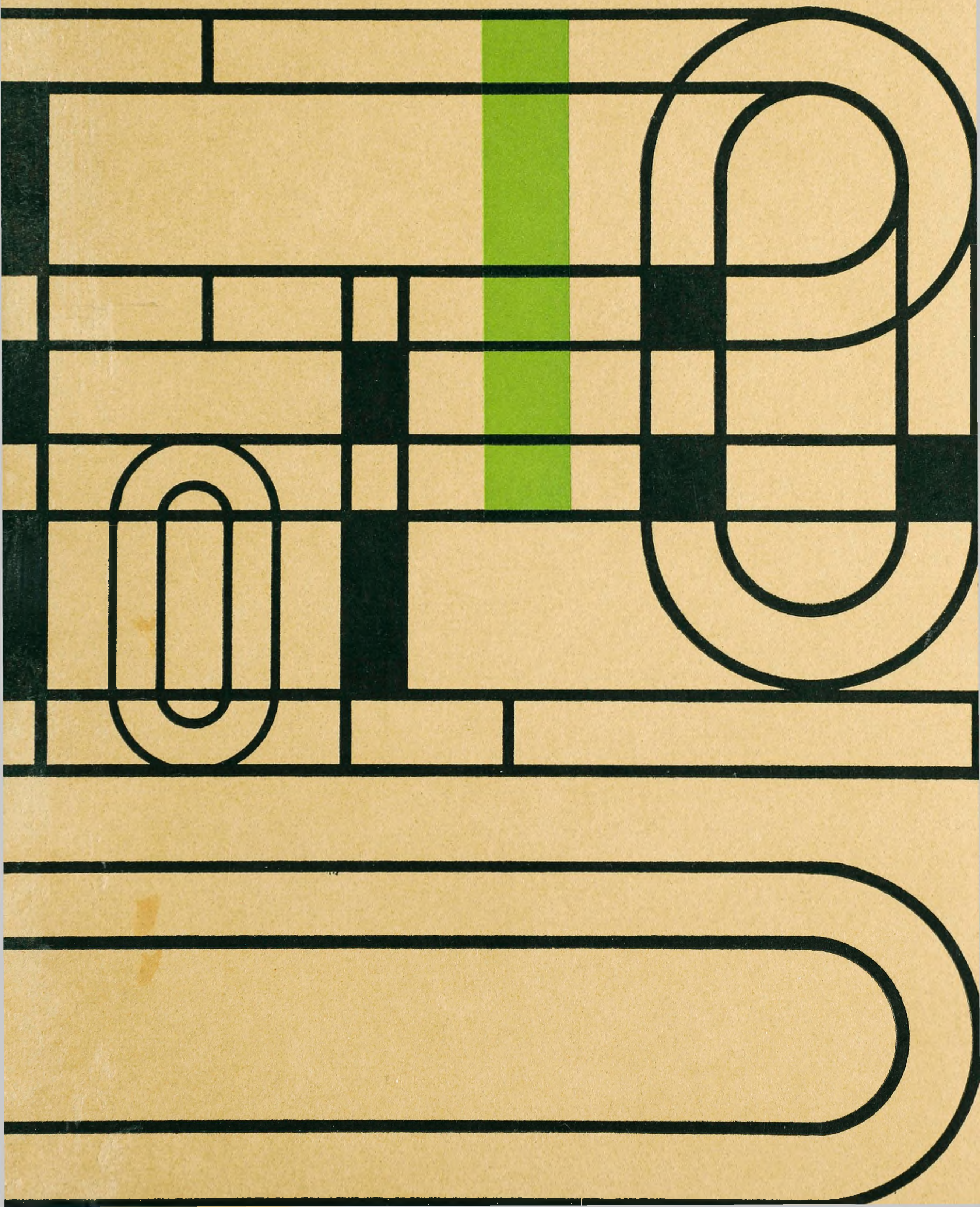


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# FOLIO

volume xv  
number 2

spring 1963  
university of western ontario

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## EDITORIAL

Art, I suppose, is a sort of kaleidoscope where reality (bits of bright coloured glass) is transformed by the imagination (shaking the kaleidoscope) into a pattern which shows us new relationships between these same pieces of glass.

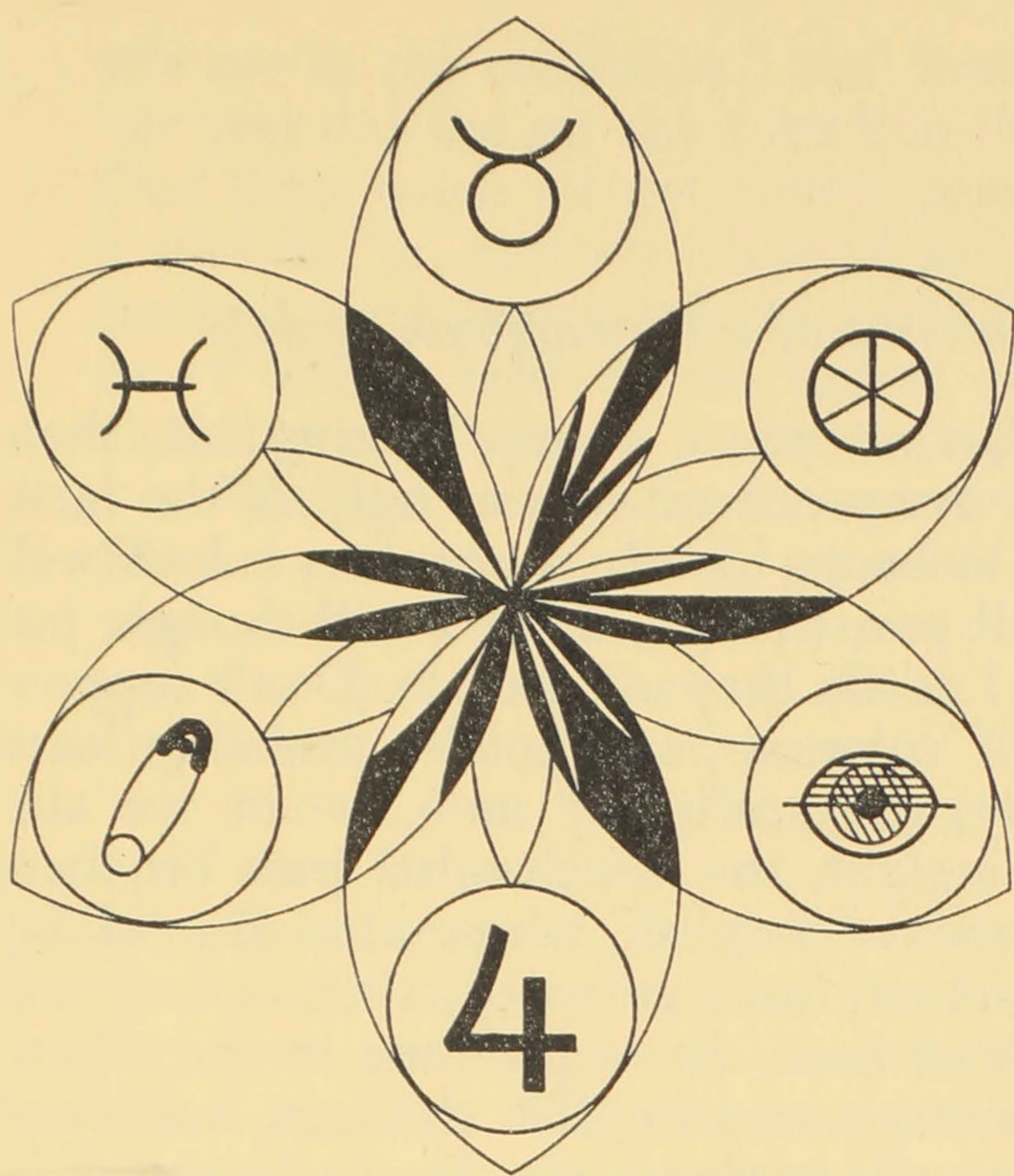
Everyone writing for Folio has taken their turn at obtaining some kind of pattern. We sincerely want the rest of the students at Western to look at the patterns on these pages and possibly be encouraged to try a few themselves.

