

V.19

NO.1

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EDITORIAL

Christmas approaches, and Failure once more presents its plunge into mediocrity.

Incidentally, Failure is not merely a magazine of poetry with odd excesses of prose but indeed a space sealed with thin sweat. We invite you to READ Failure for a change.

Note the new Photographic Section in the centre is not unpleasing.

The circulation of Failure has been increased to 300 copies this issue, thanks to the approval of the Outcrop Club.

However we attempt to disguise it, the student - writer's intense preoccupation with his inability seems to expose itself once again in this issue. Is this unique?

The purpose we uphold is to encourage and improve student writing without selfconscious presentation.

The rest is up to you now - to read, to criticize, and to write. Failure depends on YOU!

DOGMATIC TRIVIA

O night how dark
O bright how sun
O dark
O night
O sun how bright.

Winter is white
(Summer is bright)
Winter is cold
Bold is the summer
Mist.

EXCERPTS

Little Red Riding Hood, ejaculates.

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

WOLF: I am aghast, How so?

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

WOLF: True.

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

Wolf: Husserl!

A PROFUNDITY

Walking

The path leads backwards.

Thinking

The minds corridor.

Talking!

Beneath the microscope

Nonsense.

KENSINGTON MARKET (WITH CORRECTIONS)

In Kensington the smell of the
market is noticeable. Dead rats lie beside
fresh fish. Screen doors are torn and
flies are everywhere.

DULL - ID

Worn writing

is

Conscious insistence.

This wont of summer

the long winter

long

continued

hopeless leaping

the forbidden room.

This jumble.

But no

THIS

enclosed in Failure

will grace the dim shelves of libraries

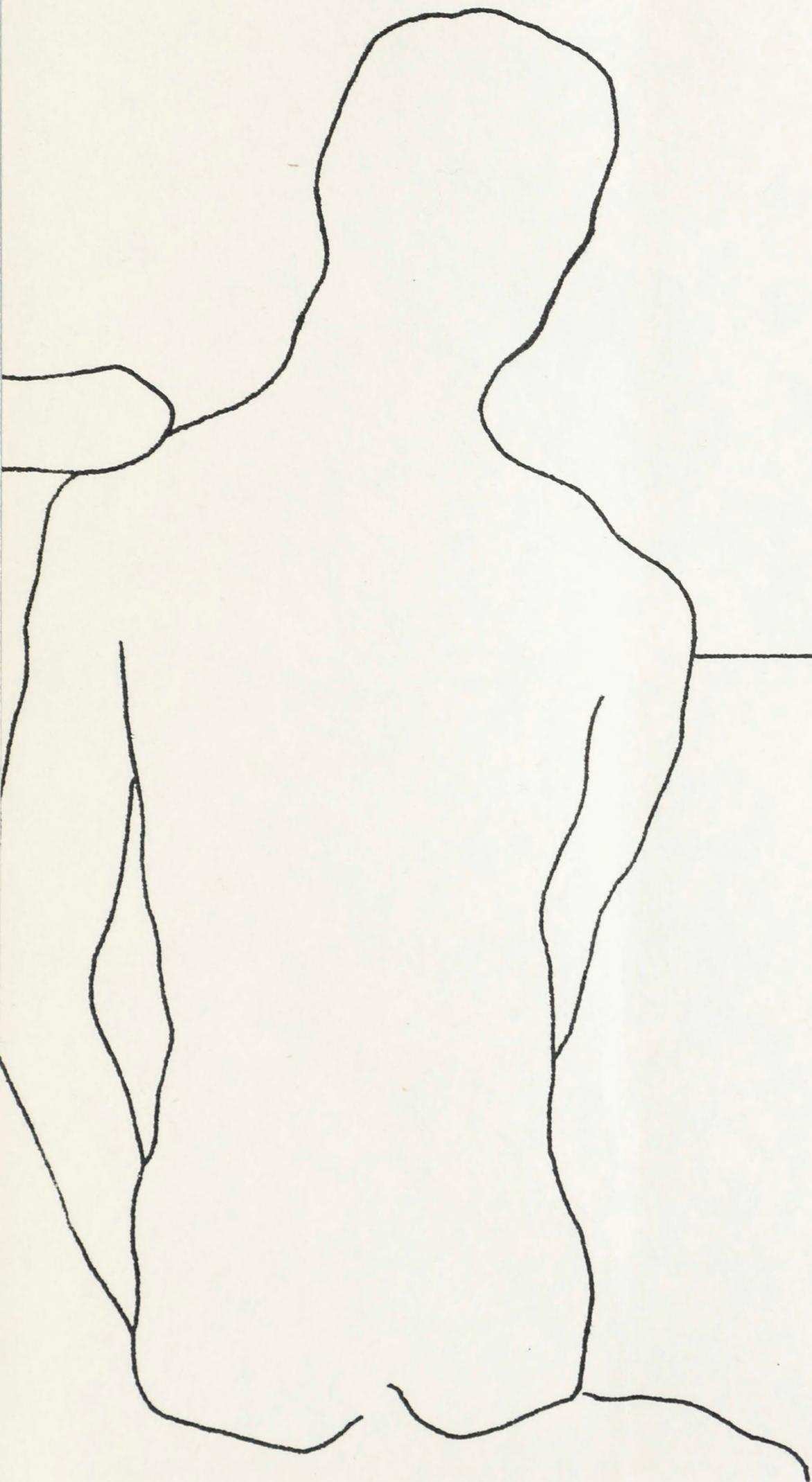
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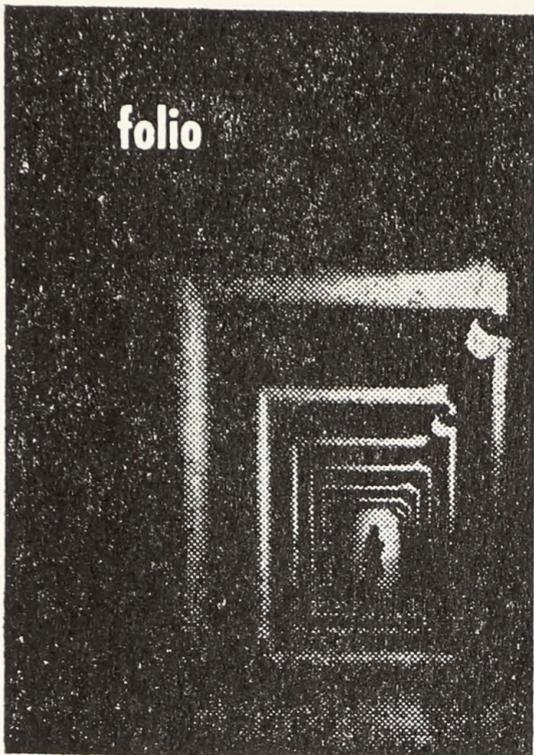
additions a year.)

and melt greying

felted deep in dust

within air-conditioned rooms.





FOLIO looks at youth . . .
Folio's perspective look at youth has been captured by photographer D. R. Brown in this interplay of light and dark. From this starting-point, we will examine the many aspects of youth.

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EDITORIAL

Early in the fall, when FOLIO announced its intention of centering the entire issue on the theme of "Youth," reactions ranged from cries of 'dictatorship!', to skepticism, to marked enthusiasm. However, judging by the large volume of contributions received, the enthusiasts prevailed, and after two months of fervent editing, illustrating and proof-reading (not to mention gnashing of teeth and near-insanity), FOLIO presents to the student body its unique, if not always complete, "Look at Youth."

In choosing the theme, our idea was not to dictate what should be written, but to provide a central focus around which many viewpoints could be stated. The contents of the issue should prove this point, expressing as they do attitudes ranging from exuberance to thinly-veiled despair. Youth is depicted as a time of both joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain. One dominant theme is the central antithesis of youth and old age, and the parallel realization that youth must give way to maturity and eventually to old age. This attitude forms the basis of the theme poem, and is also evident in many, if not all, of the student contributions.

In this issue we have dispensed with the regular graphics section; instead, several selections have been illustrated by student artists in the hope that both graphics and writing will be more meaningful for the reader. The usual photography section has been included, each photograph intended to portray some aspect of youth.

FOLIO cannot define "Youth" for the individual reader; this would be not only presumptuous, but nearly impossible. We do hope our "Look at Youth" will provide a starting point, but we leave it to you to make any conclusions, on the basis of your own experience.



