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UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

FALL 1964, Vol. XVII, No. 1

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**PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUTHORIZATION OF THE UNIVERSITY
STUDENT'S COUNCIL. COMMISSIONER FOR PUBLICATIONS,
DAVE GIRVAN.**

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Editorial

Christmas approaches, and *Folio* once more presents the 'perfect Christmas gift'. Rolled neatly and wrapped in green paper, the magazine will make a welcome addition to any Christmas tree. For those of you who are selfish, however, and want to read and keep *Folio* for yourselves, we hope that this issue will provide interesting and enjoyable reading.

Incidentally, *Folio* is not merely a magazine of poetry with odd pieces of prose inserted to take up space. We invite you to READ *Folio* — for a change. We acknowledge the fact that it is easier to criticize the magazine without perusing it, but please try reading it — just once. "JFK and Immediately After", or "Hiram, Hiram" — maybe "dec. 17/63" or "Moon Poems" will appeal to you. Undoubtedly, some of the writing will *not* strike your fancy; the important thing is that perhaps some of it *will*. Why not write to *Folio*, c/o U.S.C. Office, and let us know your likes and dislikes in this issue? We would be even happier if you contributed some of your own writing. Our purpose is twofold: to publish the best of student-writing, and to interest our readers.

Note the new Photography Section in the centre of the magazine. We hope that this will widen *Folio's* appeal both to contributors and to readers. Again — please let us know your reaction by writing to us or contributing.

The circulation of *Folio* has been increased to 3500 copies this issue, thanks to the approval of the University Students' Council. This is the result of a shortage in copies of the Spring 1964 issue. The selections in the current issue have been culled from about 200 items of poetry, 30 of prose, and uncounted sketches, graphics, and photographs.

However we attempt to disguise it, the student-writer's intense preoccupation with morbidity and death seems to expose itself once again in this issue. This is not unique at Western — perhaps it is not even restricted to students. The tendency seems especially inescapable, however, in any collection of contemporary student-writing. If you believe it is not typical, accept your responsibility to prove your contention by contributing your own creations. Take advantage of our daily office hours to come in and get acquainted with the editorial staff. We attempt to provide the service of a written criticism of each piece of work rejected. The purpose we uphold is to encourage and improve student-writing.

The rest is up to you now — to read, to criticize, and to write. *Folio* depends upon YOU!

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dec. 17, 1963

it had snowed all night:
in the morning, the tall
spare pines—drunk—
leaned dazed,
their limbs ponderous
with snow, snow, snow . . .

spilled and scattered,
the pale day
lay in shallow pools
of light in the blue, blue
woods,
waiting . . . waiting . . .

then the wind came
and rocked the trees;
the white snow exploded—
white trees exploding in the dawn . . .

the startled day,
breathless,
gathered together its
lost limbs . . .
and sprang up!
up fighting the fired snow—
up to the sun—
then streamed back,
gold and splendid.

the white snow rose billowing . . .
. . . paling before the awesome,
and frozen light;
then swooshed down into
the chill shades of the
blue, blue woods—
hissing . . .

—Clara Bartel

J.F.K. AND IMMEDIATELY AFTER

None of us felt good; all of us felt shocked. On this drizzly November day President Jack Kennedy had been assassinated during the noon hour in Dallas, and the nuclear age insecurities had begun to come out of the woodwork. The mood was subdued. On the crowded Richmond Street bus going downtown there was even some speculation about where we and the rest of the world would be in the next couple of hours.

The faculty and the students knew that now there was a second-best man in the White House, an acknowledged political manoeuvrer, but not a president who could refresh the world as Jack Kennedy did, not a man who could give leadership to the country, inspire it with his personality and good looks the way Kennedy did. Johnson's speeches, almost offensively simple, were felt to be a sorry come-down from Kennedy's urbane, Churchillian tones. Johnson, we agreed, smiling weakly at each other, was not an intellectual.

Kennedy had earned that accolade through his Pulitzer prize for *Profiles in Courage*, through his wife's taste for European culture, through, in part, impressing Norman Mailer in a 1960 Los Angeles interview by saying he had read not *The Naked And The Dead* as everybody else would have done, but *The Deer Park*. Mailer promptly pronounced candidate Kennedy a man of culture and intellectuality. *The Deer Park* is about some fictional Hollywood characters. The nation was later informed that president Kennedy's favorite reading was Ian Fleming mysteries. But Kennedy had come out of Harvard *magna cum laude*, with a B.Sc. degree, and it was reported that he relaxed his mind by reading and thinking about history. Everyone was in favour of calling him an intellectual and he promoted that image himself, a man of intellectual "vigor", to use one of his favorite words, and a man intimately connected with "learning and books".

But, to be honest, how good was Kennedy's image in the U.S. in the fall of 1963? A University of Miami coed, appraising the likely field of candidates for the 1964 presidential elections, commented "What kind of a choice have we got? On one hand you have militarist Goldwater and on the other, meatball Kennedy." Yes, that's what she called him — "meatball". Of course, she was being quoted by *Time*, whose politics, as everyone knows, is Henry R. Luce Republican. But the mid-west is GOP too, and by 1963 all this Harvard

liberalism was getting them down, more and more, all the time. Big business was still rankled over Kennedy's suppression of steel prices and his expressed belief that American businessmen were indeed bastards as stated by his father, who was also a businessman. Even the liberals were chaffing slightly under the excuse that the administration's legislative program had halted for more foundation-laying behind the scenes, necessitated by Congressional recalcitrance on things like medical care for the aged. After being strategized all summer, the civil rights bill still hadn't reached the House. The President's swing into Florida before he went to Texas and the rather reactionary exhortations he gave to the Cuban refugees there still could not conceal the neutral gear into which the Kennedy administration had fallen.

Why had Kennedy's influence with Congress been declining ever since he took office? The general consensus was that although the legislators could talk to him, they could not talk with him; the Oval Room in the White House was becoming obvious in its pretensions to being a power center in a nation dedicated to the separation of powers. Congress felt itself in the undignified position of being on the defensive. Unlike Lyndon Johnson, who ostensibly draws his political philosophy from the mighty prophet, Isaiah, "Come, let us reason together" was definitely not the Kennedy credo. JFK had propagandized himself into the chairmanship of the type of people he wished to establish as elite. The preponderance of competent Harvardmen on his staff and of brain-trusters in his cabinet seemed to indicate that New England liberal intellectualism was the only life style he recognized as productive and worthwhile. His fraternity with west coast film people seemed to round off the image of a man, who, to the middle western ethos of America, appeared content to let his administration float on cloud nine. Being associated with The Administration was much the same type of chic as would be an appearance in a Federico Fellini set piece. *La dolce vita* never looked better, never was so prestigious.

Lyndon Johnson, during this period of history, may have been in with the NASA set, may have attended all the Cabinet meetings, but he and his kind were still beer and barbecue hombres from the Texas outback, even after thirty years of breathing the misty greatness in the Washington atmosphere. It was frankly admitted at the time of Kennedy's assassination that although Jacqueline could get along with Lady Bird and the girls, she was uneasy in the presence of the big man. Johnsonian bonhommie and Kennedy refinement were patently inimical. The final blow to refinement came after the assassination, when Perle Mesta was reinstated as Washington's "hostes' with the mostes'."

The coarse texture of the Johnson administration started to grate on the sensibilities of the Kennedy people shortly after Johnson

succeeded to the presidency. The more snobbish among the New Frontiersmen peeked through their fingers in horror as their comrades sweated it out when LBJ poured on the corny humor and Big Daddy paternalism for Ludwig Erhard who came to the president's Texas ranch in December '63. Those of the Kennedy corps who had thicker skins determined to stick around only as long as Johnson needed them, martyrs for their country. Then they started to leave as things settled in at Washington. Dave Powers was replaced by Jack Valenti, Pierre Salinger by George Reedy; Arthur Schlesinger Jr. retreated back to Harvard, and Ted Sorenson got out to write a book on the Kennedy years. The tenor of things was becoming less New England, more melting pot. Sleek and sassy intellectualism disappeared for the warmer appeal of Tuesday Weldish sensationalism as the nation was told that Johnson swam nude in the White House pool, drove a fast Lincoln Continental when the route was not necessarily traffic-free.

Things started to happen again in government. The ghost of Franklin Roosevelt's NRA was revived in the spirit of the new War on Poverty and Kennedy's big tax cut proposal was moved through Congress. Civil Rights went through the House to the Senate floor, where the nation could clearly view the naked forces of obstruction, now in the open, and take a definite stand on the negro question. The president, said the news releases, commonly worked sixteen to eighteen hours a day. But to say that things did not happen during Kennedy's two years and ten months would be an obvious lie.

