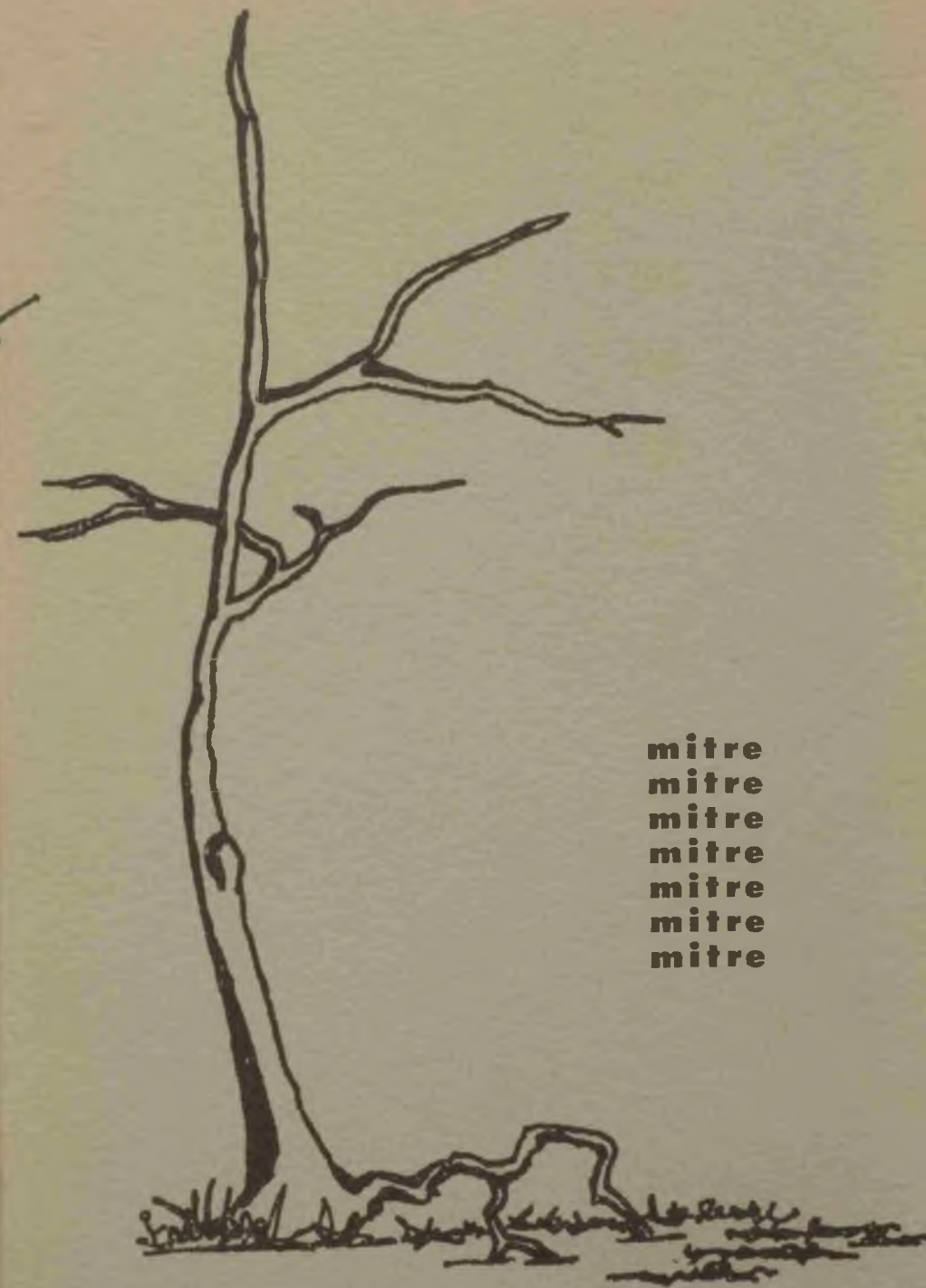


SYNOPSIS

Monday's Flower Shop

Star-Spangled Banner



mitre
mitre
mitre
mitre
mitre
mitre
mitre

mitre

2

65/66

the mitre



established 1893

Editor ● ERIC DOUBT

Secretary ● BRIGID MARTLAND

acknowledgments

To Professors Gray and Gustafson; also to Jana Veverka, Don Collison and Peter Pickersgill — for helping to put out this issue.

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in this issue

poetry

DWIGHT DOUGLAS
BOB HACKETT
JUNE FOOTE
JANA VEVERKA
MICHAEL ONDAATJE
SUSAN FARGEY
TED HARPER
STUART ROBERTSON
DR. W. A. SADLER

