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Folio



The University of Western Ontario

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editorial . . .

We, the editors, model students of a model university present our version of the modern muddle, delightfully, dyspeptically, regettably termed undergraduate creative expression. The observant reader will observe something for everyone and everyone writing something. Western's writers have at last o'er leaped the earthier-than-thou wheelbarrow putting poetry to work with the suggestion of removing the cow from the bog. In more sophisticated circles, pseudo-civilized cultists gyrate to the broken rhythm of modern music poetry, while in a quiet corner simple natures hey diddle diddle in nursery rime rhythm. In short, few offers contain such scope, such entertainment, such variety, from the laughter of angels on page nineteen to the weeping of nature overleaf. For the disconsolate we have a happiness machine, for the scholars a garden of philosophers, for the literate a literary contest, for the greedy two issues. The blank pages on forty-one and forty-two are reserved for the pen of prominent poets and intellects whose thought is but a promise, who exist somewhere close but failed to produce for the first issue of FOLIO. We do indeed have something for everyone.

... then hey diddle diddle
the cat has lost the fiddle
the truth will out...

We announce with pride that any resemblance FOLIO bears to the desired magazine of you, the students, is entirely accidental. Accidental too any omission of vice, sex and/or other gods we all know and love. It should be obvious that none of our writers sat down to write with you in mind except of course the dramatist who must remember his audience. Their writing proves nothing, goes nowhere and has no usefulness. It is simply writing. It is not irresponsible but indifferent to the standard of utility this university applies to every facet of student life and every campus venture. Many of you will not read this magazine, some of you have already dismissed it as irrelevant, and irrelevant it is—delightfully, irreverently and please God not regrettably.

GEORGE STACEY

To G.T. An Epigram On Reading Another's Poetry

*Can't I write some verse of note,
For generations yet in seed,
Not learned and spouted off by rote,
But purposed to fulfill a need?*

*Will lines, perhaps, be called to mind,
Considered only as a name?
Will then some thoughtful reader find
Real worth, or only quest for fame?*

*There is another who can write
Profounder, sweeter things than I.
Would I knew his eagle's flight!
But sparrows cannot fly so high*

*But must I seek to emulate
The loftier king-bird's soaring grace?
Chance or Nature, Heaven, Fate
Say sparrows also have their place.*

*Mighty themes their bards will keep,
They'll last, I guess, a longer while:
I cannot make a reader weep;
Yet I can try to make him smile.*

JOHN MOSS

Friends of the Poet

A Play in One Act.

*This play will be produced at Huron College,
January 28, 1961.*

(A distant clock begins to chime very softly, increasing in volume until the twelfth and final knell is almost deafening. The stage is in complete darkness. A match is struck on the final toll of the bell and lights first the centre candle of an ornate, three-armed candelabra. This is apparently the only light available, although supplementary lighting will be necessary for production purposes. The setting is the essence of barren simplicity with only an old hardwood table and a chair slightly to the left of centre stage and a window slightly to the right which is inclined on an angle so that it faces front and centre.)

Stephen is of an indefinable age over forty. Time and either a deficiency or an excess of good living (or perhaps a combination of the two) have played their game, for he looks exceedingly worn out and tired. Above all, he looks tired and normal.

He sits at the table and pours himself a drink. Leaning back in his chair he gazes at what might be a tattered ceiling.)

STEPHEN: (*Softly.*) If you don't mind, I think I'd like to sit and chat a bit. I mean, we've got until eternity you know. And that's a long time...if you believe in that sort of thing. You pretty well have to, I guess. I mean, you sort of depend on that. (*Lights a cigarette.*) I suppose I have to, too; though Lord knows why. (*A far-off smile.*) The Lord knows why.

You know, really, I suppose I'm lucky. Lots of chaps go to church, I guess, and they don't know you from Adam. They're all wrapped up in ritual and piety. And here am I, not even believing in you for sure, and I can carry on with you like most any other friend. Friends are a funny thing though. The more you talk to them, and give to them, the more you owe them. With you it's different. I mean, I don't owe you a thing really; least, not the same as I owe them. At least, I don't owe you any money like I owe them.

But what's a debt when you're broke. I suppose it's really just a burden like as if I had leprosy or something. But hell, I don't have any more than I can use so how can I go about making up for past desires and such. I can barely pull enough together for present ones. (*Reaches his hand inside his shirt and scratches pensively.*)

Actually... I don't know why I should try and fool you. Right now, I can hardly even satisfy my present needs, never mind my wants. And I want lots. Yessir, I sure do. I think I want just about everything. (*Drifts into another world but comes back shortly.*) 'Scuse me. 'Scuse me, I kind of get carried away sometimes. I guess every time I start to think about the way things used to be I need a drink. (*Pours another.*) By God do I need a drink!

You know, I used to be right in there with THE set. Me. Bunch of goddam shallow snobs. I used to handle their liquor and handle their women an' they were grateful for it. Ah, silly asses. They were smart. They lived by pompous educated knowledge. But only I could live by simple wisdom. I was literary an' I was bloody ambitious and I was filled with a sort of a... sensitivity. Heh, literary! Sensitivity!

I used to wear that black gown there. (*Gets up to fetch the robe which hangs by the frame of the window. Swirls it around his form.*) The poet's robes! I tell you, it was a hell of a good mantle for covering any frailties or imperfections. Course,

right then I didn't think I really had any, and I suppose I really didn't... as far as I was concerned anyway. I used to dance to their bands, drink of their liquor, and lust with their women.

Yes, and speak their magnificent bloody top-drawer language better'n any of them. I was a poet and I knew my place. Now I'm a pauper and I know my place just as well. I look like a pauper. I act like a pauper. I talk like a pauper.

And talking is so important.

I guess maybe a chap's place in this high and mighty world dictates his language for him. But I remember Bernard Shaw figured language sets you at your class and keeps you there. (*Pensive pause.*) I think I'm probably right. Yes, I guess maybe I'm right. You should know, I guess, I mean, you're supposed to know all the answers.

(*Candidly.*) Do you?

(*Shrugs.*) I suppose it's bloody silly to ask you, cause I don't even know whether you're there or not.

I wish you would be there though. Please be there. Please. Please God, please be there. (*Leans forward with head in arms on the table.*)

(Dance band music starts quietly in the background and increases in volume as an attractive young woman in a gay red cocktail dress appears behind Stephen.)

CYBIL: Stevie honey. (*Softly.*) Stevie. Stevie.

STEPHEN: (*Imploringly.*) Cybil.

CYBIL: Well who else, you silly goof. Darling, do come out and dance. It's really a divine party and the MacArthurs have been asking where you are and they're just dying for an introduction. They want you to recite something and, oh it really is divine but I do wish you would come and be fun. You get awfully stuffy and queer when you get in these moods and you're almost always moody except when you're childish, and when you're childish you're even worse so do please come and be fun. I want to be amused and I want so much to show you off to absolutely everybody.

STEPHEN: Cybil?

CYBIL: Yes darling. Your dear sweet everloving patient

patient patient Cybil. Oh Stevie honey, they won't even believe I even know a poet and I want them all to think I'm very very naughty and I'm your mistress and all kinds of scandal like that but you simply can't imagine what they must think now. These are THE MacArthurs and I do so much want them to see how simply divine you really are because I've told them so much about you and you really must come out now. Please.

STEPHEN: (*Emerging from a daze and sounding much more youthful and spirited.*) Cybil, I feel so terribly inspired. Please try to understand. Darling, I really must finish this. I mean, a poet must write what he must, when he must, and I am a poet. You're proud of me because I'm a poet and yet you discourage me from my, my vocation, from my avocation. I can never be a passive poet and rest on a glory from a single inspiration. I must write, and I must write forever, and I must write now.

CYBIL: Stephen, I can't understand you. I really can't. You say you love me. You say I inspire you. You say I'm, (pause) oh what is it now, (melodramatic) "An orphaned shadow on my heart's great plain/That calls forth joy and bears my heart's great pain". It's very romantic. Very very touching. But sometimes I think it's (stress) utterly meaningless. I want more than verbal seduction. But you sit there; you can sit almost anywhere, wrapped up in that funny little gown, and completely ignore me. I don't like being ignored.

