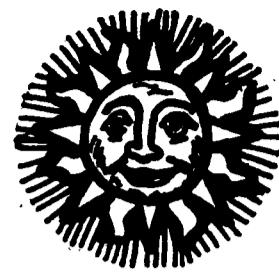


the

Convocation election results: New chancellor is Robert Wallace with 958 votes.

MARTLET



University of Victoria

"if no news is good news, then bad news'll do"

Vol. 12 No. 16 Dec. 14, 1972

Pollen Saved From Facing Investigation

The Provincial Government will not investigate charges of conflicting interest made against Victoria Mayor Peter Pollen recently by a city lawyer unless they are documented to the Municipal Affairs Department's satisfaction.

"We have not yet decided to look into the matter," says Deputy Municipalities Minister W.K. Smith.

Pollen was accused last month by lawyer and former alderman Ian Stewart of failing to consolidate land before developing it (in contravention of provincial law); of negotiating a land deal with the city while being a member of both parties to the contract and of appointing his political friends to the city's Advisory Planning Commission.

He later denied the charges but before he did come under fire for his actions from Alderman Percy Frampton.

Frampton wrote to Smith, who is also the Provincial Inspector of Municipalities, advising him that he would welcome an investigation into the question of Pollen's alleged misconduct.

Smith said Tuesday, "I don't have any facts and I replied to the city on that basis. I can't hold an investigation of that nature without documentation."

Frampton says he will not be pressing Smith to look into the matter and that he will not write back to him providing him with more details.

Ian Stewart says he "has not given any thought" to pursuing the issue further. The lawyer maintains that his only purpose in making the complaints against Pollen was to reply to an attack the mayor had made on him and to point out that Pollen "is not exactly the white knight of the community that he claims to be."

Two weeks ago Stewart issued a press statement which read in part, "Twice this year I have issued writs against him (Pollen) on behalf of others for slander and in both cases he offered unqualified apologies, that is admitted that what he had said and suggested was false and defamatory, and in both cases he paid costs. This speaks poorly for his self-proclaimed and

assumed duty to speak out fearlessly against the alleged misdeeds of others."

"All the documentation needed for an investigation by the Inspector of Municipalities is in the Capital Regional Board offices," Stewart now says.

But Smith is apparently not going to initiate action without outside prompting.

He also says he will not be making any inquiries to determine whether there is enough evidence of improper behaviour on the part of Pollen to warrant an inspection being made.

However, "if certain facts were presented to us then I suppose we would conduct an inquiry", Smith said.

At a press conference two weeks ago Pollen said he would "absolutely, overwhelmingly welcome an investigation" into his part in the negotiations between the Capital Regional Board and the owners of the Simon Leiser Building, the recently-renovated block on lower Yates St. which the present controversy is centred around.

No Loan Action Till '74

by dave todd

Students expecting a better deal under the Canada Student Loans Plan will probably have to wait until 1974 before they see some action.

That is the word from the Student Affairs Branch of the Department of Education.

A senior official, H.S. Archibald, will attend a meeting later this week in Ottawa to discuss two important aspects of the inter-governmental loan scheme which have particularly upset students.

The first of these is the plan's "Summer Earnings Contribution Table" which requires employed students to put up certain amounts of money before they are eligible for government loans.

The problem is that the table, compiled from an earnings survey conducted by Canada Manpower, is based only on the incomes of employed students and does not take into account those unable to get jobs.

Before a loan can be granted, a student unsuccessful in providing himself with gainful employment for the summer must satisfy the government that he has been without work.

Each province has a different earnings table. British Columbia is assessed with the highest contributions, even larger than those of Ontario.

According to Manpower, B.C. students earn more and save more than students in any other part of the country.

The Department of Education

is "pressing hard to get the assessed contributions reduced", says Archibald.

Other provinces are also claiming that the student payment schedules they are saddled with are unrealistically high but B.C. is the only one to have launched a formal protest to Ottawa at the ministerial level.

The other problem causes concern which is more deeply-rooted.

Before a Canada Student Loan is granted the applicant must provide the government with a copy of his Income tax return. If he is a dependent one of his parent's must submit a return (T1 form).

The information is not needed to obtain any other kind of loan in Canada, government or other, and in fact the Student Loan Plan's requiring it may well be illegal.

Treasury Department workers are not permitted to divulge to anyone information contained on income tax notices, not even to other government agencies.

The contents of the returns are considered to be confidential knowledge shared only between taxpayer and taxman.

Justification for the regulation is that it prevents abuse of the loan plan, of students buying new cars and stereo sets, instead of paying tuitions and rents.

In B.C. loan applications are

down in 1972 from previous years (about 6,000 have been made to date this year) but much of the decline must be attributed to the trend towards lessening enrollments at post-secondary institutions.

"We have stopped a certain amount of fraudulent behavior", says Archibald.

But he admits that "we are still not producing money for the students who need it most."

He said he did not know what could be done to improve the situation.

An important question is how B.C. lent its approval to the Loans plan in the first place with the tax form and summer earnings requirements being what they are. Participation in this as with all federal-provincial programmes is voluntary.

Archibald says B.C. received from Ottawa a draft plan for a summer earnings table which did not specify the size of contributions that were to be made.

With regard to the tax notices, the draft proposal was that students would either supply a T1 or a T4 slip to the government. The latter is a simple statement of earnings which does not contain all the detailed personal information a full tax return does.

British Columbia waited for fuller details, apparently expecting that the final plans

cont. on 2

Termpapers UnLtd : Buddy System in Action

Montreal (CUPI)

Termpapers Unlimited is an organization which will supply you with a paper on any topic for a price.

It is another fringe benefit we receive as a result of our proximity to the United States, where the company began.

After developing 40 offices throughout the US, it decided to enter the ranks of the multinational corporations, and opened offices in both Montreal and Toronto.

Peter Michaud owns the recently-inaugurated Montreal operation. He seems quite convinced of the benefits of this type of company, speaking with an almost evangelical fervour. He stressed "we do not condone plagiarism in any way, shape or form," and, indeed, the handbills advertising the company include the phrase "For research and reference purposes only."

Yet whatever the ostensible purposes of Termpapers Unlimited, the name itself would appear to give a very different impression.

Termpapers Unlimited offers a wide variety of services. It keeps a catalogue of about 12,000 titles, and students can obtain any of these papers within five days of ordering for two dollars and fifty cents per page.

A student can also have an original paper produced at the undergraduate level for five dollars per page, or six dollars per page for difficult or unusual topics.

Termpapers Unlimited is also willing to help in the production of a master's thesis for \$15 per page or a doctoral thesis for \$25 per page.

Michaud said that Termpapers Unlimited is not selling termpapers to students, but supplying them with "research and editorial" services. He said the papers were designed "to complement the student's own work" and "to provide well-researched material, well-prepared, to everybody, not just the fortunate few who have the time and opportunity to do research".

He claimed the major users of the services were above average students who just found themselves overloaded with work at a particular moment, and felt the need for some ready way of making it possible to handle all the assignments.

He felt that all students reaching university have the necessary research skills, but are sometimes too short of time to handle this task themselves.

Michaud also claimed that the papers in themselves could be a valuable educational tool, in that a student could learn how to

improve the organization and prose of his own essays by studying examples purchased from the company. He noted that at the very least, the student must retype the xerox copy of the paper he receives before handing it in.

The entire business of selling papers, for whatever purpose, has created considerable controversy. In fact Michaud said that some states have attempted to pass legislation that would allow the universities to act against such businesses.

Several Canadian student newspapers this year refused to handle advertisements from termpaper companies. An Ontario legislator introduced a private member's bill which would outlaw the operations.

According to Michaud the fears of wholesale plagiarism are unfounded: Termpapers Unlimited sold only 175,000 papers, a small number in relation to the number of college level students. (In any case Michaud believes the vast majority of purchasers used the papers responsibly.)

But the fears of some universities are probably an indication of their own doubts regarding the type of education they are providing. If they believe many students consider their work of no value or relevance other than as a necessary step towards a degree, then it seems clear they should recognize the need for changes in that type of education.

As universities respond more and more to the needs of students, and as students begin to seriously consider their own reasons for being at university, such businesses as Termpapers Unlimited will probably die a quiet death.

The most important result of Termpapers Unlimited's operations, if they become widespread, will almost certainly be the re-examination of the purposes and methods of university education.

But one can envision several strange situations arising in the interim. Michaud said that at the post-graduate level, Termpapers Unlimited assigns someone to "work together with the student to produce the thesis". He said the company will aid students in any part of the work; for instance, if students have done research and are unable to organize it or draw conclusions from it, Termpapers Unlimited will handle that part of the work for them. Michaud said with some pride "There is very

cont. on 2

Martlet

editor dave todd
 photo editor frank carter
 production manager tim de lange boom
 sports craig dalziel, doug pettmann
 graphics diane styles

staff this week- frieda lockhart, sean mckierahan, edeana malcolm, ray kraft, jaci, bob mcelroy, terry rose, phil esmonde

advertising- ken ponsford

Editorial opinions expressed herein are those of the Martlet and not (god forbid) those of the Alma Mater Society or the University of Victoria. The Martlet is published weekly throughout the University year in Victoria by the Publications Department of the Alma Mater Society, University of Victoria.

