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"THERE ARE NO
ADVENTURES LIKE
INTELLECTUAL ONES"

HENRY JAMES

Prose

ALICE LAIDLAW
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The Dimensions of a Shadow

ALICE LAIDLAW

MISS ABELHART CAME OUT of the church alone. Her feet made quick, sharp, certain sounds on the cement steps—not the light tapping sounds pumps make, but harder, heavier claps. Miss Abelhart was wearing oxfords. She wore also a light tweed coat, a straight ugly coat, and an absurd little black hat. Most of her clothes were chosen for their ugliness or absurdity, and she wore them with a certain defiance, as though she proudly recognized in them a drabness closely akin to her own.

She was not ugly or absurd, in herself, only a little dried and hollowed, with straw hair tightly and tastelessly curled, and skin somewhat roughened, as if she had been for a long time facing a harsh wind. There was no blood in her cheeks, and something like dust lay over her face. People who looked at her knew that she was old, and had been old always. She was thirty-three.

A woman's shrill call came from the brightness of the church porch, "Miss Abelhart, Miss Abelhart, we're having a temperance meeting downstairs!"

Miss Abelhart stopped, and half-turned. Her pale eyes narrowed, and grew cunning and afraid.

"Miss Abelhart!" the voice called again. "Aren't you coming, Miss Abelhart?"

Miss Abelhart hesitated. Then quite clearly and deliberately, she said, "No".

"What? Aren't you coming?"

"No. No, I'm not coming." Miss Abelhart walked away very quickly, feeling, at first, rather buoyant and victorious, then rather afraid. Temperance meetings and prayer circles and church on Sundays made a pale semblance of a life for her, fettered her in the neat routine of the little town. After all, it was foolish to break a fetter, and walk into nothing. So good to be free for a moment, and then so terrible to be endlessly alone.

"No," said Miss Abelhart, under her breath. "No. I'm not coming. . . ." Her voice trailed away in a dubious undertone. Then she caught herself up sharply, and tightened her lips and glanced stealthily about her. Often lately she found that she was talking to herself.

It was June, and the night had not come yet. The sky was hidden in pale soft clouds, promising rain, and the air was warm and still. The dusty, hurrying smells of the day were not in it, only the heavy sweetness of lilacs, already past their prime, and the rich scent of peonies. Peonies drooped by the garden gate, their deep reds darkened, and their petals fallen together, because they belonged to the day. All polite garden flowers belonged to the day; when night came, only the fragile smells of them floated and faded on the air. Perhaps on the hills outside the town there were night-flowers, wild and scentless, stars buried in the long grass—but those Miss Abelhart would never see.

She walked more slowly, now, forebearing, like a child, to step on the cracks in the sidewalk. The sidewalk, she thought, is divided into squares, and the squares make a block, small and tight, and the blocks make a tidy pattern. The town is a pattern, hidden in the dark. Miss Abelhart looked at the houses on either side of the street—houses of brick and stone, decent with porches and steps and shutters. They were closed houses watching covertly with hooded eyes, knowing their places in the pattern. Yet some of them had lamps lit, in the windows . . .

Three girls were standing in the yellow circle under a street light. They looked at Miss Abelhart, and said hello, and smiled the quick bland smiles they kept for a teacher. Miss Abelhart saw the lovely clarity of their features, and the grace of their young bodies, and looked away from them. She straightened her shoulders and walked more stiffly, more carefully, feeling the girls' clear eyes at her back.

She thought of the boy. The thought of him was never far from the surface of her mind, always wavering, like a shadow, over her consciousness. Girls like those were for him. Their long light limbs, and their soft mouths and the tender fullness of their cheeks were only for his pleasure. They smiled at him and followed him with their eyes; they waited for him and wanted him. One of those he would choose.

But he does not look at them as he looks at me. They are young and common and willing . . .

Very clearly in her mind, she saw the picture of the boy. He was sitting in a Latin class; his dark hair was tumbled and his forehead wrinkled in puzzlement, his long legs stretched carelessly across the aisle. Then, slowly he lifted his head and smiled, his brown eyes twinkling to hazel, and his mouth twisted up at one corner, so that he looked like a roguish, beautiful little boy. He was beautiful, in a curious and imperfect way. His slim body was too frail and graceful, his untidy curls too picturesque, and his smile too charming, but he was beautiful. When she thought of him, Miss Abelhart felt a great tenderness and anguish.

It was the second week of June. In four days the school closed, and he would be gone.

She realized that she had been walking towards the school. Once Sunday had been a day for forgetting conjugations and subjunctives and Virgil, a day for breathing air untainted by chalk dust and the subtle odor of human boredom. Now it was an empty day, stretching and yearning toward Monday, when the days of meaning and possibility began again. Every day for five days, Monday till Friday, he sat for forty minutes at a desk in front of her and frowned over grammar or stumbled through a translation. Every day he stood facing her in Assembly and met her once or twice in the halls, perhaps walked down the hill with her, by accident, at four o'clock—and watched her, and hid secret things under his words.

She felt the familiar cold senation of fear. *I am making this up; it cannot be true. It is impossible. If I keep on, I will be mad. . . . But it is true. I am not imagining. Please, God, I am not going crazy . . .*

She crossed the street, and stood in front of the school. The school held the early darkness around it, becoming shadowy and indistinct. Only the blind slits of windows and the long fingers of ivy stood out black in the shadows At night, the school was lonely. Soon now it would be lonely for all the summer—lonely always because the boy would not come back in the fall, with the others. The little insistent fear was swallowed up in emptiness

and Miss Abelhart did not want to look at the school any longer. She turned away.

Then she saw him. The boy was standing quite motionless at the end of the walk, and he was watching her. He wore a dun colored raincoat; his hair was rumpled and his hands were shoved deep into his pockets. When he saw her looking at him, he said, "Hello, Miss Abelhart."

"Hello," she said quietly.

He walked toward her. He smiled.

"What are you doing up here?" he asked.

"I'm just walking." She was trembling. It was very strange to meet him away from the security of the Latin room, outside the tight little circle of the life in the school. It occurred to her that she had never seen him before when it was not daytime. At night his face was pale, and a little unreal.

"I was looking at the school," he said. "I don't know, I got thinking, and I just stood and looked at it."

"What did you think about?" asked Miss Abelhart.

"Oh, I thought that I only had four days left to go here. I'm not coming back, you know, if I get my year."

"Yes, I know."

"Well, it seems funny, after five years, I mean, it will seem funny. You get used to it." He was quiet a moment, and then he said, slowly, as if he could not quite find words for what was in his mind. "This last year—it seems longer than all the rest of the time, more important, or something. Maybe because I'm older. I don't know."

Then he said quite suddenly, "This year was the first year you were here."

The incredible words had been spoken. Then, after all, it was true. Miss Abelhart did not believe for a moment that she had heard him, and when she knew she had, a deep shiver passed over her whole body, and she was happy and afraid. He was here then; he was looking at her, and telling her, and he was himself, not the restless, beloved shadow that ate the substance of her mind.

"Yes," she said, "it seems a long time to me, too."

It was odd how much he looked like the boy at college—a little like the boy at home too. Perhaps it was only the way the dark blurred his face—or perhaps it was the look of arrogance and embarrassment he wore, the young look that had been on all their faces. Now he would tell her.

"I had a terrible case on you," he said. "I guess you must have noticed it. It lasted all year. I couldn't seem to help it——"

"Yes." She looked at him steadily, without shame or surprise; her cheeks warmed a little with the slow deep beating of her heart.

"You knew, didn't you?" he said.

"Yes."

"I couldn't believe it at first. I thought it was awful."

"Did you?"

"I mean, you expect to have crushes on kids, but—— hell, you're years older than I am. Maybe as old as my mother, I don't know."

"No, not that old."

"I'm sorry. But you're not pretty, you're not—— oh, damn, I don't know what I mean!"

"You mean," said Miss Abelhart, "that I am sexless. Like a block of wood or a husk of corn."

"No!" The boy flushed and floundered. "No, no, you're not."

"But to other people, I am. Barren and sterile and useless." The things that had lain so darkly hidden were given sound and shape and hung in frozen words on the air.

"I don't know," the boy said. "It doesn't matter. But you're so smart. I wouldn't want to be that smart. You know everything nobody else does, and they're all afraid of you." He smiled. "I don't have to worry, do I? I'm not even smart enough to get Upper School Latin."

"I can't help it, I really can't," said Miss Abelhart earnestly. "I'm not smart at all. It's this town. If you knew what I do, trying to be like other people, the meetings I go to, the things I say . . ."

"But it doesn't do any good. People know you aren't like they are. They laugh at you."

"You said a moment ago they were afraid of me."

"They are, sometimes. Other times they laugh. I never thought I'd have a crush on somebody everyone laughed at . . ."

Miss Abelhart asked evenly, "Isn't there any word for it besides 'crush'? It sounds so crude, so—— infantile."

"Well, that's what it was! I hated myself about it. I was scared to death all the kids would find out. I laughed at you more than anybody, so they wouldn't . . ."

She was very pale again, but she did not flinch. She only said, "Did you? That was clever."

The boy was bewildered. "Oh, no! It only made it worse after. I couldn't help it. It kept getting worse——. All I'm trying to say is I couldn't understand it—why it was you. I couldn't see what it was about you."

"Maybe it wasn't anything about me," said Miss Abelhart. "Did you ever think that once in her life, a woman has a right to have someone look at her and not see anything about her, just her, herself? Every woman has a right, no matter how old or ugly she is. Someone should love her, even because she is ugly."

"It isn't loving. I don't know what it is. I kept thinking it'd go away. Things like that don't keep on."

"Tell me how it began," said Miss Abelhart, more calmly. "Walk with me and tell me about it."

They began to walk, side by side, not looking at each other, not touching, through the quiet streets of the town. The town clock struck nine. They walked under a street light and their shadows whirled about their feet. Miss Abelhart's shadow was black and solid and cleanly drawn, but the boy's was long and misty, curving like smoke over the sidewalk and the grass.

"I can't explain how it started," said the boy, in the same tired, troubled voice. "I guess it was in the fall. Not right after you came. I didn't even notice you then, except I thought you knew a lot of Latin."

"And nothing else?"