STEPHEN: (*Slightly exasperated.*) I don't ignore you. I really wallow in your presence.

CYBIL: Don't be so nasty.

STEPHEN: I'm not. I just know where I stand.

CYBIL: Without me?

STEPHEN: (*Softening.*) No! I could never do without you, darling. I mean, you know that. I couldn't even write without you, and writing's so much a part of me.

CYBIL: Write without me? I'll say you write without me. You write with me, without me, whenever your little heart desires. But you certainly do write.

STEPHEN: Cybil I'm not the master of my muse.

CYBIL: No, and I'm not the mistress of your muse. I'm sick

of second place. I'm sick sick sick. I'm just fed up. It isn't so bad being ignored when we're alone, but being ignored in public, with my friends, is insidious. (*She seems to toy with the word "insidious".*) Simply insidious.

STEPHEN: Cybil.

CYBIL: What?

STEPHEN: Must you get so excited?

CYBIL: I'm not excited. I'm upset. I'm, oh Stevie, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Please try to understand, darling. Please try to be patient with me. Oh darling Stevie, please try. (*She stands behind his chair and wraps her arms around his shoulders, burying her face in his neck.*)

STEPHEN: Cybil.

CYBIL: Yes.

STEPHEN: I'm sorry too. I really do love you.

CYBIL: (*Gayly.*) Let's go in now and be so terribly wild and sociable and have a simply wonderful time.

STEPHEN: All right honey. But you go on alone and I'll be in in a minute. You go on alone. (*He seems to concentrate on something on the table. She backs away.*) You go on alone like a good girl. Go on. Alone. (*The music fades out as she disappears in the darkness. Stephen leans his head down and caresses the back of his neck, then sits back and lights another cigarette.*)

STEPHEN: So anyway, I guess you might as well be there as not, 'cause if you weren't then why would so many people think you were for such a long time? But time's a funny thing 'cause how can a chap talk about you and time without hardly missing a breath. I mean, you're eternal and all that, so you aren't really even a part of time or involved with it or anything. I mean, jeez you're lucky. If I was you I'd be young and raring to go and everything instead of having a long white beard like I guess you have. (*Chuckle.*) But then, of course, I'm not really you and I can only dream but I never dream 'cause dreams aren't the real thing and I mean, how can you ever pretend to be real if you really aren't and I mean that works both ways you know. And I'll tell you, you know, you must be awfully bloody lonely 'cause I'll bet I'm about your

only real friend 'cause I'm not one for snivelling and all that stuff. Hey, I used to have lots of friends and some really good ones too who liked me and I didn't snivel then either. No, by God, I really never did snivel. Snivelling's for cowards and women an' priests and I never ever snivelled, by God, I really never. (*Starting very quietly, a deep beer drinking song is heard in the background and it continually gets louder until it levels off at a pleasing volume. Two young gentlemen, dressed in quite dashing attire, appear behind Stephen. They seem to be absorbed in an earnest conversation although they can not be heard. Stephen turns slowly in his chair.*)

STEPHEN: (*Pleasantly surprised.*) Chaps. I didn't hear you come in. Sit ye down and I'll join you in a draught in a minute or so. I just have to finish off this little ditty and then we can hit the pub and pour them down a while. (*Turns to the table and an imaginary paper again.*)

JOHN: (*Hesitantly.*) Stephen.

STEPHEN: A minute. Just a minute.
Poetry before pubs. Rhymes before rollicking.
Hey, you know, I could go on like this forever.

JOHN: It's your going on forever that we're here about, Stevie.

STEPHEN: (*Still gay.*) How's this? Don't look so damned upset Johnny. The world's not over, and the evening's just begun.

JOHN: Steve! We want to talk to you.

STEPHEN: (*More seriously.*) So all right, talk.

JOHN: It's the money. You owe us both money.

STEPHEN: (*False gaiety.*) Oh, is that all? Well there's no sweat there; is there? I mean you know you'll get it.

BUDDY: (*Bluntly.*) When?

STEPHEN: Well, as soon as I sell something. You know that. I mean, since I stopped seeing Cybil I haven't been doing much writing, and, well, as soon as I get started I'll get squared away with you chaps. You know that.

BUDDY: Cybil was a long time ago, my friend.

STEPHEN: That's my business!

JOHN: No it isn't. It's ours too. We're your friends. We want to be your friends. But it's a hard thing to do and you make it hard. You've got to be with people. You've got to talk to people. Everyone does. You can't talk to your soul forever.

STEPHEN: Why not? My soul's my inspiration.

BUDDY: It's been kind of lax lately, hasn't it?

STEPHEN: It's been there.

BUDDY: Well?

STEPHEN: Look! I just haven't been working.

JOHN: You're writing as much as you ever were, Stevie.

BUDDY: It's just not selling, is it? Maybe the public appetite has changed, or else what they're being fed... has changed.

STEPHEN: (*Angrily.*) That's a dirty slam.

BUDDY: Aye, but true.

STEPHEN: (*Half rising from the chair.*) True! true! You don't even know what truth is. You and your snotty little clique.

JOHN: Stevie!

STEPHEN: Don't "Stevie" me. I don't give a damn for you. I don't give a sweet damn for any of you. Get out of here. You'll get you money when and if, hah, if I get it. Thank God I only owe you money Get out of here. (*screams*) Get out! (*He leans far back in the chair as his two friends disappear and the singing fades out into the background. He lights another cigarette, takes a deep drag and exhales.*)

STEPHEN: You know, there's nothing like a good smoke, a really good smoke. I suppose you disapprove of smoking, though I really don't know why. But then, I don't know why about a lot of things, but that's not exactly what I mean 'cause I really know all I need to know. I guess, I just don't know what I don't need to know and everything. I mean, jeez, I'm hot but I guess you aren't hot or at least you're not sweating 'cause it's a cold sort of sweat that runs between your toes and under your fingernails and all over sort of like it's all lost and alone.

Everything's alone. Every single funny little thing except maybe me. Am I alone, God? Am I alone. Please God I'm

not alone. Please. (*Gradually, cheap pop music emerges from the background. The volume levels off at a nauseously audible pitch. A girl appears behind Stephen. In a word she looks like a slut, wearing a cheap red dress with a plunging neckline that shows a black brassiere beneath. Stephen pivots in his chair, sees her and rises to meet her.*)

STEPHEN: Maggie. I was wondering where the hell you've been. (*They perch on the front side of the table, facing each other.*) I've been missing you, baby.

MAGGIE: I'll bet you have. I'll bet you really have.

STEPHEN: Now, don't be nasty.

MAGGIE: I'm not . . . but I know you.

STEPHEN: You really think you do, don't you.

MAGGIE: Sure, sure I do.

STEPHEN: Maybe so, maybe so. The real me.

MAGGIE: I know you completely. Every inch. Maggie knows her men.

STEPHEN: Uh-huh.

(*Pause. She pours herself a drink.*)

MAGGIE: Whatcha been doing?

STEPHEN: I suppose you might say I've been talking to my soul.

MAGGIE: You don't have one.

STEPHEN: Yes, I do.

MAGGIE: Where?

STEPHEN: Oh come on, let's forget about it, eh.

MAGGIE: Suits me baby. (*Pause.*) What are we going to see?

STEPHEN: Look Maggie, I can't make a movie tonight. I mean, I've got so bloody much work to do.

MAGGIE: I'll just bet you have.

STEPHEN: Now look, I don't have to snivel for you. We're not going out. Now relax and be nice.

MAGGIE: Be nice. Yeh, now Maggie you be nice, you be real nice Maggie baby and Stevie baby'll write you a poem. Big deal!

STEPHEN: Maggie!

MAGGIE: Wussawrong Stevie baby? Maybe you just need a friend, eh?

STEPHEN: Friend? Friends, (*In a cloud.*) friends. Friends are only a point on the very periphery of one's own existence. They're neither the nucleus, neither the nucleus nor the circumference . . . Come, let's play in prurient mud.

MAGGIE: Crap!

