

STUDENT PERIODICAL

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# MC<sup>2</sup>

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## Comment . . .

"I can't write."

This is the cry of the undergraduate as soon as he realizes that writing means more than having a pen, a piece of paper and an hour or two. What he means is that he can't write poetry as well as Frost or prose as well as Hemingway. What he doesn't see is that no one really expects him to — no one, that is, who remembers that his work is only a beginning — and there must be a beginning at one time or another.

If a university education does anything, it certainly develops sophisticated reading tastes. Whatever we read, we read critically. We learn to appreciate great writing and to tear apart piece by piece that which is not great. These standards carry over when we come to read what we write and what is written by our fellow students. Our demands are high; often too high for undergraduates to reach. But undergraduate students do have things to say which are worth saying and which are worth reading. In many cases they have ideas to explain and develop, or special fields of interest which can range from modern jazz to ancient Hindu mysticism and cover everything in between. But they "can't write". They are afraid to write; afraid because they know they aren't experts in the field, or simply because they don't think that anyone will want to read what they have to say.

Many of those who do write will do so only under a pseudonym. They try to escape the criticism which they can hear in their minds even before they submit the article or short story for publication. All this is understandable. It isn't easy to write — and usually the better the writer the more he criticizes and discounts his own work. Most writers will admit that the only way they can learn is to make a beginning, write, and submit it to the criticism of those who read it. They just don't want to do it. Yet the fact remains: Undergraduate writing is rarely terrible and sometimes very good, in spite of what the author may think.

Year in, year out, students hear the same cries. "The university offers a chance to develop your mind and expand your horizons; to think, to get excited about things. . ." And on and on it goes until everyone knows the words before they are spoken. They are, nevertheless, true. This sort of thing does happen, but most of the time no one knows except the particular person involved. This will always be so as long as students protest, "I can't write."

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# MECONNU

CAROLE VIPOND

I have been here before. The heaviness of my feet tells me that I have measured this place perhaps a thousand times; still it is strange to me. Already I have lost my way. The maze of hallways refuses to tell me the way I must go . . . forward is the only direction. When I have found him, I shall say to him that he should make a sign to show the way, a light perhaps, an arrow on the wall. It is no use for me to try to find him in such a large place, with no signs to guide me. If the fog would lift, perhaps, then I might know. He did not warn me of a fog—I suppose there is no danger—I know of it only because I have been here before. When was I here—what was the occasion? A birthday perhaps, an anniversary . . . no . . . This is the only way. If I do not find him soon, I shall have to try the doors. What was the number? The number of his door was . . . he did not tell me perhaps. How could he have thought I would find him here? He told me to come to this place, that he had a most important document to give to me, something of which I knew nothing. It is, perhaps, not in the least important. Have I come all this way in the rain for nothing? I shall try this door. Number sixty-seven. . .

“Yes?”

“May I come in? I am looking for someone.” (I think that perhaps they will not ask me in, and then I shall never find him. . .)

“Who are you looking for? Mr. Greagor? He is on vacation.”

“No. Please. You must let me in. I will explain.” (He is coming to open the door. I hear his step. He is coming across the room.)

“Yes? Who is it you want?”

“Mr. Lav—I’m so sorry, I have quite forgotten his name.”

“Does he live here?”

“I don’t believe I know.”

“Dr. Steiner was it?”

“I told you I don’t know. I have forgotten his name. He has a document for

me, something of great importance. He told me I should meet him here."

"Number sixty-seven?"

"No. In this place. He told me no number."

"Then, if you do not know his name, I cannot help you. I'm sorry. Try the directory."

He has shut the door. Now I must find a directory. I should have thought of that, but it is so cold in here — it makes it difficult for one to think. It was the same when I was here before. Time is running out. Shall I never find him? Where is the directory? I will knock here and ask where to find the directory . . . . Someone is coming. She is opening the door.

"Good evening."

"Good evening. I am looking for someone. I would like to find a directory. I have forgotten his name."

"We have one here."

"I was at number sixty-seven. They told me I should find his name in the directory."

"We are all number sixty-seven. It was Mr. Greagor you were talking to."

"No. He told me Mr. Greagor was on vacation."

"He is, himself, Mr. Greagor. Number sixty-seven."

"I see."

"You say you have forgotten the gentleman's name."

"Yes. He has a most important document to give to me. He has a foreign name. Monsieur somebody I believe."

"He is French, then?"

"No. He says he is not. He says his country is the world."

"Then I know the man you mean. Come out into the hallway and let me direct you to him. It is quite simple really. Go to your left until you come to a corner. Turn right; keep going straight until you see number sixty-seven on a door. I know him well; he is, in fact, a relative of mine."

"Thank you. I am sure I shall find him."

"You will recognize him when you catch sight of him."

"Of course."

She has led me to him. I shall recognize him, she said, when I catch sight of him. He is rather unusual looking I should imagine. Distinctive, recognizable in an instant . . . This is the place. Here I turn right. Straight along to number sixty-seven, where I shall find the man for whom I am looking.

My feet have become heavy, so that the steps I take are laboured and slow. Now, I must grip the hard white plaster, guiding my feet painstakingly to the place where I must go, becoming again as a child who learns to walk. Slowly, deliberately, I await with impatient suspense, the relief of the thud, which means to me only that I am once more safe in the security of the hard floor to which I fear to fall.

This is the place. I have been here before. Again I knock; again I wait in

the speakless corridor; again I am aware of the shuffle of the same feet progressing wearily toward my tiredness. I hold fast to the door-knob as the door opens. Again I am being received into this place. This I suppose is my destination.

He is an old man, aged I imagine beyond his years; his face nevertheless, seamed with the crevices of the centuries, is kind. He asks that I come in; he informs me in a quiet voice that he is the man for whom I have been searching; he asks me to be seated, and I oblige him gladly; he offers me afternoon tea, as though he had expected me to come. I am grateful to him for having offered its warmth to me. At last he speaks again. I am able to think of nothing, but that I have been rescued from the cold.

"I am the one," he says.