"I guess so."

"I didn't. I don't. Go on."

"Then we were doing that play, 'As You Like It.' You were cutting it down, sort of ending it, and you came to watch the practices."

"Yes, you were Orlando."

Young Orlando, in tights and a homemade green suit, that would have made another boy foolish and ashamed. Tall and gallant and lovely,

moving like a wild young animal on a bit of wooden stage.

"Then I started talking to you and going around where you were, even sometimes I'd watch to see if you were listening when I said my lines——"

Stiffly, terribly, the way high school boys always say Shakespeare. But you were smiling and shaking the curls from your forehead, and the sun went down outside and the smoke of burning leaves came in through the window.

"Then in the winter, I'd be waiting, underneath, all morning till it was time for Latin. I'd sit and watch you and listen to you, and I put something into everything you said. As if you were talking to me in a way nobody else could understand. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes. Yes, I know."

"I didn't let on, though. I watched you at Assembly. Sometimes I thought you looked at me. I knew every time you were standing at your door, when I went by. If you weren't there, I'd pretend I'd forgotten a book or something, and go back, so maybe you'd be there when I went past again.

"I can't remember what all I did," the boy went on quickly. "It was the damnedest, craziest thing. One day you came into the 'Wreck Room' at noon when I was playing the piano for the kids, and you asked me to play something. I played that piece for a week after. I could have played it in my sleep. Do you remember?"

"Yes."

The "Wreck Room" at noon is noise and smoke and laughing and the little tin notes of the piano and the girls with long legs and loud voices, dancing. But you did not play for them. You looked at me when you played, and you smiled secretly, slowly . . ."

"When I got a chance to talk to you, I couldn't," he said. "I could feel my insides jumping around whenever you spoke to me, even if it was just something about Horace. Oh, I was ashamed of myself! I didn't know how it could happen, and now I don't know how it can stop——."

They stood still. They had come to the end of a street. The town stopped suddenly and there was no pattern any more, only the empty, broken country, pathless in the dark.

They turned, and walked back into the town, back to Miss Abelhart's boarding-house. The sound of Miss Abelhart's footsteps was the only sound in the night. The boy walked noiselessly. Once Miss Abelhart thought that he had gone away, silently, but when she turned he was still close beside her.

"I don't know how it can stop," the boy repeated. "I don't know what to do."

Miss Abelhart looked at him, and saw his face white, cracked with hurt and bewilderment. She wanted to stroke his hair tenderly with her fingers, and hold his head gently in her hands. She did not touch him. She stared at him, fascinated, almost unbelieving.

"It is you, isn't it?" she whispered, "You are here?"

"What are you talking like that for?"

"Sometimes I look at you and your face waves; just as if you were under water, and you seem to be going away from me . . . farther and farther . . . I must be dizzy."

"Yes."

"Only it seems as if you couldn't be real."

"Why?"

"The way you talked—what you told me . . ."

"I just told you. I had to tell you sometime."

Miss Abelhart shook her head.

"The others," she said, "the others never told me. I went on for so long and they looked at me and talked, but they never told me. Then they went away. I never saw them any more."

"What others?"

"Oh, you didn't know them, did you? I forgot. It doesn't matter anyway." She put her hand on his arm to stop him, to make him listen carefully to the important thing.

"I don't think they ever really loved me at all," she said. "They never did. I just thought it. I made up things in my head and then watched for all the times they looked at me, and remembered all the things they said . . . maybe they didn't like me, even. They felt sorry for me, or curious. Maybe they were laughing at me—I never thought of all this, till now."

"Who was laughing at you?"

"You were, too. You told me. But not now. I can see by your eye you're not laughing now. You — — love me."

The boy winced and tightened his lips, but he said nothing.

"Don't you?" Miss Abelhart's voice grew harsh. "Don't you? Don't you?"

"I don't know——oh, yes. Yes, yes I do."

He was defeated. Miss Abelhart grew quieter, and did not speak again for a moment.

"It's so odd," she said sadly. "None of the others did, and now you do. It doesn't matter about them. I might have been making it up about you, too, you know. I couldn't have borne it, if I had been. I waited so often. I couldn't have waited any more. It makes me sorry," she said, "because it happened too late. It doesn't really make any difference, though. It would always have been too late. It's something to have," she said. "A woman has to have something, even a husk of a woman like me. I always knew a woman had to have something, and now I have . . ."

"You talk like you were glad," the boy broke out fiercely.

"It's very cruel of me. But I never had anything else. I don't even feel sorry for you really. I've suffered, always. No one else has. I never saw anyone's face look like that, for me . . ."

The boy gave a low furious exclamation, almost like a cry, and Miss Abelhart stopped suddenly. She took his face in her hands.

"Oh, I am cruel! You must forget about it. You will forget, won't you?"

He twisted away from her. "Don't look at me like that!" he whispered hoarsely. "Don't look at me!"

"I don't care if you forget," she said. "I don't care if I don't have anything for the rest of my life. Oh, you don't understand, do you?"

He did not answer. He did not even turn his head.

"You are so young," she said gently. Then, "Go home now. I'll go the rest of the way by myself."

The three girls whom she had seen earlier in the evening walked past them. They were giggling together and glancing furtively from the corners of their eyes. The boy did not even look at them.

"Go home," said Miss Abelhart. "It's all right now. Goodbye."

The boy did not say goodbye. He turned and went away. In a moment she could not see him at all. His body had faded into thin darkness.

Miss Abelhart walked haltingly along the street towards her boarding-house. She was crying, and the close, sweet night pressed around her, making

her weak and sick. The night was full of poisonous fragrance and whirling, dissolving shadows, and she was dizzy, very dizzy. The girls ahead of her were laughing and glancing behind; their shrill excited voices eddied in circles around her brain.

"She had her hands out. Like this. You'd think she was trying to hold onto something."

"She thought she was talking to somebody. She was saying go home, or something."

" 'You are so young,' that's what she said. She was staring and staring, just like there was a person . . ."

"Jesus Christ! That's it! She thought there was somebody right there beside her!"

There was a little gasp of horror from the three of them. They looked at each other, struck silent for a moment; then they broke into high nervous laughter.

Miss Abelhart staggered once, and leaned back against a lamp-post. She pressed her hands to her head and stared into the outer night. The night was black, the color of madness. The laughter of the girls rose crazily and screamed about her ears, and then fell away. Miss Abelhart was alone in a bottomless silence.

An Ear to a Knot Hole

GERALD FREMLIN

"I CAN TELL A TRUE STORY about an old fellow in the village I used to live in who founded a new religion," said Carmichael. "His name was Wynne Mervin and nobody liked him very much. Not that there was really anything the matter with him though."

"MY UNCLE," said Andrew, "grew a squash that weighed two hundred pounds and won first prize at the Chicago World's Fair. Then he shipped it to Paris and won first prize again but when they brought it home it was rotten."

"Anyway," went on Carmichael, "this fellow Wynne Mervin bought a new single-breasted suit with two buttons and when he walked out on the street the first person he met told him he had the wrong button done up, so he undid that one and did up the other."

"In the year 1945," said Mel, "I saw only one picture show and I forget what it was. I'm still not much for going to picture shows."

"Well, sir," said Carmichael, "the next person Wynne meets tells him that that isn't the right button either so he undid that one and went along with his coat wide open. And then someone else told him he shouldn't have a coat like that wide open so Wynne did both the buttons up."

"MY AUNT said that it was just as well the thing was rotten because she wouldn't eat any of it in any case because it was grown in almost pure hen manure. So then they threw it out in the back yard. Next spring there were about three hundred squash plants came up where my uncle planted his lettuce."

"And then Wynne met someone who told him he should only have one button done up on a suit like that."

"MY UNCLE must have died almost twenty years ago though. I don't even remember him but my father used to talk about him quite a bit."

"Well sir, old Wynne went right off his head then. He tore off the suit and all the rest of his clothes and hollers out, 'all right you smart buggers here's my belly-button! There's only one and it's buttoned up and it's going to stay buttoned up.' I'll never forget that even though I wasn't there and only heard about it afterwards."

"I'LL never forget hearing about the time my uncle played the part of Uncle Tom in Uncle Tom's Cabin in my father's home town," said Andrew. "He was supposed to wear a kidney belt underneath his shirt so that he wouldn't get hurt when they whipped him. Anyway my uncle forgot to put it on and when this fellow takes a cut at him with the whip, my uncle hollers out, 'Jesus Christ! I forgot to put the belt on!' Everyone thought it was so good he was in every play afterwards."

"I was in a play at Sunday School once," said Mel, "but I didn't stay in it because I was supposed to take my shoes off. They said if I wanted to be in the play I'd have to take my shoes off, but I wouldn't, so I wasn't in the play."

"So there was old Wynne running up and down hollering, with nothing

on but his shoes and stockings. The town cop arrested him for indecent exposure. First thing Wynne did when he got out in a month was to go up town Saturday night and start preaching that Adam didn't have a belly-button because he didn't have a mother."

"MY FATHER tells about a fellow in his home town who fell off a church and was crazy ever afterwards," said Andrew. "He thought he was a railroad surveyor and used to go around with a hoop in one hand and a potato in the other laying out railroads all over town. One time he burnt down a house because he said it was square on the right of way. People started taking him serious then."

"Anyhow," said Carmichael, "Wynne claimed that because Adam didn't have a belly-button and we have, that we are children of the soil and don't have to pay attention to the Bible any more. People nearly died of laughter and they hollered things at him but it just made Wynne preach all the louder."

"MY FATHER used to tell a story about the old man who used to collect the garbage in the town he came from," said Andrew. "This fellow had an old wagon and an old plug horse. One day some fellow on the street hollers, 'That horse can't draw much can it, Johnnie?' and the old man hollers back, 'It can draw the eyes of all the damn fools on this street!' I'll never forget that."

"I almost won a pony when I was a kid," said Mel. "Everyone got coupons with their groceries and saved them for someone who was trying to get the pony. After a while it worked out that there were only three of us still saving. I was third in the contest because the other fellows had more relatives in town saving for them. Most of my relatives live on the west coast. I've only seen one of my uncles and two of my aunts and I don't remember them very well."

