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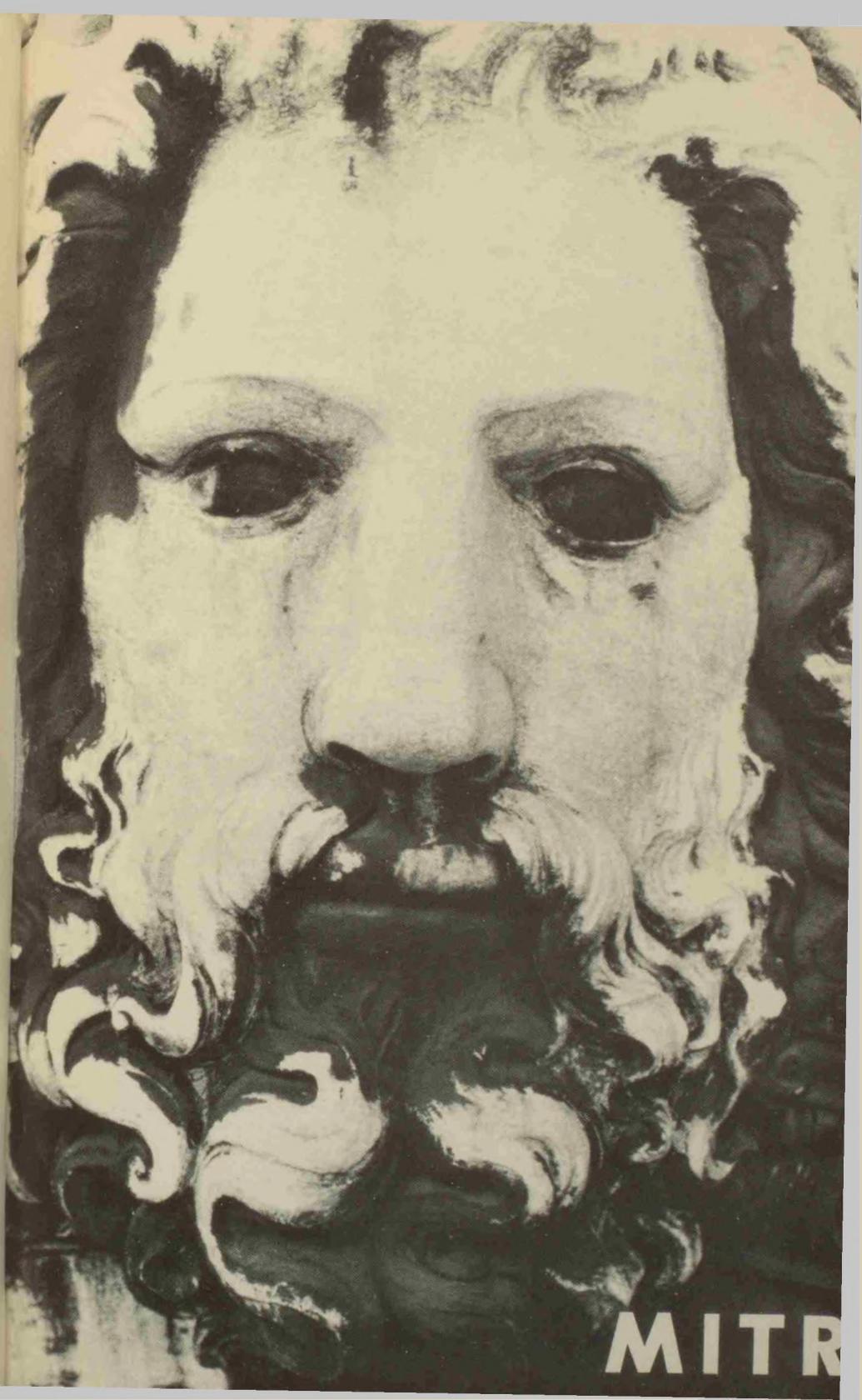
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FAT EDITOR



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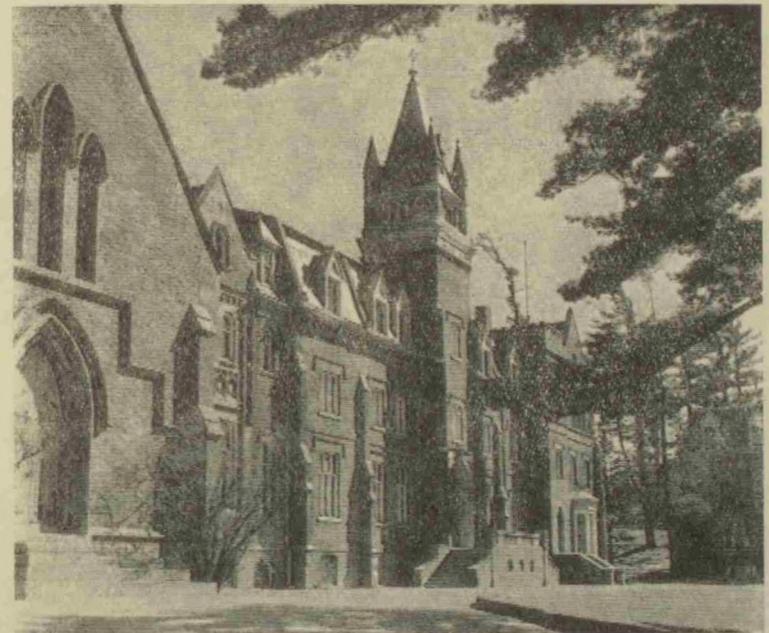
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THE REGISTRAR
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THE CITY POEMS

