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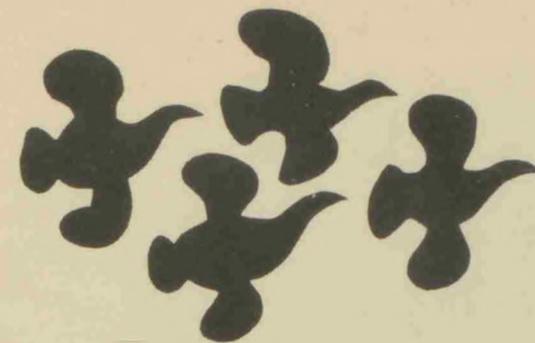
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SOME THOUGHTS ON THE THOUGHTS OF CHAIRMAN MAO

When I look at that face
With its high inscrutable cheekbones
Sculpted into an eternal stony shrug
Of shoulders like the Wall of China
I am reminded of another
Crag of mass morality
Dourly hunched over
An ever sunning empire
Whose Victory was only
In her name.

"The principle of diligence and frugality,"
he says,
"Should be observed in everything."
Vikky would have liked that, and
So would Albert ;
While another Great Victorian,
A life-long advocate of cold baths
For scoutmasters with overheated members,
Whose greatest relief was
The relief of Mafeking
Would have been the first to applaud
The Chairman's daily dipping in the Yangtse
And echo the Master's original words
On page eighty-seven,
"In short, we must be prepared !"

And now that, as Mao says, "the East Wind
Is prevailing over the West Wind,"
Isn't it interesting that some
Kiplingesque spit is being blown
Back into our badly Beatled brows ?
I quote from page one-o-nine of
Chairman Mao's Thoughts :
"Be a pupil before
You become a teacher."

Finally, for those whose sit-ins are
 Basically designed as unseats and sit-ons
 (The object in both cases being the Establishment)
 Victoria Tse Tung has this poignant message
 To impart :

“It should be pointed out
 That the source of ultra-democracy
 Consists in the petty bourgeoisie’s
 Individualistic aversion
 to
 Discipline . . .
 Our comrades must understand
 That ideological remoulding
 Involves long-term, patient and painstaking
 Work,
 And they must not attempt to change
 People’s ideology,
 Which has been shaped over decades of life,
 By giving a few lectures
 Or holding a few meetings.
 Persuasion, not compulsion, is the only way
 To convince them.
 To try to convince them by force
 Simply.
 Won’t work.”

Note : all quotations are taken from *Quotations from
 Chairman Mao Tse-Tung*. 2nd edition. Peking, 1967.

RALPH GUSTAFSON'S

IXION'S WHEEL — An appraisal

I have always thought that people who try to define either poetry or a poet usually end up simply by defining themselves. The subject is too big to admit definition, and we can only circumscribe it with our own limitations. Yet, if it is not too old-fashioned of me to mention Wordsworth, there is a comment of his which came to mind when I was reading *Ixion's Wheel* :

What is a poet ? He is a man speaking to men, a man, it is true, endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind.

It fits Ralph Gustafson all down the line.

It should be stated unequivocally, at the outset, that there is no finer single volume of poetry in Canada than this. Anyone schooled in tough critical methods and believing, with Molière's *Célimène*, that "finding fault's a sign of intellect," might wince at such a comment and think it chauvinistic — "Bishop's professor praises Bishop's professor" sort of thing. But I am past the stage of being embarrassed by people who are embarrassed, and see no reason for Ralph Gustafson to be penalized just because he happens to be among us. He is Canada's best poet, and one day everyone will know it.

Sensibility ? Yes. In abundance. The poems are *Years of Voyages*, and they cover the New World and the Old :

In Europe, you can't move without going down into history. Here, all is a beginning.

(*In the Yukon*)

Where he goes, the poet is alive, is aware. All things catch his eye, and they are



Zbyszek Meissner

transmuted, sharpened, brought into focus by words held down with precision in flexible lines.

The list could be endless, from Canada to Egypt by way of England, France, Italy, and Greece. Poem after poem shows sensibility in action. But this is no epic listing, no mere cataloguing in the manner of a guide book. The places visited, the things seen, the art objects viewed are all catalysts : they trigger thoughts on the here and now :

Being
 Is instructive. I make coffins
 For alarm clocks with it and think
 Of history.

(*At Moraine Lake*)

Agamemnon's mask — another example. Does it matter whose it is ? The reflections it provokes are on the stuff of life, the business of living and dying and, in between, of loving as best we can.

The range of learning in these poems is so great that anyone unprepared to go much further than surface statement might think it the pedantry which it is not. I think it true to say that all the best poets writing in English have been learned poets. But it is not their learning, of course, that has made them the best poets: it is how they have used their learning and moved beyond it. Certainly Ralph Gustafson moves beyond his in this volume. There is no need to get stuck on the titles and hard foreign names and the few tricky references when the informing sensibility is on a yet deeper human level and when the poet, tongue-in-cheek, can mock the scholarly format with his own ironic foot-notes.

There is enthusiasm and tenderness everywhere, an affirmation which has nothing to do with vulgar approval, and a gentleness which has everything to do with strength. "I am unused to this commercial society" (from *On the Top of Milan Cathedral*) and "The world is worse... ceremony lost" (from *To Will Shakespeare, Gent.*) are statements of faith which move beyond surface despair. The world may be worse, but it is still "as beautiful, mind you"; and the beauty is chronicled for us in poem after poem. The poet teaches us to see. He has, as Wordsworth put it, "a more comprehensive soul than is supposed to be common among mankind."

If faith, hope, and love are there in Ralph Gustafson's poetry, as indeed they are, then the greatest of these is love. This is his major theme. "Verses, palimpsests (literature)" (from *Casa Guidi: Firenze*) seem ultimately what I am NOT aware of when I have read the poems. Instead I am aware of a man speaking to men and speaking about the one thing that matters — how to love life. And if that is not a fashionable pre-occupation in these cynical, easy-to-come-by-quick-to-hydrogen-bomb-go times, then the loss is ours. Over and over again, the voice is clear:

The hurl of the god
Is my hurl...

(*The Histiaean Poseidon: Athens*)

But that you stand there
On the graveyard path...

(*At Franz Liszt's Grave*)

Sixty years back she lay naked
To be loved, things the width of him...

(*Old Lady Seen Briefly at Patras*)

An interesting but more-often-than-not irrelevant academic game to play with poets is to trace their influence on each other. At least, I think it is finally irrelevant because it does not account for our liking or disliking the poems in question. I am not a great lover of Browning's poetry; yet his influence on Ralph Gustafson is often evident. Neither has this anything to do with *Casa Guidi: Firenze*, where the tribute is paid but where Browning is transcended. The off-hand conversational tone, so characteristic of Browning, is seen in this poem and in others; but who cares? Likewise shades of Hopkins and Pound and Eliot and Donne. But *Ixion's Wheel* is not an amalgam of all these. It bears its own stamp:

... the symmetry of itself
Inevitable, not recognized
Until shaped by the human heart.

(*Kammer Konzert*)

Over and over again I marvel at, as Hopkins did with the windhover, "the achieve of, the mastery of the thing." Ralph Gustafson's technique is second to none. The verbal accuracy, the music, the rhythm, the love of the sound of words — these things become clear when the poems are read aloud. Not for nothing his training in music.

"Love of it our credentials" is what Ralph Gustafson claims as he reports on the state of the world. And although one always feels a little silly mentioning it, the shiver of recognition comes to me, as Housman said it would and did, unbidden, but so distinctive that I know I am in the presence of the real thing.

... and in
that witness
was I dispossessed.

(*On Mount Revelstoke*)

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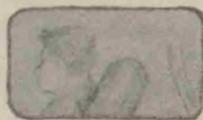
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old young leonard cohen
used to hide in Greece
escape to Montreal
and foster a semite complex

Welcome Mr. leonard cohen
we greet you open-armed
nor do I belittle
your poetry in spiritual quest

but if you are a spokesman
for our generation
it is only because
you chose not to confront your own.

richard price

SCHOOL POEM

Seeing it's you
In the hall ahead
I quickly turn talk
To an instant friend.

Ay flames are red and visible
And I don't know your name
Or anything.

margot todd

When I was a child
My father used to take
this girl's hand
over the steps
And tell her
all about
those wonderful Grownup Things.

Now I don't bother to count
those steps up ;
I just trip over them
going down.

FOR MY FELLOW-TRAVELLERS

Together (for we surely have been there
Together and drunk of serpent's milk
Together) let us lovingly compare
Your gipsy bangles and my Persian silk.
And let the rustle and the ring
Remind the world of everything
We know and share
Through threads it cannot see :
The sacred, timeless, wonderful and rare ;
The shimmering union of affinity !

For we have watched Osiris drown
And Cleopatra bloom
And seen the Nile go swirling down
To Cairo from Kartouhm,
(And seen the Nile come surging down,
Broad and strong and rich and brown,
To kiss the lips of every town,
From Cairo to Kartouhm !)
Acclaimed her our protector
And chanted at her mass
And sipped her sacred nectar
In Shanghai and Madras !

We shall endure, in ecstasy enwreathed,
When all around us moulders.
For we have joined our trusting hands and breathed
The air of rare Kashmir
Which wafts above our shoulders
A bright pavillion here ;
Have softly trod the emerald hills above
And tasted of the shimmering sapphire pond,
And touched, beneath a mystic sky
Of jade and lapus-lazuli,
The pagan figurine that wove the bond
That binds us, each to each, with bands of Love.



Mari Hill

Mari Hill



ken mathieson

NIETZSCHIAN LOVER

Why so hard ?
Said the flower to the rock,
Smiling through a frown.
Why so soft ?
Said the rock to the flower,
Ignoring her dilemma,
With a smile.

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MENE MENE TEKEL UPHARSIN

by Karen Seay

illustration by Ron Eastman

"This is the interpretation of the thing.
MENE : God hath numbered thy kingdom, and
finished it.
TEKEL ; Thou art weighed in the balances, and
found wanting."

