

# My latest invention is a left-handed basketball

by Ip Se Dixit  
(Gary Davis)

I haven't opened a good book for several weeks, and the several books I have opened are not very interesting so they lie face down on the shelf at the head of my bed. I also am not very interesting these days, so I also can be found lying face down on my bed. Now I am listening to Johnny Carson on my FM radio. You don't have to see it to enjoy it. My roommate just left with his girlfriend to go somewhere. His essay was in my typewriter, and I took it out to type this article. He will be back soon, but I will do this first, before letting him resume his work. He probably won't mind. It's time to go to sleep. We forgot to put out the garbage again. If it was summer the garbage would have been out, but in the winter it froze in the back shed, so we forget it. In the summer it would rot and we would notice it rotting out there.

It is snowing, and winter carnival is upon us. Winter carnival is a time to have fun, and people force themselves to have a good time. They are enjoying themselves, so I will not criticize them. I will not deny them their fun. I will not take that away from them.

I would rather be in Montreal. Peggy is in Montreal. Nobody remembers Peggy. I met her after seeing The Graduate for the second time. It took a long time for Peggy to disappear. Then the moon was nearly touched, by three Beatles, and I met another fate. It was in the stars. What I want to do is something unique. It is raining out now. It is quite mild. I am quoting my roommate, who has just returned. I want to do something unique. Doing something unique is not easy. It is first important to think of something unique, or to get

into a unique position. Tomorrow the roads will be bad because in Fredericton they don't plow the streets until after the snow stops. My roommate said that. I have been transcribing a long interview I did with Norman Strax. It is very long, and very interesting. I wonder if anyone will ever read it. I saw Janet today, the real Janet. If I had two hundred dollars to throw away, I would throw it away on something very practical. I would buy an inside-out garbage pail, or a left handed basketball, for outdoor use. I have read Beautiful Losers. I have read The Favorite Game. I have read How To Talk Dirty and Influence People. I have read The Essential Lenny Bruce. I have read Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf. I have seen the movie. I have the record. I have a picture of Virginia Woolf on my living room wall. I have moved the furniture around. I want to sell my bed. I now have a small dent in my car. I have been on the campus. I would like to visit my family soon. I need a better turntable. I would like to have a couple of good records. My curtains are orange. My roommate is having a snack. My eggs are boiling. The people who like me are somewhere else. A thousand students are going home this weekend. Anyone can become Prime Minister. But only God can make a tree. Who said grace at dinner? I saw Grace at dinner. This article is short because the hour is late. If I write more it will be a story. Where are you? Where is she? When will she be here with me? Where are you? Where is the real Suzanne? \*\*\*

As the sun stays up longer and longer, and the summer draws nearer (though the days are still getting colder), I still remember the summer of 1960. It was a hot summer. It was a summer of green and of

excitement. It was the summer that Gregory sold his boat to buy a motorcycle.

We all took turns on Gregory's motorbike. It had more power than a person my size could control, so I had to be very cautious with the accelerator. I twisted the handle slightly. The bike jumped forward. I held on to my seat, figuratively speaking since I was gripping the handlebars with the intensity of a Samson. Actually, my seat was in the air half the time. I flew down the dirt road, which was, fortunately, very straight. Otherwise, I am sure I would have met my end on somebody's lawn, wrapped in the arms of some weeping willow.

Near the end of the straight part of the road, I stopped the bike. I dismounted. I turned the thing around, and it growled and grumbled and shook with anger at my incompetence. It reminds me of Peggy.

I assumed myself that I could master the bike, and I confidently swung up into the saddle. We sped together as if we were part of the same incredible immortal, roaring past the farmhouses and the summer cottages and three-year old children whose mothers called them when they heard me roar past, and we zoomed onto my father's property, and I screeched to a stop, smiling and pleased with myself. My mother awaited my return, with hands on hips. It was my last motorcycle ride.

She said I would kill myself, which I knew was impossible. The crash bars on the bike would protect its rider. I had seen the movies. Then Gregory killed himself, racing against time on the dirt road. It happened two days after he got the bike. That is why I gave up riding. I don't even drive a car.

He avoided hitting me, and I saw him splash against a boulder, left in his way, by some passing litterbug glacier.

The real Janet is on the river, cutting ice blocks for the ice castle. Three or four of them went down to help cut blocks in time for the carnival. It was a little later than usual because they were afraid that the ice might be too thin. She is the real Janet. She is blushing reading this. No one knows why these words are here. Who wrote these lines? It wasn't me. The real Janet may know. She'll send me a card.

It is still snowing, and it is colder. The sky is a bluish grey, because the whiteness of the snow on the ground brings out the blueness of the clouds. Soon the winter will be over. Soon the mud on the lawns will blossom into grass and the leaves will cover the sky and the sun will splash on my rug again. Who is writing this?

Don't knock on my door. Don't call me on the telephone. I am studying the dictionary. What is foreign about Ip Se Dixit? An alien mind. Who is writing this? I am thinking about something else.

The last shirt I tore was a nice brown one, and I got the pocket caught on the knob of a drawer. I just tore my sleeved Madras shirt. It is my last Madras shirt. It is a carry-over from my Madras days.

These daydreams are a carry-over from my madness days. They are carrying me over into my mattress nights. I am listening to my master's voice, so deep within my mind alone and lonely in the deep dark blackness of my soul. My soul is sold to my sole master; my mentor is my self.

I haven't opened a good book for several weeks, and the several books I have opened are boring. What we need is some excitement.

This is a good place for an ad. There is a magazine called Volume coming out soon. Forgive the first one. The second one will be good. It will be mostly reading material, instead of mostly ads. Please read it.

## VIEWPOINT

by tom hoskin

### do you think caut will censure unb?



susan stewart  
arts 1

"The administration should comply to maintain its status."



mike smigelski  
forestry 1

"I'm moving out."



dave mathers  
phys ed 3

"Bring back Strax and then hang him."



doug brewer  
aunbt president

"It is a distinct possibility for the CAUT and the board of governors in the near future."

penny jewett  
artisan

"I hardly consider this possible. They don't have the backing but I have to give them credit for trying."



bob young  
chemical 3

"Is this Strax's idea of a democratic society?"



gene mclaughlin  
phys ed 3

"Hell, who wants a third-rate degree."



joan macnaughtin  
arts 1

"The administration should not give in under pressure."