It would, of course, be mere speculation to say that things will continue to move under Johnson. The primary difference is the appearance that all innovations are not the direct result of a brilliant chief executive, aided by selected intelligentsia. Lyndon Johnson learned early that giving committeemen and cabinet members the impression that their thinking is vital to executive planning was the way to make a favorable impression in the legislative branch. The intimate, reasoned dialogue, long an LBJ specialty, proves irresistible to any member of the opposition who believes his resistance of a Johnson-supported measure is based on pure political and intellectual rationality. The opportunity to change the president's mind cannot be passed up.

The difference between icy scintillation and warm effervescence is always the basis of comparison in the Kennedy and Johnson styles, and the means of reaching the ends, whether in domestic or foreign policy reflect this difference of approach. Because Johnson is in there humanizing and glad-handing, many critics, looking on this as being the type of obvious B-movie political tactics the public scorns, have labelled him inefficient, especially in his foreign policy. Despite the facts, these critics insist that the Kennedy aloofness was the manner that got things done, that familiarity breeds contempt, making the president incapable of giving leadership. The feeling is that emotional expressiveness will not make up for, or indeed, indicates a lack of,

intelligence. The news magazines report the presidential personality and the escapades it leads to with an editorial policy illustrative of a classic approach-avoidance conflict. He is so undignified, but he is the president. Franklin Roosevelt, while a man of the people, was also patrician.

Presidential politics, as everyone knows, is founded in the cult of personality. It is preferable if the president achieves his legislative objectives, but the personality itself is the main thing. There is no doubt that Jack Kennedy's was stronger than Johnson's in relation to what people want in a president. Johnson's personality does not permit him the isolation which raises the leader above the masses. Kennedy could wade into a crowd of thousands, as he did in his June '63 tour of Europe, and be no more a part of the crowd than if he were in a plane overhead. He could smile and be witty, but never could he descend from being *el macho divino*. Johnson, so much a part of the crowd he can never pull himself above it, is the antithesis of "the divine he-man". He is too uncharismatic, too mortal, not the kind of man people would gladly give their lives to save. When he cries at a funeral or when he is angry with a reporter or when he lets off steam, people feel the thick bond of humanity between him and them. That he is not invulnerable to death would not be such a shock as it was with Jack Kennedy.

As the embodiment of the country's aspirations at the end of Eisenhower's boring tenure, Kennedy had easily been able to build the "vigah" of his personality into a national and international norm which became the ultimate in individual personality achievement, especially among the young. To get to the top in politics, it was essential to have the vaunted "vigah" of his physical, psychological and intellectual being. That is why Lyndon Johnson was never heard from in his vice-president's job. Rather than "vigah", Johnson exuded a somewhat antique aura of hard, slugging work.

So it was that Kennedy's assassination brought a reaction of stunned amazement, as if a minor Zeus had fallen and the tears were those consequent on a shattered belief. But if Lyndon Johnson dies in office, the grief will be much more profound. The lamenting will be not for the passing of another god, but for the transience of human life itself.

—Ronald Campbell

The Messenger

Click.
A current runs to tell the bulb,
This is good news,
I think these people,
Poor fools,
Deserve some light.

—Michael Hickman



From the Mouths of Babes

He was an old man,
Carrier bag with a strap
Crossing left shoulder to right thigh
And full-heavy.

Dirty brown khaki peaked hat,
And shirt.

Well-worn pants faded green
Hanging on yellowed suspenders
High-waisted.

Grey bushy eyebrows
On a pleasant-stern face
Above old boots transporting
Circulars for something or other.

He was cutting across a front lawn
And two little boys
And a toy lawn-mower
Cutting the grass for pretends.
An expensive toy—
It somewhat worked,
And the old deliverer of circulars noticed.

"You're cutting the grass, eh?"

Fatherly-friendly,

Mussing one boy's hair,

"You like ta cut the grass for ya papa?"

"Ya gotta real powerful push there

"Eh little fella!"

Stuck the circular in the screen-door scroll-work;
Walked back.

"Well, see ya, eh fellas,

"Don't ya work too hard."

Smile.

Boys bewildering

"You're a bum ain't ya?"

And his smile disappeared

And delivering circular to the next door

Fast walking away

Gazing.

—*Raymond Sealey*

THE CAPTAIN

The pale evening light of the winter sun gradually felt its way along the faded wallpaper until it reached the table and gleamed dully on the oil cloth. There, the old man sat laboriously painting the name "Pequod" on his large model of an old Nantucket whaling ship. For months he had been patiently building this ship with careful attention to the minutest detail. Now he was almost finished.

"Blast!" he exclaimed, as the excitement that had been bubbling in him all that day made him smudge the paint. He put down his brush and begun pacing anxiously back and forth in the little room. For the twentieth time he glanced out the window at the harbour. From the rocking chair a black cat watched him, unblinking. It seemed to take a malevolent delight in the old man's agitation.

"She should be in soon, Fedallah," said the old man, addressing the cat. With a quick movement Fedallah sprang from the rocking chair, leaving it gently swaying. His eyes blazed green in the last rays of sunlight as he padded across the room and faded into the old man's shadow.

The blast of a ship's horn rolled across the harbour and crushed the Sunday sounds of the city.

"Ah, there she is!" cried the old man excitedly. Hurrying across the room he took down an old spyglass from its rack on the wall. He trained it on a great white ship which was ponderously nosing its way through the harbour. Its progress was being watched solicitously by two grimy tugboats. With a satisfied grunt the old man lowered the glass and replaced it on the wall.

He pulled on his heavy navy-blue coat and jammed an old sailor's hat on his head. Another long blast from the ship's horn hurried him on. Still buttoning his coat he closed the door of his room and carefully locked it.

As he descended the stairs the old man met a boy with a shock of blond hair who had obviously been waiting for him.

"Hi, Cap'n," said the boy.

"Hello Davey," returned the Captain with a smile that lit up his wrinkled face.

"I heerd it," said Davey, looking up at the Captain, "An' I bin ready fer hours."

"Ever since you said you'd take 'im to see your ship, 'e 'asn't sat still fer a minute," commented the boy's mother. She smiled on her son patronizingly.

"Well, we'll be off now, Mrs. Sweeney," muttered the old man, touching his cap.

"Goodbye, then, Mr. Budd," replied Mrs. Sweeney with the dignified tone that landladies reserve for their boarders.

As the pair started towards the harbour the sun had set and clouds were beginning to gather on the mountains across the inlet. The freshening nor'westerly breeze carried the heavy salt smell of the sea and the old man sniffed it with satisfaction. He felt a slight tug at his sleeve. The boy was looking up at him shyly.

"I told Tommy Owens you useta be the captain of a big white ship but 'e didn't believe me so I punched 'im an' 'e ran 'ome," confessed Davey proudly.

"You shouldn't of done that, Davey. Some people they just don't understand and it ain't no use you tryin' to make 'em."

"But 'e said you was makin' it up," protested the boy.

The old man said nothing but playfully ruffled the boy's hair. As they rounded the last corner they saw the liner slowly being nudged into its berth by two straining tugs.

"Boy, is she ever big," Davey gasped. He glanced with pride at the Captain.

In the gathering dusk and the thin mist now rising from the water, the whiteness of the ship gave it almost a phantom aspect. As they approached the P&O dock, where she would tie up, they noticed that a small crowd had gathered, as always, to watch the ship arrive with its smell of far-away places.

The old man pushed up to the rail with the boy. One or two people murmured, "Hello, Captain." The old man touched his cap in acknowledgement.

The ship was within thirty yards of them now and towered above them in its whiteness like a great iceberg. They could hear the raucous cries of the crewmen as they tossed the heavy mooring ropes to waiting hands on the dock. The crowd stood silent, watching, each man dreaming his own dream.

Finally the ship was moored securely. The gang-plank went down and the black diesel tugs cast off and slowly chugged away from the dock. Now the crowd began to disperse, murmuring in low voices. Only a few remained. The boy looked up at the Captain.

"It's even bigger'n I thought," he whispered in awe. The old man's eyes were fixed on his ship.

"Yes, she's a big 'un," he murmured finally. His voice sounded far away to the boy.

After a short silence Davey asked, "Can we go on board and meet the crew?"

The Captain turned quickly to look at the boy.

"No, no!" he said sharply. "We must get home."

Davey looked startled by the old man's tone. Grasping the boy's hand the Captain added more softly, "I got to finish off the 'Pequod' . . . I just haveta paint on her name now." Reassured, the boy grinned.

The breeze blowing off the water was much colder now. The old man shivered a little as they turned to go. The sound of voices drifted from the ship as a few of the crewmen disembarked. They shouted and laughed at each other, glad to get off for a few hours. As some of the crew were passing the old man and the boy, one of them, a man in a wine waiter's uniform, stopped and stared at the Captain. With a start, he recognized him.

"Bill Budd!" he shouted. "You old bugger! I 'aven't seen you since they chucked you off the old tub."

Fear appeared in the Captain's eyes and he began to move away pulling Davey with him.

"Bill, it's me, yer old mate, Freddy!" exclaimed the grey-haired Cockney, puzzled. "We was waiters together fer years."