Authorized as Second Class Mail by the Post Office Department in Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash.

Subscription rates: \$5 per year; \$6 foreign. Mail should be addressed: The Martlet, University of Victoria, Victoria, B.C.

Typeset by the Single Finger Press. Printed in Canada. Days: 477:3611.



EDITORIAL

JOYEUX NOEL

It will soon be Christmas time and kiddies everywhere will be receiving gifts from Saint Nick. But we're all children of the world and just because some of us are grown up doesn't mean we shouldn't get presents too. Because the University is a hold-all complete with doubters, sophists, disillusioned poets and even a few who have never heard of Santa Claus we thought it would be nice to put in requests for them. Not necessarily for the things they might want but for what they deserve, based on how good they have been in the past year.

for D.J. MacLaurin - a permanently renewable voucher good for as many Dale Carnegie lessons as are needed to make him polite and tactful.

for J.P. Vinay - a History in Art bargain from the Fine Arts Department Store.

for Paul Malnarich - more money than he knows what to do with.

for the Senate - a double album of songs (including the Hymn to Inertia) by the Moron Tabernacle Choir and a lecture by Peter Smith on what Nero did while Rome was burning.

for Hugh Farquhar - some excitement in his life so he won't be so weary.

for Trevor Matthews - the courage to see himself as others see him.

for the Cunningham Bldg. and everybody in it - Phase II for the Clearihue Clocktower - two pounds of gelignite and a short fuse

for Russell Freethy - something to do next year

for Willard Ireland - a one-way bus ticket to Tierra del Fuego for Peter Pollen - his walking papers

for Maurice Cownden - lots of "scoops"

for the Board of Governors - their portraits in oil by members of the Visual Arts Department

for the RA - copies of Mein Kampf autographed by Alastair Murdoch

for the Executive Council - a definition of democracy for Norman Toynton - a job in either the Philippines or South Vietnam teaching Fine Art to civil servants.

for Justin Harbord - introduction of government auto insurance

for Allan Gowans - an admission by Erich von Daniken that Chariots of the Gods was inspired by the Art History 120 syllabus.

for Robin Skelton - a cultural Renaissance in Nanaimo and a desire to be its leading light

for John Greene - a Faculty Association that doesn't take two months to finish a meeting.

for the Raven Room and the SUB cafeteria - warning notices by the Metropolitan Health Board.

for the SUB-Pub - draft beer

for CAUT - tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow - may it come soon.

for the Student Manpower Office - some way to handle all that student manpower

for Ron Jeffels - an Admission of Guilt

for Bruce Partridge - a job articling with Robespierre

for the Martlet - first publication rights to the Secret Memoirs of W.A.C. Bennett and lots of letters to the editor telling him what a good paper it is.

Mandatory Evaluation at Loyola

Montreal (CUPI)

A hotly debated motion to have course evaluation made mandatory throughout the day division of Loyola College passed easily through senate at its Dec. 4 meeting, though after a three-hour debate.

The resolution, aimed primarily at departments ready to opt out of course evaluation, met staunch opposition from some senators.

Although he didn't admit he disliked the idea of mandatory course evaluations, dean of arts Russell Green said he had received "a tremendous amount of criticism" of the evaluation process in the faculty of arts. Reading from a psychology department document, he called course evaluation at Loyola "nonsensical yet dangerous", and accused the senate of bringing in legislation "without much thought".

Peter Richardson, the administration official who moved the resolution to make the evaluation mandatory, said it intended to put the course evaluation on a much broader basis. Richardson called for the creation of a learning development council to administer and constantly suggest improvements to the evaluation.

Academic vice-president Joe Burke said: "If we don't have course evaluation, we will have to go back to a less scientific way of evaluating courses."

TERM PAPER, FROM I

little we can't do".

One is left to imagine the position of a professor who has purchased a master's thesis for twelve hundred dollars and a doctoral thesis for twenty-five hundred dollars, and is still forced to spend large amounts of money to obtain lectures from "Lectures Unlimited" to hide the fact that the only thing he has developed in twenty years of education is a confident smile.

LOANS, FROM I

would be as acceptable to the province as the preliminary ones seemed to be, said Archibald.

They weren't.

But in the meantime B.C. had agreed with Ottawa to accept whatever criteria were to become the plan's terms of reference.

British Columbia, in all the negotiations which were directed towards initiating the Canada Student Loan Plan, never had voting representatives attending the national organizing conferences.

The Department of Education and its then-Minister, Sacred Donald Brothers, both agreed to find someone to take B.C.'s seat in Ottawa but the moves to do so were vetoed by Premier W.A.C. Bennett.

Bennett had frequently given the same treatment to other would-be British Columbia delegates to federal-provincial Department-level meetings.

As usual he gave no reasons for his action.

The B.C. Department of Education has made it clear that it is not opposed in principle to the idea of students having to document financial need or to the concept of a summer earnings contribution table, only to the exact details of the present set-up.

Archibald says he has not received any formal complaints from civil rights groups about the government demands for private information, although there have been a number of individual complaints.

Students and parents who have refused to provide T1 forms have been refused loans.

Recently the tax return rule has been relaxed to the extent that local officials for granting student loans have been authorized by Ottawa to accept detailed personal financial statements which have been notarized.

How much of an improvement this is, is questionable, since it is the "detailing" of personal information that is being objected to.

Rates of default on the loans

are said by the Department of Education to be no more than on ordinary bank-loans.

At the upcoming Ottawa meeting, another item on the agenda will be the question of financial assistance for part-time students.

Presently the Loans Plan only takes into consideration those who are attending college or university on a full-time basis.

A Cheque In The Hand

Recent changes in the Province of British Columbia Scholarship Plan will affect university students as well as high-school graduates entering college for the first time.

New regulations effective next April will replace the present system of payment for fixed percentages of a student's fees.

From now on benefits will be received through cash on the barrel.

Students with the highest marks, up to a total of 17 percent of those applying for the scholarships will be given cheques for \$200.

The Department of Education says there will be "no qualifying references to programme or place of study."

This means that unlike the old arrangement, the new one will allow for deferrals on use of the scholarship money.

If a student wants to travel or work, either at the beginning or in the middle of his university years, he will be able to return later and still apply the scholarship grant against his tuition.

Presently money must be used during the academic year immediately following that in which it is received.

Students will now also be able to use B.C. Government Scholarships to help pay the costs of their education should they decide to pursue it outside the province.



12b....XMAS 1972 A...D...OPEN MAILBOX.

Open Letter to President Farquhar

This winter session is nearly half completed; so half your worries are over, half are on the way which doubtlessly you are already contemplating.

A quotation from a university president of the 1920's, Glenn Frank, comes to mind at this time which I humbly offer to you as a Noosphere Christmas message:

"As long as I am President of the University of Wisconsin this complete freedom of thought and expression will be accorded with utter impartiality alike to teachers who entertain conservative opinions and to teachers who entertain radical opinions. The fact that I may think, that an official of the state may think, or that a citizen may think a teacher's opinions wrongheaded or even dangerous will not alter this policy. For the whole of human history presents answerable proof that only through open and unhampered clash of contrary opinions can truth be found."

I wonder if a more enduring guiding philosophy could be found for a university president...perhaps you are the only person in Victoria who can truthfully answer such a proposition.

Open Letter to Senate

Sometime ago I wrote that I believed the Faculty of Fine Art ought to become the Faculty (or School) of the Creative Imagination.

Recently this idea has emerged again but in a more complete version which I shall direct to you for your yuletide meditations.

Visual Arts, creative writing, drama and music face the same basic problems in a university environment. The situation is that they have very little relevance in the university milieu as it has been conceived and is administrated by the "old school" thinkers. And this is perhaps as it should be, for the "old school" thinkers directed their creative efforts toward the creation of a traditional place of learning, that is, an academic institution.

However, owing to certain liberal notions about what the well-rounded university person should have in the background of his education, the visual arts, creative writing, drama and music have grown up vigorously beside the more traditional academic pursuits, often with a competitive undertone challenging the traditional pursuits.

At UVic this growth has reflected moments of intense "personality" clashes which proved to be very bitter indeed and most uncreative in terms of time wasted, energy lost, and dissipation of vital human resources, not to mention financial resources.

sheer boring inertia which Edifices to Egoism create.

This apathy which has been spawned by the Builder's Oldthink is leading to a closed system and is at the heart of the "soft revolution" or intellectual paralysis of UVic.

I feel that it is up to you gentlemen to realign the basic priorities as to where the investments are to be made. You must start putting the bulk of the public money into the university's human resources or allow UVic to sink into the Sacred Slough of Stagnation which recently caused their political downfall.

Open Letter to Convocation

I wish to quote to you a man who has had much to do with the most potent "intellectual" explosion of our contemporary times:

"This is a world in which each of us, knowing his limitations, knowing the evils of superficiality and the terrors of fatigue will have to cling to what is close to him, to what he knows, to what he can do, to his friends and his traditions and his love, lest he be dissolved in a universal confusion and know nothing and love nothing."

