

**volume 1 no.1**

**price \$1.00**

Townships

PS

8003

.N83

c.2

# nuevue



# Bishop's University Alumni Association



## BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION NATIONAL COMMITTEE

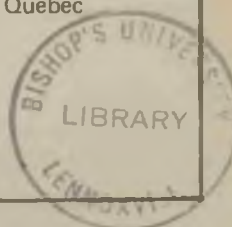
<b>President</b>	
C.T. Manning	'46 1980 Sherbrooke W. Montreal, Quebec
<b>Vice-President</b>	
J.C. Brodeur	'44 121 Lazard Avenue Montreal 16, Quebec
<b>Secretary</b>	
Fred Kaufman	'46 1255 Phillips Sq., Montreal, Quebec
<b>Immediate Past-President</b>	
G.W. Hall, Q.C.	'30 507 Place d'Armes, Montreal, Quebec
<b>Members-at-Large</b>	
Mrs. Pat Williams	'52 4036 Harvard Avenue Montreal 28, Quebec
Mrs. Jean Bagnall	'47 450 Osborne Rd., St. Lambert, Quebec
J.E.M. Lawrence	'52 61 Chesterfield Avenue Westmount, Quebec
D.A. Lloyd	'62 7425 Canora Rd. #405 Montreal, Quebec
S.R. McMorran	'60 7132 Chester Avenue Montreal 28, Quebec

## BRANCH REPRESENTATIVES

Montreal Branch	D.B. Campbell '59 6 Park Place Westmount, Quebec
Toronto Branch	A.P. Lee '48 49 Slidell Crescent Don Mills, Ontario
Ottawa Branch	W.E. Humphrey '31 326 Island Park Drive Ottawa 3, Ontario
E.T. Branch	Lt. Col. F.H. Baldwin 33 485 Newton Street Sherbrooke, Quebec
Quebec Branch	A.R.M. Roy '44 1306 Lavigerie Quebec 10, Quebec

**Chairman Alumni Fund - Ex Officio**  
Gavin G. Ross '56  
5175 Western Avenue - Montreal 28, Quebec

**Executive Secretary**  
R.A. Gordon '60  
Bishop's University - Lennoxville, Quebec



## editorial

The trouble with us Canadians is that we have been standing on guard just too darn long. It's about time we started looking at our country as something more than a place we are obliged to protect. In fact we don't need to protect her any longer. Canada can take care of herself. We don't need any more quick cover-ups and excuses about her resources. There's a lot here, but for too many years Canadians have held a king size inferiority complex about their own worth. Consequently we've stood on guard looking a mari usque ad mare for foreign material and guidance. Lately it seems that some Canadians have begun to crawl out of their shriveled egos and have taken a stand in the world. Expo 67 proved that Canadians could do things. In fact, some Americans would even go so far as to admit that Canadians have a lot of spunk and maybe even some talent. But God help us if we ever start thinking that way ourselves. Heavens! We might even become conceited!

I am one of those misguided hicks who believes in the quality which exists in our country. To prove this and perhaps to put a few of my compatriots in touch with Canadian arts I started NueVue, a magazine devoting its pages to articles on Canadian culture and including examples of the same.

The word culture rouses a thick, gummy taste in the mouth and perhaps when swallowed even sticks in the throat. It shouldn't, but it does. Without a long heritage of artistic endeavour behind us it is doubtful that we even have a culture. In fact, "Ode to an Artic Loon" and "Aphrodite of Manitoba Lake" are about the best examples of Canadian culture that some Canadians can think of, and even that takes an inspired effort. In a land so highly regionalized it is sometimes impossible to imagine a truly indigenous culture. But is it not possible that the Canadian, while being highly diversified in his background, also has qualities distinctly his own? In the thirties thousands of immigrants poured into the prairies. Here these people were obliged to build homesteads and to farm a certain number of acres before they could receive their Canadian citizenship. What these people learned is now slowly being communicated to us - that is the strength of Canada, the power and the magnificence of her area. In the arts this comes across as a hardness and certain joyful vitality.

NueVue is really an experiment with the dual aim of encouraging Canadian writers and readers to carry on a more active exchange. As students it is amazing that we know so little about our own country. Activism is a wonderful thing but it should presume that the activist knows what he is reforming. There are few aesthetic activists as such in Canada, but perhaps NueVue will give a practical demonstration of art that exists here in Canada, and in such a way inspire or aggravate, as the case may be, its readers to begin a movement to recognize, improve, and increase the Canadian arts.

## INDEX

### EDITORIAL

Heather Haas .....Page 1

### PHOTOGRAPHY

NEWFOUNDLAND

David Simms .....Page 2

"WITH GLOWING HEARTS"

David Simms .....Page 20

### BOOK REVIEWS

MATZOS, PEPSI,

AND WILD GRAPE WINE

Ralph Gustafson .....Page 5

"THE CAT'S PAJAMAS ETC."

Peter Funk .....Page 6

### ART

ESKIMO AND INDIAN ART

IN CANADA

Sigrid Kolding .....Page 8

### INTERVIEWS

DOES CANADIAN POETRY EXIST?

Sheila Ascroft .....Page 11

INSTANT THEATRE

John Beveridge.....Page 23

### COMMENT

SEXUALITY IN CANADIAN

LITERATURE

Heather Haas .....Page 17

### POETRY

THE GREAT FRENCH

VICTORY AT FONTENROY

Ronald Everson .....Page 4

THE HIPPIES AT

NATHAN PHILLIP'S SQUARE

Raymond Souster .....Page 7

OUR FOREFATHER'S LITERARY

Earle Birney .....Page 10

FAREWELL

Irving Layton .....Page 13

"HIS HOLINESS IS RIGHT" "FOR AVIVA"

Irving Layton .....Page 14

CALL FROM A MARTIAN

SLAUGHTERHOUSE

Henry Beissel .....Page 15

AGAMEMNON'S PALACE AT

MYKENAI

AT THE ODEUM OF HERODES

ATTICUS: ATHENS

Ralph Gustafson .....Page 16

THE FOUNDING OF VILLE

MARIE AND THE CONFOUND-

ING OF THE IROQUOIS

John Glassco .....Page 25

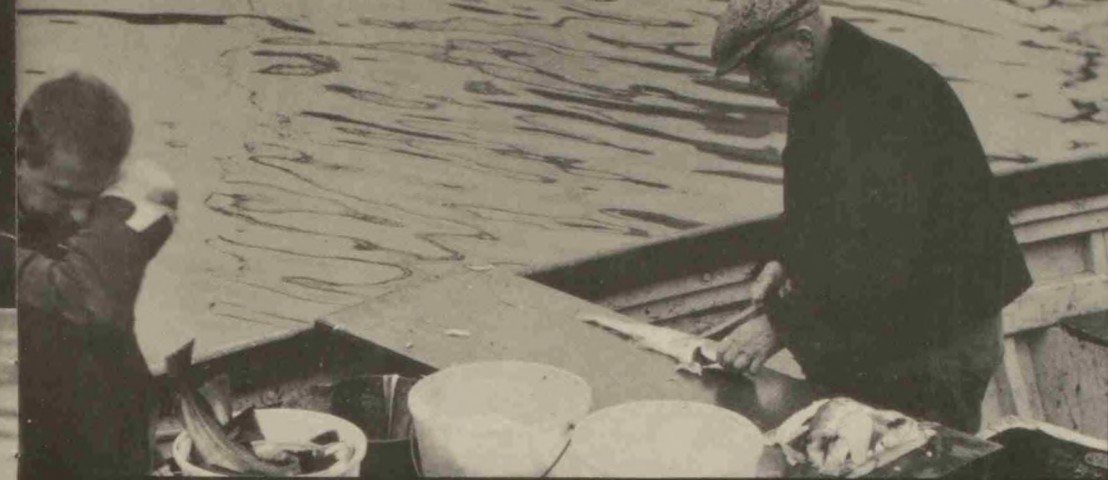
# nuevue

Honorary President: RALPH GUSTAFSON  
 Founder and Editor: HEATHER HAAS  
 Associate Editors: SHEILA ASCROFT  
 JOHN BEVERIDGE  
 SIGRID KOLDING  
 Business Manager: GORDON WALLACE  
 Sales Manager: ROBERT BARCLAY  
 Acknowledgements: KATHERINE BOAST  
 PAMELA GRINTER  
 JOSEE MARTINEAU  
 SUSAN MORRISON



# NEWFOUNDLAND

PHOTO DAVID SIMMS



"FISH AND WHEAT, THE PROMISE,  
CHRIST AND BREAD,

BROUGHT TO THE TABLES OF  
AN IRON LAND."

Ralph Gustafson  
Carta Canadensis





THE GREAT FRENCH VICTORY AT FONTENOY

Saxon bastard Marshal Saxe  
surrounded by his staff of personal foes  
and the excellent French army, painfully dozed  
dropsical from vice in a wicker wagon

Lieutenant Lord Charles Hay, the Grenadiers,  
advanced alone supported by a flask  
to toast and taunt the musketry of France  
Three cheers from our side; from polite French cheers

Practising for Culloden's Highland Scotch,  
butcher Cumberland killed seven thousand  
French who however killed seven thousand  
English Hanoverians Austrians Dutch

Louis the fifteenth on his one good day  
refused to run. Needing a victory,  
the great Saxe slowly crawled from his opium bed  
and, painfully mounting, collected cavalry  
to charge, kept half awake by a splitting head.

