

THE LIBRARY
University of Western Ontario

V. 8 NO. 3



Spring



1956



UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

FOLIO

Volume 8

Number 3

CO-EDITORS

Lois Moody
Sylvia Meyers

STAFF ADVISOR

James R. Scott, B.A.

BUSINESS MANAGER

George Tiviluk

Minister of Publications

Maryane Callaghan

Published by authorization of the University Students' Council of the University of Western Ontario. Folio is printed by the Middlesex Printing Company, 425 Adelaide Street, London, Ontario. The articles in this magazine express the opinions of the writers only. All rights to articles appearing in this magazine are reserved.

The Contributors

PATRICIA ROBINSON	English Language and Literature, '57
CHRIS SALZEN	Journalism, '59
MARGARET POLLARD	English and Philosophy, '56
DONALD MILLS	Medicine, '57
PAT RIGG	Journalism, '56
STEPHANIE LEONARD	Arts, '59
BARRY DUNCAN	Arts, '59
ANNE SELBY	Arts, '56
CAROLINE NELLES	Arts, '59
JOHN GIBSON	Arts, 57

THE COVER

Credits for this year's cover design go to Margaret Pollard. If you are looking for symbols, you may be disappointed; the design merely spells out FOLIO.

P R E F A C E

In the past, considerable criticism has been levelled at FOLIO. Some of it was justified, but much of it has been quite thoughtlessly delivered. FOLIO has been labelled as an "arty" publication catering only to those interested in obscure thought and high-flown diction. However, it is very foolish to attempt to categorize this magazine so neatly. Since its editors and authors change from year to year, each issue will be quite different from its predecessors, and should thus be judged according to its own merits. Those who evaluate the present entirely on general conceptions of the past merely reveal their own lack of comprehension.

FOLIO does not pretend to compete with the great literary products of the ages. Students who approach it in this manner will be disappointed, and rightly so. As a literary publication, its aim is to give potential writers an opportunity to explore their creative powers. Naturally, there will be a considerable range of talent even within a single issue. For this reason, it is particularly unfair to generalize concerning its merits and faults.

Furthermore, FOLIO is not published for the amusement of editors and would-be writers, fascinated at seeing their names in print. As a product of the student body, it endeavors to express the thoughts and emotions of each individual sharing the experience of college life. FOLIO is in a position to be of real service to this university: if it is unsuccessful, the fault lies in those of us who fail to realize its potential.

The '55-56 edition of FOLIO is somewhat shorter than past issues. As editors, we prefer to accept quality rather than quantity as our basis for judgment. Certain contributions were rejected because they seemed rather obscure and confused; frankly, we couldn't understand them. Others appeared to be merely patch-work paraphrases of similar poems of much higher calibre. Still others looked suspiciously like ordinary prose masquerading as poetry in the form of free verse; simplicity can be a virtue, but not when pushed to extremes.

However, those who perennially criticize FOLIO as an "arty" book should be pleased to note that the '55-56 edition seems to tend more toward "orthodoxy" than many of its predecessors. Whether this is a merit or a fault depends entirely on the opinion of the individual reader.

FOLIO and its staff are not opposed to beneficial criticism, but only to unfair and thoughtless denunciation. If anyone who has carefully read and considered this year's issue has any helpful suggestions to offer, we would be happy to receive them. Our power as editors is very sharply limited by the interest and co-operation of the student body. We cannot force students to submit material, nor can we assume that the magazine is read with the appreciation and sincerity it deserves. FOLIO is not an institution; it is an opportunity for the students to use as they please.

The World of Donald

Anne Selby

HE FELT good as he opened his eyes against the slanting rays streaming through the window, good and strong and wide awake. An involuntary chuckle rose in his throat as he stretched his arms high above him, making a fist and straining his muscles. Shave, wash, dress, and breakfast, then let the day come. He was ready for it.