J. Robert Oppenheimer

In the light of the above quotation, I wish to thank all those who voted for me in the recent Senate elections.

An Open Letter to all you ones, (especially to Mr. S.B. Jackson.)

When the lower mind is finally brought to recognize, to realize, to enter into and then to abide in oneness of consciousness with its Source--that from which it emanated--the I AM--the Divine Mind--then is the lifting up process finished, the physical redemption has been

consummated, and the goal of human evolution reached. Then the human mind, the sum total of all lower consciousness, evolved from the Sub-human kingdoms and belonging to the individual, has bridged the gap and reached its zenith bringing

THE NOT MUCH COMING SCENE

Aside from exams, exams, exams there isn't a whole hell of a lot happening at UVic over the holidays. The SUB-Pub will be closed Christmas Day but will be open New Year's Day for all those who didn't get totally wasted the night before. Check the SUB for a complete list of business hours. The McPherson Library will be doing strange things to its hours of operation after the exams are over so if you need books to complete term papers over the holidays it will be at their convenience. One thing happening tomorrow Dec. 15 is a talk and film presentation by Claire Culhane, recent author of WHY IS CANADA IN VIETNAM? Ms. Culhane will be at 1900 Fernwood at 8:30 pm. The movie is of Jane Fonda and Ramsey Clark inspecting the dikes in North Vietnam. Sponsored by Collecte Vietnam. Free coffee.

The only University entertainment is off-campus. Starting tomorrow and continuing through Saturday Dec. 16 and Sunday Dec. 17 two Nativity plays from the Wakefield Cycle will be performed at UVic's Maltwood Museum on W. Saanich Rd. THE SECOND SHEPHERD'S PLAY and THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI will be dramatized at 8 pm all three nights Medieval music.

Donations will be accepted to support the UVic Toy Theatre Collection.

NEXT MARTLET JANUARY 11

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letters - to us and through us

no notice

Dr. R. Armstrong told our class that he would decide when we would have out tests. He arranged for our examination on the last day of lectures which is against the Senate rules. Armstrong is on the Senate but he takes no notice of the rules. Can anything be done about it? Three students in Education 742.

Your best bet is to talk to Dean Pedersen and try to get some intervention on his part. If that fails and if the results of the examination show you have been screwed around, you can always make an appeal to the Senate on the grounds that you have suffered an inequity. Interesting that it's a 700 level course. The kind of nonsense you complain of has no place that high up in the scheme of things.

mickey at bat

In regards to your article "Mickey's Guide to Good Grades" I have computed the weighted average for getting first and second class marks in most of the courses listed for the last three years (69-70, 70-'71, 71-72). The figures I computed are:

Biology 72.2 percent
Chemistry 65.6 percent
Classics 80.1 percent
Economics 62.8 percent
English 73.1 percent

French 76.6 percent
Geography 68.7 percent
German 80.1 percent
Hispanic and Italian 82.6 percent
History 68.7 percent
Linguistics 87.6 percent
Mathematics 59.9 percent
Philosophy 71.0 percent
Physics 65.9 percent
Poli Science 69.1 percent
Psychology 78.6 percent
Slavonic and Oriental 85.6 percent

were gone. No harm was done and we had a panic.

So Mr. Baker let's think about the people who get raided. Maybe they enjoy it. We certainly do.

Sign us the happiest pair in residence.

John Fitzhenry
Henry Fitzjohn

These percentages represent the weighted percentage of people in these 3 years that got second class and above marks (ie. greater than 70 percent).

Yours truly
David Metzak
AS3 702501

the happy gang

Dear Sir:

We would like to take issue with Mr. Baker's letter in the November 23rd edition of THE MARTLET wherein he soundly criticizes the behaviour in the student residences. We're particularly incensed at his lack of respect for university institutions. We speak of that old tradition of panty raids.

We, in this room, are in favour of this type of raid. Now don't get us wrong, we're not what you think. Why the other night, a group of phys ed majors (big brutes they were) surprised us, and when all the squealing and giggling was done three pairs of our best silk panties

oink

Dear Sir:

Allow me to compliment the staff of the Martlet on their fine newspaper. I was especially delighted with the picture on Page 10 of your November 23rd edition. What an exceptional view of a pig's testicles! The photographer, Fank Carter, is to be congratulated on his choice of subject matter. Indeed, it is the finest view that I've ever laid eyes on.

These are trying times for us all: wars, strikes, riots, inflation. You name it, it's there. We have to, therefore, look to the small newspapers, particularly campus publications, to keep our lives in perspective. And those testicles tell your readers that there are more vital issues to be dealt with.

Yours truly,
Herman Smith

Guess what the pig's name was?
Herman. - ed. note.

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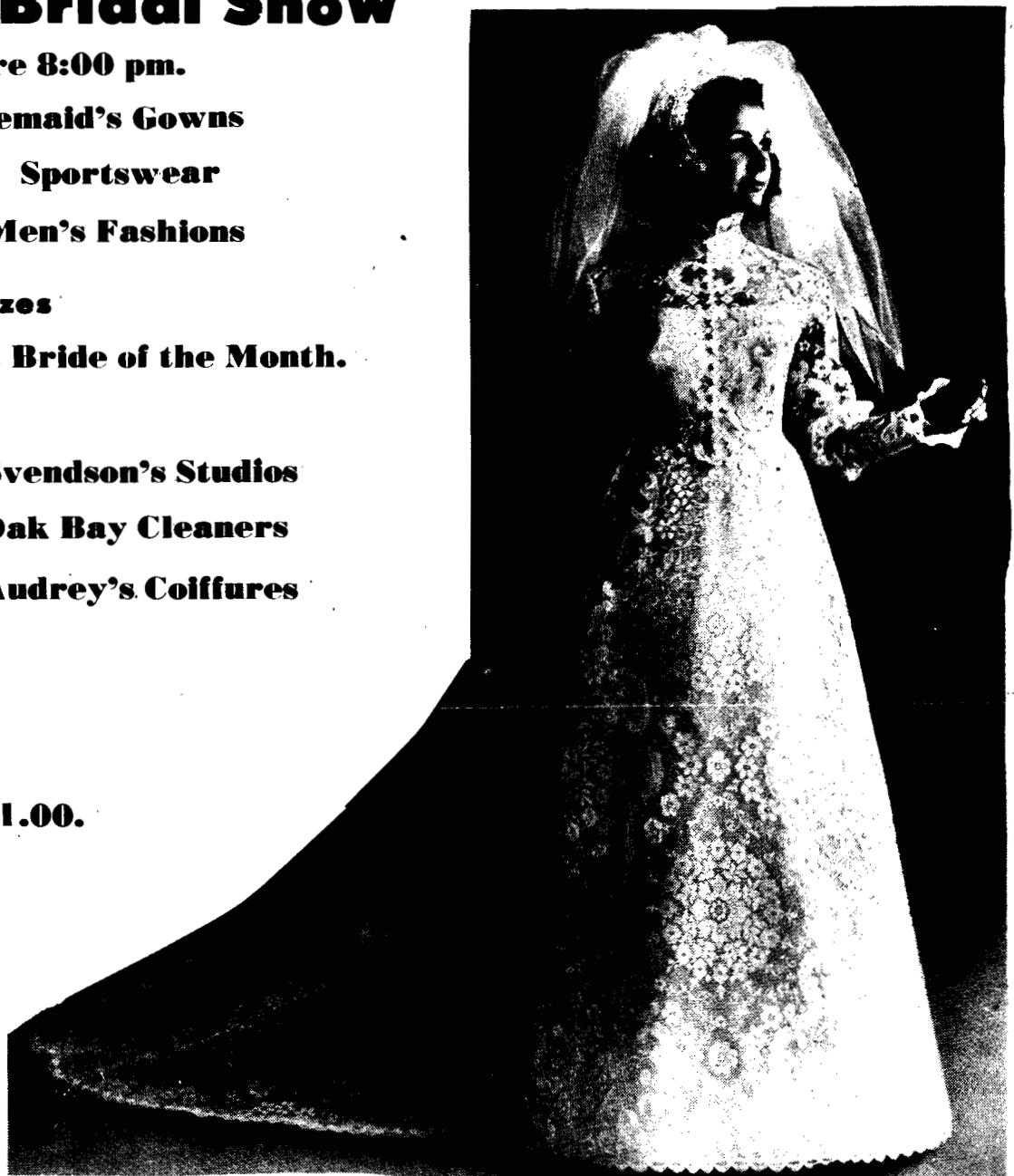
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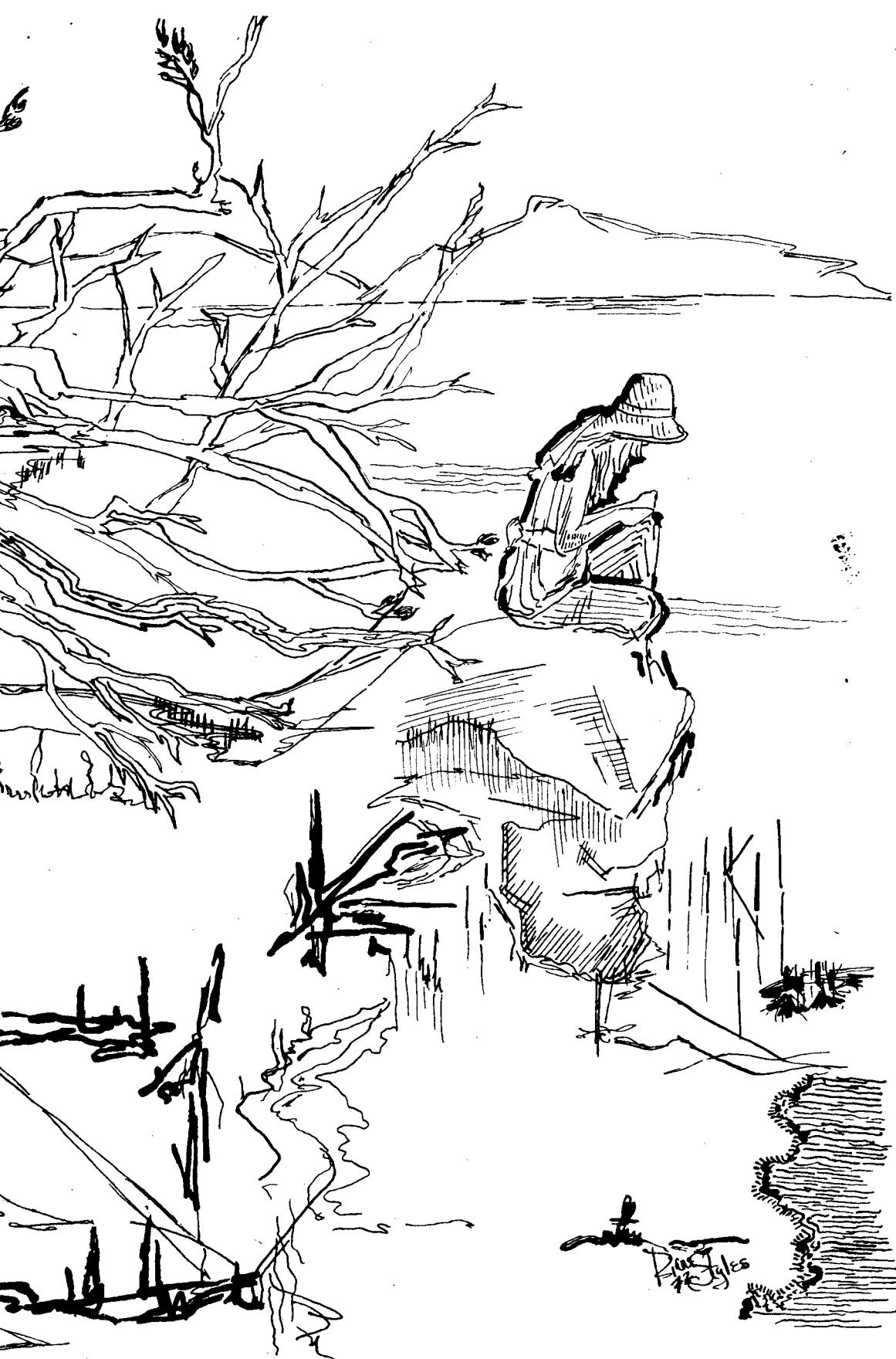


