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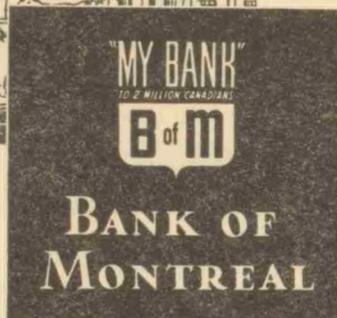
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## Dedication

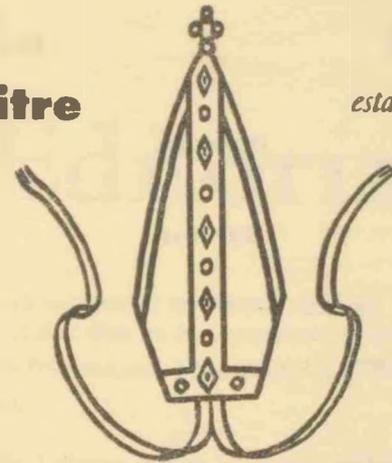
To A. J. Cronin:

*Dr. Cronin's Thesis: evil, though it may kill the flesh  
which contains good, will itself be slain in the  
spirit by the nature of its act."*

— New York Herald Tribune

the mitre

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# Editorial

**I**N those rare and wonderful moments when an artist is inspired to create, he must feel that he has somehow justified his existence to himself and to his fellowman. This is why it is truly a great thing to be called an artist.

Why does the burning desire to create exist within the artist? One of the most powerful and intense writers of the 30's, the late Thomas Wolfe once wrote:

"The image of the river began to haunt my mind. I actually felt that I had a great river thrusting for release inside of me and that I had to find a channel into which its flood-like power could pour. I knew I had to find it or I would be destroyed by the flood of my own creation." This is why the artist must create. He creates to provide an outlet for the intense character of his mind and soul.

A sculptor, a painter, a writer try to portray life in their art, and in so doing they inevitably discover life or understand it better. This is the greatest attribute of any artist: the attribute of presenting what to him is a picture or a segment of life no matter how skeptical or pessimistic that picture and consequently that art may be.

The artist is a man with a great deal of courage. In the process of creating, the artist must soon realize that he can never understand life fully, and thus his art can never be perfect. Yet after this realization dawns he drives forward still discovering life in a broad panorama that far exceeds the life picture of an ordinary man.

The society in which the artist works must necessarily influence

his art. The best society for the creative artist would seem to be one in which the principle of individualism dominated all others. It is horrifying to hear people say that everyone should adhere to one religion or one general way of life so that differences of opinion could be avoided. This is the ultimate in conservatism:- a big and powerful mouse; afraid that individual expression should split opinion; afraid that individualism should cause chaos on our society.

A recent reviewer of **The Mitre** has written:

“Yet surely individualism for its own sake is self-consuming and negative, and its inevitable product is nihilism and chaos. In a chaotic society could the artist be free? What would he be free for?”

Admittedly, individualism for its own sake is not desirable. But would not the unstable society be the best of all existing societies for the artist to work in? A chaotic society is necessarily an evil society. The interaction of good and evil, the attempt to raise good out of evil is what the artist attempts to do. This kind of society would provide the perfect setting for the artist who fervently desired to create or improve the existing situation. The chaotic intensity of such a society would fill the artist with a compelling sense of urgency and instability. For these very reasons he would create good art.

The artist should take heart. The fruits of his work cannot remain latent. They must become manifest in the minds of all thinking people and possibly stimulate the imaginative and intellectual qualities of those who are capable but refuse to think.

## In Memoriam

JOHN BASSETT, Esq., D.C.L., LL.D.



In a message to the students which appeared in the 1951 Trinity issue of **The Mitre**, John Bassett said:-

JOHN BASSETT

It is well to have vision for the years to come. But by thinking too much about the future, we may delude ourselves into forsaking the problems of today. Life is actually one continuing present. Tomorrow is only the today that is to come. And the management of tomorrow will require the same resolute attention to immediate problems.

Let us have our dreams for tomorrow. But let us never forget that character is fate, and the best test of character is not what we say we will do with our tomorrows but what we are prepared to do with our todays.

## Space Devoted to



THOMAS E. BAKER

Tom Baker has outgrown his surroundings all his life. His mind is adaptable enough to absorb every new gam of knowledge without distorting its universal viewpoint.

Rarely do we see today such concerted effort to detach intellect from sensitive emotion. In his thinking he is comparatively unaffected by emotion; in his emotions he is very considerably affected by his thinking. And one of the results of this blend is a flow of beautifully controlled emotion in Tom's poetry. His themes are usually cosmic and his expression romantic, but with a finely tempered discipline never letting the theme get out of hand.

Tom sometimes worries about the incomprehensibility of his work. One of his main difficulties has been in trying to strike a balance between his naturally highly compressed poetry and a more straightforward easy-to-understand expression. Some of his poems show a barely perceptible scar from this struggle.

Tom lives aware not less of our little world but aware more of the greater universe. Poetry is his best expression for what he sees. If it is premature to call him a genius in embryo we may at least say that we regard him as a genuinely creative artist.

— F. D. D. Scott

## Poem One

*I painted the morning of a Neanderthal day  
In colours crimson as the living blood  
That washes through the portals of my brain,  
In shades of light and darkness  
Subtle as the sweeping dust  
That grey-contours the broken lineaments  
Of my face:  
The paint-crooked finger of my little dawn  
Describes the closing circle of the sky;  
And windward in the spasms of the day,  
The silken madness whispers in the night.*

## Poem Two

How garish in the silks my dear.  
So elegant you are;  
How handsome dear in lace tonight:  
The forest is not far.  
Listen to the rustle of the leaves,  
The whisper of the leaves my dear;  
One scarcely believes  
The forest is so near.  
Ah, dancing in the candlelight  
Your flick'ring eyes my dear;  
But strange, tonight  
You cannot hear.  
The grasses shiver in the wind,  
The grasses shiver in the wind—  
The marshes and the river—  
See the grasses shiver  
In the wind.

## Poem Three

Fanfare for simple things.  
But far so far from this  
As when we waste or want  
And magnitudes are made  
Or fall and so we fail,  
Splinted in ourselves,  
And loose-end, butt-end  
Shifted from its shaft.

Fanfare for unattainable  
And all the fragile things  
That I might break, or strong  
That will not break,  
For first time things  
That grain themselves and me,  
For all the thrown down things  
That I might build again.

But no, for not the demi-builders  
And child-hands with a vase,  
Towers of fragments, and not  
And never fragments mine;  
Not ignorance with beauty  
By the hand held fast  
Turning otherwards, and face  
Full perfect face ignored.

But this and this and this:  
Fanfare and then again  
The ending triumph of  
These rubble-mover motions  
Learnt of ages in the life-cycle.

## Poem Four

It seems so long we waited,  
Quite unaware,  
I, caught as you were,  
Caught,  
And drifting with the deep tide:  
That was the pattern of it,  
Almost a plan.

They say the planets—  
Bright stars?—  
Act mostly in this manner;  
Gravitation,  
They say,  
Plays such a part with  
The stars,  
And we are  
Stars  
As they say.  
But the fault is not in  
Our stars,  
Not in ourselves,  
No fault.  
It seemed so long,  
But I became accustomed  
And you became—  
So to speak—  
A star.