This edition of Folio is larger because we find the number of contributors usually increases in the spring. Among the patterns submitted, we got a big kick out of the TYME take-off by Fokszev and Orendorff. Also featured is a series of new woodcuts by Fouad Fonaki, a graduate physics student. (It's a good thing that a physicist, as well as the occasional artsman, can look through a kaleidoscope.)

Linda Browne, author of Western's drama festival entry, *The Handmaiden*, has submitted a set of humorous poems as well as a new sonnet, *Neither Comes First*, an attempt at cracking the old egg problem. We also welcome Nora Keeling's *The Same Three Bears*, which is a prologue to a poem-play which, unfortunately we found too long to print. The play is about the creative process. There is no reason why the Three Bears shouldn't exist (somewhere).

To the many other contributors, we extend the same welcome, particularly to the new ones since the sad fact of graduation makes new ones necessary. We hope the summer writing prize announcement will interest many and bring us new patterns in the fall.





## ANNOUNCING

### *Awards for Summer Writing*

An anonymous donor has made it possible for *Folio* to offer three \$50 prizes for work submitted in any of the following categories:

POETRY  
DRAMA  
SHORT STORIES  
ESSAYS  
HUMOUR  
GRAPHICS

#### *Rules:*

1. All entries must be typed, double-spaced, on one side of paper.
2. The student's *name, address, course, and year* must be on the manuscript.
3. All manuscripts must be submitted by *September 30, 1963*.
4. Manuscripts may be submitted to the offices of the English Department at University or Middlesex Colleges, or the the U.S.C. Office, Somerville House, clearly marked FOLIO CONTEST.
5. Entries will be judged by members of the English Department and any or all prizes may be withheld if the calibre of entries is not sufficiently high.



## A. BREAKSPEAR

### *Punch the Killer*

*(To be read in the high pitched accents of a Birmingham prole)*

Ello, ello, ello, ello! Well, ain't you a funny looking lot, then. Every one of yer different, and every one of year as ugly as the larst. And 'oo might I be, you arsk, to be so bloody derogatory? And well you might. But I dont 'ave to tell you, though, do I? I will though, jast out of the goodness of my 'art. I'm 'im they call Punch. Don't suppose that means much to a bunch of colonials, but you've probably 'eard of my racket—Punch and Judy, they calls my mob, when we aint between engigments. Yus, that's right, the bunch what puts on them shows at the seaside for the crowds of English, whose idea of a 'oliday is to get out of the crowds in the city on a crowded trine, and sit and scorch on a crowded beach. We've been the staple item in the education of several generations of snotty-nosed English children, and done it very well, though I says it myself, as shouldn't. O, it's 'eaven it is, to tread them tiny boards, and tike part in the artistic rendering of a most edifying drama. I could be 'appy if it wern't for them 'ordes of kids, running around brandishing their buckets and spades, as if they'd like to cut someone's 'ead open 'n bury 'im in the sand. But it's their pennies and tanners what keeps the show going, so I carnt complain too much can I. Nah.

Y'see, what we does, you might say, is to tell the story of the life of my grandfather. Or maybe it was 'is grandfather. I aint just too sure. Actual, all the mile children in our family are brought up in the same way, so's we get the feel of the part, you might say. Maybe you'd like to 'ear it? Thanks, I'll 'ave tea, plase. Nuffink like a good cuppa char, I always say.

I was born in one of them dingy little backstreets yer don't see often, just round the corner from the gas-works. (It's easier ter say 'me', becos what 'appened to 'im, 'appened ter me too—'appened ter jast abaht everyone as ever bore the nime of Punch, dont yer see.) I learned to swear as soon as I was weaned, and altogether led a very normal childhood. Me 'ooked nose and 'unchback gave me quite early in life that feeling of rejection as a man must 'ave if he's ever to see what fings really look like. By the time I was fourteen, I'd 'ad enough of school—I culd read a bit, and write a bit, and 'oo needs more than that? So I got meself a job. Worked fer a fishmonger at the top of the Bullring. I did. Very interesting work, it was. Why, I could still cut yor choice pieces of 'addock, any time. Fings went along alright, and when I was seventeen, I 'ad ter get married. Actual, yer see, it was the only way her muvver'd give 'er approval, but there I was, 'ooked. 'Er nime was Judy, and proper judy she were too. As soon as we got back from the church, she looks at me, and says, "Now don't you go getting any ideas, my fine fishy friend. You aint coming near me, not



wiv me in my condition." An' that's the way it was. Not once in that 'ole year did she get any friendlier than last night's gravy. No, I'm a liar. One time, when I'd got meself good and worked up at the pub, I took a stick to 'er, and she allowed as 'ow maybe there was some room in the bed. And then the kid spoiled it. It set up its usual sqwal, wanting its 11 o'clock feed. So she rushed off ter look after the bleedin' nipper. Called me a bullying so-and-so, she did too.

Well, it was that kid's sqwaling what finally drove me to it. One Sunday arfternoon, she'd gone off to the pictures, like she did every week, wiv 'er friend Ethel from down the street. I tried everyfing ter get that thing ter shut up. Baby, she called it, as if it never 'ad bin christened, all right and proper. "Baby," I says to it, "now look, Baby, 'ow do you fink I'm going ter get my Sunday nap, if yer keeps this up?" So I bounced its 'ead up against the wall a time or two, and that seemed ter do good. It crossed its eyes, and made gurgle noises. So I sat down wiv it in my lap, and tried to doze off. You know the way yer do, when yer feet are tired, and all yer want is some peace and quiet. But I couldn't. Do you know, that kid was a bit funny-looking ter start wiv, and wiv its eyes like that, it got so it looked just like a flounder laid out on the marble, wiv watercress all round. Well, if there was anyfing I didn't want right then, it was to be reminded of work, so I 'ad ter throw the thing out the window. Squish it went, on the pavement. So anyway, I managed ter get some sleep. That is, until Judy came in. Oh, she did set up a row. Proper woke me up wiv a start, she did, just as I was dreaming of making a big win in the pools, wiv me nime in the pipers an' everfing. So I 'ad ter hit 'er. Knocked 'er cold, I did, wiv one good back 'and swing of me shoe. Then the bleeding' copper comes in, and wants ter know 'ose baby it were in the street. So I told what 'ad 'appened, and he gets all serious-like, and pulls out his big black note-book. I couldn't get mad at 'im, becos he's a generrally good-'earted feller, so when he arks me ter come dahn ter the station, I says, alright, anyfing to oblige. Well, it seems I 'ad ter go ter court, and explain to some Learned Judge just what 'ad 'appened. And be dammed if they didn't want ter 'ang me for it! But my lawyer, a very spry young chap 'e were, got me off by pleading insanity. Inside seven year I were outagain, and all set ter set up in the family business. Yer see, now that I 'ad the necessary experience, I could start me own show, and abaht time too, because me father were geting on, and wanted ter retire. So I started up in Blackpool, and did very well fer meself. O the kiddies just love the show. Yer can tell by the way they laugh and yell, and try ter catch the baby as it falls off the stage. O'course, we 'ave ter liven it up a bit, so I brought in some bits abaht a crocodile, or some such mythical beast, but the value of the story is still there.

