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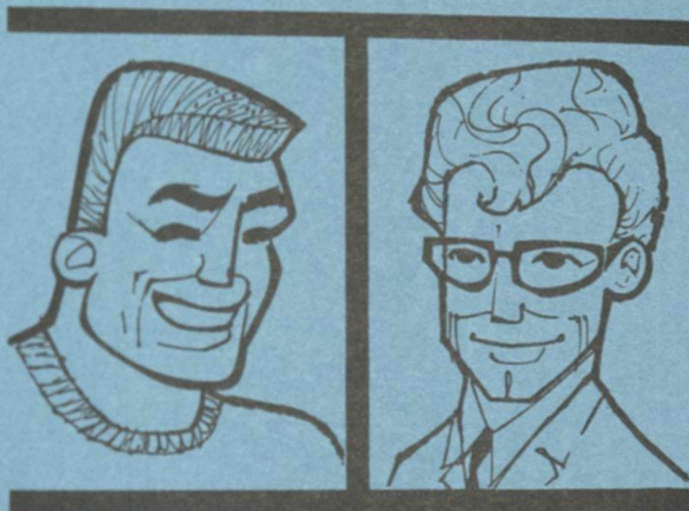

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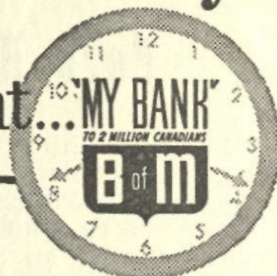

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CONTENTS

Off the Board, 6
In Search of Rosa CAROLINE STANLEY-PORTER, *8*
Poems BOB DINSMORE, *11, 33*
The Counterfeiter DICK HOWARD, *12*
Art-Perception AUGUST WIEDMANN, *16*
Poem SHIRLEY ALLAWAY, *23*
Pilgrimage JOHN ANCEVICH, *24*
Edward Allan BRIAN METCALFE, *28*
The Tour Lady BRIAN VINTCENT, *34*
Art FRED VALENTINE
Cover BOB DINSMORE

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off the board:

IN DEFENCE OF SITTING DOWN

It has been said, and rightly so, that the Sedentary Figure is the central image of Western Civilisation. Yet he who finds his fulfilment in sitting down becomes all too conscious of the attacks directed against his tranquillity by the unwashed and erect Sweenies of this world. They — both attacks and Sweenies — occur with melancholy frequency, and are accompanied invariably by the sort of cheap vituperation that has come to be numbered among the resident vices of the Standing Army. The Sedentary Man is troubled by these intruders upon his native dignity. If not prone, he is at least vulnerable to the slangs and errors of this Outrageous Portion. It is high time that someone Spoke Up, pointing out the traditional and not-to-be-sneezed-at role of Those Who Habitually Sit.

Sitting down has always been a prerogative of royalty and Other Superior Persons. The prehistoric potentate stoutly maintained his divine right to the only stump in the glade, with the result that the gentleman of every latter age has aspired to a Counry Seat. The Greek philosopher soon found sedentism preferable to Falling Down Wells, and his most productive moments were spent snoozing on a suburban stoa. It is a matter of record that through lack of adequate seating facilities later Greek Thought suffered from a distressing singlemindedness, causing a schismatic overflow of atomic men to emigrate to Magna Graecia, where spacious mountains afforded a superb setting for value judgements on the barbarian hoards and other Practical Matters. The hindsite of History proves that the Fall of the Roman Empire arose through Increased Standing provoked by Excessive Room — a fatal departure from the true Greek tradition. In the Middle Ages the Serious Person took his cue from St. Jerome, equipping himself with a writing-desk, a large pen, and a small intelligent lion. And it is a well-known fact that the great Aquinas countered asceticism with obesity, allowing himself by this subtle dialectic to seek, like the proverbial water, his natural level. With the revival of — among other things — the Art of

Chair-Making, came the Renaissance. Although it is true that the real maturing of modern civilisation was not to come until the invention, several centuries later, of the Chaise Longue, the previously splinter-ridden existence of the Stoical Sedent was ameliorated somewhat by the introduction of Cushions, Dodo-Joints, and Other Quiet Luxuries. During this entire period Michelangelo's Moses sits, while the standing David looks understandably sheepish about his Philistine perversity. With the advent of that flower of learning, the professional Man of Letters, more elaborate seating arrangements began to be made; in general a Good Thing, but drawing from the Puritan Perpendiculars those totally undeserved accusations of comfort and degeneracy that have plagued the otherwise happy world of Wit and Learning ever since. Thinkers and Writers of all nations have Sat Creatively throughout the modern era, with the single exception of the Irishmen, and above all Swift, who performed his scatological exercises with Anglican Uprightness. Slightly later, the effete French were especially noted for their *sédisme,* executed in gilt sedan-chairs with characteristic *élan.* Of this transitional matter it need only be said that Continental Extremism shall not condemn an essentially Anglo-Saxon attitude, and that the *Ancien Régime* was ever noted for losing virtue in Excess. Some of this regrettable lack of Moderation must also apply to the Romantics, whose obvious confusion can be accounted for by their unreasonable habit of Composing While on Long Walks. To Englishmen, it remains a matter of modest pride that the century was rescued in the nick of time when Victorian culture, on the way to its elegiac bed, sank through a Brief but Memorable Arm-Chair Efflorescence.

The chaos of history leaves us with but one conclusion: the Sedentary Man has been from the first blush of Time a constant in a Philistine world of shifting values. This stationary, contemplative figure has steadfastly refused to betray his inner self to the whirling cosmos of flux. The Comfortable Concavity of his chosen posture exudes more than quiet charm; it breathes a conservative's challenge to the proud Ravages of Time. While the rotten props and standards of the Old Order crash down around him, he offers the tottering *zeitgeist* of the mid-twentieth century — a Chair.

IN SEARCH OF ROSA

There's a lot of traffic here, noisy unfriendly traffic. The cars are big and fast and shiny, with a lot of windows. No scooters like at home. A gang of boys in shiny jackets and blue-jeans slouch by. They don't smile . . . don't even talk.

After a while the loneliness will go away. After a while this great rushing city will be home.

Home!

A green fruit truck goes by close to the sidewalk. "Del Vechio" it says in big yellow letters on the side. Del Vechio! Like the fruit market across the street at home! But the pale boy in the truck doesn't look much like Marco Del Vechio. Marco's fat, and red faced and happy looking. People aren't like Marco here.

A police car silently draws up to the curb. Two officers get out. They are very tall and have pistols at their belts and —

Passport! Where is it? In the small black suitcase, isn't it? Oh yes. She hurries on, anxious to pass the stern frightening policeman. Rosa said it was easy to find her place. "If you get lost just ask someone." That's what Rosa said. Ask someone.

Crowds hurry by with set faces. A little girl with no stockings on drops something on the street. It jingles faintly. Nobody notices. Its shiny . . . looks like money. Maybe she could . . . A well dressed young man stoops and picks it up. He smiles as he walks away. It was money.