short stories

JOANNA LYON
JUNE FOOTE

art

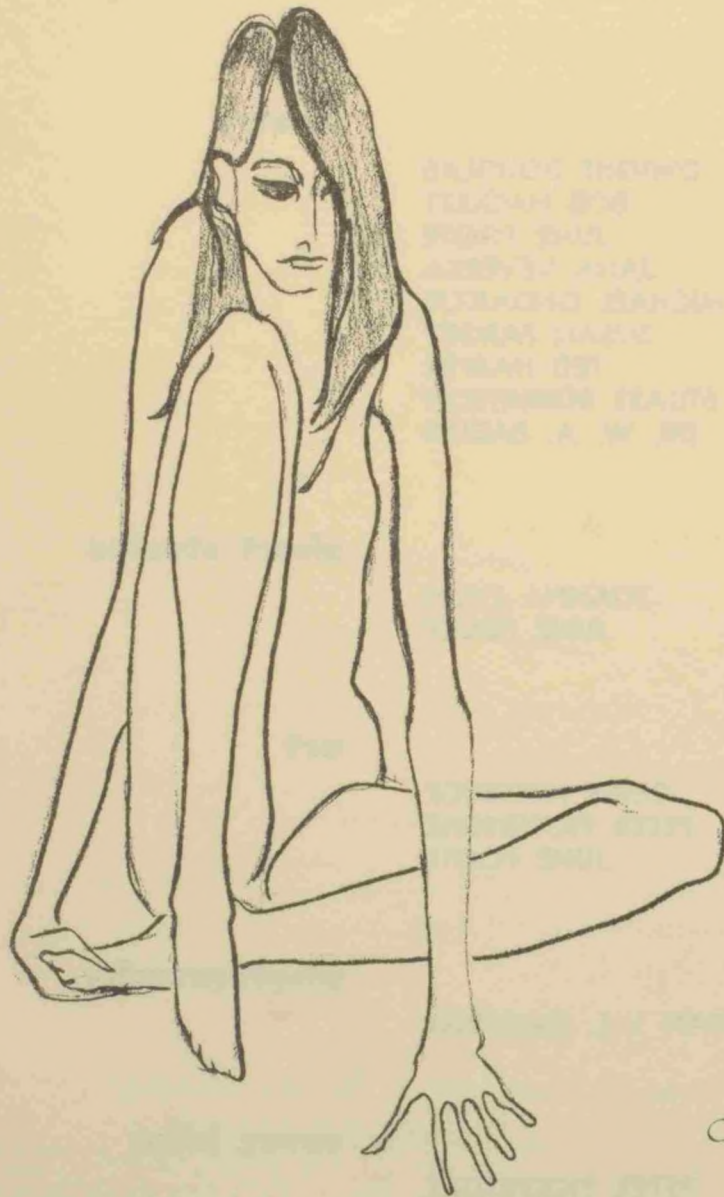
CHRIS NESTRUCK
PETER PICKERSGILL
JUNE FOOTE

photography

DEAN I. L. CAMPBELL

cover idea

PETER PICKERSGILL



Chris Nestruck

introduction

Mitre 2 65/66 presents a mosaic of imaginative private worlds inhabited by hairy goblins, lovers, unhappy little girls, and the innocent and silent Modigliani — among other people and things. The settings include the colourful and fantastic strangeness of nowhere: deserts of dried skulls, a land of jasmine tea and tangerines; and the common and familiar places of train compartment and bedroom. The moods and tones which permeate the magazine are contrasting and exciting. There is satire from both sides of the pulpit. The tension of human dramas is maintained through much of the material; the fundamental themes of life and death are illuminated with perceptive comment and sensitive intuitive expression. Both the serious and seemingly trivial social criticisms are often unique.

In short, the material in this issue, including the sketches and creative photography, is characterized by an almost distracting variety in form and kind of expression. Life has been approached from many different angles. And there is an energy and sincerity in that expression which suggests that it will be relevant and important to the reader.

The Mitre is expanding, developing and growing. This issue is evidence of this. Certainly the full potential of the magazine has not yet been thoroughly explored. It can be expected that new ideas will bring about appealing changes in the future. It must be recognized, however, that the magazine is subject to certain limitations and that it has definite boundaries. In a few words, the Mitre is a literary magazine featuring the creative life of the university. Within this role its appeal will be maintained and increased as it becomes more dynamic.

the editor

I only wish I'd been there
when they rolled the stone away

Listen.
Sometimes
When it's quiet
You can hear the earth
breathe
Only at night though.

I remember long ago—
it seems like ages

Wait.
Now it's time
(We can't afford
to make mistakes)

In the beginning was man
God ran a close second

The Lord can do
Whate'er he pleases.
He can walk on water.
He can run,

We are
the children
of darkness
A blinded generation
that must feel its way
across a vast desert
across a poisoned land
There is no Eden at the end.
There is no end.
There is only desert
Filled only
with wailing dreams and illusions
and the dried skulls
that sent them forth

of course, you can't be sure

The hairy goblin
Sat on his throne
and said:

“Gentlemen,
When the single-armed parasite,
Despicable Virtue,
Sits on your golden-black heads
And meekly whines;

When fanged Honour
 with his long green eyes
 Stares up
 from your polished black boots
 And Whimpers;

When the hoary Toad,
Sympathy,
Warbles
In your black hand-tailored pockets;

Remember the saying of Zatzung the Elder:"

'When the razor glides softly
over the smooth sky;
When the turquoise sun blinks
in the afternoon;
When the orange-grey dirt snores
in the hot summer;
And when the falling water stops
and smiles.

Reach out
and grab life
By her long, passionate hair'. "

Tortured to indifference
till the last cringing moment
when the light flares through
the opening door
and cold hands grasp
the beating heart
and a whirlpool swirls
the shocked brain
and a dull, dull dying pain

So this is heaven
And must I sing in the sun
And forever bow and praise
And shine in the white wash
And forget

And forget what has been

And is,

And must I forever sleep
And no more watch
the drowning men
struggle
in the thick black sea

The bleached ships sail by.
They carry one or two hypocrites
and a pack of dusty lies
off into the golden sunset.

