

MITRE

SPRING 1977



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MITRE

ESTABLISHED IN 1893

SPRING 1977

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Cover photograph by Susan Morrow

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This issue is dedicated to Ralph Gustafson

COMMENT

The job of editing a review is never an easy one. There will always be a certain amount of frustration and uneasiness on the part of the editor and editorial members because each individual works with the pressure of critical differences, under the pressure of deadlines, under the strain of long layout stretches and, especially, under the strain of believing everyone is working at cross purposes with each other.

The editor must be an ambassador of sorts, his collar starched and creased but his manners sensitive to the ideas and suggestions of his co-editors who, strangely enough, remain his friends. To my friends, then, who coerced, needled and cajoled, laughed and scowled but stayed to see the successful completion of our magazine, I thank you with all the enormous generosity an ambassador has smiling beneath the mask of his stiff diplomacy.

I would like to thank Dr. Garry Retzleff for funding our review with dollars and cents, a detail the printers find exceedingly important. Hustling for advertising is a grim enterprise. It's even more grim when found between the pages of an art magazine. The Cultural Affairs Committee deserves special mention for its insight in sparing us all from advertising pages.

The MITRE Staff would also like to thank its contributors for lending their talents and enabling us to work with considerably fine material.

Finally, this review is lovingly dedicated to our poet-in-residence, Dr. Ralph Gustafson, who is retiring as Professor of English this year. Dear Professor, the review has an abundance of material, all chosen with care and deliberation. For those who are music lovers like Dr. Gustafson, a fine music score was chosen to complement the poetry and pictures and is far from being a frivolous six-page bore. Art is gift and gift is song. Music takes its place beside poetic creation because it moves with the same delicate sensitivity and acute precision of craftsmanship common to the alphabet of good poetry. We don't have to understand but surely, we can appreciate.

With this in mind, then, I hope Ralph Gustafson will enjoy the review of Bishop's talent and I hope all of you will share in our enthusiasm. The MITRE has no other purpose but to be enjoyed. Like music, like poetry, like artwork and photography, the creative individual gives us his spirit, not so much to instruct and inform, but because he wants to share himself with others. He needs, primarily, to give.

DAMIEN PETTIGREW



MITRE

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RALPH GUSTAFSON

TOWARDS A NOTICEABLE NOTEBOOK

Poetry is not only a way of happening; it is a way of concluding.

Poetry has craft, delight, and wisdom — in just that order.

Time cannot escape a poem.

Poetry is a verbal rite, if it is right.

Poetry can't wind clocks — but it tells the time.

One does not prefer in poetry.

Poetry enlarges life; of course, if you are not alive the result
will be in the negative.

Science tries hard; poetry understands.

A bevy of larks, a covey of partridges, an eye of pheasants,
a hope of poets.

Poetry lies in the intensity of the fusion of instinct and the present,
the inherited and the attainable, sex and the soul.

Present poets? Too much I am in their iamb.

Today Pegasus pulls a hack.

Poetry won't tell you how to invest your life-savings, just your life.

Poetry aims for the social conscience rather than the social system.

Poetry is exalted pragmatism.

Poetry faces truth without make-up.

The poet may not count, but he does not add; his world is singular.

Music and poetry? The greater? Music. In music thought itself
is sensuous.

I am constantly recovering from my earlier poems.

It's the quarrel in the poem that leaves the illumination, not the
text that leaves the moral.

Grace is in much disrepute among those who know nothing
about it.

Ironic comedy is the only mode possible.
 I recover. Dying will get me nowhere.
 It is getting later every minute.
 Music is to be preferred to poetry; it is free of comment.
 To hate mankind is but to judge Achilles by his heel.
 The meticulous is funny because it has no fun.
 Humour is a serious business.
 Style is the aesthetic of action.
 In my judgment — which I respect —
 A fettle of kisch: our world.

WORDS FOR A RESURRECTION

And unicorns broke cover
 and all the copse was covered with crocus.
 This was in autumn when finches munch gravel
 and satyrs acorns
 which make them mad.

A queer time, and odd pendule
 A queer time, an odd *pendule*
 and waggle of pendulum.

But I thought of the crisis of Pan
 and the tone of F minor when
 someone yelled: Great Pan is dead!

...moss stuffed his ears as he rolled
 as he came and he didn't hear.
 Sex was more.

Unicorns grazed unafraid of the coming
 and all the sunsets blazed in an uprising.

CANTO

Out of his coming paeans ring.
 In a circle the snowdrops, already
 Under the snow a wheeling of witness
 Working for sun. Sun! Buds stiffen
 And branches are sticky with sheathing
 On petals that thrust and will colour spring!
 Still muddy the soil, but crimson
 Tipping the shove of peony at top of
 The garden steps. Bells swing sound
 And pendulums wring round scales off the
 Male-hung fir. Wind senses
 Lapsing of snow-smell now unravelled
 As time unravels all things borne.