Ask someone. She ties her kerchief a little tighter. There is a man leaning against a lamp-post waiting for the street light to change. From the back he looks a bit like Marco Del Vechio . . .

"You know where ees Geelbert Avenoo?" She holds the suitcase tighter to steady her trembling hands.

The man looks at her, stupid, his small light eyes vacant. He shrugs and looks away, grinning foolishly. He is not at all like Marco.

She turns down the street, hurt. Why didn't he speak? She sees a

group of girls standing at the corner. They are laughing and the wind blows their hair. She smiles nervously as she goes up to them.

"*You* know where ees Geelbert Avenoo?"

The girls look at her, half-interested asking her questions, talking all at once. They talk loud and fast and she can't understand.

"Plice! Plice! I . . ."

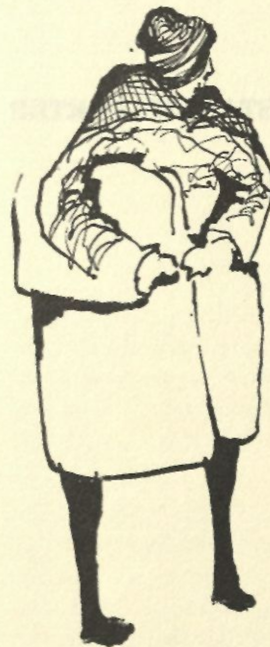
A car honks at them. "There's Jim!" They run off, leaving her bewildered.

The wind is cold. Why does everyone talk so fast and so loud? She tries to put her hands inside her sleeves for warmth. "Just ask someone." That's what Rosa said. She *must* ask somebody. She can feel her nose getting redder . . . redder . . .

"Scusi." She tries to move out of the way of the young man in the red windbreaker. Then — "Oh-h, you know where ees Geelbert Avenoo? Plice?" The young man's eyes are not kind. He has colourless hair and a white face. A burnt out cigarette hangs from his lips,

"What?" He talks out of one side of his mouth.

"Geelbert! Geelbert Avenoo!" She is shouting now. "Mia friend Rosa, she live there!"



L.F.V.

He laughs. It isn't a very nice laugh, really. Then he points. "Yuh see that street down there?"

She nodds and goes on nodding like a wound up toy.

"Well, yuh go down there and then to the left, and there yuh are. It's the first street."

"T'ank you! T'ank you!" She is still nodding. Down and to the left, he said. Down and to the left. The first street. "Soon I will see my friend, Rosa," she thinks happily, hugging her suitcase. She thinks of the present she has brought, all the way from home. "Just for you, Rosa," she will say.

She turns to the left.

"Then Rosa will cry for joy, like a little baby, or maybe . . ." She comes to the crossing and glances up at the street sign before turning the corner. "This is not Geelbert!" She stops. The wind blows her coat against

her old-woman legs. She can feel the cold even through her thick stockings.

"I haven't gone right."

She turns back. Did he say left? Down and to the left? No. It could not be. To the right, no? Down and to the right? First street, he said. She is sure of that! Yes! Down and to the right. She hurries back across the noisy intersection.

Cars honk at her. "Hey! Whadya tryin' ta prove?"

The policeman in the middle of the road shouts at her.

Why? Her hand is numb around the handle of the suitcase. Passport, maybe? That little pink ticket? She stops, a hand to her mouth. Nothing happens. He might have been shouting at someone else.

She turns right, pushing her way against the wind. The street lights go on. She peers up at the sign at the corner. "P-e-n-" This isn't Geelbert! "How have I gone wrong?" Tears come to her eyes. She blinks them away.

Maybe he said second street to the right? No? She stands staring blankly at the street lights. She feels old and stupid, and doesn't understand . . .

CAROLINE STANLEY-PORTER

Knock

Knock on a locked door.
Johnny get up!

Johnny's dead
Johnny's dead
He died on Bloor Street
Last night at the corner of Bay
He died on Bloor Street
When he saw a vision

Johnny's dead
He died when he saw a pale blue vision
A vision of a transcendental woman
A beautiful transcendental woman
With blonde hair
And painted cheeks
And lovely painted cheeks

Johnny's dead
He died last night at Bloor and Bay
And cannot get up
And cannot get up
Ever again

Johnny (knock again)
Get up!

But Johnny turns over
And buries his face,
And buries his mind
In a pale blue vision
And goes back to sleep.

BOB DINSMORE

met shyly, communed for just the shadow of an instant, then swung with exaggerated abruptness one from the other. The cigarettes, lonely for the match, glowed uncertainly. Side by side for an eternal moment they glowed, while the executive listened to the blood thundering through his head, and prayed that the next move might be up to his partner. With this thought, in sudden empathy, he moved himself. In an immense effort he broke the rigor of his arm and raised the cigarette for another puff. As his friend turned towards him, he realized that he had once more done the right thing. The man began to speak, and at the first word the executive bent his head humbly — he could not have told why — for a prophecy. Instead, he heard a tired sound which sought to explain away its own exhaustion, a sound which defied concentration, but imposed upon Ainslie an enervated silence. It was the compelling voice of human insignificance.

Haltingly, brokenly at best, the man spun out his thin, commonplace tale. The businessman managed somehow to hear it through, but he forgot most of it afterwards, there wasn't much anyway, and soon the ashes of a life story and two cigarettes were scrubbed into the soft black oblivion which lay underfoot. In one awful moment the smoke almost made him sick: — then the tale-teller's voice had stopped and Ainslie, reeling inwardly, flung about in infinite silence for something to say. Throbbing, the empty-handed seconds passed, until their need was filled for an instant in movement, as the executive leaned wearily against a pillar and wormed a hand into his pocket. The pocket was full of small favours from that night's party, and as he turned them over meaninglessly, some eccentric fate caused his fingers to close on a coin. Its seeming coolness was a tonic to his nerves. Lurching into action, he spilled it from the pocket, thrust it into a startled hand, and said decisively to any whom it might concern, "Here!"

He gave no chance for a reply as he rummaged through his coat, emerging triumphantly with a card. "Take this fifty-cents and hire yourself some flop downtown for the night — it's all the money I have with me. Come and see me first thing in the morning and" — holding out the card — "we'll see if we can fix you up with some sort of job." The man seemed doubtful as Ainslie read out his address, but his hand was slowly disappearing into a fold in his clothing. Seeing that the coin had been accepted, Ainslie summoned the energy to be encouraged, and said in his private voice, "Go and get a bed for the night, and you'll come in the morning, won't you?"

His companion quietly nodded assent, and as he turned away, "I will, and thanks," he said.

Ainslie watched him thread his way through the party favours scattered on the still-warm pavement, and with a heavy sigh half-bent to pick them up until the sudden thought of a further delay revolted him. He left them there, to celebrate. A minute later the Buick's drone was fading into the distance.