(vi)

sometimes in the city you cannot close your ears.

oversensitized, you feel your body filling
with the putrid warmth of grating sounds.

but listen slowly to the rain:
concentration sets all motion slower
and the heavy single drops from the eaves
punctuate the constant tingling of the free-fall drops.

and when your mind goes further till the skull
is open to the pouring sky
each member drop becomes an entity
that sears and slices into your soul
with the curious pain of the dentist's syringe
which curls your toes but is tolerated because
the sensation is somehow pleasing in its curiosity.

concentrate :

your brain is all you feel -
a lump of ugly tissue that is you
and vulnerable like an ant on pavement.

EDWARD HARPER

Sandpipers and crippled seahorses
jostle excitedly
for a place in the last tide.

JOHN GRIFFIN





INTERPLAY

We sit,
Stare,
And take a stand,
One degree off direct confrontation.

We mumble,
Carefully,
Taking aim,
One degree off reasonable conversation.

We lie left,
Sigh,
And cry right,
One degree off meaningful relation.

PETER FUNK

Frankly, Christ,
I would rather someone else
remind us of our wound.
not the two thieves,
they have been high up
too long too
rather any old man
accidentally cut
I delegate him to stain
the air
to know that he is you

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THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY

I

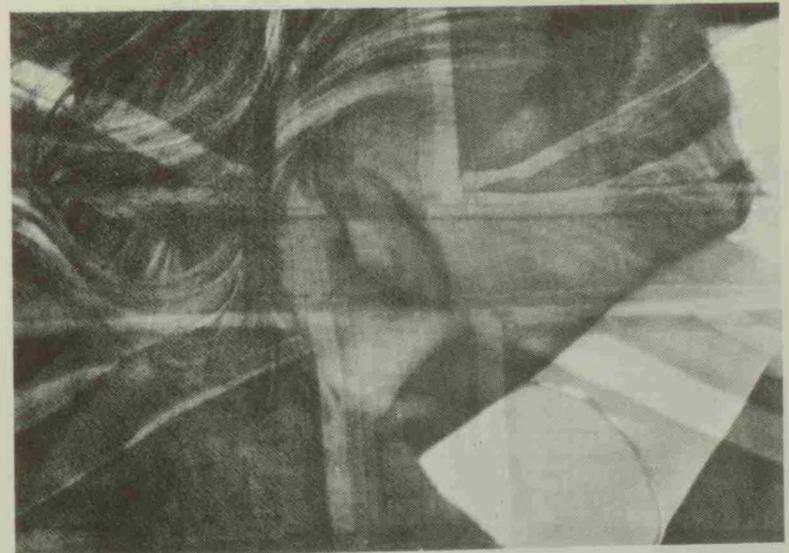
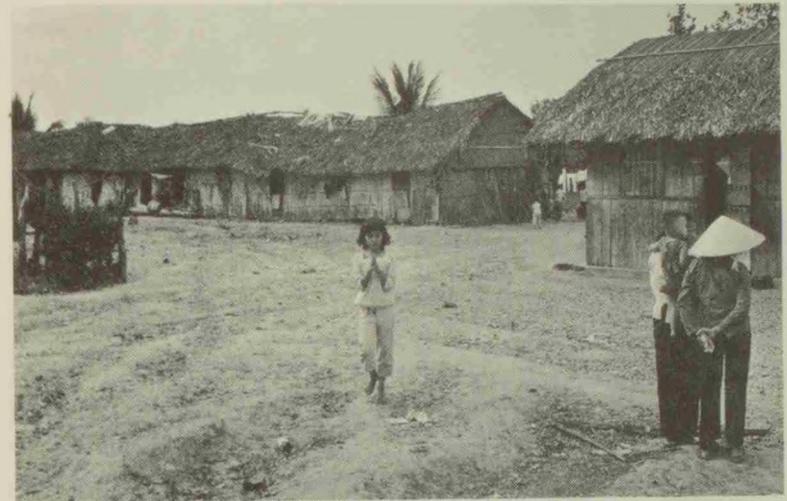
in as much as I oppose you,
I am with you
in as much as you are wiser,
you will never understand.
in as much as we are different
we are one.

in as much as you are my destroyer
you cannot touch me.
in as much as it is not,
it is
and we will again
see each other
as one an image of himself in a pool
though knowing not the image
from the real.