THE EXACT WORTH OF
TRUSTING SUNLIGHT

The sun is hot, the sofa
 By the window the place to be,
 One lid closed against it while
 You read so razzle-dazzle
 Is it. But don't depend on it.
 One moment now I shut
 My eyes, blind gold and promising
 Patches gilt-edged crawling
 Genetics on the sobersides
 Like Darwin on the *Beagle*
 Finding apes. The next
 (Moment) dark fell down,
 The page of poems of dazzle-razzle
 Done in, the sun gone in.
 If seeking injunction, turned-over
 Stone and old tin cans filled
 With coins, washed-up gems and offhand
 Goldbricks, move across the room
 There in umbrageous alcove safe
 From revocable sun and shades snapped up
 On April mornings, pails of worms
 For pastel fish and other
 Horrendous fizzle.

IN SIGHT OF ETNA

Etna, cone of snow. And oleander,
 Paths of oleander, pink and sweet-smelling,
 Fields of wheat, copper-gold and windblown
 Bronze, bronze against green, the green of olive,
 Silver-green the Mediterranean; over the island,
 Cone of snow. We stand on ashy
 Desolation, crust beneath our feet.
 Harsh contrast! gods demolished, great Zeus
 His temple down that Agrigento built,
 The green valley shaken. Empedocles
 Leaps in, incinerates himself to show
 Himself a god. Lava in Etna winked.
 This is greatness. Taormina the pretty,
 The unfinished earth molten where Etna shrugs.

NELSON GONYER

TARGETS

Ejected shells / empty bombs
 summersault down through
 the obtuse angle of the boy's
 inner thighs
 They scatter haphazardly
 among the acute splinters
 of the step under his crotch

Then a robin
 floats her rubescence out of
 the blue of the day
 down to a gray post
 As she alights upon this
 death perch
 beneath an inspiriting sun
 her life supercedes
 every bottle target
 of the fence

Like the bull leveling its horns
 at a matador's cape
 the boy sinks the sight bead
 of his .22
 till it is hearted
 in her copper bosom

She does not limp into flight
 as the searing slug
 rips through her plumage
 She falls at once to echoes
 of a rifle blast
 that accords her the throttling
 dust of a ditch beyond the gateway

The boy spread-eagles
 his trophy against the sky
 to admire the marksmanship in her wound
 like a hot spring of clotting blood

This robin
 is his maiden kill
 but soon the thrill
 of her execution
 will waver and drop
 to the indifference of shattered glass

GOD SAVE THE DIESEL QUEEN

I

She would be born a glimmering blond moon
 and wax till snowflakes would writhe in her beam.
 I thought of those snared in her wake, with wounds
 so ragged, on the rails their blood formed streams.

II

Never was there a night on that platform
 that did not instill the impulse to keel
 downward into the vacuum of her storm;
 to a meeting with her wheels and her steel.

III

The C. P. R. conspires to dethrone her;
 strand subjects from Montreal to Saint John.
 Their concern is freight, not the traveller:
 they wish to see noble Forty-two gone.

IV

But there's power in the thrust of the train
 that hammers over that ribbon of track.
 Of dominion miles, the Diesel Queen reigns;
 and I am loyal. She's taking me back.

UNTITLED

They
laid
the homemade
bloodbath device
at a pivotal station
where it would decidedly
fracture the most concrete
and tear into the most flesh
They were never to establish
the motive behind their deed
Many lives were sacrificed
in obscure hemic revenge
I sense there exists
no basis beneath
the appetite
of killers



FACIAL PREJUDICE

It's the way your eyes
unloose criminal tears
while your lips still hold captive
an innocent smile
My mouth will transmute
to bounty hunter
kissing those saline escapees
across the northland of your cheeks
I will bring them back to your eyes
DRY or MOIST
and your lids will seal shut
with the white bonds of sleep
The task then
will be the emancipation
of a black smile
from your southern lips



ON SHAVING

She bares to me
 the sensible* blush
 my three-day stubble
 is leaving on her skin
 Now I must irritate my own
 by abrading the whiskers
 from my face in that
 washroom ritual that
 basin sacrifice of jaw hair
 with tin-canned
 push-buttoned
 orange-scented
 soap
 the whiskers must soften
 for the cut
 (I would look hallowed
 in a pure white beard)
 Lift my chin at a tilt
 to scratch at
 little black quills
 sprouting from my throat
 If this hadn't been
 a safety razor
 I might have been enticed
 to slice
 As it is
 the blood trickles
 through nicks
 on the upward swipe
 of double-edge stainless
 The artistry of the sculptor
 who with stropped implement
 carves away the overplus
 leaving two roughly measured
 and angled sideburns
 I must rinse
 then blot with tissue
 the running red testimony
 of tension
 My jaw is now smooth