"I was looking for a man with a document for me. He said I should meet him in this place."

"I am that man."

"It was most important. It meant, he told me, that I should not have to come to this place, and search for whatever it was, in the darkness and the cold."

"That is quite right."

"That I would lose my way no more, and never again feel the weariness I feel now; always be warm, and always show patience and kindness to all men in adversity."

"That is the truth. But, we shall first come into my sanctuary and you shall then be gifted with all that you have spoken of."

"You are not the one."

He is silent, and says nothing. Perhaps he has not heard my words. Now he speaks.

"You must know me. You must know me without my telling you; then you shall have what I have promised."

"No."

I know he is not the one. He is an imposter, trying to deceive me. He is an old man; and though old men are often wise, he has shown me no document. There is none.

When I have rested I shall return. Perhaps, then, it will be not so dark, not so cold, not so strange — this place where I have wandered so many times before. When I have rested, I shall return; and, then, as I have been here before, I shall find him more easily. I shall find him, and he will give me the document, and then I will return no more.

The End

# Poland Looks At Germany

## A HIDDEN PROBLEM IN THE COLD WAR

*GARY CALDWELL, a third year student majoring in political science, spent the summer in Poland on the World University Service of Canada seminar. The seminar consisted of five weeks of study, touring, and free time activity in Poland.*

WHEN travelling to a new country, especially Poland, one expects to see and hear certain things. Many of these, certainly, we found. However, we also found much which was completely unexpected, and quite surprising.

Some of these were small matters, and some very important. They added a new dimension to my picture of Europe and the Cold War, and, more important, made me realize that in the West we have only a western image of basic social and political thinking in "iron curtain" countries. The actual feelings of the people in countries such as Poland are hidden from us.

It did not take long for the seminar participants to realize that Poles have a different orientation towards international politics than North Americans. This is a result of the fact that the Polish historical and geographical position is obviously quite different. We also have a very distinct attitude toward the world; an attitude which is very much a reflection of the North American way of life.

The average Pole does not, as we do, think of the world as divided into two great ideological camps, East and West. For the Polish people, the two most pressing facts about international politics are Germany and Russia. These two countries loom large in the Polish mind, not for ideological reasons but because they are mighty nations. Half of Polish history has been a function of power politics, and Germany and Russia are the powers. The Polish nation is almost a thousand years old, and for at least five hundred of those years she has been a pawn in the power



game played by Germany, Austria, and Russia. The Pole who is ill disposed towards Russia will tell you that Russia is an imperialist oppressor before he will mention Communism. In fact, when he talks about Communists he will distinguish between Polish and Russian Communists. It is the same with Germany. The fact that the last German oppression against Poland was fascist is secondary. Germany has been an oppressor of Poland since the Grand Order of the Teutonic Knights began terrorizing Poland in the thirteenth century. Then, the ideology was Christianity. In the last war it was fascism; but they have always been oppressors to the Poles.

In our minds, the concept of power politics carries a cynical overtone but for the Poles it is a very natural and normal way of looking at the world. We in North America have had quite a different experience. America has grown up as the "Hope of the world". From the beginning she took an "ideological" stand on issues that confronted her public; a stand which has until recently escaped the mesh of European power politics; she still thinks of the world almost exclusively in ideological terms. This has, however, become less true since World War II, when America herself was left as a great power.

But all this is background to the German problem; the extent and nature of which the Canadian students knew so little. The Germans who invaded Poland in 1939 thought of the Poles as Slavs; as Slavs, they felt free to treat them as something less than human. Poles were shot down in the streets of Warsaw simply for placing flowers on the graves of the fallen. The Hitler regime was determined to erase the Polish nation for ever. This eradication involved the persecution of the intellectuals and the destruction of the culturally important buildings and monuments. Statues of the Polish national hero, Adam Mickiewicz were dynamited on Hitler's personal order. The historic city of Cracow, one time capital of Poland was mined in an attempt at total destruction. The last war was just one episode — although the worst — in an age-old history of oppression by Germany. The great majority of Polish families have within living memory suffered at the hands of the Germans.

Fear of Germany is not a thing of the past. The people of Poland fear Germany to-day. She is considered by the Poles to be the major threat to world peace. American troops in Berlin are not looked upon as potential aggressors but rather as relatively innocent bystanders who might be drawn into a war by the policy of the Federal German Republic. Poles believe that Germany is on the move again. Before we discuss why they feel this way, I ask you to imagine yourself as a Pole. Even if their fears are unjustified, the fact remains; their fear is a political reality which must be considered.

Without attempting to put them into context I will mention some actions of the Federal German Republic and ask you, as a Pole to consider them. In 1954 NATO decided to reararm Germany. Some time later Germany negotiated without NATO approval to acquire a base in Spain. This year Germany declared that recognition of East Germany by a neutral country would be tantamount to an act of aggression against the Federal German Republic, and would mean that the country would be cut off immediately from German aid. Germany has, at present, a number of nuclear experts and is pressing for nuclear weapons for her forces inside NATO. The general feeling within the country is that she needs nuclear weapons. This summer, the defense minister of West Germany, Herr Strauss, criticized American nuclear policy; an opinion that was tacitly endorsed by the Federal Defense Council.

"He (Strauss) said he did not agree with the United States' concept that big nuclear weapons should be used against military targets only. His own theory is that their deterrent effect could be increased by indicating their potential use also against the civilian population.<sup>1</sup>

Putting these events into context, it could be argued that the Western allies will prevent Germany from jeopardizing the peace. It is difficult to convince the Poles of this because the Allies have failed to recognize the Oder Neisse Line, the boundary between East Germany and Poland. The Allies themselves established this boundary in 1945 when they awarded part of Germany, the present Polish western territories to Poland. Although there is a problem as to whether recognition of the Oder Neisse Line would mean recognition of the East German regime, the primary reason for the non-recognition of the Polish boundary is the desire of the Allies to avoid giving offense to West Germany. (De Gaulle has personally recognized the Oder Neisse Line). A Western observer might point out that the Polish regime exploits this fear of Germany for its own purposes. Of course it does, but this tendency to use what suits one's purpose is a common factor in all politics and certainly does not detract from the reality of the people's fear.

