

# Artlet MAGAZINE

Vol. 1, No. 1

SEPTEMBER 25, 1965



## the confidence trick

By Alumnus

It is indeed amazing; the people of British Columbia have had the bite put on them for millions of dollars, and they don't so much as ask why. The problem is that they have been given the answers by "organization men" in the guise of academics. This is nothing new of course, being given an answer and accepting it as the great white truth, when no question was asked.

You the people of British Columbia are too well regimented to care, you have been duped, and taken for a ride, but what else is new, it happens every day. You have been taken on the higher education carousel and don't as much as ask why.

Why bother asking when everyone knows that we pay big dollars for the education of our children by building universities and hiring knowledgeable people to stand in front of the classes?

We are given the answer we need bigger, better, and more universities so that we have enough doctors, lawyers, economists and other sundry technicians to fulfil our immediate needs — these are technicians, nothing more.

The university is not fulfilling its obligation in freeing man's mind for problems of the future. For example, people graduate from this particular university who after four years of

supposedly liberal arts (supposedly intellectually free) education still believe in nationalism. What hope can there be for a society which maintains this sort of garbage in the minds of its future leaders? If the liberal arts institution can't do the job — who can?

We are indeed victims of a hoax, our money is turning out technicians . . . and the occasional B.A. in English.

I can see it all now — some bright young thing will take pen in hand and with adept style point out that fault lies with the student. He is apathetic you know, lacks spirit, as in rah-rah-sis-boom-bah. That may be quite true, but the student is a product of another education system, known in some circles as the British Columbia Department of Education, another sleeping dog.

The fact is that this university, like many bureaucratic entities that were envisioned to fulfil a purpose has, in the words of Gordon Allport, become functionally autonomous. The means have become the end, the institution is to an increasing degree becoming the focal point. No matter how much lip service is paid to the student the fact is the student is bound by the rules and the curriculum as laid out in the calendar to such a degree that he cannot in any way be called free.

First of a series on aspects of the University of Victoria.

(continued on page two)

## Modern Nationalism-- Pessimistic Principle

By Peter Bower

Nationalism: "Patriotic feeling, principles, or efforts; policy of national independence; policy of nationalizing industry."

—(Concise Oxford Dictionary)

There can be little doubt that nationalism is one of the great controlling forces directing world politics in this century. Overt nationalism began to take control of relations between states sometime during the transition period from the Middle Ages to the Modern Period.

Today, each state places its own interests first in dealings with other states. Who can doubt that the policies of any current government are based upon a primarily selfish motive?

### ETHICAL EFFICACY

Yet, there is serious question as to the ethical efficacy of nationalism. It arises rarely in society, possibly because nationalism is widely accepted as a necessity; so ingrained in our way of life that we fail to investigate the fundamental factors underlying the term.

Nationalism has its roots in simple individual human relationships. Bearing this in mind, let us tackle the question whether or not nationalism is right.

### NATIONAL END

Most of the modern world's major conflicts and wars have had their source in some form of nationalism. There are, in fact, almost limitless historical examples of the results of the practise of nationalism. The end of nationalism is the resolution of conflict between two or more interests.

The concept of nationalism by conventional definition involves the interest of societies rather than individuals. However, it may be maintained that the interests of societies evolve from the interests of the individual. The state reflects its component parts—the individuals.

The patriot is one who believes in his country's principles and accepts the notion that these principles are not only right, but also his country's right. And all history tells us that he will indeed have to fight for these principles in one way or another. For, be there more than one country, or individual, there will be more than one concept of rights. At least, this state of affairs is likely to continue so as long as things are not equally distributed, and as long as man loves his own well-being more than he loves his fellow man's. From this simple observation we may quite easily conclude that nationalism will continue to survive and self-propagate. For self-interest demands that each man seek the larger share of rights that apparently cannot be shared equally to the satisfaction of all. Nationalism under these circumstances becomes a self-regenerating thing which will never end. Life then becomes a progression of attempts to gain a larger share of what the individual considers his rights.