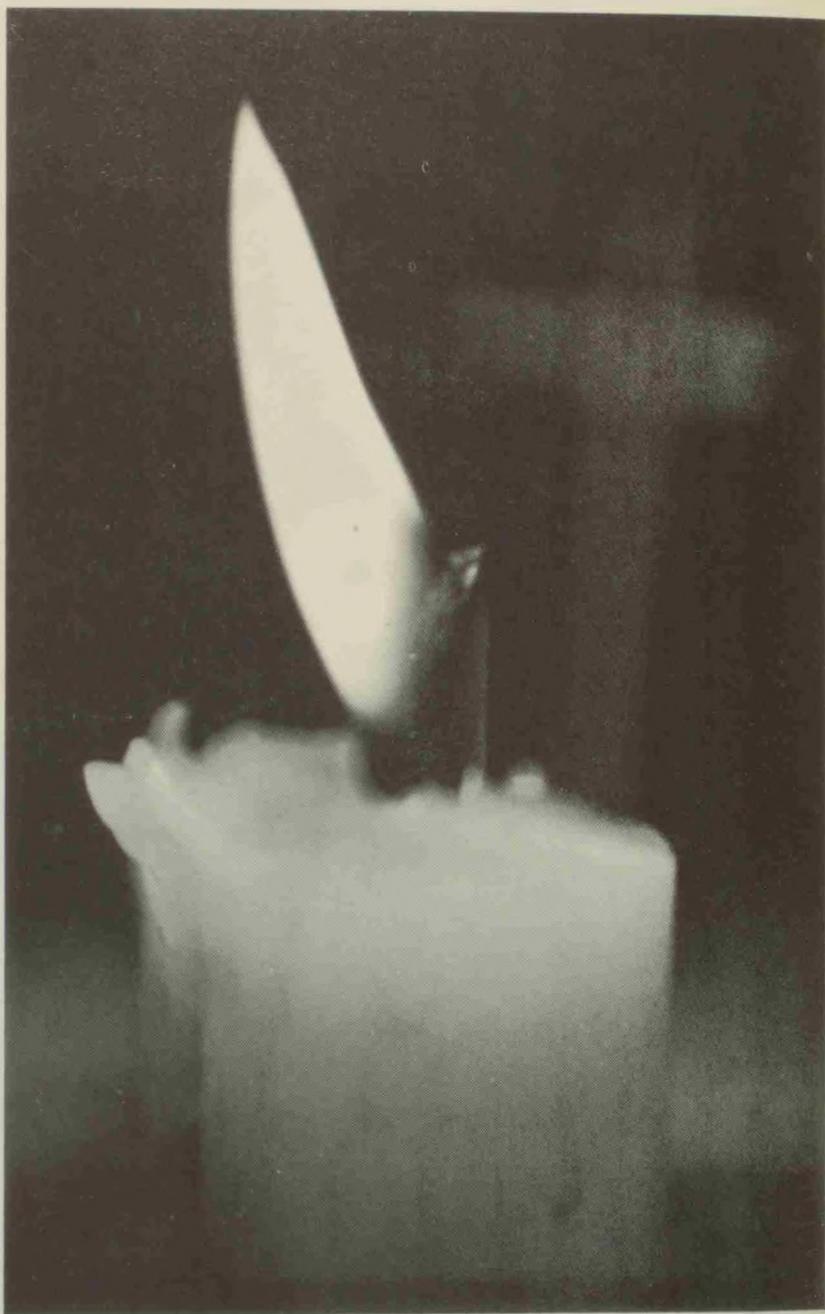
II

and if you said it was
what did it matter if it
was or it wasn't
only that you held me
and though the music of ourselves
we thought we held
(at arms length)
those works of art
that were
ourselves.

ROBERT HACKETT







Pierre Berton, *THE SMUG MINORITY* (Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, 1968).

Mr. Berton having taken on the Church a few years ago now appears to combat just about every other group in sight, with the exception of the Poor and the Hippie Movement. His prose is a blend of H. R. Menken and John Porter but unfortunately he lacks the bitterness of the former and the well-documented research of the latter.

The thesis of the book is that our society is sick, sick in its policies, sick in its values, and sick in its leadership. According to Berton our values, primarily that work is a good thing, stem from a Puritan heritage. These values are obsolescent in an age where technology has made most work unnecessary. So far these ideas seem neither original nor daring. As Berton admits, Max Weber said it all sixty years ago with reference to the work ethic and countless others have discussed automation. But when the view is expressed that work itself may become obsolete questions arise. Surely the point is not that jobs are disappearing but rather that unskilled jobs are disappearing. Berton therefore misses the point and his discussion on this topic contributes little to intelligent debate.

