

January, 1962

# The Trinity Review



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*story, GRADUATION DAY.*

## *off the board*

### **THE PROPER WASTE OF TIME**

It may rightly be said of the twentieth-century that Time is a Most Important Thing. To avoid the *ennui* which the Existentialists of Sartre's kin consider no less than hellish, is the chief problem facing today's Conscientious Man.

To the Platos and Socrates' of Parthenon Greece, Time gave no trouble at all. Eternity ruled as the Real and Permanent, and paltry Time as the mere measure of Flux in all its significance. Mutations took place, it is true, and changed the nature of objects the eye encountered, but such encounters, let alone the mutations themselves, were simply accidental. The eye counted for nothing, for below and beyond appearance existed Reality, larger than Life, in the sphere of Timeless Truth. This world-view was a cosy one, if not sublime, wherein Eternity vicariously assured all Thinkers that the Actual was not so actual and Change not worth bothering about, with the result many theories flourished which could not be Disputed.

Following John the Baptist and All That he entailed, men began to number the years. Their precise preoccupation with Time saw the introduction of Ineffable Love, the Calendar and moreover the most absurd class Distinction of all, namely B.C. and A.D. It became of Vital and Social Moment to know who was born in B.C. and who in A.D. Notwithstanding that in early medieval times few could be found to belong to the B.C.'s (in all truthfulness it may be said even fewer can be found today), to the Middle Aged Man such a Class Distinction carried with it significant ramifications which were not To Be Ignored.

Time, then, penetrated so completely the social lives of men that it drove Eternity upward and outward. Clocks were invented with sand or water being ingeniously used in place of sunlight. With the steadily increasing depreciation of the Sun, the early clock-years came to be known as the Dark Ages. But the far removal of Eternity was soon regretted and out of the penumbra of the preceding Age grew the Renaissance wherein men sought the Timeless in Courtly Attitude toward the Maiden. Yet Womanhood proved no more immortal than Manhood, which was not in keeping with Eternity, and men stopped extolling maidenly Virtue.

The problem still existed however: what was to be done with Time to make it seem more like Eternity. Since no satisfactory answer has come up in the last few hundred years, the problem has become progressively critical and must be regarded as monumental among all other Problems. Intelligent People see Unaccounted-for Time — commonly called Boredom — as tantamount to destruction. Naturally, the Rhapsodic and Ecstatic are moments hard to come; long intervals of bare, naked Time separate them and herein lies the danger of Boredom. To avoid it something must be done in wasting Time properly.

To achieve the Proper Waste of Time, it is essential that not a minute or hour passes of which the Individual is not Absolutely Conscious. He should contrive to make every demarkation of Time as uncomfortable, painful and useless as possible. Waiting for an empty street-car during rush-hour; reading books on subjects of no interest; sleeping in an empty room with a loud-ticking clock; listening to lectures in unknown foreign languages; standing in long theatre line-ups and then not buying a ticket — these are many Activities which will make Time seem like Eternity. If this can be effected, the Individual may be sure he has succeeded in the Proper Waste of Time. And to achieve this End is paramountly Important, for Time is here to stay.

---

## THE SONG OF STREET

Little man playing a bold concertina,  
Black little imp on the curb of the street,  
With a cap and a call in a voice that is broken  
From melody selling and loud long yelling  
That is meant for a song of the street.

You squeeze on your musicless musical squeeze-box,  
A neat little four-note song of the street,  
And foot-tapping easy note melody making  
That brings you a copper or two from a walker  
Amused on the curb of the street.

But oh, when you pull and expand out the bellows,  
An odd, impish discord on the curb of the street,  
Your song is a strange-ringing, sigh-singing calling  
That cries in the hearts of the walkers who shudder  
At the Hell in your song of the street.

BOB DINSMORE

# GRADUATION DAY

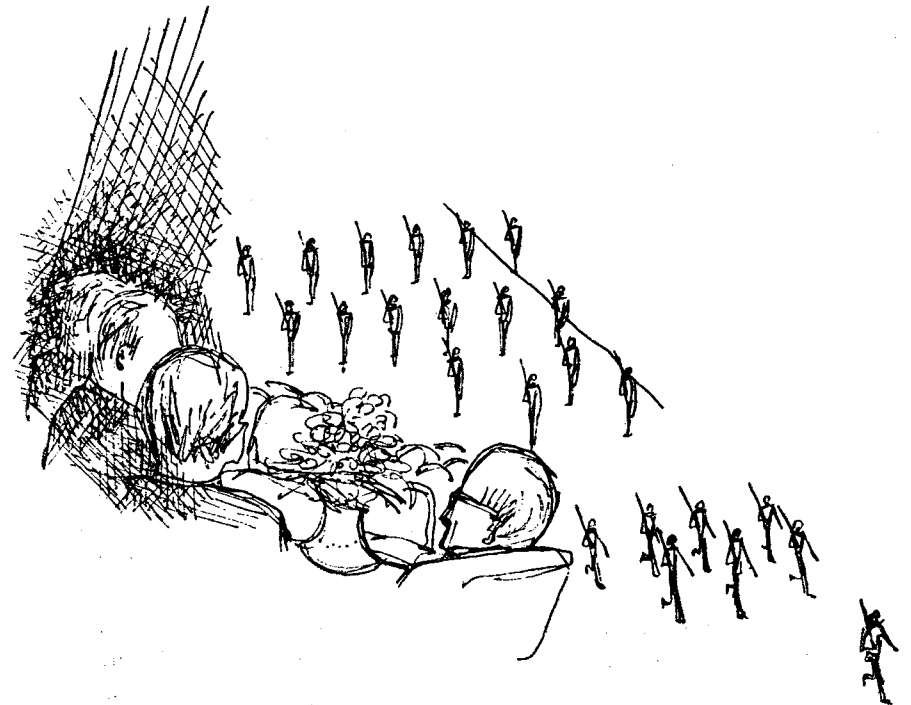
When Junior Cadet Joe Ingo scrambled back to the college over the back fence that morning at seven o'clock, the officers and the drill sergeants of Ecole Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean were sitting over their breakfasts (consisting mainly of black coffee and grapefruit juice) and thanking God for the weather. It was Saturday morning, graduation day, and it was turning out to be a beautiful May day — clear, still, and warm — ideal for the graduation parade.

Regimental Sergeant-Major Manseau, head of the drill staff, sat back in his chair at the Sergeants' Mess multiplying his double chin. Across the table sat his two assistants, Sgt. Pimpette and Sgt. Farley. Farley was already finishing off the second beer of the morning, but even though he did get drunk the night before at the Club Social as usual, his moustache gristled out of his lean face less that morning than on ordinary Saturday mornings. Pimpette just sat there with his sharky face and watched his chief, Manseau.

What Manseau was thinking was anybody's guess. He was an exemplary RSM and didn't reveal his thoughts to his subordinates. When he wanted something, he yelled. All year he stood on an elevated platform in the middle of the parade square directing the two sergeants like pawns through the formations of cadets and yelling at them with a loudspeaker to check the lining of the first rank, to put this cadet on charge, or to give that cadet extra drill. Naturally the loudspeaker was one of his sorepoints. A good RSM should be able to make a command echo seven times in an empty drill hall, and *he* certainly could yell "Gardaaah-VU!" or in English "Atteen-HA!" so it could be heard right across the Richelieu River in Iberville, a distance of over a mile. But the trouble was that to reach such distances he had to yell the "VU!" or the "HA!" in a very high pitched voice that sounded like a yelp of a dog in heat. That year all the keen cadets who received officer-appointments were small-chested and weak-lunged and found that unless they imitated the RSM's method, they were not heard by their squadrons. A general was very disturbed when his guard of honour at Dorval Airport sounded more like a

dog pound than a military college and told the college Commandant that such commands were very un-officer-like. Although Manseau wasn't an officer, he hoped to end his days on an officer's pension, and after announcing that commands would be given as they were spelled, obtained a loud-speaker.

But now as he sat his eyes lacked their parade-square beadiness. They were two little unfocused holes in his plump face. He was satisfied. The parade that afternoon would be his first parade reviewed by a Governor-General and he was sure that he would receive a pat on the back. He had started the practices way back in October when the cadets hardly knew their left from their right. He had to fight all year. He had to fight with the cadets to lift their feet six inches off the ground instead of five and a half, with the professors to stop complaining about drill interfering with study time (after all, this was a military college), and with the administration to supply hob-nails for the cadets' boots so they could swing around fast and when they slammed



their feet down make a loud crack that produced a shock wave in the paved parade square. It was a long, hard fight, but he felt that he had won. The last practice had been so beautiful that it had brought tears to his eyes.

He nodded his head and pulled his lips down smugly. "Le parade aujourd'hui serra le meilleur dans l'histoire du collège," he said.

"Ah oui. Certainment monsieur," Pimpette replied. Pimpette always agreed with him. Manseau thought he was a good man. He would go far.

Farley's eyes glistened for an instant as he remembered the time before his demotion when he had been RSM at the Royal Military College and the Queen herself had congratulated him for a parade. He finished his beer and wondered whether he should have another. "Oui, oui," he said impatiently. He thought that even after all his drinking over the years he could show Manseau how a parade should be trained. He didn't have much use for a young RSM (fifteen years younger than he) who didn't drink, didn't smoke, and didn't even have a moustache. Manseau didn't like him either, but he was too old an army man for him to bawl out.

Manseau jumped up and headed for the door. Farley went to the bar and ordered another beer. Pimpette would have liked to join Farley, but he ran out after Manseau.

