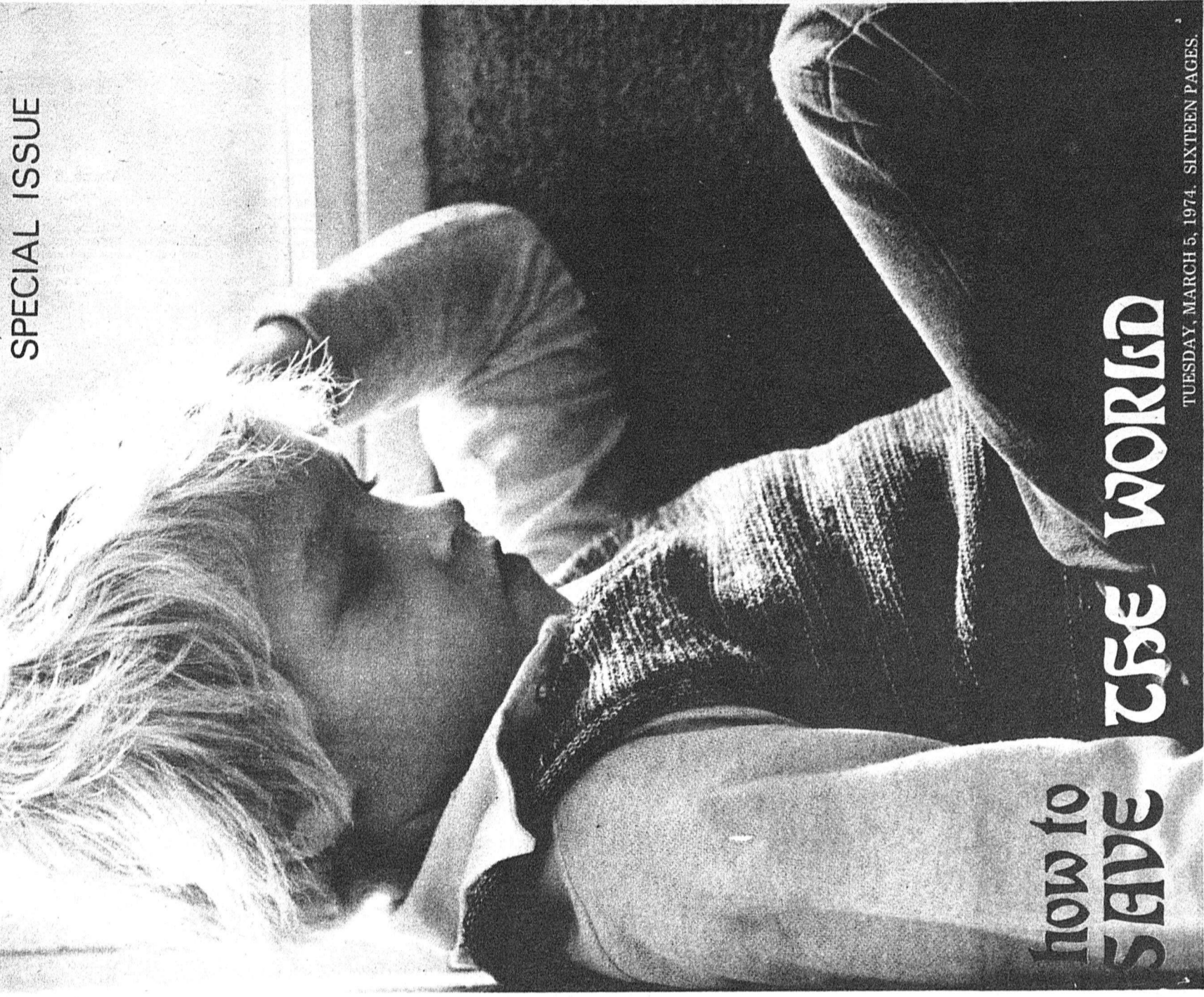


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SPECIAL ISSUE



How to
SAVE

THE WORLD

TUESDAY, MARCH 5, 1974. SIXTEEN PAGES.

Salvation

The big day.

We all went over to her house, for it was her day, and she had invited us to come.

A small, grey house, undistinguished except for the twelve magnificent gargoyles which graced the front lawn.

We knocked, the ones behind bravely muttering "Knock louder." Silence. Then, steps slurring on stone.

Come in, come in, how nice you could come. Yes, yes--rubbers there, beside the box of thimbles. Careful, don't knock the Delfts off the wall.

A long, long corridor for such a small house. or perhaps the bridles and halters hanging from the ceiling played tricks with the distance.

The room, dark and dusty, lit only by the misshapen candle in one corner. Crammed to the ceiling with her things, her ribbons, coins, feathers, spoons, whalebone combs and silk fans. Magnificent. One couldn't even begin to see it all. She was not only a devotee, she was a connoisseur. A priceless assemblage, the work of a lifetime and the envy of us all. We fidgeted as she served tea and hushed as she brought out THE box. Once every seven years that strange container, with its exquisite cloissone work, was brought out, so that we might sit in awed admiration of the relic of relics, the treasure of treasures.

She was the woman who was saving the world.

Arnd Bohm