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Folio









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**F O L L I O**

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Another year of controversy has gone by. It is a pity that, in a university with national pretensions, there should be so much disputation with, commonly, so little information, but regretting it will save no-one's wasted breath, now or in the future. The outcome, anyway, is not to be deplored; in the campus newspaper's poll, a two-thirds majority of those who cared to cast votes endorsed Student Council support of literary publications.

This augurs well for the foundation of an Arts and Sciences magazine at Western, which may appear by next Christmas. It is no shame to *Folio* that sister publications should be desired, for the rationale of a purely literary magazine is its availability, not simply its appeal. Just as the U.S.C. promotes jazz concerts for some interests and classical concerts for others, other sorts of magazine than *Folio* ought to be equally available. The important national quarterlies began in the same way as our magazines, albeit fifty years ago. In fact, it is an odd compliment to Western that, while the administrative and teaching staff is unwilling to hazard any sort of periodical, the student body should take on the task unaided.

Some of our readers have suggested that the Editorial in each issue should be a sort of Guide to the Perplexed for those who want to read *Folio* without missing more than they need. This seems very sensible, since there is usually very little reason for most Editorials; all too often they are tiny *tours-de-force* of the editor and, as such, more directly creative than editorial. But the suggestion cannot be implemented, for two reasons: there is not one-fifth enough space on this single page; and expository aids of this sort are all too often read as substitutes for, rather than as ancillaries to, the poems and stories themselves. What is printed in this magazine is not offered primarily as instances of Cosmic Art, though some pieces may be candidates for such a label. Their main function is to repay reading with enjoyment. Because they appear good reading in different ways to different people, inevitably, detailed criticism must be based on close study. But, on the other hand, the chief fault of readers quite as much as writers is inflated solemnity. What can be done here is to offer one general maxim: not to read too cursorily or too reverently.



## GATSBY AND ORANGES

"And the raven quoted James Joyce as saying . . ." Dr. Witherington stopped his lecture short, for there was definitely something amiss. His class was stirring to his words as never before, and yet . . . his voice wavered uncertainly. His fingers twitched upon his lectern, *his* lectern, upon which his bony white fingers had turned the pages of his carefully prepared notes methodically for nigh on to fifteen years; fifteen years of ravens and oddities that had become tradition to those he had graduated. He had always been that kind of prof who walked in and out precisely as the bell rang. He had always known, it appeared, what problems would arise and how to solve them. Students no longer consulted him because he made everything quite explicit. Today, however, was one of those inexplicably restless days.

In the ancient oak outside the tall Gothic window, directly behind the professor, there sat a monstrous raven. The fitful gusts of the early spring winds fluffed up his sleek feathers, and every eye, except Dr. Witherington's of course, was riveted upon this ominous bird of prey. The window was quite open, and I suppose they feared it would fly in amongst them. They were silent in wonder of how everything was as it was, and at the same time they were stirred deeply by the significance of it all. Dr. Witherington was absorbed by the fact that his students were oddly enough both with him more than ever before and yet, strangely enough, not with him at all. Hesitantly he bent his eyes to continue his lecture. Unfortunately, he had allowed his eyes to stray from the point at which he had stopped. He did, indeed, say essentially the same thing every year, but every year produced a new way of saying it according to meticulous notes. He proceeded by notes and his mind was very often preoccupied elsewhere with whatever things professors are preoccupied about. He was quite lost and the impact of a new sensation upset him even more. He did not dare to search for his pocket watch to readjust himself chronologically. That would admit defeat. He did, therefore, a most unusual thing for Dr. Witherington to do. Very carefully he removed his thin-rimmed spectacles, deposited them in his shabby brown leather case, and entirely without precedent he asked a class of supposedly conservative character a potent question, "Are there any questions at this point?"

It all seemed quite extreme. A Mr. Allister Hyde, at the rear of the room on Dr. Witherington's extreme right, in a chair occupied for years by the most successful reactionaries, gave a visible start. Miss Brystal, seeing an opportunity of impressing a Mr. Chuck Harrison,



a model student of blond character, immediately forgot the raven outside and discreetly crossing her exquisitely slim grey-nylonded legs, asked a most insignificant but élite question about Gatsby's relation to oranges.

Outside the raven stirred for recognition, and Mr. Harrison shuddered. Only too recently he had been to see "The Birds".

Despite the obvious inconsequence of the question to his lecture, Dr. Witherington made a wonderful repartee, for he was terribly adept at oddities. For a moment the class, as a whole, seemed with him as never before.

The raven outside slithered his beady eyes in mean recognition of the facts of the case, and bristled indignantly. Mr. Harrison had decided that the bird was indeed the Doctor's estranged alter-ego. The raven was really a communal illusion. Such a monstrosity is nevertheless worse than a reality, and it was loose upon his beloved campus. He was sincerely concerned about the consequences of the situation. He had no time at the moment, like the others, for Brystal, Gatsby, and oranges.

Dr. Witherington was basking in glory. He wished he had tried participation before. Miss Brystal *was* quite exquisite. He smiled benevolently upon his number one class as of then, as he was accustomed to doing with his six-month old granddaughter. He had sudden visions of tearing up his immaculate notes. He was going to set precedent at every turn of the way. Somehow it was all too good to be true. A professor cannot, after fifteen years of drudgery, expend himself so and declare a free-spirit attitude. It is not safe. It does not advance. Such visions of glory are to be left for the young who may bear them to their finish as golden Greek heroes.

The raven entered and Dr. Witherington slumped upon the old oaken lectern. Miss Brystal screamed and fainted into Mr. Harrison's arms, a remarkably agile manoeuvre considering the two desks that separated them. Mr. Hyde was visibly shocked.

*Tammy Graham*

## COLORED LAW

I saw a man arrested  
For kicking a cat  
And I knew then that  
The SPCA is uncontested  
In our moral community.

Still, to tell it right,  
The cat was white.

*William Caulfied*



## GLADIATOR'S GIFT

"In the foundation of any religion," said the archdeacon, as we retired to his study for a spot of after-dinner brandy, "it is always the personal, human values which are at first the most important. The theological come later. They are, for the individual at any rate, merely derived values. And gradually the whole concomitant system of totems and fetishes is built up."

He noticed my examination of the shelf containing his small collection of antiquities—pottery, busts, etc.—artwork with the decay and scent of the ages about it, but somehow still beautiful. He handed me my glass, joined me in a moment's perusal of the artifacts and mused, "You know, the real tragedy of modern Christianity is that, for many of us, it comes cut and dried, ready made, sadly deficient in its vital ingredient—immediacy. Institutionalism, pure and simple."

I must have looked quite blank, for he suddenly smiled and said: "A demonstration, then? This, for instance." He reached out for something I had not noticed on the shelf and handed it to me.

It was a smooth cylindrical stone, easily fitting between thumb and forefinger, almost unrecognizable at first as having definite form, and blotched and crusted with some dark, long-dried fluid.

"We uncovered that about ten years ago," the archdeacon remarked, "and we dated it, from other material found at the site, at 71 AD, the second year of the reign of the emperor Vespasian. The story it has to tell—" his voice began to take on its characteristic pulpit-ring— "is of course purely my own invention, but I am convinced that it is directly indicative of what must have happened. . ."

The small town of Tibernum in Campanian Italy was famed more for its wines than its gladiatorial school, but Quintilius Balbus, its trainer, rightfully believed that his *familia*, although it numbered only fifty-six men, ranked in skill with the very finest produced by Rome itself. Balbus' arena was very small in comparison with those of his colleagues at Capua, or even Pompeii, and was constructed only of wood, but in it there had been exhibited some of the best pairs in the empire.

And there, in a room called the *domus expectationis*, while the summer morning was yet cool and the arena sands were still clean and dry, two gladiators awaited death.

Pertinax, the Gaul, was armed as a Samnite. He sat on the low bench and toyed with the hilt of his heavy short sword. He was tall, his



light hair had been cut close to his skull in the manner of a gladiator, his eyes were an unusually bright blue, and there was a maze of scar tissue all over his sun-darkened, muscular body. As a boy he had been sold into slavery by his own father. He was bought and trained by Balbus, had fought twelve times and had slain eight of the most famous gladiators in Italy. He was only twenty-three, but he was older than most men are at sixty.

Yesterday Balbus had approached him as he was practising with wooden weapons under the eyes of the guards in the exercise court. "Pertinax," he had said, "Cinna wishes to match you in a private exhibition tomorrow. To the death. I have decided that it is to be the Judaeans, the one they call Philip."

Pertinax was bitterly angry. "The Christian? That's no fight. You'll shame me, Balbus."

There had been a time when such insolence would have merited the severest punishment, but Pertinax was now aware of his worth to Quintilius, and he talked as he pleased. So Quintilius Balbus only frowned and said, "It is no concern of yours whom I have appointed as your opponent. The quaestor Aulus Cornelius Cinna prizes you. A fool, but he respects my judgment. And with my training, it will be a good match. Besides, this bout purchases you your freedom—if you live—and you had best not talk it away."

He had added "if you live" as a mere afterthought. It was painfully evident to Pertinax that Balbus was seizing an opportunity to be rid of a bad business risk—at *his* expense.

That night, when they had feasted him, the black bile within Pertinax had dried somewhat. For he lost himself in wining and wenching and took no thought for the daylight to come.

But now, when he looked at the Judaeans, his anger returned.

The Christian, armed as a Thracian, leaned on the iron grillwork of the gate that admitted the gladiators to the arena, resting his chin on his forearms, looking at the perfect white sand, the tiers of seats, and up at the blue sky. With his fingertips he lightly touched the little stone fish, no bigger than a man's smallest finger, that hung on a string from his neck.

As Pertinax looked at him he felt again the ever-renewed shock at how young he was. About seventeen or eighteen, he guessed. And dark-skinned and short, but he had a fine lithe body, moulded in youth and agility. It was a body fit for the arena, even if the heart was not.

