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When Sandy La Salle had her Coming-Out Ball, none of the Hermes went: not that she had forgotten to invite us, but because we were on our annual New Year's trek north, which no one save Rusty—this was his first absence—had missed for the past five years.

It was a wild, womanless journey that once had been almost dangerous, set as far into the northern bush as we dared to go, marked

## Noise And No Victory

DAVE GODFREY

with new shotguns and icy sleeping bags and much drinking of thawed beer in the seriously gay manner of fifteen year olds. Now we had cars and wealth, we could go as far as we liked, but already we were talking about going back to those first places.

The absence of Rusty was like a great flaw in the ice of the frozen lakes, widening its stubborn, mocking crevice to trip me as I tried to dump two skaters at once as Rusty used to do, giving Pollux one more excuse to paint the rock and lake face of that wilderness, reminding us all of the huge water-hole Rusty used to cut out as soon as he arrived—chopping with furious and cold strokes—the concrete sounds of one iceberg hacking at another. Already we spent some time talking about things we used to do, time we could have used to do new things.

Rusty had been our sparkplug, our mascot and our hero, famous for his cynical parodies of teachers and enemies, a sort of perpetual and independent source of violent energy, driving us to imitate and surpass him, the muscular little rebel who invented—proper in his brine-soaked levis and hand-cut Wellingtons—our version of ski-joring, where, after half-pushing, driving and carting his 38 Ford coupe down to the lake, he would whirl us around behind him over the ice until we or our skis broke and then, reluctantly, he would let someone else drive and he would chase behind the car, screaming at us:

—Go you Hermes guys. Get your everlovin' butts in gear and go. Burn out that little engine man, we'll get another one. Drop the transmission, I can fix it. Flip the whole car over, that snow's soft, you won't get killed, only go you mother-humps go, go like someone was chasing you and you didn't want to get caught nohow. Only Rusty, overtuned and overtorqued, could have invented it and only he ever managed to stay on the skis no matter what we did with the car.

There was something of this savageness in everything Rusty did. When we got older we realized what a gulf it was building between us and everyone who distrusted Rusty's way of ordering things, his way which was composed of all shouting and noise and no victory, only the lonely loser, like a Baffin Island eskimo inexplicably hung for saving his child from the sadness of starvation.

On the night of the Home Coming dance he must have realized the direction towards which we were beginning to move for he broke the last youth-swelled, age-tightened rawhide bonds which might have once restrained him. Until that night he never turned his mimics against us or himself so we never fought with him.

He dumped Sandy off his lap as casually as he would scrap an engine with a cracked block. He didn't ask us to notice. He just sat there cross-legged on the floor and stared silently at the door until the noisy party came to a clattering halt. Then we could see the Wellington encased feet reaching far out in front for the imaginary set of pedals.

His voice was cold and frantic, like a thrown rod eating its metallic path towards the open air. We stopped him when he started for the door. When he started to rave we forced him down onto a bed.

—Got to go find my bridge and bomb right off her. Jesus, guys, let me go.

—Somebody hit him hard. Suppose his old boy comes in and finds him fooling around like this.

—Got to find my bridge and dive bomb off her into that nice, bloody, muddy river. Hey, let me go guys. Pollux you don't want to stop me do you?

—I don't want to do anything guy, but if you don't shut up those girls in there are all going to be crying and then I'll just have to hit you.

At first it was merely something a little strange to be forcing him down against his savage strength, hearing the peaceful songs of our generation turned into something horrific, restraining ourselves scrupulously and completely from mentioning what he might do if we let him go, planning how to sneak him out if his father came home and how to explain the broken furniture, planning secretly like those old Quebec merchants who hid their half-naked *coureurs de bois* from the gaze of the priests. After two hours we all began to wonder who would first suggest that we let him go.

—We're going to have to let him go Pollux. I'm so black and blue I'll never explain it. I can't stay here and hold him on that damn bed for another two hours, my arms'll fall off.

—Got to go find my bridge guys. Got to get to the dung-flungers land. How you gonna keep me down on the bed, after I've seen the chief dung-flunger herself.

—Alright, let him go. He'll probably be back in a while to laugh at us anyhow.

So that finally, half in disgust, half in dismay, we opened the door. He had quieted down. He was singing softly now.

—Oh she lived on the morning side of the mountain but he lived on the twilight side of the dung-heap.

## II

Which was how he left us, quietly and therefore erratically for him: just as Sandy had left when he began to rave, sadly, almost crying and therefore erratically for her. Sandy came back though, wearing the same lopsided grin which seemed her birthmark—and therefore the party seemed on its feet again.

There were girls who did not like that smile, who said she must have practised it for hours in front of a mirror.

—Just like a queen, they said, just as if she thought she were a real queen, not a spoiled little brat who got kicked out of private school. That fact was their way of bridging the distance between their unhappy, imitative world and her vibrant, butterfly life.

Not that Sandy was Home Coming Queen that year, she never was. The Queens of Forest Heights had to walk a narrow line between being pretty enough to get the boys' votes and plain or proper enough

to keep the girls from being jealous. Sandy was neither, once you knew her, but they couldn't keep her from being the prettiest and, because we rode with Rusty, they couldn't keep her from leading the parade.

—Guys I don't care if Karma himself says their Queen must go first, we're going to make a race out of it.