Photo - Dave Simms



BOOKS IN REVIEW

matzos, pepsi, and  
wild grape wine

BY RALPH GUSTAFSON

David Weisstub, *Heaven Take my Hand*. McClelland & Stewart Ltd. pp. 128. \$3.95.

Stanley Cooperman, *The Owl Behind the Door*. McClelland & Stewart Ltd. pp. 128. \$3.95.

A.W. Purdy, *Wild Grape Wine*. McClelland & Stewart Ltd. pp. 128. \$3.95.

David Weisstub is a Canadian of 25 years, born in Port Arthur, raised in Winnipeg, now studying at Yale Law School. He is new to Canadian poetic circles, and *Heaven Take my Hand* is his first book of verse. I do not like the book. Saying so, puts me under special obligation to explain myself.

The subject matter of the book is deeply based on Hebraic theology and culture. This is a particularly rich area for a poet to draw on. I remember once, over a lunch with A.M. Klein, the Canadian poet, telling him that I envied him the possibility to draw on Hebraic culture for moving, fresh image and metaphor. He looked up at me as if I were crazy, struck dumb with astonishment. That was the time of Hitler; just before Klein published his *The Hitleriad*. I was fed up with the Christian apparatus as a metaphor for poetry; it was cliché; it was a wobbling organum. Unless the poet could be as concentric as Hopkins or Eliot, Christianity as a poetic metaphor was about as good as June and a moon — though the moon, of course, now that it has been flown around, is once more good poetic cheese. After that first incredulous, sufferable moment. Klein realized what we both meant and were talking about, the art of poetry.

It is the art of poetry that is lacking in Weisstub's book. I find no, or very little, sign, that this author is a poet — as I find that Eugene McCarthy is not much of a poet. McCarthy's heart, I take it, is in the right place. Emphatically, Weisstub's is. But a blood pump doesn't make a poet.

Weisstub is deeply dedicated religiously and is deeply aware (of course, alas,) of suffering. I have forgotten, pretty much, who Miriam was, and am hopeless in remembering what exactly was the relationship between Leah and Laban.

Thus, I disqualify myself. But only up to a certain point. I looked the relationship up. I consulted the glossary in the back of *Heaven Take my Hand* when I came on phrases I could not be expected to know. But I got irritated. There came a point when I knew the author was aware that the Hebraic phrases were necessary only to him. They could not possibly convey their connotations beyond. As Henry James cracked about Walt Whitman: "He knew too many foreign languages." It's the sort of humiliation (or condescension) we get from Eliot and Joyce. Why not:

master of Israel's palm groves  
ascend to the gates of heaven

rather than:

rebbe of Israel's palm groves  
ascend to the shearim.

(Mr. Weisstub does not like punctuation or capitals). A.M. Klein never got recondite (Weisstub has a poem to Klein).

But let all this be necessary to convey the ambience of the book. I should educate myself. The fatal flaw is that Weisstub does not convey the passion he feels; nor does he hear what he writes:

embrace my mind, dialogicize  
my daemonia  
playing on dead corpses  
eyes the aeternitatis  
wincing at my modality  
jesting with my determinacy

There is much prose of this nature. It is a relief to come on such prose at this:

he  
met  
her  
in a west side  
laundry room

Stanley Cooperman, aged 40, an American now teaching at Simon Fraser University, is an entertainer, a sort of wise owl behind the door of Dylan Thomas. His ambience is filled with blue lamb-chops.



I don't believe him for a moment. He's too smart. His stars are heavy-footed; even his fire-flies vomit. He is a show-off of made-up stuff without truth; colourful roulades; way-out improvisations you don't believe in. His syllable-music is jazzy and fine but without the wit of Satie (one of his titles is "Serenade for a Cubed Eyeball"). The kind of delight you'll get from these poems is of one who dances

down the street  
carrying God in one hand  
and a green rattle  
in the other.  
Not that he blows up  
like a carnival-balloon  
filled  
with cement.

There is a smart and agile mind at work here; some good active imagery; no abstract, mysterious business; no monologue but

a duet, with God  
and green birds  
shaking their  
feathers  
on a silver roof.

He can work up compassion even for a lobster. "Here is my brother," he says,

he moves silent  
in a tank of metal.  
his dreams  
heavy with horn,  
his chains  
dripping with the tide.

And he can ask some unanswerable questions:

Who cooked the world?  
Who eats it?  
Who labours there, in the sweated  
kitchen  
of the soul, fueled  
with his own grease?

The trouble is that there are too many like's and as's; too much of a plethora of metaphors. Finally, we don't believe anything except that the author is smart.

I once wrote a verse-letter for Al Purdy before his departure into the parts of Newfoundland he writes about in his new book. Al Purdy is always going into the more inaccessible parts, like the House of Commons or the Arctic North. I said in the poem that Purdy is forever lifting stones to see what is under, slug, mud, rubble, Christ or veritable China. The poem ran:

Truth has to surprise you.  
The Pacific astounded by Balboa.

Prise stones,  
squat frost,  
pack up for Newfoundland.  
While reiterated toughness wears out,  
doesn't last (what does? ),  
you'll be safe Cabot.  
You travel into your own sense  
of comedy.

That's about as good as anything I have seen written about Al Purdy. Wherever he is, however he writes, with toughness, rhetoric, longwindedness, brilliance, what-not, his safeguard and his delight is that superb irony, that sense of comedy. His subject is never far from the banana peel. He dedicates his new book to Earle Birney. The great thing about Birney too, is that ability to travel into a sense of comedy, into that area which turns irony into more than a parochial whine against the universe. These two poets aren't funny.

Purdy's new book displays all the uncommon common-sense Purdy is known for. Under the stones he turns

over are real live slugs. Also dinosaurs and eternity. Purdy has a superb sense of history, external and internal; a sense of his own history that goes on

until a small white bone somewhere in the  
cerebral hemisphere

for some unknown reason instead of bending snaps.

Reading his unbuttoned, easymade (apparently) poems about rural Ameliasburg (Ontario), one gets the idea that he (like Robert Frost) has a straw between his teeth. Then suddenly, he hits you over the head with a poetic two-by-four. Suddenly

god goes whooping thru the timbers  
and shakes hands with all the doorknobs.

That easy-going, Gary Cooper, lope that he puts into his poems is a narrative line no one else in Canadian poetry can match. It's a delight to walk with him. Try this out in "Over the Sierra Maestra" or "The North West Passage." Is there anyone else who can get his whiskey-drinking grandfather and Lesbia's singer in her sunny islands comfortably into the same poem? Sometimes the going is a bit gooey; strawberry jam reminds him of slaughtered rabbits that dance no more. But think twice, and Purdy is seen to be about a hundred lopes ahead of the tough, whining, confessional bunch of boy scouts who now pant across their Canadian field composition. He is reinstating good, heart-filling, direct emotion.

This book adds Ottawa to Purdy's researches. What he discovers there is everybody's business. But give me those Ameliasburg poems and their wilderness gothic.

Purdy tells us that he is  
satisfied with my own shortcomings letting  
myself happen.  
More power to him.

## THE CAT'S PAJAMAS AND WITCHES MILK BY PETER DE VRIES. REVIEWED BY PETER FUNK.

De Vries is like a cup of black coffee over a witty remark in the afternoon. Bitter, and yet welcome, he reaches into suffering for the comic and into humour for tragedy.

Hank Tattersall, in *The Cat's Pajamas* underlines this credo.

For what does humour deal with save with that which isn't funny at the time: broken bones, broken machinery, bad food, hangovers. Husbands, wives, brats. There is no comic mileage in good health, an excellent dinner, harmonious unions and well behaved children . . . Tragedy and comedy have a common root.

From this viewpoint, De Vries, in this pair of thematically linked novels observes the explorations of first a man, then a woman attempting to reconcile their respective natures with a society which seems to equate maturity with the adopting of acceptable guises.

Accordingly, *Cat's Pajamas* purrs slowly off to a start, "Tattersall's most embarrassing moment was one for which any newspaper running such a feature would probably have paid the standard fee, but which he himself would gladly have given his life's savings to have been spared." and gathers momentum as our "hero" with a combination of misanthropy, vanity, and fantasy, propels himself steadily downwards. His route touches teaching, advertizing, acting, and gardening, permitting the author to make satiric capital at every stop; until Tattersall is finally reduced to selling canned "fresh air" and "Peddlers Not Allowed" signs from door to door accompanied by an alcoholic dog and an idiot boy.

*Witch's Milk* suggests an equally bitter-sweet brew, and we are not disappointed. In a marital situation "black-comedy" Tillie Seltzer gradually marries Pete Seltzer,

(Continued on Page 18)

# RAYMOND SOUSTER

RAYMOND SOUSTER is the author of two volumes of poetry; his collected works "The Colour of the Times," appeared in 1964: "Ten Elephants on Young Street" in 1965. He was editor of Contact Press and of an anthology "New Wave Canada". Mr. Souster is presently living in Toronto.



## The Hippies at Nathan Phillip's Square

Completely unaware  
and I'm sure not caring  
that the Superintendent  
of Sanitary Sewers  
together with his colleague  
the Assistant Director  
of Garbage Disposal  
watched them from the ninth  
tier of City Hall windows,



and helped her  
as she wiggled in beside him,  
and was then last seen  
as his hand reached out  
and zippered up the bag



the young bearded  
unkept boy  
camped out below  
waved a greeting  
from his sleeping-bag  
to the long-haired blonde  
with bare feet under  
her sloppy joes,



In the bright morning sunlight  
that sleeping bag was seen  
to shake, then to roll,  
indeed was the most moving thing  
in all of Nathan Phillip's Square.