When Joe entered the barracks reveillie had just sounded and the cadets were getting up. He ducked into the first washroom and looked at himself in the mirror. What he saw made him double over and howl with delight. Even if he hadn't been still high, it would have been funny. He was wearing what was left of his blazor and flannels, or number sixes, or recreational dress as they were called, after a night on the Main in Montreal. One side pocket was completely gone, the other hung by a few stitches. The top side pocket, where the crest with "Verite, Devoir, Vaillance" written on it in gold thread had been, was a black, shrivelled cinder. He remembered how this had happened and doubled over again, supporting himself on the sink, until he began coughing and choking. A black American whore in Cabaret Montmartre had mistaken the arm on the crest holding the three maple leaves, for the Statue of Liberty arm and had held up a lighted match beside it for realism. When the crest had caught fire, he had laughed along with everyone else in that part of the nightclub and had wandered around thrusting his chest at everyone for a cigarette-light, proclaiming, "I have sacred fire!"

He spat in the sink and looked up at the mirror again. The only brass buttons left were those on his sleeves. He had walked up to strippers during their acts, ripped his buttons off, and gallantly presented them as official

momentoes of Ecole Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean. All the Frenchmen had cheered him, and some had begun singing "Oh Canada". The strippers had been very nice to him too, but he had been too drunk to appreciate their gratitude. He remembered only the one who had substituted the buttons for her petals. His pants were split and ripped in all the old places from going AWOL over the barbed-wire fence all year and in a few new places. But what struck him most was that he was wearing the college tie, neatly notted around his neck, but no shirt. He pecked down inside his blazor to see whether it had slipped down somehow. But no, it wasn't there. It was funny, but he was sure it would be much funnier if he could remember how it had happened.

By the time Joe looked at his face, he didn't know whether it was sad or funny. His hair, which was the longest hair in the college, was matted stiffly with beer sweat in a jagged pattern over his forehead. The veins in his temples had popped out like ropes and his eyes were reddish, watery slits in the pink, geletinous flesh above his cheekbones. His nose seemed more swollen and crooked than usual and his lips were caked with something black that cracked and revealed pink lines when he stretched them to look at his teeth. His teeth looked as if he had just finished eating a butter-scotch sundae.

He pushed his hair back with his hand, feeling the roots hurt, and splashed some water on his face. The water didn't seem to reach the skin. It stayed on his face in isolated little droplets. He looked at himself again, but he had lost interest. He was beginning to feel drowsy. He left the washroom and went up to his room.

Corbeil, his room-mate, took one look at him and his eyes nearly popped out. "Sacrifice!" he exclaimed. "D'ou viens-tu?" He ran out into the hall and yelled, "Hey! Joe is here."

When the door opened and six cadets crowded in, Joe was lying on his bed with his eyes shut, smiling blissfully.

They all jabbered at once:

"Maudit de colis!"

"Hey man, where ya been?"

"What's the story?"

"Regardez-lui!"

Joe raised his head. They stopped talking and watched him expectantly.

"Hmm," Joe sighed and increased a happy smile. "Jus' t'show you guys I didn't forget ya, I brought ya sumptin'," he said.



They could tell he was still high from the way he spoke, and laughed.

He reached into the inside pocket of his blazor and pulled out a half mickey of rye. He held it by the neck and twirled it at them, his eyes still shut. No one caught it and it shattered on the floor. He laughed and swung his feet over the edge of the bed.

"Grab his boots, grab his boots," someone yelled.

Before he had a chance to kick them off, they pulled his wellingtons off and found a full mickey in each.

"Gimme a drink," Joe said.

"Ay — tss, tss, non. C'est assez," he heard Guilbert say. He was always saying, "Ay — tss, tss."

Joe sprang up and said, "Shut your goddam mouth, Guilbert. I'm a civy, now and I can drink all I want."

Guilbert left the room.

"Joe you still have to go on parade, don't you?"

Joe looked at Townsend and replied, "I don't have to do anything anymore, buddy. Don't you remember? I'm getting kicked out. Besides, did I ever do anything that I had to?"

"But Joe," Townsend pleaded, "you're our right marker."

"Big, big deal."

Joe pulled another mickey out of his other inside pocket and took a long drink.

Townsend watched him. "I wish you'd grow up, Joe," he said.

"Aw, go and shine your stupid boots for the parade."

Townsend wasn't a bad guy, but he got on Joe's nerves sometimes. He was the youngest of them all and he looked about thirteen, yet he was always trying to be protective and telling people to grow up. He looked so young that he had to carry false ID even when Duplessis was running Montreal. Once in the Chez Paris a whore had sat down across from him and he was so pleased with himself that he hadn't brought up after his customary three beers, that he started acting big-manish under the table. The whore just looked at him and said, "Que cherches-toi, mon petit?" He blushed then, but when he got back to college, he told everyone that he had replied, "What's the matter, honey? Can't I feel the merchandise?" That's how he was. Joe wondered why he had kept him around his gang.

Townsend left and Joe sat down for a drink with Corbeil, Brett, Wally, and Bart. He regarded them as the only reliable ones. He told them all he could remember about his adventures that night and they laughed, and

were angry that he hadn't taken them along, and sad that he was being thrown out of the college and they weren't.

"Like man, I wish I was cuttin' out with ya. Yes oh yes," Brett said. He had just read *On The Road* and was trying to be another Dean Moriarty. "Oh yes, I want it, it man, IT."

Joe was talking soberly now, but he was too high to be sad. "C'mon then," he smiled.

"Oh man, the circumstances and the particulars and the situation, like you know man, are beyond my immediate control at the very present moment, but furthermore, and in all truth of the word man, and it, I will endeavour to my utmost and yes yes man . . ." He would go on for hours like that. Dean minus guts, Joe thought.

"Cut the crap," Wally said.

"Yeah," Bart added. "You give me a deep pain in the ass."

Bart was always echoing Wally. He was one of the numerous natural born Holden Caulfield sensitive American college types who slink around campuses writing sentimental stories about the cruelty of women. He even looked like him. But he didn't like being that way. That was why he always echoed Wally who to him was the ideal personification of man.

Joe used to call Wally 'Nick Adams' because he was always trying to act like Hemingway. Then after the college initiation he started calling him Jake.

Wally looked up seriously. "We'll miss you, Ingo," he said.

"We sure will," Bart said.

Corbeil just nodded his head in agreement and disbelief. He rarely said anything. Here is a man, thought Joe. Corbeil was dark and heavy, brought up in a Quebec lumber town. With his black eyes glowering from under his thick eyebrows and with that crescent scar where somebody had ground the jagged half of a broken beer bottle into his face he looked like a voyageur out of the history books. He never asked anyone for anything. When he looked at a woman, he looked at her as if he were about to grab her by the hair, throw her on the floor, and rape her right there and then. Of course with a look like that he never had to. Joe thought of all the times Corbeil had carried him back from town on his broad back.

"We must breakfast," Corbeil said sadly.

"Yeah," Wally said and stood up.

Bart followed him out the door and Brett loped out snapping his fingers and saying, "Yes oh yes." He was already high.

Joe picked up his half-full bottle and looked out the window. It was beautiful outside. The sun was just a little above the trees across the Richelieu River and shining right into his eyes. He was glad that it was early in the morning and he was awake. Ordinarily, after a night such as he had spent, he didn't wake up until well past noon, just to be told that he was on charge for AWOL, drunkenness, and absence on parade. The charges never bothered him—they had increased by geometric progression the last few months. He wasn't even sure how many he had. Over two hundred, anyway. The only thing he didn't like about drinking all night was missing the mornings.

He climbed outside through his window and sat down on the little roof that jutted out over the barrack entrance. He planted the bottle between his feet and gazed in the distance. The sun wasn't too bright yet, but just enough to bring out the fresh green of the trees across the river. In front of them the river was very smooth and deep blue, undulating slowly, binding and grooving the warm orange of the sun. The reeds along the far shore were leaning and lifting with the water. He heard the muffled sound of a gun in the misty bush somewhere and far away, the blue gray hump of Mont St. Gregoire loomed above everything like a milestone.

He didn't know how long he had sat there when the shrill, protesting tone of a bugle suddenly exclaimed the raising of the colours. He looked down and saw the flags being cranked up until they hung from the three poles like limp rags. Dark figures of cadets were dispersed all over the campus where they had been arrested by the sound of the bugle. They stood stiffly facing the direction of the flags, saluting. Just like Moslems facing Mecca, Joe thought. When the bugle ceased, they cut their right hands down and continued on their way with their shoulders pushed back and their stomachs stuck out, swinging their arms shoulder high. Joe looked at them curiously as if he had never seen them before. Christ, do they look stupid, he thought. If I'd known I look that stupid, I'd never have stuck around for two years. Jesus Christ, look at them. He couldn't believe it. Even if it's only because I won't have to walk so stupidly, I'm glad I'm getting booted, he thought.

Davis, one of the keen cadets he knew, was marching by right below him. "Get those arms up, mister!" Joe yelled sternly.

Davis' ears turned red and his arms started swinging right up to his nose. "YEEEAH, Davis!" Joe screamed and raised the bottle in the air.

Davis cautiously turned his head up at Joe, then quickly snapped it away and continued marching to the mess-hall. It was not wise to associate with undesirable types.

Joe gulped the bottle dry and smashed it on the road just behind Davis. He stepped up his pace and drew in his rear as a frightened dog pulls in its tail.

God, what a place, Joe thought.

He looked at the parade square and sneered. It was one vast gray geometric slab of asphalt. Around it ran a road of the same colour with straight cement curbs that curbed evenly at the corners. Exactly in the middle of each side of the square there was an entrance from the road. Around the road stood rectangular blocks of cement buildings. There wasn't a tree or a patch of grass in sight. Actually there were four trees, one at each corner of the square, but they were so small and scraggly that you couldn't see them. All you could see where the iron supporting poles to which they were tied. At the far side of the square, the river side, there was a straight cement breakwater with a steel pipe railing running along the top with evenly spaced posts. Right in the center of everything stood three flagpoles, the middle one taller than the other two.

Joe looked back at the river but he found that he couldn't enjoy it as he had a few moments ago. It made him anxious. Anxious to think, to move, to go, to do. He had looked at the river every day for the past two years, but it had made him sad and lonely then. Not anymore. He felt the old restlessness come back. The restlessness that used to drive him before he joined the college, searching, chasing, hitch-hiking along the highways through the plains and mountains of the continent for something which he felt but never caught. Ever since the major told him that he was being thrown out, he had planned on skipping graduation parade. Now he changed his mind. He smirked. "Man, you're going to graduate in style," he said.

