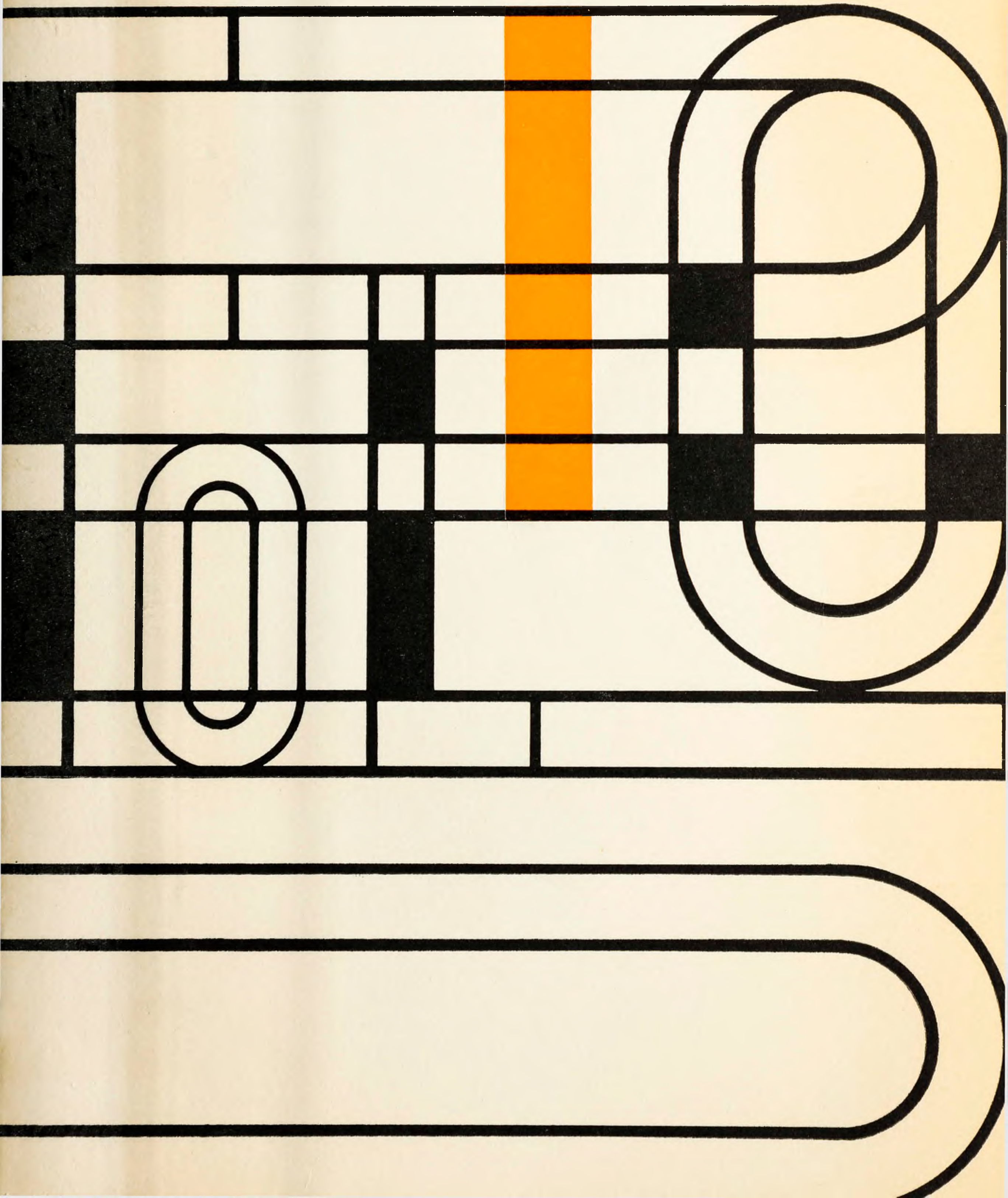


V. 15 no. 1 1962

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EDITORIAL

The undergraduate writer and artist is like the Fool in the old gypsy's pack of cards, who sublimely saunters forth to roam the world in search of what he carries in a little bag slung over his own shoulder.

The highest function of a university literary magazine is to aid its writers and artists in becoming aware of what it is they carry. The thing in the bundle is, after all, the thing that makes them unique. Some have more in their bundles than others.

Folio, in particular, tries to do this by publishing the best work submitted, work which approaches this uniqueness both in personality and form. Thus the Fool has a large boulder thrown in his path, a criterion of some sort, which, it is hoped, forces him to investigate his bag of tricks. Most Fools just lie down in the shade of the boulder. They'll stay in the pack of cards forever.

Much of the work submitted to *Folio* betrays an evolution common among beginning writers, characterized by a romantic phase, where on one hand, weeping, mental torture, and confession are the rule, and on the other hand—sublime indifference. They think they have discovered themselves, opened their bundles, as it were. But they have only found a lady's purse.

Some writers have perhaps gone further. They are not so romantic. They approach the task of writing not only with exuberance, but with a feeling of appropriateness and form as well. They look more to themselves than to their books for inspiration, and what they find is more thrilling. The existence of these people alone justifies *Folio*.

