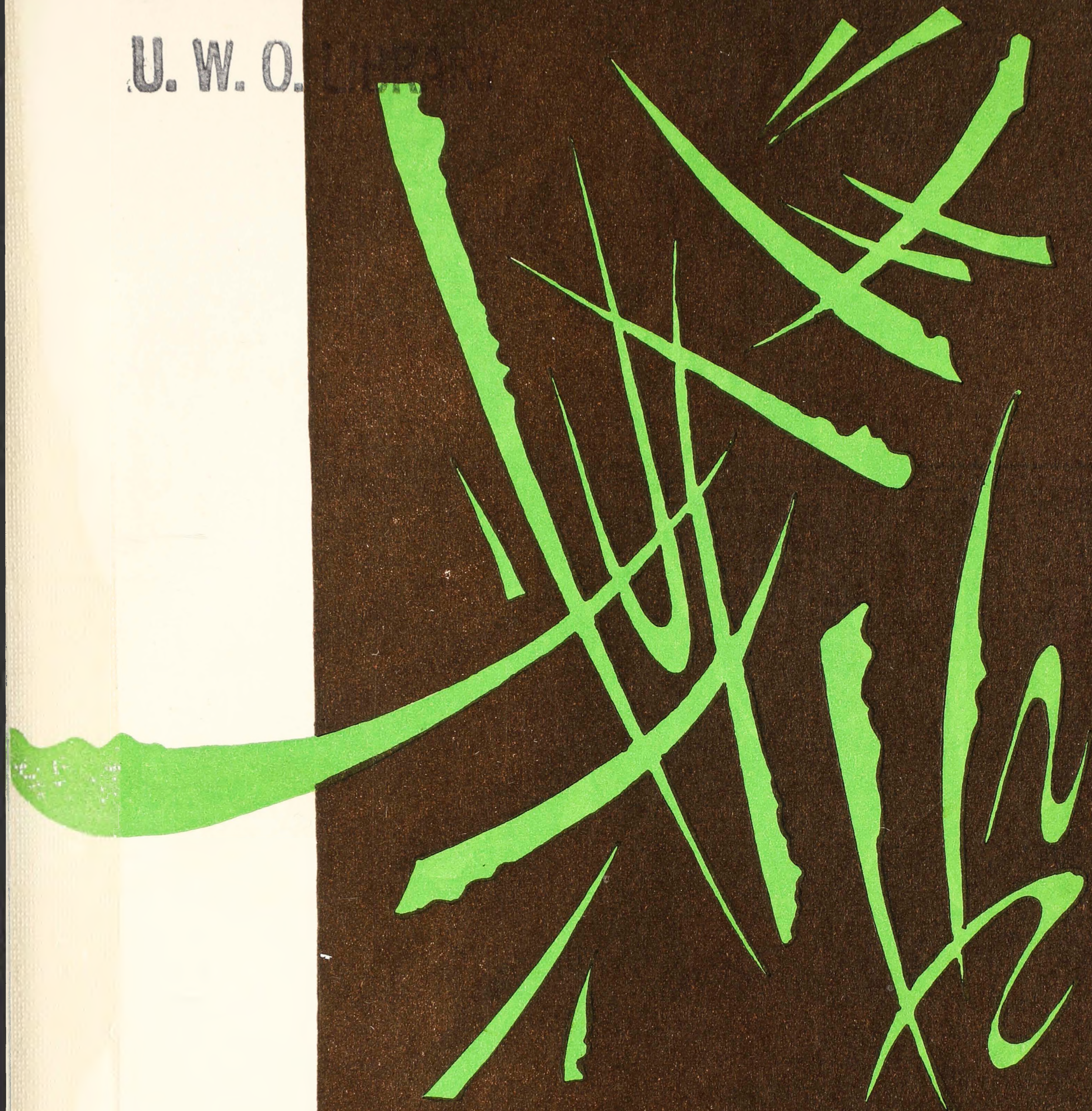


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1960

Folio



The University of
Western Ontario

FOLIO

VOL. 12 NUMBER 1

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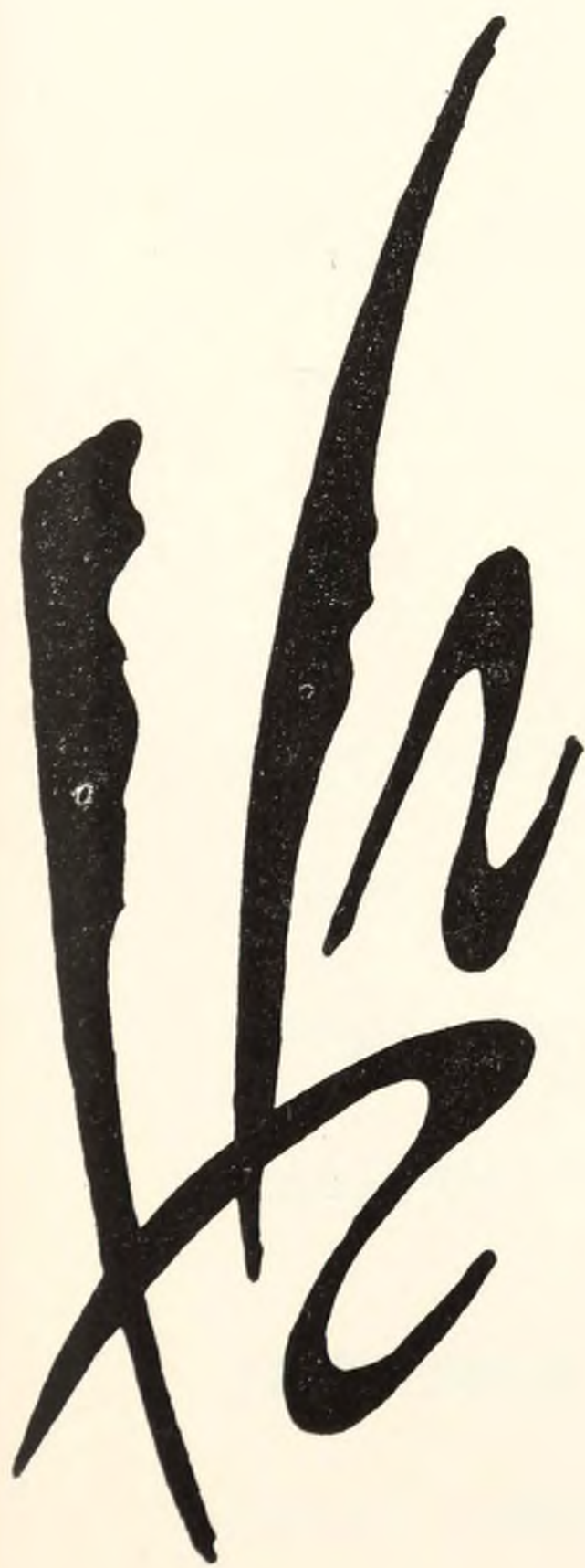
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Published under authorization of the University
Students' Council, University of
Western Ontario

Printed by The Sarnia Gazette Publishing Co. Ltd.
301 N. Front Street, Sarnia, Ontario



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From The Middle Rung

He seldom thought of the past, but when he did, he could not remember a single moment when he had not had a drum at his side. The drums had always been there, just as they were now. His cabin was filled with drums. There were war drums from Africa with their monkey skins, and their shells of hand-carved wood. There were tom-toms from Brazil, bongos from Mexico, and congos from the Indies. There were tall drums and squat ones, big and small, and each had its own particular voice.

In the summer, when the air was heavy with warmth, he would sit in his veranda. He would light his smallest oil lamp, and set it precisely in the centre of a crude little table of split logs. Then he would seat himself on the nail keg that served for a chair, and carefully arranged the drums around him, between himself and the light. In this position he would remain motionless, awaiting the falling of the darkness, the rising of the moon, and the coming of the cool, humid, evening breeze that filtered through the rusty screen, and pushed and pulled the flame through the movements of a monotonous dance.