At that point the Superintendent  
suddenly remembered he'd been  
on the way to the washroom all the time,  
and the Assistant Director  
suddenly recalled  
he was two minutes late  
for his appointment with the mayor . . .







# eskimo and indian art in canada by sigrid kolding

PREPARING SKINS BY  
EKOOTAK OF HOLMAN ISLAND

Indian and Eskimo art, has been culturally rather than individually determined. In a primitive society ideas and behavior are socially defined and there is little variation in the stimuli to which individuals are exposed. Because it is a cultural expression, their art is stylized and reflects collective thought patterns.

It is this expression of a culture that distinguishes Eskimo and Indian art. Although the art will vary to a certain extent in different regions of the country, there are generally recognized stereotypes of Indian and Eskimo art. Only a more than superficial knowledge of these art forms will effect the realization that West Coast Indian art differs from that of the Maritimes, and that the Cape Dorset Eskimo are among the most original and innovative.

The Eskimo is being led to regard his talents as a highly lucrative industry. The public is insisting upon traditional art and those social agencies concerned with helping the Eskimo integrate are eager for him to capitalize on anything which will aid him in becoming self-sufficient. This emphasis upon means of expression which are gradually becoming anachronistic cannot help but lead to imitative art which will have no relevance for anyone. Few people, however, are familiar enough with Eskimo art to distinguish between an inherently good carving and one with commercial appeal. It is very difficult to evaluate the expressions of a completely different culture objectively. Even people who have been importing Eskimo art for long periods of time are sometimes deceived as to the value of a piece of sculpture. The price is not particularly indicative of value, either, for it is based on a variety of factors, often including size and demand. All these forces are contributing to the commercialization of Eskimo art.

Until recently the Eskimo has confined himself largely to carving in soapstone and argillite. With the increase in demand for Eskimo art, though, he has been encouraged to try such media as stone cuts, silk-screening, and painting on

skins. However, his subject matter is still traditional. This is still usually a sincere expression of the Eskimo personality. An elderly Eskimo who was brought down from the North for medical treatment was given some paints while in the hospital. His complete frame of reference was obvious from his paintings. They exhibited the traditional stylized forms, lack of background, and almost exclusive use of the colors red, brown, yellow and black. The hospital and white culture had no significance for him and so he could not draw them. This is quickly changing, however, and the Eskimo is increasing the subject matter and stimuli from which he can draw. And his art will necessarily change as well.

Already some Eskimo art is becoming more sophisticated and individualistic. More detail is evident in much of their work. The faces have more individual expression and there is a trend towards realism where before all has been symbolic. It is easier to identify various pieces of art done by the same artist. The Eskimo sense of humor and vitality is more obvious from their carvings now than before. Their art is so completely expressive of their way of life and personality. What has been denied them in the way of variety has been recompensed by the incredible amount of depth they have been able to achieve.

The Indian is in a different position than the Eskimo but his art is traceable to the same factor of cultural rather than individual expression. The culture of the Canadian Indian has been suppressed and exploited to such an extent that there are but vestigial remains. They have been exposed to European culture for a much longer period of time than the Eskimo and there has been more opportunity for absorption. Consequently, their culture is less evident as a definite, defineable force.



WOMEN AND SKIN BY  
KOOM OF POVUNGNETUK

While they were secure in their identity as Indians their art developed positively. The West Coast Indians were the most varied and individual of the Canadian tribes. There is a commonly held opinion, however, which serves to illustrate the cultural nature of their art. It is claimed that if two men listen to the same legend and then carve totem pole to illustrate it, the totems will be almost identical.

The Indians of British Columbia were, and still are, the most sophisticated tribes. Their totem poles are tremendously interesting and many are depicted in the paintings of Emily Carr. A few totem poles are still being carved but they are usually for such corporate bodies as museums and cities. There is an outdoor park devoted to totem poles in Victoria and it serves to illustrate the history of totem carving as well as to offer to the public some of the best examples of this art. Masks were another form of carving done by the West Coast tribes and many of the designs are being incorporated into modern prints and tapestries. The traditional designs lend themselves well to line drawings and can be very dramatic.

The Indian affinity for color is evidenced in many of the silk-screens and various wall hangings they are now doing. They are also experimenting with pottery and jewelry and are producing some original designs. Some of the Eastern Indians are reviving beadwork and doing some highly creative and imaginative things with it. A large number of Indians produce handicrafts, but unfortunately the public is not in the habit of taking these articles seriously because the market until



WALRUS BY TGUPLAIT  
OF REPULSE BAY



WOMAN AND BABY BY  
SIMON OF POVUNGNETUK

recently has exhibited a large amount of inferior, crude articles. It is unfortunate that many of these have been attributed to the Indian when in reality they have been manufactured by white people capitalizing on the demand.

Some Indians have experimented with writing and displayed definite ability. Pauline Johnson was a well-known Indian poetess who demonstrated very adequately that the Indian can do such things, and well. Both Indian and Eskimo have a wealth of stories and myths as well as songs which they have not begun to capitalize upon. Dance and Music are two more areas of the arts that neither people has developed to their full potential.

The continuing involvement of the Indian and the Eskimo in the arts is a certainty. The preservation of those aspects of their cultures which are valid and applicable now is more dubious. Yet it is their own cultural heritage and their different interpretations of North American culture which will make their contributions to the arts invaluable.



# EARLE BIRNEY

EARLE BIRNEY: now resides in Vancouver but was previously writer in residence at the University of Toronto. His work has merited many awards including the Governor General's medal, (twice won), the Lorne Pierce Medal of the Royal Society of Canada, and also a Federal Government Fellowship. His "Selected Poems" appeared in 1966.

## OUR FOREFATHERS LITERARY

Our forefathers literary

had little laugh or quippery.

Even Can. Lit. profs are still uncertain

of Haliburton,

and all their students reassembling

Carman's skeleton

never found the funny bone.

(Beware the jokes of Archibald Lampman,

they'll give you cramp, man).

Groves was grave, and Mair still more,

and though they made a Baron out of Gilbert Parker

his prose just went on getting darker.

Sir Charles G. D. Roberts couldn't see,

in all his g.d. woods, Silenus in a tree.

Well, yes, there was our northern loon, our Leacock

subtle as a duck, and laughing like a peacock.

# CANADIAN POETRY

## DOES IT EXIST

BY SHEILA ASCROFT

*"Poetry is the most impressive and most distinguished art  
Canada has developed."*

— Irving LAYTON

*"The important thing is that a lot of poetry is being written  
and . . . being read, Canadian poets never had it so good."*

— Henry BEISSEL

A brief but meaningful sojourn into Montreal proved for me that Canadian Poetry is not only very much alive in the minds of our Canadian poets, but also, that this life has been more than adequately transferred to the minds of the Canadian public. This is not to say, however, that poetry is a theoretical concept pertaining solely to the mind. The very essence of Canadian poetry is, to be sure, its reality.

Louis Dudek is a poet, a Canadian, and a teacher — in that order. His words and thoughts have been a part of the Canadian literary scene since 1944, when he appeared in the "Unit of Fire". He has always worked with the little magazines, and is presently editor of "Delta" and the McGill Poetry Series.

Although Montreal-born (1918), Mr. Dudek is of Polish descent and has studied at New York's Columbia University. He now teaches contemporary poetry at McGill, a subject not thought of when he was a student there thirty years ago. Besides writing several books of poetry — "En Mexico", "Europe",

"Laughing Stalks", he is co-editor of an anthology now used in universities.

Louis Dudek is a part of the Canadian poetry world and he talks about it.

NUEVUE: Is Canadian poetry established among the arts?

DUDEK: Canadian poetry lacks breadth, range, and dedication as an art . . . ten or fifteen years ago there was no audience for real poets. The poet was very largely an anonymous character . . . now the situation is different. There is a large reading public . . . you now have poetry readings, poetry courses in university have helped to stimulate an interest, and then the publishing houses are much more adventurous . . . so it is still being established.

NUEVUE: How has Canadian poetry developed and who were or are involved in it?

DUDEK: Essentially in the Canadian scene, the modern movement began in the 1920's, with people like Frank Scott, A.J.M. Smith and so on. They went on in the 1930's but didn't publish anything except "New Provinces"; and the second wave to which I belong began . . . I was a part of a great wave of change taking place — very much in opposition to the Victorian and Romantic line of poetry . . . I didn't think much of the older poets like Lampman and Carman. But now that I've grown older and wiser,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12



let's hope, I've become more interested in what has gone before without losing a really serious commitment or understanding of what is and should be happening.

This second wave includes Patrick Anderson, Irving Layton, Raymond Souster, and so forth . . . and I think Ralph Gustafson is in that period too — very definitely not in the earlier period.

NUEVUE: What separates a poet from one wave or another? I mean what is modern poetry, what distinguishes it from other poetry?

DUDEK: Well, this particular branch I was involved in was one of social realism, greater realism, greater harshness, greater visceral emotions, and greater freedoms with the forms of poetry, I think. There were different poets doing slightly different things. But essentially this was a movement in which the poetry of reality became more explicit and the throttle was wide open in that period. You can see that in the way Irving Layton differs from Frank Scott. F.R. Scott is a socialist poet, committed to the social good — a Democratic Socialist — but Layton is a much more violent . . . more outspoken one.