Berton also questions our values. How are these formulated? The Smug Minority is firmly in control. This group which apparently encompasses business, law, education, religion, and journalism still believes the Puritan ethic and frustrates needed change. Yet nowhere is this group identified. Perhaps is is the 'power elite' of John Porter; perhaps something else, Mr. Berton does not enlighten us. Yet I find it difficult to believe that a small group could effectively dictate the norms of a whole society, particularly a society which, as Berton admits, allows a considerable degree of political freedom. Apparently the smug minority consists of the Canadian Manufacturers Association, the Property Owners League of Ontario, organized labour and most politicians. Yet Berton considers these groups as monolithic with no difference between them. As such he presents a concept of 'they' reminiscent of a certain prairie politician at his paranoid best.

Mr. Berton is also guilty of inconsistency. He attacks Senator McCutcheon, unjustly, as a proponent of *laissez faire* and reduced welfare, and at the same time quotes extensively the writings of the Canadian Welfare Council, of which the maligned senator was for many years chairman.

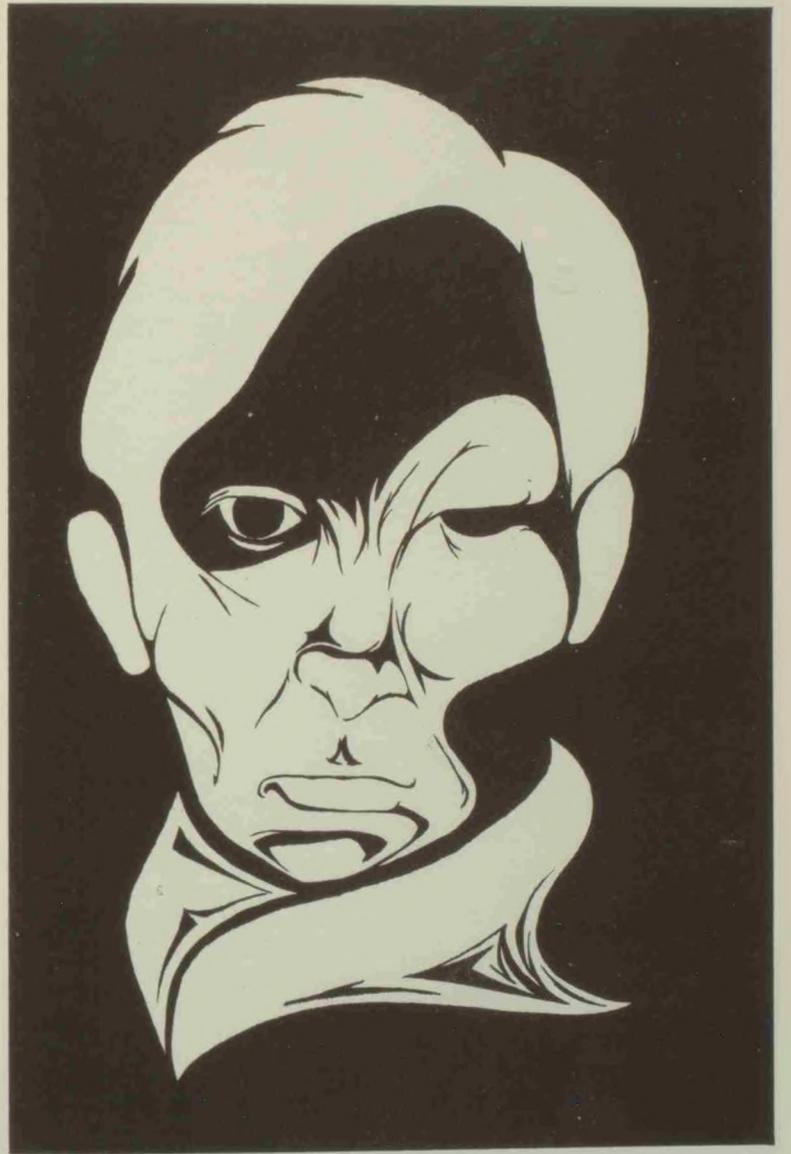
In the field of education Berton uses the debating trick of comparing opposition to free university education with opposition to free education at lower levels. The analogy does not hold. University education is not mere training and is not necessary or even desirable for the whole population. Also when Mr. Berton states that the median income of families of law and medical students is in the \$5-6000 range he is in fact admitting that half the families have incomes of less than this amount. Granted that there is class inequality in education, it does not follow that free education would improve the situation. The author concedes that motivation is the more important factor but suggests no real solution to the problem. His ideas on the reform of education are either vague or timid, the ideas expressed by Richard G. Needham or Dennis Braithwaite are far more interesting.

