

canto



one





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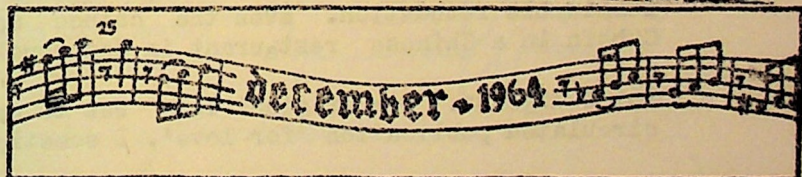
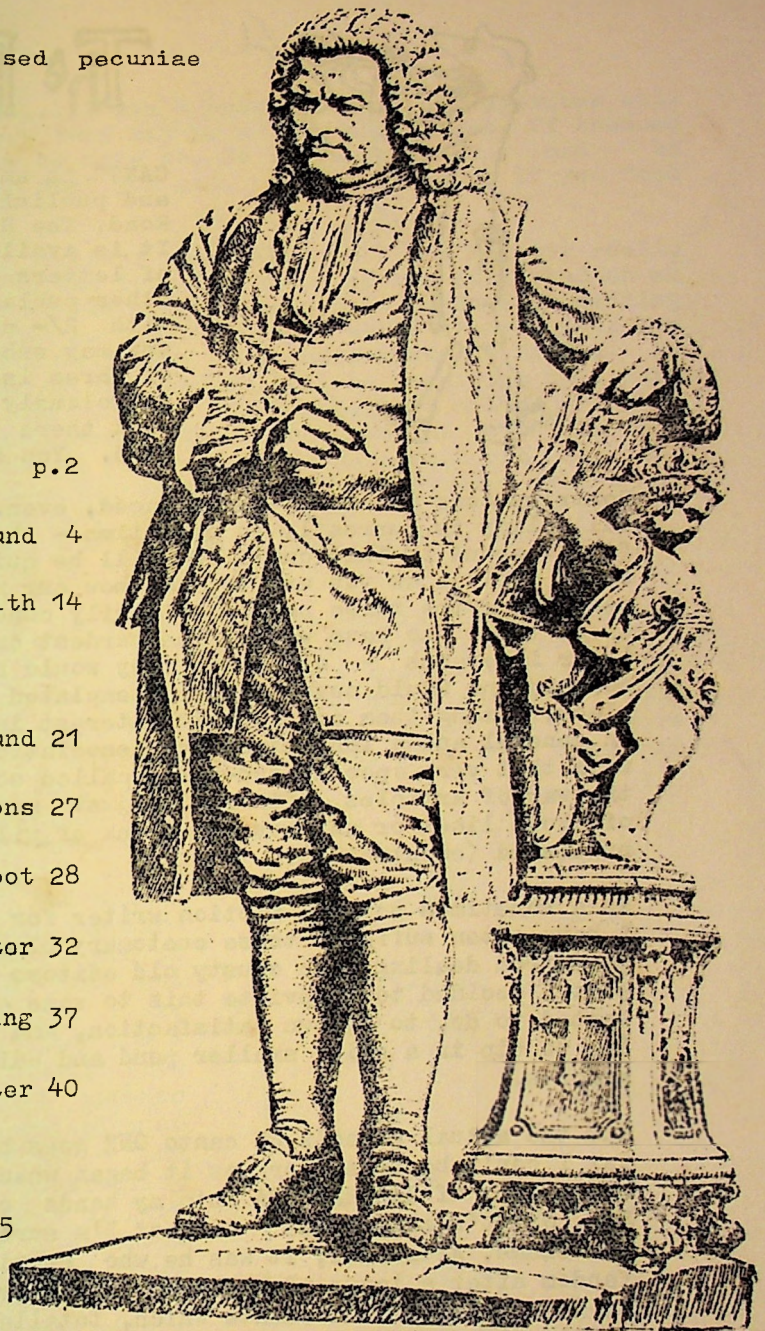
non amori sed pecuniae

# Opening Programme

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# The Reason Why..

CANTO is an occasional magazine, edited and published by Lee Harding, at Olinda Road, The Basin, Victoria, AUSTRALIA. It is available to contributors, writers of letters of comment, or in trade with other publications. Others may purchase with 2/- cash. The more adventurous of you may subscribe at the generous rate of three issues for 5/-. This issue was frivolously begun in early July - with luck there should be another in March 1965. You have been warned.

Contributions welcomed - encouraged, even. Only a rather vague editorial policy is currently in operation - the only thing I can feel confident about is that canto TWO will be quite unlike canto ONE. I'll be as curious as you are to see how our next issue turns out. In the meantime : the three people primarily concerned with this publication (i.e. those who have worked the hardest on it) share a number of similar interests - otherwise they would hardly tolerate each other's company and would never have contemplated such a venture in the first place. Among them are an avid interest in literature, music, mankind in general and a long-standing association, in one way or another, with that very special sub-genre called science fiction. Anything in the way of articles, stories or just general charivari along any of those lines or any you may think of will be welcomed - perhaps even published (eventually).

As a sometimes science fiction writer for Ted Carnell (since retired) I have often suffered those customary bleak feelings of depression one gets from dealing with crusty old editors - and somewhere in the murky past I decided to alleviate this to some extent by doing something I wanted to do, to my own satisfaction, and I thought that it would be fun to dip in a still smaller pond and edit other people's anguished efforts.

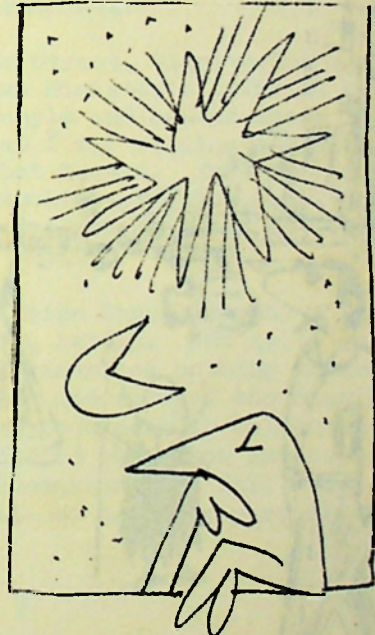
But the actual genesis of canto ONE goes back even further - just how far I can't be sure. Perhaps it began when John Foyster thrust an ancient copy of BACCHANALIA into my hands one evening at the Melbourne S.F. Group's club rooms - in fact I'm sure that John must take most of the blame. After all, it was he who cunningly manouevred me back into fandom after a lapse of eight or nine years. But there are a number of other isolated incidents which, totalled up, would build a pretty formidable foundation. Even the chance meeting I had with Bob McCubbin in a Chinese restaurant in Camberwell...

But I digress. Our original idea was to produce a small, discreetly circulated publication 'for love'. I sometimes wonder what it is we

have now brought forth.....I won't promise that future issues will be as elaborate as this - they may be a damn sight less. If themood takes us - then they may be more so. So : expect nothing and be pleasantly suprised with what you get. And do write us if you feel the effort worthwhile.

A word or two about the various contributors : the Foyster really needs no introduction. In the last few years he has published an enormous amount of junk - at the moment the people in SAPS aregaining a lengthy respite from his prodigious output while others, less fortunate, are receiving THE GRYPHON - previously known as SATURA. By way of compensation some of his readers will be receiving this issue of CANTO together with the December GRYPHON.Call it a Xmas bonus - and if this be the straw...sorry. Those who have fun with this two-sided package are advised to refer again to paragraph one on the previous page so that they may ensure receipt of furthur issues of CANTO. Short of changing their names and moving to another part of the country altogether, I can't think of any way they can avoid receiving more GRYPHONS.

John Bangsund is a young man of twenty-five who is Chief-librarian in charge of the Victorian Railways Institute Library - and that includes all of the Victorian branches. He is a devotee of music and is a fanatical collector of books and records and a champion of the works of Thomas Love Peacock. He also wields a facile pen - in more ways than one. For which, many thanks, John.Roy Swellfoot isanother local lad : scholarly, well-bred, and a fine example of artistic abilities unhindered by remarkably poor eyesight. Bob Smith - but surely, you ALL know Bob Smith? MUKASHI, MUKASHI originally appeared in the one and only issue of DOUBLE STAR joint edited by Bob and John Baxter some years ago. I was impressed by the piece then and I thought that it would benefit from a better presentation. It appears herewith by the kind permission of the editors of DOUBLE STAR - and there is a distinct possibility that you may see some more of Bob's work in future issues. Don Symons is an English immigrant who lives in the mountains not far from the Basin, a well-travelled man with a penchant for religious discussion and the absurdities of politics in general



and how are you Bert and Lorri Kauffman?