Mr. Bower is a fourth-year Arts student at the University of Victoria.

### CONDEMNATION

May we condemn this apparently natural succession of events?

Does this not seem to follow the laws of nature which we have been taught to believe so religiously? Perhaps this is part of the natural scheme of things to keep man striving for greater achievement.

Today man preaches to man that he must continually strive to better himself and achieve greater things. Yet, the question of what he should improve in himself continues to puzzle man as it has for centuries. Should it be those nebulous parts which man calls by many names including: mind, nous, soul, intellect, spirit and so on? Or should he better the far more tangible things in his own life known collectively as material possessions and comforts?

Obviously, this argument could easily blossom into a great discussion of the nature of man, his rights and his aims. However, all the arguments concerning the nature of man may finally be placed within two general categories:

• One: that Man can and ultimately will rise above his present selfish state and learn to appreciate the total significance of his fellow as being equal to his own.

(continued on page three)

patriotism  
the swindle  
thomas  
mountebank  
ginger man  
josh white  
a plan

# Tribute to Thomas: Presenting Dylan, Green and Dying

**THE DAYS OF DYLAN THOMAS.**  
By Bill Read and Rollie McKenna.  
New York. 1964.

By Robert M. McGinnes

This book, the most recent of Dylan Thomas biographies, is a judicious blend of factual biography, excellent photographs, and revealing anecdotes.

Author Read, along with John Brinin (*Dylan Thomas in America*) shares the advantage of having known Thomas personally. From this personal acquaintance comes stories and anecdotes which serve to elucidate Thomas'

reactions of "delight and dismay" says Bill Read (p. 62). The delight came from such poets as Stephen Spender and T. S. Eliot, the dismay from the BBC who charged Thomas with obscenity and boycotted all reading of his poems over the air. The poem, in part, runs:

Light breaks where no sun shines;  
Where no sea runs, the waters of the heart

Push in their tides;  
And, broken ghosts with glow-worms in their heads,

strued as either an erecting male member or as the wrinkled appearance of a desiccated fig—without seed. Again, "the gushers . . . spout to the rod" could as easily be seen as ejaculating sperm from a spouting 'rod' as well as rain or tears.

One of Thomas' greatest successes, "Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night" was a memorable tribute to his father, a blind and dying man. Author Read relates of Thomas' great respect and love for his father. "The son's admiration for the man appears in the

notes he (Dylan Thomas) made for a longer poem."

"Although he was too proud to die, he did die, blind, in the most agonizing way, but he did not flinch from death and was brave in his pride." (p. 149.)

Not only is this poem a plea that the poet's father should not die in the conventional way of resignation and passivity, but rather a further plea for a persisting stance of individuality in the face of encroaching death.

(continued on page four)



poems as well as the present plethora of critical articles. There is one humorous incident which relates of Thomas' delivery of a lecture entitled "Pornography in Nineteenth Century Literature" to a subsequently outraged and indignant audience who had come to hear a genteel account of changing mores in sexual behaviour from the literature of the past century to the present day. Instead they were treated to a rousing presentation about "whirler-sprays, Lesbianism, sanitary napkins, and fornication", with the closing line ringing out "Let copulation thrive!"

Thomas' first collected edition—simply called *18 Poems*—was well received, author Read tells us, by such diametrically opposed critics as Edwin Muir (*The Listener*) and Edith Sitwell (*London Mercury*).

Geoffrey Grigson of the prestigious *New Verse*, however, felt the "birth, copulation, death themes were repeated too often in a vocabulary drawn too much from the anatomic world" (p. 78).

But as fellow Welsh poet Alun Lewis points out, these themes unify into the single poetic concept of life and death. Or as Thomas puts it himself in "If I were Tickled by the Rub of Love", "Man be my metaphor".

Such a poem as "Light Breaks Where No Sun Shines" had brought

The things of light  
File through the flesh where no flesh  
decks the bones.

