

music and Art in general as intrinsic doctrine,' Canon Burns said rather slowly and drily, trying hard to retain the morgue in his mouth. Pastor Korner stared through the memory of his theological schools, and wondered exactly what experience this tall dour man standing before him had behind his words, then replied, 'The atentenben and the odrogya speak to God directly, through that old African belief that worship is joy . . . please excuse me while I attend to my last sip of Guinness. I swear one day I'll theatricalise God in a bottle before I realise that it's the wrong ablutions I'm doing . . . have you ever danced before the dead?' 'Gentlemen of the cloth, gentlemen! Surely you are wasting your words . . . keep them for the real talking that is following through the microphone,' Pokuaa said with a laugh, coming between Mensah and Burns. Burns turned to his Earl Grey tea, and brushed his hair down with a grave nod. Mensah bowed to Pokuaa ostentatiously, then resumed his smiling. A smell of tobacco and aftershave seemed to emphasise the Canon's chin. Burns gave the impression that he was born to be a bishop, and he always loved the experience, the speed of bypassing Presbyterianism, and ending up panting in the ritual inn of the Episcopacy. Anglicanism added some panache to his kommm temperament, and his bright small wife added even more. He was therefore surrounded by a style and ritual that he had very little of himself. Nevertheless he rejoiced in his own way in his acres of apples and hothouse tomatoes at the rectory. Gladly he was here to represent the other nine canons, for he was especially fond of the adventurous Mackie, Mackie the friend of priests who found him worldly, discerning, and with the right touch of the unconventional. They always thought his life moved faster than he revealed, correct. Korner Mensah was addressing a group of his Levensvale flock, while Burns stared on, intrigued by the fact that a complete stranger had come to this land and increased church membership, even with his bells. And imagine Burns dancing before the dead, I ask you . . . he would rather slip quietly into the box with them.

Jock had been annoyed with Angus because the latter had bumped into him when he was trying to bring his fresh fishery chippings to the conference early. It was all because Angus was concentrating on trying to surreptitiously kiss Aba's elbow, while his lips had cobwebs on them: he had brushed these lips against a spidery wall while conceiving his lips-to-elbow plan; and when the deed was in the midst of being done, Jock spoilt it with his bumping entry of fish and chips. Each blamed the other. But this didn't stop Aba from dragging the head of poor Angus to the mirror in the conference toilet, and triumphantly pointing out the cobwebs more copious on the upper lip than on the lower lip. 'And don't let your words be spiders again after this!' she stormed at him. Angus, in the full view of the conference, suddenly stood on his hands in defiance, and shouted to Aba, 'But how much love do you want to see, lassie, before you just think about

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