You know, it teaches the kiddies what ter expect in life. I like ter fink of the show as "Life as she is lived," if yer gets my meaning.

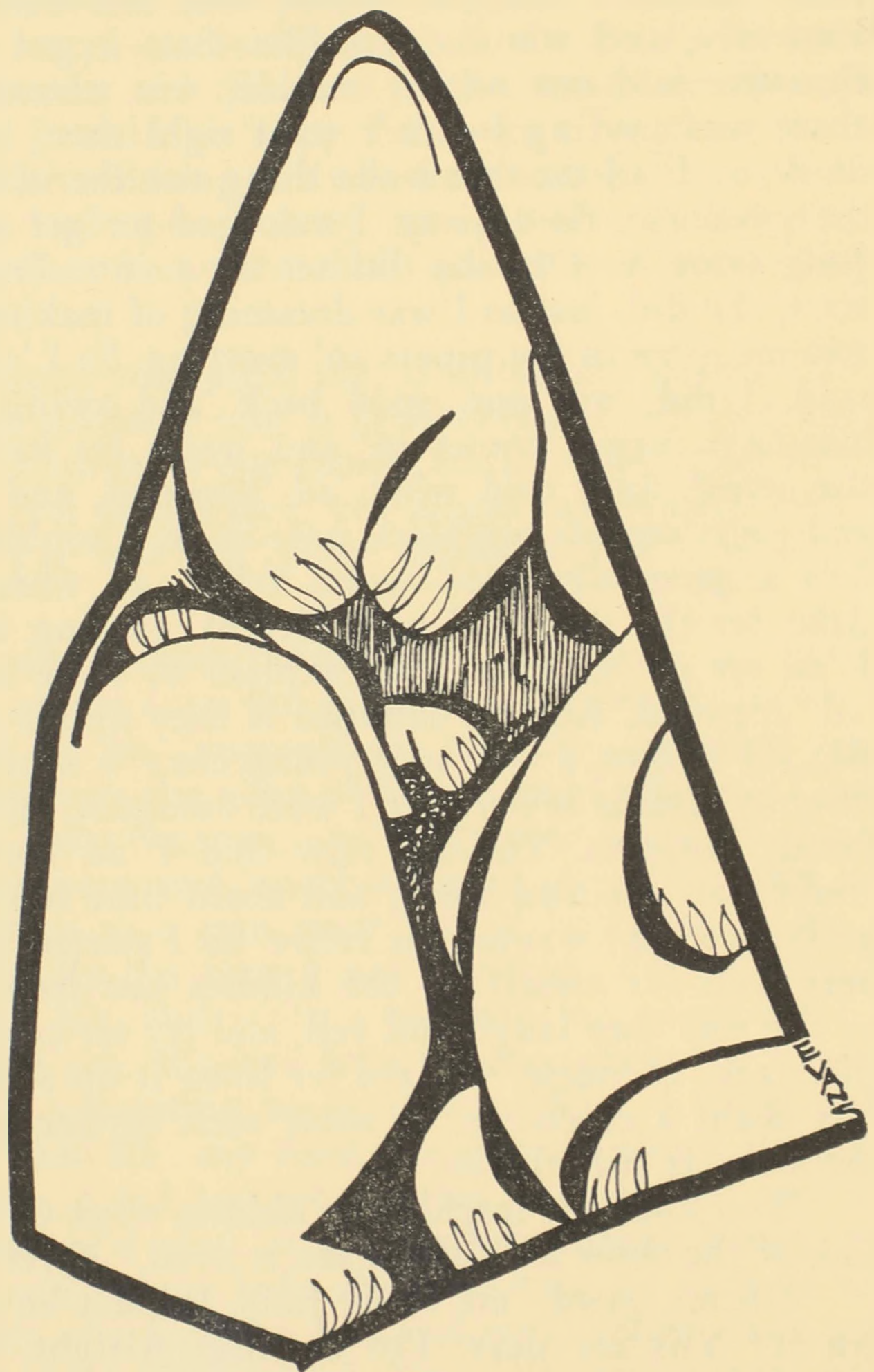
Oh my gawd, 'ere come Judy. It can't be time fer the early show, can it? Yus my dear. I'm coming. Alright, my sweet. Cor blimey, 'ere we go again.



# NORA KEELING

## *Prologue*

Once upon a time  
there were three little bears  
and there still Are  
Immutably there  
Somewhere  
surely  
the same three  
bears . . . ?





## GUY DEMARINO

I gotta little sister  
who is very different.  
She eats crazy things,  
not like the other kids,  
ants, worms, or plaster.  
She likes toothpaste,  
and Nivea cream.  
She likes the large, family size:  
She is very different.  
My little sister eats sweets,  
like Palmolive soap:  
sometimes she decorates it  
with Noxema shaving cream.  
She says it's good.  
My father really loves her,  
and likes to squeeze her:  
In fact he squeezes her  
every morning,  
when he needs something.  
My mother says that sister  
will die.  
She does look different,  
all pink and green,  
but she has the nicest breath  
in town.

## DAVID GEE

Life and more life,  
Until the morrow is the yesterday,  
The yesterday is the pregnant rabbit,  
The rabbit is on the table,  
And God  
Lies howling underneath.



# WAYNE McEWING

## *Dance of Death*

COMPLEMENT OF GENESIS 22:1-15

1. Behold, a silent plowman toiled across the land, sighing, stooping, plodding row on row.
2. For, lo, the evening drew nigh. And the hand of the Lord lay deep upon the earth.
3. All the fowls of the air sat brooding, save the wren.
4. The gleaners left their labours, and the masters left their gold.
5. Alone, the youth paused, leaning on his plow. His rest could not be long.
6. Beside the plowhorse walked, with trembling steps, a soldier worn and old.
7. In his left hand glowed a candle, striped black and gold.
8. And in his right, he felt his staff, a burnished scimitar.
9. "Old man," asked the lad, "where do you lead me?"
10. But he, unheeding, breathed into the horse's ear.
11. Yet the plowman continued, saying, "O Father, the daylight passes from us. Do you lead me home?"
12. And the ancient one answered and said, "Hear me O son of Abraham, I know not where you go, and therefore dare not lead you. It is enough that I have tamed the beast. Cogito ergo sum."
13. Thus saying, he lighted the horse's steps. His light shone forth to the ends of the field.
14. And, encouraged, the manservant cried in a loud voice, "O mighty skeleton, in you I trust."
15. Know you that the silence of the Lord is broken by the plod of a plowhorse, and the darkness visible surrounds a golden field.





