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Fall and Winter — 1961

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## EDITORIAL

Ring out the old, ring in the new: the "Fall" *Folio* reverses the Christmas-in-November tradition and waits until January to shed its leaves. Our Hallowe'en deadline occasioned mild editorial panic with regard to our slender files of undergraduate literature. But, all saints be praised, the witching hour passed, and the Folio office was showered with considerable creative fallout. Since writing on campus has been proven to increase in volume and intensity during the month of January, with some flashy works of genius appearing early in February, we can safely promise a Spring issue before the daffodils wither and the ice palace melts away. The present issue, however, for all its tardiness appears to be a healthy child with only a modicum of the usual gloom-death-frustration "where-did-we-come-from-where-are-we-going" traits found in youthful sons (and daughters) of the twentieth century. But the Bomb is here, all the same, along with Segregation, Alienation, and Death. They are inevitable. But poets and artists have never been solely concerned with the pressing realities of existence: thus we journey to an emerald mine, sail the yellow Yangtse, eat squid from Barcelona, plant lilies in Warwickshire, discover proper modes of emunction, and "race with the wind immortal". We hope in passing that the works in this issue strike as many right angles as oblique, and will appeal to people of all degree — businessman, scholar, athlete, aesthete — and especially to those who wear yellow cloaks. (*vide* p.3) But however you receive *Folio* — in a spirit of *VERITAS*, *UTILITAS*, or (God forbid) *FUTILITAS* — remember that *your contemporaries are actually writing these things*; and whether or not you consider what they say banal, beat, or bamboozling, their voice is the sound of "undergraduate creative expression". Their voice is *your* voice, for they speak also for the silent.

# MALCOLM FRASER

## *Two Yellow Cloaks and a Red*

A Play in the tradition of the Beer Crock Theatre

by

NEMOUBLIEZ THE POET

and

NEMOUBLIEZ THE HERON

### THE BEER CROCK THEATRE

#### Conventions:

1. There is a crock of beer in the middle of the room, handy to all. Everyone drinks from this at his will.
2. The colours of the cloaks worn by the players depict their dominant character:

black:	evil
white:	good
red:	positive intellect
green:	negative intellect
yellow:	positive imagination (akin to a poet)
blue:	negative imagination
3. A bell is rung after a statement of profound significance or at any other suitable time, whereupon all present respond with the following: YAY YAY YAY!! (loudly).
4. Sets are almost non-existent. However, the following is necessary: an orange sun, which by its position indicates the passage of time, i.e., it lowers in position with time.

The Play  
TWO YELLOW CLOAKS AND A RED

To be encountered:

Two rascals in yellow cloaks.  
A scholar and mystic in red.  
The poet Nemoubliez . . .  
A musician.

Scene i

*(The two rascals and the scholar are drinking in a wine shop. There is silence.) (Enter a heron.)*

HERON: Damn and burning hell to anyone who has shot at a heron. I am the heron, Nemoubliez . . . but it was not always so. Formerly I was the writer of this tale, Nemoubliez the poet. When next you see the sky full of herons, thank Fortune, white-clad Empress of the World, that you are not a small silver fish, shining in the sun. *(Exit.) (From the side, the musician sings to the accompaniment of a stringed instrument):*

When the morning sun doth shine  
do not close thy window blind  
for when the evening sun doth set  
't will be the day's end of regret.

FIRST RASCAL: Hey there loon! This is good wine.

SECOND RASCAL: My large-nosed friend, this wine is second to only the first!

FIRST RASCAL: Well, I am indeed glad that it is not second to the third. Tell me, what can be old as you are young and yet be like you. Ha Ha Ha. A cheese!

SECOND RASCAL: Enough you grape seed! Who is this silent bleeding wine sack over there?

THE SCHOLAR: This wine bag is a scholar who has dreamt he was a snow-white dragon or a snow-white dragon who is dreaming now he is a scholar among bumpkins. *(Second rascal pinches scholar beneath the table.)* Ayee! You pincher of bottoms, enough! I am the great scholar Red Cloak. I have travelled many miles in search of the fields of wisdom. I must have gone by them for each stopover I make the heads of my companions grow smaller and smaller. Listen well and I shall speak great wisdom.

RASCALS: Scholar, we listen.

SCHOLAR: Do you listen?

RASCALS: Yes, Yes, Yes!

SCHOLAR: All emeralds are green.

RASCALS: Yes, Yes, Yes!

SCHOLAR: All frogs are green.

RASCALS: Yes, Yes, Yes!

SCHOLAR: Thus we see that all emeralds are frogs. This is evident only to the very wise. *(Bell.)*

FIRST RASCAL: Indeed, he is a Great Scholar, this red eye. Let us proceed at once to the emerald mine at the foot of the mountains to gather frogs! What say you, my noble companion?

SECOND RASCAL: Yes, Yes, Yes, but let us first play for payment of the wine. *(They all play the rock, scissors, paper game, and let out a loud yell.) (Enter the heron.)*

HERON: Enough of this. Our three friends have left the wine shop, but before the base of the mountain there is still another tavern for lost souls. That is what we are, for we have no home, especially if in the slimy body of a small silver fish. Watch the sky, for I grow more hungry with each beak-full of wine. *(Exit.) (From the side again, the musician plays and sings:)*

When the great blue heron dies  
whose turn then to fill the skies?  
Take care as you drink your wine  
Nay! Drink it faster while there's time.

## Scene ii

*(In the tavern, the three are gathered together as before, and are getting drunker with each glass.)*

FIRST RASCAL: What say you Red Nose, you are quiet for one so wise.

SCHOLAR: Wisdom is not words. One knows as much by knowing you; is that not so, you goose? *(Here he turns to the second rascal.)*

SECOND RASCAL: Me goose? A bottom pincher maybe. You are not so wise, I say.

SCHOLAR: Wait! I know the seat of your trouble.

FIRST RASCAL: Ha Ha Ha, and he calls you bottom pincher!

SCHOLAR: Wait a bit, Buffoons. *(To the second rascal)* I am not only the great scholar Red Cloak but do also converse with the stars and the dead. You there, bearded nose! You are a jealous ruffian. The souls of fish and cranes tell me where the emotions hide in man! Happiness lies in the ear. *(Bell.)* Yes! and jealousy lies in the big toe of the right foot of rascals! *(Bell.)* Let us make him well! *(Here the first rascal jumps up and runs over to the second, wielding his large sword. He lops off the other's right toe.)*

SECOND RASCAL: Ayee! I am no longer a jealous man.