"No!" cried the old man fiercely. "Your thinkin' o' somebody else."

He wrenched away from the Cockney and walked away quickly with the boy.

"Well, I'm buggered," muttered the Cockney, astonished.

The old man and the boy turned the corner and their footsteps rang hollowly in the dimly lit street. Now they were alone. The boy stopped and looked at the tired old man.

"You ain't a Captain," he said bitterly. "Your nothin'."

His chin quivered and he began to cry. Great sobs wracked his small frame and his tears glistened in the dim lamplight. The old man reached out and touched his shoulder but the boy pulled away.

"Leave me alone," he sobbed.

The broken old man shuffled slowly on up the street, his shoulders bowed and his hands in his pockets. The boy followed him to their grey, silent house.

The old man dragged himself heavily up the stairs to his dark room. Taking out his key, he unlocked the door. As the door opened, a strip of light from the landing leapt into the room. In the chair, the eyes of the cat glowed accusingly. The old man entered and pulled the cord that switched on the naked lightbulb. Light flooded into every corner of the room, exposing its ugliness relieved only by the model of the "Pequod" with its delicate rigging. To this the old man turned. With a burst of impotent fury he seized it and smashed it on the floor. As he looked down at the wreck, tears welled in his eyes and ran heavily down his wrinkled cheeks. The cat watched unblinking.

"It's Dead," he mumbled. "It's dead! It's dead!"

—Colin J. Hayward

Brown Vase

In a brown vase
Of Havisham cobwebs
And a dusty circle of hopskotch
I bounce gaily on my hobby horse of purple polkadot hopes
And dream adolescent dreams
Of God knows what . . .
And through the brownness glow tomorrow cares
More and more
Smutty hands of wild creatures smudge my exquisite glass
Their imprints large and coarse and careless
More I shrink into a mole
And retreat
Into
Me.
But I know
That hobby horses and hopskotch are sometimes things
So I put
Away
My brown vase
into
a
corner
of my brown vase soul.

—*Tammy Graham*

Where O Where

I am a nudist looking
For my tie clip;
A stringless guitar
For people who don't like music;
A headless gavel
For those who don't like politics;
A bristleless brush
For people without any teeth;
A loaded pistol
For those who don't like themselves.
Hell, I'll never find it.

—*Keith Watson*

BEDSIDE MANOR, or THE VISARD OF GAUZE

. . . A farce in one scene, in which Lew Errs as Doctor Killjoy.

Scene: 4 A.M. The Operating Room. A surgery in progress. Anesthetist fumbling with oxygen apparatus. Interns running to and fro. Doctor Killjoy, our hero, clad in mask and gloves, examining patient on operating table before him.

Fade in overture to "Mack, the Knife." Fade out.

ANNOUNCER: Hello, there, Sir, are you a surgeon?

KILLJOY: No, I've already found it.

ANNOUNCER: Found what?

KILLJOY: My watch. After all, our minute second chances have taught us to watch out for the stitch in time that saves nine!

ANN: Ja! You have been lung gone, in vein?

KILLJOY: The nerve of the fellow! Ha! Now to continue. *(To interns)* Gather, round gentlemen, as I demonstrate the removal of an inferior bossa nova. Scalpel. From your experience in surgery, I would say that there is a vas deferens between us. Suture. We make a slight incision above the quo vadis, by-pass the ipso facto, sever the paternoster to expose the Via Gorilla, or the Appian Way. We suture the pons asinorum, stitch the ex libris, and presto. Caput!

INTERNS *(wickedly)*: Hooray! Three cheers for Killjoy.

Chorus of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." They quickly seize Killjoy, clear the operating table, and strap him to it. One of the interns, stepping forward . . .

KILLJOY: Permit me to introduce myself. I'm Doctor Igor, and are my colleagues, Doctors Salt, Petre, and Pepper. Just 'cause you're the spice of life, don't think you're so hot!

IGOR: Killjoy, we conclude that you have corrected all brain defects to date, save your own.

KILLJOY: You mean — save my own?

IGOR: Exactly. We must swab your cerebellum. *(ecstatically)* We must brainwash you. Ah-haa. *(to others)* Hold him, gentlemen. *(to nurse)* Anesthetic. *(injects it)*.

KILLJOY: Igor, you fiend! I'll report you to Medicare! I'll revoke your poetic license! I'll ahh . . . (*faints*)

IGOR: A fiend in need is a fiend indeed.

Igor makes an incision, calls for sutures, adrenalin, pulse rate, etc. Fade in "I've Got You Under My Skin." Fade out.

Five minutes later.

IGOR: . . . separate the posterior lobes of the anterior alma mater (*snip*), one more (*snip*), tumor (*snip, snip*), . . . metamorphose the concentric medusa . . . sew a few stitches . . . done! (*wiping his hands and humming "You've Gotta Reap Just What You Sew"*) Now, Killjoy, as well as being brainy and brawny, will be broad-minded too. It drives me sane just to think of it.

The doors swing open, and Lionel Barrylyndon, as Gillesque, flies in on his wheelchair, accompanied by two orderlies with straitjackets.

GILLESQUE (*enraged*): Sacre bleu, Igor! I've told you many a time to forge a head, but I never meant . . .

IGOR: Yea! Alas! What, hath God rot?

GILLESQUE (*to orderlies*): Go gently on him, boys. (*They secure him.*) These years of separation from Frank N. Stein haven't been easy on Igor.

KILLJOY (*awakening*): What hit me? (*Now writhing in his strait-jacket*) You can't do this to me: I've got P.S.I. and the D.T.'s; I'm Q.T. on the M.O. at the O.K. Corral! And I've got powerful friends: King Ganam, Count Basie, and Duke Snyder! I'll sue you for fraud!!!

SPONSOR (*smugly*): If anyone's a fraud, it's Freud, says Freed.

Killjoy lunges at him. (Sincerity to Anthony Comstock forbids our presenting the violence and gore and phallic symbolism that we'd all love to see at this moment.)

ANNOUNCER: And so, as we bid farewell to the happy folk at Snare General Hospital, we call to mind the immoral words of Frederick Banting at his best . . . "You insulin bastard!" Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, and remember, if you can't sayonara then you'd better say good-bye.

NETWORK ANNOUNCER: The foregoing was a paid polemical pronouncement. This is the Vice of America.

CURTAIN

—Al Levine and Trebor Rood

Recollections

We thought the birds were Asian kings
That flew across the sea;
We laughed and made the leaves like waves
That rocked our magic tree;
But though we camped among the limbs,
We never did one seize.

Tim said he wounded Robin's breast,
I lied that it was me;
I felt that Tim could not harm kings,
When he had set them free;
And though we argued all one day,
I knew it could not be.

—*Ted Pitcher*

Moon Poems

- 1) The crescent moon swinging
In the naked branches of a maple;
Cool sophisticate,
Does not contemplate
The danger of falling.
- 2) The moon was carved
By thin birch branches,
Then sliced
By slender water grass.
- 3) Through the diamond-paned glass
A half-moon grimaces,
Frightened by the heaviness
Of oncoming pregnancy.
- 4) I kick the full moon floating,
And it shatters in fragments
Scatters and ripples
In quivering puddles of light.

—*Isabel Howey*

THE GIRL ON THE SHORE

I used to see her there On the Shore, and I felt I understood her, while everyone else laughed at her ragged clothes and gloomy moods. She wasn't the poorest thing in the village, to be sure, but she was probably the most uncared-for. So I always wished she'd be my friend, but she never was, because I guess she was meant to live and die alone, there On the Shore with the Seagulls. If I couldn't go near her, I could watch her from our breakwall by the sea. She sometimes smiled, when she saw a Seagull take flight, when it glided along the shimmer surface of the pure sea. She used to sit there, on the pebbles, and wait for the tide to come in and scare her away. She liked wild things. And I didn't love her. I just felt some sort of silent empathy with her. She never appeared to see me watching her because she never looked my way, or anything. But then again, maybe she just didn't care. About human beings, that is. Until the day she retaliated. At any rate, there was something about her that disturbed respectful old maids who sat in the shade on their sinking verandas, and made the boisterous Fisher Kids in their coarse denim jeans mimic her. Oh, they never thought of her as some sort of a witch, like Eustacia of Hardy's heath land. The Girl on the Shore was neither ugly nor pretty enough to be a witch. And she was not really half so scary as a lot of people in the village. I mean, she wasn't usually deliberately obnoxious towards people. She used to walk by the shore with her green and faded trench coat flapping about her slender legs, her head sometimes bent to the wind, or defiantly tilted upwards towards the Seagulls who used to screech there eternally, as if they were part of some amoral Universe. This girl was just plain, I suppose.