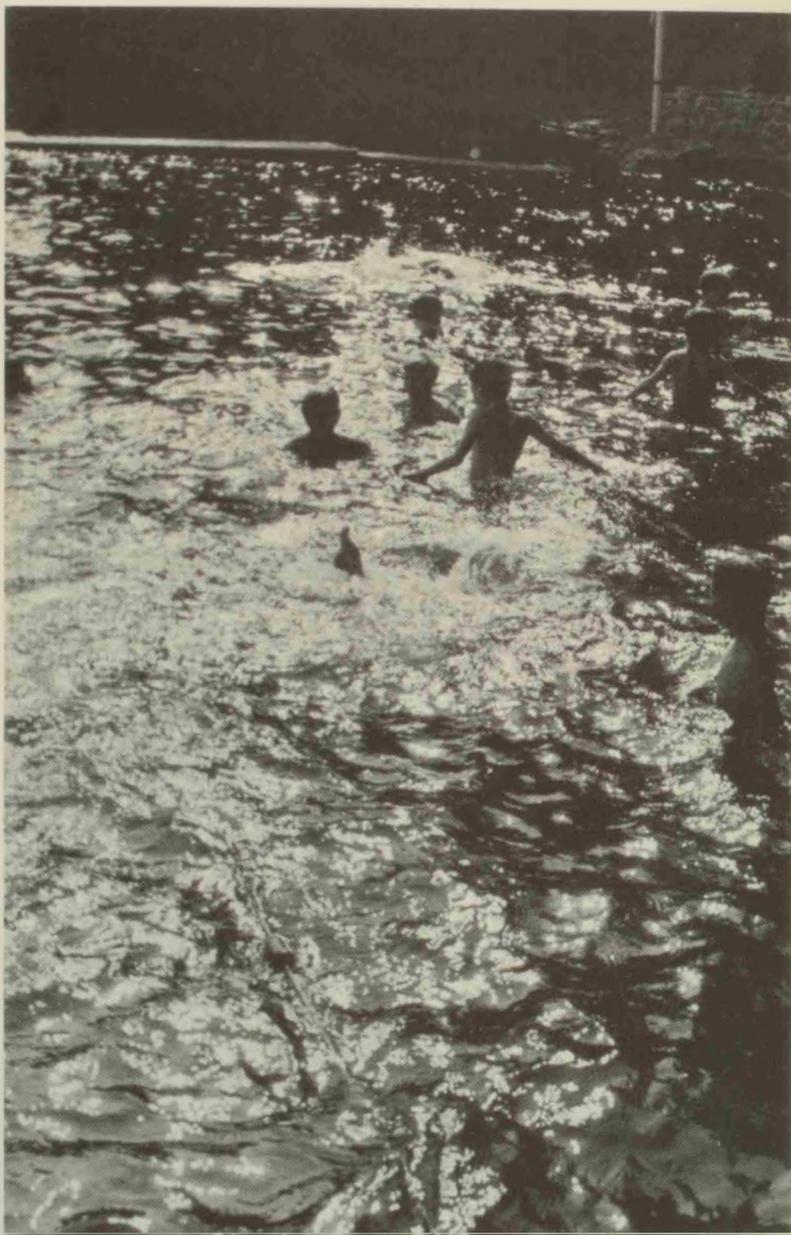
The above is not to say that the book is without merit. Many parts, particularly the discussion of families on welfare, will sear the conscience of Canadians. Also Berton's advocacy of a guaranteed annual income, while unoriginal, will hopefully speed up the introduction of this necessary and important measure. Nonetheless on the whole, Berton is neither original, nor challenging. All his ideas have been expressed better by someone else. His style is pure journalese and his conclusions unstartling. With his reputation, the book should sell many copies but offers little or nothing to the advancement of Canadian society. I am afraid Berton sums up his own value as social critic in the epilogue.

"Mingling with them, shoving and pushing, blowing in tin whistles and hammering endlessly on the drums are the popular radio and newspaper commentators, the outspoken hosts of openline radio shows, the crusading columnists, the perennial TV panelists, the sociologists and popular philosophers, the supporters of these causes which have just caught the public fancy or are about to catch it. Some of them have their ear so close to the ground that they stumble blindly about".

Reviewed by :
JAMES MABBUTT







EXODUS

the breaker collapses in ecstasy
on the sand and children play;
we, standing, feel the icy froth flow
over feet that grip the sand stones
and the swirling sinking 'round our feet
transmutes and pulls the stomach tight
against vertebra rigid from the blackening air.

it hurts in its tragedy:
predetermined and unmovable,
elusive and lost.

the children playing capture it:
busy hands build a tiny dam
of sand and hold a fragment of the sea
from running with its own;
"we've caught the sea!"
"and a fiddler crab too!"
"we'll keep him here to play with!"

when we left in the morning
the water was withered and warm
like an apple too long in the cellar,
and the fiddler crab sank to the bottom
and drowned.

and further down the beach
children play
breakers collapsing in ecstasy.

EDWARD HARPER

(This poem is to be published in QUARRY).

Phantas magoric
a water spider
gliding
erratically

a calculating
pair of eyes
querrying and unfathomable,
deliberately.