It was a well-bred ten o'clock when the executive struggled down to tea-and-toast, pleasantly hung. His leisurely thoughts were full of social conquest, and as he savoured them individually he nibbled at his toasted-fingers with unaccustomed finesse. The morning paper lay neglected, face-down where his wife had abandoned it. It could have nothing for him today, he felt, and spared himself the small disappointment of not finding his face on the front page. He left it on the table until it was almost time to go. Then, as he rose, he flipped it over idly, and — "There I am," he said to himself in mild surprise. The hair, the chin, everything was his: — but the eyes — they were the eyes of last night, and they gripped him and bored into his soul. He crumpled as horror settled around his heart and dredged the pit of his stomach. Breaking the glance, he stared wildly about him, but there was cold comfort in the starched curtains and the neat lawn which lay beyond. A prisoner in the wilderness of himself, he thought frantically, "I'll go now, I won't look further."

It was useless. Compulsively, he read. "UNIDENTIFIED BODY" screamed a scorching red caption "FOUND AT FOOT OF CNR BRIDGE." And then the lead, blurred by tears:

> "Police estimate that the man, his identity yet unknown, died around five this morning, evidently as a result of a suicidal leap from the railway structure. Besides a recent family photo from which our picture was taken, nothing was found on his person but a counterfeit fifty-cent piece. It is thought that this object may have been a lucky charm, or party-favour . . ."

DICK HOWARD

THE COUNTERFEITER

Ainslie left the party early, around three-thirty. As usual, he was heroically full of the rye whisky he chose to drink with water and no ice, please. "Can't take it like I used to," he thought, feeling the pang of dissatisfaction reserved for those few cannibals who take without giving social pleasure; and he totalled the asphalt stitches irritably as his Buick sped along the cement highway. It was a deep, spacious and humming night, but it did not soothe the itch in Ainslie's blood, and as he coasted down the long hill into town, his irritation increased. The road was deserted, the absence of other traffic made the red lights unbearable. On any other night he would have "timed" them. Tonight, in alcoholic abandon, he caught them all, every one, and at each he raced the big motor with Faustian urgency.

Perversely this mild masochism put him, even in the mercury harshness of the floodlit town square, into a mood equally mild. Ainslie reflected mellowly on the party he had just left. Charity, that emotion tenderly relished when seldom felt, induced him to concede that, after all, they had *meant* well. It was only that a modest fellow like himself naturally shunned applause, even when it *was* justified. And it was, he admitted with no noticeable reluctance, justified tonight. For twelve years he had been fighting for that promotion, and now at last it was his. With the final weeding out of the neuroses of the second-in-command, affability sprang fully-clad from the chief executive's brow. Tonight he felt he could do anything for anyone, contribute, if the need should arise, to the cause of humanity — whatever *that* was, he flashed back with a humour not yet lost in greatness. Freedom — businesslike he flung it at the uncomprehnding night — *freedom* was the operative word. The speedometer crept up ten miles per hour as freedom began to operate. As Ainslie slowed down for the railway bridge, his mental limbeck sent forth a frothy and benevolent aroma.

It was then that he saw the man, frozen in the swinging beam of his undimmed headlights. As the big car swept by, a pair of flat, panicked eyes met Ainslie's. If there's anything I dislike in a man, the executive thought idly, it's opaque eyes. Then his foot hit the brakes. During the age of silence before he jumped out, his mind sought groggily to associate motive with his action. It had a ready cunning, that mind, and even half-drunk it did not

fail him. As his feet chopped the pavement, it found one; — that fellow needed help. He was going to jump!

Ainslie stopped unsteadily as soon as he could pick out a human outline half-tinted against the luminous night sky. Between the harsh conflict of steel struts it crouched, breathing the tension of desperate interest as it watched the driver's approach. Aware that he was being scrutinized, Ainslie automatically straightened his tie. Then he paused, listening. Nothing but his own uneven breathing, nothing but the nostalgic chill of a midsummer night as it stung his overheated body. Therapeutically, he loosened, and re-tightened the tie, and stared. Still nothing. The man's eyes, if — a dark parenthesis of doubt crossed his mind — they *were* human eyes, had been blank in the glare of the headlights. His whole face was inscrutable now. The only clue to the creature's state was the strut-like tautness of its half-glimpsed form. There was still nothing between these two, the man and the bit of bridge. Common sense empiricism began to doubt the thing's separate existence. A vulgar mob of going-home thoughts crowded Ainslie's weary brain.

Then — then it moved. It was a slight movement, but it said suffering, and Ainslie softened with the softness of an immortal who has discovered frailty anew. With a second, a convulsive movement, the invasion was complete. That creature, newly a man, had now an unquestioned right to the sympathies stirring beneath the dacron suit. Life in two tiny movements had unmasked itself imploringly, and Ainslie for the next eternity was sworn to its cause.

Ainslie himself was not fully aware of this. Yet his abrupt soul called for some defining action. In the supreme moment, his action was typical. Snaring a small silver package from an untamed expanse of breast-pocket, he croaked, absurdly frog-like, "Cigarette?"

He could have done no more. There was a completeness about the moment, a completeness which lent a sort of dignity to his banal attitude. The frog's voice rang down the dark ravine and slipped into some low standing pool; in the silence, crowned in moonlight, a magus was left behind.

Ainslie — for the magus was he — felt before he could see the coming of the watcher. He waited. A creation passed away before the man was there. When at last Ainslie quakingly offered the cigarette, it was as if he were offering it to his own leering mirror-image in some darkened room.

The face revealed by an unsteady match could easily have been his own, and "Thanks" harshed a voice the echo of Ainslie's voice which had not sounded for a very long time. And as the sound died away, two hesitancies

met shyly, communed for just the shadow of an instant, then swung with exaggerated abruptness one from the other. The cigarettes, lonely for the match, glowed uncertainly. Side by side for an eternal moment they glowed, while the executive listened to the blood thundering through his head, and prayed that the next move might be up to his partner. With this thought, in sudden empathy, he moved himself. In an immense effort he broke the rigor of his arm and raised the cigarette for another puff. As his friend turned towards him, he realized that he had once more done the right thing. The man began to speak, and at the first word the executive bent his head humbly — he could not have told why — for a prophecy. Instead, he heard a tired sound which sought to explain away its own exhaustion, a sound which defied concentration, but imposed upon Ainslie an enervated silence. It was the compelling voice of human insignificance.

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DICK HOWARD

THE EPISTEMOLOGY OF ART-PERCEPTION

The apprehension of a work of art, and the nature of this "art-perception," whether it be of a painting or a piece of sculpture, comprises a theory of knowledge drawn from actual sense-experience. Three propositions, related to the above, form the order of exposition in this article. They are: that a work of art is not an "object proper" since we do not know it as we know everyday objects of experience; that a work of art it distinguished from a work that is not art by the "hiddenness" of its qualitative and relational properties; that, to be a valid artistic achievement, a work of art must possess three qualities . . . its "confrontational," quality, its "revelational" quality, and its "interpretational" quality.

A work of art can never be an object proper, for in order to be an object it must be known. A work of art, however, can never be thus known. Hence a work of art can not be an object proper.