Joe dove back into his room, ripped his clothes off, threw them at a corner, snatched a towel, rushed into the washroom, took a cold shower, and was back in the room within five minutes. He stood in the middle for a moment, thinking, then scooped up the various articles of his dress uniform that he would need for the parade and shone them, pressed them, brushed them, and layed them out on his desk. When everyone returned from breakfast, he was lying in bed sleeping and there was a note on Corbeil's desk saying, "Wake me up in an hour."

When Corbeil saw everything in order and Joe sleeping with his hair wet from a shower, he shook his head and said, "Asti!" He said that to everything Joe did. After living with him for a year he expected anything. He picked up his boots and went into the boot-shining room. Nearly everyone in the

flight was there. Once Joe and Wally had figured out that each cadet spent an average of one hour a day shining boots. Each keen cadet, that is.

As usual Townsend was in there rubbing the spit into his boots and wailing, "Oh where is this place caaalld civy street?" Wally was slumped in the corner rubbing his boots slowly and efficiently with Bart beside him, but without Wally's determined face. He rubbed for a while and stopped, sighed, looked at Wally's glistening boots, turned to his own, sighed, and started rubbing again.

Brett was hunkering on top of the sink contemplating his boots. "So, Corbeil dad," he began, "seeing as, in the sight of you, I, at the moment am predisposed, or in all truth taken up, or immersed in the contemplation of, and therein and thereby incapacitated in all seriousness by IT—yes oh yes—IT, may I in all earnestness and due formality and reverence inquire to the metaphysical state and present preoccupation of the cool hipster daddy cat and chief, namely Joe?"

"Christ," Wally said without looking up.

Bart threw his boot down and said, "Brett, you are really the biggest ass I've seen in my whole life."

Corbeil sat down without even looking at him.

"Hey Ives," Townsend turned to Corbeil, "is he going on parade?"

Corbeil didn't answer him. He thought they were all a bunch of morons except for Joe and at times, Wally. "Wally," he said, "he wants us to wake him after one hour."

"Yeah, OK."

"Oh yes oh yes," Brett said. "That means in exactly forty-six and one half minutes from the present moment."

Just then the PA blared, "Attention, attention, monsieurs. Junior Cadet Joe Ingo au telephone s'il vous plait. Attention, attention . . ."

Corbeil went and shook Joe. "Telephone," he said.

Joe draped a towel around himself and ran down to the telephone booth. He picked up the reciever. "Yeah," he drawled.

At the other end he heard a girl's voice say, "J.M.J." quickly and then, "Bon jour, Joe, comment ca va?"

Christ, he thought, her and her goddam J.M.J. It was Hugette, phoning from Montreal and she wanted to know whether he would take her to the graduation ball that night. He didn't know why, but he said, "Yeah, OK. C'mon down for the parade at two and then you can change and I'll take you to the ball."

From the other end he heard, "Au revoir," and then another "J.M.J."

He had dated her once, and then only for a laugh to see whether there were any moments at which she would forget about her J.M.J's. She was always saying J.M.J. But he had decided it wasn't worth the trouble and hadn't seen her for weeks. He had no intention of going to the ball. He was planning to break the news of his discharge to his fiancee that night.

He went into the shining room. Everybody greeted him. "Hi Joe." "Hello Joe." "Hear ya had a wild time last night." "How ya doin', Joe?" Even the keen cadets were nice to him. They thought it was a misfortune for anyone, even Joe, to be thrown out of the college.

"Whose got a smoke?" Joe asked.

Half a dozen packs were thrust toward him. He took a cigarette from them all and threw one each to Townsend, Corbeil, Brett, Bart, and Wally. They smoked only when he smoked because they spent all their money on beer. He kept them supplied most of the time by writing English essays for a carton a shot.

"Shine, you bastards, shine," Joe said and laughed. "Yes sir, you've got five more years of boot shining left."

"Aw, don't rub it in, eh?" Bart moaned.

Davis, the keen cadet whose father was a colonel, looked up and sneered. "And what are you going to do with yourself, Joe?" He asked sarcastically.

Joe put on a southern drawl. "Man, ah'm a gonna groove down tuh N.Y.C. 'n be a shoe shine boy. After this hang-out, ah'll be a reg'lar profesh'nal."

Davis hunched over his boots.

"Oh yes oh yes," Brett began. "That's how to dig all and . . ."

"Awww sharrup," Wally yelled.

"You guys really make me sick," Bart said.

"Puke then," Townsend said and was the only one to laugh at the remark. Corbeil walked over to Joe. "You marry that rich bitch, Joe?" he asked.

"What rich bitch?"

"Danielle?"

"You think I'm crazy?"

"Why? You are engaged."

"I'll tell you," Joe said and held up his left hand. He counted out pompously on his fingers. "One, I want to be free, that's why I'm getting the hell out of here. Two, I'm not a gigolo. Three, I hate the bitch. Four, my motto is try them on like socks till you get the right fit. Besides," he added, "she wouldn't marry me anyway."

"For what you get engaged?"

Joe smiled. "What do they call gigolos that only get engaged?" he said.

"Hey Townsend!" Bart yelled. "How many socks you tried on?"

Townsend glared at him, trying to remain calm. He always used to tell them phoney stories about drive-ins and park benches and canoes. Then one day Wally told him that a man doesn't discuss his conquests and ever since Townsend never answered the question.

"What are you going to tell Danielle?" Bart asked Joe.

"I dunno. Hey that reminds me — any of you guys need a date for to-night?"

Three cadets looked up and said, "Does she go?"

"Aw is that all you can think of? I'm not a pimp, you know. Her name's Huguette and she's not bad."

Nobody wanted her.

"Well, I'm going to knock off till the parade. Carry on in your noble duty," Joe said and left the room.

At two o'clock that afternoon they were standing in formation on the parade square waiting for the Governor-General to arrive. They were facing west and the sun was shining in their eyes. The quilted scarlet uniforms were already beginning to stick to their bodies and their feet were being poached by the hot-plate parade square. The square was ringed by spectators and at the entrance the folding chairs were filled up by secondary dignitaries. In front of them stood a row of vacant leather arm chairs.

Manseau was at the flank of the formation making last minute checks on the alignment. "Third cadet, fourth squadron, first rank, move forward two inches!" he yelled.

Nobody moved.

"Troisième cadet, quatrième escadrille, le premier rank, avancez deux pouces!" he repeated in French. He was never sure whether a cadet was French or English unless he saw the cadet's nose.

When no one moved again, he yelled, "Sergeant Farley!"

Farley looked around. "Avancez, avancez, monsieur!" he yelled in the general direction of the misplaced cadet. "You are so slow I could smoke two cigarette before you move!"

No one moved.

"Sergeant Farley!" Manseau repeated. Now Pimpette was behind the cadet easing him forward by the waist.

"Encore!"

Pimpette pushed him up more.

"Bon! Bon!" Manseau's voice came from the end, but by now Pimpette had pushed the cadet too far forward and Manseau was yelling, "Recuillez! Pimpette, recuillez!"

When the third cadet in the first rank of the fourth squadron was aligned, it was found that the fourth cadet in the first rank of the fourth squadron was also two inches too far back, and the fifth, and the sixth, right to the last cadet. The last cadet was Joe. He was the right marker because he was the tallest in the squadron. Where he went, a hundred cadets followed. Farley was indignant and Pimpette was disgusted. "It is your fault, monsieur," he said.

Joe could hear Brett saying, "Oh yes oh yes."

"Grow up," Townsend said somewhere behind him.

Then three limousines wisked around the corner and the drill sergeants ran off the square.

'Ecole Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean, Gardaaah-VU!' the head cadet in front squeaked. Joe's flat, charge parade foot came down like a raw ham.

After a few drill movements the head cadet marched up to the pudgy Governor-General and twirled his sword around. The Governor-General lifted his topper. The inspection party was formed and it started floating between the ranks in time with a brassy slow march.

Photographers and newsmen were trotting around on the square like a pack of jackals. They wanted to catch one of those classic pictures—a cadet passed out on the pavement lying at attention with his buddies standing stiffly around him like dumb robots. Real funny, Joe thought. I guess it would be even funnier if they got a picture of a bee stinging a French cadet's big nose. Now that would show real discipline. Or is it fear? he wondered.

He could hear the inspecting party coming toward him. His nose began to run. He waited till it reached his upper lip and licked it up with his tongue. Now his eyes started watering from the sun. He panicked. Christ, he thought, I can't let the commandant see tears in my eyes. He might think I'm bawling 'cause he's kicking me out. Joe pressed his eyelids shut for a moment, he started swaying all over, he opened them—ah, they were dry.

The whole entourage sailed past Joe with bored looks in their eyes. Joe angled his mouth. I wish it were cold, he thought. Like that time in winter when it was twenty below and the CO got so fascinated by his own wit that he forgot all about us standing at attention. He finally caught the hint when

this guy turned red and started steaming like a cooked lobster in a snow-bank and brought up with a big splash all over the parade square. Then when they gave the right turn, it had frozen over and he slipped and fell on it. HAW. I'd like to see somebody do that now all over the little Governor-General in his topper and tails and everything. Haha. Hmm, yeah, guess I really am immature, Joe thought. The major had told him that he was too immature to be an officer.

When the inspection was completed they did a couple of march pasts, in column of threes and in line, to a march that a commandant's wife had written for the college. That was the only reason it was the college march. Just to add a little coordination, Manseau had ordered the drummers to watch the cadets' feet and hit the drums every time they came down. Joe always thought it sounded like a cross between chopsticks and the cha cha. It was for this reason that Manseau hadn't been very hard on Joe for the last few months. Once Joe had gone on parade drunk and started dancing. When Manseau had asked him what he was doing, he had answered that the music made him feel like dancing. Ever since then Manseau had left it up to Farley or Pimpette to give Joe hell when he was doing something wrong. Each year there was a contest held to put words to the tune, each year nothing turned up, or else some cadets changed "From the Halls of Montezeuma" to "From the Halls of EMR" and entered it.