STEPHEN: What?

MAGGIE: You heard me.

STEPHEN: I heard you.

MAGGIE: So?

STEPHEN: So who do you think you are?

MAGGIE: (*Sneering.*) Who do you think you are?

STEPHEN: I know what I'm not. I know I'm not a funny little gutter-crawling leech. I know I'm not a vulgar painted harlot. I know I've got dignity, more dignity than you'll ever know of. I know I've got pride and I know why I'm proud. I know, above all, that I'm a poet and a damn good poet.

MAGGIE: Crap! I know you're a creep. A slimy miserable bloody creep. You ain't got nuthin, buddy. You ain't got nuthin.

STEPHEN: Nothing! nothing. nothing.

(*Exit girl and fade out music. Stephen leans on the table, elbows straight, head bowed.*)

(*Stephen raises his head and speaks in a strained, forced, and erratic manner.*)

STEPHEN: Oh God I, I'm tired and worn. I guess you really wouldn't understand... I feel... just like I'm crawling all around inside my skin, and have you ever felt the hair on your hands... just tugging away and... tingling all over like you've been dragged... down a million stairs... and it's as if there's at least a million more to go and you've sort of... pulling your soul down with you... as if living is only a burden to IT... and, I mean, you're pushing it around like... you're about half way through an endless journey. It's, it's a long long trip that doesn't seem like it'll ever stop. And, I mean, God that's tiring, it's so tiring.

And, I mean, ... oh what the hell ...

Are you still there?

(*Pause, louder.*) Are you there?

(*A loud defeated plea.*) GOD?

(*His head slowly droops and sways. Long pause.*)

Gone ...

All ...

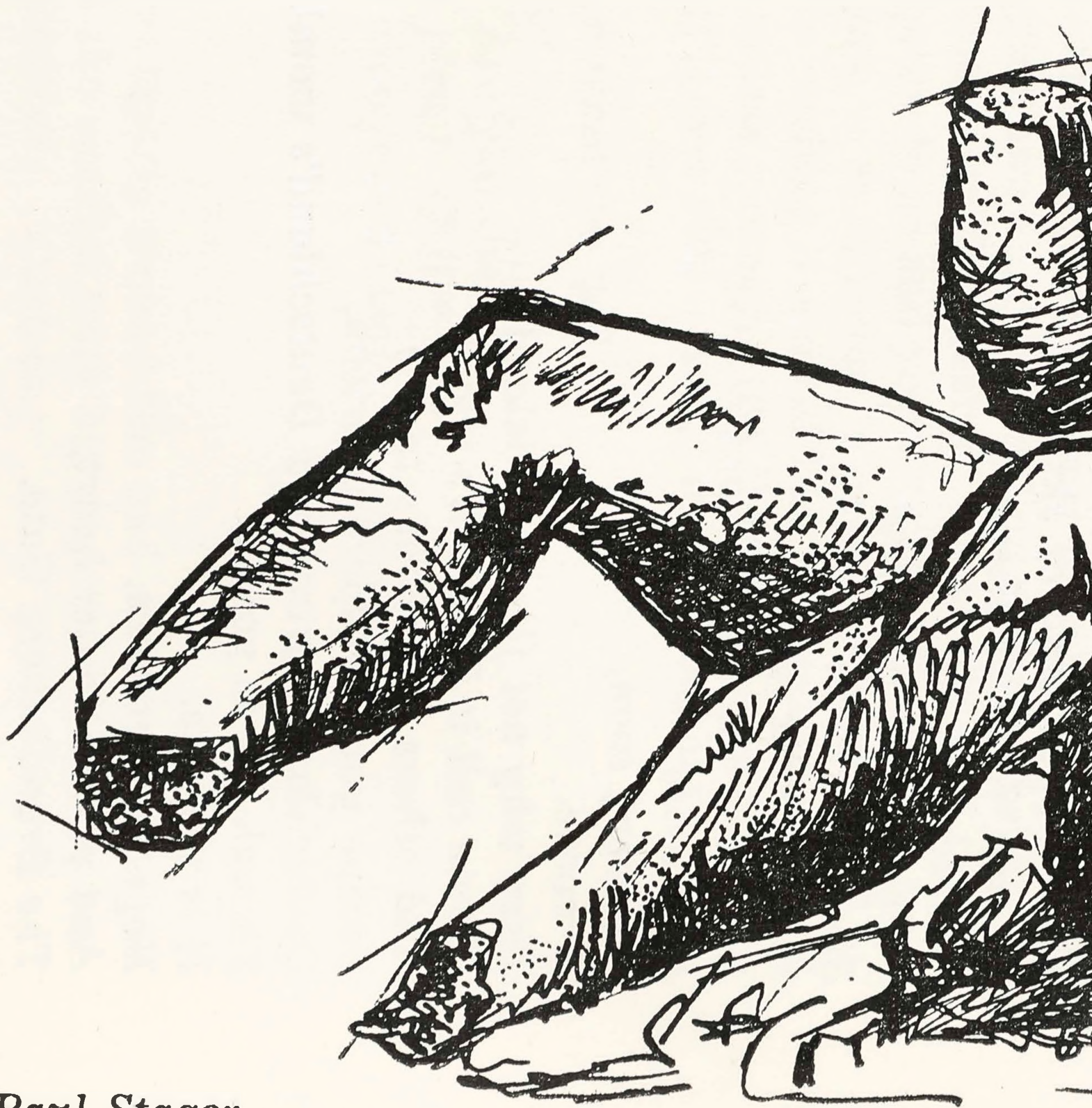
Gone ...

(*He pulls the gown tightly around him and sits down. Reaching out, he snuffs the candles with his fingers, the centre one last. Complete darkness. Curtain.*)