Mrs. Loore, who lived up by the Yacht Club end with whom Mom and I had milk biscuits and luke-warm tea every Saturday, seemed to be the only one I knew who recalled everything without intense bias. And so, Mom asked her about the Girl on the Shore, because in those days I was hardly ever allowed to open my mouth too often in front of adults for fear I'd say something stupid to embarrass Mom. I mean, I *was* stupid. Anyhow, we used to sit there all sticky from the heat and the salt air, in Mrs. Loore's rickety screened-in veranda, drinking tea. But you know, the only reason I went with Mom *then* was to get those yummy milk biscuits that Mom wouldn't buy. Old Mrs. Loore pretended she never cared how many I ate, but later she never put out any more than about six on the plate, and she never went back for supplies. But I sort of absorbed what she had to say, since her husband was an Indian-type poet who lived in the

Woods somewhere beside a Hiawatha-Stream, and I *loved* Hiawatha then.

Mrs. Loore said the Girl on the Shore was really Nobody. And I almost said something then, but I got the look from Mom. Nowadays, it's me who gives the look so I don't remember it with bitterness, but if anything with morbid satisfaction. Anyhow, this Girl lived in a house on the Peninsula, where the Rich People lived, and still do. Most of them are Summer People, but she stayed there all year round. Besides, she was a poor Rich Person since her castle was the smallest and her dinghies the scruffiest. Now, I knew this kid then, though he was lots older than me, and his name was Ben Hanson. He painted Summer People's dinghies. Then he got older and acquired a sense of false pride in the particular worth of his labour, and went down southways to Bridgewater, and finally, to Maine, where he "cum to no good," as they used to say of the village deserters who never made a name for themselves. That's because they never came back and were never able to buy at least ten rounds of drinks at the Foc'sle...that's the name of their local beer parlour. Ben used to paint the Girl on the Shore's dinghies too, seldom though it was, and haul wood for her. He sort of liked her, I guess, because he spent more time over there than at a lot of the Rich People's places. She didn't mind his spitting, and swearing, not even his drinking, there, while he painted her scruffy dinghies and hauled wood for her. She didn't mind his doing other things either, but I was too young then I guess, to understand what all that meant, though I'm not so very stupid now.

Mrs. Loore wasn't even so much of a gossip as Ben in her story-telling. She was a poet's wife with a refined background, an American who had fallen in love with the slow life there by the pure and quiet sea. So, when she told stories she didn't give sly looks, she used to look straight at Mom. Never at me. But she didn't think I was so stupid as everyone else did, because you see, I wrote poetry even then. But she *did* say that the Girl on the Shore was Nobody, and now I know what she meant. She never explained exactly what she meant, but I get shivers today when I think of that One Dead Life . . . well, I don't know if everyone will agree with me . . .

This Girl, said she, was only seventeen but she was married since I had even seen the big diamond on her finger. Seventeen may seem quite young to have fallen into the view of life I imagine she had, but . . . there is a strange paradox in the life of many Maritime people. The pace seems slower but age comes faster. If you know what I mean. This Girl lived alone with no servants, just Ben once in awhile, to paint her dinghies and haul her wood. Ben was eighteen, but you'd never have guessed it, because he was so desperately sloppy looking, but he was good at hauling wood. And besides, he always thought of the Girl on the Shore as being about a Hundred Years old, since she gave you that impression by the way she sat on the pebbles in the mist or in the sticky sun and looked at the Seagulls, as

if she knew the inner reality of everything, and she couldn't do anything about it.

Mrs. Loore never had proof for things but she was very certain about them. And she never appeared to lie. I know she didn't, since she never had any reason to. But I never loved her, or anything like that. I understood her because her husband was a Poet of Nature, that's all. This Girl was deserted by the man she had married, which was quite a conventional thing to the villagers — since, now that I think of it, those villagers lived a sort of Peyton existence. But, then, it's understandable why he left her you see, and the villagers sympathized with *him*. He was in the Army and was quite a stable fellow, compared to the villagers who were mostly Fisher-Folk, Petty-Smugglers, Petty-Merchants in debt, Salesmen, and various Rich People's dependents. But this Army fellow was honest because he played good pool and never won too much, and when he did lose he treated the guys in the Foc'sle. But she was too "good" for him, said Mrs. Loore. Ben Hanson used to tell us about the millions of books she had, but even then I didn't figure this meant too much since we had lots of books and we weren't too good for anyone, not even Army guys. But this Army fellow was overwhelmed by her goodness, and her submersive tendencies, whatever that means. I guess she was too good for him and he too honest for her. That's what I meant about the Maritimes; there's something paradoxical in their sense of values. It wasn't *very* sad, their separation I mean, since she had money and never should have married and was more content to be alone. The worst part is, she really didn't feel she *was* alone. She was supposed to be writing a book, probably about the Seagulls or the Sea, or something like that, since I used to see her watching the Seagulls there On the Shore, so often. She didn't seem to care what she wore, but I, personally, forgave her that, and her hair was always scraggly, and never shiny, as a saving grace. Her eyes weren't big and luminous, nor even slanted. In fact, she wasn't romantic at all, so I can't make her something she wasn't. Her face was pale all the time. She looked as if she wished she were a Seagull. She was very thin, but her hands were blunt and common. She appeared definitely dull, defiant, and unlikeable, and even submersive. I know she was a lot of things they said about her, but they left something out, for I met her one day.

I was tossing stones at the Seagulls, you see, because I knew there wasn't *much* chance of hitting them, but that was more challenging than throwing stones at the sea, which I knew I could hardly miss. Besides, I was thinking mad about Lugger and Andy, how they had taken off in the Kontiki without me, and I was hoping they'd drown, just to serve them a lesson. I always felt I was indispensable, even then, though I may have been sort of stupid. Kontiki was a fabulously long black tarred log with makeshift pontoons to balance her. I guess I must have worn out about five bathing suits sitting on her, as we paddled up and down the coastline. Mom was quite faint with joy

when Kontiki was stolen from us by the village boys. That's a trait about those Fisher-Kids. We knew they stole it, but we pretended we didn't care, and they pretended they found it. They always wanted things we *made*. They were even stupider than some of us. They never got bright ideas about anything hardly, by themselves. But they scared us, because they were big for their age, and they smelt. So there I was, thinking mad about Lugger and Andy, and tossing stones at the Seagulls, when all of a sudden, WHAP!! Something smacked me on the cheek, but hard! So I looked down, because I was standing on the breakwall which was about four feet above the shorelevel, and down there, just a yard or so away, was the Girl on the Shore. Now listen, I really don't hate Seagulls or anything nasty like that, though mind you, when you see them up close they're not at all what they're made out to be by idealists, sort of bright, wingy creatures of God. Those Seagulls are scavengers and they can be very ugly, with their beady eyes. But lots of people are like that too, so I don't mind Seagulls. But she hit me with a stone because I was molesting the Seagulls whom I'd never hit anyways.

"Goddamn kid", she said, "Why throw stones at the wild creatures? Goddamn kid . . ." Well, I probably might have said something if I'd been less stupid and more aggressive towards my elders then. But what with the pain in my mouth from the impact of the stone upon my cheek and the surprise of seeing her so close and hearing her musty crank tone . . . I guess I was too dumb for words.

"Listen kid." she said, "I happen to know that kids don't *think*. They're cruel. Cruel, Cruel, Cruel, Cruel. And they don't care about anything but themselves. But if ever, if ever I catch you molesting the birds again . . ." And she didn't have to finish since I was sort of scared. Not the way ghosts used to scare me but the way righteousness always scares anyone with a sensitive conscience. After all, I *did* think and I *did* feel and and I was just a ten-year old kid and a female one at that. So she gave me a sort of Evil-Eye, and curled her lower lip, and walked away. And I hated her for a long time, the way kids hate people who catch them doing petty evils, like stealing crab apples, or green peas out of a freshly hoed garden. And I never threw stones at Seagulls again, or any wild creatures, though I figured the Seagulls just *may* have lost out on the deal since I thought after that throwing stones at them sort of raised their egos, assuming they had such things, and therefore it had been sort of a game. It would raise their egos since we, the superior creatures, (so I used to consider ourselves, even then) could not hit them, the inferior. But then, that was probably a mere childish rationalization.

And now I think that the Girl on the Shore always wanted to be a Seagull but she could only live in her submersive world and her work was sterile since I don't think she ever wrote a book, or at least no one knew about one being published, and the villagers are pretty good at knowing everything. So she wasn't honest with her life and

herself. She was a Seagull grounded, and she could never win her wings in the way she took. She never really appreciated the flight of the Seagulls, like even the Fisher-Folk could. Even they, as they stood or lounged outside their poorly built shacks, used to raise their heads in occasional and revealing wonder at the Seagulls' manoeuvres. Occasionally, even they, the People to whom it was an every day affair, felt the peacefulness and beauty of their Existence. But they derived joy from the smallest things in life. The Girl on the Shore never could make another human happy because she had retreated into herself, and used the Seagulls and the wild creatures as an excuse to lighten her guilt. She could never make herself happy. And I think that hers was a wasted life. So she was ragged and unkempt and uncared for, for no one would give unless they felt that giving was appreciated. She buried herself alive when she should have been burying the self that consumes, there by the pure sea and the screech of the gulls.

