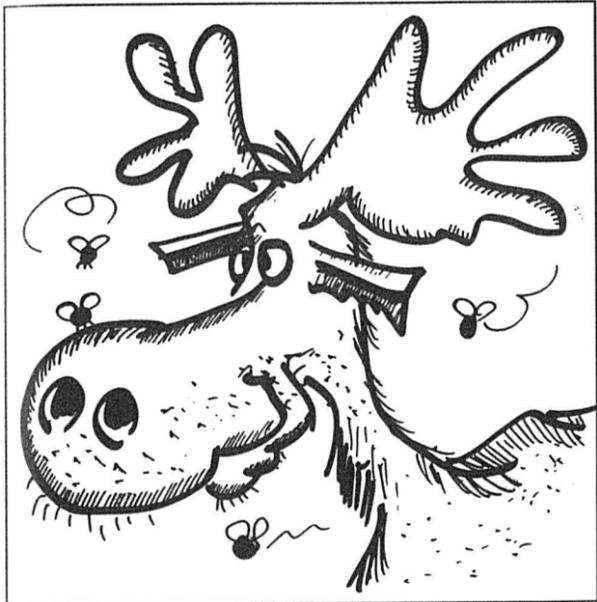


It's all a moosteak

O for a Moose of fire!



MOOSE

Moosings

How does a new joke cult begin? Who made up the first elephant joke? The first Ukrainian joke? Grape joke? Is it really a dirty old lady who lives in a cave near Jasper? Not in the case of the new "moose jokes" which are so new that probably most of you haven't heard of them yet.

The granddaddy of the moose joke, noted nit-picker Jon Whyte, explains below the circumstances of the joke's inception.

"In a somer sesoun whan softe was the sunne I shop me into a shroude as I moose were," writes the Piers Plowman poet, and much the same happened to me. I wander lonely as a moose through the swamps of the Canadian winterlands (neat paradox), lamenting the fact that so many great poems were unfortunately written by people of other countries and could not be in any way classified as Canadian poems.

In order to rectify the situation, I developed Whyte's Law of Canadianizing other poetry. The Canadian moose, proud animal and emblem of the Canadian spirit, came to me in a dream and spoke, saying: "Let my name be entered in the lines of any verse and it shall be Canadian."

I woke and felt the moose of morning. Is there not anywhere somehow whatsuch any bow, brace, lace, latch, catch or key to keep back moose? I asked. And I heard the echo Moose, moose, moose.

Heard moose are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter, said someone to whom I had revealed my dream. "This moose," said I, "crept beside me on the waters, and not only that, but, faugh!, if mooses be the food of love, play on, for sticks and stones may break my bones but moose will never hurt me."

Certain dilemmas presented themselves. Should the line be The moose is father of the man, or The child is father of the moose? "April is the cruelest month/ Breeding moose out of the dead land" or "April is the cruelest month/ Breeding lilacs out of the dead moose"?

Now is the winter of our moose content, for the richness of the imagery in this new poetry we create is stark and tragic, evocative of the loneliness of the landscape. I heard a moose buzz when I died. Oh what can ail thee, moose-at-arms? Arms

text: jon whyte, bill beard,
john thompson

illustrations: al shute

Shakespeare's moose

Substitute at will

- O that this too, too solid moose would melt, thaw and resolve itself into a moose (Hamoose)
 - Who steals my moose steals trash. (Omooso)
 - Lay on, MacMoose! (Macmoose)
 - Blow Moose and crack your cheeks. (King Moose)
 - Hath not a Moose eyes? (The Moose of Venice)
 - Let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of moose. (Richard the Moose)
 - On brave new world, that has such mooses in it! (The Moosiest)
 - How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless moose! (Moose Lear)
 - As moose to wanton boys are we to the gods, they kill us for their sport. (King Lear, haha fooled ya)
- (See also: As You Like Moose; Henry the Fourth, Part Moose; Twelfth Moose; Moosure for Moosure; Two Gentlemoose of Verona; Cymbelmoose.)



GO AND CATCH A FALLING MOOSE

Mooscellaneous

- The Assyrian came down like the moose on the fold. (Byron)
- My love is like a red, red moose. (Burns)
- Methought I saw my late espoused moose (Milton)
- Whose moose this is I think I know. (Frost)
- Thou still unravished moose of quietness and slow time. (Keats)
- Hail to thee, blithe spirit, moose thou never wert! (Shelley)
- The moose stood on the burning deck. (Felicia Hemans)
- Moose, moose, moose, on thy cold grey sands, o sea! (Tennyson)
- The Bishop Orders his Moose. (Browning)
- Busy old fool, unruly moose. (Donne)
- Mark but this moose and mark in this and how little that which thou deny'st me is. (Donne over)
- We are the hollow moose, we are the stuffed moose. (Eliot)
- The grave's a fine and private place, but moose I think do there embrace. (Marvell)
- Little moose, who made thee? (Blake)
- All the moose that's fit to print (New York Times)



WHAT MOOSE THROUGH YONDER WINDOW BREAKS?

and the moose I sing. What dire offence from am'rous mooses springs? Uneasy lies the moose that wears the crown.

Bright moose, would I were steadfast as thou art, the all-Canadian poet can write, joining the ranks of Keats, and can enlist the assistance of Yeats in *When you are old and grey and full of sleep, take down this moose*. Truly modern Canadian poems like *I have seen the best moose of my generation raving stark hysterical naked among the igloos*. Hyper-Canadian books like *The Moose that Ends the Night* which call to mind the bard of Stratford on Tario's line *The moose in russet mantle clad creeps in this world from day to day and He doth bestride the narrow world like a caribou*.

A chorus sings *O for a moose of fire* and calls to mind the wendigo, the northern dryad, the flaming moose of Moositoba.

The bicultural implications can't be forgotten. At a moment's thought: *Hypocrite lecturer, mon semblable, mon mousse!* Baudelaire's *Fleurs de Mousse*, Dumoose père and Dumoose fils and *The Three Moosequeeters, Le Recherchs du Moose perdu*.

Perhaps Queen Victoria would not, had she been aware of all implications, have stated in her most famous outbreak, *We are not amoused! O tempora, o moose!*



A MOOSE BY ANY OTHER NAME WOULD SMELL AS SWEET