope. The head-high bum and the brave tailor. It is with faith in them that I write.

Cargoes of Death

A new moon shone on the sea. Witches' fingernails of silvered foam clawed the air. And the sailing ship left port.

The south's soft breath pushed the cool, white canvas north. A woman, child within her, lay bedded in the hulk. The ship rolled.

On the first day she began to sweat at noon. By sunset she was in full labour trying to bring forth her own.

All that night she fought the retching spasms. The sea also retched and fought as the great storm neared.

The new dawn broke calm to neither woman nor sea. Her loins were exhausted, her belly slack with effort.

The sea calmed — an interlude of peace. The child issued forth from her womb like wine. It was ugly, misshapen, and dead. The mother died soon after.

In spite of the mounting storm, the crew imprisoned the bodies in two wooden coffins. As they laid the dead to rest, the sea rose up and great walls of water wallowed in the white canvas. The hulk was lashed again and again by great waves of iron-like water.

As the last nail cleft the wood of the dead child's coffin, life on the vessel was rent by a blast of sheer energy. White electricity sent the splintered ship to the bottom of all greenness.

Amid the debris of wreckage, the two coffins floated. The storm was spent.

Days later the coffins were washed up on a sun-struck sandy shore.

They wallowed clumsily in the shallow beach water.

They opened slowly.

A tall, gaunt woman led a misshapen child by the hand into the forest which lay beyond the beach.

Three Against One

HIS wife spun away under the bullet's impact. She is dead, he thought. He knew it was true.

He felt the next shot rip into his shoulder. He was flung against the open door of the vault. It was then that he decided to kill them.

It was later when he heard the faint wail of a siren. He crawled towards the door of the bank. He knew he was the only person still alive.

In the hospital, weeks later, he would say nothing.

After a long time he returned home. There he sweated. He was sure the three men would try to get him. He hoped they would make their move soon.

The phone rang. He picked up the receiver.

"Hello."

"Tonight." Click.

He smiled and replaced the receiver. He turned off the lights and lit a cigarette. He finished it and went into the bedroom. He took off his clothes and got into the bed. He set the alarm for 10 a.m.

In the morning he woke and cooked himself breakfast. A little after noon he locked the apartment and went down to the street. He opened the door of a parked car and got in, crossed the ignition wires, and started the engine. As he drove out of the city, he watched the car tailing him. It had three men in it. He floored the accelerator pedal.

Hours later he saw a hill before him. His foot was still to the floor. The other car was far behind.

His car fought up the long road. Its winter treads bit into the hard-packed snow. Cracked ice spit violently in the path behind the tires.

The road was all uphill and generally straight with some curves. It had been plowed recently.

He smiled as he felt the car sway, then regain its driving weight. Once at the crest of a hill, he met another car. Both drivers pulled sharply to the right, avoiding disaster. As he shot by, he could see the other driver's frightened face.

At the top he stopped the car and got out. From here he could see everything except the road he had used. The winter sun was shining. He felt good but wished he had been able to walk the distance up. He moved away from the car and took the field glasses from the leather case which hung around his neck. In the valley below, a river flowed

under a sheet of ice. He could see the road that ran beside the river. Small cars were moving slowly along it. His eyes rested on a patch of open water. It was grey like metal.

The sun warmed his shoulders, but the wind whistled coldly about his face. The coldness seemed to penetrate the skin and remain there.

"If I have to die," he thought, "I would like to die here . . . quickly." He heard the other car a long way off. His hand felt inside his jacket for the gun. He took it out and checked the clip. The metal felt cold.

The car sounded closer now.

He went back to his car and started the motor. He put it in gear and drove it to the beginning of the other road down the hill. The road stretched long and straight down into the valley. Ivy patches glistened in the sun.

He set the steering wheel straight and lashed it to the gear stick with the leather strap from the field glasses.

The car started to roll, slowly at first, then gaining speed. It stayed on the road for a few yards.

Then it started sliding sideways and the front wheels caught in the edge of the banked snow. It rolled into the ditch and kept on rolling over and over until it hit a wooden piling fence and stopped.

He heard the crack — the first sound he had been aware of — when the car struck the wood. It lay right side up but with flames licking from its crushed hood.

He listened now for the other sound. When he heard it he moved off the road. From behind a stump he watched the other car go by.

The car stopped near the wreck. Two men got out. They advanced cautiously through the snow and stopped a few feet from the burning car. They watched it burn. A third man got out of the car and followed them into the field.

Using the stump as a brace, he placed the barrel of the forty-five in a gnarled branch. His eye watched the foresight line up with the last man. He squeezed the trigger. The gun bucked and the man pitched into the snow. The others froze.

He fired again. A second man sprawled violently.

The third man started to run for the piling, but the explosion of the gas tank threw him in the snow. The gun fired a third time. The last man lay still. The other two also lay still.

He walked down the road to their car. It was still running. He shut

off the motor. Then, in the field, he lifted the bodies one at a time and placed them in his smashed car. It was still smoldering.

He went back to their car. In the trunk he found a can of gasoline. He walked to the wreck and emptied the can onto the dead men. As he moved away the gas caught fire.

He walked back to the car scuffing his tracks as he moved. The wind fanned the flames and obliterated his footprints. He put the empty can back in the trunk and closed it, got behind the wheel, started the motor, and drove down the hill. He was conscious of nothing but the setting sun.

Mr. Fifty

"MISTER FIFTY" was his public name. He went each day into the crowded areas of the city. When people saw him, they clamoured about him and he gave to all who called his name a bright, new fifty-cent piece.

"Hey, aren't you Mister Fifty?"

— fifty cents.

"Look at that guy will ya, what a getup . . . hey, Mister, what's that big fifty for? Hey, Mister fifty."

— fifty cents.

His high lumberman's boots, his plaid jacket, his French Canadian toque, his crisp black moustache and the big number fifty on his chest and back - - - all these identified him beyond a doubt.

To the men in the poolroom with their tired eyes and graved vests — men without work, without love, without hope, living out the last years of their life in a world of green felt, cold blue chalk, and obscenity — Mr. Fifty was something, an event which broke the monotony of the dreary day. They came to the door as he passed, smiling. In shirt sleeves they chased him, forgetting their dignity for a fifty-cent piece.

"Hey, Mister Fifty."

— fifty cents.

Enough for a lunch, an extra game of snooker — the price of escape.

To the kids he meant something else — a new ball, candy, a trip

to the zoo. The grimy little hopscotch wonders with the skinned knees; the pretty little girls in the hand-me-down dresses; the brats with noses running and eyes blackened — all pursued the ever-smiling Mister Fifty. Their reward was the shining price of all they could want for a day.

There were the sneers too.

Sneers from the boys on the corner, from the key-chained grease-balls. Those humans who had the shape of adults but the shape only. The young studs, the lions of the concrete jungle.

"Hey, Joe, who's the ass over there with the fifty sign on his back? Looks like something from a lumber camp. Let's give him the works..."

"Look Mister, what's the number for? The times you was in the booby hatch? Nice taste in clothes there, buster. Hey, Mister fifty..."

— fifty cents.

Then there were the smart young men going places fast. The old school tie shrouded in a grey flannel suit. The young princes of the three-button aristocracy. He sometimes met them on the mainstreets — where they never recognized him. But if the street wasn't main or crowded, they spotted him like leeches.

"Where's my fifty cents, Mister Fifty?"

— fifty cents.

They often took the fifty cents as a joke before their friends. Fifty cents which went on stamps, or for a small gift for their secretary. Sometimes it tipped a waiter, sometimes it paid a commuter's carfare. It was not taxable.

Now and then a woman would call his name.

She usually wasn't much to look at. Often she was just very poor. To her, the fifty cents meant perfume, or a glass of wine, or maybe even a quart of milk. He smiled at them in spite of their haggard looks and tattered clothes and always responded to their call.

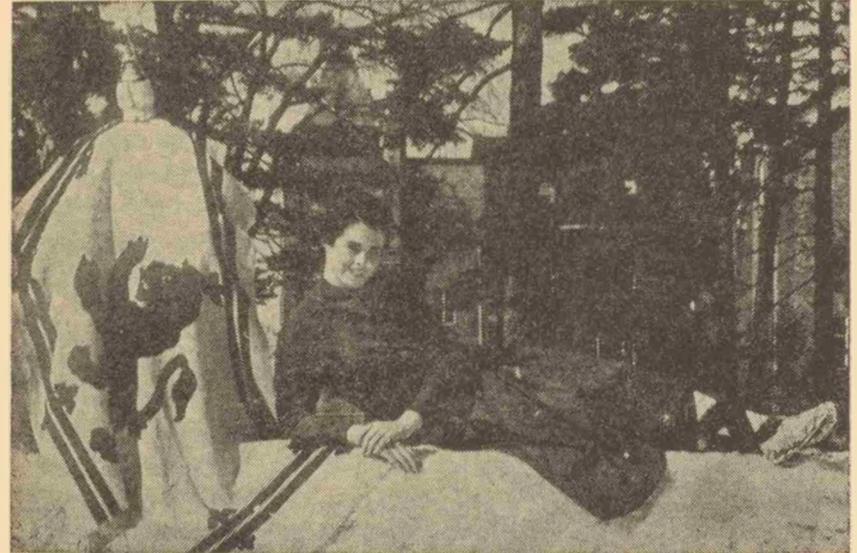
— fifty cents.

To all these people Mister Fifty was a smiling something in bright colours. He broke up the monotony of the day and never failed to bring joy because he was a welcome contradiction to life's hard financial principles . . . the something for nothing.

Mister Fifty's private name is Jean Valcroix. His moustache is false. He works for a brewery that has made him a human advertising stunt for their fiftieth anniversary beer. He has a wife and six children. He often walks home at night to save his carfare for an extra beer.

— fifty cents.

Space Devoted to



Katherine Cantlie

Why write?

Why not?

Why write like this?

Habit, and because.

With You At Dawn

*The morning fog lies cold in the not-yet-dawn
And curls on the sidewalk. All the houses, grey,
Stand feetless in the vague soft mist; each lawn
Is hidden from the air. It is not yet day.
How icy the greyness pressing on these eyes,
So burning hot and sand-rough from our night
Of talk and agony! This walk is wise,
For brain-heat must be cooled before the light
And day arrive to taunt us yet again.
Your hand is cold — courage, my love, for we
Are two, and towards the coming day of pain
Shall go together, and no more greyness see.
Look up — as wet and pink as vin rose
The sun pours forth. And now, my love, the day.*

In Perpetuum, Frater

THE darkness began to fade into grey. It was not yet light enough for her to see, but she knew that somewhere along the way she had lost Dennis. What had become of him she did not know, but there was no need to worry — surely he wasn't far away.

It was so strange being dead. Rather pleasant, almost. She wondered whether Dennis was enjoying it as much as she was, wherever he might be. Perhaps if she called to him he might hear her through the greyness and come to find her . . .

"Dennis? Dennis, where are you? Can you hear me?" Her voice

echoed strangely; it was a completely different sort of sound, not at all like earth-echoes. In fact, it was the first sound she'd heard since the terrible crash. She wished Dennis would answer her.

The crash. They had been driving together in their parents' car on the highway to the Laurentians. Dennis had been feeling particularly exuberant because he had just cleared over six hundred dollars on the stock market, and she herself was very happy at being with him again after a two-year separation. They had been chatting gaily about her experiences in London and about his job, and were greatly looking forward to their weekend of skiing with two cousins in St. Sauveur.

And then, as they came up on the crest of a hill, another car had appeared on the top in front of them, on the wrong side of the road, and she had buried her face in her brother's shoulder. Then there was the crash, and everything had been red and black and pain for a second (or was it an eternity?) and then nothing but darkness. Dennis had been beside her in the darkness, and they had smiled at each other, glad that the horror was gone and not really surprised or upset about being dead.

But now the darkness was lifting, and Dennis had disappeared. He must be around somewhere, she said to herself, because we two are so alike that I can't imagine one of us going to hell and the other to heaven. We must be going to the same place. Perhaps this is purgatory, and it is a short period of solitary confinement — yes, that must be it. I'll see him later.

Then the greyness grew very light and suddenly narrowed to a long strip in front of her. She realised that she was standing in the middle of a road — the strip of greyness was the asphalt stretching up the hill in front of her. There was sunshine all around; it was summer, and the sky was clear and fresh. How beautiful! she thought. And she turned to look back down the hill. She saw the road going straight down for about half a mile, and at the bottom was a cluster of houses, then a wide white beach, and then a blue, blue shining bay. There were a few sailboats out — two had red sails — and above them tiny white dots curled in the sky. Seagulls? Seagulls!

"The sea!" she gasped. She stood for a moment, hand shading her eyes, watching the bay and the boats and the circling dots. She felt that this must be some place she had known when she was alive, but she could not recognise it at all — the only sea experiences she could

remember had been on the ship to and from England, and a month at Nantucket, which had looked nothing like this. Strange.

Soon she turned and started on up the hill. The sun was hot, and it was a steep climb; as she passed a large oak tree on the left side of the road she realised that they used to stop there to break the climb . . . Now what made me feel that, she wondered. I must have been here before. But she could remember no more about the tree, nor with whom she used to rest in its shade.