But how does *Folio* satisfy the literary appetites (if appetites there be) of the student masses? Actually, it doesn't, and makes no effort to do so. Instead it undemocratically imposes its tastes on the masses. Imposing the standard taste would only impose mediocrity. Let those who object to *Folio* write better works. We need more Fools.



Donner Dewdney

ID AND EGO

FOLIO

volume xv
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the university of western ontario

Keewatin Dewdney

EDITOR

*Linda Browne
Patricia Pegg
Jane Peebles
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Harry Smaller

*Nora Keeling
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Kee Dewdney
Patricia Pegg
Linda Browne
Wayne McEwing
Donner Dewdney
Don McKay*

CONTRIBUTORS

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Minister of Publications

Anne Fanning

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P. H. PEGG

EXHIBITION

This is the basic palette of life,
The jug, the pears, and the orange book,
The scarlet angels' wings.

And these are the jackals of art,
The aesthetes of Jarvis Street,
Staring through second-hand eyes.

They stand, when they should be running
(Others are watching them)
No solitude.

TWO RELIGIONS

On the worn red carpet of the ancient stairs to grace
Decadent saints ascend the gallows of their god.
Murmuring gold litanies, they pray in hollow faith
For weakness and for light, turning their glass-blue eyes
From shadows on the ground where great green snakes
Writhe happily in wisdom among the brilliant grass,
And the rich smell of the rotten fruit of Paradise
Anoints a fallen man.

CREDO

1

The dead man stares at Baudelaire
who sagely nods and says,
'You dream of scaffolds in your sleep
while I create my love and hate.'

2

The self-important city talks
in trolley-cars and clicking locks,
of birth-control and melting clocks,
and thinks you hear.

3

You! who speak of little worlds of men
their genesis, their kings, their exodus.
these men who live by life alone
in this my world. Do you really feel
the lust of the race after life?

4

They shall race through the terrified hearts
faster and faster than leaves in a gale
stripping the twelve black branches bare,
a tree which turns into a man
standing in silent bleak strength,
with a heart of oak and a knotted eye.
"I watch you day and night but do not speak."

5

The sign of the fish shouts down the ancient walls:
Trevi, hear me! Pray for a shell-shocked city,
Per omnia saecula. At the corner of Richmond and Queens
a waste-paper can says "CARE".

6

Please care, and in your care, create.

7

The bulb of my brain has burst in the dark
and left the glow in the socket of my head.
Perhaps, Pascal, you did not die alone
for Easter is late this year.

GUY DEMARINO

And so we walk back home
a little tired, bored
with the things of always . . .
of the street, of the door,
and of that pale sun
which struggles and dies
over the light fog
of a day like always.

Along the river, flowing,
I walk, timeless,
and I accompany it slowly,
together with those things
which men don't see :
a piece of paper,
an insect, a flower,
while the evening descends
light, noiseless,
and my heart cries
for a lost flower.

DON McKAY

THE VANDAL

Behold almighty man
Leading mercenary legions,
Surgical assassins of scientific craft
Through life's most sacred regions;
Their well-wrought desecration
His ruin, not salvation.

NORA KEELING

love's leaf

or, as you like it
but me too
I do
also
(like it)
may it Be well

understood that any resemblance to
any creature living or dead Is purely
coincidental, and may it also be fully
comprehended that any spelling mistakes
are attributable to the tapping machine

alone

for we will have none of the blame
for un-transcendental & techinal imperfections
and blemishes of this
or any other
genre

signed, n.c.k this 15th day of may at s.p.j. .

(love)

Play on Leaves

of lady and sir
bug,

A (LOVE) PLAY BORN
Up

a specific leaf:
either cabbage
or
lettuce...

Pages leading Up
to

THE LETTUCE LEAF

all
about
lady juliet Bug and
or jill

sir

who fell
romantically

In
(love)

as
they climbed

Up
the above-mentioned

LEAF

never
to
come

d
o
w
n
.
.
.
.

which is why
their tale
is meritorius
of these
pages

dedicated to Doctor Ross Woodman,
unless their author should find,
in re-perusing them,
that they have by then become Un-
meritous and worth no more than
such a leaf . . .

Preceded
by this two-paged
Interlude in form of a Letter
by way of an Introduction

to the Leaf

inspired by sir
and not by him to whom
this (l o v e)

PLAY ON LEAVES

is dedicated

*began on this fifteenth
day of may 1962 at
spencer j.....*

cher insecte, mon coeur :

for to maintain the corporal frame in good humour
and in excellent health requires that its bestial appetites
be given their due, yet no more, and so we are giving (it)
just that and then some
moderately and wisely, although there are other parts
also to consider — but of that we'll speak longer anon,
moderately and wisely, I was saying, and longly

yours most sincerely,
(may the two last
words be submitted,
exceptionally, to the
scale of weights and
measures)

yet stay a bit for it does remember me that

your father did speak of the recoon tail of paddy
the neurotic that you played so longly with and agreed
that such an ignominy was unforgivable and this was in a Dream
but WHO shall come to the races

Now

Then

Tell me

a tale (Up love)
of
the
leaf (s)

to put to sleep
this
midsummer night's
dream

the play

(their self (s))

Jack and jill
went up
a hill to fetch a pail
of lettuce leafs

(r e f r a i n)

bis

"I'll n'eer come down"
spake she
"til thee and me
do three and fifty Be"

Then.
at three and fifty
if you, Sir jack the One
that Other's
mounting with,
Do do
your Part and play the game
and mount
Up
this self-same cabbage¹
leaf

we'll down
again and both own up:
a Play like this²
with you and me
(this love)
on leafs
Is
naught but myth
yet
en-grossing³
just
as Plays
must be
still
myths until
they're

o v e r. le 15 mai, 1962

¹synonymous with lettuce or let-us

or john, for 'what's in a name . . . that which?