Then blood-red lines form in the sky
and the sun sinks below the periphery

For every man enters the kingdom of heaven
leaves ten better
scrambling into hell

For every man enters the kingdom of heaven
brings a pail of whitewash with him
and tidies up one splotch on the wall

For every man enters the kingdom of heaven
leaves behind not his body
but its mind

For every man enters the kingdom of heaven
sells his silvered soul
for a servant's shackles

And we are by the roaring hearth now
bright red flames stretching for the roof
There is singing here
and laughter
and keen eyes
and bristling beards
and strong ale to think on
and tell long tales far into the night.

TO SEEK OUT WARMTH

In Sevilla it is cold at night and hot in the day. There is a river which flows by Sevilla and in winter it provides water for the agriculture and dairying which surround the town. In summer it leaves its banks and shrinks to the width of ten feet or so. There is also manufacturing in Sevilla and Maria's youngest brother and her husband worked at the factory. Maria had worked there too until the baby came. Maria loved that baby more than she loved her mother or Manuel. Manuel loved the child as he loved anything—his wife, his friends, his life. It was without passion or depth and it did not move him.

The plaza, which was outside the block of flats where Maria and Manuel lived, was hot and the bricks steamed each afternoon. At the end of each hot day, the men met there and talked of the fights in Madrid, and the flooding of the lowlands around the Guadalquivir, in the winter, or the dryness of the lowlands in the summer. They drank at the cafés each night but did not stay long unless it was Saturday. During the week the day seemed very long and the night short. On the weekend it was the other way around. Then they only remembered that the night was very young. It was a hard and a good life and Manuel was happy.

Their flat was on the fourth floor; it had slatted windows and thick stucco walls. There were two rooms; in the larger room in one corner there was a low table and a stool. A crucifix stood on the table and the Virgin Mary looked down from a coloured picture on the wall above the table. In the bedroom in one corner was a trundle bed where the baby slept. At night, Maria would bring it over beside Manuel's and her bed in order to have her baby near her. The bedroom had two large windows and the wind came in at night and it was cool.

Maria rose early each morning and nursed the child before Manuel awoke. The cat would wake up when Maria did and would glide through the half-open door of their bedroom and rub its body against Maria's legs until she fed it. It would raise its head from time to time as it drank its milk to look at Maria feeding her baby. It would blink its green eyes slowly and jump up on a windowsill to clean its fur until it was sleek and smooth. The cat was old and lay in the sun during the day and on their bed at night. It walked alone but knew

and loved warmth and sought it.

Manuel would leave for the factory and Maria would sit at the window overlooking the plaza with the child in her arms and talk to him of Madrid and the happiness which would be his when he was a man and she would tell him of her home and the bulls that were born to die and bred to hate and of her brother who left for Toledo so he would not have to raise the bulls and how she, Maria, knew that that was good and that he too would know it one day. She told the child of life as she knew it and of life as she wished it and the effect was the same on the sleeping child.

The boy would go to sleep in the crib and Maria would watch him and smile.

Noon would come and the heat would be intense and even the cat knew the sun's strength and would seek shelter in the coolness of the shade. Maria would sleep until the child cried and then would nurse it and laugh into its brown eyes until it fell asleep again. One day it was too hot to visit anyone, even Ana who was her brother's wife. Ana's brother had been killed in Barcelona in the spring and she was in mourning. It was too hot that day even to visit Ana.

Manuel came home after it grew cold. She would watch him and the others come from the fields or the cafés and Maria could tell Manuel's mood. She was a good wife to him.

They slept well in the coolness of the room. The cat wandered on its quiet feet seeking the warmth that Maria knew. One night the baby's breath brought the cat to the crib beside the bed and noiselessly and with stealthy grace it jumped on the bed of the beloved one, the sleeping child, and moved closer to the baby's face and the sweet warmth drew the cat to the boy's mouth and the cat found the warmth that it sought.

In the morning the cat moved to the sun, the child no longer breathed. Maria awoke and picked up the lifeless body and knew the loss of warmth. And she saw the face, once smiling, blue and distended. And she wept for the child she loved.

Manuel did not work that day nor the next. Maria held the child during the heat of the day and the coldness of the night. The cat still walked alone but sought warmth elsewhere in Sevilla.

*** *** *** *** ***

It was a hot day and the train seemed to pick its way along, as if the land were trackless and the train had to choose its path.

Dorothy's cotton dress stuck to the synthetic leather seat. She stared across at a woman who was wearing a black lace mantilla covering her head and shoulders. She was a very young woman to be in mourning. It is very hard not to stare at someone when one is directly opposite, Dorothy reasoned to herself. She was afraid to appear rude. Two nursing sisters also shared the compartment. They began to finger their beads. Dorothy looked away and watched the passing countryside. The train ran along beside a river but, unlike the water, it moved inland away from the sea towards Madrid. It was summer, the river was only about ten feet wide and, where seed had not been planted in the spring the ground looked beige in colour.