Now, I went back there last summer and she was still there, and she had changed little though ten years have passed. She still sat on the cold damp pebbles and watched the Seagulls. Now you may not believe me, but I don't see why you really shouldn't, since I never tell lies. But I'll tell you this about the Girl on the Shore, she's as lost as ever she was. Well, it *may* not say a great deal when you try to analyze it to pieces, but it was one of those experiences that makes you feel that for sacrifice of human love, even jelly-fish may have friends.

—*Tammy Graham*

Kensington Market

Fresh fish and rotted rats lie side by side in Kensington
And the stench that pushes through the air
Is burdened with life.

For through torn screen doors the flies come,
Big and black and bellies full
And do not discriminate to nourish their young
On fish and rat alike.

—*William Caufield*

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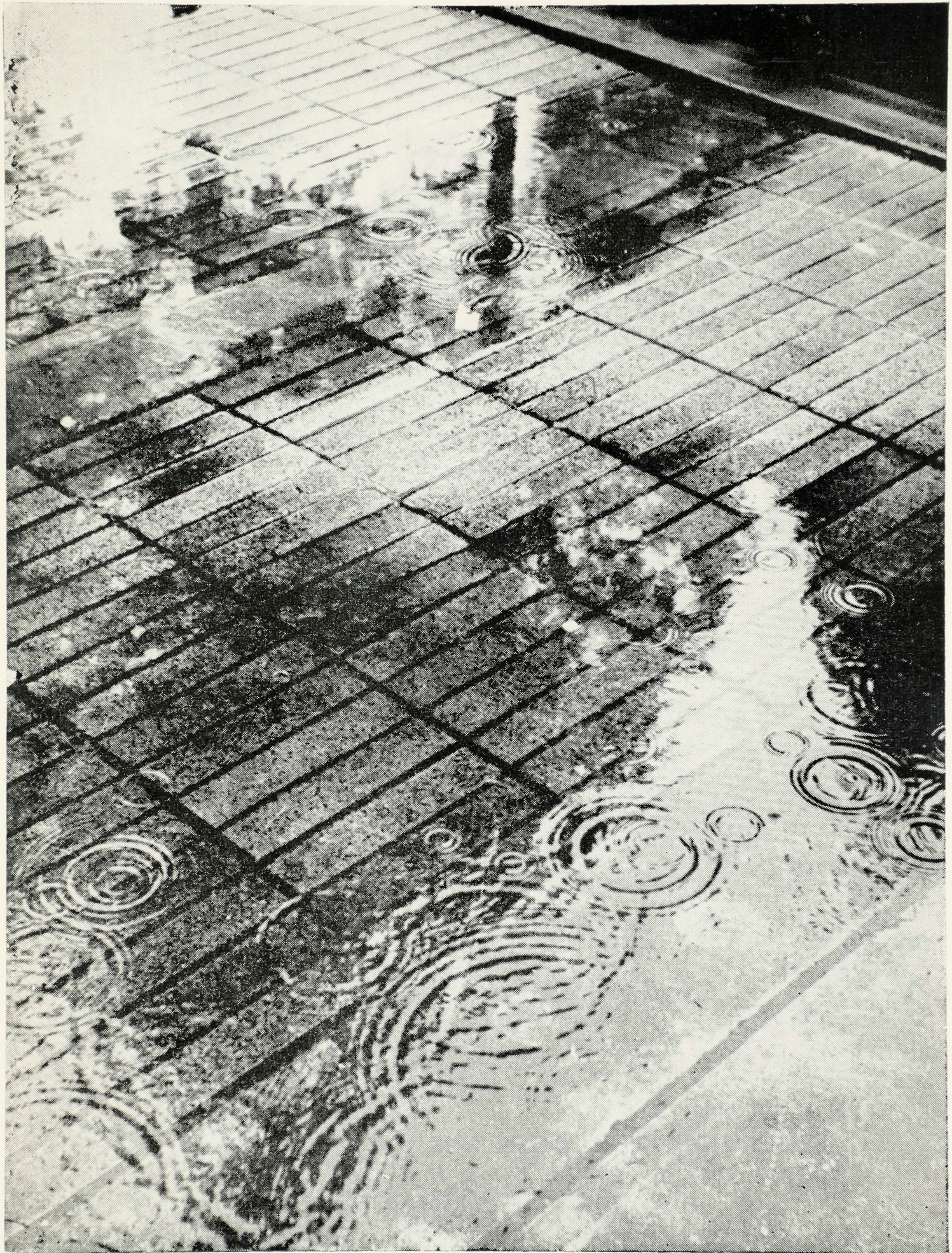
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J. Burkholder



"PORTRAIT OF POO"

S. Moss



"DOWN TO THE BEACH"

H. Martin

A Hunchback and his Dog

A hunchback and his dog
stole into town
late afternoon, last Friday afternoon,
and no one saw them come.
The master,
distorted, bleak, calm,
and his dog,
old, limping, stained
with mottled patches of long, sparse grey hairs.

The hunchback stumbled from the road
to the sidewalk, and from the sidewalk
to the long, whitewashed picket fence
surrounding the minister's home
and from the fence into
the yard itself
where he lay motionless.
His dog awaited his return outside the locked gate.

Inside the house, in the front parlour,
gathered around their sweetly smelling, sugared teacups
twelve elderly ladies—
executive members all, of all
the auxiliary functions, drives and dances of their church.
Today they were discussing a new organization—
that for the salvation and redemption of those
addicted to the worst of earthly sins,
the sin of drink.
Now the warmth of their gathering was broken
by a fall—
a poor man had fallen by the wayside
fallen outside their door
and they could help him
as all good christians could help him.

They helped him.
From behind a locked door
flew seven pieces of silver
seven pieces of silver for the poor fellow's salvation.
The screen door remained locked
and the curtained windows remained closed.

Deeper in the town,
at the darkest end of a dark alley,
a single, unlit rotting sign proclaiming it
stood the entrance to The Open Heart tavern
Escorted ladies only.

Inside—

and warm, brown mahogany paneling
a scratched, polished, glossy length of bar
a scuffed, wounded, dirty tile floor
a mirror.

enclosed above, below, and on both sides by
endless arrays of bottles

new and full

young and half full

old and dry,

a fire

merry and warm

half hidden by a semi-organized cluster of tables and chairs,

a barkeep,

and a woman

a slumping, humped woman in red

and netted, red-spangled stockings,

black, high-heeled slippers,

brown, disheveled hair,

and tired, wise, haunted eyes.

Her artificial smile—old now and dying.

The hunchback spoke

and, his drink—

a watered, warm beer,

turned to survey the room

following, with his eyes, his dog

limp across the tiles and slump

at the feet of the tired woman.

Her eyes looking down with pity

and love

and her hand following her eyes to the dog

to softly caress the tired, rusted ear

of the dog who never moved.

The hunchback walked over and knelt silently

beside his dog—and he too

softly caressed that pitiful creature.

Their hands met momentarily and he spoke once

'He's old now. He'll die soon.'

And the woman nodded as he looked up,

up into her eyes as he saw her walking alone

down a deserted rainy road into the night

and the close-eyed people in the doorways

and their upstretched, outward pointing arms

and her fainting under the increased onslaught of the storm.

Her life in her eyes,

her road with no signposts.