Book of Daniel, 5:26

The bowel movements of Breitmeyer were unusually regular ; but that was only to be expected, since the toilet training given him by his mother had been strict and efficient. Each day he left whatever he was doing at 10:30 a.m. precisely, winter and summer, year in and year out, and sought the nearest lavatory cubicle. Then he removed his trousers, and sat with his hands on his naked hairy knees for five minutes, no more, no less. He prided himself on the fact that he always took exactly five minutes to accomplish this business. It indicated that he had self-control, and self-control, he told himself, was a mark of character. Others might suffer discomfort on being suddenly taken unprepared by a call to nature under embarrassing circumstances ; others might be plagued by constipation or diarrhea ; others might waste hours of valuable time squatting and waiting ; not Breitmeyer. His digestive system, he thought, was completely civilized, and he was smug about it.

Breitmeyer had worked as a clerk with the same business firm for seven years, because the mid-morning coffee break of the company began at 10:30 sharp and lasted fifteen minutes. His work interested him little ; the pay he received was poor. But the company timetable did suit his habits.

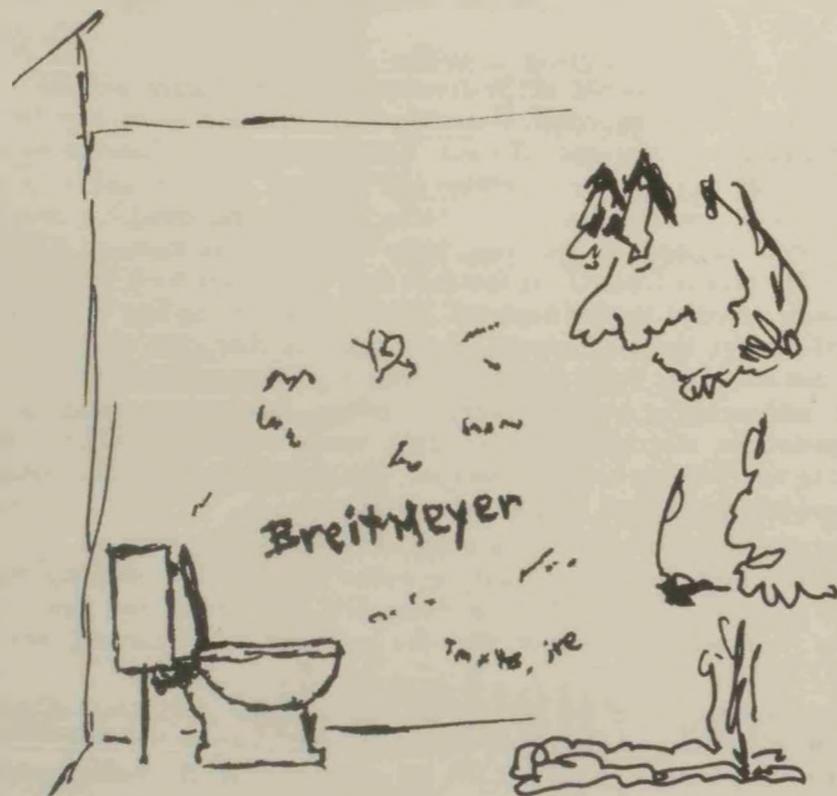
On workdays, when the bell which signalled the beginning of coffee break rang, Breitmeyer arranged the papers and pens on his desk, pushed his chair away from it, rose and left his office cubicle. He walked exactly ten steps — he had counted them — down the corridor, turned left ; and pushed through the door marked MEN.

He liked this lavatory, because the walls and fixtures were yellow — his favourite colour — and because the toilet paper matched them. He always used the third cubicle, furthest from the door, as he was least likely to be disturbed by other visitors there. And he did hate being disturbed, particularly between 10:30 and 10:35 a.m.

One Monday morning Breitmeyer entered *his* lavatory cubicle — for he had grown rather fond of it over the years, and had come to regard it as his own. Although other warm bare buttooms must certainly touch the seat as his own did, he preferred to push the possibility out of his thoughts. He peeked under the open spaces beneath the lavatory partitions, assured himself of the fact that he was indeed alone in the porcelain palace, a king in his castle, and began humming the first movement of the "Emperor Concerto".

When he had settled himself comfortably in preparation for the next five minutes, he looked about absently. Then his attention focused on the centre of the cubicle door. He stopped humming.

Someone had written his name on the middle of the door ; it stood out, a dreadful vulgar blemish, in scrawled letters three inches high. Breitmeyer was shocked. He rose and retreated from the cubicle as quickly as he would have done, had he noticed a puddle at his feet.



Ron Eastman

Breitmeyer moved into the second cubicle and sat down again. He felt numb. He wondered who could have written his name on the wall. To be sure, he had acquired few friends during his years with the company ; he had kept to himself, and prided himself on his reserve. Yet he never suspected that he had made enemies.

But he must have an enemy ; an enemy who had observed him, knew his habits well ; who knew even which lavatory cubicle he invariably used ; who knew where his goat was tied, and who could get it any time he wished.

At 10:36 Breitmeyer stepped out of the second cubicle. He thought of asking the caretaker to remove the offending graffiti, but he was too embarrassed. Besides, all the writing on the walls he had ever seen in that lavatory had been removed before his next visit. He told himself

that the sub-staff of the building was efficient and that his name would no longer be on the wall tomorrow. No, he had nothing to fear. He marched back to his office and resumed working, and thought no more about the writing on the wall.

On Tuesday at 10:30 Breitmeyer pushed open the door of his lavatory cubicle, confident that his name would no longer meet his eye. But his enemy had struck again on the wall over the toilet. And, not only that, but when he checked the lavatory door, he saw that his name had not been removed from it. Breitmeyer backed into the second cubicle and sat down abruptly. But when he closed the door, his name greeted him there as well. He stood up dizzily and fled, stumbling, to the first cubicle. There, too, his enemy had raised his hand against him.

Breitmeyer rushed from the building to find a public lavatory where he would not be confronted by that ten-letter word. Once on the street he realized that he did not know of another lavatory in the district. Where could he go ? He spotted a kiosk a short distance away, and with careful mincing steps which indicated his discomfort, he approached it. Desperately aloof, attempting to conceal his embarrassment, he bought a newspaper from the agent at the stand — it gave him an excuse to speak — then asked for directions to the nearest public convenience. The agent told him where to go. Breitmeyer went. He found a door marked MEN.

He pushed through the door, plodded to the cubicle furthest from the entrance and closest to the wall, dropped a coin into the slot, and turned the handle. Inside, he sighed, sat down heavily, and opened his newspaper.

Breitmeyer was glad he had bought the paper ; reading would take his mind off his humiliation. Breitmeyer never read news articles ; he read the WANT ADS sections of papers in the hope that he would find some juicy codified messages from perverts. ("Lady, strict disciplinarian, willing to give English lessons."). He also skimmed the obituaries, on the off chance that someone he knew had died. It gave him infinite pleasure when he read that one of his relatives or acquaintances had passed away ; invariably, infinite pleasure.

Breitmeyer leafed through to the ads, and began reading. The first ad in PERSONALS that caught his eye was in capital letters. It read :

"CITY INHABITANTS : PLEASE WRITE 'BREITMEYER' ON ALL AVAILABLE LAVATORY WALL SPACES. THANK YOU."

For the first time since entering the cubicle, Breitmeyer looked up from his newspaper. On the walls he saw BREITMEYER everywhere. Someone had attacked every inch of wall space with a rubber stamp and a pad of red ink. Breitmeyer licked his finger and tried to wipe one stain away. The ink was indelible.

Breitmeyer began to scream.

And,
I said,
When was the last time
You
walked through a summer field
naked,
with the wind blowing
You, in all directions
at once
part of the mosaic
small
at once yourself
elated ?

APHRODITE REVISED

Then,
she unlooked at me
wholesomely
and the hymn in—
of her eyes
was a religion not
of a former time
whose hedonistic glow
was a beacon . . . to all believers.

But,
as she was about
to leave
her badge behind
the flowers
of her face
told me that
autumn
was but a thin remembrance
of an uncompleted youth.



Let us begin the game anew.
Must we accept
That the match was uneven
Just because we misjudged each other
In the first round ?

I, for one,
Would be content to discard
The probing
Rapier words
In favour of something
less deadly.

Fists are more human . . .
Hands would be better.
As long
As we can remember
That we are not fingering
Cold smooth stones.

Eavesdropping On Russian Literature

by R. P. THALER

Whatever one may think of their political, economic and ideological systems, there can be no question that the Russians are an impressive people. Since the time of Peter I. their country has been increasingly recognised as a Great Power. During the forty years from the defeat of Napoleon to the Crimean War, Russia was one of the two greatest powers in the world — a position to which it returned following the defeat of Hitler. But our interest in the Russian people should not be based simply on the fact that they are capable of destroying us. We are not blind to the obvious fact of Russia's military power; yet our interest should be broadened to include the culture of the people.

Russia is certainly on an equal level with the United States

in some areas of power, and more advanced in others. The Russians put a satellite around the earth before the Americans did. The Americans put men on the moon and brought them back alive before the Russians. One may wonder what all this proves.

I am unimpressed with the Russian claim to have established the first socialistic state, looking towards communism, in the world. After all, the study of utopian fantasy is a very old one, which reaches back before the time of Sir Thomas More. And although Marx's successors who dominated the scene in Russia, professed contempt for the merely utopian forms of socialism, it has often been suggested that Stalin would have liquidated Marx. And it is surely to be argued that some of Stalin's successors

might have silenced or imprisoned Marx, or worse.

It is easier, simpler, and far more pleasant to delude oneself into believing that everything which seems unjust and repressive about the Soviet system was the personal fault of Stalin and died with him. We must remember that it was a full four years after Stalin's death and a year after he had been denounced by the Communist Party that *Doctor Zhivago* appeared and Boris Pasternak was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. It was then that the author was compelled by the Soviet Government to refuse the prize. It appears that not everything unjust and repressive in the Soviet system died with Stalin. We might remember also that *Doctor Zhivago* was offensive be-

cause Pasternak was openly and unashamedly religious, and because he placed individual human values (note the very name of his hero, Zhivago, which when translated means the "living individual") above those of the herd, the mass, the Party. We might also remember that in 1970, seventeen years after Stalin's death, this novel is freely published and read in most of the world, but not in Pasternak's own homeland.