*French for sensitive

and will glide across
 her cosmetics without snagging
 But just beneath the surface
 pushes the dark ends
 of Sunday morning's
 bloodletting ceremony
 of soap & blade

RENE LEGER

THE PAINTER AND HIS MODEL

The Spaniard trapped you with his brush and box
 of oils. He know how you felt and for an artist to
 press it into paint, nothing could be harder.

The line of the nose and your arms —
 well, no one could have done it better at the time.
 He always liked classic features. But tell me,

What were you to him? I'm asking because I'm curious
 and maybe, yes, a bit jealous of his talents.

I know you must have been quite special to this

Brown Spaniard. Lusty's more the word, no doubt.
 Hell, traced even in the sad bend of your shoulders,
 is a kind of love mixed in pigments and oil.

I say you must have done it well:
 without possession, how else could he have captured
 your enormous grief? But that's foolish, presumptuous, I know.

Just tell me this, will you? What made you want him,
 need him to paint you, here, on this cloth canvas?
 You say loneliness.

I don't believe you. You knew he would be there
 and stood waiting for him, with your iron and your clothes,
 the smile just below the lips, the shoulders bent,

The weight of your misery behind the setting and
 a bowl of water. I know you, I can tell these things.
 Besides, it's in the eyes and the color of your brow.

The Spaniard's in Paris now, making friends and boozing.
 Braque knew all the time, though. He said it would
 always be this way and I believe him. He said, "Your the lover
 and whore a painter needs." Give yourself, then, and continue
 to smile. After all, he's caught you in his frame, everyone
 knows that. Just remember to do the same.

DAMIEN PETTIGREW

TRANSLATIONS OF THREE FRENCH POEMS

from Abanase St. John Perse

To haunted countries belong the greatest silences, to
haunted regions filled with locusts at noon.

I march, you march in a country of high and balmy
slopes where the linen of the Great is strewn to dry.

We step over the robe of the Queen, all in a soft lace
with two stripes the color of a cold wind. (ah! how the acid body
of a woman will stain the armpit of a robe!)

We step over the robe of the Queen, all in a soft lace
with two brilliant stripes (ah! how adept is the lizard's tongue,
devouring ants at the armpit!)

And perhaps the day never pales but the passions of the
same man ache and burn for a woman and her daughter.

Magical laughter of the dead, allow us the simple peeling
of these fruits! And why, tell us, is there no more worldly grace
beneath the savage splendour of the rose?

It breathes, from a corner of this world, a wild and purple
destiny from across the waters. The wind rises. Wind of the sea.
And the dry linen

breaks! like a priest broken in pieces....



WAR / *Arthur Rimbaud*

As a child, peculiar skies polished my vision; all their folds were marked and shaded on my features. Flurried were the Phenomena. Presently, eternal inflexions of moments and infinite mathematics are hounded by me in this world where I endure every civil honor, revered for a strange childhood and enormous affections.

— I dream of a War where force is right and logic unpredictable.
It is as simple as a musical phrase.

ON A NIGHT NAKED
AND THIN / *René Char*

To look at night beaten to death. To proceed moving towards ourselves inside it.

Events, the poet and nature are one inside the night, but always stirring and aspiring.

The night brings food. The fragment is nourished, glazed by the sun.

Always, there is the night where our learning is laid for others to profit from. Pregnant with innocence is the guardian of night.

Infinity bleeds, but a cloud preserves.

Night is the friend of any life moving to make an end in spring, to sail naked before the storm.

Night poisons itself with rust, bursting its doors to the garden as it chooses.

Dreams are pale moss in the eyes of night.

Never spark the heart of night, burning. Where the morning dew gathers its glimmer, darkness must be emperor.

Night proceeds only from itself. The belfry of the sun remains merely because the night is selfish.

Night renews and preserves the lease of our mystery. The night watches over those who are marked by it.

Night blasts away all human innocence. The present is decided upon by the mirror image bent towards the night. The future remains in doubt.

I shall pour myself a paradise.

Absolute night, to which the formless dream has unshuttered its eyes, possess for me the things I love.



Dominique Mammola

CLAUDE TREIL

QU'EN AVEZ-VOUS FAIT?

Marceline Desbordes — Valmore

My love was yours
 And I had yours
 Heart for heart
 Joy for joy.
 Your love is gone
 I have no other
 Your love is gone
 My love is done.