## Poem Five

To the end that there may be  
One further thorn—  
Or nail in your coffin—  
I thus inscribe these molten memories,  
And stalwartly believe  
That they will come  
To that end.

As we had once projected  
In wishing bravely,  
So now these runaways,  
And we poor beggars walking,  
Downward stampede,  
Trailing our frail memories  
Forever forked.

Now I may ask,  
And you might dare reply  
If we maintain our bravery;  
But we are fickle things,  
Our courage lasts the moment  
That we wish,  
And we are changed by wishing.

It was perhaps a day that passed,  
Or for my part a year;  
But in the twisted embryo  
We two had planted fear.

Together we had erred in it,  
There need be no reply;  
I shall not ask the question,  
You could not answer why.

## Poem Six

This the sages call survival,  
Or the weeding of the weaker  
From the strong;  
But the liliputian laughers  
See the struggle as a matter  
For debate all along.  
For the monsters of the deep  
In their turning and their churning  
Too must sleep;  
And the liliputian laughers  
See the matter as a farce  
All along.  
Like the ants and their aphids  
As they march, march,  
Subjugating in their climbing  
Crawling sprawling on and over  
In their march,  
The liliputian laughers  
See the matter as an order,  
An unnecessary order.  
Vaguely wrong.  
The liliputians laugh at them—  
The liliputians cry!  
The liliputians moan in dread;  
The liliputians die.

## Is Democracy The Best Way

CANADIANS pride themselves in their free and democratic systems of government, but it has become increasingly apparent to all thinking people in the last four months that our highly regarded western democracies must be re-examined and re-appraised.

Dr. F. Cyril James, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of McGill University, summed up well the general feeling of the west in an important address last month. He said:

"We are surprised, and inwardly dismayed, at the message of Sputnik, which for three months has bleeped to all the people of the earth that North America has no monopoly — perhaps no longer a significant head start — in technological progress."

The basic reason for Soviet Russia's impressive strides in science and technology can inevitably be traced back to its unyielding political philosophy and resulting system of government.

In the following pages you will read the observations and opinions of four students who have taken the trouble to examine and think about the situation which now faces the western world. This section is presented with the hope that those who have not bothered to stop and critically examine our cherished western way of life will be able to answer the question, "Is democracy the best way?"

**Peter Blaikie • Jon Wisenthal**

**Peter Leslie**

WE still talk of democracy in terms of government, "of the people, by the people, and for the people," and yet these words have a hollow ring.

The chief vice of democracy is incompetence, while that of autocracy is corruptness. George Bernard Shaw wrote, "Democracy substitutes election by the incompetent many for appointment by the corrupt few". Thus the question of democracy's value is resolved into making a decision between two evils. This is a highly subjective question, whereas most people treat it in an objective way.

The form of government is secondary in importance to the men who make it up. History has been dominated by great men, and the successive flowering of nations has been under the leadership of such individuals, in effect, outside the form of government. What is vital is that we choose the form which is most conducive to the rise of these people, the 'heroes' of Carlyle. Democracy is not the best way. This needs some qualification, for by democracy I refer to the type of government which now exists in most countries of the western world.

Supporters of democracy look to the Greeks of Athens to back their claims. What they forget is that Pericles would be no more at home in a modern government than Hippocrates in a new operating room. Direct democracy, which recognized and extolled the natural superiority of different men, might have been "the best way", but our attempts fall so far short as to be almost unrecognizable.

To the voter, a pleasant smile and a winning personality count for more than true ability. If they did not, would Eisenhower, a professional soldier and a novice politician, have been elected to the world's greatest single executive post? Would Winston Churchill have had such difficulty gaining political power in times of peace? Democratic politicians live in mortal fear of offending someone; they hesitate to act, for their actions might prove costly in appeal and popularity. These men must have convictions, but democracy fails to instill in them the courage to uphold these beliefs.

Government requires free, thinking men, and yet "Everywhere man

is in chains". Not in the chains of which Rousseau talks, for these were the chains of a totally unbalanced society, but nevertheless in chains. Our democratic man is chained to his desk, to his lathe, to his television set, and to his gleaming, chromed behemoth. He is a spectator in every other walk of life, and similarly he is a spectator in government. Not only is he uninformed, he is also uninterested. To present a sheaf of statistics showing that 80 or 90% of the population voted is not to say that men are interested, or more vital, to say that they are critical, in the broad meaning of the word. It is merely to say that he is exercising the paltry freedom of voting for a man, of whom he knows little, and cares less.

Voltaire once wrote, "Democracy is suitable only to a very small country, and one that is happily situated." He might well have been referring to Athens, which was minute, but only in size. In mind and spirit she was a giant, and her thinkers were ready to stand and fall on their ideals.

'Democracy is suitable only to a very small country'. Is it right that the government of a world power like the United States should grind to a halt for six months every four years, while the backslappers circulate. This can never be the best way.

No government can truly act in accordance with the general will of the people. The crime of democracy is its total inability to admit the fact. We live in a world of giant self-interest, and our democracies do not rule, 'for the people'. They rule for, and are directed by, small but powerful groups, whose support is vastly more important than the general will.

"Thus a people may prefer a free government, but . . . if they can be deluded by the artifices used to cheat them out of it, or if, by a fit of enthusiasm they can be induced to lay their liberties at the feet of a great man, then they are unfit for liberty". When John Stuart Mill wrote these words, he did not realize how accurately he would describe the situation a century later. He saw the flaws of democracy, and realized that it is not 'the best way'.

— Peter Blaikie

"A DEMOCRACY, that is, a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people; of course, a government after the principles of eternal justice, the unchanging law of God; for shortness sake, I will call it the idea of freedom."

These words, spoken by Theodore Parker in 1850, seem to sum up rather well the ideal cherished by thinking, freedom-loving men everywhere — democracy. But obviously democracy is not a perfect form of government; no such government is known to man at present. We will attempt to show, then, in the following paragraphs, not that democracy is the only effective method of running a state, but that it is the best that man has yet been able to devise.

A quick glance over world history reveals that man has always been pressing for his rights as an individual, and that the societies which we regard as the most enlightened and culturally advanced were, very often, those with a degree of democracy. In fifth century Athens we see one of the earliest democratic governments. And do we not find in Periclean Athens a civilization which has contributed more to the world today than practically any before or after it? Similarly, Rome, which approached democracy before the time of Julius Caesar, will long be remembered as one of the greatest nations of the world.

Herodotus, in *The Histories*, suggests a possible reason for the great progress of democratic states. Discussing the advent of democracy in Athens, he says that "so long as they (the Athenians) were held down by authority, they deliberately shirked their duty in the field, as slaves shirk working for their masters; but when freedom was won, then every man amongst them longed to distinguish himself."

It appears that there exists within man a certain innate desire for freedom. A child, for example, seems to shun authority by nature, and grown men and women dislike to have their actions dictated by some outside person or group. An examination of the struggles for freedom carried on in nineteenth century England or of the overthrow of certain South American dictatorships in modern times will serve to illustrate this point on a broader scale. In short, man has the inherent desire to be free, and it is therefore contrary to the very nature of man to place him under the control of a government which takes away his freedom.