Khrushchev was in power when Pasternak was condemned and silenced. A three-man team of Brezhnev, Kosygin, and Podgorny were in control when in 1966 Yuly M. Daniel and Andrey Sinyavsky were condemned to serve at forced labour because they had "disseminated slanderous material besmirching the Soviet state and social system". In the summer of 1968, the Soviet Army invaded Czechoslovakia in order to destroy the government of Alexander Dubcek. The Dubcek regime was felt to be dangerously relaxing censorship and other controls over the press, radio and television. If allowed in Cze-

choslovakia, this may have proved a very dangerous precedent in other countries. The military operation was swift and efficient, and it demonstrated unmistakably the Soviet power to intervene decisively. It also provoked a surprising degree of resentment among Russian and Polish writers, several of whom spoke out openly against it. Anatoly Kuznetsov, a writer who opposed both the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia and the Soviet treatment of the Jews was forced to defect to England in the summer of 1969. Since his escape he has written movingly about the difficulties of writing in the Soviet Union, describing both the "negative censorship" whereby things are forbidden to be published, and the "positive censorship" whereby writers are told what to write and how to write it.

It would be a gross distortion to imply that all present-day Russian writers oppose their government in all respects. The poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko is a convinced Communist and a passionate Russian nationalist. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, who spent years at forced labour in

Stalin's time, was allowed by Khrushchev to describe these experiences. This decision agreed with Khrushchev's policy of de-Stalinisation. But under the present government there has been a political reassessment, which may well lead to the rehabilitation of Stalin. It was in this context that, in the fall of 1969, Solzhenitsyn was expelled from the Soviet Writer's Union. As a result, nothing he writes may be published in Russia.

This type of political control over writers is but one example of the censorship which has become more effective and more consistently repressive than it ever was in the worst days of the monarchy. It has unquestionably hurt the quality of Russian literature. Yet in the long run their literature will prove to be more important, and of greater value than anything the Russians have accomplished in the political, economic and military aspects of their civilization. The Russian language is one of their greatest assets. One must hope that it will some day come into its own again, and be written and published freely.

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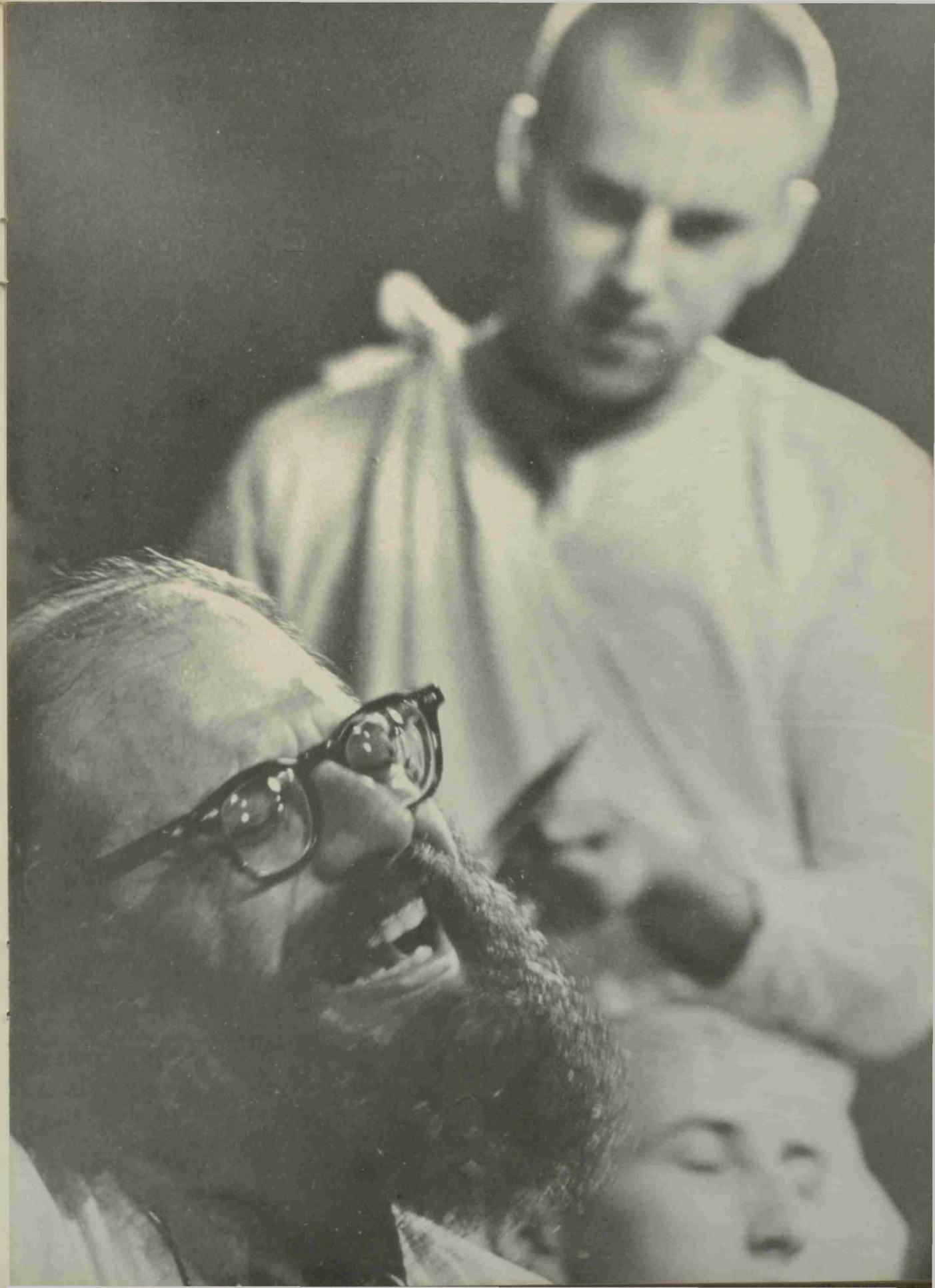
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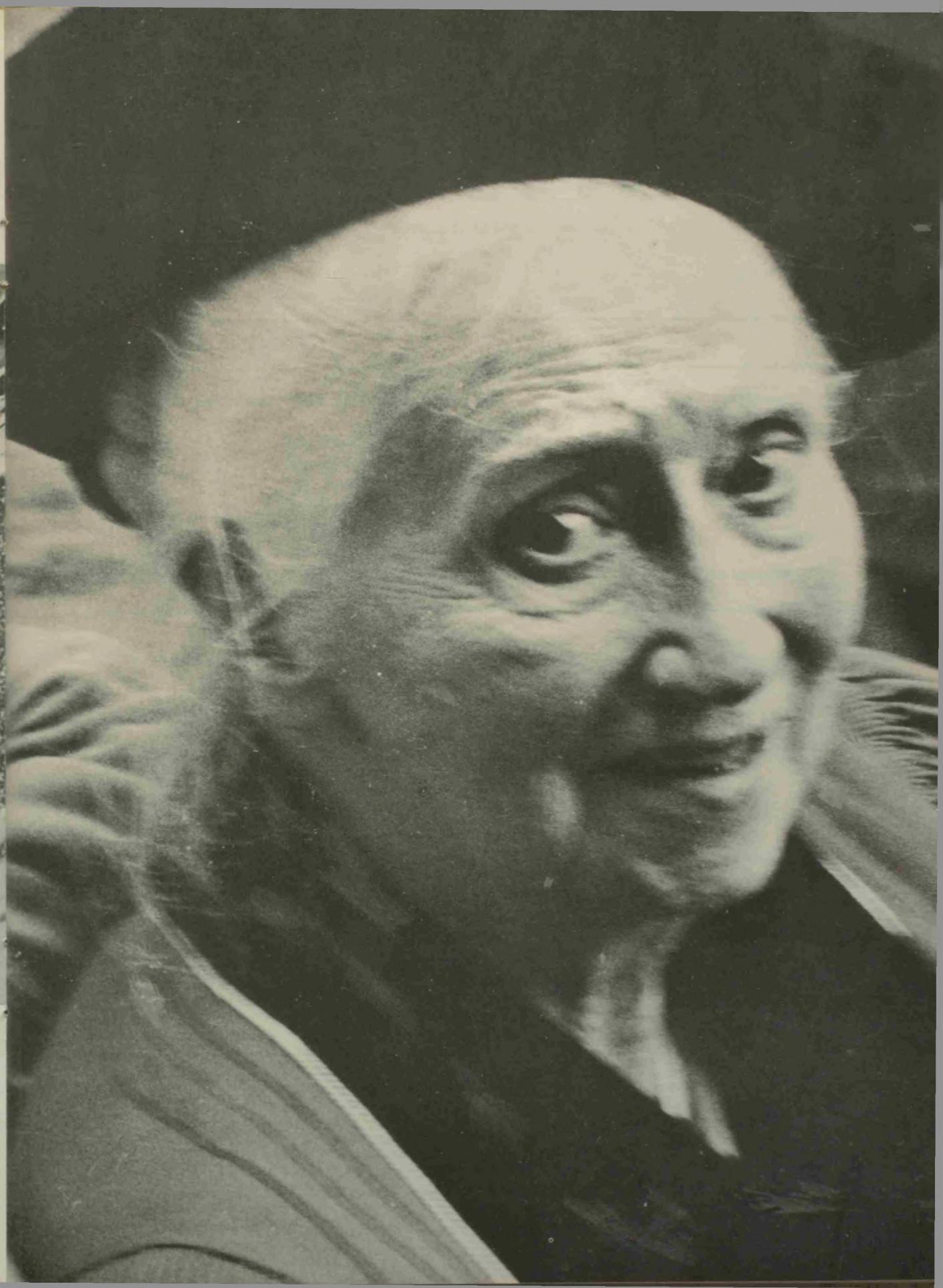
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Blue jeans wrinkled,
Somehow seductive :
Wrapped closely round the conscious hips,
Pockets, seeming innocents.
With their intimate touch.