martlet

magazine

university of victoria

december 72



A Recital of the Myth of Autumn

I sing to you now, of the undiscovered myth of Autumn.
Season of death, destroyer of the elephant and snake.
Laughing fool, laughing death, last quarter of the wheel,
Last of the four floods, apocalyptic horseman, scythe.

I tear at the scalloped black, trumpet of eunuch winter
Season of the silent grave, season of the troubled blood.
The slowing pulse of earth's womb, felt in the mourning stream,
Wires cease to sing, angels wait longing for rich earths sleep.

I rage for the young flesh, severed from the steel, in chains
that rape. I sing of the moth hour when sleep over-comes
the lovers. The hand is slowly closed about the knife, that
bleeds the slaughtered lamb, that freed the earths dying fires.

I cry of the blood, sucked snake like from the womb, this life,
this child, will never know the thief autumn. I see death,
pass his lustful hand, over the frost black land. The frost,
etching the womb in silky white, etching the grave in satin blue.

I recite the miscarriage of the season, crucifying woods, trees
abort their leaves, the stars, afloat in the sea of slaughter.
The tortured black thorn, prince of the exiled season, at voyage
end. Short day steals back, hears the primal wail of night.

An embryo tempts the spring break, mistiming of deformity.
Conceived by autumn earth to be stillborn, to be the child of
half-formed ice. Only the muscled roots survive the razor edged,
three pointed star, knowing the harvest, is but once a year.

Although the tomb lies still, the life corpse writhes within.
The seasons contort, to the tidal dance. The war of wind
seizes the planets, the earth is dry. My penitent eyes
search sinners words. In earths volcano, flooded eruption occurs.

Cremated in the furnace, the seizure occurs, within the stomach
the wires are forged. Sur la bateau livre, j'ai recevu ma deliverance
The prison chains have left fine scars, painful stigmata.
I walk, seized by the fires, slowly burned, the wounds heal.

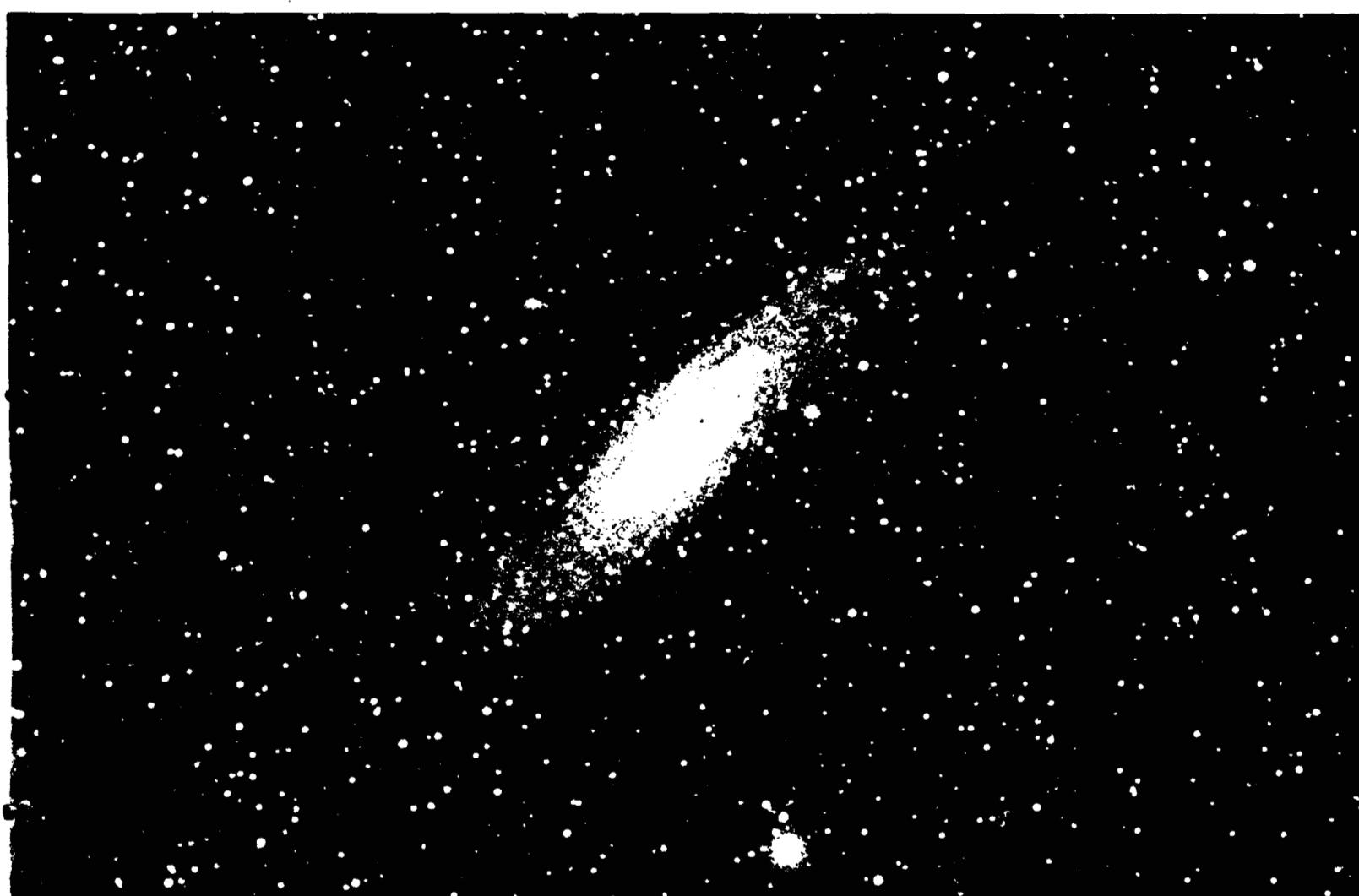
I shout of the cold sea wind, disturbing the digesting graves.
Shaking the suicidal headstones even parade. The regiment
of death, at their thanksgiving dinner, outside the rain,
steady rain, sucks at the mud and rusts red carnations.

