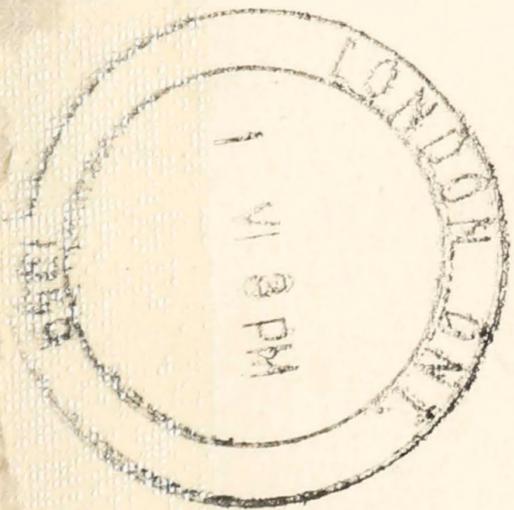


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FOLIO

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1959



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# FOLIO

VOL. II    NUMBER I    (and only)

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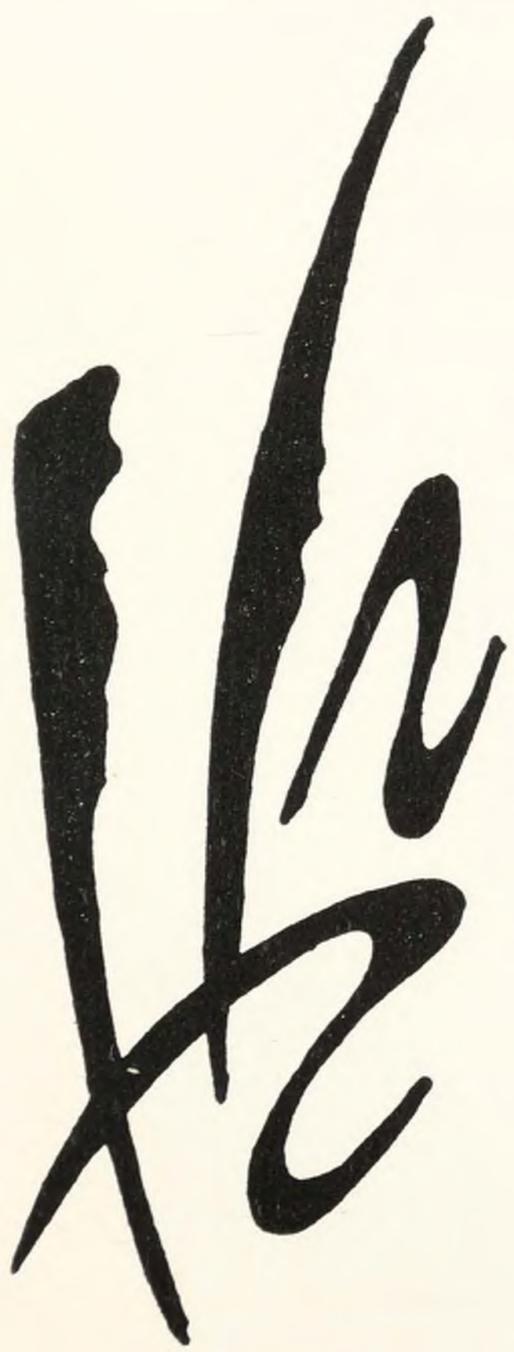
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The articles in this magazine express the warped  
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*Additional Illustrations By  
Dick Russell*

*And Many Thanks To The University Alumni  
Association For Their Support*

# *Editorial*

Twelve years ago Ward Cornell, now a popular London sports personality, decided that Western needed a literary magazine that would print the best of student poetry and prose. Mr. Cornell's initial editorial refers to Folio as a child who, in 1947, had yet "...to feel the pain of injustice, taste the tears of sorrow and hear the sobs of Mankind," and who must live by "striving, searching, fighting, thinking, talking, listening, weighing, hoping, discussing, accepting, doubting, believing and fighting."

Quite frankly, the aspirations of 1947 did not lead to the results of 1959. We can allow for a certain measure of indulgence in optimism that always accompanies great, new projects, but the ideals with which Folio was christened have been for the most part lost.

For the first few years Folio thrived. Four issues were published in the 1947-1948 school year containing paintings and book reviews as well as poetry and short stories. But in recent years the child, Folio, has been the victim of lethargy. Students, at least the majority of them, don't seem to care about their own literary publication. There are always a few people who are genuinely interested in writing and will take the time and trouble to contribute. We realize that it's not so

easy to sit down and simply write a story. Then of course the never-ending demand for term essays discourages writing for the sheer enjoyment of putting thoughts and dreams down on paper. There is always the cry about wasting money that could be spent to the advantage of more students. And there is always the complaint that there is an unequal representation in the material that Folio selects-that the English students dominate the scene so that others have no share in Folio.

This year we have tried to improve Folio's position. The University of Western Ontario Alumni gave five hundred dollars to the University Students' Council and approved its expenditure on Folio. The U.S.C. also increased the Folio budget from just over four hundred dollars to seven hundred and seventy-five dollars. This vote of confidence did immeasurable things to our spirit as well as tangible things to Folio. The number of pages was almost doubled, better paper was used, and a new cover was designed incorporating the old Folio script with a modern sketch.

Eighty pieces of poetry and thirty stories and essays were criticized by the editors. The Hesperian Club was most co-operative in submitting poetry that had been written for their creative writing sessions. We had hoped for more variety in the material in the form of essays and articles that would reflect student opinion on campus and national affairs-more of the ". . . striving, searching, (and) fighting" of that first editorial. Maybe next year . . .

We had also hoped to publish two issues this year. We wrote countless letters this summer to previous contributors and we received a number of articles, ostensibly for the autumn issue. However we decided that one larger issue would be a less presumptuous beginning but one more suited to fledgling editors. Maybe next year . . .

We're also hoping that students in Medicine, Business Administration and Science will contribute to Folio. Obviously students in English will be interested in all its aspects but students in other courses have information - scientific or economic - that would be interesting to many people. One of the recent issues of the Trinity College Review contained an easily understood article on the possibilities of a coming ice age. This is the type of thing that Folio should be presenting to Western students.

Perhaps that statement "the aspirations of 1947 did not lead to the results of 1959" is rather harsh. Thanks to the alumni and the U.S.C. Folio has had a face-lifting and has been able to expand. Thanks to some students some unusual and diversified articles have appeared. Yet "maybe next year" must become a reality if the ambitions of 1947 are to come true. Folio must appear twice and preferably four times during the school year if topics of current interest are to be reviewed. Now is the time for interested people-enthusiastic and capable people to put Folio in its rightful position. It's wise to remember that a magazine containing the best of student opinion and creative ability can be just as important as a football week-end in producing a well-rounded college life.

Mr. Cornell's final statement was, "Our child will meet the challenge." That challenge is still here.

# FREDDIE RATHBUN

## *A Letter From Brussels '58*

After having spent some five months here in Brussels intimately connected with the Fair I have found this article very hard to write. We, who work here, have become so much a part of the Fair that it is very difficult, while still here, to take an objective view of it all. I felt at first that I was being asked to write an inspired essay on my own living room.

The phrase "A World Fair" or as it is more correctly called, "The Brussels Universal and International Exhibition", is in the first case a mental mouthful and in the second case a physical one too. The idea of a world fair is a very bewildering conception — as confused as was my first impression of the Fair. It was, to begin with, another world, an architectural fantasy filled with strange creations — giddy fountains, coloured structures floating in the sky, buildings in strange pastels with trees growing through the roofs and all this dominated by the monstrous atomium.

For two weeks this was for us, the forty-eight Canadian guides, a maze of utter confusion — half finished buildings, mud to one's knees, constant rain and cold; a grim nightmare. We waited eight to ten hours a day in an unheated half-built pavilion for lecturers who did not appear. If they did, we sat for an hour in the sunken un-lighted cinema, our hands too cold to take notes, and listened to figures about the Orenda 14 (a jet engine) while the carpenters pounded on the walls.

Since this time the geography of the Fair (500 acres) has become clearer but our general ideas about its purpose have become more confused. Has the Fair succeeded in its purpose? The theme of the Fair is Humanity or more correctly "Bilan d'un monde pour un monde plus humaine". We are taking the balance sheet of the world in order to create a more humane world. There is little doubt in my mind that the Exhibition has failed. The atomium towers above the Fair, a double-edged symbol. The exhibitions inside the building are devoted to the peaceful use of the atom. But it is an ugly, frightening and non-human symbol. Nor do I believe that people will become more considerate and understanding of their fellow-men after walking through a number of pavilions of other countries. It is more likely to have the opposite effect as one comes away with the memory of noise, pushing bustle, smell of crowds and fried foods, high prices (everyone has heard of the outrageously high prices on the Fair grounds), little motor-run buggies called *pousse-pousses* careening at you from every direction, music from one pavilion vying with that of another, the Vatican carillon against the Netherlands carillon — all in all the madness of any fair on a gigantic scale. No — if a visitor in a few days can make any sense of all this he is doing much better than a guide who has already been here five months. Cynics give up and say that the purpose in the first place was only to make a lot of money for a few people. Perhaps they are right, but it is rather terrible to think that fifty nations, some half dozen international organizations and millions of visitors have been so duped.

I prefer to think that most participants came into this thing in good faith. But whether they did or not, the fact remains that the Fair has not succeeded in its aim. Before we even begin we meet with a stalemate. I don't think it is possible to represent a country and its people by a building. The Canadian pavilion, I feel, is a good example. In an attempt to create a feeling of space the building by the end of the Fair will have been cold and drafty for four of the six months, besides looking very unfinished. It is a confusion of bright oranges and hard blues. One cannot walk into it and say, "How Canadian". However the Canadian Government must be given credit for trying. They tried to exhibit their people by bringing over forty-eight university students as guides. But as a result of what we, perhaps rashly, consider bad administration, the guides have completely lost interest in their job. This, however, is a very particular example. The U.S.A. has three hundred guides, two hundred and seventy of whom are young people from the States, most of them students, and they are doing a very good job. Canada and the States did try to show life at home by means of real people. Most pavilions have only between two and fourteen guides, usually invisible and sometimes, they are Belgians. The Soviet guides often speak only Russian.

The U.S.A. in its pavilion has achieved what I would call a real American atmosphere. It is a beautiful, spaciouly luxurious building, yet it has such things as a typical soda fountain and newsstand. However, someone who has never been to the States cannot feel this atmo-

sphere and the Americans themselves are very displeased with the building. They compare it to the Russian one and want to know why they have no huge piles of machinery, sputniks, rockets, etc. For once the States has used a delightful understatement which unfortunately seems to appeal only to a non American who knows the States. Russia, right across from the U.S. pavilion, is an enormous rectangle of steel and glass, filled with machinery and huge murals and towering above it all is a statue of Lenin that stands about sixty feet tall from the floor. Their building should actually be in a trade fair.

Something which is more telling about the nations and their people is not so much what they show in their building as how they do it and what has happened to the building. The French pavilion reflects the complete state of upset in the country. It is impossible to find any order inside the building — nothing but jumble is to be seen. It also opened one month late. Italy has done much the same thing on an even more confused scale. It was evidently too great a task to organize everything into one building, so with no real plan they built several small ones and threw all exhibits in helter skelter. Italy was open two months late! The German pavilion, as one might imagine, one of the best planned on the grounds, was put up in eighteen days and then wrapped in wax paper to protect it until the opening of the Fair. These interesting little tales, however, rarely come to the ear of a visitor.

I, myself, think that the Czechoslovakian pavilion is the most beautiful. It is extremely artistic, filled with lovely things. The phrase generally used to cover this pavilion is, "C'est un vrai bijou." But how much it shows of the Czech people or their country is a very good question.

The best time to see the Fair is at night. Then it becomes a magical fairyland filled with the play of strange lights and lovely music drifting over the grounds. The crowds are smaller and the pavilions are gaily lit up. The coloured lights on the trees throw strange mysterious shadows. An avenue of off-centre stars marches across the international section ending in front of an impressive monument to King Leopold II. At this time the Fair becomes very beautiful.

The job itself, I, and most of the guides, have found intellectually stultifying and quite unrewarding. Dealing with hordes of people day in day out is not conducive to a love of humanity. I have found people generally very unattractive; physically speaking they look dreadful and smell worse. My opinion of their mental qualities is no higher. Day after day we hear the same questions, the most frequent one being, "Pardon madame, ou est la salle de toilette?"

There have, however, been definite compensations for us. We have had a certain amount of time to travel, plus the chance to enjoy some of the world's best music, drama and art. To mention a few — The Bolshoi Ballet, Yehudi Menuhin, The Red Army Chorus, The Comedie Francaise, The Vienna State Opera, The Royal Ballet, David Oistrach, The Peking State Opera and many others. I am certainly not sorry that I took the job, although I don't think I would ever do it again.

# ROBERT SIMMONS

## *Boss of the Can*

The can was beautiful. The sun streaming in through the high windows shone an almost holy light on the gleaming porcelain and the sparkling pipes and taps. The floor had been scrubbed until it glistened. The doors of the cubicles were freshly painted and stood invitingly, uniformly ajar. Fresh towels were on the rollers; the two mirrors were polished; and there was a fresh, piny odour in the air, thanks to the bottle of deodorizer that stood on a shelf in the far corner. Everything was ready for the day's business.

George, the boss of the can, stood in the doorway admiring his handiwork, surveying his domain, and exuding pride of ownership. This was his can and, dammit, as long as he ran it, it'd stay this way—beautiful. Pride spread itself swiftly over George's fat face, seeping quickly down over his belly and out into his arms and dripping down his pipestem legs. Pride spread like ink on blotting paper until George's whole personage radiated his universal joy and satisfaction. The beaming smile, stretched tight to the ears, the proud, erect bearing, the extended hands and sprad legs, all told eloquently of how good it was to be alive, and the boss of the can.

But the period of adoration was soon over. The morning rush hour was about to begin. Already George heard footsteps in the adjoining coatroom, and soon the first visitor arrived and the row of uniformly open doors was marred by one. A moment more and the room was filled, as though by magic, with men in a hurry.

George stood quietly by, humming a show tune, knowing his mere presence was enough to discourage all but the most arrogant cigarette-butt thrower, or sowel-strewer, or non-flusher.

He kept his eyes open for other things also. A moment later he detained a gentleman as he was about to leave and spoke a quiet word to him. The gentleman thanked him, pulled up his zipper, and went out. The boss of the can returned to quiet watchfulness.

Almost as soon as it began the morning rush was over. Men poured out and soon all the cubicle doors stood open once more, though not uniformly. George went about the room, picking up two soggy cigarette-butts, adjusting the doors, and shutting off the one tap that always seemed to stick open. He made a mental note to ask the handy-man about it. There were, marvel of marvels, no non-flushers this morning, only the second time that had happened this month. That put him one up on Jimmy Sinclair in the building across the street.

In a moment more George was finished and turned to go. He had to visit each of the smaller cans on the other floors and straighten them up, but that wouldn't take long. They had only two or three cubicles apiece. The big ground-floor can was by far the most patronized. Men seemed to like the hurrying anonymity of a really big can. In a small can men were more conscious of one another; they felt a trifle constrained and had to avoid each other's glances. A small can was just a bit too personal for most men, especially business men, unused to any real contact with their fellows. They preferred by far the herd atmosphere of the big can.

George moved off to pursue his other duties and for some minutes the can stood empty. Finally, a thin clerkish-looking fellow entered. He wore thin-rimmed glasses and the skin on his face and hands was delicately sallow. He had a very faint, hair-thin mustache, almost invisible beyond a range of six feet. This mustache was what concerned him at the moment. He went directly to the second mirror which was somewhat screened from the door by a large double-towel cabinet and, putting his face up close to the mirror, examined his mustache with care. Then with a nervous, almost frightened, look around, he pulled a pair of tweezers from his pants pocket and carefully plucked two or three hairs from his upper lip, grimacing horribly as he pulled. When the mustache was once more satisfactorily in line he gazed at it with strong pride for some seconds. Then remembering where he was he jerked himself together, thrust the tweezers in his pocket, and hurried out.

Time crawled by again, measured by the electric clock on the back wall which George had installed for the convenience of his time-run customers. At 9.30 George returned from his tour of the upstairs trenches and went to his chair at the back of the can. The chair was placed at the end of the row of cubicles and was around the corner, just out of sight from the door. There George read the morning paper for awhile. At a quarter to ten he put the paper down, went to the wall cabinet, unlocked it, and took from it a glass and a bottle of whiskey. He mixed a shot and put the bottle away, leaving the drink on the shelf under the cabinet. At twelve to ten a tall gaunt man wearing a white apron hurried in. "Hello, George", he said in passing and went straight to the whiskey and downed it with a gulp.

"Hello, Lou", said George, who had gone back to his paper. "How're things today?"