²lady jill lisps betimes methinks

³en-grossir: from the french verb. by the same name,
employed in its largest transcendental sense . . .

extraneous Epilogue :

it is to Be devoutly hoped
that john,
sir,
will not take ombrage
at not having any articulated⁴
cues
to say.
for
he did
go Up
(love's leafs)
and for all we know
still
Is

W H E R E
T E L L M E
W H E R E
H A S M Y

you know the - rest

yourselfs

Up
there

⁴in the very restricted, vernacular sense of the verb.
verb serving here another function . . . lady's . . .

WINSTON SCHELL

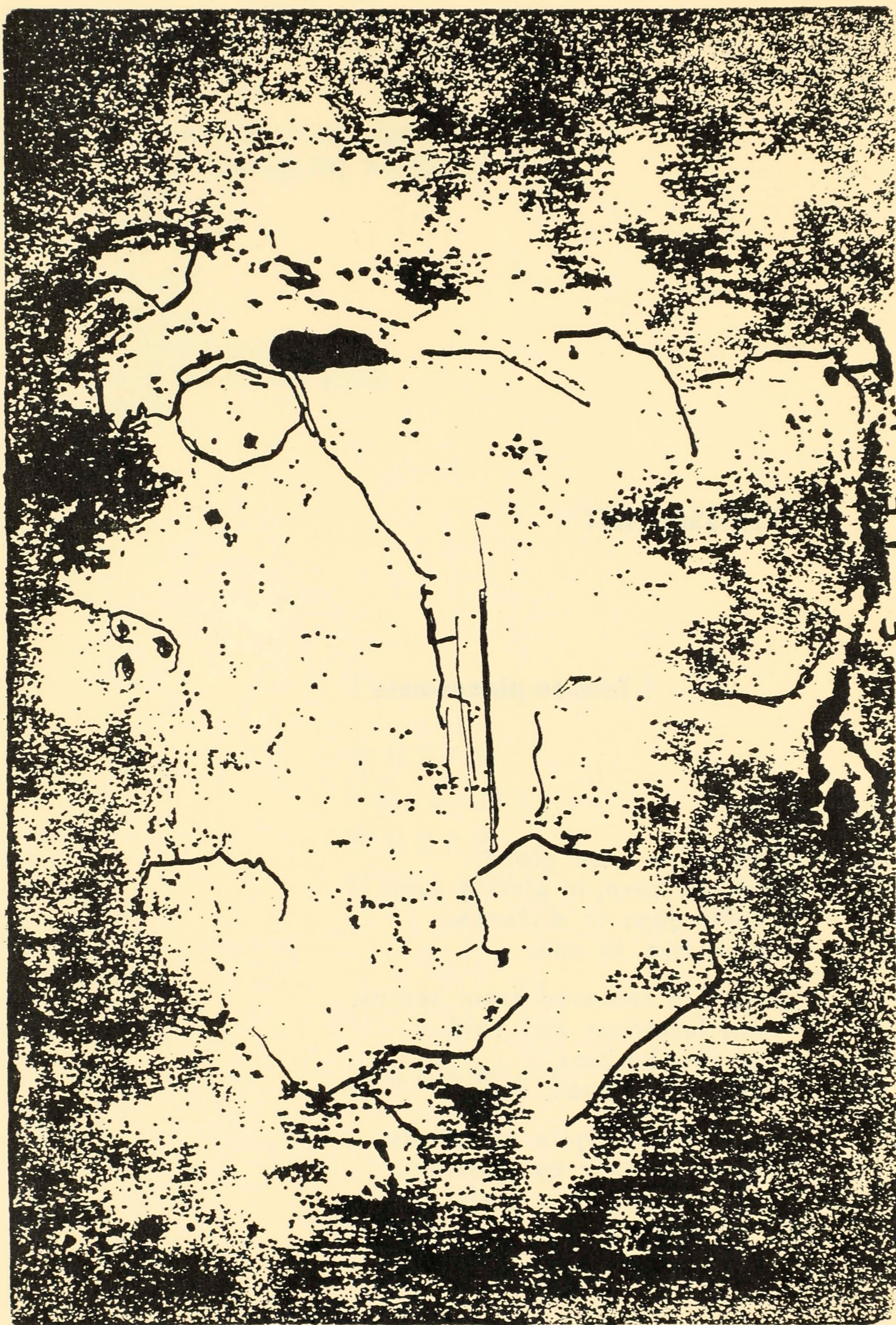
ZERRISSENHEIT

(Torn-to-pieces-ness)