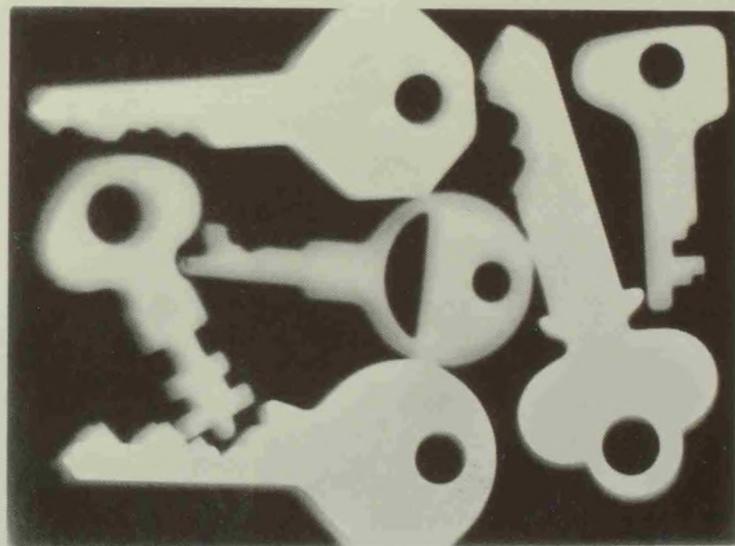
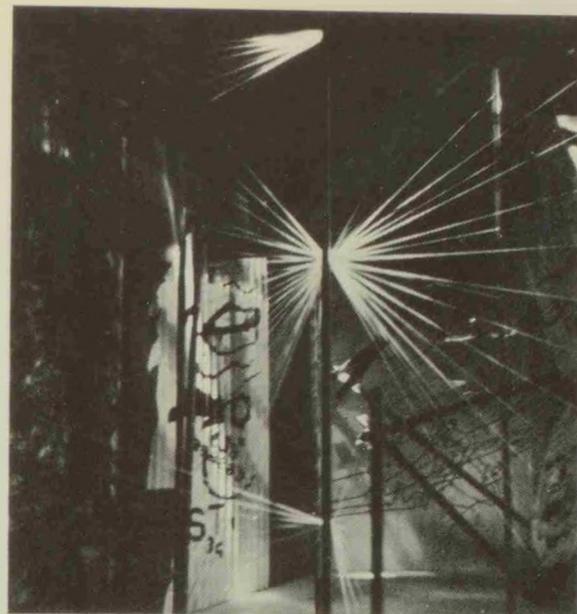
microcosm in someone else's cosmos.
balanced schizophrenia

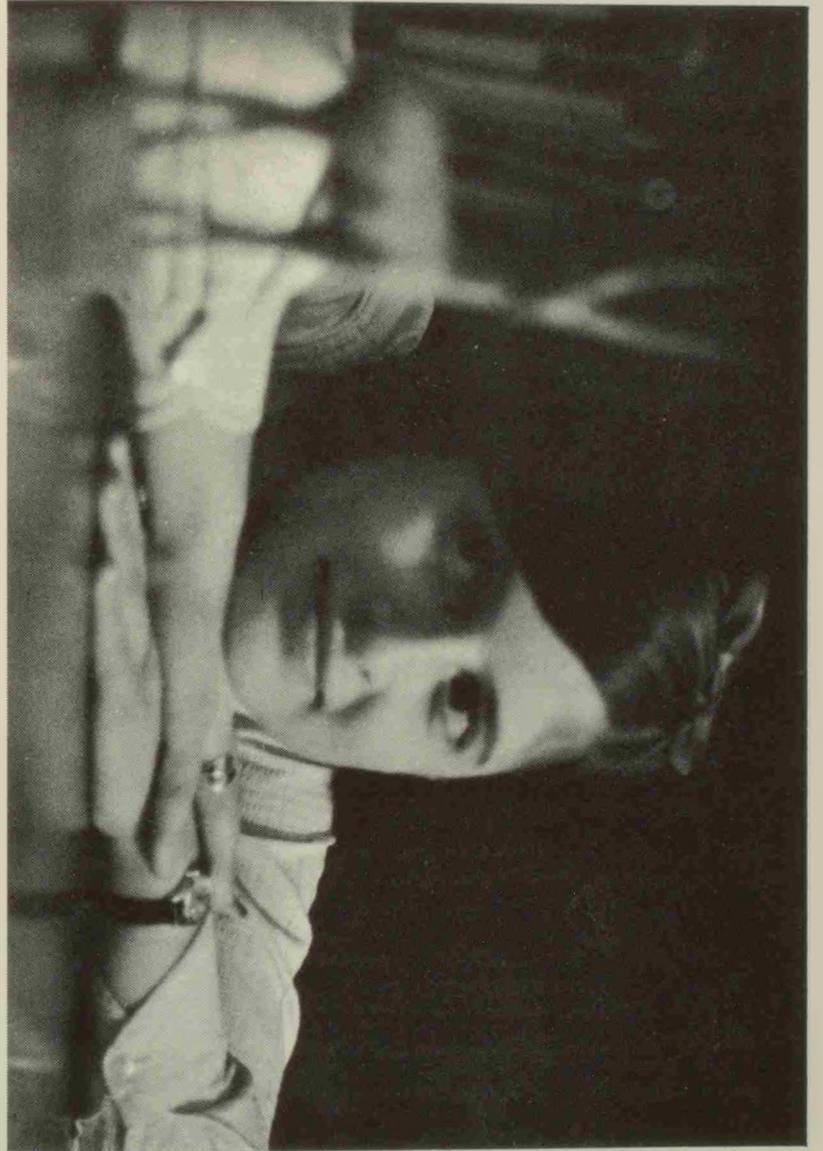
DIANA HARRINGTON

BUTTERCUP SPRING

"This is a buttercup world",
I said, that spring, and you laughed.
"This is a push-and-pull world,
A mechanical world of science",
You said, and speaking, pulled
Up a buttercup, pushed up my chin.
"Do you like butter, and are you sweet?"
You said, and kissed me there
In the buttercups that spring.