"Well sir," continued Carmichael, "the more people hollored at old Wynne, the more he preached. When he hollers out, 'My navel is the centre of my being!' someone hollers back, 'Do you figure you can balance on 'er Wynne?' 'Don't doubt but what I can,' says Wynne."

"THE FIRST TIME MY UNCLE ever ate olives they were stuffed with pimentos," said Andrew, "but the second time they weren't and my uncle broke one of his false teeth when he clamped down on the pit he didn't think was there. He never had the tooth put back in but my father says that everyone always said that the missing tooth made the set look more natural."

"Okay," says this guy, "We'll see about that." So he went and got a hoe handle and drove it in the ground and says 'Okay Wynne, let's see you balance on it.' Well sir, old Wynne takes off his shirt, get up on a park bench and lowers himself on the hoe handle. He balanced all right but the hoe handle almost went right through him, besides he had to hook his toes under a park bench. He still claimed that he balanced but everyone just laughed at him. They were all sorry afterwards though, because old Wynne dropped dead on his way home and everyone figured that it was because they'd put him up to balancing."

"MY FATHER," said Andrew, "says that the biggest funeral he ever saw in his home town, was for the town drunk who blew his brains out playing Russian Roulette."

Gordie

BILL DAVIDSON

GORDIE TURNER was a smart boy. He knew all the angles, all the tricks. Nobody ever put anything over on Gordie.

Some boys like to play rough, other like to take a chance. But not Gordie. That is why the gang that hung around the drug store on Saturday night looked up to him. Here was a guy who used his head.

Now, Gordie didn't play the horses because a fellow told him that most of the races were fixed. Gordie got that tip from the inside. He was no one's fool. He didn't shoot dice with Harry because he'd heard that things weren't on the level with him. And if there was going to be any tilting it would have to be in Gordie's favor.

He was smart that way.

He could read characters too. Like a book. Everyone else was so stupid. It was all so obvious to Gordie.

Another thing, he didn't drink beer with the boys. He wanted to be on his toes. If you're going to be sharp you have to have your wits about you all the time. That's the way you stay on top.

Every Saturday night about eight-thirty, the boys would drift around the drug store and stand leaning against the window or sitting on the curb. Most of them wore windbreakers or yellow cardigans with large colored crests signifying a baseball team or pool hall. The boys from the pool hall always called themselves the Athletic club.

One night Gordie came down a little late, about nine o'clock. The gang was already there and nothing had really started. Fats Morrow had set fire to the garbage can on the corner but Mr. Greene from the Drug Store had pushed his way through the circle and extinguished it in short order.

Gordie didn't wear a windbreaker or a sweater or a sport shirt done-up-at-the-neck-without-a-tie. He had a new suit. It was pretty sharp, all the boys said so. There was a drape in the pants, a long one button roll, suede shoes and a rough wool tie. Gordie looked like a big-time operator. He thought so, too.

Gordie was always acting, and he gave his best performances when the audience was enthusiastic. On this particular Saturday night he could sense that his audience was waiting for him to do something.

He had a sense of humor, a street-corner sense of humor. Gordie thought that it was very funny whenever the joke was on someone else, but that was where it had to stay. Several of the smaller boys had found out that Gordie's sense of humor was a one-way street. All the traffic moved away from Gordie. The joke could never be turned on him.

That was all right with the boys, because Gordie was pretty sharp and his jokes were okay. He always had a laugh for the boys.

He was leaning against the window of the drug store, tucking his tie inside his coat and playing with a fifty-cent piece. He was the first to notice the old man.

Walking towards the group of athletes and pool sharks was a little old

man. He was small and his wrinkled face was like an old kid glove. He moved slowly and his eyes were blood-shot, like colored marbles. It was difficult for him to see the faces of the boys. He was drunk, and poor and sick and tired, and very old.

He walked over to Gordie.

"Hey, sonny, how about a dime for an old soldier? I haven't had anything to eat. Just enough for a bowl of soup. What do ya' say?"

Gordie smiled. He winked at the boys and they gathered around him like a fence.

"How's it goin', pop?" Gordie placed his hand on the old man's shoulder.

"Eh, sonny, for an old soldier?"

"What's the matter, pop, you look kinda' under the weather?"

"Just a dime."

"That's a lot of money, pop." Gordie flipped the fifty-cent piece into the air and snatched it as it fell, dropped it into his pocket and removed a piece of gum, unwrapped it and stuck it into his mouth.

"For an old soldier. I was overseas in the first war with the second division and . . ."

"You don't say. Tell ya' what, pop. Come see me Christmas Eve."

The gang laughed. Gordie wouldn't let them down. He was on the bit tonight.

"How about a dime, sonny?"

"Can you sing, pop? Let's have a song. You know, an old tune. How about it?" said Gordie.

"I used to be a pretty good singer when I was young. I used to sing in the big churches and at meetings and places."

"Let's hear ya'."

The old man paused. "If I sing will you give me a dime?"

"Sure," said Gordie, winking at the boys and stretching the side of his cheek with his tongue.

The old man began to sing *When Johnnie Comes Marching Home.* The boys clapped their hands in rhythm and Gordie nodded his head. The old man started to do a little dance as he sang.

"Can you dance too, pop? Let's see you dance."

The old man tried to dance. He was drunk and sick and his sad eyes were heavy, but he danced. The boys laughed and egged him on.

"I bet you do tricks, pop," said Gordie.

That was a good one. The gang laughed.

"You should be in a circus, pop." said Gordie.

The little old man finished his song and stopped dancing. He turned to Gordie.

"About that dime, sonny?"

Gordie started to move away from the crowd and they spread like petals on a flower. The old man followed Gordie. Gordie was feeling the collar of his shirt to see that it wasn't curling at the edges. His back was to the old man.

"How about the dime, sonny?"

"Go away, pop, you bother me." He winked at the boys.

The old man tugged at Gordie's new coat.

"But you said you'd. . . ."

"Beat it, can't you see I'm busy?"

"It's just for a bowl of soup."

Gordie turned and faced the old man.

"Do you think I'm stupid or something? Do you think I'd give you any dough? For a bowl of soup. That's a good one. I'm a smart boy, you don't pull that stuff on me. You don't want soup, you'd buy a bottle. You're just a drunken bum."

The old man turned to the crowd of boys who were standing watching.

"Won't anyone help an old soldier?"

They laughed.

"Scram, rubby-dub. Will you settle for a sniff of my hair lotion?" shouted Gordie. He was irritated.

The boys laughed again. That was Gordie's best gag. A sniff of his hair lotion, that was really good.

The old man grabbed Gordie's coat. He started to pull at the sleeve. Gordie tried to shake him off by jerking his shoulders. The old man held firm.

Gordie pushed his hand in the old man's face and he let go.

"Cut it out, Gordie, leave the old guy alone. You had your joke," said one of the boys.

"Yeah, you don't have to push him around."

Gordie turned and looked at the boys. They weren't laughing.

The old man rushed at Gordie and pushed him forward. Gordie lost his balance and fell from the sidewalk to the gutter. As he fell his new suit jacket flew open and one side landed in a smudge of oil. Gordie looked at his new coat. There was a large stain on his trousers and his hands were greasy and there was a spot of oil on his clean white shirt. The old man was just standing there looking at him.

Gordie picked up a rock from the gutter and heaved it at the old man. It struck the old man in the temple and he grabbed the side of his head. When he took his hand away there was a trace of blood. He looked at his hand, felt the side of his head and turned to the crowd. He was dazed and could not realize what had happened. He turned away from them and walked down the street. The gang watched him until he turned into an alley-way and disappeared.

Then, they turned and looked at Gordie.

He was on his feet now. He was trying to wipe the dirt from his coat and they thought he was going to cry. He looked up at the boys. They started to move away. They were talking to each other.

"Think I'll take in a show."

"I'll go with you."

"I'm goin' down to the club. See what's doin'."

"I got some homework. See ya' later."

As Gordie stood there, the boys disappeared, one, two, three at a time. He called to them.

"Hey, fellahs . . . what are you doin' tonight? Where are you going? I'll just beat it home and change, okay? Wait for me, eh?"

When Gordie returned to the drug store fifteen minutes later, there was no one around.

He walked into the store. "Did you see any of the boys, Mr. Greene?" Mr. Greene shook his head.

"Think I'll go home and do a little reading."

He handed Mr. Green the fifty cents for a magazine with a girl in a bathing

suit on the cover, a package of gum, and a copy of a new joke book.

"I guess they got tired of waiting."

Gordie knew what had happened. He had made a mistake. But that wouldn't last, the boys would forget all about it and next week they would all be down there together and it would be okay. He just had to watch himself, that was all. A guy who wanted to be sharp couldn't lose his temper.

During the week, Gordie got his suit cleaned and pressed and when he walked down to the drug store on Saturday night all the gang were there and they told him he looked pretty sharp. In fact, they told him they had never seen him looking sharper.

She looked at me, her eyes filled with tears. "Please—I wet myself this morning."

"Oh, did you?"

She nodded her head, in shame.

"That's all right," I said. "Lots of people wet themselves."

Her face, when she smiled, was like the noonday sun.

* * *

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

"And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing."

* * *

My friend, Owen, was married last summer. I was at the wedding, saw him off on his honeymoon, and was among the first to greet him on his return. "How'd it go?" I asked.

"Fine."

"Was it as advertised?"

We were sitting by the lake on a warm summer evening. His wife of two weeks, and Ann, had gone shopping in the village a couple of miles away.

"No. It wasn't quite as advertised."

"Tell me what it was like," I requested.

He began to dig, rather nervously, with a bit of branch he had picked up. He cast a glance in my direction, and then looked down again at the sand, and at the figures he was sketching there. "Nobody can tell you," he said.

"Well," I persisted, "were you a man or a mouse?"

"It was like this," he said finally. "You won't understand it—but it was like this. We spent our honeymoon in a cabin on the shore of Redstone Bay. We arrived there just before dark. It was quite cool, and I lit a fire in the woodstove in the cabin. We had our supper, and, afterwards, we sat before the fire for a long time talking—my arm about her, her head upon my shoulder, her hair soft against my cheek. What with fatigue from our long drive, and the heat of the fire, she fell asleep. I rose, picked her up, and carried her to the bunk. I stood looking down upon her."