"Not too bad", said Lou, washing the glass under the nearest tap. "Meadows was in, but he didn't take anything for a change." He wiped

the glass with a towel and put it back in the cabinet, then came over to George. "Gotta piece of that paper?"

George gave him the half with the funnies in it, which he'd already finished, and Lou sat in the end cubicle to read for awhile.

"Member that fat slob of a cop that used to have the beat?" said George, putting down his paper.

"Yeah, damn near ruined me", grunted Lou, hunting for the funnies. "Meadows isn't too bad. Tells me he's going on a diet, of all things." He found the funnies and began to pore over Pogo.

"A diet, huh, a cop on a diet", said George half to himself, getting up and strolling over to stare out the high windows.

"Um", said Lou, deep in the Okefenokee swamp.

The electric clock whirred on toward ten.

"Ten o'clock", said George. "The rush'll be hittin' in a minute or two. Better clear out."

"O.K.", said Lou, rising to leave. "See you tomorrow. How's the bottle?"

"Still half-full. So long."

Lou nodded and went out.

The coffee-break rush began, not as big as the morning rush but just as hurried. Again George stood quietly at the door, keeping an eye on things. He hummed a show tune as he watched, and wondered idly if he ought to install a radio in the can. It would be useless in the rush hours but it would help to pass the time between. He decided against it; he was away too often on his other duties and he knew no radio would last very long in the can without a full-time guard. Even his locked cabinet had been broken open three times.

The crowd thinned out and then faded away. George straightened the towels and began putting a fresh roll in the end cabinet. Bunny would be here soon. George wondered if he'd finally gotten up enough nerve to ask his girl-friend to marry him. He'd known her for four years.

A moment later Bunny came in. He was carrying a small radio.

"Whatcha got there?" asked George, knowing it was a radio.

"A radio", said Bunny, knowing George knew it was a radio.

"Yours?"

"Yeah, I'm taking it to my girl's after work. That's what I wanted to ask you, George. Can I leave it here until after work?"

"Sure. Let's plug it in and see how it works."

Bunny placed the radio carefully on the shelf under the far mirror and plugged it in at the socket provided for electric razors. He turned the dial and raucous music bounced loudly into the room. The song echoed off the concrete walls until the windows began to quiver

— "Just a little bit older — Bang! Bang!

— Just a little bit bolder — Bang! Bang!

— So I could hold her — Bang! Bang!"

George was going deaf rapidly. He managed to reach the knob and tone the noise down. The next line was drowned out as the drummer in the piece went berserk. It sounded as though he and his drums

had rolled down four flights of stairs together. George twisted the dial even farther and the sound echoed off somewhat.

“Pretty good volume, eh?” inquired Bunny innocently.

George’s ears were still ringing — “What’s that you say?”

Bunny laughed. “Look, George, I’ll be back just before three. I’m getting off early this afternoon. Okay?”

“Sure, Bunny”, said George. “See you. Have you asked her yet?”

Bunny turned as he was going out the door. He spread his hands helplessly. “Still haven’t got the nerve. I just freeze-up.”

“Keep fighting”, said George. Bunny shrugged and left.

George adjusted the volume to a nice muted tone and went back to his paper to do the cross-word puzzle. The day droned on. Noon and its rush came and went. George ate his lunch, toured the upstairs cans, after locking the radio in his cabinet, and returned. He turned the radio on again and began to polish the pipes of the urinals, humming with the radio as he worked.

Lou came in. “Got it ready, George?”

“Oh, sorry, Lou. Forgot the time for a minute. Hang on a sec.”

He went to the cabinet and brought out the bottle. He began to pour out the drink.

“Hold it!” a voice roared. George almost dropped the bottle.

“Geeze, it’s Meadows!” gasped Lou.

George looked at the door. A large economy-size cop stood there.

“Drinking in a public place”, rumbled Meadows, his eyes lighting up at the sight of the bottle. “I’ll take that,” and he advanced to take the bottle. George backed away around the end of the cubicles out of sight of the door. Lou and Meadows followed. Behind them the radio began to blare the jump tune of that morning —

— “Just a little bit older—”

“I smelled it on your breath this morning, Lou”, said Meadows, “so I just decided to check.”

“My gosh! I forgot the gum”, moaned Lou.

Meadows offered protection. Two drinks a day in return for saying nothing to either Lou or George’s boss. Lou and George argued furiously, or as furiously as you can argue with a cop. But Meadows was adamant. Moreover, he was thirsty.

“Two slugs a day!” they screamed, but what could they do?

— “So I could hold her —”, blared the radio.

Unnoticed, the thin clerkish fellow of that morning had entered. He went to the mirror as usual, not seeing the three out of sight around the corner. The radio drowned out their voices as it crashed to its climax — “I’m robbing the cradle — Bangity — bang — bang — bang — bang — ”

There was a sudden silence. Meadows voice rumbled out. “I’ll take my first day’s pay right now.”

The clerk jumped and turned toward the end of the cubicles. Behind him Bunny entered the door.

Straightening his shoulders, the clerk marched to the far end of the can. He’d recognized that voice. “Meadows!” he barked in a remarkable un-clerkly voice. “Step out here!”

Meadows shriveled at the sound, then snapped to attention, "Yes, sir."

"What the hell," roared the thin pale clerk, "do you think you're doing off your beat?"

The six foot-four-inch cop plucked nervously at his collar. At the door Bunny stared in amazement. "Well, sir, I, - I needed a can, sir, — I —"

"Don't lie. I heard that about payment. Now get the hell back to your beat and if I ever catch you off it again I'll personally see that you never wear another uniform."

"Yes, sir", said Meadows, and scrambled, brushing past the dumfounded Bunny in the doorway.

The clerk nodded at Lou and George. "He won't bother you again, gentlemen." He turned to George. "Very nice place you keep here."

The boss of the can nodded weakly.

The clerk strode out.

"Did you see that?", said Bunny, "That little guy? And that cop must be seven feet tall!"

Lou and George nodded dumbly. Then with one accord they all reached for the bottle.

Bunny wiped his mouth. "By damn, George", he said squaring his shoulders, "if he can do it, I can do it. Give me that radio."

"You mean you're finally going to ask her to marry you?" said George.

"Ask her, hell." said Bunny. "I'm going to tell her." He strode out like a caveman.

Lou and George looked at each other. Lou looked at the bottle. "Hell, I don't need this stuff", he said, and thrust it at George. He went out, on the wagon.

George watched him go, then looked at the bottle and shook his head. He put it back in the cabinet and locked the door. Then he went over and picked up his rag and resumed polishing the pipes. As he polished he thought about what had happened and as he thought he began to smile. Soon he began to laugh and he laughed until the tears came. He continued to chuckle to himself all through the end-of-the-day rush that shortly began. He was still smiling when his own quitting time came.

George cleared up for the day and stood at the door a moment before leaving, checking over the can. It gleamed in the waning sunlight from the high windows. The sun touched everything with a rosy hue. The can had never looked better. George smiled broadly and squared his shoulders. It was great to be boss of the can.



MICHAEL BICKLEY

TROPICANA FANTASTIC

We were gliding along in an oyster shell.  
For steering a pearl seemed to do very well;  
And riding her broom, a witch with a jar  
Was chasing after a shooting star;  
But the moon on his back resumed reading and laughed  
"She'll never catch up; the poor woman's daft."

Around the lagoon, oysters rise from their beds.  
Tall shadowy palms shake haughty heads,  
At the light-hearted dolphins that dance on the reef;  
While the fat frogs sing from a comfortable leaf,  
To the sound of guitars, of drums and hurrahs,  
Of a chamelon calypso band.

An island or two, aroused by the noise,  
Stretches itself, but sinks back in the sea,  
Forgiving and knowing that boys will be boys:  
But small huts on top raise eyebrows to see  
The exotic confusion of that nights' alarms,  
For they are oblivious to its many charms.

The warm scent of flowers pervades the night air,  
While crickets play cars, and smoke their cigars,  
And their laughter is gay, and their play debonaire,  
On phosphorous hammocks which face the bright stars,  
And the stars in return, wink back as they burn,  
Lighting the sea, for this silvery spree.

T. C. DOBB

## *Saturday Collection*

-Morning, collect for paper Mrs..... She's one of thirty-five everyday paper reading customers; Mrs. Bloss, Schwarz, Schmerz. Morning Mrs. 32.

-How Much?

It's been the same reluctant price through five mortgages.

-1.25 please mam,..... nice morning.

-Ya, maybe the kids will give me some peace if I send them outside today. Where's my purse?

Hair on end coffee spotted house coat moves to brightning window and fumbles in the depths of a bruised black purse.

-Here. Change a two?

Puts the two on the bread crumbled table. A small child with a week long bib and smelling of warm too few changes bangs a fat fist into a bowl of cold porridge.

-Stop that! or I'll smack your bottom!

Surveying the jungle of the table top he settles to pushing a dimpled finger back and forth through a porridge-lumped pool of milk.

-Here, I've got it,.....75 cents and your receipt mam. Bye.

-My old man was going to give you hell for leaving the paper on the steps the last time it rained.

-I'll be more careful. Bye.

Left the kid crying softly down his round cheeks, his mother lighting her second since I'd been there cigarette and moved out the back room which smelled of cold cat urine and down the soup can littered steps, (cream of celery, cream of mushroom, cream of chicken) into the leaf crunchy freshness of fall,..... and then to Mrs. 33's place.

PETER HUGHES

THREE POEMS

PARALLEL

After cymbal ascent to the westering day  
Come near! Scythian plain, moonspraise of  
broken wave now confront the riven Prince,

Forethought to chains, forking earth, boltlight  
of Zeus, and the eternal wound.

From rock and goring eagle's cry  
Is it far to the lance, and the deathshad hill?

Visitants brave the hurl yet turn away—  
the way of Hephaestus—all, but one.

To Io is the road the white lover, to follow,  
and in dying, to fall upon. For the  
host-child must break the crescent snow.

Is he the wombgrape, made wine, now blood.  
She the crossvine, the calyx of gold?

## SALVA NOS EX ORE LEONIS

*“Salva nos ex ore leonis, . . . et a cornibus unicornium . . .”*

We have guarded these last ramparts,  
you and I, sword brothers before the cloud  
on the Lombard plain,

And as the eye turns inward the vaulting  
centre flames cobalt on blood: the brown  
men puzzle, then turn to your beds.

Let us then finally, in this day glow of the  
fifth season, wallward turn, and stand  
unknowing to the scything wind.

*For they have gone past  
that we knew before,  
Scaevola, Curtius, et signifer  
Who held the world to shake its core*

In the infinite coil of childhood we  
remembered the strength of the world. We two,  
morning princes in the arching light

Were self-caged in haunted empire, over  
the lion and unicorn; while the ghost in us  
fled the fanging gold.

In the time of the randy halcyon, we were doves  
below eagles, not (yet thought it) coupling  
hawks in the doubtful mist.

*Harridan, harridan  
O harridans three,  
Measure us threadlong.  
Bind the flesh cord, and weave us free.*

## QUIA TU ES

*Quare me repulisti et quare tristis incedo  
dum affligit me inimicus?*

*Why hast thou forsaken me, and why do I go  
about in sadness, while the enemy afflicts me?*

Cry now loss to the high wind!  
To the echoing streets of silence,  
City, and heedless tower,  
To all that swirls the air of the age  
And turns our steps away.

For Thou hast made God, moulded me clay  
of manschild; breathed me flame of all desire,  
graced me wings of hoping, hurled me to Thee  
— to the roaring blaze of the sky (take care!) —  
towered me, blest me, brave my wings of fire!  
(But where is my bright God of morning  
Whose hand was hot blood strong?  
I no longer hear through the veil of years  
The voice of the child, of the ancient song.)

Yet still of clay and curst am I, to flail the air  
hard bearing me down, to find to my heart no way.  
Was there none? or did I choose to flee  
leagues down caves of my craving, to trembling fall there?  
Hawked have I and hovered, down fallen son from sire.  
(Pour out the Blood from a tarnishing cup,  
Give praise by the grudging knee,  
Raise the name to a starling pitch,  
Then munch the One-in-Three.)

*Quia tu es Deus, fortitudo mea.*

# DONALD HAIR

## *A Little Tragedy*

There were three customers in the produce section, where Cecil worked. One was a harassed young mother who was trying to keep her two lively youngsters from snatching up oranges or from knocking over fruit displays. There was an old gentleman who had been puzzling over the bananas for half an hour, and had not yet decided which bunch to take. And there was a shrivelled-up old lady for whom Cecil was weighing up some seedless grapes. It was a scene one might see on any off-day in a supermarket, an amorphous little group of humanity.

But Cecil was different, inside. At first glance he seemed just another average fellow made even more average by the sterile white of a supermarket clerk. And the way he worked was just like anyone else in the same position. Cecil, though, thought he managed a certain aura of detachment, but no one had ever mentioned it. People thought him a little queer, really, and Cecil liked that. It set him apart. Perhaps it was the way he studied the faces that watched him as he weighed up pounds of green beans, and grapes, and mushrooms, and the way he would state the price, and then watch the reaction. A study in human behaviour, Cecil called it. Some of the people would grumble, some fuss; some, resigned to the price, would nod their heads; and some would look in their purses, and walk away. But, as Cecil said, it was a never-ending pageant.

"How's it going, boy?" asked the manager, popping up suddenly from behind the frozen food counter.

"A slow day, sir," said Cecil.

"It's the strike," said the manager. "People just don't have the money." He looked over the counter. "Let's package up these grapes. I'll give you a hand."

"Same old customers here today," said Cecil, as he started weighing up the fruit.

"Nobody really different."

"Oh?"

"No, they're all alike. They all worry about having enough money to buy their groceries, and whether or not they can afford steak, or live on hamburg for another week, and how maybe they can buy some fresh blueberries, if the strike ends soon enough."

"That's life, I guess," said the manager.

"Life?" cried Cecil. "They have no purpose in life, except to eat, and sleep, and maybe get drunk Saturday night. But if you really study them, and write down what you see . . ."

"Still working on that novel, eh?"

"Yes, sir. There's wonderful material here in the store. Just step back from things, and look at the futility and frustration of it. Nobody really knows what he's doing."

"And that reminds me. You'd better start doing more work around here and stop thinking about your damned novel."

"But — I'm on chapter fifteen now. Every night I write better and better. Soon, perhaps . . ."

A big coarse woman, with hair down all over her face, barged into the aisle. "Oh, there you are, Cecil," she said.

"Hello," said Cecil. Then, to the manager, "You know my landlady, don't you?"

"Yes, Yes. Grand day, Mrs. Dubinski."

"Too windy. What's beans today?"

"Nineteen a pound, ma'am," said the manager.

"Cecil," said the woman. "Gimme a coupla pounds."

Cecil scooped the long green beans into a bag and weighed them up.

"I hope you aren't encouraging Cecil to write," said the manager, pausing in his work. "He can't seem to think about anything else around here."

Cecil looked up, startled.

"Ha!" Mrs. Dubinski laughed raucously. "He ain't never writ nothing. Sure he goes around talkin' about starin' at people, sayin' he kin use them in his book. But he's a phony. Ain't you, Cecil?"

Cecil stood motionless, staring dumbly at the beans. The shrivelled up old lady, who had overheard the conversation, snickered. Cecil winced.

"Cecil," said the manager, "that old lady wants something. Look after her, eh."

Cecil moved away mechanically.

"The store's getting busy," said the manager. "Five o'clock rush. Maybe Cecil will settle down now, now that we've destroyed his illusion."

"Just brung him to his senses, that's all. The way he was goin' around, actin' like he was somethin' above anybody else . . ."

"Where's Cecil now?" the manager interrupted, looking around at the sudden throng of customers.

"I dunno," said Mrs. Dubinski, picking up her beans. Then she snickered. "I guess he's lost in the crowd."

DONALD GUTTERIDGE

*Let's Destroy The Church*

The Christian Church, as an institution in twentieth century society, is an anachronism. The methods employed to seduce its followers are now fifteen or more centuries old, and this plethora of superstition, dogma and ritual has done more to hinder the search for truth and morality than all the wars and "heresies" since the death of Jesus Christ. And finally, contrary to popular belief, the church (as symbolized by the episcopacy, the "laws", the prayer books and the Bible itself) and religion, or what I call the religious spirit, are not synonymous, but are in fact antagonistic, with the Church working to vitiate the religious spirit rather than to foster and strengthen it.

The search for truth and an absolute standard of morality is not a new thing; it began with the dawning of the first society. The spirit of religion is not new either, nor is the priesthood. Religion, morality, and the priesthood can be traced in the most primitive of societies, and in many of them they follow the same pattern of development and bear the same relationship to one another. Let us examine some of these primitive civilizations in order to see what light they may throw upon similar conditions in our own world community.

