

## Ars Poetica

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(With apologies to the shades of Horace and Boileau.)

"Our Undergrads. are all on *strike* (they are playing schedule games of indoor baseball at the "Gym") — won't you please help us out this month?" This was the very modest request made to me this afternoon as I emerged from a discussion of Aztec Civilization. Being naturally obtuse, I did not see the joke? until I had reached the quiet abode across Cumberland; then, of course, I laughed; and I fear that some of my confreres were disturbed by a very unseemingly exhibition of risibility. Pardon, Messieurs! I shall not again be guilty of permitting jokes with a flavour of the *Castanea vesca* to disturb me so dreadfully. Now, I wish to warn the genial perpetrator of this iniquity that I am extremely sensitive in my risible organism; so please do not do it again. But, on reflection, I would advise the genial wielder of the "blue pencil" to think of the Solomonic dictum, in which he utters very pertinent things about new goods and the Sun. Is the gentle editor aware that centuries ago the "divine William" — he of Avon had forestalled him with utterances about baseball? He may doubt my assertion (though interrogative), so I beg to produce the proofs:

"I will go root" — (Richard III).

"Now you strike like a blind man" — (Much Ado About Nothing).

"Out, I say" — (Macbeth).

"Hit it, Hit it, Hit it" — (Love's Labor Lost).

"O hateful error!" — (Julius Caesar).

"A hit, a hit, a very palpable hit" — (Hamlet).

"He will steal it" — (All's Well That Ends Well).

"Whom right and wrong have chosen as umpire" — (Love's Labor Lost).

"Let the world slide" — (Taming of the Shrew).

"He has killed a fly" — (Titus Andronicus).

"The play I remember pleased not the million" — (Hamlet).

"What an arm he has?" — (Coriolanus).

"They cannot sit at ease on the old bench" — (Romeo and Juliet).

"Upon such sacrifices the gods themselves threw incense" — (King Lear).