So Sandy sat regally in the back of his red Sprite, letting the wind blow her black hair in beautiful free spurts of leisurely curls, like Queen Liz in a hot rod: waving at the onlookers and the rest of the parade which followed us—Rusty never lost a car race in his life—slowly, through the great warm September day; the faces of the freshmen girls smiling up at her in unhappy imitation, the face of the Indian summer noon beaming through the unblemished sky in a lopsided, all-American barnum and bailey grin.

It was perhaps then that Sandy conceived her desire to lawnmow Rusty, perhaps later when she saw all the Hermes guys, at the Home Coming Dance that night, moving in on the new crop of senior couples.

—Come on guys. First one that lawnmows that Queen away from old prissy-pants gets to borrow the Sprite for a week.

It was that night that the kids began to think him crazy. The teachers had long since given up hope. He moved towards the Queen swinging an imaginary scythe like an early farmer cutting grass off a beaver meadow. Lawnmowing was our game of the moment, the half-pleasant, half-painful thrill of jousting against your contemporaries for the girl they claimed. Rusty was the master at it. He had never hustled anyone seriously after Sandy broke up with him so he was always free to move in on some lesser child.

The bulge made by his Wellingtons barely showed above the finely draped cuffs of his tuxedo as he cut in on the Queen. Accepting her haughtiness like an old courtier, he moved her gracefully through a waltz, smiled at her partner, wooed her with his wild flow of words and laughter, then seduced her out into the night by promising to put the top down and threatening to drive in his usual manner.

When he brought her back her date was gone and the kids were arrayed against him like a group of monks watching their monastery being confiscated. He smiled at us and ignored them. He whirled the Queen out into the middle of the floor and left her there; in the middle of the number, open-mouthed, her papier-mâché crown all askew, while he finished the dance with Sandy.

Afterwards we stood outside, laughing while we poured congratulations on him; shamanic and magical as any circle of Stonehenge worshippers, the September night hanging around us like a palsied



and benevolent grandfather watching while we proclaimed this feat as the wildest sacrifice our humour seeking altar had ever been offered.

None of us said he was crazy then. We knew he had to do it. Sandy was the fairest and a young man always makes the fairest his queen even if she rejects him, even if he is only the joker of her court. We knew he was not rebelling against the world, only trying to set his parts of it in order, as children will.

### III

Sandy had her own way of ordering, taken from her mother and grandmother in that long, backward line of matriarchal descent. Sandy took the parts which protruded or were awkward and rouged and powdered them until they were as conservative and well-groomed as the models in the girls' magazines.

When the head mistress at Queen Anne's finally told her that she didn't think they would have room for her the next year, Sandy smiled primly at her and said she always wanted to spend her senior year at a high school anyway. She got to be a cheerleader as soon as she came and pretty soon she knew all the important kids. She seemed to throw her lot in with the Hermes guys though, which was natural since most of us had been in and out of private schools at various times. Presently we began to see her and Rusty riding together and doing imitations of the girls who were already gossiping about them.

We found this alliance handy because Sandy's father could line us all up with summer jobs. A big, bluff, dark French-Canadian who had gone to Harvard Business School before he was too old to learn and married a blonde and rich English gentlewoman before he spent all his patrimony, he had known us all since we were his Beaver patrol, but lately we had not seen much of him. He had taken to accepting honorary chairmanships of American Subsidiaries.

But now with Rusty leading the way, we swarmed all over his house again, to his delight and to the much repeated dismay of his chirping wife. She never let him remember in peace that it was through her kindness and breeding that he was where he was. She served on all the committees designed to promote better relationships between the English and French of the upper classes but she never learned his language as he had had to learn hers. He used to swear sweetly at her when she raised too much fuss about his wine cellar or the crucifixes which adorned the house. Sandy hovered between those two like a half-breed child, coddled by both parents, rejected by both races but she persuaded him to find us all jobs. And we all agreed as soon as she told us.

—They'll be great for you guys. You can work in the city all week and still have the weekends free to come up north to the resorts and you can work every summer until you get through college and have real good jobs just sitting there waiting for you. Rusty's got the neatest one. He's going to work for Ford in the designing part.

—Madame, I beg your indulgence, but old Rusty has already got his own job lined up.

He had that mystic, indecipherable Indian grin of casual but immoveable purpose which he sometimes wore, like a cross between a

winning quarter-back and one of those Hindu wonder-workers whose eyes are almost glazed from staring at the sun.

—I'm going up north with a prospecting crew.

—Sure Rusty, and I suppose you're going to take all the Hermes guys along with you.

—I'm going with a bunch of professionals.

—Well anyhow, when you come back, if you come back, don't forget the rubies and the Cadillacs and the trips to China for all your friends.

—I'm going as an apprentice. I won't make anything except my wages even if we find Eldorado.

—Rusty you can't be serious. My father won't be able to give you another chance.

—Oh dear, oh dear, my poor heart is torn with grief and rage. I'm leaving on the second of July.

—Sure Rusty, but . . .

—That's in about two weeks. I'll be gone all summer.

—Well, of course. If that's what you want. But you'll have to tell my father you don't want his job.

Rusty did not offer to take her home. The rest of us walked with her. Her mother got almost as angry as Sandy had, her father didn't even seem upset. When she had finished telling them she phoned Rusty and said she thought it would be best if he didn't call her any more.

#### IV

We saw him once during the summer. He had convinced his boss that the crew needed a rest and they all flew down to Breboeuf Beaches where we spent our weekends. They were all bearded, Rusty was browner than an Indian. They spent the weekend fighting with the local lumberjacks and water-skiing behind their plane.