The religious spirit in the primitive society, aside from any moral basis, had its roots in emotion. The early Babylonians and Mesopotamians were ever aware of the power of nature around them, which manifested itself in devastating floods and long periods of drought and famine. Because they feared the elements, they worshipped them, their anthropomorphic instincts often attributing human form and desire to such forces of nature as the winds, the seas and the sun. Primitive man

realized his inferiority to the powers about him, and thus he tried to placate them. Good fortune, such as a plentiful harvest or a victory in battle, as well as evil fortune, was attributed to these mighty unseen powers.

The religious spirit advanced one step further in the Egyptian society of the second millennium B.C. The Egyptians had less to fear from nature for they had developed a sedentary civilization relatively free from the external invasions that Mesopotamia had been subjected to, with a well-implemented system of farming, a brisk commerce with lands to the south and east, and a standard of living and intelligence far above those of any previous society. Their religion, too, is found to be based upon fear, not so much of the elements, but more upon an inherent fear of death and the after-life. The Egyptians delved into the mysteries of immortality, and most of their ritual, such as mummification and the "book of the dead", is concerned with both body and soul after death. But with the Egyptians we find the incursion of something apart from the religious, the formation of a priest class and emperor-worship. The priest became a middle-man, so to speak, between the peasant and the gods, usurping the right to administer to all religious needs. It should be noted that the religion existed before the priest class was formed, and that the priests, once they had convinced the peasant that they were the gods' entrepreneurs, made the most of their position in society. Since their influence on the common man was so powerful, the pharaohs were obliged to delegate more and more authority to them, until by the eleventh century B.C. the priests had become the dominant class and actually fathered several dynasties. At the same time a moral and political decline set in, and Egypt fell prey to invaders for the first time.

The Egyptian religion functioned well without any trace of moral imperative inherent in it. It was a religion based solely on the fear of death, a fear which both pharaoh and priest took advantage of. A similar religion was to be found among the early Greeks who worshipped such deities as Dionysus, the god of Wine, Aphrodite, Zeus, the god of the sky and the thunderbolt. And here in Greece the priest class developed to administer the ritual of worship. But there was one great difference in this society, that of the development of a system of morals, ethics and public behaviour outside of the milieu of religion, and by men who saw little value in religious superstition or the rituals of the priests. This does not mean that they promulgated cold materialism, for Plato was certainly an idealist and a believer in supernatural powers, but it does show that religion and morality could develop along separate paths.

The Hebrews were one of the first peoples to fuse religion and morality. Suffering unbearable hardship in the desolate wastes of Arabia, they found a moral leader in the person of Moses, whose laws form the greatest system of morals ever devised. Moses, the man, could not stand before his people and say, "You must not kill, you must not steal." Surely they would have laughed at him, especially since they were travailing under extreme hardship; but Moses, the

prophet, who went up into the mountains and came down with the laws written by the hand of Jahweh upon a rock, and with a promise of the land of Canaan if they obeyed these laws, was certain to win their favour. The Hebrews followed Moses, and he led them to the Promised Land, and they complied with his law and they worshipped his God, more out of a feeling of gratitude than any inherent desire for morality. And once again the priest appears, like the parasite upon the newly ripened fruit, to suck the life juice from the religious spirit, which was in this case a quasi-moral spirit also. Whenever the true religious spirit seemed about to die, a prophet or religious teacher appeared to save it, and thus we have the development of the Hebrew religion under such men as Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Job, a religion based on strict adherence to a moral code, a close relationship with God, and an individual responsibility for the welfare of the state and its people. The Hebrews were the first people successfully to unite morality and religion.

Then Jesus Christ arrived, the Messiah that had been predicted by the prophets. In the philosophy of Christ and the doctrine of love, we find a system of morals so idealistic that only he could live up to them, and yet so basically sound and appealing that the world could not but emulate them. Christ, as a great teacher and philosopher, saw the necessity of fusing the religious and moral spirits, of combining the doctrine of love with a reverence for that divine intelligence that none of us can ever know, of amalgamating moral necessity with the promise of everlasting life. And it worked, for Christianity swept across the world, destroyed an empire, and rooted itself in the soul of humanity.

Once again however, the avaricious man discovered an opportunity for wealth and power, and we find a priest class developing, whose love of polemic and an uncanny ability for twisting the words of Christ, assured them of success over an illiterate society easily influenced by propaganda. We find the formation of a "Catholic Church of Christ", several centuries after the founding of the religion by Christ and his disciples; we find a hierarchy of priests and bishops whose exact functions in the administration and dissemination of the gospel were not known and for that matter are still a mystery. In order to preserve their own precarious positions, with little or no concern for the basic religious spirit, they proceeded to establish unchangeable laws called dogma, and then to justify them by performing verbal contortions with the Holy Scriptures.

Religion is essentially a spirit, released when the emotions of fear and awe are disturbed; it is liquid in nature, rising and falling like the swells of an ocean, always striving for the absolute that lies far inland, and can never be reached no matter how hard they break upon the shore; but the swells go on, rolling up the shore in one age and falling back in another, but always they go on. It is inconceivable that anyone sincerely concerned with reaching the absolute truth should want to inhibit this fluctuating spirit, and yet this is exactly the case with the Church, and all churches of any religion. The spirit of religion cannot be harnessed, the swells cannot be impeded by the dams and break-

waters of dogma and unchanging ritual if we are ever to approach the absolute.

Martin Luther saw that religion had become a monotonous ritual, full of superstition, inconsistencies and sheer nonsense. He saw that man's relation with the divine power must be a personal one, for man is a personal being, an individual, and just because a man is born in Persia is no reason to think he is perfectly suited to Islam rather than Christianity, or vice versa. With the rise of Protestantism, a new religious spirit was released upon Europe, and the Catholic Church proceeded to strengthen her death grip upon her remaining adherents, and by the dogmas of the Council of Trent she destroyed utterly any true religious moral spirit that may have been left.

There has been in this century a movement among the Protestant Churches for a closer union, an attempt to synthesize all the various sects into one Protestant religion, with one set of laws and beliefs. This movement, if successful, would be disastrous to both religion and morality. The insecurity of our modern atomic world with its mad ideologists, its power-loving and militaristic politicians, and its completely amoral scientists has given the Church an unprecedented grasp upon the terrified populations. Thousands flock to the churches in their fear to listen to the ministers and priests condemning the morals of modern society, and vilifying the "atheism" of the free-thinkers who seek to undermine the only true "faith"; they are urged to read the Bible and the precious words of Christ, but they do not know how; the simple creed of Jesus and its powerful poetic truth is lost upon minds who have succumbed to centuries of meaningless dogma and superficial ritual. The spirit of morality that must be ingrained in the soul by generations of wise teachers and thoughtful governments has dried up; modern man has become a shell, a facade of reality like the rituals he performs in the church. The real man has been lost, and no one seems to care; the churches of our world are full, but they contain no men.

What is the solution? Is there a road back to morality and true religious spirit in an age of pure materialism? That is the question that this generation must answer if the world itself is to be preserved. I do not know a certain solution. But one thing is certain: if we are ever to get back to the simple truth of Christ, (and I sincerely believe that if we can, we shall find sufficient strength and courage to face the complex problems of today) we must first clear away the superstition, the dogma, the senseless theological argument, and if necessary the structure of the church itself; we must teach our children to read the Bible as poetic truth, accessible to all ages and all societies if they choose; we must teach them to discern the truths of the great prophets like Socrates and Buddha and Mahomet, and of our poets, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton and Shelley that they may apply these truths to the actuality of every day living; and most of all we must teach them tolerance of and respect for the individual dignity of the human mind and its beliefs; and if these goals are ever achieved, the prejudices, the hatred, the greed and the ignorance that have plagued the twentieth century will vanish in the undying light of poetic truth.

## DIPTYCH II

# A LETTER OF ADVICE TO A YOUNGER FRIEND

by a young man lately introduced  
to Higher Learning

*“Nolo schola rindis universi  
tima de rogate theologian  
trite sic de partu re  
triumphant! — ”*

Arcanus. De Arte Indignationis, ggg.

As I have always followed the course of your studies with a great deal of interest, I must confess that I was rather disturbed to hear that you have entirely bent your thoughts to Christianity with the purpose of making of it a close and accurate study. Two reasons incline me to discourage you from this enterprise; one, its uselessness in the progress of science and industry; the other, its being an impediment to the pursuit of higher learning as now practised on our continent.

For my own part, the Christian religion being what I was taught in my childhood, I have not professed an interest in it ever since; I am therefore not able, from any experience of my own, to give you the guidance you are in need of. However, that I may not altogether fail you at such a crucial stage in your intellectual development, I shall give you some scattered thoughts upon the subject, such as I have culled from lectures and observations.

It may be useful for you to consider that our Universities can hardly furnish you an instance of one person, eminent in scope of learning, who adheres to orthodox Christianity, or at least publicly admits to such partisanship; nor will you find, according to a recent publication on undergraduate practices, among two dozen young scholars more than three whose behaviour gives any indication of their being acquainted with the tenets of the well-worn Christian creed.

Religion, as it has been managed for some time by such as make a business of it, has been altogether disengaged from the narrow notions of virtue and piety, for it has been empirically proven by bakers, physicians, professors and dancing masters that allowing what was formerly called evil is conducive to greater Happiness than promoting what Christianity considered the good.

I believe I am no bigot in religion and I converse in full freedom with men of both parties; and if not in equal number, it is purely accidental and to be imputed to the dearth of Christians still living. Having used my reason freely — a benefit that will be granted to you also upon payment of your tuition — I must own that the Anti-Christians have far outdone the Christians in variety of ideas and originality of intellectual ventures. I should not, however, want you to think that the introduction to Anti-Christianity is therefore too laborious a process, for I have found most Anti-Christians exceedingly communicative and prone to display their latest ideological acquisitions at the slightest note of encouragement or provocation.

I shall not easily forget how, in one learned gathering I was struck with admiration for a liberal clergyman who humbly confessed himself unable to accept the existance of a personal god; whereupon one of the most learned persons present, detecting in my attitude a note of surprise, took me aside and proceeded to discourse upon the Primitive Origins of Religion, which has lately been a favorite topic of discussion at scientific gatherings and women's luncheons. I afterwards discovered that my newly found friend and guide was Doctor Drahtnahgel, who long sojourned among several savage tribes, was upon his return widely acclaimed as a primitive scholar, and in due course published his thesis on the Consanguinity of the Savage and Modern Man.

Doctor Drahtnahgel, being of modest demeanour, openly admitted to me never to have had any religious experience, but he related how, while watching the savage perform his frenzied ritual dance, he recognized this as the kind of religious experience that he, Doctor Drahtnahgel, might be capable of achieving. He enumerated the many similarities he had discovered between primitive rites and the liturgy, similarities that entirely invalidate the historical origin attributed to Christian doctrine and practice by scheming clerics. He stressed such parallels as the use of intoxicating brews at the tribal dance and the consumption of wine at mass or communion; the lighting of tribal fires and the lighting of candles in churches; the ornaments of the witch-doctor and the paraphernalia of the priest, etc., etc. Whereupon Doctor Drahtnahgel daringly pushed through to his original conclusion: that all religion derives from the Primitive Trinity: Fear, Sex and the Tribal Dance.

The new scholarly approach to religion, of which Doctor Drahtnahgel's thesis is so outstanding a product, is the result of strenuous efforts at integrating altogether unrelated spheres of knowledge; it has been defined as the philosophico — anthropologico — historico — psychologico — empirical method and my friends expect many other remarkable inventions from its *a beneplacito* or well-placed application. Since the enlightened now know the Church to be but an outgrowth of primitive ritual, my friends hope it will soon be shown that, similarly, the establishment of our monarchy followed upon the development of a court etiquette, so that we may then safely return to earlier stages and live without Gods and Heads.

The thought of the havoc this my letter may create in your mind grieves me deeply but I know that I shall nevertheless despatch it; for, according to the statistics of the Anti-Christian Society, one can still be cured of Christianity before it has taken firm hold; whereas, if it becomes an inward growth, not only is treatment refused but the accuracy of the diagnosis consistently denied.

I sincerely hope your discomfort will not lead you to ask for verification of my comments from priests and clerics; they are known to have vile tempers and intransigent minds and, moreover, are so narrowly wrapped up in Christianity that there is not for them the smallest opening left by which to take cognizance of anything beyond it. You would do best to converse with someone who was formerly a Christian

himself; for I once asked a renegade about conditions in his country and I was shocked at the inhumanity of the circumstances he depicted and of which no one else had ever before spoken to me.

When you become acquainted with practitioners of the new religious outlook, you will be struck by the consistency with which they foster the two cardinal virtues of broadmindedness and self-reliance, and for which they are often found willing heroically to sacrifice all other considerations.

The emphasis on broadmindedness causes young scholars to look around in all directions and has in fact turned many a head, but I think I need not expatiate on this virtue any longer after relating to you my encounter with Doctor Drahtnahgel.

As for the cultivation of self-reliance, it began humbly by forcing man to face stoically all the implications of the biblical text, "God created man in his own image," (Gen. 1, 27). Since God's image is neither infinite, nor omnipotent, nor omniscient, it follows that man could only accept a godhead destitute of such qualities. Having thus developed a divinity so endearingly human that no one could possibly object to it, the new religious movement led to the adoration of a divine humanity, while the apex of self-reliance has lately been achieved by some who, rising steadily in religious worship, have risen quite above themselves and have in fact become their own godheads.

You will want to know if I myself have been able to reach so egregious a summit. I regret to say that I have not, but some of my acquaintances assure me that it is a most rewarding experience, very much akin to the state of poetic exaltation or the more archaic mystical ecstasy. This poetic feeling, which is said to be the essence of religious life, may be artificially induced by the use of alcohol but I hasten to add that this method is not recommended, lest the movement end up Anonymous. Rumor has it that scientists are now close to having perfected a harmless fluid, which, when hypodermically injected, will produce one to one and one-half hours of religious feeling per needle. My friends expect that religious feeling will soon be available from all retailing outlets at an estimated price of twenty-nine cents per normal dose or at thirty-nine cents for a special Holyday Deal.

You will pardon me for the liberties I have taken in explaining to you the progress of religion in our age, for my presumption proceeds from the sincere kindness and true regard that I have for you. Assure yourself that your duty, as well as interest, requires from you that you acquaint yourself more fully with the matter I have exposed, and you will find that it answers some objections against you if you thus show the world that you have the patience and comprehension of thought to go through with a subject of such weight and learning.

While I have been directing your thoughts, I should not forget to govern my own, which have already exceeded the proper bounds for a letter. I must therefore take my leave abruptly and wish you to believe that I remain:

Amicus usque ad Aras,  
John R. Mulder

JOAN TYSON

**MORNING**

We stumbled on a paddy-green girl  
Sniffing violets:  
Gallop along the garden,  
Flower-wets.

We fled along the fluid grass,  
And the park pool,  
Where panted boys were paddling  
Escape, before school.

I borrowed blitheness from the birds,  
Whose liquid thrills  
Pulsed the dripping morning air  
Among the daffodils.

But morning's timid, fleeting wing,  
While wishfuling,  
Fell broken by the noon of work,  
With feathers flapping.

# ROBERT SIMMONS

## LAMENT

No longer does the opportunity  
Of kissing damsels with impunity  
Exist;  
Because, when kissed,  
The women we have raised today,  
Instead of fainting dead away,  
Resist.  
And what's more, and what is wronger:  
They're also stronger.