SIR WILLIAM and I  
in  
ADELAIDE



a  
miscellaneous account  
of the  
ADELAIDE FESTIVAL OF ARTS  
1964



- by JOHN BANGSUND

# The Third Festival

It all began rather badly. The train arrived an hour behind time. The taxi-driver switched on his meter and insisted there was no such place as the Adelaide Caravan Park at Hackney. As the pennies flipped over he fumbled for a street directory until I took it from him and pointed to Bruton Street. "Aw - that's Hackney Caravan Park," he said. "Well, whatever it's called, let's go there!" We went, he grumbling, driving like a madman all the way.

The lady proprietor calls it the Adelaide Caravan Park, too, and she said she wasn't expecting me so early and didn't I have a car? She escorted me to my home-for-a-fortnight; a large, rather bare room in a rambling old single-storied house. Sunlight streaming through a huge window, and outside shrubs and flowers and trees full of singing birds. There didn't seem much in the room that needed cleaning, but she said that she had to, so I pocketed a paperback, locked my coat and bags away, wiped Victorian cob-webs from my sunglasses, and with a mental fanfare set out to walk into Adelaide.

Along the banks of the Torrens, through a beautiful park, my head full of Beethoven's Sixth and e.e. cummings's "always it's spring & everyone's in love and the flowers pick themselves" - past the zoo and the university and into North Terrace, where pretty girls stroll by Elder Hall, the National Gallery, the War Memorial - where music spouts gaily from lamp-posts and every autumn tree litters the pavement with dead leaves and expiring crotchets.

Crowds of people parading King William Street. Dignitaries assembling outside the Town Hall for the Prime Minister's official opening of the Festival. I escaped from people and canned music into an espresso joint around the corner, and as I sat reading could hear faintly the mechanical periods of Sir Robot Menses. Then the bands played, the procession of floats and marching girls, clowns, bag-pipes, whistles and streamers started, and I strolled out to watch them.

Saturday night. The Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company: "the most exciting dancers in the world." Well, hardly. But quite good fun, even if the primitive tribal dances resembled nothing so much as a well-organised boy-scout corroboree - and some of the Spanish items rather sedate square-dances. From a good seat in Melbourne's Princess Theatre I would probably have enjoyed this show immensely, but from my twelve-shilling seat in the Thebarton Town Hall, having paid to see dancers, I found it impossible to see any part of the performers' anatomies below the knees...

Saturday, March 7

In Adelaide as in Melbourne there are only two kinds of public entertainment provided on Sundays. You can go to church or pop out to the airport and see the planes come in. I went to church - to a spanking new protestant chapel in an outer suburb, where a former colleague is preacher. His church looks rather like a factory from the outside and a concert hall inside. Depressingly bright, spacious - and underpopulated. Is it a characteristic of protestants only that they prefer to sit at the rear of their churches - or is this common to all denominations?

When Alan recognised me he nearly fell out of his pulpit. If he had heard the slightly scurrilous words I sang to his dreadful washed-in-the-blood-type hymns he might have raced down and ejected me from the service. Then again, perhaps he hadn't chosen the hymns and was himself singing his own words to them. Who knows? Most sensitive preachers have some mental reservations of one kind or another...So, you feel like singing, but you don't like the words. Freedom of worship, you know, and to each his own and all that. And there was this little girl kneeling on her chair in front of me and we made faces at each other during the prayers - so altogether it wasn't an entirely unentertaining evening.

Monday night at the Regent Theatre, Rundle Street. Mr. Krips, the South Australian Symphony Orchestra, Miss Nancy Thomas and Mr. Richard Lewis. Crowds of people ripping in little arpeggios from their classical Rovers, Wagnerian Chryslers, atonal Citroesn, thronging the entrance to this beautiful theatre. Dress and conversation formal. Inside, the pretty usherettes tripping breathless septuplets (seven to my four) up and down the steep aisles. Soon nearly every seat is occupied. Here is this great orchestra, ready after months of strenuous rehearsal to bring us the first symphony concert of the Festival. To thunderous applause, Mr. Krips appears. God saves the Queen. We are seated again. There is a silent feeling of tense excitement as the batonis raised..the instruments poised ready.. ..a thrill of expectancy..

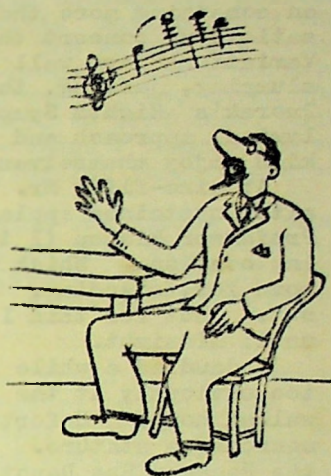
And whadda we hear?? Bom-bom-bom-bah!! Beethoven's Fifth. Ah well... We settle back to hear the old war-horse charge again. Once more I listen





in vain for Helen's goblins, as memories of that celebrated concert in "Howard's End" come back : Helen and Margaret, and Mrs. Munt tapping out the tunes, and Helen walking off with that poor blighter's broolly... Do you know what E.M.Forster has to say about this work? "It will be generally admitted that Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is the most sublime noise that has ever been penetrated into the ears of man." Hm....

Mahler's "Song of the Earth" has it's moments, thanks largely to Richard Lewis. Since he knows the work so well and doesn't need to sing from the score, he entertains us with his impressions of a drunken man singing, (which Mahler may or may not have required from his male soloist.) I found myself wishing for Maureen Forrester instead of Nancy Thomas - a lady with undoubted gifts but, to my ears, a rather grandmotherly voice. The orchestra played all of the notes as written, often making them sound just like music by Mahler, and on the whole, if one over-looked their dreary, interminable last movement, it wasn't too bad a performance of a difficult work.



Tuesday afternoon finds me at Elder Hall, where I sit jammed uncomfortably into the sweating midst of eight hundred-odd people listening to Alfred Deller and Co. singing English and Italian madrigals. A spiritual delight - but a physical ordeal. What a pity that such an intimate kind of music has become a sort of museum - piece to be heard only in a crowded hall like this. (Back in the pre-TV era my family often gathered round the piano to sing hymns and 'community' songs : I wonder if, hundreds of years hence, people will fill halls to listen to dedicated little groups singing "The Rose of No- Man's Land" and "The Rugged Old Cross"?)

Deller is a tall, bulky, precarious-looking bod with gleaming eyes and a van Dyke beard. He speaks with a cultured, middle-range voice which reminded me, incongruously, of Terry-Thomas. To see him and to hear him talk you would scarcely suspect the fantastic singing voice of this eminent counter-tenor.

The Adelaide Town Hall is about as commodious as Melbourne's Assembly Hall, which explains why concerts of any size here are presented in the Regent Theatre. Tonight in the Town Hall the Australian Youth Orchestra under John Hopkins plays to a smallish audience comprised (apparently) of the performers' relatives. Because they have picked

on something more their own size, this orchestra provides a much more satisfying concert than Monday night's offering. Franck's "Symphonic Variations" are well played : soloist Miss Lyall Duke is one of those slumping, jerking, theatrical-type pianists - but a jolly good one. Dvorak's Eighth Symphony also goes splendidly, with just the right lyrical approach and the loud parts played with great gusto. The kids enjoy themselves - and I share their enjoyment.

At nine-fifty Mr. Hopkins is incited to perform two encores, then, after sustained applause he motions for silence and from the audience Professor Bishop (I think) gives a little speech and requests a standing ovation. Which was well deserved and was also a rather smart move for, standing, there was nothing more for us to do than to walk out. But for this I can just imagine the orchestra playing encores until midnight.

I dawdled a while over a leisured cappuccino, trying not to look too obviously at the lovely lady in the black low-cut bosom, and then walked home. Unfortunately not with her. Blonde she was, and of monroesque stature. Can't have everything, says I, striding past the Hackney Bus Depot, and certainly I'm having a healthy, invigorating holiday - living on wheatmeal biscuits and black coffee, with an occasional weiner-schnitzel. Up at the crack of mid-day without fail, and I've walked easily six miles today...

Dean and Bennie are good friends of mine, and they have a brand-new baby named Andrew who is facinated by the process of somebody lighting and smoking a cigarette. He amuses himself playing with the butts and tasting them, while Dean - my old room-mate at college, Bennie - friend of my youth-camp days and later my long-suffering parishioner at Newmarket, and I talk about old times and what's happened since. While I seem to have become a sort of semi-ethical hedonist, they are now presbyterians. We got stuck into our respective philosophies, and they were rather disturbed by my 'constructive nihilism'. We'd about reached the point of writing farewell notes and taking hemlock, when the situation was saved by the timely ~~ducs-ex-machina~~ arrival of their friendly neighbourhood clergyman. Who turned out to be a very sane and likeable gentleman indeed - an expounder of honest-to-godism and organizer of teenage jazz-band church services. Having read about but never attended such a gathering, I promised to go to church on Sunday and hear his combo.