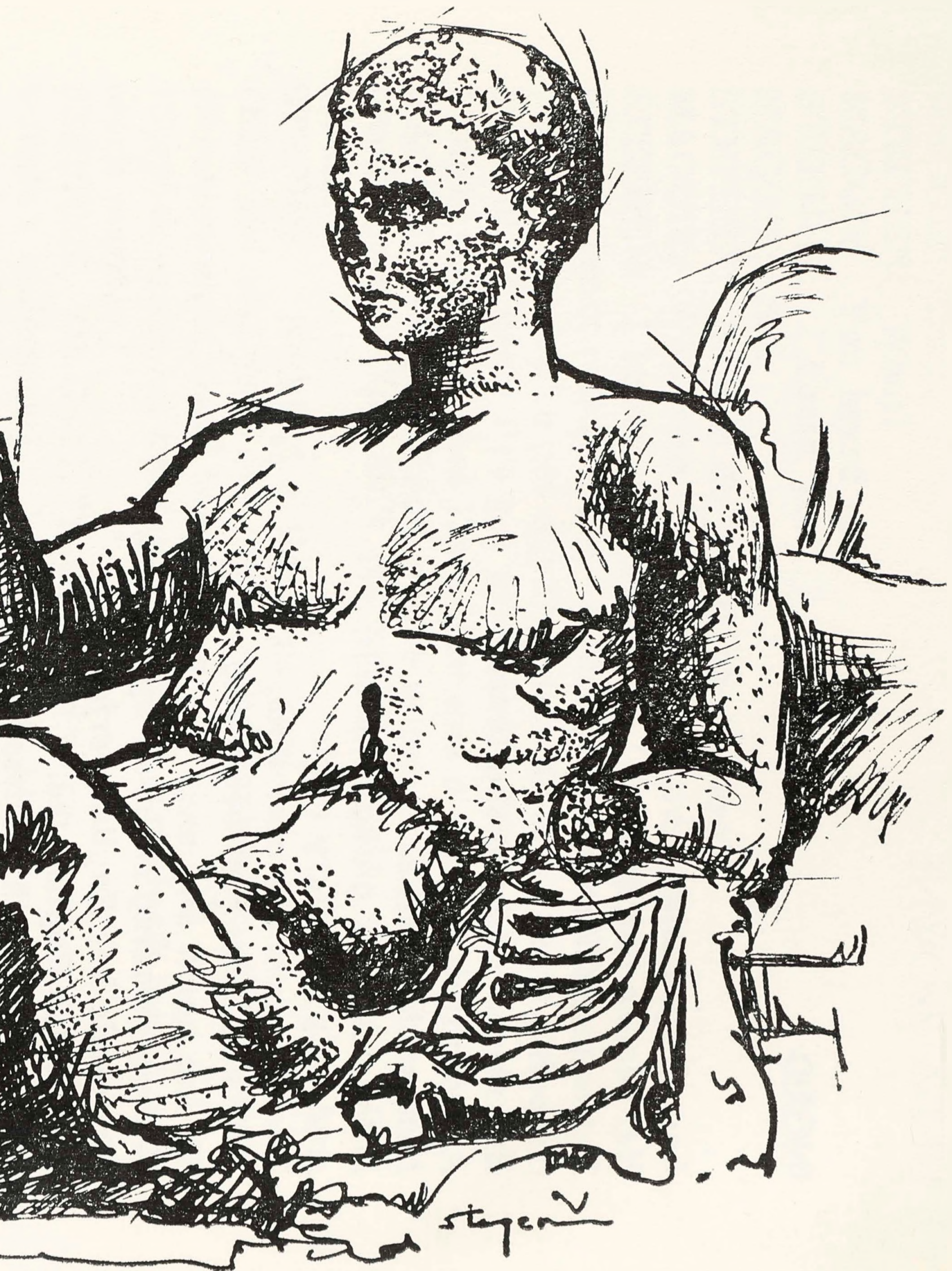
LINDA BROWNE

INGRID

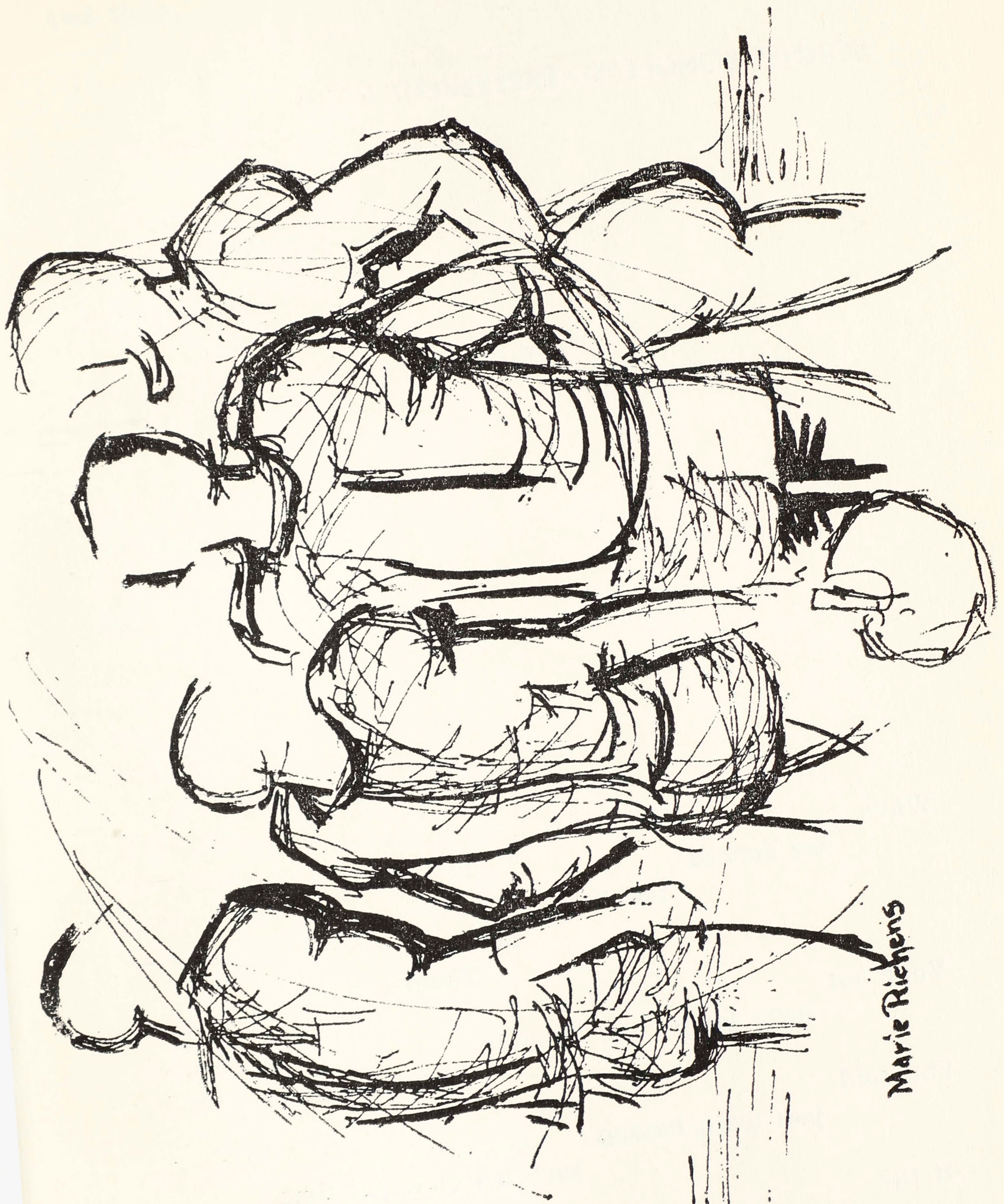
*Long-legged, slim,
Her blonde hair piled
In the latest European style,
Graceful, trim,
Her skirts carefully shortened,
As youthful as
Her crooked smile.
Fatherless and grandfatherless,
And only a solitary uncle:
The old wars are over now,
And new ones just beginning.
To the north and west lies England
Where, minding children by the sea,
She made her English perfect,
And hated English tea.
And to the south, Switzerland,
Snow-sloped land of ski:
To live, to work there
Wunderbar!
To be at last carefree!
She rejoices in
Her Phoenix home
But fears the scarlet cord
Now loose,
But very soon,
A noose.
Then why not flee your island
(Some call it Freedom's island
And others, Freedom's tomb)
Escape your prosperous prison,
Deutschland's grave and Deutschland's womb?
Though she is young,
It is too late.
Hope yet survives,
And pinned to her heart,
The Brandenburg Gate.*



Paul Stager



stapen



Marie Richens

DON PHILLIPSON

SONNET SONGLETS - EXPERIMENT NO. 1

When
 we danced
 the tango
 in
 Thames Hall,
Your hot
 little belly close to mine,
 (Bom-ba-bom)
You said
 you were having
 such a wonderful time
At the
 Mustangs'
 Pigskin
 Ball.
 (Pause.)

And then
as the waltz
swept us
away

You looked in
my eyes
(What a
surprise!)

And whispered
"It's our
Lucky day!"
(Ay-ay-ay.)

And when
we sang
old "West-
ern U",

Your el-
bow linked
with mine,

Your car-
cass men-
tally
supine

As you
thought what
I'd do...

Go Home to write in Couplets (as did Pope)
That if They're all like You, Art

has

no

Hope.

(Cha-cha-cha.)

MALCOLM FRASER

FOUR POEMS

II. Viii

*As I lay drunk upon the sand
an image came to me.*

*An orange bumblebee in a lime tree
was looking down at me
through its piercing fuchsia eyes.*

*"A bitter sting I have for you
and wax will coat your eyes."*

*The chalky sun fell fast
and resin was the lake.*

I. Vi

*Beneath the ghosts of daffodils
my thousand-eyed sore weeps.
Weep on, you wound! There is no balm
to cool your acid tears.*

II. Xii

*A pine cone bleeds an amber tear
high above the mushroom sand
where ducks and beetles
once played among the water lilies.
Where have you taken the lilies, my love?*

II. X

*Gnashing my teeth one cold summer evening
beside a red stove, I rose above the surface
of the black swamp to see the rose petals
in their oriental balance.*

*Ten million fireflies were greenly eating
a dead robin.*

Fate crushes the brave.