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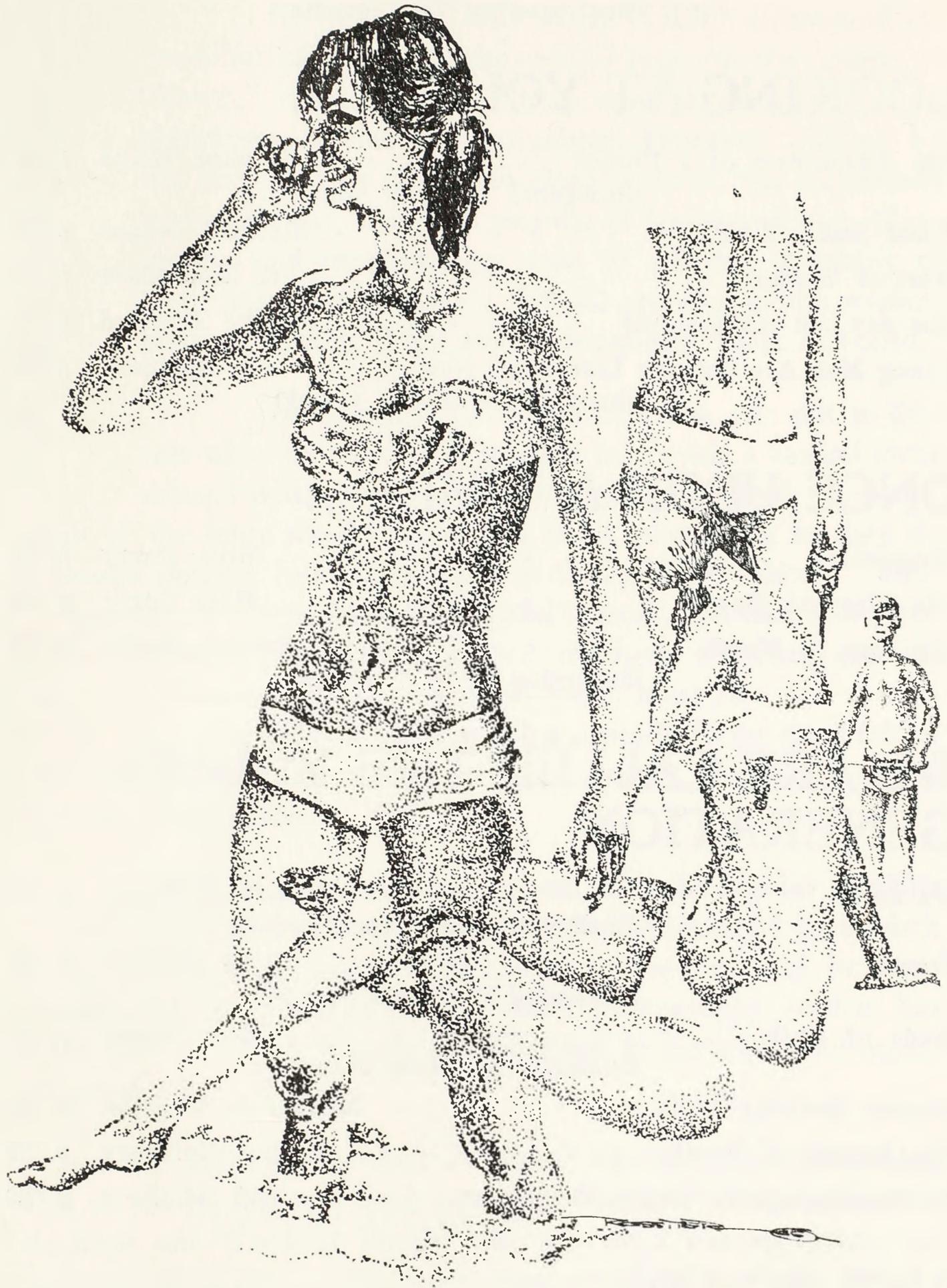
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Photography: D. R. Brown, Ralph Willsey, Charles Grant



—Tom Rossiter

The Girl in a Bikini

The girl in a bikini passes by
with bum tucked scarcely in that dainty slip
who, when she stops by some who seem to sleep
except for one wild-eyed and watching boy,

stoops woman-like to join them on the beach
and, valleying her breasts for other eyes
gone suddenly as cold as summer ice,
lies on her back in languor there to bask.

One leg in careless Greek describes the ease
that this hot sun has put upon her thigh
where all the oils of love and lotion lie
and midnight kisses mark a lover's use.

If I could reach her eyes, but she will not,
as boys go by with dead fish in their net.

—Michael Parr

Folio wishes to thank Michael Parr for this previously unpublished poem which he has contributed as a theme poem for this issue. Mr. Parr, a resident of Toronto, has been published in literary outlets ranging from *Fiddlehead* and *Canadian Poetry Magazine* to the *New York Times* and *Atlantic Advocate*. Fred Cogswell, poetry critic for many literary magazines, in a criticism of Mr. Parr's volume, "THE GREEN FIG TREE", says that Michael Parr could become one of Canada's finest lyric poets.

LOOKING AT YOUTH...

THE ADVENTURES OF A FLUTIST

or

HOW TO DROWN IN YOUR OWN CONDENSATION

(This is a tale written in the true Leacockian manner. Since Leacock was one of Canada's first great humourists, his type of humour will provide a convention for all budding, not to mention not-so-budding, young Canadian humourists to imitate. The following is an attempt at the convention of Leacockian humour by a not-so-budding but convention-loving young humourist.)

Herman Small was the world's worst (and Canada's best) flutist. Born in the small prairie town of Pig Foot, he started his life as a baby but after many years of hard work he was elevated to the position of young boy. It was while occupying this office that Herman became enamoured with a flute which he had seen in an old store catalogue. After more years of incessant labour and a rise in status to that of young man, he saved enough money to procure his object of adoration. From that day on, Herman spent every minute of his working hours glued to his flute until he finally stuck to it. His continual shrieking and neglect of farm duties (not to mention the spit which he dripped on his mother's best carpet) drove his parents into the farm pond. Once in, they decided to stay and Herman was left to his own inclinations. Finding that he was inclined toward the south (like most other Canadians), he sold his farm and left for the States. Before leaving, however, for the sake of forewarning, it must be mentioned that the Old Man, who sat smoking his pipe in front of the Town General Store with foreboding written all over his face in a large schoolboy scrawl (and who was reported to be 294½ come next Friday), warned Herman that nothing but condensation would come from his flute. With this dread prophecy ringing in his ears, he departed.

In the United States, Herman began to take flute lessons but after the rivers and farm ponds were becoming clogged with music teachers whom he had driven there, and the country overrun with condensation, the United States Congress despite heated opposition from seven Democrats, nine Republicans, three State Governors, as well as the President, passed an amendment to the Constitution forbidding Herman to take flute lessons. Herman was in despair. Here he was with a flute glued to his lips and he couldn't learn how to play it. After some serious thinking and consultation with the



Not to mention the spit which he dripped on his mother's best carpet.

nized Herman as an American asset, drafted him into the National economy and shipped him around the world. Everywhere that Herman went, he bolstered confidence in the American Way of Life.

But success is only skin deep (whatever that has to do with anything!) It was at his one and only performance in Canada, the last stop before his return to the United States, that disaster struck. When he walked on stage, he was politely applauded, followed by silence. Canadians, who are always skeptical of world personalities, wanted to hear Herman. Herman tried and tried. He blew and he blew and he blew into his flute. But all that came out was condensation. He panicked. The audience panicked. He went to give one last blow. He lifted his flute high. And, lo! All that backlog of condensation came rushing down his flute and, instead of gulping air, he filled his lungs with condensation. He died on the spot. He was hailed an American national hero who had died in the line of duty. He was given a state funeral. He was buried. He rotted. Would that all other flutists would do the same.

—Stephen Willis

world's greatest glued-flute specialist, Herman decided to try his luck at concertizing.

When notice of Herman's concert appeared, Congress decided to pass a bill deporting Herman back to Canada as an undesirable alien, but because of further opposition and an inaccurate count of ballots, Herman succeeded in giving his concert. As soon as he set his foot on the stage, the audience recognized it as the foot of a six foot six, lean, lanky young man from Pig Foot and before any more of him appeared, he was rushed by waves of swooning bodies. His concertizing was drowned by yells and screams and copious tears. The United States government recog-



The United States Government recognized Herman as an American asset, drafted him into the national economy and shipped him around the world.

Yusef Lateef R.I.P.

Lateef over, the rejector clicks in.
A new disc falls, how sad.
With it went Lateef.

So Roland's alright, but he'll never touch Lateef,
Or so we thought.
First scoff, then disbelief.
So this guy Kirk makes it.
He completely takes Lateef from zero.
Wow!
Roland! he's really too cool.
Goodbye Yusef. I'm sorry

—Howard Isaacs

West of Winter

Time squeezes us all, even you wondering boy
Though there is no cause for alarm yet.
Let each day and each moment of each day
Trickle from your greedy fingers like water
From a pale grove. Remembrance is not necessary.
Time remembers us all
In the hail of the wind and west of winter.

—C. Mountford

One day not more sunny
Or crystal than before
I stood on top of a mountain
 And there above time
 For the first time
 Opened my eyes.

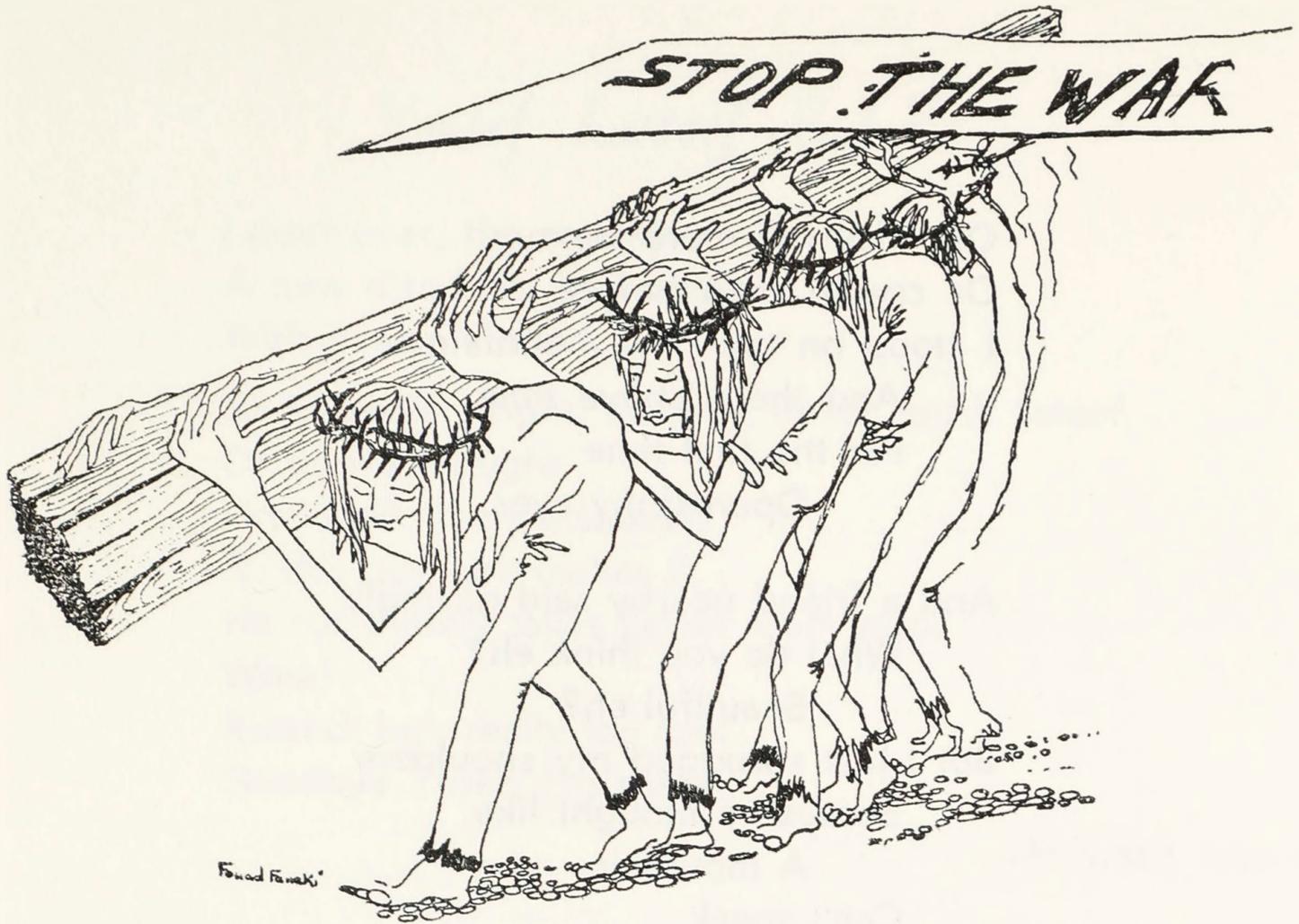
And a friend nearby said gazingly
 What do you think eh?
 Beautiful eh?
But I just shrugged my shoulders
 Because a thought like
 A mountain
 Can't speak
 Only cry.