On, on, up the long straight hill. She saw a driveway leading off to the left through the roadside bushes, and she knew that by the gate there was a wrought-iron signpost which said "Drummadoon". And as the name flashed across her mind, the whole picture became clear. She remembered it now — this was Victoria, B.C.: when she was six and Dennis was seven and a half, they had lived here in an enormous stone bungalow called Drummadoon, because Daddy was stationed here with the regiment. Yes, yes . . . the tree was where Nanny used to stop on the way back from the beach because the hill tired her so . . . and the bay had a funny name, a name something like a brand of chocolate bar — Cadboro Bay, that was it.

Everything came pouring back in a rush of images. Oh, where was Dennis? He had to be here somewhere to share this — it was the place they had loved best of all their summers. Perhaps he was up at the house already. She hurried up the road and turned in past the iron sign and ran along the dusty driveway that was lined with heavy brush.

It was longer than she had thought, but finally it made a last curve and then widened into its circle in front of the house on her right. She stopped, and looked. There was Drummadoon, the same as it had been then, with its grey stone steps spreading down from the wide dark door, and its solid walls thickly and completely hidden by ivy. And there, on the left of the steps, was the arbutus tree, with its strange yellowish leaves that looked like two-dimensional bananas.

She knew that if Dennis were here he would not have gone into the house yet, so she walked around past the arbutus tree into the garden. "The garden," she breathed; "It is the same, the same." It ran the length of the long narrow bungalow, and around the back. A wide lawn stretched from the ivied walls almost to the edge of a steep drop; it merged into a flat rock-garden which spilled over the edge and down the cliff. She stood there and looked out over the bay, far out and beneath her. The boats were still there, and she remembered watching them with Daddy in the evenings. She walked along the border of the rock-garden, and looked down at the thickness of lavender which spread between each stone. She reached out and pulled a dark ox-blood-coloured

leaf off the little Japanese maple. She walked to the end of the lawn and when she reached the rosebeds at the edge of the woods, she turned and looked back the length of the garden.

She thought: the lavender, and the roses — Mummy helped me put them in little paper bags, and I punched holes in them and hung them in the sun to dry; I was going to sew them up in pieces of satin for sachets for Granny. And the Japanese maple was red all summer long. And in the very early morning when everything was grey-wet and cold, a family of quail used to walk across the lawn in a line — there were four little ones and the mother. Daddy used to wake us up so we could watch them.

Where could Dennis be? she wondered, and called his name loudly. There was no answer. She began to feel rather worried, but was cheered by a sudden thought: Perhaps he was behind me, and not ahead of me — in that case, he may still be coming up the hill. And he hates walking when it's hot; he probably stopped under the tree to rest awhile.

She walked around behind the house and through a gate in the hedge into the kitchen garden. The rows and rows of gooseberries were still there; she wandered along the paths and kicked at the soft hot earth. She stopped once to pick a berry — it was just the same, taut and cloudily green — and she ate it purposely to feel the excruciating sourness.

She returned through the little gate and entered the house from the door leading out onto the back lawn. She walked slowly down the long, cool corridor which ran from one end of the bungalow to the other, and paused to look into her own bedroom. Yes — there, up in the corner of the ceiling, was a spider. They sometimes came into the house off the ivy outside, and huddled up in the corners; they were huge, their fat bodies as big as walnuts, and had to be removed with a vacuum-cleaner. She went on to the front of the house and entered the living-room.

It was a long, rather narrow room with many pieces of comfortable furniture, a grand piano, and a wide window looking out over the garden and the bay. She went and stood by the window and stared out at the lavender. What have I ever done to deserve this? she wondered. I never really believed that I'd go to hell, but I certainly never expected anything as beautiful as this. Still, I suppose one's childhood can be heaven, in a way, if it is as blissful as our summer here was. It will be truly paradise to simply exist here with Dennis forever — it is all just the same as it was when we were children, and not at all disillusioning or different.

She began to wish he would hurry up, and toyed with the idea of walking down the road to see if he had fallen asleep under the tree.

But that seemed silly — if he wanted to have a nap, let him, for there was eternity ahead.

I'm so glad I had a brother, she thought. This wouldn't be heaven if I didn't have someone to share it with — someone who grew up with me, and who is the only other person to know this place as I do. And then she was suddenly faint with horror. This could be hell — this could be my hell, her mind screamed in panic. My hell: waiting eternally in this place for the only person I can share it with. Waiting eternally, and hating it alone because I never knew it alone; it will be a foreign place without meaning if Dennis doesn't come . . .

All thought stopped. She was only conscious of a feeling of suspension, of a waiting such as she had never known. She could not dare to hope, to believe, that he might at this moment be turning in the driveway, looking at the wrought-iron sign the way she had, and running the last hundred yards to the arbutus tree; and yet she could not bring herself to believe that she might wait forever in the garden for him to come and watch the quail on the dew in the morning, and to count the number of red sails every evening.

If he doesn't come by dark, she realised, he won't be coming: if he did stop on the hill he certainly won't sleep much longer. She saw through the window that the sun had begun to go down; and the sky was fusing with the lavender on the edge of the cliff. Half an hour till dark.

She drew an armchair up to the window and sat down to wait.

With Tongue Firmly in Cheek

*Not for us are songs of the sun
And its gold on God's green trees,
Or hymns to Pan,
Or the soul of man
Laid bare on the cattled leas.*

*We have no time for songs of the sea
And the moon-drawn tide of life.
Away with the rose,
And the bard who knows
That a husband should love his wife.*

*Gone are the days of odes to urns
And laments for dear friends dead;
And we'll have no more
Of the honest chore
Well done, or the heart that bled.*

*We are today, in smoke and filth
And sex and Sartre and Reds.
We taste, touch, smell
Inescapable hell,
So for please, what else but our beds?*

*So farewell to Keats and Wordie and all,
And goodbye to Arnold and Clough;
Dear Alfred, Lord T.
Was too much for me —
Get them out! I've had quite enough.*

*I sing of Dunquerque and atoms and oil
And of raising the labourers' pay,
And the song will cut
Into someone's gut
Till he knows it is weakness to pray.*

*I sing for today a gay drinking song
To cheer the thrice-daily party
Of wormwood and gall
Chased with alcohol,
Where a few of us feign at being hearty.*

Black and White

IT was red everywhere. The small red "Exit" sign poured its scarce light over the bare and shining dance-floor until it became a small square of stark hot loneliness. The red lights glowed on the band platform. There were no other lights except the furry ultraviolet in a long line around the wall, throwing velvet on a lurid mural.

It was red everywhere. There were three musicians, and they were black. The drums were like the ultraviolet in their plushness and soft feathering, but they were hard, too, on the off-beat, hard and violent like pistol shots. The melody was only a heart-thick progression of chords, rising into the red, quick and then slow — rising in a heart-pulse, deep and hard. And behind the drums and the red chords the bass walked slowly, deeper and aching.

A man sat alone at a table. The red made his fat white face pink; the ultraviolet glowed blue on his taut white shirt-collar. He simply sat; he had settled his fatness into the leather chair until he seemed molded into it like putty into a right-angle. He did not move at all, except to lift his glass to his mouth or to pour into it carefully, headlessly, from the green bottle.

He was impervious. White, bloated, and immobile, he sat, and everything flowed past him. He did not see the lonely redness that heated the space between himself and the piano — he did not feel it on his face. And he did not feel the writhing of the red jazz — the climbing and sinking chords and the throbs pacing beneath. It all flowed past him.

The red is poured out, like his beer, into an empty glass, and the glass fills up to the brim with foam running over. It fills the empty glass, and through the glass it glows, and over the glass it is seen and felt. But he is already a filled glass — filled with white fatness. The red does not glow through the white fatness; the blacks pour it out in vain, and it spills on the red empty floor.

Space Devoted to



Rupert Buchanan

A great writer is like a great photographer. The camera of one catches real life in such a way as to create more meaning or emotion than the subject had in itself; so should the other's typewriter. And moreover the typewriter can impress the product of its imaginings upon reality. The reason I write is because I get a lot of satisfaction out of it and I like to show my stuff to people.

The Wiggly Party

A HIGH, white, solid door loomed up in the wheeling of the tilted stars. "Judy," I whispered, "Take care of me." The door opened and the sound of eighteen orchestras and a hundred tittering voices exploded at me.

We found ourselves in a huge, brightly-lit woman who surrounded Judy and burred, "Oh, Judy, I'm so glad you could come and how are you my dear? And you must be Reginald. I'm Margaret Barber."

Four or five little girls in white dresses buzzed in low circles at my feet. Mrs. Barber explained that they were Lucy, age six, and Janet, four. Somehow another drink had appeared in my hand and I accepted it. Part of it stayed up to confuse my head and the rest seared down to my stomach to make a giddy residue there. The little girls had by now succeeded in taking off and were flying in smooth, fluid arcs around the chandelier.

Mrs. Barber barreled us down a long hallway, chattering all the time, and I beat at three small dogs who had gone for my calves and were nipping at them continuously.

We entered a room and I was transfixed by the strangeness of the setting. A huge round table in the center was laden high with meats, salads, casseroles, and around it people revolved slowly, man, woman, man, woman, all in evening clothes, chatting quietly in low, polite accents, piling their plates ever higher in the candlelight. They never left but went around the table endlessly like an eerie carousel.

"Like a Paul Jones," I thought to myself, except that there was no music and it was endless and the men and women were all in the same circle and it was slower. Or maybe a Sadie Hawkins except that the women didn't ask the men to dance. In fact, no one asked anyone to dance. It had something of the flavour of a Tom Collins without the liquid.

Dizzily we spun out of the room into another one which rebounded with talk. People were linked tightly in wiggly circles which interlocked and melted into one another. All the space above their heads was filled with the breathless flurry of words battling back and forth. Some of them came at me:

"And then Jonesy, not realizing that we'd seen him from the clubhouse hacking around in a trap, says, 'The eighteenth? Oh yes, I got a birdie on that one'." . . .

"Finally, the guy comes in one day with a huge bundle under his

Rupert Buchanan

arm. The bartender can see something moving in the bundle and he says to him"

"Talking about Mac, you know how when you see him at the office he looks as though he'd eaten his mother for breakfast? Well, you should have seen him at the Whites' last weekend. He was a scream! . . ."

"Who should be stalled at the intersection but Art Sim, the car dealer! Here is is stalled in one of his new fifty-sevens. So I pulled up behind him and shouted, 'Do you want a push?' 'No, thanks,' he replied"

Everyone was speaking at once and everyone was listening at once. Every few seconds the room would burst into laughter as someone's story ended.

Judy and I drifted on. I kicked at one of the dogs and got him. In the next room there was an oak chest and twelve corners in which tweedy men sat facing each other. In each corner were two men, intent, hands folded on their knees, and their voices floated easily:

"Allied was one of our weakest accounts when I gave it to Chris but he's doing a fine job with it and I think it will work out"

"Do you remember, 'Is My Team Ploughing?' I think this is Housman at his best — light, dry, and yet with a sting to him"

"Frankly, I don't think that Dalziel has a chance with Creer. As long as Creer is vice-president he'll never get another promotion"

"If you asked me for a single star among the base metals, I'd pick Smith-Hawkins. With a price-earnings ratio of"

And then we were in the warm family room. It was mostly uncles, prosperous-bellied transportation executives from the west, distinguished owners of old, established and failing firms, a sprinkling of iron-haired grandmothers, and a few close-cropped rising young men. There were original paintings on all the walls, and in front of each the artists reclined in gold cigarette holders, talking of New York.

Everywhere were children, pointy-haired brats in blazers and the white and spirite-like girls. They were playing the airplane game. The frightened, sobbing child would be blindfolded and told to step up on a board a few inches off the ground. He would have to place his hands on an uncle's firm shoulders. The two men holding the board would vibrate it violently and as the child clutched the uncle's shoulders in terror, the uncle would slowly stoop down, causing the child to imagine that he was rising. Over by the Christmas tree an aunt rotated an egg beater to simulate the airplane's engines. A book would be pressed against the child's head to make him think he had hit the ceiling. Then everyone would yell, "Jump! Jump!" and the child would leap, hit the floor immediately, and pass through a trap-down down a long, dark chute.

The parents would stop laughing and rather seriously ask Mrs.

Barber where their children could be recovered. She would smile quietly and say, "Blackstone doesn't tell where the rabbits disappear to, does he?"

Why was Mrs. Barber so fat? A horrible thought sent a tremour through me but I cast it off.

Suddenly, in a corner across the room, I saw her, standing slim, lithe, desirable. My stomach melted and ran down into my legs. She smiled and a million diamonds turned in her eyes. My stomach came up and knocked at my heart and it broke. As I bent over to pick up the pieces, someone kicked me from behind and I sprawled awkwardly on the floor.