My attempt to prove this, the first proposition will take the form of an epistemological inquiry into the nature of our awareness of things and entities. Our world is filled with objects such as tables, cats, chairs

and chimney-pots, and it is their nature and being that makes the world what it is. Most people take this for granted without any further questions as to why this should be the case. Yet, on philosophic grounds we may well ask what it is that makes an object an object, or what it is that makes us see the things we do see. Here the philosopher begins to look at those features which constitute perception; here he begins to analyse and abstract those elements that form our awareness and the "objects" within our awareness. If we reflect on this, we shall see before long that there must be certain properties which are fundamental to our perception and awareness of an object.

What are these characteristics or properties of things without which they would not exist? In the first place, a thing must have quantity. We must know how much the predicate can be ascribed to the subject as in the statement "Some apples are red." Secondly, a thing must have quality; that is to say, we must be conscious in what way the predicate pertains to the subject, as in the sentence "Some apples are sweet." Thirdly, it must be perceived how the object stands in relation to the other objects. I am sitting on a chair, I feel its hardness, its colour and texture, and know them to be accidents of a substance. Furthermore I know that the heat in my room comes from a radiator or that draught has its origin from an open window.

All this goes to prove that we could not obtain knowledge of objects, were the objects themselves not amenable to certain ordering or grouping to be arranged by our understanding. Representations of these objects have to be ordered and unified according to certain connective concepts; these concepts are objective in the sense that without them no objects could be given in the first place. In other words, whenever we refer to an object *qua* object, we have categorized it, we have made it known to us, for it is our own understanding that objectifies the sense perception. To know an object therefore means to know its quantity, qualitative features, and means being conscious of its relational aspects in itself and in other things.

The above insistence upon a Kantian interpretation of the elements that constitute perception is not really necessary as long as one agrees that there exists a particular way of apprehending those things we call objects. Contrary to several scientific theories, it is suggested here that our "everyday" perception operates along these lines: namely, that we think of objects in terms of their quantity, their quality, their relational features, their modal status. This way of viewing sense data is so engrained in us that we take it for granted.

On the other hand, when we encounter works of art there is a difference in our perceptual apprehension; our perceptual stream is interrupted; we are stopped by an object in front of which our usual ordering of phenomena does not seem to be applicable. Whereas "everyday" objects are more or less "automatically" ordered, either by sheer perceptual habits or, as Kant would have us believe, by the categorical structure of the understanding. The object of art cannot thus be ordered and known. The leisurely flow of our perceptual stream is constantly interrupted by strange obstacles which it cannot treat in its usual manner; it has to hold back, for it is momentarily stopped. It is maintained here that our perceptual "field" is interrupted by the confrontation of objects of art in much the same way as is explained above.

Let us take an example of this. Right now I am looking at a coloured print depicting Botticelli's "Flora." It is rectangular, showing the bust of a young girl with golden hair, adorned with cornflowers. No doubt it is an object, for it has a certain size, it has a certain shape in the sense that we see a beautiful shoulder, a lovely neck, a dreamy face, and so forth. In other words the object has quantity. Its quality in the epistemological sense however, is a problem. When I say that the table on which I write is square, squareness is a regular feature of the table. What similar statement can I make when looking at this creature of Spring? Where should we begin? What is real? What predicate should be assigned to the subject? What is the subject? Is it the painting, is it Flora, or is it the spring that she is supposed to symbolise? What is the predicate? Is it the colour, the golden hair, the wreath of flowers? No, we obviously run into difficulty here. Perhaps turning to the object's relational features might help us more in throwing light upon the thing's "objectivity." Turning to the table again, I know that its squareness pertains to the table as subject, and so does the fact that it is made of wood; in other words, squareness and its "woodness" are accidents or predicates belonging to a substance. Concerning Flora, however, we may well ask what exactly pertains to what. Is her enigmatic smile a predicate pertaining to something, is it a consequence following the shape of her eyes, the fall of her hair, or does she simply want to smile at us? One could continue this indefinitely, and always end up with question-marks! The conclusion we must draw is that we are able, with tables, chairs, and chimney-pots, to order and define their nature according to a definite perceptual pattern, but that in the case of a painting or a piece of sculpture our normal perceptual approach is not applicable.

An object's quality and its relational aspects are its most important features. However, as we have seen, these properties are either not given or not

discernable in a work of art. It is precisely the search for these indiscernable properties that motivates both the art critic and the aesthetician. If these properties were ever found, our work of art would bcome an object proper, stripped of its ability to puzzle. Any attempt to render a work of art intelligible, within the procedure of our perceptual apprehension, objectifies this work and brings it to the level of tables, chairs, and chimney-pots.

One very much doubts that a work of art thus objectified would remain a work of art. Certainly one necessary condition of a work of art is its ability to arrest our perceptual stream and its refusal to be categorized according to the patterns of perception. The second proposition then deals with this "hiddenness" of the properties of a work of art.

> *A work of art is distinguished from a work that is not art by the "hiddenness" of its qualitative and relational properties.*

Two famous paintings, Uccello's *Rout of San Romano* and Massacio's *Tribute Money,* make clear this distinction, a distinction indeed between good and bad art. The nature of perception entailed in appreciating the painting by Uccello is much the same as is involved in perception of everyday objects. We can be said to see through it: we are conscious of what pertains to what, what is a consequence of something else. Uccello objectifies too much. The properties that constitute his painting are a shade too transparent. For instance, the "subject" to which all predicates of the painting are applied consists of perspective. The picture consists solely in a mathematical and rigorous rendering of perspective. The flight of the horse, the position of the lances, the depiction of the roads converging in the background . . . all and everything is subordinated to perspective. We establish the nature, being and purpose of the painting according to the same procedure with which we view the world and its objects.

This simplicity of perception, however, is not applicable to Massacio's *Tribute Money.* There is a certain "hiddenness" which defies our usual method of perception. It is difficult to tell how the austere monumentality relates to the narrative of the scene, or why the classical dignity of the figures conveys an air of deep stillness. Our perceptual stream is arrested and, as it were, paralysed; it is apparent that we need a different kind of perception to incorporate it into our awareness.

Technically speaking, it is just this transparency in fifteenth-century Italian painting that sets it apart for instance from that of the High Re-

naissance. A painting by Fra Lippo Lippi or by Ghirlandaio represents everyday objects of feeling and sense. We are never asked by their paintings to rearrange the stream of our internal and external perception which for most of our lives holds us captive.

Although this quality of "hiddenness" as we have called it, missing in such painters as Uccello and Ghirlandaio, is a necessary condition in a work of art, it is by no means the sole condition. If it were, every strange combination or mixture of colours, materials or sounds would in effect be a work of art. This must be an *immediate* condition for without it we would not be attracted by the work of art. The other conditions that make a work of art what it is are contained in our third proposition.

> *A work of art must possess at least three qualities which, enumerated in their epistemological order, are as follows: its "confrontational" quality, its "revelational" quality, and its "interpretational" quality.*

This "confrontational" quality of a work of art is the power contained in that work to force itself into the radius of our perception. This is related to the "hiddenness" of its properties mentioned above; however, this in itself is not enough, for the work of art could still be disregarded were this its only feature. Epistemologically speaking, it must block our "stream of perception" and resist in a way its objectifying tendency. At the same time it must be strong enough to stimulate and excite perception, to entice it into assaulting the obstacle. This then is the work of art's confrontational quality. Within the process of assault and resistance our forces of perception become transformed.