The leaf and the flower
 The fruit itself
 Incense, colour
 Where did you take them
 You, my Lord and Master?
 Where did you take
 This soothing sweetness?

As a lost child
 Whose mother is gone
 As a lost child
 Helpless and forlorn
 You leave me alone
 In this bitter life
 You leave me alone
 In the gaze of God.

Do you know that one day
 Man is alone in the world?
 Do you know that one day
 He sees love again?
 You will call then
 And no one will answer
 You will call then
 And you will think...

Hopeful, you will come
 Knocking at my door
 A friend as before
 Hopeful, you will come.
 And they will tell you
 "No one...she is dead"
 So they will tell you
 And no one will help you.



MALCOLM CURTIS

SCRAPS

A friend writes:
 With November Joe after emptiness
 And epiphanies without food or sleep
 Drinking Twinings Darjeeling
 And wringing albas from the deep.

Membering inside Louis's
 Blown and warm fries
 Consuming in a greasy womb.

With friends in chambers
 Steoroyl steeds coursing through blood
 As we lap up chocolate puddings
 Dogs at the corporate court.

Our scribbled brains
 Swimming in aspec
 Written from deep wells
 Of canned confusion.

Membering citroli splifs
 And the world awash
 With liqueur and mixes.
 From our coated insides
 Threnodies re the Duck Club affair
 Foul thing after the shoot.

Shoeing through snow
 We're faithful hounds to November Joe
 Sniffing out the northern creed:
 Wonderful topsy-turvy, Joe said
 Of life's uneven stir. Around
 The restless pulse of things stirring.

RELIQUARY

In 1632 Urbain Grandier, a cure accused of being one of Lucifer's disciples, was burned at the stake in Loudun, France. His death brought to a close a bizarre story fully enlarged by Aldous Huxley in The Devils of Loudun.

A girl once unsprung his moustache
 Drawing the question marks
 Stiff as horns.
 Then he devoured the souging creature
 A bulldozer spooning soufflé.

A black leathery incubus
 Reputation, his enemy, tagged him.
 Priapism at odds with gentle calling.
 He became a cynosure for foul mouths
 And was licked.

Thick in fire tongues lapped
 Urbain Grandier, his body collapsing
 In grail bright death.
 Surging forward for relics
 The *polloi* came to life.

A singed disembodied moustache
 Bird skirts the pyre's lip
 Wings tracing pyromancies.



CECIL ABRAHAMS

OPEN LETTER

We say what is lost
 Into the depths of a hole
 We cannot reach by a rod
 It is not retrievable
 Only the compulsive arrogant
 Will want to follow it

Once we were brothers
 But that is no commitment.
 Relatives are not weapons; you
 Cannot choose not to be born
 With one who has eyes
 But practices no habit of sight

What is gone is gone
 Remember how it all started
 when you like a nightmare
 Screamed *cognition* and *prosody* at us
 As if we knew nothing of perception and order

You scream in your nightmare now
 Or jump from dreams even hard liquor
 Could not drown. You will turn on
 Whatever light only to find your face
 Wet and wonder if home is perhaps
 Where the tears come from

The next time
 You call me petty or communist
 Remember your mother was raped —
 Another way of defining relationships

SOWETO 1976

On the morning of the 16th day of June, 1976, several thousand black schoolchildren in Johannesburg, South Africa, marched in protest against the inhumane racist regime of South Africa. The fascist white police of South Africa replied to this protest by killing 350 children on the first day, and 1,000 in the first week. Their deaths for the liberation of their people will be remembered long after their blood have faded and their bones have dried.

Children of the crisis
 Sons of sirens knuckles and boots
 Tongues pronounce judgment yes
 And so do guns and grenades
 Armed peace is an act of love
 We now know. We now know
 —*Somewhere a mother will rejoice*—

These voices gather
 Like rainclouds over the land
 We must reclaim. Under any sky
 They gather as they whisper in your eye
 Or where the smile could have been
 Somewhere a mother must rejoice

Wanderer with embers on your tongue
 These voices gather to same
 Or fuel the furnace in your eye
 On the long road that will nourish soul
 And purpose with a simple
 THIS LAND IS MINE
 Because we now know
 — *To know our sorrow*
Is to know our joy —

HERE WE ARE LIKE THE PRESENT

We met blindly
 Like twins in a womb
 When you moved to embrace me
 I ran. And that is precise
 And brutally true. But fear
 Has been known to make people
 More strange than
 Belief in Jehovah or Allan or Buddha or Krishna