Many supporters of autocracy or of a similar type of government

attack democracy on the grounds that it creates inexpediency; that is, that a democratic government tends to "shilly-shally", and to postpone the settlement of urgent problems. These people seem to think that a society should be evaluated entirely from the point of view of its ability to "get things done." It must be pointed out, however, that if this idea is taken to its logical conclusion, the ideal society would be a slave state with the extermination of non-contributors an accepted practice. This type of state could attain great achievements without any "shilly-shallying" whatever; yet who would support the idea?

Another argument often advanced against democracy is that it does not afford the best possible type of leaders for a state. Supporters of this thesis point out that elections in which almost every citizen who has reached a certain age has the right to vote often provide a state with many undesirable, uneducated, crowd-pleasing politicians. Perhaps this is true, and perhaps the most capable men are not always placed in power, but can the same not be said for an autocratic or artistocratic form of government? Here we get something far more dangerous than the American-style backslapper as a legislator; we get the power-hungry, ruthless militarist. And he can harm a country far more with distorted security measures, exaggerated censorship, and policies aimed entirely at the furtherance of his own power, than can a body of politicians in a democracy who are subject to the will of the people whom they are governing.

The choice of a suitable system of government is something like that of a town or city in which to live. In each case one's final selection will invariably entail some weaknesses. In democracy many such weaknesses are obvious, but one must take into consideration the many advantages and the noble ideal which it provides. If one reasons honestly and thoughtfully in this manner, he will likely conclude that democracy is truly the best way.

— Jonathan L. Wisenthal

**T**OO many people have a natural inclination to be wrong. On some issues, the majority is wrong, and then democracy makes mistakes. That is why we should start looking for something else.

In 1789 Frenchmen did not want the nobles chasing foxes over their grain fields, and in 1958 Canadians don't know whether they want to scrap their splendid red banner with the Jack and the omelette. Democracy settled one question and will presumably settle the other; they are matters of personal preference, to which there is no right or wrong answer. But where knowledge is involved, where one man can give a better answer than another, democracy is operating out of its sphere. The trouble is that most questions confronting government today are too technical for democracy to handle competently.

Admirers say democracy legislates in the interests of the people, but it frequently doesn't. If it were perfect, it would rule according to the will of the people, but on questions where greater knowledge will give a more enlightened answer (i.e. in nearly all cases) the will and the interests of the people cannot be equated. Apathy (such as exists here, now) cannot but result in the blindest ignorance; but even if we did not have to contend with apathy we would be hardly better off. Is it safe, in view of security measures in (say) France for Canada to share scientific and military secrets with NATO allies? How much is it wise to cut down or increase government spending, after the business cycle, "essential" expenditures, and "waste" have been brought into account? I, for one, have never inquired into security regulations in France; I don't know where we are on the business cycle, I don't know which expenditures are essential and which could be sacrificed, and I don't know enough about the internal workings of the civil service and government contractors to decide about waste. And I'll wager you don't either. But political hay is made out of surpluses, taxes, and defence; and we must vote on issues about which we are dangerously ignorant. With a world situation such as ours today, our very existence depends on a guess influenced by a winning smile, a kiss for a baby, a perfidious promise.

It is the function of good government to legislate for the majority

without infringing on the rights and freedoms of the minority. People who recognize the shortcomings of democracy in the first aim often eulogize it as the protector of the liberal tradition. They are confusing, however, cause and effect: it is liberal tradition which protects democracy. Consider France after the Revolution, and Germany during the Weimar Republic. In both cases liberty was tortured and finally murdered. "Oh," you say, "but in neither case was democracy strong; it was killed in infancy." Yes, it was — because there was no liberal tradition to guard it. In England, a liberal tradition was growing centuries before democracy was granted by the aristocracy; in France the suppression of liberal thinking produced a revolution, and also in the United States; in India a democracy was established because of liberalism in what detractors, some allies, and some immature children call an imperialistic nation. Liberalism and democracy do usually exist together, and we are not mistaken in linking them, but let us not mistake the nature of the relationship.

The virtue of democracy is that it makes government the servant of the mass of people. The problem is to maintain this relation between rulers and ruled, but to avoid the dangers of democracy which are the inevitable result of the "great unwashed" voting on matters of which they are ignorant. Which matters are to remain with the decision of the electorate, and which should be removed to the jurisdiction of a group of people trained to administer them? It's easy to say the mass should decide on questions of preference, and experts on questions where knowledge is involved, but can you separate them?

— Peter Leslie

## Shallow Fear

Andrew Webster

THE moon, large, round and orange as it is when it first appears over the horizon, hovered over the roofs of the houses and vacant lots. The street lamps flickered on and illuminated the boulevard where he walked so that the dark blue sky in the west now appeared black and desolate and cold.

His long, slender legs carried him swiftly over the field and bridge into the center of town and he lost part of his fear as the lights loomed before him, bright and yellow and comforting. "I am not afraid now," he thought, "but I am very lonely, and he asked himself why."

He sipped a strawberry milk-shake and asked the leather jacket sitting beside him, "What's the time, please?"

"8:00."

"Thanks."

He slipped a dime into the juke-box and whistled to the tune that issued forth. The leather jacket, beating time with his foot, said, "Shut-up", and the whistling stopped. He sat down again and ordered a pack of Players and then fumbled with three matches before the cigarette was lit. He smoked it in short puffs, not inhaling.

The voice beside him grunted, "Kids!" and long, slender legs carried him out onto the streets and he walked nervously nowhere in particular.

He boarded a train leading to the city.

A yellow eye cut the night in two as the long line of coaches emerged slowly from the mountain and a loud honking noise signalled its arrival. The maze of tracks glistened back at the beam of light and then were swallowed up by the night.

Long, slender, sun-tanned, ripply-muscled legs carried him from the train, up the stairs and over to the magazine rack of the bustling station. Gaudy magazine covers stared at him.

He pointed, "'Tempo Magazine', please."

"Fifteen cents."

He read. Ike had shot an 84, Ava Gardner was having marital troubles, and the Chicago police were cracking down on strip-shows. And the magazine was stuffed carelessly into the back pocket of loosely fitting, bleached jeans.

The dark black glistening pavement became his companion again, a

mirror of the lights of the monster city, giving up red, yellow, blue and green reflections from the neon signs, abstract in character, confused like the drawing of his soul.

He saw somebody he knew standing in front of the theatre, his arm draped around a girl, waiting to buy a ticket. "Maybe I should take Judy to the movie," he thought.

In a sudden flash he saw how they would look: just the two of them standing in line waiting for the show to begin. Then the vision faded as he looked down at the dirty white bucks and loose-fitting jeans. Besides, she probably wouldn't go with me anyway, he told himself.

But something stirred within him; something strong and powerful: something which made him turn around and walk towards narrower streets and small, dirty buildings.

With his hand, he swept back his hair and walked across the street to where she stood. Before he had made his move he had watched her; and he had thought that there was something in her face strangely like his own. She was dressed like he was; in jeans and fancy blue shiny jacket.

"Hi." His voice sounded confident.

A faint flicker of a smile answered him.

"Wanna take in a show?"

"What's on?"

"I dunno. Good show at the Stem."