His name was Donald, not Don and never Donny. Ever since he could remember it had been Donald and that was just the way he wanted it. He was 26 years old, single, and determined to stay that way for as long as was profitable. Angular, long-limbed and strong-jawed, his slightly thinning shock of coffee-colored hair always smelled of the very best tonics.

In short, he was a young executive with an avowed mission in life—to make connections, money, and women in that order. As for the connections, knowing the right people was second nature by now. During his college years, he had learned to cultivate those people who could help him to get ahead, and had classified them as rich, influential, and vulgarly popular. Other people existed somewhere beyond his world of elegantly pale blondwood furniture, hand-stitched ties and champagne cocktails, but he avoided them if possible.

So much for the connections. The money followed naturally from them. As for the women, about them he was always discreet, and with them he was always successful. Rich and beautiful, rich and ugly (these for business purposes only), rich and pampered, rich and frustrated—it made no difference. He was the master of every situation. His love-making was always remembered with nostalgia, for there was nothing brutish about Donald. He was suave yet tender, demanding yet appealing, dignified yet satisfying. When each affair was closed, it was the woman who made the break. Although she never quite knew how she had come to do so, she was certain that parting was her idea.

This was part of the charm of Donald. He could subtly persuade a woman that the time had come to call it quits without once mentioning it to her.

Last night, just such a parting had taken place. It was inevitable in the light of the fact that she had become a bore. And although a beautiful

bore could at times be tolerated, a demanding bore, beautiful or not, was a consummation devoutly to be shunned.

The ringing phone brought Donald's arm sharply down from its outstretched position.

"Sorry to wake you my boy, but something rather important has come up. Can we have lunch together?"

"You didn't wake me Mr. Oland, I'm up and just about dressed. And of course we can have lunch. Not bad news I hope? No . . . good enough . . . Schraff's at noon? Splendid".

As he dressed Donald hummed to himself. Mr. Oland was the head of a large toy manufacturing company. He was also an essential account of the Albright Advertising Agency for which Donald worked and which in turn worked for Donald. Whenever Mr. Oland wanted to see Donald it meant a bigger and better advertising campaign and that in turn meant bigger and better commissions. Needless to say, Mr. Oland and Donald were personal friends. It was almost a father and son relationship with the latter manipulating the former's ideas like clay which miraculously moulded itself into bright and shining dollars.

He slipped into his trousers admiring as he did so, the knife-sharp crease in the fine worsted material. Shirt—that laundry was magnificent, an artist with starch,—tie,—knotted into perfect "Windsor",—suitcoat—wide-brimmed matching hat, and Donald was ready to step into the fresh spring air of the city. It was his city—big and sprawling it had lain like a slumbering mistress waiting with open arms to welcome him. And she had not been disappointed. He had quickly learned her ways and had eagerly made them his own.

"Good morning, sir. Main floor?"

"Please Jack."

The air felt warm on his face as he stepped from the canopy-covered doorway to the clean-swept pavement. Punctual to the second, the boy from the parking lot was sitting behind the wheel of Donald's new chrome-streaked convertible.

With a broad-smiled thanks and the usual generous tip, Donald slid behind the wheel. His mind, as he drove to work, was busy. Uppermost in his mind was the Oland account. That would simply be a matter of listening,

advising and collecting. Plans for today and a long list of tomorrows passed through his mind, and he smiled as he fitted each into its respective niche—a niche for everything.

He was so busy thinking that he failed to notice the little girl. She darted across the street clutching plastic-covered textbooks tightly to her flat young chest. The brakes screeched as Donald finally realized that a figure blocked his path, all wide eyes, and a mass of swirling arms and legs. Hurrying from the car, he saw that the legs were now motionless.

“It wasn’t your fault, boy. The kid ran right in front of you. I saw it.”

The man who had just rushed up to Donald was bending over the silent shape as he talked. Donald glanced momentarily at a “History of Ancient Civilization” lying open at his feet. Good God—the kid couldn’t be dead. That was one kind of publicity he could do without. A slight moan from the girl reassured him, and he rushed forward to meet the arriving policeman.