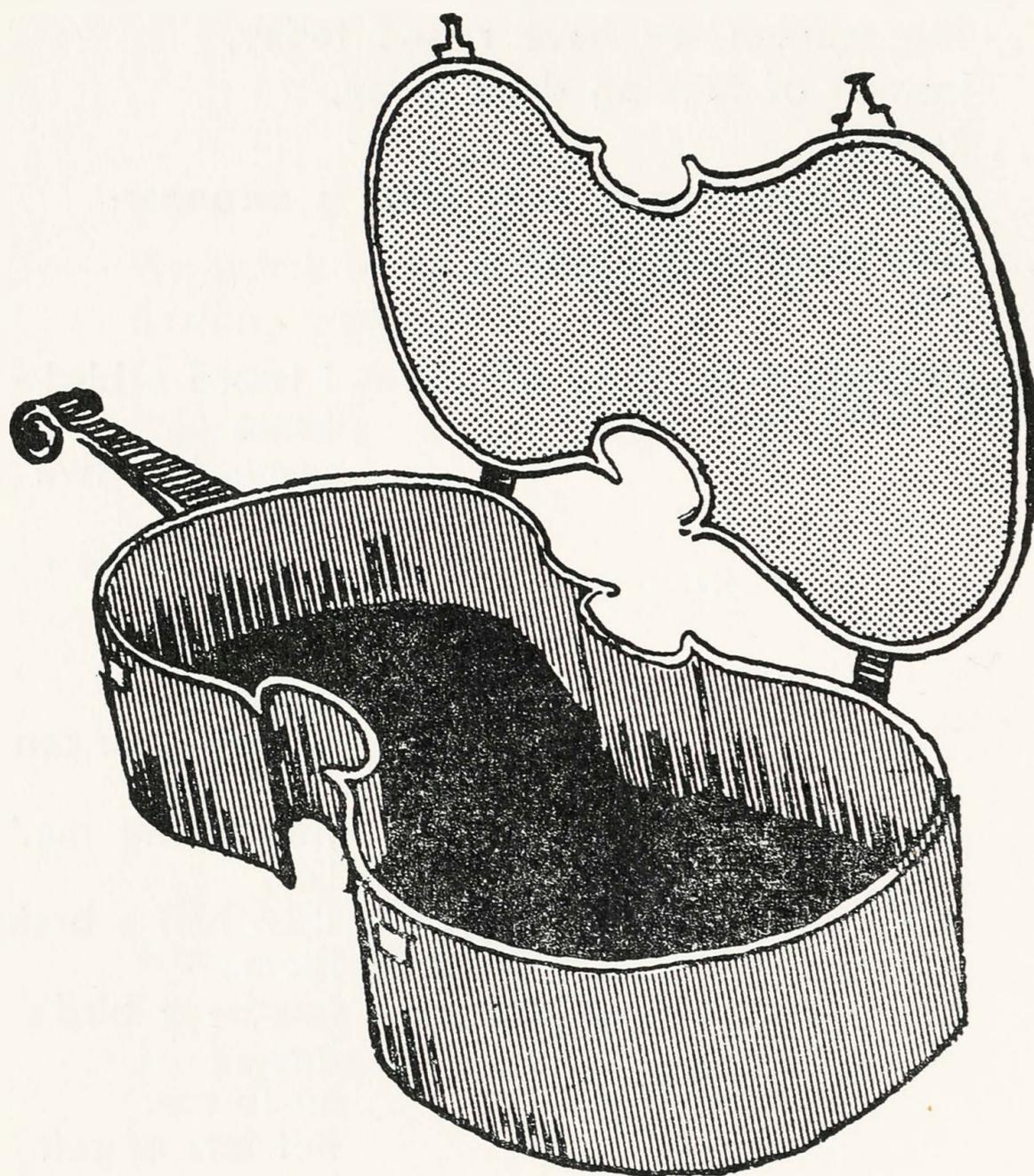
## COUNTERPOINT

I heard a bird -  
brain  
yesterday, twit -  
wit -  
ing in a tree -  
"Less  
than half a  
brain  
have I: you can  
not  
this blame me."  
Less  
than half a brain  
blame -  
less? - a bird's  
less -  
on to me.  
But lots of salt  
pour  
on its tale; its  
les -  
son cannot be:  
oiseaux!  
what do they know?  
Eh?  
For the birds, not me.



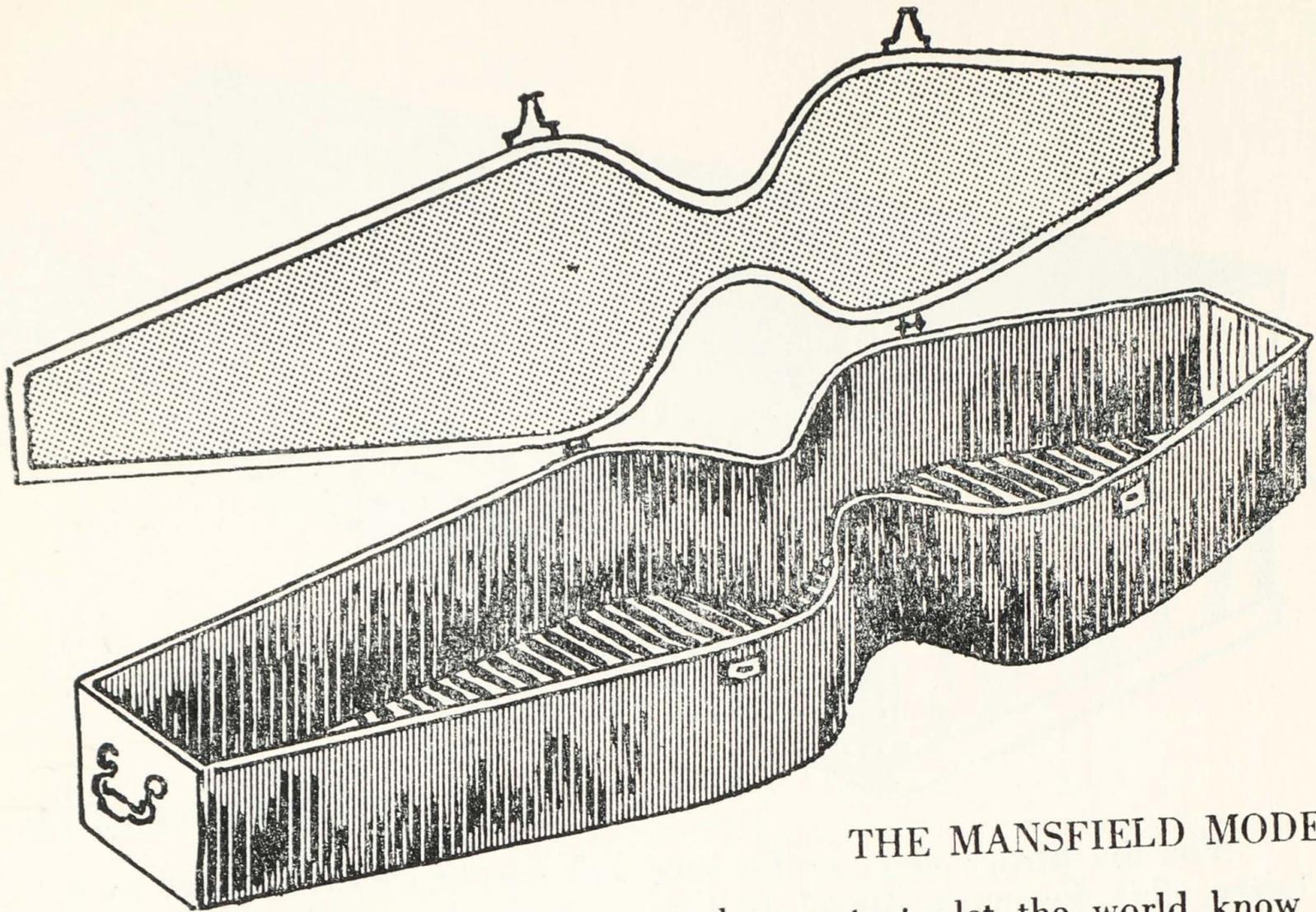
# WYNN WALTERS

## *Coffins*



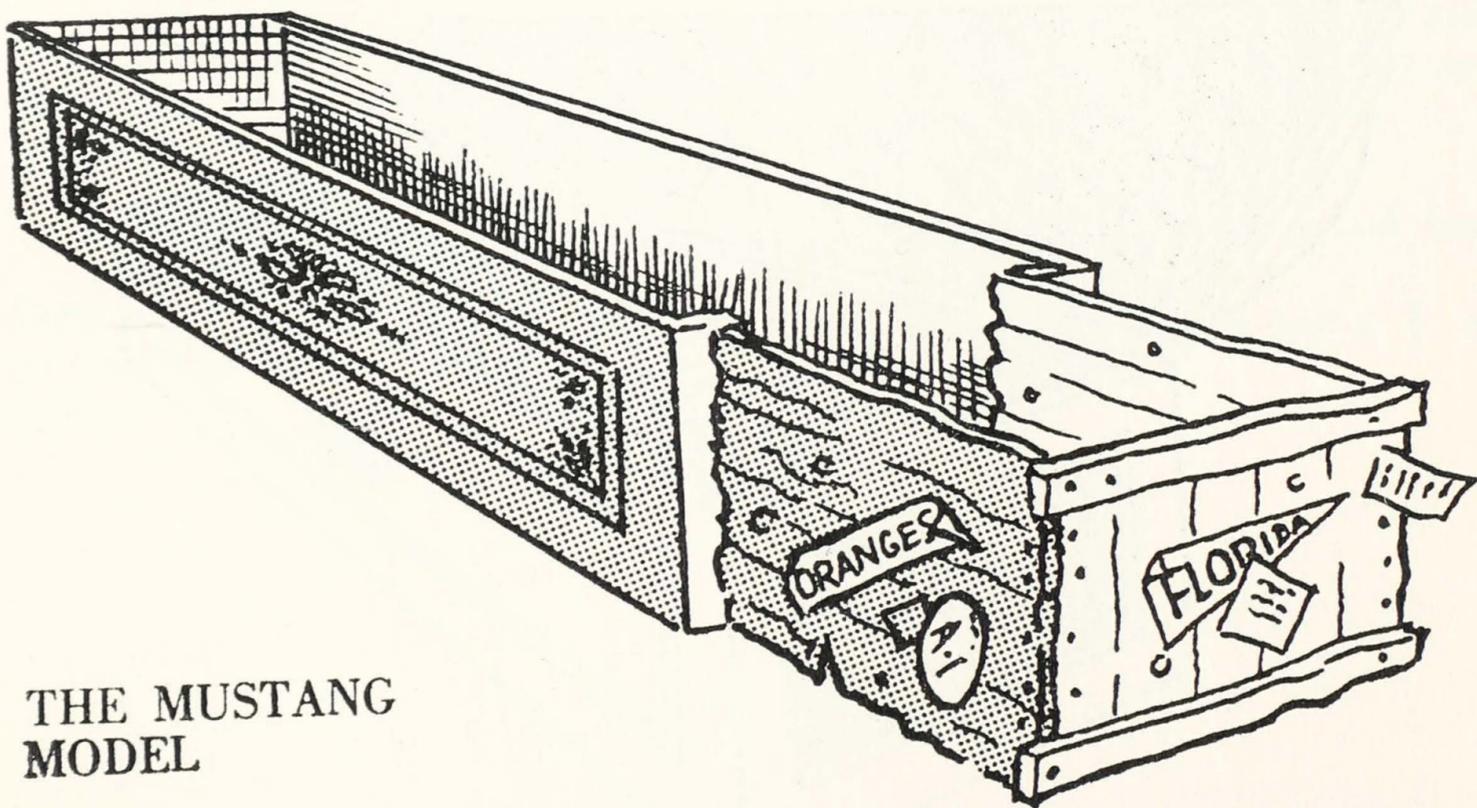
### —MUSICIANS “MUST”—

Many musicians like to take their instruments with them when they go, and our Musician's Dream Model has been designed with adequate space for that purpose. Since their instruments are so large, double-bass players have always had something of a problem. It has been solved by burying the player not WITH their instruments, but INSIDE them. This model is one of the most popular, in spite of opposition from the Gravediggers Union, whose members find it difficult to dig double-bass-shaped holes.



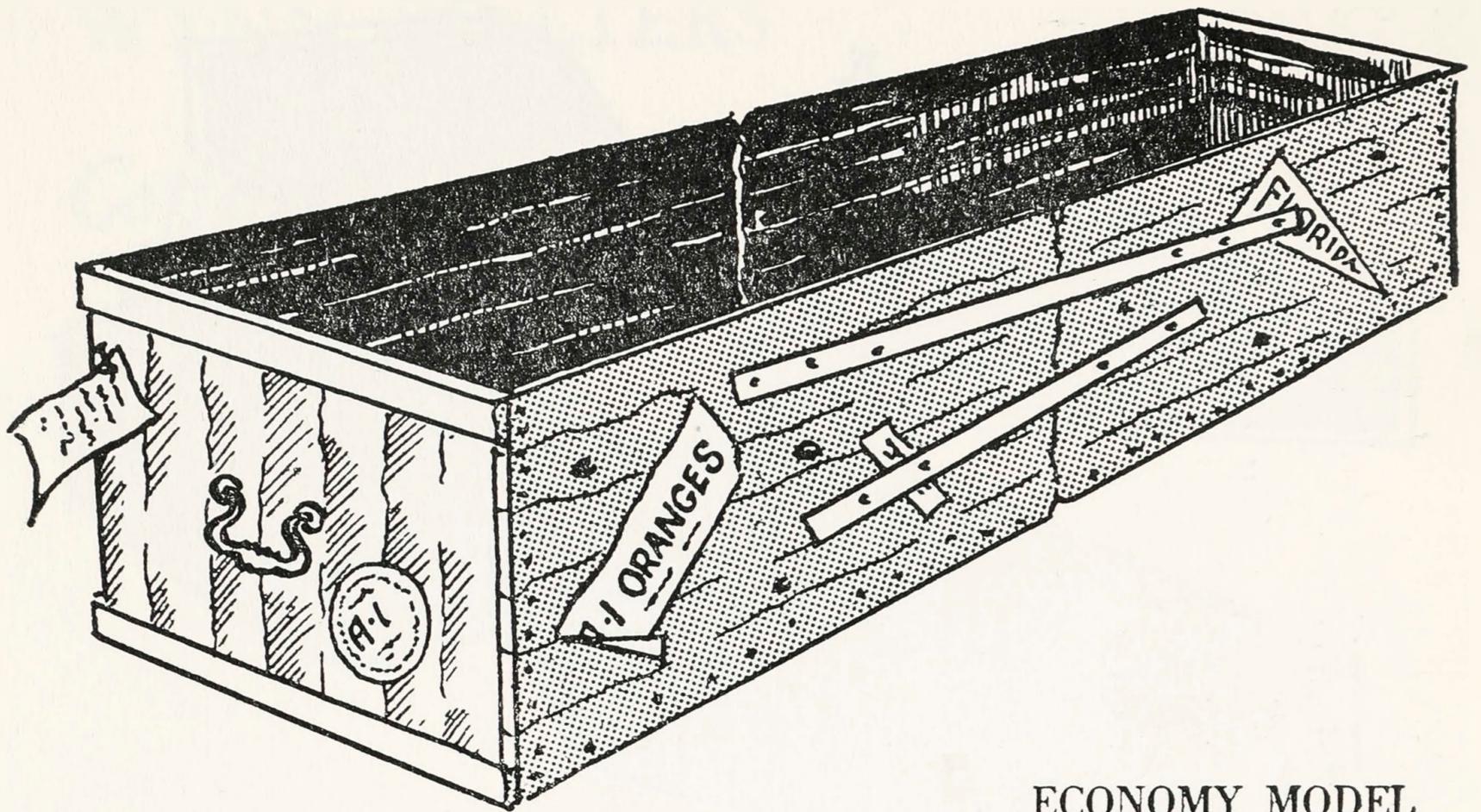
THE MANSFIELD MODEL

Ideal for the shapely woman who wants to let the world know right up to the last moment just how shapely she is. One word of warning: If you have ordered one of these form-fitting beauties, do not eat the traditional hearty breakfast before popping off. You might not fit in afterwards.



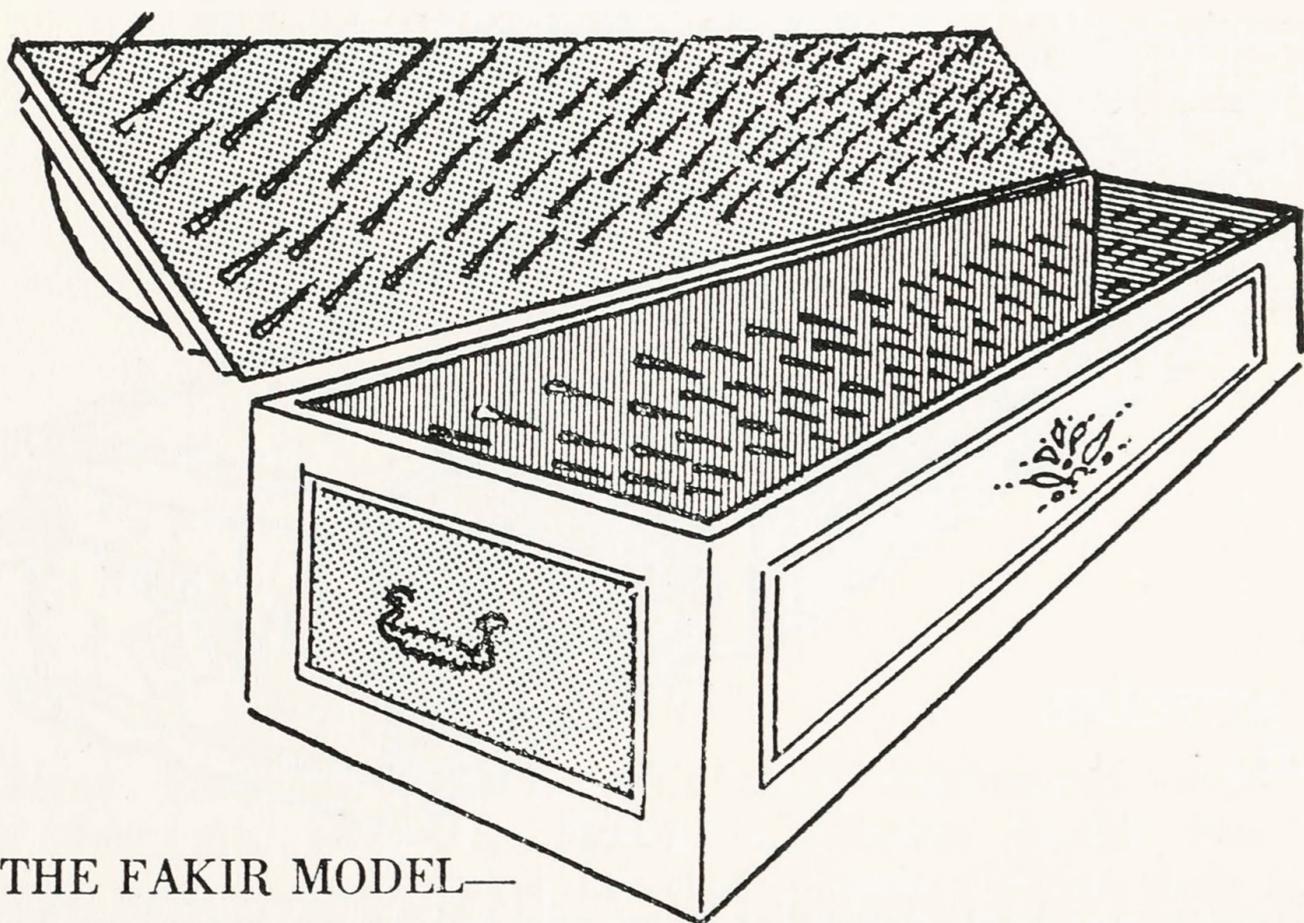
THE MUSTANG MODEL

Here a standard casket has been adapted by an ingenious basketball player to suit his own needs. Note the subtle way in which the original coffin has been elongated by the addition of half an orange crate. This design was awarded the highest honour of the S.P.C.A. (Society for the Preservation of Casket Artistry), the Three Casketees Award.