Rusty took to calling us Castors that weekend, just as Sandy's father always did, but he was over it by the end of the summer. He said when he got back,

—You guys ain't quite the worst in the world you know. Tonight I'm going to give the biggest rock and thunder party you ever seen.

So we left the Home Coming Dance early, just after Rusty had put down the Queen, climbing into the great glossy world of our cars to race for Rusty's home in Birchwood Heights. He always had the best parties. His father was almost a recluse, who spent his days

clipping coupons and sipping whiskey sours, brooding deeper and deeper into that lotus of thoughts which was his past and dreams and regrets: like an old Breton noble who refused to attend the court at Versailles, the few times he went to his office he left at six in the morning and was back by noon but he always left for the night when we wanted to have a party.

When I had first seen Rusty moving in on the Queen I said,

—He just wants to be best again.

Then I said,

—He's doing it because he knows she doesn't deserve to be Queen.

Because Rusty himself had remarked that an injustice was never justified, even if a majority agreed to it, without once mentioning justice. Later I said,

—Poor Rusty.

As I watched Sandy drop on her boyish butt beside him, smiling as her eyes ignited something inside him, like one of those old Quebec ladies smiling at a dirty, bearded, wild, trapper and his gift of white mink pelts, so that Rusty did his newest mimicry.

It was of two hoods playing chicken. He took both parts. Sandy caught on before we did. When she was the girl-friend of the hood without the cigar she was frightened out of her wits and pleaded with Rusty to slow down before they crashed. When she was the girl-friend of the hood with the cigar she acted like a real hellion and egged him on to go faster and faster.

It was during one of his turns at being the hood without the cigar, the unfrightened one, that Sandy smiled at me and ran her hands over his vodka bottle as if she were cutting grass off it, like a lady clipping her penthouse lawn. Rusty must have seen it too, but his eyes, black as prime sable and festering with vigour and repressed cynicism, gave no sign.

He sat all the time straight as a drive-shaft, dropping the cigar and picking it up when he changed character and yet keeping the same poker-hard smile of inalienable intent on his face, even while he grunted out the big crashing sound two cars make when they collide, and even while we clustered around to pay our homage.

—Isn't he just a scream. Well I never have seen anything so wild. He gets the sound so perfect.

All the time he's just sitting there with Sandy in his lap, pointing at her like a pompous conductor passing the applause to his orchestra in mock humility.

—He's played around and stayed around this old girl too long and he's got to be moving on.

This last by Rusty as he dropped Sandy onto the floor and while

he was sitting there, cross-legged on the recreation room floor, as if he were trying to call up spirits—spirits with fishtails, bred in a wind chamber, with exhausts flaming from each manifold, with spoked wheels and stainless steel joints and heads chromed and shaved and completely unpitted.

## V

And when he had found them and drew them forth and we had exorcised them in the only way which we in our simplicity knew, which was to beat him and hope that it would penetrate to them, and sent him out to find his bridge, Sandy came back and grinned and let us know that she could still smile and all was right in the queendom.

From there on the party was as we had planned it. The days of roughing it were over, we were all going someplace and congratulations were legionary. Sandy was going to a Washington finishing school, Pollux was going to Rome to study painting, Rusty's cousin had a scholarship for missile engineering from Caltec so that Sandy ran around all night filling all the goblets until they ran over and spilled on the sealskin and polarbear rugs which lay everywhere beneath our feet and we found this outrageously funny and toasted her as the little friend of all the world until it was morning and we all went to the airport to see Pollux off.

Then when I took her home we remembered Rusty with that queer time sense children have, placing him fully and clearly in the short past composed only of football defeats and victory dances and songs, which, because it was merely an extension of our present, carried no resemblance to the long past with its declension from deaths of uncles into the fall of kings and the rise of new cradles of dead races.

She stood on the porch and kissed me and made me promise not to tell, not to anyone pretty, please, what had happened before Rusty started all the trouble. And I did. When I left I could see the freckled face of the morning lighting everything around her with its offbeat and palsied smirk. In the first letter she sent me she reminded me of the promise I had made, and also in the second, but in a more delicate way, for in that one she also said it was inevitable wasn't it dearest Scroppy, but she would always remember the good times and the funny secrets we had shared.

I never wrote her back although I saw her occasionally, not through that adolescent mysticism which can turn a glimpsed ankle or a freckle into an entire, remembered body but in the way a group of sorority girls congregated like bright-frocked nuns in the halls or a

matron pompously mowed her own lawn or the old ladies of the town gave a party for the college president, all fluttering like something off a nineteenth century tea cup; proper, arranged, coquettish, calm and inescapable.

And I never mentioned what she had asked me not to, even up at the lake on New Year's when we sat around drinking O'Keefe's old stock ale and trying to see who could tell the wildest stories about Rusty's exploits, nor the next morning when it thawed and rained and we drove back to the city gabbing about Sandy's rise into society and planning to crash whatever sort of a party she would be having on a Sunday afternoon.

It was almost over when we got there. The crowlike mother of Sandy met us at the door and took our coats.

—Do come in, she said. So nice of you to come after all. There's so many of you. I'll spread the paper for your boots. I was so sorry to hear about Rusty. You must all tell me what you have been doing. Sandy has been just dying to hear from you Scroppy.

I ignored her and we merged into the party, eating ravenously and telling small lies about our adventures, disregarding the looks we got at our woollen Mackinaw shirts, our stockings feet, our unshaven faces.