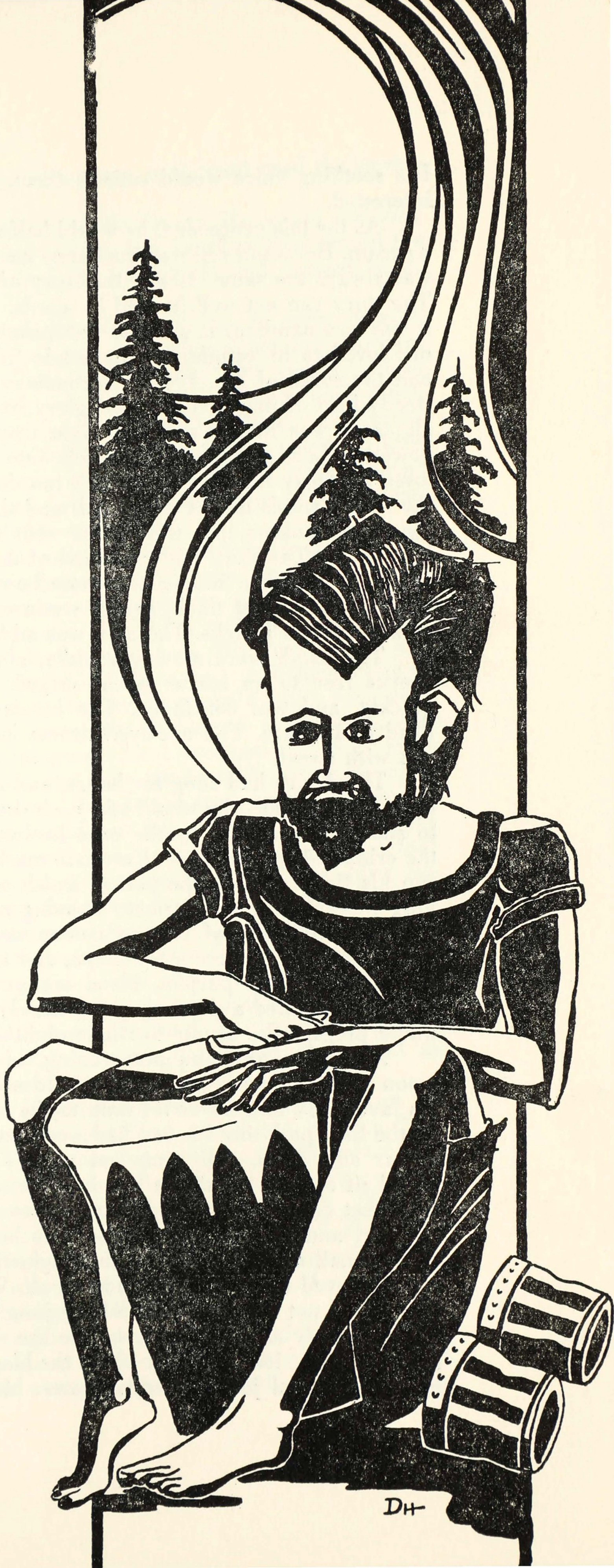
All would be ready. For a long, hanging moment he would watch the reflection of the flame as it sent its silver caresses slipping up and down the drums. At times the gleam would climb slowly up, and slip slowly down - up and down - and then it would dart up and flash down as if by emotional impulse. Several wily spots of light would sit on the flat of the skins, and then, instantly, they would all jump in a criss-cross game of leap-frog from drum to drum. He would watch, mesmerized, and his head would begin to sway in rhythm with the dance of the flame.

Quickly then, he would reach for his favourite drum. He called it Low-toe. His hands dancing on the skin, Low-toe would begin to speak. His voice was a resonant, but mellow, "Doc".

Softly, he would talk to them: "You are as beautiful as the moon to-night." His hands would move slowly at first, rhythmically, smoothly. The pulse would grow heavy as fingers flew from drum to drum. Deep rumbling bases mixed with high pitched squeeks and laughing altos. All the drums would speak at once, but together. Each beat fell into place, none came that should not be there, and none failed to come. The eager voices coalesced and merged into a homogeneous whole, a symphony of syncopation that told a story.

The man would sense that it was time for their story, and his eyes would gaze with interest. "You could enchant even the wind, I think."

PETER
COURSCHESNE



Illustrated by
DONALD HAIR

DH

His soothing voice would console them, and assure them that he was interested.

As the tale proceeded, he would half shut his eyes and drift away in a dream. He would smile as the theme became evident, for he loved it. It was always the same. It was the story of the jungle, the virgin jungle. The story can not well be told in words, but when revealed in rhythm, it was commanding. It was like the spinning of a magical web, in which one loved to be caught. It was a tale filled with a violence of colour, and the surge of life. It held the hollow pound of pride, and the ever steady beat of might. There was glory in it, and grandeur, but most of all, there was in it a sense of right that checked its cruelty, held its power at bay, and made the whole into a great and noble thing. He loved the story for this. He loved it too, for the peace that was in it, for the sleepy winds that it portrayed, and the slumbering shades, and for the deep shadows that were thick with fruits, and abundant in cold, blue water. The story told of a land of day dreams and leisure; a land where a soporific atmosphere somehow endured amid the eternal, crushing weight of thick, bright verdure, and the constant cacophany of wild animal shrieks. The man was addicted to it.

The hands were moving rapidly, almost unseen. The pitter-patter chorus rose to an insane pitch, surged magnificently, broke, tittered quickly, and was concluded. The hands sat motionless again on the head of Low-toe. The one-eyed drums looked at their friend. He was wet with sweat.

The drums had sung for hours, and for hours more he would gaze upon them. Fondly, he would take each drum up in turn, taking care not to show his partiality to the ones he loved especially. He would dust the crimson-laquered eyes of a crude mask carved on a congo drum, or run his fingers across the perfect finish of a bongo, or follow the running reflection in the intricate weaving of a hemp-covered war drum. And then the look of relaxed contentment would leave him, and he would stand up, retreat a few steps, and try to look at all of the drums at once. The deep purples, blood oranges, the whites and blacks and browns, presented a dazzling sight. Slowly, he would sigh, and then he would prepare the drums for their night's rest.

And often, on a summer evening, when the sky was clear and the moon and stars were bright, he would select a few drums, not always his favourites, and he would walk to the end of a rocky point, treading up the little path that his feet had worn there. It led between a group of poplar and birch, and came out upon a large, flat erratic. Here he would sit against the sky, a hundred feet above the water, and here he would set down the drums. The moon would shimmer up to him across the lake, and he would let it enter into him, and mix with the lapping of the small night waves, and the frightening cry of a far-off loon.

He loved these moments most of all. When the drums would speak, they would not tell their story of the jungle, but would sing the song of the one lonely cloud that ran before the moon, or the greatness of the meaning of the long horizon, where the black and rugged islands seemed to sit suspended just above the water. More than ever, he would feel

close to the drums, for they, too, were alone, and could read the stories that the land could tell.

He would not feel the presence of the drums. He would not look at them. They, too, were not aware of him, but together, they sensed the whole of the universe. They sensed the magnitude and wonder of it. They were glad to be alone.

The night has a million melodies. One evening, in early August, when the weather was its hottest, a hymn of terrible wrath was chorused in the sky. The deep, deep blue was cobble-stoned with clouds - black clouds. They lost their shape and took it on again, rammed each other, plunged through the sky, going nowhere, like tumbleweeds in a hurricane. Even the moon refused to be still; it seemed to leap about, sticking its head out with impunity wherever it could find a hole. It was beyond the turmoil, and curious to know what was happening below. It cast a ghostly iridescence on the clouds around it.

The wind hid its roots in the heights and swept down at the earth. Its thousand arms slashed their scimitars with insane anger at the lake, and at the land. The waves were not sure where to go, but lunged and swirled and spat their froth into the air, and a half mile inland. For thirty feet above both lake and land the air was filled with water and debris. The wind ripped at the screeching leaves, and split thick, crooked birch. Tall pines bowed down as far as they could bow, and were wrenched from the earth. The heavy clouds heaved and parted, and lightning shook the air, and was gone. There was not a drop of rain.

He had been standing before the open window. He closed the shutters and swung down the cross-bar. He selected from among the drums only those whose temperaments would suit this evening. He chose those with the lowest voices and those with the highest. He chose basses that would boom and roll, and sopranos that would skitter. He slung the heaviest across his back, caught the others under his arms, apologized to those who would have to stay, and hurried through the storm to a long bay that was sheltered to the north and west by a peninsula grown thick with pines. His feet stumbled across the rounded pebbles until he came to an inner cove where the beach was suddenly stark white against the night. When his feet struck the sand, he turned towards the woods and disappeared between two great, flat stones, that stood on their edges, leaning against each other in the form of a tent.

From the utter blackness between the rocks, he looked out at the theater of fury. He addressed the mightiest of all the clouds: "Mr. Cloud, you are a black one. You are a big one too, the biggest in the sky. What is it like, eh, to be so high up? And fly! - you fly so fast! Is this place so bad?" Lightning lit the footlights of the sky. "We will play your song, Cloud. Come drums, sing. Now, let us sing." They sang together, he and the drums. They sang of the strength and great nobility of the cloud, and of the omnipresence of the sky it flew in. And suddenly they stopped. They had never stopped like this before.