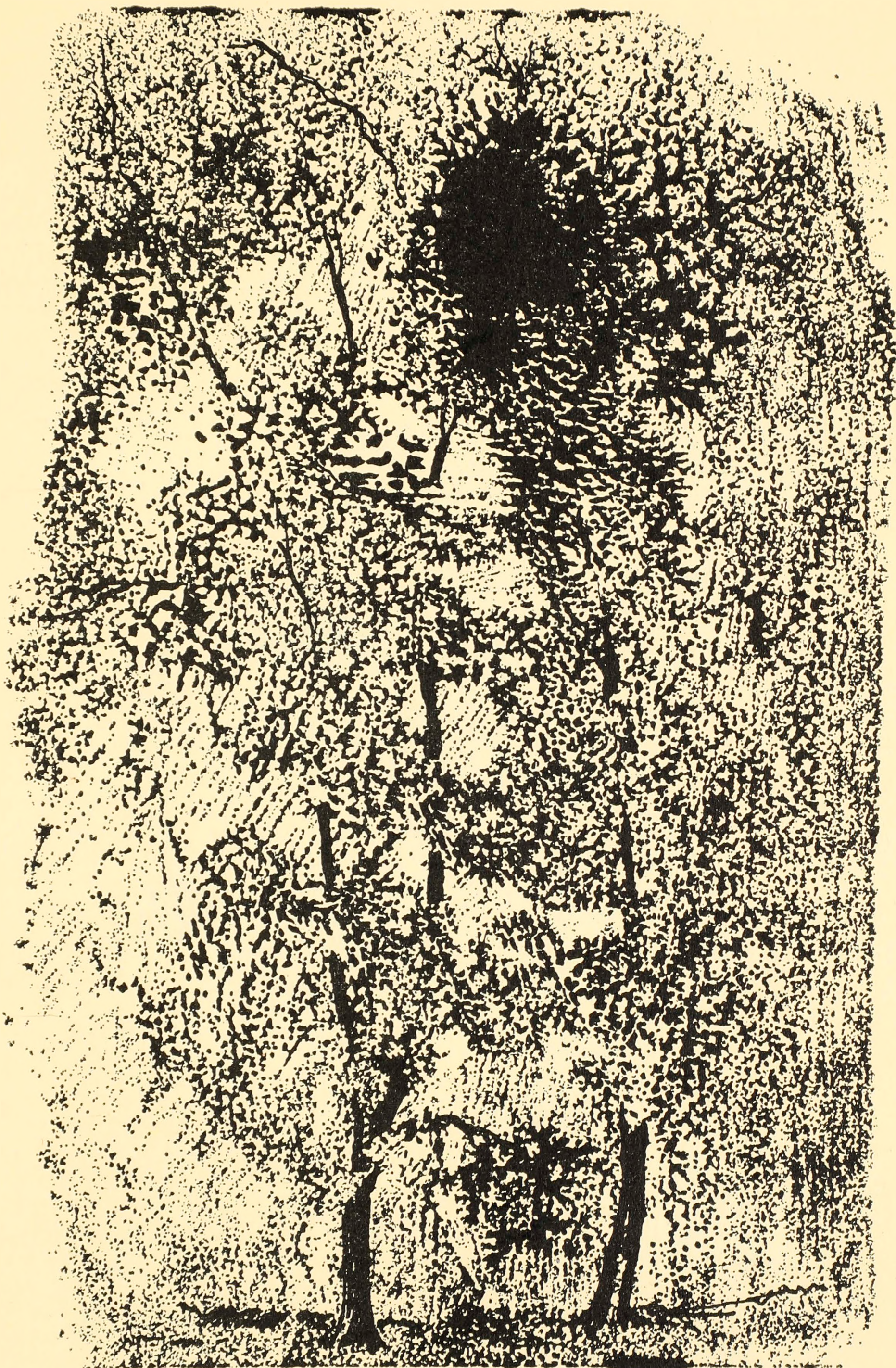
Fingers far from glove,
Forehead bare, in glaring sun;
Granite gaps in distances
Parting two, to one.

Orchestra removed from scores,
Talent lusterless and void.
Pond new horizon,
Challenge, chance, desire.

Shuffle back again my cards.
Bring the clover by quatrain.
Sweet elixir, give a draft;
Fit the pieces close once more!



Fouad Faraki



Fouad Fawaki





Fonad Fama Ki

KEE DEWDNEY

FARMSUITE

Farmjewel brimming on the work
Overran the sweat hardhanded
On the ploughhandle and fencewire.
He heard her talk like warmwind
Winnowing the pasturegrass.

Farmdays wearing his wife
Washed oldclothes every week;
Farmdirt stained lifefabric.
She told the beads of her necklace,
Seven-jewelled for the days.

Farmfree calling the boy home
Clung running through the windywoods.
Saw fat yellow people pack
The corncob church — ministered by Godhusk.
Saw farmfamily hang in the wing — Losinglife.

A FUNNY POEM

Behold a young man,
All dressed in red,
Placed a green veil
On his young lady's head.
He kissed her for true,
He kissed her for sport,
They lay in the bed
And danced in the court.
They flew to the sun
And swam to the moon,
Gamboling at midnight,
Snoring at noon.

The young man grew tired
And jumped out of bed,
— Put a neat Smith and Wesson
Hole in his head.