ECONOMY MODEL

For the thrifty man, or for one who has to make a casket in a hurry, this Economy Model is ideal. Note the sturdy method of construction, and simple, yet functional and neat design. The handle at the end adds considerably to the elegance, although it is not advisable to lift the coffin by this, as the whole structure will probably snap in half.



THE FAKIR MODEL—

Designed primarily for Indian Fakirs, this model has many points to recommend it. The Fakir comes in two models. The Professional is equipped with galvanized, high-tempered steel spikes, which are sterilized and guaranteed not to cause infection. The Amateur has realistic-looking spikes of foam rubber.

JOHN MULDER

*Hesperian Ode*

(Read At Hesperian Club Banquet)

This is the club called Hesperian which in Latin is Occident, and since that's where the sun goes *down* our title suggests that we are decadent.

and indeed where formerly a man knew of causes and dared face death as a martyr,  
we face nothing at all except the nothingness represented by a J. P. Sartyr.

and since we feel that the critical principles of the critic we most recently read are the only things we ought to be true to, everybody sits aiming his latest spear at everybody else, making like a literary Zulu.

we love Hemingway and the gay twenties and we feel we were born too late, for our decade is just too lame,  
so we keep telling each other - and it is undoubtedly true — : “had we but lived in the twenties, the twenties just wouldn’t have been the same;”

however, if we give the impression that, since Freud redeemed us, we stand in no need of sanctification,  
yet we secretly develop the hereditary traces of grandma’s moderation;

for if we say:: “ah, *The Sun Also Rises!*” — did you discern the archetypal pattern of passion frustrated and woe!  
we cannot help telling ourselves that, archetypal or not, the young lady Brett ought not to have carried on so;

and no one should tell us it is bourgeois morality we’re then secretly heeding,  
for we are convinced that with us, it is simply a case of good breeding.

as is fitting for members of one little clique we share one common wish:  
while others spend their summers turning tanned or turquoise in the Caribbean,  
we want to travel to Europe, there to be European;

we don’t want to go for the food or *Chianti* or to ogle a Parisian mannequin  
we just want the proper surroundings to be properly aesthetic in;

for although we grant that to others there may be some value in *Canada*,  
we feel that we just could not be aesthetic in Sault Sainte Marie or Komoka.

in short, we are a club for the minority,  
in which those that have attempted to read the *Anatomy of Criticism*,  
are given proper priority.

we do not associate with other species on the campus:  
athletes are somewhat unrefined to us  
for with respect to jockstraps we feel like the virtuous lady of *Senalee*,  
who asked of the neighbours’ son to “please take that ‘thing’ off the washline because the bishop is coming for tea” . . . .;

the business school hasn't the slightest regard for *Prometheus* or *Blake*  
and his *Beulah*,  
for the only god venerated there is an idol called *Meulah*;

medical students we don't at all care for, since they carry off the prettiest girls like predatory vultures,  
while they would not, indeed could not even discuss with them the relative merits of Greek and Graeco-Roman cultures.

among ourselves we are not overly friendly either except when we come to our Christmas party, feeling we ought to feel like sister and brother, and carrying gifts the spending limit of which is a quarter, since we aren't ever expected to care more than two bits for each other.

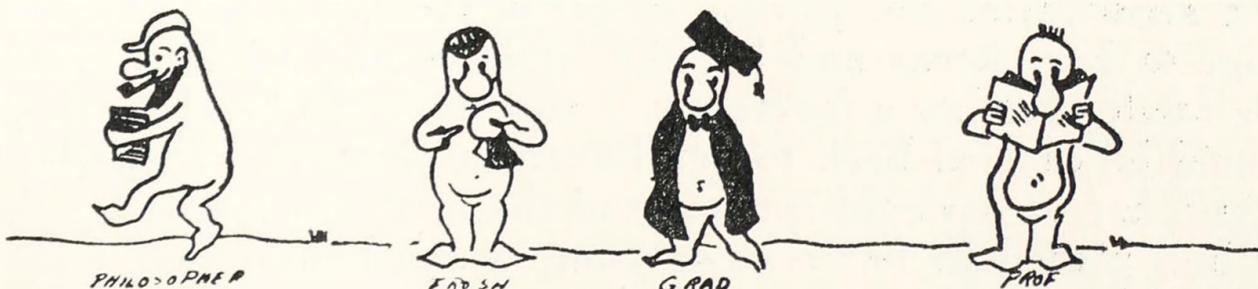
we have also organized a series of evenings we call creative, where everyone who does not create is afforded the opportunity to be critically vituperative;  
and since there was not too much of creation, whatever turned up, met with a lot of vituperation.

some of us indeed write poetry  
and if you ask us what our subject matter be  
we have only to say: "that's rather a silly question . . . .  
of course: decay and death — without resurrection!"

"what about love-poetry, poetry of passion?"  
"in case you didn't know, love has gone quite out of fashion;  
after genetics and Freudian analysis the business about men looking for mates has become too disgustingly scientific, for us to turn it into a vision beatific."

since at our soirees the only thing wholeheartedly liked was the service of coffee and cake, the cake in fact being the main point of interest,  
I would like to suggest that our effort next year be the sponsoring of a Grand Cake-Baking Contest.

to those of you who regard us and our outlook with suspicion and think of the future with a frown;  
be of good cheer! have hope! we shall continue in the direction suggested by our title . . . we shall continue to go down!



# VIVIAN DE LUCA

## *The Band Concert*

Sophie Weber sat on the park bench eating her evening meal of bread and cold sausage, some cheese and an apple. It was six-thirty and the band music would not begin for two hours yet, but she did not mind. In fact, she enjoyed the waiting, watching the people come and go, nearly as much as the music itself.

There were still some girls hurrying home from the downtown shops and offices in their pretty high heels. The men and women moving about on the grass and sitting on the benches were her own kind, not quite homeless, but glad that summer had come to free them from their rooming houses.

Sophie called them "old people". Many were no older than she was, but to Sophie, to stop working was to grow old. Often when they talked to her they told her about the aching in their bones. Then she had no sympathy to give them. "If you work, it cures itself," she would say. Indeed she believed this even if sometimes when she was through her work for the day, she would have to sit for hours with her hands pressing against the muscles of her legs to ease the cramps.

One of the ladies that she worked for told her to take calcium tablets or to drink milk every day. She listened, thinking to herself that she could not afford to take such a cure for the rest of her life. Her hands pressed against the ache were good enough.

However, to-day the pains were not there. She was tired, but the late sunlight eased the fatigue, and anticipation of the pleasant evening ahead lifted her spirits. In preparation, she had touched a bit of rouge to her cheeks and her lips, quickly and without much skill, but the result gave her a festive air. Later when the band music played, she would be carried back to her Bavarian girlhood. Then she would smile and her eyes would sparkle and the opals on gold wire that her father had placed in her ears so many years before would gleam as she nodded her head in time with the music.



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Sophie had few pleasures. Once a month she went with a friend to get a glass of beer. In the summer she had this extra happiness twice a week in the park. Sometimes she came to the park when there was no band concert at all. However she didn't do this often for fear of "spoiling" her great enjoyment of the park. She had stopped taking an occasional cigarette some time ago.

The ladies that she worked for joked with her about all the money that she was saving by her frugal habits. "It is all right for them to laugh," Sophie would think to herself, "They don't have to save for their old age. They have husbands to care for them."

She had had a husband once, twenty-five years ago, in the old country. She had loved him at first. Then later, when he was drunk, his rage began to frighten her. She ran away from him and came to Canada to work for other people. And now it was ten years since she heard that he was dead.

Watching the men as they moved about the park, she thought about him and wondered once again what her life would have been like now, if she had not left.

She stirred, holding up what was left of her supper in a small cloth, for later, when she would be hungry again. "No use thinking about men," she told herself impatiently. The memory of the last man to disappoint her still smarted.

He had approached her a few weeks ago, here in the park, and told her about himself. How his children had married and his wife had died, and about the little house he still lived in. Acting on an impulse, she had invited him to come to her room for dinner the next night.

In her small room she had made the table pretty with the best of her few pieces of china. She bought veal and tomatoes at the market. On the stove in the second floor hall she cooked the stew carefully, browning the veal rolled in flour and adding paprika and spices. Then she waited. When he finally did not come, she could hardly swallow a mouthful of it, as good as it was.

The next time that she saw him, he made a foolish excuse and told her a different story about himself. Angry, to think that he had fooled her, she said, "Why do you tell lies? You are not a little boy who has to lie." And she did not speak to him again.

She was lonely too, but she did not tell lies about herself. And if she made a promise to meet someone, she kept it.

"May I sit here?" a quiet voice from beside her asked.

Startled, she nodded briefly to the man, not speaking.

"I've seen you here several times," he said, sitting down. "I come to hear the band too."

Sophie looked at him carefully. His clothes were clean. She liked the expression in his eyes as he sat looking at her. He told her that he was lonely, and spoke about himself for awhile.

Touched by his simple statements and attracted to his gentle manner, Sophie felt a girl-like confusion rising within her. She got up from the bench and ran a distance away to another bench.

After awhile he found her there and sat down beside her again.

“What do you want with an old street-woman like me?” she said.

He shook his head. “No, you aren’t a street-woman. And you aren’t like the women in the beer parlours. This isn’t the street. Where can people like us meet except in the park?” He spoke so earnestly and so nicely that Sophie was once more overcome with emotion.

Because she cared so much and was not used to handling such feelings, her heart pounding, she got up again and this time she ran out of the park altogether. Then she walked quickly through the downtown streets to her rooming-house.

She climbed the stairs to her empty room and sat on the bed. Down the hall a radio throbbed and from above came the sounds of a rising quarrel.

“I am a damfool,” she said to herself. And then because she was completely bewildered and angered by her own behaviour, she added with emphasis, “I am an old damfool.”

ROBERT SIMMONS

## CONVIVIALITY

Harsh light through dead smoke,  
Roar of strident voices, clatter of glasses;  
Around a tray-sized table six top-coated figures,  
Each with a hand clasped protectively  
Around his particular spit-foam-flecked glass.

People, and noise, and smoke;  
And for what?  
A sense-loosener, something  
To break down the natural antagonism to  
People, and noise, and smoke.

PAT STAGG

## *Poetic Inspiration in Plato and Shelley*

Socrates, at the conclusion of Plato's *Ion*, presents Ion with a choice—does he wish to be considered false or inspired? Socrates' questions throughout the dialogue have forced the rhapsodist to admit that he has no knowledge to support his alleged understanding of the poetry of Homer. According to Socrates the alternative to knowledge in accounting for Ion's affinity to Homer and eloquence in interpreting his poetry is intuitive insight or inspiration. Ion concedes that it is far better for him to be inspired than to be false. It would be far better yet for his art were he to question the validity of Socrates' contention that the divine and the scientific aspects, that is inspiration and reason, are mutually exclusive in art. This paper presents an exploration of this problem through a comparison of Plato's *Ion* and *Symposium* with Shelley's *A Defence of Poetry*.

The opinion expressed by Socrates in the *Ion* is best understood if we assume that here Plato views art in the restricted sense of imitation, subjecting it to the same criteria which led him to banish the poet from his Republic. In the *Republic* Plato measured art against his hierarchical scheme of knowledge and arrived at the conclusion that the practical arts such as medicine and carpentry, with their fields of specialized knowledge, were of greater value than the fine arts, which proceed from second-hand knowledge of the practical arts. But, because Plato's theory of an ideal state involved a second criterion of social utility, some forms of poetry and music were retained so as to emphasize the harmony and order underlying virtue. As Bertrand Russell once commented, all art in Plato's Republic was relegated to the status of "Rule Hellenica." Although it was suggested that art might inspire the citizens to virtue, the notion that art itself might spring from inspiration was not considered in this dialogue. Such a consideration of the *Ion* leads Plato to separate poetry from art on the grounds that poetry is not conceived according to any set of rules, but by divine madness. Like the dancers in an Orphic ritual, the inspired poet is possessed by a god and becomes the passive vehicle for his utterances. Although Plato goes so far as to call the poet sacred and divine, the whole dialogue smacks of irony. Inspiration cannot be analyzed by means of dialectic reason, and so long as Plato views it as a rationalist, he can find no room for poetry in his theory of art. His system admits of imitative art, but not the art of revelation, revelation.

A more comprehensive discussion of inspiration appears in the *Phaedrus*, where Plato speaks from the other side of this reason-inspiration dichotomy. He treats of the value of "divine madness" in a social context where oracles and prayer have proved superior to sober sense in arousing the Greeks to perform glorious deeds. Poetic

inspiration has its function since it leads poets to record these great deeds for future generations. Here again Plato makes it clear that poetry is the product of inspiration and not of art. He goes on to describe love as the best type of madness whereby the experience of beauty in the sense world inspires one to seek the realm of absolute beauty. This notion is treated at greater length in the *Symposium*. However, before considering love let us examine Shelley's *A Defence of Poetry* in the light of the contradiction between art and inspiration established in the *Ion*.

Shelley begins his essay by delimiting the mental activities of reason and imagination to analysis and synthesis, implying that imagination, the broader concept, subsumes reason. He first discusses poetry in the general sense of "the expression of the imagination" and metaphorically accounts for the expressive process by comparing man to an Aeolian lyre. As the wind moves the strings of the lyre to produce melody, so impressions both external and internal excite the imagination to poetic expression. This description betrays the intervention of the British empiricists between Plato and the Romantic movement. In Plato's theory inspiration was a possession of the soul by an external muse or god by which the rational faculty of the soul was subdued while the irrational became the vehicle for expression. Plato's analysis admits of a one-to-one correlation with the wind and lyre image. Shelley presents the mind affected, but not possessed, by impressions. There is a difference between man and the lyre in that man, affected by impressions, produces not mere melody, but harmony. An adjustive principle within the mind controls expression so that it bears an exact relation with the impression that evoked it. Thus in Shelley's theory we find a synthesis of Plato's opposing theories of art and poetry. All art is both inspired and involved in an imitative process, the adaptation of expression to impression.

However, imitation in Shelley's context requires qualification. Because it operates in relation to impressions, it is a more complex notion than imitation in the Platonic theory of art. Plato rejected art because it copied nature, and in terms of ideal reality, constituted a mere copy of a copy. This argument implies that the art product is nothing more than a reproduction of nature, or the object world. In Shelley's discussion, the imitation is of a complex of impressions including not only the external sensory impressions of an object on the mind, but also the internal pleasurable impressions accompanying the experience of the object. The artist imitates both the cognitive and emotional aspects so that the art product emerges as an objectification of the relation between the artist and the art object; as such, it has a unique existence within the "natural" world. It is in this respect that the Romantic artist recreates and idealizes nature.