After the marchpast they presented arms as the senior cadets 'passed off the square'. The fathers beamed, the mothers wept, and the girls swooned. Manseau was standing on the barrack roof with his chest puffed out and his heels together.

Next came the advance in review order. The whole formation was to advance fourteen steps and halt on the fifteenth without a command. Each cadet was supposed to whisper the steps to himself. Joe was the key man everyone depended on to halt at the right time.

"Don't forget—fourteen, Joe," he heard Davis, the keen one, whisper.

"How many? How many? Hey Davis! Davis! I forgot!" Joe mocked out of the side of his mouth.

"Fourteen, fourteen," Davis whispered urgently.

Then the command came. "L'Ecole Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean va avancer en ordre de revue, pAAAr le droit, en avAAAant, MARCHE!"

Joe began counting, "One . . . Two . . ."

"Three . . . Four . . ." He heard the others behind him in subdued whispers.

"Five . . . Six . . ." He saw Manseau on top of the barracks moving his drill cane like a metronome hand.

"Seven . . . Eight . . ." Pimpette was behind Manseau bending his body and clenching his teeth with each stroke.

"Nine . . ." Farley was off at the side with a stern face and his moustache bristling gripping a cane across his crotch.

"Ten . . . Eleven . . ." By now he saw the watery eyes of the RMC graduates with their stripped ties and grey temples and the commandant with a proud smile.

"Twelve . . ." The parents and relatives started to focus their brownies.

"Thirteen . . ." Joe saw Hugette smiling at him. Probably saying J.M.J., he thought. Not far from her Danielle was pale, grimacing behind a pair of wrap-around shades. Manseau brought his cane high in the air. Pimpette braced himself. The cane swept down and Pimpette jerked his body. "Fourteen!" Joe heard the finality of the whisper throughout the ranks.

"Fifteen," he counted and there was a loud smack of steeled leather on asphalt behind him as the two rear ranks came to a halt.

Joe kept marching, "Sixteen . . . Seventeen," and saw nothing, heard nothing. Then when the sights and sounds came back to him he heard scattered individual smacks all down the line and Davis behind him, "Stop Joe, stop." Joe smiled. Half of the front rank was still marching along like a flock of sheep with him bearing down on the commandant with a shocked look on his face. There was no one on the roof except Farley, stern, immobile. The head cadet's face was white. "Halt!" he shouted in a quivering voice. Joe's followers halted meekly and looked about them, embarrassed.

"Twenty," Joe kept on.

Behind him the head cadet was shouting commands trying to reorganize the parade, but all the spectators were watching Joe, awed. Some thought he was sick, others that he was about to receive some sort of award.

"Twenty-five." He was mid-way between the crowd and the rest of the parade now. Photographers were swarming around him. Still marching, he calmly slid the rifle off his shoulder, twirled it over his head, and heaved it behind him. "YeeeaHOO!" I'm free!" he cried and started running for the reviewing stand. He came to a sharp halt in front of the commandant and saluted. The commandant was aghast, paralysed, but returned the salute automatically. Joe turned to his fifty year old wife and said, "Madam, I do all this out of love for you." He took the astonished woman by her waist and swung her around three times then kissed her on the lips. "Mon Dieu!" she managed to say when she had recovered her breath.



Joe rushed through the crowd and into the barracks. Everybody was too surprised to say or do anything. In his room Joe changed quickly into civies and stuffed his personal belongings into a duffle bag. When he had finished, he scrawled "See you to-night." on a piece of paper and pushed it into one of Corbeil's pockets. He glanced out the window and saw Manseau and Pimpette running around trying to re-align the cadets. The parade square looked like a density map.

"Off I go," he said and hoisted the bag on his shoulder.

He eased the door open and cautiously stuck his head out. Nobody. He tip-toed down the corridor like a Santa Claus thief. Around the corner he ran into Hugette, opening and closing doors. Good to see stupid little J.M.J. Hugette, he thought.

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She flung her arms around his neck. "Oh Joe!" she said. "Je cherche toi."

Joe pryed her away gently and said, "Look, I'm in a hurry, darling."

"For what you do that Joe?" Her large dark eyes looked right into him.

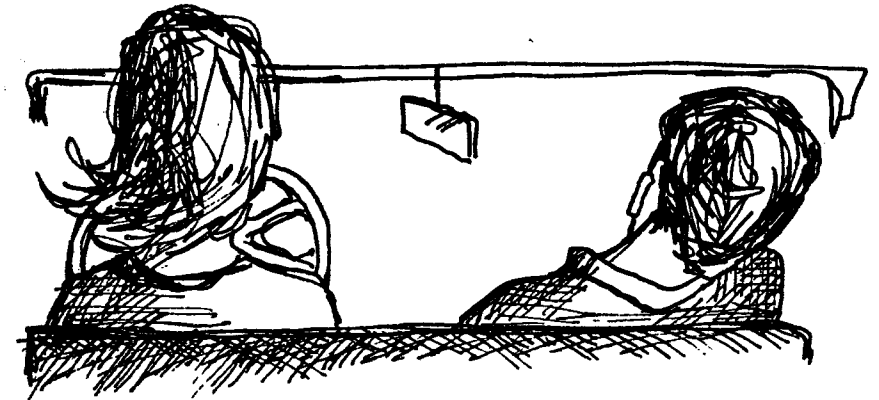
Boy, she really is beautiful, he thought. If only I had more time, it wouldn't matter if she did say J.M.J.

"Probably they will place you *en charge*," she pouted, "and you will be unable to escort me to the balle."

Joe explained the situation to her and asked her whether she would go to the ball with someone else. "Mais oui, certainment," she replied as if it were a stupid question.

"OK. I'll tell you what you do," he said. "Get all dressed up and five minutes after the ball starts, go into the lounge downstairs and there'll be a cadet hiding there brooding about the cruelty of women. His name's Bart. Just go up to him and say you're not a phoney and you love him, you've always loved him and you always will love him and you're a virgin and you don't kiss on the first date. But of course, kiss him anyway. He'll take you. Bye, I have to go now."

When he vaulted over his usual spot in the back fence, Danielle was sitting in her convertible waiting for him. "Gee-zus K-rist!" he hissed.



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He climbed in and she drove off without saying a word. She drove on country roads for over three hours like that. Not a word. Not a glance. Joe was squeezing himself against the door trying to concentrate on the sound of the motor. He was afraid to look at the fields and trees and the rushing road. He was afraid to look at her clear profile and streaming hair. He was staring at his shoes without seeing them and clenching his teeth saying over and over to himself, "Kick, man, kick, kick, kick . . ."

He knew what she was trying to do. She was trying to make him feel. Feel the speed and the wind and the trees. Feel her presence. Just as that time on top of the cliff at Lachine with the rapids below swirling and pounding and spraying the boulders to the Atlantic and the wind bending the trees and whipping his face with her hair. He had cried then. Not sadly, or bitterly, but violently, ecstatically to the torture of the groaning trees, the water, the boulders, and then he had screamed into the wind. They were engaged that day.

She knows me too well, he thought.

"Where you going?" he asked without looking at her.

She didn't answer.

She knew she was winning, one way or the other. If she could keep him sitting long enough without any feeling or action, she knew he would start thinking about himself and become sad and depressed.

"Bitch, bitch, bitch," Joe was grinding his teeth trying to push out crowding memories of the parade and the night before.

The car was churning very slowly on a gravel road. Joe began to sweat. "Bitch . . . bitch," he kept trying. Then suddenly he remembered all about his shirt the night before. His face flushed and he clasped it in his hands. "Stop, stop," he pleaded.

Danielle parked the car and handed him a pack of cigarettes.

"No," he said. "I don't want them. I have to go and keep going."

She took it back and lit one for herself. The sky was a deep blue now and when he looked at her he saw the cool profile uplifted by a delicately arched neck, her blonde hair swishing her shoulders, as she exhaled a filmy stream of smoke.

"Drive me back to town," he said.

She turned to him coldly. "Et moi?" she said.

"All the glory and glitter and uniforms and receiving lines are finished. Over. Gone. They told me yesterday, I'm getting kicked out."

She stared at him for a long time. Then she said, "C'est dommage. You are wilder than any I know."

Shit, Joe thought, I can see her yakking for six months at her little socialite teas about her wildest fiance.

"You still have a hotel reserved?" she asked.

It was a little past midnight when Joe left the hotel. He started walking toward the river, but half-way down he turned abruptly and quickly retraced his steps. He went into the Fountainsbleu and ordered five beers. He drank them quickly, mechanically, and ordered five more. He sat back and waited, but he knew he couldn't get drunk that night no matter how much he drank. Out of his pocket he pulled an engagement ring. At least the bitch isn't dumb, he mused as he slipped it on and off his little finger, she must've known I got it at a pawn shop or she would've kept it for her collection. Then he collapsed it and dropped it into an empty bottle.



"So now what's gonna happen?" Joe said to himself. "Eh? C'mon you big hero, what're you gonna do now? Spend the rest of your life in the Fountainbleu? Naw, this joint's too good for ya. You'll end up on The Main showing your discharge papers to cadets. Trying to bum a beer. Yeah. 'You wouldn't have a dime for a bowl of soup for a veteran, would ya buddy?' Only you're not even a veteran. Naw, that's no good. Ya better just set up a booth with a sign, 'Come and See the Teenage Alkie.' Well that's what you get. As the old saying goes, how ya sleep depends on how ya make your bloody bed."

"Aw, go to hell!" Joe cursed and picked up another bottle.

Suddenly an iron grip bit into his shoulder. He started up.

"Maudit cochon!" Pimpette snarled at him.

Joe clenched his fists. Pimpette glared at him, braced, ready to pounce.

"Laisse le macreau," Joe heard Manseau's disgusted tone behind Pimpette.