LOVE



# RONALD CAMPBELL

## *The Interview*

*(The following are excerpts from a translation of a transcribed interview with French novelist-critic Eugene Belasco, held in Paris in August, 1962. The interviewer, for the French daily Paris-Soir is Gina Monetti.)*

### **Monetti**

Eugene, you must know that your appearance in the Luc-Godard film "Breathless" two years ago is still the sensation of the intellectuals. Although this was an actual interview at Orly, many people think you were play-acting because you knew you were in a dramatic film. Your answers in the film seemed calculated for effect and so symbolically profound as to seem phony. What do you say to that?

### **Belasco**

Well, Miss Monetti, I will agree that my answers were both symbolic and profound in that sequence, but I can't say they were phony. I meant every word. As for being the sensation of the intellectuals, if they can't find anything more sensational than that, I say they aren't very intellectual.

### **Monetti**

I just said you were an intellectual sensation to build up your ego. But your novels and philosophic treatises really are discussed seriously both in Europe and across the Atlantic. Do you approve of this?

### **Belasco**

Naturally I approve. If my works weren't discussed, that would mean nobody was reading them, I would starve. Going back to your question about the film and my appearance in it. My answers did seem rather involved, I will admit. And they were intentionally involved, for this reason: the sequence in which I appeared was so short of duration that of necessity I had to make my answers as all-encompassing as I could. That is why they were so terse and short, and in some cases, paradoxical.

### **Monetti**

Eugene, in your opinion, what is happening to modern, civilized, western society?

### **Belasco**

That, of course, is the question. I don't know any more than you do. I'm a writer; I suppose I should know where we're heading. I have many opinions on it. But I don't know. I would love to be God. I think every writer would. But I'm not, so what can you do?

### **Monetti**

Are you an existentialist? I know you're a realist.

### **Belasco**

What is an existentialist?

### **Monetti**

A Sartrean existentialist, of course.



**Belasco**

Oh, yes, Well, I've had several conversations with Sartre and I am of the opinion that he knows exactly what he is; that is, he has intellectually encompassed the limits within which he operates. No, I'm not a Sartrian existentialist. Sartre is no longer a Sartrian existentialist. You see, God really *is* dead.

**Monetti**

Was God ever living?

**Belasco**

Of course He was. When I say God is dead, I mean that as far as the majority is concerned, at least in modern America and Europe, He is dead. Furthermore, the minority is fading daily, in direct ratio to new church membership. The Church today is not the Church.

**Monetti**

But Sartre has openly admitted his atheism.

**Belasco**

Sartre always believed in God. Existentialist or not, Sartre always believed in God, only he didn't realize it.

**Monetti**

Well, we won't pursue this line of discussion for obvious reasons. What is the modern novel, and do you think it is fulfilling its potential satisfactorily?

**Belasco**

The modern novel in any age, a subjective interpretation of contemporary events and attitudes in the fashionable literary language of the time, is what the modern novel is today. I feel, that from a socially contextual point of view, the modern novel is certainly where it ought to be. Where is that? It is in the bookstores and in the hands of the few people who, by necessity or chance, find time to read it. It is also in the hands of many who do not find the time or inclination to read it. These seek intellectual status through having critically acclaimed books on their shelves. Such people are of the same type as those who possess a television antenna but no television. Frankly, they are the more sensible type, and the type I like the better of the two. That is, I prefer status-seeking bookowners to those who buy a book merely to read it.

**Monetti**

And I also asked if the modern novel is fulfilling its potential?

**Belasco**

Yes, I believe it is. Of course every critic has his or her own opinion on what the potential of the modern novel is, and, like the rest of them, I have my ideas on the subject too. In this regard, I am Leibnitzian. I believe that the novel of today is the best novel we can have today. Likewise with the novels of the future and the novels of the past. Of course the form changes with the vagaries of the times and of the authors. Also with the vagaries of the critics. I know of a young woman—and I wouldn't venture a moral pronouncement on this—I know a young woman who is writing a novel with the specific intent of pleasing the Italian critic, Nicola Chiaromonte. I know many authors



who are courting the favor of Mary McCarthy, the current idol of the intelligentsia and a latter-day Gertrude Stein.

**Monetti**

Now that we have had your opinion of Nicola Chiaromonte and Mary McCarthy, what is your opinion of yourself as a critic?

**Belasco**

Well, Miss Monetti, I'll ask you. You are an inspiring young critic, are you not? You have studied at the Sorbonne and I hear you're quite a light among the "Paris-Soir" literati. What do you think of me as a critic?

**Monetti**

Try not to be offended, Eugene, but I think you're lousy. To tell you the truth, I am another disciple of Mary McCarthy. But I'm not a witch-hunting McCarthyite, so I'll let you live. I'll ask you another stereotyped question. Do you think modern philosophy is inferiority-complexed by modern science?

**Belasco**

Yes, I think it is. And it will be until some shining new answer to its hypothetical problems is found, in other words, until a new philosophy is found. I'm not an astrologer, but I predict that we will shortly have another great new philosophy. Existentialism was the last one. That has died out and the philosophical world is today in a state of flux. We don't quite know what the main problem is today. As soon as the philosophers find out what it is, they will resolve it by evolving a new philosophy. Then philosophy will once again retain its superiority over science, that is, in philosophical circles. The scientist is unaware that such a phenomenon as philosophy exists. This is not a cavalier attitude on the part of the scientists; it is simply ignorance rising from lack of need. Well, anyway, science implies a constant materialism. Abstractions in science have concrete, material applications or they are useless.

**Monetti**

What is the role of sex in modern society?

**Belasco**

It fulfils a function that is becoming progressively more useless. It will eventually die out.

**Monetti**

What will the human race do, in that case?

**Belasco**

It will probably evolve some other diversion.

**Monetti**

Where do you think the human race is headed, Eugene?

**Belasco**

You're really concerned about the answer, aren't you, Miss Monetti?

**Monetti**

Yes.

**Belasco**

Don't be too shocked. I think it is headed for extinction.

**Monetti**

How will the human race be extinguished, in your opinion?



**Belasco**

I didn't say it would be extinguished. I said it would become extinct. The word "extinct" implies a gradual evolution toward non-being in a certain form.

**Monetti**

Well, Eugene, you're obviously a disciple of science. You also employ the word "evolution" extensively in your answers. Are you a Darwinist?

**Belasco**

No. I like to think my opinions are my own, that is, created by me and not plagiarized, as it were.

**Monetti**

Do you think anyone has a right to be happy today?

**Belasco**

It's not a question of whether you have the "right" to be or do anything in this world. There is no such thing as "rights." People are essentially jungle animals and they are or do whatever they want as a matter of nature. All society is a mutual protection organization where the animals compromise a little of their animality. Does anyone have the "right" to be happy today? Well, you either are or you aren't. It would be just as silly to ask "Do people have any reason to be happy today"? The fact is, if they are happy in the first place, then obviously they have a reason, just as they have a "right." Are you happy, Miss Monetti?