Dorothy traced her initials on the window ledge in the dust and looked down at her hands. The nails were bitten and the cuticles raw and red. She bit off a piece of skin from around her thumb nail and it left a small hole and then began to bleed. She tucked her hands under the folds of her skirt and looked around to see if anyone had noticed. They had not.

They left the river and began to climb into the mountains. It grew cooler and there was a slight breeze and it dried the perspiration which had dampened Dorothy's hair at the temples. It moved the lace mantilla where it fell down loose over the young woman's forehead.

Dorothy was bored. It was the second time she had made the trip. The day before she had gone down to Sevilla to meet her mother but there had been a wire at the hotel in Sevilla saying that plans had changed and her mother was awaiting her arrival in Madrid. Dorothy was fourteen; she went to school in Paris at *Mademoiselle Bois*. It was a very good school and *'Bois'* was very kind and had been the mistress of a Polish diplomat years ago. She was very French. Dorothy was the youngest at the school and she hated it, but she loved *Bois*.

Shadows grew over the dusk-dimmed fields. The buttons on the back of Dorothy's dress dug into her and her feet had swollen inside her shoes, so that the cracks on the soles of her feet grew deeper. The heat was caught in the cracks. The woman in mourning did not notice the heat. She was very faraway. She got off the train at Toledo where a man was waiting for her and he put his arm around her shoulders to console her. Dorothy watched her; she was crying and her shoulders were hunched over and her hands covered her

face. Her name was Maria—Dorothy heard the man hail her as she stepped off the train.

It was eight o'clock at night when the train arrived in Madrid. Dorothy waited for the sisters to leave the compartment and break into the line of people standing in the centre aisle of the train. She looked towards the window and noticed that her initials were almost gone and new dust particles had filled in the letters. The sisters broke into the line and she followed them off the train.

The nuns hurried away like frightened white birds, their gowns floating behind them. They disappeared and a man asked her if she was being met and she said yes although there was no-one there whom she recognized. A man in gold-braid livery came up and asked her if she were Dorothy Bradley. She nodded and he took her bags.

There was no-one in the hotel room when she arrived, but her mother's clothes were on the bed of the adjoining room. There were flowers on the bureau for her mother from a man whose name was "Hugh" and an invitation to a cocktail party.

Dorothy unpacked her clothes and read a leaflet on "Romantic Spain" put out by the Spanish Tourist Information Bureau. Having nothing else to read she turned out the light and stared out the window at the sky. It took her a while to fall asleep.

Dorothy opened her eyes and it was still night. She watched, through half-closed eyes the light falling on the floor from the adjoining room grow narrower and narrower and finally heard a dull click as the door shut. She looked at the luminous hands of her travelling clock — one o'clock. She arose quietly and lay down carefully on the floor beside the door which connected the two rooms. She heard her mother's voice and a man's. She did not recognize his voice. It must be "Hugh", she thought.

"Doesn't she have any friends or anyone that she can go to I mean, outside of you?" The man's voice was insistent. There was silence. Something was being poured into a glass — ice cubes clinked into position.

"I suppose she could go back to Sevilla by herself and stay with Tessa — oh, I don't know Hugh. It doesn't seem very fair. I did promise her".

"Well it's up to you, of course, but I really can't see you spending a month in Portugal at this time of year".

A lighter flicked open and snapped shut quickly.

"Oh, sorry, Julia". It snapped open again and shut a moment later. "Your idea of Tessa actually is the only solution. She'd be much happier there than with you, probably. I don't mean to hurt your feelings but kids at that age usually hate spending their holidays with their parents. You remember".

"I suppose so".

"Of course. Parents were always **there**. Kids hate that".

"Let me think about it, Hugh". Someone closed a window. Dorothy reached up and pulled the extra blanket from the end of her bed and wrapped it around her.

"It's just that she hasn't seen me since Christmas really and then it was hardly even a week. Sometimes I almost wish" The voice trailed off.

There was silence and Dorothy could not hear anything more. She grew frightened that they had heard her get the blanket. She crept back to bed and put on the extra blanket and her socks. It was cool at night in Madrid. In Sevilla it had been almost cold.

* * * * *

The train to Sevilla picked up a little speed as it went down the Sierra Morena to the lowlands of the Guadalquivir.

On the train there was a school girl of about fourteen. She wore a light cotton dress which was too tight across the chest for her; it buttoned up the back. She was a big girl with a plain wide face and dull blue eyes. A Breton hat lay beside her on the seat.

Across from her sat a young woman with black hair which she wore in a bun at the nape of her neck. She had beautiful black eyes but they were red from crying and filled with unhappiness. She wore a lace mantilla pulled low over her forehead and almost covering her eyes.

On the window of the compartment door there was a printed sign which read in both Spanish and English: "Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God; and everyone that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love".

They both read the poster by the time they reached Sevilla. It did not sink in; it was an old world and the young woman and the girl were already tired and they each had an emptiness which could not be filled.

BOB HACKETT

THINGS MINUSCULE

I have seen people
come and go
talking of black petals on green boughs
and metro stations

I have heard people

hum and sing
great movements in little time

light sonatas over dirty dishes

I have felt people
touch and stroke
white kittens and sparrows
Fractions of the balance of life



Peter Pickersgill

JUNE FOOTE

A LOST LAGOON

Drowse, licking my whimpers
mute—
splintered
for the flash
a humped torrent
I cried—

 a Grebe
frozen winged
moaned,
huge with frightened eyes
looked

 at me
His wild unremembered, he
floundered to my reaching hand

and
after the warmth
I cried again
to his flight,
gracing
the rain

PAGODA

Jasmine tea and tangerines, worshiped
In the monastery of green walls
Sunken 'neath the earth.