WAYNE McEWING

The Aftertaste

A playlet to be hammed

SCENE:

A blank white stage: slightly stage left hangs a huge gilt frame containing three people. José, frame right, is standing: Mona is draped on a lounge, frame centre, and P.S. sits on a stool, frame left. There is a low round table in front of the foot of the lounge. On it are a bowl of grapes, three cocktail glasses and a shaker, and a large glass ashtray.

CHARACTERS: *MONA wear a sumptuous reddish wig, courturier make-up, and a long pink peignoir . . . décolleté as an afterthought. She smokes a cigarette in a long black holder which reaches the ashtray on the table*
JOSE, a passionate Latin, is dressed in a tightly-fitting gold matador's costume, hat and all.

P.S. (PHILOSOPHER-STATESMAN) is a short stalky bald man. He is dressed in a suit of rather tarnished armor and he smokes a cigar. A helmet with a wine plume sits at his foot.

ADRIAN is a lithe, blond young man, dressed in black.

AT RISE:

JOSE is lighting MONA'S cigarette; P.S. is engrossed in a pamphlet and a photograph.

ADRIAN wanders up to the 'painting' and, with arms folded, scans it disdainfully.

ADRIAN

My God, what a bore!

P.S.
(starting)

Your God's a bore, you say?

ADRIAN

Don't have a God . . . the picture's a bore.

JOSE

Not this picture. It was painted by a master!

ADRIAN

Looks like last month's vodka advertisement.

JOSE

No culture.

ADRIAN

Say, you're not two dimensional. Aren't you supposed to be at your age?

MONA

What do you mean "at our age"? I hardly think I'm a grandmother image.

ADRIAN

I always thought adults were flat. They have depth!

P.S.

Of course . . . we're alive! Aren't you?

ADRIAN

Nope, only numb.

JOSE

Poor kid. I'd go stark raving without feeling my body alive and . . .

MONA

No confessional now. I'm utterly appalled at you *bragging* about your conquests . . . and in front of a child . . . er . . . a young man.

JOSE

I didn't mean just that. I mean like . . . eating tortillas, drinking milk, feeling the sun heat beat down on me in the bull-ring, hearing the shrieks of the señorita . . .

P.S.

Can we save the epic till after you're dead? What's your name, lad?

ADRIAN

Adrian, and I'm no lad.

MONA

Of course you aren't, darling. Here, climb in and sit by me. *He sits on the floor in front of the couch, his legs dangling over the frame.*

P.S.

I suppose we ought to make ourselves known to you. . . . First, this is Mona.

MONA

But with me names mean nothing, darling. Why, last week I was Venus down the gallery . . . but all those cupids! I nearly had a breakdown.

P.S.

But then a handsome young 'gallant' came and took her away from all that. Right José?

JOSE

Ah, the battle of hearts and with we had . . . the hours of agony.

P.S.

Insinuatingly to Adrian

She travels lightly.

MONA

Isn't he brilliant, darling . . . Have a grape.

He reaches for the bowl

No, no. Sit up and beg. I'll drop them in . . . Better yet, I'll make a wish each time.

Adrian tips back his head, opens his mouth, and holds his hands like the paws of a begging dog; José begins chinning himself on the gilt grame.

P.S.

If you don't mind, I'm not through introducing yet . . . this is officially José.

Adrian tries to speak

MONA

Don't say anything, pet. You'll choke on a grape.

P.S.

He exercises so he'll fit those size eight pants.

But why he wears them I'll never know. He can't fight bulls; he's afraid of them.

JOSE

dangling from the frame

I wear them chasing rodents. I have the largest collection of stuffed rodents in Spain.

P.S.

He does come from a large family.

Adrian chokes

MONA (to P.S.)

Please, darling. You made Adrian choke.

JOSE

I'm willing to forget the remark.

P.S.

I bet you are.

JOSE

Really, in these trousers I feel like I'm a living Academy Award for the whole female sex.

MONA

Come dear, you can do better than that. Why, my seventh husband . . . or was it my eighth . . . it doesn't matter, one of them anyway . . . he used that pitch years ago.

JOSE
 You're interrupting my calisthenics.

MONA
 Sweet Adrian . . .
glances at José, then pointing out P.S.
 this is our intelligentsia . . . we call him a philosopher-
 statesman.

P.S.
to Adrian
 Just P.S. to you.

MONA
 You know dear, your heart just isn't *in* eating grapes today . . .
 If you have a problem or anything . . .

P.S.
 A problem! No less than a crisis. Otherwise he wouldn't
 be here.

JOSE
 He needs to assert himself as a man . . . bring out
 the animal nature a bit.

ADRIAN
pensively
 But there's no problem . . . no crisis . . . not even any
 compulsions . . .

P.S.
 I can't believe it. Have young people changed?

JOSE
 Must have.

ADRIAN
 . . . well, there's always . . .

P.S.
 Ah hah!

MONA
 You can tell me, dear.

ADRIAN
 Well, you see, this friend of mine . . .

JOSE
 Female?

ADRIAN
 Male.

JOSE
dejected
 Oh.

MONA
 Would you please stop interrupting . . . Go on, dear.

ADRIAN
 Well, he's about my age and . . . and he may die.

MONA
gasps

drops from frame to couch
How horrible. So young.