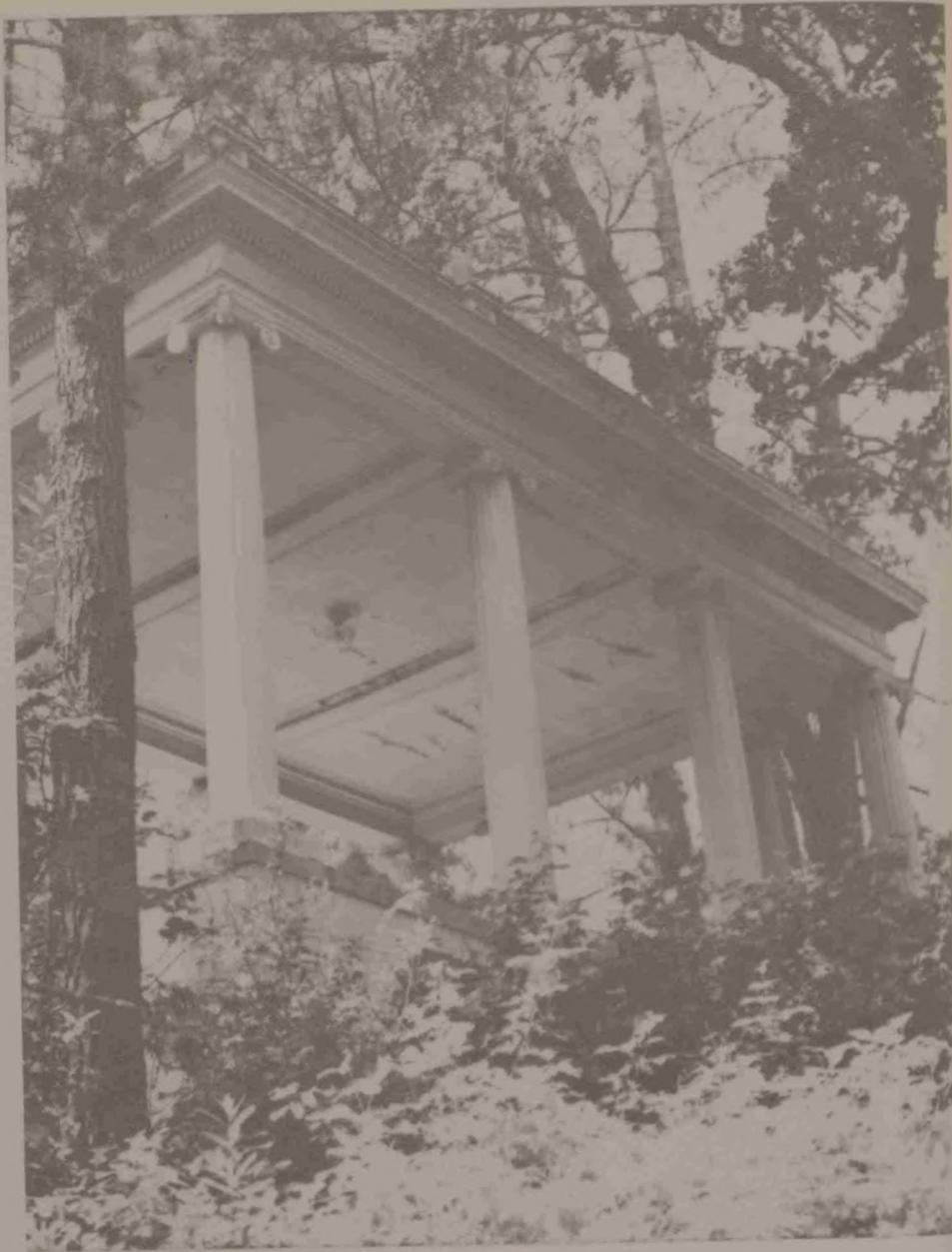
Loneliness you say
 Leads this parade
 So I probe this landscape

This landscape I walk
 Is inside like sadness or joy
 Though I am the son of NOW
 The time that has always been here
 But danger, don't I say,
 Is no stranger to any time or place

I probe this landscape
 Because I come from every place
 I have been I know *I love you*
 Is as strange as *My mother is a woman*
 And here we are
 We met blindly
 Like twins in a womb
 We are here now like dawn or dusk
 But where o where is the midwife
 To deliver our day or night



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James Napier

CHRIS SHIPTON

PITCH OF THE STORM

When, as a lady lying on
 A cold ceramic floor, when
 You shook the sheathed sword
 And foundations of a soul,
 You didn't see past starlight,
 Through the slight crack
 Slightly to the left of winter;
 You didn't see his years.

Rolling across the roof of his mouth
 The tipped tongue of love and laughter,
 The odour of bodies smelling like yesterday,
 Smelling like chestnut and fire
 Resumed an ancient god in him
 That held the hand of Christ!