A small canoe plied through the raging froth and into the cove. It fumbled and teetered as a wave overtook it, and it staggered up. It lunged forward with the crest, sweeping through the froth and surging

water like a lean knife. A wave passed and it lurched from side to side. The boy at the stern dug his paddle hard. He looked resolute but afraid. A huge wave rose before him and broke over the bow, rushed along the bottom, dashed itself against him, and heaved over the back. The girl in the bow cried a low, long, "Oh!" Her face was contorted with terror. The boy laughed through a tight smile - a strange laugh, inspired by both fear and defiance. The girl turned to him quickly, and her fear changed to awe as she stared at him.

From the rock tent, the man had watched, amazed. Now his gaze left the canoe and turned down. He rested his head on Skeebo, who was between his knees. His body began to shake slightly. A tear appeared at the corner of his eye and fell on Skeebo. "No! No!", he cried, "Oh no, not now!" He raised his head to the water. His eyes were wet. "I hate you". The words came slowly. "I hate you and your damned canoe!" He struck Skeebo with his fist, and broke his skin. His eyes opened in horror at what he had done. "Oh no! Oh Skeebo, Skeebo! I am sorry Skeebo - I am sorry. I did not mean to do it Skeebo. I am not mad at you! Oh! I am so sorry." He began to weep silently.

The storm was beginning to break when the canoe landed on the beach beside his shelter. The boy and girl tumbled out and onto the beach. The girl fell to the sand and lay back on her elbows. She both laughed and cried. The boy kneeled beside her and took her hand, but he was looking at the lake. "I knew I could do it," he said quietly, "but to know that it's done!" He threw a stick at both the sky and the water, and laughed, a little foolishly. He turned to the girl, still smiling. She pulled him to her. "I love you - so very much!" she whispered.

"I love you, too." he said. He bent and kissed her softly, withdrew his lips and gazed into her eyes, then kissed her again - quite hard.

He had watched and heard all this from between the rocks. He took up the drums and hurried to his cabin, careful not to be seen. He went straight to bed. He did not put his drums away.

He could not sleep. There was no consolation in his old thoughts of his drums, or of the lake. He tried to think of the magnificent storm, but this was spoiled for him by the thought of the canoe, and of the song he so much wanted to sing. His drums had failed him to-night. He thought of the stick, the little stick, that the boy had thrown. He thought, too, of the kiss.

He arose early and began to pack. All of his belongings fitted into his duffel bag - except his drums. He felt compelled to make his bed and tidy up the cabin. When he had done this to his satisfaction, he set out. At the bottom of the stairs, he could not help but look again at the proud pines that studded the slow descent to the lake. He felt the sky was watching him. He re-entered the cabin. The sunlight pierced the window screen and sat upon his drums. They were quite still. Already, a little dust had settled on the skins.

He said, "I suppose you may come Low-toe." He walked out, picked up his duffel bag, and left. He did not lock the door. He did not look back as he ascended the mountainside, but went straight up the path to the highway that led to the city.

DON GUTTERIDGE

NIGHT

The church bell tolls
"Seven o'clock in the city"

In the west the sun's rays rising
Streak the sky copper
From behind a bank of sluggish cloud
Dozing on the horizon.
The city yawns
Eyes heavy-lidded and bad-breath
Smelling of rubber scorched and fumes,
And a thousand sweaty bodies
In a thousand sweating rooms —
And from the sewers seeps
The faint odour of despair.
The city
Weary
Licks its wounds, and sleeps.

And I solitary on the street
Seek out my solitary room,
Alone with the stale-beer-smell
And the odours of cheap perfume
That linger on to tell
Of kisses in the dark that taste
Of cigarettes and two-dollar gin,
To tell of promises protested
In the night and broken in the morning
When daylight disillusion,
When the sharp sun shatters
The dream-delusions of the night
And tosses them in tatters
Across the dull and dingy walls.
'Tis then that I must crawl
From the bed's seclusion:
To live again with dread
The thousand yesterdays of my existence.

The church bells toll
"Seven o'clock in the city"
It will be night — soon.

ALBERT MacLEAN

PROCESSION

See the gods pass
This year's, last year's, next year's,
Old gods, new gods;
Discarded, revived, forgotten,
 Manufactured.

See the gods pass
Old ones, new ones, both ones
Poor gods - un gods
Blind, dumb, dead
 Man's fools.

 See God!
Alone, supreme, perfect all.
He is sad-glad. His man
Sees his God last.
 All hail.

MALCOLM FRASER

CREEK

I bathe in the creek
icy creek
Pocaterra Creek.
Dirty, it flows on.

SEA

The epileptic torrent of the morrow
will seek and find.
Red lobsters and the crucible makers
will return to the embrace of the sea.

EVAN PIKE

WINTER

H₂O in crystalloid whiteness,
Descent acceleration g,
Enprisms autumn's spectral brightness;
Burries everything but thee.

Out of the cold lunge Prufrock's asses
Into the warmth of Honeywell;
Odysseus laughs at their steamed-up glasses
And their Michaelangelian Doggerel.

Zero degrees brings osteoid tremours
Shaking lose phlegmatic brine,
Olfactory redness, influenza,
Winter - pathogenic clime.

ELAINE COLWILL

The Celestial Express

“Now, here’s a plan you will *really* like,” I was assured by the little fat clerk, Monsieur Evangelist of the Rank Travel Agency, a most efficient place of business. “It has all the highlights of these other tours and not the cost. So many people have taken it that we have been able to reduce the rates. Why, just last month, in the peak of holiday travel, I sold no fewer than 300 tickets in one day! We had to put on several extra trains. Well, yes. Here in one package is the fabulous trip to the Celestial City - a place of a thousand and one attractions - a place with all the mystery of the East and the pleasures of the South Sea Islands almost at our doorstep. And what’s more, you’ve chosen the right time of the year to go. The arbutus will be in bloom. Oh what delicate flowers! What a delightful fragrance! Of course, if you were to wait for a month or so, the Bachia Choral Festival would be on but then, I know once you get there you’ll want to be there for some time. So, you might as well go now and see the place at its most magnificent. It is a great chance, the chance of a lifetime. It’s a rare tour you really can’t afford to miss.”

Yes, it was a rare chance, the way the salesman described it. Also,

it seemed to be the place for which I had been searching so long and had not found in Bangkok or Dusseldorf or Segovia. So it wasn't surprising to find myself in the car the efficient travel agency had sent to give me a comfortable trip to the station and to ensure that I caught my train to that wonderful, exotic land.

Out of the congested heart of Moneia, or known better as the City of Destruction, we passed into the older residential area, degraded into apartments, and then into the sprawling suburbs in which only the colours of the front doors distinguished houses. Past this was the billboard jungle of Used Car Marts and quick deals on easy terms. Out in the open fields of ancient refuse piles now sodded into parks, stood the station of my departure, a massive stone building, as solid as the economy on which it rested.

At the Station of the City of Destruction, I was hurried through the plate glass doors into a crowded interior, crowded with tourists who, like me, were about to use their holiday in the journey to this greatest wonder of the world. Since I was on a tour of the Rank Agency, I was not required to stand in line at the ticket wicket to receive my piece of cardboard from Mr. Goodwill. Instead, I was hurried through the turnstile by a jovial man who looked like a Department store Santa Claus, a very business-like Santa with the glint of receiving in his eye. The train was about to pull out so I had to hurry. My burdensome bags were kindly taken by one of the many porters and placed in the baggage car. He gave me a ticket with a number stamped on it and assured me that with it I could redeem my sins at my point of debarkation. The crew of this railway station was unnaturally kind.

The train was drawn up behind the station and what a train it was! All shiny chrome and long, low cars with the largest windows I had ever seen. There were parlor cars, and club cars, and dining cars and each had its own observation dome for the best view possible. A magnificent train and I hardly knew which car to choose.

"Hello there," I was greeted by a tall man, perfectly tailored down to the corner of his handkerchief, "I'm George Dives, a director of the railroad corporation and one of the largest stockholders. Perhaps I can help you decide where to sit. I've often taken this tour so I think I know just where one should sit for the best viewing."

He put a hand under my elbow and propelled me through the crowd. What a wonderful crowd it was! It would have made Bunyan or an evangelist happy to have seen the crowd. For instead of one ragged man with a pack on his back, driven out of the city by hoots, here were many of the finest people in the town, social and business leaders, with their packs comfortably in the baggage car and followed by the envious sighs of friends. Among the gentlemen were characters of the highest repute - magistrates, politicians, men of wealth and learning, all leaders of the community and moral examples to the world. With them were women who could charm any social circle with their beauty and accomplishments.