"Maybe I don't go to shows with guys I don't know."

"Come-on," he whined, trying to give the impression that he had known her all her life. Impulsively he grabbed her hand and they walked up the hill together.

They watched quietly as idiots swayed back and forth across the screen, and his hand reached out slowly to meet her hand. His lips brushed quickly past her cheek and she responded by grasping his hand tightly.

The screen became a mass of contorted, swiftly-flowing colours and dashing frenzied people, and the theatre seats swayed back and forth and rose up to meet him.

They left the theatre and he said goodbye. She watched him walk slowly down the block towards the station.

Long, slender legs carried him back over the bridge and across the fields. The moon was overhead now and the light which it gave forth to the earth showed his path clearly. His pace was slow and unhurried as it is when a boy discovers that the dark emptiness of a field is really and truly empty and not filled with varying forms of evil ghosts and phantoms. A bird shrieked loudly from a nearby tree. He looked up quickly and then smiled. He whispered to himself, "I am not alone now."

## Angels In The Sea

Andrew Webster

A THICK, heavy-set man peered solemnly over the railing of the ship and watched the rim of mountains slide slowly away into the distance as they moved out into the gulf. The penetrating throb of the engines below and the roar of the white patch of sea behind caused his mind to slowly lift itself from its body so that everything was motionless and timeless, except for the angelic voices of a very large choir which seemed to emanate from the rhythm of the ship and the path in the sea which it left behind.

"Mum, why are you staring at that man?" said the voice of a small boy.

The woman dropped her eyes quickly to the book which she had been pretending to read and whispered harshly, "Quiet, Freddy". The boy shrunk back into the deck-chair.

But the man had heard. In a single motion he wheeled around and took off his hat, revealing a shiny bald head and a large, slightly red nose which gave one the impression that somebody had taken a mallet and pounded it as one pounds a stake into the earth. "You have an observant child, Miss . . . ." He did not articulate his words properly.

"Mrs. Warren," she helped him. She regretted the child's outburst, but felt that she must carry on the conversation politely.

"My name is Mr. Lewis. You know," he said philosophically, peering over the rail, "You never discover how much a country means to you 'till you see it sinking into the distance. I've been staring at the land for two hours now and it's just something that hits me right in the pit of my stomach. I used to travel over that land just like I was an Indian in my canoe. I used to love the lakes and the . . . ." His face became red and he sat down slowly on the deck-chair beside the boy.

Her mouth opened in a wide smile and she laughed naturally. "You are homesick already. You are worse than Freddy when he goes to summer camp." She laughed again in a half mocking manner.

He smiled good-naturedly and asked, "Where are you and the boy going?"

"Back to my homeland in Sweden. The boy has never been there, but I was born in the mountains outside Stockholm. It is strange. You are leaving the land you love and I am returning to the land I hold most dear to my heart." The child got up and walked over to the rail." The

difference is," she continued, "I have not seen my homeland for eleven years and you have only been away from yours eleven hours."

"Yes. I suppose I'm just an over-emotional old man."

"You are modest, Mr. Lewis."

"Are you travelling with your husband, Mrs. Warren?"

"Yes. I do not see my husband very often. He keeps to himself." The kindness had gone out of her voice.

Freddy added in a cheerful voice, "Daddy's been very cranky lately." The woman's eyes narrowed all of a sudden and she frowned unpleasantly.

Freddy asked, "What's wrong, Mummy?"

"I was just thinking," she answered coldly.

The child backed over to the rail with his mouth wide open with surprise.

"What are you thinking, Mrs. Warren?"

She answered very slowly. "Paul." And she stared directly ahead at the vast expanse of sea.

.....

As he walked into the dimly lit bar that evening, out of the darkness, a soft voice called to him, "Come over and join us, Mr. Lewis." He adjusted his eyes to the dimness of the room and brought into focus Mrs. Warren sitting with a tall, good-looking man in the corner.

She introduced the two men. "Mr. Lewis: my husband, Paul Warren." Mr. Warren extended a loose, fish-like hand and grunted hello.

"I am happy that I have met somebody on this ship." Travel always depresses me and I need friends to cheer me up," Mr. Lewis said.

"You must be a very gregarious person," Mr. Warren commented. He had an unpleasant tone to his voice. Mrs. Warren appeared uneasy.

"May I ask you what you do for a living, Mr. Warren?" the bald-headed man asked pleasantly. Paul stared at the man coldly in a manner that suggested he resented the visitor's question.

"Paul's a very good banker in America," his wife answered for him. Paul shot a quick glance over to the woman.

"I wonder what Mr. Lewis does to keep alive," Mr. Warren said in a nervous and resentful voice.

Mrs. Warren sipped her Martini thoughtfully and speculated. "I think he's a filthy-rich businessman."

"He looks more like a professional wrestler to me," Paul shot back.

"Paul! Don't be so bloody rude."

"I'm not being rude, Lena. I made a reasonable guess."

"You are being horribly rude to this nice man." Lena looked up with

shocked eyes as Mr. Lewis slowly rose from the table. For the first time she noticed the expression in his eyes. They were remarkably kind eyes, she thought. They reminded her of the eyes of a father who has just witnessed his small son standing unaided on his feet for the first time. Mr. Lewis nodded politely at Mrs. Warren and lumbered slowly from the room to the deck outside.

"Why did you tell him I was a banker, you little fool," Paul almost shouted, and the sharpness of his voice cut like a knife. But Lena didn't seem to hear. She stared out into space coldly as though he had not spoken. She got up from the table quietly in a death-like trance. She moved gracefully, slowly from the room.

"Lena. Where are you . . . ." Paul shouted, but she did not turn around. He got up and followed her to their room.

. . . . .

Mr. Lewis was at the stern of the big ship again listening to the revolutions of the propeller and the white water which it stirred up and the choir which the other two noises produced. The "Amen Chorus" floated powerfully past the doors of his soul.

Suddenly she was beside him watching the sea and they both stood silently listening to the noises of the ship and of the sea as if the watching and listening of the sea was a bond which linked together their two persons.

"Paul's dead and I have all the money now."

"What!?"

"Paul ran away with me and \$50,000 dollars in embezzled money."

"Lena!" his voice choked.

"I want you now. We are alike."

"No, Lena! I have not murdered."

She led him quietly away to the solitude of the bar. The music of the choir died away.

## The Marquis

Ian Pemberton

I STARED fixedly at the glass of vodka in front of me. My head reeled; my knees trembled, as the shock took its full effect upon me. Was it, as Scrooge had so aptly put it, merely "a blob of mustard, a crumb of cheese?" A drunk fell off a bar stool and was accompanied to the door by a burly waiter. As the pair hustled past my table, the inebriated one nearly dropped his hat into my drink. The waiter apologized — an unusual but unnecessary action. My mind was three thousand miles away, trying desperately to explain an impossibility.

I could never forget that cold, wet November day when I had been driving through the rain and fog toward Orleans. It had been an unpleasant afternoon, not the sort one sees in travel bureaus. The Loire, in all its grandeur, appeared to be an evil, muddy torrent as I wound my way along its north bank. An inviting light shone through the gloom ahead. I had promised myself about twenty kilometers before, that I would stop at the first inn I encountered. The light I had seen came from the window of an ancient, isolated, yet pleasant-looking building which called itself "Le Chien Noir". Within a few minutes, I was seated in front of the fireplace of this establishment. The innkeeper, an amusing old chap who appeared to have spent his whole life running the inn, catered to my every need. He insisted, after taking my order for dinner, that I place my car in his stable. "Can't say it's elegant, monsieur," he declared, "but it'll keep the water out."

