Queen's and drank himself to death. This guy had an aneurysm."

Eugene had biographies for the specimens. He knew them all but was against giving his body to Science. He wanted a cemetery burial.

On the wall of the students' lounge were black and white photographs of former students. They huddled in their lab coats and smiled over half-naked cadavers lying under sheets. You never saw such big smiles. In their outstretched hands were scalpels, mallets, retractors and body parts. The oldest photos dated from before World War I.

Everyone looked terribly happy, except the cadavers.

After World War II, Eugene began to appear in the pictures.

"You do a wonderful job," we said.

"I keep them looking good," Eugene said. "Moist."

"It's a lost art. Like the old Egyptians."

Near the end of that year we sat with

Eugene on the front stoop of the anatomy building. The air was warm, and our dissection was over. We said farewell to Max and shook Ezekiel's hand for good luck. Outside the anatomy museum the maples had thick leaves, the campus was fragrant with blossoms, and it was hard to concentrate on exams. Eugene told us how he had put the specimens into bottles years ago.

"It takes ages to make a museum," he said

Anatomy was on the east campus and Arts on the west. In May, we saw Arts students sleeping on the grass, playing baseball and tennis, or kissing on the lower campus. After a while we took our books and went back to the anatomy museum.

It was a fine place to study. It had the wonderful stillness of death.

Ronald Ruskin

Psychiatrist Toronto, Ont.

Haircut

Throughout my adult life, my barber, a quiet gentleman, has trimmed my hair in a cyclic rhythm much like the tide or the phases of the moon.

I took him for granted.

He told me yesterday that he was old and sick had cut my hair for the last time.

We both had tears in our eyes.

Robert C. Dickson Family Physician Hamilton, Ont.

Lifeworks

Western spirits

The Group of Seven in Western Canada, a travelling exhibition organized by the Glenbow Museum in Calgary, challenges a widely held and erroneous view that Canada's most celebrated painters focused their work almost exclusively on central Canada. The sheer scope, quality and range of this ambitious, first-class exhibition testify to their extensive involvement west of Ontario.

Glenbow curator Catharine Mastin has amassed the largest collection ever of paintings done by the Group about the West and in the West. The result is an impressive and compellingly fresh look at the Group of Seven.* The show is effectively organized both regionally and thematically. The large opening section is devoted to the Rockies, featuring mainly landscapes by Lawren Harris, J.E.H. Macdonald and Arthur Lismer. The West Coast is represented by Frederick Varley, and the Prairies by Lionel Lemoine FitzGerald and A.Y. Jackson (including his most famous painting of rolling foothills, *Alberta Rhythm*, 1947). The exhibition concludes with a major section devoted to the abstractions of Harris and FitzGerald.†

It is fascinating to compare the approaches of the different artists in the the Group of Seven, whose identities and personal styles tend to be fused



Arthur Lismer, 1928. *Cathedral Mountain,* oil on canvas, 122.0 cm × 142.5 cm. Collection of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts; gift of Sidney Dawes, 1959.

^{*}The Group of Seven was an artist's collective formed in 1920 and dissolved in 1932. The original seven members were Lawren Harris, A.Y. Jackson, Arthur Lismer, J.E.H. Macdonald, Franklin Carmichael and Franz Johnston (who showed only with the group's first exhibition). A.J. Casson joined in 1926, Edwin Holgate in 1931 and Lionel Lemoine FitzGerald in 1932. Tom Thomson died before the group was formed.

[†]Casson and Carmichael never went to the West. One small segment of the exhibition presents the depictions of Northwest First Nations by A.Y. Jackson and Edwin Holgate, who worked closely with ethnographer Marius Barbeau in the Skeena River project in 1926.