**Monetti**

Call me Gina. I've been calling you Eugene ever since we started this.

**Belasco**

Are you happy, Gina?

**Monetti**

Yes.

**Belasco**

Why?

**Monetti**

Well for one thing, I think I'm going to be married this coming Saturday. Would you like to come? My brother is going to be there. He's a writer and I know he'd be thrilled to pieces to meet you. Of course, I expect you to give him the best reviews whenever he writes anything. If you don't promise me you'll give him good reviews, you don't have to come.

**Belasco**

All right, I'll rave about his work every time he writes his name. How old are you, Gina?

**Monetti**

Twenty-two.

**Belasco**

That's a good age to get married.

**Monetti**

I think so. What makes you say it?

**Belasco**

Because at that age you are a young woman, and young women should



get married. The same goes for young men. How old is your husband?

**Monetti**

Fifty-three.

**Belasco**

Good. I admire his courage.

**Monetti**

You're married, Eugene, and I know that in addition to your wife you have several mistresses you keep around Paris. Does this ever cause any trouble?

**Belasco**

No, because my wife is an understanding young woman. Also she has several lovers that I know about, some of them wealthier than I am. But I like to live dangerously.

**Monetti**

Are you happy, Eugene?

**Belasco**

What is happiness? I wouldn't know it even if I were happy, or for that matter, even if I were sad. There's no way you can tell. There are merely things you like to do and things you don't like to do, and things like that. Places you would like to be and places you wouldn't like to be. I like my general situation.

**Monetti**

Then you'll go on record as saying you're happy?

**Belasco**

Sure.

**Monetti**

What are you working on now?

**Belasco**

Well, I'm writing a critical essay on Françoise Sagan. I'm also working on a novel.

**Monetti**

I've met Miss Sagan and I like her very much. What do you think of her?

**Belasco**

As a person, I also like her very much. As a writer, at least when she started in her late teens and early twenties, she tended to write poor romantic fantasy. Also she should not try so hard to lose her life in those Ferraris and Porsches she's supposed to speed around in. As she grows older, she is becoming a writer of real talent and one who is sensibly heading for realism in her work.

**Monetti**

What is your novel going to be about, Eugene?

**Belasco**

About a man who becomes extinct spiritually at twenty-six.

**Monetti**

That should be interesting. Well, I think I have enough here for an article. Thank you very much.

**Belasco**

Thank you.







# EUGENE MARQUIS

## POEMS FROM THE LATIN

**Petronius: P.L.M., Car. ci, Lib. iv.**

The pleasures of Love are shamefully brief,  
And once consummated bring nothing but grief:  
Let us not, then, like creatures of lust,  
Rush forthwith thither and blindly thrust;  
(For Love will sicken and the flame grow short).  
But thus and thus let us endlessly sport  
And lie entwined with lips aflame:  
In this is no toil, in this no shame.  
In this delight has been, is, and shall be so;  
And this shall never cease, but shall forever grow.

**Tibullus: Car. iii, Lib. i.**

Yet wait awhile, sweet, yet wait, I pray,  
Your matron knows well the worth of her charge;  
She'll tell you fine tales, and place the lamps,  
And lead out the threads spun on the tray;

But soft! when your maid, at last, snuffs the light,  
Worn out from her task, she leaves for the night,  
Then shall I suddenly come to your arms;  
Unannounced will I come, and raise no alarums,  
But shall seem to be sent from the heavens above;  
Then run to me, loved one, with hair in the wind,  
With tiny feet bare, come run to my love.

This much I pray that the pink steeds of Dawn  
Will soon bring the Night, and never pass on.



# TYME



- A. A. ORENDORFF

POET  
CHAUCEER.



## LITERATURE

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### Room at the Top (See Cover)

On the third floor of a timber and stucco town-house, situated in the burgeoning Vintry district, one of the wealthiest of the London Wards, just below the city's main brewery, sits an adipose bulk of a man, his pudgy face wan from lack of sun, his snow-white cotton jerkin soggy with sweat, his maroon coloured cap perched uncomprisingly on the back of his close-cropped grey head, his massive chest extended nonchalantly over his mahogany and teak-inlaid desk that once belonged to Godfrey Garleke-hithe (now completely re-upholstered), poring over a half-dozen dusty manuscripts. From his features he radiates an aura of success. A nobody twenty years ago, to-day at 58 he is the acknowledged dean of Middle English fiction writers.

**The Man for the Job.** Geoffrey Chaucer (rhymes with saucer) was born in East London,\* the youngest son of a one-time wine-drawer in the French Barfleur Breweries (Barfco). On Geoffrey's arrival one day in the year 1340, his father, John ("Le Taverner") Chaucer, former deputy of the King's butler, sitting nervously in a hand-carved oak swivel chair, mused "arnds delds swithe".†

\*1325 Census: 40, 173½

†North-East Midlands for the more usual Kentish "arnds delz thu zwithe"

At an early age Geoffrey showed a predilection for the life of a courter, becoming a page to one Elizabeth de Burgh at sixteen.

**Petulant Purge.** An invertebrate sloppy dresser (quips his tailor: "Although he drops in for an occasional made-to-measure *cravatte*, he prefers to buy his jerkins off the rack"), he is nevertheless a tireless worker, permitting himself no luxury outside an occasional brandy and cheap port. He attends church regularly, avoids night-life, expensive living. Chortles Jeff: "Everye mann iss alowede onne vice."

His wife, a former lady wrestler in the court of Edward III, holds a very low opinion of her spouse; reason: for a number of years he was in the habit of bedding down stray blondes around East End's Paul's Head Tavern.

When asked about his mysterious "lost years" (1366-72) he gives a tart "no comment". It has been rumored that during this time he was number one man in the "indulgence" racket and that he was an aide of the notorious Thomas O. (for Oscar) Hoccleve who attempted unsuccessfully to organize the Friars, Pardoners, Summoners, *et al* into the U.F.P.S. of E.

**The Scholar Gypsy.** An accomplished polygot and an omniverous reader from childhood, writer Chaucer has been known to polish off the Psalter, the Statutes of England, Donatus' *Eight Parts of Speech*



and Aquinas' *Summa Theologica* (in Latin) before retiring.

After graduating from grammar school, poet Chaucer entered the then fashionable Holborn Law Academy, where, in spite of his recalcitrance (*viz*, cudgelling a dissipated Franciscan Friar, deceiving the dean's impressionable fourteen-year-old daughter), he managed to pick up a degree.

Around 1374 he married one Phillipa ("Phil") de Roet and becoming Clerk of the King's Works (duties: supervising sewers), he settled down to write his *magnum opus*.

**Adlered-brained.** It is chiefly through his *Canterbury Tales* that poet Chaucer is known today. Its appeal for the contemporary reader lies in its adroit rehandling of that well-worn theme, *viz.*, that the present manic-depressive element in Medieval literature is due to the retreat of the suppressed libido into the realm of ultra-conscious mysticism, motivated by the so-called atavistic reversion into the aetiological implications of the innate *anima*. Trite, but well handled.