He wants your love and laughter,
 And laugh him back to Paradise.

Right now,
 Varied flakes fall from an in-sky river,
 Colder than the sun is warm.
 Under winter he sits, bleeding the givers,
 Trying not to enjoy the pitch of the storm.

DEAR JESUS AND MARY

I'm out social working,
 Aiding a buddy in love and distress.
 His journey will have to be wearisome, tiring;
 Relax dear buddy, try smiling.
 The campaign is over:
 Come back a soldier, or hero at best.
 Lovers are heroes at best.
 Better than rest is smiling.

Jesus and Mary, you brought about Joseph;
 Christ was a child,
 Hence, mothers with breasts.
 Joseph made tender the swollen breast;
 twined like a bird the carpenter's nest.
 Tender the breast, dear Joseph.
 Tender the sheep, dear Shepherd.

Buddy was born a child of God.
 God gave him the nod,
 Told him to 'do it' and split.

So surround and impound God's crucifying cross,
 Stay away from the markets and don't buy His war;
 Don't believe what they say, that it's Mary defended,
 For Mary is Joseph, and Joseph's a nun now
 With two breasts of his own
 (tender your breasts, dear Joseph).
 Dear Buddy: God's war is for lovers
 Of countries, not breasts;
 Lands too vast to conquer with passion alone,
 Yet passion is best,
 It touches the heart
 And makes tremble the rest.
 Make tender your heart, dear Buddy,
 When passion is best.

GODS MANIFEST THEMSELVES...

Gods manifest themselves in many forms, bring
 many matters to surprising ends. The things we thought
 would happen do not happen. Things unexpected God
 makes possible.

Euripides, prance-dancing in the line with
 chorus girls, will caress the golden breast of
 Aphrodite. I have seen them dance, tumble-loving in
 the leaves.

Leaves bled red and falling in their season, fall
 falling go the seeds to their own growth. Aghast,
 the blushing trees watch wind seduce them.

Capricious is the life he lives; forever is the
 day his action ends. Come time, come 'morrow, let
 this moment be.

ROBIN HEILIG

FREE AS THE FIELD

Free, as the field she knew,
 she was a child, is a child
 restless, unrestrained
 running absently through
 growing grasses, wildflowers
 who stumble, as she does,
 at her touch.

Again, a child of five
 standing in the center of her universe
 her field
 field of lovers
 weeds stretching upwards
 to kiss her fingertips
 caressing her daisy-palms,
 Only the quiet breezes of summer's stillness
 hold her
 amuse her
 whisper silly secrets
 to the ears of her imagination
 sending her
 wild
 across the meadow
 snatching up lovers
 as she goes.

OF POETRY PROFANE

Inspired by what was,
 I attempt to write poetry
 In soothing, pleasing tones
 So as to become renown
 On this poem alone.

Knowing nothing of poetry
 Nothing of form, rhyme, or scheme
 I grovel for exotic words
 Mind-Blowing double meanings
 So that a wisdom-wife I'll seem.

HIS SHADOW

a nightbird
 fell from the moon's cradle
 and hid from earth's light
 behind

the man
 who had no shadow
 so as to become his



ROBERT EDWARDS

A COLD HAND

a cold hand
 falls upon
 your warm
 and sleeping
 thigh
 it startles you
 but not to waking
 the hand
 the thigh
 they are too familiar
 'old friends'
 many times
 the hand
 passed slowly
 over thigh
 like wind
 soft
 warm wind
 over miniature field
 of golden bending wheat
 now the hand is cold
 and they
 'old friends'
 are too familiar

DAVID EWENS

TO R. GUSTAFSON AT
SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE

You have brought me
Uncomfortably close
Unprepared
To Will Shakespeare's grave.
Three times we've come
To look at these bones,
Hamlet's doubt,
Macbeth's ambition,
Gentle Portia's passion.
Through you
I have seen
His eyeless skull
Wink,
And have known
A restitution:
Even in its fear,
Great poetry
Surpasses great Death.

AT THE MEETING PLACE

At the meeting place
Of muddy Massawippi
And clean St. Francis
Of the many birds,
Sits on the bank
Educating people.
One, slow to rise,
Filled with murky passion.
Lectures to the spirit
In high Anglican fashion.
The source of his grudge
Is unknown. Back, deep
In the swamps, the anger
Begins, creeps slowly,
Brown, opaque, unreasoned,
Swells to revolt.
The other,
Bird-talking St. Francis,
Clear, noisy, swift water.
Trout live in his reason.
Comes of a season,
Sure of himself, proud,
Casting aside confines,
Destroying without malice,
Then laughs, and quick,
Clean shaven, takes
Children by the hand.
Gives them trout logic.
Between the brown and the blue,
It intrudes on the mind:
Duality is ordained
At this junction of rivers.