"Yeah!" I said. "What did you do then?"

Owen got up, turned his back upon me, and stood looking out over the lake. "I prayed . . ." he said.

"Oh, sure," I replied. "I can just see myself."

". . . that I might ever be found worthy to receive," he continued, "the

youth and the lovely sensuous stuffs of youth, the warmth, the affection, the desire, the trust, the dreams, the ideals, and the faith, that were all, from that moment, given into my keeping."

He was speaking very softly, as if to himself; and I could barely distinguish the words. "Look, Owen," I said. "I'm sorry. Forgive me. I was acting like a clown."

"Sure," he said. "That's all right. You didn't know. How could you?"

* * *

"Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave unseemly, seeketh not her own, is easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth . . ."

The verb is primordial; the noun is new. Only a very few men have ever known what the noun means.

Mr. Day

JOHN C. CAIRNS

IT WAS A FINE SUNNY MORNING in early April when Mrs. Lawson first heard of the arrival of Mr. Day.

Mrs. Lawson was working in the kitchen, cleaning up, when the phone rang. It was Mrs. French, who lived down the street. Mrs. French announced that a new boarder was moving into her place that afternoon. Mrs. Lawson heard this with a sort of pleasurable anticipation; since her husband had left her she had spent much of her time with Mrs. French, and she felt that any new boarder at the French's was a new boarder for her too, so to speak.

As she ate lunch in the afternoon she found herself quite excited. It was the thought of the new boarder, there was no doubt about it. She hoped he would be more interesting than Mr. McGregor, who had moved out last week. After supper, when she had cleaned the dishes, she would go down to the French's. Just for a few minutes, of course. She wasn't the one to push herself forward.

That night Mrs. Lawson took special care with her make-up. She was feeling more and more curious about the new boarder. She wondered whether to put on her new dress or not. She decided she would. It never did any harm to create a good impression.

When she arrived at the French's the new boarder was sitting in the front room, talking to Mrs. French. Mrs. Lawson glimpsed him through the window. He was tall, with tremendously broad shoulders and reddish hair. For a moment Mrs. Lawson was startled at the smartness of his appearance. He was wearing a red and white sport shirt, open at the neck, with a plaid jacket and green sports trousers. He was a striking sight.

Mrs. French seemed to be equally impressed, for she was more voluble than ever, and she introduced them with a great flourish. His name was Day, Mr. Day.

Mr. Day shook hands with her. His arms were massive, and covered with reddish brown hair. He looked to be about forty or forty-one, perhaps. It was hard to tell. He was good looking, in a rugged, masterful sort of way. Mrs. Lawson felt he was the sort of man who knew what he wanted.

They sat down again. They had been talking about London, Mrs. French explained. Mr. Day did not like London very well.

"This is one dead town," Mr. Day said. His tone was forceful. He lit a cigarette and looked at Mrs. Lawson.

"Are you staying long?" Mrs. Lawson asked.

"All summer," said Mr. Day. He handed Mrs. Lawson a cigarette. "I'm working out the east end. But this is one dead town all right."

Mrs. Lawson did not know what to say. She thought London was fine, but Mr. Day was so positive it was impossible to contradict him.

Mr. Day began talking about Windsor. He had worked there last year. Bridge-building. Windsor was the place. You could get across to Detroit

every night.

Mrs. French brought in tea and sandwiches. Mr. Day looked at the tea with a certain distaste, then he began talking about different jobs he had been on. Last year he had been up the Alaska Highway, driving a truck. During the war he'd been with the Americans in the Pacific.

Mr. Day finished his tea and looked around. Mrs. French hurried into the kitchen and brought more.

Mr. Day lit another cigarette and looked at Mrs. Lawson again. There was a sort of coarseness about his gaze that Mrs. Lawson found quite disturbing.

"London is one dead town," Mr. Day said again. "Down in the States, now, there's where you'll see real towns."

Mrs. Lawson said she thought Detroit was certainly interesting.

"Lots of life there," said Mr. Day. He started talking about different places in Detroit. Every now and then he would look at Mrs. Lawson appraisingly.

Mrs. Lawson felt he talked very well. A little roughly, perhaps, but that was the way some men were. He was the sort of man who had his opinions, that was all.

When Mrs. Lawson walked home that night she thought about Mr. Day a good deal. She was pleased to find herself quite excited; in her imagination she could still feel his eyes on her. There was no doubt he was an interesting man. When she undressed she looked at herself in the mirror a long time. She was a bit plump, no getting away from it, but she could still get by. She could pass for thirty-five anywhere.

* * *

Next evening Mr. Day called and asked if she would like to go out for a drink. Mrs. Lawson had been thinking about him all day—she said yes, maybe she would. Of course she usually had other things to do, she said, but tonight she just happened to be free.

They took a taxi down town, and Mr. Day gave the driver a fifty-cent tip. At Richmond Street they got out. It was a warm night. Mr. Day was dressed in his sport shirt, with the plaid jacket and green sports trousers. They strolled down Richmond Street. Mr. Day said that the town sure looked dead.

As they walked along Mrs. Lawson put her arm through his. It was a long time since she had been out with a man.

They went into a cocktail lounge. It was decorated in American style, very smart and modern, with green leather upholstery and chrome furnishings around the bar. It all looked very sophisticated.

They sat down in the corner. Mrs. Lawson ordered a Singapore Sling. Mr. Day said he would have a rum, a straight rum.

The waiter brought the drinks. Mr. Day lifted his; they clinked glasses.

"Here's looking at you," he said.

Mrs. Lawson smiled. She always liked men who said that when they drank. She thought it was cute.

Mr. Day began to talk about the places he had seen. Florida, California, British Columbia, South America, England—he had been everywhere. He told how he had dug ditches, driven trucks, worked in factories, bootlegged, hitchhiked across the country.

He ordered another round, and then a third. At each drink he clinked glasses with Mrs. Lawson and said, "Here's looking at you." He said it in a witty manner, smiling at Mrs. Lawson approvingly as he did.

"You're the prettiest woman in the place," he said.

Mrs. Lawson shivered slightly with pleasure. She did look attractive in her new dress, she thought. She wished she had borrowed some of Mrs. French's perfume, though. It would make a difference.

"Stop your kidding," she said.

Mr. Day ordered another round. When it came he left a dollar bill for the waiter. "I always say a woman of thirty can lick them all," he said. He looked at Mrs. Lawson again, and Mrs. Lawson felt quite disturbed although of course she liked it. "I guess you have plenty of men to show you around."

"I try to get about," Mrs. Lawson said, pleased.

"Enjoy life," said Mr. Day. "That's my motto. We're a long time dead, I always say." He lit a cigarette, offering one to Mrs. Lawson. He blew a smoke ring in the air, then picked up his drink again.

"Well," he said, "here's looking at you."

They finished their drinks and went outside. It was past eleven, and the streets were almost empty. They walked up Richmond Street, and Mr. Day started telling jokes in dialect. He had a way of telling them that made Mrs. Lawson laugh.

Later they went to a Chinese restaurant and had chop suey. Mr. Day liked chop suey. As they ate they talked; Mr. Day had a long stream of stories, and they sat talking for an hour. Mrs. Lawson hadn't been so happy in months.

* * *

The following evening Mr. Day called for Mrs. Lawson early. They went to a show. It was a love picture, with Clark Gable. Mr. Day said he always liked a good love story. Mrs. Lawson thought Clark Gable was wonderful. She had borrowed Mrs. French's perfume, and it made her feel quite sophisticated. They sat, watching the antics of the black-and-white images on the screen in front of them. When Clark Gable put his arms around the heroine Mrs. Lawson felt a faint tingle of excitement, and she leaned forward ever so slightly, so that Mr. Day could put his arm around her.

When the show was over they went to the cocktail lounge again. Mr. Day was a in good humor. He thought the show had been great. You couldn't beat a good love story, he said. Not the sentimental stuff, he didn't mean that, but the real kind. It made you feel life was worth while. And now, what about a drink? A Singapore Sling?

Mrs. Lawson said yes, she'd love it. When the drinks arrived Mr. Day picked them up and looked at her in that way of his. Then he clicked glasses, and said, "Here's looking at you."

Mrs. Lawson smiled. They had another drink, and Mr. Day began talking about himself. As he talked his good humour vanished, and he became sad. Life was tough, he said. A man had to have something to hang on to. That picture now, it made you think. A woman, that's what a man needed. It was awful to be lonely.

When they left the cocktail lounge Mr. Day had become quite sorry for himself, and Mrs. Lawson felt an almost overpowering desire to comfort him.

In the taxi Mr. Day was quiet; Mrs. Lawson could feel his eyes on her. Inside the house it was dark, and Mrs. Lawson switched on the lamp in the hallway. Then, suddenly, Mr. Day still with that sad expression on his face, leaned over and clicked the house into darkness again. A delicious tremor of excitement, of anticipation, almost of fear, ran through Mrs. Lawson's body; she felt Mr. Day's arms around her. Then, without saying a word, Mr. Day stooped, lifted her in his arms, kissed her, and carried her with long confident strides, into the bedroom.

* * *

After that Mr. Day dropped around almost every evening. Usually he would come in after work, and Mrs. Lawson would fix him up something to eat. Nothing much, for Mr. Day didn't care for anything fancy. Mrs. Lawson used to cook him a lot of steaks though. Mr. Day always liked a good steak.

After Mrs. Lawson had done the dishes they would sit and listen to the radio. Mr. Day would stretch out on the chesterfield and relax. He had brought his slippers over to the house, and Mrs. Lawson would lay them out for him every evening. Mr. Day said it was just like home.

Sometimes Mrs. Lawson would get a bottle of rye, and they would sit, drinking highballs and listening to the quiz programs. Mr. Day didn't like opera or intellectual stuff. Give him a good quiz program, he said, or a comedian. He did like wit, he had to admit that. He thought Charlie McCarthy was wonderful.

Most of the time, after listening to the radio, they would make love. Mr. Day would pick her up, in that masterful way of his, and carry her into the bedroom. At first Mrs. Lawson wasn't too sure about this; she was afraid Mr. Day was taking her too much for granted, as it were. But then she got used to it. And when Mr. Day made love he was so happy. She got a kick out of seeing him happy.