An old hand at meeting emergencies, the policeman called quickly for an ambulance, and dispersed the staring crowd.

“I’ll be glad to take care of the hospitalization, and see that she gets the best treatment possible. There’s a witness here who saw the whole thing. It wasn’t my fault—he can vouch for that.”

“That’s right, officer, this kid just ran across the street hurrying to school I guess, not watching where she was going.”

After bundling the child into an ambulance, Donald contacted his attorney. Arrangements were made with the girl’s family, and Donald was assured that no unfavorable publicity would result from the accident. The almighty dollar bill had again saved the day.

* * *

Only slightly late for his luncheon date, Donald made the necessary excuses to Mr. Oland. They were graciously accepted, and a boring but profitable hour of chatter began.

A tired and fresh looking Donald made his way home that evening. Plans for the evening ahead filtered through his mind. A short-cut to the apartment took Donald along a side street. As he rounded the corner, he

saw the figure as it darted from the curb. He swerved (anything to avoid this morning's process). He felt the wheels skid against the curb, the car lurch sideways. Everything began to spin as it rolled over.

"Officer, it was my fault. I ran into the street, and he swerved to keep from hitting me, the poor guy looks so still lying there. He'll be alright, won't he?"

Donald didn't hear the mingled awe, pity, and fear in the woman's voice as she bent over him. His neck had snapped. As the sobbing woman bent over him, he could not feel the hot moist tears that fell on his fine worsted suit. The crowd mumbled sympathetically at his lifeless body.

"So young, such a promising future, what a waste, what a pity", spouted Mr. Oland when he heard of the accident.

A little boy rushed home carrying a card to his mother. It was a souvenir of the first accident he had ever seen. He had found it lying on the ground. "Albright Advertising Agency", it said, and in the bottom right-hand corner was a dirt-smudged, illegible name. The card was stored among the boy's prized possessions, and he vowed that when he grew up, he too would have a grand card just like that one with his name on the lower right-hand corner.



The White Robe

Chris. Salzen

THE CHILDREN were so excited they hardly slept all night and now, at sunrise, they were badgering their drowsy parents. They wanted to be dressed in their new clothes and they clamored impatiently for breakfast.

The happy infection soon spread to their parents and they, indulgently remembering their own childhood, roused themselves from sleep and capitulated to the all-pervading joy of this day of days.

The parents decided to let grandfather sleep until it was absolutely necessary that he get up. For, after all, if it was anyone's day of days, it was certainly grandfather's.

But grandfather had been awake since the first light crept over the horizon. He had quietly dressed and had been standing at the window for an hour or more, staring out as the strengthening rosy glow outlined first the blurred shapes, then the limbs and leaves of the trees, and the smooth, shiny curves of the neighboring houses.

When the gay chattering of the children and the answering gentle rebukes of the parents told him that the family was astir, he went into his bathroom, washed, brushed his teeth and combed back his straight, black hair.

One hundred years, three months and four days! It had been wonderful, every moment of it, he told his reflection in the mirror over the basin. Of course there had been scattered incidents to inject a note of discord now and then but it was difficult to call them to memory unless as faint, vague disturbances somewhere back in his mind.

That Louise had to go last year was unfortunate. I would have been nice to do it together as some of their friends did, but he supposed that he should have thought about that seventy-five years ago when he married a woman one year older than himself.

When his daughter reluctantly called him down to breakfast, he went first to the closet and rubbed his hand gently down the soft, white fabric of the robe hanging there, wishing that he could put it on right

away, but reflecting with a smile that it wouldn't do to have egg stains on one's robe and you couldn't be too careful.

"I know it's pretty early, dad," his daughter greeted him at the kitchen door, "but, you know—the children. They're awfully excited and it's only once a year."

"That's alright Joan," he said, "I can't help admitting I'm a little excited myself, as if I didn't have a right to be. I even considered, just for an instant, putting on the robe right away, but I couldn't take a chance on soiling it. It's too precious."