In my head a vision dies, a blue light rages, force unchanging.
Dream landscapes are washed into slag, and the ground is
rocked by guns and graves. I ask you now to forge the conception
and the death, resurrect the chains that bind a life song of pain.

Pregnant with death, the autumn womb chants a warriors prayer.
Blood broods and ebbs in stagnant pools, flows in tidal wash.
By this sea of cargoed death, three trees grow, nourishing roots
and ravens, on all that formed the first genesis of space.

The universal birth is primal to the nightmares sweat, and
when the first cry of labour rang off the stars, the ancient
divider, born from his dream, dismayed, conceived the universe.
And washed her feet in the torrent, heated, flood of birth and death.

patrick batteau



"Geo Orwel Harm Lesso On Co Confl

II

In this article, I intend to set out briefly the temporal conditions, political, cultural, and social, through which the author George Orwell lived. Then I shall contrast and compare the viewpoints of two notable critics of Orwell's work. Finally, I shall discuss my own viewpoint and relationship to Orwell's writing.

George Orwell was born at Motihari in Bengal in the year 1903; he died on January 23, 1950 at forty-seven years of age; thus Orwell lived through one of the most turbulent periods in world history, through two disastrous World Wars and a phrenetic Depression.

Politically, the world was running amok. The arrival of the 20th Century had wreaked havoc on all the old-style orders of the 19th Century. Nationalism was on the upsurge; nihilism was seeping into the political mainstreams; revolution tantalized the blood of the young; militarism became a cold steel reality, and, in desperation, was resorted to as a means of solving the world's problems. International communication broke down, the Great War was fought "to end all war". Then, after the shooting stopped, a period of false security prevailed which led to a world-wide depression and finally culminated in the Second World War!

Culturally and socially, the world was being revamped. The political eruptions and eventual chaos left by the Great War dealt a final blow to the complacency and apathy of the 19th Century and the stirring of the cauldron of the masses was underway. Traditional homes, families, and social orders and customs were shattered beyond repair in the volatile stream of events. The currents of human intellectual endeavor in the arts and sciences suffered the traumatic shock of awakening to their impotence in the face of the technologically oriented power states, the German state, in particular. Power to rule, power to shape, power to crush, were the covert and overt impulses of the political mandarins who shaped the first fifty years of human existence in the 20th Century. Then, surfacing at last, communism and capitalism began to look eyeball to eyeball at one another as the pace of living according to industrial, technological, and scientific "advance" spread like a twin-headed octopus over the entire globe and began its stranglehold on humanity in the name of "progress". This was the world which George Orwell inherited, lived in, fought in, suffered in, and died in, some say, as a defeated and alienated shell of a man.

"History records more frequent and more spectacular instances of the triumph of imbecile institutions over life and culture than of peoples who have by force of instinctive insight saved themselves alive out of a desperately precarious situation..."

Veblen: "*Instinct of Workmanship*"

Two critics of Orwell's work are George Woodcock, who wrote "*The Crystal Spirit*", a thorough interpretation of Orwell's life and work; and Tom Hopkinson who wrote "*George Orwell*", a short monograph on Orwell's writing. Because of the difficulty of trying to unite effectively two divergent critical approaches to the life's work of an author, I shall concentrate my discussion here on what each of the critics have said concerning "*Nineteen Eighty-Four*" and, where possible, I shall try to illustrate how their respective critical approaches provide different insights into the interpretation of Orwell's work.

The view of Tom Hopkinson in "*George Orwell*" is that "*Nineteen Eighty-Four*" lacks imagination in both a creative and technical sense. He points out that at the time of the writing of the novel, Orwell was "sick and dispirited", and "has imagined nothing new". Hopkinson notes that Orwell's imagined world of 1984 is the same as the war-time world of 1944 but "dirtier and more cruel -- and with all the endurance and nobility which distinguished mankind in that upheaval, mysteriously drained away. Everyone by 1984 is to be a coward, a spy and a betrayer". Hopkinson goes on to criticize the book, technically, by pointing out that the war in "*Nineteen Eighty-Four*" is fought with the wartime hardware of 1944, "rockets and tommyguns". This, together with certain dated views concerning totalitarianism, is what Hopkinson says is "unimaginative". But he concludes that the major weakness of "*Nineteen Eighty-Four*" is that the novel lacks "real tension".

"...By amputating all courage and self-sacrifice from his human beings, Orwell has removed any real tension from his story. The only challenge to totalitarianism must derive from the individual's assertion of personal values and beliefs against mass standards, and from the upholding of human love against artificially-stimulated hate. This

Winston Smith is incapable of doing: he is a feeble creature in himself, and can draw no strength from his relationship with Julia, since what he feels for her is not love. It is not even lust, but merely a tepid mixture of attraction and contempt."

p. 33, George Orwell

These two weaknesses for Hopkinson undermine the strength of the novel. But he adds that "one notable invention" in the book has given us food for thought, it is "Newspeak", the official jargon of the Party. "This Newspeak", Hopkinson says, "Has already contributed words and phrases to our common speech". Hopkinson does not elaborate on whether the Newspeak contribution is a good, bad or indifferent adjunct to our language usage. For me, Newspeak is more a curiosity than a useful conceptual tool. In a like manner I would consider Hopkinson's criticism of "*Nineteen Eighty-Four*" to be a curiosity. The fact that Orwell projected his wartime experience into his imaginative world of "*Nineteen Eighty-Four*" is for me a very valid procedure, artistically speaking. As for the criticism that the story lacks real tension, I think is quite literally dispelled by the work itself. Anyone who has not felt the agonizingly tense annihilation of the mental world of Winston Smith simply has not seen the full implications of the novel. Hopkinson, I think, only superficially comes to terms with the novel, due, perhaps, to the shortness of his article, but this is, of course, no real excuse for a thin appraisal of a work of art.

George Woodcock in "*The Crystal Spirit*" deals much more fully with the questions that are posed in "*Nineteen Eighty-Four*". His whole book is deftly interspersed with perceptive thoughts on the total writing world of Orwell. When he deals with "*Nineteen Eighty-Four*" it is more in line with my own view that the novel depicts a kind of revelation for the author about the nature of his own mind-power over words. Word power is in a certain way universal power in the imaginative world of Orwell. "*Nineteen Eighty-Four*" is a fascinating study of this revelation and the implications it holds for the world when this power becomes diseased and perverted by soulless Party robots.

Woodcock, I find, brings out this point most poignantly when he talks about Orwell's relationship to Jonathan Swift:

"...he (Orwell) and Swift belonged to the same literary tradition, that of Tory dissent. Not only did Swift embarrassingly

express opinions which he himself had once expressed but had since to some degree abandoned, but he also displayed qualities of which Orwell could only approve. Curiously enough, those to which he most admired, to the extent and emulation and even imitation, he hardly mentions in his essay: Swift's clean, vigorous, unadorned prose, and his extraordinary satirical power. What he does concentrate on is the inexhaustible fascination which "Gulliver's Travels" holds for him and many others despite the fact that it presents what seems to him a diseased and negative view of humanity and life in general."

"The inner self in Orwell not only allowed him to underestimate the satirical intent in Swift's more violent passages, so that he seems to take for an actual physical stink what Swift means as a moral stink, but also to ignore the strong humanitarian element that lies behind even such apparently ghastly essays as "A Modest Proposal". The fury and obscenity to which all satirists are prone usually mask an idealistic view of humanity and an agonized disappointment that this view has not been lived up to. The bitterness of the satire in "Nineteen Eighty-Four" suggests that in this respect Orwell was in the same mental situation as Swift, and explains his failure to look with a more balanced eye upon the intention of "Gulliver's Travels". He attacked Swift's tendency to go to extremes precisely because he shared it and feared it in himself. It was ironic justice that Orwell's detractors should have accused him of the same antihumanitarian bias as he exaggeratedly imputed to Swift."

pp. 310 & 311. *The Crystal Spirit*

Woodcock criticized "*Nineteen Eighty-Four*" from an objective and subjective viewpoint.

Objectively, and similar to Hopkinson, he is aware that the setting of the novel, taken from wartime England of the 1940's, is at odds with the idea of the future being unchanged by 1984. However, instead of criticizing this point as Hopkinson did, Woodcock expresses the achievement of Orwell in the following manner:

"...he solves one of the recurrent problems of Utopian writing (Woodcock considers "Nineteen Eighty-Four" to be a type of negative Utopia) that of having to deal with the mass of unfamiliar inventions, appliances and arrangements in a society of the future, by assuming that the physical setting of London will not have changed except to the extent of

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by ray kraft

having become a bit more decrepit; in other words, that Utopia may be something quite different from a steel and concrete paradise -- may in fact be more than anything else a state of mind..."

p. 38. *The Crystal Spirit*

Subjectively, Woodcock exposes the main flaw in "Nineteen Eighty-Four" by suggesting that the book has two centers; a political and theoretical one and a human one.