My dinner was served in grand style at a small table by the fire. Much to my delight, a large bottle of sparkling Moselle was added to the fare by my thoughtful host. As he cleared the table, I complimented him on his cuisine and wine cellar, and remarked that such a feast would be fit for a marquis. He looked at me rather oddly, as I thought, then chuckled, said "Quite so," and hurried out of the room.

After dinner, I sat back in my chair, admiring the handsome oak panelling of the small room. However, by nine o'clock, I was quite ready for bed. My host gave me my key, told me that I had the room at the top of the stairs, and confidentially assured me that it was the best room in the inn.

Sleep came immediately, despite the rain which beat steadily against my window. I must have been sleeping for about five hours when sudden-

ly, I awoke with a start. The innkeeper and his wife had gone to bed shortly after me. As far as I knew, there was no one else in the house. I listened, trying to hear any movement which might disturb the silence of the inn. Although no sound reached my ear, I had an unbearable urge to go downstairs to the main room. The staircase itself was as dark as a tomb. However, as I reached the last step, I realised that there were several candles placed about the room. In a far corner to my right sat three men, discussing some subject with great intent. They were obviously peasants, and yet their clothes seemed peculiar and out of style. The room itself seemed strangely different. A huge painting of a seventeenth century country gentleman hung to the right of the fireplace. It suddenly occurred to me that the only illumination in the room came from about six candles and the fire on the hearth. "Strange," I thought, "that portrait and those candles — I could have sworn they weren't here earlier."

My attention returned to the peasants. I was about to approach them, when one arose and threw a mean-looking dagger into the table. "Death," he muttered, "Death to the Marquis." "Revenge," declared another, "my son cannot rest until he is avenged." "So be it with every swine of a nobleman," growled the third man, his eyes red with hatred.

I froze to the spot where I stood. The first man glanced at the door and swore to himself.

"Are you certain that he will come tonight?"

"Naturally, I'm certain — my cousin knows the Marquis' coachman."

"Perhaps he suspects. Would the coachman tell him?"

"He knows nothing, I tell you. The Marquis will come."

"King Louis is bad enough, without an evil beast like the Marquis to help him."

"The Marquis — may he die slowly."

"My son's murderer; may he spend an eternity in Hell."

"What was that? Bells, horses — I think a coach approaches, a nobleman's coach, perhaps."

To my horror, I, too could hear the rattle of the coach. "It can't be true; it's impossible — a mad dream — too much to drink." There was a bustle in the yard, as men shouted to one another. My throat felt as if it would burst; my back was soaked with sweat, although my body stood cold and numb. The front door to the courtyard opened slowly. By the candlelight in the vestibule, I was able to see the shadow of a man moving toward the main room. The conspirators hissed and rose from their places. For a split second, time stood still. A tall, good-looking man,

dressed in the finery of a nobleman, strode across the room to the hearth. The Marquis — taller and younger than I had expected. His left cheek was marred by a scar, undoubtedly the result of a duel. He seemed so calm and unaware of the danger which lay so close as he lifted one hand to undo the strangling lace collar at his throat. Scarcely a word came from him as a crude dagger sheathed itself in his chest, staining his ornate white vest with blood. He gurgled slightly and fell forward, clutching a table. "Revenge, revenge, revenge," sounded in my ears. A pistol barked — the Marquis' head shot upward, his bleeding face twisted into a grisly caricature. With a groan, he dropped heavily to the floor. The last thing I remember was the look of horror on the faces of his four servants who followed him with the baggage. The last thing I heard was a sadistic chuckle from the dark corner where the killers stood.

I awoke the next morning, still bearing vivid memories of the nightmare. I declined to mention the dream to my host, feeling that it might bring on some legend about a long-dead aristocrat. As I departed, however, I asked how long the inn had been in existence. "Since 1698," was the reply. "My great, great grandfather bought it in 1740. It used to be a favorite week-end spot for the nobles hereabouts. Many of high blood crossed this threshold in the days before the Revolution, monsieur."

The remainder of my tour was gay and interesting, happily unmarred by nightmares. After an exhilarating week in Paris, I left my rented car and flew back to New York. As I intended to meet an old friend who would be arriving in New York the following day, I checked in at a good hotel on Thirty-fourth street. Feeling in the need of exercise, I decided to take a short walk before dinner. After several blocks, I turned around to head back, when I noticed a small art store, sandwiched between two taverns. Having picked up a taste for art in Europe, I decided to see what the store had to offer. As I entered, the tired-looking proprietress handed me a small catalogue of the paintings in stock. As I perused it carelessly, my eyes suddenly hit something which stopped my breath:

24—Portrait of Le Marquis de Beauvais by G. Lambert. Painted approximately 1787, just prior to the Marquis' assassination by a group of vengeful peasants, at an inn near Meung on the Loire.

I tried to be calm as I asked the proprietress if I might see the painting. "Certainly," she replied, "A good painting it is too. No Old Master, mind you, but a good example of late eighteenth century portraits. Here we are, sir. Handsome fellow, wasn't he? Very tall and stately. But will you look at that scar on his left cheek. With a mark like that, you'd recognize him anywhere, wouldn't you, sir?"

## You Can't Go To Heaven Again

Iain MacLean

MR. W. J. was on his way to heaven. Whatever event on earth cut his life short is not known; it does not really matter. The main thing is that W. J. found himself on the way to heaven, accompanied by a host of angels, singing syrupy music. W. J. was rather surprised to find himself heading upwards. He could not figure out why he was so fortunate, he was not proud of his earthly accomplishments. He had been an unsuccessful writer, who later threw aside his ideals and went into advertising. He felt he had not been honest with himself since that day, at age 28, when he decided that to be honest to one's convictions meant living in poverty.

For two or three all-too-short years after college he travelled and wrote. A thin volume of short stories and a largely autobiographical novel both received a "succes d'estime" from the critics but did not sell. Financial, parental and other pressures forced him to come to his decision; W. J. entered the field of advertising with the sole purpose of making money and gaining prestige. He married a lovely but brittle woman, who made sure his mind would not wander back to thoughts of writing. Although W. J. hated business life, back slapping and favour seeking, he threw his all into the venture, even becoming president of the local service club. He was the complete organization man, and, on the surface, was a complete success. "A model family," people used to say as they passed W. J.'s suburban home — two Buicks under the carport, two children watching television. He was not happy; a yearning to express his interpretation of truth gnawed at his soul and his ulcer.

W. J. thought that heaven was admitting him on the strength of his youthful honesty and courage. He let his mind fall back to the time of his book where he said North American society was going mad, idolizing teenagers and damning brilliant men; such things he did not say at Kiwanis club luncheons. He cheered up at the thought that heaven remembered his spiritually rewarding youth; at the prospect of no more

## Prose

sales conferences and those awful days when an old employee would be fired for inefficiency.