Came Sunday and two blocks away from the presbyterian church you could hear the steady beat and the saxophone wailing "Count Your Blessings", which I felt might turn out to be rather apt advice... Another un-church-looking building, but inside I find the all-purpose design countered by a friendly, relaxed, informal atmosphere. The place was packed with teenagers - and a few adults. The minister wore a grey suit with a collar and tie. No clerical trimmings. Piano, drum

double-bass and saxophone escorted us dirge-like through the pitiful hymns. A girl read a prayer, a boy with a beetle haircut read the lesson, two more girls took up the collection. The sermon was of the predictable \*you-don't-have-to-be-a-square-to-be-a-Christian\*variety. When the religious bit was all over we were served coffee, moved the chairs back, and danced. At least, the kids did. We went home. Back up the hill, past the pentecostalist chapel - where I imagine those conservative brethren had spent the night praying for their depraved prosbyterian neighbours.

What really annoyed me about this jazz gimmick was having to sing the "Exodus" song and "I'll Walk With God" and so on. This stuff is cheap and corny : it smacks of readers'-digest religion. If the church must be modern, then let it be virile - not trite and sentimental.

Wednesday. And here I am squatting on the banks of the Torrens about a mile or so south-east of the city. Before me the great tent in which "King Henry V" is to be staged. Having arrived early I am now occupying my time looking at the river and soaking up sunshine. This is the quiet end of the Torrens. After its plunge over the weir and gentle descent through a series of smaller dams, this is where the river disappears. I have heard tall stories about "pulling the plug out and losing the Torrens" : now I see the point.

Children laughing, dogs darting about them. Two small boyspaddling a log in mid-stream. Disconsolate gulls, squawking, lazily gliding. Gentle rippling water lapping the reeds. Along the opposite bank a toy train belts clattering and whistling into town. Yonder the encircling hills and, closer, peeping over the tree-tops, the few tall buildings of Adelaide.

Henry V is great. Henry himself much younger than I imagine him, but played convincingly. Katherine charming. Under the gloomy canvas, gathered on three sides of the raised and projected stage, the audience sits intent, watching the heroic clamour, pious sentimentality and pathetic goonery of old Willy Waggerdagger. Nervous titters from the school-kids at this afternoon matinee, and loud guffaws from others at some of the master's bawdy wisecracks - such as the Constable of France complimenting the Dauphin on his 'whoresmanship'.

Afterwards, a pleasant walk back into town, where I am delighted to find in my cafe the Philippino dancers. These girls - what luscious dolls they are, close up! Yowee! I nearly eat my serviette.. One of the men (just my cursed luck!) invites himself to my table and leafs through my Henry V programme. He won't be led into conversation. Finally asks if I'm in the Australian Ballet(!), and departs without comment to my regretful answer.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—FRANCE. Before Harfleur.

*Drums.* Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BARDOLPH, GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.

*K. Hen.* Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;  
Or close the wall up with our English dead!  
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility;  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;  
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;  
Let it pry through the portage of the head  
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it

As fearfully as doth a galled rock  
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide;  
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
To his full height!—On, on, you noble English,  
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!—  
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,  
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,  
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argu-  
ment:—

Dishonour not your mothers; now attest  
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget  
you!

Be copy now to man of grosser blood,  
And teach them how to war!—And you, good  
yeomen,

Whose limbs were made in England, show us  
here

The mettle of your pasture; let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding: which I  
doubt not:

For there is none of you so mean and base,  
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.  
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:  
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge  
Cry—God for Harry! England!—and Saint  
George!

*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off  
within.*

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.

*Bard.* On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to  
the breach!

*Nym.* Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks  
too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not  
a drop of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that  
very plain-song of it.

The plain-song is most just; for  
the humours do abound:

*Boy.*

As duty, to  
As bird do.

Enter I

*Flu.* Up to the pro-  
you cullions!

*Pist.* Be merciful  
would!

Abate thy rage, aba  
Abate thy rage, gre  
Good hawkcock, bat

*Nym.* These be  
our wins had hun  
*Exe*

*Boy.* As your

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*Flu.* To

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"Call me Fred. My real name is Augustus - Augustus needle - but my fellow inmates call me Fred. I lived in a street in Fitzroy - the better part of Fitzroy, you understand. A pretty place. On a spring day the sun's last dying rays turn the rubbish-tins to crimson and gleam from the fish-heads in the irridoscont gutters.

Now, in our street there was this little old lady, see..."

It's Thursday, and I've been working on the first Chapter of my novel. The above's as far as I've got so far - but I have decided on the title. I will call it "The Old Lady of Fred Needle's Street". But perhaps you are more interested in the Festival than my literary efforts - so let me tell you about Sir William Walton and how he arrived here last week and announced to the press that he didn't like 'festivals'.

Equipped with transistor radio, unshelled peanuts and an SF novel I once again ventured to the Regent. Bulging pockets, unshaven chin, dirty shoes and an egg-splattered duffle-coat seemed to set me apart from the dazzling dames and their dashing dons in that glittering audience as I scaled the steps, the STEPS, the thousand steps to row Z, high up on the back wall. Here let me remark that from my observations on two occasions I have concluded that the Regent suffers from acoustic feedback: to all the orchestral items an interminable rumbling accompaniment. I felt quite at home...

In this vast audience once more there is a tense thrill of ~~et cetera~~. Now onto the stage shambles Sir Willy Wally and there is Thunderous Applause. He turns to the orchestra, which was also present, and raises his venerable hands. At the sight of those uplifted hands the audience leaps to its feet as one man. The national anthem. And what a performance! Vivid, exciting, majestic, yet reverent, a profound and memorable interpretation of a favourite work. But for its sacred nature all of us - oh yes! all of us! - would have applauded that soul-stirring sound. As we regain our seats perspiration spangles their brows and there is sweat on mine. What a fantastic beginning to a concert!

I have heard the opinion expressed that William Walton is the greatest figure in English music since Purcell. Perhaps the bearer of this interesting hypothesis has heard something that wasn't presented Adelaide, and if so, why wasn't it? Certainly, on the strength of "Facade", "Variations on a Theme of Hindemith's", the Cello Concerto, the First Symphony, "Bolshazzar's Feast" and the opera "Troilus and Cressida" I would not deny him his place in English music, but he is by no means the 'greatest since Purcell'. Where shall we place Elgar, Holst, Vaughn-Williams, Britten - even Delius, on the composers premierships ladder? Assuming that we need such a ladder.



The best part of the concert was Mr. Whitehead's performance on the cello. At times, sawing away like a Paganini possessed, I could imagine him cursing the grey-headed one so nonchalantly beating time above him and determining to batter the perpetrator of this pointless frenzy about the ears with a blunt basoon or boil his body in one of the seven kettle-drums littering the stage. Ah, the bangs and thumps and irrelevant squeaks we heard that night - every noise an orchestra can make. Mind you, all organised with mathematical precision - every whizz, blast and thud timed exquisitely. I don't know, perhaps Walton's music isn't pretentious at all, perhaps the profundity I looked for wasn't there and was never intended and all this was just good fun...

Tonight's concert provided much more interesting musical fare. The Festival Chamber Music Players presented a Handel Concerto Grosso, Mozart's "Symphony For Strings", Strauss's beautiful "Duet Concertino for Clarinet, Bassoon, Strings, and Harp", Britten's "Simple" Symphony, and a "Petite Symphonie Concertante for Harp, Harpsichord, Piano and String Orchestra" by the Swiss composer Frank Martin. Frank Martin is pronounced Frongk Martān, si vous parle francais, or Frank Martin, si vous don't.

Excuse me while I go for a walk. The ground here is spread with gravel and I like to make irritating gravelly noises while I walk and perhaps wake some of the lucky bastards who sleep normal hours..... Ah, that's better. Outside it's cold and dark, no lights anywhere, wind sighing in the trees, and noises, weird noises like unfriendly aliens (I've been reading Sturgeon), and only the crrunch, crrunch of my lonely footsteps.....shudder!.....pardon me, I'll just check again that I really have bolted my door.....