*A sizzlehum in the sky heralded the
entrance of some twenty million electric
angels each carrying a frothy mug of beer.*

*“Aha” I cried, thinking of course of the
goodness of God, also his other admirable
qualities.*

*They however all flapped on past me
with the exception of one. He rather
spiralled into the middle of a field
of sunflowers and brown toads. When I
reached the fallen angel...I noticed
that the swampish boob had spilled the
beer he had been carrying. “Ingrate” I
cried and immediately threw down the
brown toad which I had brought as a
gift.*

Haste is a fool’s passion.

*As I returned to my favourite cookie field
I came upon a blue porcelain teacup
being rained in and so of course traversed
around it. A brown feather off an osler
bird lay in the tall grass, panting for
breath and screaming*

“I must return!”

EMILY NOVACK

Cows an' Bats

Illustrated by Marie Richens

We own these here Aberdeen-Angus cattle — big as one of them Pyramid blocks you read about, black as thunder clouds, and with the mos' fee-rocious eyes ya ever seen. When they git jus' a bit 'roused up they sorter lower their 'eads like they wanted to rocket ya clear to the moon, up their tails an' start stampedin' at ya. And when they start that, ya ain't got a chance; all ya see is gee-gantic squares coming at ya with some kind o' long, black, tuffed antenn-i swingin' around over their rumps.

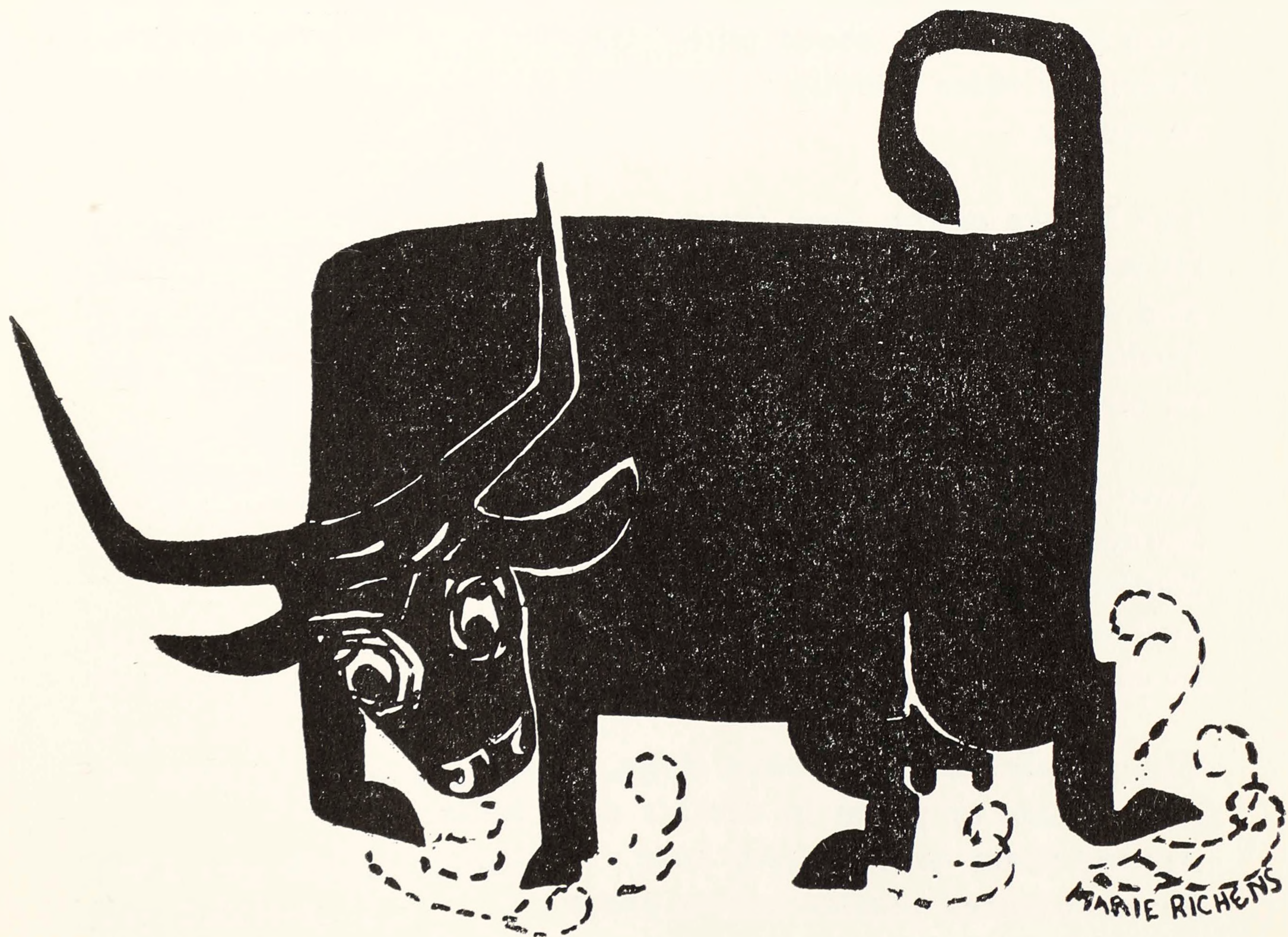
Now one day my Gran'pa called me down to the barnyard to 'elp 'em get one o' the cows into a sort o' pen where 'e could milk 'er. Tripping' along behind 'er was 'er calf—cute as the tip of a kitten's nose. I brought along my baseball bat—just in case. I saw Gran'pa had a broom along—just in case. We closed all the gates while the cow jus' glowered at us, rollin' 'er eyes from one side to the other like ya roll coals over at a wiener roast, an' shiftin' from 'er front left leg to 'er front right leg and then lowerin' 'er rump while she shifted from 'er back right leg to 'er back left leg.

Well it takes more to scare us than an ol' cow jus' lookin' at us. So we moved in from behind 'er. She stood there. We moved a bit slower then. She still stood there! That made Gran'pa so mad he swung 'is broom around 'is head an' brought it "SMACK" on 'er rear. I'd never before seen a cow jump around in mid-air, but this one did. When she landed you could feel the ground shake like Kingdom-Come had finally arrived.

She rolled 'er eyes at Gran'pa an' he scrambled into the pen. Then she rolled 'er eyes at me an' started to paw the ground. I rolled MY eyes aroun' to see if I could jump into somethin'. There wasn't nothin'! I looked at my feet. There wasn't even an ant-hole to bury myself in. Then, I felt a little quiver beneath my feet. I wiggled my toes to see if maybe there was

an ant under my feet. As I did that I looked at my enemy. I didn't get a good look though, for there out of the corner of my one eye I saw a wheelbarrow loaded with cement. That little quiver I'd felt was the angels setting down that wheelbarrow. If I hadn't seen that cow hurtlin' at me out o' the corner of my other eye, I'd have got down on my knees an' thanked the Good Lord.

What I did though was shake over to the other side o' that wheelbarrow. Now the cow started comin' faster an' faster. She looked like she was goin' to fly clear over, land on me, an' squash me like a June-bug! I couldn't see now; she was raisin' so much dust. I could only hear 'er hooves thunderin' closer an' closer until the wheelbarrow almost toppled over on me; it was tremblin' so. Then everythin' jus' stopped—the hooves, the dust, the noise—jus' sudden-like. As sure as I'm standin' here that cow was on 'er knees, tears streamin' down 'er face an' nose and Gran'pa was holdin' what was left of the baseball bat.