This transformation of our power of perception becomes a precondition for appreciating the "revelational" quality of the work of art. A true work of art reveals, not objects or things as we encounter them in the world around us, but a possible way and a different way in which we may view the world through the vehicle of the painting or the piece of sculpture. Each work of art is its own world with its own objects, and this being the case, it must be seen through itself. The work must be so complete that we cannot add another detail to it, for the moment we do this we employ our own objective perception, and we cannot be said to have understood or even apprehended the work. In this sense, we can say that it is not so much we who place the work of art, in the way we place everyday objects of perception, but that the work of art places us. A work of art therefore is its own ground, its own premise, unique and self-contained; it is never

an "object" but a mirror, reflecting either an actual or a possible world, and subsequently the objects of this represented world.

The third quality associated with any *bona fide* work of art, that is to say, its "interpretational" quality, derives its inexhaustible range directly from this mirroring or reflecting of a universe. The work of art represents a ground over which an entire world can be constructed, and the painting or the piece of sculpture itself can be said to be the building stones or primary elements of the total structure. Logically speaking, the work of art can also be compared to a set of basic axioms from which we deduce countless theorems. It follows then that an interpretation of this world, mirrored or contained implicity in a work of art, is a never-ending process, and that the power or quality to produce interpretation (which we are classifying as "interpretational") stands in direct relation to the intrinsic worth of a particular painting or piece of sculpture. The more consequences that follow from the "groundwork" that the painting represents, the greater the value of the work. This conclusion has very little to do with the complexity or simplicity that is represented in the work itself. A Van Gogh painting, mirroring the world by means of a simple chair, can produce as many interpretations or consequences as Raphael's complex *School of Athens.*

The difficulty of actually interpreting the work of art remains. We must interpret from "within" the work and not from without. We must not use our "objectifying perception" to establish an object-relationship in the painting or piece of sculpture, for this rules out forever the possibility of entering into the world represented by the work of art. There remains only one way of interpreting and that is to invoke the help of other arts. Perhaps we would interpret a landscape painting by Claude Lorrain in this way; a world potent with the Virgilian spirit, reminiscent of the Golden Age, with grazing flocks, unruffled waters, and a calm luminous sky — images of perfect harmony between man and nature, but touched with a Mozartian wistfulness, as if we knew that this perfection could last no longer than the actual moment it takes possession of our minds.

We have conjured up in the above description, the world of Virgil and of Mozart in our attempt to interpret a painting. However, in itself, this is not enough. We require further the very real "art of interpretation." We can appreciate art only through itself and this in turn means that we have to become "artists" ourselves. The creative-productive imagination is very close to the receiving imagination. The talented aesthetician or art critic shares the productive artist's "anormal" sensitivity, but lacks the latter's power to realize his visions. This is a wise distribution of talents for a work

of art is as much in need of a talented beholder as the interpreting talent requires a work of art. Finally, we can say that a work's "interpretational" quality, is that power which stimulates and begets the "art of interpretation" by means of which we construct and reflect the infinite world mirrored in the work of art.

On epistemological grounds, we have seen that the "hiddenness' of the work's qualitative and relational features was the immediate condition distinguishing art from non-art. It has become apparent that there are three other qualities associated closely with a work that is truly art. They are its "confrontational," revelational," and "interpretational" features. Added to this, should be the mention of the universality of art, the use of one art to unlock the secrets of another, of one art implying another. Just as a painting or a piece of sculpture must be appreciated through itself, the use of one art for the interpretation of another must be a consequence of the work to be interpreted.

AUGUST WIEDMANN

Ruin

The dwelling is shattered.
The bricks are tumbled
In angular piles.

Grass grows . . .
Blanketing
Mounds of earth.

Weeds strain
Through
Rubble.

No flowers in the garden
Only man's dead
Hollow shell.

The walls of home
Are down.
Leaving

A wrecked tombstone.

SHIRLEY ALLAWAY

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SHIRLEY ALLAWAY

PILGRIMAGE

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When they picked him up just past Grand Junction she was sitting on top of the driver and told him to sit in the front.

Boy, it's hot says Joe after the driver unarches his back and the gravel behind proves his four-barrel carb.

Yeah, the driver drawls, shifts into third, keeps staring in front.

She stops looking at Joe, rests her head on the driver's chest and turns the radio up to lip with the pelvic platters.

O, Chuck — "Chaingang," she pulls her knees up on his lap and droops her head.

"Goin' home t'see m'woom'n . . . UUH!"

M-m-m-m, Chuck, she gurgles. Git offa me, drones Chuck in a monotone and flips her head by the hair into Joe's lap, hits the gas pedal to pass another car and while she is lying, twisted, her face sunk between Joe's thighs, jerks up his left knee to send her feet rattling off his lap to the floor. She slides them up, untwists, and contracts, cudling on the seat and digging her face into Joe's stomach.

M-m-m-m, Joe feels her throat vibrate and thinks what the hell.

Boy, it's hot, Joe tries again.

Yeah.

Is it like this all the time in Colorado?

Yeah, yeah, yeah kid, YEAH. Now shake it, willya?

Joe sighs and settles back, carefully, not to disturb the girl.

The sun sits in the middle of the windshield shooting fervid tracers along the scratches to form a gold grill, capricious, quivering, as the car hurdles, roaring down out of the Rockies, off from the spraying, surging Colorado, squashing and recoiling its frantic wheels, swaying and screaming in the crag-crazed wind, the tread-gripped stone beating a frenzied pulse on the rushing highway like an urgent teletype.

Joe feels like sticking his head out of the window and yelling, Yeeeow! Poor bastard, he remembers his buddy, Raul, sitting in a lecture room

back in Montreal. When he told him he was thumbing down to San Fran, Raul said, You're killing yourself, quitting college and everything. All those nuts down at North Beach or whatever this scene is, are a bunch of queers. You'll see.

Joe shrugged and quoted Kerouac, 'But yet, but yet, woe, woe, unto those who think that the Beat Generation means crime, delinquency, immorality, amorality' . . . Aw Christ, Raul laughed . . . 'who don't believe in the unbelievable sweetness of sex-love,' Joe smiled, glancing at Raul's friendship ring, then added, Besides, Beat is short for beatitude—a spiritual quest for endless love. Jesus, Raul said, You know what's wrong with you? You been reading too much Kerouac. You'll see. Jesus was a beatnik, Joe joked, then looked into Raul's eyes and said, Yeah — I'll see, but you never will, and left the next day.

Chuck reaches under the seat and pulls out a fifth of whiskey. He takes a couple of short, fast gulps and wedges the bottle between his thighs. Joe remembers he hasn't had a drink ever since he left, five days ago. Guess she's sleeping, he says to himself feeling the soft rhythmic pressure of her chest against his hip.

Wanna mouthwash? Chuck asks, popping the bottle to Joe's face like a jack-in-a-box.

Jeez yeah, thanks a lot. I haven't . . .

Shaaake it, Chuck drawls.