These attitudes, particularly an actual fear of Germany, have an important bearing on the lives of the Polish people. We met young Poles who were determined to enjoy life and not to worry about the future. They felt certain that there would be another war provoked by Germany, much as we feel that any war would be provoked by Russia.

Western ignorance of this political reality is reflected in her attitude towards Central Europe. Recently Poland put forward a plan for military

disengagement in East and West Germany and Poland. Although the West did have sound objections, the plan was treated by most as nothing more than a Russian manoeuvre. But the Rapacki plan was intended by the Poles as a means of establishing stability in Central Europe. Poland had her own interests at heart in conceiving this plan to alleviate the German menace and diminish the chances of war; a war involving Russia and Germany which would probably be fought over Poland. Although the plan was amended by the Poles to make it more acceptable to the west, no one took it seriously.

The basic question still remains: Why did the Polish-German problem come as such a shock to all of us on the seminar? It is, I believe, fair to say that the situation as it really exists is not discussed in the North American press. The correspondents are not trying to hide anything from us. What happens is simply that people, even correspondents, begin to reflect almost unconsciously the dominant political policy of the time. Our policy is to align West Germany with the West as a safeguard against Russian imperialism. The unconscious tendency to ignore many aspects of the problem takes on frightening proportions when correspondents and journalists become susceptible, since this accelerates our political conditioning. If we ever hope to solve problems like the problem of stability in Central Europe, we must be aware of the true situation.

I ask myself if I can remember reading in our mass media of the fact that maps in West German classrooms represent East Germany, West Poland, and Pomerania (most of Pomerania is in Poland) as Deutschland; but at the same time I must ask myself if I would have attached enough significance to this fact, even to remember it. . .

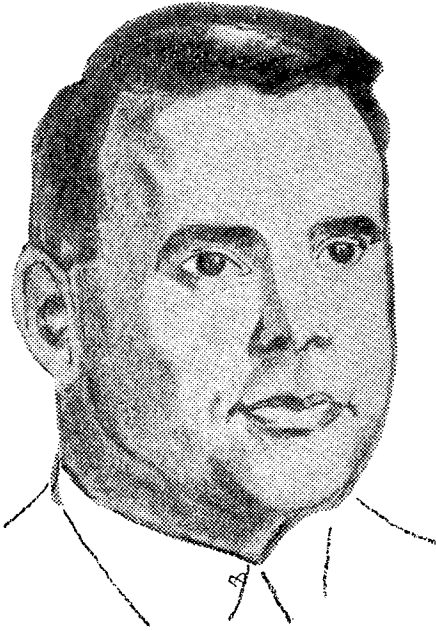
<sup>1</sup> The New York Times (International Edition), Saturday, August 4, 1962.

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## *Pensée*

Come; together . . .  
This hand is cold alone.  
This I give to lead and to be lead.  
Please . . . this bit of me.—Take—  
You who know what you are  
Taking; giving.



## Theatre and the University

JACK WINTER.

*MR. WINTER is a new member of the faculty of English at York. He is currently writing for Workshop Productions here in Toronto and is directing York's drama group.*

**Y**ORK UNIVERSITY needs a theatre. It also needs a fish pond. Why does it need a theatre more than it needs a fish pond?

York already has a pond. But not one discouraged fish swims in it. And York has Drama: in the curriculum of the English department where, along with other relics of figurative language, it is atomized and chronologized on a tri-weekly basis. But no fish swim in that pond either.

There is a difference between ponds and fish. There is a difference between Drama and Theatre. Drama is literature — the play as fact around which activity may circulate, but which itself is immobile and permanent. Theatre is event — the play in motion which can be experienced, but which is temporary and never fixed. Drama is dead; Theatre is alive. This fact does not lessen the importance of either, though it may suggest why Universities build ponds but feel that there's something rather fishy about a theatre.

Theatre may be alive, but it is not Life. And if it is a mirror to nature, it is a fun-house mirror which distorts what it reflects: it is an art-form which may

amuse or instruct or destruct, but which is important only when it speaks with truth — and in its own language. Nor is Theatre some kind of religious rite — a special function to be performed in semi-darkness by a sect of devotees.

Bad Theatre pretends to be real life or clandestine religistics. When people are unaccustomed to bad theatre, their sense of what is true and theatrical is that much stronger — because whatever Theatre is, the enjoyment of it is latent in all people — especially in those who are not afraid to have their sensitivity titilated. Theatre teaches nothing. It liberates, and a liberated awareness is a prerequisite to education. That is why the University needs Theatre. Furthermore, Theatre needs the University.

As you may have noticed, ours is a free-enterprise economy. This means that, although one is free to be enterprising, unless one is, one starves because free enterprise is for sale. Now if enterprise is a commodity, then it must — like all commodities — be saleable. That is it must be suited to established needs and tastes, or else the need and taste for it must be manufactured by various sleights-of-mind. Enter the commercial playwright, the press agent — and the theatrical market place.

Thus, Theatre as a vendible commodity can exist in a free-enterprise system only by tapping an already extant source. Almost invariably this source is predictable public vogue or dependable public habit. By definition commercial theatre can rarely risk invention or experimentation.

Occasionally this limitation is profitable both commercially and artistically. Had Shakespeare not had to concern himself with the pit, *Hamlet* would probably be without ghosts, grave diggers, and assorted gymnastic mayhem. But usually the limitation strangles — and Elizabethan-bearbaiting, Victorian melodrama, and the Broadway smut-show are terrifyingly similar in impact.

Like Zoology, Theatre progresses by experimentation. Unlike animal life it does not evolve higher forms by accidental mutation. Art is discipline and meaningful distortion. Fish and people — not art-forms — can be accident prone. To free Theatre from the law of the jungle it must be removed from the market place — at least until it becomes Drama.