Slowly swirls soft orange of serenity,
Fingering the wild dark hair
And forgetting.

Baroch dances in a well of hushed whispers
Shimmering up, up from the blackest souls
Fused in holy communion.

As honey slithers thick into cup,
We are.

PLASTICINE

Veridian. Strange Veridian. Poor Veridian, nobody understands Veridian. Veridian is having an ugly mood. Don't bother Veridian. Veridian is queer. Go up and see what Veridian is doing. Veridian shouldn't keep to herself so much. Yes she is a loner.

Why, here it is her birthday, and we've arranged this lovely party for her, and invited all these children who brought so many gifts. What lovely china geese, they will look SO nice on the mantle. This is a darling little purse. Now where IS she, it's time to cut the cake. Come Veridian, make a wish. My, her face is determined. There she goes, catch her before she sneaks off to her dollhouse. MAKE her join in with the games.

It's quiet here. I wish that whenever I had a bath, it would be in sun instead of water. It's so warm. My doll likes her crib between my bed and the wall. It's not really a crib, just the straw stool that belongs to the bureau, but you can't tell when the sheets are on top. They are my mother's pillowcases. She'd be mad if she knew. My baby's had her bottle. Don't worry, baby, I'll look after you for ever and ever. Someone's coming, sh.

There you are. Go down and say thank you. They were awfully kind to do all this for you, and YOU don't appreciate it. Go on, Veridian.

I just couldn't say thankyou. Oh, I really tried, but it just wouldn't come out. Then I heard them talk about me. They were mad cause . . . my throat hurts, don't cry, don't cry. Why can't I light candles in my own house, I won't burn anything. It's just that it's so dark in here. I took some matches anyway . . . it feels like billions and billions of pins are sticking into me, I can't breathe . . . there, I've done it, I

HATE YOU, on the window . . . but what if someone sees it, I must rub it out.

We're having such a problem with Veridian. She won't go to school. She won't play with other children. We've just tried everything. We bribed her with a big new doll, if she would go to school, but she sort of looked hurt when we did. We're at our wits end. We can't get out of her what's wrong. She refuses to talk. Nobody can do anything with her.

I love the autumn and I hate it too. It means having to go back to school when there's frost on the grass. It's all white and hard early in the morning, and the streets are so loud. But I'm not going to school. The afternoon is queer, though, with no voices. I like all those scarlet leaves under my shoes, the way they get caught in the wheels of my doll carriage. I hate Fridays, that means the weekend's come.

Veridian, tell us why you won't go to school, can't you speak? Stop saying you don't know. There's a reason for everything. If you don't abide by our rules, you can't have anything we've given you. Give us those socks. Give us that dress. Get into bed, and stay there. Why don't you go to school. There is a reason for everything. Why? Why? Stop whimpering, and tell us. Why? Why? Why? Why?

Yes, Veridian is in high school now. Still a queer little duck, but, heh, heh, she's a good student. Funny, you know, the time she refused to go to school, oh years ago, once we told her she had only to continue until the end of grade seven, she trotted off with the rest of them. She's at a party now. Amazing, she usually makes up excuses left right and centre to get out of going somewhere. She's not often impulsive like this.

My God, the room is dark. Where are all the people? . . . just three couples, what a creepy party. Why on earth did I come? My God, they're lying down under blankets . . . a bear rug, how corny can you get? What the hell am I supposed to do, well, I'll just sit on it . . . might as well not fight it, everyone else is lying down. I love you? Down boy, those are sacred words. If you massacre them for me I'll crush your carcass into . . . Now this is just too much to take; I'm getting out of here.

We still have our troubles with Veridian. She has a friend now, a little too close for comfort. Sometimes we suspect . . . The two are just inseparable. They never go out with boys, they never join in school activities, they read books that are suitable, well, for college students, and they go on long walks alone . . . come to think about it, it's a bad thing that's got to stop right now. Veridian should have lots of friends, and do all those things girls her age do, like going to dances, being interested in clothes . . . Yes, we shall have a talk with her when her friend goes home, and forbid her to see that girl anymore.

I'm glad that we have found one another. You are the only one I can talk to. You understand. We shall be friends for ever and ever, won't we?