—Shirley Mustard

young men are looking like jesus now

young men are looking like jesus now
hair long and dirty on collarless collars
small-boned and delicate, castrated

symbolic their little self-crucifixions
committedness the faith of their new
religion love not always brotherly



their pinched and martyred look betrays
the feminine passivity of their
resistance all their exercise is

placard-carrying, polemics
and sit-down demonstrations in the
white house proving the incoherence of

every armchair moralist
who goes to jail instead of to asia
by burning his draft card living longer
where black is black white never turning
yellow with age how lovely living
secure assured of righteousness

jesus was almost two thousand years
too early what followers he might have
gathered in village coffee-houses

to talk forever of turning their cheek
of the mystic value of LSD
and of brotherhood, for fear of seeming
individual

—Jill Robinson

ONCE UPON A TIME . . .

Although I cannot now ask you to stop with your foot in mid-air, as you contemplate the absurdity of your next action — the futility of placing that foot ever-so-hesitatingly upon the ground which lies waiting beneath it — I can and will and shall and do ask you to please step gently. Your footsteps on my forehead are soft and gentle; the dew gathers in the holes left by the nails in your sole and mingles with the dark blood trickling into my eyes . . .

Although I cannot now ask you to wait until I have cried out my soul upon a lonesome, quietly moonlit hilltop; until I have lived all the days which were and are (and might yet be) golden, and red, and blue, and green, and deep, and black, and still and all the other colours which are sufficiently intense to bother with and which make life something to wonder at and about; until I have tasted the tears of the fairest maiden who dwells in a silver cave at the very top of the tallest mountain and sings the sweetest songs and opens her velvet being to lead me to the deepest depths and deepest heights of the namelessness which defies description; until I have told you all that which I wish you to hear; I can and will and shall and do ask you to throw to the shrieking wind the lifeline of conservatism and common sense as you plunge into the welcome waters of the unknown and the unspoken.

Although I cannot now ask you to offer me the ultimate poesy of your fingertips upon my granite lips — to stop the dizzy spiraling of a mind with no preferred orientation — to use the magic of a spell which mists from the fleeting gold in your hair and mingles with sighs that bind me to a fate which is not my own — I can and will and shall and do ask you to consider carefully that the end of the world is perhaps the beginning of me and that the end of me is really the beginning . . . Dew and blood and tears make the most intoxicating of liqueurs.

And before you laugh at the ridiculousness of my hopeless struggle to penetrate the nebulous curtain which separates that which you call yourself from that which you call something else — anything else — nothing; and before you laugh at the absurdity of my wish to fuse — to merge — to counterpose my consciousness with yours in unreined escalation; and before you laugh at the idiocy of my attempting to fit words to the nameless and describe infinity in terms of zeroes; and before you laugh at all the other things you see which you think are funny; I can and will and shall and do ask you to cry . . . just a little . . . before you forget how.

— Mike Curry

The eleventh dawn will find us,
you and I,
for we cannot hide in the
tattered skirts of a
maternal ignominy of
silence and resignation.
The eleventh dawn is merciless.
It probes with pointed fingers
into the vaginal folds of our
virgin consciousnesses—
a rape of enormous and inconsequential
magnitude and import. . . .
The eleventh dawn will leave us,
you and I,
leave us naked on an alien hilltop
where the rain of sorrow and the
winds of shame will
ravage
our sexless bodies
of our last remaining
remnant—
thread—
glimmer—
of life.
The eleventh dawn will find us—
you
 and
 i. . . .

—Mike Curry

ONE DAY IN MARCH

The story that I am about to relate took place during that strange period in March when one day can be mild and spring-like, and the next bitterly cold and wintry. While the weather perhaps has little bearing on the actual events, it is important in that it helps me date them, and recalls to my mind the vivid reality of that day which now seems so incredible. Certainly the reader is entitled to all of the relevant details: but let me proceed to the true events as nearly as I can recall them.

It was very late one evening, or rather, early one morning, when the grip of winter was unexpectedly severe. I had gathered my housecoat about me and drawn up to the fireplace for warmth. Beside me I had a few books, although, if the truth be known, I had done very little reading, but had sat up late thinking about certain troublesome issues. My main concern was with the conflict presented between *tyranny*, as I termed *authority* then, and *freedom*. The particular application of this conflict to my own situation may be put thus: was it worth staying at university and having an education imposed on me, or would it be better to enter the world at large and seek out my own education. I thought as well of other tyrannical images which flashed before my weary eyes: the university administration, the government, and all other types of laws and rules. Time passed quickly: I am sure that most readers have often found themselves up late at night puzzling over such matters, and can thus sympathize with me.

After many cups of coffee I was no closer to resolving my conflict and was seriously considering retiring, when I heard a knock at my door. Quite unable to imagine who it could be, I apprehensively interrogated my visitor from behind the closed door. In a clear but gentle voice came the answer, "I am Boundfree of Astrania, sent as a secret envoy to Earth. May I speak with you?" Imagining this to be a rather silly joke, I opened the door, expecting to find a drunken friend. Instead I met a well dressed man of average build, yet with exceptionally clear facial features, who shook my hand. In all respects, he resembled a human being.

This strange visitor then explained his tale to me, and the reader may be sure that I was slow to believe it. I was finally convinced by certain remarkable things he did, which from even my meagre knowledge of physics I knew to be impossible. For instance, by pointing his finger, he was able to cause me to be inverted in mid-air, or to spin about like a pinwheel. I did not ask for a prolonged demonstration of this remarkable ability.

My guest's name was indeed Boundfree, and, as he explained, he was from a highly advanced planet known as Astrania, which was many light-years distant from Earth. His people had long been studying the evolution of Earth in their classrooms, and particularly

the interesting birth and development of the human race in more recent times. Then only a few centuries ago they noted with keener interest a remarkable hastening in the advancement of the Earthman's ability to deal with his situation. Larger, more concentrated populations brought about the growth of material security and improved technology, and this new race was finally able to investigate and implement ideas as recent as Plato's time, or those of the Egyptian dynasties, and even to reach back into the vague realms of pre-history, where ideas were first transmitted. The sciences became more sophisticated and the arts more abundant.

At this time, as Boundfree continued to relate, the people of Astrania first contemplated an exploratory visit to Earth, to congratulate and encourage the race which had produced Aristotle, Plato, Michelangelo, Shakespeare, Newton, Bach, Mozart and many others. However, in the course of their journey, their communications apparatus broke down temporarily, and contact with Earth was only sketchy at best, until the last year or two of Earth-time before their arrival. Otherwise, in the last century, they heard but little: they heard of Einstein and Yeats, which pleased them; but they also heard of two great wars and "the bomb", which made them somewhat apprehensive.

When their craft finally reached an Earth-orbit, they decided that a visit to a university was logical and necessary to fill in their gaps of knowledge, and to ascertain whether an official delegation would be advisable at that time. Boundfree then addressed me. "First I desire to meet members of the student body. There I shall surely find students talking inexhaustibly of high and beautiful things. I shall speak to them of music and mathematics, which are the two universal languages." As he spoke, I thought to myself that I had not too often heard students in the cafeteria talking of music and mathematics; however this was the gathering place of students, so it was here we proceeded as morning came.

As we entered, we were jostled a bit by the students hurrying to meet their friends, and Boundfree remarked upon the notable enthusiasm of these students. I could not suppress a glow of pride.

We walked by various tables, listening intently for mathematical formulae or hummed excerpts of Bach, although we were forced to give up this enterprise soon, as we found it impossible to hear over the general din. Finally we stopped at a table where I knew several people. After the proper introductions, Boundfree began questioning in a careful manner to conceal his secret.

"I am often astounded with the progress made in all fields on Earth over the last few hundred years. Surely we have mastered the secret of advancement: study and imitation of past masters, with the occasional addition to or variation from their theories according to contemporary conditions, to enhance them. Who would you say is the most interested in the study of Mozart at present, and who in Bach? I regret that I have been ill recently, and my studies of music



EVANS

have slipped. Surely such people, whoever they are, are the most likely to advance our musical development."

I must admit that I had never exactly thought of such a question myself, and I noticed my fellow students looking at each other, and then at me. They laughed heartily, and then asked me, "Is he serious?" Boundfree was confused and rephrased his question, thinking that he had been misunderstood. Three students then walked away, leaving only my friend Jack with Boundfree and me.

I noticed a look of amused pity in Jack's eyes. "Boundy," he said, "you can't be serious. Almost nobody ever listens to those classical musicians you just mentioned; they're just not interested. I don't know where you come from, but in democratic countries you just don't force old intellectual music on the people. In this modern day, we all listen to folk music, as you surely realize."

Boundfree ignored the veiled insult, and proceeded to try to develop the seed which he thought he had discovered by inquiring about Jack's favourite folk compositions and performers.