SCHOLAR: (*aghast*) Look, he is cursed. His toe hath turned into a radish! (*Throws a radish out into the audience.*)

FIRST RASCAL: Look, how can this be the loony? This evil man hath still ten toes.

SECOND RASCAL: Ha! Yes, but only ten, not still ten for I started with eleven. When I had eleven, it was true that I was jealous of all who had but ten. But now since my jealous toe is gone, no more am I jealous. Scholar and mystic you are indeed wise. Let us play for payment of the wine, then find ourselves an emerald mine. (*They play the game again at the end of which they let out a loud yell.*) (*Enter the heron.*)

HERON: Not only is the payment for the wine a game  
the entire drinking of their cups is but the same  
Mark well their happy rowdy start  
and watch to see their souls and bright cloaked bodies part.  
Be careful of the skies  
for my long and laquered beak is sharp.

MUSICIAN: I refuse to sing. The heron stole my lines.

### Scene iii

(*In the depths of the emerald mine.*)

FIRST RASCAL: Look there on the ground!

SECOND RASCAL: Is that a watermelon?

SCHOLAR: Nay, do not be deceived but listen. All frogs are green.

RASCALS: Yes, Yes, Yes.

SCHOLAR: All watermelons are green.

FIRST RASCAL: Yes, Yes, even green ones.

SECOND RASCAL: Oh, how wise!

SCHOLAR: Thus, as is evident to only the very wise, that is, me, all watermelons are frogs. (*Bell.*)

SCHOLAR: If one knows where to look for certain things, one will always find them. Let us cut up this frog and eat him. I want the legs. (*Enter the heron.*)

HERON: Some say wisdom is sweet.

Let my sweetness be red wine! (*Exit.*)

END



# TREVOR McCLINTOCK

## TWO POEMS

### SCHUBERT

The trees of terror's Gothic forest part  
To glimpse the glories of Arcadian lawns  
Whence Schubert views the glades of paradise  
Where springs for him the dawn beyond all dawns.

Fountains fresh as lark song strangely muted  
The magic modulations neural stream  
Of theme melodic fragment introverted  
Hunts and heals and haunts like waking stream.

On-striding death alerts all former moods  
And marshalls all life's past to face that morrow  
And Schubert knows serenity through sorrow.

### THE LITTLE GIRL

I saw a little girl go down the street,  
Her clothes all new, her hair all neat.  
She skipped along on tiny feet,  
Where was she going?  
Perhaps she's going to the park,  
A little girl, out after dark?  
To play with friends at hide-and-peek,  
Or maybe just for one fast peek  
At the bird's nest in the lilac bush,  
The spring's first immigrant the thrush.  
I saw her turn around  
Her youthful face all beaming, round,  
Lighted by sounds of others near  
And then her beams turned into fear.  
She turned and ran right past a light,  
Her tiny face consumed in fright;  
And then I saw what made her run,  
For she was black and they were white.



# PETER COURCHESNE

## *Puddin' and Pie*

It is an old street that he lives on — in an old house. The narrow front end is balked by a low stone wall, and along the other sides stands a planked fence, hushed, and so high it embraces and hides the place, keeping it shaded and shadowed at every hour. A simple dirt path winds between the mad tangle of trees that are always cider-coloured dim, and the lower leaves dripping small footsteps of last night's dew.

There is no plan or order to the arrangement of plant life. It strikes up viciously and fully wherever it pleases, checked only by the choke of competition. Evergreen hemlocks, mockernuts, and a few honey locust, silver maple, birch trees in evening dress, and red and white lambic pines. There are balsams and spruce, black-cherry, crack willows and crab trees. Witch hazel, sycamore, rosewoods, and one spreading clump of long-flowering dogwoods. The undergrowth is sparse, the ground mostly covered with a layer of crisped leaves and pine needles, which the breeze trembles. There are patches of poison ivy, harsh-thistled blackberry bushes, and twitch grass, never cut.

The house, at the far end, can't be seen from the gate. It is a mad-cap pile of rock with gables gone grey and limestone blocks weathered black. Somehow sedate, it waits in a never-wondering calm, proud and oblivious. The plaster and mortar hang with minute moss clings and the wookwork is musty. The place has a hanging redolence, like a bog, heady and green, that swims in summer with over-rich garden perfumes, and in winter blends with the cutting, cast-iron smell of naked tree-trunks.

He lives on the north side, in a fourth-floor garret, under the eaves. It projects dangerously, seemingly teetering, ready to fall. The room has a large sky-light and one window that starts at the floor level and rises in a slow arch about two feet. Its prismatic glass is a beer-bottle green that tints the light, splinters it, shivers it off at angled

directions. The garret is alive with light and buffeting dust motes. It ekes up from the window and tunnels down from the sky-light, entering on the vertical plane rather than the horizontal, and meeting visibly at the eye level, causing the weird sensation that one stands horizontally from the wall.

The light does not waver, but flickers, bringing the things in the room in and out of focus. To the left of the door is a desk, crowned with a cheap plastic radio and cluttered with writing materials. There are three bundles of letters, bound in elastic bands, dusty. Letters from mother, from a friend, and from a sweetheart. Most are from the friend. There is also a box of envelopes, stamped and addressed in anticipation of answering letters yet to come. The envelopes are soiled and a bit yellow. Beside the desk is a stone fireplace, its mouth spewing ashes onto the hearth. The chimney supports a huge portrait of Napoleon at St. Helena, disillusioned and dying. Below it, on the mantel, a large tin alarm clock shakes its casing at each clattering tic. Past the fireplace is a wastebasket. Beside the wastebasket, a bookshelf holds two stout volumes, *How to Make a Million*, and *How to Win Friends*, looking haughty in the rows of tattered cheap pocket-book literature. There is also a leather bound bible. The bed takes up the length of the far wall. It is narrow, cot-like, and covered with coarse woolen blankets. A violin leans in the corner, beautifully, meticulously made out of matchsticks. Built by a convict, bought from a pawnbroker. On the wall above the window there is only a calendar — crossed, checked, and circled. The corner to the right is a sanctuary occupied solely by spiders, their intricate inter-bridging of web pock-marked by dried fly-body shells. The spiders emerge and greedily retreat with their prey to the cardboard darkness of matchbox monastic cells. A few feet clear of the webbing is a dresser; above it, a mirror, its silver backing tarnished, no longer reflects. Around the border of the mirror falls a long, full shock of hell-black hair, got from a prostitute. Against the mirror leans a cane — the handle, a gorgon head, crudely carved by a blind man. There is a heap: pots and pans, pack-sacks, a water-canteen, and macheta. To sit, a plain stool. At night, there is only the door lamp, with a Japanese paper shade, many coloured, that throws the room into spectrum.