Where then can Theatre set up shop? It can hardly return to its first home because the Church has long since closed its altar (sometimes opening its basement) to its errant offspring. Besides, society's center of gravity has shifted away from the church — and Theatre which is a living art should reside near the center of living.

In principle the University is closer to that center. In practice it often seems to revolve around its own center like a Yogi pivoting on his navel. Perhaps the presence and practice of living art on campus will help the University to rediscover its natural role as a nucleus of creative enterprise.

And, as I have pointed out, Theatre could use the University's patronage, potency, and atmosphere. The existence of such modern giants as Shaw, Granville-Barker, Craig, Pirandello, Stanislavsky, Littlewood, Clurman, Sartre, Bentley suggest that the Theatre and the University have already begun to produce transitional figures who belong to both.

In the sciences the need for such a marriage is assumed. Every physicist is employed as two people: a professional teacher and a professional researcher. The one may have no immediate bearing on the other, but the University supports both: providing the teacher with students and the researcher with a laboratory. And of course the two functions do overlap. As a teacher one teaches what, as a researcher, one helps to develop. One sows one's oats while consuming one's bread.

Ditto with Theatre. The University could employ both the teacher and the practitioner in the person of one man. It should provide him with students whom he will professionally guide to and liberate within his discipline. It should provide him with a theatrical laboratory within which he will practice, promulgate, and procreate his art. Students are plentiful, inexpensive, and — even — contributory. Theatre plants are accessible and no more expensive to maintain than a nuclear reactor. The effects of both are at least equally important — if not equally spectacular.

Will York have a Theatre? Possibly no, but probably yes. Will it employ professionals in Theatre as it already employs professionals in Drama and Zoology? Possibly yes, and probably probably.



AN OBSERVATIONAL PRO-POEM

A croinge density  
Leadens the mind — the body  
Thrust onto the combed cotton;  
Take off.

A stream . . .  
Of cold caressing silver  
A motion of force  
A mapped toyland  
Complete but for the human  
Who merges with a  
Dead spine.  
Banal excitement.  
Not craft but clouds  
Now float upon the sea  
And magnitude diminishes  
With ambition.  
A holed mint, cream coffee  
French and English in the lavatory.

A stream of cloud ballpoints  
To a shingle glint  
And then the sugar.

**Parafact**

Not lofty; just high,  
Vague visions of a cubist white  
And a lizard phone call,  
Laughing pennies viewed  
By the pupils of mammon —  
It is the vein swelling  
Sweat pulling  
Power pushed yearnings  
Of a tail-nosed sheath  
Escaping from the sticky puce mesh  
A veil that breaks and laughs  
But also holds and pleases

“Mr. Smith, what is this cumuloid cluster?”  
Not a mackerel sky but  
A clear cobbled carpet  
Baked and pressed between air-layer  
Imperial but not imperious  
Time flies.

*\*This poem describes MICHAEL FINDLAY'S plane trip from England to Canada.*

# *The Present: Plus One*



Tomorrow  
The skies shall be empty,  
of doves, owls and the eagles-king  
of kites, balloons and jets-on-wing  
and clouds shall rule the skies alone  
Alone use mountains for a throne.

Tomorrow  
The winds shall blow o'er lands  
of Burned sterile cinder sands  
And sift the ash of a planet's life  
Over cities then, just fused glass slag  
Over dusty slopes, dead mountain crag.

Tomorrow  
The waves shall course the seas alone  
no fin nor bow shall split the foam  
For life is gone from life's first home  
As deep currents bear the glimmering dust  
Blown from the earth's burned dead crust.

Then shall Satan stare from the sun  
Glare o'er his earth and flame a laugh  
At his victorious ashen epitaph.  
Tomorrow.

BLAKE SIMMONDS.



## *And There Was Dancing . . .*

*NANCY MORWICK is a first year student of  
Ukrainian origin.*

THE Slavic personality — fiery, emotional, romantic, colourful, and vital, is reflected, even in Canada, in the traditions which have been preserved. Probably no custom illustrates this as well as the Polish or Ukrainian wedding. Even if a family is on the verge of poverty, it will outdo itself to provide the 'best' for the occasion.

The wedding is usually a three day affair, beginning Friday and ending Sunday. Preparations get under way about a week before, with the final big rush on Friday. The bride's mother and her friends assemble at the place where the reception is to be held (usually a hall) to make food and take care of last-minute arrangements. Later on in the evening the bridal party arrives to help decorate. After a busy evening of work, the bride's mother or the groom's mother holds a small party. This gives everyone a chance to rest up for the next day. It also allows all the women who have not seen each other since the last wedding to get together and gossip, and allows all the men to get together and talk about the way things use to be in the old country. The party ends early, however, since Saturday will be a very busy day.

Early in the morning, the bridesmaids arrive at the bride's home to help her prepare for the wedding. The groom is not allowed to see his bride and thus stays at his home with his ushers until it is time for the ceremony.

The ceremony begins with the entrance of the bride on the arm of her father. If the church is Greek Catholic or Ukrainian Orthodox, no wedding march will be played since no music, other than a choir, is allowed. During the ceremony, the priest places two beautiful crowns of purple velvet, gold and jewels on the heads of the bridal pair, and in their hands, two lighted candles. This is to denote that the groom and bride are the King and Queen of the new household. The picture is impressive; two flickering candles dimly lighting the walls covered with mosaics of the saints, and the stained glass windows.

After the ceremony, the mother of the bride greets the pair with bread and wine at the entrance to the hall, while the orchestra plays the Slavic wedding march. The young couple must both drink out of the same glass and eat the same bread. The wine and bread symbolize health, wealth, and happiness.

After all the guests have been greeted by the bridal party, the bride and groom start a procession to the head table, the rest of the bridal party following. The orchestra plays a lively march and the guests stand and clap until the bridal party is seated. On the table, directly in front of the bride and groom, is a large, brown, braided bread. This is the 'wedding cake'.

A sumptuous, hot dinner follows. The dinners are almost always the same. They include hot potatoes, peas and carrots, sour dill pickles, pickled beets, cabbage rolls (h-o-l-o-p-c-h-i), cheese dumplings (p-e-r-o-h-e), Polish sausage (k-o-b-a-s-s-a), veal cutlet wrapped on sticks, hot fried chicken, coffee, and dessert.