**Poet as Critic.** Usually shy and reticent, on being asked by an interviewer to express his opinions on the rising new generation of English poets, Chaucer, in a rare outburst of eloquence, at the same time permitting a wry smile to cross his pox-scarred face, sagely remarked, "No comment".

Cover writer: G. Fokszey  
Cover artist: A. Orendorff



# KEEWATIN DEWDNEY

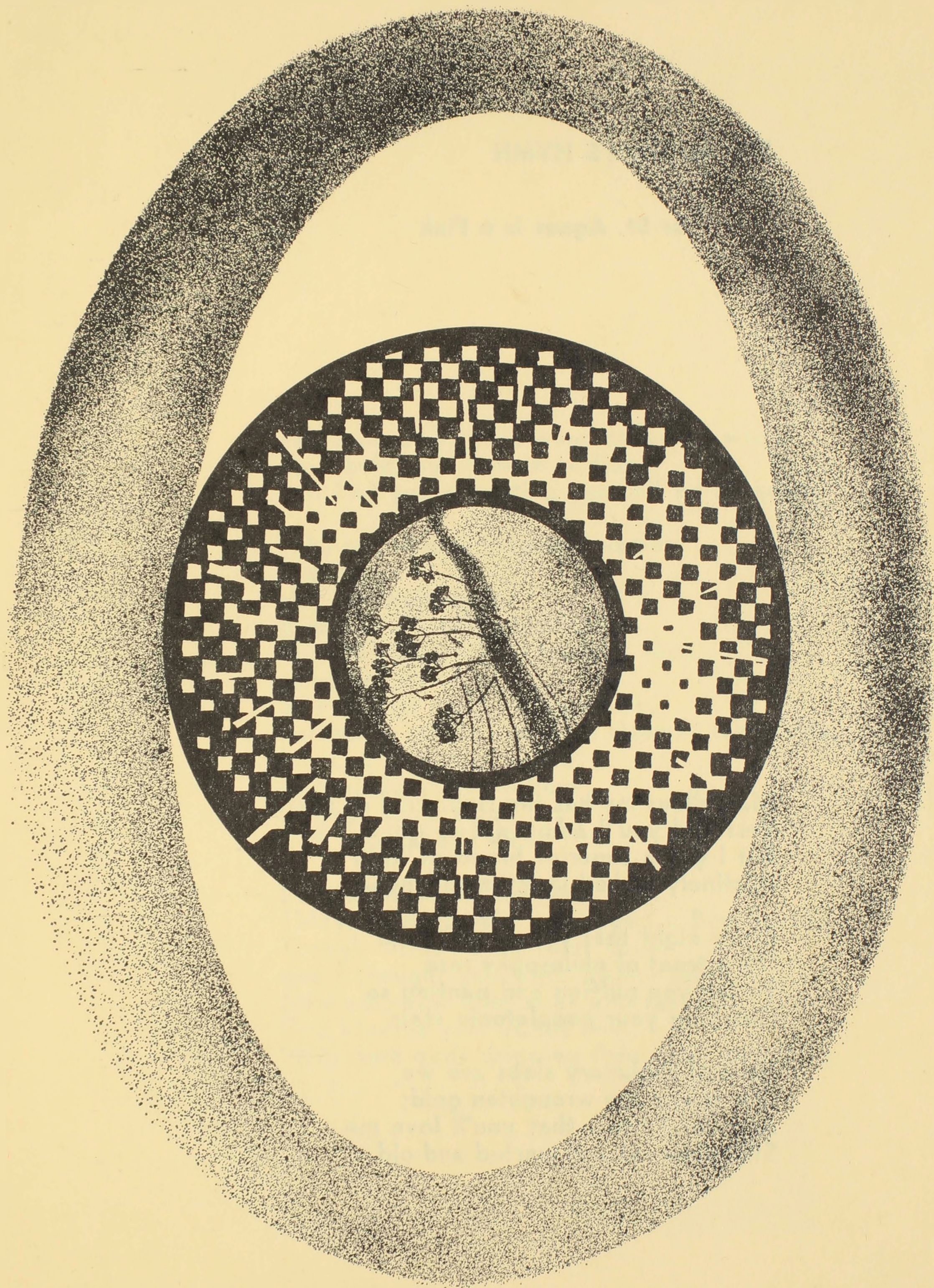
## THE SPIDER

In a garden recess,  
Dingy in the weeds,  
Hangs the devil's rosary—  
Old spider tells the beads.

## THE SNOWFLAKE

Was anyone's guess  
For whom it fell,  
(down was the tower,  
up was the well)  
Less anyone thought  
How further it fell  
To blacken their heaven,  
Whiten their hell.  
Only the choir-boy,  
Tugging the bell  
Guessed down was the tower—  
Up was the well.





WARM GREY—NOT BLACK AND WHITE



LINDA BROWNE

**THE MAIDEN'S HYMN**

**or St. Agnes is a Fink**

Marvellous me has the right kind of soul  
Vestured you'll admit not so good,  
But I get a superior brand of thrill  
Pristinely locked in my muddyhood.

Every night that you come to me  
'Tis a treat of philosophy rare  
To see you puffing and panting so  
Climbing your neoplatonic stair.

No dull sublunary slobs are we,  
Our spirits are wroughten gold;  
And oh! I know that you'll love me  
Still when fat and warted and old.



lines while writing a 50 pg. essay on Lawrence

What sweat to read your collected works  
the whole red phoenix edition  
and find you repeating yourself ad nauseam.

Take one plangent-voiced woman  
twenty-six  
and just waiting for  
a greasy Albanian-Mexican  
in tight pants with a monkey face,  
some hot vines  
or a glacier symbolizing death,  
northern accents and some German for Frieda,  
birds, a church, a womb,  
ringing steamy variations  
through some sober sex  
with a prophet's kick.

I do not like you anymore, D.H.,  
(Maybe you should have been a Boy Scout)  
Though when I first read you—  
gee I thought you were tremendous.  
Now your raw lilies stink and fester.  
God I loathe your skinny men,  
With dark gods dripping from their pen.





FISH



# KEEWATIN DEWDNEY

## THE ONE-EYED KID

This is my eyeball world;  
No planet this,  
But fixed centre of the stars  
And sun.

This is my world of snow;  
Where one garden  
Grows irises in blue and brown  
Around a well

This is my ancient well;  
Where fell stars,  
Sun, snow, blue and brown  
Gardens down.

## THE PRIMITIVE FISH

A primitive fish  
I saw  
Saw me  
Floating by  
Had crept alone through time  
Layered limestone beds Devonian  
Now swam a stream soon stone  
Where the fossil fish refossilized came  
Floating by  
Saw me  
I saw  
A primitive fish



## PETER HESS

### THE DREAM

The dark eye in the forest's mid  
Knows neither storm nor ice;  
Its waters, black and deep and cold,  
Are ever open.

Generations of life, in measureless circles,  
Emerging and growing and dead,  
Have silently drowned in passive obedience,  
Fulfilling the law and endlessly sinking.

But then a child, by the fathomless deep,  
Dreaming of a sunken cup of salvation,  
Disturbed the dread tranquillity,  
And the eye closed forever.