ROSEMARY KENT-BARBER







MR. WALTER DE LA MARE

The Master of Mice
Is lost in his woods,
Alone with the owls.

Someone is knocking,
Someone is listening,
Alone in the dark.

Soft snow is falling,
Someone is walking,
Alone in his woods.

The Master of Mice
Is home in his woods,
Alone with his own.

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Fascinating types : —
 like garbage
 in green plastic bags
full of the same frozen food cartons
and egg shells
and coffee grinds
or grapefruit pips
maybe?

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lovingly decorated
deplorably ignored.
vacuoles of potential
 granite bitches
 impeccable commuters

DIANA HARRINGTON

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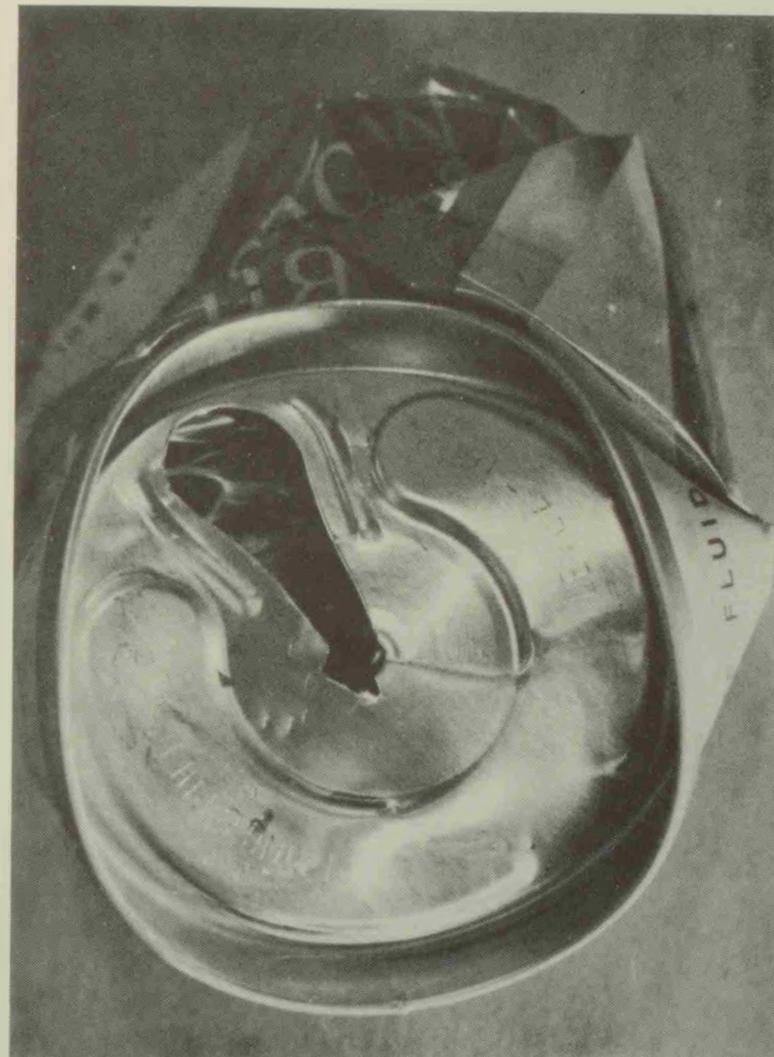


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REVELATION

O my friends, my people.

The room strewn with casual-postured
Sliding up straitening only
For the cold bottle, glass bit, white
Milk, cream, juice, smoke
And smoothing softly, o quietly
Wander to wide-pupilled quiescence

The gods are happy
They turn on all sides
Their shining golden eyes

The music and solemn ceremony
Of making tea, talking, toking
Touches our frailty with flesh-warm
Feeling of generous and gentling
Gap of darkness delivering us
Dumb from the living loneliness
Laughing outside, around, beyond.

After such forgiveness, what knowledge?

We are all friends here
Here we all love each
One another; the young man
In the corner looking afraid
Is unreal even as you and
Let us tell him with our minds
That he is welcome here
Here we are all friends
PLEEZE TO STOP CRYING

Yes Virginia there is a reality
But it is not for you, or us
It belongs to them, and they
Do not know it, they only are;
It is coming to get you

Our life balances on decisions
We have not the making of,
Nor the knowing of,
Nor the choosing
Our meaning balances on actions
We have not the making of,
Nor the knowing of,
Nor the choosing
Our peace balances on living
We have not the making of
Nor the knowing of
Nor the choosing.