Pimpette backed off and stood behind Manseau's chair, eyeing Joe. Their table was littered with empties. Manseau looked up to Joe grimly. His eyes were bloodshot and sad. "Pourquoi?" he said. "Why you did that to me?"

This is sad, Joe thought, and doubled over with laughter. He laughed and laughed until his sides ached and a long stream of saliva came yo-yoing out of his mouth and dangled down like a spaghetti noodle. He spat it off and straightened up with a loud sucking gasp.

"Fini?" Manseau said in the same sad tone. "Bon!" He grasped a bottle by the neck, smashed off the bottom half against the edge of the table, and tottered up on his feet like a mean bull. He held the bottle below his belt like a shiv.

The music stopped and Joe heard someone behind him yell, "Ay! Ay!" Christ, Joe thought, I've had it now.

Manseau flinched. Joe stepped back. Manseau came toward him slowly, surely. "Cochon, cochon," he was saying with his lips pursed into a little snout. Joe glanced around. Everyone was sitting, smiling. He jumped behind his table and heaved it up and over at Manseau who walked right into it and there was a big crash as the edge caught him in the stomach, bending him in half, and collapsed him to the floor. He sat there on all the broken glasses and bottles with the table upside down on his legs shaking his head dumbly. Joe's eyes searched out the exit and he turned toward it.

"Hey!"

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Joe reeled around and there was Pimpette, crouching, ready to spring.

Joe rushed at him and swung with his fist. Pimpette ducked and whipped his knee into Joe's groin. Joe sank to the floor, choking, gasping for air. Pimpette stood over him, cursing and lashing at him with his boots. Joe covered his head with his hands and tried to writhe and crawl away under a table. Then the kicking stopped. Joe tensed his body, waiting for more. When it didn't come, he looked up and saw two policemen holding Pimpette. A third one came over and helped him to his feet.

The police sergeant collected ID cards. He examined Joe's and turned to Manseau and Pimpette. He pointed at Joe. "Il, il est un officier," he shouted indignantly. "Et vous êtes seulement les sergents!"

Joe managed to smile. Manseau was brooding and Pimpette was trying to explain to the policemen that despite what it said on the ID card, Joe was really a cadet, and not even that anymore, but a civilian, and that at the college they were his superiors.

The police sergeant shook his head and pointed to Joe's ID. "Ici il dit officier," he said and motioned to the two policemen to take Manseau and Pimpette by the arms. "Venez!" he ordered and marched them out the door. A tear threaded down Manseau's cheek.

When Joe left an hour later he saw Farley hunched smugly over ten beers at a corner table.

Joe sneaked into his room. Corbeil was not there. On the table he found a note.

"Joe:—

Everybody is mad on you. I too but only for a short time. Later I will laugh. In my pocket is ten dollar if you need it. Write soon.

Votre compagnon de chambre, Yves."

Joe smiled sadly and pressed his eyelids to drive away the burning. He pulled out what was left of the fifty dollars Danielle gave him when they parted and stuffed twenty into Corbeil's pocket.

Townsend was back from the ball already, but when Joe went in to see him, he turned over in his bed away from the door and ignored him completely.

Bart only sighed, "Joe, I've found her. Let me tell you, let me . . ."

On his way out Joe ran into Brett. "Like man!" he said and snapped his fingers. "I dig you to the utmost and foremost and inmost. What say we cut out and re-mince a hambourjay and discuss earnestly and . . ."

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"Aw, f--- off," Joe drawled wearily and pushed him aside.

Outside, he propped up his collar and sank his chin.

The next thing he knew he was slumped in one of the pews in the college chapel. It was dark and formidable. Around him, enclosing him, was that nagging silence that always depressed him.

"I wish there were a God," he heard his voice dull and empty in the deserted chapel. "I wish there were a God," he repeated as if to savour the sound of the words.

He thought back. He remembered wishing for God when he was seven or eight. When he walked to and from school alone with his head bowed looking at the sidewalk and being afraid because it was so close that he could see the coarse grain and felt he was crawling along just like an ant; when he stood outside during recesses, alone because he didn't like running and fighting just for fun, and he gripped his left forefinger underneath so that the skin was pulled tight on top with sharp little creases as on a chicken claw and it looked so sickening that he nearly brought up; on Sunday mornings sitting in the wallpapered chicken coup when he could see his friends all clean and dressed up going to church past their window and his father grinning widely behind a bottle saying to his eldest sister, "C'mon, get the cards out. While the others talk to God, we'll talk to the devil": at those times he had cried that there is no God.

Somehow he had always known that there is no God.

Even now, staring at the dull glint of the cross on the altar, he knew. "Nothing!" he said through a tight jaw.

The silence was clawing at him. He tried to concentrate. But all he could think of was Wally rhyming four letter words into the hymns, Bart reading a skin book in the back pew, and Brett crawling around on the floor biting cadets' ankles during the prayer. He smiled painfully. He couldn't remember what he had told them about doing those thing. Probably something like, "What's the point?" Then there was the time one night on the cushioned pews in St. James Cathedral with Danielle all doped up and out for kicks . . .

He dug into his face with his nails as if to rip out the memory. He rose to his feet stiffly and walked awkwardly to the pulpit. How many wrinkled old ladies had told him that any passage in the Bible is 'strength-giving'? He carefully lifted the cover of the big Bible as if it were a heavy trap door. A mimeographed sheet fell out. The title at the top was big-lettered and underlined: "HOW TO KEEP YOUR CONGRE-

GATION INTERESTED." Joe laughed. His laughter rumbled in the small chapel and the nagging silence retreated.

Outside, lightening was jabbing through the darkness at Mont St. Gregoire and the thunder was cursing and the wind screeching through the trees. Joe threw his head back and let the rain hit his face. It made him feel good just as a shower after a gruelling workout did. Above him the birds screamed and the leaves were batting and splattering the rain into shiny little droplets. In front of him the Richelieu River was surging North.

Joe spent a long time by the river flipping his butts into the current wondering how far they would get. The Seaway? The St. Lawrence? The Atlantic? Well . . . maybe if I smoked filters, he thought. Like Davis. Yeah, like Davis, he laughed.

JON ANCEVICH

## YUKON SEPTEMBER

Out of our need  
We turn . . .  
Who taught the seed  
To yearn,  
Straining against the earth,  
Desire for light  
Urging it into birth  
From some eternal night.  
Hard is the striving against the spring,  
Yet seed achieves  
After all, something,  
Unfolds with relief into leaves.  
When shall be, then, the leaving of soul?  
How long, we cry, how long,  
Before the seasons roll  
Into our time of song?  
There is a life in this death  
Demands release,  
To draw one deep spring breath  
Before we cease.

JOAN HAWSON

We walked up to the Point last Sunday,  
while the morning mists  
lay low in the valley.  
We climbed old Indian trails,  
through glistening autumn leaves,  
crushing blood-red cranberries  
oozing at the touch,  
leaping the tiny rivulets  
of last night's rain;  
up through a band of pine trees,  
needles like chandeliers  
in the first early morning light;  
still higher through a quiet arch of birch,  
leaves still green,  
untouched by frost.  
We picked our way over the land-slide,  
rocks shining,  
lashed by the rain;  
over the ruins of an Indian village  
of far-off years.  
We wound our way along the mountain  
to the Point where two ancient lovers met;  
like them, looked down on the grey river  
winding through mauve islands,  
disappearing in the blue-brown-purple  
mountain majesties,  
the fleeting mist fading before the sun;  
like them, saw the autumn glory of the hills,  
felt wet rocks at our feet,  
a damp wind on our faces.  
We saw the world pass below—  
and found it hard to say good-bye.

CHARLOTTE HALDENBY

DRAWINGS BY  
KADY MACDONALD



**BEYOND**

**THE**

**FOOT . . . . .**

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*page thirty-five*



• • • • • **LIGHTS**

# AMERICAN ATTITUDES

and

# ECONOMIC AID

It is a proud and sometimes foolhardy spirit which infects the youth of a colony turned nation, a spirit which frequently ignores the economic realities of national existence yet, at the same time, impels the vibrant energy to cope with these realities. It is a spirit which the people of the United States of America should well understand by virtue of their own beginnings in the popular revolution and intellectual ferment of the 1770's. But the heady sensation of triumph at Saratoga and Yorktown, and earlier at Philadelphia, was succeeded by more than a century of struggling to maintain the agrarian democracy of the new world within a burgeoning industrial society inspired by the old — a struggle whose conditions, if compared to the situation in Asia and Africa, approximate those of a laboratory experiment. In this intervening period, basic American attitudes were shaped. Among them was a genuine, though latent sympathy for assistance to less fortunate peoples. While it may be of small consequence as a political factor in Washington, this humanitarianism is an important clue to American performances in foreign lands. True, it has been daunted by the knowledge that impotent and corrupt governments have managed to squander large amounts of American funds. But a decade and a half of unpleasant experience has been necessary to teach these purveyors of large-scale charity the far more fundamental fact of foreign assistance that there is something sacred in the political, economic and social fabric of a newly independent country which all the pounds and dollars in circulation will not alter.

Until very recently the United States betrayed all the shortcomings, all the inexperience of a newcomer to the highest echelons of world politics. Her early assistance programmes, well-meant but misdirected, damaged prestige abroad and the consequent disillusionment undermined the cause

of foreign aid at home. The naive confidence of these programmes, displayed a decade or so ago, reflects an historical experience in which success has followed upon success with comforting regularity. A sizeable segment of the population was convinced that progress came entirely of their own volition and that with the help of foreign capital, it could be stimulated according to the same pattern in undeveloped countries. At the same time the possibility of an all-out war on poverty and disease appealed to American sympathies. It is little wonder that, in the post-war years, the characteristic generosity of Americans found an outlet in the new nations which had just shaken off colonial status and were undoubtedly eager for American styled development. Indeed, the emergence of these states afforded an opportunity for a country almost embarrassed by its tremendous technological superiority to wield powers of world leadership in an essentially humanitarian way for the first time.