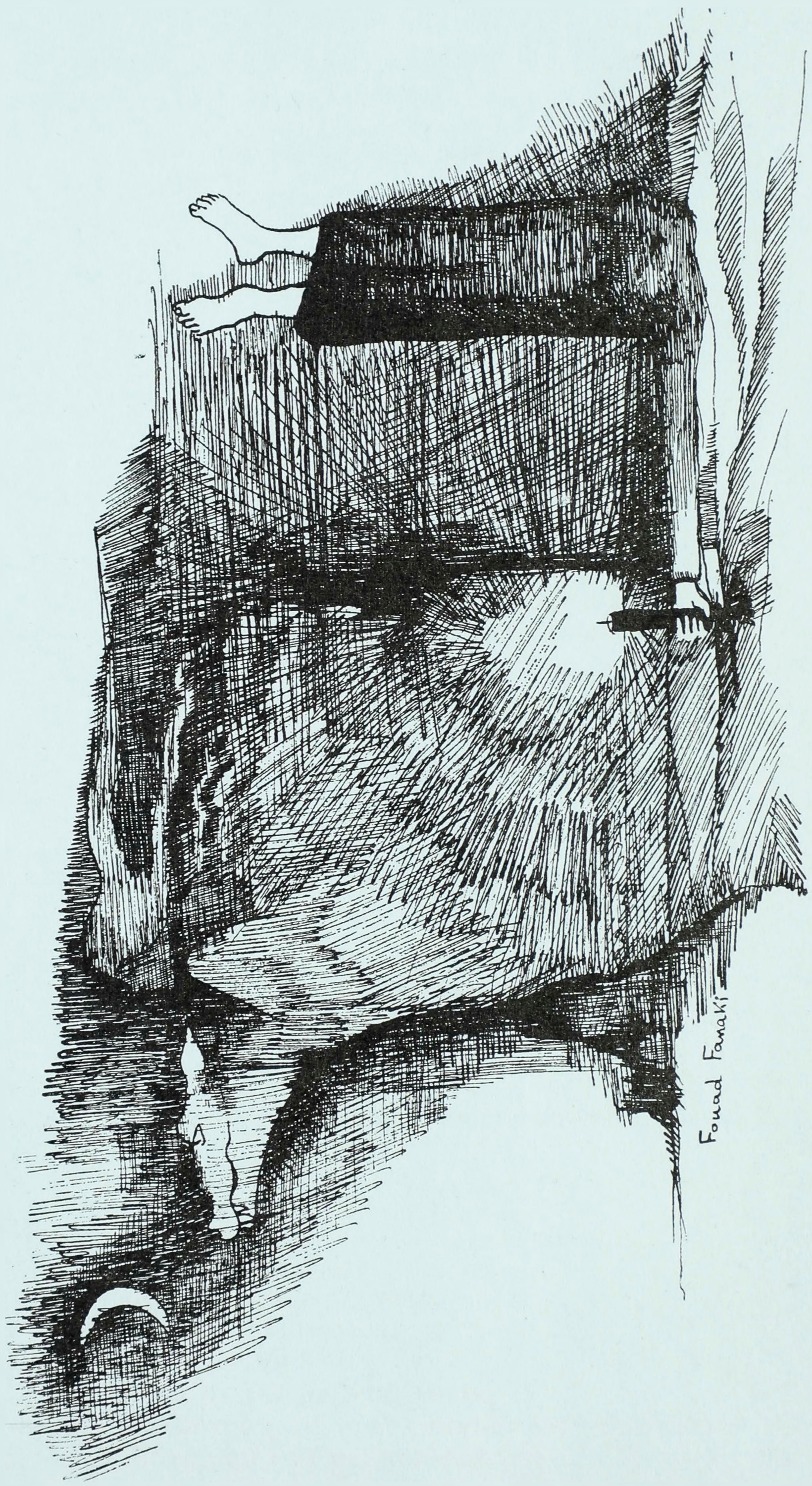
He put down his glass and straightened
as she watched—doubt in her eyes,
involuntary movements in her fingers.
He turned and pushed his way through the aged doors,
blindly followed by his limping friend.
And the prostitute wept—
a single, unashamed, unwashed tear—
as she watched him pass outwards
through a pervading darkness
into the night.

—*Dave Saunders*

Exit Lent -- Stage Right

Where have you been?
Seeing my uncle.
The one who lives in town?
No!
But your uncle lives in town.
It's my other uncle.
Oh!
He's kind of crazy though.
Why do you say that?
He beats my grandmother.
That's terrible!
Yes . . . she died years ago.
Oh, . . . I'm sorry.
Me too, he's really a nice guy.
Sometimes he throws money out
The window and watches it float
Lazily to the ground.
So, what's wrong with that?
He lives in a basement.
Oh.
Sometimes he sees two stars.
So.
Tonight he saw three.
What?
He was standing in eternity.

—*Keith Watson*



Fouad Fanaki

"SUNSET"

HIRAM, HIRAM

SCENE 1

The scene is set in a forest, half-way between a graduate school of philosophy and a little cottage in a clearing. The opening curtain reveals a brilliantly stunning but slow responding young woman named Little Red Riding Hood skipping along a path, amusing herself by singing some of the lighter passages of Nietzsche's Ecce Homo to herself. Her bobbing, golden head is seen appearing and disappearing behind some of the clutter on front stage, largely busts of long-forgotten men of learning, with the exception of one of De Gruchy who occupies a conspicuous place, front stage centre. Our hero the Wolf, who, interestingly enough, is disguised as a wolf, accosts her on the path.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Say — a wolf!

WOLF: Indeed. Good morning.

L.R.R.H., being forewarned by her professors to expect such goings-on in the forest, and knowing that she is entirely responsible for what she does, tries to slip by him. But the wolf is very quick.

WOLF: Where are you going?

L.R.R.H. is immediately taken in by the Wolf's deep, reassuring voice, his disguise, and the vast brow intimating great learning.

L.R.R.H.: To Grandmother's house.

In his youth, the Wolf had always attempted to determine the validity of such statements by one of the oldest and best methods, asking why. But the mellowness of his years spent as a graduate student forced him to suppress the question. He knew reality wasn't that simple. And besides, his professors had been telling him for years that life-involvement was absurd, and he was beginning to believe it. Instead he countered with a time-stalling, nausea-suppressing line that always worked.

WOLF: Want to hear an elephant joke?

L.R.R.H.: O.K.

WOLF: What's grey and comes in quarts?

L.R.R.H.: Dishwater.

Realizing immediately the native ability of L.R.R.H., the Wolf changes his behaviour ethic, realizing as he does so that he is the source of all values. He knows that he is not up against the numbed

intelligence of a pub-clinging co-ed but an actual clever type girl, one capable of handling every type of situation without self-deception, a veritable philosopher Hood. Always fearful of the greatest and most insidious retort, the one of the ' . . . smooth talking fellow,' not till now did the wolf realize the strength of his prey. He decides to refer to his well thumbbed, beer stained copy of *Being and Nothingness* which he had chained to his person ever since borrowing it from the stacks. Stalling for time while finding the appropriate section, he continues to speak.

WOLF: May I walk with you for a way?

L.R.R.H. responds with tremendous aplomb and, using her copy of Being and Nothingness as a mace, fells our erstwhile hero.

Sudden stage blackout, amid the single cry "Bad Faith!"

SCENE II

Scene the same. Lights recover with wavering amount of intensity until fully bright as Wolf slowly sits up.

WOLF: Holy Husserl, where am I? I am conscious, thereby already able to enter in to some sort of relation to the world. There's my *Being and Nothingness*, a veritable object apart from me. And there's that nothingness in between . . . Oh Pascal, my Husserlian head . . . I must choose, I must act, I must involve myself, but I must be careful too, because my choice involves everyone . . . The cottage, to the cottage.

The Wolf rises slowly to his feet. Confronted with the choice of whether to go to the cottage or return for afternoon classes, the wolf breaks forth into soliloquy.

WOLF: Another Sartrean Choice! Oh, that there were a priori values, but alas I'm bound by no set rules, since I make my own rules. There is no appeal from my position, my life is engulfed in the absurd. What is all this bit about freedom being the supreme value anyway? But wait, I'm involved in a living ethic — what an opportunity! I'm truly existing — I'm about to make a free decision! How joyful, to be aware of my freedom. Free agent that I am, I embrace thee . . . but Husserl, the anguish. There is nothing to determine my choice. I am recalled to my freedom and my responsibility. I am an unhappy consciousness. O.K. I wish I could remember what my Sunday School teacher used to say in situations like this. I've repressed it — No, somehow I've forgotten it . . . What do I want? I create my own values. O.K., choose. I must choose a transcendent goal, one I can never attain. Surely graduate school has demonstrated that. Values only rise with goal seeking.

What would society think? Oops, another Sartrean slip. I can transcend any rule of society and make an exception, since I'm an exception myself. Now acts involve responsibility, something I can't avoid; I either go to school or the cottage. Since I've thought about it now, I can't avoid acting freely. I'm condemned. But which is the right choice, which is the good thing for me to do? Husserl it, all my actions are good in so far as they seek a self-proposed end . . . What did he say — moral is what you feel good after, immoral is what you feel bad after — that's good faith, but it's bad phil . . . a self-proposed end, mine, not God's. I did away with God four years ago, I'm on my own. I'm making my own values and my own morality. What an adventure! Only the values which I choose as valuable are valid for me. I must rely on my conscience. What do I think is valuable — going to the cottage? Indeed, that's a goal. Think of all the goodies I can eat, think of the adventure, think of the fun, think of the variety, the senselessness, the contingency of the world . . . the absurd . . . I can never hope to justify it . . . I can never be sure of any value. I must choose, but my choice is for nothing . . . I can do anything I want . . .

Struck dumb by the absurd, the Wolf assumes a catatonic stance which continues for several minutes, while the orchestra, in their brief and only appearance, attempt some of the heavier choruses from Wagnerian opera. This, apparently, springs the Wolf forth. Leaping to his erect position, he dashes off, yelling,

WOLF: To the cottage, to the cottage!

However, he trips and falls over his Being and Nothingness which has become dislodged from his packsack.

WOLF: Oh Husserl!