I heard her voice as I went toward the salon, lilting with the sibilant clarity of an old harpsichord or a player piano.

—Then there was Rusty. He was just too funny for words. I mean he was more of a wolf than anybody you ever saw.

She was clustered about by a group of people I didn't know, debutants in white and their dates in black like animated and intellectualized penguins, talking excitedly and waving her hands in frantic little swallow motions.

—And they had this cute little game they called lawnmowing and I just had to mow down Rusty's divine little Smirnoff bottle since it was the only woman he ever had and gee, he just went piddlediedee up into the air, I mean he must have had delirious tremours or something and —

My eyes caught hers and and there seemed to pass a flickering of something old through the air, something mud-ridden and ceremonial, like the dirtying and defalcation of a jongleur by a knight whom he had mocked or the booing of a quarterback who had eaten the ball too often, until she flushed slightly and I went back into the living room while she finished her story. I had to see Pollux about the paintings he had done of Rusty anyhow. I remembered it might be a good investment, remembered I needed something to hang in my room.



## POEM



Lilac and cheiranthus  
time night-breathing  
we two beside the screen door  
(garden genetrix of black flowering  
undomesticate by dark)  
looked and looked at  
the shadows of each other  
and smiled invisible smiles.  
Original chill moisture, grey night-blooming matrix  
was the sky immanent,  
where roof shadows, porch shadows,  
pole gate garage shadows  
and his shadow almost-morning framed, hour and hours;  
the sky the damp breath, the damp palms, the pores of night  
our anthropomorphic dear.  
What would we have done without it?  
Had no shadow love.

That was in the days when  
the peacock exotic bird screamed  
green cry, grates green  
no bird seen  
grates green leaves  
inebriate growth  
floriate breath with the green touch  
and the purple bird cries  
Leaves! leaves! leaves!



And each night, love to a shadow.

My sweet deceiver, that maker of shadows the silhouetter  
spelled out the beam-strings of our eyes,  
grew the porch-fence grapes of deception, peacock  
purple and green and lamp black  
wash — no scratchboard scenery ours.  
My shadowed dear, my shadower's make —  
had I but seen the lack-life in his eyes —  
kill-curtesy, cut-purse, cure-fantasy!  
—Oh, I do not expect that I would have been saved;  
I would not have believed  
in such anti-life, such sure-shallow dead-dealing,  
such un-double-dealing truth of shadows.

And for answer you would have had  
that I, Helena-like,  
shall still pour in the waters of my love  
in sieves of shadows,  
because my success, even yet,  
(like Helen both herself and Dian)  
may be in shadows,  
in night's secret places.

MARY ANDERSON

There are **Damons** at the bottom of my garden  
. . . or, the Pythias legend revisited.

RICHARD HOWARD

George and Jerry had roomed together for years. And as if that were not enough to make the middle-class Montreal mouths fall open, they appeared with metronomic regularity on Sherbrooke Street, arm in arm, with—depending of course on the weather—either ices or umbrellas. As to their formal occupations, none of the denizens of upper Sherbrooke had been able to find that out—if indeed they existed at all. And, as my friends tell me, what a Montreal madame cannot discover is not to be known. At any rate, the elegant couple were undisturbed by the not always kind speculations that flavoured many a cup of weak tea in the quiet Quebec afternoon.

The enigma was especially distressing to its landlady, Madame Renaud, an expansive mass of flowered print whose soiled brassiere-strap peered over a shoulder-bed of roses. "Such nice boys, such beautiful boys, but they don't save their money, *eb bien* they don't get anywhere," she would say with a vague moralistic dissatisfaction; and her neighbour Mrs. Yevremov always replied, sententiously, "Dey should ought get marrit!," her Slavic brusqueness more than compensated for by the benevolent radiance of a full-moon red-morocco face.

"*Aboui, Madame*, I cannot comprehend those boys. Perhaps—fingering a starched antimacassar—"Perhaps I could bring around Gerard's young daughter . . ."

"*She* would do for both of them," commented Monsieur, a dry little eggshell man who popped in socratically at uncomfortable moments; and then would pop out again.

A creak of the door and "Entrez, Entrez!" came Madame's resonant challenge. The boom of this salute apparently blew the door open, and in came . . . only George, and, of course, Jerry, arm in arm. They nodded politely, then proceeded pudgily upstairs, tracked by the marble glance of Yevremov *femme*, her blotched hands folded in an attitude of hardy appraisal.

"You see," stage-whispered Madame Renaud after they had gone, "Always together, never going anywhere, never coming from anywhere . . ." She shrugged despairingly, projecting her philosophic impasse

into the green and tasselled parlour curtains, their swinging, mute evidence of the friends' presence and departure. The French are supposed to spawn insights at moments like this, but Madame, being only a Québécoise, felt justified in confining her discernment to a loose thread in the venerable object of her contemplation. She laboured up to remove it, and the problem passed from her mind.

But it did not pass from her house. People displayed an insatiable interest in her boarders' affairs which smacked more of intrigue than sincerity, and its fine sauce garnished more tables than the Renauds and the Yevremovs were mistresses of. George and Jerry just missed becoming a *cause célèbre*. In fact, they might well have been one, if Father Thibert—a great friend despite their spasmodic attendance—had not assailed Madame's formidable but staunchly catholic ears with a sermon on gossip, in which the name of that hitherto venial sin was linked closely with eternal damnation.