KEEWATIN DEWDNEY

TWO POEMS

THE CAROUSEL

*Singing organ, tinkling bell,
Come, ride upon the carousel.
Choose a horse, red or grey,
Laugh and gallop all the day
In circles.*

*Hold tight the reins, don't let go.
Hear the happy music flow.
Clap your hands, shout with glee.
Everyone rides merrily
In circles.*

*The horses gallop ever faster,
Of steeds we are no longer master.
Red and white flash round and round,
Dashing people to the ground
In circles.*

*Now the spinning, groaning whirl,
Spraying poles with flags a-twirl,
Explodes above the death-bell's tolling,
Scattered pieces bouncing, rolling
In circles.*

*The people lie like broken dolls,
And dream of peace in death's dark halls.
Among them in the misty haze,
Some coloured plaster horses graze
In circles.*

SONG OF LIFE

I

*Little children do I see,
Shouting laughter on the lea,
Dancing in the sunny wind.
Oh nature! You are very kind.*

*Then, hey diddle, diddle,
Hey diddle-o,
Life is an oar with nothing to row.*

*Parents weeping in the shade,
Of the forest's gloomy glade,
Mourn the children of the day.
Oh nature kind, why make them play?*

*Then, hey diddle, diddle,
Hey diddle-o,
Life is an oar with nothing to row.*

II

*Little children on the shore,
Frightened by the ocean's roar,
Launch their craft against the foam.
Oh nature! Nature! Send them home.*

*Then, hey diddle, diddle,
Hey diddle-o,
Life is an oar with nothing to row.*

*Parents smile in their graves,
To hear the nearby ocean waves,
Argue with the howling wind.
Oh nature! You are very kind.*

*Then, hey diddle, diddle,
Hey diddle-o,
Life is an oar with nothing to row.*

LINDA BROWNE

A STUDENT'S GARDEN OF PHILOSOPHERS

EPICLETUS: *Epictetus Before Bathing*

"I really must go take a bath,
But before I grab my towel,
I'll picture all the nasty things
That make public baths so foul.
"Olympic-types that swan-dive in,
A flailing foot beneath my chin,
A lifebuoy bubble in the eye,
(Enough to make a Stoic cry),
Splashy games of water-polo,
An echo-chambered tenor solo:
Such noise! Such madness and chlorine
That turns my hair to sickly green.
"This troubles not a chap like me;
My soul and Nature are in harmony:
Damned if I'll take the public plunge;
I'll stay at home and use a sponge!"

BERKELEY: *Immaterialism in a Nutshell*

You don't imagine what you do,
For Big Brother watches you.

JAMES: *For That Dull, Listless Feeling . . .*

"Let's see," said James, "if one can be
Super-charged emotionally
With wild and woolly ecstasy,
Wrought up to a fever-pitch
With that zesty do-good itch,
Stirred with passion
(Religious-fashion),
Crucified and Holy-Grailed,
Bright-eyed and bushy-tailed:
Can one have such stimulation
If God's just man's own creation?"

"Ah, no! I see it cannot be;
 For, speaking quite pragmatically,
 God produces great results
 Through his fervent, happy cults:
 Even the metaphysically obtuse
 Can see God omnipotent equals use.
 His cash-value's sky-rocket high;
 Hail the holy all-American Guy!
 "For maximum stimulation
 And wilder activation
 I prescribe a daily dose
 Of Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
 The three-way action's just divine;
 It stiffens up a drooping spine.
 Whether He is, or is nil,
 He's the perfect vitamin pill."

ANNOUNCING

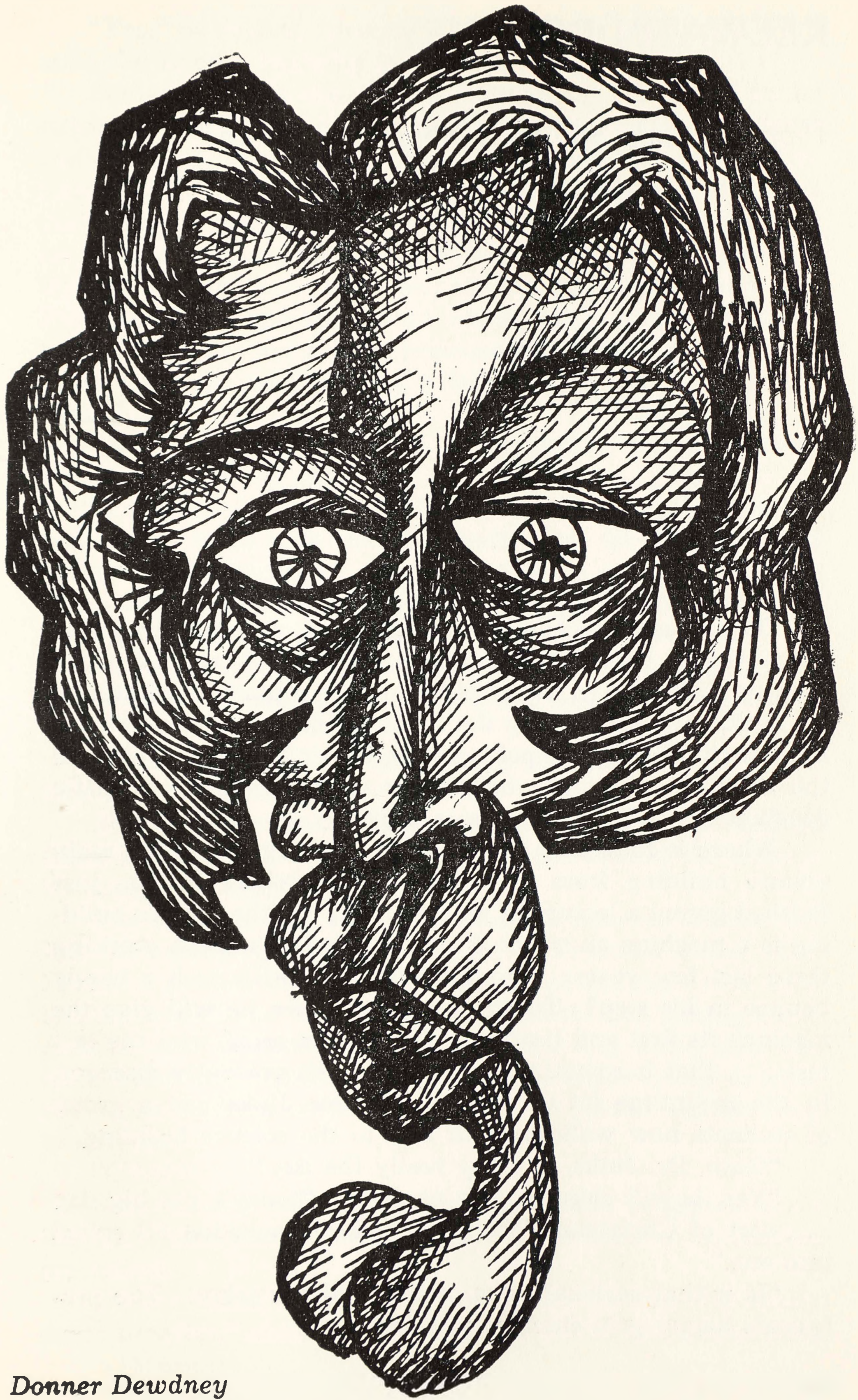
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Paul Stager



Donner Dewdney

KEEWATIN DEWDNEY

Professor Jinks and the Happiness Machine

Do you see that little man in the crowd of people streaming out the wide doors of Namyreeve College? There! Do you see that little man in the tweed coat with a black scarf around his neck, spectacles riding the saddle of his nose? Do you see the thatch of grey hair poking from under his old felt hat and the bright eyes blazing behind his spectacles like two little gas-flames? — That's Professor Jinks!

Where is Professor Jinks going? He is going to the main science building from Strameffe college where he has just finished giving a lecture in mathematics. In the science building is a machine on which Professor Jinks has been working these last few years. Why does he walk with such a happy bounce in his step? Today is the day when he will give the machine its first and last test. No!—never mind why the last test . . . that is something which you will presently discover. In the meantime let us follow Professor Jinks and a group of students now walking with him to the science building.

“Gosh, Dr. Jinks, is today really the day?”

“Yes, boys,” chuckles the professor, “today's the big day . . . sort of Christmas, Waterloo, and Armageddon all rolled into one.”

“Is it that serious?” one of the students jokes. The professor's happy grin changes to a frown.

"Yes," he replies, "precisely!" and no one ventures a word until the science building is reached.