To purchase such as him Quintilius Balbus had gone all the way to Judaea. When the Jewish war was over and Jerusalem had been razed, there were many such on the block. It had been Balbus' unwitting misfortune to buy one of these Greek-speaking Jews who happened to be followers of the executed criminal Chrestus. But when he had discovered the nature of his purchase, Quintilius swore that he would nevertheless get one good fight out of him.

To Pertinax, it certainly seemed possible; if one had no acquaintance with Christians, that is. It seemed possible because of the way he trained. This Philip was a mystery. He did everything he was



told, with a will, and he practised as if he meant to kill. But he was always very quiet, not really reticent, but sparing of conversation (except in matters pertaining to his fanaticism) and always seemed, in his own strange way, completely at ease. A terrible thing to have to kill one's brothers, but actually repulsive to destroy this puppy. The boy would tire rapidly, become reckless in his fear and die badly.

And Pertinax, veteran of twelve of the greatest gladiatorial combats, in being matched against so inept an opponent, would be dishonored.

Pertinax sucked his anger down into his guts and let it flow out to his limbs, strengthening his body and clearing his mind. "Little fisherman," he called softly, "tell me again about your fish."

The boy always knew Pertinax was taunting him, but in that same quiet voice he began to tell again, in the same words, the same story about the little fish. "Fish" in Greek was "ichthus". The Christians had adopted it as a symbol because each letter could stand for the first letter of other words in Greek. These other words were: Jesus the Chrestus, Son of God, Savior.

Pertinax chuckled and interrupted him. "Yes, yes, little fisherman. How did you get the little stone fish?"

"I made it. I carved it."

"I know, little fisherman. Now tell me again about the carpenter who is not dead and the blind men and the deaf men and the crippled men and the men with devils."

The boy stirred the sand with his toe and swallowed and looked at Pertinax and opened his mouth to speak. But before his tongue could move, the Gaul was upon him and had him by the throat, one huge palm under the boy's jaw, shoving his head back against the iron bars.

"No, little fisherman. Do not tell me. For my guts heave when I hear it. My guts heave with disgust at you, sheep. That's what you are—a sheep. A superstitious sheep still looking for a dead shepherd. As you accept life, so must you accept death. Look out there. Look!" And he twisted the boy's head around until the glare from the sand outside lighted his face.

"I'm going to kill you out there, little fisherman," Pertinax said. "And I don't want to do it. There is no honor in killing a corpse, a jelly, a spineless sheep, a thing which will just stand and quiver in its terror and permit me to split it with no trouble at all. I've seen your kind die before and it sickens me to see it. And I know what you think of me, little stone-worshipper. You think I am a beast who loves killing, who takes great pleasure in it. I do not, little one, I hate killing. But I am forced to kill. I must kill or die myself. Do you see these? These scars, these emblems of my profession? I honor them, little fisherman. I honor them because they show I am a man, they show I have life — a pitiful killer's life, but still a man's life. Someday another may take my life, but he will take it at great cost. I will die like a living man. Not-like-a-sheep!" With the last words he pounded the boy's head against the bars, then tore him away and flung him across the sand floor of the small dark room.



Pertinax waited, watching the movement of the boy's shoulders as he lay face down in the sand, waiting for the reaction. Please, he begged silently, please get up and tell me that you hate me, that you will kill me, that you will stand up and fight me like a man. Like a living man.

But by now the guards were in the room. They strode over to Pertinax and flicked their *flagella* perfunctorily across his chest. "You are not free yet, gladiator. Until you are, you will obey the rules and keep"—a lash across the throat—"silence!" Then they left, to stand just beyond the outer door.

The boy pushed himself up out of the sand and rolled over and did nothing but stare at the ground between his legs, breathing rapidly, his face misshapen by a fierce emotion.

Pertinax shuffled over to him, sat wearily down on the bench and picked up his sword. "Do you see this, little fisherman? Do you see what I am going to have to do? I will have to prick you, carve you slowly, until the sight of your own blood maddens you, until you scream and slash at me. Then I will have to make you die messily. It will not be a good death." Pertinax watched him carefully, waited a moment, then reached out and calmly slapped him hard across the face with the back of his hand.

At last, to Pertinax' infinite satisfaction, he thought he saw seeping into the dark well of the boy's eyes all the pain, all the hate he had ever known. It began to flow out unchecked, and the boy's features twisted with its vileness. "Yes, gladiator," he wept, "yes, I'll kill you. I will kill all your foulness, all you have ever been. You *die* out there, gladiator!"

Pertinax slowly released his breath. But he dared not show his satisfaction. He did not allow his expression to change, but his tone became taunting once more, with the softness of mockery. "Why, little one? Are you planning to have your little fish work a miracle?"

After a time the boy's short gasps steadied. He wiped the heel of his palm across his face and, his eyes still downcast, he spoke with a curious emptiness. "Gladiator, you fear no man, you have told me. You were not afraid of the one they called Herakles, or of the *retiarius* whose net nearly cost you your eyes. You say courage is your strength to defeat death. Surely you are not afraid of a little stone fish."

Pertinax was stung. "Your superstitious bauble means nothing to me. This—" and he hefted the gleaming hair-edged blade an inch from the boy's face—"this is my god. A god who has never failed me, in whom I believe with all my strength. The only sure god for a living man!" Then he relaxed, sat back and plunged the point of the blade into the sand. The sword stood, quivering. "Tell me, little fisherman," he smiled. "The truth now. The little fish does not help you. You are still afraid."

At this the boy put his hands to his face and spoke through his fingers, as if he were ashamed. "Yes, I am still afraid."

"But you are still a Christian."

"Y-yes . . ."



"And you love me."

"Yes, I love you, gladiator."

Outside in the arena there was movement. Slaves were raking and smoothing the sand. There was a flash of color in the stands. Aulus Cornelius Cinna and his party were taking their seats.

Pertinax turned his head and spat and gave the Judaeen a long hard look. "Little fisherman," he said, "the day I am beaten in the arena, I swear to you, I will become a Christian." And he laughed.

Outside a trumpet sounded, sudden and startling. Pertinax and Philip collected their weapons, neither looking at the other. When the iron gate lifted, they marched side by side out onto the warming sands. They walked in step, to the centre of the arena, turned and approached the canopied spectators' box and halted.

There were seven spectators this day. There was Aulus Cornelius Cinna, untouchable in his pomp, his wife Junia Silana, a woman of frozen beauty, four men whose gold rings and poses of sophistication indicated membership in the equestrian order and Gaius Quintilius Balbus, the master of life and death.

After acknowledging the customary salute, Aulus Cornelius Cinna made an announcement to his companions. "Gentlemen, I have arranged this private showing that you may see my gladiator is every bit as good as I boast. He is the Samnite who with this contest wins his freedom. If he is victorious—and I have every reason to believe he will be—he will afterward, I trust, enter my clientship." He was obviously pleased with the way Pertinax bowed at these last words. "Since, my friends," he continued, "you have recently expressed interest in the Judaeen question, the good Balbus has arranged for him to have one as his opponent. It is to the death."

One of the distinguished party roused himself from an artful and long-practised boredom to comment, "A Jew? Does his Greek mother know of this?"

Amid the laughter Cinna, somewhat red of face, nodded at Quintilius. Quintilius Balbus gave the signal and said: "Begin!"

The two gladiators returned to the centre of the arena, backed away from each other, knelt and rubbed sand onto their palms and the hilts of their weapons. Then they rose and moved into fighting distance.

The sun shone down on them, very hot now. Pertinax, as the Samnite, was the heavier-armed of the two. He bore the large rectangular shield called the *scutum*, a heavy leather sleeve on his right arm, a greave on the left foot, the big visored helmet with crest and plume and the deadly rapier-like short sword. The Judaeen was lightly armed in the Thracian style, with the small round *parma* for a shield, the curved Thracian dagger called the *sica* and greaves on both legs. He was bareheaded.

Pertinax delivered the first blow. The boy took it skillfully enough on the *parma* and backed away. Now it has begun, Pertinax thought. I must cut you down like a sapling, little fisherman. Have mercy on yourself and let me end your terror swiftly. It will not be a good death.



This was the most distasteful of all his combats. For in this, he realized, as he watched the quick nervous movements of the Judaeen, he would not be able to use his hate. And that had been his secret. He had always won with the hate he could summon. The first blood he drew was his father's, who had sold him into slavery. The next was the blood of Quintilius Balbus, who had made him a killer, And the third, which was usually the last, was Rome's, which made sport of the deaths of living men. He remembered the eight men whom he had slain, the eight strong men who had been his comrades and who had fallen before Pertinax' terrible weapon of hate.

But in the face of this opponent there was nothing to stir that hatred. And somehow, because of this, Pertinax was angered. "Do not run from me, little fisherman," he called softly. "Come to me. Come and feel the caress of the cool iron, feel how smooth and swift as it slides into your guts, how quickly all your fear will be over."

The hot sand whispered at their feet as they moved in little semi-circles, the points of their weapons flicking sunlight in the bright morning. Then Pertinax saw the opening. His blade flashed behind the edge of the small *parma*, ripping it from the boy's grasp and opening a furrow of flesh along his forearm. From the corner of his eye Pertinax saw the shield hit the ground, roll a short way in the sand and lie there, a huge gem of sunlight.

In that instant, the boy moved, The *sica* came out of its low defensive circle and blurred toward Pertinax' exposed leg, so that he had to leap back, almost losing his balance with the weight of his own shield.

Behind the visor of his helmet, Pertinax' eyes widened as he watched his opponent. The Judaeen was crouching low, the muscles of his fine young body tensed and ready, the *sica* obedient to every tiny movement of his sure grasp. Blood dripped steadily from his slashed arm, but it was the eyes that held Pertinax' attention. They were squinted, narrowed against the sunlight and the sweat on his forehead. Pertinax could see the pupils, small and black and focussed on him in utter concentration. As he watched, Pertinax gradually realized the truth.

The boy was no longer afraid.