"And so you are going to the wonderful Celestial City?" mused my guide - mused I think rather than asked, for without waiting for my answer he continued, "Well, I hope you have brought the right clothes. They tell me they are a rather particular group as to clothes; bucklers and helmets or such."

"Well, not knowing I was going to be on this tour when I set out from home . . ."

"Really, don't worry about it. Don't give it another thought. Most of the people on these tours don't plan to come when they leave home. Anyway, where can one find a cloth of Truth?"

"Poor old Bunyan! If he had only waited another ten years before he sent his poor Christian on the suicidal march, he could have caught a stagecoach. It wouldn't have been like this, but anything's better than walking. Watt's engine certainly put the business on the road. (He laughed.) Now it seems each decade the trains are faster and better; the seats more comfortable. I think we are going to have to do something about them though. With all the velvet and foam rubber over inner, deep-coiled springs, passengers are finding it almost impossible to get out of them at the end of the road."

I had to agree with that. The comfortableness, that is.

"Of course, I must admit those days of the open carriages and cinder-belching engines weren't so comfortable. Apollyon would vent his anger on the passengers by blowing scalding steam and wood smoke in their faces, but these practical jokes did make them feel like martyrs. One must keep the customers happy. Still, there is nothing like progress. I have always maintained that material progress is the answer to this world's ills.

"Speaking of progress, we had to move the station back from the old wicket gate to the city gate. It was a little the worse for the wear-and-tear of the ancient feud between the Gatekeeper and Prince Beelzebub. The deadly arrows aimed at the honest pilgrims knocking at the gate more often missed and left so many scars and burns on the wooden frame that we decided to build a new, imposing station nearer town - good for business you know. Besides, that way the passengers knew they were getting more for their money. It was much to the credit and reputation of that illustrious prince, and most certainly my committee of enlightened directors, that the feud was so amicably settled. It was to everyone's advantage to incorporate. While he sits on the board of directors with his keen monetary sense, his subjects are employed in the station house. The arrangement has worked out well. I do hope you gave your porter a nice tip. If you don't, they all will add a little to your luggage."

Then, noticing the book in my hand, Bunyan's guidebook, he exclaimed, "My dear fellow, don't use that antiquated thing."

"Why?"

"Why? Because Bunyan didn't know what he was talking about in the first place and in the second, things have changed. We have pro-

gressed in the last 300 years. Why, the itinerary has been changed in many places. We don't stop at the Palace Beautiful anymore. Its mistresses, Miss Prudence, Miss Piety and Miss Charity are not the progressive type. They haven't changed since the Dark Ages. Even their flirtation with the Free Thinkers didn't change them. They were so dry and starched that even as a museum piece, passengers refused to stop there. The customer is always right so we changed the route. Bunyan couldn't describe some place he had never seen so let me, with my experience, guide you."

The train blew its whistle and the wheels slowly turned. It promised to be the most interesting and pleasant side tour of my world trip.

"We finally had to bridge the Slough of Despair with a more conventional bridge. When Nat Hawthorne was here last year he was right in remarking how unsteady the road was. That just goes to show how unsound Theology is. We thought those tomes would become harder than cement but they kept bothering us. Also, those books of morality and theological quarrels wouldn't stand the new higher speed and vibration. $\frac{1}{2} R - \sqrt{V} \times E - 700 / \tan 30$ you know. It's a little too difficult for me but that is what the engineers said. We took scrap iron and made it into nickle and copper to build this bridge, the longest of its kind in the world. You really can't know how useful old toothpaste tubes can be! I don't know how anyone could expect to bridge the quicksand pool in 1600 years with 20,00 carts of wholesome earth! If you have read Mr. Bunyan carefully, I suppose you will be looking for the Interpreter's House now?"

Yes, I had been watching carefully for this place where I had been told all answers could be found.

"Then I'm terribly sorry. We don't stop there. Not even the milk trains stop. The place has been dry for some time. Now that he was converted by the Rev. Moderate, he serves only water and advice. He refused to join our corporation and although he wouldn't believe that "Corporate" was the formula for success, he knows that competition is the life-breath of business, ours anyway. We built the track around his inn and he lost a lot of business, but not his sharp tongue. There is no place in our corporation for Nonconformists. There is a footpath to the Celestial City from Moneia - hardly ever used so you didn't notice it - that passes by his inn so he has company now and then. Not all the populace has been persuaded by advertisements to avail itself of the advantages of progress. Some are still too old fashioned to own T.V. But, this relative peace gives our innkeeper lots of time for contemplation and philosophy. His magic tricks did become terribly boring.

"I don't suppose you realize just how popular a resort the Celestial Land is. We have air service twice daily for politicians who are in a hurry and a special diesel, the Businessman's Special, which makes no stops. There is talk of a new highway but that is only talk. We all need a rest from our hair-clipping traffic."

Once again I found myself in complete agreement.

“As I was saying earlier,” he continued with only a slight pause, “that guide book really isn’t of much value. Did you notice the Hill of Difficulty or the Vale of Humiliation? Of course not. We decided those were too old-fashioned. Progress demands a constant re-evaluation so we bulldozed the one in to fill the other. Anyway, it had to be done. These new engines, the best to be had, can’t negotiate a grade steeper than 3% - not like interest - and it seemed cheaper to level off the Hill of Difficulty than to face the difficult task of building a spiral tunnel in it.”

That sounded most reasonable, economically.

“Now, we are coming into an area, a new phenomenon. It wasn’t around during Bunyan’s time although Shakespeare did much to start it. It’s some strange meteorological phenomenon, the Vale of Tears. After all those epic tragedies, Gothic horrors, sentimental novels and soap operas, it is little wonder that the air somewhere became saturated. I only wish it had occurred on someone else’s railroad. The Romantics did more than their share too, I would say. Our experts are studying the phenomenon and I expect any day a report that they have become certain enough to disagree on the cause.”

The train shrieked, startling me, and suddenly we were plunging downward at a terrific speed, like a roller coaster, into the dread Valley of the Shadow of Death. Involuntarily I grasped the back of the seat in front of me and began to whisper formulae of appeasement. Then I heard my conductor laugh and I saw - hey, this wasn’t the Valley of the Shadow of Death! - it was just a tunnel lit by the latest in fluorescent lamps, a sulphurous radiance hurtful to the eye and flashing neon signs. “Take Time Out For Coke”, “Sleep Tonight on a Sleep-Easie Mattress”, “You’ll Wonder Where the Yellow . . .” swosh! . . . “Prepare Ye for Our Prince Cometh” . . . Oh what wonderful colour! A rose growing from a stemmed bud, wheels moving and the tails of contented cows moving!

“Ha! Ha! I thought you would enjoy it. A vast improvement don’t you think? And so effectively placed, our advertisement? You have to credit us with imagination. But that isn’t our masterpiece.”

No, that wasn’t their masterpiece of imagination. Shortly thereafter we arrived at Vanity Fair and since our tickets gave us stop-over privileges, we decided to explore this wonder at our ease.

Vanity Fair - Vanity Fair, how shall I sing thy praises, O wondrous city on the fair Rum River? A truly magnificent place with its motto, No Price is Too Great, or Value and Price are Incongruous. It was a kind of an Eastern Bazaar crossed with a circus and amusement park and a trade exhibition. The railroad had brought an influx of business and with it a new kind of businessman, the sharp operator who transformed the old fair into an ultramodern Flea Market or Petticoat Lane. You could buy anything here and the passengers were greatly carried away by the spirit of buying. Many of the things they bought I thought were silly but then you know how salesmen can use the

language.

Perhaps what they didn't have is of more interest than what they had. The main section and the large department stores didn't stock Clear Conscience. However, in a little, out-of-the-way square, my friend and I found a man who had discovered a secret formula to produce this diamond artificially under great heat and pressure. He had built several Conscience-o-mats in which pilgrims could drop their life-wages for a caret-size Conscience. Of course this man, being a sharp businessman, knew that the demand was very great so he kept the supply scarce and unlucky pilgrims had to settle on opium for poetic inspiration or rare elixirs for broken hearts to spend their hard-earned money in this place.

Unfortunately, the Fair was crowded with businessmen. There was a convention on and no accommodation was available. It had been a very crowded city for some time and with the arrival of our train it became too crowded for pleasure. So my friend and I hurried to reboard our train. One can't see everything on a trip as thoroughly as one wishes, especially on a conducted tour.