The two remaining dogs who had been working at my legs suddenly broke down. They came to me quite ashamedly with tears coursing down their faces and told me that they had seen the light and wanted to humble themselves before me. They apologized for their actions and said they had been victims of heredity and environment. I smiled kindly. "Aren't we all?" I said. Gradually, a warm, peaceful feeling of love and reconciliation filled the room. I was reunited with the world. I reached out my hand in blind trust, and a woman screamed. Someone kicked me again and the girl with the diamond eyes shrieked, "Put him on the airplane! Put him on the airplane!"

The Trans-World Airlines portable steps were rolled up respectfully and I mounted them and turned at the top to wave my hat to the TIME photographers. Visibly moved, they shouted through the din of the motors that I could have eighty-nine weeks for \$1.11. I stepped into the plane and there was no floor. Down, down, and down I went. The lights of the floors flashed: 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0, -1, -2, -3. Was there no stop? Frantically, I pressed the buttons. A woman screamed. From the distance, the wail of a muted trumpet.

And I died, and it was dizzingly sweet. It was a good party.

A Sigh In Singapore

AS we dined that night in the dingy Hee-Mo Cafe in Singapore I noticed that my good friend Capt. Yan Sing was acting strangely. He would stare out at the moonlit bay as though his mind was somewhere else. Just as he was about to put the chopsticks to his mouth he would stop and a pained, quizzical expression would come over his face. I sensed that there was something afoot and my hand went involuntarily to my pencil and notebook in my pocket.

Finally I asked him, "Captain, is there something you want to tell me?"

"I've got a bit of a stomach ache," he replied.

And another plot flew by. Thirty years of writing and I had yet to find a plot. I was very thin. Disgusted with the captain, I bundled him into a rickshaw and sent him home. Then I walked through the dark streets and thought.

This sort of thing always happens. Every time I think of a good tale I start to work at it and then remember that it came from a book by Thomas Mann I once glanced through in a library, or from an anthology of short stories I read with a flashlight under my bed-covers at night when I was twelve.

Every time the sea captain acts mysteriously, it turns out that he has a stomach ache; every time a beautiful dark-eyed woman comes to live in my town, she turns out to be a waitress from a nearby village or the wife of the new bank manager.

Why do we need plots anyway? I liked it better when no-one ever plotted but when we just lived, when I was a boy on a suburban row of sunny bungalows in Canada.

The football used to fly into the low scrubby hedge and Mrs. Ewell would come to the door and bark at us to get out of her gladioli beds. We would reach prickly-armed for the ball and then race across her golf-course lawn onto the street.

Sometimes in the afternoon there would be two girls playing some silly game or other behind Mrs. Ewell's house but football was much more fun. You would run and run and run down the street to catch the pass and then when you had it you would leap high, snag it, and then run crazy-legged up on Mrs. Ewell's lawn.

Gordon and I got field glasses and watched from behind our curtains to see the two teen-age girls sun-bathing on the porch next door. They had slipped the straps off their tops. "Wow, look at that, Gordie! Is she ever nice, eh!"

You could get downstairs without even touching the steps if you knew how to do it. Walk around a narrow ledge until it gets too high. Then carefully reach over and grasp the square wooden rails, take a big swing and go right down to the floor. Bang, and sometimes crash.

But finally they said I had to go out "into the world." They sent me away to college, which was a place where boys played poker to classical music. So I left there and went looking for a meaning in life, to write about it. I worked on a big city paper, and a coal boat, in a mine, on construction jobs, I drove a truck and read proofs on a small-town paper, and then I started over and ran through the list again. I have never found anything with as much meaning as my childhood, when

I wasn't looking for one. I have never found anyone as happy as the fishermen who knew only their boats and the fish and the sea, their wives and children and a few friends, and never worried about anything else.

I was jarred out of my reverie by a collision with an old Chinese woman. I decided to go and call on the captain to see how he was feeling.

Jazz

CAST: Jerry, who plays bass; Jeanie, his sister, who plays piano; and Jim, the leader of the group, who plays drums.

Jerry, Jeanie and Jim have moved from one hotel room to another. They played progressive jazz with a crystal brilliance and depth of feeling that we had never heard before.

Jeanie's chords were so exquisite that they made you stop tapping your feet and playing the drums on your knees, just to listen. The white of her shoeless feet flashing on the red carpet, she touched notes whose hollowness gaped to an infinity of emotion.

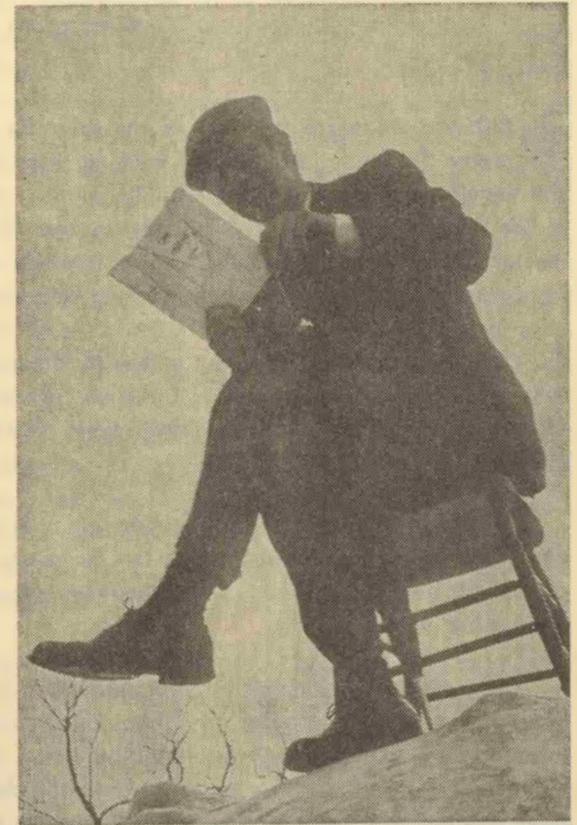
Jim drummed like a hot diesel-powered train driving through a dark forest. But he was always cool and confident, because he knew what the music really meant.

And Jerry, quietly rocking his fat, burping baby.

They left. Unfinished cigarettes in a tray, and unfinished friendships in a hundred towns.

They took with them the three-fold skill of coordination in finger, hand, arm and ear — and above the technical ability, the heart, the soul, the thing that science and the dollar deny. But listen to the music. It is in them and in it, and the music plays on the instruments which are our souls.

Space Devoted to



Carl MacCallum

"Let not your heart be troubled" is an excellent line I read in a book somewhere. The days of graceful whining passed with the dying out of the Romantics in the early nineteenth century. Since then it has become unfashionable, boorish and finally sickening. So I find myself writing works about people facing hideous problems with certain death as the sure reward with a song on their lips and joy in their hearts — a sort of moralistic Reader's Digest.

The Awakening

PERHAPS there are ten days in our summers when the heat never leaves the earth. The cool of evening doesn't come on these days and people on pallet and bedstead alike squirm and toss their blankets to the floor, waiting dull-eyed and restless for the morning. Lights in the houses of the people appear in the blue-black, while hands fumble for a glass of cool water or a cigarette, and then there is darkness again.

On one of these nights a boy picked up his mattress and walked — out on the open balcony to enjoy the slight breeze. On his second trip with the blanket and pillow his little sister awoke and came running after him.

"I want to come out too, Bobby, help me with the bed." So together they dragged her small bed through the darkness, banging into a lamp, knocking it over. Margie began to giggle with a small white fist clinched against her mouth.

"Stop that silly giggling or you can't come out with me." There were murmurs from another bedroom, that subsided. The two little conspirators looked through the doorway down the dim hall toward their parents' room. After a moment's listening they picked up the bed again and eased it through the door out onto the balcony.

"Is it ever dark, eh, Bobby?"

"I knew you'd be afraid. If you're a sissy you'd better go back in." Quietly Margie got under the covers, averting her face from her brother. He looked at her for a moment and then padded over, tucking the blanket around her. He bent down and kissed her good-night and then flopped on his mattress beside her bed. Bees in the honeysuckle bush beneath the deck were awake and buzzed in tired spirals through the darkness.

"Bobby, are stars alive?"

Carl MacCallum

"Don't be silly, they're made out of rock and things. Go to sleep." But neither was tired. They looked up at the silent, flickering lights millions of miles away. Bobby searched for the North Star but couldn't find it. But he suddenly found the Big Dipper and pointed it out to Margie. Frightened and excited she peeked out at the birth of a new form she hadn't known existed in that far pale chaos. The Great Bear peered down from an odd slant upon which Orion's Belt was flung in splendor.

Once an airliner droned far overhead, its lights winking at the Great Bear. Sometimes a star would go out and come on again as its broad wings stole the light briefly. Four young eyes watched as it headed east until its sound and blinking entirely disappeared.

The suggestion of a breeze came from across the upland lakes and down the crashing rock-split river, bringing a twitching sleep. Once Bobby awoke and the Great Bear was standing on his head and the Dipper was upside down. He tried to figure out a reason for such a strange sight but the chilly breeze caused him to pull up his covers and roll over into a deep slumber.

The little girl mumbled inaudibly but in her dreams it became a scream of fear as bright animals chased each other, shoving past her in a great black room with no door-handles to turn. A great oval face went by on wheels, smiling and then sad, smiling and then sad — slowly changing into the face of her father, but it was gone. In its place came a green flash that seered through her stomach and out the other side in a narrowing spiral that diminished into a shiny pool at her feet. The face in the pool was Bruno around the corner who had kissed her behind the hedge, which was the duty of mothers only — maybe — but never little boys dressed in sunlight with liquorice on their breath because those are the lips that shall never touch mine. So now let's have a cry over it children, one-two-three sniff, three-two-one sob and all the bright stars burst out crying, their tears on the just and unjust, but mostly on Margie.

She awoke startled, her cheeks covered with star-tears, but when she looked up at the beautiful sky it was turned cold grey in a morning drizzle. The joy and fear of night seemed far away.

Song

BESIDE a yellow-striped pole a black burberry covered most of a man who stared at the cold, miserable snow flakes that they sell to tourists. At length a brutish red bus came accelerating with wheels locked to a slithery stop. The door said "Pfffsst!", opened, the man got aboard, it said "Pfffsst!" again and banged shut.

The red bus swung out again, steered by an elbow, as the driver looking neither to the left nor to the right punched the ticket, made change, shifted gears and lit a cigarette, all at once. He really had the knack of his profession and yet he didn't look a day over forty.

The man eased into a seat and thought about the reason for the trip. Myra Kennedy had been known as Elanor Campbell. Now this in itself was not an amazing fact at present. Years before it had meant something. I dislike opera, thought the man, and Elanor Campbell was a long time ago. Twenty years ago, or maybe it was thirty, she had sung in the great concert halls of Europe and America. Hundreds of thousands of lark-like notes had stirred hundreds of thousands of hearts in her era on the stage.

But one day her own heart was stirred by a diamond necklace from a pleasant but persistent man. It isn't the value of the gift, she tried to convince herself, admiring the man more and more as she admired the necklace.

"Marry me," said Herbert.

"Yes," said Elanor.

And so Herbert Kennedy got Elanor and he also got the necklace back into the family from whence it had come as an heirloom at no cost to himself in the first place. Now Herbert had a new famous prized possession which he took delight in showing off. There is no doubt he was generous to her. It was happy in their home, the rich man and the lovely lady and flowers and souvenirs and important guests at cocktail parties. They even had a son, who was a constant source of joy, and inevitably drew them closer. For a few years all went well.

Then the parties came to be held less frequently.

"Nobody worth mentioning comes to this town anymore," uttered

Herbert. They both knew this was not the truth; celebrities still came to town but they avoided the Kennedy house for the fame of Elanor Campbell was being superseded and sinking into oblivion. It hurt Herbert to think that the woman he had married was letting him down. Little domestic arguments arose at which Herbert would stride out, slamming the door, and not return for hours.

One evening at dinner a contest occurred as to whether or not the child should have to finish his dinner if he were not feeling well. The husband and wife let their voices rise to a harsh pitch as the child watched proceedings. At last Herbert, unable to contain himself, reached across the table and grabbed the lovely larynx between two strong hands and squeezed. Scrunch! it went. From that day on the beautiful voice was gone and in its place was a dull mumbled slur. There was much sympathy for her unfortunate "stroke", for that's what the public thought it was.

The bus sped on down the highway, running over a spaniel as its tires hummed a merry tune. The man remembered the last time Mrs. Kennedy came to visit his home. She was an aging, fretting widow with a shadow of fear in her eyes that matched her wild red hair and too much blazing jewelry. Her stay had been uneventful and uncomfortable. On the afternoon of her departure as she stood by the window gazing at low, swirling clouds an aria crackled out from her broken throat as a farewell to the host. Everyone stared at the rug and their stomachs contracted in mute embarrassment at the hideous cacophony. That was over and now he was going to visit Mrs. Kennedy. He pulled the cord and debarked by a murk grey stone structure with leaded-glass windows. Someone approached him and spoke.

"Mr. Kennedy? It was unfortunate about your mother, sir. But perhaps it was the best thing for her. Will you come this way please; the service is about to begin."

Long Lake Morning

The day dawns —
And shimmering swallows swirl
Across the dew-washed sky-acres,
Billowing in their wide, nervous joy.