"Well," began Jack, "there is a new album out by Jean Frez which is beautiful. Half of it is recorded in an abandoned mountain cabin, and half at the bottom of a mine shaft. This makes it more natural. And furthermore, she never had a singing lesson in her life," he beamed.

I thought that Jack had made some good points; in fact, seldom had I heard Jack so communicative. However, Boundfree persisted with an earlier argument.

"What about people who do like such things as 'old music' and mathematics? Are they to be denied these beauties even though they are a small minority?"

"Let them have it," Jack answered; "they go off to their ivory towers and snub us; but we don't care."

Jack then made his apologies and left Boundfree and me alone. My visitor then asked me where one of these intellectuals could be found. Nearby a bearded fellow sat alone, wearing dishevelled clothing and a "NO" button. He refused to speak to us at length, however, because he was then allowing his mind to wander freely about creating a poem; and moreover, as he explained, he was not sure that we had any valid existence.

Just at that moment, Jack and several students came by and accidentally upset a nearby table. They uttered a few curses and general tumult resulted throughout the cafeteria. Boundfree and I left.

"I cannot help but be a bit disappointed with your student body," my companion said. Despite my protests on behalf of my fellows, pointing out that most of us were not exactly paupers, and that many got B grades or better in their exams, I later realized that Boundfree was not entirely satisfied with my explanation. But the topic was dropped.

Boundfree desired to see a fraternity next. He had heard of the noble brotherhoods of students in the past, and felt certain that here

he would find more encouragement. I now know that I made a poor choice in the fraternity house that I selected to take him to.

As we entered the Fee Fi Fo fraternity, we heard a debate in progress between several of the brothers, and we approached inconspicuously, filled with high expectations. The topic of argument changed several times. First they debated about who was going to do the homework that night, which would be a difficult task since it involved making copies for all the other members. Then the topic changed to religion, and whether agnosticism or atheism was better for young executives. Then they argued, to my embarrassment, about who had the best endowment of body hair. The next step was the removal of their garments for comparison. If my humiliation was not complete, several girls then entered the room. They giggled with glee, to my surprise, and began to remove their garments, presumably to enter the competition themselves; although I cannot attest to the validity of the latter conjecture, because Boundfree and I had departed, none the wiser about the state of our mathematics.

"I find myself somewhat disappointed with your fraternities, if the latter was typical of them all," he said. Hastily I assured him that, indeed, it was not typical, and that I was sure that there were many fraternities where mathematics as well as music were discussed until all hours.

As it was then past lunch time, we chose a secluded spot in a garden and discussed the next step over a sandwich and some hot coffee.

"Surely," I began, "those fraternity students were subjected to tyrannical suppression at home for so long, that when they came here, they naturally desired to exercise their new freedom."

"This is a strange freedom you and your friends speak of," he said, "which produces such triviality, apathy and anarchy. Surely there is a need for the recognition of some hierarchy of authority. Otherwise, are you not denying the very process which we agreed was responsible for your rapid growth over the last several hundred years?"

I was a bit dismayed by the impact of the truth of his words, yet I had to protest against what I considered to be tyranny, although the protest was a silent one.

"Perhaps I have not yet met the right people," Boundfree said. "I would like to meet your creative people, such as your artists and sculptors; I have already met a poet."

Fortunately, there was that day an exhibition of sculpture and painting at our art gallery, so we then proceeded there.

"Why is this art gallery so small amidst this huge, luxurious campus?" he asked. I replied that the vast majority of students had no interest in art; but it was apparent that Boundfree was not pleased with this democratic aspect of our campus.

As we entered we saw only four or five spectators standing with the ten painters and sculptors who were exhibiting, although the gallery was still crowded. Boundfree and I purged the paintings,



which might seem to the dull to be merely splotches of paint on the canvas. Then we examined the sculpture with interest, and I could see that the simple would probably find little beauty in the glued and welded collection of twistings. Boundfree spoke to one sculptor about his work. I heard only the reply, "I will not be bound by any restrictive artificial forms. My art is free of all such tyrannies. I belong to no tradition." He added, that since Boundfree was clearly a bit more perceptive than the average viewer of his exhibitions, my friend might purchase a very select piece of his work, which somewhat resembled a bicycle smashed by a car, for half price, or only \$1,800.00. This work, entitled "Suck", had been highly praised by the critics, the sculptor explained. Boundfree politely declined this generous offer.

As we left, Boundfree mused, "I saw something in their art which might be termed very clever and very original. No doubt you noticed the intricate relationship of the shapes and colours in the better works."

I nodded my agreement, although I had been rather confused.

"What that sculptor does not seem to realize is that the 'freedom' he refers to is really the tyranny of his own subjective whims. This realm of beauty is not easily reached when one's only guide is his own whims."

When I asked what authority he had for an opinion such as that, he explained that art on Astrania had gone through such a phase about one million years ago of Earth-time, and that it had long since been evaluated in the total tradition of Astranian art, and relegated to museum basements and amusement houses. As to the particular art in question, Boundfree added: "The final evaluation and greatest enjoyment of such an art can only be by the artist himself: It is designed in a manner that required this result."

The truth of his words was making me uneasy. There was no retaliation which I could discover, I am sorry to admit.

As we departed, I shivered in the last grasp of winter, and Boundfree drew his coat around his shoulders, almost in sympathy with me. Suddenly a group of cars bearing school election posters and a cluster of motor scooters overcrowded with hooting passengers speeded toward us, and we had some difficulty escaping. Boundfree was actually brushed and knocked to the ground as the cheering students passed us.

Shaking the dirt off his coat, Boundfree said, "I have decided that I must speak to a spokesman of this democratic system which everyone makes reference to," and added resolutely, "Take me to a politician."

I certainly had reservations about complying with this request, for even my friend Jack had little praise for many of the politicians of that time. Therefore I gave diligent consideration to my selection.

Just before dinnertime, we entered the office of Ted Dolt, M.P., of the Progressive People's Liberal Freedom Party. The Honourable Mr. Dolt did not see us enter, so intent was he upon watching cartoons on

television, a programme which had high ratings that week, and thus was highly prized by the sponsors.

At this time we noticed his agenda for the coming session of parliament. Let me see if I can remember it. It said, "(1) Propose bill to weaken C.B.C.'s authority, and free sponsors and artists from this tyranny; (2) propose bill to turn education over to a private concern, like General Motors, to weaken government's tyranny to propagandize; (3) oppose social security taxes which impose on the people's freedom of choice," and so on. Boundfree looked at me, and we walked out of the office, seeing no need to disturb Mr. Dolt's pre-occupation although I really did not think that the latter had a fair chance to defend himself.

With the gloom that comes with leaving one who has just become a good friend, Boundfree explained that he had to leave and file his report. He regretted that he would have to advise his superiors to defer the delegation to Earth for another three hundred years of Earth-time, when a higher level of maturity might be attained. I protested, but he would not consent to make his report any less severe.

"Can that man Dolt really be the choice of your people in this democratic system? Surely even at your university there are many more competent people. Is popularity now the final criterion?"

I could find no answer.

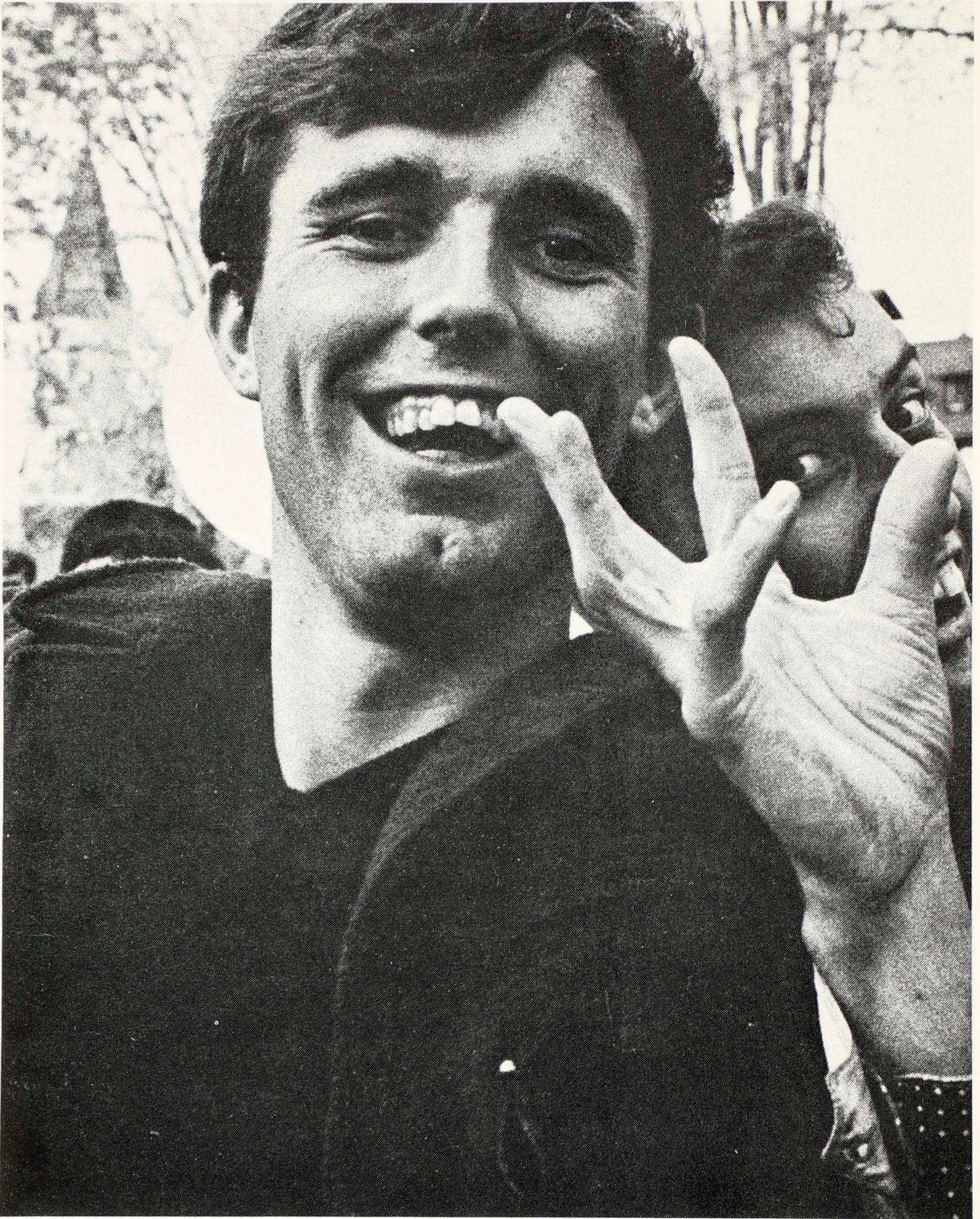
As we walked toward my friend's concealed spacecraft, tears began to roll down my face, in spite of myself. I noticed that the weather had suddenly turned milder and more springlike as the darkness of evening began to settle firmly about us.