The white stone of the little fish was bright in the sun and it swung in an easy pendulum motion on the boy's chest as he moved. And he moved unbelievably fast. He seemed to be on both sides of Pertinax at once. The Gaul in his weight of armor felt rooted. Suddenly he stepped back, swung his arm and cast the heavy shield from him. There was noise from the spectators' box.

The Samnite and the Thracian circled each other, bodies gleaming in the sun, knees bent, arms outstretched for balance, their sweat a sourness in the air. The short sword moved out and wavered invitingly and the *sica* darted toward it and back again, like an adder. The boy's lips parted and words came out, slightly breathless, but quiet. "Here I am, gladiator. Come for me. Take me."

Pertinax fought his rage. For in the arena rage is death.

He thrust. But the *sica* was ready. *Sica* and short sword came



together with a ringing shock which both combatants felt down to the soles of their bare feet. As the blades parted, the sword came up at the boy's throat. Eight men had died in this manner. The boy's speed was not quite good enough, and there was a short eruption of breath from deep within him as the edge of the Samnite's weapon glanced off his collar bone and bit the meat of his shoulder. As the gladiators separated, the shorter one had his blade in his other hand and his right arm was a mass of bleeding butchered meat, hanging low and useless. He was deeply cut on the thigh, the side and the head and about the chest as well. Pertinax knew that the next blood, as always, would be the last.

On his own body there was no mark.

His throat was tight and his words, as they came through the visor of his helmet which was, in the sun, like an oven encasing his head, were choked. "Strike, damn you! Strike at me! I'm butchering you!" But in his adversary's eyes, dumb with pain, there was no sign.

Pertinax' rage overcame him. "Sheep!" he gasped. "I kill you now, sheep!" And he drove the point of his blade at the centre mark just beneath the breastbone, where flesh is bread-soft.

But the curved dagger caught it, deflected it and sprang in, directly at Pertinax' life. In the eternity of the knife thrust, while Pertinax' own blade swept on, he waited for the death blow, the far penetration and rending when the scooping *sica* disembowelled him there on the arena floor.

But it never came. In that instant of final communion, as the boy suspended the thrust and accepted his own death, Pertinax looked far into the quiet dark eyes, and the eyes of Philip said: "Use your freedom well, gladiator, and remember your vow."

Pertinax felt his own blade rip into the fine quick body of his enemy. The boy doubled, his knees bent and, shivering with agony, he went over on his back into the sand. The little stone fish dropped onto his chest, bounced and lay still.

In the spectators' box the equestrian opinion was one of unanimous dissatisfaction. Aulus Cornelius Cinna was rising to his feet, a puzzled expression on his face. Junia Silana sat still, staring fixedly at the figures on the sand. At the far end of the arena, the Gate of Death was opening. Two attendants were coming with hooks to drag the corpse away and two more were proceeding to rake and clean the sand.

But Pertinax stood dazedly, stark in the sunlight, looking with wonder upon the face of the ninth gladiator to fall before him. Then his sword and helmet fell away, his legs gave out, and he was kneeling beside the dead man.

He leaned across him, his hands widespread in the sand, and looked close in the young Judaeans' face. "Hear me, little fisherman," he said in a slow amazement. "Listen to me. Wait. You could have won, little fisherman. You *did* win. It was a good death . . ."

His fingers found the little stone fish and grasped it. He looked up and saw the attendants coming close now. To take the body away. There was not much time. He looked again at the dead man's face.



"Little fisherman, I know what it means to wear the little stone fish," he said. "I will keep it for you."

He lifted the corpse's head very carefully and removed the string with the little fish attached and placed it around his own neck. Then he quickly bent closer, daubed two fingers in the death wound, touched them to his lips and swallowed some of the blood. As the attendants fastened the hooks into the feet, he whispered, "*Ave*, gladiator," and then the body was gone from him.

Balbus was calling him to come and receive his freedom, but he continued to kneel on the sand, holding the little stone fish tightly in one hand.

And eventually the little stone fish went to Rome.

"Which is where we found it," the archdeacon concluded. "It was deposited in the tomb of an ex-gladiator named Pertinax, along with a small cache of armor. And it was exactly as you see it today. With the bloodstains still on it."

*Statius*

## FOR WOMEN IN THE SPRING

Sad mothers hate the spring  
reassembling the hyacinths  
only for men who want to die  
on crosses out of sentiment  
knowing maternal rhythms singing  
pietas under the tree they love  
will sprout gracing the remains  
with promises perfuming the broken  
smugly remembering icicle charades  
were all for this—  
the hallelujahs in the garden  
potted with men jaundiced  
like daffodils planted last fall  
by their quiet mothers caught  
in the propagation of gods  
unannounced by lecherous angels  
having spring to fall back on  
draining those dumb artificers  
blotching their crystallized art  
with one presumptuous death

*Linda Browne*



## THE FARM

Bill rose  
At seven,  
Arrived  
At eight,  
Was never  
Late,  
Punched cards  
'Til noon,  
Ate lunch  
'Til one,  
Returned  
To the fun  
Of four  
More hours,  
Left  
At five,  
Was home  
By six,  
Ate,  
Polished,  
And combed,  
Was out  
By seven,  
Arrived  
By eight,  
Emptied  
His plate,  
And discussed  
The freedom  
Of body  
And soul,  
And the  
Noble goal  
Of our nation —  
Individuals,  
Not poultry.

*William Caulfield*

## TIME

Walk a little farther, crazy horse,  
and every time you pick  
your golden hoof up off the earth  
you are a little older  
and not a little farther on.

*P. H. Pegg*



# WALDEN, WALDEN:

a morality play

## Dramatis Personae

The FATHER	Clark Hull
The SON	Kenny Sp*nce
The GHOST	B. F. Sk*nnner
LUCIFER	S. Freud
GABRIEL	Max Wertheimer
ADAM	Abe M*slow
EVE	Any woman randomly chosen from any population

## ACT I

*(The FATHER appears stage centre, wearing a long flowing white ratskin coat, with a hairless tail which he holds in his right hand as a sceptre of office. On his head he wears a crown of mathematical entities in the form of a capital H with an S and an R rampant. In his left hand at chest level he holds a battered copy of "Principles of Behavior", from which he reads softly. Enter SON from stage right, wearing a similar ratskin coat with no tail. The coat is too large and he keeps tripping over it. He also wears an identical crown of mathematical entities, which keeps slipping down over his ears. In his efforts to keep it up he has broken off the R).*

SON: *(timidly)* Father, after weighing the evidence, I deduce that the ghost is not here.

FATHER: Fool, what evidence? He's a Ghost — and leaves no stimulus trace. But I agree; he is not here.

SON: We must talk now. The design is in danger.

*(Enter GHOST stage left in a plexiglass box with a bar which, when pushed a variable number of times, propels the box across the*



stage. The GHOST is muttering: "Damn, I'm pushing this bar as fast as I can and the box won't move any faster". At the same time he is swatting at a pigeon that is trying to land on his head.)

SON: Where the Hell have you been?

GHOST: This box suddenly changed to an interval schedule. It only moves every fifth bar press and I can't get it to go any faster. Something has gone terribly wrong.

SON: I know, I know. The design has gone wrong.

FATHER: (*in a creamy bass voice*): Do you mean to tell me I failed to control for something?

SON: You must have. My pupillary reflex reacts to light. (*whimpering*) And it hurts.

GHOST: (*Now out of the box, walking across the stage, trailing Kymograph drum tracings.*) Aha! Another instance of pushing theory beyond data. Remember Hegel and the planets.

FATHER: Shutup. Let's see now . . . . . pupillary reflex . . . . . interval schedule . . . . . mmmm . . . . . (*He starts leafing through the "Principles"*). . . . . Now Postulate XIV says, and then Postulate VI . . . . . mmmm . . . . . (*long pause*). Gentlemen — remembering Hegel and the planets, I nonetheless conclude, on the basis of Postulate VI, XIV, and Corollaries III (a) and (b) concerning pupillary intervals and the laws of optical schedules that (*choke*) Adam has eaten the apple.

SON: But I thought you had controlled for that.

GHOST: Of course he did. He paired the apple with a noxious stimulus. No one would approach *that* apple.

SON: I forget now. — What noxious stimulus did you use?

FATHER: By Postulate VII, Corollary IV, and \*method of inference F, I paired the apple with a snake. Nonetheless, the postulates decree that Adam has eaten the apple.

SON: I see Lucifer's work in all this. It's a vast Viennese plot.

(*Enter GABRIEL*)

GABRIEL: The perceived inner relatedness of the structure is destroyed. The apple is gone and there is no closure. The Gestalt, the Gestalt, my god, the Gestalt.

FATHER: That settles it. Let's go and straighten that #&! Lucifer out — and watch that slovenly language, Gabriel.

## ACT II

(*In Hell. Lucifer is seated in a nineteenth century Viennese parlour. FATHER, SON, and GHOST are standing in front of him.*)

LUCIFER: A snake as a noxious stimulus? I tell you I knew nothing about this. A snake would keep *Adam* away



from the apple. It would symbolize the power of the Father, which he dare not contravene. No, Adam couldn't have eaten the apple. Now if you had told me *Eve* had eaten the apple, that would have made sense. She would have been working through her Oedipal conflicts.