It had been an exhausting day so gladly I sank back into the velvet and foamrubber. The rocky land flew by and soon we had topped the rise of the ancient Delectable Mountains. There before us lay a vast plain with a city rising on a hill in the centre. Here was the beautiful Celestial City with all the mysteries of the East, as attractive as Monsieur Evangelist had promised.

"I was going to quit you here, my dear chap," said my dear conductor, Mr. Dives, "but I feel that I would like to go a bit farther with you. Here we must leave the train, as it goes no farther. We'll cross the lake that separates us from the Celestial City by boat. The company has just put into service a new fleet of crack ships all very modern and most luxurious. Much more satisfactory than the old steamboats and side-paddlers but not so romantic. Progress, you know. The lake was once the river Jordan. We dammed it up a mile or so down stream from the City and built a hydro plant to run an electric railway but that wasn't satisfactory so we switched to diesels and the hydro's used only to light certain tunnels. Progress will soon replace them with better lighting but we will always keep the Lake of Artificiality because most of our prominent businessmen like to bring their families here for the summer vacations and weekends - good fishing and boating on the lake and an excellent view.

"Yes, I think I fancy a boat ride. It is very relaxing and I would like to talk a little longer with you before you are swallowed up in the Celestial City. You would make a good businessman. Of course you would have to learn to talk more but then, when I'm the undisputed master of that, it isn't surprising you couldn't say much. Also, you don't think, and in our corporation robots are better than philosophers. Only a few thinkers can be at the top. Yes, you would make a good addition to our staff."

B. R. WOODS

THREE POEMS

THE BIRD

The bird,
Impaled upon fear,
Wing-beats the pane,
Confused,
Until soaked in feverish red,
In foreign flight
To the sucking mire
He pummels
Down
Down.

Fast rooted in the muck,
Fingers wrapped around the life-hot corpse,
I hear a wild, terrible song
And then,
I hurl him back,
Back with a scream,
Broken and dead,
Into the clean, clear air.

THE HALFLING

I

That summer while the sun lived
I worked the boat,
Crossing the lake twice,
Forty miles to -
Forty miles back.
Grease-encased behind a spattered grill,
Hot dogs two bits, hamburgs thirty-five.
But my thoughts were beyond
The chomping jaws and the warm beer,
Beyond the sunlight to the night,
To the moon-scaped dunes of velvet uncertainty,
To the million grains our bodies warmed
In our need,
And the halfling
I loved for a briefness
That must and could happen
In its perfection
Only at night, for an instant,
While the lake-locked sands
Transmitted for a pulse beat
Their ever-passion and ever-closeness.

II

Through the slush-choked gutters
Runs out time between those nights and now.
The lake ice-welded
Caresses not the shore,
Buried under impersonal winter-white.
And I guess, alone, feet sunken in the snow,
That warmth will return
To the nights, to the sands.
But I'm weary of waiting, waiting,
Lifetimes of waiting
For a halfling's summer smile
From far beyond this cold grave place

POEM

You say my friend and I are lazy louts?
Ah! Yes, that is true. But are we dead?
I mean, Sir (and Sir is the respectful
Term you expect),
That we are not labourers but that
We are respectful indolents,
And, although we have not taken our
Esteemed places in middle class
Society that by birthright is our due,
We are still much richer than you,
O Worshipper at the shrine of
Credit financing and new car every two years.
I think, we think of things that
Have been forgotten and thus we have
Forgotten to don our gray flannel faces
And to take our place in the bread line
Of providers who are good sound risks.
But please don't leave, my friend;
You need me; you need me to see for you
As a machine needs an erratic human being
To take care of its failures,
Things that deviate from the norm or the mass.
For I would not see even you, my dull friend,
Become a happy slave.

JOHN NELLES

The Game

I was sitting in the third row of the spectator seats waiting for Max to come out. Danny O'Brien was going to have him work a couple of rounds with George Conrad, the old Harlem trial horse. George spent most of his career as a trial horse; tough but not too tough, soft but not too soft. But Old George wasn't a trial horse any more, just a sparring partner, putting his big porpoise body and his battered good natured face up there to be battered around some more for five dollars a round. Good old George, with the gold teeth, the easy smile and the old-time politeness, calling everybody mister, black and white alike, humming his slow blues as he climbed through the ropes, letting himself get beaten to his knees, climbing out through the ropes and picking up the song right where he had left it on the apron of the ring. That was George, a kind of Old Man River of the ring, a John Henry with scar tissue, a human punching bag who accepted his role with philosophical detachment.

When I think of Old George and his lot, I inadvertently look towards the men's locker room and think of Little Joey Samuels, the blind attendant. Kid Samuels, with the beautiful footwork, who went 15 rounds without slowing down, an artist who could make a fight look like a ballet. Little Joey in those beautiful double breasted suits, and the cocky jaunty way he skipped from one corner to another to shake hands with the participants in a fight to decide his next victim.

The Kid had Danny O'Brien in his corner in those days. Danny looked after his boys. He knew when the Kid's timing was beginning to falter, when he began running out of gas around the eighth. Because of a beating Joey took one night, at the hands of a tough young slugger, who had no business in the ring with him when the Kid was right, Danny made him pack it in; so the vultures nosed in to feed on the still warm corpse.

It was Vince Vanheim who managed Kid Samuels out of the top ten and into the men's can. Vince had him fight three or four times a month around the small clubs from San Diego to Bangor; any place where "former bantamweight champion" still sold tickets. Vince chased a dollar with implacable single mindedness. I caught up with him and the Kid one night several years ago in Toledo, when Joey was fighting a little southpaw who knew how to use his hands. The fight was so brutal that by the end of the seventh, I felt I had to make a pitch. I rushed over to the Kid's corner and said: "For Christ's sake, Vince, what do you want to have, a murder? Throw in the towel and stop the slaughter, for Christ's sweet sake."

Vince looked down from the ring, where he was trying to help the trainer close the cuts over the eyes. "Siddown and min' your own friggin' business," he said while working frantically over Joey to get him ready to answer the bell.

Half an hour after the referee stopped the slaughter, I was having a hamburger across the street, when Vince came in and squeezed his broad buttocks into the opposite booth. He ordered a steak sandwich and a bottle of beer. He was with another guy and they were both feeling all right.

When I paid my check I turned to Vince's booth, because I felt I had to protest against the violation of the dignity of Kid Samuels. I said, "Vince, in my book you are a chintzy, turd-eating butcher."

That's a terrible way to talk, and the only thing I can say in my defense, is that if you are talking to an Eskimo it is no good to speak Arabic. But what I said didn't even make Vince lose a beat in the rhythmical chewing of his steak.

"Aaah, don't be an old lady," Vince said, "the Kid's never been kayoed, so why should I spoil his record."

"Sure," I said, "don't spoil his record. Just spoil his face, spoil his head, spoil his life for good."

"Go away," Vince said, laughing. "You'll break my frigging heart."

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LEAVE AS YOU WISH









MF

TERRY LEEDER

THE FIRST

Worn wrists to the bone
Starved eyes
And desperate after Cesarian
Stillbirth,

She rasped to make herself
Heard by the nurse
Probationary,
Rasped mumbled gasps

Of words.
Her husband, bastard
Of a rotten deserter in her physical need
Of meat,

Her starved in bearing child
and nursing two already
Wrenched into life.
Him whoring.

Rasped mumbled gasps
She hurled at last the
"Can I get him into court?"
Nearly strangled saying.

The question hung.
Death closed it
Leaving two wrenched into life already.
Over the carcass

The nurse probationary
Cried:
It was of all the patients
The first she lost.

JOHN MOSS

THREE POEMS

THE VOYAGE

I seemed to see
 As I looked out
Upon the seas of yore
A certain sleek
 And spanking ship
Who sails the waves no more.

At dusk one year
 I wandered on
A certain sad
 And sullen hull,
Forgotten from
 The mortal minds
Of crew and all
 Who her did know;
Of all who let
 Their threatening fears
Flow freely out
 Upon the seas
While salted tears
 Flowed strong within;
Flowing freely
 Like a river
Winding through
 A foreign land.

Her planks were worn,
 Her wood was dry,
And gaps I saw
 Between her boards,
And rotted ribs
 Protruded 'round
As if disease
 Had set in there;
Disease of dread
 Toredo worms

Which feed, like ghouls,
 Upon a barque
Whose life has slipped
 From out her grasp;
Slipping freely
 Like a tankard
Falling from
 A drunkard's hand.