I noticed a look of concern appearing on Boundfree's countenance. He began looking about in the bushes where his spacecraft had been. Suddenly we heard a clamour from a nearby building which we saw to be the same fraternity we had visited earlier. There, Jack and a group of quite intoxicated students had discovered Boundfree's craft, and were attempting to mount it on their homecoming-day parade float.

Indignantly I approached them, determined to retake my friend's possession. The students, however, thinking that I was from a rival fraternity, began to chase me off by throwing beer bottles and other projectiles at me. This gave Boundfree a chance to circle behind and fly away in his craft, while I barely escaped with my life.

This narrative may explain to the reader why I am so seldom seen about the campus any more. For many days, I went into complete seclusion, and wept a great deal, I am sorry to admit. Then, however, I decided to act positively. Now I am busy in a secret grove of trees, where I am studying diligently and using all my skill to build my own private spacecraft. Soon I will be seen no more, and the reader can be sure that I am free from our world of freedom, and happy in Astrania, land of Boundfree

— Richard Ripley



—RALPH WILLSEY



—C. Grant

HIGH LUNCH



—d. r. brown



—S. PARFREY

WE ARE CALLED THE YOUNG GENERATION...

Warmth

A deer came to my yard,
And smiled,
And thanked me
For the little bit of food
He found there.
Magnificent!
He held his head so high
And looked at me with soft brown eyes
Full of wonder.
Closer,
Closer,
Just inches from me now!
Slowly,
Slowly,
My hand reached out;
With smooth but rapid grace
He turned and ran,
Leaving only a tingle of softness and warmth
On my fingers.

—Margot McHenry

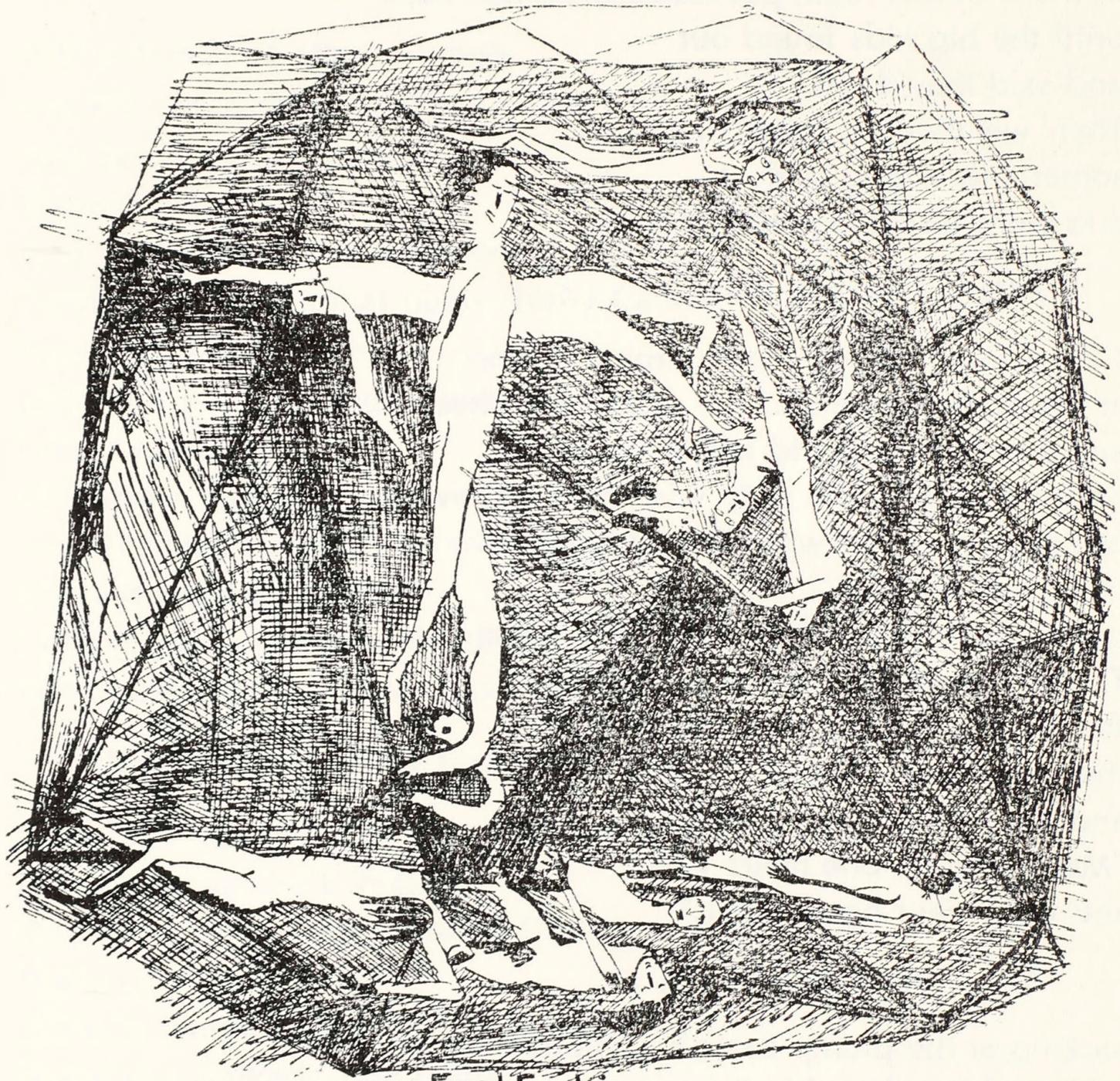
Prisms

. . . a common painting
that graces all happy homes
and hangs For Sale
in every department store
there
where the sky is always blue
and the grass always green

. . . smoked abdomens
with hairy legs
that run up and down dried out
cattle's dung
or eagerly dig into
half decayed cattle's
meat
easily alight on man's face arms and legs
and then revel in the sticky juice of half eaten fruits
abandoned
by some happy child

. . . warm moist palms gently
press
 the yielding burning
 flesh
waves of warmth flow through the body
as her gentle
touch
feeds
this burning furnace
and those soft moist eyes
opening in the dark
softly light those hazy recollections of the past
where the mind
 dwells
 comfortable
 in its glow

—Tony Ciconne



Fouad Fanaki

Seeds of Guilt

When I was a young boy
in the first sapling days
before I was born,
but after I could remember,
I used to play house with my sister
in the shoulder-high, peekaboo grass out back
until the big kids found out
and said they'd tell.
Then we thought there must be
something wrong with it
and were afraid to play any more.

After times like that

I used to sit on my most unroyal throne
in the outhouse behind the mushroom shed
and pretend I was old mister Dickinson,
because he was the only wise man I knew
besides my Father who, like all fathers,
had great wisdom
but a fierce impatience with little boys.
There I would sit and devise methods
for making the big kids tell me
their secrets of life,
and my Mother would yell,
"Make sure no one hears you
and wash your hands after."

And I remember sitting,

looking at the plump eaton's catalogue on the shelf,
and thinking that this time,
this time I wouldn't look at those pictures.
Then I would pick it up and my boy's eyes
would radar the voiceless pages,
straining to see through the lace.
I didn't know why this was wrong
but my young sinner's blood told me
that Mother would beat me if she found out.

Then, for a while, I didn't like those cold, improper girls
but preferred the embrace of my young friend.
But Mother found out and beat me,
saying only that it was dirty
and that good little boys never ever did that.
After that I learned to be more careful.

One day Mother led me down town
with a bunch of other women,
trussed and puffing, padded belles
who bounced like footballs
down the walk.
And I remember she whispered,
"Look girls, there's that hussy, Nelly Carter.
How she can shamelessly
push that baby carriage down the street
I don't know."
All Mother would tell me
was that Nelly Carter was wicked
because she had a baby.
I didn't know why that should be
but I guessed that babies must be bad.

And I remember my first girl friend.
She was Linda and she let me sit beside her
in the reading circle in class.
One day I put my arm around Linda.
The teacher strapped me
and said that nice boys didn't do that.
That day I walked Linda home
and I was Sir Arthur, ten feet tall,
slaying autumn's falling dragons
as they swooped and fired about her gentle head.
I knew that I must be in love
because I only wanted to hold her hand.
We moved away in the spring
and I took that autumn's wisdom with me.

In the new school I forgot Linda,
and the big boys made me forget
the fallen leaves and young fingers.
Now I wanted to marry Shirley, because she was pretty;
I wanted to kiss Barbara, because she was almost as pretty;
and I wanted to make love to Judy, because I liked her least of all.
One night I dreamed I made love to Mother
and when I woke up I was ashamed and embarrassed.

