

Montage

Montage is your creative arts column. Each week we will feature one student's work — poetry, short stories, graphic arts or photography. Contributions should be addressed to Kandy Biggs, Excalibur.

The 9th Grass-Symphony

*Softness of the dewy grass
the leaping heart resounds
and every blade of green is wet
and every blade warm to my
skin . . .
tiny touches of the morning
hour earth
flaming rays of sun
first meet the green
then i.
Hello? Hello. Hello?
Where am i?
Who knows.
Where have gone red rays of
sun
Here I am, red rays of sun
playing in the dewy grass.*

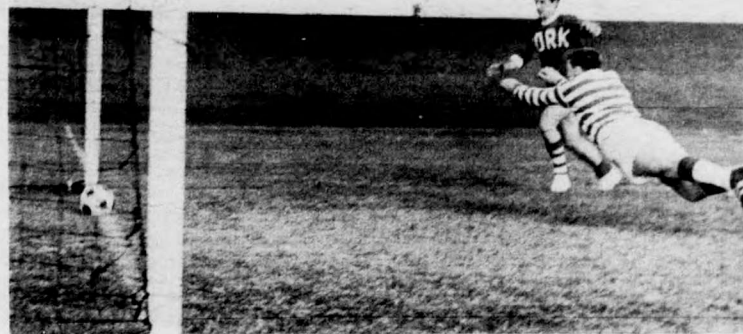
POEMS BY ADAM SCHNEID

Metta

*(metta's fires burn
in swirls around
the blazing heart)
the night is alive
for all calls
the never met antiphony
calls in every unseen creek
in every thing responding
to an empty blackness
quivering along a string of space
extending to a new unknown
until all disappears into
a rosy hew
and the cavern beats on.*

Festival Ding Ding

*glue-forest-tones crawl
out
in deepest night
the vladimire brushes
speak
symphonies of undone
harvest
symbols of the sky
mriads of floating
words
that climb on and on
without an end
to musical
climbing
anon
the harp calls within the rushes
and the fleeting airs return
and the night encompasses
the forest love.*



York (us) scores.

photo by Stu Smith

Final Year Students

Students interested in investigating prospects of professional training in public accounting, leading to qualification as a CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT, are invited to discuss career opportunities. Clarkson, Gordon representatives will be on campus

November 11th & 12th

Interview appointments may be made through the office of the Student Placement Office.

If this time is inconvenient, please contact us directly. Phone 368-2751.

Clarkson, Gordon & Co.

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS

Halifax Saint John Quebec Montreal Ottawa
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Copyflow

by Bill Novak

TIME is the biggest hangup. It always has been. Nobody can help. Saint Augustine answers me: "What then, is time? I know well enough what it is, provided that nobody asks me; but if I am asked what it is and try to explain, I am baffled. All the same I can confidently say that if nothing passed, there would be no passing time; if nothing were going to happen there would be no future time; and if nothing were, there would be no present time."

Well I was delighted. I must admit that Saint Augustine did not have a great record in solving my problems. I went back still further, to the Preacher, who answered:

That which hath been is that which shall be.
And that which hath been done is that which shall be done.
And there is nothing new under the sun.

With this I had no quarrel. But it wasn't my idea of a solution. I talked over the matter with my Siamese cat — she's usually rather understanding. She sort of smiled quietly, and then said "You think you've got problems, just listen to this:"

There were once three tortoises (she went on to tell me) — an older one, a medium-size one, and a little one. (then she explained that a tortoise was like a big turtle with finesse. I told her I wasn't **that** stupid, and to please continue.) One day when the three of them were out for a walk, the big one said to the other two: "Let's go and have a cup of coffee". There was general agreement, and they went into a restaurant. No sooner were they seated than it began to rain rather heavily outside. The big tortoise said to the little one: "Son, I'd really rather not go home in the rain. Would you run home and get the umbrella?" "all right", answered the little one, "if you guys promise not to drink my coffee". They agreed to this, and he left the table.

Two hundred years later, the older one said to the middle one "I guess he's not coming back. We might as well drink his

coffee". Just then they heard a squeaky little voice from just inside the front door saying: "If you do, I won't go!"
Then she (the cat, remember?) mumbled something about everything being relative. I wasn't listening. I watched the sun rise quickly and I fell asleep in the middle of the floor.

'it's like working with tomorrow'

Ron Murray, a senior programmer analyst with London Life

"When I was in university, I often heard students say the insurance business is dull. You can toss that idea out the window. At London Life, I tackle a wide variety of business situations. My task—to help London Life serve nearly 2 million policyowners faster and more efficiently through electronics. To do this I often work with forecasted future situations. And I have to keep up with the lightning-quick developments in the computer field. It's like working with tomorrow."



Ron is a 1963 Queens University graduate in honors math. As a senior programmer analyst, he analyzes new developments in information systems to keep London Life in the forefront of the insurance industry. To learn more about the opportunities for a varied and rewarding future that can be yours to choose at London Life, see your placement officer. Or write to the Personnel Department, London Life Insurance Co., London, Ontario.

London Life Insurance Company

Head Office: London, Canada