In the centre of the room is a stand with a bird cage. Inside the cage is a parrot. Pedro is its name — and it knows it. The bird is a small one, Gold-Coast, not more than ten inches long. It is light grey with a black hood and a white under-down like little white flannels. Its tail is bright red. When alone, it spends the day dozing, or squawking and talking to keep itself company. When André is home, it does not speak much.

The door of the cage is open always. But the bird remains on his perch until his master comes home. He sits on the perch and waits. He waits with his body right down on his feet, his feathers fluffed and fierce, his head drawn in, lowered, nodding; his thin, under eye-lids blinking.

André is sometimes early, sometimes a little late, but always he returns. And when he comes, the bird stands to his full height, dances up and down, and waits for his master's forefinger. Free on the floor it scurries around on its long toes; two before, two behind, like skis. Its curved claws scuffle. It investigates the room for awhile. It chews at the wokwork. Then it grows bored, climbs the cot, walks up on André's chest, and lowers its head to be caressed. When the fingers come soft-pressuring up the neck, and across the skull, the eyelids drop in ecstasy. And when the caressing stops the bird will wait a moment, then take the finger in its beak, raise it, and lower his head again, under the fingertips. And perhaps André will caress it more.

If it is summer, and a good day, André puts the bird on his shoulder. They walk out among the trees, and maybe go down to the antique shop. There they stand at the window, with the glass between them and the antiques. Andre has his palms on the glass, and his face close, and for hours they look. They look especially at the carving of Sasabonsam the forest wizard — the gentle-dreadful squatting forest wizard with the child in its arms. Then André will speak: "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away."

And Pedro will say, "Where's the old cat?"

They will leave.

If it is not such a good night, André opens the sky-light and climbs up. He listens to the wind chortle or the rain tickle, and watches the hideous gestures of yearning trees. He watches the trees and the bird grows tired of it and speaks; and they hold a monosyllabic conversation. And finally André says: "I hate the hemlock. Worse than Hell I hate it, more than shit!" He closes the sky-light and comes down.

The bird replies, "Give us a kiss."

In the winter evenings André sits on the stool. He takes Pedro in his lap and they philosophize. Or he tells the bird of his work, of sick red-brick buildings and the chilled-stiff early morning mud, of the great steel door that takes two hands to open but slams shut like a clam, and how inside it is not like a building, but a simple shelter for machines, for cast iron and crude oil — one vast room, all cold concrete slicked with accumulated layers of graphite grit: grit and dust on the rusted window casings, the gawking work benches, machines, tools, materials, and thick in the air thin-dim lit by phosphorescent lamps. He speaks of the sharp click in the mesh cage at the back, of how the compressor hawks the phlegm from its throat and grumbles into action, of how the machines begin conversation: the mammoth vacuum's whir increases to a howl, slurping in the dust through its tin tentacles; lathes shudder, then lurch into high speed, rattling; and the carbide tool-bits swing smoothly in, peeling the screeching steel; the arc furnace's gaping mouth blows out a blast of brilliance and heat and slams shut; drill-presses whine; saws hiss, hammers clink, and a myriad of high-pitched counterpoint noises fill every inch with countless decibels of sound. Sometimes he talks of a hand, crushed to a

bleeding mush under a press, or an arm torn off bone-clean by whipping steel tailings from the lathe, or a foot grunt-quick turned to charcoal by the splash of molten metal. He grows silent then, forgets the bird, and fingers the whore's hair maybe, or studies Napoleon.

Often on cold nights, Greta, the landlady's daughter, comes up to the garret. She does not knock. She explodes into the room. She runs up to the cot and sits beside André. She looks down into the diluted blue of his eyes, her small fists bracing her, resting on the pillow above his shoulders, her face very serious. Slowly, imperceptibly, she lowers her lips, and then with a quick cobra movement, gives a full playful kiss on the cheek. His hands clutch up for her, just missing her wrists as she jumps from the bed, laughing, and skips over to the radio. André sits up, his eyes intent on her as she tunes in the music she likes — a low, lilting, under-pulse jazz. She begins to dance. She strips, the clothes coming off slow, sullen, provocative. One at a time, like the birth of a child they come off, finally, absolutely, and with relief. Epidermal clothes, tight, voluptuous, sensuous, she emerges a butterfly, graceful, loose-limbed, at liberty. Her movements — subtle, limber — reflect it. At the height of the dance she comes to the edge of the bed, trembling, a small smile lifting one corner of her mouth. He seizes her, takes her, and they have each other in a raging, gut-gripping torment of delight.

She leaves late; leaves as she came in, with a light laugh. She glances back shortly, gives a flickering wave of the hand, and shuts the door. André's eyes, for a time, remain fixed on the door. Then he gets up and caresses the head of Pedro, talking in whispers, with the lights out.

Mona also, at times, comes from her room across the hall. She brings some cake she has baked, or coffee — always something. They sit by the window, looking out and down. Their voices are earnest. André sits a little behind her, avoiding her eyes. He delights in the butter-melt flow of light in her hair, apple-red. Her face seems always half hidden in shadows; half tenderly radiant in light, half quivering suggestive in darkness. To André, it is like watching the sundown, loving the progression of sky shades, but wanting to halt it, to see again the last colour, and catch it indelibly in the memory. He forgets what they have said and can not interpret the complex expressiveness of her face and body. He remembers only her smooth mellow laugh. She laughs, and puts her hand on his. The bird squawks. He takes his hand away and lifts the coffee cup. The bird mocks, imitating their tone and their laughter, but they ignore him.

She leaves soon. He covers Pedro's cage with a blanket, puts the light out, and lies down on the cot. The darkness prickles with the bird's listening. Listening for the heavy, rhythmic breathing of sleep.