Sometime during the meal, the guests will start banging the plates. When the banging becomes loud enough, the bride and groom will stand up and kiss each other. At times this custom gets out of hand; that is, the banging goes on for ten to twelve minutes. During the evening the guests stand up and sing a toast to the bride and groom. The song, (M-e-n-o-h-a-y-a L-i-t-a) wishes them many years of happiness and a long life together.

After the dinner is finished, all the tables are cleared away with the exception of the head table. A silver platter is placed before the bride and groom. The orchestra then starts to play a traditional wedding tune which is the sign of another custom known as 'the giving' (d-a-r-o-v-i-n-a). This time, both sets of parents start the procession. After walking up to the head table, they each take a piece of wedding cake from the bridesmaids, (in Canadian weddings a thank-you card containing a picture of the bride and groom is also given with the cake), kiss the bride, shake hands with the groom, place on the tray a gift of money, then obtain a beverage from the ushers with which to toast the newly-weds. The rest of the guests follow suit.

After all the guests have gone through the line, the dancing starts with the bride and groom leading off the first dance, usually "The Anniversary Waltz". The dancing after this is fast and furious. Because of the Slavic love for action, dances such as hop polkas, waltzes, obereks, and the most famous of all, the k-o-l-u-m-e-k-a (squatting down with arms at shoulder level and kicking out one leg after the other) are included.

About an hour and a half before the end, the bride sits on her husband's knee. Her mother, while singing a folksong, takes off her veil and places on her head a kerchief to symbolize that she is a married woman. (In the old country, all married women wear kerchiefs). The guests stand before the bride, and after presenting her with a little gift of money, dance with her. After this is over, the bride gives her veil to the single girls, who then dance one dance with a single boy.

Finally the wedding must end. Around twelve o'clock the bride calls all the single boys around her and throws her blue garter for them to catch. Then she calls the single girls to catch her bouquet. The bridal pair thank the guests for coming and then leave.

The next day a dinner is held for the bride and groom, the bridal party, relatives, and guests, at either the bride's home or the groom's home. This usually lasts all day Sunday. The bride and groom once again thank the guests for coming and depart for their honeymoon.

Very colourful, and only one of the many traditions which are a part of the rich, Slavic culture.

# FRANCIS BACON

## *Painter of Hell*

*ANN DALZIEL, a third year student, became interested in Francis Bacon after viewing an exhibition of his painting at a London gallery.*

THE artistic status of Francis Bacon is a subject of enduring controversy. He has been denounced as a flashy sensationalist exploiting an "obscenely horrific iconography", acclaimed as the finest post-war European painter, and considered with horrified wonder as the father of Frankensteinian monsters.

Although mild in manner and appearance, Bacon has a mind of terrifying intensity. His painting history has been an agonizing search for a means of projecting this mental intensity onto canvas. His paintings, he once explained, are not intended to have a precise meaning. "They are just an attempt to make a certain type of feeling visual . . . painting is the pattern of one's own nervous system being projected on the canvas." The almost total destruction of his early works testify to their complete inadequacy in recording his feelings. Even now, friends report that Bacon destroys at least half of what he paints.

Bacon is entirely self-taught. During the depression, he was living a rather fitful existence as an interior decorator and struggling with his first groping exploration into painting. Apart from a few nudes and cabbages in these early days, he has never been interested in the strictly representational. His early paintings, a type of organic abstraction, did not begin to satisfy the intensity of feeling which went into their creation. None of this type of painting remains and Bacon's progress has been increasingly towards realism. In his post-war paintings the terrible visions of his mind are clearly apparent.

Many of his paintings portray a scene of indefinable catastrophe. In his "Figure in a Landscape" a figure, half distintegrating into the background, slumps on a park bench. The suitcoat is half open, disclosing a terrifying nothing within.

In later paintings the evocative power is even greater as he comes less to depend on subjects horrible in themselves and begins to treat ordinary things which the viewer cannot dismiss as fantasy. Many of his paintings portray the papal figure in purple robes seated on his throne or the correctly dressed

executive sitting awkwardly on a bed. Their faces are contorted into heart-chilling, frozen screams with huge teeth protruding almost out of the canvas. The figures are fractured and half disintegrated into the dark background.

Even these paintings, however, do not haunt the consciousness with the tenacity of his later works. He no longer relies on sensational stage props to advertise the terror and calamity he is depicting. His later figures have taken on substance and appear in commonplace surroundings — bare modern rooms or gardens. We have nothing to prepare us for the loneliness, fear and anguish in these simple faces.

Bacon has described his work as a record of the hysteria of our age. Once a Catholic, he has rejected Christianity but retains a passionate belief in hell. Hell is reality. In many men it has been successfully submerged to the murky depths of the subconscious. Bacon's aim is to drag it forth and expose it to the terrifying bareness of the canvas.

## *Who Rules the University?*

*North American universities are unique in that prominent businessmen, worn-out politicians and leading socialites have final authority. SHARI BRAITHWAITE, a third year student at York, explores the background of the non-academic control of our universities.*

The new British University of York published a planning committee report last May. In it, casual reference was made to the six faculty members who would sit on the Board of Trustees, final ruling body of the university.

This sounds very unexciting and quite normal; unless you consider that such a statement made in any Canadian university, young or old, would be considered revolutionary. At York University, Toronto, for instance, the charter names the Board of Governors the legal authority. This small group of men and women have the legal obligation to finance the university, set up departments, hire and fire professors, and determine academic policy. They are self-perpetuating and operate much like the board of a business corpora-

tion. There are no members of the faculty on this board; all academics are excluded.

Who are these people who govern our universities? They have been called "absentee landlords" because they have almost no actual connection with the school. Yet the full responsibility of the institution rests squarely on their shoulders. Governors are men of success in our society; leaders in industry, finance or government. The unspoken criteria for their choice is that they be donors, would be donors, or friends of possible donors. Usually they are public spirited and interested in promoting what they consider the best interests of the university.