I, Tiresias, young man
With wrinkled old man's thoughts
Am become a puppet prancing
For sand drifts and maggots and dust,
The thin cackling I that watches.
The delight of part is grown now
The habit of the whole — this
Covers you, the Hanged Man.

Note the expression is one
Of enchantment not suffering
O Circe, Circe
The bowl again.

We have not the making of

The sordid soiled awareness
Of why they speak, why touch,
Turn, why I understand, why
In these terms of drowned
Innocence; violation done in
Murdering Medusa's mind's eye.
We have graven images, fallen
Into blindness; touch stone-cold.
This crosses you, the Chariot

Note he is victorious in action
But cannot answer the goddess

O Circe, Circe,
The bowl again.

We have not the making of
Nor the knowing of

Family compels the ritual of together
The Church pleads postures of believing
Law prescribes gestures of normalcy
Friends require the mask of attention
Lovers, the plotting of happiness.
And still the future is not yet;
Pick up your mattress and walk.
This crowns you, the Fool.

Note he stands, moving on cliff-edge
As though angels would catch him
The sun knows whether and where
He does not know

We do not believe in angels
Or in sun's knowing
Or (Circe, Circe
The bowl again!)
In cliff-edges.

We have not the making of
Nor the knowing of
Nor the choosing

We are not Ulysses, strong
Nor yet Tiresias, fore-knowing
Nor even Circe, controlling —
But the youth drunk, drinking:
Broken by our knowing.

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THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE :
A MENTAL HOUSECLEANING

My heart is beating. Fast, faster, faster. and it won't hold back from pushing my blood to my head and down and around every nerve. Tingle . . . never yet when cold and arm-stiff, hunched. Apart? Not now, for pulse is running wild . . . surge force.

No, don't hold back. No, they understand, they understand, they understand. I love them all for that. Look at them. Look at me and look how we are the same minds but divided up into people-sized parcels of mind. Everybody gets a share. Line up on the right please. No, you've been given your share little one, now go off and discover yourself. Patience little one it might take a while . . . and mind is shareable. Two can become one, one can melt into the other, and swirls of thought go spinning. And you're not "you" any more but the other half of the dual mind you have discovered. Spinning. galaxies spin. slow. eternally turn. slooowwwwwly.

Pulse race, mind race. Don't hold back . . . feel and enjoy the power and the calm and the apartness and the communal mind, and the layers and layers and layers of selves you have found and are finding and will find in him. On and on, deeper and deeper, farther and farther and farther and there is more to him. Is there a center to it all? do we come back to the same discovery about the warmth and the strongness that was there the first time we looked, but we didn't stop to stay awhile and enjoy its being there and we are coming back now and finding him and the warmth and the strength and the mind that goes on and on till no ending and finding the wonder that was there before, still there? Stay now and know why you must stay and learn and watch and love and share and ask and tell and . . . oh, one person cannot do it all, one mind? and never mine the soul . . . and you're rambling you stupid shame shame oh please yes maybe please to try and find out the layers of behave don't ramble be not rambling think and say and don't go off where you don't know. but i want to gooff goooff go offfff and find and look and see with my hands and hear with my skin. around and around and around his arm the music power is going and you can't see it from where you're sitting for the candle light is in the way but from here there are notes and swirls of sound vibrating from his hands and lookit

lookit around my hands look where i can see them falling off the tips of my fingers

. . . . round sand ovals and marvellous violet notes in handfuls and waves and small answers to small questions the viola asked just before. and they are talking to one another listen listen listen they are telling and explaining to me of the things of the things that i must know about them. high notes slide down the backs of the woodwinds and crash with a muffled roar at the bottom and the percussion takes sympathy and rumbles a consolation. Waves and waves, on and on and on comes the sound and my mind isn't even trying to save itself from drowning in the sea for most of all in the whole world in the whole world in the whole world it wants to drown in the music. and be lost and invisible and float and ride the crests and tingle in its head that this has come before i have known this before where? tell me mr. tell me mister. look what the french horn said. bad boy. must have a bee in his bonnet about something for he won't tell the others what he said under his breath just the minute before . . . ha haha ha . . . and i know what he said . . . but any way the french horn always does this i know i've felt it. where? where? there is nothing that we aren't sharing we group. our selves our hidden selves and outward-faces and the selves some people know and some people have never looked for because they don't know what it is they should be looking for because they have only level 1 selves, and so many people have so many layers of being-themness that nobody ever takes the time to find. my God give me the love that is everywhere and around everything like a halo that makes the commonest things sacred . . . give it to me in a share that will make me understand more and love more. aware aware may i always try to be. it's coming easier and easier and richer and warmer ilove ilove i love this is how it was and this is how it will be when i get rid of myselfness yes yes. and slowly turning slowly spinning. the galaxy is contained in the word love.

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