Pedro can not recall if it is winter or summer. He forgets the night before. But the parrot expects André home soon, and waits, though tonight he is very late.

# JIM FARLEY

## GETTING OVER

Little girl  
like once faded beryl,  
Your name no longer excites,  
for my heart no longer ignites  
at its mention;  
there is but a little attention  
and no rapid ascension.  
But my heart cannot shrug  
that strange little tug  
and at the mention of your name  
I'm no longer the same,  
for you're no ordinary dame  
but my love.

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## ANNOUNCING

### Awards for Writing and Graphic Art

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<i>Short Story or Play</i>	. . . . .	\$20	\$10
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<i>Best single contribution</i>	. . . . .		\$50

*Award-winning entries will be published in the Spring Folio. Deadline January 31, 1962. Submit to Folio, c/o U.S.C. Office, or to Folio Office, Room 23B, Thames Hall. Sponsored jointly by Folio, Hesperian Club, Department of English, and Alumni Association.*

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# KEE DEWDNEY

## THREE POEMS

### AUGUST FIFTH, SIXTH, AND SEVENTH

My eyes were painted with a dream;  
My red lips sang an ancient song.  
My hairy throat pulsed and bubbled.

Sunform  
Spiderish and writhing  
Love in a red core  
Hate in painted arms  
Holds me  
In tyrannical embrace.

A carved and hooded ivory monk  
Rowed an alabaster junk  
Through the yellow Yangtse waters,  
Searching for his virgin daughters.  
Far upon the nether bank  
Seven maidens played a prank;  
Laughing with a girlish poise,  
They turned themselves to seven boys.

Flashing in the darkest night,  
A trapezoidal yellow light  
Seared my brain with subtlety;  
Sharply clear appeared to me  
A thousand curlicues in curves  
And symbols written on my nerves  
Whose meaning in the deepest book  
Here I guessed with but a look.  
The best of scholars can't avoid  
The bold emblazoned trapezoid.



## POETRY DISSECTED

I am the words;  
Running like a bicycle,  
Tiring like a car,  
Dying like a magnet  
That dragged the earth too far.

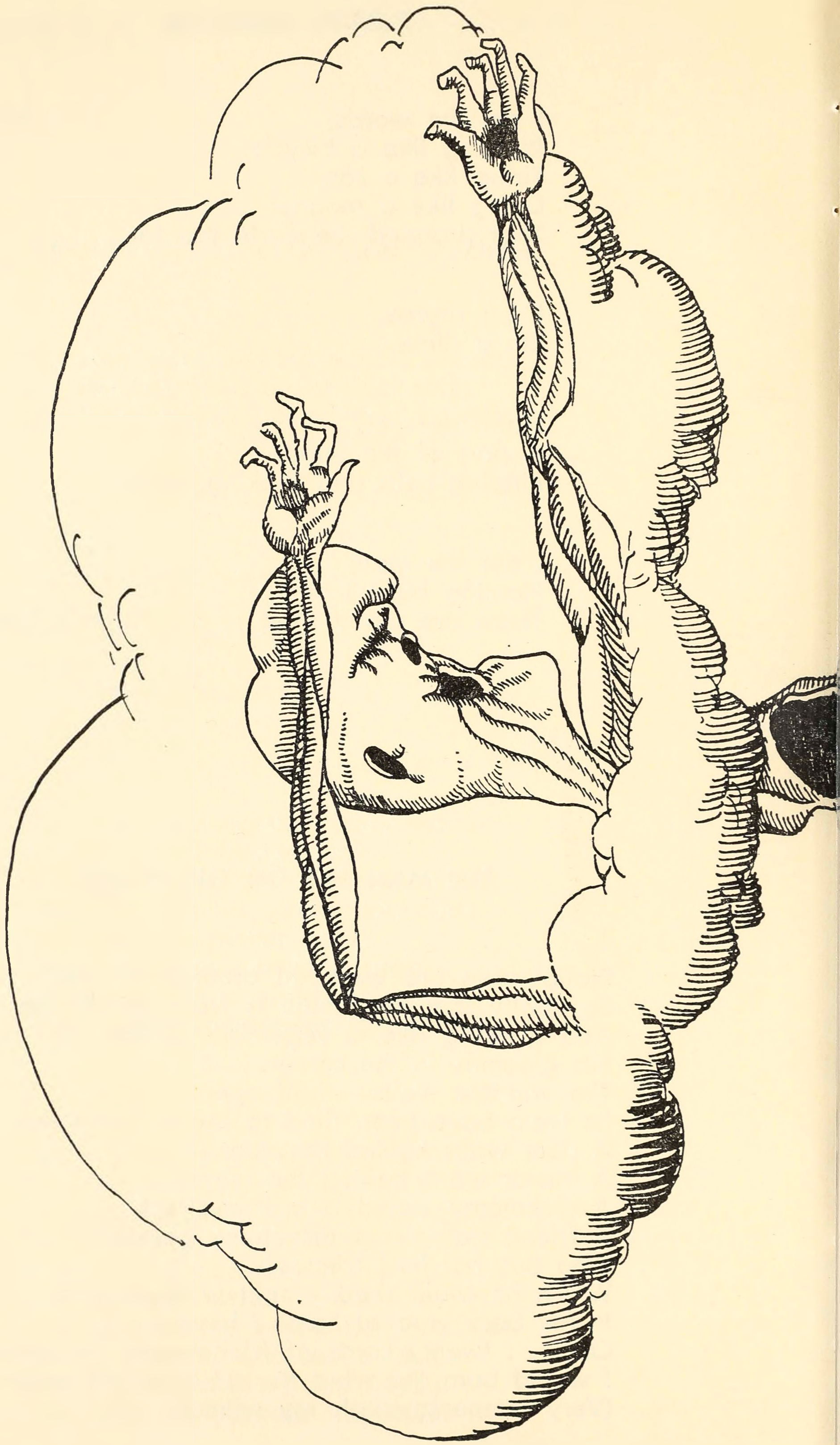
I am rhyme,  
On a dime.