INNOCENT WITNESS

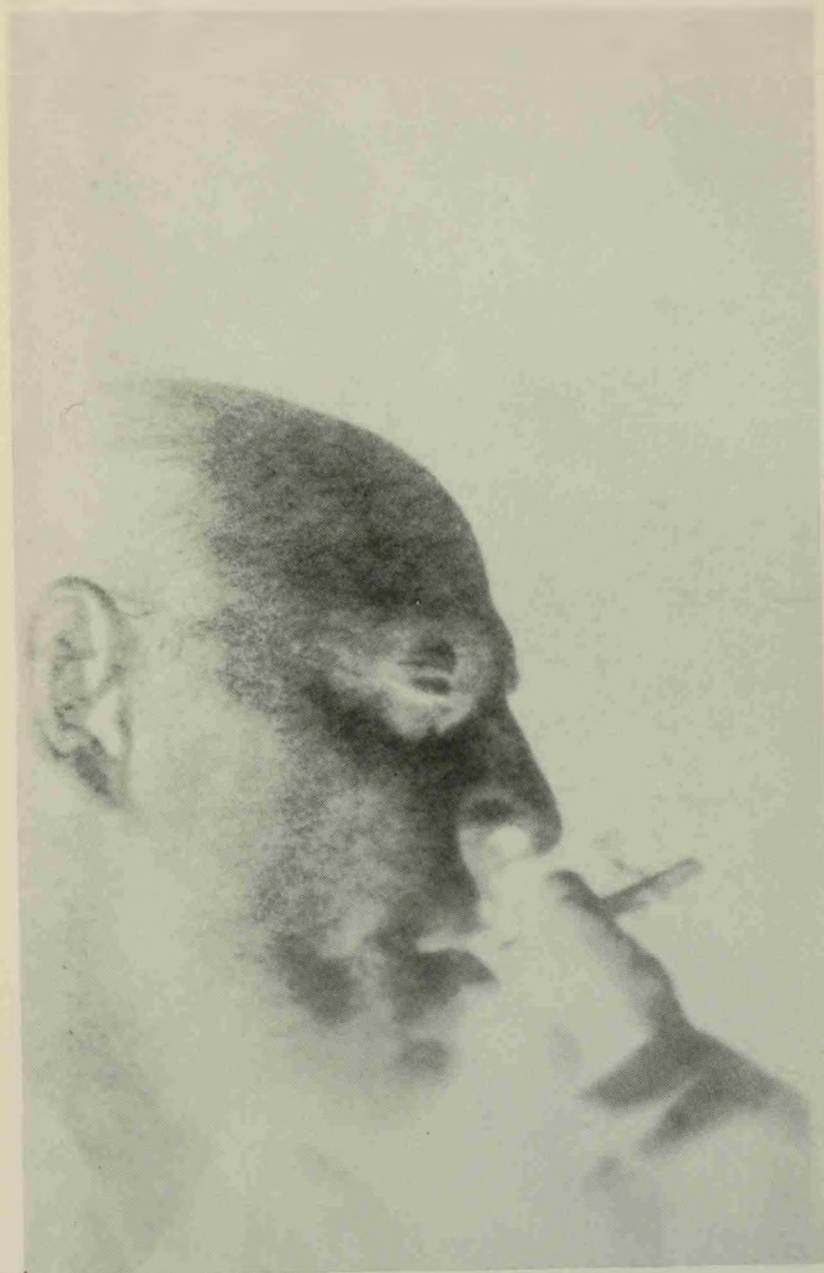
I feel only
the movement of your dance
upon my body

A single remaining candle
flickers
in time with the hot rhythm
of our dance

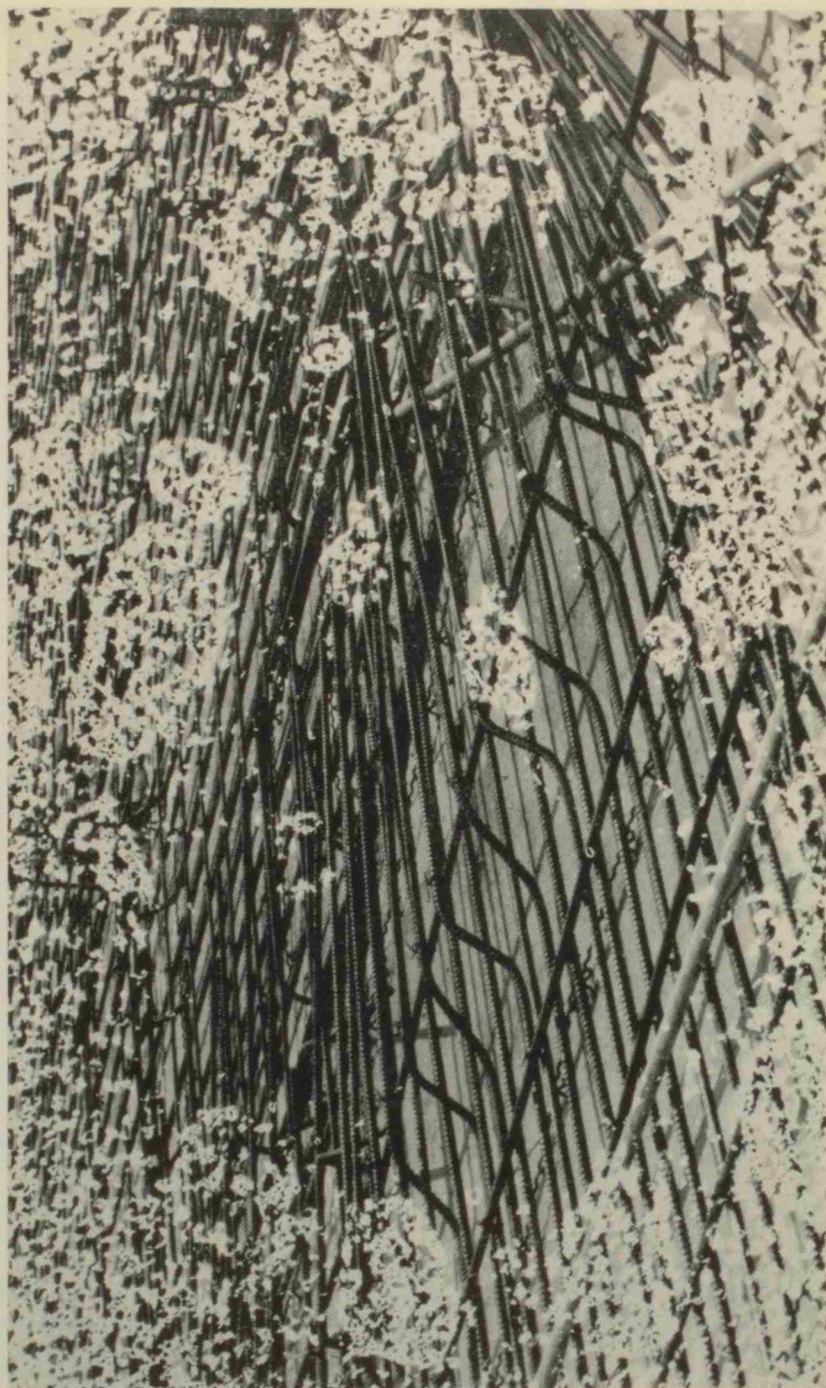
An age old lie
was told last night
and I asked
What is it? what