Joe takes a long swig full tilt and jackknifes his head, bottle, hand, withdrawing the bottle at the bottom and squeezing his eyelids. Ahh, he exhales and raises everything again. Tha's 'nough, Chuck's hand shoots out and snatches the bottle, screwing it back between his thighs.

Well, I'm getting there, anyway, Joe thinks and relaxes. Comfortably, too, he feels the girl like warm tar on him and a little glow in his stomach, the car humming in the prairie-desert with just the even schmick-schmick-schmick of tires on the freeway slats. His head starts banging the window then slips past the ledge and he crumples, her hair in his mouth. He tries to get up, but instead pushes the hair out with his tongue and falls asleep.

YI YI YI . . . YeaHOOOO!

Joe yanks up, Wuzzat? then yelps, Ouch, ouch, feeling a tweezer close on his belly. She turns her face up and gives him a mist smile. Tha's a Basque shout, Chuck mumbles. Tha's what they use tuh shout when they come bouncin' down the hills at the Indyans. Scare hell out of 'em. HAW. Ah do it every time ah see a spade. Chuck starches his face again.

M-m-m-m. Wha's yore name? the girl purrs up to Joe. Mine's Paam'la. Chuck calls me Paamyo cause it goes with daadyo, don't ya Chuck?

Chuck ignores her.

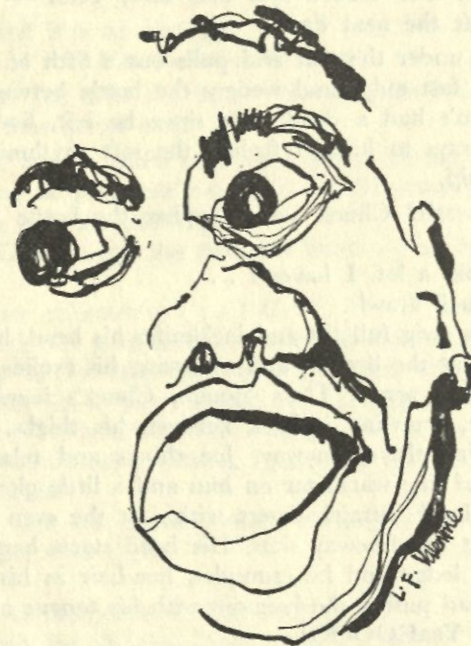
Whadya say? Joe? Jo-jo, she giggles, Jo-jo.

Say Pamela, why d'you bite me, anyway? Joe asks.

She grabs his ears and wrenches his head down then thrusts her face up and claps her lips against his. Joe hurls his eyes over at Chuck, sees him reaching for another bottle, and pulls at Pam's back. Her fingers grapple away from his ears and nail into his neck with a new lunge that makes him feel as if he is gasping for wind in a sugar beet sack.

M-m-m-m, she falls away, m-MuH! on his lap again. Joe is panting quietly. He reaches for his cigarettes. Wanna smoke? he asks her.

Mm-mm, her nose wags on his thigh, no.



Joe sits back deep-sucking smoke not thinking but wondering. Pam is squirm-around on the seat, in her clothes, on Joe. Chuck cranes his head, waits a few seconds, then shatters the bottle on a big "Welcome to Utah, Pardner" sign. Tha's mah Chuck, she says and sits up pressing Joe. YeaHAA, yells Chuck just moving his jaw. Go man! Joe cheers. Aw willya shut it? Chuck yells, Goddam kid. Yeah, but he's a nice kid, Pam says and shutters Joe with her body. She lounges there then turns to Chuck, Stop the car,

willya? We wanna get in the back. Joe looks out of the window. Chuck snaps his head to the right, Hey kid! Joe faces him, Chuck glares, Ya wanna? Uh . . . , Joe gazes at him. C'mawn, do ya or dontcha? Pam licks Joe's cheek, M-m-m. Well . . . uh, Joe is cold stiff, I don't care. Chuck sneers, smiles lips down, Yer scared. Haw. He's scared Pamyo. Goddam kid. Punk kid.

He brakes into a lashing halt, leans back and sits there watching Joe with chinky eyes. Pam withdraws her face a couple of inches from Joe's and smiles, sweetly, distantly. Joe blushes. She crawls over him and pushes through the door. Outside, standing, her hips form angles all over her shorts, one hand on the rear door handle, the other glued along her taut thigh. Jo-jo, she smiles smugly. Come awn Jo-jo, she lilts, Come awn.

Joe's face tightens. His head flies back against the seat flipping his eyelids open, bounces off and shoots outside on the gravel with his body following like a bola tail. Haw, Chuck yelps. Joe pumps out two laboring dry coughs followed by a fading groan as he brings up and feels a dank warmth around his sweat stung face. EEK, Pam shrivels her face, jumps in the back. Goddam pig, Chuck says and kicks the rest of Joe outside. The weight grinds Joe's open-mouthed face into the gravelled vomit and collapses on top in a heap.

Pig uvakid, Chuck mutters to himself then takes a long swig, throws his head back, gargles, and shoots a long clean stream from his balooned cheeks through the open door on Joe. He hooks his right toe in the handle, slams the door shut, and the car leaps forward pawing gravel like a hound. JailBAAAAit . . . HHa! he howls.

In the back Pam leopard-crawls on the seat moaning with her body as a cat purrs.

JOHN ANCEVICH

EDWARD ALLEN FALLS IN LOVE

Edward Allen was a young man nineteen years of age. A good age to be, one thinks to oneself, the flower of youth, the age of lovers and heroes. Edward himself, being, as he liked to put it, "intellectually aware" recognized the traditional potential of this most glorious age, but for him this recognition brought no comfort. You see, Edward unfortunately realized that his emergence as a lover or hero was sadly retarded. For he cut a figure quite different from his romantic conception of his own dream-image. His thin awkward body was the result of unintelligent breeding between parents of inferior stock, as Edward had decided. He never forgave his parents for this, being of a decidedly unemotional and scientific turn of mind. His marred face betrayed a life of petty self-indulgence. He was plainly the product of a mediocre origin and an unhealthy environment, but nevertheless there dwelt in Edward a certain spark, a certain unaccountable awareness that was sufficent to make him conscious of the sad state of his being, but was unfortunately not great enough to carry him beyond it.

At this time he was in a practical business course at an average eastern university. Edward was lost in this modern confusion of cultural and recreational programmes and people. He had no voice in the fantastic whirl of literary drawls and alcoholic gibberish that floated up from a generation of undergraduates hell-bent on life, liberty, but especially the pursuit of happiness. The possibilities of emerging as a hero in this atmosphere and age are very slim, as Edward had realized. The days of Achilles, of Harry Hotspur are long-gone. The athlete, the brawny football hero, fell short of Edward's dreams and the thought of such a "vulgar" endeavour brings a curl of disdain to his bluish lips. Ah poor Edward, even the fleeting glory of the football field is well beyond your grasp; now your disdain is understandable, a product of your physical incompetence. Now as Edward had

no means of raising his stature in the eyes of his acquaintances, he withdrew to a pose of scholarly seclusion, which usually meant a profound silence when in any company, a silence which, he hoped, would be taken as the exterior indication of the interior machinations of a subtle and brilliant mind.