She waited,
Beside the wall.

Eighteen minutes to boarding.

She knew that fourteen eyes
Were entranced,
In different subtle ways.

Exhaling smoke slowly,
Controlled, feigned impatience,
Lips firm and parted,
Then
Sudden
A magnetic glance around
Set several newspapers protesting vigorously
In embarrassment.

Another glance burned the eyes
That slipped, silent
Peeking with caution
Just beside the baseball standings.

POP-OFF

Commentary on the Sounds of Pop

by JONATHAN CHURCHER
PETER FUNK

Without being unduly technical, it is safe to assume that the music most of you chose to listen to falls under the ubiquitous title — 'pop.' It seems self-evident that every generation needs certain symbols and rituals, not only to set it apart from others, but to lend meaning to the process of change and growth. Pop music is carefully tailored to these and other, occasionally, less idealistic, ends. In order to be accepted by contemporary youth such music must fulfill at least two criteria: 1) it is played exclusively by groups of three or more hirsute musician-actors, 2) the names of such groups must lie within one of two extremes, the very exotic and the very simplistic — the Jefferson Airplane, Jimi Hendrix Experience, Jeff Beck, The Doors, The Jocko McKusker Demolition Crew, Janis Joplin, etc. The Beatles, of course, may be termed pop musicians, but they stand far above those who they directly or indirectly inspire. Hence they remain outside the negative generalizations often made concerning the various attributes of pop music.

That the Beatles' music is melodious is indicated by the number of their tunes adapted by musical artists of varied persuasions. This continuing popularity has long since transcended the initial rush of shrieking Beatlemania, largely as a result of the constant flow of innovation and imagination evident in such albums as "Abbey Road" and "Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band." In addition to good 'taste' the



Zbyszek Meissner

Beatles exhibit a quality which most pop groups seem to eschew — poetic insight powered by a variety of emotions.

It is interesting to note that the lyrics of pop music have recently changed in substance, though without a corresponding change in quality. Before the mid-sixties, songs were based primarily upon love. Who will ever forget the touching pathos of "Tell Laura I Love Her" or the ecstatic jubilation of "Peggy Sue"? The heart used to be where it was at, but recently the word 'heart' has been replaced by the word 'mind.' Where once lovers were adoring/breaking each other's hearts, they are now turning on/destroying each other's minds. This indicates a subjective swing from Romanticism to Realism — though the emotions are equally strengthened/shattered in both instances. This interest in consciousness may be traced to a complexity of roots and has fostered a variety of fantasy-inspired lyrics, as well as many perceptive and reasoned songs of social commentary.

Though each rock group has an individual sound, the music provided is substantially similar. In so far as musical devices, as harmony and instrumentation are concerned, the ambience of all rock groups is essentially the same — there is a reason for this. For whether in affirmation or rejection, an artistic creation must reflect the environment of the artist. Beethoven, for example, was partially inspired by the sun, fields, mountains, trees, and flowers.

Russian music often reverberates of vast plains and flowing water. Chinese classical music literally uses bird calls; Bach often sounds like many people talking simultaneously! The home of rock music is the city and it follows that pop musicians are also affected by the metropolitan environment.

The two bands who played at Bishop's this year illustrate what pop music is all about, while at the same time demonstrating the influence of environment. "Life's" performance was a personification of Montreal. The sounds produced by this group were piercing, confused, lacking clarity and often earsplitting. In short, their music resembles the corner of any two streets in downtown Montreal — noisy and dirty. Although much easier to enjoy, the

"Chicago" band still lacked anything which could be categorized as delicate, refined, or subtle. As with "Life," high volume was an integral part of their delivery. These two bands, like most of their contemporaries, possessed great energy and joie de vivre — both attempting to make up in perspiration, what they lacked in inspiration. Lacking the natural environment to which their predecessors have turned for centuries, these bands and pop music in general is left with two alternatives — machines or the human body. It follows then that pop has become absorbed with the various pulsations of the body and sometimes with the violent rhythms of sex.

All this tends to obscure the fact that pop music is, in a word, fun. It asks for par-

ticipation and corresponding vibrations rather than analysis or classification. It is, above all, a man-centered art — an art which seeks humanity in electronic din, and one which echoes a savage reprisal for the abrasive affronts of the city.

The story of man can be told in terms of his rejecting nature in favor of a manufactured, predictable, but in some respects increasingly hostile environment. If one can hope with a sly melioristic smile, that we are still in the primitive stages of mankind's development, then it is not surprising that today's music is devoted, in large measure, to the act of reproduction, for it is the only natural phenomenon left for the man of the city to celebrate.

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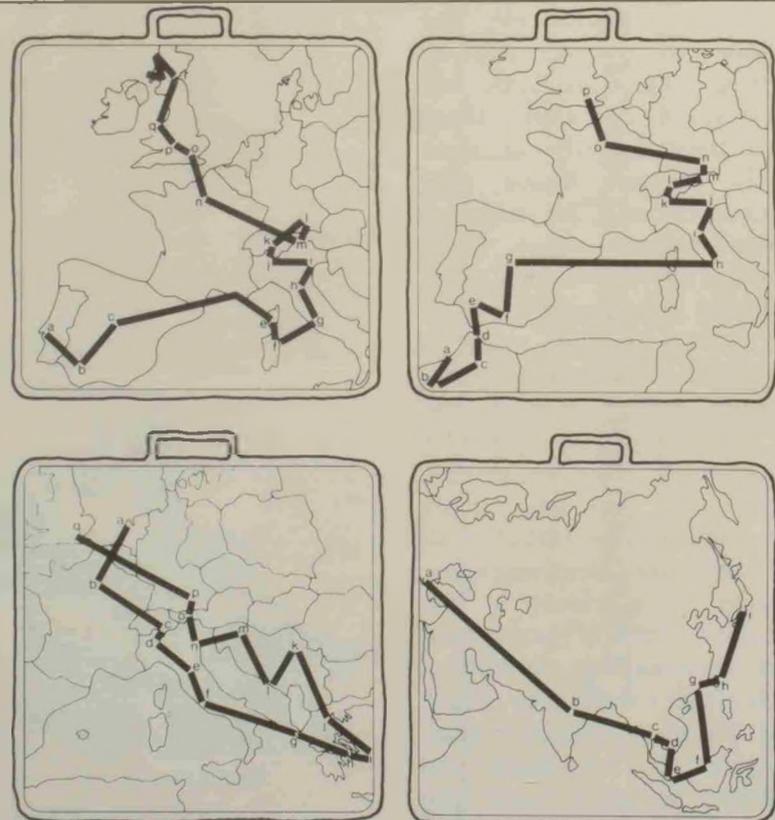
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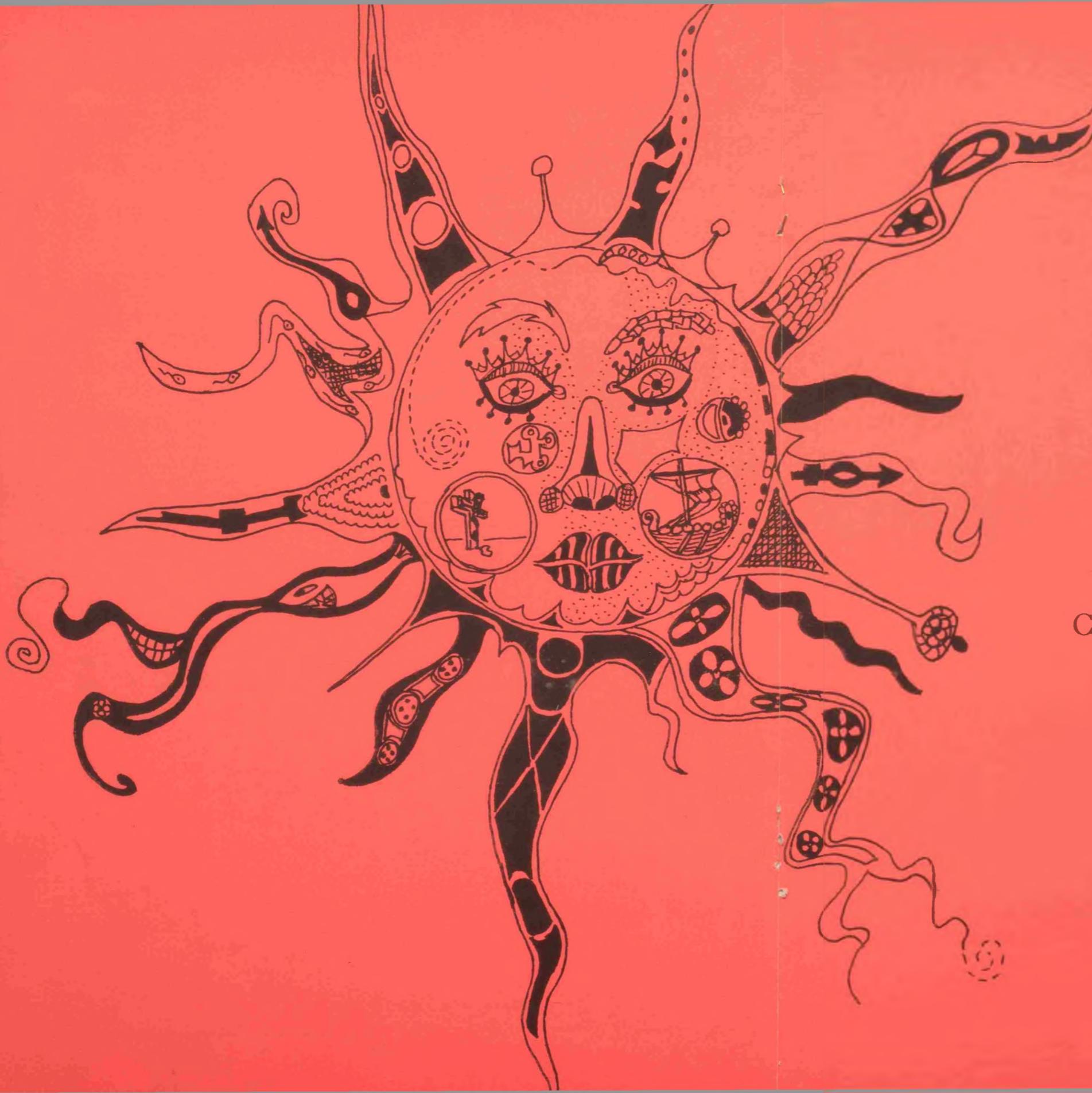
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lazing on a placid morning
in the middle
of the last half of spring
under the sun
filtered by the leaves
and thinking
or rather living the experience
of life
in its network I gaze
and nature looks back
as the world is reflected
from my thoughts
into a crystal of colours and beauty
while my mind flows
beyond its pattern
of technical media
which goes as far as
the obvious
frustration

but the surface is not lined with glass



hubert bauch

CANDYMAN

my candyman belongs to the night
and sometimes
(you can never tell)
he leaves it briefly to enter my life

he comes to me at midnight
and stays to share a new dawn
then disappears
as morning's colors match the sunburst in my mind