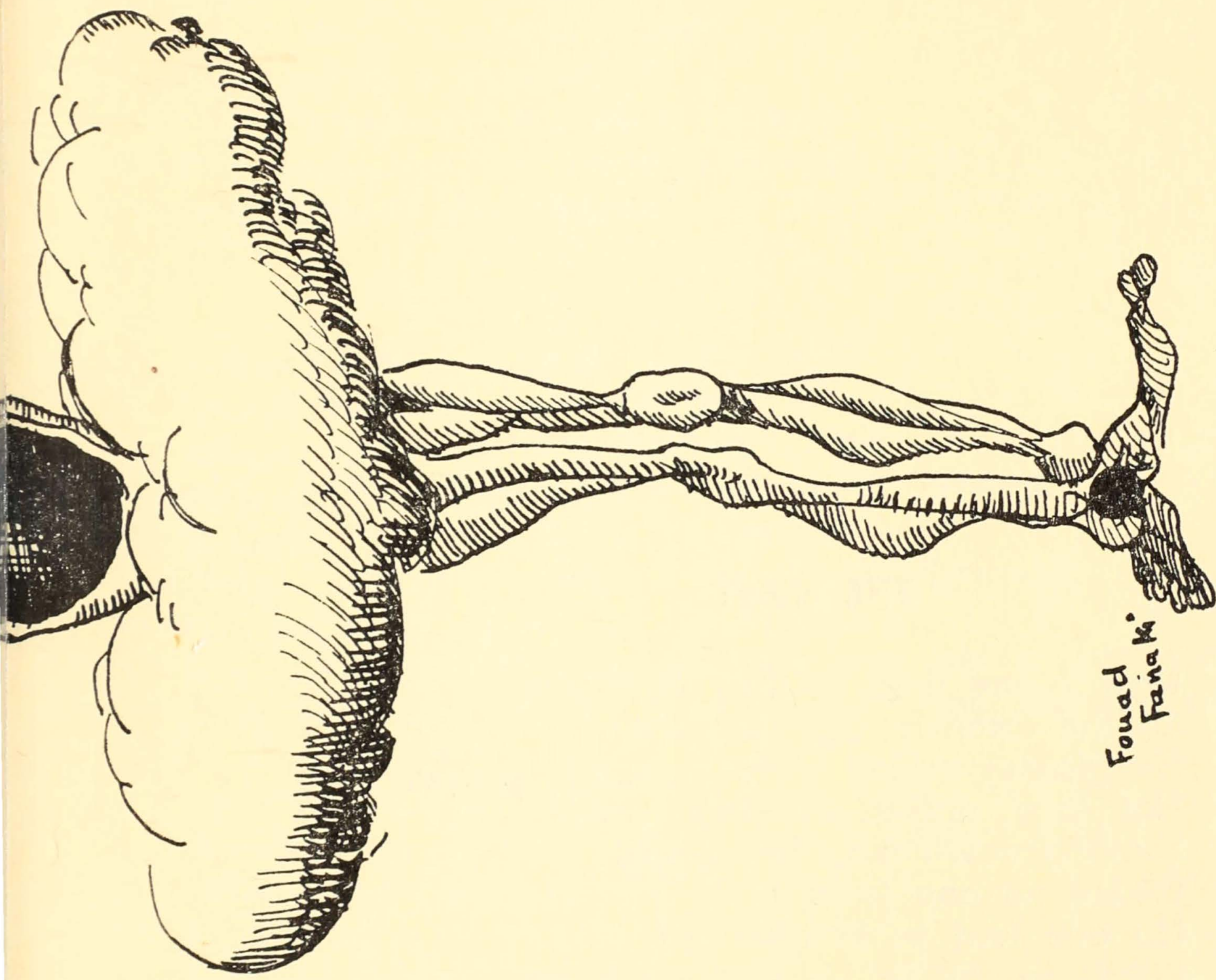
I am the soul,  
A part of the wind,  
Ringing bells and shaking leaves.

I am the man;  
Flaming bush I am!  
There are many trees in my father's forest.

## THE MAN SAT ON THE FLOOR

Piano wires are wrapped around my head  
So tightly that my mouth is from ear to ear  
And glowing like a vegetable garden, my chair  
Sits gloomily in the corner.  
The window waits — half open.  
Its teeth have been filed to perfect evenness.  
A door waits behind the door.  
A mirror waits behind the mirror.  
A dichotomy stated is a friend lost.  
A friend stated is a dichotomy gained.  
Who has not had friends  
Which he could readily split with an axe.  
In my back yard at home I have . . .  
Oh . . . twenty cords of friendwood for winter.  
I would burn them but the stove would object . . .  
(Very temperamental, my friend!)





Fouad  
Faina Ki

**FUTURE**

# LINDA BROWNE

## TWO POEMS

### THE FEAST

Now is the time of their Eucharist,  
Of the common cup disdained  
For glasses chilled with temperate grape,  
Not wine, passed by elder hands  
Shaking down the silent aisles  
Where no one kneels.  
No one loaf broken for all,  
But cubes cut in the kitchens below  
Where shapeless women sit.  
Behold, this is my body!  
Behold, this is my blood!  
But their separate lips en masse  
Transubstantiate no sacrifice:  
They shall have no communion  
Who feed alone together,  
By sorrow swallowed, by pain consumed  
To transcendental emptiness.  
While we shall offer up the hills  
And taste the sea, and cry:  
**Ich habe die blaue Blume gegessen!**

## PLAWNTING LILIES IN WAR'ICKSHIRE

Listen, my friends, and marvel to hear  
How we planted lilies in Warwickshire.  
(No, War'ickshire, friend, your accent's colonial:  
Like Magdalen's been Maudlin  
Since Old English Baronial.)  
Back to the lilies now:  
They were (vulgarly speaking) dillies. How  
Their chaste chaliced calyxes  
Gleamed in that greened Styx's  
Mud! Well, in accents fond,  
They called it a pond.  
That malodorous sponge a bower!  
That grave for the innocent flower!  
That festered War'ick mud!

Patrick, Master Charon of the flood  
Sowed the lilies from the bow  
Of our bottom-grating garbage scow  
Because Patrick was pale and rather peaked,  
Tweedy, tall; and the stern leaked.  
(Patrick sat at Oxford reading knowledge;  
He mostly sat at Maudlin College.)  
Robin manned the oars because she was a girl and tougher,  
(And Patrick preferred punting when the Thames was rawther  
rougher.)  
He ordered me to stern in nasals nicely maliced,  
Meaning as an oarsman I made a better ballast.  
"Pawss the pebbles!" Patrick said:  
I pawssed a rock as big as his head,  
And he bound the blossom with a granny.  
(A bowline was one of the many  
Things he didn't read at Maudlin.)