The problem of Edward as lover, however, was not so easily resolved. Edward considered himself "violently passionate," to use his words. Whether this was really true or rather a misconception, the result of several year's frustration, we cannot say, for we have no possible way of knowing, but we must acknowledge that Edward's realization of his failure as a gallant lover bothered him constantly. Despite the apparent hoplessness of the situation, the young man was by no means inactive in searching for a solution.

For sveral years he had been plagued with an inability to even approach a young girl, a failing which prevented him from entering into the flaming heritage of his youth. Having become resigned to the limits of his particular personality, the chief limit being that he had no particular personality, he decided that in some way his "image" would have to be improved. Lest any reader castigate Edward too severely for this idea, smacking as it does of modern advertising and the techniques of the public relations expert, I have it from a friend of Edward's that he came upon it while studying Aristotle's *Poetics* for his Cultural Heritage course. Apparently when he had read the section on mimesis, or dramatic illusion, he began to consider the possibility of applying the same art to his own person. This is a more flattering theory for Edward, whether it be true or not. In short he decided that since his own efforts to establish any sort of relationship remotely resembling an affair had all been total failures, in future he would employ tried and true techniques, imitating worthy masters in the art of love. Knowing Edward as we do, we might suspect that such a sophisticated undertaking would prove too great for the awkward youth. But with the support of Aristotle and the encouragement of the aforementioned biological force he adopted this plan, resolutely vowing to follow the affair through to fruition.

The reader will appreciate that Edward had to be very careful in selecting both subject and "image" for this first project. Our lover began with a girl whom he had known from childhood, and who, therefore, was a less intimidating subject. Unfortunately, back in the days of the intellectual aloofness and profound silences, Edward had had no contact with this girl and so had known nothing of her recent development. For since the times of childish innocence, the young lady had established a reputation for being a most agreeable sort, remarkably anxious to please. Edward, con-

sidering the girl of little importance and entirely suitable for the beginning of his career as a lover, chose to strike a pose according to his conception of a continental "bon vivant." Consequently, during the later stages of this first experiment, at a small private party after one of the term dances, an interchange took place which a sympathetic friend assured Edward, "was comparable to the eternal human struggle, the war between a corrupt body and a pure soul." The reader will have little trouble guessing whose was the body. The soul, of course, was Edwards, but surely a soul of questionable purity. For while Edward was debonairly snapping beer caps and mumbling appropriate phrases such as, "enchanté" and "mais quelle soirée recherchée" his companion attempted to engage him in such other activities that Edward began to wonder if he really was "violently passionate." We are certain that Edward's purity, spiritual or otherwise, was due to his inability rather than his morality. It was a red faced, trembling lover who escorted the girl home that night. The parting was hurried, the retreat swift and the failure complete.

Edward having, as has been mentioned, a small spark somewhere in his makeup, this initial defeat did not discourage him entirely. He delved once more into the realm of literature for aid in his problem. As he considered possible roles for his dramatic love—affairs he became more and more attracted to the image of himself as the artist. In one way at least Edward was suited to his role, for as we have seen he had formerly been accustomed to the pose of the aloof scholar, brilliant but apart, and this experience was absolutely invaluable for his present purpose. Ah yes, the soulful eyes of the poet, gazing into eternity, the passionate sorrowful sighs of despair, this would be a new Edward Allen; a dreamer, a poet, and a lover. The ever-present emphasis on love in this new poet's life brought a strangely material focal point into the dreamy, intellectual existence. It was, of course a young lady, of whom we will say that the word "point" applied to her in this particular focal way only. In short, Edward had a new project, or as he put it himself, "My wandering half-soul has finally discovered its predestined and eternal mate. May she be mine in that perfect union that only we two creatures can fulfill." It seems that Edward must studied Plato in his Cultural Heritage course. Unfortunately, love must have dimmed the poet's intellectual awareness, for in his eagerness Plato's ideal of the union of perfect minds was replaced by an interest in a rather different sort of union. With this questionable goal in mind, therefore, the poet engaged his fair soulmate in a discussion of, "literary values and implications," one afternoon over a cup of espresso in one of the fashionable intellectual retreats near the campus. They sat there for three hours trying to impress each other with their respective abilities to name—drop. They

found Shakespeare, "so positively stimulating" and Hemingway, "a vital dominating force in modern literature, a positive means of reassessing the contemporary scene." Such comments were the sum total of the afternoon, intellectually speaking at any rate. For Edward, with his collection of sights and dreamy gazes, managed to convince the girl that he was the love-poet for her, the just heir of Lord Byron. Later on, in a more intimate retreat, she responded in such a way that Edward became certain that his ambitions would soon be realized. But despite Plato, despite the tradition of the old romantic poet, it was not to be. The evening wore on, and the situation became more crucial, until at last Edward felt it was time to take matters in hand. But the events of the day produced nothing for Edward except great frustration, for the girl was unable to respond, for some reason which he couldn't understand. She assured him that time heals all wounds, but the damage had already been done. The efforts he had expended during the evening left the would-be cavalier incapable of similar activity for a considerable time.

After this failure one might expect Edward to give up and resign himself to the mediocrity which was his birthright. This did not happen. For there remains one final project of Edwards to relate, a desperate attempt to establish himself among the ranks of his idols. The role this time was rather different from the others. For one thing it was not inspired by the Cultural Heritage course. His private studies had led him to the well-known novel *Lady Chatterly's Lover* by D. H. Lawrence. The reader may be familiar with it. Edward developed a particular interest in one characters in the novel, the rustic gamekeeper who was Lady Chatterly's lover. Certain critics have seen in this character a portrayal of one of the author's ideals, the concept of natural man, primitive, passionate and untamed. It seems certain that Edward was attracted by the possibilities of becoming such a figure. He believed that by abandoning all pretense and civilised affectations and making a return to nature he could sweep his next beloved completely off her feet. After all, it certainly worked in the book. However, I am afraid that Edward was more interested in the practical benefits than the philosophy behind this radical doctrine. Therefore it will come as no surprise to learn that Edward's last effort was an utter debacle. The chosen girl was understandably shocked by Edward's advances, which he called "natural" but to her seemed little short of assault. During the rather one-sided conversation that followed, the blushing maiden spent most of the time trying not to look at the parts of their bodies referred to in the blue streak of "natural" monosyllables coming from the heart of the young lover. The poor girl was not at all literary and mistook the vital, passionate speech for the foulest of invitations. The ardent advances were rejected with

growing alarm as the girl imagined her virtue to be in ever increasing danger. Alas poor Edward, his bark was worse than his bite. When the policeman, attracted by the frantic screams, arrested the natural man, it was for a crime of which the intention was certainly present but the execution most improbable.

That was the final defeat for Edward. The disgrace, the awareness of personal failure, the shame of his inability to enter into the glorious heritage of his youth, all these things were driving him to ruin and despair. But then, in the depths of his misery, an unexpected incident changed Edward's life completely, we presume for the better.