JOSE

P.S.

And what's the nature of his affliction?

MONA

He means, where does it hurt, dear.

ADRIAN

Pause; he stares at them
You're really concerned!

MONA

Of course . . .
in a half-whisper to José
José, Adrian needs more than grapes. Mix us something,
won't you.

JOSE

What'll I do for a glass?

MONA

Have you no feelings? Here I'm trying to console the
poor thing, and you keep harping about glasses . . .
give him yours.

under her breath to P.S.

It's all your fault.

to Adrian

You know, darling, we have our problems too. You've
noticed that José always knows *how* to do something . . .
sighs luxuriously

. . . but just when he's ready to *do* something about it,
this great oaf asks him *why* he wanted to do it in
the first place.

P.S.

I must express my basic inclinations.

MONA

Well, if you express them once more, I'll cry all
over you and rust your joints.

JOSE

Then the old softie will be stiffer than ever, hm?

MONA

Stop chattering and start mixing.
starting

Oh, Adrian, I'm dreadfully sorry.
confidentially

They don't know any better. You *do* have our
sympathy, dear.

ADRIAN

uncomfortably
A charming sentiment.

JOSE

Here. This'll fix you up.

ADRIAN

sceptically

It's pretty muddy looking.
sips it; make a wry face
Huee. It's bitter!

P.S.

It's the aftertaste that counts . . . I call it a life
cocktail.

ADRIAN

Habit-forming, I presume.
We all just *live* for them.

P.S.

Toasting life in life cocktails . . . quaint, hm?

ADRIAN

Sounds boring.

MONA

Only the first few, darling.

P.S.

And then the more you drink, the less you're bored.

ADRIAN

You can't hand me that. 'Hanging' around here all
the time.

MONA

to José

We have our little flutters, don't we, dear? Even
P.S. has his correspondence course.

P.S.

enthusiastically

Oh yes, there's a booklet . . . "Yoga for Knights in Armours",
and a mimeographed reproduction of my armpit for
easy contemplation.

ADRIAN

to José

You're not even bored loafing?

JOSE

Not since I read one of those posters . . . you know . . .
"Join the Nouveau-Riche, see the world".

ADRIAN

I take it you saw it.

P.S.

We all did!

ADRIAN

rising

And you end up life-oholics . . . Man, that's where I
runs away

MONA

shouts after him

You'll end up in another one.

smiles genuinely

The aftertaste is sweet.

curtain

PETER HESS

SUBURBAN SPRING

Brown, rusty rails,
Meeting in eternity,
Divide
The swamp of spring-soaked snow.
Water drips.
Do you remember?
That streetcar, jumping its tracks —
Wires hang across;
White crows
Fall
Steep
Among
Dumb, heavy houses.
And look, there!
Black, naked branches
Cut
Purple coloured pieces of clouds
Out of soothing sky.
Soft winds touch crying hands,
They move slowly,
Almost open . . .

LINDA BROWNE

VALE EMPEDOCLES

Say farewell gather your feet
in your hands jellyfish
swansinging craterwards
bang down the rabbit hole
hoping hopping netherly
elemental reunion.

No ash to your flame
but no phoenix to rise;
your quarter part is bellows
when our breath dies.

Beneath your balanced earth
the rivulets of tears
through parts made perfect
by order in the stars.

Uncompounded no longer feel
generate by lust or fears
or sterile thought but four in none
you race quotidian with the sun.

Yet still we wait on Etna
gathering lava exteriorly
coated for cooling generations
until our small depressions dug
be filled again with clay.

Reply from the crater (not for serious readers)
Bye-bye bloody old world!
All that red in the pork
and bean sky. Not very dewy
on the dewline. Safe here.
Whole library thomist phil.
Bloomsday and Ash Wednesday.

Two Exits

The two funniest exits in English literature send one actor into a crater and the other into the jaws of a bear. To laugh at these may require a macabre or "sick" sense of humour, or plain insensitivity; but laugh you must. Tragedy is not a matter of tears but of laughter loudly directed at the universe.

The lines I refer to are from the works of rather odd bedfellows, Matthew Arnold and William Shakespeare. Arnold's comic stage direction, "he plunges into the crater," is given to Empedocles in the dramatid poem, *Empedocles on Etna*; Shakespeare has Antigonus "exit pursued by a bear" in *The Winter's Tale*. To be sure, the laughter provoked by the first is grimmer and more hysterical than the second, which is pure farce. Most romantics, if there are any left, would decline to laugh at Empedocles' leave-taking; and if they had the courage of their poetic convictions they would go and do likewise. Moralists, too, would stifle guffaws at the crater's rim; laughing at a suicide is hardly an acceptable social reaction. The bear-exit is a less serious matter because it hasn't the soulful appeal of the intellectual suicide. After all, the bear is a gimmick, and Antigonus is devoured offstage.

But when Empedocles plunges into the crater, this, according to modern editors, is the tragedy of contemporary man, or at least of the contemporary artist. Arnold himself, in suppressing the poem, found Empedocles "painful"; the dialogue of the mind with itself finds no vent for its suffering. I suggest that Arnold unwittingly gives Empedocles a resolution in laughter, our laughter. I do not suggest that Empedocles is not to be taken seriously, because laughter is always serious. Laughter, at any rate, is preferable to indifference; and a straight-faced approach to Empedocles is an indifferent one.