"...These two centers come together when Winston is confronted by O'Brien in the Ministry of Love. For this is not only the point where Winston meets the power of the Party in all its inhumane force; it is also the point where the essentially human contact he thought he had established with O'Brien is betrayed. But instead of allowing the situation to speak in these terms, Orwell entirely spoils the effect by allowing O'Brien to argue and discourse at length, like an inverted image of himself, on the dialectics of power. Thus he fails at the crucial point to fuse the dual purposes of the book...".

p. 349. *The Crystal Spirit*

With such a clearly presented critical case, I have little argument with the essence of Woodcock's remarks. Woodcock in touching the pulse of the "flaw" in "Nineteen Eighty-Four" however, does not make the Hopkinson error of saying that the book has no real tension; rather, I think, Woodcock is saying that the book suffers from too much tension and as a result the effect is not a fusing together of the two "centers" but a very definite separation of the parts. For me, at this stage, it is essential to recognize the importance of this separation; that is, of the human from the theoretical-political spheres since it is my belief it is what Orwell set out to resolve right at the start of his career as a writer. I believe that it is significant from the artistic and creative viewpoint that "Nineteen Eighty-Four" failed to do, paradoxically enough, just what it was supposed to do, scoring for Orwell a kind of artistic anti-victory. I hope to clarify this view in the remaining section of this essay.

III

"Few have been taught to any purpose who have not been their own teacher."
(Sir Joshua Reynolds)

or

"...a million billion trillion stars..."
(E.E. Cummings)

It took me a good while to understand exactly what type of a "mind-trip" Orwell was actually on throughout his writing career. Orwell was obsessed primarily with two things (1) the very real, and to him, evil, barriers of class separation (2) the relationship of his educated mind to the total human social-political structure. Two questions immediately follow from these propositions and, I think, necessarily become part of the "trip" Orwell took. First, in what way or to what extent did Orwell think that he was personally contributing to this shadowy social "evil"; namely, the sneering snobbery, the sick conceptual attitudes the ruling class have had for people lower in the social pecking order? Second, what was the real cause of the barriers in the realm of class distinction as they were experienced by Orwell?

Orwell's whole career, I suggest, was devoted to an exploration of these themes and questions and with single-minded, intelligent and a somewhat quixotic surge of creative energy he set out to find some answers.

His books, beginning with "Down and Out in Paris and London" (1933) and ending with "Nineteen Eighty-Four" (1949) depict the full range of his "quest". First, in the earlier works he becomes physically involved with the kinds of barriers that separate the classes. In "Down and Out..." he finds that people of the lower classes virtually have no means of escaping from their predicament of being slaves, caught in a ruthless "caste" system. In an essay written around 1946 titled "How the Poor Die" he recounts how his experience in a casual ward in a Paris hospital showed him that the poor are considered to be nothing less than animals in the eyes of the 'educated' doctors who treat them. No intimacy at a human level is ever accorded the patient of Orwell's casual ward; they are 'interesting' only if they have contracted some new disease or have developed 'special' symptoms. A thoroughly grotesque picture is presented of this hospital, and the reader learns that one plane of existence is separated from another by a certain kind of knowledge. This is the first lesson.

This "lesson" notion is developed in Orwell's next book, "Burmese Days" (1934). The main character, Flory, discovers the untenable position of desiring intimacy from the Burmese natives but at the same time is unable to grant equality to them. He ends up in no man's land, an outsider to his own social group. So, lesson two is that physically a man is unable to break down class barriers because he is one of the causes of the barriers. Hence, he is unable to penetrate the barriers without destroying himself; Flory does commit suicide in this book.

Onward through the years 1935, 1936, 1937. Three books followed one another in quick succession. "A Clergyman's Daughter", a story about faith and the loss of it; "Keep the Aspidistra Flying", a story about charity (money) and the lack of it; and, "The Road to Wigan Pier", a story about hope and the need for it. These works Orwell says were money makers for him and more or less experiments with the Orwellian style.

Then, in 1938, Orwell wrote "Homage to Catalonia", which many people consider to be his best book. I think I would be inclined to agree with such an assessment but I think that in terms of "lessons" for the reader, Orwell is still underdeveloped when compared with his final book "Nineteen Eighty-Four", which I shall discuss below, in more detail. "Homage to Catalonia" is straightforward to the point of scientific objectivity, and more or less relates the author's personal vision of the events of the Spanish Civil War. But by virtue of the author's lucid prose style the reader is treated to an almost omnipresent view of the writing of factions and one is left remorselessly aware of the mental, spiritual, and psychological vagaries of the bloody conflict. Orwell, I suggest,

went to Spain to see if war could put an end to the problems of class barriers. Lesson three is that war only entrenches the elements of political manipulation, and treachery makes the human situation more insidiously confounded than ever before. But, in an odd manner, Orwell remarks at the end of the book (which is in keeping with his later remark that when it came to the crunch "people are heroic").

"When you have had a glimpse of such a disaster as this -- and however it ends, the Spanish war will have turned out to have been an appalling disaster, quite apart from the slaughter and physical suffering -- the result is not necessarily disillusionment and cynicism. Curiously enough the whole experience has left me with not less but more belief in the decency of human beings."

It is not until 1945, I believe, with the publication of "Animal Farm" that the "lesson" theme is restored to the searching Orwell. The Second World War has matured his mind considerably; in some ways he seems like a new Orwell, for he has passed into another imaginative dimension. "Animal Farm", a ninety page political parable and satire, depicts the extent of the folly in political idealism. It seems unquestionable that it is a scathing attack on the communist system, especially in Russia, but for me it is a wider, more far-reaching attack on political idealism in general. Orwell implies that idealism in its purest form is merely the machinations of imagination in the minds of gullible people who think that simply by declaring equality of the classes, it will come about. Change in the social structure, says Orwell tacitly, does not necessarily bring about behavioral change in the citizens. Everyone is equal, but, in the case of those who make the hard-core mental decisions and choices for the herd, collectively, there is slightly more equality. In "Animal Farm", the pig leaders eat better, do no manual work, and generally live high on the hog (to use an old proletarian expression in a rather cleverly conceived pun). What lesson are we to derive from "Animal Farm" about class barriers? For me, Orwell is simply saying that we should not be deluded by the "mind-trip" idealism in which our bodies continue to be subjected to the ruling class, and the slavery of their idealism. We should not be deluded into thinking that the day will come when these class leaders will stop giving orders and we will be able to stop labouring for the "ideal", because the Utopian goals have been attained. That day will never come, says Orwell, because "pure" power stays in power just as long as it possibly can. We are now closing in on the last lesson.

The abstract pure power theme is Orwell's final conclusion about the highly complex world of class separation, it is the subject of Orwell's last book, "Nineteen Eighty-Four". Orwell's health is failing; he leaves London and retreats to the Hebrides where he writes the most fantastic, most horrendous and paradoxical novel the world has ever seen. "Nineteen Eighty-Four" is considered to be morbid and sadistic. It is. But it is more than that, it is an imaginative portrait of the total human social-political situation, and that makes it extraordinary! What is the most phenomenal aspect about "Nineteen Eighty-Four"? First, I suggest, it shows how Orwell finally resolved his initial obsession which he set out to clarify some twenty years previously. All his previous "lessons" fell by the wayside as the vision of "Nineteen Eighty-Four" gripped his imagination. The barriers between the classes in society are rooted at one fundamental departure point: fear. The lower classes fear and/or resent the ruling classes and the manner which the rulers use power. The so-called ruling classes have mind-power over physical things as well as power over other minds which they use at their will and pleasure. Orwell realized that the mind-power which he commanded was that of a substantially lower-class person who, through education and scholarship, had

achieved a kind of ruling mind-power. His final revelation was that his power over words was in a very real sense indeed, ultimate universal power, at least in the human imaginative scale of measurement. Orwell I think knew that he was a mystical power; he was the kind of power that he had sought all his life to comprehend the nature of. This was the final lesson that was revealed to him through the writing of "Nineteen Eighty-Four". It follows too that Orwell, being the kind of artistic genius that he was, must somehow get this vision, and the ramifications of it, across to humanity. How does he do this? He shows deliberately, painfully, precisely how, and through what processes a man, who does not wish to wield mind-power, must be relieved of his burden, i.e. cross? Thus, it is by Orwellian grace that politically romantic Winston Smith is reduced, step by step, to the level of a "prole", the lowest strata in society; Smith is made to physically experience the nature of the mind-world of proles. He is made to view himself as a man devoid of rational intellect, a man charged with fear, and a betrayer of the love and trust of another human being, in his case, party-worker, Julia. Orwell, in my opinion, destroyed himself with the writing of this book. He used the universal mind-power, which he harboured at least imaginatively within him to relieve himself of the possible misuse of his power over others. Orwell's mind had within it a very real "Big Brother" who wanted to rule. But, basically, Orwell could not reconcile his truly romantic spirit, the Winston Smith in him, to the kind of mind-master daemon, Big Brother, who coexisted very unharmoniously in his soul. Orwell in desperation, really felt that he could not play God in the minds of others, especially with such a perverse conception as pure power -- the boot stamping on a human face, forever...he had to write the persona George Orwell out of existence, which in "Nineteen Eighty-Four" he succeeded in doing. Orwell, after a lifetime's struggle with the pseudo-soul within him, the persona George Orwell -- finally became once again Eric Blair, graduate of Eton, a young man with keen eyes and sharp mind and romantic lover of humanity...a defeated and alienated shell of a man...? I think not, after all, a writer can choose any soul he wishes to be; it would only have been a question of time before the artistic spirit caught hold of the imagination and plunged it into some new creative realm.