NUEVUE: Is there another "wave" after Layton? I know we have the musical poet, like Joan Baez and Leonard Cohen, but are there other poets?

DUDEK: Oh yes. There followed after this in Canadian poetry James Reaney, Jay Macpherson, and other poets of a greater kind of complexity — a technical complexity. Maybe Ralph Gustafson fits more in this pattern with the strong influence of G.M. Hopkins. He has a technical astuteness — a shaping quality in his poetry, and an intellectual and emotional interest within the poem.

NUEVUE: Are you saying then, that poetry is generational?

DUDEK: No, but we have to understand this, that the waves of literature keep coming, but that doesn't erase what was there before. The thing about generations is . . . that in poetry and art, a new type of literature comes every one or two decades. The old one, however, continues. So when I put myself down in the 1940's and '50's in Canada that doesn't mean that I'm dead at all . . . I am aware though that another kind of literature is around.

NUEVUE: If we haven't completely established our poetry, at least we are in that process. How can we further expand Canadian poetry?

DUDEK: Well, the parent stems from which Canadian poetry is drawn are mainly England, France, and the United States. For the English-Canadian only English literature seems important so far, and for the French-speaking, only French literature. Quite obviously in the future, if we are going to be a nation united and not separated, is that we should pick up our two traditions as available for the entire nation, for all the young people who study in universities. They should know something about French and English literature and the Canadian offshoot . . . then we cease to be a colony also. We become a nation with its own life and culture.

Irving Layton considers himself one of Canada's best known poets — and he has the right to! His prolific writings (10 books of poetry so far) have gained recognition in Canada and the U.S. His influence on other poets, whether directly or not, is obvious. He has also received substantial Canada Council grants which are given only for artistic proof not potential.

Although Layton is 56 and thus condemned as an "older poet", his writings are much within the modern scene. The knowledge of tradition has enabled him to maximize the modern form and to create true art.

He started writing in elementary school and still believes in the "power of verse". After taking agriculture at MacDonald, he received his M.A. at McGill University. Besides his Mediterranean creative tours, he teaches modern English at Sir George Williams University. This term the University of Waterloo has honored Irving Layton with the position of poet-in-residence.

NUEVUE: Do you think Canadian poetry has been established in the world of literature?

LAYTON: Poetry is the most impressive and the most distinguished art Canada has developed . . . I think poetry is established now. In the past fifteen years it has made a place for itself. The fact that so many different unique voices can be heard . . . In the U.S.A. the voices seem to blur into one another — nationalistic in a propagandical stance . . .

NUEVUE: Do you believe in poetry for art's sake or see it as a means for social criticism?

LAYTON: Poetry should not be subordinate to anything. Poetry is a supreme art. I wouldn't want to make it subservient to anything . . .

NUEVUE: What are the characteristics of the modern poet — if there are any?

LAYTON: The modern poet is the kind of poet that permits complete freedom — the hallmark, for me, is complete freedom — he's not restricted like the Victorian. The modern poet is, like the modern sculptor and painter, unrestricted. One way it's better, one way it's not because there is no form to follow.

NUEVUE: What do you think of the poem filled with intellectual verbiage — like classical Greek references?

LAYTON: When a poet uses classics judiciously they can contribute to the wealth . . . Poetry tends to get written today by people who are not trained; by barbarians, yahoos, and hottentots. Your uneducated yahoo has little use for classics.

NUEVUE: How do you judge a poem as such?

LAYTON: I like a poem to move me . . . if it doesn't then it's a dead poem it's barren . . . The poet today must find where the truth is — previously it has been enshrined. The moderns don't accept that . . . we have to discover truth. The mood today is quite different for there is no pattern of truth; no book or institution to tell him what to believe . . . you are

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13

truly a modern when you are prepared to accept the anxiety and adventure.

NUEVUE: Why did you start writing poetry and what era or poet influenced you the most?

LAYTON: I don't think anything starts a poet, let's just say it's a natural process. I first started when I was ten or eleven in Grade 6. I had a teacher with a flushed cleavage who kept me in one day after school. I wrote her a poem and showed it to her, and I was never kept in again. I had discovered the power of verse.

The only poet I can think of who influenced me the most was myself . . .

NUEVUE: What about college, then?

LAYTON: I can't say that university was an influence. What the university did was open my eyes to a lot of things I would not have seen otherwise. It

has made me a different sort of poet than I would have been.

NUEVUE: Is poetry generational? Do you think you will be surpassed by younger poets?

LAYTON: I think that I have written immortal poetry that no generation will overtake or tread down. What a poet deals with is universal and changeless. It's about nature and emotions and every generation feels them . . . I'm impressed by the absurdity of human nature, by ideals and reality.

NUEVUE: What do you feel about the present profusion of "modern" poetry?

LAYTON: My general feeling is that the slickness, sentimentality and rhetoric are presently endangering the craft. Because the distinction between the prose and poetry is being blurred . . . P.R. executives and editorialists and anyone who can even write a letter feels qualified to try for the poet's laurel.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THREE POEMS FROM IRVING LAYTON'S  
FORTHCOMING BOOK "THE WHOLE BLOODY BIRD"



Photo - Zbyszek Meissner

FAREWELL

I said to her: 'I	I want	As even
no longer want	the years	as the beat
to make poems	left to me	of the sea
out of pain	to be peaceful	on the seashore
	as boats	
	in a quite harbour	Farewell!



HIS HOLINESS IS RIGHT

I went to the slaughterhouses  
It's true  
Man  
is an animal  
different  
from all the others

Photo - Dave Simms



Photo - Dave Simms

FOR AVIVA

From the Forthcoming Book  
"The Whole Bloody Bird"

I am at the beach  
eating oil-soaked tomatoes  
and fish

And drinking retsina

You know the place  
you know the hills, the sun  
the Aegean  
indigo  
just about now  
I will not describe them for you  
you have seen them

Whatever is in your head  
is in mine also

We are made indissoluble, love,  
by such images  
and by love

CANADIAN POETRY— DOES IT EXIST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

A writer since the age of ten, Henry Beissel has proceeded from plays to essays to poetry, and is considering a novel for next year. In 1966, his four-part epic poem "New Wings for Icarus" was published in book form. He has been editor of "Edge" magazine for several years, and has translated many poems by the German-born Walter Bauer.

Mr. Beissel was graduated from the University of Toronto, and in 1958 won a poetry award there. He returned to study literature. Presently he is assistant professor of English at Sir George Williams University.

CALL FROM A

MARTIAN SLAUGHTERHOUSE

O everything is fine  
Connect me with the boss  
the heart is on the line  
the head's a total loss  
the rest is up for sale  
You can have it by the pound  
O never mind the tail  
the guts are pretty sound  
we have removed the boils  
the blood has all been drained  
we rubbed the skin with balmy oils  
no sir the animal wasn't brained  
it died right on its feet  
the head began to droop  
and finally fell off in the street  
but O the bones make lovely soup  
the knuckles are perfect with sauerkraut  
and remember: the species is dying out

Henry Beissel

NUEVUE: What do you think of Canadian poetry?  
BEISSEL: I'm not interested in Canadian poetry. I'm interested in poetry — in poetry in Canada. So long as you attempt to give our poetry a natural flavor consciously, you always get an inferior type of poetry. The important thing is that a lot of poetry is being written and . . . being read, Canadian poets never had it so good. The fact is that today you can be a poet . . . you're accepted by society . . . The danger is that you are losing sight of the craft of poetry. You can always find an editor somewhere who is a little in doubt that will publish a book for you. You begin to write the type of poetry that is

effective in such a situation, that gives an immediate startling effect. Layton is full of this kind . . . It's difficult in Canada because regionalism is still a feature of our poetry.

NUEVUE: Do you feel poetry should be written for art's sake or . . . ?

BEISSEL: I think it is becoming increasingly important for us not to maintain but to demonstrate that it is worthwhile to do something for its own sake. I am increasingly suspicious of the use of literature for polemic or didactic purposes . . . The act of writing poetry is an attempt at verbal organization of reality, then it is poetry for poetry's sake. Poetry humanizes us in a way nothing else does . . . The only thing you can do is march for humanity.

NUEVUE: Are there any characteristics of modern poetry, besides the fact it is formless?

BEISSEL: The point about modern poetry is that almost anything is possible . . . We have gained a much greater freedom and there's a danger in that. A work of art is a struggle with limitations. No one any longer knows what are the essentials of a poem; much of what is published today is shoddily composed. I don't think poetry is a public entertainment.

NUEVUE: Why did you start writing poetry?

BEISSEL: I never decided to be a poet. I don't consider myself a poet. Irving Layton tells me that's a sign that I'm not one. I think I can only maintain my sanity by writing poetry. I find the world terrible . . . full of terror and insanity. I don't just mean the world outside — I mean me. I reconcile myself to give it order. I talk of the terror and therefore keep it at bay . . .

NUEVUE: Did college have any influence on your poetry?

BEISSEL: I think of myself as an intellectual, that is to say, that everything I do involves my intellect. University expanded my intellect, helped me to develop a discipline. A working discipline is fundamental to writing anything, especially poetry.

Ronald G. Everson is an Ontario-educated lawyer who works in Montreal as head of a public relations firm. He has been writing for well over a decade. His poetry has been published in many periodicals — Queen's, New York Times, Toronto Quarterly. In 1958 his book "A Lattice for Momos" was released, and a "Blind Man's Holiday" was published in 1963. He is not a young man (65), yet his writings demonstrate a modern appeal; for he has adapted his experiences to the immediate situation.