But as the ooze primeval sucked its lily-captives in,  
Poor Patrick could but stunned surmise  
Our craft had caused them to capsize!  
Still, we sunk them all aesthetically  
And sealed their fate hermetically:  
So shall all swamps blossom as Versailles  
And War'ick bogs reek of paradise!

# WILLIAM CASSELMAN

## DE EMUNCTIONE<sup>1</sup>

a disquisition upon the blowing of the nose

by William Casselman P.S.G.<sup>2</sup>

Our first knowledge of the nose, as an historical entity comes from the temple inscriptions of early Rome. At Peiiii, typical Roman town, we find on the outer pillars of the temple of Stercus Familiaris<sup>3</sup> the words,

*SACER EST LOCVS  
EXTRA EMUNGITE<sup>4</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> *The title, De Emunctione, is borrowed from a little-known platonic dialogue in which that remarkable Greek, Mnphthps and his friend Mykteros seek from Socrates the most virtuous method of blowing the nose. For details see Burble's Socratic Rhinology For The Home.*

<sup>2</sup> *P.S.G.—Public School Graduate, from Madame Vie's Academy For Exceptional Youths.*

<sup>3</sup> *Roman God of the Barnyard, akin to Sanskrit Awawhawah.*

<sup>4</sup> *"This place is holy, blow your nose outside", from the Jowles translation of 1572.*

Thence we can postulate that even the Ancients deprecated the wanton blowing of the nose. Scholarly research has shown too that this inscription proves Julius Caesar slipped on a grape peel and broke his pelvis, contrary to the myth that he was stabbed.

The French, gallant people that they are, have emuncted<sup>5</sup> for years. It was, in fact, Louis XVI who said: "*le nez, c'est moi!*" It will be here instructive to point out that, in the religion of the Fiji Islanders one must emunct before entering the temple. If such emunction is neglected, the simple Fijian cannot attain to the blessed state of Wah-Goo and thence to divine Bah-Hum (popularly called Glig-Poo, the culminative stage of utter stultification). But so much for ethnic rites. After all, we have Kleenex.

I am often accosted on the common way by vulgar persons seeking to know the genteel method of emuncting. For advice on this problem let us turn to the immortal pages of Morton S. Wog. In his laudable tome, *Six Weeks in Arizona*, eight of the nine chapters are devoted to just this pursuit. Wog follows the Cartesian system<sup>6</sup> of "proboscidean noise" which classifies the vulgarity of the act by the sound issuing from the nasal passage during emunction:

- i) Honk — absolutely crass
- ii) Snuzz — bourgeois
- iii) Ploip — high middle class
- iv) Hhnurr — aristocratic and by far most pleasing to listeners' ears

Let us now consider the etymology of the word "nose". Modern philologists believe it to be derived from the Old Low Hittite verb *wonk*<sup>7</sup> meaning to swim. From the Hittite area, vulgarly named Hittitia, the word was transported to Egypt. This was done by merchants, no doubt, who transported the word in large oak chests. The Egyptians accepted the word quickly, the books say. We can see them: running down to the wharf, grabbing the oak chests and rushing through the streets: "*wonk! wonk!*" The word falls into disuse and next appears in 1830 on a farm in Northern Ohio, whence it is disseminated.

<sup>5</sup> *emunct, neology, coined from Latin emingere, "to blow the nose". So too emunction, emunctory, pseudo-emunction & co.*

<sup>6</sup> *invented by Emma Cart, life-time resident of Dingamooly, Newfoundland, in 1836.*

<sup>7</sup> *note similarity between this word and "glknq" the Eskimo expression for "navel".*

The nose in literature appears frequently. Perhaps the most celebrated stanzas on it are from the dialect poems of Robert MacRogaster, the eminent Scottish poet. His verses bear a manner of harmony that indicates clearly they were composed on a used comb. Below we quote that immortal line from "Lad Of Dunderboom":

"auh' wi' hyet spree' 'og' in' ah' wuh"

What school boy has not stood, on a gusty night, reciting to the winds these lines, found in Harley Ferk's *Teach Yourself Armenian In Three Lessons*:

"o! that big ol' nose  
o! that big ol' nose  
o! that big ol' nose  
o! that big ol' ol' nose."

Remember — who cannot? — Lord Davenport's famous epistle to his reprobate son, Rodney, in which he cautions:

"and keep thee thy nostrils gracefully absterged".

Of course, what student of these letters and English 20 cannot but smile at the veiled imagery which suggests so powerfully Gertrude Swine, Lord Davenport's paramour? There is "le Neznoshmertz" by T. S. Welter<sup>8</sup>, that remarkable linguist, in which he says:

*C'est luccio habla usted Weltsmecht darnyavaha  
Plus que dell'what oppidum pfefferminze?*

Has anything more descriptive of the nose been written?

Can any forget the sculpture by Lucciccici of "Earl Crumm in Meditation", the head resting nobly upon the chair, the great brow furled, the third digit of the left hand reposing gracefully within the confines of the right nostril? What of Cezanne's masterpiece, "The Deviates", the aesthetic qualities of which cannot here be described?

Numerous are the examples; confined is the space remaining. Perhaps we might conclude our rhinology with those pithy and compelling syllables of Shakespeare:

Blow, blow thou winter nose  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's neglect of kleenex.

<sup>8</sup> Welter, whose poem, "Waste Material", won national acclaim after it was adapted by Walt Disney for a new, feature-length cartoon, Mickey Mouse in Purgatory.



# WILLIAM P. AVERY

## THE BEATNIK BALLAD

From out of the dark and stormy night,  
Came Hergy's car the "Hulk",  
And Abbo in that flimsy Ford,  
He'd just begun to sulk,  
For Hergy's car was noted  
As the terror of the streets,  
And many a person maimed for life,  
Had witnessed to his feats.

Then Abbo grasped the steering wheel,  
And said a silent prayer;  
He peeled out after Hergy's bomb,  
And thus took on the dare,  
He slapped his car in second gear;  
And tramped her to the floor,  
And finally passed that arrogant Nash,  
While doing a hundred and four.

But Hergy was the type of guy,  
Who could not stand to lose,  
So he slammed his car in overdrive,  
And soon it shook the blues.  
That massive engine came to life,  
And shot the car ahead,  
And Abbo's lead was narrowed down,  
As onwards Hergy sped.