The forest vanished, burning without heat;  
Even the leaves of the solitary oaktree,  
Swept away by the winds of a birdless spring,  
Fell to the ground to rot.

## DON McKAY

Catch infants in a candied web  
Pluck off their wings, and contemplate  
The wonder that they do not fly.  
Throw poems in a void, and watch them writhe  
Their venom turned to syrup, like stale wine.  
Yet bondslaves seldom are content  
And gelded vipers are not dead.



## RIDING ALONE

These are the passengers of life  
Each chained to his own dream, lost  
In subtle sweetness of his servitude  
To what he knows not, cares not.

Happy.

But one, whose infant thought-balloon has burst,  
Whose arms encompass emptiness,  
Freed from its synthetic cell,

Screams

At the mindless anger of the mind  
For life, or death, or sleep.

One, back bent in the interrogative,  
Digs his own grave with questions,  
Riding alone.



# WINSTON SCHELL

## ACCOLADE

Chivalric slap toward a sunrise beginning;  
Shove into newness, then freshness and light.  
Buffet and boost; pushed off the ledge;  
Down again down,—and into mankind.

Run round the table, and cry on the floor,  
Crawl of the land, then we earthen the bottom.  
Unfolded eyes testing truth, and the lies,  
Fly again fly,—and on to the stars.

Focus on bud, not the infantile tree;  
Recovered the balance and standing more stable.  
Thickets have scratched o'er that trip from the skyway,  
Down again down,—and into mankind.

Swing out and back Life! Oscillate ever.  
Proving for one, that the greeting is half.  
Half of enigma, and apple, and fall,  
Part of, and not all or end of the myth.  
Down again down,—and into mankind,  
Then  
Fly again fly,—and on to the stars.

# R. J. WILDE

one day,  
    as I sat upon a hill  
I watched numerous red devils,  
    leaping jauntily, copulating in sin.

one  
    of a pair of horns turned  
        a red roasted face  
            to my soul,  
                and said,  
                    "Comrade, Brother."



# LINDA BROWNE

## HOLLYHOCK

In beautiful gardens they never admit—  
with the roses and passion flowers—  
the dusty old weeds strong by the roads  
stroked in the sun stoned in the soles  
dust in their ovaries nine times dead,  
No. These thick stalked sappy ones  
don't believe in myths because they  
can't get inside that lovely garden  
with the unicorns and the dolce vita fountain  
so they won't ever believe because they can't get in  
not with the wind or a transplant  
or a misdirected bee.  
What's fertility to them who grow on sterile soil?  
who see christ from a distance walking in the  
garden ashamed not like mary who was beautiful  
and therefore in  
(s h e c o u l d s i n)  
say master and be beloved, be loved,  
because she was mary.  
Some people can die and rise again and again  
like perennials in the garden because  
their watering can of grace runneth over.  
But ineradicable kin of skunkcabbage  
twitchgrass all ungardened things, hardy,  
survive stockstill all weathers dumb  
and break when little girls make  
beautiful ladies of them upside down  
with sweeping petalled gowns  
and bodice-heads nipped in the bud.

## NEITHER COMES FIRST

Rest we were so cunningly denied  
So that we might walk on eggshells,  
Fearing to break that empirical coat  
Translucently promising birth.  
Some have cracked and found there  
A hunger proteinely satisfied;  
Some have waited in their warmth  
Till the feathered breast emerged,  
Crowed triumphant in chains and ash.  
I have sucked rest in my mind,  
Waxed phoenix quills to every limb,  
But starved and fallen from the sun,  
Straw-tossed in an empty nest,  
I hedge the issue with porcelain death.



# BILL WEBSTER

## *Notes on a Production of* MEASURE FOR MEASURE

### *The Lie*

"If thou are rich, thou'rt poor;  
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,  
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And Death unloads thee."

(from *Measure for Measure*)

### *The Realization*

"How light and portable my pain seems now  
When that which makes me bend makes a king bow . . ."  
(from *King Lear*)

### *The Quandary*

" . . . and books that told me  
everything about the wasp, except why."  
(from *A Child's Christmas in Wales*)

### *The Guide*

" . . . help to cure us of what is, it seems to me,  
the great vice of our intellect, manifesting  
itself in our incredible vagaries in literature,  
in art, in religion, in morals; namely  
that it is fantastic and wants sanity."  
(Matthew Arnold—*Preface to 2nd Editions of Poems* 1854)

I had read with great interest an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* some weeks ago—A. Alvarez' "*On Concentration Camps*"—because it



had dealt with sanity and insanity, reality and illusion, states which are part and parcel of the 'theatrical experience.' Mr. Alvarez says that "... the first step into the lunacy of the concentration universe was to remove the prisoners utterly from the sustaining world of responsible public sanity . . . The process was one of organized regression. It began in the transport trains . . . without food or water and (the prisoners) subjected to a continual gross brutality." According to the psychiatrist Bruno Bettelheim, "The purpose of this massive initial abuse was to traumatize the prisoners and break their resistance; to change at least their behavior if not their personalities. This was the precipice between the world of accustomed sanity and that of gratuitous suffering."<sup>1</sup> It is too much to say that this process of regression happens in the theatre to its audience. Yet there are similarities. Both the concentration camp and the conventional idea of the theatre ('illusion' versus 'reality') set up certain rules which *must* be followed to be fulfilled or enjoyed—the concentration camp's rule is "Arbeit Macht Frei," the theatre's is "a willing suspension of disbelief." In both cases insanity, in Mr. Alvarez' sense, or 'lies' are regarded as the norm. It is when this insanity is regarded as theatrical reality that everything again becomes sane and acceptable. The theatre is the palace of comfort and solace.

All this is in reference to a production of *Measure for Measure* at the Lyric Theatre, directed by Georg Weisgall. It reminded me of a college production I had seen several years ago of Constantin Simonov's *The Fourth*.<sup>2</sup> Here is a Russian propaganda piece designed to show that Russians were not the 'bad guys' that most people thought them to be. And what was remarkable about that production was that this premise had been accepted. It summarily shocked some of the people I talked with about it afterwards and this I thought was good. The director had done more than change his audience from a passive one to a participating body; he had attempted to make the audience Russian, in the sense that the play's author wrote of, by emphasizing the 'traditional' objections to modern Russian communism and showing them as ridiculous as any well informed Russian would know them to be.

Unfortunately the director's attempt at 'theatrical reversal' had not worked because of blatant weaknesses in the play and most of the audience realized this. But, after reflecting, it was the people who were 'shocked' that worried me. Not because they were shocked, for that can be part of the very revitalizing process, but because for them there was no process. Their complacency had been upset, they were shocked and that was all. Perhaps I should feel no antagonism towards these people, for their response had been triggered by a very weak theatrical experiment. Nevertheless it is to these people especially that I recommend Mr. Weisgall's production of *Measure for Measure* but again not so much for what it does but for what it attempts to do.