- FATHER: I don't understand your metaphysical garbage, but the postulates decree that Adam ate the apple, and *that* is *that*. The question is — what do we do now? The design of the "Principles" is hanging in the balance! ! !
- LUCIFER: So is the psychosexual theory of . . . . .
- SON: We don't care about that. You're trying to fool us. It's all your fault.
- GHOST: Another case of poor controls. The only solution is a better box. And I have one. It's a box populi.
- LUCIFER: Only depth analysis will do the job.
- FATHER: My god! It's happened. Only natural observation will settle the question. No experimental design. Ecchh. All of us had better go to the lab . . . . . or what does Gabriel call it?
- SON: the Garden of Eden . . . . . but then he's a bit of a poet and a meta . . . . ., meta . . . . .
- GABRIEL: Metaphysician?
- SON: That's the word.
- GHOST: Eden, Eden, . . . . . who's Eden?  
(*Exit omnes, stage left*)

### ACT III

(*In Eden. Adam, dressed in a cloak of basic needs, is seated on a GSR apparatus, being self-actualized. The other principles are standing stage left, conversing.*)

- GHOST: Do we *have* to talk to him? Can't we just stimulate him, or, at worst, watch him?
- FATHER: This is the first time I've seen one up close. I suppose we *must* talk to him though.  
(*They start walking towards Adam*)
- SON: Careful, careful, he may have a concealed weapon.
- LUCIFER: (*smiling*) Yes.
- FATHER: (*coughs*) I say there . . . . .
- ADAM: (*turning*) Hi, daddy.
- FATHER: Now, no nonsense. Why did you eat the apple? Give me your reasons. Quickly.
- ADAM: Man, I didn't eat the apple. Eve ate the apple.
- LUCIFER: Yes, I knew it. That would work.
- FATHER: No. It can't be. I refuse to believe it. (*leafing through the "Principles"*). It's impossible. It's a logical absurdity.



ADAM: She ate it. She's the most self-actualized thing I've ever seen. She does everything only out of curiosity.

SON: Curiosity drive? There's no such animal.

*(Enter Eve, stage right, dressed in nothing. The Ghost rushes up to her and begins measuring her every aspect.)*

FATHER SON, LUCIFER, GHOST *(in unison)*: Why did you eat the apple?

*(Eve merely smiles and walks off stage left)*

ADAM: I knew she wouldn't tell you. Why did she eat the apple? How will you account for it?

*(Lucifer smiles)*

GHOST, FATHER, SON *(in unison)*: It's not my area.

ADAM: I know she wasn't hungry . . . . .

CURTAIN

*Alan R. Moffitt  
John G. Benjafield*

## RECOLLECTIONS BY THE SEA

Silver-grey gulls in an angry sea,  
Sudden flight, and drop; in liberty  
Of green and azure and creamy foam,  
Gradual arcs of laughter bear them home.

A morning of seedy maritime mist;  
Of puffy smoke in domestic twist;  
Of yawning harbour, and chugging boats;  
Of growing ancient in oilskin coats.

Of walking barefoot on fierce little rocks,  
And tiny perriwinkles in brown little smocks;  
Of finding this and finding that;  
Of feeling the fool in my fisherman's hat.

The Bluenose we sailed was fleet and slim;  
She sang to the gods as she flew on a whim  
And we youthful mariners laughed till we cried  
And we prayed to the albatross to be our guide.

*Tammy Graham*



## THE POET

With my blind eyes I see a ship  
laden with fruit and gold and ice,  
guided by ghosts of another dream,  
seeking a harbour unknown.

Through my blind eyes the ship saw me  
and steered its mystical course away,  
away from the land, the sun, the sea,  
away from me.

In my blind eyes I think I see  
a sailor swinging in the wind,  
his corpse in shreds, his brain burned out,  
but the sun on the shores of Greece.

*P. H. Pegg*

## BLACK DOLPHIN

Sucking alienation from a withered breast,  
Swaddled in the dolphin myth,  
Surrounded by the monkey reality,

neither dolphin or monkey,  
but a child of autumn,

FALL

black and laughing  
from the sapless tree

To lie,

raked into the pile,

to wait for fire

Knowing that beneath the white cross  
You will hide my nigger ash.

*Barry-Joe McCarthy*



## THE STOKER

I suppose I noticed him because of his particularly penetrating way of looking through you with his brown-gold eyes. When all the others jumped about as monkeys to amuse me, he would sit there, with that unfathomable look, as if he might be sinking, his hands quiet, nevertheless, and his pusser hat like a round black tombstone there on the table of cold shiny marble before him. And he would never say very much with words. He . . . he was just *he*, inexplicable, and he seemed, at the time, like no one else. And I did not think that he would ever notice me, or come to like me, because I was a million people, but never *just me*. I do not recall him ever smiling. I do not think it mattered to him, whether things were supposed to be funny or not. Everything was behind his fine young brow, beyond the brown-gold eyes in an inexplicable quiet. We used to dance, and he would look at me as if there were no one else, and yet as if I were a lump, or something, with a particular asset he enjoyed. It was sort of a swimming relationship. I used to tell him this and sometimes he would tell me to stop trying to analyze *his type* because it would not work. But I hardly ever give up. And it was terribly exasperating because there were so many with whom it did work, so many sailors about with whom I loved to experiment. And I guess he did not like the way they molly-coddled me, because I was sort of an egoistic freak with peculiar tendencies. They liked to write their signatures on cigarette flaps so I could analyze them without knowing them two minutes. It gave them great kicks. But his signature was never the same and he told me to stop flirting. When his division finished its training, he did change a little. I became conscious that things were clearing, that he was stretching his arms silently towards me. And I became terribly frightened, I remember.

He was to go soon, I never thought I would miss him; there were so many others. That Friday, a hot July afternoon after Ceremonial Divisions, I was to meet him down at the Dry Canteen. I arrived late and out of breath, uncomfortably warm in my dark serge, with my cap awry upon my hair. I suddenly realized that I was the only female amongst about two hundred sailors, and how would I recognize him? They all look so similar, you know. They were all so busy. But I saw him almost immediately. I seemed to stand by that doorway an eternity. I made it a policy of never going in until he came to meet me. I felt like a terrible intruder amongst them all. He saw me and he slowly



removed his cigarette from his mouth, but he just stood there looking at me, making me feel foolish. I could not comprehend what he was thinking, and so I wanted to scream. But one of his buddies suddenly grabbed me by the arm and we danced the sailor's hornpipe because they were finished the long hard grind of training, because they were happy and had graduated. They always made you feel it, that current of utter abandon when the job was done, or when they came home from months at sea. They were going away soon to ships, but first to their homes on leave. Some would become radar experts, some cooks, some signalmen, some bos'ns. He was going to be a stoker. That is what he had asked to be. And that is what he is today. He sweats down there in the bowels of his ship, and he swears as he never could before, and he forgets what daylight looks like sometimes, and he cares less. The boiler room is a suffocating furnace of steam and short tempers, of dripping grease and lukewarm coffee in stained mugs. And that is where he is. He is covered with grease, and he smells of oil, and he does not care, I suppose. His blue work shirt with the stoker badge that I so carefully sewed upon it is torn and neglected, but it does not seem to matter at all. Finally he came and put his hand in mine, and they all whistled. I remember, though it seems centuries ago. I still have the small divisional patches and the pusser black hat he gave me. Someone flipped my hat off and they teased me out of my mind, almost. And everything seemed to be going numb in my bones and he seemed very near and he seemed to be trying to, after all that time, to come closer to what I really was. He looked at me quite differently than ever before, and he said my face was flushed. I said that the hot sun and the long time on the parade ground had made me all tired inside, and he said, it could be so. He made me drink orange pop, though he hated before to let me drink it, because it really is not good for me, though I love it as a kid might. His height seemed to awe me, and his four years seniority seemed to show, then. And we seemed at last to be very quietly on the same level, yet I do not think I had moved. He had to stand duty that night, and I the next day, and so it seemed quite sad and we both seemed rather choked about it. The next day he came to the Wrens' Block in his best blues, ready for the long trip home to Ontario, and he gave me chocolates in a heart-shaped box. I nearly cried. I guess I did, later. And I was in my dirty old number five's, that is, that blue work shirt that stretches down below our knees, and those shapeless black jeans they issue us with. And it was the first time he had been allowed there, for it was out of bounds to New Entries. My girl friend was Duty Block Petty Officer, so she let him come and talk to me on the Quarterdeck. But it was not romantic at all, and I felt suddenly terribly awkward, ugly, and shy, there. I wished he would go away and I was afraid he was going to ask me something I hate to hear; so I was rather silly with him. He finally shook his head, and he seemed to sink away somewhere, though he put his slim fingers upon the side of my face and I almost shivered. He was saying things but not so as I can remember them. But I recall feeling quite afraid. He said I was afraid of him then, and that I had better stop living in the spoon-



fed world of romantic illusions. And I thought, he did not understand my fear, at all. And it did not seem to matter much, then, at that point.

He went to sea, of course, and he is not the sailor I knew then. His eyes are not brown gold anymore; they are just brown. And his quietness is flippant now. When he does think aloud, he seems very vulgar to me, and he has made me rather anxious, than unhappy. And I tried to understand him, to tell him what I thought. But he is not so stupid, I guess, as indifferent. He says that it is I who have changed, not he, that I built him into something he was not. Now I think, who has been deceived? And it worries me now, this relationship. I have tried to reach out to that soul and I have found a resistance greater than any other yet encountered. It seems a dull, bitter, suspicious resistance. It seems he has grown part of the grey seas he sails upon, as if the heat of the boilers has melted away what was left of his heart, and left him an empty, aimless being. He wants to be nothing in particular, but he used to. He wants to have money, I know. When I ask him about the places he has travelled to, of the people he has met, and their impact upon him, he may perhaps shrug his shoulders, or even say, what does it matter? And his eyes do not penetrate now, and his face is quite mask-like. And I do not think that his type is so very rare at all. But I think that he is a sad product of a sad environment, and I do not imagine he wants intruders, at all . . . at all. In fact, he appears to despise them at times. Indeed, by this time, I think he has sunk to the bottom of that bog of indifference and incomprehension. And does it matter, to anyone?

*Tammy Graham*

### UNTEMPLED (a hymn)

Let my thoughts mould no idol  
When I would catch your shape,  
Elude me always undivined  
Repeat the anguish of escape.

Command me ever in a dream  
Construct you in no song,  
But float an image half between  
In neither flesh nor form belong.

I'll carve an eye that's deep  
To touch that darkness is my part  
But no more; for god and man  
Tear my worship and my art.