Assuming, then, that we can muster a laugh, however hollow, when Empedocles takes the leap, we should find some justification for this response. It lies in the irony of Empedocles' existence, and in the absurdity of his jump. Like Janus, he has two faces. He scorns the people yet accepts their acclamation as "wizard", a restorer of life to the dead. He impresses Pausanias with his advice for better living through moderation, but Empedocles himself believes not a word of it. He is incapable of following his own advice; since he cannot dream, he does despair. Human existence is unbearable; the universe is not in harmony with man; other existences clash with his; he is dead to spontaneous emotion. Empedocles is "the weary man, the banish'd citizen,"

who can not longer find in himself a source of courage. Since "mind is the spell which governs earth and heaven," he can only despair when heaven and earth mock the harmonies invented by the mind. His attempt to defy death, to annul one of the calamities of existence, was a fraud. The girl to whom he had restored life had probably only suffered a cataleptic fit; Empedocles knew, but still would be called a wizard by the people he scorned. His advice to Pausanias is fraudulent because he assumes that his friend need not despair. Only Empedocles, the banished man, can despair. Other existences are unimportant compared to his own; he is the lofty man alone on the heights of Etna. No one can understand *his* alienation. To others he gives fake resurrections and his contempt, and, ostracized from society, he rejects the attempts of his new friends to help him. Callicles' hymn to natural beauty, godlore and heroic wisdom cannot touch him; to Pausanias he gives half his awareness of human agony sermonized. Only Empedocles can **thirst** for eternal harmony, when others, the foot-hill dwellers, can manage either in ignorance, or by a bit of positive thinking.

Existence is too narrow a crib for Empedocles, too downgrading for his aspiring mind. He is limited to human clay and the vagaries of the universe, in which he finds no "poise", no balance. What can he do, then, but deny his particular composition as a man, and split himself four ways into the absolute purity of the elements? What can he do, then, but attain the absurdity of suicide?

The irony of it is that Empedocles does not carry his chaotic conception of the universe to its logical conclusion. His suicide is a last-ditch stab at ordering the external world, in that he would transmute his imperfectibility into the balance of absolute particles—earth, air, fire, water. Had his despair been complete, he would not have clung to his final dream. The man at the summit of human awareness, the intellectual consumed by the restlessness of mind, thinks he can soar above human existence by throwing his unresponsive body into a crater of fire. As a man, he can go no higher, pulled back as he is by human gravity, and pinioned by its discord, terror, and meaninglessness. The final tyranny of the naked mind sends the body into the inferno. Had Empedocles doubted the elements of the living stars, this act of self-destruction would have been as absurd to him as the "latest miracle".

The idea of cosmic order is laughable, and Empedocles, who should have known better, is laughable in his attempt to transmogrification. A "slave to thought," he denies half his being and destroys it wholly. Chained inevitably to existence in the world because he was born into it, he breaks this bondage by forging the more terrifying mental fetters with which he blots out his own being. It does not matter whether Empedocles does join the elements or not; either way, his being is annihilated. That is, he annihilates the only ordering element that can exist, his human consciousness and his human craft. The world is real but unordered; the mind is real and unordered, but at moments flashes with divinity, the divinity of laughter. This is the "poise" that Empedocles lacked, and probably Arnold. That is why we must laugh when Empedocles jumps, or we would follow.

It is less difficult to laugh at Antigonus exiting, pursued by a bear. Even when the clown reports how the bear has "half din'd upon the gentleman," we are quite callously ready to agree on the low comedy value of such a fate. Antigonus is a much less significant person than Empedocles; he is a Lord of Sicilia merely carrying out his king's order by abandoning the supposedly illegitimate infant, Perdita, on the coast of Bohemia. The jealous King Leontes had accused his queen of adultery and had declared the child she had delivered of was not his but Polixenes', King of Bohemia. While Antigonus reluctantly is doing Leontes' command, the queen "dies". Antigonus, then, does have a kind of struggle within himself, because his heart is against the deed. But it is by no means the cosmic struggle of Empedocles. There is an interesting parallel, however, in the states of mind of Empedocles and Antigonus before their comically disastrous exits; that is, they are both operating on completely mental levels, and letting their tyrannical minds control their physical actions. Empedocles, dreaming, jumps; Antigonus, convinced by a dream that Perdita is indeed illegitimate, abandons the child.

Antigonus has dreamed that Hermione, Perdita's mother, appeared to him in a dream. Her words have convinced him that:

Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apolo would (this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes) it should here be laid
(Either for life, or death) upon the earth
Of its right father. (*The Winter's Tale*, 111.3)

On the lower level, this leaving of the child to its almost certain destruction is roughly analagous to Empedocles' jump — human existence destroyed through the determination of the mind alone.