ANONYMOUS

ON NIGHTS

Returning to a bed I hardly knew
 I pretend to sleep,
 but am deceived by hands
 who turn outwards towards
 the vacant spaces
 nearest my body
 grasping air
 that was once your bones,
 smoothing a sheet
 that was once your skin,
 fondling a strand of hair
 that once laid so entangled with your own
 that it was,
 my nostrils admit the coolness of the night
 yet grow hungry
 for the smells of our hot bodies
 as we became one
 with but puddles of sweet sweat
 separating us,
 my ears
 tuned to the rhythm
 of your slow, even breaths
 are now confused, deafened
 by the stillness of the room,
 my body
 lies fallow
 waiting to be molded
 into the curves of
 your body
 your hips
 the bend of your legs
 folds of your chest,
 to be enveloped by your arms
 into all that you are
 as you sleep
 quietly

soundly
 undisturbed by the storm of my
 tears
 that rages outside
 your bed
 into my own.



MARCUS X. OUIMET

BUS TERMINUS — MONTREAL

2 a.m. sleeping
drowsily with the
drunks and bums sleeping.

A bloody footed boy
laughs scorns and taunts
something not there.

Workmen loners
shuffle slowly
dreadfully.

They clean the place,
I clutter it with my body
and dead spirit.

Drowsily
at 2 a.m.
sleeping.

UNTITLED

(I)

Gerald Ford
(president idiot)
Warren Commission
(fools)

(II)

one bullet they cry;
one man they say;
but of course, they're pals
of the C.I.A.

(III)

It.
clean cold shining
a tool of man.
He,
the report said,
shot by a loner;
A crazy; sexually deprived,
who only could
have done it alone.

(IV)

a conspiracy? probably.
a coverup? yes!

(V)

These committees determining facts,
close their; eyes, ears
nose, mouth, then,
guess.

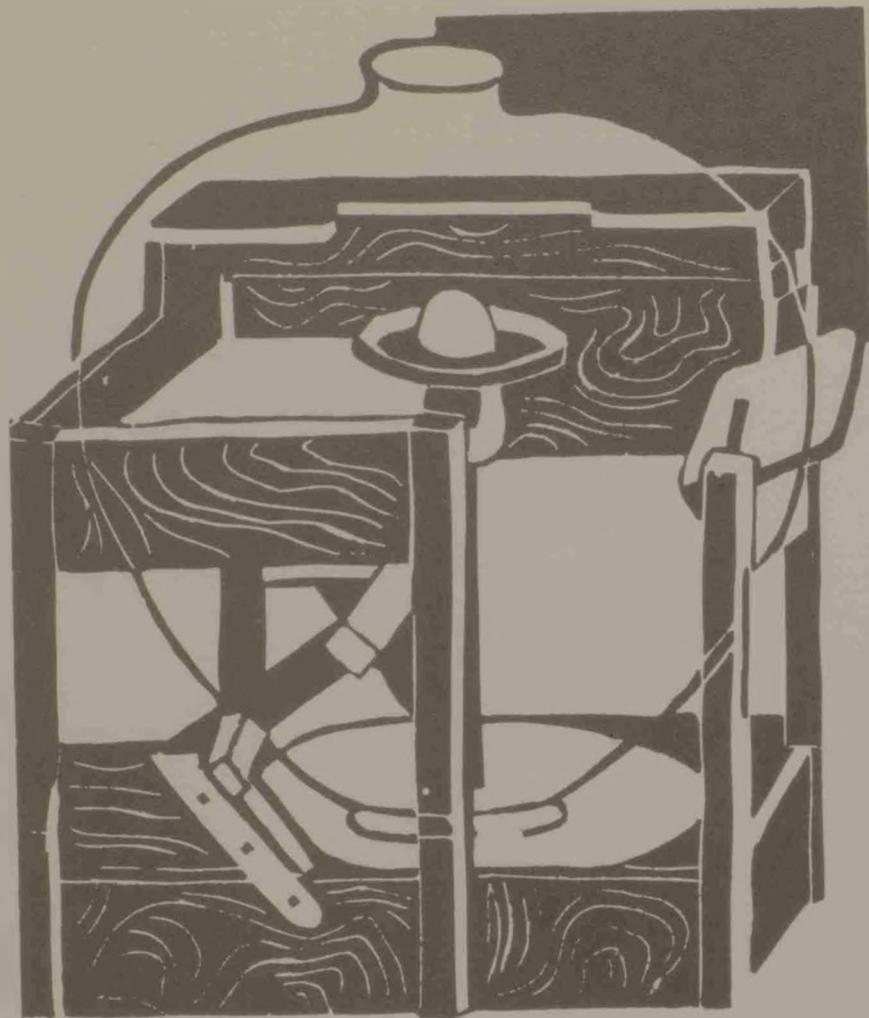
EVELYN PILLE

REFUGE

Once
 Faced with pain,
 Unreasoned doubts,
 Heart-numbed despair,
 She fled to trees.
 With downcast eyes
 And hurried step
 Through fallen leaves,
 Over mossy humps,
 Around wayward rocks
 Until the grassy pasture road was left behind.
 Once safe within the cool, still woods
 Releasing tears could bring their peace.