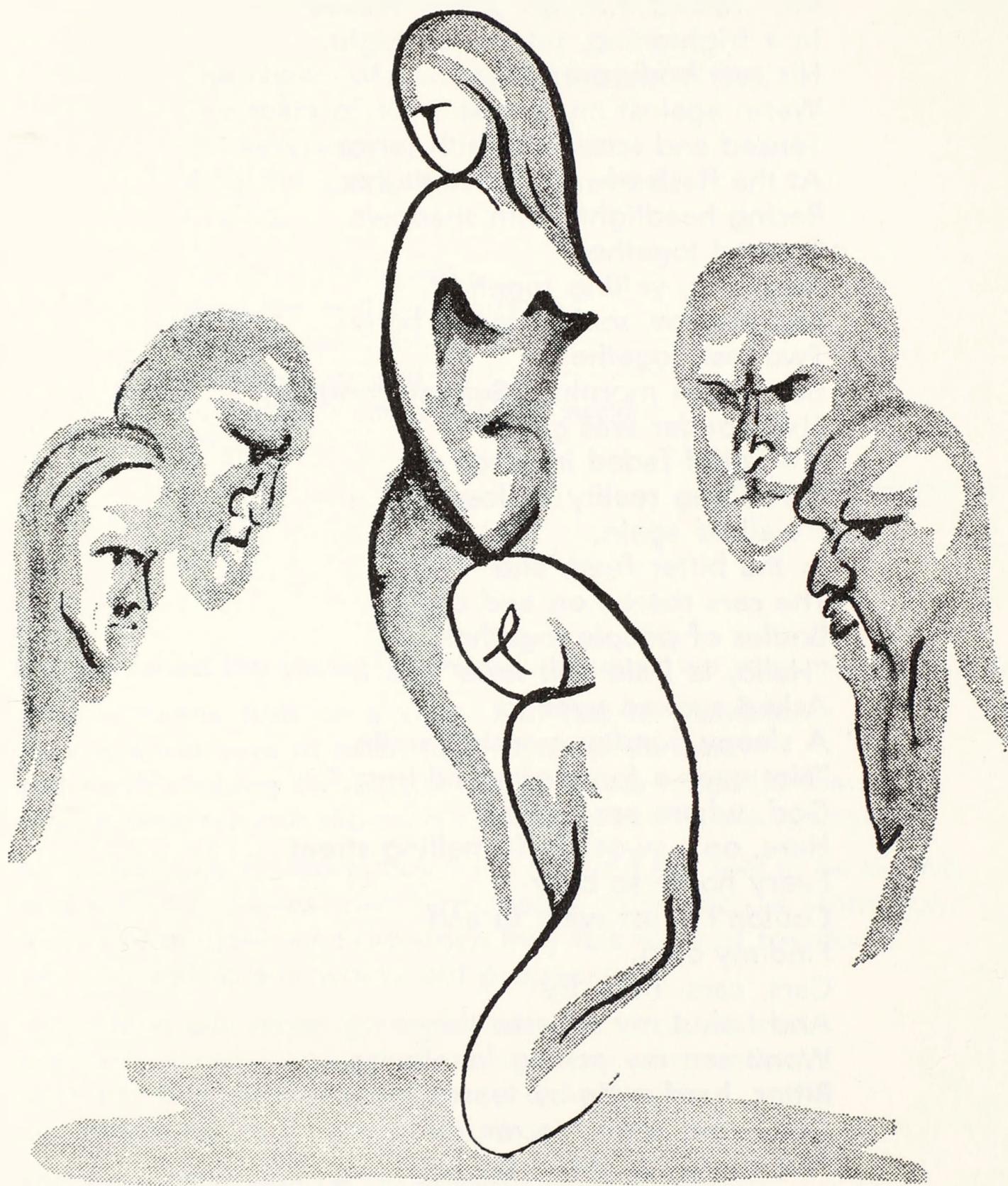
Some nights, when I wasn't dreaming
of chasing leaf-green deedees up the ladder
into the bat-black attic,
I dreamed of running naked
through a fog of people.
and I would think,
"How bold; How courageous; How free."
When I woke up
I thought everyone knew my dream
and I was afraid to look up
into their grown-up, blank, accusing faces.

Then, one night when I was twelve
I dreamed I made love to a girl
and I woke up gasping,
stunned by the flash of feeling
I could just remember
as I was waking.
I remember trying a hundred ways
to repeat that crippling boom,
until one day at recess I found out
and was delighted with my great discovery.
But shortly I began to doubt
the goodness of such a feeling.
I became wracked with the desire to stop it,
but never could.

The seeds had burst,
and I stood naked
with my first black bouquet of guilt.

And so I passed
out of the first of my youth
with great confusion and doubt;
too old to say,
"I didn't know it was wrong."
and too young to suggest
that it was not wrong.

—Allan Fraser



MARY CLAUS

Sunday Morning Light

Last night I picked up a black cat,
I called him Fag.
I found him in a rain-soaked,
Black nite,
When he had left
And the whole goddam world
Seemed so huge and dead.
Fag was beautiful, soft
And I did want something to call my own.
We walked through soggy leaves
In a frightening, pitch-dark night.
His soft body pressing
Warm against my breast
Tensed and screamed with terror
At the flash of racing headlights.
Racing headlights with shadows
Pressed together
Laughing, yelling together.
Fag and me, soaked to the bone
Two lost, together.
But in the morning, Sunday morning
The wonder was gone;
The relief faded in place of
The biting reality of loss.
I walked again,
In the bitter frost, and
The cars roared on and on.
Bodies of people together.
"Hello, is Dale still here",
Asked sunken eyes to
A sleepy Sunday morning smile,
"Not even a forwarding address."
God, where am I going
Here, on a sweet leaf-smelling street
Every home so cozy
Couldn't I just walk in and
Find my own.
Cars, cars, flash by
And I shut my eyes so they
Won't see my aching loneliness.
Bitter, hard-come-by tears.
Carol, Jim welcome me in!
Please answer the door!
Smoking to death
As dark clouds roll swiftly by

Through venetian blind slats;
And my mouth is closed in
Bitter thought and lies.
Fag isn't human;
Like the wind, he just
Moves on.
O God, Sunday morning will it ever end.

—Mary Anne Wollison

The Sounds of Youth

The cheers of games, the laughs of joy,
The tears of sorrow.
Crickets singing in the night,
And the soft sound of the wind
Crying.

Youth is happiness,
And joy and celebration:
Remembered bliss!
I am young and all I hear
Is the soft sound of the wind
Crying.

—Margot McHenry

we are called the young generation because we may never grow old
minute hands turn on a clock that has no numbers.
time is a measure of earth as it turns on its axis.
red earth slipping through our fingers was made by men
whose time ran out red sand running down in the hourglass.
on the day we are born they have ordered our feet to be bound.
and across our eyes there are shades to protect us from light.
there are millions who die when they talk to us of freedom.
we are deaf to any words but propaganda.
when time will never go on forever the clock has no
numbers, eternal peace has no meaning when now
posterity is an empty word as the clouds come
mushrooming down on the earth as it turns on its axis.
and then there will be no minute hands to turn.

—Jill Robinson

AND SO ON . . .

The following play was awarded first prize in the U.W.O. Player's Guild One-Act Play Competition and will be entered in the Canadian University Drama League Regional competition to be held in February, 1967.

AND SO ON

A play in one act by Louise Forsyth

CHARACTERS:

David — about 19, well-built and tanned, dressed only in swimming trunks.

Old Man — dressed in too-long, shabby overcoat, battered hat and ill-fitting shoes; speaks and sings in cracked but firm voice.

Girl — about 18, dressed in bathing suit and beach coat.

Woman — middle-aged, dressed in grey knit suit and matching hat.

Man — about 45, dressed in well-cut, dark suit, white shirt, gleaming black shoes, broad, brilliantly coloured tie, black hat, carrying black umbrella.

Ron — about 19, well-built, dressed in slacks and sport shirt.

Liz — about 18, pretty, dressed in slacks and sweater.

SCENE ONE

The curtain rises on David alone, sitting on a beach surrounded by sand and the occasional skimpy bush. There is one large sand dune back left.

David appears thoughtful at first and digs idly in the sand. Then he makes a determined effort to build a castle. Just as the castle is taking some shape it collapses. He sinks back into the sand.

David: Damn it! damn it! damn it! They always fall down. It happens every time. Just when I think I'm getting somewhere they always fall down into an ugly, dirty heap. And then I have to start all over again. But maybe next time I won't . . .

He stands up slowly and crosses over behind the dune, bringing back a tall stool upon which he climbs and stands. With his hand cupped over his eyes to shield them from the sun he looks out over the audience as though scanning the horizon.

David: Land ho! Land ho! — No it's not. It's just a whale. *(He looks down and shouts)* Never mind, me lads. Heave with those oars. We're not there yet. *(He looks out again over the audience then drops his hand)* Maybe it's not out there. What if it's not there at all? You never know, I guess. No one can really ever tell you whether there's any place left to go or not. Who knows? If there's nothing left out there then some day I'll just fall off the edge into nothing. Lief the Lucky and Samuel de Champlain, did you leave something for me? — But I keep forgetting. They're dead now.

David sits down on the stool and then climbs down on the sand. He walks over behind the dune and brings back a guitar which he strums as he sits on the stool. Then he begins to sing the following medley of folk songs:

See, see, Rider, see what you done done,
See, see, Rider, see what you done done,
See, see, Rider see what you done done, . . .
I was born for rovin', guess I always will,
I wonder if it's greener on the far side of the hill . . .
So fare you well my rambling boy,
May all your rambles bring you joy.
Fare you well my rambling . . .

Old Man walks in right and watches David silently as he sings this song. They look at each other for a moment then Old Man sits down and sings, quietly at first and then quite loudly.

In Scarlet town where I was born
There was a fair maid dwellin'
Made every youth cry lack a day
For . . .
I looked in to say good-night,
And then I saw my child in prayer,
"And for me . . ."
Jesus met the woman at the well,
Jesus met the woman at the well,
Jesus met the woman at the well,
And he told her everything she had done . . .
We will overcome,
We will overcome,
We will overcome some day,
Oh, deep in my heart . . .
Un Canadien errant banni de ses foyers,
Un Canadien errant banni de ses foyers,
Parcourait en pleurant des pays étrangers,
Parcourait en pleurant des pays étrangers.

Old Man stands up and looks at David for a few moments. David looks at him questioningly.

David: What do you know, Old Man?

Old Man: Good luck, boy. *(He slowly shuffles off stage right)*

David: I wonder what he came for.

Old Man *(reappearing briefly)*

You know, it's good to see you out here, boy. I get so lonely. It gets very cold waiting in those lines for dinner. I suppose you still have a place to sleep at least.

Girl enters left while David begins once again to strum his guitar. She sways rhythmically.