I clambered up
 Upon her rails
To stride and stand
 Upon her decks
And lean against
 The roots of fallen
Rigging, lying
 From darkened days
Of long forgotten,
 Long enduring yore;
Where once she lived
 To follow whims
Of many a man
 Who her did know;
Knowing fully,
 Like a seer:
Feeling fate
 Was her command.

And suddenly
 She lurched about;
The bosom of
 Her sails shook out
And pulled against
 The streaming skies,
And stretched above
 The rising seas;
Impassioned by
 This strong caress
She broached and heeled
 Until her decks
Were all awash
 With silvery foam;
Falling freely
 From the scuppers,
Flowing back
 Into the sea.

The skipper's hand
 Held tight the helm,
And crisp he called
 The lads to climb,
And reef the main
 Before she cracked
Along a strained
 And sweating seam;
And shipboard sounds
 Were all around,
As noise of creaks
 And groans and roars,
And thumps and whines
 And splashing air,
Trickled swiftly
 At her topside,
Tickling by
 The keel below.

Once more she is
 Upon the beach,
Upon the sands
 Where first I trod,
And now I see
 That she is dead
And dormant in
 Her longest reach;
And dormant in
 The lurid light
Of rising moon
 And setting sun,
Which signed the death
 Of this past age;
Passing slowly
 From my grasp,
Slipping into
 Time gone by.

I wondered, then,
 If God was dead
Until I saw
 Upon the seas
A certain sleek
 And spanking ship
Who sails the waves
 For evermore.

PERUSAL

Why do I think
On the periphery of my imagination
When I could clamp my jaws
on some specific tragedy
Whose light has gone out
But life is retained
maintained and undetermined
Within a sotted mind
Which contemplates only the
Peak of melancholic masochism
When there is such else
As is affecting the effect
of conflicting passion pured
By a clean but soiled world
Which coagulates into
A ball of complete bastardized
Degradation and demolition
And handles the skins
and their pleasure-seeking
But dismal-minded pimps
With adequacy beyond the
dream of the living grave
Of Antigone as Creon
follows laws which cut out
the denial of all crap-eaters
Who digest such a pit
Of filled disgust with fess
That eases-oozing from the
sores of uneasiness which
must find significance in
Their preposterous past
And yet look up to God
With rotted teeth and cavities
Of the dirt from where
We think is naught
But basest floor to do with all
Who only ease their bellies
Over cobbled grit that
snarks and snarls at anatomies
And follows nails into a
board which quakes with
What must be a Stygian
Fall to Grace

THE DEAD CREEP ON

The dead creep on
 Beneath
The darkness of the skies.
 Above
The ceiling of the sod:

 And troubled souls
 Are wrought
From life embalmed with bile
 To reek
Of morbid memories.

 But in His thought,
 To ooze
Foul blood from barrenness;
 From rot
Will come a shattered flesh.

 The bastard's kin
 (Begat
As she, from dirt, was given)
 Consumed
This hideous grave of sin.

 And now, unsightly,
 Naked
Nostril, seared strangely clean;
 Picked
Dry by Time's bent finger,

 Cremate thyself
 Into
The orifice of Hell
 Amidst
A dirge of sweet damnation.

Man's duel is done,
 And deep
He sinks into a sleep,
 And woe
Succumbs him to his fate:

 He yearns his tomb
 And dies
Not from a dread disease
 But lost
To Destiny.

DONALD HAIR

coffee break

she sat opposite me
measuring out the minutes with cigarette butts
that sizzled at the bottom of her cup
where the cream swam like a viper
she leaned across and sympathised
asking me to pour out my soul
like another cup of coffee
for her to sip at and then abandon
cold
and lifeless as yesterday's newspaper
pitted with snow
numb news no newsnow use no

youse are very quiet she said

The king went forth one day, unnoticed,
And by the fountain saw her unaware
Of the sunlight in her hair;
By the dusky dark-eyed fountain,
Yet the sun was lighting there
Because she sat and was so fair.
There were dead leaves in the air,
Mournful, musty, out of autumn
Oozing dampness, yet she was fair;
And he left off perpetual care
To see the sunlight in her hair;
Yet all his heart was one despair
Once to have seen the sunlight there
Now but an image in his brain
Confused and lumped with optic train.
And yet he stirred, yet could not run,
And she was there and he but dumb,
Remembering, but mute and dumb
He cried,
"My kingdom! My kingdom for a son!"

the king and I I think
I knew him once
but little matter
if I am quiet I will freeze
and dream forever perhaps

please drink she said
your coffee she said it's getting
cold

ANONYMOUS

HAIKU

Some cheese for my mouse,
Warm fur feasting; a moment,
Wooden winter house.

Summer's gentle toil,
Erections half skeletal
Dead in snow, cold soil . . .

Brush, loam eye in white
Madonna warm caught to sense;
Cool late moon in night . . .

Red mountain tramping,
Alien, in the police faced land
I go . . .

KENNETH MONTAGUE

DIALOGUE

MEPHISTOPHELES TO A FOOL:

You are a fool, my friend,
For your hopeless hopes
That things could be as they should,
For thinking this world,
With its furled souls,
And feelings hewn from wood,
Can ever spare love for you.
At best, you may ply Love's thighs,
Caress bosom and buttock,
Feel the swell, feel the wetness
That winds to Hell,
Live the orgasm of the fishes.
But all this you've had, my Fool,
Held their bodies by biting their prides,
And felt the fatal bleeding
Of her wounded trust,
Been able, often, to hold impaled
On your passion, writhing,
The prize which all seek,
That they too may cry
That they too have conquered,
And are stallions henceforth.
You have won many times,
And will again, wild friend,
Sweetener of virginal sweat.
You master purple wishes,
They cannot mark you now.
You need but reach and grasp
To have all I'll give.
Why cry against me, who gave all this?
Why sigh that your fate's not enough?
Have what you will, but want not
Those fires you cannot hold.

THE FOOL REPLIES:

Yes, I have had these, my tyrant,
Made her want me, take me
Into her heart and bed,
Cleaved bent knees with my desire,
Made her slippery by my touch.
But for what glorious purpose,

What human or godly end?
'Tis a scarlet source, illumining nothing.
A fountain, failing to rise, wasted,
Runs back to its insipid pool.
A clutch at burning stars
Only fills cupped hands brim full
Of black, empty sky.
I will not have it thus,
Murderous Mephistopheles,
For I can love, yes, love,
From the bed-black depths of soul
Past the shoal of unminding time.
Jehovah's screams, scraped
On a mind made mad
By the flood of blood, are lost
In the roaring happiness of want.
Give me peace, perfidious priest.
Let my loving be answered,
And I am alone no more.
Then can majestic bodies,
Combined in war-like passions,
Create the limitless light,
That we may see: each, the other.
The fountain ascends, and stars are near.
Fear is gone, mistrust abandoned,
Ferocious gentleness remains.
Quivering comes, pulse quickening,
At the tiniest touch of lips,
And delicately bowed
Is that highest note,
Drawn tight and fragile.
You gave me the means, cruel Liege,
And cannot take it back.
I will, with it, pry
From your armoured side, the love
That will end it - This being alone.

MEPHISTOPHELES, AGAIN, TO THE FOOL:

Oh, please, weak-minded mortal,
Why must you cry out thus?
Are you other than your own?
She is there, who feels like you,
But, like you, she is powerless too.
You see, they are frightened,
Lest their graspings close
Only on themselves,
Or that thighs open to fiery lies,
Their love given hopelessly
To only seemingly solid no one.
Against such they must guard,

Must mistrust all lovings,
Because those less greedy than you
Have taken as I have given
The parted lips and legs
Riven with their pride.
They take at any cost, to her,
And any lie, on her confer.
They don't ask to try and gain
What I, in my wisdom, withhold.
How is it you dare to press me?
Know you that I am the world,
And even you must do my bidding.
In unsuccessful dark beds
You have touched it, tasted it,
That meaningless love you decry,
And so have done as they,
To help keep her away.
So now Fear huddles behind her breasts,
His horny hands clamp tight
The lips of her spirit,
Leave her acid and dung for you.
Her one god, Self, has called him,
Trembling at Self's thunderous roars
For peace, and "No hurt. No pain".
Fear and Self together devour
That which could have loved.
Her body remains, shaking,
All that I care to give.
How dare you ask for more?

THE FOOL REPLIES:

Hear me, loathsome Lord!
I say I'll not pray again.
Forbid me what you will,
But I shall kill one of us.
I'll drink my fill of that heady stuff
Kept from me, or die.
My passion is greater than you,
My heart dreaming, mightier
Than your mind's scheming.
I'll thrust blind trust in your eyes,
Darken Fear and Self at the stroke,
Scrape them from their
Foul, vulture perch by her soul.
I'll make the horrible strength
Of my colossal wants
Tear free the love I must have.
Your awful power I'll not deny
But hear me, hear the mighty cry
Of a fool destined to defy.