Now, shrieks of Sunday hunters' shots
 And snowmobiles rip through the air.
 Such peaceful woods are hard to find,
 Yet, still the need is there.
 To touch and feel a sense of nature's pulse
 There seems no road but inward,
 To landscapes once alive,
 But now in mind alone.





JOHN PLANT

COMING DOWN

COMING DOWN
for Phil and Sean Corcoran

Allegro $\text{♩} = 120$

mp *leggero*

dim.

p *cresc.*

mf *dim.* *mp*

pp *mf* *f* *mf dim.*

mf *cresc.* *f dim.*

John Plant

Handwritten musical score for page 56. The score is written on two staves: the upper staff is for the piano and the lower staff is for the violin. The tempo is marked *Allegro*. The score includes various dynamic markings such as *pp*, *p*, and *rit.*. There are also performance instructions like *Allegro (d=50)* and *rit.*. The notation includes complex rhythmic patterns, slurs, and ties.

* Play the C# and D# - the r.h. with the thumb, and the G# and A# in the l.h. with the 5th finger.

Handwritten musical score for page 57. The score is written on two staves: the upper staff is for the piano and the lower staff is for the violin. The tempo is marked *Allegretto*. The score includes various dynamic markings such as *pp*, *p*, and *rit.*. There are also performance instructions like *rit.* and *Allegretto*. The notation includes complex rhythmic patterns, slurs, and ties.

Handwritten musical score for the first system on page 58. The notation is in treble and bass clefs. Dynamics include *pp* and *ppp*. There are some handwritten annotations above the staff, possibly indicating fingerings or articulation.

Handwritten musical score for the second system on page 58. It is marked *Tempo I* with a tempo indication of $\text{♩} = 120$. Dynamics include *pp* and *mp*. The instruction *meno legato* is written above the staff.

Handwritten musical score for the third system on page 58. Dynamics include *pp* and *ppp*. There are some handwritten annotations above the staff, possibly indicating fingerings or articulation.

Handwritten musical score for the fourth system on page 58. It is marked *Andante*. Dynamics include *pp*. There are extensive handwritten annotations above the staff, including fingerings and articulation marks.

Handwritten musical score for the first system on page 59. It is marked *Andante* with a tempo indication of $\text{♩} = 66$. Dynamics include *ppp* and *mp*. The instruction *legato, dolce* is written above the staff. A pedal instruction *Ped.* is written below the staff with the note *with pedal slowly*.

Handwritten musical score for the second system on page 59. Dynamics include *ppp* and *mp*. The instruction *delicatis, espress. un poco* is written above the staff. A pedal instruction *Ped.* is written below the staff.

Handwritten musical score for the third system on page 59. It is marked *a tempo*. Dynamics include *mp*. A pedal instruction *Ped.* is written below the staff.

Handwritten musical score for the fourth system on page 59. Dynamics include *mp*. The instruction *espress.* is written above the staff. A pedal instruction *Ped.* is written below the staff.

Tempo I (♩ = 120)

p *pp leggierissimo*

1952 rue St-Antoine
Montreal
January 1970



EZEKIEL

FATHER AND SON INC.

-one-

the father sits in HIS chair
 smoking HIS pipe
 thinking HIS thoughts.

-two-

when the son walks in
 thinking his own thoughts
 smoking his own brand.

-three-

and at first
 they stare
 so near
 yet so far
 the two of them.

-four-

the father waits patiently
 for despite
 the separation
 he wants to know
 all the things
 HIS son has done.

-epilogue-

there is a brief and sudden cry of
 completion
 as the son
 dies in the father's arms
 oh
 there was no time
 he died
 so
 quickly.

GOD HELP US

he cries out;
 "oh god help me!"
 and is met
 with incredibly rude silence
 so overwhelming
 in its quietness
 that he sighs
 his last betrayal, away.



Rick Brown
 1978

CONTRIBUTORS

SUSAN MORROW is a student at Bishop's. She's originally from Alberta and enjoys taking photographs and writing in her spare time.

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