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- Nineteen Eighty-Four and Animal Farm* by Orwell.

TROBE

a one act play by bryan wade

LEN: Don't slow it down, Jimmy. Please.

Jimmy lifts his hands away.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH! AAAAHHHH!

Len rolls back and forth on the grass with his hands on

Jimmy: I had to break it, man, my fingers were burning. I had to look, they're black at the ends. It's not hot, man. You gotta learn to take it as it comes. If you'll handle it, you'll burn up your circuit. You gotta learn control, that's what it's all about. So when you do a score, a good combination of attack and defense, you need a bunch of important moves, because the scene you just directed can be a whole fuckin' day without getting off anywhere. It opens you up in every bad shade. It happened to me. Did you dig that? Me and this dude had been trying to get ready, but there was something. Not a fucking thing.

Len has stopped rolling back and forth. Still has his hands on his face. Jimmy is kneeling beside him.

No smoke, no chemicals, no junk. Nothing. And I want to do the drugstore scene. Gravel and shit, that is for kids. Not until it was late, pretty late, most morning, and I hadn't slept and he hadn't slept, and we were both walking around like crazy, our nerves crackling in the air like static. That's when I could have done a drugstore or anything, man. I was ready to break right then and there but he's too paranoid about stories like that so we cool it. We hit the street and keep walking and walking, trying to get it together and then people start going pass in their cars or tuff on buses going to work I guess, and then we pass this hydro guy, bring his tools out of his truck. And this dude turns to me and says, Jimmy, you and me have been through a lot. Shit together but I just flashed on something that really gets us off and it doesn't cost. What are we waiting for? I say and we go up to the hydro guy and the dude gets down on the ground and starts rubbing his eyelids like crazy. I'm just standing there picking up feathers. Then we're both running away on this road for hours and hours.

Len looks over to the left.
He just kept staring away at him until there was a hole left a glowing skeleton. We went crazy, man. I'm crazy. But there was far out. Daniel: Hey, you guys, I told you.

He goes and imagines a ball up in the air and catches it.

JIMMY: Far out, man.

DANIEL: Here catch.

He throws the ball and Jimmy catches it.

JIMMY: Did you see it?

DANIEL: See what?

JIMMY: (this to the boy back) You must have seen it when you were up in the bushes.

DANIEL: What?

Daniel throws the ball back to Jimmy. Len catches it.

JIMMY: The ball is. It was almost up the plate when it started to go down another. It burst into flames. Must have taken a few seconds to come up. Probably didn't even reach the ground before it integrated.

DANIEL: I didn't see it.

JIMMY: (tossing the ball back) You must have. The holody was lit up for miles.

DANIEL: But I would have seen that.

Len stands up and puts on his glove.

JIMMY: You can see it tonight on the t.v. What's left of

LEN: Hey, man, how about a throw?

JIMMY: I wouldn't worry about it, they're sending up one everyday now.

LEN: Come on, man. Chuck it right in here.

Daniel throws the ball to Len.

at a throw, man. You can really throw when you want

Jimmy picks up his glove and goes to the pitcher's mound.

Come on, man, grab a bat and show us what you can do.

DANIEL: O.K.

LEN: (throwing the ball out to Jimmy) Come on, let's get this game going.

Daniel picks up a bat and takes a couple of swings.

DANIEL: What's he usually pitch?

Len squats down behind the plate, punching his glove.

LEN: Mostly curves, fastballs.

DANIEL: I hear he's got a good breaking pitch.

LEN: It's not bad. BATTER UP! Let's play ball. Let's go. Come on, big fella. Come on, we got this guy's number.

Daniel steps up to the plate. Jimmy peers down from the mound and shakes his head.

Take your time. This guy has nothing on you. Nothing on you at all. Hey, hey, big Jimmy.

Jimmy nods, goes into his windup and lets go.

Daniel doesn't swing.

Ball one.

JIMMY: That was a strike.

LEN: It was way outside, man.

JIMMY: You must be blind not to see that.

LEN: I know when they're over the plate.

JIMMY: I should know if it was a strike or not.

I threw it.

DANIEL: It really wasn't.

LEN: I'm calling them, man. (throwing the ball)

Come on, let's play ball.

Daniel taps his heels with his bat.

LEN: Put it right in there this time. Right in the pocket. Let's go big Jimmy. Let's have a good one this time. You can do it. You can pitch 'em in there when you want to.

Daniel gets set for the pitch. Jimmy goes into his windup and throws the ball. Daniel swings with all he has.

JIMMY: I suppose that was a ball too.

Len throws the ball back out to Jimmy.

DANIEL: Just try it again.

LEN: That was more like it, man.

DANIEL: Just try another fastball like that.

LEN: Hey, hey, big fella. Let's have some more like that.

DANIEL: What are you waiting for?

LEN: (getting set again) Show him this time what you really can do.

DANIEL: Come on, throw it.

Jimmy winds up and lets it go. Daniel swings, connecting with it.

LEN: (standing up) Jesuuusss, look at it go. Jimmy turns around to watch the ball. The orange light starts to fade.

DANIEL: (hugging Len) I did it! I did it!

JIMMY: Now that's a home run, man.

LEN: (looking up) JESUS. It's still going up there.

DANIEL: I told you. I told you I could do it. I really connected on that one.

LEN: (still looking up) It's so high up there, I can hardly see it.

DANIEL: Throw me another one, Jimmy.

Daniel stands by the plate, swinging his bat as he talks.

JIMMY: Sorry, man.

DANIEL: Come on, just one pitch.

JIMMY: I been pitching all night, man. My arm is really buggered up.

DANIEL: I'm just getting warmed up.

LEN: (looking at Daniel now) It must be about ten miles up there by now.

Jimmy sits down cross-legged on the mound.

JIMMY: What I need right now is a smoke.

He starts going through his pockets. Daniel swings the bat, then changes into a bunting stance. He does this two or three times as he talks to Len.

DANIEL: You see that? You see how fast I did that?

LEN: Yeah, that was pretty good, man.

DANIEL: How about tossing me a couple?

LEN: You know I can't throw.

DANIEL: All I want is a couple of pitches. You don't have to do anything fancy.

LEN: Maybe in a while, man.

DANIEL: But it'll be dark soon.

JIMMY: You got any joints?

LEN: Not on me, man.

JIMMY: Shit. I must have something on me.

He goes through his pockets again. Len sits down.

DANIEL: How about it you guys? One pitch is not much to ask.

LEN: Relax, man. Why don't you sit down? It must have taken a lot out of you.

DANIEL: Right now I could hit 'em all night. I know I could.

LEN: Maybe in a while we can play again. Just sit down and dig what's happening with the sky.

Daniel, who still has the bat, sits down beside Len.

JIMMY: Nothing. Not even a fucking seed. That really pisses me off, when you feel like getting off and you can't.

LEN: (Laying down) The sunset is really happening up there now. Lay down and dig it, man.

Daniel lays down. Jimmy is on his hands and knees, looking through the grass.

JIMMY: Those roaches must be around here.

DANIEL: It really is beautiful. The way the clouds are moving, like they were in slow-motion.

JIMMY: We didn't eat them. I'm sure we didn't eat them.

Len and Daniel lay there, watching the sky, while Jimmy crawls around them, looking for the roaches. Then Daniel raises the bat and looks through it up at the sky.

DANIEL: I wonder if it will ever come down.

JIMMY: (still crawling) Everything that goes up, man has to come down sooner or later.

LEN: Didn't some dude lay down some law about that?

DANIEL: Newton, I think.

LEN: So it was Newton who did the gravity trip.

DANIEL: It might have been Galileo.. I always get those science guys mixed up.

JIMMY: (still crawling around) Do you know where you dropped it?

LEN: We could split, you know.

JIMMY: Where is it, man?

LEN: Over by the plate, I think.

Jimmy crawls to home plate and looks.

DANIEL: I wonder where it is.

LEN: It's up there somewhere.

DANIEL: I hope I'm around when it does come down.

LEN: It would be far out to see it. Really far out.

DANIEL: It sure would.

Daniel eases the bat down until it lays down along his chest and stomach.

LEN: Find anything, man?

JIMMY: (crawling back to them) No, I didn't fucking

LEN: Don't hassle yourself about it. Let's go to my place.

Jimmy stops behind Daniel.

JIMMY: I got it! I got it! It just flashed on me. The most fucking brilliant flash in my life. Far out, Jimmy. Far out. You really did it this time, man. You really did.

LEN: What?

JIMMY: I just flashed on a game we could all play.

DANIEL: Is it a good one?

JIMMY: It's a really far out, man.