After they had made love they would drink a few highballs.

Mr. Day liked Mrs. Lawson's highballs. There wasn't a bar in town could touch them, he said. No use going out every night, now that the hot weather was here, and throwing money all over the place. He just got a kick out of staying in and having a nice quiet evening.

Every time Mrs. Lawson poured a new drink, Mr. Day would clink glasses and look across at her. It got to be quite a game. Mrs. Lawson would wait expectantly. She always knew what Mr. Day was going to say, and she liked waiting for it.

"Well, here's looking at you," Mr. Day would say.

Mrs. Lawson would smile. She thought it was cute.

* * *

One night in August, when Mr. Day came in, Mrs. Lawson saw that he was worried. He didn't throw jokes around with her the way he usually did. He didn't seem the same at all. The job out in the east end was nearly done, but it wasn't that. He had been worried the night before too, Mrs. Lawson remembered. He wouldn't tell Mrs. Lawson what it was, though. He could handle it himself.

Mrs. Lawson mixed him a highball. She waited for Mr. Day to look

at her and say, "Here's looking at you." But Mr. Day drank the highball without a word.

Mrs. Lawson was surprised. She had never seen him like this before. Wouldn't Mr. Day tell her what was wrong?

Well, it was about money, Mr. Day said. His brother down in Windsor was in a jam. But he didn't want to bother Mrs. Lawson about it.

What had happened to his brother, asked Mrs. Lawson.

"An accident," Mr. Day said. His brother had smashed into another car, but something was wrong with the insurance. It was going to take a lot of money. No use talking about it though; they'd get the money somehow.

"How much money does he need?" asked Mrs. Lawson.

Mr. Day seemed embarrassed.

Well, it was hard to say. Maybe four hundred, maybe four fifty. But she wasn't to think of it.

"I have my savings," Mrs. Lawson said. She had more than enough to help.

"No," said Mr. Day. He wouldn't hear of it.

Mrs. Lawson mixed another highball. She hated to see Mr. Day unhappy. She picked up her highball and looked at him, smiling bravely.

"Here's looking at you," she said.

She thought Mr. Day would brighten up at this, but he didn't. He just sat on the chesterfield, as miserable as ever. He hadn't even put his slippers on.

Wouldn't Mr. Day let her help?

No. His brother was a good kid, but he couldn't take Mrs. Lawson's money.

Mrs. Lawson thought it was foolish. After all, it wasn't as if he wasn't going to pay it back. It was just sitting there in the bank.

No. Mr. Day couldn't borrow from a woman.

No. His brother would go to jail, but no use talking about it now.

Why, that was crazy. Mrs. Lawson wanted to help.

"Please," said Mrs. Lawson.

"No," Mr. Day said. He'd get it somewhere else. He couldn't borrow from a woman.

"Please," Mrs. Lawson said again.

Mr. Day said he would think it over.

* * *

Next morning Mrs. Lawson took the money from the bank, and Mr. Day went down to Windsor to fix things up for his brother.

Mrs. Lawson had expeced him back the following afternoon, but Mr. Day didn't show up. He didn't come the day after, either, and Mrs. Lawson began to miss him. The house didn't seem the same, now that he was gone. She missed those jokes he used to tell.

There was no news from Mr. Day for two weeks, and Mrs. Lawson became afraid that something had happened. She was surprised and a little uneasy, but she knew Mr. Day wasn't the sort to take advantage of her. Then she checked with Mrs. French, and grew quite upset, for Mrs. French said that Mr. Day had left with all his luggage.

But just as Mrs. Lawson began to worry in earnest a letter arrived from Mr. Day which explained everything. When Mrs. Lawson saw it she felt

quite excited, for it was the first letter she had ever had from him. Then when she looked more closely she got quite a shock, for it was postmarked Vancouver, which seemed strange.

But when Mrs. Lawson read the letter all her fears vanished. Everything was going to be all right. Mr. Day said that he had just heard of a good job out in Vancouver, that was all, and so he had hit out for the coast. Mrs. Lawson wasn't to worry about the money, because he'd straighten everything up in no time. Vancouver seemed to be one dead town, and he figured one of these days he'd be back in London for sure. He wasn't the man to forget a woman like Mrs. Lawson.

There was no address on the letter, and Mrs. Lawson didn't know how she could answer it. But there was a snapshot. It was of Mr. Day. In the picture his tremendous shoulders and reddish hair looked more striking than ever. He was smartly dressed in his red and white sport shirt, his plaid jacket, and his green sports trousers. On the back of the snapshot, in a large, confident hand, Mr. Day had written:

"Here's looking at you."

Mrs. Lawson smiled. She thought it was cute.

Exit

D. C. SLOTE

"JOSEPH!"

It was with extreme reluctance that Joe forced himself to recognize his name. Here, under the maple tree, his aunt's harsh voice fell as on an alien world. He was in a complete state of peace and contentment; for him, a rare state indeed! The only enjoyment that Joe had come to anticipate were these little respites under the tree, otherwise his aunt always made certain he kept busy. Joe gritted his teeth. He hated her so much; she never treated him as she should. Surely the fact that he was thirteen meant *something* to her. Apparently, though, his age didn't make any difference; she treated him like a child.

"Jos-eph!"

Again came that vibrant call on the sunny quiet of the afternoon. It pierced through the greenness of everything and made the leaves quiver. Joe shrunk lower in the grass at the tree's trunk, firmly resolving to let her scream her lungs out.

"Joseph!"

The voice carried in it such an urgency that Joe realized for the first time that she was *actually* shrieking. Of late, he could hear her voice yelling at him even when he was asleep.

"I'm coming, Lydia," he answered ruefully. He never called her "aunt". She had told him that modern people drop such silly conventions. He hurried up the ancient steps and tugged stealthily at the screen door. It squeaked loudly as he entered, informing his aunt of his presence. Joe suddenly hated the door. He couldn't remember ever hurting it or even slamming it; he made up his mind he would punish it some day.

"Where have you been, little urchin?" Lydia demanded in a high falsetto. As Joe watched fearfully, she patted a stray lock of greying hair into place. She *was* getting old. Even from Joe's respectful distance he could discern the faint etchings around her great eyes. She held her hand over that stray lock and stared down at him imperiously.

Joe smiled apologetically. What was there about her? There was an indefinable change in her manner today; a change in her eyes or in her hands. He couldn't be sure, but she *was* different. Joe looked long and intently at her, trying to pierce her veil.

She began to scold him then, loud and vociferously. Joe only half-heard her; he was too fascinated by her movements to listen to her voice. Her long fingers moved wildly, sometimes waving at him, now patting her mass of hair. It was almost a full minute before Joe realized there were tears in her eyes!

Joe could feel his jaw hang slack as she cried. Aunts don't cry; at least *this* one shouldn't. He heard her muffled sobs and he couldn't help thinking that she sounded ashamed of them. He approached cautiously and extended a tentative hand toward his aunt's huge one. She saw him then through her tears, and instantly losing her weakness, screamed: "Get out of my sight."

He groped his way to the kitchen. Even as he walked he wondered to

himself about Lydia. He didn't hate her to any further degree because of what she had just said; Joe didn't think there remained any more room in which to store her words. He wondered too, why she was dressed up. She simply *never* got dressed up, *never*. Joe raised a glass of water to his lips and began to drink as he stared vacantly out the window above the sink. He could barely see the top of the maple tree, but even it disappeared as he tilted his head back. Why was she dressed up?

He realized suddenly that Lydia was in the room with him; he turned slowly and saw her in the doorway. God, she looked horrible! Her eyes were red and damp; from her forehead the same stray hair brushed her cheek. Joe looked intently at her fingers as she toyed with a large masculine handkerchief. He had always been fascinated by her fingers; he could usually tell her every mood from them.

"Your uncle's dead," she snapped.

* * *

It was just at that delicious moment when it is neither day nor night; at that period when those essentially grey souls rejoice in a silent communion. It was at such a time that Joe walked slowly and hesitantly toward his father's home. His aunt's place was some miles behind his back and Joe was only desirous of lengthening that distance.

"You know what this means, dont'cha?"

Those were the words she had repeated to him for almost a week. Just as his own name, clad in Lydia's voice, used to haunt his dreams, so now this single sentence stalked his every moment. He really *did* know what his uncle's death meant. After all, who was it that had restrained Lydia? Now that restraint was gone.

Gone . . . just as Joe was going! He had stood a week with her, but now he was free and going to his father. But didn't Lydia say she "had ways of catchin' little boys who run away"? Something like that. Of course she had an unfair advantage over him; not *everyone* can ride a broom-stick. Joe thought, however, he could make it to his father's cottage safely.

He realized it was getting late only because of the shadows that barred his path. A great long shadow suddenly appeared; one that looked very much like Lydia's figure. Joe stepped cautiously over it, and walked a little faster. He didn't like the way the whiteness of the road stopped abruptly at the field's edge. A field that was no longer green, but black and unkind. He didn't suppose he would see any cars along this old dirt road. The many weeds testified to its unused state, but for him the road seemed an excellent place to escape Lydia's eyes.

Most of the shadows had joined into a formless shape as Joe dimly espied his father's place. He rammed his fists into his pockets just because he felt good. As he did so, he grasped the little pocket-knife he was so proud of, and smiled to himself. He was glad he had slashed the screen door before he left. He made it suffer, too.

Joe finally reached the little cottage. He knew it was white in the daytime, but now it was a grey blob that crouched at the edge of the road. Joe hesitated before opening the door, wondering how his father would receive him, but slowly twisted the knob and stepped inside.

The squalor of the place was unimaginable. Joe reeled back as a horrid stench overwhelmed him. The whole scene was far worse than Joe's wildest

fears had imagined. He knew all about his father's apathetic, drunken existence since his mother's death, but this. . . .

He half-turned to leave when he spied his father, sprawled on a couch, his eyes staring at him uncomprehendingly.

"Is it really you, kid? What are y' doin' here — — don't you know that you don't belong to me any more? You're hers, kid. Hear? You're hers, so go to her. Go on, beat it!"

Joe flung himself on his father's chest and cried softly. "Dad! Let me stay here . . . with you. I'm not really hers . . . she hates me, dad . . . she hates me."

