

no stronger than its weakest link, but should be like a cable whose fibres may be ever so slender, provided that they are sufficiently numerous and intimately connected.

Most Canadian philosophers today are content if they can add a few lasting fibres to the cable which represents the on-going evolution of their subject, and which they hope will increase in strength during the century ahead.

MAN OF MY TIME

Giuliano Dego

(Translated from the Italian of Salvatore Quasimodo)*

You are still the man of the stone and sling,
man of my time. You were in the cockpit
with malignant wings, dials of death
— I have seen you, — in the chariot of fire, at the gallows,
at the wheels of torture. I have seen you: it was you,
your exact science turned to extermination,
without love, without Christ. You have killed again,
as always, as your fathers killed, as they killed
the animals that saw them for the first time.
And the blood smells the same, as when
a brother told his brother: "Let us go
to the fields". And that echo, chill, insistent,
has reached you, down to your day.
Sons, forget the clouds of blood
risen from the earth, forget your fathers:
their tombs sink down in ashes:
the black birds, the wind, cover their heart.

*Salvatore Quasimodo was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1959. Translation by Professor Dego, formerly of the University of Leeds, now of Bedford College, University of London, is printed by permission of the Italian publishers.