Leonardo, in his advice to young painters, said "*Sapere vedere*" (To see a thing is to know it). But this can only be a partial truth if



Leonardo's advice were to be given to all the audiences, directors, actors and people of the theatre. One thinks, especially during the last ten years of Shakespearian production in Canada, of all the attempts to impose 'meaningful' production superstructures (changes of era, location, names et cetera) upon a 'living' text, trying almost to reassure ourselves that it really does have something to say to us today. This method of production is both criticized and praised, while the dangers of 'modernizing' Shakespeare are evident to all. I can only say that in Mr. Weisgall's production it has worked.

*Measure for Measure* is a play about chastity, duty, honor. It is also about obscenity, dereliction of duty and injustice. This is the same dualism and conflict which we find in most of Brecht's writings. Not only does *Measure for Measure* end with a trial but it ends on another typically Brechtian note—nothing has changed. Problems have been solved but only by a contrived ending and the people are the same people. There is no sense of self-revelation in any of the characters—the Duke will marry Isabella, Angelo will marry Mariana, and Claudio and Juliet are reunited. All that is missing from the play's final scene is Shen Te's cry "Why is it?"

This is a strange play. It might even seem to stop where it should begin. It shows duality of intent in all its major figures which is never resolved, only ended. It has neither a single character, save Lucio, who consciously realizes that he is both victim and executioner, not only to himself but to others also, nor a hero who uncomprehendingly acts out his ritual as does Ferdinand in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and certainly there is no priest to comment upon the meaning of the ritual like Berowne.

But then there can be no change. The Duke merely shifts his duties to Angelo's shoulders and makes no attempt to change or better the law. The Duke is irresponsible, Angelo is efficient, the Duke is chaste. Angelo is smouldering with lust. The Duke says

I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo  
A man of stricture and firm abstinence  
My absolute power and place here in Vienna

- - - - -  
For terror, not in use, in time the rod  
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,  
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead  
And liberty plucks injustice by the nose,  
- - - - -

'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them  
For what I bid them do; for we bid this be done,  
When evil deeds have their permissive pass  
And not the punishment. Therefore indeed, my father,  
I have on Angelo impos'd the office,  
Who may, in th'ambush of my name, strike home,  
And yet my nature never in the sight  
To do it slander.

(Act I, iv)



while Angelo can say:

The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.  
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,  
If but the first that did th'edict infringe  
Had answer'd for his deed.

(Act II, ii)

and later

—that you, his sister,

- - - - -  
Could fetch your brother from the manacles  
Of the all-binding law; and that there were  
No earthly mean to save him, but that either  
You must lay down the treasures of your body  
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer.

(Act II, iv)

It is this kind of duality of character and intent which provides the tension in the play. Mr. Weisgall has emphasized this conflict by setting the play in the Vienna of the late twenties and early thirties of this century.

He had done this, I think, for a number of reasons. There are very obvious similarities between Brecht's works and *Measure for Measure*, as I have pointed out. For example, Brecht's *Good Woman of Setzuan* and Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* are Socratic. That is, they ask questions, do not supply answers, but do imply that there is an answer. *Measure for Measure* must have been a very strange play for an Elizabethan audience, for it was an audience that believed the engagement had the force and conveyed the rights of marriage.<sup>3</sup> Yet whether this is 'good' or 'bad' is not the play's theme since we see two opposing paragons of virtue defective—Angel's chastity turns to lust for Isabella, while Isabella is so far above physical sacrifice that her idea of chastity is inhuman.

Mr. Weisgall has directed his production for a small proscenium-arch stage. He has chosen settings and costumes in the character of the German expressionist painters and I was reminded especially of those severe and cramped lithographs by Max Beckman. The text and the brightly-lit sets were thus able to come into opposition, adding yet another conflict. The rhetorical style, full and amplified against the small acting space and the visually uncomfortable settings. The Duke's aims are thus openly questioned. He seemed to be the insecure ruler of an underworld gang rather than the head of Vienna's court. Also in a setting of this kind every action I find more urgent. Ideals are laughed at when it is the case of a struggle for existence and this is one reason I think *Measure for Measure* is a comedy. The only characters I can "sympathize" with are those of low life (Elbow, Pompey, Mistress Overdone *et cetera*) who are all involved in a double world of sanity and insanity and they react to it naturally.) I think it would be very dangerous to say that these figures provide only comic relief.

Finally I think setting the play in this period has shown the futility of ideals as a means and as an end. Germany and Austria in



the twenties and thirties were riddled by doubts, economic, political and ideological problems. Brecht reflected this in his work and showed the two principal ideologies then extant—his brand of humanitarian communism and the inbred, tyrannical nationalism of Nazism. This era of uncertainty is therefore one of the best for emphasizing the dubious motives of the Duke in giving Angelo his power and then standing aside watching injustice, as impotent as Brecht's three gods, and indeed, disguised as a priest, effecting injustice himself but for ". . . an accident that heaven provides." (Act IV, iii, 1. 81)

Movement in this production infrequently requires using the full depth of the stage. Most of the action *seems* to play in a straight line moving from stage left to stage right, a harsh stage direction, for the low-life scenes, while the high-life scenes move from stage right to stage left, a much easier line for the audience to follow. This implied conflict of movement with particular kinds of scenes is heightened by some strange casting and very clever acting. The most memorable performances are Eric Christmas' insensitive and rather stupid Duke, Hugh Webster's frost-bitten Angelo, Eileen Herlie's imperious Isabella, Christopher Plummer's Elbow and John Neville's Pompey.

Earlier I had advised the people who had been shocked by the college production of *The Fourth* to attend a performance of this *Measure for Measure*. I will try to explain why.

All the people caught in the "concentration universe," both victims and executioners, were trapped in an insane world. The innocent victim had to manufacture his guilt, enact his Last Judgment and walk, with every reason, to the gas chamber. The executioner was the *Urbarmensch* responsible for exterminating those not of his class. This was the world of regression of self to annihilation of self.

The traditional idea of a theatre is much the same—the audience the victim, the performance the executioner. The 'shocked person' believes that the theatre either delights as the executions at Auschwitz delighted the Nazis, for it was all part of a definitely directed way of life, or else it can impassion so that there is no difference between the performance and the emotional vision which is evoked and frequently analogous with the death wish. In the theatre neither complacency nor regression can have a permanent place.

Mr. Weisgall has given us a theatre of conflict which presents that which Hugh Hunt describes as the 'theatrical experience.' This is an ability to be removed from the play and its characters yet not to contemplate what has been said as if it were illusion. Thus innocence cannot exist if the theatre is to be fully appreciated. If I had thought I knew all the implications of Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* I would have found Mr. Weisgall's production meaningless. Obviously I could not or I would have destroyed Shakespeare's play. We must approach all things sanely even if it means loss of sanity. We would have no gas chambers and we would defeat the Duke. As Lucio says to him, "Nay, friar, I am kind of burr; I shall stick" (Act IV, v). Mr. Weisgall's theatre can do no more.



### Footnotes

1. *The Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. 210, Number 6, 1962.
2. *Soviet Literature*, No. 9, Moscow, 1961.
3. On p. 391, the editors of the New Cambridge Edition of Shakespeare's complete works comment that "For Mariana and Angelo had earlier been betrothed, and their betrothal had according to Elizabethan custom, the validity of marriage."

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TOTE THAT BARGE  
LIFT THAT SALE

#VANS