Joe's father gently pushed his son from his chest and stared bleakly at him.

"Did she beat you, Joe?" It was a whisper, low and restrained. Joe could only sob. He was so glad to be with this man, his father. "She did, didn't she? I know her. God, kid, I know her . . . you can stay here!" He suddenly brightened as he said this, but almost at once tapped his head wearily. "No . . . they'd only take you away again. That's the way they are . . . she'd get them to take you away. . . ."

Joe watched his father blink his eyelids slowly. The reek of liquor increased whenever he moved. Joe watched as his father arose with difficulty. He looked at Joe for a few minutes, swayed dizzily over to the fireplace and stared into the long-dead ashes. There was a long silence as both figures waited tensely for something. Dimly, through his tears, Joe watched as his father bent down and then slowly rose.

"Goodbye, son," he murmured.

Joe started up from his kneeling position near the couch and tried to force his tears away. As soon as he saw the heavy brass poker in his father's hand, he forgot all about the tears and began to scream.

Love is an Active Verb

CAM HENRY

THERE ARE THOSE WHO MAINTAIN that love is a thing. Not a tangible thing, admittedly; nevertheless, a substantive, a noun. An abstract noun, of course, but, even so, a noun, a thing. Love, they say, is a universal which the mind abstracts from particular occasions, making of it a concept—that is to say, an object of thought. So now you know what love is. Love is an idea.

But the verb came first.

* * *

The verb is primeval; the noun's a newcomer. Adam knew what the verb meant, even if he didn't know the verb. Adam loved God; and he loved Eden; but he loved Eve more. We're all Adams, and have the same history.

* * *

I asked a child whether he loved God. "Sure," he said.

"And the things God made?" I asked. "The trees, and the sky, and the air, and the earth, and water?"

"Sure."

"And Mother?"

"M-h-m."

"And Ann?"

"Sure."

I went away and left them then; I used to play that game too, when I was their age.

* * *

When I was four or five I took home a little card from Sunday School. On the card was printed (so they said), "God is love." I memorized the verse and thereby earned a blue star after my name on the Honor Roll.

* * *

A man in black questioned a youth as to whether or not he loved God. "What do you mean?" the youth asked.

"I mean, 'Do you love God, the author of every good and perfect gift?' " the preacher replied.

"Look," said the youth, "why don't you just go away some place? Can't you see I'm busy?"

"But it's important," the preacher insisted. "Don't you know that God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son? We should be concerned to see that such love is returned, it seems to me."

The youth stood up. "Look, John Wesley. Will you please get to hell out of here?" he said. "Like I told you, I'm busy, see? Now, beat it."

"Yeah. What's the matter with you?" the girl asked. "Haven't you ever been in love?"

* * *

I walked through the park and I saw the couples sitting on the benches, standing by the fountain, lying on the grass. "So, they're in love," I said to myself as I walked along through the sweet spring night. "In love. How can anybody be 'in' love?"

* * *

I was in love once. I was nineteen years old; and the girl, eighteen. I'd had other girl friends; but "this was different." I managed to see her a good deal. We went to dances, mostly; at which we danced. We went to shows, and saw the shows. I knew that her body, held close to me while we danced, was soft and warm, and her lips exciting; that's all. She was gay, pretty, friendly. I saw her through a glorious haze. She was gracious, charming, pure. She was physically perfect, modest, naïve. She was the first person who really understood me. In short—I was in love.

Shortly thereafter I fell in love with Lillian.

And next, Jean.

And then Ruth.

Sure. I've been in love. Lots of times.

* * *

"And Naomi said, 'Turn again my daughters: why will ye go with me?' . . ."

"And Ruth said, 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there let me be buried'."

* * *

I don't remember why I asked Ann for our first date. I just didn't want to go to the dance stag, I suppose. I'd known Ann from away back—went to school with her; grew up with her. She was a nice girl, but not much like

those well-proportioned fantasies which come to visit young men in the night, and which so intrigued Herr Sigmund Freud. Ann was skinny; and her body was hard and strong. When our gang were all just growing up she used to go swimming with us. Her ribs showed through her skin, just as ours did. She was a lot of fun. And she could look you in the eye, like a man. But she wasn't the sort you'd fall in love with. Not enough S.A., if you know what I mean.

One thing about her, she was smart. She won the gold medal the last year at high school, and then went on to teaching. She made a good teacher! had a way with kids, I used to hear them say.

I met her on the street one day, and asked her to go to a dance with me. I enjoyed her company, and went back for more. Then I quit going with her for a while. Later, I started again. But we didn't seem to be getting any place.

She'd changed a lot since the days when we first used to go swimming—at least, on the outside, she had. But she didn't wave it at you. I remember I asked her once, "Say, how's it feel to be a girl, anyway?"

"Feels fine," she said.

"You know," I told her, "I often think there's nothing quite so beautiful as a beautiful girl."

"Oh."

"Yeah," I said, as I placed one arm about her. "Now, take, for instance, a woman's breast. Of all things made by God or man, what can equal its esthetic appeal?"

"Probably nothing," she replied. "It has beauty of form, of color, of texture, of function . . ."

Who's going to fall in love with a woman like that?

* * *

Nancy was a delightful child. Happy. Bright. Sharp as they come. She sat in the front seat in the row of smaller desks nearest the window.

The first day at school is a pretty trying one for some of them. I had explained the routine very carefully to the beginners, and had shown them where the washroom was, and how things worked. But, though she knew, Nancy was too shy that first day to get up and walk out. She could only wait for so long; and recess was just fifteen minutes too late in coming. Suggestive gestures, significant looks, and behind-the-hand whisperings spread the news about the room. I looked out the window, and then at my watch. "Well," I said, "it's a fine day, and the first day of school, so we'll have recess a little early. Let's all go out and play." When we returned, Nancy was in her place, shining like a little angel. And, unless you looked closely, you could hardly notice the slight spot on the floor.

But I had a lot to learn about children in those days. At noon, when all the others were outside, I was sitting at my desk, alone, when Nancy came in. She stood before me, hands clasped in front of her, standing very prim and straight, but with head bowed.

"Yes, Nancy?"

Inverted Utopia

CLIFF WILLIAMS

WHAT YOU MAKE OF GEORGE ORWELL'S book **1984**, depends on your politics mainly and not much on your literary judgment. Viewed from the right the novel looks like an admonitory finger shaken under Socialist noses; from the left like an indicator of possible sidetracks on the road of social progress. From any point of view it isn't difficult to understand the best-selling sweep of the novel on this continent. Orwell's method of satire by prophecy strips bone-bare the ugly political trends of this century and shows how in two generations they could deform the world.

By 1984 in Orwell's novel, all English-speaking nations are collected into one superstate, Oceana, built on the familiar totalitarian design, but intensified in every detail. Every shred of political and economic power is in the grasp of a single Party. Over the Party looms Big Brother, an archtype of the benevolent demi-gods of modern tyranny. The rest of the population is a mass of half-literate creatures incapable of conceiving rebellion. The Party has rotted away their minds with a sewerish stream of pornographic literature, machine-written novels, popular songs, formula-movies—all the cheap distractions which today nourish political apathy.

Party members are themselves prisons of the system. Every room in every building is equipped with a "telescreen"—a two-way television set that deluges the partisans with propaganda and relays to the dreaded Thought Police their every action and reaction. Social life in Oceana is as rigidly controlled and scrutinized as a germ culture in a laboratory. Orwell's story is concerned with the attempt of one human bacterium toward independent action.

This bacterium is Winston Smith—a member of the Outer Party and a civil servant on Airstrip number 1 (formerly called England). In middle age he conceives the notion that Party doctrine may not be absolute truth. This is his first crime against society; the second is more heinous. He falls in love. The girl, Julia by name, is a leader in the Anti-Sex League with nymphomaniac tendencies. A periodic sex spree is her highest conception of political revolt.

Their love affair, played out against the background of grey tyranny, is a pathetic mixture of politics and sex. As Winston muses after one of their liaisons: *"Their embrace had been a battle, the climax a victory. It was a blow struck against the Party. It was a political act."*

Only the Party may be loved in Oceana but there are many things to hate. Chief of these is Goldstein, a legendary traitor, who somewhere, somehow, is plotting to sabotage Big Brother. Daily, Goldstein's face appears on the telescreens so that the repressions of the party faithful can be purged in two minutes of orgiastic hate. He is the Trotsky, the Jewish Banker, the John L. Lewis, of the state—a scapegoat for all political and economic ills. He has written a subversive book, an exposé of the growth and aims of "Ingsoc", the Party doctrine.

Two supposed chapters from this supposed book, sandwiched between the halves of Orwell's novel, contain the meat of the author's satirical an-

alysis. In a style that mimics the over-simplifications of the Communist Manifesto, Orwell traces the maniac face of the future out of the features of the present. He misses very little of the hocus and humbug of the contemporary scene. We have no trouble recognizing the international situation of 1984, although the world is divided into three parts instead of two. Oceana, Eurasia, and Eastasia are sealed off behind their iron curtains. Hatred is the only sentiment they share. Their only contact is through war.

The hot and cold wars of the first half of the century have mellowed into a continual lukewarm struggle. War is an instrument of internal, not external, policy. After the revolutions of the Fifties, the prime question for the power-grabbers was how to keep the masses employed without raising their living standards. It was obvious that technical development would soon allow an economic equality for all. With most other distinctions levelled off by education no one could enjoy the feel of power. War is the perfect answer to this danger. It provides full employment yet wastes the labor product, and keeps the workers dizzied with a patriotic delirium.

Each dictatorship is too strategically placed to be defeated by the other two. As the war continues the alignments change. It then becomes necessary to shift public hate from the new ally to the new enemy. With our rudimentary propaganda methods this takes six months or more. In Oceana it can be done in as many minutes.