"Yes, it's been in our family for a long time. The other day when I was letting out the hem for you, I was almost afraid to touch it. There's something almost sacred about it and it would have been sacrilege to put even one stitch in the wrong place."

Fred, his son-in-law, greeted him heartily as they all sat down to breakfast. The two older children, five and seven, could hardly sit long enough to gulp their orange juice and the youngest, in his high chair, splashed his pabulum in all directions as if he knew that on a joyous day like this, no adult could entertain even the slightest notion about slapping a baby's hand.

After breakfast, the dishes were left dirty on the table as the family moved into the living room to exchange gifts in accordance with a custom whose origins had been long forgotten.

For grandfather of course, there were no gifts. This was his day to give and he had spared neither expense nor soul-searching moments of decision in the stores to earn the shouts of appreciation which now filled the room.

While they admired each other's gifts and the young ones strewed colored wrappings over the floor, he went upstairs to get ready. He would have to wait for the others before leaving the house, but now the robe was his to wear and he couldn't put off the temptation any longer.

It took all of an hour and some fine teamwork by the parents to get themselves and their offspring arrayed in their best clothes and ready to leave.

They waited near the front door as grandfather slowly came down the stairs. They saw him, almost saintly in the robe, linger for a long minute

at the bottom, and quite naturally under the circumstances, look at each detail of the room and its furnishings as if trying to absorb everything with his eyes. Even the youngest child was cowed into silence by the apparent solemnity of this moment.

The solemnity was dispelled by grandfather himself. Smiling warmly, he opened the door and held it to let the others go out ahead of him.

“It’s a beautiful, lovely morning and it’s my morning,” he told them all as he gently closed the door behind him.

As grandfather headed out into the centre of the road, the family joined other families on the sidewalk. As they began to move slowly along, they could hear the cheering faintly in the distance and it kept growing in intensity as they drew nearer to the centre of the city.

They followed a parallel course, the families on the sidewalk, the rapidly growing numbers of grandfathers, and grandmothers too, in the centre of the road. There was no traffic on the streets of the city this day.

Lamp posts were festooned with bright blossoms of every color and description. Cheering and joyous shouting almost drowned out the high, sweet choral music drifting from the loudspeakers placed at intervals along the route.

They were nearing the hub of the city now and an observer from a high vantage point might have likened the stately building in the centre to a huge vortex, drawing in the long white columns from all the broad clean avenues leading to the city’s heart.

The family were jostled a bit by the holidaying throng, but they managed to keep apace of grandfather and the two older children had to be restrained from running out into the road to be with him.

He would have liked to hold their little hands in his as he walked along, but, after all, dignity was in order, and though he couldn’t restrain an acknowledging smile, he held his head erect and appeared to be ignoring their cries.

Almost there now, and you could see the Eternals in their robes of office, each waiting under a huge painted letter of the alphabet, and each holding a pen and record book in readiness.

One could almost pity the Eternals. Who would want to live forever

and ever and ever? But someone had to keep the records, someone who would be fair and impartial with no reason to alter a birth date here, a birth date there. For such monumental self-sacrifice you had to admire them.

And still the white robes came. Was it possible that so many of the citizens had passed their hundredth birthday since this same day last year?

When all those directly connected with the ceremonies had arrived, a hush fell over the crowd. Jubilant spirits gave place to awe-stricken respect as the Great Eternal mounted the rostrum in front of the building and began to speak.

The speech was brief and differed little from the untold numbers of speeches he had made on similar occasions in the past. He was interrupted at approximately the same places by bursts of applause and received approximately the same glorious ovation when he had finished.

The Great Eternal, in a few well-selected words, had welcomed the white-robed ones, praising them for past services to the city, congratulated them and (who could help it?) envied them.

Massed bands crashed into the opening bars of an anthem so full, so fairly bursting with uncontained gaiety that the white robes were almost tempted to stay out there and listen to it.