A candle in the thighs  
Warms youth and seed and burns the  
seeds of age;

Where no seed stirs,  
The fruit of man unwrinkles in the  
stars,

Bright as a fig;  
Where no wax is, the candle shows its  
hairs.

The poem offers an excellent example of Thomas' use of sexual imagery to render various levels of meaning. By a poetic convention of the associative repetition of an idea, Thomas constructs a poem around the reality of man's first coming into being at the moment of conception. The "light which breaks where no sun shines" suggests the impact of uniting sperm to create "flesh where no flesh decks the bones" of the yet unborn foetus.

Some of Thomas' recurring images are seen with, for example, the tides which are used here and elsewhere for the female sex organs. The male counterpart is a "candle in the thighs."

Throughout much of the sexual imagery in Thomas' poems there runs an ironic vein. For example the lines "The fruit of man unwrinkles in the stars, / Bright as a fig" can be con-

## Ginger Man's Diary

By ALAN MACKENZIE

This month's issue of *Tryste* is the best yet. The presentation is superb—as good as any comparable magazine I have seen. The editors had the courage to print a very long feature on Albert Camus. Very few magazines would have done this. But, of course, the point is that the Camus article was continuously lively and engaging. Pierre Berton was perhaps just a little tired. Most interesting was the editorial on *Playboy*; full of promise but short-lived, rather like *Playboy* itself. I don't think the writer emphasized nearly enough the fundamental and distressing heart of *Playboy*: IMPOTENCE. There is a pretty fair connection between the castration of Southern negroes by bigots and the masturbation of *Playboy Magazine* by itself.

There have been comments from all angles about the indifference of student reaction to Mr. Lesage's speech last week. I think the reaction was not only proper but the only humanly possible one under the circumstances. The speech was itself indifferent. It is impossible for a good political address—which it was—to be irritating. One continues idealistically to hope.

The public-spirited Breweries were decent enough last weekend to take out an ad in the *Victoria Press* explaining their position. No doubt, the Unions will follow. It would be an interesting development to see a public debate raging in the ad section of the *Press*. Meanwhile the real issue in the dispute remains clouded: AUTOMATION. And also meanwhile my good socialist heart cries out for the working man while my arid throat answers, like O'Casey's Juno, to hell with your principles! Met any good, dry, schizophrenic socialists lately?

In the U.S., marriage no longer works as a draft dodge. The number of dodgers indicates the popularity of the war. I recall as a student talking away many hours about how to avoid the Armed Services if a war came. Most of were serious. All of us ingenious. Pacifism aside, the best reason in the world is that you are afraid to die. Perhaps it is one of the clear spots on the acne of our civilization

that plain, simple, cowardice is in fashion. It may, God bless us, become a virtue.

Censorship, prohibition equals in my book, a four letter word. Clip! But never that other four-letter word—which involves all sorts of obscenities—live. The Puritanical drink, drink, drink, sin, sin, sin but for our sake don't be seen, attitude prevails. I don't really want to talk about the ignorance of film censorship in Canada or the abysmal absurdity of the liquor laws, for fear of collapsing with anguished apoplexy. But we all are being INSULTED every day of our lives. What bothers me is not so much that, but the fact that everyone is eager to clean-up but no-one is ready to lift-up. To hell with maintaining standards. Destroy them. Whoever heard of a citizens' committee for the Advancement of Dirt. Sounds like a detergent with black specks.

### trick

(continued from page one)

The students themselves have fallen into the trap of excess organization. Now the students have their own monolith of bureaucracy, the Canadian Union of Students, attempting to acquire free tuition. What CUS is in effect saying is "Take away our last vestige of intellectual freedom in exchange for monetary freedom."

It may be expedient to emphasize the need to produce technicians, professors notwithstanding. But when those that make this sort of policy, i.e. the administrators, start believing it and in turn grant degrees to others to carry on this system then there is a problem of the greatest importance to you the public.