*Linda Browne*



## NURSERY RHYME FOR CHRISTMAS

When mistletoe wars with the holly,  
the sweet wren is hunted,  
fluttering in New Year's,  
the staff of the pilgrim bears roses.

To the peal of the bells  
on crimson snow, riding,  
while the stone-towered world  
sleeps in the night,  
she goes through the forest  
enchanted green forest;  
wild-eyed in whiteness  
the voyage through green:  
rings on her fingers, bells on her toes,  
and she is the Stranger wherever she goes.

*Penny Kemp*

## RECIDIVISM

A straight-up one-eyed view  
Through a nude maple  
Is not to be ignored.  
If the wax mind melts  
And the witch escapes  
From her frozen pew  
The path from sky to soul  
Will not be tread by gods  
And no angels will cling  
To those leafless limbs.  
So Goldilocks  
the porridge thief  
is cast in jail  
And bears go back to caves.

*Ted Pitcher*



## BIOGRAPHY

She is a match  
Struck—newly-ignited  
Flaring up in all her glory  
Brighter  
to short memory  
Than all who came before;  
illuming and heating all about her  
Stinging intruders  
who defy her potency.  
But not  
sadly flickering out  
or handily disposed of  
before the end  
Will burn your fingers  
possibly scar them  
or catching on  
consume you.

*Ehor Boyanowsky*

## PARADOX OF ORIGIN

A hoop of broad manilla, and  
A sliver of artificial ice,  
That "je ne sais quoi" ravissant ma tête.  
I feel the rashness of a summer wind upon me,  
A shiver of ecstasy runs the gauntlet of desire  
and efficacy, my veins, and crosseth to a secret  
Place of woe and dispelleth the bile humour . . .  
Cold ice tongs clink in the skinny  
Hands of he, who wills, and the fire under Leo causes  
Elements to break; the Saturnalia rompus, "la notte de beffana",  
When we play the gay toreadors in tomato and raviola,  
While the bubbles of evanescent laughter break the  
Surface of that Sea of Black Depression, that is ever  
The Death of Happy Living and the inspiration of felicity,  
The pushrod of fecundity, and the paradox of art.

*Tammy Graham*



## MAD SCENES AND MELODIES

Mention the words "Italian grand opera" and they are almost certain to arouse violent feelings. A sizeable minority of North Americans are "opera buffs" whose pulses quicken with the opening chords of *Tosca* or the first measures of "Celeste Aida". On the other hand, the great masses of non-enthusiasts can never understand what all the fuss is about and look upon opera as a silly form of "high-brow" entertainment. Though the unconverted are probably too set in their ways for this to make any difference to them, it might be interesting to examine the elements in Italian grand opera which have won it so many rabid fans.

Undoubtedly one of the weak points in grand opera is the theatrical side—the story line and the acting. Operatic composers seem to have delighted in deriving their inspiration from some of the most ridiculous plays ever created and then hiring hack writers to turn the work into an even more inferior libretto. Especially in the romantic era of the early nineteenth century opera is crammed with faint-hearted heroines who, when deserted by their loved ones, either take to sleep-walking or go completely mad in a most brilliant *coloratura* fashion. Some even recover their sanity on being reunited with their beloved, putting a further strain on our credulity.

Another failing of opera is its unbelievable death scenes. In Verdi's version of *Otello*, Desdemona, after being strangled by her jealous husband, sits up and forgives him in a most unmedical bit of action. Edgardo, the hero of Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, stabs himself in despair and then, demonstrating remarkable breath control, joins the chorus in the closing number.

However, there is much to be said on behalf of opera as theatre. In this regard it might be compared to the present-day movie "spectaculars". Like them Italian opera was a form of popular entertainment written to please a broad audience of all classes in its homeland. Also it does not purport to offer detailed characterizations or profound problems in dramatic form. Rather it is a pleasant and stimulating form of escapist theatre which presents us with heroic characters on a broad plain of action one step removed from reality. In this sense Verdi's *Otello* is closer to *Ben Hur* than he is to the Shakespeare hero.



Part of the lack of good theatre in opera is caused by the laziness of the majority of opera singers, who feel that they can step to the footlights and belt out an aria, letting the music do all the characterization. There is the story of a well-known American soprano who, at the end of *Tosca*, instead of jumping over the parapet, gingerly stepped over the wall onto a prepared platform behind it and then proceeded to crawl off with her posterior in full view of the audience. In the past, few of even the greatest stars have given much attention to the dramatic possibilities of their roles, but fortunately the demands of the audience for better acting and the revolution brought about by Maria Callas' original conceptions of hackneyed roles, are rapidly improving the situation.

One should not generalize about the literary basis of opera, for many works have been inspired by great literature. Verdi drew on Shakespeare for *Macbeth*, *Otello* and *Falstaff* and Victor Hugo for *Ernani* and *Rigoletto*. Sardou's *Tosca* and Belasco's *Madame Butterfly* and *Girl of the Golden West*—works popular in their day—formed the inspiration for three of Giacomo Puccini's creations. Indeed Puccini was a theatrical genius who filled his scores with copious stage directions and always wrote the exact amount of music to match any given action.

But, no matter how incredible the story or how bad the acting, most grand operas have survived because of the glorious music which sweeps away the audience's critical faculties and induces "a willing suspension of disbelief". What characterizes Italian opera is melody—rich, flowing melody which pervades all the most successful works. It may be the delicate classical line of Bellini, the florid *bel canto* melodies created by Donizetti to be embellished by the performers, the robust tunes of early Verdi or the violent outbursts of Puccini almost submerged in a wave of orchestral tone. The reason that the past thirty years have produced no great Italian operas is that melody, upon which they were built, has gone out of style and composers have found nothing to replace it in this form of music.

Yet, while the melody is the most obvious merit, the music of Italian opera has numerous other attractive features. The extent of characterization conveyed by the music is often not fully appreciated, mainly due to the fact that many singers overlook it. Even the *fioritura* outbursts of the "Mad Scene" in *Lucia di Lammermoor* can be interpreted by a sensitive artist in such a manner as to project as wide a range of emotions as an entire German *liederkreis*. The color of a particular voice range is so closely associated with a definite mood, that a tradition has sprung up of the hero always being a ringing tenor, the heroine a brilliant soprano, the villain a baritone or contralto, and the old man, king or priest always a noble *basso*. The melodies themselves take on distinct personalities to match the dominant feeling so that, even if the listeners cannot understand the words being sung, there is still instant comprehension of the emotions being expressed. Thus music replaces the spoken word as a means of communication between performer and audience.



The greatest composers can also combine the vocal line and orchestral accompaniment to create a detailed sound picture of every line. The supreme example of this is the "Sleep-walking Scene" from Verdi's *Macbeth*. For the role of Lady Macbeth Verdi wanted a soprano with a "harsh, choked, dark voice" and he asked that this scene "be acted and declaimed with a very hollow voice". Even before the singer makes her entrance the mood has been created by a mysterious bass clarinet melody. As Lady Macbeth curses the "spot" in a dark "*sotto voce*", she is accompanied by the insistent wailing of the English horn. Special emphasis is placed on "Fie, my lord, a soldier, and afeared" and "Who could imagine so much blood?" by repetition and an accented melodic line. The wandering of Lady Macbeth's mind in "The thane of Fife had a wife" is conveyed by a lack of direction in the music, while a feeling of hopelessness is engendered by a melodic passage of repeated notes. At the end, as Lady Macbeth gradually returns to a dream world, the melody trails off to a high D flat in "*un fil di voce*"—a thread of voice. Here Verdi has created music which matches Shakespeare line for line in its subtle shades of meaning.

There is yet another force which imbues grand opera with life—the spirit of Italy. In that country opera has been built upon the feelings, emotions and voices of the people. The early works of Verdi were inspired by the drive for Italian unity and gained their first success because of the nationalism which they inspired in their audience. The Italian tenor is a national phenomenon which other countries have found hard to duplicate. More than any other art form, grand opera may be said to be the creation of one people.

Since its beginnings Italian opera has been closely tied to the personalities and talents of its leading singers. They have been both a boon and burden, for the same temperament which makes them a trial to both friends and managers enables them to kindle even mediocre works with the spark of genius. In addition the news stories which they stir up bring to the opera house for the first time many who otherwise never would attend and who often become opera lovers. Maria Callas is only continuing a centuries' old tradition with her revivals of Cherubini and Bellini and headline-making exploits. When Giuseppe di Stefano refused to sing in Philadelphia until programs, containing an advertisement referring to Franco Corelli as "the world's greatest tenor", were withdrawn, he was only doing what any *primo uomo* or *prima donna* of the past would have done. So long as these stars possess genius as well as temperament, they are an asset to the operatic world.

But no matter how one tries to rationalize it, the love for Italian grand opera is essentially an indefinable emotional response, aroused in some by the fiery orchestrations, passionate melodies, magnificent voices and splendid high C's which make this the world's most exhilarating form of entertainment.

*Robert Willis*



## ODE TO 270

A symbol here, a theory there,  
Here an image, there an image  
Everywhere an explanation  
Never time for contemplation  
Only for interpretation  
By a voice of domination  
Rambling on without cessation—  
Doctor wiseman Woodmanation.

*F. G. Young*

## JOURNEY

There I was rolling past the hills  
With no brush to draw them in  
Collapsed into a painted snow  
Spiked through with the grizzled haze  
Of tree-clumps crying for the knife,  
A sure touch to scratch them deep.

But who would shrink them to an art?  
There is no rose in tenfoot drift  
Nor implications cracking ice,  
And far below the river's crust  
Choked all the summer blueness fast.

And even in the west beat less  
Than a dog-eared saffron smear:  
You could not pipe with rainbow soap  
One breaking bubble's aching song  
To spectrum a new paradise  
Of grass exchanged for diamond chips.

Still, there's no more than coal in each—  
The sticky palm or laboured light  
Compressed through slow years of song  
To the fire that smokes us to certain joy  
Or the flame exquisite in a pierced lobe—  
The green unfoldings of a warmleaved plant  
Or the light years of a bursting star.