The Wolf exits limping, dragging his love object which resists by frequently becoming caught behind veritable objects. Lights fade out slowly, as if someone going to sleep over a heavy tome.

SCENE III

Scene is set in a clearing in the forest. Resplendent in the clearing is Grandmother's ordinary looking cottage, complete with all the ordinary looking appendages. Fighting his way through sundry beings-in-themselves, our hero arrives, panting, at the cottage door.

WOLF: Knock, knock.

GRANDMOTHER: Who's there?

WOLF: The Wolf.

GRANDMOTHER: My God, it's finally happened!

In her attempt to keep the Wolf from the door, Grandmother piles all her existential literature against it in an effort to preserve her status quo. But the Wolf, who is quite erstwhile (Erstwhile being his Christian name) finally gains entrance by convincing Grandmother that he is a Canada Council agent bearing gifts. This was quite a proper action on the Wolf's part, because he knows existential literature to be impenetrable. Telling her to go and hide in the closet while he unwraps her present, Grandmother casts a beautiful glance at her painting, 'Simone de Bouvoir Playing Marbles,' which, until recently, had hung in the National Gallery. Once inside the closet, the Wolf seizes the occasion by deliberate and choiceful dash and turns the key, securely. Grandmother is so overcome and bewildered, that, coat-hangers, darkness and all, she suffers one of the attacks of nausea that knocks the bottom out of ordinary living. Bottomless, she drops to the closet floor, into the general mess.

The Wolf, surprisingly enough, had forgotten most of his ethics, and acted out of habit. This is the climax of the play. Then — knowing that nothing is common or unclean, the Wolf puts on Grandmother's nightgown. Unfortunately, he too suffers one of the attacks of nausea that knocks the bottom out of ordinary living. The scene ends in confusion.

SCENE IV

The scene opens with the Wolf in bed, bedecked in Grandmother's nightgown and night-hat, cheerfully reading The Outsider. Little Red Riding Hood approaches the cottage and knocks on the door.

WOLF: *(in a cheerful, disguised voice)* Come in, my dear.

Little Red Riding Hood enters and gayly asks,

L.R.R.H.: Hey, man, what you doing in there?

WOLF: *(abandoning his cheerful, disguised voice)* I'm not a man, I'm a wolf.

L.R.R.H.: Hey, Wolf, what you doing in there?

Stage right — Grandmother is heard pounding like hell on the closet door.

Little Red Riding Hood, immediately forgetful of her pregnant discovery, demands,

L.R.R.H.: What's all that noise?

WOLF: It's a dialectical process. The inhabitant of the closet is using verbal magic to extricate herself.

L.R.R.H.: Who's in the closet?

WOLF: I don't want to talk about it.

L.R.R.H.: O.K. — ready — What big ears you have.

At this point, the Wolf doesn't know whether to jump out of bed and eat her, or pull her into bed, since she is such a nice honey. So he decides to think about it a little longer.

WOLF: What big eyes you have, Grandma.

WOLF: I'm a wolf.

L.R.R.H.: O.K., what big ears you have, language-game wolf.

WOLF: The name is Erstwhile. All the better to hear you with.

L.R.R.H.: What big teeth you have, Erstwhile.

WOLF: No comment.

The Wolf is still considering the move, and tries to rely on some form of behaviour guide. But he knows that no universal ethic can apply, and he has never been in this position before. He knows the choice is his; he knows he is condemned to be free.

L.R.R.H.: Wanna hear an elephant joke?

WOLF: No.

WOLF: (*Aside*) I remember Kierkegaard's illustration of the absurd choice of Abraham between choosing for the Lord or choosing for his son. I have to choose between my hunger and my desire. But what really bothers me as the Wolf is: — am I really the Wolf?

Little Red Riding Hood, overhearing the aside, ejaculates,

L.R.R.H.: I accuse you of bad faith.

WOLF: I am aghast, How so?

L.R.R.H.: Firstly, bad faith is the refusal to face disagreeable facts. You are really a wolf.

WOLF: True. (*The wolf sheepishly removes his clever disguise*).

L.R.R.H.: Secondly, any evasion of responsibility is bad faith. You are a graduate student in philosophy, and you cut your classes this afternoon.

WOLF: Husserl!

L.R.R.H.: Then, you involved yourself in self-deception. You played at being a grandmother.

WOLF: What's so deceptive about that? I knew I was doing it.

L.R.R.H.: There are no such things as Grandmothers.

Walking to the closet, Little Red Riding Hood turns the key and flings the door open, revealing an empty closet. The Wolf babbles incoherently.

L.R.R.H.: Even now, you are trying to become a physical object, to avoid involvement.

WOLF: Good Husserl!

L.R.R.H.: That's better. You were denying your freedom of choice. But you involved yourself in the escapade to protect yourself against the torments of nausea and anguish.

WOLF: But I experienced them!

L.R.R.H.: In the role of the Canada Council agent, who does not exist, either. You also offer excuses for your behaviour; you didn't need to come to the cottage. Then you act in bad faith when you rely upon *Being and Nothingness* as a source. You have defied Sartre.

WOLF: Good God!

L.R.R.H.: Finally, bad faith is when we take over our understanding of the world from other people. You see, Erstwhile, I'm not Little Red Riding Hood and this isn't a fairy tale.

WOLF: What in Husserl am I doing here? This isn't a fairy tale? Well, dear girl, knowledge of my fate constitutes my freedom. I don't care where I am. I still agree to participate without appeal, without justification. I have nothing to justify. Your madness does not bother me, because I do not hope; I am much more interested in how much experience I can measure, and I am doing fine right now.

True existence is the making of free decisions. These decisions are directed towards pursuing transcendent goals. This is authentic life, I don't care for your fable. My life is founded upon action, and my action upon being. I carry my anguish and nausea as a part of my being, since it is the nature of my freedom. The only condition of ethics for me is that I act in good faith, and that I share my freedom with others. This sharing is also the assuming of responsibility for society and for its improvements. Since I am a part of the world, therefore my choices involve others. This is why when I choose, I choose for mankind. Please realize, whoever you are, that in this fable as in life, I can only make myself under the gaze of another. You see, I'm not really a wolf.

Removing his disguise, the Wolf reveals himself to be a Handsome Prince.

In fear and trembling, Little Red Riding Hood cries out,

L.R.R.H.: Why can I never reconcile myself to the world?

Little Red Riding Hood's cries summon a woodcutter who turns out to be the Handsome Prince's faculty advisor, and together, in the true spirit of being, they involve her in their ethic.

—David Gee

They sit in the winter, musing.
The tallow candle drips.
"George," said one, "what makes the world go round?"
(George was the village fool.)
George shuffled his big feet and
Lifted his vacant eyes from the fire.
"Love?" he suggested.
They laughed coarsely with their
Hard narrow lips.

Round and round
Endless tail-to head,
Head-to-tail.
Yellow fin flash through
The stale water.
Dust on the water.

"My dear Genevieve! How delightful!
I haven't seen you since Java,
Have I darling?"
The waiter circulates
With cocktails.

Every evening James P. Smith
Drives home from the office.
Every week-end James P. Smith
And his wife, two children, and the rabbit,
Drive to the cottage.
(Where the fat girl on water skis
Goes round and round the lake.)

—*Jean Burkholder*

The Sleepers

Quietly,
The stream flows,
With only the meaningless laughter,
to tell of its passing.
Caught in the current
The people pass
Sleeping.

Her auburn hair
Spreads slowly on the surface
catching ripples of sorrow.

—Colin Hayward

October '64

O
I think
A golden porpoise entered in
And shook
 his scaly wings
I think
That love was never meant to be
A certainty
 just hope. And why a golden
fish should mean so much
 only a golden tear will tell.

*

Who understands
The golden hypocrites
 live hidden in the long grasses by the seaside
And though we pluck away the weeds
 each day
Tomorrow they grow as fast
 as long as ever they were
And no tomorrow cares
 can bother them
Because their wisdom's fire
 and fear to touch a sacred cow
We run the other way . . .

—Tammy Graham

Unbuttoned

as in a tantrum
dirty rain slaps everywhere,
soaking the open lining
of my thin, green jacket
that knows how close our ages are,
and feels itself growing out of fashion.

water stagnant even though
it has not landed,
splatting my glasses,
trying to crash,
cut, batter my eyes
which have seen, read, studied
too much
a philosophy fountain of life
after death.

rain that should be furnace red
is only pale, pale yellow;
stinging the eyes and seeping in
despite their being tightly closed;
seeping, sickly, into the blood,
leaving me walking cold, confused,
like a maimed, homeless, mongrel pup,
sticking out my tongue to drink,
but drawing it quickly back again
because the rain is yellow.

—*Winston G. Schell*

BURNT ROSES

Soft winter-warm midnight room enclosed in quiet snow. Bearded words and pulsing thigh surrounded my brain. Within the blackness of my brain she crouched blue and black on the edge of the smoke-filled spittle-yellow void. Sounds I could touch and smells I could taste. Dead laughter mingled with beer-smoke fumes.