But let it not be thought this admixture of humanitarian aspirations, idealism and native optimism would be sufficient of itself to combat the more fundamental distrust of external involvements, a distrust which continually finds eloquent and widespread support in the decision-making organs of the Congress. In fact, this distrust typifies the attitude of the vast majority of informed Americans who never conceived before of such a sustained effort abroad which other considerations, especially political, have dictated in recent years. Only now are they beginning to accept the fact that assistance programmes, if aimed at inducing real and self-sustaining economic progress in the undeveloped world, will be a part of the nation's budget for many generations to come.

The attitude of Americans towards economic assistance has been determined to a considerable extent by their country's record in that field. It is unfortunate that the success of the Marshall Plan, the United State's first real venture into peacetime aid, set the pattern for later situations wholly unlike that of post-war Europe. The success of the Plan both as a weapon of defensive strategy and as a strong link of friendship binding members of the Atlantic Community, disguised the fact that the United States was here subsidizing the already developed economies of already allied nations. This was not to be the case in Asia and Africa. American experience in these underdeveloped continents would soon bring home the alarming fact that economic aid is a very new activity, reinforced by no proven theories or traditional procedures.

President Truman's "Point Four" address in 1949 inaugurated an extensive programme of technical assistance to poorer countries which is still in operation. As yet, the official approach generated a warmth of spirit and breadth of view that reflected a similar feeling in the country, though, to be sure, dangerously shallow and somewhat self-righteous. "Point Four" represented a genuine desire to link the West with the underdeveloped countries in a common quest for security and well-being.

The advent of the fifties, however, brought complications in the international scene; foreign aid and foreign policy became inextricably entangled; economic assistance and military aid were dangerously confused in minds at home and abroad. The Korean War, pitting the Free and Communist worlds together for the first time, introduced a disconcerting element of rigidity into American pronouncements, public and private. Political security became the major objective of three- and four-billion dollar foreign aid budgets, most of which were now used to export weapons and other materials of war; in recent years it has often been necessary, in order to impress Congress, to present appropriations for predominantly civilian aid under the guise of military aid.

There is no question but that political security has been the prime motivation of American foreign aid and even of that portion of it exclusively termed economic assistance. Of late, the justification for increased assistance to neutrals has rested on a more sophisticated definition of the term "security" which associates it with the maintenance of world-wide peace and prosperity. But there always remains the more fundamental expression of the essential purpose of aid as a means of prosecuting the national interest. Thus in the mid-fifties, Americans were wont to disapprove vocally of Asian neutralism even to the extent of calling it "immoral". Understandably, such United States economic assistance as there was frequently had a negative effect on the uncommitted nations. At the same time, the Republican administration lacked moral leadership in the field of economic assistance though the occasionally antagonistic actions of the neutrals, for example in the United Nations, provided popular justification for an absence of policy.

However, American attitudes, official and unofficial, were increasingly being moulded by the Russian economic aid offensive mounted in 1955 as part of the post-Stalin-era emphasis on "competitive coexistence". Soviet tactics quickly displayed marked effectiveness in winning friends both by

well-publicised deeds (for example, the impressive construction of an entire steel mill at Bhilai in India) and by dint of a huge propaganda attack intended to prove to the neutrals that Western aid was, in fact, a deliberate extension of the capitalist system — an allegation regrettably given apparent credibility by the nagging insistence of some Americans that economic assistance should be reserved exclusively for private enterprise. The result was that American strategists began to consider the uncommitted countries as a major factor in the Cold War. No longer were they concerned merely with the simple projects for human betterment which had been advanced in the old "Point Four" days. Yet the failure of American economic aid as a direct political weapon to diminish Soviet prestige among the neutral peoples was everyday more apparent. A Communist offensive was developing, no longer based on sheer military strength but on the Soviet Union's own reputation as a newly developed industrial power with a growth rate three times that of the United States. The paramount aim of American policy became then to reduce discontent in the underdeveloped countries which Khrushchev might exploit, and to build up the underdeveloped nation's economy, gradually bringing home the lesson that its national aspirations could best be achieved in association with the Free World.

The year 1957 was especially notable for a general reappraisal of U.S. aid activities over the previous decade. Studies were undertaken by the President's Committee of Citizen Advisors and by House and Senate committees of Congress and private individuals contributed their opinions in books and periodicals. In the minds of much informed opinion economic assistance no longer occupied a place in the arsenal of Cold War weapons. At the same time the impressive financial resources of Americans promised long-term dividends if employed to alleviate the emergency situation existing in underdeveloped economies and to establish the foundations of industrial society.

Among those who spoke out then and now look for possible implementation of their views, Max Millikan and W. W. Rostow of M.I.T. feel that an economic aid programme should operate according to purely economic standards; thus to give political democracy its best chance of survival while "challenging and constructive internal tasks . . . harness the energies of individuals throughout society". This non-political approach emphasizes the "revolution of rising expectations" in the poorer lands, the multifarious

pressures which industrial activity stimulated by politically disinterested American aid will presumably go far to satisfy. But it tends to ignore the chief concern of Americans that, although they have learned not to attempt directly influencing the course of political events in a neutral country, the preservation of some form of society in Asia, Africa and Latin America in which values of human dignity, freedom, and opportunity are uppermost, is vital to the survival of their own way of life on the North American Continent.

The lesson for United States policy appears to be to adopt a more sophisticated, more flexible aid programme, providing the necessary capital and techniques and sharing a common purpose of development with the recipient country. True to their tradition of an expanding frontier, many Americans have long expressed support in principle for economic assistance because it presumably contributes to the building up of world trade in which lies universal prosperity. Now they must be content with hoping that an increasing share in this prosperity and the associations it brings, the pattern of internal and external behaviour which it sets, will be sufficient to defeat the disruptive forces within, and the pernicious influences without the underdeveloped countries of the world.

Meanwhile, the official American attitude is annually distorted by the cumbersome machinery of Congress when foreign aid appropriations are presented to it. Here opposition is focused — criticism of the top-heavy bureaucracy of foreign aid administration; the claim that economic assistance is a dollar substitute for active diplomacy which would be cheaper and more effective, that this "great giveaway" is inflationary and that the United States is being fooled into playing the Russian game; or the contention of the National Review that "A government has no right to dispose of the property of its citizens, except as their prudent responsible steward and in their palpable interest". All the more extreme criticism harps on an old political theme that has not lost its emotional effectiveness on the rural concessions — that the nation must mind its affairs in the same frugal fashion as the individual minds his.

Critics of aid to neutral nations, such as Senator Goldwater, would recall the United States to a position of outright and manifest intransigence. "We have waged peace while the Communists wage war," says the guard master of the right wing. A gradual acceptance of neutralism, however, has seeped

into the American attitude, along with the realization that United States' support of most presently neutral governments, though it be expressed in indirect economic terms, is vital to the maintenance of such variations of the democratic system as they uphold against the pressure of regional, economic, linguistic, tribal and caste groupings.

Unfortunately, aid supporters in Congress and the country seem unable to inspire active enthusiasm for their cause. However, the Kennedy foreign aid bill, though congress defeated its most important provision for long term financing, signals a concerted effort to right some glaring wrongs, for example, by separating economic from military assistance. It is the continuing problem of a liberal administration to keep from getting too far ahead of public opinion. It may be argued that though the present conservative revival in the United States may make this an even more difficult problem for Mr. Kennedy, external commitments, even to uncommitted nations, have become such an essential ingredient of standard American policy that any threat the forces of reaction may pose to the continuance of these commitments can hardly be largely discounted.

Of late, economic assistance has been given intellectual foundation at the hands of prominent academics, several of whom are now in the Kennedy Administration. Careful historical studies of development, such as Mr. Rostow's *The Take-off into Self-sustained Growth* and *The Stages of Economic Growth*, have stimulated discussion and thereby helped our general understanding of development processes and problems. Professor J. W. Galbraith, now Ambassador to India (where the United States is presently committed to a generous one billion dollar loan as its contribution to the Republic's third Five Year Plan) has cautioned aid administrators to look for signs of self-help in underdeveloped areas before investing time and money. A gradual improvement in techniques of debt servicing and long range planning would indicate that State Department strategists are finally conscious of the fact that often a little assistance, distributed in niggardly fashion and naturally engineering an atmosphere of failure and disillusionment, is worse than none at all. But the most interesting and important trend of thinking is towards the possibility of increased 'multilateral' aid, a possibility that has been strongly advanced in the past by Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy. In 1959, a special mission of three internationally famous bankers under Sir Oliver Franks of Britain spent six weeks in South Asia investigating the urgent requirements of the area. It is important to note that West

Germany was represented on this commission for American hopes are high that this newly prospering nation will soon undertake a large share of the aid burden. Mr. Kennedy's eagerness to see Canada as a member of the Organisation of American States is similarly associated with his administration's request that our country initiate large scale assistance to Latin America.

This new attitude reflects a mood of irritation that the United States has been shouldering most of the heavy cost of economic assistance and at the same time incurring the odium which habitually arises overseas from mishandled projects or misinterpreted statements of politicians at home. Multilateral aid has many advantages: it is much easier for a multi-nation committee to stipulate standards of internal government or economic planning in a recipient country than for a *single* nation. Up to the present, the United States has been wary of participating too enthusiastically in U.N. programmes, for fear of being accused of subverting the aims of the international organisation to her own ends. Now one even hears suggestions that the United States and Russia coordinate their aid plans. Official American attitude to underdeveloped countries has in recent months transcended the simplified bi-polarization of the world that bogged down American policy in the fifties. There is a new awareness of the enormity of the task of development which official Washington hopes to instil in other Western capitals. As voiced by economic assistance expert Paul G. Hoffman, the new concept is: "All countries, whether their incomes are high, medium, or low, must in their own self-interest accept proportionately responsibility for a rapidly expanding world economy".