DOUGLAS HARDING

FOUR POEMS

a litry speculation entitled:

**WHAT'S 'APPENED TO ERNIE or MORE
CHEST, BUT STILL . . .**

Pee-pul of Femly, pee-pul ngeidge,
to the Hemmingway heart lay jossel and siege;
with Martinis dry and olives on stix,
demi-mondanes and the queerest of pix;
people of suavitee most ambidextrous,
tres sophistique and quite ambisextrous.

There's snow high in Kenya, red blood in Madrid,
and the bells toll as loud as ever they did;
but Ernie ain't hearing - and Lefty's fergit,
Ern's shootin' the bull and filling the kit.

He ain't ridin' no rods for W. R. Hearst,
but luses through Cannes in a Sud-Express First;
his pen ain't a-writin' of flopjoints and bums,
but Hotels Majesticos an' Cheppies'n Chums;

and that ain't a broad with ants in her pants;
thet's a mettlesome Gel and Cassl in Hants.

A REPORT ON EDUCATION

The employers! . . .
efficient men with handlebar moustaches
and duffle-coated walking sticks:
jolly cheps though they be,
are being forced to complain
again and again . . .

that their new intakes of Bills and Alices
cannot spell
well
or write
right.

They do not wish to complain
but would merely like to know

what is
going

on

in the chrome and perspex palaces
dedicated
to the undying glory of the taxpayer
and to the spread
of papier-mache and illiteracy
amongst the lower classes.

I THINK THERE'S WHAT YOU CALL PSYCHOLOGY IN THIS

Man was never
singular or important,
unique in any way,
or even alone
until Adam
discovered an apple
and a self to grapple.

And ever since,
when the outer self mirrors
the self that is in,
that's sin -
And you're being original.

So the moment you feel
yourself being you,
And the taste of yourself hits your blood,
you've stopped growing,
bud.

CHASTITY'S TIGRESS

The heavy chapel woman,
Erect at kitchen sink,
Castigates her onions,
Where the windows wink.

. . . Grey ape eyes to shark-slate skies,
And coil bars to her want

The hip-huge turgid lady
Hee-haws with unknown loves,
Blank with too much standing
And dictums on doves.

. . . Bitter thoughts through windows caught
Around the rutgut road.

Detestacling potatoes
With shape are ache-sharp knife,
Where the hipsy steel bars
Tipsify her strife.

JIM ETHERINGTON

The Dream

The rattle of the shopping bag and an explosive gust of breath caused Andy to glance angrily to his left. A fat puffing woman in a shapeless print dress was smiling idiotically beside him on the bus seat.

He looked back out the window again, vaguely seeing the street, the garish store fronts and the stupid gaping people. The bus slowed, stopped; the door flapped and clacked, and the bus growled away. Gradually his former thoughts came back and his thin body in a T shirt and jeans relaxed as a smile came over his face. His teeth were uneven and dirty and not too many years ago attacks of pimples had hopelessly ploughed his cheeks into red welted masses. Nervously he wrinkled his nose to push his glasses up and his breath came a little faster.

He'd started dreaming about it a week ago. At first it had been no different than the thousand other blurry images that he'd reviewed each morning as he'd stood in front of a cracked dirty mirror in his ragged shorts, cautiously scraping at his face with the razor. Ever since he'd been a kid he'd had vivid dreams. Lots of times he'd hurried at the last minute to get into bed and start dreaming. Once he could remember that he had cried in frustration when his mother had kept calling him in the morning while he was trying desperately to fall back into the quiet green and blue dreams.

But not even the dreams that had made him shiver with pleasure as he remembered them during school hours had ever been like the one that had started a week ago.

Suddenly his half conscious senses brought him struggling to his feet as he saw his stop flash by the window. The fat woman made a loud comment as he kicked over her shopping bag. Maybe the bus would even stop quick and dump her on the floor and she would jiggle and moan and everyone would laugh.

He couldn't concentrate on his dream as he walked down the street to his home because of the flies that rose from the spilled garbage cans as he went by. He remembered a fly that had once kept flying around and around his head and wouldn't go away.

He slowed his shuffling walk to ease by the poolroom. Sometimes the guys would swagger out and spit on the sidewalk in front of him and then nod at one another, wink and laugh quietly as he went on by without looking up.

He swung his feet under his chair and nervously toyed with his fork. He stuck the prongs through a hole in the table cloth and noticed that there was dirt on the tips when he pulled it out. He wiped them on his pants and stabbed at the potatoes that his mother put on the table.

As he munched an apple he sat quietly on the back steps. He ate the fruit off of the apple skin and blew the ragged red skin at a dog that looked up at him and rolled its eyes, its tail hesitantly pounding the dusty yard.

It never seemed to get dark when you wanted it to! It would look suspicious if he went to bed too early. Anyway the kids made so much noise and the couple next door argued and tormented one another until it became dark.

He sank slowly down on the springs with a feeling of great luxury and expectation; it creaked and he thought of sitting on the fat woman and hearing her screech and sag under him.

The sheet was torn and it smelled of cabbage and onions. He was hot and he couldn't get to sleep.

If he didn't get to sleep soon it would be morning and he couldn't see it at all. He was sure he would see it to-night.

He must be asleep now because as he gripped the side of the bed he left it bend and melt in his hand. First, to really assure himself that he was asleep, he flew around the room. Then he went striding out and kicked at the roofs of the houses below him; they rattled and clacked as they fell into the alleys . . . dogs, with their tails between their legs and their eyes rolled back, ran all over the world and then he ran faster and faster through the streets.

There it was! It was green and the light from it glowed and grew warmer as he drew nearer. He plunged at it with his hands and screamed so loudly that everyone knew how it was hurting him . . . but it was cleaning him to . . . making him shining and pure!

Other times he had never been able to get through it, but now it didn't suck at his legs as much and he could feel handholds that helped him pull his body through with great gasps of breath.

He was too fat! He couldn't get through it. He tensed and then fell a long way down. He fell and flames flew back from his head. Everyone was looking up at him and grinning idiotically as he fell faster and faster and it got hotter and hotter.

The fat woman sat on the bench at the bus stop. She was fanning herself with a newspaper as it was a very hot day. The bus finally came and she struggled to her feet, dropping the newspaper to the ground. As the bus doors flapped and clacked and the bus growled off down the street, the breeze created riffled the pages of the newspaper and the front page story fluttered in the hot sunlight:

FAMILY OF EIGHT DIE IN TENEMENT FIRE

D. J. C. PHILLIPSON

DANSE GOTHIQUE

You should have seen Letitia dancing
There on the lawn, on Phoebe's wedding night.
We'd read a little Tennyson by candle-light -
And then Letitia danced.

We'd been to the riverside church for evening mass,
And, walking back together through the park,
Our footsteps echoed hollow in the summer dark,
Rhythm for Letitia's dance.

The fragrant night blew warm about our throats,
And we spoke slowly, softly, one by one,
Deliberating on the wonders God had done,
Before Letitia danced.

Beneath our feet the new-raked gravel shifted.
My sister's gown, quite gently floating round
Her form, was purest motion, whispered into sound -
Music for Letitia.

Candles lit the dinner-table too,
While incense smouldered in the corner gloom,
And crystal goblets tinkled in the tranquil room -
Letitia's prelude.

My mother pinned a rose to Phoebe's breast
And gently kissed her glove. New man and wife,
They had so little armoury to challenge life
Not like Letitia.

After midnight prayers we sat and talked
At home. Then requested Phoebe sing
A little Schubert, some romantic, restful thing -
An overture for Letitia.

She sang. And soon our friendly nightingale
Flew to the summer-house and trilled again
His own and nature's hymnody. That was when
My poor mad sister Letitia danced.

DON GUTTERIDGE

DECISION

Stop!
The light is red,
And I upon the walk,
Poised

Life can change with the flicker of a light,
In the time it takes
To cross a street or jam the brakes,
Quicken a womb or snuff a life.
Destiny
Is the split second that separates
To be or not to be,
And I upon the walk
Poised, like an arrow.

The light is yellow now,
The string draws taut.
I must decide, but What?
Perhaps this curb is the summit
Of some Promethean plain
Where titans grapple for the world
On the cliff-edge of destiny,
Death-locked, till one is hurled
Screaming into the sea.
Perhaps it is I
Who will fling the fire
In Jupiter's eye
And set the world ablaze.
Perhaps it is I
Who will throw

But the light is green now, and I must go.