Being an inveterate non-reader of newspapers, Friday night found me standing cold and vaguely anxious outside the Centennial Hall, where Benjamin Britten's "War Requiem" would have been presented if one of the principal singers hadn't developed bronchitis or something. And a devil of a job it was getting my money back on Saturday morning. Allan's close their booking office at 11 and I arrived there at

11.05. But I wasn't the only one. I haven't figured out why, but there was this little bloke holding a long rope stretched across one end of the shop, keeping people back from the booking office, and he mumbled something about seeing the manager and before I knew it there I was, holding a rope in a music shop somewhere in Adelaide and all those strange people glaring at me and, well, I felt rather a nit.

After a prolonged lunch I sauntered along to Elder Hall to hear Alfred Deller's final concert. Which was excellent. Then a leisured walk through the National Gallery - wonderful Boyds, crazy modern stuff from the Stuyvesant collection, delightful Eskimo artifacts, and awe-inspiring bits and pieces of ancient Gothickry - and then to Victoria Square, where I lounged about looking at the birds. Now, here is a Funny Thing: several times during the day I had experienced a Premonition. Considering my depleted treasury, wouldn't it be a typically bangsundian thing if I missed the train home.....I resolved to leave plenty of time to walk to the station.

I spent nearly an hour and all but my last one-and-tenpence in the cafe near the Town Hall, where the proprietor has the delightful habit of switching off the telly and playing chess with his customers. Alternately reading "Henderson The Rain King" and watching their R-KB1ch K-M1 R-B8ch! I at length heard the Town Hall clock striking 6.45, debated whether to continue reading or to walk slowly down to the station. Deciding on the latter I made my way down King William Street, looking in the shop windows, admiring the sunset and the dolls.

At the station I asked a luggage clerk for my travelling bag, thinking I would first find my berth on the train and then return to lug the case down. I asked him where I could find the 'Overland'. "Down along there, through the glass doors, across the hall, down the stairs, and platform Eleven's a little way along on yer right. And it leaves in three minutes I think yer'll find.."

I grabbed the case as well and ran down there and through the doors and saw two sets of stairs across the hall amazingly I chose the right ones along the platform flung the case and myself into the first sleeping car I came to and the train moved off.

As close as that. The train had of course left on time - Adelaide time - and I nearly hadn't. So, it almost ended rather badly, too.....



*mukashi mukashi*

I REMEMBER ...

BOB SMITH





So long as the heavens and earth endure,  
The pine trees around the Sumiyoshi  
Sarine will flourish,  
Just as the country will thrive, with  
people enjoying their life.

from the SUMIYOSHI-ODORI.



We sat on a rough bench and gazed at the island of Miyajima laid out beneath us. Up on the hill where we sat all was dark and silent, and even the shabby house of the mad old woman a few yards away was in darkness. Off to our right the moonlight was reflected in the strip of inland sea separating the island from the mainland, broken only when some small fishing boat or the ferry ship slid across the glistening water. Almost immediately below us lay the bright lights of the tiny village and shops which gradually faded out as the houses became sparser. We could pick out the individuals walking and scurrying beneath us.....there goes Nakamura-san, hurrying home to his wife after spending too long at the local Panchinko parlour, and the Satsuko sisters returning from seeing the latest celluloid creator from the movie house. Their giggling reaches us even up here. There goes the portly little Postmaster, wending his unsteady way from the Koshima Restaurant to the 'yatai-mise' or the snackbar. It is well known that although he favours the company of the Koshima's proprietress and her sake, the food there is shocking.

If one followed the road when it left the shops and lights, the eyes would take in the Hall of a Thousand Mats and the tall pagoda on the cliff above the road, all in darkness now. That is the favourite place for lovers, full of dark corners and conveniently placed benches, a place from which to observe and not be observed (and this could be most enlightening at times). Further up the road there is a little 'jiggle' as it crosses the canal and passes the great red Itsukushima Temple and then it disappears as the pine-covered hills obscure it.

All these sights were familiar to us, for we had sat there many times before - perhaps not talking much but lost in thoughts of this tiny island and the time when we must leave it forever. Occasionally the peace would be shattered when the mad old woman in her crumbling house perched none too steadily on the edge of the hill began her repetitious ravings in Court Japanese, but that was all.

And then, over in the quiet dark area of the village, I noticed a strange light suddenly appear. It seemed to come from one of the silent houses, and was of a colour unknown to me - a mixture of red and blue, yet not either. It appeared to be globular.....and yet it was not. I watched it move slowly above the house and then just fade away. My wife had not seen the light, and when I described it, she asked where I had seen it. I pointed out the gloomy area of the village and she nodded.

"Old Imai-san lives there and he was dying," she said. "Now he is dead, for that was probably his spirit leaving his body for good."

I stared at her. She had spoken in a matter-of-fact manner as if this also was part of the island's routine pattern and I, married to an island girl and therefore part of the intricate social 'web', should also have known this fact.

"I do not think that is possible, dear," I said, for in those days I was young and foolish. "The light could have been any one of a number of natural or man-made phenomena, including....(here I searched for the Japanese equivalent of St. Elmo's Fire....)

My beloved shrugged her shoulders, indicating that although there were certain advantages to being married to a 'gaijin', or foreigner, they could also be pretty dumb at times.

"Well," I continued, in my sly manner, "is it not written somewhere that a good man may have more than one.....um....er soul, or spirit, although the gods permit no man to have more than nine?" "Therefore," I went on, failing to detect the glint in my wife's eyes, "why was Imai-san unfortunate enough to have only one spirit, for I observed only one light leaving his house?"

My wife sighed and fanned herself with short, vicious flicks of her wrist. "Since you are so familiar with the writings of the wise ones, you should know also that a man who is 'imperfect' (and here she gazed at me innocently...) would have but one soul, and Imai-san (she indicated the house of that unfortunate mortal with her closed fan) was such a man - in fact he was downright NAUGHTY!"

I allowed my face to assume a slightly shocked expression but said nothing.

"And", she continued, dealing the coup-de-grace with all the swift deadliness of her grandfather's long sword, "why does the idea of a spirit light amaze you so when your own Christian writings tell of much more highly improbable happenings which I do not ridicule because it is impolite?"

She sat up straight and went on. "It is also written in a Nō play that 'doubt is for mortals' and since you are not of the God-people (Japanese) - although ( and here she smiled at me ) very nice, your disbelief is understandable."

"True. I have been guilty of a most unforgivable breach of manners in making fun of your beliefs, but I imagine foreigners have been putting their clumsy feet in the delicate path of Japanese culture since Commodore Perry, and one more would hardly be noticed these days."

I stood up. "And since this is the twentieth Century, I do not intend jumping over the cliff to atone for my unforgivable sin - instead I suggest that we adjourn to the nearest restaurant and I'll treat you to some sake and boiled eggs."

My wife laughed and together we walked past the mad woman's house, down the tiny winding path, across the rickety bridge and descended into the lights and bustling noise of Miyajima village.

But I never did find out what the light was...

It is not hard to believe in ghosts and strange happenings in Japan. As one wanders from the society of others and down a dark and quiet path, the lonely plaintive sound of a single samisen from the gloomy shadows of a house creating an unknown yearning, it is not too difficult to believe in spirits that leave the body at death or ghostly women with the half-face of a cat. To shuffle in straw slippers through the great silence of the sprawling Itsukushima Temple, to listen as some priest plays the reed flute and the low 'boooooom' of the drum that sends shivers along the spine, to pause in the midst of this and know that time has stopped, and that amongst this cool peacefulness it is possible to become aware of many things. To walk among cool pine trees and FEEL the past, to SEE the ghosts of proud samuri and know that if you do not step aside that long sword will flash; to listen as somewhere a geisha sings an indescribably unearthly lament about the young warrior who fell in love with a ghost and her grave beneath a willow tree ( for the willow is favoured by the dead of this land ).

To listen to the 'alienness' of a Nō drama and catch a glimpse of the cosmos when the drums roar, and look into the past as the actors chant; the wonderful feeling of enlightenment that can be obtained only with zen and 'yugen' (a difficult term to translate, but meaning 'what lies beneath the surface'). If someone were to ask "What is zen?" and another replied "It teaches that the Lord Buddha is in the bones of each of us", one knows that this is so, even though you may be of some other religion, for does not the Shundai Zatsuwa say, "The way is from heaven, and its source is one"?

And again, to watch a 'bon odori' and sway with the dancers in their summer yukata on a hot night to the rhythm of the drums' tom-ta-tom is also part of the pattern. The female voices singing a love ballad, or a four hundred year old victory song or (also part of the pattern) an indecent verse about the relationship between copulation and mortar grinding; to sit and drink sake with friends on the cool tatami and (try) composing haiku about the moon and the garden; to listen in a dimmed room as your wife tells an old Izumo ghost legend, complete with gestures, and the nightmares that come in the sleep; to listen to an old man recite 'nani-wa-bushi' punctuated by the twang of a samisen and the soft voice of the female accompanist, or the incredibly mannish voice of your wife as she imitates the old samurai dialect (again complete with gestures).