It is not in fact the fault of any one group that our university is taking on the image of a rubber stamp institution, it is the fault of you the public who have led the government and the administrators to believe that this is what you want. You are the perpetrators of the hoax; these people have no other choice, if they want to keep their jobs, than to go along with it.

Mr. McGinnes is an Instructor with the Department of English at the University of Victoria.

## nationalism

(continued from page one)

• **Two:** that Man naturally is selfish and will always desire to be at least as well off as his neighbour — that is, he will always desire the greater portion of those things which he deems rights.

If we are optimistic, we may accept category one. This then provides a simple answer to a value judgment of nationalism. Obviously nationalism cannot be right since it is not the proper expression of man's nature.

If we are pessimistic (which in this age of cynicism seems "the thing to be") we will accept category two. To these persons it will seem a value judgment of nationalism should be a matter of individual preference — that is, we may accept no universal judgment of the ethical status of nationalism. This is the refuge which much contemporary thought has taken.

For example: existentialism and its doctrine of the anarchical individuality of Man left alone to his decisions and problems. With such philosophies, man must accept things as they are with a helpless shrug of the shoulders and continue about the weary concern of living with his fellow man. Any man may despise the course of world events, but he stands alone, without the inspiring support of knowing what is right and what is wrong. He can never call upon a reserve of an ethical basis to point an accusing finger at a miscreant and rally those about him who support the "right," for he does not know what is good and what is bad.

### NO HOPE

All he can hope for (although there is no real hope in this philosophy) is that things will muddle through and he will be left alone to live his life as best he can. The extreme form of this philosophy and logical conclusion leads one to accept such men as Hitler and Napoleon as men who were merely following their self-interest. One cannot say their self-interest was wrong, for there is no right or wrong beyond that which each man considers his own right. There is just blind acceptance. Nationalism then becomes right to those whom it benefits in some way, and wrong to those whom it harms.

Conflict of interests leads to nationalism. Nationalism leads to strife and a resolution of the conflict of interests by combat and death. Nationalism and loss of life are bedfellows. According to evidence supplied by the progress of history, whenever conflict arises between two individuals (be they men or nations) one of three basic activities occur:

- The conflict is thrown into temporary abatement by mutual agreement, both sides thereby not attaining full acquisition of their self-interest;
- The conflict is resolved by one party abdicating immediate pursuit of its interest by reason of fear of the strength of the other party;
- Or the conflict is resolved by elimination of one of the antagonists.

This last activity is the final movement of the preceding two categories. The time always comes when the "underdog" feels it has mustered enough strength to challenge the supremacy of the other participant.

## ULTIMATE VALUE

Yet, there is something of ultimate value which no being can sensibly refute. Upon this ultimate, absolute thing man may anchor his value judgments. Regardless of man's optimism or pessimism, he may always call upon this absolute value to assess rightness and wrongness. Through this concept man may justify his beliefs, hopes, aspirations, and so forth — regardless of spiritual belief or disbelief.

Is it not the very essence of our existence to value BEING above NOT-BEING?

Not-being is beyond our comprehension, yet we know it is the antithesis of being. (We may side-step the possibility of life after death in the religious sense, for it may be considered an extension of existence and thereby not basic in an argument of ultimates and absolutes.) Not-being transcends even death as we know it, although death as we know it may mean the absolute termination of our being or existence. The possibility that death is the final conclusion of existence is a controlling factor in this notion of the value of life. Since we have doubt one way or the other, we are left in the position of having to accept death as a possible propulsion into not-being. With this possibility our decision becomes simplified, although by no way limited to just this life or this form of intelligent life.

**"Nationalism leads to strife and a resolution of the whole conflict of interests by combat and death."**

In no way then, can the rightness of death, or propulsion into not-being, be asserted and maintained. Is it possible for a Being to assert that not-being is superior to being? If it is, this Being must know what not-being represents. And if this Being knows that not-being is superior to being, then the idea of existence is an enigma, and our life has no value, and there can be no distinction between right and wrong.