NUEVUE: What made you want to write?  
EVERSON: It wasn't a matter of wanting. You can't sit down and will yourself to writing poetry. Can't say 'I'm going to write a poem now' . . .

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16



I write about what I'm stirred by — whatever it is. That way I get stirred up by anything that has to do much with thinking. I am a realist . . . I've long since reconciled myself to try to get the best I can out of life. . .

NUEVUE: What I mean is — did college influence your writing, did it help?

EVERSON: Well, let me put it this way. Some people have the ability to be burdened with a university education and still write poetry . . . A.J.M. Smith i a learned man . . . Irving Layton has his M.A. . . . Alfred Purdy is up and coming . . . but I feel a university education is a disadvantage for a poet.

NUEVUE: What poet influences you the most?

EVERSON: My favourite poet varies from year to year. James Dikey . . . perhaps because he is a personal friend . . . he's trying to do the impossible.

NUEVUE: I noticed that most of your poems have a local setting. Is there any reason?

EVERSON: Well, I am a little nervous of travel poets. There's a slight pretentiousness about them — here I am in New Delhi'. So perhaps one somewhat consciously keeps away from them.

Ralph Gustafson is presently poet-in-residence, as well as an English professor at Bishop's University — his alma mater. He left the university over thirty years ago to study at Oxford. During the interim Gustafson has written several volumes — “Rocky Mountain Poems” and “Sift in an Hourglass” — and a book of short stories. He spent a few years in New York editing some popular Canadian anthologies.

NUEVUE: Is Canadian poetry established in Canada?

GUSTAFSON: If not, it is fast being established. We have made tremendous inroads in the last ten years. Before, editors who made anthologies never looked at Canadian poetry . . . Amongst poets, by word of mouth, it's becoming known for no other reason than it's good poetry. In terms of poetry per capita, we must be the most profusely published nation . . . it's due to the little private presses. But somebody is buying Canadian poetry. Sixty thousand people buying poetry must show some interest . . . and they're not all college students!

NUEVUE: Does modern poetry have any characteristics? It seems so formless.

GUSTAFSON: Contemporary poetry is our best; that it seems formless is its characteristic. The easiest way to write a poem is to disregard the rules and the challenge.

NUEVUE: How can you tell what is good poetry then?

GUSTAFSON: On the grounds of music, a poem is not good if one's not hearing the poem . . . You know when you've got true poetry. The first criteria is a passionate love of language . . . The basis of a poem is the ability to handle the materials of the art, that is linguistics . . . Being a historian, sociologist, or a saint won't guarantee a good poem.

NUEVUE: When and why did you start writing?

GUSTAFSON: My first poem was written when I was seven. I had a love of music in words without sufficient experience, which meant pretty awful poetry. Then ambition entered into it. I thought I could be a Johnny Keats without acquiring consumption.

NUEVUE: Who influenced you the most, and what affect did college have on your writing?

GUSTAFSON: I was first influenced by John Keats, and Shakespeare, then Gerard Manley Hopkins and Ezra Pound. I was awakened at Bishop's by people like Dr. Raymond, he was most helpful in a personal way. When I was at Oxford, he sent some of my poetry to Bridges . . . Bishop's you know, has a long tradition — Drummond, F.R. Scott, F.G. Scott — all went here.

NUEVUE: You once said Henry Beissel wrote “affirmative poetry”, could you explain?

GUSTAFSON: Poetry today is negative . . . it's against the whole universe. Chaucer had the plague. We have 'God is Dead' and a sordid society . . . I get fed up with the negative. Poetry is now filled with the capital “I”. Now it's called confessional poetry. I welcome the poet who affirms life, in “Wings for Icarus” Beissel did . . .

NUEVUE: Is poetry generational? I mean today we have young people like Joan Baez . . .

GUSTAFSON: The modern poets like Joan Baez or Bob Dylan are socially engaged. A large part of their poetry does not stand up by itself. They throw more weight on the content than on the craft. They are too close to the grindstone and are liable to take the shine off their noses artistically.

Thus, these poets have candidly revealed that Canadian poetry is being established. if not already founded. As one Canadian, I feel their beliefs are justified, not because the Canada Council has helped them, not because the Canadian Forum has published their works, but because of their poetry. They write in the name of art, but they are recognized in the name of Canada.

AGAMEMNON'S PALACE AT MYKENA

Argos, the guide tells us, is famous  
For melons. What had he, Agamemnon,  
To do with melons! At night, the blood-red  
Sun cool in the shadowed porch,  
He spit black seeds at table,  
Clytemnestra irritated  
With his habit? What have we?  
Trading love for the winds of Troy!  
Melons are good to cool the palate.  
The night of that return, hot  
From the shore, the Argive got another  
Fame. We're told he held at his lips  
An apple: neither feast nor fast,  
Dead before he ate it. His fame  
Is Clytemnestra's fury.  
Melons!  
Let's hear no more of melons! The kitchen's  
Bin is silly with them. There  
Are other things than demonstrable pips.

Ralph Gustafson

AT THE ODEUM OF HERODES  
ATTICUS: ATHENS

So Agamemnon barefoot  
On the scarlet rug,  
Ten years, from Troy,  
Cassandra in his chariot,  
Entered Mykenai.

Silence, silence,  
Beyond that door.

What ablutions  
Bring on the times?  
What times shall end  
With that red bath?

A wail as of winds  
In the tower . . .

Barefoot, red-cloaked,  
Agamemnon, royal,  
The royal Agamemnon,  
Barefoot against his nature,  
Enters Mykenai.

Ralph Gustafson

COMMENT

SEXUALITY  
and  
CANADIAN  
LITERATURE

BY HEATHER HAAS

Recently I picked up a well-known Canadian woman's magazine and was amused to read the title of its feature story, “Why Virgins Make Happier Marriages.” It followed a number of articles dealing with ways and means by which the Canadian woman can become more body beautiful and ultimately more attractive to the oppostie sex: “deft diets for provocative proportion,” “magic make-up for Venus-like visages.” I find a certain hypocrisy taken in this attitude towards the “modern” woman. On the one hand, she has been liberated to live; “Do whatever is best for yourself”. On the other hand her womanhood is locked away in a secret box, “To be opened upon marriage” because it is for her best interest.

Canadian literature is acting in exactly the same way. Within a changing world authors are being given the challenge to change too. But the Puritanical hypocrisy of the nineteenth century morals lingers on. Sexuality is not a “nice” topic. Not something to be read in a “good” book. “We still musn't discuss the sexual act with children or at the dinner table.” In other words today's general public still disguises or denounces sexuality.

As a vital part of life sexuality must be recognized as basic and beautiful. The first objection to accepting such an idea is that it would negate our morals; that is, the novel which deals openly with sexuality would increase immorality. Enfranchisement would excite the passions, passions would become rampant, the birth rate would reach explosive proportions, and doom would be at hand. This is morality based on fear. It is fear based on a superstition.

Morality should exist to assert and preserve the dignity of man. Naturally everything that insults or

cheapens him is immoral. Liquor in great quantity bestializes him, that is immoral. Food in great quantity fattens him, that is immoral. “Nothing in excess” the Romans said for that is immoral. Man as a creature must be in command of his reason and his senses. If we call ourselves moral beings we must believe in this dignity of man. How could the beauty of sincere sexuality do anything to our trust but increase it?

The second objection to sexuality in literature is that it shocks us. Is that to say that the printing of such descriptions surprises us? Or is it to say that it shows us, the naive, something new? If the latter all the better. A well-written novel dealing with sexuality in a truthful way could indeed be an instrument for teaching about Love. Parents complaining about the “generation gap” also complain about the modern sexual novel. If they came to terms with both they would realize that within a novel which attempts to portray sexuality, such as Leonard Cohen's Beautiful Losers, there is a lot to be learned. If the novel drives home with its candor, that would imply we were aware of the aspects of sexuality; that due to our own inhibited little mentalities we made the beautiful and the natural some deep dark shameful secret. This narrow attitude must be broadened.

I speak of the change in attitude toward sexuality. It is ironic in our scientific age that some are just beginning to see the importance of the sexual act, not just as a particular function, but as an acknowledgement of life itself. If it is this realization that shocks the majority of readers, then it is high time novelists unite to shock them even further, not just into “modern times” but into an understanding of all times.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18



Shock value seems to develop from the use of various four letter words. For years these words have symbolized the “dirty” nature of sexuality. However these very words condemned in literature as revolting and indecent are used as a mark of manliness and bravado in the world. Again that same puritanical hypocrisy.

Instead of retaining these negative value judgements, the dedicated author and lover of language is trying to revive the positive value of these words. They become obscene when used merely to emphasize a point or to attract attention. College newspapers are guilty of this transgression. They are no less guilty of contamination than the secret graffetists of public toilets.

Any genuine writer wishing to convey valid reality, is entitled to use current expressions and colloquial terms, just as he is entitled to convey his particular philosophy in the most communicable way possible. By repeatedly making us aware of “immoral” words their existence in the language will no longer be a black little secret. Their smutty fascination will wear off, leaving sexuality cleaner and purer.

I would now like to discuss the reader without the Puritanical neuroses who needs only to be guided towards understanding the aesthetic of sexuality to realize its importance.