To sit in a tiny sake bar and discuss English Literature and French films with students whose command of the English language turns out to be better than your own; to watch the artistry of a geisha effectively pulling the wool over the eyes of her more than slightly stoned admirer (or better still to experience it personally); to attend a party and participate in that delightful but 'tiring' custom of exchanging cups of sake with just about everybody present, and after, wander happily across the sand at low tide and stand beneath the great red Torii of Itsukushima and shout into the cool, sighing wind; to walk through a narrow Tokyo lane and listen to the sounds emanating from the small bars, restaurants shops and thinly-disguised brothels - and this is infinitely more wonderful when it is raining lightly.

To watch a cart laden with large pans of excrementamble past and wonder what it would be like if some ~~fast-moving~~ vehicle collided with that 'honey-bucket' wagon; to lean over and gaze into the Emperor's moat at the fat, sluggish carp (for these also are part of the pattern); to sit in a great diesel bus and pray hard as it roars up a narrow track to Lake Hakone, and after that to thank the Great Architect

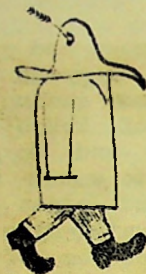
for delivering you into that green and cool beauty; to wander among the ancient temples and legends at Kamakura and feel the cold eyes of a dozen Shoguns gazing at you from beyond ; to browse in the bookstalls of Tokyo's 'book district' in search of science fiction and end up purchasing a LIFE OF TOYOTOME HIDEYOSHI; and last, to watch a winter snow blanket the great noisy city, the grand stone buildings near the railway station, the humble yatei-mise off the ginza, the palace - the snow is no respecter of people or classes. Children will play in it, mothers will hate it, the city will curse it and poets will write about it...

The snow covers all things  
And all that it covers is beautiful.  
Are people, I wonder, prepared for the ugliness of that?

KITIGAWA FUYUHIKO, 1900



*mukashi mukashi*



A timbrel in a tumbril  
And a shank-bone for a fife,  
Be it ever so ho-humble  
Is a galvanistic  
tympanitic  
glagolitic life.

An abo with an oboe  
And a flashing F-sharp knife,  
Be it ever so hum-hobo  
Is a tyrannitic  
civilitic  
inhibitic life.

A fardel with a fiddle  
And a G-string running rife,  
Be it never such a riddle  
Is a sybaritic  
jubilitic  
waltermittic life.

R. Mc. Geddon



# The Beheading of Basil Rott

by JOHN BANGSUND



often come here to sit and talk with Rupert, in this vast, venerable old room with its book-lined walls, its heavy furniture and the deep, comfortable armchairs. It is a friendly room, perhaps because Rupert's amiable personality has in some subtle way permeated the many books which he has so often handled and knows so well, has been absorbed by the leather and the dark polished wood and the quiet, well-chosen pictures, and which now, softly, shyly smiles at you.

He is a scholar, and somewhat of an authority on early nineteenth-century English literature. He talks easily and always in a most interesting manner - and I am happy to sit here and listen to him, for though it is true that I have travelled widely and am not unobservant, I am rather reticent in conversation, and besides have read very little.

Lighting his pipe, he remarked between puffs, "You know Old Sir Gilbert Midden - my grandfather's grandfather - conducted a literary magazine in the early eighteen hundreds. Most of these books he accumulated. Upstairs there is a room full of letters he received during his long tenure as editor, and a lot of other rubbish as well. Our family never throws out anything. I've been going through a lot of them lately, mainly for this work I'm doing on Keats, you know, and yesterday I discovered the most intriguing document..."

He paused for a moment. "Does the name Edward Potter mean anything to you?"

"It's not an...uncommon name," I said.

"Hm. Well, the Edward Potter I have in mind was a clergyman who lived in England - oh, it must have been three hundred years ago. And not very far from here. The only reference I can find to him, apart from this rather strange document, is in a letter written by one Jeremy Starke. You don't know Starke? Can't blame you. A minor poet - and a pretty awful one. Contemporary of Milton. In one of his journals he says something to the effect that a friend had pointed out to him while travelling down here in Dorset a lonely house in a wooded vale, surrounded by a tall, forbidding hedge. There, said Starke's companion - and I particularly remember these words - "there dwells that other-worldlie Cleric, Mister Potter, with his fantastick gew-gaws."



"And this 'document'?" I ventured.

"The letter I mentioned," he said, taking it carefully from his vest pocket. "I have found it, as I say, intriguing. May I read it to you?"

"Why, certainly. Now you have me curious!"

"Good. Well now. There's no address on it, only a date - the 27th of November. The handwriting is very precise and quite without character - almost mechanical, I am inclined to remark. It is rather long - are you comfortable?"

"Quite, thank you."

He commenced to read.

To the editor,

"Midden's Literary Messenger"

Honoured Sir,

I have been much interested to read the comments published in your journal by a number of learned gentlemen concerning the recent romantic poem written by the gifted Mr. John Keats. I refer to the work entitled "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil". In all humbleness, Sir, I desire to make known to you the true events which lay behind that singular poem.

I do not wish to startle your gentle readers, even less your good self, nor would I have you dismiss my story as a jest perpetrated in ill taste by some foolish humourist, but must reveal to you that I who write this am in truth not a man, but an engine fashioned to appear as a man and imbued with human intelligence.

My late beloved master, the Reverend Edward Potter, a man of great learning, in divers branches of knowledge, and of skilled craftsmanship, did of his own genius devise and construct me. My form he so patiently and cunningly contrived, so that I did pass amongst men and was known as one of their kind. In jest he often said that 'he was the Potter and I the Pot', therefore Pott he named me, and since I did appear in features kingly, he gave me the first name, Basil, which in the ancient Greek tongue signifies 'a king'.

I served my master for many years, and as Master Basil Pott was I known to all.

Now it happened that the reverend gentleman did in his age fall ill, and died. In his will it was discovered that descendants had he none and that his estate upon his death should be deemed mine. Thus his house and small grounds came into my possession, together with a moderate income, for which I had little use since my wants were so few. (For sustenance I need but water and a little paraffin: no liquor can harm my working, but I have found that it affords me no pleasure.)

For long I kept the house in seemly order and tended the gardens in quiet sorrow. Sorrow gave way to contentment.....and contentment to loneliness, as the friends of my early days became fathers and grandfathers and died. Of the new generations I made no close friends but rather kept to myself, until my loneliness drove me to seek new friendships."

Now at about this time I began to occasionally suffer strange and painful spasms in my head, whether because some internal member used in my construction had become defective or not I cannot tell. However, I found after much experimental manipulation that these pains I could relieve by removing my head and placing it in a cool spot while I went about my chores. Naturally I kept the gates firmly locked at such times lest anyone perchance seeing my strange figure should be alarmed.

One small urchin who happened to see me thus ran terrified to his parents, who cuffed him soundly about the ears for telling untruths and told him that 'assuredly Mr. Pott had been but stooped over his work', and that he must 'never trespass in Mr. Pott's garden again.'

Now among the friends I had at length made, there came to be numbered a fair and comely maiden of the district named Miss Eliza Firth. In her company I enjoyed many hours of pleasant conversation when upon my solitary rambles I met and walked with her. It soon became apparent that Miss Firth was captivated by my still attractive person, and this became, for different reasons, a source of embarrassment to us both. At last one day she could no longer contain herself, and she flung her wretched body at my feet, the unhappy creature, with protestations of love and imploring tears. To see her in such woeful plight I conceived it my duty to assure her of my own great love for her; and indeed it was true that my affection for her was so, but oh! how I rue that day! My master had made me but too human for my own good. If only he had dismantled me or taught me to do so myself - but such had not been his will.

As it pleased Miss Eliza I went a-courting, and soon visited at her house, where I made acquaintance with her father and two brothers, her mother being dead these five years past. Her father was a dying invalid, poor man, and she the youngest child.

Now the two young men, her brothers, were very jealous of me, since they desired their sister to wed a childhood friend, a fellow named Jenkin, a plain but worthy youth. Often did I try to persuade Miss Eliza to favour young Jenkin, pleading as I made pretence, that I was full ten years her senior, but she would hear none of this.

In the years that followed the maiden begged often to know of me when she would be married. My excuses were unfailing but

did persuade her the less as time passed. Often I had resolved to reveal the sad and ghastly truth to her but failed in courage when her trusting eyes were turned on mine.

There came a time when old Mister Firth died and William, the eldest son, became Master of the house. Scarce two months had passed when Master William, James, the younger brother, and Jenkin, the rejected suitor, became possessed of a daring and most brutal resolve, namely, to murder myself.