But they soon formed orderly ranks located according to the first letter of each one's surname and began to file past the Eternals who checked off the name of each in their books.

The day of days swiftly neared its climax. White robe after white robe filed into the great circular hall of the Building. When all were seated, the massive, air-tight doors dropped slowly down, and the room was sealed off from the outside.

All eyes were then drawn to the centre of the room where from a large fountain, jets of impossibly beautiful colors began to rise and float up, up, right to the vaulted dome of the hall. As the white robes gazed, enchanted by such extravagant beauty as no man had ever imagined, the colors reached the dome, curved downward along the walls, then slowly drifted inward toward the fountain.

A silent multitude waited outside. After what seemed ages, their

patience was rewarded. The great, golden-voiced bells in the Building's tower launched the joyous message to the skies.

Fifty thousand throats then joined in a paeon of delirious praise which lasted till it seemed no human voice could have withstood the strain.

Fred then took leave of Joan and the children to perform with pride his official function as head of the family. He returned, beaming with pleasure, a few minutes later. Under his arm was the white robe.

Home at last, the children taking an enforced afternoon nap, and his wife preparing the holiday dinner, he went to his room, picked up the robe and walked to the full-length mirror on the far side of the bed.

Fingers fumbling in his haste, he stripped off shirt, shoes and trousers and slipped the robe over his head, let it cascade in snowy whiteness over his shoulders until he stood there as his wife's father had probably done that very morning, almost intoxicated with sheer joy and longing.

His wife tip-toed into the room, put her arms around him and kissed him gently.

"That hem will have to come down another half inch."



The Tree of Life

PAT ROBINSON

A mind as tight-furled as Spring's newest bud,
Where petty thoughts and self-concern hold sway,
Both striving to exclude the broadening world
And turn into the cupped leaflets, and hide—
And this is man.

A body open to the ravager
Of all the world, as saplings to the storm
When darkening Summer winds race overland
And harsher Nature bends her weaker form—
This too is man.

A spirit seeking after fuller life,
Athirst for ideals alien to its world,
As blindly moving as the driven leaves which
From brown branches Autumn rains have hurled—
This dream is man.

And yet, within this spirit, body, mind,
There moves a quickening, restless force, the soul,
Which like the tree's sap, promises new life
And greater things beyond, with God its goal—
This makes a man.

Character Sketch

MARGARET POLLARD

Well-tailored mincing mechanism,
Appropriate, inoffensive.
Murky windows of a sick soul, silver-rimmed.
Conventional pin-striped stance
And literary lisp
Precise, like the literary authorities.

All the vibrant rush of the living mind
Passionate heat of its self-recreation
Lost in the vastness of universal vision,
Wrenching out of mere words a distant facsimile;
Is carefully defined in narrow technicalities
By scholarly reserve.

Epitaph

DON MILLS

If I should die,
Think only this of me:
I need not ask
"To be or not to be?"

Uprooted Pine

DON MILLS

Proudly you stood, erect and green,
Pine of pines, symmetry serene.
Alone on the point, solitary splendour stolid,
Steadfast, deeply based, roots solid.

But you are mute testimony, Tree,
That in Nature there are forces greater than we.

Now I see you wind-swept, branches sparse and bare,
A naked silhouette, etched in the summer air.
Still there is something, Tree, that I'll not forget.
A divine gleam lingers with you yet.

Your appearance will cause me to remember
That there is beauty in defeat and surrender.

Indecision

PAT RIGG

Indecision,
To escape the way out,
Eclipse the concrete into fancied reality
Is evil, the ravager of that peace
Which is in understanding.
Once resolved, to change course in
Midstream is fatal. Beforehand,
Who can tell which is best.
Reason whispers low, is shouted down,
And what else am I than human
If indecision overcomes my sensibility?