W. J. arrived in heaven, but was surprised to find the pearly gates operated by an electric eye and was handed a card by a man in a Madison Ave. suit. He was led to a building resembling one of those horrible Greek revival office buildings that scar most North American cities. Inside was a poster which read "Coke, Your favorite on earth, is the elixir of the Gods." A Muzak system clogged the air of the building with saccharine sweet synthetic music. The people around him did not look like writers or thinkers, they looked like the business men he had lunch with yesterday. Finally, he was admitted into a large office where a professional greeter boomed, "Welcome to beautiful Heaven, I think you will like it here. All the time, you know, time is limitless here, is organized, and the Lions club meets every Thursday. You know, W. J., you almost did not make it. All this stupid-ass writing after college — if you had kept it up you would have gone below."

## Lecture Notes

Phyllis Parkam

A SKINNY piece of sunlight crept uncertainly into the stale room. It touched Laura's hair along the edges where it was most golden. She stopped taking notes and whispered something to Joe. They laughed, leaning together so their laughter could not escape and startle anyone.

Behind them, Walter had long since forgotten the lecturer. He watched Laura's sunbright head move towards Joe. The interminable voice at the front of the room was a murmur in another stupid world. He wondered why he didn't jump up, send Joe spinning over two rows and take his place beside Laura.

How brave it would be, how masterful, and how unlikely.

Because, of course, he would fall on top of Joe and everyone would laugh and he would laugh too — it would be so very funny. Or maybe he would run to the rubbish fragrant river and drown so they would stop laughing.

Laura would be sorry. She liked him. Sometimes they walked on the not lovers' lanes and told each other their problems. All except Walter's big-as-his heart trouble. There were times when a sudden recklessness made him mention even that, but never more than a hint, never more than a momentary puzzle for her to forget with the next irrelevant word.

Alice and Irene were giggling in whispers. He disliked them again. Whenever he remembered their existence, he disliked them. They disgusted him with their perpetual normalness. They found his jokes devastating. They thought Laura was man-crazy. They considered Joe a sucker. They giggled.

"Walter!" Alice hissed like an asthmatic snake. "Did you get that last sentence?"

Walter ignored her. The skinny piece of sunlight was glowing across Laura's neck now, warm on the softly tanned skin.

"How's the campaign coming?" he had asked her the last time they talked, wasting time on the stone steps.

"What campaign?" she had asked almost absently, watching him perform some weird gymnastic feat on the railing.

"You know, the campaign for Joseph. What else?"

"Oh that," she laughed, and as always he was lost in her uninhibited friendliness. "Fine, fine. Ever since you fixed up that accidental meeting at the game."

Good old Walt. Friend of the family. Help Laura catch Joe and then hate Joe forever because of it.

Then Joe had appeared. Stand on your head once for good luck and fade from view.

Alice and Irene, "Do it again, Walt."

He was drawing trees on his lecture notes. Giant trees with branches and twigs and leaves and even a birds' nest weighing down the top branch. He wrote underneath it in careful block letters "Tree", and then, because dark Joe had a thread of blonde hair on his shoulder, he added "Hell" in very square capitals.

Alice and Irene were deliciously shocked.

After a while the bell decided to ring and everyone trampled the professor on the way to the door.

The hall was full of Alice and Irene fighting to go in opposite directions. Laura was talking to Joe somewhere beyond the crowd. She saw Walter and called out with one arm raised, "Hail Caesar!"

Good old Walt. Amble over to see how your proteges are getting along.

"What's new with you?" Joe was not greeting him with ecstatic enthusiasm.

"How's it coming, old girl?" Pull Laura's hair to make Joe mad.

"Fabulous. Must you do that?" And then the smile and laughter, the sly side glance at Joe.

It was time for Walter to go. He lingered, his eyes suddenly bright with inspiration.

"Hey, Joe, did Laura tell you what we did before you came along?"

Joe's face was a cold blank. Laura played with his tie a little nervously.

"He means yesterday. He was doing handstands on the top step."

Walter had always wanted to smile enigmatically. He tried it now. "Yesterday, last week, last year. What's the difference? Always tell the truth, dear." He winked at Laura so Joe could see.

Shrugging her shoulders, she turned away and whispered something to Joe. They both laughed.

In a corner Alice and Irene were holding a conference. Irene called to Joe. He hated them.

"I must go and join my public." He bowed like a mandarin to Joe and Laura, but the door was suddenly closing as they went out into the happy afternoon.

He stalked across to Alice and Irene, paused dramatically, bowed once again.

"At your service, ladies," he said.

## Death and Other Familiar Things

Phyllis Parkam

THE furtive night grabbed the world and smothered it fiercely in a dirty shroud. The moon was green and slightly out of focus, like a man about to vomit. "Golly!" squeaked Ebenezer, as he staggered and fell flat on his little greasy face.

Out of the shadows a girl slinked towards him and dragged him to his feet. She began to slink back into the shadows. He sobbed once and followed her with an unquestioning doglike reliance. It was a matter of no importance where she was taking him. All that mattered was the reassurance of her presence, a strong, purposeful being leading him to a definite ending of uncertainty. He surrendered himself completely to her dominance, relieved of the unbearable necessity of thinking.

The street was very long; it went on into the dark and eventually became nothing. The houses were breathlessly close together, crammed bleakly up against the sidewalk. Lights in shaded windows scarcely touched the blackness, and streetlights made little ineffectual pools of yellow around themselves.

The silence was heavy and tangible. Footsteps cut into it, rang and disappeared. Ebenezer was tired, dead tired, but he kept on walking, unconscious of himself, supported by her strength gliding steadily ahead of him.

She was dark and merged with the indistinct night. It was impossible to make out her features or to be certain of the colour of her hair. She was tall and slim, and floated rather than walked.

Everything was slightly unreal except Ebenezer's bloated feet hitting the pavement with dull plopping sounds. There was nothing in the world but himself and the girl and the pools of yellow light.

When she turned the corner it was sudden and quiet as a puff of smoke. And when Ebenezer reached the corner she had disappeared. His mind wakened for a moment and froze again with desperate, anguished terror. It was incredible that she should leave him, but she had. Nowhere in the interminable stretch ahead of him was anything moving or breathing. He was alone and exhausted and utterly helpless.

The lights, the street, and Ebenezer became blurred and drifted into each other. Images crowded into his brain, jolting, pushing, and sending him reeling against the wall. He screamed; or he thought he screamed, but the noise died before it could touch the air.

He lay in a crumpled heap against the wall, far below the green, shivering moon. He waited for her to come again out of the shadows and find him. The green moon weakened and died behind the clouds. And still he waited.

## A Cross Section of Bishop's Poetry

Edited by Tom Baker

POETRY by college students is liable to a great deal of criticism from a number of sources. Usually the unenlightened contend that the same thing could be said in a far less obscure way, while the critics hold that the obscurity is merely a front for poor technique and shallow thought. But the college student is in a novel situation; he is exposed to good modern poetry and its intellectual connations, and therefore tends to consider it antique to employ the prosaic quatrain and associated standard verse forms and rhyme schemes. So he launches out bravely into free verse, and it does seem easy at first. If he continues to write bravely, his technique will often become quite competent, but seldom does he have time to polish his verse sufficiently; and therein lies one of the greatest weaknesses of college poetry.