Of this I became aware one evening at sundown, when furtively they appeared in my grounds, armed with knives and slipping stealthily between the trees. As it so chanced, on this day my painful spasms had come upon me and my head was even then lying apart in the cool grass while I replaced my implements in the shed at the farther end of the garden. The murderers soon espied my head and were astounded, puzzling what stroke of fortune should have deprived them of their prey. Soon recovering their senses, they rudely swung my head into an evil-smelling sack, and swiftly quitted the scene.

Long did I search and found not my head. At length, most sorely dismayed, I clothed myself in shabby vesture, concealing the part I lacked with scarves and a wide, low-brimmed hat. In vain I searched the highways, and for many days was engaged upon fruitless search of the countryside.

In the meantime the three villians had hidden their grisly prize in a tangled ravine, and gone about their business.

Miss Eliza daily grew more fretful and alarmed when I came not to her, and enquired distressfully of her brothers and friends if they had not seen me. Not for one moment did any connect me with the strange, shambling figure who ever wandered lanes and fields in hopeless search.

The maiden herself began to tearfully roam the countryside, crying pitifully for her lost lover. On one such dismal day her small dog chanced to loiter in a ravine, whence she came to rescue it, and discovered her pet yapping excitedly at a sack which lay entangled in the weeds and brambles. This she opened and found therein my lost member, whereat she screamed, and fell into a swoon upon the ground.

At length, somewhat recovered, she trembling carried her gruesome burden home and, stealing in, concealed my head within a brass urn and covered it with a geranium. She then lapsed into uncontrollable weeping, piteous to hear.

I will not relate how after long search I came to discover where my head lay hidden, nor how I contrived to steal the brazen urn while Miss Eliza and all the house lay sleeping. Suffice it to say that once this task was accomplished I gathered together some money and effects and disappeared the same night to a distant country.

Many years afterwards I chanced to learn how the maiden mourned her loss for many months, and how sweet reason at length prevailed over the memory of her bitter misfortune, so that scarce twelve-month later she became wedded to the villainous Jenkin.

Now all this happened many years ago. In recent years I have lived in the midst of London's throng, contenting myself with the company of two or three select friends and shunning like the plague all women. To one friend, in an injudicious moment, I revealed my true self and told the story of my unhappy adventure with Miss Eliza Firth. I believe Mr. Keats had the story from him, or perchance from some other to whom my friend, despite my earnest to the contrary, told it. Mr. Keats romanticised the tale and altered it almost beyond recognition, as is his right as a poet. He is said to have changed Eliza Firth's name to Isabella since the former reminded him, why I cannot tell, of the stables whereof his father was proprietor.

He has, however, retained my own name in a most ingenious fashion, by doing away with the geranium which so grotesquely covered my head in that foul urn, and replacing it with some foreign herb called, like myself, 'basil'. Hence he is able to present his Isabella acting in much the same way as I imagine Eliza to have acted...

Piteous she look'd on dead and senseless things,  
Asking for her lost Basil amourosly;  
And with melodius chuckle in the strings  
Of her lorn voice, she oftentimes would cry  
After the Pilgrim in his wanderings,  
To ask where her Basil was; and why  
'Twas hid from her: "For crule 'tis," said she  
To steal my Basil-Pot away from me."

Trusting, sir, that the above will be construed as it is intended, namely, by no means an attack on Mr. John Keats, whose work I admire, but as a contribution to the nation's knowledge concerning the true sources of her glorious literature,

I remain, Sir,  
Your humble Servant,

Basil Pott, Esq.

There was silence for a long moment when Rupert had finished. Then :

"Well, what do you think of that?"

"Incredible," I said. "Quite...incredible. To think that after all these years..." I was quite astounded. "Are you ~~thinking~~ of publishing it, Rupert?"

He smiled. "Not if it would embarrass you, Basil."

# palinode

"New presbyter is but old priest writ large"

Milton

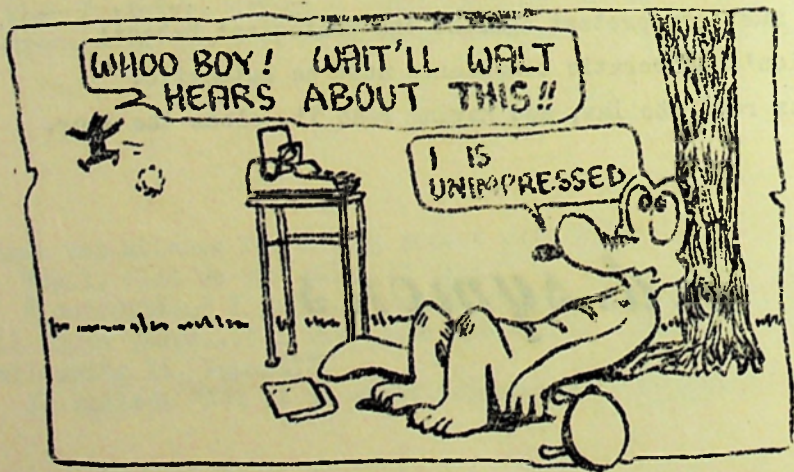
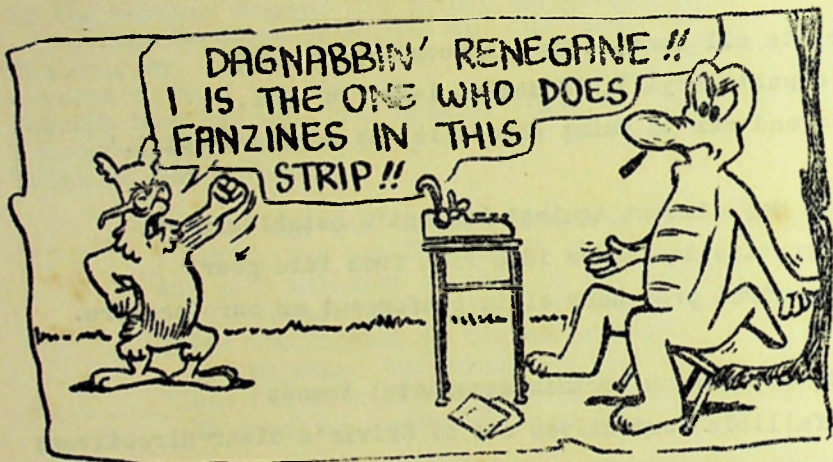
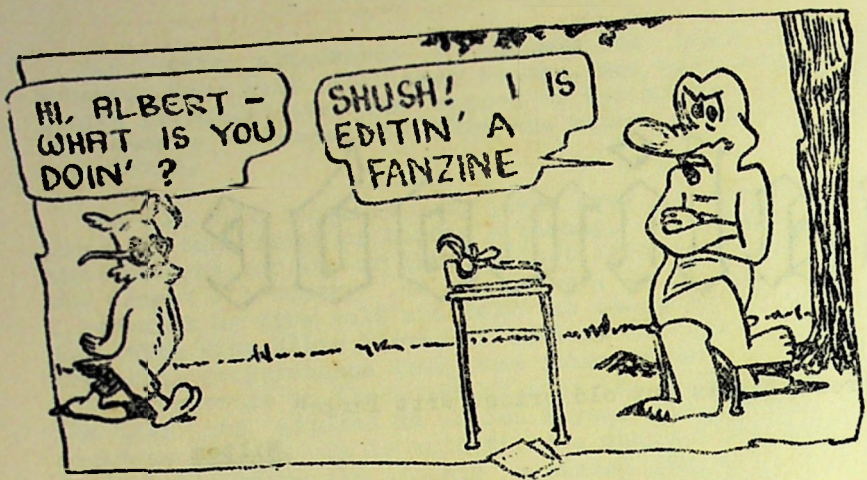
Nonconformists all conform to a nonconformist norm,  
Tabernacl'd pastors yell, 'Hedonism leads to Hell,'  
'Gin to sex and sex to ruin; sherry is the soul's undoin'.'