A palpable hit. Madame was silenced. She vowed that she would mind her own business—if Mrs. Murphy minded hers. But still—and whether it was because of the French mania for social integration we cannot determine—she kept up her matchmaking activities, refusing stoutly to believe that the match was already quite satisfactorily made. The petticoated prides and joys of the neighbourhood (of course the fathers must be in trade) were pushed, prodded and turned about in her imagination. And these marketings produced a premarital undercurrent in table conversation that failed completely to interest George, or even Jerry. They both ate heartily, and it must be admitted that even chagrin did not permit Madame to lose weight. Only Monsieur suffered in his sardonic, desiccated manner, lurking harmlessly behind a big bowl of gladioli.

For it was midsummer in Montreal, and Madame fanned herself unsanitarily with a dust-rag as she pretended to clean and polish her household responsibilities. Life was too occupied with its own sweaty self to bother about anything loftier than mere continuance. It watched languidly as two immaculate ices paraded up and down, up and down upper Sherbrooke Street. The symbol of dull indirection translated itself as it had in summers past and as it would in summers to come into a reminder of pleasant and effortless continuity. And in the crucible of August, Madame's matronly perturbation was sublimated into something like motherly acceptance, as her care, immobilized, melted into itself.

"Next year," she confided to a perspiring Mrs. Yevremov, "Next year,"—and here she wagged her finger—"My boys will open themselves a bank account and get themselves with girls!"

Her friend nodded listlessly. "Dey should ought get marrit," she said.

And they left it at that.

Fly the scarlet kite.  
Its wings are stretched too tight  
It's been too long dry  
But still can fly.  
When you get across the day  
Better let it go  
Easier so;  
The wind is bright  
A knife at night  
And will do  
To kill.

Do you really think  
I would expose my wounds to you  
for salting purposes?

My smart's  
brisk, my equilibrium radiant  
though a little taut;  
still, you will never see it tremble.  
During this chaos I've learned  
quite a lot about acting.

Afterwards I come back to you  
and lay my head on your knees.  
What is the point of it after all,—  
the attempt at nonchalance,  
the pretence of unconcern?

The penultimate straw  
at noon you flicked onto my load  
at 12.10 bestowed  
the last.

I  
held breath quick slow  
listening for the back to break —  
but no:  
it was such an adjustable camel.

Just as the lights came on  
In the Urdunkel,  
I was amazed  
To see a bat, unsteady,  
Dipping low  
Through the clouds of smoke  
Of leaves burning,  
Quite different from last fall's,  
Having metamorphosized.  
And I wondered,  
Do bats' wings  
Smell different  
In leaf smoke?

# Walt Whitman Rostow:

notes on a brains truster of 1961

IAN DRUMMOND

It is now a commonplace that President Kennedy has emptied Harvard to staff his administration. But Harvard is not the only well into which the President has lowered his bucket. Yale and Minnesota have provided economists, while the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has lent not only scientists but also—incredibly—a professor of economic history. He is Walt Whitman Rostow, whose *Stages of Economic Growth* has been widely read since its publication last year. It has also enjoyed the unusual honour of triple condensation—first in *The Economist* of England, then in *Life*, and finally in *U.S. News and World Report*. Rostow has also written on Russia and China for a mass audience, and his largest work—*The United States in the World Arena*—is a significant contribution to the current American exercise in visceral reappraisal.

Clearly Rostow has already joined John Kenneth Galbraith, another Boston academic and member of the Kennedy entourage, in that sparsely populated Valhalla which is reserved for popular economists who also have respectable professional backgrounds. This preserve is so fenced as to exclude both the simple publicist and the professional specialist. The writings of economists are generally read only by a carping audience of other economists and by a captive audience of students. Confronted with the renown which Galbraith and Rostow have won for themselves, the respectably professional-minded economist is inclined to retire from competition and to concentrate upon the specific gravity of the cod or the intertemporal allocational efficiency of a dynamized Leontief matrix, secure in the conviction that the popular economists are "not really doing economics".

And of course the student of cod or matrices is correct. The boundaries of technical economics are so drawn that neither *The Affluent Society* nor *The Stages of Economic Growth* lie entirely within

their limits, while *The United States in the World Arena* is best described in the words of its author, as an essay in current history. Galbraith's professional work has been largely in the field of agricultural economics; hence it is not surprising to find him raising his eyes from the ever-overflowing granary to gaze on a society where abundance and not scarcity is the rule. The technical economist can often find fault with Galbraith's terminology, which has been much simplified in the interest of intelligibility. But the economist's techniques are not sufficient to prove or disprove his central thesis: that in North America ideological and institutional pressures lead to a congenital underspending in the public sector and a congenital overspending on private consumption. Many people have bemoaned our tendency to spend "too much" on tailfins and "too little" on schools. Galbraith is the first to provide some cogent explanations of this tendency. To the serious student of contemporary society these explanations, and not the call for more public spending, are his real contribution. But it is the call and not the explanation which has caught public attention—especially in the Democratic Party.

Rostow shares Galbraith's concern about the "undervaluation of public goods". Both wish to increase the proportion of the American national output which consists of education services, welfare, recreation, foreign aid, highways, urban renewal, and arms, at the expense of private consumption goods and services. Galbraith supports his wish by the simple assertion that everyone would in fact be happier if this sort of reallocation could be brought about. Rostow tries to go farther—to prove that reallocation is not only desirable but necessary. To do so he elaborates a somewhat inchoate theory of historical change and draws upon his personal view of the world. It is my intention to make some highly selective comments upon Rostow's historical theory, and upon certain other aspects of his recent writings.