W. H. Auden, in his inaugural lecture before the University of Oxford in 1956, makes clear the position of the young college poet:

"A beginner's efforts cannot be called bad or imitative. They are imaginary . . . And about an imaginary poem no criticism can be made since it is an imitation of poetry in general."

## Unknown Plight

Scott Griffin

Cold October day it was  
 And winds swept greyness  
 O'er Quebec's loveliness.  
 High on the hills far to the right  
 Windblown and greyish in the afternoon light,  
 Miles below and yet in sight  
 A river ran its eager course  
 Winding away from an unknown source,  
 Struggling in search of its unknown plight.  
 There I stood awhile,  
 Then with a smile  
 And loping gait  
 Ran down the hill in happiness  
 Still full with the memory in my mind  
 That makes life what I wish to find.  
 Running as free as windy weather  
 Arms, legs and hair all flying,  
 Trees passing,  
 Leaves dying,  
 Sticks whipping.  
 Tripping.  
 Then to fall on mossy ground  
 And lying down to face the sky  
 And think.  
 Think of home, of friends and funny dreams  
 Of arms and hair of girls and drink  
 And think.  
 Then fall asleep  
 And sink deeper and deeper into a green sea.  
 One touched my shoulder  
 I'm far more bolder  
 Lean-golden girls with bluish pearls,  
 Uncovered breast . . . . at best . . . .  
 Sugar in tea?  
 Not for me; damn no spoon!  
 I like long hair — oh that stair  
 Do you care if the bed is short

And squeakes and creakes?  
 Is Joyce your choice?  
 The stair is winding out of the sea  
 To the dark, black woods in some moonless hour.  
 A girl is running away from me  
 Through the night to the little church in some far away land.

A band . . . . must keep up.  
 In some cavern in Kubla Kan  
 Coleridge stands waving hands  
 As we all rush by.  
 Grabs my hand . . . . falling away . . . .  
 Must keep up . . . . oh God I'm tired  
 The long grass bowed in nervous waves  
 And a brown leaf fell, from nowhere in soft slow circles  
 Onto an abandoned garden chair  
 The heavens cried,  
 The wind sighed,  
 Then all died.

\* \* \*

Now awake I arise to go  
 Not far below is the darkening light  
 The river still runs its eager course,  
 Still winding away from an unknown source,  
 Still struggling in search of its unknown plight.  
 And with a frown  
 I continued down  
 With little force.  
 Now its dark and cold  
 And evening has come in greediness  
 To feast itself upon all loveliness.  
 And turning to stare in the windy night  
 At the hill I was on now lost from sight  
 I think again of home and of a friend—  
 I've lost too what I once knew.

## Popular Song

Phyllis Parkam

The TV's on the blink tonight,  
I wriggle like a restless eel;  
Bored we sit on the sofa,  
Talking of Kinsey and Peale.

I read the Georgians in my youth,  
And now they say a knock-kneed stork  
Watches Billy Graham  
Saving the soul of New York.

Stop! cried Sartre as we rolled up the rug.  
Stop! cried Paul as we danced all night.  
The just, yawned Dag, have lost their faith,  
Krushchev and Dulles have had a fight.

Oh, Nixon fell and broke his crown,  
Eisenhower has a stomach ache,  
Tito caught MacMillan  
Dining on vodka and steak.

Oops! said the pilot up in the air,  
I dropped my hydrogen bomb;  
I spent the summer by the sea  
Reading Somerset Maugham.

Hungary's very far away,  
Eliot says we're made of straw,  
Any attempt to save our souls  
Should be against the law.

## What of The Sun

R. M. Stickler

What of the rising sun?  
Low from the depths  
You rise, you look again.  
Old worlds fade, please  
Disappear from actuality.

World, end you never?  
Always present shrinking  
Almost away, never to terminate.  
Small, yet insistent you stay  
Eclipse not the rising sun.

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## Time Flows

Iain MacLean

Time flows, but does man?  
Music flows, but does man?  
Grasshopper jumps, so does man  
A continuum—no  
man is spasmodic  
Like a Kafka novel, searing, painful,  
but beautiful in his pain.  
confused in his thought  
repressed in his emotion  
man jumps  
from pebble to pebble  
inconsequential  
like a grasshopper  
on a beach.

## Requiem

Ian Pemberton

The waters now are quiet,  
Running o'er the lonely grave.  
The work is done; the sea has won,  
And man no more can save.

An old church bell, with sombre note,  
Rings out the dying day.  
The day is dead, and overhead,  
The sky's a sickly gray.

In Queensland town, there's weeping,  
And well there should be so.  
For down there, slugs are creeping,  
Down there on the decks below.

The fearful creatures swim aloft  
Above her funnels high.  
Gaining courage, down they go,  
What treasures for to spy.

They do not see the lifeboats,  
Smashed beyond repair.  
They do not see the wretched souls  
In the murky water there.

Their bulbous eyes do not record  
The lounge, the bridge, the bar.  
They fail to see, 'mid the debris,  
A smashed and broken spar.

If they could think, what would they think,  
To see this awful sight?  
If they had reason, as we do,  
How would they use their might?

But they are dumb, these beasts of salt,  
They cannot understand.  
They cannot see why this great ship  
Has entered their liquid land.

They cannot read, for if they did,  
They'd comprehend it now.  
Revenge Teutonic—"LUSITANIA"  
Gleamed brightly upon her bow.

The fastest ship that ever sailed,  
A palace cast afloat.  
She died in twenty minutes,  
From the wound of a Hun U-Boat.

Twelve hundred people died that day,  
Off Ireland's rocky shore.  
Twelve hundred souls departed hence,  
Were silent evermore.

The waters still roll softly  
O'er the place where she went down.  
And lonely graves bedeck a hill  
Which stands near Queensland town.

## Against Inertia

**Daphne Winslow**

And so this I wish,  
 To fling far from me  
 The dark melancholy  
 That lingers low  
 Down amongst the causeways  
 Curling in the hot dark mud.  
 To burst these stagnant chains,  
 And soar to the shining white  
 Of the high bright clouds,  
 Singing.  
 To touch the delicate  
 Tendril trails of beauty,  
 To fulfill the will of creation  
 And rejoice all mightily  
 In the symphonic strength  
 Of clear life.

## Melancholia

**Phyllis Parham**

My pain is not for everyone to see,  
 A moping melancholy deep black thing  
 That glowers in corners, Poe's grim glum old bird  
 Deliciously inflicting gloom my own  
 On all who dare to smile within my reach.  
 And you who show the world your cold sad sulks,  
 Parading, Hamlet-ape, your bleeding heart  
 Before the bored, uninterested eyes,  
 Know this: the joy-crammed laugh, the star-sharp wit,  
 The busiest concern with time swift life,  
 Whirling through peopled space sobs in its whirling  
 So fast the tears are spun away beyond  
 The silent never sniffing heart, beyond  
 The universe. I question songless grief.

## Trees In The Rain

**Phyllis Parham**

Trees in the rain drop loneliness  
 From tips of weary leaves.  
 Trees in the rain bend low and sigh  
 For dream-remembered sun.