Someone opens the door for Professor Jinks and in he strides, followed by a goodly number of enthusiastic students and one or two professors. Almost everyone who knows Professor Jinks has heard of his mysterious project and knows that today is the day of success or failure. As they approach his laboratory along the basement corridor, a few men in white smocks quietly leave their brightly lit laboratories and join Professor Jinks and the crowd which has now reached large proportions. Feeling a light pressure on one of his shoulders, Jinks turns to see Smithers, a fellow scientist, walking just behind him.

"Err...ah...Jinks, what is it anyway? I mean...surely you've tested it by now!"

"I'm sorry Smithers, you'll have to wait along with all the rest to see what it is that I've built...as for testing, Good Heavens! If it worked I could never test it again!" And professor Jinks smiles his secret smile leaving Smithers quite perplexed. He doesn't like Smithers very much anyway.

"Coming George?" a student yells at a white coated technician as the crowd passes an open lab door. A voice echoes out:

"Wish I could...too much work though...let me know how it turns out whatever it is!"

Everyone now knows that something is going on. Indeed there has not been this much excitement around the science building for a long time.

The students and faculty manage to squeeze themselves into the narrow, poorly lit laboratory of Professor Jinks. The Professor pushes his way to the middle of the room to a solid looking black table with a large black metal case resting on it. A faint hum proceeds from the machine and those near the table watch little instrument needles quiver nervously or little red lights flashing on and off with a frequency approaching intelligence.

"CRASH."

Some clumsy student has knocked a piece of apparatus on the floor from one of the benches. Small cries of accusation are raised.

"Never mind," says Professor Jinks quietly, "it really doesn't matter," and he begins to solder a few last connections

in the machine prior to testing.

The drone of conversation and comment had been rising and falling in the room for some time. Suddenly, there is complete silence. Professor Jinks looks up from his work to see all heads turned toward the door of his laboratory. Professor Jinks turns his eyes toward the door as well and meets the hostile gaze of Dr. Lortnock, head of the science department!

"Jinks!" he bellows and the crowd of students and faculty shudders.

"Jinks . . . I won't have a professor under me giving a public demonstration of his project to large groups of people . . . and," he continues, growing quite purple around the neck, ". . . without my permission." Jinks waves his hands in vague protest.

Dr. Lortnock continues, "I do not see why a demonstration of a sub-atomic oscillator is necessary at all . . . er . . . this is a sub-atomic oscillator isn't it Jinks? I mean," and the department head glowers threateningly, ". . . that's what you reported it as."

"Well, sir," replies Jinks, making an effort, "You see . . . on this table . . . we have . . . er there is . . . ah . . . it's a happiness machine!"

A crowd of people hasn't been this excited since the crowd that watched Lindy land in Paris, or the crowd that was present when Einstein revealed relativity for the first time. As for the department head, Dr. Lortnock, he is furious.

"A happiness machine. . . I won't have it! No professor of mine . . .", he roars.

"But sir, allow me to demonstrate," pleads Professor Jinks, "it will make you happy as well as everyone else here."

Well, after making a statement like that, a man is pretty well forced to continue and prove his claims. Dr. Lortnock, having been promised happiness, still waves his arms wildly and stamps his expensive shoes on the terrazzo floor, finally he says, "Now see here, Jinks, this better be good!"

"Oh Sir, . . ." replies Professor Jinks, his eyes lighting up once again, "it will . . . oh, it will! . . . just you wait sir . . ."

With loving care he solders the last connection, turns, and standing his full, proud little height, gazes fondly out at the crowd. His bright eyes become fervent and kindly. After a long silence, he finally speaks, "To your happiness!"

Then he throws the switch hctiws eht sworht

WILF JENKINS

CUBIC HATE

*The force of Love exploding across the countryside
Shocked the limbs of trees from their grey-still death
And growth began.*

*The Love-Spring borne on the whirring wings of birds
Lulled the land to Life.*

From behind bars, a man gazed out and died.

*His mind, eaten raw by the acids of solitude, rebelled
And he remembered.*

He was drenched by a cascade of Love,

Was foot-free in the world outside,

Regaling in its primal glories

But he hated.

And it destroyed him.

*He hated now, when he saw the birth of Life he could
have shared,*

And, as his hate consumed him,

He retracted his mind

And turned his eyes back

Into the cubicle of his grey-still death.

CLIFTON WHITEN

FUGIT FUTILE

*SEE! sea-gulls glide
Seeking another breeze,
Swiftly sifting, Carry On*

*Crying down on carrion
Death, timeless tease.
With pride man's tried
In vain
To gain
Another day's breeze.*

*We, death down drops with ease
Under stones,
Mere bones.*

DAVID NATHAN

MOODS XXI - TO DIANE

*Lightly wrapped in wrinkled silk,
the whiteness of your neck laid bare
beneath a gleam of upswept hair
—a love on a silver evening.*

*Between these groves and statues how
delicately you'd move, smile, whisper, bow,
while fragile like a slow disease
sadness hangs upon me as mist between the trees.*

PETER COURCHESNE

The String of Beads

He looked at the small square picture that hung on the wall directly across from him. It was a tower that grabbed feebly at cotton-ball clouds bumping in a pale blue sky. It was a useless looking tower, probably a memorial, in memory of something everyone had long since forgotten. The picture hung there endlessly. It just kept hanging there, lost in the mad flourish of flower and colour that was the wall paper. His eyes turned to the TV set, and to the portrait on it, of someone he didn't know. It was a young woman in a wedding dress, who might have believed she was the only human being alive. She smiled a strange smile. She seemed to look into the future, to know what she was doing, what she would do. Slowly he turned his eyes to the window, but its faded blinds cut off the outside world. The room seemed small.

Tonight there was no new girl. No girl whose practised smile and meaningless chatter could draw his attention to the little lines that came and went around the mouth, to the eyebrows that danced constantly, and the head that tossed excitedly. There were no old friends. Friends who could take him to unfriendly places to be profound about nothing, or trivial about profundity. Even the lethargy of alcohol seemed all but pleasant.

He wondered how many hours had been spent by all the different people who had sat where he was sitting—and got up. The cat jumped against the door, landed, and looked up at him, dully. He wobbled the door open, and the cat trotted out in search of love. He watched it go to the end of the walk, pause, saunter across the street, and disappear into the darkness of an alley. The soft, cool kiss of the night air felt inviting. He looked at his jacket on the peg—indecisive—then took it down and wandered out.

A thin, low-rolling fog swept around him and drew the

night's sounds past his ears. The foreground sounds came first: the constant hissing hum of wheels on pavement, the dull, complaining drone of engines, the low, mumbling grumble of distant voices. The sound of the drizzle came too—a strange, clinging sound that was more to be seen than heard, and hung suspended over everything. The noises remained distinct, but flowed into a harmony, a harmony sobbed by the shadows of stiff and empty cardboard robots.

He pulled his collar up against the rain that slid down from the blank and dusty sky in thin and steady threads. The threads hit the sidewalk at his feet, and dissolved, having ended their long and tiresome journey, and found their destination—on the sidewalk. He walked on, passed beneath a tin Coca-Cola sign that was talking with the rain, about itself. A No Parking sign swung back and forth on its chains, chastising. The neon signs were bright, and red, and made of glass, that shatters.

His foot shuffled through the leaves, and he wondered why they had turned red, instead of yellow, or yellow instead of red. He lifted his head to gaze at the stupid leaves, as they died, and came twisting down. A huge bus rumbled its wet way by him. Inside, its heavy, yellow light was foreign to the world around it. Always it had travelled up and down the same route. It seemed subjected, it seemed to have a longing to travel on new roads, to roll straight on, forever. The only passenger was a girl. She looked down towards him. Their eyes met, and the bus rolled out into the dark, and away from him.

Forgetting the bus, he entered the stillness of an empty street. His footsteps echoed now, and slowly. Below the echo there was still that hanging, omnipresent sound of the drizzle, and from some blocks away a muffled roar leaped into cadence, like a waterfall that is spasmodically turned off and on. Across the street, a boy full of dreams, capered down a walk and pounded up a flight of stairs. Before he could knock a girl came out to greet him. They smiled warmly, and their talk was cheery, and even real, for it concerned a new coat he had bought, and a cake that she had burned.