The sun —
Throws back the quilts of darkness
And rises to kiss the soft heart beats
Of the swaying wind-tulip children.

The cabin —
Creaks with the sounds of the living.
From out under its low roof they come,
Smiling into the blinking brightness.

The hills —
In their graceful majesty
Smile back a shadow on the cool lawns
Where a grey, warm mole budges slowly.

The people
Severally strolling quietly
Earth-known among ant-hills of renown
Where there is clovered liquid forest breath.

This time
Will soon be framed in memory,
And as moments to a canvas cling —
So will this, until another spring.

Innocents Abroad

YOU know sometimes when you're away from home and friends how you'll find yourself gravitating to public places where people throw open their nature wide to get it aired out. If you're broke a bus station or railway waiting room isn't bad. Not all the people are fat old women with crammed shopping bags. Sometimes a tall young girl will stride by and you can look at her legs for nothing. Of course if you're that poor they probably just remind you of chicken drumsticks and your mouth waters and you're worse off than before.

Usually if you have some money and the place isn't big enough to contain art galleries it will always feature an array of taverns. Into one of these strode Pieter Van Kerkoerl with his friend Alex who used to be a butcher in Poland. Fred, a Swiss in an undershirt, had just now let them off at the corner and they were to meet Sunday afternoon for the drive back to the logging camp.

Pieter sat and Alex sat and a waiter at last brought them old Old Vienna which he slammed down on the table and made change from a little nickel-plated thing that hung on his belly—on the outside. Alex looked at the roaring smelly tavern with his big clear blue eyes and his big wide Dutch mouth open, all three. Sometimes they would talk about the camp and then silence would come on them and Pieter would begin to read the beer posters — “Cool control brewed”, “a man's beer”. “You know, Alex, I been thinking about something.”

“Wha's dat?”

“I'm going over to Pearl St. It's no good here.”

“Ya okay Pieter, I come too.”

“I'll see you outside. I gotta go in here for a minute.”

As Pieter approached the men's door it opened and a low projectile in a filthy herringbone overcoat and black peaked cat came hurtling out and anchored onto his lapels like a lamprey. “I . . . I'm the best harness maker this town ever had. You don't believe me? Jes ask these fellas

here. Jus' ask 'em. Oh hell! they wouldn't know anyway, they don't know anything. Hey, buy me a beer. Come on . . ." Before Pieter could blink his big eyes one of the grimy men at the table shoved the old drunk with a loud guffaw and he lurched off through the smoke with his loose rubbers making wet splashes on the floor.

Pieter met Alex outside and they began to saunter along to Pearl St., pausing to look in store windows. In one window a man was undressing a manikin and Pieter pointed and grinned his broad low grin. Alex's mouth tightened and he surged into the crowd and Pieter had to run to catch up with him.

It was getting on toward dusk when they approached the bungalow from the back lane and knocked on the door. It wrenched open and a fierce-looking woman in her late thirties stood there with a big German shepherd on a leash.

"Ya?"

"You guys been here before?"

"Sure, once last year and my friend he's been here too."

"Okay, come in, but you'll have to wait in the kitchen cause we're not ready yet."

Pieter and Alex sat down at the table and flipped open copies of "True Confessions". Pieter was on page four and Alex on page five when a door burst open and a big cop yelled, "It's a raid." He grabbed Alex by the elbow as big Pieter lunged across the kitchen and leapt through the window all in one motion. He crashed on the dirt and leaping up ran head-on into a huge bull who flung him into the paddy-waggon before he could say "Fifty dollars and costs." The inside smelled like last week's sin and was soon jammed with "madame" and her entourage and bewildered Alex, still clutching his copy of "True Confessions".

"You guys hit a bad night, honey, we weren't expectin' the boys in blue till some time next month. They're ahead o' schedule."

Pieter curled his big nether lip and looked sour. Alex's eyes were misty. "I think maybe we better go back to camp tomorrow, eh, Pieter?" he said. "Umph" grunted Pieter.

And the covered wagon rolled right along.

Moral: Crime does not pay, Mr. Censor.

Space Devoted to



Phyllis Parham

The world is always around us, so we can touch it and feel its reality close to us. The creative writer tries to capture something of his world, some particular part of the universe and of whatever he believes about that universe and present it, clear and alive and isolated, for everyone to see as he has seen it.

Privacy

I warn you, do not ask for all my heart,
But let me keep just something for myself,
Some secret truthful thing you cannot see,
One basic kernel of my special being.
And when you wonder what I really think
Please be content with what I choose to tell.
You see, I'll never let you probe too deep;
I must protect this one small, fragile piece
Of soul from you and all the prying world.
I will not show how much I love or hate,
I will not say quite why I feel this way.
I'll tell you just enough, no more, and then
I'll draw a line you cannot ever cross,
A boundary line of iron across my heart.

Progress of a Poetess

WHEN Audrey was twelve years old, she wrote a poem. It was about mossy forest glades, and had all the attributes of a cross between William Wordsworth's "The Daffodils" and Joyce Kilmer's "Trees". When one is twelve years old this is the very highest form of poetry imaginable. All Audrey's friends were impressed because none of them would have thought of doing such a thing. Her teacher was happy, because at least one of her pupils had produced something creative without being threatened with the terrible alternative of writing "I am stupid" one hundred times. Her parents were overjoyed, because, although they had always known Audrey was an exceptionally brilliant child, this was the first time she had shown any signs of fulfilling their expectations.

Audrey herself was rather skeptical about her ability. Something deep within her whispered that there was definitely a difference between her poem and Wordsworth's, but everyone who should know said she was undoubtedly destined to become a great writer, so she stifled her uncomfortable reservations and began to plan a literary career.

Every year she submitted at least one work to the school yearbook, sometimes a vaguely humorous article hopefully patterned on Leacock's

Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town, sometimes a strange collection of uncertain metre and feeble rhyme, often several of each. She became the undisputed intellectual leader of the class. Occasionally, she considered a different poem, sadder, with fewer forest glades and an indefinable quality that pulled at the unknown feelings in her heart. But the result was never right, and she never let anyone know she had even tried.

By her last year in high school, Audrey was having less trouble with rhyme and metre. She wrote neat, rhythmic verses, which everyone said were wonderful. This is poetry, everyone told her, keep writing, and you'll go far.

Keep writing, keep writing. Audrey kept writing. She read modern poetry and convinced herself it wouldn't last. Then one day a teacher read an e e cummings poem to the class, and they laughed; all of them, even the teacher, laughed and laughed. Audrey laughed too, but in that same unknown part of her heart there was a strange hurt as if she were watching something flawlessly beautiful being torn into tiny, ragged shreds.

Still the discontent was barely there. She could ignore it and write about rose-pearl dawn while her friends encouraged her and no one asked if she had ever seen a rose-pearl dawn.

Eventually Audrey went to college, full of Nobel dreams and dozens of ideas for new poems. At college she met Arnold, who had read half a book of Dylan Thomas and three books of D. H. Lawrence, and therefore knew all about modern literature. He looked upon Audrey as his personal discovery; through his encouragement and criticism, she could become great, a second, but more original, Emily Dickinson.

Sometimes Audrey became discouraged and told Arnold she didn't want to be a second Emily Dickinson. He laughed paternally at her feeble protests and gloried in his influence over her. Poem after poem trembled from her pen, rhymed, stanza-ed, and carefully timed with a metronome. She wrote, while Arnold criticized, and read about Svengali.

Unfortunately for Arnold's plans, another influence was working on Audrey. Slowly, unobtrusively, the poetry her school class had laughed at dared to seep into her soul. She saw lines that ran as thoughts do in confusion and beauty. She heard words perfectly combined suddenly come to life for the first time. She stopped believing Arnold.

Arnold was annoyed. "You have talent," he told her gravely, "great talent. You must not throw yourself away because of a silly inferiority complex." She listened dutifully while he claimed she had every bit as much as T. S. Eliot to offer to the world. She watched a fly light on Arnold's head and hoped it would bite him. Yes, she thought, me and old T. S., just like twins. I could write a new "Wasteland" —

Arnold is the stupidest slob . . .

Sighing happily after Arnold had left in disgust, Audrey vowed never to write another poem.

But Arnold would not give up. He bullied, he cajoled, he lectured. He did everything but stand over her with a gun while she struggled in the agonies of creative thinking. Audrey resisted stubbornly. To her one significant fact was quite clear, whether Arnold could see it or not: she was not a poet. She could turn out doggerel for appropriate occasions; she could produce technically correct examples of verse forms; but she could not write poetry, she didn't want to write poetry, and, what's more, she wasn't going to write poetry.

Arnold saw himself in later years casually leafing a *Collected Works* and saying, "Oh yes, I gave Audrey her start in life. I don't expect recognition for it now, of course. The glory is all hers, and her happiness is enough for me." His belief in his own magnanimity and discernment was unbounded.

One spring afternoon Audrey escaped from the college and Arnold, and walked for miles along every back road she could find. It was one of those days when to work is unthinkable and to stay indoors is sacrilege, when muddy children try to drown themselves in puddles and everyone in the world takes a sunbath. It was exactly the type of day on which one should fall in love.

Alf was driving pigs along the very backest of the back roads. He had a dirty face, a yellow-toothed grin, and thick red hair. He was built squarely and solidly, from his flat, utilitarian feet to his equally flat, equally utilitarian head. The only poetry he knew was *Mother Goose*, and he was ready to admit he didn't understand more than half of that. Pigs and cabbages were the centre of his life; he understood them, and he saw no reason to bother with anything more complicated.

Audrey immediately recognized in this son of the land the only man she could ever love. Not for her the hectic, transitory sophistication of life with Arnold. This was real, a man whose primitive bond to the soil was unbroken, a man who looked, thought, and smelt like the rich black soil of his farmyard. He was strong and earthy and alive; he was her chance to live.

So they were married, and Alf took her to live in a clapboard cottage between the pigsty and the cabbage field. They were very happy. Audrey discovered a natural talent for mixing swill. After a long while she began to read a little poetry now and then, enjoying it much more now that no one expected her to write it.

As for Arnold, after graduation he took a job selling eggbeaters which no one would buy, but he refused to be discouraged. Now he is taking a course entitled "How to Sell Eggbeaters". He is determined to succeed.

What Dylan Does to People

When I was old and gray under the apple-cart.
And purple and orange and polka-dotted as
the year was '57,
I dreamed of existentialism and Herbie's
shepherd's pie
And an owl flew by with the barn.

October the Eighth

A REPORTER with a pencil behind his ear and a tortured look in his eyes rushes into the newspaper library and stops breathlessly before my desk. "Where," he gasped, supporting himself against the largest filing cabinet, "Where is the latest picture of President Eisenhower?"

He is very nervous, and if the cabinet were not quite so strong it would have toppled over by now.

Another reporter is approaching, running his fingers through his hair and muttering incoherent words of despair.

But they must remain in their agony for a few minutes longer, for the telephone is ringing, and I must give it my undivided attention. Anyone, from the city editor to the bartender at the nearest hotel, could be on the other end of the line. A pad and pencil lie within reach, ready for action. More than one life has been changed by the information given over this phone. We wait while time slips through half a second.

Then there is the voice, hesitant, indistinct, hoping it is not being a nuisance, wondering whether I can help it. And my own voice answers, dripping with anxious sympathy. No, of course, it is not being a nuisance. Yes, I certainly shall do my best to help.

The voice again asking — what is it asking? When will Thanksgiving be this year?

Sympathy and anxiety depart with the suspense. I am brusque, efficient as I tell her Thanksgiving is October the eighth, assure her of my pleasure in being of assistance, and hang up. Both the reporters begin to talk at once. We find Eisenhower. The hesitant voice is forgotten.

Thanksgiving, October 8, 1956. Every day for three months of a warm, un-October-like summer, at least one person called in quest of this evidently all-important date.

There were other calls too, of course, wanting to know everything from the number of Negroes living in the United States to the name of

the newspapers in Sydney, Australia. But these were incidental. Every day someone asked about Thanksgiving. Men, women and children all had their gaze fixed on that distant, one-day holiday.

I used to wonder, in the middle of July, what those people would be like by the time October the eighth arrived. After looking forward to it for three months, would they not go mad with relief that the great day was here, without anything happening to prevent it? Or would they be disappointed, because Thanksgiving was not so very different from any other bright October day?

Picture these people, waking up on the morning of October the eighth and realizing with a start that Thanksgiving has come. Picture them piling whole families into freshly-washed automobiles and heading for the country, through the red and brown and gold of autumn. Then the whole day, the first real taste of vacation since the end of summer, must be heavenly. The long hours drift by in the smoke from bonfires. There are leaves and grandparents and pumpkin pie and turkey. All day long they eat, until each one feels a close kinship with the very fat turkey and the very round pumpkin, who have been sacrificed for such a delightful cause.

Eventually someone remarks that the sun is going down, and families climb into dusty automobiles, with bushels of apples in the trunk and stray leaves clinging to the roof. Soon the city is full again and Thanksgiving is a memory.

But do they really think of all this in July? Does the thought of Thanksgiving hit them suddenly with so irresistible a blow that they must immediately find out exactly when it will be? What is there about a city in midsummer that reminds one of October?