Girl: What are you doing?

David: Nothing, just sitting on the beach. Isn't that all right? What's wrong with just sitting on the beach and enjoying the warm sand?

Girl: Yes, I guess so. But now let's go in for a swim. You look funny just sitting there.

David *(looking away from her)*: Why should a girl I don't even know —

Girl: I don't even know why you want to sit there. You promised me we'd swim.

David: What does she know about why I'm sitting here?

Girl: Sitting here on that crazy stool you look like . . . Well, where did you get that stool anyway? It doesn't look like driftwood.

David: I hate to sit in the sand. It's dirty. And it hurts when it gets in my bathing suit. I'm too old to sit in the sand like a four-year-old. Besides it makes me feel bad. Even a kid can build a castle better than I can and make the sand stick together.

Girl: "Stick together with me," you said. "Stick with me, baby. Man, we'll really swing together." That's what you said. But you know we can't swing on a stool. *(She runs downstage as though running into the water)* Come on. The water's great. I'll race you out to the sand bar. *(David remains silently on the stool watching her. She turns and comes back to him, grabbing his hands trying to pull him into the water)* Come on, David. Let's have fun the way we did yesterday.

David: *(roughly pulling his hands away)* She knows my name. How could she know my name? She's never been here before.

Girl: Oh, why do you have to be like that now? Yesterday you were different.

David: Yesterday? Yesterday? Oh yeah? Yesterday I was different? Maybe I was. Tell me who I was yesterday. Did I know you yesterday? Tell me, please. Was I short and fat? Or maybe green? Did you notice then that I'm going bald?

Girl: *(giggling)* Silly! You're making fun of me. If you do that I'll go away. You were just you yesterday. But you're different now. Did I say something wrong? *(She giggles again and tries to put her arm around him)* Maybe I shouldn't have let you take me for that long walk down the beach last night.

David: Last night. Yesterday. You seem to know all about me then. And can you tell me who I was tomorrow?

Girl: *(absent-mindedly, trying to get his arm around her)* Oh, you know. You were just a man. Oh, a real man!

David: No. No, I don't know.

Girl: I really like tall, dark men best — like you.

David: Maybe.

Girl: But you're different.

David: I wonder.

Girl: When you smiled at me that first time I just melted.

David: What can two people say to each other?

Girl: Remember how bright the moon was over the water last night?

David: Do you think that's a real city over there?

Girl: It was so, well, so peaceful just walking on the beach with you last night. Your hands were so strong and soft and warm!

David: Why do the lights always twinkle and then blow up right in your face? You can't see a thing when they do that.

Girl: All you have to do is just talk and I tingle all over.

David: *(laughs loudly and then stops, pushing Girl away from him roughly)* Once when we were right in the middle of all the traffic she shouted into my ear how much she liked to talk to me.

Girl: Oh, come on! You're not making any sense at all. Why can't you look at me and talk to me the way you did before? I'm going in the water. Are you coming?

Girl grabs David's arm and tries to pull him down from the stool. He gently loosens his hand from her grip and climbs down from his stool. He looks around, then walks over behind the dune, bringing back a towel which he uses to carefully dry himself all over. After doing this with some deliberation he sits down on the sand beside the stool while Girl watches in amazement.

David: That was really a great swim!

Girl: Are you kidding? What a kook you are! You didn't even go near the water.

David: I never like to stay in too long. After awhile it feels too warm.

Girl: I'm hot. Aren't you? Won't you come on and jump in?

David: Just a good fast run in and a quick dip — that's the way to be really refreshed.

Girl: OK. Sit here then if you want to. I won't be long. But I just have to get in that water.

She walks downstage putting on a bathing cap which was in the pocket of her beach coat and then takes off the coat. When she is nearly at the front of the stage she turns and looks at David who is looking off in the distance as though out over the water. Woman enters left. Without hesitation she walks over to David and stands in front of him.

Woman: Young man, the time has come when I just have to speak my mind. Look at you sitting here half naked doing nothing. It's a disgrace. You ought to be put in the Army. Now that would give you a bit of backbone! The next thing you know you'll be wanting to grow a beard and thinking that that will let you tell the world it owes you a living. It's a shame! A real shame! Why, when my husband was your age during the depression he was out working fifteen hours a day just to make enough money to keep the baby and me. And I can tell you he died five years ago with a satisfied mind. You'll learn, young man. Some day you'll learn that there's nothing worth having in this world that isn't bought with some good honest sweat.

Woman exits left while Girl, down stage and back to the audience, slowly begins to move like a go-go girl. Music begins softly at first, gradually increasing in volume playing Come Alive, You're in the Pepsi Generation. The lights dim as the girl sways more and more

hypnotically. Several dancers appear on stage moving in the same way. Girl approaches David and reaches out her hands to him. He stands up and accompanies her to the front of the stage. While this is going on the other dancers stop and each goes behind the dune, emerging with a bottle from which he drinks with enjoyment. The music increases in volume and the lights get brighter, changing colors as the dancing resumes. David dances with Girl, showing himself to be a good dancer. There is a brief period of intense color and activity. Suddenly David stops and remains motionless. Then he drops slowly to the sand and distractedly digs while looking out over the audience as though seeking something across the water. Girl looks at him at her feet, makes a motion as though to kick him, then stops. The music stops and the dancers withdraw.

Girl: Oh, look what you've done. You've spoiled it all again. Sometimes you're no fun at all. I just can't understand you when you're like this. *(She exits right in anger)*

Old man enters left. He does not look at David, but walks around the dune, across the stage and stops downstage right. He looks out at the audience.

Old Man: You know, once I had a woman. She was a good woman too, and I guess you could say we were happy together. And then one day she just up and died. Left me all alone, she did. Ever since then I've been looking for the part of me she took with her. Why do you suppose she'd do a thing like that? It's been hard all these years never being able to find all of me. How many of you folks are like me? Don't suppose there are many like this boy here *(pointing to David)* Why I tell you he thinks he's going to find himself out here all alone. — Oh, it's a hard life *(shaking his head and shuffling off stage right)*, a hard life.

David: This time it has just got to work. There must be something out there for me. Otherwise why am I here? And when I find it I've got to be able to hold it. Sand is all I have—not that it's very good, but it's the best that I've got. If the sand won't hold it then all I'm living for now is as empty as that water and twice as cold. If that has to happen maybe it would be better if every one of those grains just fell now into that cold, dead hole. *(He gives his castle a rough push down into the hole he has dug, gets up and walks around his stool, idly plucking a few notes on his guitar)* — No, I can't quit now. I've got to go on to the end. Somebody asked once whether life was worth living, and I think he decided that it was. All I have to do now is figure out why. It's getting so cold! God! I don't want to drive that super-highway. I can't travel on that road. There's got to be another one. And when I find it, it will need building. *(He digs feverishly in the sand, then looks out over the audience)* — Still empty *(despondently)*.

Man enters right, carrying a stool upon which he sits centre front near David in the sand.

Man: Well, young man, out for a bit of sun, I see.

David (*confused but polite*): Yes, it's warm to-day.

Man: There's really no finer way to enjoy one's day off, I always say, than a nice relaxing picnic at the beach.

David: This isn't really a picnic. — One's day off, you say. One's day off. Well, that's an interesting way of putting it. It seems that my whole life so far has been a day off. Tell me, sir, do you know a way to get a day on?

Man: Mind you, I never have any time for this kind of nonsense. My wife keeps asking me to take her on a picnic. But in the end she'll learn she'll have to go alone. I'm too busy for that, much too busy. Even this little jaunt is a business trip for me. By the way, you're not looking for a position with a good future are you?

David: . . .

Man: You know, my boy, this piece of beach is very interesting. Ten years from now it will have tripled in value. Every one is going to the beach these days. And land values are going up, up, up! You have to know how to take advantage of these trends. Let me tell you there is no finer investment a good enterprising lad like you could make than to snap up six or seven of these good lots while they're inexpensive. Then you could turn a real profit when you sold them a few years from now. What do you say to that? A fine idea, eh?

David: Yes sir, that's a fine idea, a great idea. Yes sir, I'll have to keep that in mind. I never thought of that. You really know what you're talking about, don't you? Imagine, I mean, man, just imagine being able to make money out of this barren sand. You know when I was sitting here just now on its emptiness I only thought it was good for digging and building in.

Man: What are you raving about, boy? You're not making any sense. Digging and building in it is just what I had in mind. That's what it's here for, isn't it? Put up a few cottages, a road, maybe a store. But how is the beach? Is it stony? That's always a consideration. And does the water fall off too quickly?

David casts a long look out over the water, then averts his glance with an ashamed look and stares down at the water's edge.

David: The beach, oh, the beach is dangerous. Whenever I jump in too quickly I get hurt. And it doesn't take any time to get in too quickly over your head.

Man: Ah well, that's too bad. But a good bulldozer can fix things like that. Why boy, I tell you there's a gold mine waiting here for someone like you, a veritable gold mine. All you have to do is have the guts to plunge in. You'd take a bit of a chance. But then, I always say, and you can take a good look at me and tell that it works (*drawing himself up proudly*): "Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

David: "Have the guts to plunge in," you say. Maybe you're right. God, I wish I knew whether you were right or not! I've tried plunging in my way. But it hurts. Oh, how it hurts! Oh, I know that what I'm looking for is there. It's got to be. Sometimes I've even seen it. But I don't think even a bulldozer could make it stay. Things like that don't seem to belong here.

Man: What on earth are you talking about?

David: You know, sir, do you want me to tell you all I thought of building in this sand . . .? (*He stops and looks out longingly in the distance, as though seeking some sign of reassurance*)

Man: Come, come, lad, a minute wasted day-dreaming can never be recaptured.

David (*pulling himself back to reality*): Ah yes, I'm sorry, sir. Well, as I was saying, all I thought of building was castles, sand castles, you know, with tall, tall towers. - - But they always fall down. It's the water you know, the water.

Man: Sand castles?! Really! You know the old saying, "He who builds on sand . . .". That's for children. You're a man now and the future is ahead of you. But you must put these childish things behind you. That's too much, even on your day off.