Mirth Matches Melancholy

STEPHANIE LEONARD

There lies the lingering tantalization
Submerged in fear and recreation.
The cobblestoned-curtailed upward climb
Of a harrier commonly known as rhyme.

With crystallized hopes and thoughts sublime
Inspired I was to that upward climb,
Only to find in a nebulous glance
It certainly couldn't be left to chance.

Despair deranged a functioning mind,
Stagnation scarred the kindling kind
Oft to peruse with tortuous anguish
The fruit of talent that is left to languish.

I blame that so-called education
The masters designed for a regiment nation.
The realms unfathomed by many
Are found in the magic of a single penny
Grasped in a child's hand.

And with its hooked nose and pointed chin
I take my stand with discontent.
Here, there, and everywhere
The animals to their homes are bent.

The Intruder

BARRY DUNCAN

All alone, totally alone;
Bare and stark against my foes I stand,
An interloper in these wilds untamed.

My island kingdom of solid rock makes me a saint
against these brutes.

There — a gnarled pine, ugly agony personified,
And there — that granite monolith, a soulless hunk
dining on cruelty.

Safe on my barren sanctuary
The barbarous waves chafe me,
This saint who stands in awe,
Witness to their brazen blasts.

They are messengers in this elemental world.
Their text is clear. The saint is an unwanted guest.
They shout — depart.

Warning

CAROLINE NELLES

O lonely yellow moon—
Sinister scab of the sky;
You smile so sweetly there.
Why?

Search as I do for humour—
(Though mine be that of the Earth),
I can find little amusement
In such desperate mirth.

Moist, sickly scrap from the tropics—
Riddled with fevered disease,
Laugh as long as you may—
Do precisely as you please.

For death shall soon o'ershadow
Such hysteric fun,
His measured steps are swift and steady—
From him you cannot run.

O lonely yellow moon—
Sinister scab of the sky;
You smile so sweetly there—
Then, die!