How did we ever evolve a system whereby non-academics rule higher education? It is very hard to imagine professors running the country's paper mills — how does our society justify industrialists in control of its universities?

The first universities were independent groups of scholars, robust and powerful institutions that developed during the twelfth century in Paris, Oxford, and Salerno. In his book "Academic Freedom in the Age of the College", Richard Hofstadter describes these schools as living in the interstices of medieaval society, playing popes off against princes. When their freedom or safety was threatened they simply packed up and migrated to a new location. Like the medieaval guilds, the universities ran their own affairs, sometimes with the masters in control of the guild, and sometimes the students. The European universities have swung between periods of great repression and periods of academic freedom since the earliest days, but have maintained the spirit of the tradition of independence.

The Canadian system inherits little but slogans from the European original; our tradition follows much more closely the American example.

In America there were very good reasons about the middle of the eighteenth century for the introduction of lay, or non-academic government in the universities. The earliest colleges, such as Harvard, has been established by the Puritan New England religious sects and were rigidly controlled by the clerics. The move to include prominent business men on their ruling boards was a move to restore intellectual vitality to the universities. The idea, according to Hofstadter, was that the schools should pass out of the hands of the church into the hands of the community. Who could better represent the community than the men of wealth and influence?

The faculty had never had any control of the American universities — they were given none under the new system. There simply was no academic class of scholars as existed in Europe; most of the faculty were young tutors on their way to other professions. They were transients, considered immature and irresponsible. The only true scholar with any prestige was often the college president and this explains why traditionally the president has had so much power and influence in the North American universities. It was he who worked out all the administrative details which the busy trustees or governors

had no time for and took over many of the academic tasks of the faculty.

The American system of lay government seems to have been almost directly transferred to Canada early in this century. The University of Toronto amalgamated several denominational colleges under a lay charter. All across the country universities have followed this pattern — Even in Quebec where the church hold on the universities has been so strong there is now pressure for a “free” university under lay control.

Lay boards, then, came into being as an alternative to state or church control. In principle the universities were to serve the whole community — the governors were men who had proven by their achievements in business or politics that they could put this principle into action. They were conveniently close to the sources of financial support for the universities, and had large reservoirs of administrative experience. In the press to build new colleges for a burgeoning society the concept of an independent group of scholars was impractical; therefore it was rejected.

So it has come about that the final authority of our universities is wielded by non-academics. In practice, however, at most good colleges in the United States and Canada, authority has been delegated from the board to the faculty and its ruling body, the senate. This was a natural move as faculties became eminently stable. The argument in favor of the system maintains that all decisions on academic policy are left to the faculty. The board, it contends, is solely interested in financial matters on which faculty opinion would be more of a hindrance than a help. Behind this argument lurks the idea of a bearded scholar in an ivory tower unconcerned with such mundane matters as university finance.

Can finance be divorced from academic responsibility? Can university teachers call themselves “professionals” when they are in fact hirelings of a group of businessmen? Can any real academic freedom be maintained in such a system, or do the freedoms we claim hinge on the suffrance of the board of governors. These questions persist — despite the splendid pragmatism of the lay government system.



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## *a fairly story*

J. SULMAN

Once, right up on top of time, there lived a little green girl named Chicken.

Now it seems that Chicken desperately wanted to slide down The Tumbling Funnel into the backyard of Hell, like the other children. Oh, 'twas an incomparable backyard, with rivulets run gold, filled with water-fish, and orchards of trees of trunks out of apple pie and fruit out of wood shavings. Its sand danced dervishes at a whisper, at a whisper the sand danced and sang and shrieked and scame, scrooning rock-a-lull-bybaby on the grass-root. And there! There! God could never steal her soulless; neither make her incinerate celestial hampster droppings, nor preen pigeons in purgatory when she died — or they died, or something.

So Chicken plotted a plant that was sure to secrete the key to the maelstom's manhole cover, but all the stupid thing told her to do was to throw magic beans into her sceptic-tank and/or visit the Witched Wick on Candlestick Hill. The latter course of action seemed more promising and so she packed a basket of tiskets and trudged outwardly. To keep a short story, the Witched Wick — gruesome but depressed, poor thing — bade the child to spit times three and sing Black Mass.

Then lo! and behold even! Chicken was right there, atop the Fumbling Tunnel's marble manhole. Bebliss bebeckoned her. Convulsive, she lunged at the cover and ate it and then leaped into the drain. Tumbled she tumbled and down downly downly and sideward or wayward she smashed through the stained glass and cellophane fundle till she reached the bottom and split her head open on a sponge and died. Because, after ever, anyone lives happily.



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## Lettres de St. Pierre

HAROLD J. LEVY

*This past summer Harold Levy spent six weeks on St. Pierre et Miquelon, the only surviving French colony in North America, as a student of University of Toronto summer school for oral French. The islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon are like tiny pin-pricks in the vast Atlantic. Their combined population is scarcely four thousand. The basic industry is fishing. The following are excerpts from Mr. Levy's correspondence written from St. Pierre.*

### . . . . On Sobriety

I am quite sober, but not fully so. Wine for lunch; wine comme apértif; wine for dinner; wine comme répartif; cognac, cognac, cognac, cognac; and a whiskey for a pre-breakfast snack.

Wherefore sobriety, that mighty goddess who walks straight into fuming cauldrons of fire, while impish intoxication sways past Scylla and Charybdis, and enjoys the journey. . . .

### . . . . In La Brûme

At 6:20 this morning I began cutting my way through the fog, which is otherwise known as "La brûme." La Brûme has many strange powers. On a clear day, when the brûme is setting in, it takes on the disposition of a huge axe whose blow is inevitable. A deep grey in colour, the fog assumes the shape of the mountain ridges before it reaches the village. And when there is la brûme there is an uncomfortable chill and dampness in the air: this is best overcome by a shot of cognac. . . .