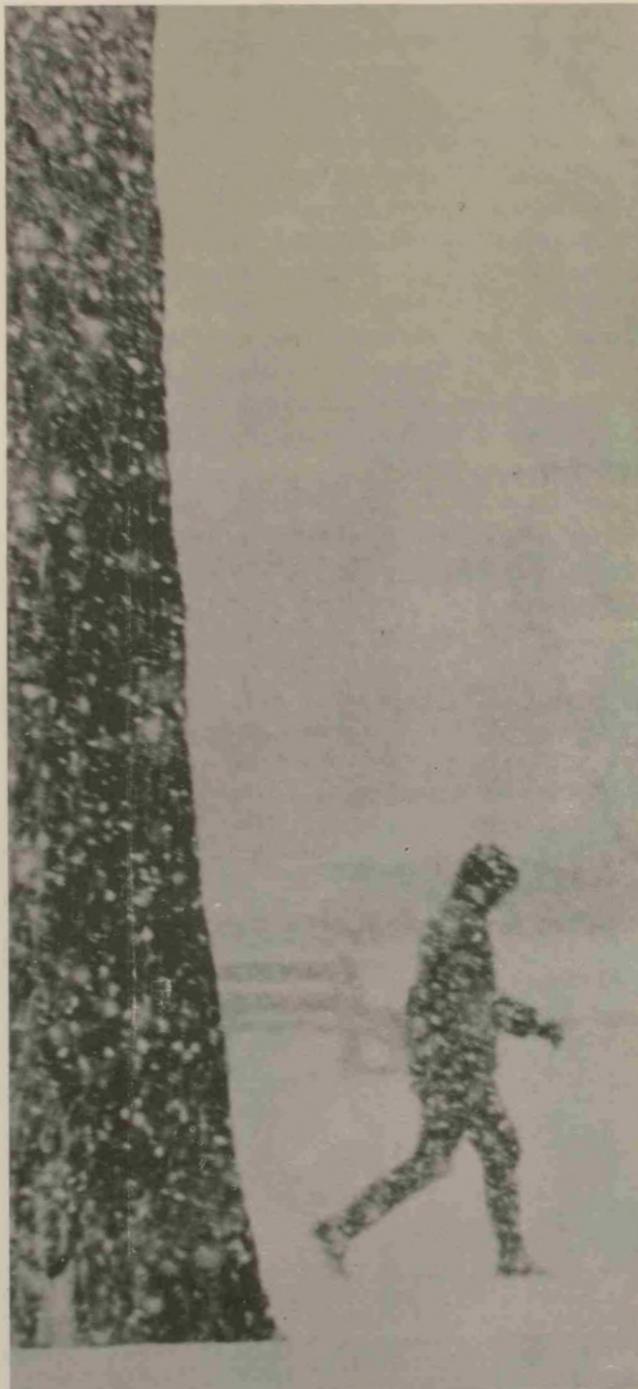
returning to his house of decibels
where plastic sound
defines the manufactured light

where nothing is real and nothing matters
save the mind's eye images
reflected in a distorted looking glass

where people live their pipe dreams
and the candyman is king

"EDMONTON, I SAID," I SAID,
REPEATING WHAT I SAID

Touchdown, and the stewardess said, "When is the ransom due?" "Around the end of September," I said, handing her a tip. "No need for that," the hack said, "just what's on the meter". "That's quite a surprise," I said, upon hearing that my luggage was still in Montreal. "My pleasure," the mortgage manager said, holding up the company. "I sure need the money," I said watching him pay for lunch. "Alberta beef?" I said. "She's been troubled with arthritis," he said. "but would love to meet you." "Nice to meet you," I said. "The pleasure's all mine," the building owner said. "So's the building," I said. "Well, it's all yours," he said, handing me a hard hat. "Never can tell when you'll get a break," I said, putting it on. "Got a whole new set last week," he said, "Cost me seventy-five bucks." "Seventy-five bucks is fine," I said to the landlady, "Want it now?" "At my age," she said, "got no time at all". "What a shame," I said, scowling at her husband. "Don't let that bother you," the multiple sclerosis boarder said, "been with her for five years and still don't have a leg to stand on." "Can't put any weight on it," I said. "Then you'll never make it," the doctor said. "Depends on her experience," I said. "Do you have any previous experience?" I said. "I was molested when I was a child," she said. "Did you enjoy it?" I said. "I'm a Catholic," she said, indignantly. "This could be serious," I said, changing the order to meat. "Don't worry," she said, "they'll serve anyone here." "Good," I said, making sure my face was clean anyway. "Cash or charge, sir?" the cashier said. "Cash anyday," I said, trying to find him in the racks. "We don't have him sir," she said. "Thank God," I said, remembering we had him on our side, "It's good to see us even up the score." "I beg your pardon, sir," she said. "Never mind," I said, "Who else do you have?" "We have you, sir," she said. "You're putting me on," I said. "Under the K's, sir," she said. "For Kenneth?" I said. "For Kidnapped," she said. "O.K." I said. "Just K." she said, without a smile.



TO MRS. ANGELOTTI

In the next room
A widow sits
in her pink dressing-gown,
listening to Al Martino's ;
her husband's favourite.

Her house is full
of furniture
and memories.

She bought a budgie
a month ago,
and now she takes in boarders,
Her daughter writes periodically . . .

But it doesn't help.

She bought this house
because the kitchen window
looks out on the cemetery
She never pulls the curtains . . .

She works in the bookshop
and keeps the absent slips
all in order ; busy every day
But at night

She sits in her pink dressing-gown
and takes a
222.

What batters are we of what is pitched
and bats become in the pitchy night ?
Is it to wonder bats take flight
and fly in confusion toward the light ?

Out of darkness
in the intersected-cone-borne light
the voice-source-alien
bodiless voice
the speech of the pitchman rises in tempo —

Listen-a-me listen-a-me
wudja believe
I wouldn't deceive
you've gotta believe
it's all the same believers' game
now for the first time
high time prime time
lady if you won't try
can't try don't buy bug off
I haven't got time to waste on thrillseekers
billseekers, chillseekers, daredevils or fair devils
O-K
Alright grabem razorblades ballpoints teethbrushes
combs 'n' penknives
wudja trust
trust me
really free
for the time and the take of your lives
wudja trust
gotta trust
must trust
lady would I take you
lady if you don't want the goods
don't handle the merchandise
now I won't tell, can't tell
shan't tell what's innabox
in the wrapping
beneath the shroud
and bound with pitch . . .
Hark to the pitch of the pitchman
keening and crying in the pitchdark
pitch of the pitch of his pitch

as he prepares

it's a long slow windup

and a fast
pitch

Keepem confused
I say
if they're confused
they can't refuse

itsa confidence game
anja get their trust
lettem see the pea beneath the shell
keep'em busy while you give'm hell
and take'm till 'ey' re bust

itsa simple game
three shells one pea
and you gotta let yer sucker see
what yer going to do

Buildem up
before you razzem
just when they think they're gonna win
well, then you hazzem
right where you want to begin

it all depends on the pitch

it's an infusion of fast syllables
carefully selected for hillbillies
and they can't detect it
why you selected
them or
what happened to the pea
that was spozed to be
beneath the shell
givem hell
for not paying attention
givem a detention
they love it

it all depends on the pitch

itsa buyers' market
and you have to sell
if you're gonna get rich
so what the hell
a mark's a market
an adequate target
for what you have to pitch

Driving you batty
fatty ?

It all depends on the pitch

PITCH 'N' TOADY

If they didn't get taken
they wouldn't get
what they thought they came for
nothing more
than what they hadn't bargained for
It's give 'n' take
It's a confidence game
all the same you've gotta know
what the odds on a sucker bet are
before you begin the lean
you've gotta incline
your mind toward
their bored
existence

when you have an angle

it all depends on the pitch.

The body of the myth
is borne by Simplissimus Smith
man with an itch
and toady to the pitch.
He prepares his act
as a matter of fact
prepares his toad
preparatory to loading it
into his mouth
not much tact
but he's made a pact
with the pitchman
to do his act
and draw them in for the pitch.