Of the attitudes, ideas, and policies mentioned above, some are official, some experimental, some actively supported by isolated strata of American society, others generally acceptable but of small political vitality. United States leaders now face the challenge of mobilizing public opinion in such a fashion that it will transcend some of the old preconceived notions and attitudes with the more complex, more scientific ideas of development theorists and foreign experts. To accomplish this end they have every right and reason to endow their crusade with some of the nobler sense of purpose which past endeavours in the field of economic assistance often exhibited but seldom deserved.

GERALD WRIGHT

# A DIALOGUE

What are you doing here?

Looking at you across the table.

That's what I'm doing too, looking at you across the table.

We're both looking at each other across the table.

Yes, I suppose we are.

I wonder why?

Is there anything else to do?

Perhaps, I don't know.

You're thinking, aren't you? I can tell when you're thinking because you're eyes go out of focus and it makes my head hurt. What are you thinking about?

I'm not sure. I feel my brain throbbing, I perceive the palpitations of a thought in the agony of birth . . . strangling in its own umbilical cord.

If you weren't so passive you could free it.

They also serve who only stand and wait. Oh well . . . let it go.

It's frustrating, isn't it. It's like when I used to talk in my sleep and couldn't hear exactly what I was saying. I knew it was good because I'm not the type of person who speaks nonsense. Yet, even when the words were intelligible they meant nothing because I could only keep two or three in my mind at a time.

You've always looked for meaning, haven't you?

Yes.

Why?

I don't know.

Neither do I.

Actually we both know, but we don't feel like talking about it.

That's right . . . let's rest for a while.

Okay.

You know, you're the only one I have left.

Yes, and I'm the only one you have left.

That's what I said.

Sorry, I meant the only one I have left, too.

That's what I thought you meant.

We don't have very much, do we?

No, but we don't want any more.

And we certainly don't need any more.

And nobody needs us.

We're splendidly isolated.

If I were to die the earth would close above my head without a fault.

But you won't die, you're not that positive.

I couldn't make the effort at the moment, and anyway, you know I don't like to commit myself.

You're thinking again.

Another thought.

Don't lose it.

I see an animal.

What kind?

A horse.

A horse?

A horse with his tail raised in salute to man . . . walking across a battlefield.

The bomb to end all bombs.

Yes.

Well, what are we going to do?

Do!?

Sorry.

Never mind.

Perhaps we should rest some more.

Why bother?

Because it's more bother not to.

Do you think it would be more of a bother to go on living or to die?

I'm not sure. The bliss of non-being might make the initial expenditure of energy worthwhile.

Beginnings are often very difficult.



If only there were some easy way to go.  
They say that every cigarette you smoke takes a minute off your life.  
That may be. Have one.  
Thanks. But at this rate it's liable to take us years to die.  
If only . . . wait . . . perhaps I have something.  
What is it?  
Do you believe in the power of belief?  
What does that mean?  
Do you believe in the power of the mind . . . self-hypnosis or whatever  
you want to call it?  
Of course. People can convince themselves of anything, even to the  
point where it can influence their lives.  
That's it. Don't you see?  
No.  
Some people believe that sin has the power to shorten life.  
Do you really think it can?  
It can if you believe it can.  
Praise the Lord and pass the admonition. But wouldn't the proper pun-  
ishment for sin be a longer life in our case?  
I guess it would. We should sin a little, quickly, before someone changes  
the rules.  
How shall we sin?  
Let's think bad things.  
How will we know if they're bad?  
Well, let's think what we think are bad thoughts. But remember, we  
must really believe that we are doing wrong and that we will suffer for it.  
Only believe and you can be damned.  
I believe.  
We are ready.  
Well?  
Let's think of . . . God . . . without any clothes on. That should be  
worth a year, anyway.  
That's good. God naked . . . and shivering. I like that. You can do  
something with an idea like that.  
Yes, the spirit of it is beginning to get me too.  
When I count three. One . . . two . . . three.  
Are you thinking?

Yes, I'm thinking. Are you thinking?  
Yes. It's kind of exciting. Isn't it?  
Let's do it again.  
Right.  
And again.  
Again.  
Again.  
Again . . .  
. . .  
It's strange, I'm getting a funny feeling in the pit of my stomach.  
Me too. I haven't felt like this for a long time.  
It's weird.  
It's frightening.  
You're still thinking it, aren't you?  
I can't seem to stop.  
Nor can I.  
We should try to.  
If we don't . . .  
I know.  
I can't.  
How much time have we used up?  
I don't know. I've lost track. He keeps flashing through my mind. He  
keeps coming at me. I can't stop him. Put your clothes on, damn you!  
Oh God I can't . . .  
Leave me alone . . .  
I can't stand it. What have we done?  
He's . . . oh no God . . . don't.  
. . . Oh God no . . . stop.  
Oh no God no God no God no God  
No God no God no God no

**ORESTE HRYNKIW**

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I paused there on the glistening threshold of heaven  
Hesitant  
And fearing rejection.  
Then a glimmer came from within  
Deep within  
As the gates slid open a little  
Just a little  
And pearl flashed  
Or ivory  
And I  
Dove  
Plunged  
Or squirmed  
Through those gates  
And was swallowed up  
In warm, wet billows  
Of ecstasy  
So sharp  
So sweet  
And luminous spheres  
Danced behind my lashes  
Dizzily behind my tightly-glued lashes  
And then exploded  
Showering my veins  
With honey  
Which coursed throughout  
My frame  
Mingling with the gelatin of  
My knees  
And with acid  
Which stabbed the clock  
That chimes within  
My breast  
Lashing it  
To fury  
And urging it  
To strike  
Thirteen.  
I retreated from within those gates of heaven,  
Confident  
And longing to return.

DAVID REVILLE

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## A MAN IN THE PARK

Miss Pym did not tell anyone about it. Not even Gertrude Montrose, the cataloguing librarian, her fellow-worker and closest friend. It was too terrible. It was *not* a thing to be talked about. One did not even think of such things much less talk about them. And if one dreamed . . . Of course, one couldn't help one's dreams, could one? But after all, the less said on certain subjects, the better. In fact, no-one would have known anything about it if it hadn't been for the papers. She might have known the papers would print it. No picture, thank goodness, and not on the first page, but on the first page of the second section, however, and that was almost as bad. "Purse snatcher at work in Victoria Park," and then what happened — at least, everything *they* knew. And of course, everyone wanted to know all about it.

"Weren't you afraid?" they asked, and "Did you scream?"

"Of course I screamed, but not because I was in the least afraid. I screamed to call my predicament to the attention of the policeman who was supposed to be standing at the corner by the street lamp. At least, he was every other evening I passed by that way (And he always tipped his hat and said, "Good evening, Miss Pym," and she said, "Good evening, Mr. Boyce."), but not that night."

"Perhaps he was bribed," suggested little Miss Vandermyer. "By the thief, I mean, to keep out of the way."

"Of course not. What a ridiculous idea." Miss Vandermyer was given to ridiculous ideas. If the truth be known, she was not too clever. Inclined to be rather flighty as well. All that make-up she wore. And it was a well-known fact that she tinted her hair. Disgusting.

"They always say that policemen are never there when they're wanted," observed Gertrude. "I guess it must be true." Gertrude was a fine person — not a more tender-hearted woman in the country, but she was rather given to platitudes.

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"Perhaps," said Miss Tomlinson, "he had - uh - stepped into the bushes for a moment?" Miss Tomlinson had a reputation for being rather daring. It was rumoured that she had gone to the fights one night — with some foreigner who had been hanging around the library. Such goings on were not daring — merely vulgar. Certainly nothing to boast about.

"However, it's all over now," she assured them. "Fortunately there was very little money in my purse. It was scarcely worth the risk of stealing."

"Do you think they will catch him?"

"Really, Gertrude, I haven't the least idea."

"Well, don't you care?"

"If I thought that by paying his debt to society, he would perceive the error of his ways, I would certainly do all in my power to apprehend him. But I wouldn't wish any efforts of mine to be the cause of imprisoning a poor young man who was perhaps driven to this desperate deed by lack of money and a growing family to feed. We who have good jobs and sufficient food scarcely realize the hardships others have to endure, or what we might do in similar circumstances."

"Of course," Mr. Boyce had said, "it was dark, and it all happened so fast. You probably didn't get a very clear look at his face. Chances are you wouldn't recognize him again anyhow." But she did and she would. She would never forget those eyes, dark, intense, burning with passion . . . Those eyes. Yes, she would recognize them again, anywhere. But she didn't want to. That was the whole thing, really. Her magnanimity was purely selfish. She didn't want him caught because she didn't want to see him again. The truth now. Yes, the truth was, she was afraid. "Afraid? Afraid of what?" they would say. Of course, they wouldn't understand. Because there are some things one doesn't tell — even to one's closest friends.

It was afterwards — some time after, when the publicity had been forgotten and all the fuss had died down — that she said what she did to Gertrude. It was simply an accidental remark — inadvertent really. She hadn't meant to speak at all — to let not the slightest hint cross her lips about that night — about what really happened, but dear Gertrude was so dull sometimes, so exasperatingly slow. It was after one of their Wednesdays — she and Gertrude visited each other every Wednesday afternoon when the library was closed — one week at her house and one week at Gertrude's. It was at Miss Pym's this time and Gertrude had stayed later than usual and she was fretting to get home. They had been talking — as good friends will — and Gertrude had lost track of time. And so it was late,

and Gertrude was in a hurry, and Miss Pym thought of the short-cut across the park.

"I hope," she said, "you are not thinking of making time by going through the park."

"The park! When it's beginning to get dark! Oh, Amanda, not after what happened to you, with that man after your money that time."

And then she spoke. She hadn't meant to, but Gertrude could be so — well, so unperceptive. "My dear Gertrude, it was not just my *money* he was after."

"Amanda!" Her eyes were round, horrified. "Amanda, you don't mean . . ." But Miss Pym was silent.

Of course, it was all over the library by morning. But then, one could hardly expect anything else from Gertrude. It was a known fact that she could not keep anything to herself. And again they were all in a flutter around her. Even Miss Tomlinson was impressed, and Miss Vandermyer cried, "But Miss Pym, are you sure? I mean, well, how could you tell?"