As far back as the philosopher Plato love has been seen as the first step towards some part of Divine realization. But love cannot be recognized only within the mind. For we are sensual animals as well as rational and intellectual beings. Sexuality is our means for a union between the finity of our bodies and the infinity of our spirits. As a piece of Chopin is played and our senses respond to the music, does our spirit not know the beauty of Music? In the same way sensuous love between two individuals shows each of them the wonder of Love. By experiencing its force lovers experience Love's power. It grows and grows until it transcends them and is a part of them.

It is this sexuality which is represented in valid literature, not a hippy-style love of indiscriminate yearning, but a deep searching and finding of truth within an individual. So closely is it bound with one's own spirit that it becomes a revelation of self. And once self is recognized, then the projection of self into the world can begin. Beauty can be given and taken. As Shelley stated “. . . the great secret of morals is love; or a going out of our own nature and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, a person not our own.”

Within every man there is a striving toward fulfilment. Within each of us there is a life force that seeks direction. The way is found in the creation of a heterogenous relationship. In the creation of that union a mutual truth is discovered.

It is this truth that writers seek desperately to communicate. Like Lawrence, some Canadian writers see the importance of the cause and effect of sexuality; the desire to express Love, the vision of the expressed Love.

Denying the importance of this expression to ourselves is irresponsible play acting. It is like pretending food or sleep do not exist. No matter how hard we pretend we feel the need deep inside us and we suffer from denying it. Weak and starved, we reach for anything that will give relief. By drawing a Victorian circle around Leonard Cohen and gobbling up the sugary sentimentalism of Morley Callaghan, we will eventually kill the life force.

“But,” say Mommy and Daddy Prude, “you want to take the mystery of sexuality away.” For years now Mommy and Daddy have been asking themselves what the mystery is, and they came to the conclusion that it must be something too evil for them to understand. What the Prudes interpret as mystery is really a sort of secrecy. Sexuality is certainly not a secret. The mystery in sexuality is the highly individual and beautiful intimacy directly related to the personalities of each of the sexual partners.

As well as the aesthetic of love, it is becoming more common for authors to include descriptions of the naked form. At last! The visual arts have used the human body as a model of beauty for centuries. The fluidity of line and curve is facinating to behold. Within Canadian literature such a verbal examination has been considered taboo. But surely

every artist should be able to share his impressions of beauty within his own art.

These protests of modesty are but shame, and this shame relates back to our sense of Puritanical secret temptation. True beauty is not suggestive but astounding.

In the recent Canadian novel Erebus, (McClelland and Stewart Ltd.) Robert Hunter has not succeeded in creating that positive a work of art. Erebus in Greek mythology is that land somewhere between heaven and hell. Hunter's characters struggle in sensuality, anal imagery is forever present, but seldom do they find the true meaning of sexuality. Their struggle is mostly decreative and occurs in a primarily negative context. For this reason his book lapses sometimes into the obscene. Still Hunter has realized the power and significance of sexuality which is a step towards greatness in Canadian literature.

He is unlike Scott Symons, author of Place D'Armes (McClelland and Stewart Ltd.) In this book Symons repulsively negates all beauty of love by incorporating it into sordid, commonplace, homosexual relationships within a strictly provincial scene. Place D'Armes is probably the best example of a Canadian novel which abuses the influx of sexuality in literature.

Until recently sexuality and sensuality were radically understated in Canadian literature. This was due mainly to the Puritanical response of the public and an adherence to the dogma of the Roman Catholic Church. Note the ban on Grove's Settler's in the Marsh, a quiet touching love story. Also note the primness of Morley Callaghan's prostitutes in Such is My Beloved.

To be true to one's respective manhood and womanhood is to hold a strict morality. Within that natural code are all the precepts that we need for a healthy society. That code holds that sexuality is sacred, not only as far as the self is concerned but as far as the totality of life is concerned. In the novel we must be made aware of this vision — this life is not just to exist, but to exist with a passion for living. Life must be prized and sexuality as its foundation revered.

CAT’S PAJAMAS AND WITCHES MILK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

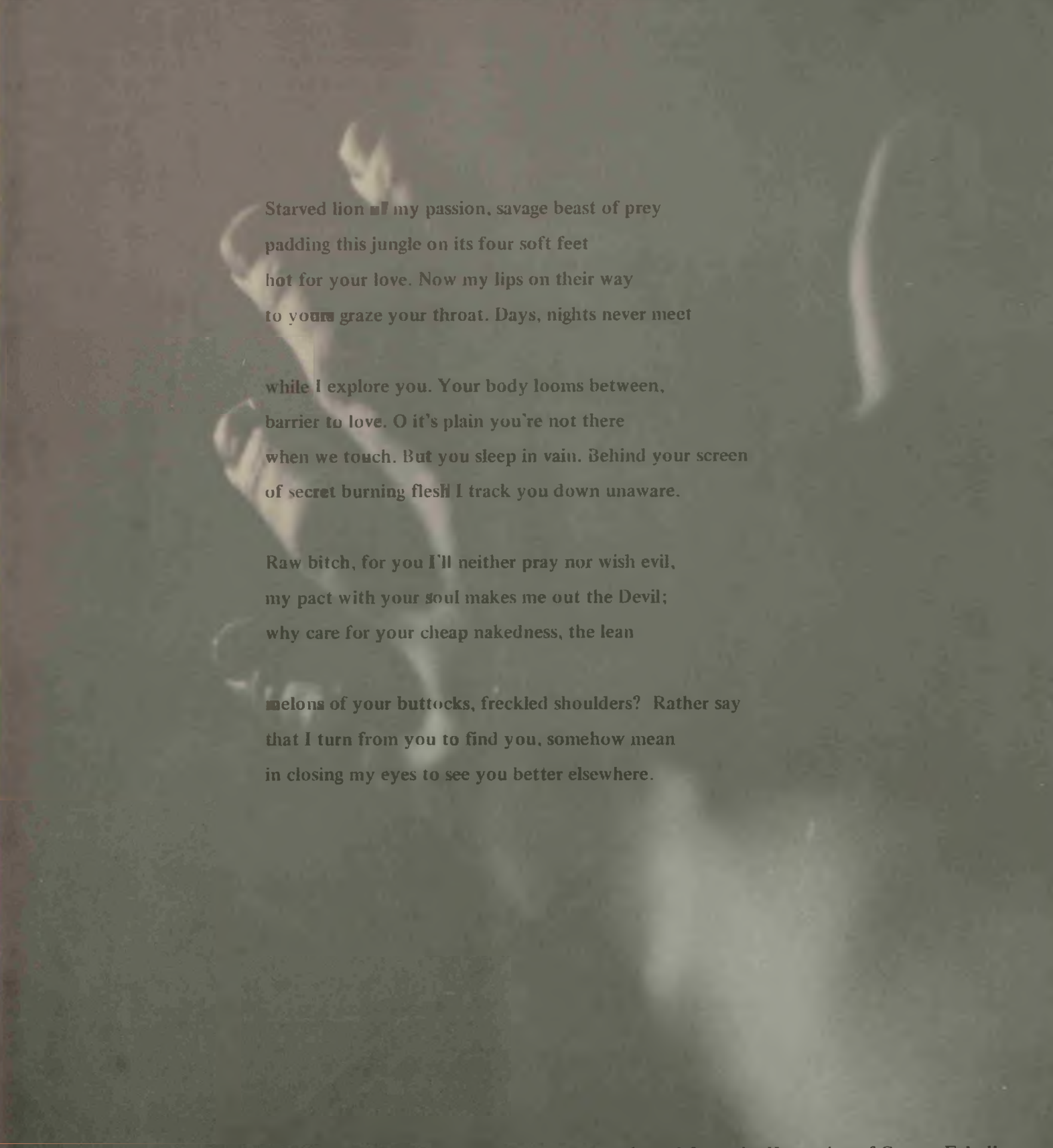
a double-talking, skirt chaser who has mastered one piece, “The Twelfth Street Rag” which he plays with abandon whether or not the situation is appropriate. Working with such dubious material, Tillie's pride dictates that she mold a marriage within which she can find meaning. Like Tattersall, her pride seeks refuge in fantasy; but unlike his self-centered abandonment of ties, Tillie searches for herself within such relationships and thus finds some measure of happiness, albeit, dampened by a number of personal tragedies.

In the hands of a Pinter or Heller, such material would be a darkly satiric underlining of the irony inherent in our floundering civilization. But De Vries' knife, although, sharp, does not plunge as deep, reflecting the Aristotelian view “of laughter as being provoked in man by something that falls just short of that which would have excited pain.” When Tattersall meets his ignoble end, it comes as no surprise and brings no suffering to the reader. Similarly, Tillie's final resolution brings no triumph or joy.

De Vries has mastered a brittle, witty, urban style. The language takes precedence over plot, and plot over characters; reflecting his “New Yorker” background. Throughout, he reveals more of the playwright than novelist's art by presenting a highly “visual” variety of drama involving constant shifts of perspective and value, in which the trivial becomes all-important and vice-versa; culminating in the near death of a woman as an alternative to revealing her age. In spite of such cynical manipulations, De Vries posits a social attitude reminiscent of O’Casey’s in its affirmation of the importance of maintaining “family” relationships.

Ultimately, however, De Vries fails to grant his characters life as they struggle in a tragi-comic ballet through their appointed rounds. The works are powerful, yet the characters seem mere pawns, directly involved in an umbilical relationship with their creator, like witty remarks on a cold winter’s day.