DANIEL: Better than baseball?

JIMMY: A thousand times better. You'll really get off on this one.

Jimmy crawls around until he faces Daniel.

LEN: (sitting up) Let's go to my place.

JIMMY: In a while, man, in a while.

LEN: How about it, Daniel? You feel like going?

DANIEL: Let's go after we're finished the game.

JIMMY: Now I want you to close your eyes and keep them closed.

DANIEL: Maybe you and Len should do it. I might not be any good at it.

JIMMY: You'll be really good at it, man. I know you will. Anyways, Len is with me. We'll play in this game.

DANIEL: Two against one isn't very fair.

JIMMY: A batter is up against nine men. You ready now? Here we go..

He presses on Daniel's eyelids.

JIMMY: You like that?

DANIEL: Yeah, that feels good.

JIMMY: Now you have to try and stand this for as long as you can.

DANIEL: That shouldn't be too hard.

cont on pg. 6

STROBE from 5

JIMMY: And we see how long we can take it. It's like an endurance test. Whoever quits first, loses.

Jimmy starts rubbing in a circle.

DANIEL: Like the difference between a strike out and a home run.

JIMMY: You catch on fast, man, really fast. (*to Len*) Come on, man.

LEN: I don't know, man.

JIMMY: He's really got a lot happening.

LEN: But it's Daniel, man.

JIMMY: It's cool. We'll just get a little zapped up, that's all. You won't ever get another chance like this again. The flashes are out of this world.

Len kneels beside Daniel and starts rubbing one eyelid. The orange light is very dim now.

LEN: We just have to remember to control it.

JIMMY: Right, man, that's what we got to do.

LEN: I wouldn't want to rip him off.

JIMMY: Neither would I, not in a million years.

For a while, maybe twenty seconds or half a minute they kneel beside Daniel, rubbing his eyelids.

JIMMY: You picking them up?

LEN: I'll say I am.

JIMMY: They're fucking incredible.

LEN: The flashes.

JIMMY: Yeah.

LEN: You off?

JIMMY: Yeah, I'm off.

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and mail, 'finally, an artist
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POETRY:

POUND:

POETICS

"Poetry is news that STAYS news". Each generation finds in great poetry its own revolution, its own form of truth:

All ages are contemporaneous... This is especially true of literature, where the real time is independent of the apparent, and where many dead men are our grandchildren's contemporaries, while many of our contemporaries have been already gathered into Abraham's bosom, or some more fitting receptacle.

Pound wrote this in 1910 -- about Dante's precursors. Art, then, is not of an age, but for all time. History is "real", yet abstracted, distanced: art is "ideal" yet concrete, alive. It grows, breeds, gets diffused into "culture". We have to read Pound -- if only to avoid his disciples' distortions. We must read him to know where we already are.

Pound was foremost and always an artist -- and art is alive: "Good art never bores one... Good art begins with an escape from dullness". This is hardly a promise, but rather a challenge or threat. For boredom is safe -- the full safety of third-hand ideas and fifth-rate expression. Boredom is dogma and critical cliché. Art is newness and risk:

*Go, little naked and impudent songs,
Go and dance shamelessly!
Go with an impudent frolic!*

*Greet the grave and the stodgy,
Salute them with your thumbs at your noses.*

Pound's first attack was on single perspective -- the uni-toned, integral, Puritan self. He broke up his viewpoint through masks:

*Bah! I have sung women in three cities,
But it is all the same.*

*No more for us the wine of the lips,
No more for us the knowledge
Lo the fair dead!*

*O God of the silence,
Purifiez nos coeurs.*

Hell blot black for always the thought 'Peace'!

He spoke with the tongues of Villon and Browning: of Arnaut, Swinburne and the early Yeats. But the Poundian "virtu" was always within, that dance of awareness tuned for the ear:

*Tree you are,
Moss you are,
You are violets with wind above them.
A child -- so high -- you are,
And all this is folly to the world.*

Then he found the "image", and made it the core Modern trope. Imagery, of course, we have always with us; the Poundian "image" is something again. Pound shrunk the Symbolist "landscape", froze it, spliced it, and set it in contrast, in motion:

*O fan of white silk,
clear as frost on the grass-blade,
You also are laid aside.*

*The apparition of these faces in the crowd;
Petals on a wet, black bough.*

To make straight its path, he hacked from the language all kinds of excrescence -- abstractions, baroque suspirations and circumlocutions. The "image" was all: "an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time... it... gives that sense of freedom from time limits and space limits, that sense of sudden growth, which we experience in the presence of the greatest works of art". There was method in this high-flying madness -- Methodism too. He virtually won over a culture to his missionary vision; the results still remain. In all our Reviews, poets "go in fear of abstractions": they hiccup in haikus, concretise concepts, imagine in images -- row by row. We have to read Pound to escape his disciples. He dropped the pure "image" in 1913.

By the end of the war we have Pound the ecologist of language. With Eliot he invented poetic re-cycling. The technique was to gather cultural detritus -- forms, phrases, mythologies, metres -- and recombine them in new, strange wholes. In "Mauberley" the effect is ironic:

*The tea-rose tea-gown, etc.
Supplants the mousseline of Cos,
The pianola 'replaces'
Sappho's barbitos.*

The verse-form is Gautier's, ordering a contrast of allusions, loose usages: the old cans "etc.", "replace", with the antiques "barbitos", "Cos". In "Mauberley" IV, Bion's pastoral measures control varied phrases pertaining to war:

*These fought in any case,
and some believing,
pro domo, in any case...
Some quick to arm,
Some for adventure,
Some from fear of weakness,
Some from fear of censure,
Died some, pro patria,
non 'dulce' non 'et decor'...*

If World War I had shattered a culture, it was Pound who picked up the linguistic fragments. He crafted no



by dennis brown

makeshift repair-job, but a novel mosaic. We must read it to know where we already are.

The Cantos, Pound's life-poem, set out to re-cycle all cultures, both Western and Eastern, Primitive and Modern. The aim is an epic "tale of the tribe": what we have is a "broken bundle of mirrors" where patterns of colour shine and re-shine:

*Lo sordels si fo di Mantovana.
So-shu churned in the sea.
Seal sports in the spray-whited circles of cliff-wash,
Sleek head, daughter of Lir,
eyes of Picasso
Under black fur-hood, lithe daughter of Ocean;
And the wave runs in the beach-groove:
'Eleanor...'*

"Beauty is difficult" said Beardsley to Yeats: and it is, to both poet and reader. *The Cantos* is difficult; but it can also be highly lucid, direct:

*And then went down to the ship,
Set keel to breakers, forth on the godly sea...*

*And Kung said, and wrote on the bo leaves:
'If a man have not order within him
'He cannot spread order about him'.*

*usurers squeezing crab-lice, pandars to authority,
pets-de-loup, sitting on piles of stone books,
obscuring the texts with philology.*

*What thou lov'est well remains,
the rest is dross
What thou lov'st well shall not be left from thee
What thou lov'st well is thy true heritage.*

"Difficult" or not, *The Cantos* is the nearest we get to a Modern epic. Concrete poets construct weird vessels, Confessionals sail around inside their own heads, but *The Cantos* makes an Odyssey across world-culture. It constitutes the finest, most up-dated map. It's where we are going.

Each generation thinks of beginnings, forgetting the end. Shakespeare, Aristotle, Einstein, Aquinas, Russell, Dante, Aeschylus are gone -- but we have not out-thought or out-written them. When Eliot died, Pound wrote: "Let him rest in peace. I can only repeat, but with the urgency of 50 years ago: READ HIM". Pound is now dead, and no poet remains of his stature. But great poetry is news that stays news. READ him. Read HIM.

martlet magazine

december 72

Acknowledgements**Poetry:Pound:Poetics - Dennis Brown**

Dennis Brown is a professor of English who lectures at the University of Victoria. Dennis, in addition to completing his Phd at Sussex University on Elliot, Hume, and Pound , has recently written a novel for publication entitled "Solo"; the first few chapters of which will be printed in the Malahat Review early 1973. Dennis' teaching experience includes two years at a Nigerian university.

Strobe -Bryan Wade

Bryan Wade is a third year student at University of Victoria, majoring in English and Creative Writing. In 1971 he had his play "Vacuum" performed by the UVic Players Club and in the last two years he has had several plays published by such magazines as ACRe and Introductions From An Island.

"George Orwell: Harmonious Lessons on Contained Conflicts"
- Ray Kraft

Ray Kraft graduated from UVic in 1970 with a BFA. Former editor of the Martlet, he is also the creator of the Aquarian Age. Recently he has been writing the Noosphere for this year's Martlet and not much of anything else.

A Recital of the Myth of Autumn - Patrick Hackett

Patrick Hackett is a first year English student at University of Victoria. The first serious publication of any of his works, Patrick intends to continue writing poetry for a potential career.

Canada Gets Its Aesthetics - Bob Dolhanty

Bob Dolhanty is one of the many unknown writers in Victoria, mainly because he doesn't have a telephone.

* * *

editor and graphics - diane styles
with much thanks to

eleanor, dave, tim and terry for invaluable help on
layout