Rostow thinks that every industrialising nation must pass through five stages. The first stage is that of traditional society, before industrialisation begins. Next comes the "transitional stage" in which the nation prepares for industrialisation. When this preliminary process is complete the nation "takes off", and this stage of take-off is the third phase. Fourth is the "drive to maturity", during which the nation accumulates capital and expands its industrial base. The fifth stage is high mass consumption, an American preserve for some decades; Canada and European countries only recently entered it, while Russia and China are still driving to maturity. While a country is in the transitional stage, the social strains which accompany the dis-

solution of the traditional society may lead to militarism. Between takeoff and high mass consumption a nation is too busy with economic growth to do anything but grow. It is then carried forward by the combined power of capital accumulation and scientific advance, and it is also jerked ahead by the interaction of the various "leading sectors" in its economy. Once it attains to the stage of high mass consumption it again enjoys the luxury of choice: it may spend its affluence on consumer durables, on welfare and collective consumption, or on military adventure. Thus in the final stage the automatic process of growth has done its work by equipping the society with sufficient surplus income. At this stage social and communal choices, not individual ones, become much more important and much more necessary in determining how the nation will use its power to produce. Of course Rostow believes that his stages are universal historical categories, identifiable either in the past of any nation state or in its future. But in so far as the United States is concerned the stage theory merely provides a setting in which the highly topical problems of political decision-making may be discussed.

It is difficult to summarise the stage theory without parodying it, and I am not sure that my own summary has succeeded. Stage theories are ancient crutches of economic historiography. Rostow's stages are subject like the stage-theories of older and wiser historians to detailed criticism from empiricists, who have the awkward habit of discovering evidence which will not fit into the framework—whatever that framework may be. Although it is not my intention to examine the evidence here, I cannot refrain from remarking that in no country do the facts seem neatly to fit the Rostow scheme. Hence as historical generalisation the scheme leaves much to be desired. As analytical history it is also defective, for it explains neither how society moves from stage to stage nor how it passes through any single stage. Capital accumulation, scientific advance, and the dynamic interaction of sectors—these are no more than new labels for the old process of economic change, and as such they are notably lacking in explanatory power.

However little the stage theory may tell us about history, it tells us a great deal about the versatility of the author's mind, the wide range of his reading. In another connection I have called him a secular oecumenicist. His conscious and explicit intent is to integrate all relevant areas of knowledge into forms which can be brought to bear on questions of public policy. An ambitious programme. One need not be surprised that the achievement is imperfect, nor should one be excessively critical of the attempt. At least Rostow has failed

in a good cause. Of course the attempt could not have been made if he had not been the victim of an excellent North American general education. Both the virtues and the defects of this sort of education are reflected in his habits of mind and thought. He knows a little about a great range of subjects but is not fully at home in any one area of knowledge. Hence his more ambitious work is an odd hodgepodge of really brilliant and provocative insights, borrowings from other scholars, textbook interpretations concealed in new and pretentious terminology, and fundamental philosophical confusion which masquerades as profundity. In Rostow's work we see what happens when a product of North American secular education tries a one-man job of interdisciplinary integration. Wide reading, research assistance, and foundation grants are not enough to ensure success unless the writer has learned to think with precision and to clarify the fundamental conceptual categories which must underly any such ambitious undertaking. The careful reader soon discovers that clarity and precision are as remote from Rostow's thinking as they are remote from his vocabulary.

*The United States in the World Arena* concludes with a long section entitled "The American Agenda", in which Rostow presents his programme for the reform of the United States. This section is a most peculiar mixture of shrewd observation and prescription on the one hand and verbal and conceptual confusion on the other. We can best approach the matter of this important sub-essay by glancing at the question of "national style". This phrase recurs again and again. Although its meaning is obscure it seems to be either the American way of perceiving the world or the American national character. But in these days of behavioral science such unscientific terms must be avoided. When he defines the national style he includes three things: political and social idealism as the cement for the nation's sense of community, accumulation as the person's chief day-to-day concern, and optimism generated by approximate success both in accumulation and in idealism. The definition is later stretched to include empiricism and a pragmatic approach to the solving of problems; the American style also includes the tendency to make moralistic noises in public while reaching "sensitive and subtle" compromises in private. None of this is exactly original; most of it has formed the stuff of American historiography for decades. The concept of national style, like the stage theory, is in Rostow's hands not a tool for the interpretation of history but a weapon with which to attack current problems of national policy. Fearing that the pragmatic and moralistic aspects of the national style are now liabilities, he urges simultaneously that the

national style must be changed and that it must remain essentially unchanged. Moralism in public life is a liability because it annoys the rest of the world; pragmatism is a liability because it obscures the long view, leads to shortsightedness in the solving of problems, and fails to utilise the skills of such professional experts as Rostow.

Here Rostow is necessarily concerned with that fundamental problem of democratic politics: the correct and workable relation between leaders, experts, and electorate. It is perfectly clear that however well the democratic process may have worked in a simple agrarian economy it now demands an impossible amount of general and sophisticated knowledge from an ignorant and uninterested electorate. Some of us are inclined to say that wrong decisions are therefore a necessary cost of democratic control, and we are prepared to accept this cost. Rostow believes that the United States cannot now afford to make incorrect decisions, and therefore he works out a set of proposals which are very much in the American style of high principle combined with subtle compromise. In effect he wants perfect experts to advise perfect leaders who will then successfully convince the electorate that it should vote for their proposals. Thus the democratic principle is preserved in appearance; but if the leadership is sufficiently good the experts in fact will get their way.