THE THIRTY-SIXTH SONNET



Starved lion ■ my passion, savage beast of prey  
padding this jungle on its four soft feet  
hot for your love. Now my lips on their way  
to yours graze your throat. Days, nights never meet  
while I explore you. Your body looms between,  
barrier to love. O it's plain you're not there  
when we touch. But you sleep in vain. Behind your screen  
of secret burning flesh I track you down unaware.

Raw bitch, for you I'll neither pray nor wish evil,  
my pact with your soul makes me out the Devil;  
why care for your cheap nakedness, the lean  
melons of your buttocks, freckled shoulders? Rather say  
that I turn from you to find you, somehow mean  
in closing my eyes to see you better elsewhere.

(adapted from the Hungarian of George Faludi

by Raymond Souster)

Photo - Zbyszek Meissner





Photo - Dave Simms

**"WITH GLOWING HEARTS  
WE SEE THEE RISE..."**



Photo - Dave Simms



Photo - Dave Simms



Photo - Dave Simms





Photo - Mari Hill

## KASTEL GALLERY

Kastel Gallery in Westmount was started only two and a half years ago but has already collected a sizeable group of Canadian works. The paintings are both provincial and sophisticated in style and content. The collection has unfortunately not included the more recent pop and op artists as a matter of personal preference on the part of the collectors. The subject matter of the collection is mainly organic although a few paintings show indications of abstract expressionism.

Several of the artists represented are local Montreal painters and a few come from the outlying area of Quebec. As a result there is a strong patois influence which is vivid, vital and intriguing.

European work is fairly contemporary. The owners are in contact with many galleries in Europe and as a result have an extensive representation from most countries, with a concentration on Germany.

As a gallery in Montreal it is fairly new and in comparison with others not well established. But the interest taken in native art is sure to distinguish it in the near future.

### CANADIAN AND EUROPEAN

Paintings  
and  
Prints

Emily Carr  
Suzor-Coté  
A.Y. Jackson  
Emile Nolde  
Stanley Cosgrove  
Joseph Oppenheimer  
Dietz Edzard  
Randall S. Hewton  
Clarence A. Gagnon

Jacques de Tonnancour  
Eva Prager  
Heinz Lehman  
Marc-Aurèle Fortin  
Katherine M. Morris  
Frank Hennessey  
Yack Humphrey  
Harold Beament

and others

### KASTEL GALLERY

1366 Greene Avenue, Westmount  
Telephone: 933-8735

# INSTANT THEATRE

## A STEP FORWARD...

BY JOHN BEVERIDGE

Several years ago, in February 1965 to be exact, when Instant Theatre became a reality in Montreal, its founders Mary Morter and Jack Cunningham conceded that it might prove to be just a gimmick and as such to be of an entirely transitory nature. Within a matter of weeks Instant Theatre had established itself and had become an instant success in Montreal. Toronto Daily Star referred to it as "the biggest thing to ever hit Montreal."

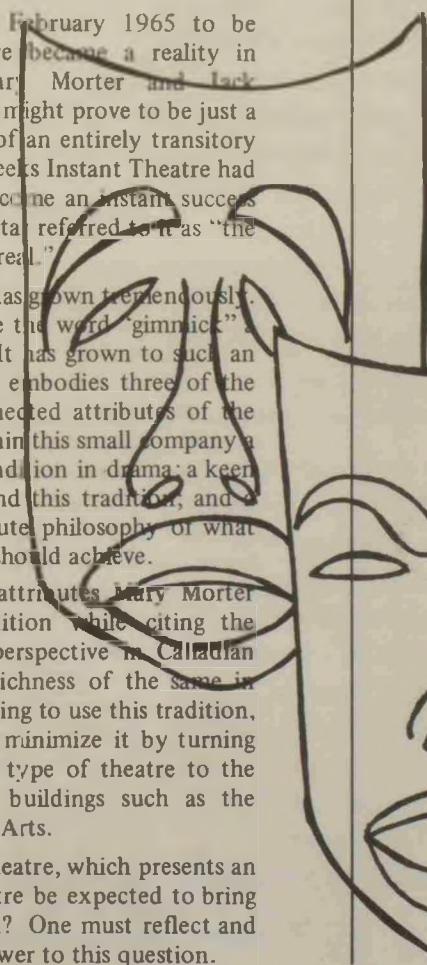
Since then the theatre has grown tremendously. It has grown enough to prove the word "gimmick" a most inaccurate description. It has grown to such an extent, in fact, that it now embodies three of the most essential and interconnected attributes of the true theatre: there exists within this small company a real sense of the historical tradition in drama; a keen desire to stand by and extend this tradition; and a most practical yet not absolute philosophy of what drama should be and what it should achieve.

As for the first two attributes Mary Morter defended her zest for tradition while citing the absolute lack of historical perspective in Canadian theatre as opposed to the richness of the same in English theatre. Instead of trying to use this tradition, Canadians are attempting to minimize it by turning from the intimate, compact type of theatre to the massive architecturally cold buildings such as the O'Keefe centre and Place Des Arts.

But how can Instant Theatre, which presents an entirely new concept in theatre be expected to bring about this return to tradition? One must reflect and ask "how new" to see the answer to this question.

Instant Theatre is, in essence, taking us back to the origins of theatre, albeit along more conventionalized and modern lines. Mary Morter believes that theatre belongs in the market place, serving as a place for people to meet and socialize. But instead of the market place we have Place Ville Marie and downtown businessmen who are not only exposed to theatre in its finest traditional garb but who also have afforded a meeting place which stands on equal grounds with that frequented by Medieval playgoers. Everyone here can discover a very personal type of theatre.

Into this tradition has been incorporated a philosophy of theatre which is relevant, and inspiring in its simplicity and its passion for rightness. Every aspect of the theatre has been scrupulously explained and the resultant philosophy of the theatre is summed up by Mary Morter when she says that "a play is only as strong as its backstage crew." This philosophy then which goes from the backstage to the audience with a precision befitting a missile launching becomes successful in its attempts. At a brief glance at Instant Theatre's philosophy one must not fail to look at what is the final and most important consideration; namely the audience. After all it is the audience which makes the play come alive. The first audience considered at Instant Theatre was one which would be full of businessmen, and correspondingly the initial trend was to supply them with drama free of undertones, drama which they could understand. Drama in this context became an educational process, helping non-theatre goers to an introduction to drama.







INSTANT THEATRE PRODUCTION OF  
"THE RECLUSE"

by Paul Foster  
Premièred January 7th, 1969

Pictured left to right: — Charming Billy, Kay Tremblay  
as 'The Recluse' and Mary Morter as 'Jezebel'

Instant Theatre is growing and consequently it has spread out from the businessman to include in its audiences a range of people from every class and age group. As it continues to grow the drift is to spread laterally while it retains both its simplicity and intimacy. According to Mary Morter we need a sort of tapestry of theatre in Canada. It is one of Instant Theatre's purposes to counteract one of the trends which sees Stratford as a prestige symbol deserving of dominance in Canadian theatre.

Instant Theatre is willing to take up the fight and try to bring to Montreal and hopefully to all Canada, the best type of theatre possible and to this end the company is willing to travel anywhere in Canada.

The company appeared at Leclerc Prison and found a true place in theatre for rehabilitation. While themselves enjoying one of the greatest experiences they managed to interest the inmates to such an extent that upon release several have come to Instant

Theatre for employment. The theatre's ability to ignore private life can and has lent itself to this process of rehabilitation, and is at Instant Theatre creating another philosophy practical in its application. No less important is this company's connection with youth. They make annual tours consisting of twenty-six performances each for high schools in Montreal and have played for the students at the Universities of Montreal, Guelph, and Waterloo. Mrs. Morter, along with her company has a tremendous respect for the youth of today — "They are involved!"

As this company stages all types of plays it not only gives youth exactly what they ask for, but also acquaints them with an appreciation for what lies on the other side of the fence. As a student I have been impressed by the versatility of this company. I can think of nothing more entertaining and satisfying than to watch this company perform two plays of such a diverse nature as "Under Milkwood" by Dylan Thomas and "The Recluse" by Paul Forster. The repertoire of the Instant Theatre is astounding when one stops to consider that one may watch plays in the course of the evening which range from Chekhov to Tennessee Williams to Harold Pinter, while being thoroughly entertained throughout; albeit in three different ways.

Instant Theatre cannot be faulted for its philosophy which tries to cater to the young as much as possible. "Our only hope for drama lies in the universities," says Mary Morter, "and that means with the young."

The young themselves have reciprocated and are in essence turning to Instant Theatre for direction as concerns drama. They feel in some cases that a half hour in Instant Theatre is better than a three hour Shakespearian play.

Instant Theatre has become a force in Canadian drama and it is a force which has to be reckoned with. We must choose between a simple straight forward approach to drama and an approach which verges on being epical in its purposes, but is not all that meaningful. As we approach a time of choice, it is becoming increasingly evident that we should choose the former approach, an approach embodied in the very essence of Instant Theatre.

In Instant Theatre we have at last caught a glimpse of the true function of theatre and after attending a performance in Place Ville Marie or anywhere this company has performed, one is inspired in the same way that John Bridie once was when he wrote: "The eternal function of the theatre is to entertain, to suspend, or at least to make tolerable the business of living."

But for John Bridie this inspiration may have come but once in his whole lifetime — it is available to us almost anytime. One need only attend an Instant Theatre production.