To summon the spectre of a rose.

Through the fumes, behind the eyes I saw another night summer-cool and bird-singing. Long fingers played old with the short young hair. My one true love, she said with a too-loud laugh and he laughed in reply. We all laughed.

We die with the dying:

Tall athletic boisterous — too tall athletic boisterous. Heading west heading home to no house heading back heading down down to the fume-filled emptiness down to the little round tables with one square leg, the straight chairs with curved legs, the floor of a hundred dirty feet that comes up to meet you, the ceiling that isn't there but oppresses you, the walls that move toward you every time you raise your glass. Drunken family squabbles, carousing Indians, bellicose Tug Boat Annie, the ordered voice of the manager, the only one with clean cuffs. Down to the bottom of an empty beer glass down down to the core of the earth where there are no masks except these that grow out of the face. Blood on the eye-brow mud in your eye.

Go ahead, spill more beer on your dress, why don't you?

I warned you Art, get noisy and out you go.

Does my face look better now that I've washed off the blood?

Come along quietly.

We are born with the dead.

Don't I know you?

You were there last June.

I look different without my teeth.

Are you living here now?

Existing.

I'm going to university. I hope to teach.

When you take on the whole human race, be sincere. If anyone asks you, tell them you heard it from a drunk.

A drunk. A hopeless drunk. Is there anything I can do? Anything at all? I can't. I can't. It's too late too late for everything.

Can you spare a cigarette? I asked for one; not a whole package.

Another cigarette another drink another empty glass to stare at. A little more numbness in the brain a little forgetting. Forget what? Lost chance lost love lost life lost beauty lost friends lost teeth. Everything is lost except the realization.

Crouched at the bottom of a half-empty beer glass like a bruised embryo. Filling the glass, filling the yellow-fumed void, filling my brain she grew and grew and grew. Her straight black hair gaunt gummed face tall hunched emaciated form clothed in long dirty blue and floppy black filled my mind. Socketless eyes stared at me from within. Stared stared into my soul with eyes that saw nothing and everything and everything was nothing. The words filled my brain leaked out into the winter-morning room mingled with the rose and the yew tree. You heard it from a drunk a drunk a drunk. The words hammered at the walls of my brain. The blue black figure grew and grew crowding out all other memories images sensations.

The moment of the rose and the moment of the yew tree filling the bearded words the pulsing thigh the winter-warm room and still the words hammered a drunk a drunk a hopeless drunk!

Oh God!

Would you like a cup of coffee?

—*Jacquelyn MacRae*

October '64

An Image is no good
When the need has outgrown the word
When you want too long
to tell people

What's wrong
wrong
You have to tell it straight
Now it's too late
They want cold ham sandwiches
And putrid white bread
And soon
pills.

It's too late
to talk in word puzzles
Too many people pretend to know
and they'll die
from the lie

An Image is no good
Say it with Tears

—*Tammy Graham*

Before The Snow

(For the Nature Poets)

The sky has dipped through the tangled trees
And fallen on the golden ground.
The grass, no longer green and not yet brown
Shines burnished in the winter sun.
Before the snow, there is somehow beauty
In the empty foresaken branches
That no longer weep for their lost leaves.
The world is clean and windswept
Waiting for the snow, which came
Only for one breathless moment
A day ago; and then each flake
Melted gracefully back into time.
Still along the barren highway
Brown dust laughs in the frozen air
And will do so until smooth ice
Calms its hysteria.
The expectance of winter
Tingles in the not yet whitened air
Before the snow.

—*Isabel Howey*

She's an autumn woman
Mellow with hearth sunlight
Yet stately as the black trees
That lean into their rusty bloom.
She moves with that languid rustle
Of mellowness
Half wind-blown, half-still,
On air-green woven carpets
Half-startled.
She loves old hand-smoothed wood,
Mute pageant colours of country prayers.
My dusky world's newbuilt
By the touch of her frost-firm hands.

—*David Bruce*



Fonad
Fanaki

"THE APPLE"

"Ish cockeley bobble . . ."
groping hag in a green grove
blind, eyes festering
under layers of skin,
her sagging wet-stained underwear
smelling like the rind
of well-chewed pomegranates.

You'd think people like that
would stop, for god's sakes.
You'd think they'd just rattle down
to a nice indefinite ending. amen.

But "Ish cockeley bobble . . ."
they sing on and on,
and we the oysters with the pearls
that were her eyes
go marching through the park
to the tune from a sweet recorder.
And the stars swing over across the sky
Ring around the mulberry bush
the mulberry bush
the mulberry bush . . .

So nobody knows why camels are humpy,
and who are the fools that made the rules
about trading a one-twenty Oxford
for three Richmond Streets at noon?
So nobody knows if she can't see
for the coffee is poor in the morn-ing.

"Oh, Screw the world," says small Sammy Brown,
And writes it all over the walls of town.

—Isabel Howey

It was the chin that I noticed first.
Two hairs and a mole.
Hard, firm, settled into the mold of negation.
Two hairs grew beside the mole.
Talking, the lips ajar, the tongue curling.
The mole slipped back and forth, hairs jiggling.
Food chewed, saliva wet the inside.
Food digested, the hairs lengthened.

Two hairs and a mole!
Small and round the mole was, just on the
 corner of her chin so that it slipped
 gently up and down when her lip slid
 across her teeth.

The chin spread back into an ear on either side.
Each of them was carefully covered by a strip of hair.
The hair spread back into a bun.
The mole, two hairs, the chin, two ears, the bun.

And far above, in front, two holes through which
 the terrified genie threw hasty furtive peeps.
Large, deep, darkened, sunken pits.
Holes in the skull—against which the hair was pasted,
To which the bun was tied,
From which the mole grew.
With its two hairs.

The skull, holding loosely the soggy mass of
 seething, dingy matter;
Slopping, undulating alone to itself in the dark.
(For little light shone in through the heavy holes.)

And the tormented, terrified genie,
Scuttling down the spinal cord, lying panting
Against the pyloric valve,
Starting, darting, rabbit-like up the ladder ribs
To dive into the sloppy mass, burying itself away
From the light outside the cavernous holes.

The hairs waved senseless as the chin moved.
The mole was between the hairs, on the chin.
It was the chin that I noticed first.

—*Jean Burkholder*

LETTER

We were talking about freedom of religion a few weeks ago and someone — I'm not sure who it was — mentioned that freedom from religion was an entirely different matter. And, whether or not it should be aside, most of us appeared to agree. Freedom to do something in our society often only means freedom to do it *as we wish*, not *if*.

Freedom to think our own thoughts has so far managed to hold its own against the onrush toward 1984. But our society takes a very dim view of the individual who has no interest in using what appears to be great capacity for thinking. We assume that each of us owes society — or God or what have you — a high level of accomplishment based on our abilities. The servant who buries his bag of gold, no matter what his motives, is regarded as an unacceptable citizen. There is no such thing as a freedom *from* thinking.

I first became interested in this question about two years ago. I was caught up in one of those magic moments that are immortalized on Grecian urns and wanted rather desperately for it to remain. All such moments must end — that is not questioned — but this particular one was brought to its conclusion because I was forced to leave that physical location. The last thing that I saw happened to be a towering tree in the complete foliage of the early fall. And in my bitterness of forced departure, I sensed an element of mockery in the swaying boughs of that great tree. By its very inferiority it could do what I wanted to but could not. The freedom of movement granted to the human did not merely allow me to go but forced me to do so. Now I am not saying that I wish I could have spent the last two years standing beside that particular tree; the magic would have faded quickly enough by some other means. But I was angry at that unquestioned law in our society which deprived me of at least the choice.

Please don't lecture me on my responsibilities to you and the rest of this world. You may prevent me from harming you if you wish but not if you construe "harm" so indirectly as to say that by depriving the world of the creations of my mind I am injuring society. We both know how far-fetched that is. But what is this duty to myself that you speak of? What is this obligation to my fellow man that is repeated again and again? If it is a price for living, I shall probably pay it; after all, I am not a strong person and conflict is not to my liking. But if it is the price for existence, please submit your bills quietly and do not try to deceive me into thinking that they are anything other than bills.

—J. D. Robinson

freshness

freshness!

fresh—

a fresh wind to stir
our ashen dreams;
too dry our world—
cracking at the seams.

no water to wet
wide lips—pale lips of dust
that mumble lost;
where ragged madness
beats his drum
to the beat

of a dying heart . . .
in the land of the
murdered sun;

where ashen ghosts in
private circles sit
to hint and lip—
coded symbols
of porcelain.

freshness!

fresh—

a sudden rain to quicken
our senses, numbed
in this dreamless cloud
of shrouded death;

chill fingertips along
our ragged nerves
to flash, crimson joy
through hollow veins;

a fresh wet wind
to fire
our winter of discontent
suddenly green.

—Clara Bartel



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