If Rostow is right in believing that such radical changes in American thought and action are essential, one is inclined to see little hope for the United States in the world arena. A re-allocation of national resources is urgently needed if the United States is to maintain her strength. Sufficient national resources can be allocated to arms, foreign aid, and public consumption only if the experts forecast the needs properly and if the leaders convince the public to support the necessary programmes. Further, moralism and pragmatism must be abandoned. Thus the country can be saved only if it experiences a radical change of heart. If this rather special sort of conversion is the only way to national salvation we had better start to dig shelters and learn Russian.

Nor is this all. American national salvation also requires a democratic world, because the "fundamental American humanist values" could not survive if the rest of the world were totalitarian. It is therefore necessary, Rostow thinks, for the United States to export the Democratic Ideal, though not in any rigid and doctrinaire fashion. Again Rostow is at the forefront of modern thought; we all know that doctrine and rigidity are "Bad Things," and that flexibility and com-

promise are Good. And all he seems to be saying is that Americans should try to disseminate respect for human personality, for the person's right of self-expression, and for the rule of law, without trying to export the full panoply of American institutions. In view of his critical comments on these institutions Rostow would be inconsistent indeed if he advocated an export drive to sell them. But idealism is the most essential part of the American style, and therefore must be preserved. Hence the above ideas are the fundamental items in the American creed which must be preserved while the moralism is shed—the Word which Americans are to carry over the earth, the Truth for whose preservation they are asked to give up butter and buy guns.

There is no good reason to sneer at this vision, though there are plenty of good reasons for expecting it to be unattainable, and there are even better reasons for detailed criticism of its philosophical basis. Rostow has expressed rather accurately the dilemmas of a nominally relativist and subjectivist culture which still wishes to believe that some things are objectively true and important. In Rostow's writings the True and the Good are equated with the constant ideals of the American political dream. Hence the Americans remain the Chosen People, and it makes sense to talk about national purpose. Perhaps the United States is the only country in which one can hear discussion of national goals which is clearly devoid of totalitarian implication. In spite of his unguarded phrases which frequently imply the contrary, I do not think that the state is prior to the person in Rostow's thinking. He is simply trying to float a raft on which something can be saved from the wreck of Western civilisation. The raft is not very seaworthy because the builder's tools are not adequate for the task. But this inadequacy is not altogether his own fault.

However dubious Rostow's historical dynamics, however inadequate his general all-developing integration of practically everything, he remains a shrewd and perceptive observer of the contemporary scene. As an advisor I should expect him to be excellent, for although his suggestions will sometimes be useless they will seldom or never be positively perverse. The same cannot be said of the advisors who have ruled the country in the name of the Republican Party for the past eight years. Rostow's specific suggestions are often admirable; it is his attempts to provide philosophical and historical justification for them which frequently make one uneasy. But if only he can be kept out of the President's speech-writing team, all should be well.

# Don't Think About Elephants

"For the next ten seconds, I want every single person in the audience NOT to think about elephants."

Wait for the laugh, Jerry.

"If anyone does, it might spoil my act."

That's about your best opening line, and for an audience like this one, you need every good line you've got.

"Have you ever noticed, though, folks, that when someone says something like that, you can't help doing just the opposite? Why, I knew a guy who could never get to sleep at night, just because his wife always said 'Sleep tight', and he was afraid he wouldn't . . . So he sat up all night worrying . . . and drinking . . . and slept tight all the next day!"

Too bad these people won't warm up a little. The only one who's even smiling is that little guy at the front table. All right, Jerry, play to him. Let the others look out for themselves.

But, oh, Jerry, what happened to all those big plans of yours, to be a big-time comic, play all the high-class places in New York, Vegas, Hollywood, to have everyone within hearing distance, even the waiters, in the palm of your hand? What happened, Jerry?

Remember how high up the ladder you were that year in Florida? That wasn't bad, Jerry, but why couldn't you stay there?

Carol could tell you why.

"But getting back to elephants, and it's a pretty big topic . . ."

Your stooge at the front table isn't even smiling now, Jerry, but don't worry. They'll warm up.

Don't worry. Hell! Somebody, like your manager Joe, is always saying don't worry. Pretty soon you'll start worrying about worrying.

But get back to your routine, Jerry. These are paying customers. They expect something besides the atmosphere of this place for their money.

"I once heard of a circus trainer, who claimed he could train elephants just by whispering to them. He used to go around behind them with this big pole, see, and . . ."

The women don't even giggle at this one any more. Either they're all getting hardened to off-colour jokes, or you just aren't getting across.

"Then he'd lift up one of the elephant's ears, and whisper something in a Peter-Ustinov-type-German accent, . . ."

They don't even know who Peter Ustinov is, Jerry. They don't even watch television any more. Never mind. You can't stop now.

"Once he was being interviewed for a write-up in Life magazine, see, and . . ."

\* \* \*

Well, that's one more rotten performance over with. Have another drink now, and smoke one of those butts that's lying in the ash-tray. Look at the curl of smoke, Jerry, blue smoke. Remind you of anything?

No, Jerry, not an Indian village, with the Indians after your scalp. Don't you remember Maine, and those summers with Carol? You're in that little clearing in the woods and the fire's going out and you lie back on the grass and watch the pale blue curl of smoke drift up through the trees into the night sky and circle the stars and you reach out and touch Carol's hand and she squeezes gently and breathes a deep sigh.