The destructiveness of atomic bombs is not a future problem. The warlords have come to agree — as in the case of poison gas in our last war — that atomic weapons are too effective for their arsenals. Their use is too dangerous for oligarchies who plan to perpetuate themselves to eternity. The leaders are not self-deceived about their motives. They want absolute power, not as a means but as an end. The old tyrannies were content with the control of men's bodies but, as an Ingsoc leader explains, *"Obedience is not enough. Unless a man is suffering how can you be sure he is obeying your will and not his own? Power is in inflicting pain and humiliation. Power is in tearing human minds to pieces and putting them together again in new shapes of your own choosing. Do you begin to see then, what kind of world we are creating?"*

We may protest incredulously that such a system of intellectual slavery can never be established and if it were could never be maintained. Orwell's book demonstrates with terrible clarity that it both can and could. It is only necessary for a group to control all education and information and in time every unwanted idea can be rooted out of existence. The people of Oceana can no more comprehend freedom than we can a tenth dimension. The Party has deformed English into Newspeak, a language which contains no words that could express an unorthodox idea. The basic laws of thought have been annulled and replaced by Doublethink, a system of wilful self-deception that ensures absolute belief in party dogma.

A few examples from current dialect make all this seem quite plausible. To disagree with the Party is to think differently from every other person. That by definition is insanity. Winston Smith finds it easier to repudiate his own rebellious reason than the doctrine of the Party. No heretic thought can be verified by reference to the past. The past exists only in written records and in men's memories, and all records, books. newspapers are constantly altered to show that the past was exactly as the Party says it was. By the device of Doublethink every person's memory accords with that of the Party. For the mass of people rebellion is literally unthinkable. As the Party text book boasts, *"Until they become conscious they will never rebel,*

and until they have rebelled they can never become conscious."

By the efficient use of such propaganda methods a dictatorship once established could hold its place forever. Orwell drives home this idea with a punch that leaves the reader gasping, yet the purpose of his satirical attack is never made quite clear. The weakness of his book is that it sounds an urgent warning without indicating the direction of the danger. We can readily admit that in our society, as in any other, there are rapacious groups and persons who would trample out our liberties to satisfy their lust for power. But under what circumstances would they get that opportunity? How could tyrants gain entire possession of the western world? Orwell intimates obscurely that tyranny might slip past our democratic guards disguised as Socialism. Ingsoc, the totalitarian system of Oceana, is as Orwell states a reversion of Socialist ideals, yet, as the name implies, it has developed out of English Socialism. He suggests that when economic wealth is gathered into the Socialist collection plate it will be at last accessible to the power mongers.

Here Orwell falls into the popular error of confusing economic with political systems. In the modern turmoil we can at least distinguish dictatorship and democracy opposed on the political level, and on the economic level, capitalism opposed to socialism. But socialism and democracy are not mutually exclusive any more than are capitalism and dictatorship. A glance at the world situation will confirm the fact. Capitalism gets along comfortably under dictatorship in Argentina. In the United States it exists under a democracy. In Europe democratic Sweden and totalitarian Yugoslavia both have planned economies. It is true that politics and economics have reciprocal influence, but it is not true that from a certain type of economic system a certain type of political system must inevitably arise. That is a view that both Communists and their bitter opponents have adopted from Karl Marx. It is in part refuted by the given examples and is wholly without confirmation. In those countries where a socialist economy and totalitarian government co-exist the dictatorship was established before the socialism appeared.

In Orwell's inverted Utopia the reverse of this has occurred. His book, if it intended to show socialism as a step toward slavery, would be a partisan pamphlet adding only another squall to the loud American chorus which by now has almost drugged our ears. But it is not apparent that derision of one economic theory is the author's purpose. World-wide political and economical fields feel the scorch of his satire which rather than being too partial is too indiscriminate. Treason trials, "witch huntings," Führer worship, Nazi slogans, Soviet claims to the invention of aeroplanes and telephones —all the sinister absurdities reported in the newspapers of the last two decades appear one after the other in Orwell's republic of horror. Anyone aware of the neurotic state of world affairs will read on with the same fearful attention that he might give to a psychiatric prognosis of his own disease. At the conclusion he will find no easy cure suggested and no lullaby of hope but one warning will be clear—under modern conditions freedom once pawned can never be redeemed.

George Orwell has lately died and this message is his final word. He delivers it with undiluted vehemence. "*If you want a picture of the future,*" says O'Brien, the mad genius of Ingsoc, "*imagine a boot stamping on a human face . . . forever.*"

"THE EXPERIENCE
OF POETRY IS
ONLY PARTIALLY
TRANSLATABLE
INTO WORDS . . ."

T. S. ELIOT

Poetry

PHIL STRATFORD
JIM PRINGLE
GERALD FREMLIN
PAT MOORE
FRANK ENGLISH
DOUG SPETTIGUE

Three Poems

PHIL STRATFORD

I.

It is a night to arch my back
Against the burning stars;
To stretch beyond the limit of my bones
Far in the turgid black
To choke the pounding of my own parched flesh
In this night's breast;

To hold the vigor of my lust
In trigger finger check
After the taut, dynamic wait, released
To leap from the dry dust
Of this wasting fire, to lie at the blood wet neck
Of its desire;

To wonder simply that my love
Could be so fierce to crush
The object that fulfills it; stand above
The broken beauty; brush
Over again this symbol of lavished love
Jealously cherished.

Yes, it is such a night. But now
This savage summer love
Accepts a cold restraint. And now my passion,
Domesticated passion,
Lies latent, patient-still, like a day cat
In a winter windowsill.

II.

Love is a language for the lips not for
The tongue. Therefore be dumb. And close your eyes
Unless you wish to see a selfish lover.
And stop your ears for all I say is lies.
I'll not cheat you by more than my due right
And lover; so yield now as a molten cast
Folds to accept the mold. Take on to-night
The form that my mind wills. Tear out the last
Resistance of your self. Give all to me.
And ask for no reward but trust that I
Will shape you perfect, love you perfectly.
Know that I will not have you otherwise.
Then smash the mold and sense the truth. I swear
I would not have you different than you are.

III.

I passed the beggar
Who crouched in the street corner slush
With his open hat
Between his stump and his leg
And his hands drawn into his sleeves
Against the cold.
He stared
At the thousand passing feet.
Never smiled.
And I thought
I wish to God that he were blind.
Five steps down the street
A fat dog sat in a doorway
And I stopped to scratch its ears.

Sand in the Maple Sugar

JIM PRINGLE

Pre-Cambrian shield
Vast expanse of mineral wealth and
Prudish selfishness,
Land of beaver, bullrush and opportunity,
Remember to keep holy,
The spirit of free enterprise—
With protective tariffs.
Let our light so shine before men,
That they may see the benefit of—
Fifty percent mark-up.
In the spirit of tolerance and understanding
Be first to recognize the New China when—
She has American dollars
To buy our wheat.
Acting in love and charity toward palsied Europe,
May we continue to hoard our dairy products,
Awaiting higher prices.
And guide our feet into the way of peace—
With a monopoly in radium.

Pspring Psong for Psychologists

GERALD FREMLIN

There is static in my attic!
Superego! bolt the door!
For the cellar-dwelling Id
Makes his post-hibernal bid
To gain the public floor.

For the Id has smelt the sunlight
And he's snuffling on the stair,
He has heard the bees and birdies
And he wants to take the air.

Superego, guard the cellar!
And Ego, bar the panes!
For the Id has smelt the sunlight
And is tugging at his chains.

Death's Twilight Kingdom

In the flat land,
The plane land,
The lifeless lightless land
Unmoved by shade or shadow,
Where one faint loop of paler grey
The dying ghost of a dead eclipse
Far fades and forms
The formless faceless face
Of unimagined vacuo.

The heart that will not die
The wild daemonic heart
Sunk in the vaulted dungeon cries
And cries to the dream-drugged house and cries
"Sleep no more!"

What is the light
That taps upon the sleepers' lids?
The insistent light
That scratches at the door?
What is the sleep whose dream is sleep?
What dream that hears a voice cry
"Sleep no more"?

Whistle Stop

PAT MOORE

Strange and alien eyes
Stare from the train's smeared glass.
Inside, the air-conditioned sea-breeze
Soothes through cushioned cars,
While on the dusty platform
Small boys in dreams gaze up at iron wheels
While pink ice cream bathes unsure paths
Down grimy arms.
Brave words are said,
Bright goals are set
For a boy whose eyes are brimmed with tears
While youth and dreams are in his heart.
Pale lovers cling, and let lips linger
Closer than quicksilver.

"Aboaaaaaard!"

Shaking hands are shook once more;
More brave words are spoken
Which no one hears.
Ice cream drips to one last lick
And whispering lovers try to smile.
They board the train—
Their faces melt and they become
More strange and alien eyes
That stare through the windows of the train
That paused a while.

"Heard Melodies . . ."

Our song is in a tear,
A sigh,
A smile;
Our song is long green morning shadows
Pearled with dew.
It is still nights of chipped glass stars
And silver ice of moonlight,
The murmurous monotone of summer flies,
The quick flicker of a firefly.
It is in the soft low wash of water
On a summer night.
It is the hooting knife
That cuts the fog,
The pale dead circle
Of a street lamp in the mizzling rain.
It is the te-click te-click te-click
Of lonely footsteps in the night.

The Wind

PAT MOORE

Wind, wind, long green streamers of wind,
Whooping, swooping through golden cups of
wheat;
Bowing, cowing all before it
Majestically it sweeps
With a long and frenzied cry, sigh.

With sharply indrawn breath
It drags along grey clouds, shrouds
Of dark funereal rain.

Dead, dead, heavily from the sky
Comes the rain behind the wind
The wind, stirring whirlpools in the air
Whipping sand with breath to spare;
Round and round with a sound
As a bleak November shore
Repels the rush of gushing water
With a roar;

So the wind brings the rain
And breathless sleeps again.

Moon Love

The river flowed around the leaf-brown boy;
The cooling flood caressed his clean young thighs,
While he stood slim, and tall, and proud;
His bronze skin shone with wetness in the moonlight.

Overhead the stars swung low, mellow now with mid-night.
The breeze blew leaf-blown moon shadows
Across the hushing stream.
He turned and saw her
as she stood
Ankle-deep in moon-washed water.

She was a shaft of silver moonlight;
The moon, a blurring streak, lay at her feet,
The waterfall flung moon-seeds in her hair.
He reached for her ethereal whiteness,
For a silver goddess in the night.

In vain he looked up to the swift-blown moon
Which fled behind a wide-winged cloud.