### Martlet Magazine

co-editors  
Alan Mackenzie and Guy Stanley  
staff: Peter Axhorn, Kathy Tate, Lynda Kaip, Brian Excell, Peter Bower.

This argument, as we noted before, may be and is maintained by some, but it can lead only to chaos, anarchy, dread and nihilism.

Each man values his own life, or would were he not plunged into some way of life which makes him think that death is superior to life, or at least is not as bad as life. This is a phenomenon of limited occurrence and is as inexplicable as the concept of not-being.

### EXISTENCE ONLY BASIS

Existence is the only basis from which we may express ourselves. There is no known expression from not-being. Our point of departure in constructing a system of values therefore must spring from the point



"psst..."

By GUY STANLEY

In a few short weeks, October 14, Battle of Hastings Day will be upon us. It won't be a national holiday this year, but next year, the 900th anniversary may be.

As everyone knows, in 1066, that memorable year, the Norman French made a bilingual and bicultural nation of England.

A few hundred years later, in 1759, the French accomplished the first step in their plan to carry that tradition to Canada, luring the English to the Plains of Abraham and losing.

A few more years passed and the leader of the French half of the Canadian experiment, Premier Jean Lesage, showed up here at the University of Victoria, ostensibly to promote Quebec's "image."

In fact, pushing what Political Scientists call the Compact Theory of Confederation, i.e. that the BNA Act was a contract between the two founding races, he laid the foundations for the final steps in the duplication of the events whose anniversary we will celebrate two Thursdays from now.

That is, he asked that Quebec have a more powerful voice in Canada's national affairs, and consequently in English Canada. If successful, it will mean duplication of William's triumph.

That this is Lesage's aim is borne out by the precise timing of his move.

This year the patience of the French has been rewarded; the English Canadian political stage, after careful Quebec management, almost exactly mirrors the British situation in 1066.

And Lesage is proceeding almost exactly the same way as William did.

For example, 899 years ago, while William was rounding up the forces to parcel out England, he had sent an emissary to the Pope, Alexander II and his crafty adviser Hildebrand, to secure the approval of the leader of the predominant Catholic Medieval world. The Pope, realizing who would win, quickly backed the Norman.

As the good Quebec Prime Minister was making his swing through

of being. This alone gives being superiority over not-being.

We cannot say not-being is wrong, for we do not know; we can, however, say being is right within our frame of reference of existing. By the same token we cannot say that not-being is necessarily bad, but we do know being is right and so may accept that it is good in so far as we know.

Based upon this positive assertion, life must represent an absolute value to all beings. In accordance with this basis we may then proceed to establish value judgments

# "I have a plan"

the west, his chief lieutenant, Premier W.A.C. Bennett, little noticed by the local press, was making a visit to the Pope . . . Pope Paul.

Naturally, Mr. Bennett refused to talk about his audience, but it isn't too difficult to guess what went on.

The question surrounding the Battle of Hastings, justifying William's claim to go to Williams was ostensibly the breaking of a super-oath, sworn over the bones of St. Edmund.

What was the substance of Lesage's speech if it wasn't an implicit assumption that somewhere along the years, the English had again broken a sacred oath, one signed in 1867?

Now, as in 1066 there is very real doubt whether or not oath-taking is a proper interpretation of the events, but people accept it as convenient. And besides, Lesage looks like a winner.

Also, in 1066, there was a change in government.

Edward the Confessor had died and left the throne to Harold. But Harold did not have a clear title. Two other strong contenders claimed the throne. Harald Hardrada of Norway and William the Conqueror, who knew that Harald was mounting an attack on England, which would severely weaken the English forces.

In Canada, we, too, are faced with the possibility of a change in government.