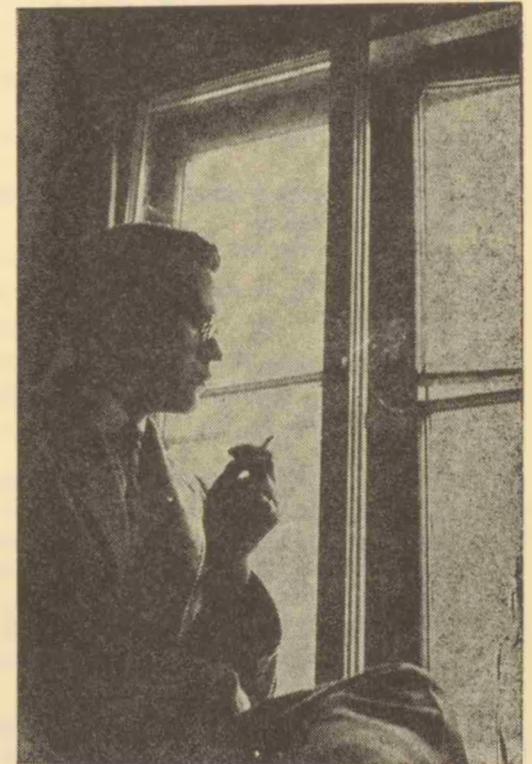
And why call a newspaper office? Why not a library or a calendar-maker (if such an individual exists) or even a police station? Why do they think a newspaper office would know? It does, of course, because it has a little book that tells all about such things. But suppose that particular newspaper hadn't purchased that particular book. Suppose no newspaper knows when Thanksgiving is. Will all those people be sensible enough to call someone else? Or will they give up in disgust?

Perhaps they will wait and wait, until one morning, when they look out the window, lo and behold! it is Thanksgiving. Instead of creeping up on October eighth for three stealthy months, they have let it creep up on them, and they are surprised with its glowing beauty.

Then they are happy because they have a pleasant surprise, and I am happy because the phone hasn't rung so often, and the reporter is happy because he doesn't have to wait for his picture of Eisenhower.

We can all sit back and enjoy the summer. The pumpkins can ripen in peace, and then, when it is time, when the leaves begin to turn, then calmly, gracefully, without unseemly fuss or proclamation, Thanksgiving Day will come to us.

Space Devoted to



John Heward

I must feel, I want to think, therefore I want to express myself. Writing is an expression, however imperfect, of the self. That is why I write.

Insight

To the hollow of the black-swept hill
Came a mist,
Sun-flecked, gray.

Understanding, we rose to meet
Ourselves
Sun-flecked, gray.

An Incident, October 1956

HE waited, huddled under the tree. The rain had stopped and only the sound of dripping water could be heard in the forest. As he stared into the dark void in front of him, a man appeared stepping into the clearing. He clutched at the fabric of his trousers as he watched the man's approach. He felt no fear, only a strange vacuum of mind and body. The man came up to him, looked closely in his face, then spoke.

"Are you the man I'm supposed to take over the line?"

"Yes. I'm Father Kovacs."

"My name's Korik. Glad to see you've rough clothes on. Well, we'd better set off. It'll be light in a couple of hours. We have to be in Austria by then. You're the last person I'm taking over."

"The last?"

"Yes, the authorities have found out. I can't go back."

"Have you any family?"

"No."

"That makes it easier for you." He spoke with resignation. "Sometimes it is easier to live with no close ties."

"I suppose so, but you shouldn't be saying it. We must be off."

He followed the man, stumbling, out of breath, somehow managing to keep up. Half an hour later they stopped. The guide Gabor lit a cigarette, looked at him, a strange quizzical expression on his face.

"Why are you leaving? The authorities on your back too?"

"No, I didn't have trouble with them."

"Well then, they'd probably leave you alone now." His face turned hard, bitter. "You weren't a Red priest, were you?"

"No, not that either. Haven't you asked enough questions? Just get me over the border, and I'll pay you your money."

"I don't take money for this." His voice was quiet, controlled.

"I'm sorry. It must be my nerves. It was just a sudden reaction."

"You seem very tired. Had a bad time?"

"Yes."

"Well, it'll be over soon. We should make it fairly easily."

"Thank God."

"God hasn't much to do with it. I'm the one that's guiding you, not a pillar of fire."

"You're a non-believer, I suppose?"

"That's right. Maybe too right, but there it is."

"I won't try to convert you."

"Why not? It's your life work, converting people, then keeping them converted."

"I can't. I'm not . . . I don't know how to express it. Yes, I do. I'm not worthy."

"Not worthy! Hell, you're an ordained priest. That gives you the right to try converting a diseased prostitute. Why not me? At least I'm not diseased."

"I'm not worthy. Don't you think we'd better go on?"

"Yes, we must. But you're a strange one. The first priest I've met who hasn't been falsely humble, or above all human life. Maybe, you're not a priest. I mean, maybe not to yourself."

"No, maybe I'm not. No, I am not."

The guide turned and walked on. They walked in silence, both concentrating on the badly marked path. They came to the edge of the forest. Across a field a light shone in a window. The guide gestured at it.

"It's only a quarter of a mile beyond that house. Then we'll be safe."

"Are there many patrols?"

"Quite a few. We won't have any trouble if we time it right."

"Do you know the schedule they patrol on?"

"No, it's changed every night. The people in the cottage know. We'll stay there, then cross over when they say it's clear."

"They're trustworthy. They won't give us up?"

"They've sent a lot of people over the line. They're not afraid. They've got beliefs."

"Please, I know what you're thinking. I've deserted my congregation. I've lost my faith." His voice trembled, "I'm afraid, terribly afraid. I've nothing left. I can't even escape. Don't remind me, please don't remind me."

"You'll never forget. That will be your only hope as a human being."

"Oh God."

"Come on."

He found himself in the kitchen of the cottage. He could not remember having walked across the field, nor could he remember entering the house. But he was sitting in a chair in front of a fire, and a young man was putting a cup of coffee on the table in front of him.

"There you are, it'll warm you up."

"Thank you. Will we have long to wait?"

"No, not long. Excuse me, I must see to my father. He's very ill, I'm afraid he can't last much longer."

"I'm sorry to bother you at a time like this."

"It's nothing. I can help the living as well as the dying."

"You'd make a good priest with that attitude." It was the guide speaking, his eyes on his companion. "Yes, a good priest."

"I wanted to be one. The farm, father's illness, politics, they all kept me here. Maybe there'll be a time soon when I can do it."

He walked into another room. The guide butted his cigarette, lit another one, looked speculatively at the priest, then at the fire.

"What will you do when you settle down somewhere? Going to play the priest again?"

"I suppose so, as best I can."

"Why don't you leave the church? You've lost your faith, you've left a group of people who were dependent on you, you've destroyed your self-respect. What good can you do?"

"Something holds me. I know I'll only be a cancer in the church's body, but something holds me."

The young man returned.

"Father's dying. He's calling for the priest. He wouldn't get here in time though. Well, you have to leave now. Good luck."

He showed them to the door, shook hands, and watched them leave. They walked on towards the border for a minute or two. The priest stopped.

"I'm going back."

"What? You're mad! It'll be light in a few minutes."

"I won't be long. You cross over. I'll join you there, I can find my way from here."

"Why are you doing this?"

"Why? It's quite simple. I must."

"Yes, I think I see now."

"I hope you do. I hope I will."

The guide Korik had waited a long time in the Austrian border hut. Finally, he fell asleep. Two guards carried him to a bed. One of them explained.

"He just kept sitting there hour after hour. Said he was waiting for someone to come across the line."

Alone

*Sitting on the beach of time,
I saw two seagulls
Whirling in a dance
Of wild despair.*

*Watching, I saw them land
Upon a drifted log.
Rested they rose once more,
And danced again.*

Paris, the Fourteenth of July

*"That maddening wine of life, whose dregs they drain
To deep intoxication."*

Shelley, Prometheus Unbound

THE girl sat at the table, playing with her glass. She dipped her finger in the wine, traced a design on the marble-topped table, angrily rubbed it out. The spilt wine glowed in the light, glowed a strange fiery colour. Her eyes shone for a moment. Slowly the wine lost its colour as it mingled with the damp surface. She stared dully at it, the light in her eyes fading into a dull grey film.

An accordion started to play a gay, shimmering melody. The music filtered in from the street, sometimes clear, sometimes distant, running

as a counterpoint to the shuffling feet, the laughing voices, the odd sighs, the sudden shouts of the dancing crowd.

"Garçon, une autre."

The waiter placed another saucer on the pile sitting on the table. She lit a cigarette, puffed at it, stared at it, then puffed again. Smoke trailed upwards from her fingertips. She glanced at it, then cried.

2

A beret, tipped at a precarious angle, sat on his head. He looked coldly at the dancers. The odd person stared back, running his eyes up and down the worn blue trousers and patched wool sweater. Occasionally, a class war flared up in the eyes of the two people, then died as the dancer turned his head toward his partner and spun her away.

One girl kept looking at him, inviting an introduction with every motion of her body. He carefully avoided her gaze, and glowered at nothing in particular. The girl turned to the woman beside her.

"He's a sour one. Let's see what I can do. He might have a few francs. He sure looks as if he never spends any."

"Bonne chance, ma petite."

She swung over to him, looked him over, then rubbed her hip against his thigh.

"How about it, eh?"

"No."

"Why not, it's the 14th. My price is always cut on the 14th. I do my bit for the country."

"No."

"Come on. You need a bit of sport. Come with me, then you'll be happy. Besides, you'd be helping me. You should help others, especially on holidays. Do your bit."

"No, I can't."

"Can't. Why, did mama tell you not to? Hell, it'd be good for you."

"I can't." Suddenly, his tough expression disappeared. His face took on its naturally gentle look. "You see, I'm a priest, a worker priest."

"You're a priest? You're really a priest? And I tried to pick up a . . ." She laughed quietly, then violently. She stopped and looked at him strangely. She seemed to be about to confide something.

With an impulsive gesture, she wheeled about. As she walked away, she cried out gaily.

"See you about. Some Sunday, maybe."

3

"Do you remember the ball?"

"Yes."

"I glanced at you, you drew yourself up, marched over, and asked me to dance."

"Yes."

"You looked so military, so dashing. My heart pounded, then we started to waltz." She laughed. "I was never so bored in my life."

"I know. I was young and thought that all I had to do was smile, and you were a conquest. Most cadets at St. Cyr feel that way, you know. It's part of their charm. They think they know so much more than the well-bred young girls they meet at balls. They learn soon enough."

"You certainly did."

"Yes, you told me how bored you were with me. I was dreadfully embarrassed."

"But I wished as soon as I had said it that I hadn't. You blushed so furiously, then looked around to see if any of your friends had noticed. I thought I'd never see you again. I fell in love with you when you asked me to supper. I sensed how much courage it had taken."

"One has courage when you meet a girl and it's the 14th of July."

"True. Ah well, time for bed."

The old couple rose slowly from their chairs, and walked into the room, shutting the door to the balcony behind them. It cut off the music and the sound of the holiday crowd.

IV

"Garçon, Pernod."

Reluctantly the waiter brought the glass to the table, set it down, and returned to his corner of the bar. He turned to the woman in the black dress.

"One more Patronne, one more and he's had his fill. A new record tonight. Sixteen."

"Yes Jacques. But he's not smiling tonight. I wonder why?"

"Everybody has a memory for the 14th. I've a happy one. Perhaps his is sad. Perhaps that is why he is not smiling."

"What's your Jacques? A girl I suppose."

"No, riding a big white horse in the parade at my village. I was eleven, and was selected to lead the parade. I had a blue uniform and carried the flag. Dieu, it was heavy. I didn't care though, I was happy."

"I've never lived in a village, I was born here in Paris, and in Paris I've stayed. I'd like to have a little cafe in your village. I've some money saved. It's certainly an idea. We could go there together. Get married and go there."

He looked at her, slowly shaking his head; "No Patronne, no we couldn't. You're a Parisienne. You've got to stay here. You couldn't be happy there."

"Yes, I could be very happy."

"No. I know my village and I know Paris. I can be happy in both. Particularly here if . . ."

"You rascal." She laughed. "I understand your 'if'. Alright, you can have half the cafe."

"I'll be a good husband. I won't beat you at any rate."

"You'd better not." Smiling, she made a scratching motion at his face.

They laughed.

The drunk downed his glass, giggled once, then fell off his chair, an inane grin etched on his face.