The Gull

PAT MOORE

My love is now a wounded gull
That flutters in the dust of worldly things;
My gull was once a graceful curve,
A thing of white with arching wings
Outstretched across a blue eternity.
Once, it hung, swung in wide-winged ecstasy
Through lilting air, and scorned dull earth,
Until some hunter, armed with poisoned barbs
Shot down my gull and tamed it.
What was beautiful and clean
And chaste with curves of blue and white
Is now a wounded earthbound bird
That flutters in the dust of worldly things.

God Musing

FRANK ENGLISH

Infirm man, grabbling in the sand
Toiling to wrest a rose-bush from the land
With a dusty dispersal on the surface.
Old deaf woman, sitting blinking, thinking,
Shawled against a draft.
You both engrossed are your own worlds,
Though you fall into my whole view.
Think not of me, nor fear
That I shall punish you for some erring.
I take no finick notion of your lives;
The waste men haunt bears all the punishment
you need.

Nightly

I live a lifetime every night.
Come share the lonely night with me;
For always in a whispering light
Your zealot lips play fire on me.

The whispering light is candle flame;
Your burning lips are in my dream.
The candle waits in a window frame
Begging you replace the dream.

Moon Music

DOUG SPETTIGUE

Listen! Do you hear it in the twilight,
In the pallid wash of brush-streaked northern sky,
Above the wind-wisps breathed through heaven's skylight
And the night birds, and the devil coyote's cry?
Wordless message from the text of life's beginning,
Of earth and void and firmament apart
Echoes in the earth-dreamed angels' singing,
And the rhythmic pulsing of the deathless heart.
Hush, it swells! There on the pale horizon
Is a flicker, soft suggestion of a glow.
With an organ's lightly fingered tones uprising
The halo on the hills begin to grow.
Now crescendo! Sweetly, softly, firmly moving
Earth and heaven, ear and eye and heart in tune.
Above the bare horizon, sadly soothing,
Ascends the shade of music's soul—the moon.

The Contributors

ALICE LAIDLAW

Eighteen-year-old freshette, whose story in this issue is her first published material. Graduate of Wingham High School. Overly modest about her talents, but hopes to write the Great Canadian Novel some day. Has read little modern writing, has travelled scarcely at all, and belongs to no particular literary movement. Plans to major in Honors English, with emphasis on creative writing.

GERALD FREMLIN

Ex-RCAF type, in final year English and Philosophy, whose poetry and prose has appeared in Folio and Gazette for several years. Most popular for his humorous verse, but feels his serious poetry is his better work. Interested in art and music. Hopes to study art in Toronto next year. Loves England, and would like to live there eventually, contributing to Punch and Lilliput and relaxing in old English pubs.

BILL DAVIDSON

Twenty-one-year-old English student. Already has a wide background in radio, films, and creative writing. Graduate of Malvern Collegiate, Toronto, and Toronto Academy of Radio Arts. Has worked with National Film Board, written for CBC, and directed UWO Players' Guild and Radio Workshop. Interests include Shakespeare, Ibsen, Steinbeck, Whitman, Saroyan. Future plans call for writing career in radio or films.

JOHN C. CAIRNS

Twenty-eight-year-old RCAF veteran. In final year Honors English. Frequent contributor to Folio and Gazette. Has travelled widely in Europe, America, and Far East. Has written for CBC and Canadian newspapers. Hobbies include reading, writing, travelling. Plans to combine university career with creative writing. Hopes to spend several years in Europe before eventually settling in Canada.

CAM HENRY

Another new Folio contributor. Has been deeply interested in creative writing since attending Western. He thinks content in stories more important than form. Is in final year English and Philosophy. Born Kindersley, Sask. Spent six years teaching public school. Favors modern literary techniques, as exemplified in **Penguin New Writing.** Plans to take M.A. work in philosophy and teach university.

CLIFF WILLIAMS

Canadian army veteran, four years' overseas experience. Twenty-six years old, in third year English and Philosophy. His analysis of Orwell's **1984** is his second published work in Folio. Widely read in modern literature. Interested in politics, world affairs. Future plans uncertain. Not quite as pessimistic about the world as Orwell.

PHIL STRATFORD

Fourth year Honors English. Twenty-two years old. Has contributed frequently to recent Folios. Deeply interested in dramatics, art and literature. Well known for his work as set designer with Players' Guild. Recently designed sets for LLT production of Pygmalion. His cartoons appeared in February exhibition in UWO library. Expects to spend coming year in France on scholarship. Final plans uncertain, but optimistic.

JIM PRINGLE

Post graduate student in English. Frequent Folio contributor. Strongly influenced by T. S. Eliot, and modernist techniques. At present, wearing himself out on M.A. thesis, which deals with contemporary magazine fiction. War veteran, with long experience in Europe. Writes short stories, but more at home in poetry. Loathes slick magazine formula stories. Hopes to teach and write. Like George Orwell, is a bit pessimistic about things.

PAT MOORE

Second year Honors English. Her **Beach Ballet,** widely praised, in December Folio, was her first published work. Twenty years old. Graduate of Beck High School. Has worked as waitress, secretary, and sundry other jobs. Likes T. S. Eliot, but claims he gets too metaphysical. Says her poetry is influenced by no one. Would love to make a tour of Europe, following graduation. Believes in the happy-go-lucky outlook on life, Thinks she may work for publisher eventually, if any are interested.

FRANK ENGLISH

Fourth year Honors English. Active in Players' Guild. Present poems mark his second appearance in Folio. Hobbies include music, painting. Twenty-four years old. Spent two years with RCAF. Has done considerable mountain climbing in recent holidays. Expects to move to England this summer. Would like to wander around Europe for several years in gypsy style. Eventually plans call for school teaching to keep wolf from door.

DOUG SPETTIGUE

Second year Honors English. Has appeared in previous Folios. Has apparently escaped influence of modern trends in poetry. Hobbies include writing, drama, music, and ornithology. Claims he abhors restrictions, particularly in college courses. Somewhat modest about his poetic abilities. Uncertain about future, but not worried. Like Micawber, feels something will turn up.

Lou Ball Clothes

Spring may still be around the corner for you, but it's in full swing at Lou's. A complete line of spring samples are now available for your immediate selection. Drop into Lou's now and select a new spring outfit to be tailored by skilled

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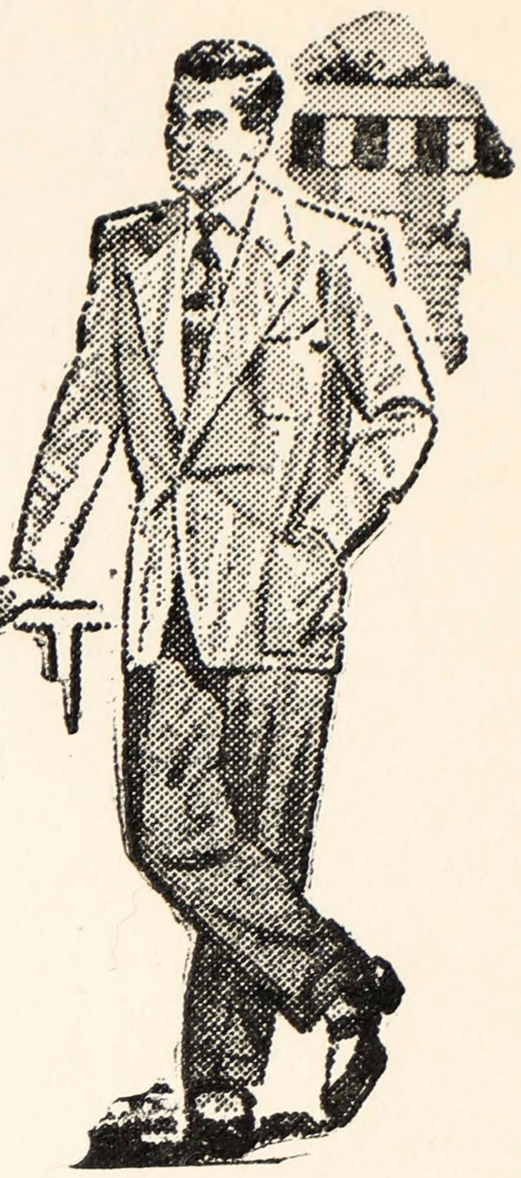

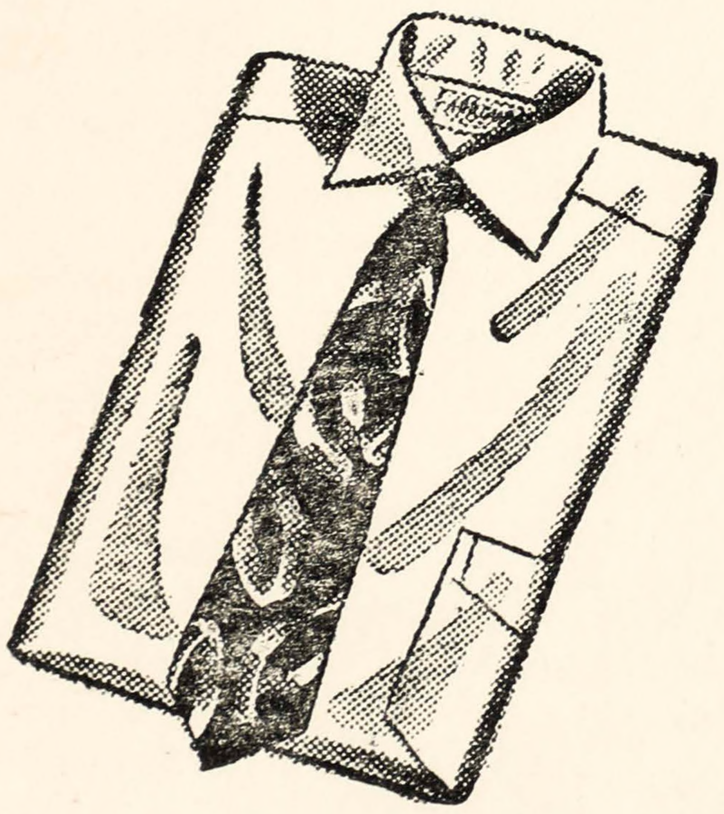

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