David: My day off. Yes, that's what I started to tell you. Always having to live a day off really gets to you after awhile.

Lights grow dim. Man gets down from stool, removes his hat and politely shakes David's hand with ceremony. Then he carries the stool over to the right and sits on it for the remainder of the play. David is left alone in a single spotlight centre front. As he looks around, behind him and far out over the audience Old Man, Girl and Woman come in right carrying stools upon which they sit up stage for the remainder of the play.

David: The day and the light are gone. What am I doing out here in the dark and cold? I don't even have a shirt to cover me (*Shivers*). This beach is suddenly as vast as the sea itself when the sun stretches it out to infinity. But what an empty vastness! It echoes right through me. It's strangling me. I've got to get out. (*Looks around in desperation*) I've got to get out. What am I doing here? Why did I come here?

Stage is in darkness

SCENE TWO

Stage lights very dim. Ron and Liz enter left carrying stools. They go around dune and slowly cross stage.

Liz (*taking Ron's hand*): Ron, it's cold out here. Let's go back.

Ron: No, we've got to make sure first.

Liz: Well, I'm sick of looking. You know I'm just not the type to keep waiting and looking. I'm no good alone. (*Snuggles up to him*)

Ron: Please try it for just a little longer, Liz. I now how you feel.

Liz: Would you like to carry my stool for me?

Ron (*moving away from her*): I'd really like to, Liz. But right now I think it would be too awkward. They're bulky things, these stools. Maybe I'll try later.

Liz: Well, I'm ready any time.

Stage lights grow brighter. Ron and Liz perceive David sitting in the sand up stage and rush over, placing their stools near his.

Old Man: It's hard to go on when you lose your woman.

Liz: David, what are you doing out here? We've been waiting and waiting. And looking all over.

David (*jumping up*): Ron! Liz! Is it really you? I can't believe it's you. Is it ever good to see you! I'm so cold. God, it's lonely out here by myself. All of a sudden it got so dark. The edges seemed to disappear and there was nothing left. There was no way of knowing which way to go. The roads are all gone, all gone. Where could I go?

Ron: Take it easy, old man. Calm down. Try to get hold of yourself.

David: No kidding. I was really lost there for awhile; you just don't know what it was like. Something inside made me want to go out there and jump in. Just like I always want to jump down into Niagara Falls. But all the same I knew I should try to get up and go find some lights. I didn't seem to be able to do either, so instead I just sat here alone.

Liz (*kissing him*): Come on, David. We'll take you back and go get a cup of coffee. I know how to warm you up.

Ron: Yeah, that's a good idea. Let's go grab a coffee or a beer. You don't want to stay out here any more. This is grim.

Woman: I always say a man can count himself lucky when he has a good job, a good home and a good wife. That's all he needs in life.

David: I guess I'd like to go with you. There doesn't seem to be anything left out here to wait for. — It's hard to know. (*He looks around and out over the audience, shielding his eyes as though scanning the horizon. The nothingness of the landscape is mirrored in his attitude. He draws himself up straight and proclaims very melodramatically*) My friends, you have come to my rescue. Here I was marooned on a desert isle — so isolated, so lonely, beyond the reach of humanity. The horizons were infinite, but the beach so bare. And now I must leave to assume my rightful place in civilization. (*Still very dramatically*) Ah, but my friends, it is not without some regrets that I bid farewell to my haven here. (*Falls to the sand, speaking in desperation*) Liz, I love you. I need you. —But Ron, I'm afraid to go back. I don't think I can make it. (*Mockingly*) Hey Ron, why don't I just stay here and you stay with me? What do you say? You could be my man Friday. It wouldn't be so lonely then. And maybe I could keep track of the days.

Ron: What about Liz?

David: Ah, she'll make out. She's a woman. Have you ever known her to be at loose ends?

Liz: David, how can you say that?! Oh, I hate you. Here I've been waiting so long for you. It's been ever so lonely.

David (*sarcastically, looking at them*): Yeah, I can tell! — What do you say, Ron? You could really do something for me here.

Old Man: You go on and on. — And you get old waiting to find that other part of you that's gone.

David: You know, Ron, there are times when I feel like nothing more than a bird cage, left in a cellar and full of spiders and their webs. Just a bunch of rusty wires joined together. And useless! Do you know what makes a man out of that mess?

Ron: Yeah, David. I guess that's it. You think you have to overcome. And I guess I know why you have to be out here. But you know, it really doesn't make much sense. The easiest way to live your life is just come back and do your little bit. Be a man like the rest of us are. What more can you really do?

Girl: This is really a dead party!

Old Man: It was a long time ago when I was a kid, so long ago that when I left home with my dreams to search for truth I left on a white charger. You know how it is. But I guess I searched too long, because my woman died. I get so cold and hungry now. They used to tell me I should smarten up. But it's too late now. I guess you could say I ruined my life. (*He pulls a bottle from his pocket and drinks*) But it's not all been so bad. If you've got no woman this can be warm sometimes too. (*Holds up bottle, shakes it and looks at it with affection*)

Liz (*Takes David's hand and pulls him down on the beach beside her. Kisses him*): David, you're so cold, and I'm getting cold too. Come on home with me. We can have fun. And I guess I know I can make you happy!

David (*Kisses Liz enthusiastically. Jumps up*): No matter what you say, it's a lie — this right to the pursuit of happiness. Nobody can do that.

Old Man: I know what I did wrong. I didn't have the strength to kill myself. We could have been happy if I'd killed that kid with all his dreams on the white charger. You have to keep killing yourself to stay alive in this world.

Ron (*Sits on stool*): Look, David, it's late and Liz is tired. — And I need a drink. We came to find you and now we did. Are you coming with us?

Liz (*Sits on stool and tries to snuggle against Ron who pushes her away*): We'd like to know, David.

Ron (*Still refusing to hold Liz*): Why can't you wait, Liz? Just for a little while. You'll be warm soon.

Liz: Come on, David. You'll see. It'll be fun. Tomorrow night we'll have a party. All the gang will be there. They'll be so glad to see you again. And then after — you and I — just the two of us can be alone. It's been so long

David:

Ron (*Impatiently*): Do you want to know what I think? I think you're playing this one for kicks. You just sit out here in silent suffering knowing that everyone is looking at you. It comes to us loud and clear right across the sand, and it makes you feel like somebody.

David (*Dropping to sand*): You, the jury (*Looking in turn at each person on stage, lingering for a moment on Old Man*) So that's what you've decided. — Sometimes I wonder

Liz: Well, what else are we supposed to think? You seem to feel the rest of the world should just stop —

Ron: . . . while you sit out here on your ass.

David: I'm really not trying to make you mad. I wanted to help

Ron (*sarcastically*): Good Lord! Why can't you grow up?

David: Don't you see? That's what I'm trying to do. I'm trying to grow up. Something inside me is just crying to be let loose. — Where have all the flowers gone?

Ron: What's that supposed to mean?

Liz (*Sitting down in sand beside David and taking his hand*): Come with me. We'll find the flowers.

David (*roughly pushing her away*): No! No! No!

Woman: Young people nowadays just don't appreciate the value of things.

David (*looking out over the audience*): The rules are the thing. Just the rules. You grow up and follow the rules. So what? What's with love? There's got to be something else.

Ron: Smarten up. It can't work. You get your little bit and that's enough.

Liz (*standing up and going over to Ron*): I'm freezing. Are you two coming? We just can't stay out here alone all night.

Ron (*looking at David while he pulls Liz up on her stool beside him and draws her close to him*): Yes, Liz, we're coming.

David (*idly digs in sand then jumps up*): Last night I had a dream. Do you believe in dreams? I believe in dreams. Anyway, last night I had this dream. (*As he narrates his dream he gestures quite dramatically to make it graphically vivid to them*) After I fell asleep last night I found myself in a huge grey room filled with machines, all kinds of machines — machines for driving trains, machines to follow stars, machines to screw screws and can cans, machines to find lovers — radar to track missiles, computers, key punches, turbines, motors all over.

Man: How very fortunate we are to live in the age of mechanization. So neat! So exact! Why, the machine has transformed the

very nature of human existence, and we should be proud to be in the forefront in exploiting its potential.

David: There they were, all these machines going round and round, producing and spouting numbers all over. In the middle of the room was a whole crowd of little people happily sitting while all those numbers fell on top of them. The machines were so noisy and busy the whole room echoed. But then suddenly the machines stopped and there was just nothing but a low, tense buzz. All the little people looked up frightened. Something had gone wrong. As long as there was lots of noise and the numbers were falling on them they were safe and secure. But now there was just this low deadly whirr. They didn't know what to do. None of them knew anything about the machine any more so they just sat and waited Suddenly the machines started up again, but louder, and they all shouted together mechanically, while the bugle screaming of their gears sang hosanna, "Man is dead. Man is dead. Amen" — And then they started ticking away again with their numbers. The little people all turned grey and hollow looking. But there was nothing they could do. They just sat there watching in dazed fascination while the wheels went round.

Girl: Keen, man, keen. I really dig fairy tales.

Liz: David, you've got to come with me. I know how to give you pleasant dreams.

Ron (*defiantly angry*): So all right. You've had a message. — Why do you think you can find anything else out here all by yourself? David, the prophet. Who the hell do you think you are anyway? Jesus Christ? — suffering alone in the desert until you bring the message of salvation to all the people. The lonely bearer of truth? The sacrificial lamb?

David:

Ron: Well, I'm taking Liz home. You're not coming are you?

Liz: And I'm going, David. It's no good. Look at you. Can't you see you've got hair on your chest. You're a man with a man's body. That body has to be something. It could rot out here. I need somebody else — and so do you. — Let's go, Ron.

Ron (*climbing down from his stool and helping Liz down from hers*): Yeah, it's been gay. But now I guess we can all go home. Come on, David. You'll have to come along. The tide's coming in. Stay here and you'll drown.

David (*frightened*): The tide? Nobody told me about that.

Ron picks up his stool and puts his arm around Liz. They walk offstage right arm in arm without looking back. David looks out over the audience, then down at the footlights as though watching the tide come in, shakes his head in despair. He picks up his own stool and that of Liz and slowly follows them off stage. The curtain falls.