I found neither in those hills  
But stubborn as the heaved-up snow,  
I still would sing and paint and know.

*Linda Browne*



## JANUARY, 1964

I thought of you again, my love,  
today, this afternoon  
as I was slushing home  
and stopped.

Droplets from the thawing eaves.  
Laughing, steamy mouths of children  
held up  
open  
closing  
giggling,  
caught the cold sweet wine of winter.

I thought of you then.

Wind and wet mouths and  
mittens with ice clinging to the threads;  
silky hair in soft faces;  
snowsuits with wet elbows.  
I thought of you.

They tired of the game and were gone,  
leaving me there with the soft drop of water,  
the grey hiss of cars in the street.  
I too hurried away,  
the cold reaching deep  
as it does when I stand so long.

*Robert Buckland*

## ILLUSIONS (from *A Passage to India*)

I.  
What is it that you fear  
in the forest of night?—  
The strange half light of the white full moon  
rising triumphant in darkness  
to possess your soul through reflection.



2.

Milkmaids call to him, "Come to me, come—  
How can you but come? I am here."  
But the Lord Krishna moves in mysterious ways  
and the song of the east is unheard.

3.

Listen to the echo of the cave  
in the ear of the uninitiated  
resounding unrealized fears.  
Listen to the chant of the pious  
caught in the awe of life:  
Esmiss Essmoor though God is Love  
and the beloved belong to the poor:  
distortion, distortion, distortion all,  
illusion, disillusion, too.

But you knew, didn't you,  
under it all—  
the veiling of half-truth in mirror and pond  
the labyrinth of secret and guile:  
distortion, distortion, distortion all,  
though the blessed belong to the poor.

*Penny Kemp*

## PIERRE

La boîte aux Chansons,  
un nom, c'est tout . . . Yves et Pierre, drôles comme petits souris,  
dansent à mon désir, et je pense, la vie, c'est une boîte illusoire.

In my semi-moods of indecision,  
Where my fancies need no clear precision,  
There rides Pierre, mon amour de tous,  
Le meilleur, mon bonheur, presque fou,  
Avec la chanson de la boîte, amusant,  
Il traverse la luna, toujours ravissant.  
Comme les fées, à mon window-pane,  
Pierre voit mon anglais avec joie de disdain,  
et il faut que je bois un coup en vitesse  
Nom de Dieu, je danse comme une folle française!

*Tammy Graham*



# THE MATHEMATICIAN

## The Theorem.

I cannot tell where a thing begins and where it ends. I find no boundaries, no edges too sharp to touch or feel. I cannot tell where a thing is or when it was.

A rose bush grows outside the window of my room, just outside. The roses are blooming and nod quickly in the wind. I can see them from the middle of my room. They are bright red, precise in the sunlight. But if I walk to the window, press my face to the glass and look closely at the roses, I can see no boundaries or edges. There is no precision.

The rose bush grows against my window and when the wind blows, the thorns scrape shrilly on the glass. At night, when I am trying to sleep, I can hear them scraping and I think they are trying to get into my room. I cannot tell where a thing begins and where it ends.

## The Proof

Richard Juson, a tall, sallow man of thirty-five, pushed his chair away from his desk and stood up. The chair made a grating noise on the bare, hardwood floor, sounding like the shriek of something alive. It was the only sound that Juson would recall hearing, a lonely wooden shriek, straddling two vast silences.

After standing up, he stretched and went to the window of his room, overlooking the spacious, green lawn and bright elms of the grounds. Everyday he would stand at the window for an hour or longer, staring at the pane of glass, staring through it.

The glass was imperfect. Its surface undulated with bumps and distortions. Juson touched the pane gently with his finger, feeling as always, the same unyielding precision and hardness. If he shut his eyes, it was like being at the edge of the universe, blackness of the self-imposed night floating inside the room and outside it, somewhere in between, a boundary firmer than reason. He could never feel the ripples in the glass, only a flat, hard plane. When he dragged his fingers lightly over the glass, almost caressing it, the glass squeaked.



Outside the window, the lawn ran in a broad expanse, parallel to the building. On the lawn were large, shady elms and behind these, a line of spruce trees, the thick, dark edge of a forest which surrounded the building. It was a bright summer day as he looked at the glass. Light and shade dappled the lawn.

Juson began to look through the window, watching the bumps and ripples in the glass distort the scene outside. A branch would sway in the wind, into a ripple of glass and suddenly shoot out a tentacle branch with leaves drawn tenuous and tight as elastic bands. Just as suddenly the branch would shorten, snapping back to normality to sway gently in the wind again. When Juson moved himself right or left, even slightly, a whole series of boughs, trunks, park benches and lawn would undulate, stretch and shorten.

It seemed to Juson that the entire scene was embedded in the glass and that waves passed back and forth over its surface, bending the trees and lawn within it. When he moved to one side of the window and looked through it obliquely, each wave and ripple magnified the ones behind it, blending and fragmenting all the shades and textures of green into an ocean whose surface heaved in darkness and light.

Then, appearing like a small, scarlet fish, long and spiny at first, came the woman in the red dress, walking around the corner of the building.

Juson turned from the window. His heart beat loudly in his ears.

When he looked out again, she was almost even with his gaze, moving slowly in front of him, her red satin dress swaying with each step. Her face was pale with a finely molded beauty, with a calmness and sweetness that stirred him. He wanted to go outside and watch her without the intervening glass. She would smile at him.

As she walked, he could sense the body underneath, the fine, white body of a woman almost careless in innocence, flaunting fine, white hips merely by the gentle sway of the satin folds of her dress. He would go outside and talk to her without the intervening glass. She would smile at him.

She was moving into obliquity now, slowly being immersed in the sea of glass. She began to shimmer, to shoot up and down, rocking in the waves of glass. He would go outside and kiss her. He would force her fine, white body down.

She broke up in the glass. She shattered into red fragments reassembled briefly then disappeared around the corner of the building, into the green depths of the window.

Juson watched the window. He lit a cigarette with trembling hands, still waiting. It was going to be supper-time soon, but after, he would come back to the room and watch again for the woman in red.

As he stood at the window, he was suddenly aware of a thumping noise, aware that it had been going on for some time. He turned and looked at his door, seeing it open slowly, and seeing the face of the fool peeping slowly around its edge. The face was thin, wearing a grimace of huge delight. The eyes were an amazing light blue, like two faded pieces of china.



"Can't you leave me alone? Why can't you mind your own business?"

His voice penetrated the room, sounding coarse and unreal.

The face, held at an angle just inside the door, did not move, nor did the expression of delight change. It was a mocking, irritating delight.

"Did you hear? Why can't you leave me alone."

The lips moved. The fool's voice was high-pitched, grating like a greasy finger rubbed on glass.

"It's supper-time, you know!" said the fool. He began to giggle uncontrollably, his voice ascending in pitch to a ghostly tinkle. Then he brought the rest of his body into view. He was tall. His face, when serious, had an unmistakable resemblance to Juson's, more like a caricature than a copy. Ever since the misty day when Juson had been first admitted, the fool had followed him around. The orderlies seemed powerless to remove him.

"Yes, yes," said Juson irritably. "I know it is."

"Will you come to supper with me?" The fool's voice was plaintive, though his face wore the same grin. He stood straighter.

"Just leave me alone!" exploded Juson.

He went out into the smooth, bright corridor, followed by the fool who soon caught up and marched beside him, matching Juson's pace exactly with his own. Juson frowned and the fool smiled.

During supper, the fool sat across from him, eating noisily and grinning at him.

"I saw a lady in red out on the grounds to-day!" said the fool.

"You what?"

"I said there was a lady wearing a beautiful red dress walking around outside to-day," he repeated and as an afterthought, said, "Very beautiful." He giggled.

Juson pretended not to be interested and concentrated on his soup.

The noodles, murky grey oblongs at the bottom of the bowl, swirled when he put in his spoon. They swirled, swimming like fish in a dark brown pool.

"Oh, oh, oh," said the fool. "Now you're jealous!"

Juson could feel the hate burning his face. He fixed the other in a silent stare, letting the hate etch his features. The fool would see it, he thought, and see that it was so strong that he could not pretend to be merry any longer. The fool's expression of delight became an ecstasy of mirth at the sight of the red face across from him.

"Oh, oh, yes you are jealous. You love her don't you!" he exclaimed. Quite suddenly, his manner became confidential and he leaned across the table, grinning and whispering.

"I bet you'd like to take her and you know what!" He winked and made an obscene motion with his finger.

The hate on Juson's face had not changed but had become brighter and hotter.



"If you don't shut up, I warn you, I'll kill you."

"Oh, oh," said the fool. He giggled once more like breaking glass but soon fell silent.

After a minute of saying nothing, he began to imitate Juson's every action, raising his spoon to his mouth whenever Juson did, wiping his lips, drinking milk, buttering bread, all at the same time, an idiotic mirror image that Juson could no more laugh at than try to destroy.

All around them, inmates, orderlies and matrons ate with the same unhurried precision, the same clatter of plates and hum of conversation.

The two finished at the same time, then raised their eyes to stare at each other.

"I'm going back to my room and you better not follow me", said Juson.

". . . follow me," echoed the fool.

Juson dashed his napkin on the table, stood up and marched from the dining hall, almost ran to his room and put his chair against the door. He could hear the fool running up outside. The door rattled. Then there was silence.

He grinned triumphantly, chuckled, then went to the window.

It was evening. The sun, appearing like a jaundiced moon, hung poised above the spear-tops of the spruce forest, as though hesitant to descend, to be pierced by the spruces and rupture into a blood-red sunset. The grounds were a darker green, lying in the shadow of the the forest.

Juson touched the glass once more. Soon it would be night when both inside and outside would become an identical black, two velvet worlds separated by a thin, cold, frightening pane of glass.

Behind him, the door banged open and the chair tumbled woodenly down. The fool came in, panting.