Was it a cold draft
that made me look up—
the innocent Modigliani
looking down at me
from the safety
of the wall

She wouldn't answer me
Even if she could







MICHAEL ONDAATJE

PYRAMID

For days they had toiled
sun baked, naked
raging in the sun
their yells muted in the vast afternoons.
In rhythm they swung like leaves
and broke the horizon
nails
joining the starched blue to sand.

And while it grew
I watched them heave
trailing their boulders to the moon
and at dusk saw the shadows run.

Timeless here they perfected their degrees
allowing for heat and burn
and to pulsed commands
jackknifed like chimes.
Those were their minutes,
distant I saw them mime their pains
and saw their bodies churn
their sweat leaving them oiled.

And finishing, they circled and prayed
and led me deep into the ground,
positioned me by a mirror,
and sealed the form they made.

I watch
and in our conversations
grow profound.

HENRI ROUSSEAU AND FRIENDS

Among his clean vegetation
the parrot, judicious,
poses on a branch.
The narrator of the scene,
aware of the perfect fruits
the white and blue flowers
the snake with an ear for music,
he presides.

The apes
hold their oranges like skulls,
like chalices.
They are below the parrot
above the oranges;
a jungle serfdom which, with this order,
reposes.

And yet an inversion, for
they are the ideals of dreams.
Among the exactness,
the symmetrical petals,
the efficiently flying angels,
there is complete liberation.
The parrot is interchangeable,
tomorrow in its place
a waltzing man and tiger,
the brash legs of a bird.

Greatness achieved
they loll among text book flowers.

And in this pose
they hang, scattered like pearls,
in just as intense a society
—on Miss Adelaide Milton de Groot's walls,
with Lillie P. Bliss in New York.

And there too
in spangled wrists and elbows
and grand facades of cocktails
are vulgarly beautiful parrots, appalled lions,
the beautiful and the forceful locked in suns,
and the slight, careful stepping birds.

A HOUSE DIVIDED

This midnight breathing
heaves with no sensible rhythm,
is fashioned by no metronome.
Your body
eager for the extra yard of bed
reconnoitres and outflanks;
I bend in peculiar angles.

This nightly battle is fought with subtleties:
you get pregnant, I'm sure,
just for extra ground
—immune from kicks now.

Inside you now's another
thrashing like a fish,
swinging, fighting
for its inch already.

Editor's Note: *'Henri Rousseau and Friends'* and *'A House Divided'* by Michael Ondaatje have been recently published in *NEW WAVE CANADA*, an anthology of poetry collected by Raymond Souster and published by Contact Press.



June Foote

TO HER UNKNOWN

To her unknown
to her distant vagueness
yet to be experienced
a thing untried
a sometime dream.

The patter of little feet
chill my house
the windows shatter
and fall like weapon raindrops
on the bloody floor.

Witches dance around a circle
devouring human flesh
naked and unspent
before the dawn
bowing to the moon.

Fly your kites
of leper's skin
free them on Black Friday
and let them tangle
in the hangman's tree.

Tarred and feathered
the man stands screaming
white teeth flashing
an angry man
a rebel man
society must shun.

They bring unwanted babies
to the boiling water's edge
they laugh
they frown they hide their guilt
and go right back to bed.

My son once had a little dog
he walked with it
he ate with it
he slept with it
he choked it with a garter snake
so he could play at God.

New moon
on quiet waters
silence in a city park
bloated body floating
victim for the morgue.

Send a lily
I wish it could be black
I'll go to see him in the ground
wearing white
and stomp upon his grave.

Raindrops on my window
trying to get in
moonbeams on my window
blemish virgin skin
you can't come in
'cause I'm not here
I'm not inside this body
If you need me
or you want me
whisper to the wind
stare at the sun
or walk beneath a willow
and I just may honour you with my presence.