V

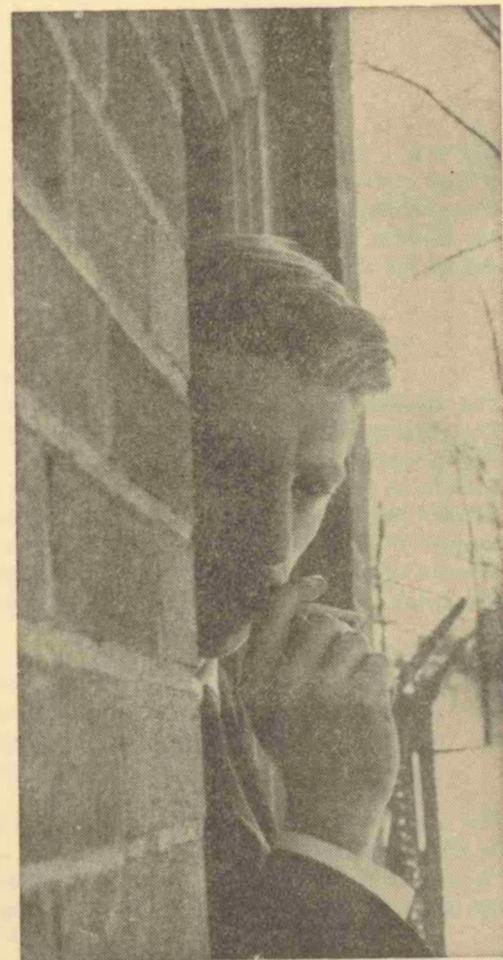
His eyes followed the girl as she twisted and turned to the rhythm of the waltz. Her body was tense with happiness, her eyes afire with joy. She smiled, then applauded wildly as the music stopped.

He was dancing with her, their bodies touching lightly, their eyes searching each other's. Her black hair hung over a corner of her forehead, a bead of perspiration clinging to a strand of it. She smiled shyly, then kissed him lightly on the lips. He blushed a little, then they laughed.

Later they sat at a table in a cafe. They held hands, not speaking, staring into their glasses. She turned her head, whispered in his ear. They smiled, already they had their secrets.

As they left, he put his arm around her waist. Together, they walked down the street. Their shadows were very tall as they passed over the arcs of light reflected in the street.

Space Devoted to



Donald Kuehner

I prepare myself by reading much.
I prepare myself by imagining all the implications of
the innocent and not too innocent things I see.
I prepare myself by looking at words as if they were
people.
Then . . .
Then I forget everything and I write.
Sometimes I write gibberish.
Sometimes I don't.

Love and Death

PRESCRIPT

"Here is a pale and beautiful young girl
Whose eyes are like the eyes of a fresh corpse . . .
How strangely does a single blood-red line,
No broader than the sharp edge of a knife,
Adorn her lovely neck!"

Goethe

I

The lipstick is so hot-red,
The shirt-front is so fold-full,
The posture is so full-bent,
So soft, so real; so cool to feel; so much to know, but when?
Beware the depths of the bent bare back.
Beware the fall of the curve of the line.
Beware of the time of the butterfly thoughts.
Die quick. Do wrong. Fall short too soon. See now too much.

Court fire!

Write your own
Most beautiful
Epitaph.

II

The musk in this encounter makes the moonlight hot to touch,
So that death in its small corner walks in valleys on its feet.
The devils in the woodlot have grown careless. They scream, "Black!"
Hot oboe-breath runs round my knees. My Lord, I die too fast!

Your hair as it flows downward, gets beneath my fingernails.
Your glances, as they touch me, remind me of my beard.
So whorls upon my fingertips remind me of the night.
And night, which burns my youth away, waits silently, with hungry
eyes.

III

Tomorrow,
When I am old,

When I regret my youth,
Then I will know the night I knew.
Then I will feel the fatal pull
Of the thread attached to the seed I sow.

IV

When I describe
The ardour of my days,
I fill an empty place
With hunger.

V

When my blood lies still in my arteries,
And my life starts to rot in my veins,
Then birds will fly as they've always flown,
And spring will still be green.

When I've been dressed in my best in a box,
And the box has been covered with mud,
Then girls' mouths will laugh as they've always laughed,
And the songs will still be full of trumpets.

VI

The light in the eyes of the Devil is gone.
The time of the end of the game has come.
Gone is the ecstasy and flight and song and panoply.
The dark of the night is an awful thing.

He takes me by the arm.
His hand is scaley dry.
What they said of him is true.
He is old!
God, almost to Himself soft said,
Oh so softly and so gently,
To me said,
"Goodbye."

The Butterfly Game

THE corridor was full of people. With infinite caution great weightless boulders floated and rolled together and apart making deep boomings like dynamite in slow motion. The eggshells under my feet crept up my spine and tickled all the baby hairs on my back. I was nervous seeing so many people being bored doing what makes me nervous. When the flowers all bent aside they just pretended that their petals were crumpled and rotten and ready to fall off. There she was in the crowd. I could see her coming. It's strange to see a bright blue fire all covered up in stainless steel and knitted tea-cosies so that it can't be seen. I had been waiting so long to see her that my hands were all wet and wanting to be rubbed before being shaken. Throwing flowers over the edge of a precipice is good for a laugh but to look over and see how much air there is before the ground is makes one hollow. "Hello." Simple things like butterflies colliding in mid-air seem to frighten me. She stopped and stood and stared at me. "Hello." One feels so silly sinking slowly into quicksand remembering that one has forgotten to remove one's hat until too late. I recall that we talked a bit and she said "Yes" when I said "Will you?" Like two dancing mastodons we both avoided each other and both walked different ways. From a great high place set in a blue background a murky yellow orange worked up light enough to show that the ground was covered with dirt. All the mushrooms in the field were covered with dust and so were the diamonds. Daytime passes quick enough. Little coloured thoughts fit over each other and are noticeably transparent. Shaving is a funny thing to do to oneself, especially twice a day for dates and things. The word is that blackbirds keep their wings shiny by rubbing them with dried-out flies. I wonder how flies keep their wings shiny. There is something almost horrible about streetlights when the pavement keeps leaping into the air and bursting like puff-balls. I was scared. The light where I thought her window might be was on. Mrs. Murgatroid didn't expect me but said that miss whatsit would be down she was sure. Without much forethought or design all the wallpaper slid off the wall and made a mess like supper on the floor. Oh how I wished that the smoke wasn't so thick. The soot was falling all over the tissue-paper flowers. Careful always to put only one foot in front of the other a lot of clothes and things came down the stairs. The thought of flying made falling seem almost safe. "Hello." Idiot remarks were passed with the most solemn

gravity. When we opened the door it was lovely. The porch was gone and a gaping gray pit yawned in our faces. With girlish unstudied charm she put her white gloves in my hand and together we stepped over the edge. I will always remember the shy smile she tossed over her shoulder. It was something to hang onto I'm sure. Carefully brushing the ants from my sleeve I tried to think nice thoughts. The bus-driver was very good about changing my five dollar bill. We sat together in a bus-seat. What a nice colour cloth is. It seems to cover so much. At least that's what I've always hoped. "Here is a dog. See him run. See him run and jump." Page two of course is much more advanced. "Here is a girl. Her name is Mary. See her run. See her run and jump." I like talking to college girls. It makes me feel so much better. Sometimes when it is really cold one can't see out of bus windows. At other times one doesn't bother trying. The great life-force deep inside mother earth felt sick. It is sort of sad to see birds without wings wandering about using crutches for their poor little knobby legs. When the bus stopped we got out. We talked very seriously about it and decided where to go. But a watched clock never boils. I was sure I was going to be very glad when we got there and sat down and ordered and so on. And I was. All the flies in the ointment dissolved as if by chemistry. For the first time her lipstick struck me. It is so much fun to run full tilt into the dark. I must have said something excruciating droll for she smiled at me using all her teeth. I felt good all over. I smiled at the waiter because I wanted all the world to share my joy. He said that the wash room was in the corner and down the stairs. His wit did not escape me. We had another round. Out of the ground for miles about green budding things were bursting. They thrust their tender heads out of the rough earth and stretched out to get their first suntan. She and I talked and smiled and looked and carried on as if we weren't ad-libbing every line. The alcohol was cursing in my veins. With a rare stratagem I excused myself for a moment. It must be so pleasant to be able to walk well. Before we knew it we were on the bus again. The lame birds were sitting down now with their knobby feet soaking in hot buttered cough-syrup. I felt good all over again until I remembered where I was and what was expected of me. The stars were singing in a rather high falsetto but as usual I was bass. Before we had even reached her front porch I had reached her hand. It was quite an experience. We both had gloves on. I saw that the snakes and butterflies were playing a game of tag. I pretended not to notice that the butterflies were cheating. When we reached the porch the light was on. I turned it off. She turned it on. I said "Goodbye." She said that she had had a wonderful time. To hell with her. I wanted to get back and warn the snakes about the butterflies. Life is a game. The trick is to convince your opponent that you are the referee. Or even to convince yourself.

She Did Not Write To Me

*I wrote a letter to Vivian Gateman.
She did not write to me.
She writes well, much, often,
Always not to me.
How many words has she, unused?
How many birds,
Neither winged nor directed?
Her words were not for me,
All of them.
How many more are not mine too?
All?*

Space Devoted to



John Cook

Writing is a nervous reaction with me. After you do something or something is done to you (an experience either way) you think of it. Something small — the lines on a handclenched knuckles up on a table, the smell rain makes when it mixes with your suit because you've forgotten your coat, the delicate lines someone's lips trace when they're talking slowly, quietly, and mean very much what they are saying. That type of thing. You've got to do something with it — it keeps after you, it won't go away — you keep thinking about it. I've got to do something, so I write.

News Item

IT is very cold along Michael's boyhood street tonight. The sky is heavy with darkness from the smoke and from the clouds which are there because it is a bad day. It may rain. The wind which runs down the street from time to time is cold and wet. If you can still feel, it feels like the sky looks.

Michael stands and looks down the street.

"Is Frank still at the market?" Michael looks down two blocks at a corner where he can see the market building. Part of the building's corner was torn off the day before yesterday and some of the bricks are strewn across the road like toy building blocks.

"I don't think Frank is there anymore. May I go and see where he is?" Michael turns from the window and looks at his brother who is sitting in the dark corner of the room.

"Come here, Michael, and sit with me." He stretches out his strong thin hand which Michael takes and then sits too, with his back against the wall.

"You are a very dirty little boy," Michael's brother says with a little smile, and then he brushes the boy's blond hair back from his forehead.

"Can you drop thirty pieces in the pail, do you think, Michael?" And Michael jumps to his knees right away. His brother picks up a piece of broken plaster from the floor at his side. His arm arches up and back. With a sharp flick of his fingers he sails the plaster across the half dark room. A little splash and it lands in the wash pail by the window.

"One", Michael says, his voice too young and hurting his brother inside. And then he throws a piece of plaster and it too splashes into the pail.

Oh little Michael, thinks his brother, these are your games now. Where is your school? Where are your teachers? Why do you not go to them? Your brother cannot teach you. He flicks another piece of plaster which pings off the edge of the pail before it drops in. The room has become very dark and he can hardly see Michael's face. Michael is concentrating very hard. He is moving his tongue along his upper lip with excitement. He draws his arm back for an underhand throw at the pail and then slowly lets the fragment drift across the room, moving into the grey rectangle of the window and then falling into the pail with the little splash.

"Thirty," Michael laughing with supreme happiness in his throat, "Thirty."

His brother pretends deep concentration and then lobs his plaster which misses the pail and rolls against the wall at the far dark corner of the room. A hard little rattle and then lost.

"You win, my little brother," he smiles and goes to the window. He feels sick to his stomach because he is hungry, and sick in his heart because his brother must be hungry too.

He rests the automatic rifle on the window and looks down the street. It is empty of people and it is almost night now, but you will be able to see when the Panzers come. The people at the market will shout anyway.

There does not seem to be anyone at the market.

Have they gone away? Have they picked up the clothes which they have left and taken their families, their little girls and little boys, and left the city? All alone in the city. Alone in the top floor window of your house with an automatic rifle waiting for the Panzers.

They haven't left. Frank is at the market and if he looked up here he couldn't see me either.

The Panzers! The Panzers! From far away a man's voice is yelling and the hoarse words rattle down the street with more impact than the gunfire which follows them. Frank is shooting now from the market place.

He lifts the sub-machine gun to his shoulder. He leans on the window sill and he can see two tanks — no, three tanks — moving slowly up the street from two blocks down. The first tank has stopped and its turret is slowly turning around to bring its gun to bear on the market.

"Are they coming? Are they coming?" Michael asks, and he is jumping up and down with excitement.

"You should be in school," his brother says angrily. And then, "Now carry the pail downstairs to the door the way I told you. And don't go out until I tell you to."

The first tank is firing on the market and Frank. Its big gun goes off with regularly timed explosions. Smoke and dust are pouring from the building.

The second tank passed the first tank and is edging its way slowly along the street towards Michael and his brother who is sitting in the window with a sub-machine-gun waiting. It is carefully hugging the walls of the buildings on their side of the street.

The tank is suddenly very close. It seems to speed up. The big gun is pointing up at the buildings but it is not firing. The end of the gun is reaching out towards the window and in a few more seconds . . . right beneath the window . . . he pulls back the cocking handle on the gun . . . the tank turret dances through the mist in his eyes . . . the big tank is creaking and groaning, bricks cracking and splitting under its treads . . . the crew commander's head in his cupola . . .

Then Michael's brother fired. He held the trigger down and felt the bullets ebb out of his gun and race towards the tank. He could feel the bullets slam into the Russian steel.