You can't beat
watching a toady eat
his toad

Pitchman poorman beggarman thief
all the same in a scheme of belief

Is that so
fatso
not so fast —

O say can you see
by the spotlights' bright glare
that our barker's still there
the bark torn off
and the pitch dripping
dripping
dripping
dripping

down
down
down
the bark
of the barker's stems
to the puddle of pitch
that is laking there

What batters are we ?
The pitchman needs a straightman
like a singer needs pitch

Aaaaaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrrgh

the lights are dimming
and the site is pitched
into darkness

it is night
blackening
it is the very pitch of night
and the carnival confidence
flesh festival freakshow
demands the straightman

Remember the shriek ?
'Tis only the geek.
The chicken's body
he takes in hand
so to speak
and beak to beak
as the night thickens
the chicken's
head he bites
off the body
and throws the headless chicken
running and fluttering into pitched madness
Don't mull it
gull it, gulls
it's only a taste
of what you'll find
once you've lined
up and entered the tent
we've pitched for you —
here tonight and here for a week
seven days seven chickens for my friend the geek
he lives on their heads
how'd he get that way ?
Chicken himself
it's enough to say
now keep on moving
the show's beginning
and we're only half way
into the first inning

if you don't move in
you'll miss the game
you'll miss the pitcher
and you'll miss the flame
of the pitch burning blue and bright

Everybody pitched in
a pitch in bitch in
everybody rushing all together
their voices rising
in the pitch and the toss of the ocean of bodies rushing
and bats became in the pitchy night

Pitch is rich
and darker than any bitch singled
out for the pitch

Itsa lever
I'm clever
to pry you loose,
spoke the devil
so evil
as he planned his ruse.
You're mine
divine
so you'd better uncork
or you're lost —
and he tossed
her about on his pitchfork

Suffusion of fast talking
keep their frozen eyes gawking
strip yourself
nothing's too cheap
except sleep
in the pitchblack pitch talk pitch of the pitchman

and the light
of fission and fusion
fell into confession
of the nights
of the pitchman
pitching away
night and day
as foundering hearts flounder
wondering souls wander
in the pitch
and there is no light
no source of delight
to fly toward
no bat-winged pitchman
flying
there is no light
in fusion
only confusion

is it to wonder

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brenda fleet

TO ORPHEUS

On the publication of his
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bringing such music with you
As you search for your love's face and form,
That you charm tears from prison-keepers
And in that instant, halt Ixion's wheel.

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O there was a sweet hush
As the quiet nun
Out of her days of sorrows
Turned on the revelation of lights.
Murillos came, and Leals,
And a coffin draped
Before the high reredos
Of angels and saints and Manera
Who collected the corpses of criminals
For decent burial.
The city owes to him refuge
For what it neglects, the blind
Of life and those guilty
Of their own fault.
Now this altar baroque
With horrors makes this little
Lady smile. She loves
Her Jesus with broken limbs
And bleeding palms, and Mary
Standing on a crescent
Moon. She kneels to ask
A blessing on the one —
legged and the one who slavered
As we came in the gate
And all the scabbed and wounded
Gentle scum. So sweet
She knelt, so sweet she smiled
In conquered sorrow, we knelt
Too before the rail
In gilded perpetration.

She showed us Jesus and little
John, forerunner in
The wilderness, and Isabel
Who washed the filthy painted
By Murillo, murmuring softly
In Spanish as if the globe of us
Should know. Each singular caught up
By the Lord, she pointed out,
Forgetting, not knowing, the collapse,
The folly of faith.

The paintings
In the chapel were well lighted,
Unusually : over the door
As we exited, was a canvas
By Leal of an Archbishop
Eaten by maggots.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Thistles and lizards, that's what
I got her into because
Of stubbornness about
Knowing the way when I didn't ;
Like Hannibal who lost
Ten elephants choosing a wrong
Alp ; and Napoleon and Moscow.
If you stick your neck out
Like Charles on his royal block
It's your own divine right —
It's your own head. In my
Instance, she was totally trusting,
Sweetly following silently
With the tote on her back wherever
My great pigheadedness
Led her ; knowing it all.
Mountains look flat on a map.
Get yourself into lizards
And thistles, but not your love.

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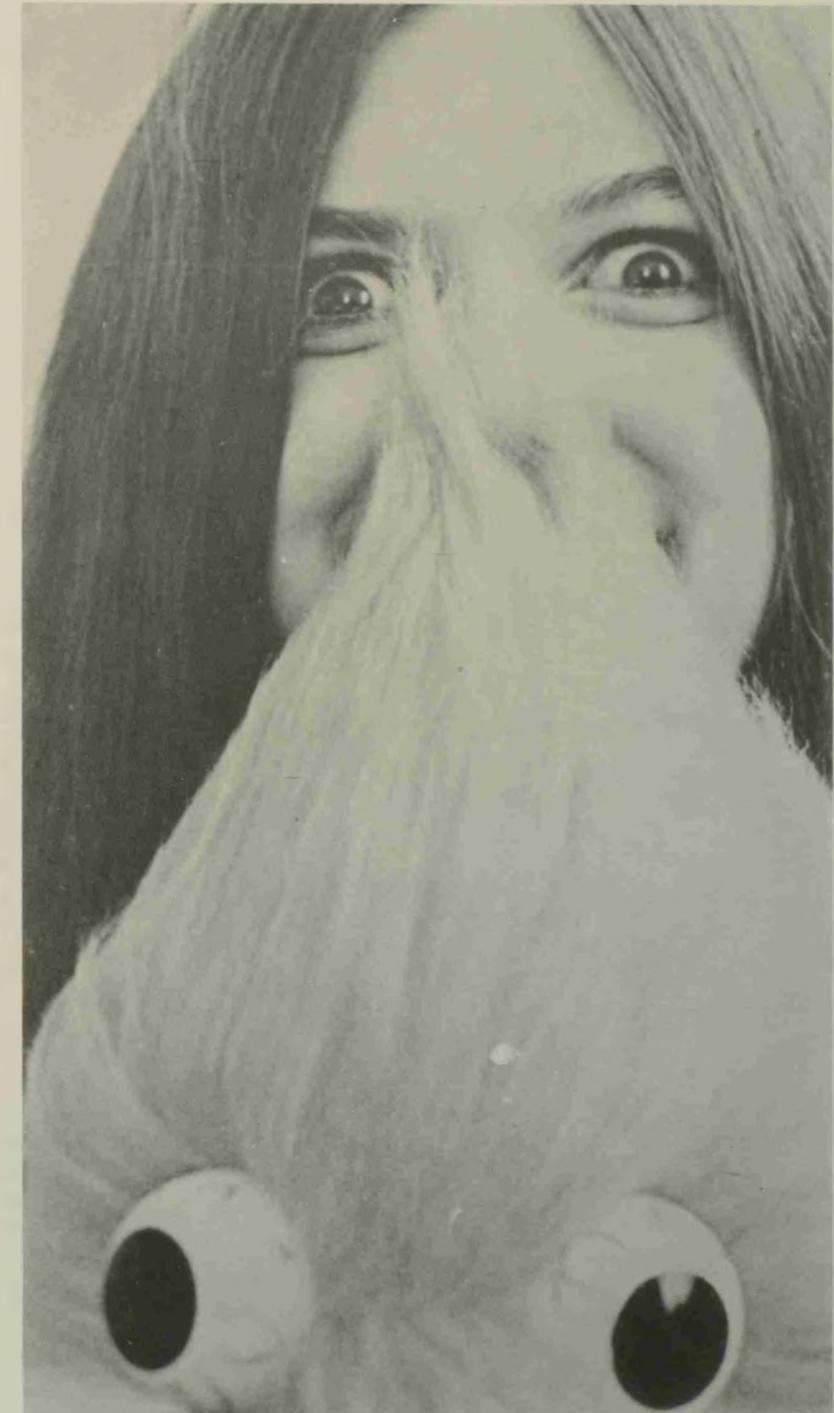
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She walks,
with the quiet stars
receding into her eyes.
She walks,
calm and sad-happy
with her head questioning
she walks
slowly, as if to listen,
hearing the air speak,
she walks,
the wind lifts her hair
she hears the sounds
she walks ;
speak softly to her
and she will talk with you.
Speak softly
she will smile.

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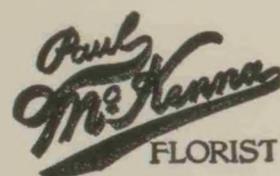
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Canadian Foods :

IN GOOD TASTE?

by MARIELLE GREEN

What is Canadian food? There are as many types of food in Canada as there are types of people.

A cookbook called *Food à la Canadienne* suggests that "Food in Canada is as diverse as the cultural backgrounds of our people, for food is the crossroads of emotion, religion, tradition and habit."

But before writing this article, I might not have believed this to be so. Last year, I wandered into a restaurant that boasted of Canadian cuisine. Curious, I surveyed the plastic menu, even though it was only a counter service. It offered hot dogs, french fries, hamburgers, cheeseburgers, homemade pie and jam. Was this all there was to Canadian cuisine? Not likely!

There are distinctly Canadian foods. So many that it would be more realistic to write a book about them. Recipes are usually regional, dealing with what is grown in specific areas across Canada. Fish, fiddleheads, berries, maïse and maple syrup are only a few goods which we may claim as Canadian. Mme Benoit has an encyclopedia which tells us of many more.

In addition to her extensive study, there are several other good books on this subject — most of them copyrighted after 1967. But Canadian cuisine reaches back a great many years. It began with some of our first settlers.

"Les Filles du Roi" requested by Talon arrived in Canada to help increase its population as well as to remedy the loneliness of Talon's soldiers. Consequently, the men turned in their guns for provisions and plows in order to grow food for their families. Those who felt that farming was below their dignity starved.

Indoctrinated in French convents for several months, these women left France with the finer qualities of a perfect housewife, free of diseases and bad morals, they carried with them their own spices — not cosmetics!

When the "Filles du roi" were selected, the sturdiest and not the prettiest were chosen first. It was believed that they could withstand the winter better and would not be so inclined to wander far from the kitchen.

At the same time as the girls were adapting to the climate of the country, achievements were being made in agriculture. The monks at Oka also gave courses in the arts of making cheese, wine and butter, dairying and milling bread. Special attention was given to preparing cereals and root plants. Studies in bee-keeping, poultry and orchard crops were also introduced.

Nuns also made contributions to the art of cooking in Canada. Their recipes, usually short, do not inform us of precise measurement, timing, temperature or seasonings. But simplicity is the mark of a good cook.