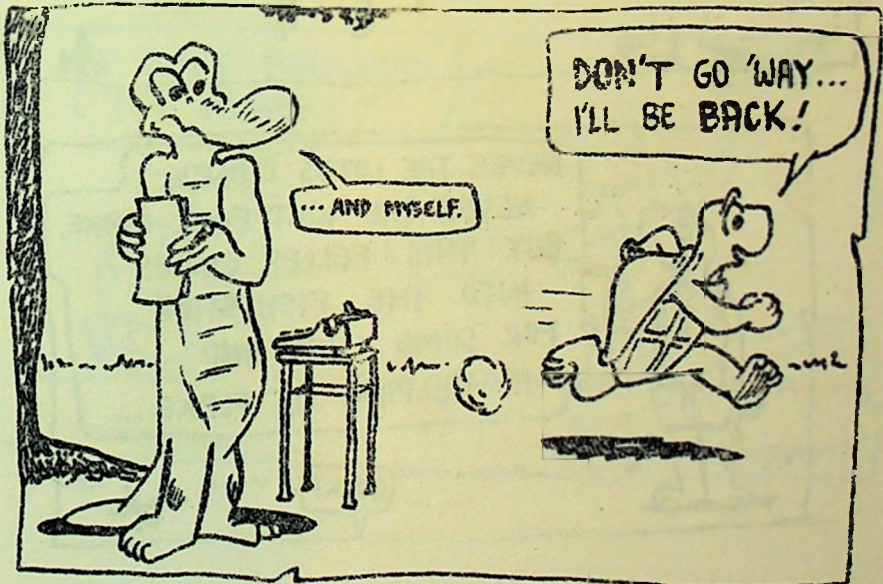
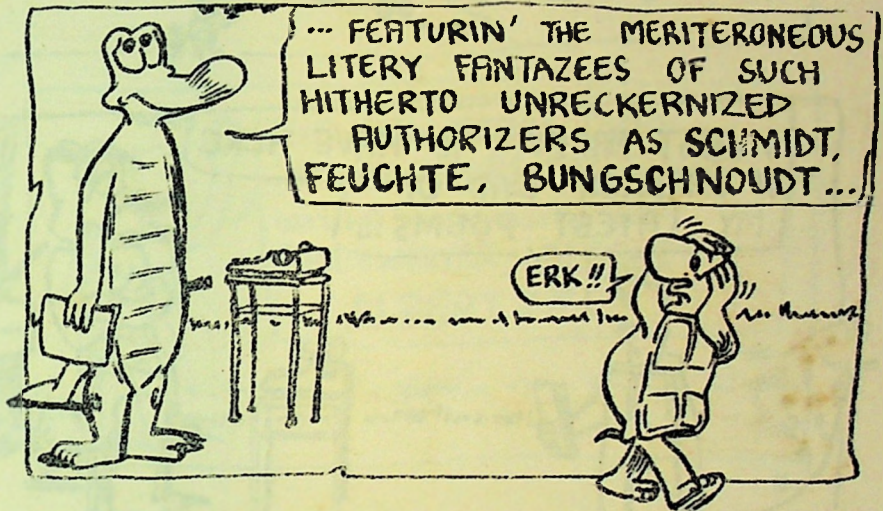
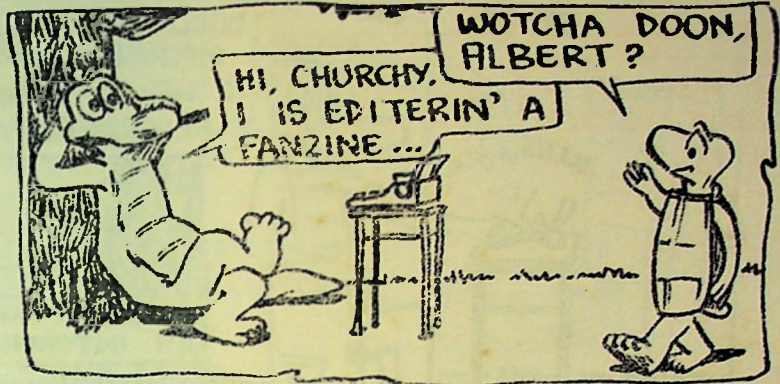
No dissenter may dissent against Dissent's establishment,  
Whose interpretive law saves idle rich from idle poor;  
Lay suburban moral preachers claim preferment as our teachers.

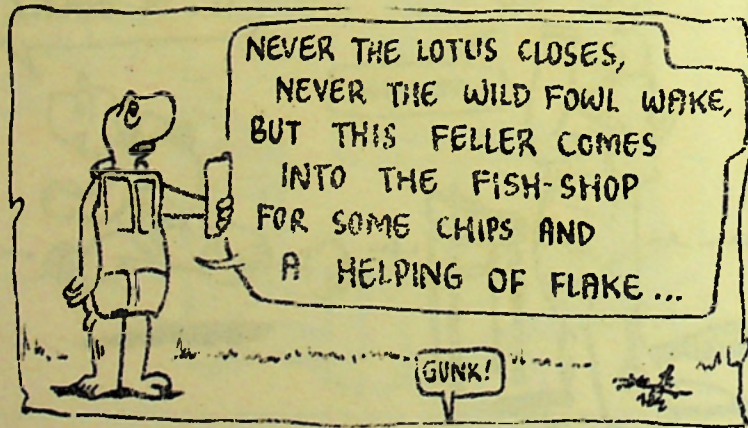
Independency depends on certain sacerdotal trends  
To forge infallible correctives out of Calvin's clear directives;  
Older European manners agitate these moral planners.

Protestants must not protest against the protestant behest;  
Where religion's democratic compliance must be automatic:  
Congregations read the law, and having read it, close the door.

*r. d. symons*



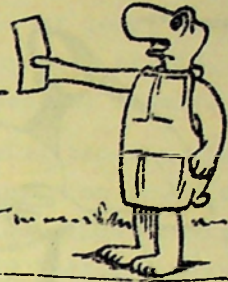






THE THUNDER RUMBLES  
AMONG THE HILLS -  
O STORIED URN!  
COLD EAR OF DEATH!...

IT'S UNBEARABLE!!



THE SIGN READS "OPEN  
AT ALL HOURS FOR GRILLS"...

WOTCHA DOON WITH THAT  
TRIPewriter, ALBERT?  
ALBERT?!!



I ISN'T FINISHED  
YET, ALBERT!!

SAYS  
YOU!!





A DREAM

OF THUNDER

JOHN FOYSTER

Cupped in the earth the boy lay, tender, fresh, untouched. The wings of the butterfly reflected golden light, making a patch on the ground, just near his armpit. His face was vaguely shadowed; the nose and forehead making a dark line against the sunlit half. The eyes were both in shadow, and closed, lashes anchored to cheeks. And under the lids, his mind moved.

Pressure under head, blades and shoulders, buttocks, calves. An uncertain feeling at extremities, as though not completely cut off, yet disjointed, loose. Relaxed, but with a certain tension; ready to spring to a position of attack or defence if need be. A gentle rubbing of soft green blades against soft velvet arm and leg. Slight cool of wind which occasionally, and detachedly moves one hair most delicately over another. The wind does not try; it has more than enough time. The blood in the face reveals a warmth of sun, which, also, has yet to reach its peak, which holds itself aloof, sparing. A warmth of sun which does not penetrate to the lower body.

Odours drift; cowdung, fresh and stale; the smell, or rather perhaps, its very absence, of dry grass; smells of flower, of leaf; a smell, borne by the wind, which seems to have no physical origin, but which simply and essentially rises from the windsource itself.

Light plays on lids, as gently our friendly wind blows a leaf or two across the sun; or blows the heavenly leaves, so much softer and sweeter, across the same sun; as corpuscles slide slowly over eyeball, through veins, arteries, forming and losing patterns, shapes, ever-changing but unchanged.

The patterns are meaningless, yet, examining them closely, there is some beauty, some meaning. Perhaps there is no meaning at all. Perhaps it is just the dreaming of a simple man; the dreaming of a simple child. Patterns are always hard to identify, for when their existence is obvious they are often false; and when they seem absent, their harmony is most present.

Cloth, moth.

Butterfly; butterfly with golden wing; a pattern shining on the greenness.

To fly away, any way.

no matter where; the cloth.

The unformed patterns float as dross on a wintry surface, and reveal not their underparts. A sea-like oil painting; no, more like oil floating on a sea, though the pattern is there.

Drift, swift,

spindrift,

whiffed

Lift; luffed.

No swift drift in the swing of the swing...

A pattern lost by too-close examination, without a thought for the maker;

no con-sid-er-ation.

The rockets of whirlingness have no ceiling; green, red, green, red, they streak across the vision of the world. Cascades of stars shake the sides of Time; colour has no meaning for them.

Stream, beam.

Stream, stream,  
stream.

Shaking walls of life  
Shaking whorls of light

The mind is not always to the front, to the rear. Such things exist only in the mind which is not. So that to say "mind" is almost to deny itself; to suggest.

Black on back; held in the world by the flesh.

Stream.

Streamer, streamer.

The ship of the desert is the camel.

Go to sleep, now.

Sleep is not a closing of eye, a closing of mind. Only in sleep is the world finally opened to the self; only in sleep does the self express its self.