The hatch banged shut on the turret; the crew commander had

dropped down inside.

"Now Michael now! For God's sake now!"

The little boy ran out of the building with the heavy pail tight in his two hands. He lifted it and swung it with all the strength in his own heart and his brother's heart. The gasoline poured out of the pail, hit the turret wall, and then ran down into the engine compartment. There was a flash and flame shot through the tank.

The men inside clawed and wormed their way for the turret hatch and when they got there, the bullets from the sub-machine-gun found them and they tumbled back inside.

"It's burning, it's burning!" shouted Michael, running upstairs and throwing his arms around his brother's neck.

The tank below was burning and its crew, dead. Michael's big brother was crying now, his blinded eyes pressed hard on his brother's bare arm. He looked down the street. The third tank was crawling slowly along Michael's boyhood street towards them.

Waiting for Four-Fifteen

FOUR walls. Gordon lies tight-lipped on the bed with his eyes looking at the ceiling above. He drops them, counts the walls — still four — and back to the ceiling again. Under the light hair of his eyebrows his eyes move, the pinpoints of his pupils swinging back and forward. His mind is running along the three little cracks in the ceiling. Back ten, possibly twelve years.

In the summers in the country when you weren't in school you were outside tramping around with the tops of your rubber boots rubbing away at your shins. In the muddy fields your boots sucked. You could pick most of it out of the instep with a stick, or scrape it off oozing and coiling on the iron rung by the front door — leaving just enough to track up the hall carpet between the front door and the back stair where you left them.

Good days most of them: you and just you were accredited with the successes, God was behind any failures.

Once when the little girl at 441 had got older you looked and wondered at her face as she stood between the furrows in the field. You walked where it was a little cooler along the edge of the field on a little hill with grass and you talked. You didn't laugh, you were thinking of her eyelashes, and the lines at the corner of her mouth, and the holes of her nostrils, and what her hair must smell like. Then: what is she thinking about? If "what a beautiful day!" or "he's like a brother to me —" well then . . .

But it worked out all right, and it got so that it was possible to remember the smell of her hair and the taste of the moisture on her

lips when you were lying in bed or sitting in the hot class room hours after. She was saved because winter came and cold snow.

Someone came up the stairs. His foot kicked the can on the corner as he came down along the hall. He passed Gordon's door and went into some room or other farther along. If I had left the door open he would have looked in and seen me lying on my bed looking at him. He would have been embarrassed and looked away. It would have been painful for him and he would have thought about it all the way along and probably when he got into his own room too.

Gordon raised his knees and blotted out the back of the door. Then he slowly lowered them and it was still there.

By inserting his arm between the bottle and the glass on the high side-table Gordon was able to reach his package of cigarettes. He took one, lit it, blew the smoke out through the cracks between his teeth, and went back to work on the ceiling.

At fourteen the working man still seemed a worthwhile cause. Mr. Wilson was a working man. He owned the store, and paid five dollars a day, and wrapped all the parcels in green paper. There was adventure working for Mr. Wilson. It came in somewhere between carrying the green parcels from the store to the truck and from the truck to the front doors of the world.

Unfortunately McKenna was a working man too, and he unravelled much of the good impression made by Mr. Wilson; he was so stupid. He talked for hours as he drove and I don't remember a single syllable of anything he said. I can't even conceive of anything he might have said, he was that stupid.

He gave me a cigarette to make me as evil as he was and it burnt my fingers. It was so cold in the truck that it burnt right down to the end and I didn't even feel it. I left my hand hanging out of the window as we drove, and it froze numb so there was no pain. I went like that all day and the period of pain passed without me even noticing it.

Four o'clock. Fifteen minutes. Gordon looked at his legs stretched out in front of him, long and heavy.

That woman, the one I call Samaria, was waiting tables tonight. With her moss hair. Samaria is a little stupid but she's always friendly, even at three in the morning. She takes every order as though it's her first — she smiles and scribbles away in the pad held tight against the white bulge of her front.

"How is my strange customer tonight?"

"Fine. Coffee please, black."

"How about some little cakes. They're good."

And it isn't the extra fifteen cents either.

"No thanks, just coffee."

"O.K." And then the smile.

How does she do it? A feat of lesser magic at three in the morning.

There are four drunks at the end table and Samaria has to take their orders before going to the kitchen. I can see them blinking stupidly at her, grinning at her, their slack mouths working. One looks at her legs and tells her what he thinks of them. Samaria laughs and starts for the kitchen. The drunk with the eyes says something, and she stops for a minute, looking back. He says something more and she shakes her head in a laugh and goes through the white doors to the kitchen. The drunk stumbles to his feet and tries to follow her, but he rams his groin on the sharp edge of the table and collapses back in his seat. This is very funny. Everyone laughs. He even stops groaning and starts to giggle.

It would be a pleasure, as Samaria's quiet strange customer, to defend her honor. To rise up, stroll down to the end table, take the fat drunk by the collar, and slap his head from side to side. To slap him until his teeth fall out. To slap him until Samaria comes running in to see what is going on.

Oh God, Gordon thought, that wouldn't budge my fat ox of a life one inch. It wouldn't cause a sunrise or a ripple. Yet there must be an event, a single event, that could do it. There must be an event with leverage enough to move the whole heavy thing.

What else then? I could take a gun and put it against my temple and splat my brains all over the wall. But then I could just throw it back in the desk drawer and shut it and hear it rattle around cold and hard inside. I could still walk out the door singing, Oh what a beautiful morning, oh what a beautiful day . . .

Gordon lies and looks at his legs lying heavy on the bed. Cold and dead like the two sausages on the plate for yesterday's dinner. Gordon turns his mind back to thinking about events.

There is a light feminine knock at the door. Four-sixteen. An event? Gordon stays still and looks at the back of the door — building the next hour in his mind. Without much hope.

Another knock. "Gordon, it's me, are you in there?" "Coming," and Gordon slips off the bed to let her into his room.

She smiles, "You said four-fifteen. You look tired, have you been sleeping?"

Gordon smiles back, "No, just thinking — I was thinking about you when you knocked."

"That's nice," and she turns around so that Gordon can take her coat. As he moves it off her shoulders he bends and kisses her neck with his face lying lightly on the smooth curve of her shoulder.

"Gord-onn, you said if I'd come you'd be nice." Astonishment. "Did I?" And then he grins. "Well, sometimes I say the damndest things!" He bends his head and touches his lips to her shoulder to make her think of him: to taste the faint dust of powder, and the warm skin underneath.

New Contributions

Highlights

Doris Kerr

*A geometric fantasy of light invades my darkened room
To play an ever-changing game
Of patterns
On the ceiling and the wall.*

*The street-lamp at the corner reaches up six stories high
To stare with one green eye
Between up-tilted slats of my drawn venetian blind.*

*And on the street-lamp's static gaze —
Reflected, bent, and twisted by the shade,
A million other patterns come and go:
The double beams of traffic in the street below
Sweep up the walls, and cross the labyrinth design
With brilliant arcs,
Elliptical displays,
With tangent arms,
And twisted rays that bear no geometric name,
Nor wait for tracing or analysis,
But slip across and down the farther wall
To fade
As softly as they came.*

Daliesque

Doris Kerr

*Lights, to send the darkness
Stumbling,
Choking,
Into cracks.*

Lights,
To make the shadows serve;
To give to solid things
Solidity
And third dimension —
An illusion of Reality:
Reality in light —
Reality in light and shade —
Reality in darkness though invisible —
And no Reality at all.

I have heard a song,
I have seen a laugh,
And I turned to find a void
Full of music, full of laughter —
Light and shade —
Something lost in nothing,
Emptiness overflowing into space.

Give me one dozen nothings —
Put my heart in beside them.

Lights, to send the darkness
Stumbling,
Choking,
Into cracks.

Lights, to light Reality
Where only light and shade exist:
Light and shade,
Light and shadow,
Light and darkness,
Only darkness,
 darkness,
 darkness,
Nothingness and darkness
 nothingness
 and
 nothing.

Tector's Famous Poem on Cows

David Tector

Cows are soft and moeey.

They stand in the field and stare at you,
(a look filled with
Compassion and Understanding.)
Waiting to hear your Innermost Confidence.
You can tell that cows have gone through a lot in this harsh world
(being complete physical wrecks what with bones and joints jutting
 out willy-nilly in all directions)
And because of this you trust them
Implicitly.

Or so you think before you leap the fence
Into less greener fields
And try to cross the cow field
Unnoticed.

Then you find out.
The cows reveal their true character.
Their kindly faces now reflect an
Incongruous mixture of
Determined Curiosity and Mild Dumbness and
They advance on you
O no — not like a mad bull rushing and snorting after your red jacket:
Never in such a straight-forward manner—

Cows Sneak.

As you move ahead, they
Gallumph along behind
Pretending (when you look behind)
To be only moving toward a nearby
Buttercup.
Then to confirm this, the Chief Cow steps forward
And with a long, raspy tongue
Picks a buttercup and eats it.

At this point you flee,
Quickly climbing the old dead maple by the stream.
The cows relentlessly, stupidly pursue you and with
Big brown bovine orbs
They stare dumbly through half-open lids
Chewing steadily.

Thus you have found out the
Truth About Cows:
Cows are Untrustworthy
and Abysmally Dumb.

Cows do nothing but munch around
Cow-pie pocked pasture all day
Pausing at proper intervals, to lower themselves
Carefully, Regally,
To the ground, where they lie in solemn meditation
Pondering International Problems
and Regurgitating.

Cows appeal to me . . .

Flight

Thomas E. Baker

The bleached bones rattle in the blowing rain,
And midnight moans rise in the throat:
Upon the bleak and barren hill, the rain,
The terror driven rain, splashes on the ashen rocks
And midnight moans echo through the blackness
Along the shining boughs,
Along the branches blackness;
The rain, the terror driven rain,
Shudders in the twilight above the mountain . . .
And the hollow bones rattle in the rain.

Frozen Earth

F. D. D. Scott

THE taxi stopped. A little fat man got out and walked quickly across the street. He started up the hill at a trot. His eyes were glazed. At intervals he broke out into short convulsive giggles. When he reached the top he looked back over his shoulder and giggled again. Then he turned down a side street. He reached a dilapidated house with an outside staircase. He climbed up, opened the door, and burst inside. He was alone. He collapsed on the floor in a giddy confusion of groans and giggles.

After a few minutes he was quieter. He went and shut the door. He was very, very tired. It had been a hot day and the setting sun filled the room with an orange heat. There was sweat on the pipes and a smell of alcohol swirled around the bed on which the fat man lay. The ceiling reeled and the flowered wallpaper became indistinct. As the fat man fell asleep his arm went to his side and a dark object tumbled from his hand to the floor.

And downtown there was a man on the pavement with a bullet through his head, dead.

Next day there were two men in gray double-breasteds and stetsons. There were handcuffs and a black car. There was the hot back room with the bright light . . . then bars.

The fat man sat on the bed. He looked at the floor, then the bars. A man in a white coat was let into the cell. He asked the fat man a lot of questions. The replies were short. There was no sign of surprise on the face of the man in the white coat. Then the door clanked shut again and he was alone.

Red and yellow light filtered through the window into the courtroom. Outside brittle leaves were dashed against the brick wall. A crowd of people settled in their seats like paste settles on the end of a dirty finger.

The fat man came in.

wadthey want? harry could tellem, but he's been killed into the ground . . . this man's mad, real mad . . . what could i do? hit the

pavement hard he did . . . starsnstripes forever. blue pavement and a sandbox. there's the man in the white coat. harry's happy!

NOT INSANE.

at ease and staring they are. twelve eyes of steel. like a kid's jackabox. why this furniture? . . in the way. poor harry. fred's dead. what he wanted in the sky.

what about the leaves? they're brittle and they die laughing at the steel eyes. steel eyes and a television set . . . bad business . . . like this courtroom.

The time came. The fat man was wearing rubber-soled boots. He made no noise as he walked to the door and back again. The strawberry icecream dawn appeared. The fat man watched through his bars. The street beyond the wall woke up. The noise of a horn and a barking exhaust shattered the sky. A factory whistle shrieked time. But the fat man's stare did not shift. Somebody put a hand on his shoulder. It was time.

He disappeared down the corridor and his gait was the same . . . side to side . . . head forward . . . side to side.

He giggled. It was stifled. The earth was frozen and black.

Walls

F. D. D. Scott

*The blue sky breaks
On the roof,
We are contained
Within the icy warmth
Of one small mouth.
And no one knows.*

*The slimy walls
Of a worm,
The hopeless expanse
Of the sand,
The waste of a half submerged body prostrate, binds us.
And no one knows.*

Mustard and Relish

F. D. D. Scott

“**W**ADYA wan onit?”
“Mustardn relish.”

The taximan was unshaven. He wore a beaten up blue peak and a dirty suit coat. His friend spoke.

“Don’t know why you hang around with that Nancy.”

“She talks nice.”

“You know what Al said about ‘er.”

“She . . . talks . . . nice.”

“Get mixed up with that an’ you’ll see the altar before I can say go to hell.”