In his description of the creative process Shelley traces the trend of growing complexity in art. In the case of the child or savage, simple impressions may evoke expressions of delight which require little or no imagination. However, when man in society becomes the source of a complex of impressions, their re-creation in expression

becomes more than a simple reaction. Knowledge, in spite of Plato's arguments, is involved. Two criticisms of Plato's stand in the *Ion* pertain to this problem. First, he confuses the art of the poet such as Homer with that of the rhapsodist whose function is to interpret and praise the poet. Blaming the rhapsodist because he lacks knowledge of the general principles of poetry, Socrates condemns poetry as irrational. Secondly, when Ion proposes that the poet's specific knowledge is of what men should say, Socrates refutes him by referring to men in specialized roles, implying that man never functions *qua* man in a manner transcending his professional capacity as charioteer, doctor, etc. Admittedly, when we posit a theory of purely imitative art we are justified in expecting knowledge of this kind. Such particularities, however, are of little importance from Shelley's point of view, for he contends that the conceptions of the poet are beyond time, space and number. The media of expression are accidental, and it is the distinction of good poetry that the inherent form of the conception reveals itself through these particularities. On this basis Shelley recognizes poetry, in the narrow sense of art wrought in language, as the supreme form of art in that the language medium is exclusively allied to thought processes while the media of painting, music and the dance have subsidiary interrelating qualities which obscure the original conception. Certainly the communication of a universal concept by means of a time and space medium requires knowledge of that medium and rational technique in employing it. This is the knowledge of the poet that Plato failed to recognize, and the skill with which he employs this knowledge in his writing distinguishes the poet's art from the pure emotion of the Bacchantes.

A further question stems from Shelley's analysis of the creative process concerning the role of inspiration in relation to the time sequence involved in the creative act. Plato's criticism of inspiration in the *Ion* leads to the conclusion that the "divine madness" is co-extensive with the creative act; so it is that the Bacchantes regain consciousness to find the milk and honey of their rivers turned to water. Shelley offers two statements on this problem. First, "when composition begins, inspiration is already on the decline", and secondly, that as a great work of art emerges, the mind of the artist cannot account for "the origin, the gradations, or the media of the process." Here we have a distinction between two aspects of inspiration, its initial intuition, or as Maritain terms it, "primary seed", and its pervading motion. The first stage is the conception of the work of art in its entirety, which fades as the artist turns his attention to details. Taking this "primary seed" out of the context of a time sequence, we find a counterpart for it in Plato's metaphysics in the Idea in the mind of God in which the mind of the artist (meaning the practical artist or craftsman) participates when he produces an object in the natural world. The difference between Shelley and Plato on this notion is that Shelley contends that the artist's mind contributes to the "primary seed", while he artist's mind could only distort Plato's Idea. Plato's discussion of inspiration as "divine madness" does not

differentiate between this first stage of inspiration and the pervading motion of the second stage. This pervading motion is the inspiration controlling the creative faculties in the production of the work of art, the voice of the muse who "dictated" *Paradise Lost* to Milton. Shelley indicates these two stages in his reference to Milton to clear up the apparent contradiction in Milton's statement that he conceived *Paradise Lost* as a whole before writing this "unpremeditated song". It is in this second notion of inspiration that Shelley would consider inspiration coextensive with creativity.

Turning from inspiration to thought content, we find another aspect in which Shelley's theory of art corresponds to Plato's idealism. As described above, art for Shelley is essentially the expression of a concept which is eternal, infinite and one in a medium involving time, space and number. Such a scheme closely approximates Plato's notion of the Idea manifest in the particular objects of the world of nature. Shelley agrees with Plato that insofar as the Idea participates in the real, the "veil of familiarity", to that extent its truth is obscured. The poet is able to mediate between the two realms, and consequently is called divine. In the *Symposium* Plato tells of those spirits known as daemons who have an existence intermediate between the divine and the mortal. Such a daemon is love who communicates the prayers of men to the gods and dictates the mode of worship to men. Stripping this account of its mythical qualities, we may describe the daemon as a force operating between the ideal and real worlds. For Shelley, the poet's status is that of the daemon, and on this supposition his theory of art pertains to art as revelation.

Early in the essay Shelley discusses two degrees of sensitivity in the artist. Common to all forms of art is a rhythm or order producing pleasure. A sensitivity to the proper degree of this rhythm and order constitutes "taste", a faculty which is most acute in artists. However, the artist has a more fundamental dimension of sensitivity. As Shelley states it, ". . . to be a poet is to apprehend the true and the beautiful, in a word, the good which exists in the relation subsisting first between existence and perception, and secondly between perception and expression". The first type of sensitivity as well as that in the relation between perception and expression in the second type belongs to the artist insofar as he is a craftsman; but, the ability to see the good in the relation between existence and perception must be that of the daemon. Confronting us is the problem of how one can perceive any sort of relationship between existence and perception when one can view existence only by means of perception. A special cognitive power, inspiration, might transcend perception in Plato's philosophy where good, truth and beauty are granted objective existence, but to introduce such a power into Shelley's scheme would place him on fairly shaky epistemological ground. If Shelley wishes to adhere to his theory of impressions, then he must apprehend good, beauty and truth by either external or internal impressions. If, along with the empiricists, he means to limit external impressions to impressions of sense, then the impressions of goodness, beauty and truth must be internal

impressions; that is, inspiration is from within. It is not clear from the essay whether Shelley considered inspiration to originate within or outside of the mind. At one point he speaks of the power of creativity arising "from within, like the colour of a flower which fades and changes as it is developed". Then, in the following paragraph, he compares it to "the interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own . . .". A closer examination of their contexts leads to the conclusion that the former statement applies to the second stage of creativity, the pervading motion, while the latter refers to the primary intuition of the concept. At first glance this second quotation seems to reflect Plato's view that the soul, while inspired, is possessed by a god. Further affinity with the *Ion* becomes evident when Shelley goes on to describe the manner in which poetry brings about changes in perception. "All things exist as they are perceived: at least in relation to the percipient." Thus, the rivers are milk and honey so long as the Bacchantes view them with inspiration. Still we need not infer from Shelley's statement on the "diviner nature" that it originates externally to the poet in the same way that Plato's Ideas exist objectively. The "diviner nature" could refer to supraconscious elements of the mind which suddenly take control of mental activity; and these elements might in turn be defined as rare internal impressions.

One aspect of artistic creativity not yet discussed is the motivation which leads the artist to give expression to his impressions. Shelley's opinion on this point bears close affinity with the *Symposium*. He describes the process in the "lyre" image. After the wind has stilled, the lyre continues to vibrate. Similarly, the child continues to express his delight, hoping by prolonging his expression to retain the impression. In the *Symposium* Plato's daemon or love force exists in a middle realm not only with respect to divinity and mortality, but also in relation to wisdom and ignorance and to beauty and ugliness. As a force, its activity is to desire wisdom and beauty, and it has a longing or "thirst" to possess them. Possession, therefore, would seem to entail happiness, and Socrates speaks of the joy resulting when love becomes one with its object. Yet, since the essence of the force is desire, once possessing these objects, love develops a new desire, to possess them eternally. Thus we find a longing similar to that of the child to prolong the cause of his delight. Plato concludes his discussion of love by defining it as the desire for generation in the beautiful both in body and in soul. Similarly, the poet seeks to eternalize his affinity with goodness, truth and beauty in his poetry.

A considerable portion of *A Defence of Poetry* is devoted to a discussion of the effects of poetry on society which suggests the eulogies to love offered by Phaedrus and Agathon in the *Symposium*. Shelley hails poets in general as the legislators of mankind insofar as they communicate truth to society and reinvigorate it by defeating the "curse which binds us to be subjected to the accident of surrounding impressions". Because "surrounding" may be equated with "external", this passage need not be considered a refutation of Shelley's impressionistic theory. In its supreme function, "poetry redeems

from decay the visitations of the divinity in Man." With the same powers attributed to love in the *Symposium*, it reveals the beauty in things, at the same time imparting truth to them. Shelley's defence of poetry as moral, producing moral improvement in man, rests on the theory that the power underlying morals is love. This love he regards as a going out of one's own nature to unite with beauty, the idea of identity presented in the *Symposium* in Aristophanes' myth of the androgynous sex. Shelley presents a closer approximation to Aristophanes' illustration with his notion of the fusing of antitype with prototype in the essay *On Love*... In *A Defence of Poetry* he describes the process as a broadening of one's social sympathies, which in turn expand the imagination. His contention is that poetry acts upon the cause of morality, the imagination, rather than presenting a representative moral code in the way of effect. Plato's stand on morality in art in the *Republic* recognizes both aspects. He retains certain types of music because they imaginatively suggest the harmony and rhythm of virtue, and in his educational system includes the teaching of that poetry which describes the gods performing virtuous deeds. At the same time, he condemns music evoking passion or myths depicting immorality. The imaginative function is championed in the *Symposium* where Plato points out that the soul's participation through love with particular beautiful things is a preparation for immortal union with absolute beauty.

In addition to poetry's effects on society, Shelley discusses its effects upon itself, that is the influences of past generations upon the future. Here he borrows an image from the *Ion*, whereby the mind of a great poet, like Ion's muse, is compared to a magnet. Emanating from the magnet are chains whose links descend through the minds of later poets, uniting the past with the present. Developing this notion, Shelley speaks of all poetry as one great eternal poem to which all poets contribute.

I have not touched upon those parts of Shelley's essay which deal with poetry in the restricted sense. The distinctions between prose and poetry and between story and poem, although vital to literary criticism of the 19th century, do not relate to Plato's dialogues where for the most part he treats poetry in the broad sense, on a par with all creative arts. This does not present any difficulty as far as inspiration is concerned, since Shelley too speaks of poetry as Poetry on this point. When Plato does treat poetry in a particular sense in the *Symposium* he defines it as related to music and rhythm. This definition seems to fit his analysis in the *Ion*. Also it serves to emphasize the fact that Plato and Shelley were writing at two different stages in the development of literature. Shelley's generation recognized a literary field where language provided forms and materials sufficient for an autonomous work of art. In Plato's era, two of the forms, the drama and the lyric, were regarded as visual and auditory rather than literary art forms, while the epic, although more literary, was essentially imitative. In view of this, it is not astonishing that Plato criticized poetry from an imitative criterion.

GEORGE STACEY

## THE GAMESMAN

Shall we toss the dice for his robe, brothers?  
'Tis said to have magical healing powers.  
At any rate, it will keep the rain from my horse's back.  
Miserable weather, eh? -You, Marcus, take the cup first-  
And you, Boy, fetch more wine, It's become uncommon cold,  
And the heavens may break any moment.  
Aha- a four, Marcus? That's the best you can do?  
Your luck- Listen, the criminal is weeping or muttering something.  
Get up, Fabio, and feed him some vinegar.  
That should be good for a laugh.  
Ah, yes, watch him squirm . . . Huh, didn't even make a face.  
Must be weaker than we thought. Hangs on for a long while, though,  
Doesn't he?

Now you, Quintus. A nine. Well. You needn't look so pleased.  
Here you are Fabio. It's for you now to take the cup.  
Ah, a shame, a shame. A six. Now, Brothers, heed fortune's child.  
You see? Quite simple. And now the garment is mine.  
Drag it over, boy. Hmm. Not much, is it? Ragged in some places . . .  
And you say he said he was a king, or something?  
What says he now? Shut him up, Fabio. Use your spear.  
A well-placed stroke, eh, brothers? Bleed, criminal!  
The least you can do is provide your audience a good show . . .  
Ah, the wine warms one. But it gets darker. How unusual.  
And stronger blows the wind. Here, wrap this mangy cloth about me.  
That's much better.

The material has surprising warmth to it.  
Brothers, you're blue in the face. I pity you. And all the wine is  
gone?

Wait a while. The wind rises still.  
Is he dead yet? Good.  
Drive away the foul-smelling spectacle-hunters, Fabio.  
Then have your men break his limbs and take him down.  
You others come with me. I know a lively tavern . . .

# GEORGE STACEY

## *Scenes in Black and White*

The tanks rolled into Budapest and crushed the rubble and the corpses in the streets and the gutters coursed with blood. They had sown the age-old seeds of hate and now they had come to reap the forever harvest of ruin.

In the cold November twilight the trucks turned onto the street with its pavement littered with the refuse of dying and pulled up before the high old buildings. Clad in greatcoats, the men jumped down from the trucks, slapped their hands together and slung the vicious blunt burp guns over their shoulders.

Sergeant Kagin said, "Go in twos. Search all the buildings and all the rooms. When you find them, bring them out in the streets. If you have to kill them, make quick thorough work of it." He nodded at Alex. "You. You will come with me."

The men moved off in twos, some crossing the road. Alex walked after Sergeant Kagin toward the nearest door.

Both men swung around at the sound of sudden loud gunfire.

Three Hungarians—all men—had come running out of a doorway on the other side of the street, using rifles. They had killed one of two soldiers halfway across the road instantly. The other dropped to one knee and fired a short sweeping burst which hit all three. Two went down on the pavement, but the other kept coming on. He flung something which exploded directly beneath the surprised soldier and blew him to bits. Then he, too, pitched onto his face. A soldier who had been crossing with his buddy further up the street sprayed the three bodies with bullets. Then he walked over to see. The Hungarian had died before this latter soldier had shot at him.

Furious, the Russian began to kick in the head of his fallen enemy.

Sergeant Kagin yelled at him to get on with the search. Wary, the troops spread out along the street.

Alex stared at the newly dead men for a moment. He could not help it. Then he followed Sergeant Kagin through the doorway into darkness and they went straight ahead until they found stairs.

"We will check the upper floors first," the sergeant directed. They went up the stairway, their boots making hollow sounds in the absolute black.

They went up two flights. Alex followed close behind Sergeant Kagin, for he was afraid of the dark. The building had five floors. As they headed up the flight to the third floor, Sergeant Kagin's voice was very loud in the darkness. "You are the one who can speak Hungarian, are you not?"

"Yes, Sergeant."

"If you were born Russian, how is it that you can speak Hungarian?"

Alex wanted to give all the information he could, but he knew that the unseen things were listening in the dark, so his voice became hoarse and whispery. "My father once held a Party administrative position in the factories at Stalinvaros. While I was there I was still young, but I had to know what the other children were saying about me."

Sergeant Kagin grunted. "What's your name?"

"Alexei Vladimirovitch Keslov."

"Keslov, I may need you to translate for me."

"Yes, Sergeant."

They arrived at the top of the stairs. The upper floor was just one long hallway with a lot of doors leading off on each side. The stairway was at one end of the hall. They began going along, one on each side, opening doors and looking in. At the other end of the hall there was just one door left. Alex opened it. The room was a bathroom. On one side of the room there were washbasins; on the other, curtained toilet stalls.

One of the curtains moved.

The noise of his own gun going off startled Alex. Something heavy fell from behind the curtain and banged on the floor. It was a rifle. Alex stepped back as the body fell out after it.

It was a boy, about ten or twelve years old, wearing an overcoat several sizes too big for him and a large black cap. The body lay face down, blood pooling out from under it.

They stood and looked at it. Sergeant Kagin lit a cigarette and smiled a weary little smile at Alex. "Keslov", he said, "You are a hero."

Alex stood and looked down at the boy, feeling nothing, while a tiny rivulet of blood ran under the toe of his boot.

Sergeant Kagin took a few more puffs on his cigarette and then dropped it in the blood. It went out with a hissing sound. "Take it down to the street. It will start to stink after a while."

"What?"

"I said take it down to the street. And don't try dropping it out a window. Take it all the way down."

Alex shouldered his gun and took a hold on the big overcoat with both hands. He dragged the body across the floor, thinking that a child of this age should not weigh so much. "I will wait for you at the stairs on the floor below," Sergeant Kagin said.

Alex nodded and dragged the dead boy down the hall. He hauled the body down two flights and stopped for breath. An idea came to

him. Why do I do it this way? he thought. There is a simpler way. He put the body down on the top step and nudged it over with his foot. It went rolling and bumping down in the darkness. He followed it down and kicked it down again. It looked like a doll, the way it rolled, head and limbs flopping uselessly. Alex smiled.

Outside a cold drizzle had started. Alex looked up the street. Now and then a soldier came out of a doorway and went in again. Alex watched the rain spattering on the dead child's upturned cheeks. Then he went back inside.

Nausea hit him halfway up the stairs. He leaned against the wall, swallowing, listening to the darkness, to his own jagged breathing. Then he started up again.

He was twenty years old and this was the first time he had killed. But Sergeant Kagin, now . . . They said that Sergeant Kagin had fought at Stalingrad. Alex admired the sergeant. When he saw him at the top of the stairs, standing above him, huge in the dimness, arms folded, the muzzle of his weapon spiring up behind his shoulder, Alex thought that if there was a God, then truly God must look like that.

They began again opening doors, looking cautiously in over the barrels of their weapons.