When sun flashed joy on jewel-veined leaves  
 In singing, golden woods,  
 I walked in love with trees and rain  
 And clean, green smell of earth,

Before the earth grew old and mourned,  
 Remembering its youth,  
 Before the trees dropped loneliness  
 And rain from weary leaves.

## Alumni Contributions

### *Winter Of The Mind*

*Katharine Cantlie*

*It has been winter for a long time now.  
Here in the greyness lies the slug-fat snow,  
Lethargic, tumourous.  
There is no sound, no colour,  
Not even in the heart's dreams.  
Only the trees,  
Black and reaching,  
Are alive —  
Only the trees,  
Sharp spiking networks,  
Carved, delicate, floating.  
The sky hangs down,  
Water-coloured, a sparrow's breast —  
A dead sparrow, pressing down its coldness  
On this ending of a day.  
If I could dream that the sparrow were alive,  
Not dead and cold,  
I should climb one of the black trees,  
Reaching up, upwards  
Until I could creep  
Into the puffed secret feathers  
Of its warm breast.*

### *How Will It End?*

*Katharine Cantlie*

1.

*How will it end, this screaming flight of days?  
Can we not snatch the wild hysteric bird,  
Snatch, pluck it from its mindless headlong dive,  
And hold it soft between warm hands until  
Its raucous shrieks and panicked breast are still?*

2.

*Jets drone overhead overhead  
Until all songs are dead;  
Crying aching sighing  
Are heard from the depths  
From the tortured sinews of hearts;  
Drums  
Trumpets  
Jazz  
Curdle louder faster desperate;  
TV glares blares horror and  
FILTER FLAVOR FLIP-TOP BOX;  
Wage-earners shout;  
Revivalists pound stamp cry "Jesus saves!";  
Guns rockets bombs satellites blast erupt;  
Vodka bottles shatter — glass and nerves scream;  
Dogs mashed under car wheels  
Cry yi-yi-yi-yi-yeeeeee;  
And from the brittle throats of the child-like aged  
(Science progresses — our life outlasts our mind)  
A death rattle.*

*On a green hill,  
The shotgun.  
In a cool church,  
Sounds from the roaring street.  
In bed,  
Mind grating against love,  
Dream wailing against the dawn,  
Heart-drum beating retreat.*

3.

I shall withdraw for a time  
 To an English rose-garden.  
 In twilight I shall stand,  
 Beset on all sides by blown beauty,  
 And watch the greyness creep  
 Over the rose-bushes.  
 I shall stand till dark and the dew are come,  
 And then, slowly, on the cold fresh grass,  
 Walk by the trellis, around the bird-bath,  
 Between the borders of lavender.  
 And then I shall stop by a white rose-bush  
 And gather from the grass beneath  
 The fallen petals, smooth, and cool like pearls,  
 And press them to my cheek, my lips.

4.

How will it end?  
 One must not ask.  
 One must believe in roses.

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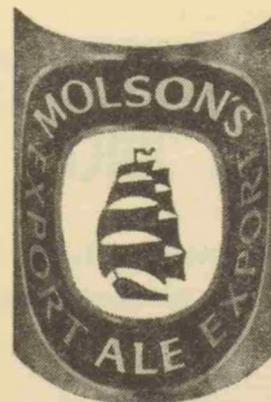
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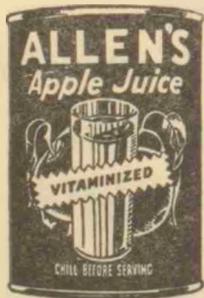
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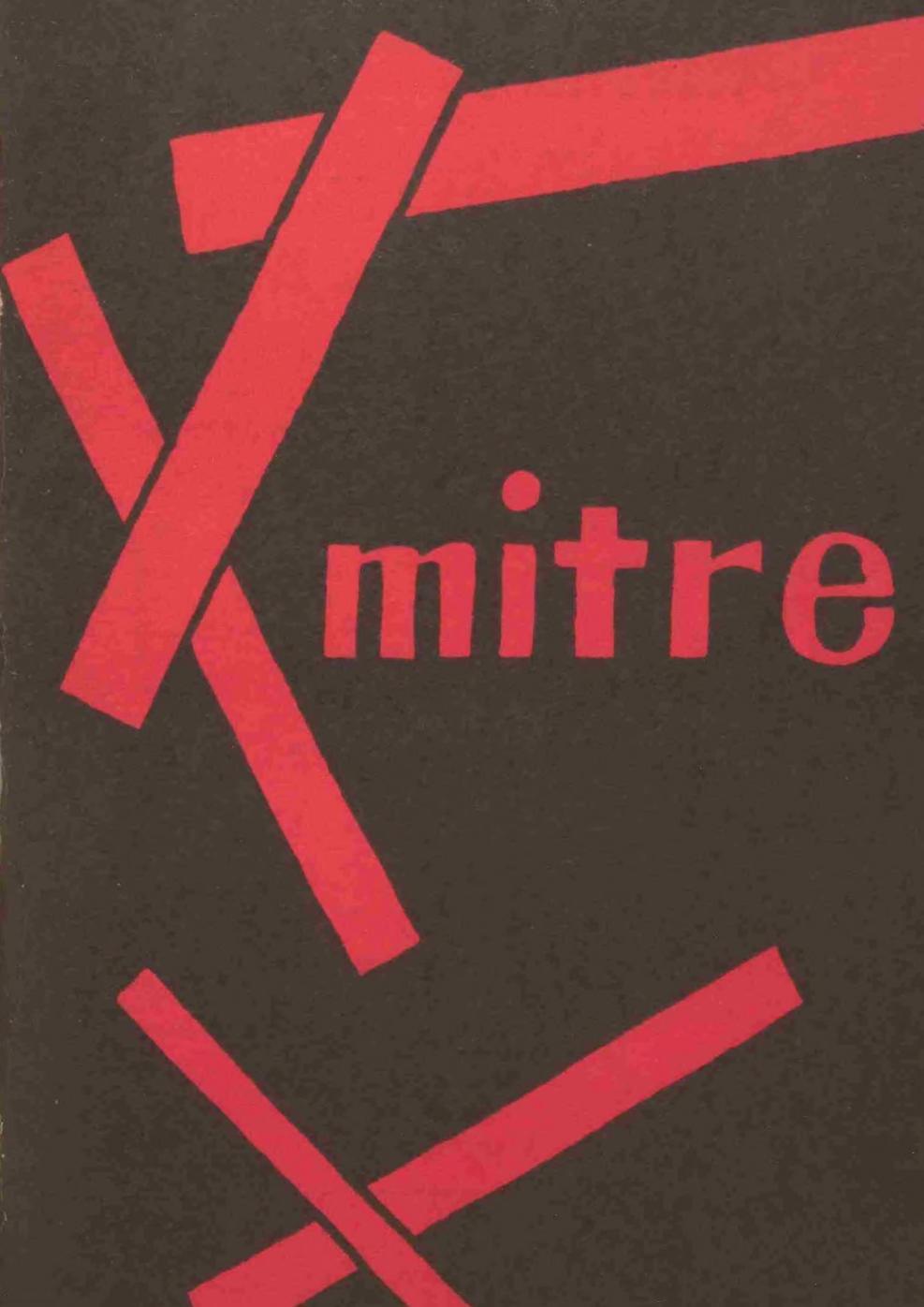
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