This morning, as I walked to the tennis courts, the fog had not yet risen and visibility was poor. Approaching me I saw an old man, large, hunched over, and limping like a cripple. In his left hand he carried a small sack: perhaps a starving beggar in search of food: perhaps an aged peddler carrying his wares from town to town.

As this strange figure drew near it became clearer and clearer. A strange



transfiguration began. The face became young, and the body, which had seemed so large, shrank. The slouched posture was transformed into the agile body of a little boy climbing up a steep slope with the day's bread, fresh from the bakery, under his arm.

As he walked away from me into the dense fog he grew into an old man once more. How strange are the powers of "la brume".

#### **. . . . of Norwegian Sailors**

With some degree of amusement I observed two intoxicated Norwegian sailors as they attempted to walk down one of the streets in our village with several dozen oranges in their hands. Much to their dismay, as they staggered through the fog, one or two oranges would fall to the ground. When they stooped to pick up their fallen cargo, several more oranges would tumble to the street.

Those poor, drunken sailors were very puzzled by the strange ways of this most peculiar world.

#### **. . . . Concerning Window-Watchers**

While walking along the narrow streets of St. Pierre I find myself becoming increasingly self-conscious. For the first few days I innocently strolled the streets of the town. But after a while I began to feel hordes of little eyes piercing my back, my front, and in fact my all over. It was not until I began to carefully observe the windows of the houses that I realized that in almost every house a head could be discerned with eyes gazing out onto the street.

At first I only noticed the old women, and sometimes the old men. But soon I realized that all, even young children, imitated the sagesse of their elders by engaging in the sport of window-watching.

Several days ago, while I was walking along, peacefully minding my own business, I noticed my first cat. There it was, sitting behind the window, piercing me with its cold green eyes. Even the dogs have a philosophic air as they watch humanity parading past their windows. It is almost as if the street had become a large cage with many windows through which the eyes of the observers penetrate. In all of these eyes, one can observe a solitude, tranquillity and passivity which I find rather disturbing.

For this reason I find comfort and anonymity in the fog, where I am removed from the peering eyes of my neighbours.

Needless to say, as I am writing now, I am sitting at a little table next to my window so I can watch the people walk by. . . .

**. . . . An Apéritif with M. Briande (pere de Marie-Therese)**

The affable M. Briande entered the room with a bottle of Johnny Walker Scotch, and one of Tunisian Raisin Brandy; and I (quel honneur) was invited to open the two bottles.

Marie-Therese beamed as I removed my jacket and rolled up the sleeves of my shirt.

All eyes were upon me as I manoeuvred the corkscrew with the agility of a master. When I had finished, I triumphantly held out the two corkless bottles as symbols of my conquest. M. Briande beamed at me with pride and put his arm about me as if I were his own son. My day was made.

**. . . . Pertaining to Romance and Inquisition**

While walking away from l'escale, lo and behold, whom did I meet but la demoiselle Therese. We had, by chance, been overcome by a simultaneous urge to faire une promenade.

We preceded onward together, visited several stores, and upon reaching her house I was invited in.

I shall remember this experience for a long time. There in the salon were seated Therese's father (looking like le Grand Inquisiteur), her elder brother (l'assistant de l'Inquisiteur), and her mother (a stern looking woman of liberal bulk).

Before I could sit down a barrage of questions were fired at my innocent chest — Where were you born? Where were your father and mother born? Are you sure? What are your studies? What will you do in life? Is it a good profession? **WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MARRIAGE?**

At this question shivers shot up my spine. I turned white and could scarcely utter a sound. Filled with dread, I imagined the door opening and a priest entering the room, armed with his bible and a rope (in case I proved stubborn).

At this moment, falling dizzily through darkened chasms, I burst into a coughing spell — The priest disappeared along with the Grand Inquisiteur, his assistant, and Madame; and I became aware of two sparkling brown eyes, smiling at me through a film of flowing brown hair — What a lovely little girl!

As it was nearing suppertime I bade the family "au revoir" and left for home.

**. . . . Reporting an Accident à St. Pierre**

Yesterday there was an accident. In a tiny street the width of which could scarcely contain a five ton truck and a petit Renault Dauphin, it appears that a five ton truck attempted to pass a petit Renault Dauphin.

The truck was left undamaged while le petit suffered only a scratch in the midriff.

As you can imagine, instantly the doors and windows of the neighbourhood popped open. Within moments a truck full of gendarmes arrived, a cordon was formed, and witnesses were being questioned.

One of les gendarmes manages to make six full pages of notes, while another was occupied in measuring angles, sines, and tangents.

The two drivers appeared to be completely bewildered. But I noticed that the five ton truck and the petit Renault Dauphin were regarding each other rather sympathetically.

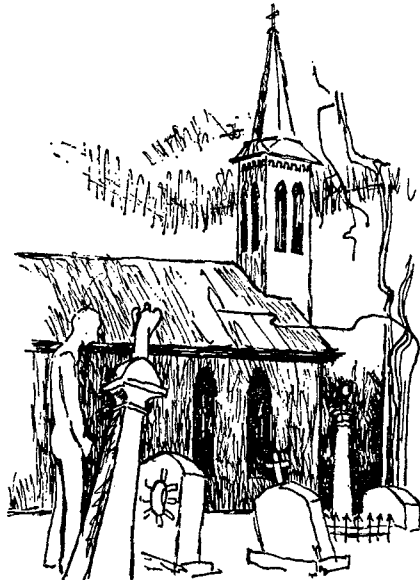
#### . . . . A la Cimetière

The cemetery is one of the most popular places in St. Pierre. Indeed as one person told me "You haven't lived till you visit there".

Yesterday was perfect for my excursion; cold, damp, rain, fog, punctuated by mellow blasts of foghorn, and with a dash of dismal grey clouds. Spread out over a range of rolling hills, the cemetery appears as a forest of crosses and tombstones. The most fascinating tombs have little port-holes through which you can see your parted friends. On second thought, perhaps these are the graves of retired seamen who died on land.

One gentleman walked by several graves, removed his beret, stood stiffly at attention, saluted and walked away.