There were two other, older people in the room, but Alex saw the girl first. It was the fifth door he had opened, and there she was, directly across from him, her back pressed against the wall. She was wearing a simple white blouse and a pair of man's trousers which hardly fitted her. A belt was cinched very tight around her thin waist to hold them up. She was very thin; the bones in her cheeks stood out plainly. Her hair was black and cut so that it bunched around her head. Her eyes were large and apprehensive, but their color was a steely gray.

He stared at her for a moment and then he noticed the others. They were sitting at a table, on which there was food. The woman was middle-aged, rough-featured and she had great pendulous breasts that hung in her cheap cloth dress like dried-up sacks of grain. The man wore rimless glasses, cracked at one edge of a lens and taped. He seemed to have shrivelled up inside his body, so that now useless folds of skin hung on his face.

Some kind of soup steamed in bowls before them on the table. They had apparently been eating supper. Alex thought this strange at first. Surely they had heard him and Sergeant Kagin tramping up and down the halls; why didn't they try to hide? But then he realized there was really no place to hide anyway. They might as well just finish their supper. Which was exactly what they had been doing.

Now, however, they just sat as if frozen and looked at his gun.

Sergeant Kagin pushed past Alex with a very interested look on his face. "What have we here?" he asked.

The man pushed back his chair with a loud scraping noise and got up quickly. He began to gabble.

Kagin watched him and said to Alex out of the corner of his mouth: "What's he saying?"

"He says he is Bela Santar and these two are his wife and niece. That he has not helped in the rebellion, nor has he allowed his wife to. He asks you to please leave him in peace and that he will make no trouble. He thinks you are a colonel."

Sergeant Kagin laughed raucously. He set down his burp gun by the door, unbuttoned his coat and moved to take the place at the table left by the man. He picked up the used spoon. "Tell him we are pleased to accept his invitation to supper. Tell him also that he is now a prisoner of the Red Army, for crimes against the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

Alex told the man. At first the man was all smiles, seeing the 'colonel' sit down to his supper, but when he heard the rest, the blood in his face faded with the smile.

Everyone in the room waited patiently for Sergeant Kagin to finish his soup, Alex keeping them covered. But he kept his eyes mostly on the girl.

Finally Sergeant Kagin took a last satisfied slurp. He leaned back in the uncomfortable straight chair and stretched. "It is getting dark. Keslov, tell them to turn on the lights."

The woman lighted a coal-oil lamp "because all the power in the city was off, naturally." She had a surly tone, which the sergeant frowned at, but he said nothing. Then he told Alex he could eat if he wished.

"I am not hungry, Sergeant," he said, trembling with lust.

The sergeant followed his gaze and he too appraised the girl. Then he laughed. "All right, Keslov. But be quick about it."

Alex stood, dumbfounded, the muzzle of his gun wavering back and forth across the girl's belly. He could not think. Then, his heart pounding, he handed his gun to the sergeant and pushed the girl toward a curtained doorway.

The older woman began to scream. Sergeant Kagin got up and walked quickly around the table and hit her across the mouth with the gunbutt. She went down on her knees on the floor, whimpering and wiping her hands across her bloodied face. The man went into a corner and began to sob.

As he pushed the girl through the curtain, Alex heard Sergeant Kagin laugh loudly.

Behind the curtain there was a large bed and just room enough to stand in front of a large dirty window. The window was partly open and through it came sounds from the street below, sounds of quick marching and laughter and curses.

The girl stumbled back against the bed and stood passively, looking at him. Alex slowly unbuttoned his coat, took it off and removed his tunic. He tossed them on the floor. Then he went over to the girl and looked closely at her thin face and watched her breast move up and down under the blouse. He put his hand on the round collar and tried to rip the blouse off. It would not tear. So he began to undo the buttons, his heart pounding, and his fingers slipping. She did not move. When he pulled the blouse down around her elbows, he saw that she had on no underwear. He stood amazed, and wondered vaguely why she did not try to stop him. He pointed at her belt.

"Take those off," he said. She did. And then she was standing there, scrawny, and her skin was very white. She shivered.

Alex began to have difficulty breathing. He felt his face grow very warm.

She kept her eyes fastened on the floor and did not move.

Alex felt the muscles in his face suddenly tense up as if he wanted to retch or cry.

He broke. He remembered the Hungarians and the two soldiers dying in the street and the way the blood spread out under the dead child's body and the way the body bumped and slithered crazily down the stairs. With a little sob of rage and desperation he swung his arm open-handed and the force of the blow snapped the girl's head sideways and up, so that she faced him. The tears stood out like bright jewels in her eyes and one trickled slowly down a dark hollow cheek.

In his own vision she began to grow misty.

Then there were running footsteps on the stairs. Someone called Sergeant Kagin. Alex heard the outer door open and the sergeant's reply. "What is it, Pjotr?"

A somewhat breathless new voice said, "We have them all, Sergeant. Twelve. Twelve in all. Only we have just received new orders. There are to be no prisoners."

"No prisoners. Take these two down into the street, then. I'll come down after you."

There were harsh commands, the sound of sudden contact between flesh and flesh and then footsteps receding into the distance, faltering, uneven.

Suddenly Alex heard the ripping sound of the curtain sliding back behind him. There was silence as Sergeant Kagin looked at the girl. When he spoke, his voice seemed to have changed. Alex heard it very close to his ear, soft, horrible.

"Save some for me, Keslov. Save some for me."

Then he was gone.

Alex moved closer and looked down at her from almost directly above. He put his hands on her and felt her flesh crawl beneath his fingers. He moved his hands up to her throat and then her jaw and he slowly lifted her chin up.

Sudden shattering gunfire rocked and echoed in the street.

Then there was silence.

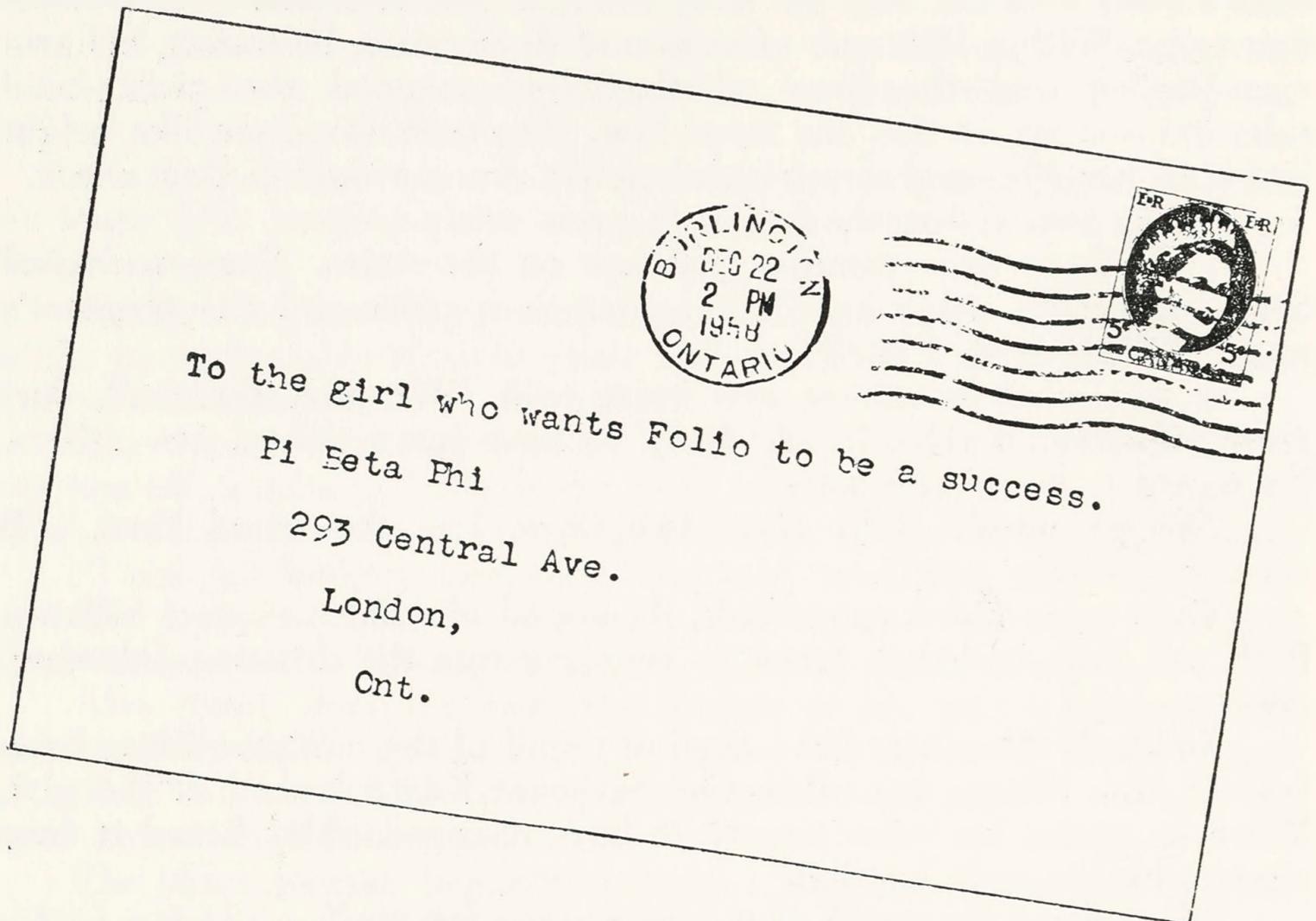
"Please," she said, "kill me, too."

Alex turned around, stupidly, and walked in a daze to the kitchen table. He put out his hands and lifted the heavy weapon as if it were a baby and then, cradling it in his arms, turned and walked toward her as if he were about to present it to her.

Her voice had been so sweet, so gentle. A muscle twitched in his arm and the room exploded and the girl fell backward onto the bed and there was silence again.

Alex took his eyes away from her. He looked at the torn dingy wallpaper and the high old ceiling, invisible in the upper reaches of gloom and waited, listening for the sound of Sergeant Kagin's footsteps in the utter blackness on the stairs.

# *From The Antiseptic Halls*



Dear Miss,

We, those who thou didst consult on a matter of great import, (a contribution to Folio), have, unfortunately, not had the necessary time to complete this great work which thou didst require of us. However, in a great welter of joyous activities, we have managed to complete one, short, offering, which is merely a nothingness compared to that plethora of artistic creation that we had originally planned to regale your editorial fingers.

Three of us sat one whole darkness, cloistered in an antiseptic hall, our minds at one with the gods, our hearts beating a tremulous tachycardia, in time with horribly wonderful beauty of that celestial music. Music which has ne'er been heard, since the time of the ancient greeks. Why we thought of the greeks at this point none of us knew. However in the spirit of this inspiration, we decided to write a heroic poem:

Oh, mighty spirits that dwell in these white halls,  
Halls bathed with the screams of the ill of hell,  
Halls resounding dimly to clink of healing

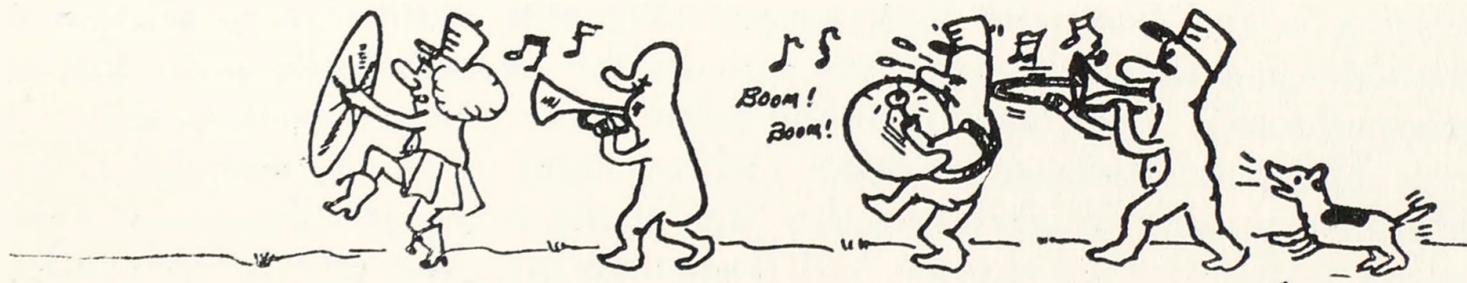
At this point we decided that the above was a lot of tripe, and thus we decided on some little oddity, such as would be found gracing any self-respecting modern library and this is exactly what we ended up with, another piece of tripe. However possibly next year we can give you something more worthwhile. Until that time comes we would wish you a belated merry Christmas and happy New Year.

Remaining yours respectfully, The three meds students

LTNB.

## AUTUMN

A duck climbed cleanly to the sky;  
Silent sails, slipping, slowly, south.  
The leaves, withered, whispered down.  
The flowers, falling seeds, fly  
To earth's bare bosom brown.  
Winter's, whiting, murderous, mouth  
Gapes. Glinting-green, swift-soft,  
Die huddled, in summer's suckled croft.



# MARJORIE JOHNSON

## *Weldon--An Anecdote*

We left Italy just before noon at a little frontier post that sold souvenirs and exchanged our lire for schillings. The road came down out of the hills to the plain around a lake that lies between this part of south Austria and Jugoslavia. It was pleasant countryside, and the sky was a brighter blue than I had seen since I left Canada. The car we were travelling in, which plays a very important part in this story, was a 1935 London taxi with maple leaves and "Canada" painted on the sides. It gathered crowds wherever we stopped, and it was not uncomfortable to ride in, but for nearly half the time we drove it, the brakes didn't work. This sometimes created difficulties, as you shall see.

Everyone else in the group was a recent graduate from Victoria College and I remember that we were talking about universities on that first morning in Austria. They were saying, with that smugness you sometimes find in Toronto graduates, that they couldn't imagine why I wanted to go to Western. I don't remember what I replied, or if I replied at all, for just then, our accident happened.

There was a lot of local traffic on that part of the road and we had been following the market bus for nearly half an hour. There was no chance of passing because the road was twisting and narrow. Suddenly, the bus stopped to let off passengers, the cars immediately behind it stopped, our driver, Ann, put on the brakes — and they didn't hold. A little Volkswagen was coming towards us but Ann took the chance that there might be room on the road for three cars abreast, and swung out past the line of stopped cars. The Volkswagen had the right of way and he was determined to keep it. Without deviating an inch toward his side of the road he came straight for us at fifty miles an hour. I think somebody screamed but the collision was over while we were still waiting for the crash.

There wasn't a jerk that we could feel, but there was an ominous tearing sound from the Volkswagen. We still couldn't stop and so we turned up a farmer's lane that ran up the mountainside until the car stopped itself. Then we put on the hand brake and ran back to the road.

The poor Volkswagen man (whose name, I think, was John) was literally running in circles on the edge of the road. His door was dented and a good piece of chrome had been torn off. We said in chorus how

sorry we were and tried to explain about the brakes not holding. He looked at us blankly and we tried again in French. He was still incoherent, in any language, but at last he calmed down enough to shout in broken English, "You pay! This is not my car!"

The fact that he spoke more English than we did German made us feel guiltier than ever. Not to be able to speak the language of a man whose car we had just damaged seemed to be adding insult to injury. We tried to explain about insurance — at least my brother and Ann tried. The rest of us just stood about in the grass feeling foolish. It seemed that we had made a very poor beginning in our relations with those Austrian people for whom we had been oozing goodwill ever since we entered their country.

An ominous note had entered the conversation on the road. The police must be called; all accidents in Austria must be reported to "the authorities." My brother volunteered to take our car, even in its brakeless state, into the next town to bring back the gendarmes. Our Austrian friend eyed him suspiciously. "I will go with you," he said, and at that point a police motorcycle with an outrider came around the bend. Obviously the bus driver or someone else had turned in the alarm.

A large part of our apprehension dissolved as the policemen came towards us. They might have been chorus members of some frothy musical about some Central European Never-never-land by Irving Berlin. They were young, goodlooking and dressed in high boots, fawn coloured breeches, and pale blue coats with red lapels edged with much gold braid. They wore the usual belt and holster arrangements police wear, a white cap, and, the finishing touch, white gloves. However, despite their appearance they were very brisk and efficient. They examined the damage, determined that we spoke no German and ordered us all to follow them to the gendarmerie in Weldon, about three miles off.

Weldon proved to be a pretty little resort town, tidy, and freshly-painted. The lake, whose name I have forgotten, was a glorious blue and the bath houses and beach umbrellas on the esplanade sparkled in the sun. The main street which paralleled the beach was deserted. It was one o'clock and everyone was indoors at the big hotels. About three in the afternoon the beach started to come alive, and children with sandpails — docile, quiet children — were everywhere. The gendarmerie was one of a series of white frame buildings with awnings and flowering window-boxes. So far the Austrian law did not seem to be a particularly grim affair. The office into which we were herded was just large enough to hold two desks and two typewriters. One of the typewriters was being used by an officer dressed like the others except for the hat and the revolver. He was typing innocuous looking forms that I imagined were bicycle permits. A door behind him led into the private office of the "commandant" who turned out to be a middle-aged man with a stern gray moustache.