The French Canadians enjoyed good food but were not especially fond of heavily spiced dishes. They preferred leeks and shallots to garlic seasonings, choosing rather to have the genuine flavour of their food enhanced, not disguised. The average man weighed ten to fifteen pounds more than he would today. His annual consumption of pork alone, for example, was 456 pounds a year! A recipe given by la Reverende Mère Canon of the Sisters of Charity consists of the following instructions:

Take pieces of Savoie bread and dip in brandy. Cover with a custard sauce and top with whipped cream. Sprinkle with coloured sugar.

When we think of French Canadian cuisine today, we associate it with tourtière, potage de tête, crêpes, soupe à l'oignon gratinée and tarte au sucre. But there are also countless recipes handed down through generations of families. These are imaginative and humorous. According to one legend, maple syrup was first discovered

when a housewife used maple sap instead of water to boil venison !

The kind of spirit that prompted women to gamble on marriage and a strange land also encouraged the French Canadian to mingle with the native Indians, from whom they borrowed many recipes. These include the following one, taken from the Micmac Indians :



ROAST PORCUPINE

Place the porcupine in mud.
By holding its feet, roll it through the mud several times.
Place the porcupine on the hot coals of a fire for several hours until the shell is baked.
Break the clay and remove skin and quills of animal.
The remaining flesh should then be carved and served hot.

To us it may sound a bit unusual. But how else could you roast a porcupine ?

Times like this,
when my body asks me where you are,
I cannot answer it ;
the sun makes a sacrifice of all that
once touched your soul —
it burns, a fulfillment not your own.

Times like this, I remember
what you told me,
once
when I was lonely.
Remembering the blue tarn
and the cut feet you kissed ;
the altar we made with stones
that looked out onto the dark water.

You told me to create
a sunset and a gentle
passion
that was as free
as my own soul.
As birds, and crackling
sounds of rushing
pathos, I tried
to paint a portrait
in the words and oils
of my youthful dream.

But standing with my
brush in hand,
I saw the gleaming shadow
of your laughing eyes,
in my unspoken cry.

(noni howard)

GOING HOME

I

Freezing under
the death stare
of an eternal barber pole
blending its strips of blood and gauze
into the mechanistic darkness.

Lovers holding each other up
against each other,
one arm waving in the wind
on each side,
sliding and calling as pet birds
in a cage,
their flame so hot against the
arctic furnace of their warmth.
The vortex of their social love unending,
unending until
the inconvenient illumination
coming a short time later.

And always the giant's finger
of white smoke
deadly, silent as the night itself,
faces raw breath at the back of the throat
and leaves its stinger
deep to pull out by the numb fingers.
The night petrifies everything it
seeps into and finally, breathes upon.

II

I am going home
to my solitude of memories
where their spark shall light the passion in my
snow cold body.
I am travelling back
into the womb
of slumbering nostalgia.

My dead friends
walk with me at every step
the hollow footsteps behind my ear
and once in a while they take my elbow
and lead me to where I should
follow them,
closer.

I am almost home now.
I would invite you to come in
but you belong to others,
others and the present,
the wild lights.

I do not know if you would like my home.

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EDDY **IN** **BEARS**
HE **IN** **BOOKSTORE**

DECLINE

The years are comfortable,
Ripe fruit lies on my table ;
Upon my polished windowsill.
A few relics, and pictures.

Beyond the window, the blue hills
Recede, tracing a dim outline — —
My quiet life in a small house,
And a fading autumn upon me.

But in the early afternoon,
In a burst of yellow leaves
I stand at my front door
Watching passers-by ;

And suddenly, around a corner,
A young girl appears
With tangled hair, rushing
To meet a waiting figure.

The scene is far too brief,
Vanishing like sunshine.
I'm left at my front door,
Bewildered by bright images.

My life is all at once transfixed
By a young girl's trembling eyes.
I cannot recognize her passion, yet
I stare at my own life like a voyeur.

GOLD

Before each day
Is a still dawning,
An enduring silence
Which admits the traveller.

He stands stupefied,
Gazing out the windows
Of his daily enclosure.

The sun has caught him,
Swiftly rising to its renewal.
The traveller is trapped
In the ascent.

The sun will halt a moment,
Then explode :
lightly, lightly
a million golden
drops
Will fall like rain in a vast field.

The humid earth is rich with gold coins.
Glinting everywhere, a thousand more
In each new stream.

The traveller leaps to gather
All that flashes. Down
On hands and knees, in the city park,
He hoards his treasure.

Until the sun disappears
He will laugh that he is a rich man.

SHERBROOKE MARKET

1.

... with shrunken legs,
Stood at the marketplace
sniffing the haddock
Fondled oranges in a curled palm,

2.

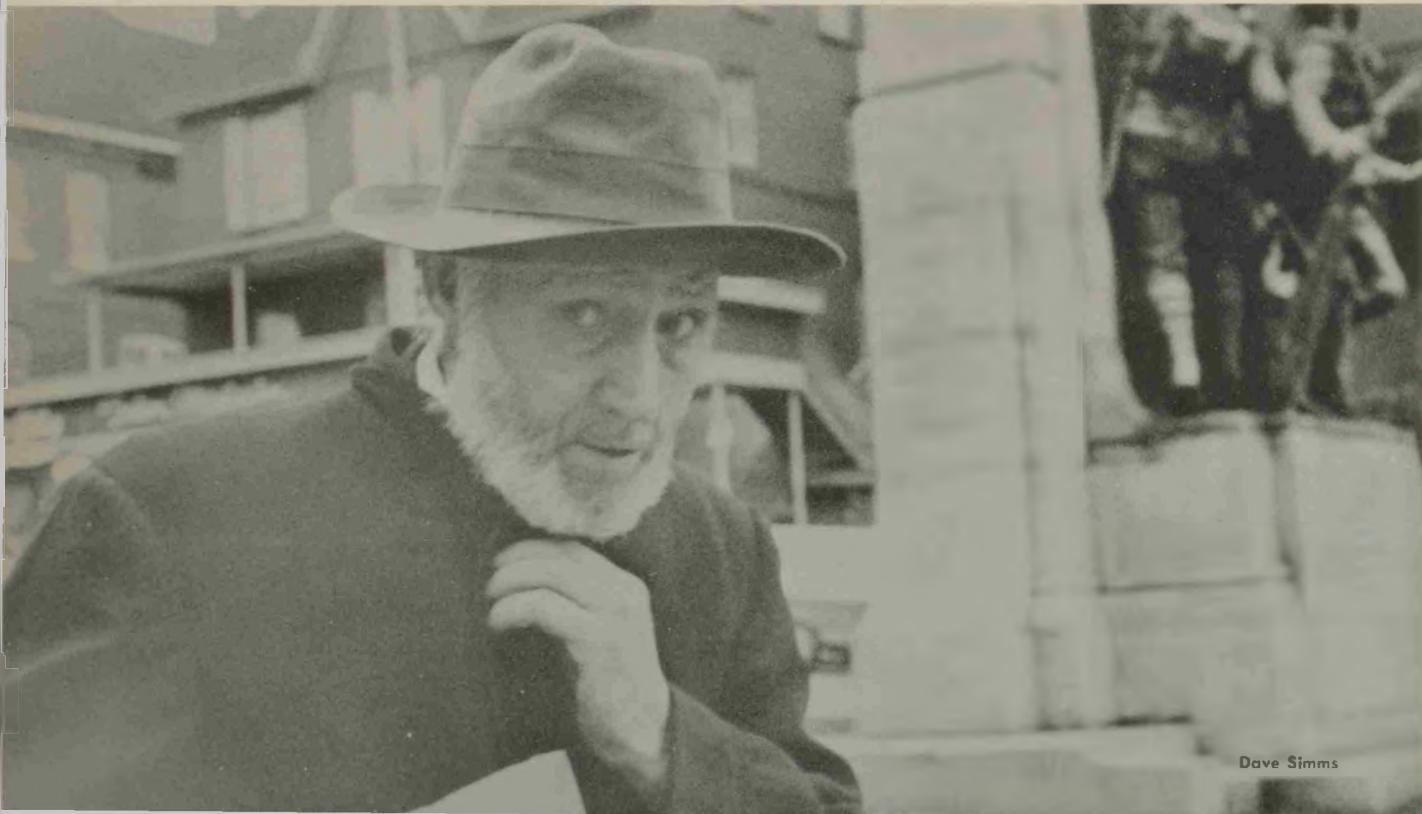
A steady drizzle
Diminishing the crowd,
a slanted rain
over the grey houses

3.

Left a few aproned wives
tobacco-smells
tables of farm produce,
Selling cheaply in the big city,
in the rain

4.

and an old man on crutches.



Dave Simms

A FEW NOTES ON THE HARPSICHOARD

by Howard Brown

As a piece of antique furniture, tinkly and without expression, the harpsichord fills a niche in the museum as an intermediate step in the evolution of the grand piano. Its sound has been described as "performing upon a bird cage with a toasting fork". Such treatment is hardly fair, for the harpsichord was one of the main forces in the development of music from the Sixteenth to the Nineteenth centuries.

Although I have recently acquired a small harpsichord built by Schutze in Heidelberg, I do not intend to abandon the cause of the piano. Both instruments have their own traditions. The notes of the harpsichord are distinctively clear and penetrating; those of the piano are smooth and legato. Plucked strings, much like a guitar's, distinguish the harpsichord from the percussive notes of the piano.

In some respects, the concert harpsichord resembles the organ, having two manuals or rows of keys. Stops function to change the tone qualities when operated by manual or foot levers, and large models boast an intricate pedal keyboard. Most players approach the instrument with training in piano or organ, only to find that an entirely different technique is necessary for the demands of the harpsichord. Control of melody, for example, may be kept only with the most careful fingering; any awkward hand movement is grossly magnified. The damper pedal, allowing for the "artistic smear" is absent. Moreover, the harpsichord requires frequent tuning, and is sensitive to changes in temperature and environment.