So did I.



# *A Meeting with a Cat*

JOHN P. WRIGHT

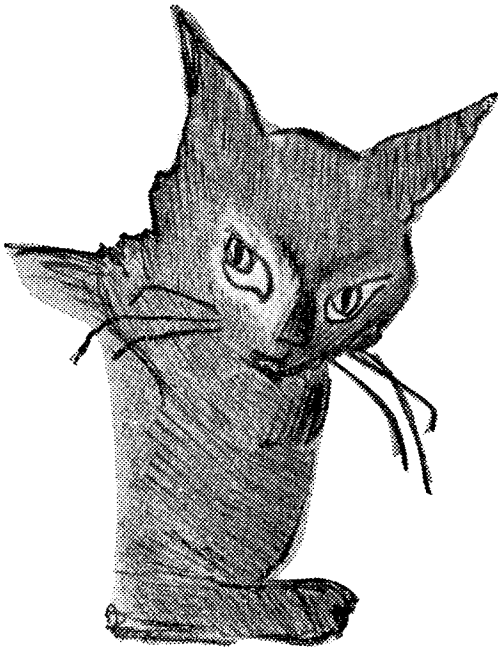
## Part I

Death, is very strange.  
He is always dressed in black.  
He is always considered very bad.  
He is always sunk in the depths of oblivion.  
Death, I am told, has answers to —  
To nothing but life.

Life, on the other hand,  
Is personified never.  
Nor white, nor good, nor conscious even.  
Life, is merely —  
Merely life  
And nothing more.

This thing called I  
Is very hard to —  
To comprehend.  
I, is both life and death.  
But yet, upon contemplation,  
Is perhaps more and  
Perhaps a little less.

I hate cats!  
They're all so —  
Oh, I don't know, so —  
You know —  
So feline.  
They slink in darkness  
And pounce upon you suddenly



From a tree silently  
And dig sharp claws deeply  
Into your flesh subtly.  
They are noiseless and deceptive.  
They cry out into the night  
When you try to sleep:  
They converse with witches  
And some are black.  
And they cause judgement.  
Life is so —  
So very meaningless.

Humans beings are so very —  
Very different.  
And deeper too!  
They cry loudly when you are awake to —  
To eternal indifference.  
Human beings have souls.  
And souls are very good things too  
To possess.  
Human beings have a choice.  
That is, they choose right or wrong.  
And if they choose wrongly  
That is very bad.  
Men are rational.  
How very nice, for now  
They can kill off each other completely  
In bloody wars  
To show that  
Man  
Is so very rational,  
Rationality being the prerequisite  
For being; that is  
Being a man;  
Which is, after all, the essence of life  
And the very core of existence.  
Cogito ergo sum.  
And then death dies  
And I am left  
Alone in nothingness.

How they prattle  
These silly beings  
They talk and say nothing

And seem to choose it that way  
And try to show that they are —  
Are necessary  
And lie and cheat  
To make a —  
A futile life.

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## Part II

I was on my way  
To meaninglessness  
The other day.  
(All bottled in the world of *it*  
Where answers aren't inscribed  
To questions which can't be asked.)  
A stray kitten, (How I hate cats!)  
Followed me and I was moved —  
Moved to compassion perhaps —  
Perhaps for myself.  
Followed me and would not go away!  
Follow me? Fool!  
What can I show you?  
What answers have I?

I picked it up for —  
How soft it is and how it purrs  
As I stroke it.  
How warm the little creature is —  
Look into the eyes!  
How soft and searching are thine eyes!  
How full of mystery! Reflexion of self.  
I am . . . Thou art.  
The consummation: cleanliness  
Of both soul and body.  
How they bare themselves to me!  
And all hope with hope,  
Meaning with meaning,  
Beauty with beauty;  
Two where there was one before.  
One where there was none before.

We meet in eternity where love reigns,  
Sickly emotions are dead,  
The eternal shines with the brightness of ten thousand suns,

And all is unchanging.  
It *was* night but *now*  
We radiate with meaning, beauty, hope.  
To affirm being, but more than that  
Our being is everlasting and universal  
Stretching to the edge of the million galaxies  
Where they begin again.

Unser Vater, der du bist im Himmel. . . .  
My little kitten: ich dich verstehe  
Herrlichkeit in ewigkeit.  
How you purr.  
In the beginning was the Word.

Que ton nom soit sanctifié  
Do you see how we both search, little creature,  
And have found solace and highest creation  
In one another, and no pettiness?  
The Word was made flesh.

(Human Beings are so petty  
But what do we care of them.)  
Comme nous pardonnons à ceux qui  
Nous ont offensés.  
Kitten, je te comprends  
Aux siècles des siècles.  
You understand in this split second of eternity  
When all life begins.  
For thine is the kingdom.

Donne nous aujourd'hui  
Notre pain quotidien.  
Forgive *me*, and magnify *me*  
And *thee*, for I am a sinner.  
And dwelt among us.

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Part III  
And then . . . .  
In the valley I will fear no evil.  
Yes, we parted for  
I was already late for work  
And I knew I still must live in *it*  
Where time is time,

Life is death,  
And brevity the soul of *it*.

Why do you work at night?  
Oh kitten . . . . You . . . .  
It could never understand.  
“Why” is in essence  
A pretty damn dumb word for a cat,  
Who only lives according to instinct  
And can’t look back.

You think me cruel and hard.  
But no! Let’s face reality:  
The cat has no remembrance.  
Only I can remember  
And now I have communicated my remembrance  
With you.

And besides, I dislike cats —  
They’re all so —  
Oh I don’t know, so —  
You know —  
So feline!  
And further, I had to go to work.

Yet note: I *can* remember that  
I chose and met and loved.  
I know only that I have reached aloft  
And touched:  
Touched the Face of God.

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Part IV  
Please come with me  
You who I love.  
You who I have met with. No!  
You who I meet with  
And hear the word from John the cynic:  
“Life and death, they have meaning, hope, beauty.  
Go! Discover! And remember  
That I too am a sinner.”