The Dancer

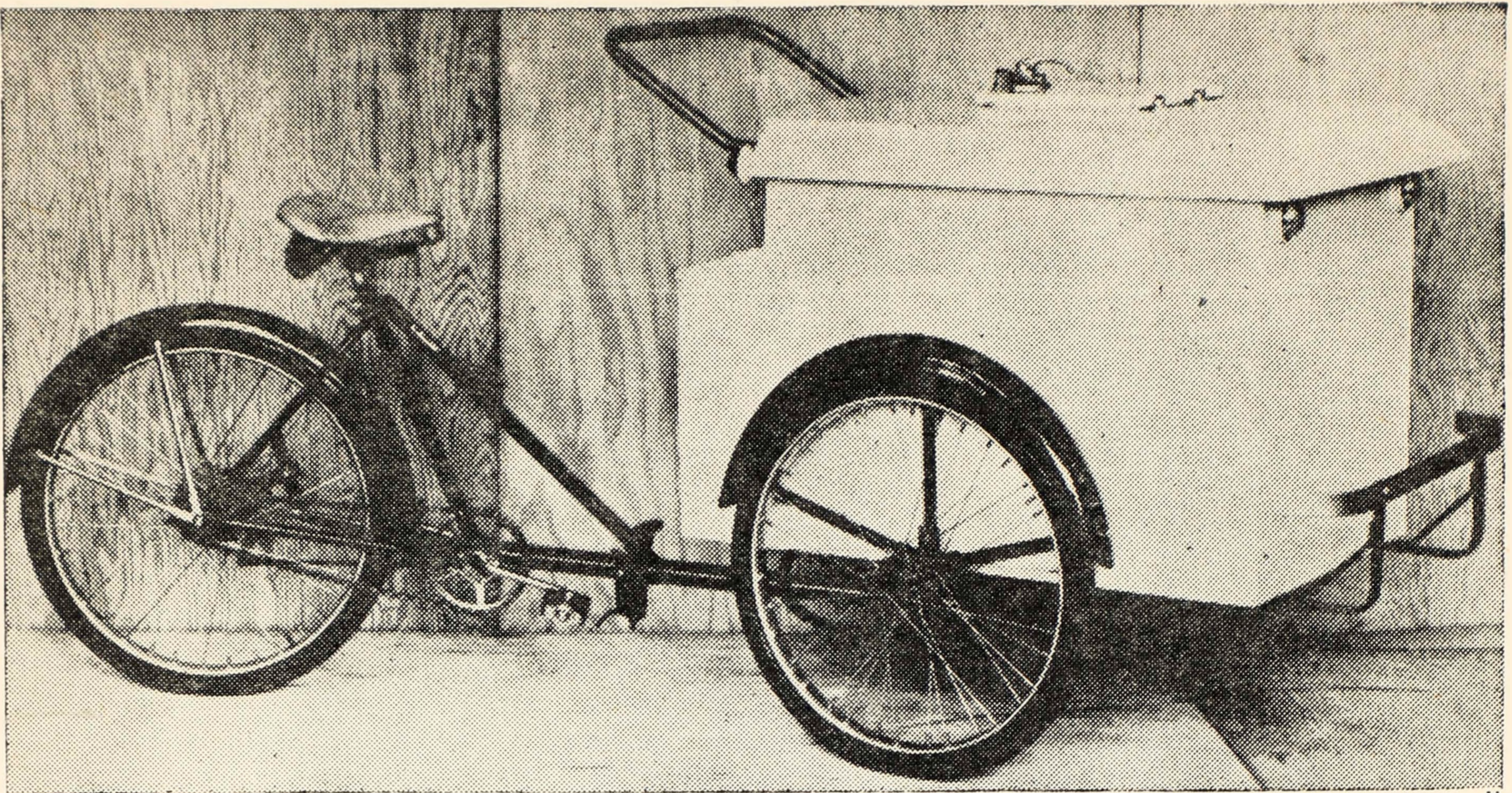
JOHN A. GIBSON

I dream the ballerina acting out—
Black tight body cream petal
Thighs
Dancing, luminous in the night.
Marble cold she stands: Now mark
The eyes—black caverns in a cliff
Chalk white—disdainful glance!
They see not you nor I

She moves! See how
She flits
from pose
to pose!
Tasting moods as subtle wine,
Joy, grief, death—portrayed in kind
Abstractions of a greater mind.
She knows not you nor I.

Sweet smiling grace breathed near me,
Once—
Her thighs fought mine in hungry greed
Till Heaven's portals screamed at me:
"There are two Gods—you dare not wed!"
Two Gods?—Oh foolish men
Who read with bitter eye!
Rip out your letters from the page,
Destroy!—then build again.
Discard the colored lens and see...

Black tight body cream petal thighs
Dancing . . . dancing . . .
She loves not you nor I.



GOOD HUMOR ICE CREAM DISTRIBUTORSHIP AVAILABLE

**AMERICA'S FAVORITE ICE CREAM BRINGS
YOU A GOLD MINE ON WHEELS**

MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE

**The Sky's the limit on your income when you own a Good
Humor Franchise**

What do you consider a good income? Name the figure. You can make it when you own a Protected Good Humor Franchise. This money-maker can be yours. You have no rent to pay, no real estate taxes, you operate under minimum expense. You have no credit accounts. All sales are quick and strictly cash.

Quick turnover means quick profits, you can work as long as you wish and where you wish. You are not tied down to any one location. Submit details of your past and present employment.

For further information write to

20th CENTURY MERCHANDISING CO.

435 QUERBES ST., MONTREAL, QUE.

Fashionable Eligance . .


In all the things a Girl needs



BLOUSES

SKIRTS

SWEATERS



MARY SKIDMORE

3-8547

416 Richmond Street



PERFECT DIAMONDS from —

CHESTER PEGG

DIAMOND IMPORTERS

Sold to you
at

Wholesale Prices

Open Fridays 'till 9 p.m.

425 RICHMOND STREET