If its evanescent qualities allow full chords to slip away, and if it does not hold its tune, what are the harpsichord's compensations?

One needs a musical piece with contrapuntal lines, consisting of two or more melodic lines sounding simultaneously, to demonstrate the instrument at its best. Trills and ornaments of all kinds are especially suited to the harpsichord.

In the early years of this century, a Polish artist called Wanda Landowska presented a piano-oriented public with complete harpsichord recitals. Harold Schonberg in his book *The Great Pianists* writes:

"Her stage entrances were unforgettable. When she gave her 1949 series devoted to the first book of Bach's Well-Tempered Clavier, in New York's Town Hall, she had the stage fixed up as though it were her living room — the harpsichord dominating, a studio lamp to the left of the keyboard, the stage nearly darkened. Fifteen minutes before the start of the event the audience was already firmly seated. Mme Landowska made everybody wait a good while before she decided to come out. Finally the stage door opened and The Presence appeared.

It seemed to take her a good five minutes to walk the twenty or so feet to the instrument. Her palms were pressed together in prayer à la Durer, her eyes were cast to the heavens, and everybody realized that she was in communion with J. S. Bach, getting some last-minute coaching and encouragement. She was dressed in a shapeless black covering, her feet shod in velvet ballet slippers as she levitated to the harpsichord. It was one of the great entrances of all times."

Landowska, who so beautifully proportioned showmanship with solid technique, has been the main perpetrator of the harpsichord's present popularity. The upsurge of interest might not have come about without this great lady's crusades.

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COCKTAILS

Vixen eyes glittered
between pasted jewel lids
smile so hard
that make-up cracked
over the corners of her mouth.

Leathery breasts
all coyly perched
on silken folds
defining her attentions

Her pupils glinted
as target sighted
The Man with plastic
breath, charming
three ripe debutantes.

She swept him away
In a tired flurry.

CBS CYCLOPS

I ran around and laughed,
 As outside the world darkened.
 Too late it was to bank the flickering furnaces,
 And so our interest doubled.

You stood about and laughed,
 As they carried him away.
 Too late he was ;
 Time had passed on and so had he,
 Speaking to a cyclops and smiling.

He sat down and laughed,
 As the holy flame
 Lighted our dwellings from within,
 Adding up remedies for every
 Problem but itself.

She laid down and laughed,
 As surrounding flesh offered
 Instant gratification.
 Just pop it in the oven,
 No preparation necessary.

We rolled about and laughed,
 As the tiny figures orchestrated
 A modern pageant, selling vicarious indulgences ;
 While serving the palate with
 Body, blood, and statistics.

You curled up and laughed,
 As fetal fabrications filled the air
 Keeping all in stiches ;
 While roof mounted placentae
 Groped abortively for the ubiquitous umbilical.

They lay still and laughed,
 To be served not only by
 Their half blind god, but to him,
 Stuffed, on a platter with vegetables
 And appropriate trimmings.

Windowplanes
 In airplanes
 Watching clouds
 As they go slipping by,
 But I don't mind
 They don't belong to me.

An empty soul
 Lacking shoes
 Whose laces
 Only bind the air
 of vacant realms
 Wrapped in my memory

Empty files
 And a paper child
 Stares at me
 From my garbage pail ;
 He's the world
 That doesn't bother me.

Listen. Once before,
someone forced me to this point
forced me to let her see the irrational fears
that dominate our relationship.
half love half hate
full love full bilious hate
I ask you, what from the first but hate
what from the second but green sickening bile
or perhaps, if we count ourselves lucky,
yellow bitter love ?
Let me tell you
of the force inside me that resists you
maybe only from the difference in us
could it be your impulse ?
so admired, and yet, you notice, so envied.
Suppressed desire of one who doesn't dare.
(pride supplies the first explanation
honesty, but always hidden, furtively acknowledges the second)

I wonder now, if full man-woman relationships exclude such
a thing ?
The idea puts me off, at any rate.
one or the other
the first is straight ;
the second complicated by love-hate struggles and
cat-meows.
let both sides speak. I fear the
outcome.

for my tears :

a windblown
salted tangle
of your hair

is what I would take,
instead of
this page

a sea
of you
to search through

rather than
nights

the acid
and your music
to cry too



Zbyszek Meissner

SOCIOLOGICAL REVERIE :

1

who are you royal elephant ?
tyrant of heaven

killed in Africa for your ivory
now supreme
in an afterlife

where all are black
for life

2

maybe
the one
you were supposed to love

died
in Belson or Berkely

maybe
that person drowned
in Bombay or Atlantis

maybe
he or she
liberated Turkey
and died for
IT

maybe
the one
you were supposed to love

was aborted

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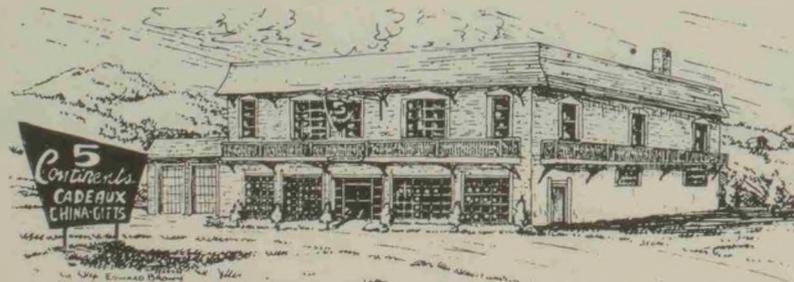
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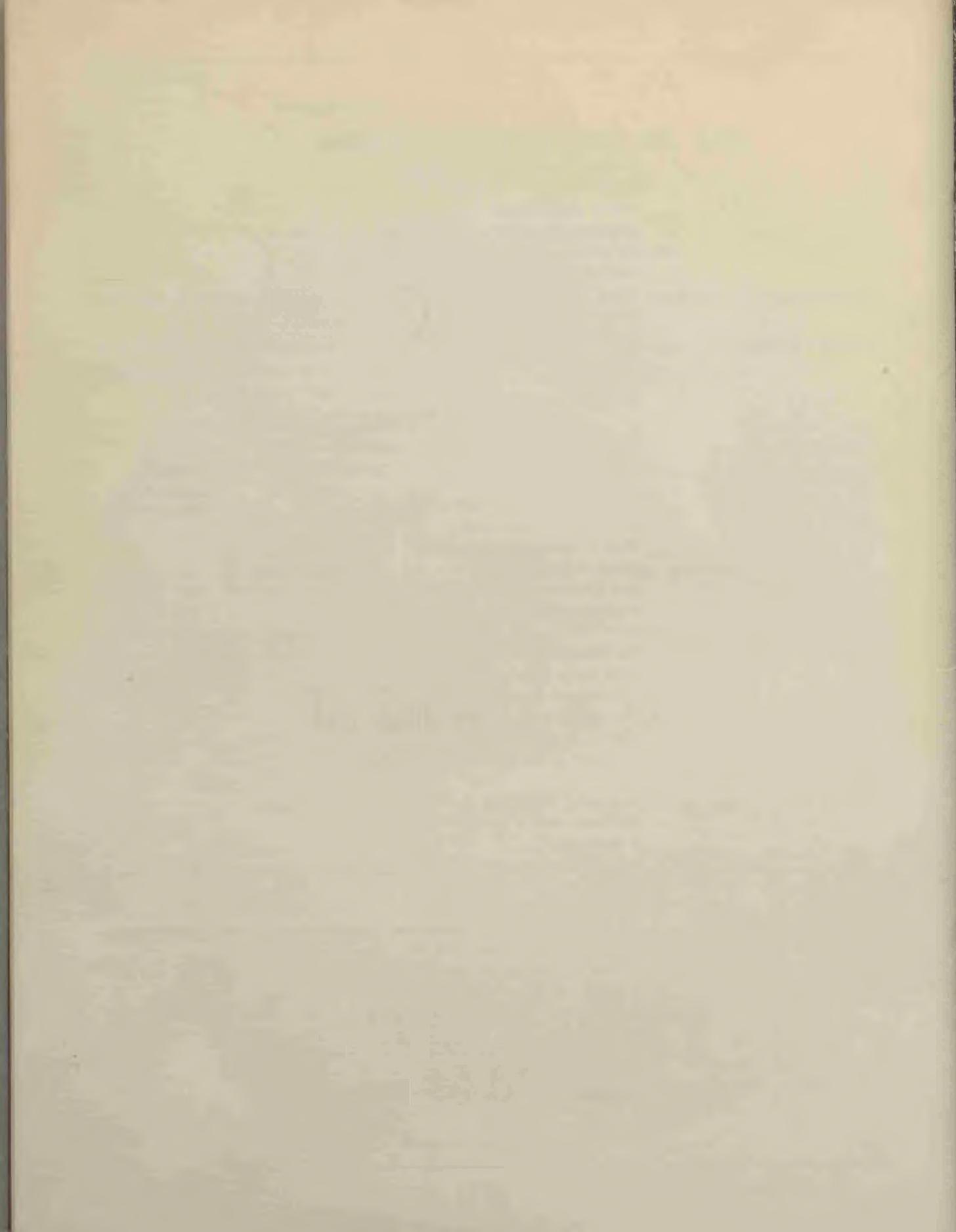
(Branch of Skinner & Nadeau)

I should write you a poem
then
word upon word
flowing through a love theme
emotions
falling like a widow's tears
onto the white page
something universal
something easily identified
this
I suppose
is what you want

then I condemn you all
you lazy bastards
I am no poet
I simply scribble out of mind
and I can assure you
that it demands only this
some reflection
but much more than that
a good deal of egoism

be honest with yourselves
take up a pen
an unused scrap of paper
for memory deceives
where words on record
bear some semblance to truths

you shall never be a Shakespeare
William was a man of letters
a universal
but assume your pedestal anyhow
for we are all egoists
almost all that is
we were born to be poets
to scratch our inane lives
across the pages of time
and as we grow older
we become tellers of tales
or perhaps
as the world changes
we become specimens of history
anachronisms that lapse into redundancy.



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