Carol.

Painful? Light another cigarette, and listen to what Joe is saying. Look at him shifting in that chair, Jerry. Probably adjusting his B.V.D.'s. Remember that old routine? Maybe you should start using it again.

"Now look, Jerry-Baby, just 'cause the crowd's a little slow one night, don't mean you're washed up. I'm tellin' ya, Kid, ya got no worries. Me, I think you're the greatest. I love your stuff! And that bit with the trench-coat and the sloppy hat is a real scream. I'm tellin' ya, Baby, I roll in the aisle every time! Every bloody time!"

And there's lots of people who do the same!"

Sure, you're great, Jerry-Baby. A real Joe E. Lewis you are. Well, at least Joe is still good for a little old-fashioned encouragement when you're low.

"Now come on, Jerry, let's go down town and have a few drinks at Ernie's. Jeannie'll be there."

Say something funny, Jerry-Baby. That's what Jeannie always tells you. Jeannie with the drug-store blonde hair. Jeannie's quite a change from Carol, isn't she, Jerry. But she's no change from the last dozen girls you've dated. They're all the same these days. Say something funny.

"Now look, Joe, I was heading for the top, wasn't I?"

Funny enough?

"Right!"

"Then what's happened? Why am I slipping? Is my material any worse?"

"Baby, I'm tellin' ya, you're still headin' for the top as far as I'm concerned. So the crowd's a little thin on a Friday night. It's boxin' night, ain't it? Wait'll you see tomorrow's crowd! They'll be laughin' before you even come on!"

"It's no use, Joe. I've just lost my style, that's all."

You had style once, Jerry. The first time Joe saw you work you were really fresh and new and original then. And you and Joe were so bloody sure you had style, you gave up Maine and Carol and all the rest for the road to the Big-Time.

Carol again. She thought you had style, too, remember Jerry? But not for the big-time night club circuit. The style she liked, the style she wanted, was your small-town style, the style that made you popular in High School and in the insurance business. You thought it was the same style, didn't you Jerry, but it wasn't. Carol knew that all along, but you had to learn, Jerry, and your education isn't finished yet.

"It's true, Joe. I know the audience is hostile to me before I even get started. They don't even give me a chance any more. And because of it, I no longer have a style at all."

And you're also getting pretty hostile yourself. You're getting sick of trying to be funny when no one else, not one drunken sot out front is ready to let you be funny. Tomorrow night, they'll probably throw tomatoes.

"Forget it, will ya? What is this hostile bit? So suddenly you're a psychologist? Forget it. You're still great! You're a second Joe E. Lewis! I'm tellin' ya!"

Don't smile, Jerry. You're only giving in again. One more defeat and you'll forget Maine and Carol and all the rest. Don't smile!

"Yeah, Joe."

Oh, Jerry, don't give in again!

"So get your coat and let's go down to Ernie's. Jeannie'll be waitin'. Just stop worryin' will ya?"

"Okay, Joe."

Okay, Jerry. Gulp down your drink. And light another cigarette. And get your coat.

And don't bawl like a baby inside.

And don't worry. Don't think about those damn elephants.

\* \* \*

This crowd, does it feel more hostile than last night's? Tomatoes, anyone?

It's a good thing you've got an extra spot-light tonight. You need that. It helps not to see those drunken, hostile faces.

The whites of their eyes!

"For the next ten seconds, I want every single person in the audience NOT to think about elephants . . ."

He who hath ears to hear, . . .

". . . it spoils my act . . ."



## Two Poems

Too soon the veils of morning sift apart:  
As if a breath had touched them, so divide  
The morning-gloried draperies of youth.  
We leap to close the curtains—make them fast,  
Secure the blind and draw it firmly down  
Upon a vision different from our dreams . . .  
But we have seen—and for awakening eyes,  
A shade of deeper darkness clouds the skies.



Into the young, bright morning I  
As new and open as the virgin sky,  
Stepped out and felt the dawn  
Caress me with the promise of the day,  
Awakening, sweet-unclosing to the light.

Desire within a crystal moment born,  
As flowers cup their nectar to the morn,  
A moment shatters — gone  
The light; the crumpled morning swept away,  
And days are folded into drawers of night.

JOAN HAWSON

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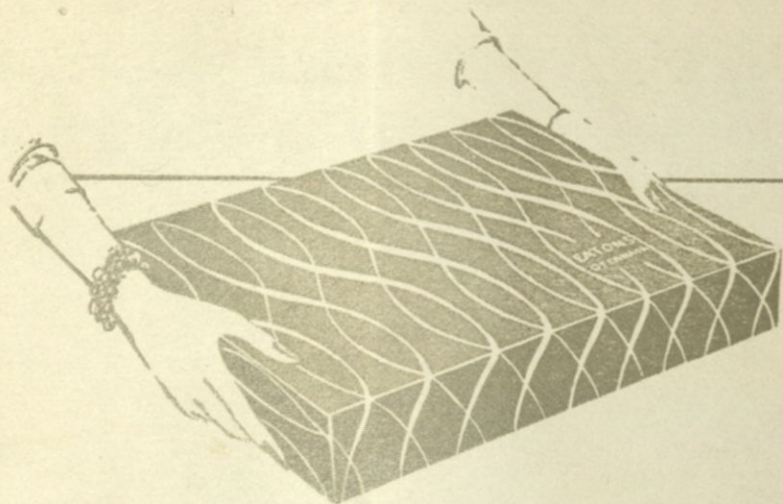
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