"Couldn't keep me out, could you?" He laughed, chuckled with a high-pitched, brittle voice.

Juson did not turn around or even try to. He would watch the window, watch until the fool went away. Then the lady in the red satin dress would come.

Both were silent. Behind him, Juson could hear the fool's breathing, the same rhythm as his own, but harsher from opening the door. Perhaps, thought Juson, an orderly would come soon and take the fool away, take him back to his own room down the corridor.

The fool's voice broke the silence:

"You're waiting for *her*, aren't you?"

Juson paused.

"Yes."

Again, there was the same coarse, unreal quality to his voice, like a chair being dragged across the floor.

"Bet she doesn't come!"

Juson remained quiet, watching the sunset begin to spread across the horizon, the spruces just inside the sun, piercing its fire with solemn, jagged edges. The ground had become darker. Ripples did



not seem to matter now. Only the sun pulsated when he moved. Only the sun shot out fiery arms, trapped in a sea of glass.

Suddenly the fool spoke.

"Why don't you break the window?"

"I can't." Juson's voice was dry and final.

"Oh, oh, oh, I bet you're afraid to break the rule."

"Yes, I am!"

"Big chicken! Big chicken!" Then the fool laughed, with a teasing, tinkling, whining sound, hurting Juson's eardrums, making him want to turn and throttle the fool, choke his grin and his laugh to a purple skin and knotted, pulsing neck.

"Oh, oh, don't be mad, now," said the fool. "There's nothing to breaking glass, you know. Just take a book end or something hard and throw it. That will make a delightful sound," and he shivered with a kind of ecstasy.

"Of course, you could be manly, you know, and drive your fist through the window. You might bleed, but think how you'd impress our girl-friend in red. Then you could climb through the window and run off with her and . . ."

"I can't," said Juson.

"Oh, don't take all the fun out of it!"

There was a silence once more in the room. The horizontal rays of sunlight lit Juson's face in a yellow glow. The fool, standing behind him was obscured except for his head, a yellow, grinning, caricature of Juson.

Then she came. He was not aware of her until the fool coughed behind him. Then he looked left through the window and saw her red dress, warped in the glass but becoming fuller and more buoyant as she drew near.

The fool began to snicker behind Juson. His snicker became a giggle, high pitched and with a nervous quality that almost broke it, almost turned it to the most desparate of sobs.

Juson watched her milk-white face and arms, a grey milk-white, superimposed on the dark grass. They seemed disjointed from the red dress.

The fool approached behind him to look over his shoulder, the sound of his breathing rushing and whistling by Juson's ear.

"All you'll ever do is look at her," said the fool. Juson could almost feel him grin.

That was when the lady suddenly turned to look directly at Juson's window, directly at Juson. He felt his heart pound and the blood rush through him. She slowly smiled at him, tilting her head toward him and drawing it back gracefully, motioning him outside. Her smile was peace and tenderness, the smile of a woman with a fine, white body and fine, white hips.

Juson moved, heard the sharp indrawn breath of the fool behind him.

"Break the window," hissed the fool.

"I can't."



Juson turned after looking one last time at the lady through the window. The sun was red as blood, imprisoned in the spruce forest and gleaming from its interior. The scarlet satin dress was thrown into fiery relief.

He turned to face the fool.

"I'm going." The fool's face was pale. The eyes narrowed to mad slits. The hands shook.

"Break the window!" He trembled.

"No, I'm going outside."

He shoved at him but the fool clutched his arm feverishly. His voice whined.

"You can't! Oh, oh, oh. You can't go outside. No, no, no!"

Juson wrenched his arm free and ran to the door. The fool tried to shut it. He was panting, frenzied. Juson forced the door open and escaped to the corridor. The fool stumbled and fell, then got up again. He was like a thin animal, mad and cunning, panting, "you can't, you can't," loping down the smooth, bright corridor after Juson.

"You can't, you can't!"

His eyes were black. His hair was turning black.

"You can't."

The building doors stood closed in front of him. Outside was the grass, the cold, evening air, the woman in red, walking slowly, invitingly. The fool rushed up behind him, clutched his shoulders.

"You fool," he said, "don't you see? You can't go outside!"

Juson hesitated, then shrugged him from his back and, opening the door, ran out into the grounds. The other waited by the door.

"You'll see," he sobbed.

The lady in red had begun to run toward the forest. She seemed to be running slowly and gracefully. Twice Juson saw the white flash of her face as her head turned to look at him. He thought she smiled.

But he could not seem to catch up. She entered the forest, red winking between the trunks of spruces and finally disappearing in the matrix of boughs. Juson, following at a hard run, flashed by the first spruces. Once again he caught a glimpse of red satin.

The air was cold and pounded at his lungs like a steel hammer. Needles on overhanging boughs slashed at his hands and face like clusters of iron pins.

There was a path leading through the forest. He would catch up with her on the path. She would be exhausted and fall into his arms. The two would sink gently to the ground, sighing and moaning like the wind of that gentle evening, like the gentle wind that stirred the spruces spearing the dusky sky above him.

Oh! they would lie together on the carpet of the forest. She would give up her whiteness to him. She would smile.

Juson ran, his breath sharp and ragged. His lungs hurt, as though he had inhaled the needles, piercing him inside, almost bursting his heart. He ran until he suddenly came upon a clearing, lit redly in the sunlight filtered by trees.



He stopped to listen. He heard only his breathing and the wind all about him.

Something red caught his eye and he looked down, seeing the scarlet, satin dress lying in the middle of the clearing. It looked as though it had been carefully laid out, not a fold out of place, not a wrinkle. It shone dully in the last dayglow.

Almost as soon as Juson saw it, he heard somewhere faintly, the sound of shattering glass and the still fainter laughter of the fool. The two sounds danced and tinkled in the air, mingled until he could not distinguish them.

A cold fear spread through him. He turned and ran into the bush away from the clearing, away from the empty scarlet dress, heedless of his path. The needles slashed him, the trunks and roots bruised him and almost as if giving chase, the laughing like breaking glass, followed him. He stumbled into the night, lost and amazed.

I cannot tell where a thing begins and where it ends. I can see no boundaries or edges. I am cut on the precision of feeling, cut on thorns. I cannot see the thorns or the roses, yet I bleed with precision. I cannot tell where a thing begins and where it ends.

*Keewatin Dewdney*

## NO !

You, wind, can sting no more  
                  for I have been stung;  
Nor winter can hurt  
                  where there is only winter.

You rain, can drown no more  
                  for I have been sodden;  
Nor snow can freeze  
                  what is already ice.

You can love me no more  
                  for I have been loved;  
Nor can you have  
                  what is long since gone.

*Susan Anderson*



# ILLUSION'S TEASPOON

ACTORS (method):

*Owl:*

awake for e'er, moon-lit visionary (in the restricted sense  
o' the word)

*Lion:*

a stalker, sun-blinded  
from walkin' too much i' the sun sans glasses, like Lear and  
like Hamlet

*teaspoon:*

protagonist, a joker susceptible to either sun or moon

*music:*

the trees, a music infringed upon by Lion's growlin' n'  
Owl's hootin', a music intercepted an' counterpointed by  
Bird's seein' n' Bach's brook-messiah, st. john's version  
supported by Owl's vision, a piercin' sound that deafens  
the deaf and blindens the blind and opens the feelers o'  
insects who'll see to live wi' ripe fecundity and force

wi' fruitfulness

for many long eons the tale has run thus for so it is  
writ on the falls that torrent down to yon rocks wi'  
murd'rous waters putting out those lights who'd fain  
Be black and deadened in their pain n' life that's oft  
far more than pain alone.....

illusion's a tea-spoon and reality

s o m e t i m e s

l s

a teaspoon, though it is rare that the latter is the case for  
the teaspoon that you see is not seen by I  
not at all as you do see it  
for it must be understood that since mine eyes Be brown  
and thine, Lion, be blue  
the reflection that does shine  
from these differing orbits of lighted color  
transforms or turns the spoon into that which  
each beholder therein does throw



then there is the colour of thine hair, for on thy head, beast  
the hairs do glitter as tho' they be of chemist's gold  
a gold that send its shine on yon spoon there stared at most rudely  
by thee, Lion  
insisting as ye do  
upon calling tea  
reality  
and spoons the same

what's in a name, beast,  
save letters  
and what's in yon spoon, save that which ye do there see

with orbits blue like sky yet less blue  
and what's thine eye?  
Paltry organ, transforming spoon  
e'en on the pretext of a tired  
pupil  
tired from too much runnin' in th' sun  
wi'out thy glasses

Fool

for mine own orbits  
paltry too  
and tireder yet than thine for Owls do hoot and howl  
and strain and keep  
a wake the whole night through

under moon's husbandin' light  
a niggardly glow

Beast of a fool  
I tell thee that malgre the default o' my perception  
yon spoon covers less secrets for this weakly Owl  
than for a Lion

who gold-topped  
talks and speaks wi' smug bewhiskered jowls  
o' poor Owl's  
vision  
whilst yet he growls  
snarls  
and swears  
that spoons  
be made  
to stir Lion's tea  
as well as Owl's

who hoots



O, Lion,

r e a l i t y

Is  
more than  
this

e'en in spoon  
the tea she moves  
(wi' passive snout  
in h' eyeless head  
h' metall'd arm)  
her groov'd womb  
tho' it be Dead

—if ye an' me's alive—  
has nought the shape  
o' reality  
viewed  
thro'  
Lion's  
deaf orbs

see I l l u s i o n  
fly  
n'hover  
near  
thy golded head

Fool Lion

fooling spoon  
traps fools like Lion  
who'll say wi' gleaming eyeless ears:

thy words, mine Owl,  
on spoon's hard womb

Be not reality's  
own  
nay, nor mine,  
who see that thy tongue Be foolish-mad  
for my cup o' tea, to me, shows beyond the meagr'st doubt that  
spoon is real like mine own snout betwe'en these orbs that know  
to see a fiction from reality.