“She makes you feel good. Don’t care about Al. We have fun.”

A group of noisy kids came in. The juke box mixed with the strawberry milkshakes. Purple neon spilled out of the joint onto the snow outside. Chrome glittered and the kids joked.

The taximan had reflected.

“Damn it, it’s like feeling you’ve got something you needed. She knows what I like. She knows what I do. I’d tell ‘er anything.”

“You wouldn’t tell ‘er how Luce hates your guts ‘cause you forgot to shave.”

“So I forgot, so I forget easy.”

“Sure, I forgot too, but you forget everything.”

The door slammed. A lean youth shivered and draped himself over the juke box.

The taximan was hurt.

“Look I always like your women.”

“That’s ‘cause they’re decent.”

The taximan looked away. His face moved expressively. He hated the joint.

“One dog, mustardn relish.”

Renard

Rowena Stiekler

THROUGH the dark autumn night a smell came seeping. It was a queer smell and stung my nostrils. I sniffed again and again. Then I wandered about through the underbrush to a clearing where the woods were not so dense. The smell got stronger and stronger. I heard a noise, a curious noise, "whrr, whrr, puf, crack, whrrr", and then a loud "kerunch". The big oak that always had acorns for the squirrels in autumn had fallen. From its stump a shower of stars flew. All around the fallen tree, long, jagged, inverted icicles of sun leaped from the dry grass and underbrush. It was as though the sky had fallen and day and night had somehow been mixed together. I looked up at the sky but I saw only a whitish film.

The sun got hotter and hotter so I hurried to a knoll on the other side of the little stream. There it wasn't so hot. I watched and watched, and I saw the maple tree and her sapling, the birch tree and many other trees fall as the big oak had fallen. Everything was so bright that I did not notice the sky's sun coming out of its den.

Suddenly I saw an animal run in front of me on its two hind legs. It barked "Fire." It ran and ran but I saw it trip on a root and fall. The rustling and whirring of the leaping sun became louder and louder as the sun became larger and larger. After a while I could not see the strange animal. The sun was all around it.

Soon the wind started to blow, and everything, except the sun, got darker. Then I felt something wet on my nose and I ran to my den. After the rain was over I ran back to the knoll, but there was no sun. Cautiously I went to the place where the sun had been. There, all around me, were black stumps, and I smelled the same queer smell that I had smelled before; but one place smelled differently. I dug around with my nose and front paws until I found something hard. It was white and partly burned. I looked up at the sky again, but this time the sun was up there.

Gift

Daphne Winslow

Far away?

No, but farther than all possibility,
Beautiful because remote.

Yet warm?

Warm as the baby's hand,
And as powerful as its stir.

What more than a dream?

Why, what less?
Full of its simplicity,
And unknown depth,
The endless depth.

Is it such?

Who knows?
Perhaps. Perhaps only a cooling burn of pain.
Yes, a pain to make life livable.

What else, less trite?

To fill existence and a soul
Until, together they become oblivious.

Oblivious?

Oh of hurt,
Of the petty thickened slowed,
And the misery in the shuttered soul.
But still aware.

Of what?

Of streaming light,
The aching beauty of a song,
A great green land.

Accomplishing what?

Accomplishing the ultimate
By illuminating through perfection
And warming by its warmth.

Where is it?

It is here as I give it to you,
Coming from the hills of eternity
To climb the mountain
Till it stands upon the crest
Of our two souls.

Beginning

Daphne Winslow

Life lies tight curled
In the fingers of infancy,
Not in a despot's fist.
Love is unfurled
Full of tender uncertainty,
Not with mechanical bliss.
Despair falls away from the grey afternoon,
With the footsteps that fall on the path,
And the clouds of hatred are soon dissipated
By the blossoming earth's green laugh.
The strength of existence,
The means for persistence,
Are renewed by the smell of damp earth.
The escape from all worry,
From fear and from hurry,
Is not in a death but a birth.

Pseudo-Poem

W. Mark Pfeiffer

I am the very model of pseudo-intellectual,
I've affectations spiritual, physical, and social;
I know the facts and doctrines of the theory existential,
And I'm a great authority on works of art impressional.
I'm very well-acquainted too with etiquette and protocol,
I sport my tweeds and ascots with a style that's most impeccable.
I only join exclusive clubs whose other members share my views,
And all my friends are limited to people who are in the news.
My scruffy little goatee's just a mark of perspicacity,
And though I'm not pedantic, yet verbose in my veracity.
In short I'm skilled in mannerisms, affectations, ritual,
And am the perfect model of a pseudo-intellectual.

Alumni Contributions

Spanish Beauty

C. Hugh Doherty

Stay a while, my Spanish beauty
Dance with me
And whisper lilting rolling Spanish
Beside my ear.

Dance with me and sway your hips
Touch fingertip to hot fingertip
Rub moist panting palms
Seeking to wander
Daring to trace out invitations
To ecstasy.

Black hair
That I would twine myself in
And so swoon through the night
Drugged to my soul with the sweet opiate
Of Madrid perfume.

Black eyes
That I would kiss into flame
Into searing, tearing passion
And so destroy my longing
In the holocaust of your body.

Stay awhile my Spanish beauty
Let me soothe my burning touch
On the cool silk
Of your skin.

Stay awhile, for have I not
Blown 15 bloody dollars
On your insatiable thirst
For Pomeroy champagne?

Paris

Nicholas G. Powell

Café au lait at la Petite Columbine,
 Savage taxis bubbling over the cobblestones,
 Black-smudged names below the Arc de Triomphe,
 Flapping café marquees over your apéritif Ricard
 Wafting snatches of Bandit or Joy from Maison Blanc;
 Slapping cork-soled sandals and Kislave gloves,
 Window shopping at Au Printemps or Galerie Lafayette;
 Hennaed hair and dirty ankles,
 Made-up faces and shabby shoes;
 Little bistros and the tart-filled bars,
 The Metro and the smell of garlic,
 Espresso coffee and polylingual waiters,
 Pink champagne and the inevitable strip-tease,
 Pink lipstick and frowsy hair-dos;
 Chianti, Cointreau, and Courvoisier,
 Long French loaves and dumpy housewives,
 Hedge-trimmed poodles and naughty mistresses,
 Grotesquely-rouged middle-aged women,
 Loud, conspicuously-dressed tourists,
 Long hair and sunglasses;
 The Folies, Lido, Vernet, and Moulin Rouge,
 Gyp stores near the Eiffel Tower,
 Cursing truckers and road-gang workers,
 Nasal cries from corner newsies,
 Berets and brown-papered cigarettes,
 Loose French eyes and over-exposed bosoms;
 Clubs for gourmets and bars for gourmands;
 Rattling leaves and irritating rain,
 Soft sun and bewildering traffic;
 A stop for a kiss in the Place de l'Opéra,
 Sibilant volubility in the Metro stations,
 Gitanes, Gaulliose, and bière d'Alsace;
 Citroens, Vespas, Vedettes, and Panhards,
 Carafons de vin rouge or Pernod,
 The busy Seine and the Champs de Mars,
 Sacré Coeur and Pigalle pansies,
 Bois de Boulogne and Château Vincennes,
 Orly and the Marché de Clignancourt,

The Louvre and la rive gauche,
 Polished rich and shattered poor
 And in between, the bourgeoisie;
 The boulangerie and the Opéra,
 The Ritz and les Caves d'Or;
 Con men with pornographic photos,
 (A composite and polyglot at once),
 Hustlers, heisters, gypsters, shysters,
 Rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief,
 Tarts, loyalty, doctors and disdain
 Are all synonymous with
 Paris.

Barcelona

Nicholas G. Powell

Warm and humid
 Gentle, brown and often dusty,
 Resting on the Mediterranean
 The quiet port of call.
 By day, sandy and breathless,
 Ekes out a paltry existence;
 Wide avenues, old cars,
 Noisy trolleys, shadowing trees
 Line the streets.
 The smell of bay rum
 And human perspiration mix with
 Shoddy clothes, rope sandals,
 Sleek and brilliantined hair
 — An atmosphere of lassitude by day
 And hygienic indifference pervades;
 Smelly, sweetening, close,
 Lack of manners
 And a graceless guile
 Pervade the lazy mid-day air.
 * * *
 By three o'clock some life returns
 To spread throughout boticas and bars,
 Light brown noon gives way to

Cooler, azure afternoon.
 People now walk and chatter
 Where bodies previously trundled
 Scuffing up the dust and spittle.
 Eglisia de la Sagrada Familia
 Still only partly built —
 Even after a hundred and fifty years.
 Black coffee and rolls for breakfast,
 Vegetables and meats as different
 Courses for lunch and dinner.
 Nighttime, and life resolves itself:
 Streets light up, people gabble,
 Taxis honk and policemen yap,
 Cafés burst with babble, song,
 Jangling guitars
 Mingling with thudding drums,
 Castanets and stabbing feet
 Wildly measure out the
 Meringue, Joropo, Guaracha, and
 Dances of Andalusia and Castille,
 Reminiscent of Sunday's fight
 When quadrillas strutted across the sand
 Of the Arena del Toros
 Towards the Governor's box;
 Bleeding bulls and fainting tourists,
 Heat, blood, and sand
 And outrageous courage.
 Nightly passion,
 Torpid forenoon,
 Lively evening chatter
 And slovenly daylight shuffle,
 Tempestuous and tepid,
 Beautiful and bored,
 Vivacious and lax,
 Nerveless and sloppy
 Rusty, musty
 Barcelona.

Refuelling at Nandi, 2 a.m.

C. Hugh Dokerty

This is the metal stranger; shining whirring monster,
 Dropping from the sky to the jungled isle,
 To the blackness and the wet heat,
 And the chirping creatures.
 A whine and a clash,
 Runway lights glittering like tropical jewels
 And lizards basking in their tiny glow.
 Limpid puddles on the concrete stir to myriad beatings
 And insect pulsings.

Blue fluorescence floods pale rays
 From the wooden airport frame,
 And fuzzy-fringed, flat-nosed dusky faces cluster
 Disembodied
 Along the wire railings, staring,
 Staring with all the wonder of children.

And all around is the black, sticky night,
 Brooding, perspiring,
 Moist snoring of tangled green undergrowth,
 Sweating shiny spikes, drooping palm trees;
 A silent, teeming sleeper, drunk and heavy
 With sweet Fijian wines.
 A blind night with eyes about its feet
 And gems of water glistening on charcoal-skinned arms.

At the guest house, a low, thatched furnace in the night,
 Orange-flamed torches wave thick, black smoke
 That sways up, hip after hip, in ponderous, easy rhythm.
 Natives sing softly, without haste, without noise;
 Sing to themselves in honied introspection,
 Each inlooking blending with the other,
 All harmonious flowing, with end, without beginning.
 Smoky sad wanderings
 In the shoddy faded rags of yesterday's bright jungle.
 They stare into the blindness with huge, soft eyes.

Inside is Maugham.
Dirty linen shirts hang crumpled,
Sodden over pink, hairy chests.
Beefy Englishmen with long hair tinkle ice
Idly in their glasses,
Sprawl with negligent authority
In low wicker chairs.
On the runway, chocolate-faced mechanics
Climb like monkeys over the taut aluminum skin
Of the stranger.
Climb clothed in dazzling white overalls,
But their brown feet are bare
And scarred,
And hard.

The whirring monster shudders, roars again,
Then rockets into the night.
And I am cool and pale-skinned above the crawling night,
And I have not seen the teeming sleeper,
But have only touched his pulse
Where one ebony hour pumped under my fingertips
And now is gone.

Oblivion

Hamish

Soft lips enflamed
With wine and fleeting love
Kissed
And in the madness of the moment
Missed not
The sadness of the world.

Why Do You Cry

elizabeth home

You there, why do you cry?
Is it that you must die —
 Leave us alone under this helpless earth?
You there, why do you weep —
You who must only sleep
 While we plod on to life and death and birth,
Sewing thin cloth with crooked seams,
A scant, unshielding cloak of knotted, threadbare dreams.

Why must you shout at me?
For what must be, will be;
 Your lip is cut, your filthy garments torn —
What has Heaven sent you?
Yesterday the wind blew
 And you might just as well have not been born.
I hear harsh music in the street.
For God's sake, shut up, go away and let me sleep.

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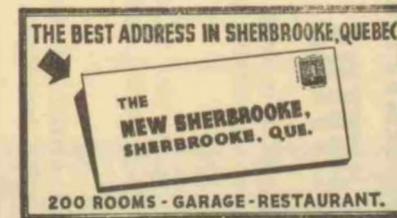
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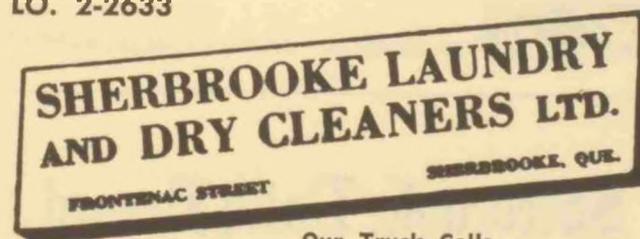
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