He was walking through the city one rainy evening, alone, aimlessly wandering, neither knowing where he was going nor really caring. Despondently he walked into an all-night restaurant and flung himself on a stool at the counter. The waitress approached and he looked up to order. Their eyes met. She smiled at him, he smiled at her. Edward's immediate reaction was to make an attempt similar to the previous affairs, but this time such artifice was the farthest thing from his mind.

She brought him his hamburger.

"Mustard or relish?" She spoke quietly, but with a simple purity that ascended the summit of emotional experience.

"Mustard," he breathed in reply, tenderly but with strength, implying a world of meaning in that one word. She sighed, and her hand trembled as she passed the mustard-pot.

And that was it. They had said all that was necessary. The quest was ended, the night was beautiful, for Edward Allen had fallen in love.

BRIAN METCALFE

lykos

The moon is a tarnished coin
and I am Hunger.
Deep-rooted grumblings, mumblings,
and fumblings for Somethings—
Somethings to ease the ancient torture,
the bloody, searching, needing, shrieking torture
of my soul.
my hungry, hiding soul,
my damnèd soul.

The moon is a tarnished coin
and I must wake
and face again the ancient bestial curse,
the ancient bloody curse
upon my race,
my hungry, hiding race,
my damnèd race.

I must wake and once more walk.
Or rather . . .
(Or rather . . .)

. . . prowl!

BOB DINSMORE

THE TOUR LADY

Announced by the raucous blare of the claxon, she arrived, hot and life-worn, clutching her essentials in her pastel-blue lap.

"Now, ladies . . . Ladies, quiet please. Don't forget we leave at 10 tomorrow." Hear the comfortable words, ye daughters of Zion.

The door swings open and disgorges first the vital Escort, and then the slow, thunderous plops of fallen-arched feet, muling and stinking in their nylon clasps. Low-heeled shoes mount the seven mountanous steps of the entrance.

"Gerty," she gurgled from the three-and-a-half step, "there's my bag." Content and security beam from her eyes as long lines of wine-coated litheness porter and settle her precious into nine sweet rows.

The door is attained; the long fight is o'er. She passes through.

"Where is the Lounge?"

"On the left, Madam."

Passing through and passing on, into the barbaric brightness of the sofaed hall.

In the chicken-yard the hens go cluck for want of roosters.

"Oh, it's nice to be sitting down."

"Well, you know, we've been sitting down for six hours today. Ever since we started. Oh, but we did get out for lunch didn't we. Yes, it's nice to be sitting down." Aspidistras glow with kindred coziness.

"I thought it would rain today. Where I come from, you know, we get rain all the time. We'll be home the day after tomorrow. I'm very glad. This trip has been so exhausting."

"Well, you know what my Alice says — Alice is my daughter you know — she says you must have a change."

"Still, I'll be glad to get home."

Life runs round the sober Victorian lounge glancing at burlap curtains stencilled with charcoal galleons; round and round chased by wide-hipped Victorian school-teachers. Life is always chased by death.

Expectation runs amock. The Escort enters.

"Now, ladies, here are your rooms. The keys are in the door. Present this blue slip to the head-waiter when you go to eat. Miss Schmidt and Mrs. Savannah are in Cottage 26; Miss Alan and Mrs. Rosenstraum in Room 142; Miss Joyce in 324 . . ." His voice fades, conquered by the amiable chirrups of new-found bed-mates.

"Let's go up now, Patricia. I want to lie down before supper. Oh, just a minute. Where do we go? Oh, let's ask him."

"Upstairs to the right, Madam."

"And where is the elevator?"

"I'm afraid there isn't one, Madam."

Her eyes cloud over with a far away blue. She subsides into vacant infirmity. The long fight is not o'er; the bannisters groan.

The Escort retreats and subsides into the curing fumes of heady fragility. Miss Schaefer and Mrs. Larsen challenge Room 43 to a round of croquet; shuffleboard pushes the sun toward the west; scent and hair-nets are applied for dinner; the grime of journey is watered away.

But dinner waits, Cottage 26 lifts the phone and finds the switch-board; the switch-board plugs in the sainted Escort. Electrical chaos moves two ways.

"Hello, Mr. Larkins. This is Miss Schmidt. We just can't stay here. You must move us. We can't be so far away from everyone." Loneliness grips her throat. Mrs. Savannah proves insufficient.

"But Miss Schmidt, you've got a sitting-room and a verandah all to yourselves, with a fire-place and . . . everything . . ." Vain hope dies. Miss Schmidt stands steadfast, and says nothing. "All right Miss Schmidt.

I'll send them down for your bags." Loneliness gloats. Miss Schmidt strides forth following her bags to laminated security.

The halls are cleared. Doors disgorge the belly-hall crush.

"What do we do with these slips?"

"Present them to the head-waiter, Madam."

"Oh . . . Where's the dining room?"

"Downstairs, Madam."

Her companion-in-fear strains her way behind this, our fleet-footed nymph.

"Come on, Sarah. The dining room's down another flight." Hunger pushes her greedily on.

In the belly-hall, transformed pixies come and go talking through dinnered Debussy. Erysichthon pleads with Ceres. The somnolent cloak of bloated intestines makes shovels out of spoons, and unnatural teeth masticate the bestial flesh disguised by culinary hands.

"What I always say, Susan, is fill up at these expensive places while you can. Make the most of them." Between two swallows, Susan manages a nod.

"Waitress, I asked for chocolate sauce on my ice-cream. Not butterscotch."

"I'm so sorry, Madam."

"And lots of sauce, waitress. Murt tells me it's so bad for me, but . . . well, I just can't resist it. Puts on pounds, he says." The sympathetic matrons return her coy smile. "Oh, Murt's my husband, you know. Stayed at home. Gives me a little holiday." Uneasiness retreats before proffered explanation and coffee serves finality to a long forced company.

The belly-hall empties. The after-dinner ritual of post-cards seizes the fainting heart and fills it with tremulous yearnings for home.

"Where do I buy post-cards?"

"Downstairs in the shop, Madam."

"Where do I get stamps?"

"Down . . ."

"Where's the mail-box?"

"Stairs, Madam."

And stamped post-cards pave the clock to sleep.

Time passes on. Life passes on.

"Yes?"

"Good morning, Madam. It's 8 o'clock."

She arises and goes now, goes to her mirror. Mirror, mirror on the wall . . . No.

"Good morning?"

"Will you send up breakfast to 349?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Come on, Nancy. Time to get up."

"Oh, today we leave don't we."

"Yes that's right."

Out of sleep, out of bed, into her pastel dress. Running through breakfast, running downstairs, hurrying for touring's sake.

"Good morning, Mr. Larkins."

"Good morning, ladies. Who's coming down to breakfast?"

"Oh, we've had ours. We're waiting. Just waiting for 10 o'clock."

Mr. Larkins breakfasts alone. The waitresses wait to wait.

Long lines of wine-coated litheness stack and store and life is chased around the lounge and down the seven stairs. The door seals shut; she takes to the open road, the long brown path before her, leading . . . wherever the schedule chooses.

BRIAN VINTCENT

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