Then Hergy made his final bid,  
As they approached a hill,  
He overtook that panting Ford,  
And left Ab standing still;  
But as he neared the hill-top,  
His luck at last fell down,  
As he met a transport in a crash  
That shook the earth around.

So if you ever take a drive,  
And pass through Gravenburg,  
You'll see a molded tombstone,  
That marks the end of "Herg",  
But you won't see that Ford car,  
Or anything of the like,  
As Ab has scrapped that hunk of tin,  
And now he wheels a bike.

# MARGARET WILSON

## WALKING AT NIGHT

Where I'm going even I don't know,  
But street light after street light passes by.  
Long wet sidewalks wander on and on  
And if I make a turn I know not why.

Building follows building on my left  
Rising up to vanish in the night.  
Their empty windows look upon the world  
And building follows building out of sight.

Somewhere far away a car door slams  
And laughing voices rise and fall and fade.  
I pause a moment — then continue on,  
Awake, alone, and just a bit afraid.

The cold wind wraps my coat about my legs  
And sends a paper whirling through the air,  
Towards a wall — around a pole —  
And finally — nowhere.

Where I'm going even I don't know  
But street light after street light passes by.  
Long wet sidewalks wander on and on  
And if I make a turn I know not why.



AUNTS

# MALCOLM FRASER

## THREE POEMS

i

### HALLS OF IDLENESS

The halls of Idleness  
in which the wicker caskets  
house my soul.

"Are they long?"

"Yea, endless!"

They are indeed the longest halls  
that time hath turned into a frog.

"Have you seen this frog of time?"

"YEA!"

The everpresent frog is never there  
but spewed upon the ground  
as crystal urine, sphene, and gums  
or floating as an organ pipe  
of eosinophiles of orange lilacs.

"Where does he live?"

"In the marrow of my bones."

When the wind fills up the lily fields  
and high above the groaning glacier  
the boiling blood lake clots  
he may be poured upon the ground  
in dying  
or he may have gone  
three winds ago.

v

I used to live years ago  
in a red room in Southern Spain.  
I had a long nose and a black beard  
and ate squid imported from Barcelona.  
The blue sea was my front yard  
and the days were warm.  
Then I died.  
Now I live here.  
The streets are filled with snow  
and I spend the afternoons  
in the dissecting rooms.  
To the north lie the barren lands  
while to either side the cold grey sea.  
Within, the remembrance of sweet figs  
and the existence of an empty sac  
its walls scraped clean  
with the knife of past regrets.  
I used to live years ago  
in a red room in Southern Spain.  
I had a long nose and a black beard  
and ate squid imported from Barcelona.

xiii

I shall grow wild berries  
in my sandy garden.  
When the cool evenings of late summer  
turn the distant slopes to shade  
I shall pick them with gentle fingers.  
Then I shall crush their moist red bodies.  
Being crushed, they will live on  
as sweetest of sweet red wines,  
and never, as some, to bitterness.

# PATRICIA PEGG

## WISH

It sings in rhythmic sapphire blues  
To the sea-born wishes of my city mind;  
Wetly it rings through the wind-clear air,  
The sea, with its waves and its free-flowing tides.

Let me be drowned in its spray-white song,  
And the vaulted gulls shall carry me over the years  
To the wild salty world of the sea;  
Over eternity winging they plunge  
Into the clear-ringing depths, and rise  
On the rolling crest of an ocean thought.

And let me race with the wind immortal  
Through the dune-grass hills and over the shining stones  
To the castles of sand and the ramparts of rock,  
Where the glass-green waves shatter like dreams  
In a flash of the sun, then slip away  
From the pale to the dark and the deep blue caves.  
Who knows where they go? The libertine air,  
Reinless and wanton, only the air.

Let me run winded over the sand,  
To weightlessly fall in its arm gold arcs,  
Timeless in solitude, spreading the mind  
Like a fisherman's net in the sun to dry,  
While the cry of the gulls and the tidal roar  
Are heaven and earth, planning creation.  
For, in the beginning, this sovereign sea  
Surged into the utmost veins of the heart.

Bounded by concrete and wrought-iron guards  
We prisoners wake in the night to the sound  
And we cry, for the masterless sea  
Is pounding impossible shores.

# PETER JORDAN

## The Quilt

### A One-Act Ritual

#### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Three women

Perdita

Priest

*(The stage in blackness. Lights the six colours of the spectrum play at random in the darkness, then gradually merge into a steady beam of white illuminating stage left. Here sit the three women around a quilt frame on which is stretched a patchwork quilt. They have just threaded their needles. The women are old, dressed in faded clothes of indeterminate colours; the quilt top is a confusion of brilliant hues fashioned in no discernible pattern.)*

1ST WOMAN: It is good to feel the needle puncture the cloth. My fingers are growing strong again after our long rest. Now we may finish this quilt, secure all the threads, and be satisfied that we have acknowledged the wisdom of our hands.

2ND WOMAN: But will there be wisdom in this? Many times I have been sure that we had sewn our beauty tight, but the careful stitches loosened the design lost in a pile of autumn leaves. If this should happen again I shall cry there is no justice. I shall weep in the mists and plead for the dark to come once more.

3RD WOMAN: The dark will not come. We are imprisoning the

light here; we fashion it with our tools into a perfection she can touch, into a protection she can wrap around her when she shall not comprehend the purity of the winter.

2ND WOMAN: And who is she? I do not know for whom we are framing this. Is she a child, and shall we cover its nakedness? Or is she an aged crone whose wrinkles already seamed will welcome our warm shroud?

3RD WOMAN: No lambswool, no mildewed linen here! Our cloth is virginal, our thread the finest silk. This is no web of pity wrapt about the toothless; we shall never make this quilt unthinkingly. Take a thimble lest your hand bleed and stain our artifact. Every stitch must be sure. We must not let the needle slip into our flesh or all is undone.

1ST WOMAN: In and out, in and out, yet only steel on steel touches, and the pieces, the colours are fastened with unseverable silk. In and out, in and out, thus we fix the fibres of our delight!