"How could I tell! My dear!" How could she tell, indeed. Weren't those eyes enough, those great, dark, burning eyes, and his hand when it touched her bare wrist, his sweaty palm . . . But even then she didn't speak of it. One did not, one must not speak of such things.

But when she saw him again, well, that was different. She had to tell then. What if something should happen — on her way home from the library, for instance, when it was beginning to get dark — just dusk when the street was filled with concealing shadows? Who would know if he came at her suddenly, from a dark alley, grabbed her and pulled her in?

"Gertrude," she said, "I am sorry to inconvenience you, but you must sleep at my house tonight. I wouldn't ask if it weren't necessary, but, well, I've seen him again."

It was not in the park this time, but right outside her bedroom window when she went to draw the curtains before undressing for bed. He was leaning against a lamp-post, smoking a cigarette. The street was absolutely deserted except for him, leaning there, his hat low over his eyes. She wasn't sure, not at first, not until she looked again and felt the catch of fear in her throat. Yes, it was the same man, the same hat and raincoat even. No, she hadn't seen his face, but she didn't need to, she knew him, his build, his clothes, everything. She knew that she could never forget him.

Miss Vandermyer said, "Why don't you call the police?"

"The police! They were hardly beneficial when he had committed a crime — stolen my purse, I mean. They made very little effort to find him

then. Do you think they would be more efficacious in hunting him down now, for merely standing about?"

"But they could protect you?"

"My dear Miss Vandermyer, do you think I want policemen hanging about my door day and night? What on earth would the neighbours think? Ours is a very respectable neighbourhood. We have very little to do with the law. Besides, I scarcely wish to reveal everything to the entire police force. It would be certain to get into the papers, and think of the scandal. No, I shall say nothing to the police. I am sure, Gertrude, if you are with me, nothing can possibly happen. Men such as this attack women only when they are alone."

And so for a week, Gertrude slept on Miss Pym's studio couch, but she did not see him again. "I believe, my dear, that we have succeeded in outwitting him," Miss Pym observed to Gertrude at last.

Perhaps it wasn't the same man after all," Miss Tomlinson said. "Or at least, it must have been coincidence, his being outside your house that night. He'd only seen you once and that was in the park."

"He had my purse, did he not, with my address printed plainly on the identification card in the zipper compartment."

"Oh, Amanda," Gertrude exclaimed, "he must have your house keys too!"

"My dear Gertrude, you need have no fear upon that score. I had all my locks changed immediately after the theft. He could not possibly get in." Only Gertrude could have imagined that she would leave the house wide open to a man like that. Nevertheless, she watched each night before she closed the curtains but the street was always deserted. And after a while, they stopped asking her if she had seen him.

And then one day she commented, "It is certainly winter now. The lake is beginning to freeze over the park." And of course, that started it all up again. They were at her in a minute. "The park! You don't mean to say you're walking through the park again!" "Oh, Amanda, what if something were to happen! What if you see him again?" "My goodness, Miss Pym, hadn't you better be careful?"

But she could not see, and she told them so, why one man whom she had not laid eyes on in weeks, and probably never would again, should prevent her from taking the shortest and most convenient way home. But every morning they expected that she would not appear. They watched as the hands crept up to nine, and then when she came in the door, for she was

always punctual, right to the very minute, they rushed at her like anxious mother hens. "Miss Pym, thank goodness you're here." "Oh, Amanda, I'm so glad you're all right." "Did you see him again?" But she never did, except . . . But she really wasn't sure, she really couldn't say. It was only a dim shape in the trees ahead of her — a man's, she was sure — in an overcoat and hat. But when she reached the spot, he was gone. And that was all. No, of course she wasn't afraid. "Afraid of shadows! My dear Gertrude!"

But still they worried. And once when she was five minutes late — the clocks had stopped during the night — they had been ready to send for the police. And they did send for them, the day she was ten minutes, twenty minutes late. Gertrude couldn't stand it any longer. "For heaven's sake, Miss Tomlinson, phone the authorities. Amanda has never been late in her life. Who knows *what* might have happened to her!"

They found her in the park, by the side of the path, dusted with the light snowfall they had had that night — the first snow in several weeks. It was dark, they said, and the path was slippery with the new snow. She slipped and fell and hit her head against that pointed stone at the side of the path. "Even a very light blow in just the right place is enough to cause death." That is what the policeman said. But they knew otherwise.

"She was running from *him*," said Miss Tomlinson. "Of course. That's what made her fall and hit her head."

"Or perhaps the fall didn't kill her," said Miss Vandermyer. "Perhaps she died of fright. Her heart stopped, I mean, and then she fell and hit her head. Or else he took a stone and killed her and smeared her blood on the rock to make it look like an accident."

And Gertrude said, "Oh, poor Amanda!"

But they didn't tell. Miss Tomlinson thought they ought to, but "No," said Gertrude, "Amanda didn't want it known during her life. Far be it for us to spread such a story after her death. Let the poor dear sleep in peace. No breath of scandal shall besmirch her name."

And so they read the notice in the newspaper, "Librarian dies in freak accident", and went to the funeral to stand by the grave with the policeman who had found her, the park policeman, Mr. Boyce. And they thought, "If they only knew . . ."

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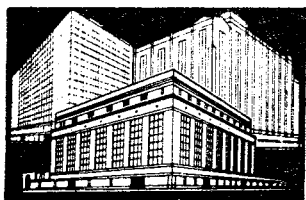
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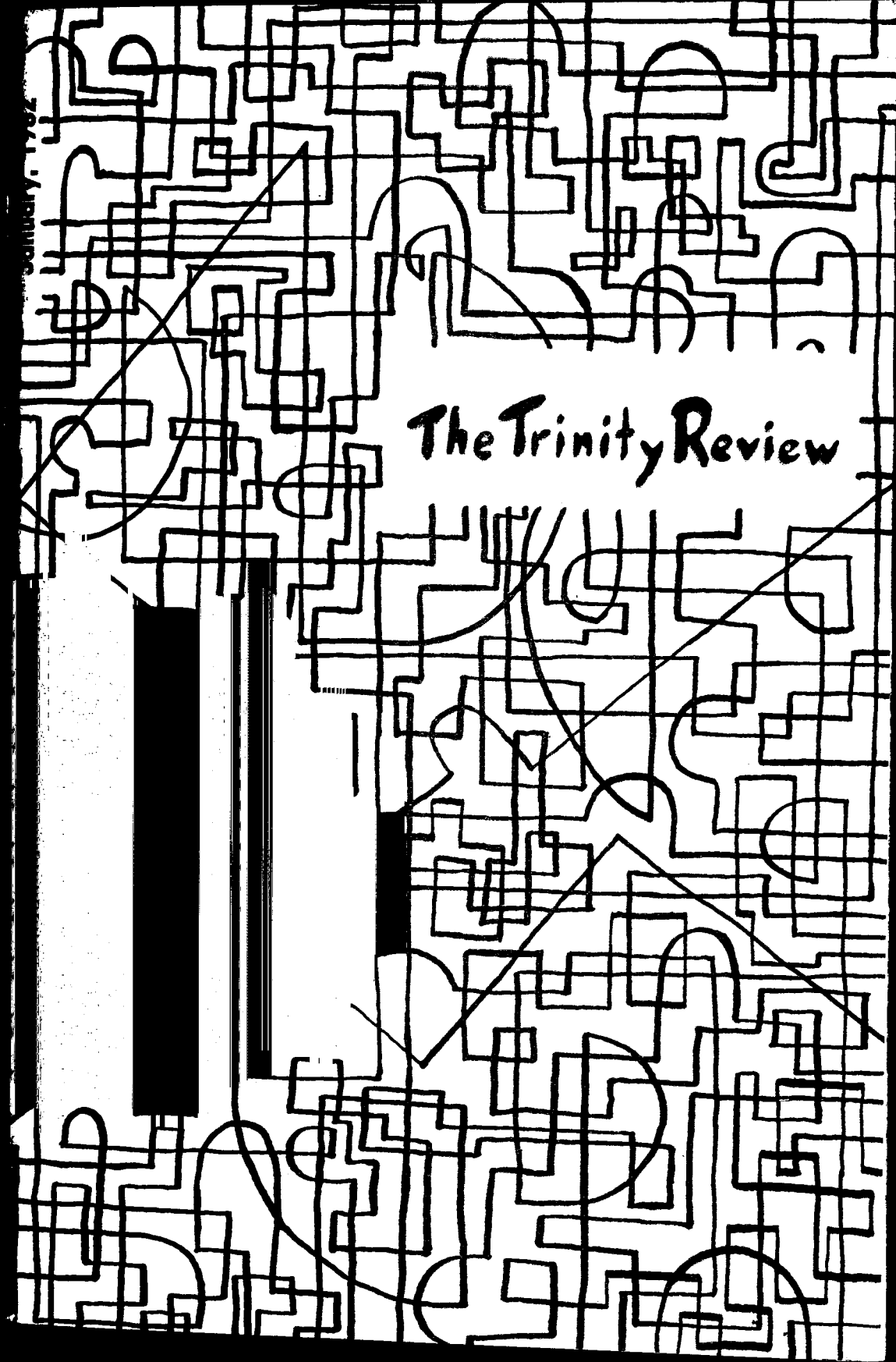
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January, 1962

The background of the cover is a complex, abstract geometric pattern. It consists of numerous overlapping lines of varying thicknesses, creating a dense, maze-like structure. The lines form various shapes, including squares, rectangles, circles, and irregular polygons. Some lines are straight, while others are curved or arched. The overall effect is a highly detailed and intricate design that fills the entire page.

# The Trinity Review

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Eaton's of Canada has grown in size and importance on customer-confidence—on the faith the buying public places not only in the selections and values, but in the descriptions found in Eaton Advertisements. One of the first steps in customer-confidence is the realization that what an Eaton ad says about goods and prices can be trusted.

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