And despite the multiplicity of Canadian parties, only one, the Progressive Conservatives can hope to challenge the encumbant Liberals . . . and watching from the sidelines, like William, is Jean Lesage, who naturally hopes that the struggle of the two giants will again weaken the English will to resist.

What the outcome of the clash of these marshalling forces will be, no one knows.

One thing, however, is certain; Battle of Hastings Day, Oct. 14, set an important precedent for Canadians just as important to our heritage as July 1.

Surely when Lesage presides over truly bicultural Canada, asserting Norman superiority once again, he will remember the success of his ancestor William, and give Battle of Hastings day the place it deserves in the Canadian calendar.

Within our framework of possessing life, and in accordance with positive logic, we must accept then that deprivation of life cannot be right. Existence, once possessed is a right of all thinking beings.

Nationalism, which necessarily involves conflict and extinction of life, then cannot be condoned. As we are beings, we cannot but maintain the absolute value of being over not-being.

No argument utilizing a pessimistic view of the nature of man can supersede the knowledge of value of life.



## Miracles in Music

# Josh White - Soul of a Folksinger

"A folk singer, it seems to me, is the voice and the conscience of his time and his audience. He tries to put into words and music what those around him feel. This I shall continue to do, with God's help, as long as there is suffering and discrimination around me and freedom and equality to be won."

These words were used by Josh White in 1950 when he appeared before the United States House on Representatives Committee of Un-American Activities, accused of having been involved in communistic activities. He also stated:

"I'm proud of the fact that under our system of freedom everyone is able to speak out—or in my case, to sing out—against what we consider wrong and for what we consider right."

### FOR FREEDOM

This entirely sums up Josh's feelings about his songs and his sense of obligation to perform them to audiences the world over. He sings with a twofold purpose: to entertain, and to carry a message to his audiences—in most cases a protest against "suffering and discrimination" in the United States.

He was born in 1914, and has been earning his living with his music since



he was seven years old, when he used to travel around the country with blind singers, for which he was paid four dollars a week. It was at the age of nine when he was with Blind Man Arnold that he witnessed the brutal lynching of two negroes that left a permanent scar on his memory. In his singing of "Strange Fruit" he relives the experience with bitterness and anguish.

In spite of all the setbacks in his career, including five years when his hand was paralyzed, and a heart attack

in 1961, Josh never gave up his fight, and plans to continue until he is no longer able to hold his guitar and sing. He is a most charming person, with whom one can immediately feel completely at ease. Lee Humes, his bass player, claims that Josh is the finest person he has ever worked with.

### WORLD TOUR

His concert at University of Victoria last Tuesday came at the end of a world tour. After six months of an exhausting routine, singing by night and travelling by day, he seemed to be in remarkably good shape during his 90-minute show, although he admitted to being quite ill at having to enter

hospital upon his return to New York.

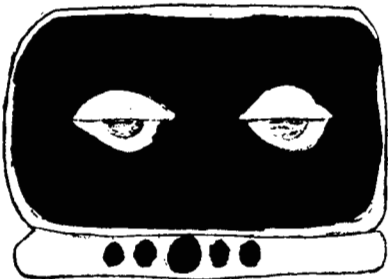
He presented an excellent cross-section of his material to an enthusiastic body of students, most of whom had never before seen or heard this remarkable person.

### VARIED PROGRAM

Beginning with 'Miss Otis Regrets'—a slow song first made popular by Billy Holliday—he changed both the pace and mood of his songs several times, revealing incredible versatility. He moved swiftly into 'Freedom Road'—a marching song with an optimistic outlook done in the spirit of a Negro jubilee. So effective was his intricate guitar technique in this song that it was almost possible to hear the music of the bugle and drum. He occasionally lightened the mood with such songs as 'Foggy, Foggy Dew', and 'Green Grass Grows All Around' in which the audience sang along lustily.

There is no one who can sing the blues as Josh can, and he lived up to his reputation in such songs as 'Down and Out Blues', 'Free and Equal Blues' and 'Outskirts of Town'. He puts tremendous feeling into all his songs, but perhaps none so much as 'The Man Who Couldn't Walk Around'—about his close personal friend, the late Franklin D. Roosevelt.