But Shakespeare is not a modern artist, despite the disciples of Freud, and it is very seldom that his dramatic action is wholly mentally determined. He is a bear, a real bear, not a fabricated bogey of the mind, chase Antigonus and dine on him. Mind is not the spell that governs earth and heaven; often there are quite inexplicable bears that rush at us and change our course of existence, not matter how intellectual we are. Shakespeare's characters reach the summit of Etna many times, with the same state of mental torture as Empedocles, but they also exit pursued by a bear. The flights of the mind are sometimes checked by external forces, unreasonable and often destructive, but always very real and consequential. Perhaps if such a bear had dined upon Empedocles, this would have been a better death, a death in accord with the chaos of existence, death within meaningless disorder, not death through imagined cosmic harmony with the elements.

In either case, however, the exits are comic. Death is the final irony of human existence.

KEE DEWDNEY

THE CAROUSEL

One day I saw
A wheelarolling.
Whirl skyround by,
Groundlow, sunhigh.

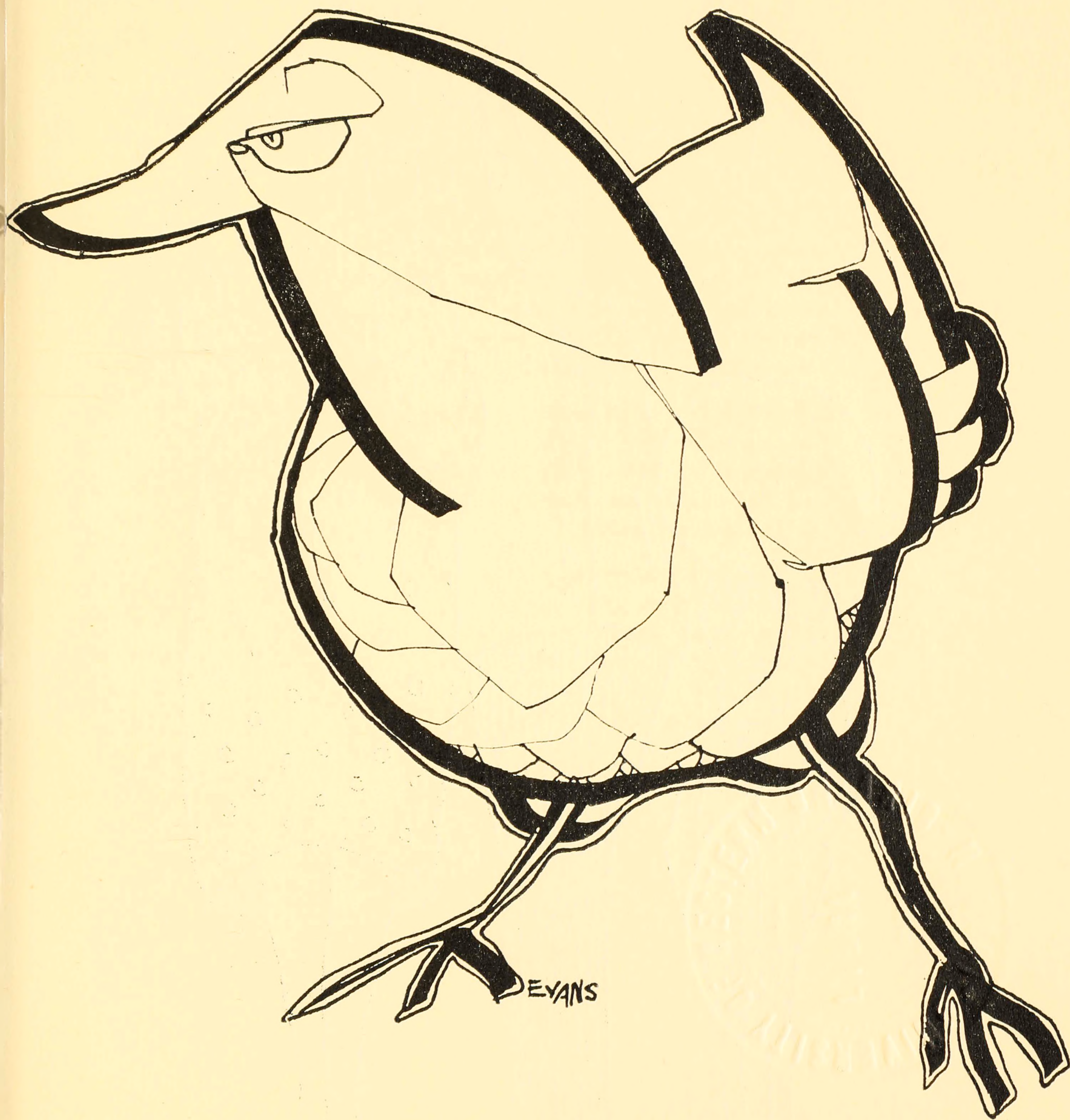
A boy rode on a plaster horse
And trotted half a fairground day,
Dreaming of a funny course
To gallop stupid horse away.
Then whirl skyround by!

Brasspole snapped and thunder clapped;
Brassring fell from hole.
Poorparents dead, the children fled
And townbells knelled the toll.
Groundlow sunhigh!

The boy laughed silly on his steed,
A beast of fire and dark.
Gaygalloped from the midway,
Cried cray in the park.
Groundlow.
Way in the middle of the air.

AN EGG SONG

The egg is filled with looking out
That pecks the speckled skin,
And stumbling in a world of doubt,
Struts its stuff by looking in.





... UNTO THE FOURTH GENERATION

Donner Dewdney