Twisting of ladders; twisted by a wind which has no odour, a wind with no force, no face, no strength, no will. Simply and quietly twisted upon themselves, and, just as gently, untwisting again; only to turn slowly the other way, against the tide. Spiralling ladders; neither up nor down. They form pipes, to carry life. Pipes with no end and...No side.

A ball formed in the centre of the world. Shaking itself clean from its vacuum, it swelled perfectly, slowly; there was no semblance of stress. Softly it exploded through nothing until it was everything. Small balls dance therein.

true blue,  
woody'n you.  
So soon  
the moon.

Walk.

Up down of feet as they make an endless path through the universe until they can mark no more. The footprints may seem to glow green, but it is only in our mind that such a fantastic thing could occur. Everyone knows that footprints are not green. They take the colour of their background; cham-chamy-chameleon-like. Footprints have no morals. Existing regardless of man's good or evil they tramp the world, rolling away the virtuous and wicked in an endless search for the perfect restingplace.

Where can a tired footprint sleep?

Stay in your own backyard.

Footprints on ice would be funny. The footprinter stands, slowly sinking, 'til feet, ankles, legs will create a monster. Footprints which then melt and flow forever on an oil-like painting of the sea, or is it, perhaps, the floating of oily-footprints on God's most calm and placid sea?

We shall see.

Early footprints left by early man. Stalking, one another  
Shivering aside; aslide the icy times. The footprints which still cannot be seen are growing out of the side of an invisible toe.

Shake, make, fake.

Lancelot du Lake.

Iron Love. Trying so hard to soften itself for a final onslaught. Back now to the origin, from whence we have come, to the core of life. No more to dream endlessly under the sun of the Son. A purpose is defined to us, unbreathing. Little care for the time or its elements. It is still dark, but the feet and hands must move; no matter where, to move is the only necessity. Now, to move. This and that, helterskelter, rhymeless.

The footprints sing their life away, not waiting to contemplate any fate.

\*\*\*\*\*

The mouth is dry with effort; the timing must be perfect.

Fingers, which are now so far away as to be almost non-existent, suddenly jab down into the previously-constructed pits.

False alarm!

All's well!

Patience is a virtue.

Footprints still oily-waiting.

But the hand still lives, and the body.

Forehead is arched perfectly over the final contents; wrestling down of the thought which destroys is bringing those fingers so near destruction again.

tump-atump-tump, tump-a-tump-tump, tump-a-tump-a-tump-a-tum-tum.

Power surges now for the body, thighs, shoulders.

This is the end of the world.

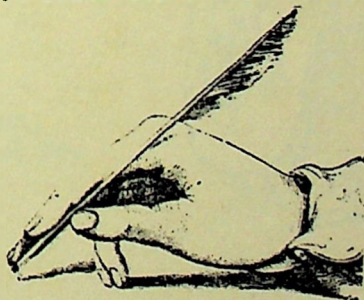


Most first issues manage to look a little untidy, and CANTO is no exception. Some of our ideas worked out all right, others didn't. The right-hand margins proved troublesome - your editor hasn't cut a stencil in many a year and this, coupled with a certain clumsiness when working with a new typewriter, explains a little of the scrappy reproduction. A well-worn ink pad on the aging AFPA duplicator explains the rest. We regard this issue as experimental and expect better with the next : we trust you will do likewise.

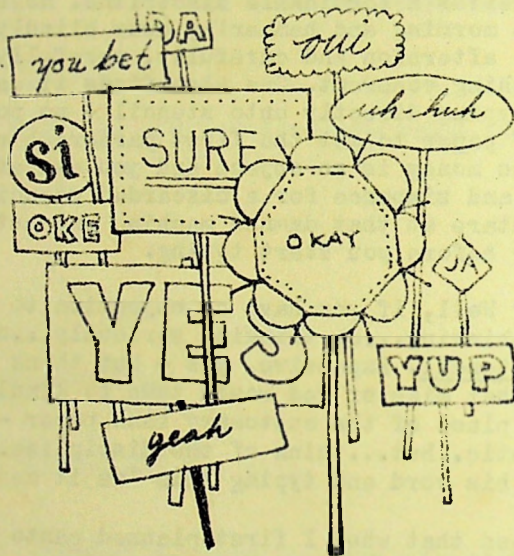
My good friend John Foyster is a firm believer in composing directly onto stencil. He stresses the inflexibility of justified margins (no time for 'second thoughts') and the temptation of writing the guts out of a work with too much revision. Maybe he's right - but writing directly onto stencil creates a formidable discipline. No racing ahead into the wee hours of the morning and hammering away blindly at the keyboard - to arise in the afternoon and carefully, carefully re-type the night's mess into something coherent. One also finds it easier to begin an article or a story by typing directly onto stencil - no possibility of taking a dozen sheets of paper to get the first paragraph right. One chance is all you have (unless money is no object and you can afford to toss away the occasional one and sixpence for a discarded stencil), so you had better sit there and stare at that damned machine and nut out your opening lines good and proper before you start typing.

A good idea? Well, if you have no objection to discipline. In fact... I'm seriously thinking...or thinking seriously...of writing all my stories directly onto stencil. Expensive, yes - but think of the quality. Of course, I don't think that Mike or Ted would take kindly to receiving a bundle of stencils in place of the customary bank paper - and the freight costs would be fantastic. But...think of the discipline. And the moment I'm taking John at his word and typing this 'as it comes'.

I must confess that when I first planned canto ONE I sort of shuddered at the prospect of writing enough stuff to fill a fanzine. If John Bangsund hadn't gone to Adelaide - if Roy Swellfoot hadn't discovered some of Foyster's book collection...and I hadn't discovered a lot of interesting artwork, I might have had to write a lot more than I have for this time round. I might even have told you all about my rediscovery of Tchaikovsky.



but it looks like you'll  
have to read all about that  
in the next issue





## TECHNICAL CREDITS



The stencils for this issue of CANTO were supplied by Roneo, Melbourne, and after a number of false starts were finally cut on an Optima standard typewriter.

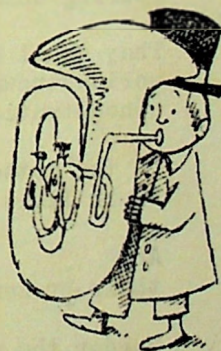
The interior paper used was supplied by Ellams', Melbourne, and is their No.33, buff. The cover stock comes from Roneo, and the entire magazine was trimmed by the same firm. Collation by Carla Harding and Lee Harding.



The duplication was carried out using a twelve year old Roneo 500 machine that should have given up the ghost ages ago. The ink was black - also supplied by Roneo. It's about time we got a new pad, Merv.

All the hard work : cranking the duplicator and generally keeping up the high standard of the work, was in the hands of veteran John Foyster. John Bangsund arrived once to assist but only got in the way.

The electronic stencils were all supplied by Roneo. I think they have a Monopoly.



ARTWORK : Illustrations by John Bangsund, William Rotsler, Roy Swellfoot, the Hung Now Wallpaper Co; an unknown artist of the Florentine School, and Various Anon.

HEROES

11/11/63

We shall remember them  
yes  
Blood & Sweat & Tears  
OUR Blood, OUR Sweat, OUR Tears -

THEIR guns, THEIR whips, THEIR teeth.

Brave soldiers  
bayonetting the spilling guts of loved and loving  
Barnyard rapes  
machineguns; against the fence.

Dirt on their angelic believing faces as they tirelessly  
squeeze  
that  
tiny, tiny piece of metal, and the death of lovers  
that were neither black nor white.

The shit on their haloes is hardly flattering, but we cannot  
expect them to notice this; intent upon their holy work.

Bullets for the dead; bullets for the living

- blind  
spineless automatons  
pouring their little hates into the Child's Body.

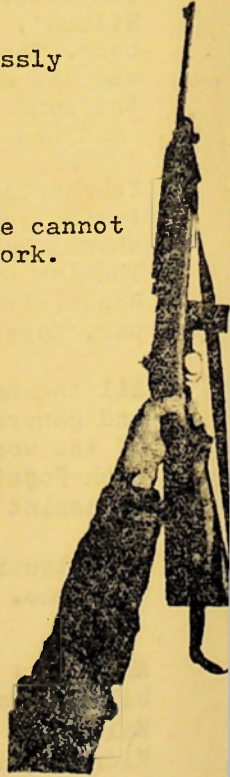
They shall have their memorials -  
world-strewn bastards  
concentrationcamps

In the gutter lie the heroes of our time,  
their lives given on the high altar

And  
their broken shells are no different.

Murder the murderer  
O GOD

JOHN FOYSTER





this has been a VANITY publication