He finished his show with what is probably his most requested song, 'Strange Fruit' and was given a standing ovation—a suitable reward for a brilliant performance.



## MOUNTEBANK

Oh joy—the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or something. The silly season is here again.

I enjoy watching television. Sort of like saying that one enjoys watching dump trucks, isn't it? Or being addicted to Pepsi.

After an entire summer of bleary re-runs, the brand new crop of shows has arrived. Bleph!

The Dean Martin Show' is the wonderfulest. Dino talks with all three of his lips sewn together, and all his songs sound like vaseline ads. He makes me yearn for a thick Brylcreem sandwich. And that first show! Oh man, what a gasser! Just a bunch of the dirty old men together for a few giggles. I mean there was Dino and Frankie and Danny and Stevo and all those great big girlies wobbling in ecstasy.

The new spy shows are wizard, too. 'I Spy' has two tennis bums masquerading as mechanized bully-boys. Hero number one features a stiff upper lip that stretches all the way up to his hairline. Bill Cosby, a good comedian, is hero number two, and is wasted as a sop to the NAACP. The first program, filmed

in Hong Kong with evil so-solly Chinese communists as heavies, was numbingly boring.

"Get Smart" is reasonably light-hearted, but the satire is laid on with the heaviest hand since Bismarck. The first episode saw Don Adams wallowing in rubber garbage en route to destroying a mad midget. Deep stuff, eh?

Amos Burke is still a smug fink.

"The Wild, Wild West" passed muster. Although completely implausible, it is far enough removed from reality and the present to be viewable whilst preparing to go drinking on Friday night.

I leave you for this week, but for two last thoughts. Have you noticed the new kick in TV ads? It seems as though all their old products were of a distinctly wretched quality, so now you can buy their new, better, safer goodies and go onwards knowing that your Florient will really work.

And don't you ever wonder about all those big, hairy men living together in that big old house on "Bonanza"? All living together year after year with no women. What kind of a family show is this?!!

## A Child's Garden of Election Verses

or

"DOUGH . . . SOME SWAG,  
SOME COOL, GREEN SWAG . . ."

The NDP are smiling, resolute, staunch and never cower or glower—

But then, of course, that's easy when you're never in danger of power.

The Conservatives have Dief.

Which is rather like being Pope and having King John running your papal fief.

Lester Pearson has led the Grits Repeatedly into chaotic fits.

Being Robert Thomson or Thompson means putting up with Premiers Manning and Bennett,

And envying a nice, quiet seat in the Senate.

Real Queestlenom always calls to mind an Irish leader—C. S. Parnell;

And that, for one man, is ample hell.

Canadian elections are enough to make you envy the Russians who at least have found the antidote for

Not knowing who the heck to vote for.  
—More a Mistress than a Wife.

## Dylan

(continued from page two)

This poem, like any good Thomas poem, shows the effect of a word chosen for a multiplicity of meanings. For example, "good night" is a common convention for death as so brilliantly used by James Joyce in "The Dead" and T. S. Eliot in "The Waste Land". Men of a serious demeanor are "grave men" but so are men in graves. Such a technique is common enough in English poetry (cf. Othello's "Put out the light, and then put out the light") but with Thomas it always adds dimensions of meaning to an otherwise prosaic statement.

Thomas' fourth and last trip to America is poignantly described by Read with a whole chapter devoted to his death. The end did not come quickly but was a protracted series of alcoholic deliriums with Thomas at one point ignominiously collapsing face down in the gutter.

I feel that this is one of the skilful pictorial biographies as photographer McKenna has presented a series of well-chosen photographs beginning with a "young and easy, green and carefree boy", and ending with a grave man, "near death".

AVAILABLE at IVY'S BOOK STORE  
1507 WILMOT PLACE