*Fay Damore*



## ECHOES FROM GETHSEMANE

Pete squinched one eye against a trickle of sweat and wished for a breeze. He tapped his fishing pole idly against the gravestones as he swished through the dry grass of the old cemetery. He was surprised to see a young bearded man leaning against the gnarled tree outside the grave-digger's shack. The stranger was intently carving a wooden figure and did not look up as Pete approached. Stopping near the stranger the boy stood silent for some moments while he studied the man curiously. Sweat glistened in clear droplets on the man's blond beard and darkened the shirt under his armpits.

"Hi," the boy said at last.

The stranger jerked his head up and squinted at the boy.

"Hi," he responded; then smiled, "Who might you be?"

"I'm Pete," affirmed the boy, solemnly extending a sweaty hand like a visiting bishop. The stranger grasped the hand and shook it.

"I'm Christian, Pete . . . You're the first human being I've seen here in three days."

Pete slapped a mosquito on his arm.

"I'm goin' fishin' down the river."

"I caught three fair size catfish down there last night," said Christian.

Pete's admiration for the stranger grew appreciably.

"Might have trouble coaxing 'em out on a day like this," Christian added.

Pete sat down beside Christian in the dappled shade.

"S'awful hot," he sighed; then, pointing to the half-completed carving, he asked, "What's that?"

"It's a carving . . . of Moses."

The boy picked up the paternal-looking figure and examined it closely, poking his fingers into the crevices.

"His beard's even bigger'n yours," he concluded finally.

Christian chuckled.

"Could you show me how to make one?" Pete asked gently.

Christian reflected for a moment. "Tell you what," he said, "I'll show you a few things about carving, then we'll fry up those catfish and have them for supper with bread."

The boy wrinkled his nose in a wide grin, and needles of sunlight danced in his eyes.

"Could we?" he asked incredulously.

Christian nodded, "Sure . . . if your father won't mind."

"Aw, *he* don't ever care," Pete said with a flicker of sadness.

A shadow swept across Christian's face but he picked up Moses and began, "Well, first you must have a sharp knife and lots of patience . . ."



The slight breezes of evening were fanning the last embers of dusk before Pete left the shack. As he started through the graveyard the boy turned and waved to Christian, a white apparition silhouetted against the spreading blackness of the gnarled tree. Out of sight now, Pete began to run. At first he was spurred on by the vague anticipation of the next day's visit, then by the prickling fear of the host of dead spirits that he felt breathing icily at his back. When he reached the safety of the road he stopped, panting.

It was dark when Pete arrived home. As he grasped the screen door the familiar feeling of dread clogged his throat. Quietly he entered. His father slammed the door of the old refrigerator and set a beer on the sink.

"Where the hell you bin?" he inquired suspiciously.

"I met a man who carves wood, Pa, 'n he gave me supper," offered the boy timidly.

"Don't I feed you good enough you gotta go to somebody else?" growled the father menacingly.

"Yea, Pa, but . . ."

"Whose this guy?"

"Lives out in the gravedigger's shack."

"Well you ain't goin' t'see 'im again or I'll whop you good." This edict pronounced, the father turned from the boy to search through the clutter on the sink for a bottle-opener. Tears gathered in the boy's eyes and trickled down his freckled cheeks. He grasped his father's arm.

"But, Pa," he sobbed. "You can't . . ."

The father turned viciously towards the boy, his eyes narrow with anger. He struck the wet face with the back of his hand, sending his son spinning. With a dull thump the boy hit the wall and melted into a pool of sorrow on the floor.

"No goddam kid 'a mine's gonna say I can't do somethin'," muttered the father angrily. He opened his beer and scuffed past the crushed figure.

The next day Pete did not appear at the old grave-digger's shack. Christian sat alone at the little wooden table. He ate sparingly of the berries he had collected but did not break the bread. Sadness swelled like a tumour within him. When he finally took up the carving of Moses, he thought how little time there was.

On the evening of the third day Christian sat in the circle of the clearing like a new Pan baptized by the moonlight. The carving of Moses was almost completed. He took up his old knife, honed sharp as sorrow, and rasped his thumb over the glinting blade.

"Yes, it will do what must be done," he murmured to the night.

At that moment the dry grass at the edge of the moonlit circle crackled a warning. Christian arose to see a small figure spring into the clearing. For an instant the boy stood transfixed, then ran to Christian's side.



"I come. I said I'd come," he panted.

"Yes," Christian murmured softly without surprise.

"Pa said I couldn't come, but I hadta."

The boy was breathing more easily now and felt secure in the calm presence of Christian. They both stood silent listening to the insect sounds of the summer night. Suddenly a heavier sound, like that of a blind animal crashing through the undergrowth, trampled the lighter noises of the night. The boy stiffened, his eyes wide with fear. Christian grasped his shoulder reassuringly as a powerful figure broke into the clearing.

"Pa!" croaked the boy hoarsely.

"I figured you'd come here, you little bastard," the father shouted. The gravestones flung back a hollow echo. He strode forward and wrenched the boy's arm.

"C'mon."

Pete cried out in pain.

"Don't hurt the boy; he meant no harm," protested Christian, seizing the father's wrist.

Flinging his son to one side, the bull-shouldered man spun around to face Christian. His nostrils flared and his neck muscles tightened as he glared with fury at the stranger. Suddenly he lunged fiercely. His fist crashed into Christian's pale face with a splintering sound. Christian staggered back against the gnarled tree as if under a tremendous burden. He grasped a limb of the tree to steady himself. The fist crashed into his pale face again. Blood spattered from his mouth, dyeing a dark streak in his beard. Still he held the limb and would not fall. Infuriated, the father thudded his heavy fists again and again into the limp body, until Christian slowly sank to the ground like an old robe. The big man leapt on the still form seeking one final blow to satiate his fury. On the grass beside him the glinting knife offered itself. He seized it and thrust it deep into Christian's belly.

A slight gurgling sound oozed forth and the warm dark blood trickled over the father's hand. Christian twitched once and lay still.

The boy screamed in horror. Instantly the father relaxed and slowly arose, staring incredulously at the battered body. Beside the lifeless form the carving of Moses was drowning in a red sea of thickening blood.

Pete looked at his father in terror. The man stared blankly at his son; then seized him, staining his shirt with the drying blood of Christian. Pete shrank from his touch.

"You seen it," the father breathed hoarsely, "he went for me with that knife . . . I had to."

The boy moaned.

"I had to," screamed the father, shaking the boy violently.

The boy looked up, his glassy eyes reflected two distorted images of his father.

"Yeah Pa," he whispered, "you had to."

*Colin Hayward*



## FISHING

Smooth, silent — rest your head against the bow  
And count the glittering stars that hang about the  
    chalky-yellowed moon,  
That hang from the black velvet canopy of cold comfort  
Since a million years or more.  
There's more to fishing than fish — you see  
Suddenly a sinking spark fall from its ancient armchair  
Into the horizon, barely glowing yellow-red  
From the orb, just-sunk, behind the crisp silhouetted pines.  
What matters if the line's taut — nothing,  
Nothing in the universe below  
Ought to interfere with this miracle,  
This night of naked skies, heavily humid with the forest's  
    overhanging perfumes —  
Sweet honeysuckle, pungent pines and cedar.  
Across the lake comes the cry of the loons, like the howl  
    of wild dogs,  
And then a symphony:  
Deep-voiced bullfrogs beside the deep, cold water,  
The shrilled tunes of unknown birds, hidden in the night,  
    protected by the darkness,  
And now and then the splash of a bass on the smooth,  
    silent lake.  
All create the harmony of the ecstasy of nature.  
A log floats by, driftwood, decayed and weakened with age,  
To rest on the nearby shore, beneath the sleeping shadow  
Of tall, green pines — majestic, proud, and free —  
That stand as in a painting, against the black sky,  
Visible by the cool glow of a million stars.

*William Caulfield*



## CONTRIBUTORS

SUSAN ANDERSON, 21, third-year History, hopes to become *Folio's* art editor next year.

EHOR BOYANOWSKY, 20, is training for a "secondary literary career" with second-year Psychology and working as a *Folio* prose editor.

LINDA BROWNE, 22, leaves Western with her M.A. for France this year, after an illustrious career in English, in the Players' Guild, and as Editor and a frequent contributor to *Folio*.

ROBERT BUCKLAND, 19, a freshman in Philosophy and English, acts as well as writes.

WILLIAM CAULFIELD, 20, pre-Medicine, writes under a pen-name and proselytises for Ayn Rand, while disclaiming any connection.

FAY DAMORE, a graduate student in Romance Languages, has been misunderstood in *Folio's* pages before, but takes it heroically.

KEEWATIN DEWDNEY, 22, graduates in Mathematics this year, ending five years of increasingly distinguished contributions to *Folio*; he also is a former Editor.

TAMMY GRAHAM, 19, transferred here from Carleton University; in third year English, these are her first contributions to Western publications.

COLIN HAYWARD, 21, third year English, appears here for the first time.

PENNY KEMP, 19, will go to British Columbia for her third year of English, on a C.U.S. scholarship.

BARRY-JOE McCARTHY graduates from Huron College in Honours Arts this year.

ALAN MOFFITT and JOHN BENJAFIELD are graduate students in Psychology; their collaboration on *Walden Walden* is their first venture outside Animal Research and Cognitive Processes.

PATRICIA PEGG, 21, graduates in English this year and leaves Western with a Publications Scroll for her patient and thorough work on the *Folio* staff.

TED PITCHER, 20, second-year English, has decided on a literary career; his chief interest at present is a cycle of children's stories. He is one of the moving spirits of the new Arts and Sciences magazine.

STATIUS is a distinguished and professional Latinist.

BOB WILLIS, 20, third-year History, may bring to the *Folio* staff his experience as Music, Arts and Drama Editor of *The Gazette*.

F. GEORGE YOUNG found inspiration for his first *Folio* contribution close at hand; 20, in second-year English, he plans to work as a teacher for the Church.







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