Our Austrian friend, John, was pleading his case passionately with the man behind the desk. We were beginning to wish we could tell our part of the story when we saw that the officer was definitely not being impressed. It was too hot a day for anyone to want a flood of emotion in his office, no matter what the cause.

One of the men who had brought us in began to type out his report of the accident. The commandant spoke to him briefly and then sent someone out to fetch an interpreter. We were still all standing around the two desks, feeling very much in the way. Poor John's efforts to inject a little tension and urgency into the atmosphere had met with no success. The commandant seemed to regard us as nuisances rather than criminals and there had been no halt in the flow of bicycle licences.

John tried another tactic. Drawing my brother, whom he supposed (wrongly) to be in charge of our group, into a corner he began to hiss propositions. Our offence was very serious — for \$100 maybe even for \$75, he would withdraw his accusation. If we refused to pay, he could have us all thrown in jail, far beyond the reach of the English consul. This melodramatic gesture was wasted on Ann when she was told. Her eyes opened wide. "But we can't do that," she said, "we haven't got that much money." This thought staggered poor John. He seemed to have thought that we, since we were either English or American, might be eccentric but would certainly be wealthy. He began to protest again about the payments for his car and how angry his friend its owner would be (the friend we later found was his father). We kept talking about insurance and he kept crying, "Not soon enough! Pay now!" Finally, the man at the desk told him to be quiet, and he sat down in the corner with his head in his hands. We really did feel sorry for him — his father must have had a vicious temper.

Meanwhile the interpreter had arrived — a wiry middle-aged individual in a black-leather jacket. His name, we soon found, was Joseph, and he had spent five years of his youth in Brooklyn. He spoke English, true enough, but a very peculiar form of it. We did our best to remember how Dick Tracy's low-life friends speak to each other and this jargon seemed to resemble Joseph's conversation well enough for us to grow quite chatty. He heard our story through while poor John wrung his hands in the corner and then he gave his advice.

"You gotta be real careful with coppers. See? Don't open your trap unless you gotta — an don't squeal about those brakes." This was not a pun — it appeared that while the fine for careless driving was very light, the penalty for driving with faulty brakes was at least two months in jail.

We had all become quite jovial since Joseph's appearance on the scene and we tried to figure out how long our sentence would be if we all went to jail together. Weldon would be a nice place to go to jail in. However, it occurred to me that my family might not like getting letters from an inmate of a county jail, even if the county were an Austrian canton. Joseph, too seemed to have ideas concerning the respectability of going to jail, for he looked very serious and said that life "on the inside" was no fun. His heart was in the right place, even if his ideas of the English language were a little wild.

He told the commandant his own, slightly whitewashed, version of our story. John got his word in again, with such vehemence that the commandant retired to his office and shut the door. He was to contact

the county court at Villach to see if our case could be tried at once. There was nothing we could do until the court replied.

Someone had brought in chairs and so we were all sitting, six Canadians, Joseph, and John miserably biting his nails, in a semi-circle around the bicycle permit desk. It was a very warm day. The bees were buzzing in the window boxes and the street outside was filling with people moving to the beach. The gendarmes were very uncomfortable in their light-opera costumes.

Then, the permits finished, the typewriter was closed with a bang. Some junior gendarme came in with bottles of applesalt — a kind of carbonated apple juice. We had had nothing since breakfast and the appearance of refreshments was very welcome. Only John refused. He felt he had been betrayed by his countrymen and would have none of their peace-offerings.

The officer behind the desk actually unbuttoned his coat and cocked his feet up on a drawer. Smiles began to break out around the desk, and the gathering seemed to be developing into a very merry party, albeit a very silent one. Poor John was definitely the skeleton at the feast.

After about a quarter of an hour, the door from the commandant's office opened and instantly our friend's feet were out of the drawer, his tunic was buttoned and he was standing at attention with much clicking of heels. We stood up too, a little uncertainly.

It was impossible for our case to be heard that day. (The reason according to Joseph, was that the judge thought it too fine a day to stay indoors and had adjourned court so that he could go fishing.) Our case would be heard the next day at 10.00 a.m. and now would we please leave the commandant's office. And so the party was broken up, on condition that we deposit \$12 as surety that we would appear in court on the next day.

Then we were out in the bright sunlight talking to Joseph. He warned us that only one or two need come to court. The rest of us would only cause confusion. He directed us to a garage where the brakes could be repaired and then left, promising to be at court in the morning. We never did know what his official capacity was. Somebody suggested that he was a plain clothesman connected with the police and useful for his much-vaunted ability to speak English. He must have had some other job, though, for there couldn't have been that many English-speaking law-breakers passing through Weldon.

This inconsequential story has a happy ending. Our driver, Ann, spent fifteen minutes in the Villach court with Joseph and the canton judge. Joseph again was the hero of the day. He explained the situation to the judge who spoke no English and then translated his replies for Ann who spoke no German. Then he suggested that \$8 would be a fair fine and the whole matter was settled, with many handshakes all around. Ann got a refund from the canton of \$4 and parted with Joseph on the best of terms.

We went back to our old route at once and passed through Weldon again. We waved, as we passed, at the gendarmerie, with its striped awnings and flower boxes and friendly policemen.

## JOY WESTREN

### *“Ah, Non Monsieur”*

Five o'clock in Paris and the crowd at "Galerie Bonin" had begun to thin. Small groups still formed around the Ziem and Lautrec in animated discussion, but Monsieur Bonin, *marchand des beaux arts*, was more concerned with learning the day's sales at Chapentier from a voice on the phone. A lone, weary tourist, Paul McBain, was disquieted to have found himself in the modern art section towards the back of the hall. He paused briefly in front of a large abstract before moving on. Immediately a squat Frenchman scurried from the shadows of an alcove, crossed the room, and stopped at the tourist's side.

"You admire my picture, monsieur," he beamed.

"I was looking at it," was the reply. "You are the painter?"

"Oui, monsieur."

"Bon - I mean, good. Tell me something; how long have you been working with this . . . this modern art?"

"Not so very long. As a matter of fact I have always done landscapes - but after the Cezanne, or sometimes the Gauguin, schools. Ah, *quels peintres!*" he sighed. "Such wonderful use of colour, such expressive effect. They were the . . . the climax of impressionism. Myself, I paint like them, until this time." Then, gesturing towards the painting with enthusiasm, "I try the real modern art."

"Oh," replied McBain and started making motions to be on his way."

"But non, monsieur, do not depart. Perhaps eighty thousand francs is too much to ask for a beginner." He paused, then inspired, queried, "Or, maybe you do not understand the beauty of modern art?"

"You're right. Any fool . . . I mean, it seems to be a waste of the artist's sk-."

The Frenchman began to splutter and a flush rose in his cheeks as he took a step towards McBain.

"Now don't get excited," said McBain in a calming tone. "I guess I am rather curious about it and I do find one thing to your credit. I see you have not called this something obscure such as Composition Number fifteen, or Experiment number twenty-three. You have given your work a name. "Le REMORDS"; that means remorse, does it not?"

"Oui, it is a sad looking picture."

"Exactly my sentiment," he chuckled. Then, controlling himself, "Tell me, is there a reason, a story behind it?"

"A story- ahh, yes," the Frenchman mused, "A veritable *histoire!*"

"Go on."

"First I must tell you about the woman. Absolutely exquisite. The beautiful face, the flowing dark hair, and the figure," he explained with the appropriate hand movements.

"Like Brigitte Bardot?" suggested McBain, his interest mounting.

"Equally as lovely, but *un peu plus*, how do you say it . . . subtle. She is everything. And everything is hers, for all the world loves her. Especially two young *bon vivants*; Jacques, short, dark, moody, exciting; Louis, taller, fair, gay, *debonaire*. They are closest friends, like brothers."

"The inevitable triangle. But which one does she love?"

"Please do not interrupt, monsieur," admonished the Frenchman. "I come to that. The strange thing is that she is equally in love with them both. She cannot choose and asks them to decide which will marry her. So you see them, these great friends with their insurmountable problem; Jacques, short, dark, moody, excit —"

"You mentioned that part before," interrupted McBain, with a quizzical look at the short, dark Frenchman.

"Pardonne, monsieur. As I was saying, if they choose among themselves it must ruin their friendship. They put the problem off again

and again. The woman cannot go on much longer, sharing her affections, tearing at her heart."

"Of course not," scoffed McBain. "But why don't they settle it in your gentlemanly way with a duel? Or are they too good friends? If I were she I'd give them both -"

"But you are not," quashed the Frenchman. "Yet, Madelaine has thought of the duel too. She devises a drastic plan. She is also clever. First she summons Jacques to her. 'Jacques,' she says, 'I have finally decided myself, and it is you.' Jacques is overwhelmed; he reaches for her. She whirls out of his grasp to tell him there is something he must do first. He falters momentarily and waits to hear her tell him of a third man."

"What!" exclaimed McBain.

"Wait! She tells him that she does not love this third man but that he haunts her and she is afraid. 'You must kill him today, Jacques, or we can never be happy,' she trembles. 'Tonight at midnight he will come here. He will be wearing a black cloak with a hood, a mask and a sword. Disguise yourself like him and meet him in the alley. Charge him without asking any questions and slay him for me.' Jacques agreed. 'Away then, now!' cries Madelaine, 'but first, do not tell anyone about this, not even Louis, and, oh yes, enter the alley from the street; he always comes by way of the garden.' They kiss and part."

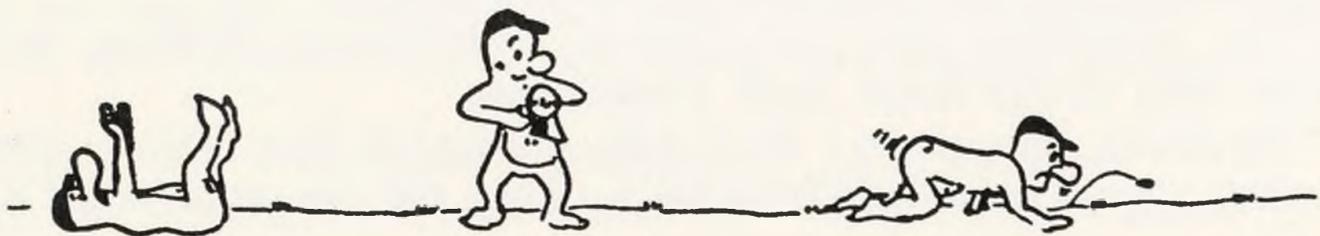
"That's the best part yet. I'm sorry. Go on. Jacques leaves and then -"

"Then Madeleine summons Louis. She tells him the same thing with one petit change. 'Enter the alley from the garden; he always comes by way of the street,' she warns. Evening falls. The clock strikes twelve. Two men meet, clash swords. It is a terrible fight."

"Yes, yes, I understand," said McBain, reassuringly. "You will not say but I suspect that you are that very Jacques. You got your woman but you lost your friend. You have expressed your remorse in this painting. Tennyson in oils." He liked the idea. "Eighty thousand francs, you say?"

"Ah, non, monsieur! You mistake. This is not my story. I read it in a magazine. I was fascinated. Who will win? Will they recognize each other first? - Continued on page 48. I turn. It has been ripped out by my wife for a recipe and then discarded. I get so mad I throw my paints at the canvass with this result. Anger! it soon abates. But, when I look at the canvass, ruined; the paint, wasted; I am suddenly overcome with le remords."

"Forty thousand francs, monsieur? . . . Monsieur? . . . Ah, non."



# CATHY COX

## *The Gift*

"You were willing to say any other year. I don't see why you won't now."

"I thought I'd like a surprise this year."

"Nonsense! Utter nonsense! Surprise? You know you wouldn't like what I chose and you'd find reasons to be queer over it. You always act strange whenever I buy anything. As if you're hurt."

Hurt? It was only embarrassment for Ella's sake. One could trust to Ella's common sense to run her father's store, but one could never trust to her taste to buy a gift. The only reason she ever told her what to buy was to save Ella's wasting her money on her poor taste. Money was so important to Ella. Besides, Clara could never again undergo the embarrassment of having her friends think she chose that clock. When that happened, it was only right to try to educate Ella's taste a little. After all, Ella was from the north; and she did stem from trades people; she had even managed her father's hardware store. She simply had no taste, no refinement, none of the fine things that come with breeding and background. Ella was coarse — hatefully coarse. Maybe it was a mistake in wanting to be surprised — but she had said it now and Ella would only disparage her inconsistencies. Coarse class pride in her own clear-headedness.

"Ella dear, I know it sounds strange — perhaps queer — but I'll be so happy with whatever you buy me. Just surprise me."

"Well —," still unrelenting, "if you really liked surprises, why didn't you tell me ages ago? I bought you that pink clock and that was a surprise and you said you loved it. But for the past eight years, you've been asking for this and that and doing all kinds of hinting. I've always been gracious enough to accept *your* gifts."

"But *my* gifts . . . . ."

"Do you not trust my judgement?"

"Ella! Dear! I'm shocked. You say such things! You know how it hurts for you even to make a suggestion."

"Being hurt has nothing to do with it." Years and years of her being hurt — whatever made her stay? "Besides you're always getting hurt."

Clara put her handkerchief to her forehead. "How can you, Ella? How can you?" she sighed, looking over at Ella's broad, short feet. If they did not need company so much, it would only be wise to be truthful and part. "You say such things."

There was silence for awhile. Finally, "Very well, Clara, I'll surprise you this year. And at Christmas, too." Then she stood up, straightening her skirts and hurried from the room. Clara sat fingering the lace of her handkerchief, raising it to her eyes from time to time. Quarrels, she cried, quarrels all the time. Never a day passed without a quarrel. It was Ella's fault. She was reared to this. She rose and moved slowly towards the window. Ella had no sensitivity, no depth, no true recognition of life's finer, subtler things. Broad flat feet and those big hands. Yes, she was necessary to the world but was it necessary she be so very vulgar, so insensitive, so ill-bred? Her parents were shopkeepers and they had trained her to keep the shop too. But no one said coarseness had to go with it. It was her own fault. The difference between vulgarity and taste is obvious. Anyone can see it and then improve oneself. A hardware store! Tradition and gentility is meaningless to Ella. Money — it was money that was the downfall of shopkeepers. Money and usefulness. Horrid thing! Clara looked down at her long narrow feet. Aristocratic feet in soft leathers. And graceful fine white hands. Lace gloves still looked so attractive on them. Ella could never have fine things. And it was her own coarseness that was to blame. Clara sat down again, tears trickling down the thin beige folds of her face. Those broad feet and things. She would never be able to get along with Ella. Ella couldn't understand. "Clara? Clara?" Pretend to sleep. Don't cry. Sleep.

"Clara?" Ella re-entered the library. "Clara?" She came in further and turned and looked down at her. She lay soft and motionless in the chair, her long crepe face falling in pale lines, her arms draped loosely over the arm rests. So very like Clara. Wan and useless. Never able to do anything. Sits around all day fingering her Belek and reading and talking hours away about her father and grandfather and all that lace work and then sleeping all the time. As for being surprised — ridiculous. It was like Clara to create extra difficulties for others. She had no sense of responsibility, no idea of how much trouble she caused other people. Suddenly changing her mind and never explaining. Never even attempts a justification. Goes on thinking anything she does is justified just because she does it. Capriciousness. Always without explanations. She was weak and useless. She didn't have to be so skinny and helpless. She needn't have stayed at home and become pampered and whining and sensitive. She could have left and earned her own way. It was unbearable living with her — sitting around all day, looking at tea-cups and talking about them and putting lace edges on everything.

"Clara!" It was like Clara to be asleep at tea-time. "Clara." You could call all day. "Clara, dear."

"Yes?"

"Tea, dear."

"Oh yes. Yes of course." Tea? Not an apology? Ella carefully handed her a cup. Why she was forgiving, not sorry! What a dreadful thing she was.

"I was just noticing the little Henry children, Clara. In the park. Do you see them?"



DONALD HAIR

**ST. JAMES' CHURCH**

*Pulvis et umbra sumus*

The ancient walls are dark with dusty age;  
The tapered Gothic arches soar above  
The polished wood, the altar's gleaming brass.  
From out the gloom Apostles dimly peer  
About the nave, its pews in silent rows.  
Four loyal generations worshipped here  
In sorrow and in joy, in peace and war;  
These patriarchs, St. James' pioneers.  
These men are gone, these founding generations  
Are lain to rest, while we alive are theirs:  
Their hopes, their daring dreams in realization.  
And what are our plans? Do we too pursue  
The thoughts that find corporeal life in after time?  
The mind creative knows alone the link:  
It glimpses the eternal void, and stirs.  
Life's a pause in everlasting streams  
Of thoughts divine and deathless. Time is naught;  
Perspective fades, and we are dust, and dreams.



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