ESOTERIC*A

This weeks comment by Ashton Hughes on: "My impressions of this century in general..."

When musing upon my impressions of this century in general many words spring, like ambushing canaries to mind. One word is "egregious". Yes, that old stand-by, one of my personal favorites is the first to come tripping- off my tongue, though old Bill would never himself use such neolegism Nosir, 'Father' Joyce was the one for that. I remember, quite distinctively james and I muttering over a few. Let me tell you, we both invented a lot of new words without even trying...Nobody called us artist then i can assure you especially when my friend would break the wine bottles for their punts, saying they were new lenses for his spectacles. We'd shuffle over to Ms. Stein's apartment and hurtle a volley of abuse at her and the lady-friend she was entertaining that evening when they did n't let us in with our promises to "straighten them out'. Thank God Hemingway wasn't there, that bloody mass of perverted masculinity would have tried to break down the door.

I was reading Goethe the other day, that dear Hun,
"Ihr naht euch wieder
schwankende Gestalten,
Die früh sich einst
dem trü ben Blick
gezeigt."
Yes, words to live by---
and I mean that sincerely

Where was i? Oh yes, well, the centruy certainly has evolved since those times of loafing in those Parisian dens of iniquity, no doubt.

I recall taking a lift back from Africa with Benito when he was on his triumphant return to Rome. He laughed a lot while in my company and thoroughly enjoyed a joke I made in response to his wondering if I would like to feel like 'one of the boys' and wear a Brown Shirt. I replied that I didn't really think it was my colour. Yes, he most certainly enjoyed that. Facsists have a good sense of humor. In fact a few months before he had his final run-in with various enraged individuals he sent me a great number of the highest quality red dress shirts. I was, of course, grateful but, needless to say, I got them blanched a pure, bright white. (I made a couple pink and gave them to certain socialist friends in America for Christmas.)

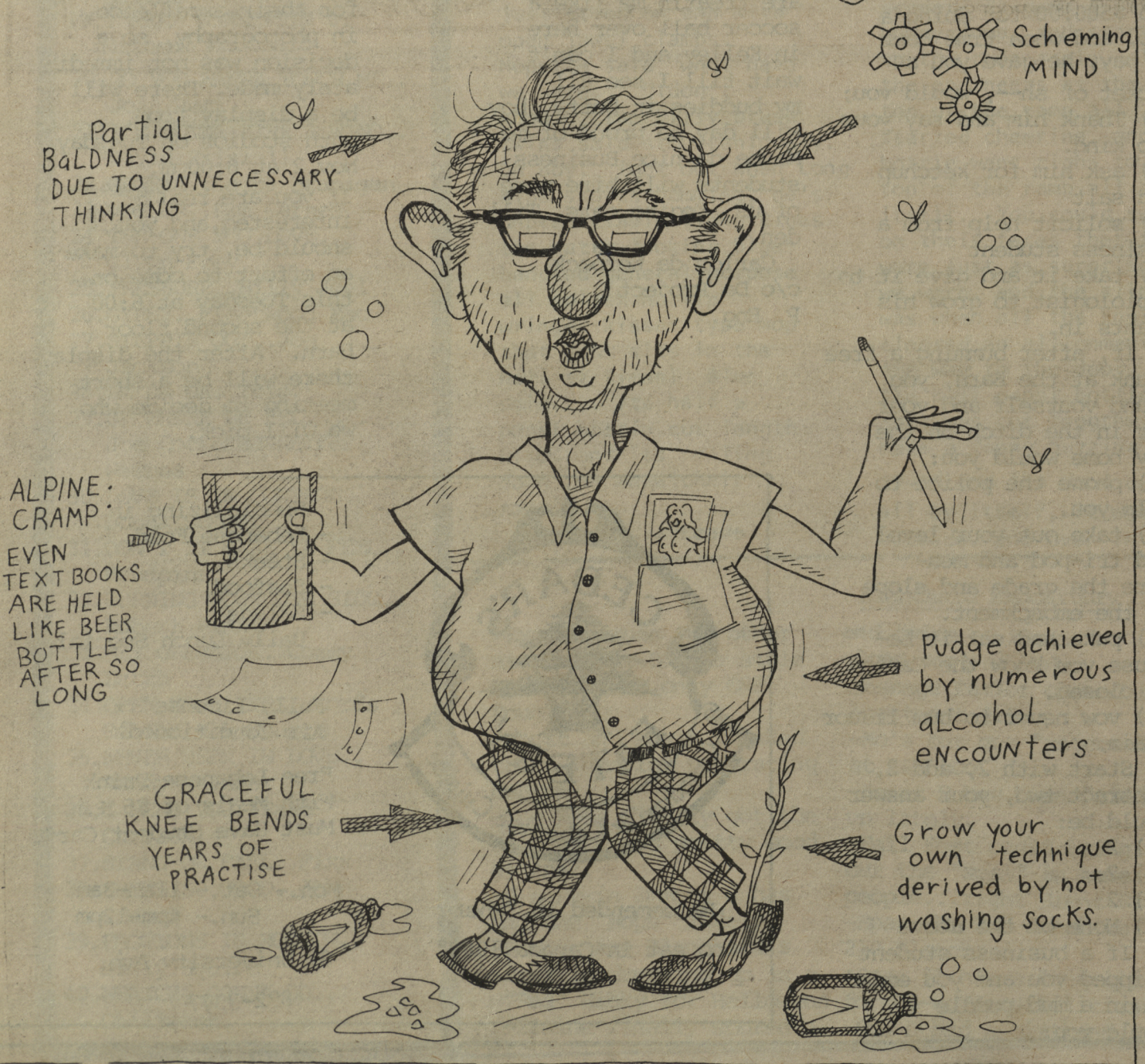
Unfortunately, on my return to North America, my mere presence, discrediting his reputation.

I suppose the use of that land of milk and hamburger, I had a couple of confrontations with some "freedom-fighting" journalists (mad prying radicals--every one of them) demanding to know the nature of my relationship with the bold and clumsy Italian dictator and how I , as a civilized North American citizen, could allow myself to associate with him. I couldn't, of course, give my theory and solution of the plight of world diplomacy which since the death of Thomas A Beckett has taken a dreadful downturn. So instead I simply said I was working for Army Intelligence and was, by "egregious" was a bit misleading. What I meant is that the flavour of the word is not a bitter as it's meaning. Likewise this century, when given more thought than it deserves, loses the playfulness that comes from living in it.

To be continued...

A.T.H.

Portrait of a UPEI Engineer



Engineer's Hill

(Just for YOU Pussycat)

Bits of red upon the ground.
I think the leaves are falling down.
Clusters of Quince touch the ground, release themselves, and go rolling down Engineer's Hill.

Engineer's Hill is the most beautiful spot on campus, a beautiful spot where one can see a variety of ornimental trees, shrubs, flowers, and fruit growing throughout the growing season. It is located between the Duffy Science Building and the Kelly Building, take a minute out of your lifetime, and view this little jem of a garden. And.....maybe you just might want to become an Engineer too.