TED HARPER

PHAEDRA

Impatient tug—
 he looks embarrassed
hair
 with snow
to blind the eye with beauty and with ice
 they look confused—
 amused

voice
 and slush drips
to tear the ear from deeper thoughts
 he stands unmoved—
 and wins . . . to lose

LOVER TREE

A kiss with you—
 of me to life and love :

A seed—
 to grow a tree to climb
and climbing see
 the land which loved and grew the seed.

MUSIC MAN

Emotion he composes—

deftly

yet with certain flippant care

to ruin men and make them rise

to ink dots

on page

that some men play

into our ears

and penetrate our darkest dust of thought:

no one can kill him—musician of the world

writes only notes but in them hidden is his blood.

Despair to laughter

quickly

but pauses to cry

or scream in anguish at the pain

of fear

of drive

we cannot steer

except to depth

and can only let it deepen:

no one can kill him—musician of the world

writes only notes but in them hidden is his blood.

Calculated art

haunting

smiles with created beauty

and groans with cold erotic hurt

to men

who laugh

and cry

when told by him

but he cannot care for them:

no one can kill him—musician of the world

writes only notes but in them hidden is his blood.

And he too falls

sometime

to the autumn earth which needs

the dead leaves to survive

but notes

and beats

and harmonies

are evergreen

the one live state he can never touch:

he dies — but

no one can kill him—musician of the world

writes only notes but in them hidden is his blood.

The valley envelops a life
of beauty and of strife.

Out the window:
Fall, fall, fall, fall
down the hill
the cars to the village.

The lights in the alpine
huts give light to
a hearty party
while down the "rue principale"
a couple turn off the lights
so as to give a purity of nigritude
to their act of love.

How can they enjoy a
perfect situation with
all the imperfections
of human progress
pushing their ugly facades
into the fired atmosphere
of the nest?

the store-keepers,
taxi drivers
and the smiling
entrepreneurs join the
English old folk
in the snow muffled quiet
of sleepy rest—
away from the gum-chewers.

The trees bow and scrape,
bearing their trunks to
the wind
the dead bark, once
dried by sun and sprinkled by droplets
from the hidden branches,
is ripped like scabs
from the surface.
The edges of the bark,
whipped by the spraying breath,
wave to the soft invasion from above,
that settles
and blankets.
Quiet for sleep and love.

Yet the people
like the cats in the gutter
consuming the rancid butter—
"Please— please— don't let them know—
but do.
Tell them we're going somewhere else".
(the hosts want them
like the Kennedys the Oswalds).

Wagner and his many demands
lift the light from the candled bulbs
and dash the wine down parched gullets.

The voice of the speaker
flickers with arias of Brunhilde
chanting to light and sun—
Mighty Wotan forces ears from
passing cars
and they well pasted to the
distorted bass-speaker.

Siegfried,
stop
and join us in the thick-glassed port.
How large a chorus to overcome—
when the bastard himself lies
in his silken pit of nihilistic revelry.

WORD ENVY ON APRIL 1

My shell of self explodes with envy
That another can so majestically
Style his thoughts in forms so artfully his own.
My words are like nails — straight and common,
Unattractive artifacts, growing rusty.
Bursting to say what another
With more talented tongue has fashioned,
Must I be yet staked to the prosaic past?
Why could I not make something freshly new?
Oh, lucky Adam, whose every word was original!

Lord, break my metaphors.
Let the hunted, rushing Unknown
Swell, surge, and shower me.
Then shall I speak a word untutored
By connected repetitions.
How foolishly man prattles
About what he knows too well,
And cowardly brave he sticks
To shell of self and crowd,
Stifling spontaneity for the lovely New.
The old has its hold,
And our eyes are taught perfidiously
To see — unseeing.

Random reflections on a morn of spring.
Fool's the day, and mind is fooled
To utter wisdom unashamedly learned.
Yet self seeking spontaneous splendor
Is brightened into productive sublimation
With a brief phantasmal fling.
To write is to enjoy listening to yourself.

SPOT COMMERCIAL FOR THE NEW THEOLOGY

(To be sung to tune of "Rinso-White")

(In response to Mr. Berton's suggestion that the Church use modern media of mass communications).

Foolish priests, you fashion bubbles
Thinking they will solve man's troubles;
What you fashion out of soap
Will never satisfy a dope.

Bubbles rise and bubbles sink.
Troubles have us on the brink.
Former burst or melt away;
Latter permeate the day.

Life's a crime, a dirty deal.
Can't you see what's really real?
What you make with wind and Tide
Forms a world with priest inside.

Unreal world, unreal man,
Come out, be with us, if you can.
Use that soap to wash your face!
And be human! It's no disgrace

Look, your remedy's too fine;
It's never done as well as wine.
If you want to reach the secular,
Then you've got to be quite regular.

Throw away your soapy pipe,
Join the crowd, the time is ripe.
Tell us not our foe is lust.
Be relevant, you pill, or bust!

If to our plea you've quite conceded,
Then you know it's love what's needed.
From bubbles of pat answers stop;
And if you can't, we hope you pop.

The modern world has come of age;
Now let's be honest. It's the rage.
We're richer, longer lasting, too;
There's little left for you to do.

God's passé, but you're still needed,
Join our cause so long unheeded.
Then we'll curb the population,
And still cling to copulation.

Every thing you want to do,
We'll accomplish now. That's true!
So pop your dream and change your creed,
The brave new world is what we need.

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