Beneath a lamp-post, at the end of the street, some very young men flattered themselves with a plan of deep intrigue, which was enough to intrigue them. They fell to a cold silence as he passed, and with the silence, their smiles and their enthu-

siasm faded. The roar came filtering through the night again and he turned his steps toward it. He rounded the corner, followed a winding street and descended a little hill. Behind him he heard that nonsensical bubbling sound that only a group of girls can make, when they are anticipating they are not sure what. He lit a cigarette, put his hands back in his jacket pockets, and remembered that she had never talked like that.

Suddenly, there were people everywhere. His eyes took in all of them at once. They seemed to be going and coming and milling about, yet they all went in the same direction, and pushed their way through the same small gate. A roar throbbed out of the stadium, bent back the fog, and dropped some insoluble voices in a tinkling shower around him. The rest were dissipated into the air. He stopped to look at the fence and thought of the crowd inside that were waving, cheering, and laughing. Were there two people in that crowd who really knew each other?

He drifted slowly around the stadium, keeping close to the pulse of those thousands of voices that so willingly lost their individuality and blended into one. Only yards away the penetrating power of dazzling floodlamps lit the field of vain-glorious combat, yet the lane was immutable black. He came out on a concrete pavilion that yawned along the riverbank. To his right rose the high, plank fence. Names had been slapped on it with paint to commemorate the memory of little heroes.

On his left, the concrete angled down and stopped abruptly at a fringe of marsh that edged the river. The marsh extended just a little way, and then was smudged in with the water. The Thames was motionless, but thin tissue shadows of the most impenetrable black swayed on the surface of the deep, diluted darkness of the water. The shadows were projected from the vague and interwoven mass of trees that rustled on the other bank. The sky beyond was a complete nothing. It neither moved nor was—it only gaped in flat, dull greys.

He moved along the pavilion. Ahead of him a bridge straddled the river in absolute complacency. Below its steel structuring two forms stood together in close embrace, watching the river, and not seeing it. He wondered if they loved as he had done. He wondered if they were satisfied and self-assured in each other's company. Was it a ravishing ferocious love, of biting intensity, that races madly on to desolation? Was it a calm love, of perpetual, mirthful, friendliness and warm

companionship? Perhaps they did not love at all.

He ascended a double flight of wooden stairs, and turned to lean against the railing. He lit a cigarette. Below him he could see the bridge, and the Thames, and the bowels of the stadium. The crowd was a mass of insignificant spots; spots that cheered, and prayed that their cheers would be heard, and grasped. But their cries crashed against the planked wall and were obliterated, or skyrocketed up and lost themselves in tumult among the trees, or smog, or clouds. Some cheers made it, he admitted, and came skipping along the Thames like flat stones — and sank like stones. The cigarette burned itself away, dropped from his fingers, and was crushed beneath his foot. He was silent.

Again his footsteps echoed, but now there was no other sound. He found himself on a street that stretched out far ahead of him, until at last it lost itself in the merging of distant buildings. The whole of his surroundings became as a bedroom in absolute darkness, in which the only sensible thing is the ticking of a clock, for he was aware of nothing but the beating of his feet. At length, the metronome, his footsteps, were challenged by another, fainter, more melodic sound. He raised his head to listen as the melody grew clear. He leaned against a low stone wall and stared at a large, vacant window that glowed from a light further back in the house. The house was huge, and once had symbolized prosperity, and even culture. Someone within was playing the piano. He supposed it was a woman and thought that she played well. He imagined that the lights were dimmed around her and that she reminisced as she played. For a very long time, he listened. Then the melody grew louder, and quickened in tempo. The tune no longer pleased him and he continued down the street. The music grew faint, and died away, as the cheers had died away. Again the resounding knock of his feet accented the emptiness. His eyes became fixed on the concrete a yard or so before him. He walked and walked.

He stopped abruptly.

At his feet lay a string of pearls. He knelt, and looked more closely, and slowly reached to pick them up. They ran smoothly through his hands, gleaming and pure. He pulled them between two fingers and watched the softness of their glow dart from pearl to pearl, as one by one they tumbled through. Intently, he studied the silver clasp. It must have

come apart, but it was not broken. He wondered who had lost them, if she had noticed yet that they were missing, if she was anxious now, or worried. He picked at one of the beads with his fingernail, and saw its lustre chip off.

He began to ponder what to do with them. Perhaps he should merely leave them where they had been found, or put them on a nearby post that they might be easily seen if the owner returned. But then, someone else would be likely to find them first.

"What," he said aloud, "was the neck like that wore them?"

He visualized a warm and lovely neck, one that was smoother than the pearls, and that gently curved out to the shoulders. He imagined the beauty and symmetry of the slight dip before the arms, the softness of the arch below the chin, and the enchantment of the shallow hollow just at the base of the neck. He decided that she had worn black. The pearls would have swept around and down to form a perfect parabolic curve, contrasted against the black, and resting on the gentle rise that comes before the breasts. Her hair would be long, and as black and smooth as ebony, and her face would be oval, and young, and fair. Her eyes would swim with life beneath their hazel darkness.

"I'll give them to the first charming girl to come by." He smiled, and turned away, still wondering what to do. He thought of putting an advertisement in the paper and decided that that would be best. It would read like this: "Found: One string of pearls. Owner may redeem for a kiss, or for the cost of this ad, depending on certain technicalities."

These thoughts occupied his mind for some time. His smile, pensive at first, had broadened to a wide grin. He swung along, whistling, and thinking of the results the advertisement might have. Suddenly he was aware of people looking at him, and he realized he had been swinging the pearls like a keychain. He shoved the pearls to the bottom of his pocket, and lit a cigarette.

The rain had stopped, he noticed, but he could not recall when. He tried to remember what he had been thinking of before he had found the pearls, but there seemed to be nothing in particular, and he gave it up. If he hurried, he could make it back to the boarding house in time to watch the late movie. He covered the distance quickly, fondly dreaming of the girl back home.

JOHN MOSS

TWO POEMS

Illustrated by Fonad Fanaki

STANIEL CAY

*The antique bell was slung above the barefoot scramble
Of the black-faced congregation,
And it shuddered quaintly in its off-toned knell
As it snuggled up into the darkness of the rafters;
And its belfry was the tiny thick-walled church
Which was made of coral, paled and smoothed
By years of whitewash and guano,
And was bleached by the scorching whiteness of the sun
And was cleansed by the whistling of the summer winds.*

*Reverend Millar was the village elder
And the wisest naive man I've ever met—
Magistrate, preacher,
Doctor, teacher —
He was all of these by acclamation
And by time and by acceptance;
And he had a wonderful, mourning, soulful face,
And he seemed to enjoy a melancholic happiness
Which engulfed the quaint little cay
In a quaint little world of its own.*

*His sermon drifted on a random course out paneless windows
And spread like a compass rose, always ending at the sea,
Amidst the creeping gurgle of the foaming tidal wash.*

*“De young folk go out dere
But dey come back;
Dey lose de Lo'd out dere
So dey come back;
Dat old 'orizun is de border ob de world
An' dis old islund is de cent-ah ob de world;
Dey go t' see de woming an' de drink
But dey come back;*



*Dat place hab plenty ebil sin, an' goo'ness 'n' kin'ness;
Dis place hab goo'nes 'n' kin'ness
An' maybe hab jus' a little less ebil,
So dey come back."*

*The young folk shared a tolerant yawn
And cast their yearning glances at the open casements,
And the pastelled children smuggled visions
In full view of an austere willow wand,
And those who just returned were lulled in reminiscence
Of the boisterous bustling world out there beneath the sun,
And the old folk settled deeper in the worn depressions in
the wood
In the tiny thick-walled church in the center of the world.*

THE GRAVE

*Above the brittle image of a mirrored world,
In blues and greens,
There spreads a carpet covered mossy ridge
And lies a shallow grave
In, perhaps, three feet of gravel ground.*

*Below the antiquated wandering pines,
In a corrugated cardboard box,
There lies a little soiled wreath
Of tissue paper roses:
A toilet tissue symbol,
With lipstick garnished petals,
Of being not alone
To live, nor die.*

Fallio