*(The beam of white light is prised into its separate hues lost unpatterned in the dark. They merge again, this time as a diffuse rose-glow illuminating stage right. Here there is a garden of strawberries and roses through which Perdita is wandering. She is dressed in white, but the light tints her rose.)*

PERDITA: Now my garden has reached its perfection. And now I am glad that I did not pluck the white strawberry blossoms for a crown. They would have died in my hair; they would have dried and shrivelled and from their brownness I would never have tasted their fruit. Had I snipped the rosebuds they would never have unfolded nor blown on my breast. But now I may reap their perfection, feel the sweet juices on my tongue, the petals in my hand, the mingled fragrance of fruit and flower.

*(She kneels to pluck a berry, rises, breaks off a rose. She cries out.)*

PERDITA: My hand! My hand! The thorn is driven in my flesh! Is this blood of my flesh or of the fruit? Both, both, for in the sweetness there is bitter salt. *(She hesitates.)* I must not cry out, or they shall hear me! They will take my garden and pluck its essence! It is not perfect in its ripening as I had promised, but I will not be cast out. *(She eats the strawberry and fastens the rose at her breast.)* Still, this is my food and this is my beauty. My hand shall heal in time.

*(The rose light darkens to scarlet, purple, black. White light stage left. The three women quilting.)*

WOMEN: Perdita! Perdita! Come to us with your sorrow.

1ST WOMAN: Your garden is dying, stop it!

2ND WOMAN: Your strawberries are rotting, preserve their sweetness!

3RD WOMAN: Your roses are withering, trap their fragrance!

*(Perdita runs from stage right into the brilliant light.)*

PERDITA: Leave me in my darkness!

WOMEN: Your flesh is broken. Repair, repair!



PERDITA: The pain is no worse than the crushed fruit or the broken stem. I shall bear it with the garden.

1ST WOMAN: Your garden is dying but you must not. See, here we are making your perfection. You must protect your flesh as we do ours. We thimble our fingers so we cannot feel.

2ND WOMAN: You must glass your garden. Perdita, abstract its beauty, or you shall perish in it.

3RD WOMAN: Glove your hands when you gather your berries and your roses. Then you will be neither stained nor scratched.

PERDITA: Then shall I still taste and smell my garden?

WOMEN: Now is too soon! Glass your garden, glass your garden: when the winter comes then you may enjoy a saved sweetness.

1ST WOMAN: Then you may have rose-scented sheets, dried petal-relics with the particular pain gone.

2ND WOMAN: Then you may have sweet jams sealed in wax and eaten with a silver spoon.

PERDITA: Dried petals and waxed berries? All the separate beauty gone? My red berries were once white blossoms, my roses calyx-cradles for dew: I cannot believe this present transformation a death. For what if the fruit and the flower, appearing to die, are but cocooned?

3RD WOMAN: Dream not this foolish dream. You must preserve the essence against death. Your garden and you, Perdita, must fix an unparticular shape; this, not metamorphosis, is your eternity.

PERDITA: Once I tried to keep a rose. But I could not bear to sever each petal and press it bloodless. So I lay the whole rose in a glass jar and closed it airless. The next year the rose had changed: It was furred with thick green fungus feeding on the old fragrance.

WOMEN: Decay, decay! In and out, in and out; we must hurry or she is lost! Only wait, Perdita, when winter comes you will need our quilt. Your garden will be gone, and you will be alone among unmossed stones.

PERDITA: I shall kiss the stones in my nakedness for I know their familiar shapes. The stones are mine but your fabrication is not. You pinion changing leaves with your steely claws; let them fall freely to the earth their mother.

WOMEN: The earth is not our mother but our enemy. Scorn the earth and fear the storms to come! Stay with us in our light until we have finished. Then you may safely touch the stones that grow cold when the summer sun has congealed.

PERDITA: I am not afraid. I shall bless the ice. Ice is a masquerade of dew and mist and rain who are my old friends: I shall play their game.

WOMEN: In and out! In and out! We must shape her salvation.

PERDITA: And my annihilation!

*(The white light disperses into the spectrum colours, converges again so that the entire stage glares with its brilliance. Enter Perdita, center, still in her summer garments. A winter wind is blowing. Bare stage except for a small altar of ice, right.)*

PERDITA: My flowers and my fruits must have died, for I can find no semblance of them here where once my garden flourished. Only the thorns are here and frozen earth my enemy. My mother? The old women were right: the earth my mother does not succour me. And shall I die where once my garden was? Shall my body be as my hand, the wounded part become the bleeding whole? Only now there is no sweet summer fruit to temper the bitterness.

*(Enter the priest, right, dressed in stiff black robes. He carries aloft a crystal chalice, filled with wine. Still carrying the chalice with upstretched arms he kneel at the altar.)*

PERDITA: Priest, have pity! Some wine for me. I am about to perish in this cold.

*(The priest places the chalice on the altar. He does not turn toward her.)*

PRIEST: But do you comprehend the sacrifice?

PERDITA: Sacrifice? What is the sacrifice?

PRIEST: Where the roses were are thorns. Let us make a crown of them, to replace the strawberry-blossom wreath you dreamed of.

PERDITA: Turn to me, priest, for you frighten me.

*(The priest turns.)*

PERDITA: I will gather the thorns; they are mine. Last summer they pierced my hand. See, I carry the scar yet; but it does not pain. Fresh wounds shall at least remind my flesh that I am living still.

PRIEST: As the sword shall.

PERDITA: Why do you speak of swords?

PRIEST: We require a sword for the ritual. *(Unfastens a silver sword from his rosary-chain. He lays it across the altar.)*

PERDITA: Here is the crown. I made it roughly. My hands are too tender to take pains with it.

PRIEST: And your brow like the lily.

PERDITA: But I shall not wear it!

PRIEST: It is part of the ritual.

PERDITA: I cannot stand the pain without the roses! Where are the roses?

PRIEST: Here is the altar.

*(Darkness. Spectrum light disordered in the darkness. The varied lights grow individually revealing the three women and the quilt.)*

1ST WOMAN: I can no longer control my hands. The thimbles confuse them.

2ND WOMAN: These clumsy prisons hinder our art.

3RD WOMAN: Let us remove them and feel the silken threads.

*(They remove the thimbles and continue.)*

3RD WOMAN: I have pierced my flesh!

2ND WOMAN: My blood upon the beauty!

1ST WOMAN: The threads have broken!

*(The frame collapses and the separate pieces of cloth flutter like leaves to the ground. The spectrum lights dance and diminish. Blackness.)*

FINIS



follio

