

"The Digression Scheme"

by Ian A. MacKinnon

Admittedly - to digress from the subject matter at hand in any academic discussion or dissertation for the purpose of attempting to elucidate the point of the given hypotheses, even if only for a moment or two, [an inconsequential period in a time occupied by nothing more than inane mutterings at best, vacuual disparity of intellectual parlance at worst] must be considered to be beneficial.

Any substantial theory, advanced in quasi-negative terms will generally not achieve positive results. Conceding that digression is the most commonly used vehicle of the academic's illustration technique - it can be said that digression as a means to a prescribed end is advantageous, but to digress at the expense of retrogression of the pursuit of knowledge, would imply a defiance in the logical scheme and mode of operation of any academic discourse. Any hypo-

thesis-proposing to attain credibility would be doomed.

Digression - using basic knowledge as a primary fountain head - should know few limits. Assuming that any successful digression, be it on any Tangential plane is restricted by this fundamental requirement - a degree of knowledge of a primary source - it would then follow that the success of any digression is directly proportional to the amount of pre-attained knowledge.

The relevance of this monologue to this point is highly questionable. If the READER is able, through patience to tolerate this exercise through to its inevitable conclusion, it is assured that no relevance will emerge.

The word digression has frequently been linked to a phenomenon used abundantly by most students and a great many professors emerged in the ARTS faculty of most universities. Digression in its most primitive

form - the art of being able to BULLSHIT is the phenomenon referred to above. In some circles it is looked upon as a normal, healthy form of recreation. The problem is that the rate of indulgence in this activity is quite limited.

To entertain a theme for this discourse, it would have to be a suggestion of an increased advocacy for the support of those who would attempt to cultivate this fine art. It is encouraged in most educational institutions, but primarily at the university cafeteria level. To sustain this phenomenon in a literary vein would serve to encourage many more fine works in such fields as Political Science, History, Sociology, etc. The Social Sciences would doubtless benefit immensely but it is also suggested that the general populace would gain a sense of awareness that they currently do not hold. This awareness if allowed to ferment

would lead eventually to communication on many levels -

Communication, which, over the last few years, has been a commodity that many have striven for. Communication as a mode of sustaining knowledge - disregarding moral aspects - would serve as an invaluable tool for collective as well as individual self-improvement.

In essence the natural ability to BULLSHIT [successfully] is a God-given gift. To encourage a scheme of digression which would enhance awareness and communication can only be looked upon as a desirable goal. This paper has attempted to serve as an exercise in the art of digression. More crudely stated - having waded through this voluminous work - you have been subjected to several paragraphs of unadulterated BULLSHIT....

Ian A. MacKinnon
A Pols Student

MORNING VICTORS

We, the conquered and condemned of this day
Shall be the morning victors of anew age
Then, their retribution and our vengeance
Shall be settled...by the daughters of destiny
With a swiftess...meant to endure!
This in truth...we say today.

A. Aloy

"IFLUBAS"

Iflubas ate a chocolate bar,
He ran for miles, he ran so far.
Iflubas thought he touche.J a star
Now that's too far, now that's
Too Far.

Iflubas took a drink of tea
And spate on me, spate on me.
I paid his check, it rained on me,
Iflubas now, we both are free.

We both are free.
Iflubas looked the around [world around] world around.
He lost my name it grew so far
I now can never hear that sound
And I think this rhymes with car.

Dedication to Absurdity

Running down the street
With my clothes off
What a rush!
People looking
People laughing
People not believing
But I'm free.

When the wind runs naked
Do we try to clothe her?
Who can be more free than a breeze?

Running down the street
With my clothes off
I'm just trying to show
That I'm free.

Bob Coakley

A FEELING OF BEYOND

Ideas lost in midst of thought itself,
An image seen in crag and loft
Nothings new to feelings quite sublime,
The good we know, the fear which makes
Us Blind

The nether world of lust and dew
A sacrifice more pagan than the ewe.
Spectrum of colour or colour of a naked life
To which the eyes, will the will of true desire.
A time began in space, before that hour;
Noble man remembered not that infinite love
From whence he came, but not seen a light by
Which he could create a kingdom from forgetting.
Such a sun has warmed this earth and
Frozen man suspended in his time, sees not
Invention to his wrist. There is clock within the
Heart that leaves imagination, sister to fear.
Fear is feeling felt is not a joy in suffering
Man; I fear you I fear Him. Speaking
Silken terror shades of fear to more than one?
- Running in a line of lucid thoughts to self
A crystal holds a bowl near for the vultures flesh
To pick so clean, as to destroy that crystals very
Origin.
That one who is more than one is me and him,
Him and you, you and them, Him and them,
Me and them, all in one, one in all, ideal superb?

Lift for me, a moment in truth, absolute man
In man, give all a truth to life. Does Job annoy
This fear we have or do I see an angels fear
In Lucifer, our hope his fall, because we may
Become him in the end? Is his fall their
Hope and mine or do we seek that fire in the sky?
Is the bird the victor of the sky and does
Our ~~light~~ leave the ground? And do we have
A chance?

Oh God! Betray my words in vine,
My feelings fade to fear, in farce
We love the heart of love.
But why is it above?
You write to me in
Dreams of love?
Then We become
Down here -
Above.

Stephen J. Varseur