# JOHN GLASSCO

JOHN GLASSCO: is a resident of the Eastern Townships. He was educated at McGill University and is now a poet, translator, and expert horseman. He has published two books of poetry: "A Point of Sky" from the Indian File Series (1964) and "Deficit Made Flesh" (1958). He completed the novel that Aubrey Beardsley began entitled "Under the Hill". Besides working on the epic poem "Montreal" which is presented in part here he is also presently working on English translations of collected French Canadian Poems. His most important translation so far is The Journal of St. Denys Garneau. (1962).

## From MONTREAL

### The Founding of Ville-Marie, and the Confounding of the Iroquois

Sing, Muse, the influence of Heavenly grace  
Upon this wild and Godforsaken place  
Which was to be our blessed city's site!  
A hundred years of irreligious night  
Went by, with rapine, drunkenness and lust  
Masking her features like a muddy crust  
Which greed imposed upon the face of Nature  
And on her children, making each the creature  
Of chance and circumstance. Deprived of God.  
An island vowed to fishes, furs and blood.  
O mills of God, how slowly did you grind  
Ere the Almighty Miller, too long blind,  
Looked down from his celestial counting-house  
Upon this human, horrible carouse  
Of traders and corrupters, those lost souls  
Devouring others, all those Devil's fools  
In compact to abuse themselves and lose  
The only Light: as if a man should choose  
Eternal self, eternal death, and live  
In some perpetual grasping negative!

All evil comes to an end, however, for  
La Providence de Dieu voulant rendre  
Cette isle assez forte pour être  
La frontière du pays, and wishing further  
To see it sufficiently peopled  
To allow the praises of its Creator,  
So far unknown, to be heard there,  
Turned its gaze upon several  
Pious and important people  
In order to insure the Company against excessive loss  
In the prosecution of its business, parceque  
La dépense devait être grande. <sup>(1)</sup>

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26



And thence that marvellous marriage, double dream  
Of Olier and Dauversière, the twin vision  
Of priest and tax-collector!

So in God's perfect love  
And in the mystic meeting of  
The Father and the Fisc,

Was planted, with the least financial risk,  
The tender seed immaculate  
Of the true, the lovely Montreal  
As a perpetual witness  
Unto us all  
Of a certain incunabular fitness  
In the union of the Church and State.

Photo - Zbyszek Meissner

See too the white robe of Jeanne Mance  
And the white soul's compassion  
Of her who was chosen  
By the Lord of the Universe  
To work in the vineyard of the wilderness,  
To plant the banner of Christ  
In an abode of desolation  
And a haunt of demons.

In Normandy  
"God wishes me to be in Montreal,"  
Was all she said the livelong day;  
Morning and night, against the prayers  
Of family, friends, and all that common sense  
Could urge, and pity or caution reinforce,  
She opposed only her simple faith, only  
Declared, clasping her hands, raising her eyes,  
"God wishes me to be in Montreal." (2)

Her name is dear to me  
Through old associations,  
Her robe as clear to me  
As to those earlier patients  
Who knew her charity  
And blessed her ministrations;  
For on the street that bears her blessed name  
There stood, when I was young, a stately house  
Pre-eminent in the houses of ill-fame  
Of our metropolis; there did I lose  
My too-long tried virginity. O bliss!  
I was fourteen, and warm beyond my years:  
Nothing, I thought, can quite come up to this.  
These are still thoughts that lie too deep  
for tears . . .

But O

Redskins  
Tribes consumed  
In the holocaust of fire-water and tuberculosis  
Hunted down by the pallor of death and the palefaces  
Bearing away your dreams of old spirits and manitous  
Dreams shattered by volleys of the arquebus  
You have left us your totemic hopes  
And our skies have now the colour  
Of the smoke of your pipes of peace. (3)

Just so we sentimentalize the picturesque,  
Discover quaint analogies, fondle beadwork  
In cool museums of nostalgia,  
Pluming ourselves with pity.  
You poor old Indians. Nicknames survive  
In history, as the ignoble savage knows.  
Why do we remember them if not because  
They make us laugh? So let us speak  
Of Grande Armée, Ontaha, La Barique,  
Le Borgne, Piskaret:

Thus does the Indian, pluméd, furtivate  
Still through thy painted autumns, Ville Marie! (4)

Figure of fun. Oh, we forget how  
The severed head of Jean St.-Père  
Talked to his murderers out of a bag, night and day  
Ceased not to prophesy to the Iroquois  
In a loud voice on their lonely path:

You murder us, you commit  
A thousand cruelties on us. You are trying  
To destroy the French.  
But you will not succeed. (5)

They hid it, gagged it  
kicked it up and down  
scalped it  
spat on it  
shat on it  
split its skull  
but the words continued to come.

He was their evil conscience: they are ours.  
The murderer and the murderee  
Meet on the roads of history.



There came an ancient Indian

Bedaubed with red and black

Ouich'ka!

With his ancient blanket

And his tobacco-sack

Ouich'ka!

Ah! ah! tenaouich' tenaga

Tenaouich' tenaga, ouich'ka!

Your dearest friend is dead,

Dead and buried

Ouich'ka!

Four old Indians carried

The bag that carried him

And four old Indian squaws

Sang his requiem

Ah! ah! tenaouich' tenaga

Tenanouich' tenaga, ouich'ka. (6)

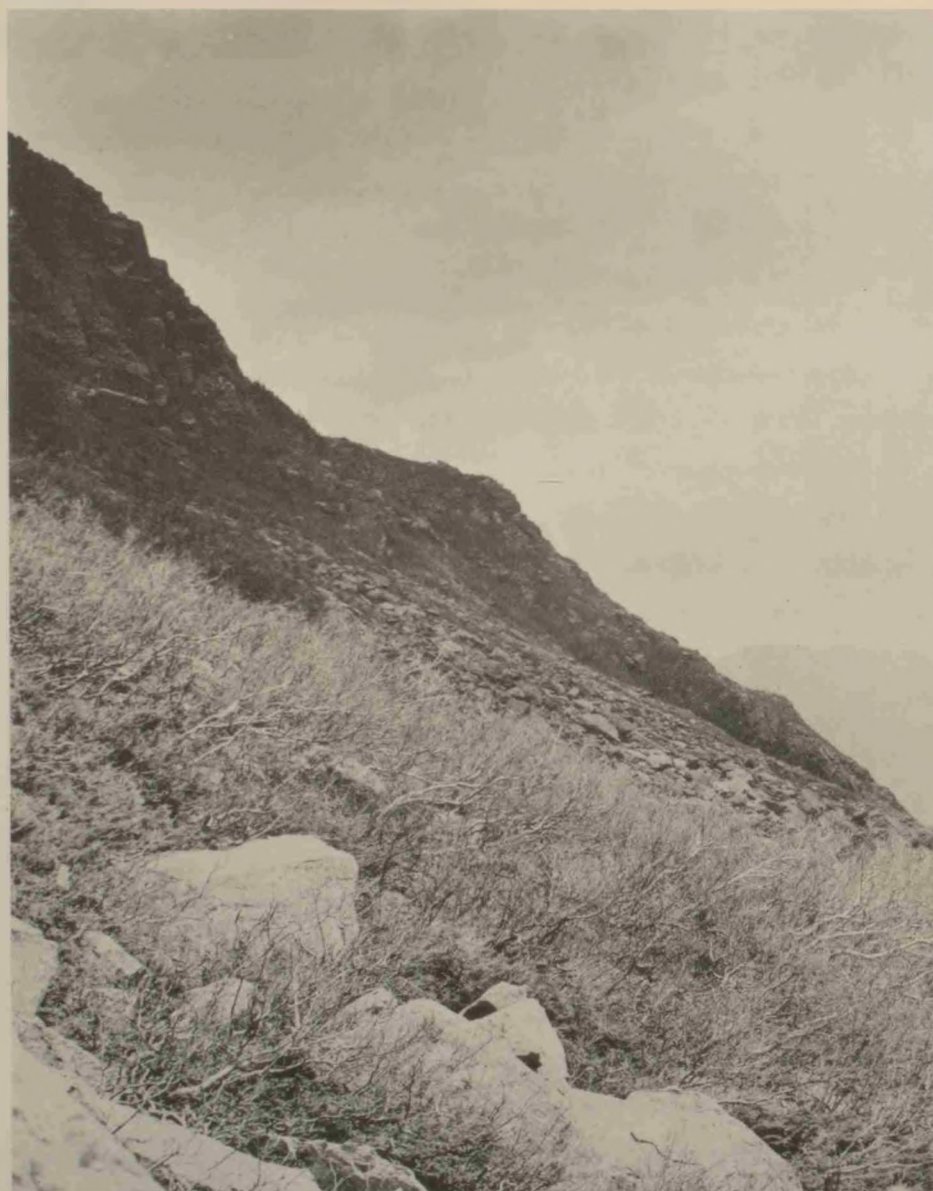


Photo - Zbyszek Melssner

#### Footnotes

- (1) Dollier de Casson, *Histoire de Montréal*, p. 60.
- (2) *Ibid*, p. 74.
- (3) v. Gilles Hénault, *Salut à toi*.
- (4) v. A.M. Klein, *Montreal*.
- (5) v. *Lettres de Marie de l'Incarnation*, ii, 132.
- (6) Folk-song, ca. 1670.

NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY

author  
NueVue 1969 TOWNSHIPS G21388  
title  
PS 8001 .N83 v.1 no.1 c.2  
date

Townships PS 8001 .N83v1 no.1

NueVue. -- 1969

c.2

NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY





**nuev ue**

621308