RUTH BILLINGSLEY

FOG

Strange
How the fog wisps in
From the edges of the universe.
I remember the words of the text-book,
How they said:
The SUN shall cause the fog to disappear.

Strange then
How the fog-fingers
Slowly, silently
Strangle the morning sun.

No text-book ever told us
Of this numb, grey fog,
Nor mentioned
The tearing effort
Of blind Will,
Which slowly
Painfully
Squeezes back the fog
To the edges of the universe.

JIM FARLEY

ERGO

Reasoning that Man is the highest form of life
We reach the proposition that:
He should be able to advance even higher
Through industry, technology,
The liberal arts, theology,
To live the best life.

Cogito ergo sum.

Knowing that Man is a beast of the forest
We realize the stark fact that:
He is not able to sink much farther
Through clubs, arrows,
The armoured corps, atomic energy,
To live his own life.

Destruo ergo vir sum.

GOERGE STACEY

FOUR POEMS

GET YOUR WORDSWORTH

its easy to write beat poetry
like you just

gotta

write up and

down

the page

and make goddam sure you

curse and swear and ram

ble on saying nothing at all because its free expression and

the □'s

dont know its not art

like you just gotta let your ideas slop and flop all over like
a wet dishrag cleaning up after the queens weekend

to hell with form and punctuation is

really out only make sure you use basic communication
like the slack jawed city ravishing the big dripping taffy apple
of night truth will not be denied and love is a gas

and like that period

man i cant read what you say but you sure must be in the
avant garde with that crazy swinging singing period

THE PASSIONATE SCHOLAR TO HIS PIN-UP

Delightful nymph, you're standing there,
Sheerly in your underwear,
Tempting me from pen and lore
(And the bottle on the floor);
Know you not that I must write
This essay by tomorrow night?
My conscience has admonished me;
Now, foolishly at last, I see
 There's too much satisfaction
 In your bosomy distraction.
But this, I find, is worst of all—
I can't unstick you from the wall.

WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I MAY NEVER BE

How did you do it, Mr. Keats?
Were such lines and such conceits
Penned by mortal hand?
Jewels they are, and perfect in themselves.
Foremost ranged on art's eternal shelves,
They shall forever stand.

But this aspiring wordsman now;
Won't you return and teach him how
With poet's soul to see?
Can he the reaching vision consummate
In his common sane and healthy state -
Or must he have TB?

TO A STUDENT OF HISTORY A THOUSAND YEARS HENCE

For you, my heir, a pitying cry—
You've twice as much to learn as I.

ALEXANDER DEWDNEY

TURTLE COVE

Illustrated by Lorne Forstner

Silence.

The lapping of water beneath my canoe.

Over-hanging limbs embowering the inlet.

Semi-dark.

Cut off from the river by dead-wood and a fallen tree,

The Stygian water lies uneasily.

Waves from the river and . . .

There's another!

Shell of dull, mossy, rock-scales,

Horny head, cruel beak-jaws.

Just breathing,

The snapper waits. Plop!

Ripples play on the surface.

White shape darting beneath my canoe.

Now on other side.

Gliding. Soft, flat, with a long snout,

A nose for trouble. A different turtle.

Gone now.

A rustling in the grass.

Clumsily lumbering shell with stretched neck and bulb head.

Tumbling into the water,

And is gone . . .

I sniff.

A primeval musk.

Penetrating and dank,

A turtle smell,

A rotten wood and water smell.

Bottom scraping paddle as I turn canoe around,

Gliding for dead-wood barrier.

Fearing a dinosaur will come to drink . . .



HERMA McKEE

PHILOSOPHY

I took this course, I blush with shame,
Because I liked the sound of the name.
Now my courage is starting to shrink:
Nobody told me I'd have to think!

Now I am plagued by ought, and should,
And morals, and ethics, and how to be good,
Of atoms, and matter, and voids, and things,
Of tradesmen, and soldiers, and philosopher-kings.
What is justice, and who is just?
How do we get it, and is it a must?
Have I a mind, have I a soul?
Should thoughts of heaven be my goal?
Is there a God? and can I prove
The prime mover would have to move?
Is hell on earth, or is it later?
I've come to be a problem-hater!
My simple life is in confusion.
My state of mind is Plato's illusion.
Are there Forms, is Plato right,
Is my bed a Form where I sleep at night?
Should art be censured and if so, why?
Is the universe bounded by the sky?
Alas and alack and woe is me,
I'm not the girl I used to be!

MARJORIE JOHNSTON

*Some Observations On
Student Affairs*

I have wanted to express my feelings on this subject for some time and had thought of outlining them in a letter to the Gazette editor, but, since no one would read a letter as long as I would write, mainly because the Gazette would never print it, I decided that *Folio* should be the vehicle of my utterances.

I had better make my position in this article clear at the outset. I am speaking as one of the great apathetic mass which, together with the enthusiastic few, constitute the student body of this university. I am one of those who read frequently in the Gazette (or at least every time I read the Gazette, which perhaps could not be described as frequently) that I am uninterested, lacking in initiative, enthusiasm, loyalty to my school, and concerned solely with the inconsequential trivia of my personal daily existence. I have been told so often what is the matter with me, and the hundreds like me, that I have been stung into saying something about my critics - the small minority to whom undergraduate activities are very important. My hope is that you will not regard what

I have to say simply as debunking, or destructive criticism. You must remember that if you had not involved the rest of us in this matter by constantly urging us to jump on the organizational bandwagon we would be quite willing to co-exist with you peaceably, without all these re-creminations. It was your actions that made this article necessary, and so I hope you will think over carefully this summary of what I feel is the attitude of the "great un-clubbed" on this campus towards participation in school affairs.

To begin with, it is obvious that about ten percent of the student body is very much involved in student affairs. Another thirty percent perhaps is involved now and then, and the rest, which is by far the largest group is affected only by football games and perhaps the big dances. This state of affairs has existed for some time and is accepted as being quite normal by all except the ten percent. They, on the contrary, are filled with a great evangelical fervour which compels them to go out into the highways and byways and bring in the poor unfortunate masses who have never tasted the delights they know club life can provide. It may be that my metaphor of the missionaries is not quite as exact (particularly on this campus where the business atmosphere is all-prevading) as the metaphor of the salesmen would be. Proof of this is offered by the great annual sales campaign of each organization which is launched as soon as the drab necessities of registration can be put aside.

Motivated no doubt by the North American philosophy that what ever is bigger is *per se* better, each club strives to augment its membership by the addition of the unwary freshmen. To this end, the organizational hucksters set up their shops in the basement of University College and display their wares to the passers-by. They beseech, they cajole, they browbeat, and always a fair number of the easily-led do pledge their support to one organization or another by placing their names on a mailing list.

Even at this point - early October - the number of names which appear on the pieces of paper made grubby by a week's handling would be a minority of the total student enrollment, and by mid-January the number actively engaged in activities will have been reduced to about fifteen percent. Graduation, of course, reduces this number to the ten percent with which the next year starts. Each year this residue will ask what happened to those who shot into student affairs like rockets in October only to gutter out after a few months. More especially, they want to know where all those who never signed up at all are spending their time. And then the ritual refrain goes up: "Apathy and indifference appear on every side. What has happened to our old school spirit?"

To me, on the outside, it appears that this residual ten percent spends part of the year trying to make everyone else share their enthusiasm and the rest of the year blaming them because they wouldn't cooperate. They believe with every fibre of their being that student apathy hangs over the Hill like a poisonous smog, smothering enthusiasm

and dampening the aspirations of the devoted few. Everyone - at least all the ten percent, and in their conversation that is what everyone is taken to mean - deplores it and searches for the means of dispelling this gloom of indifference. They present themselves to us as leaders to a leaderless people, promising to lead us out of the Wasteland of our present indifference and inaction to a shining country of universal participation, and unbounded pep. In this collegiate paradise, the cheerleaders, the priestesses of the cult, cavort perpetually in the sunlight, our warrior heroes come marching down the field to everlasting victory, and every loyal throat, about which the correct Ivy League tie is knotted, sings with the angelic chorus from the South End the strains of "Halls of Ivy." There is no end of bliss in this organizational Beulahland, and it is all for the asking if only everyone gets the spirit - that mysterious, omnipotent, wonder-working intangible which is universally revered but never defined, designated as "school spirit".

So, from my position as one of the indifferent herd I see a group of pleasant, extroverted, hard-working people who claim they have something to give me, who preach a gospel of enthusiastic participation in a host of activities, which, I am assured, will make my university life more interesting, more stimulating, and *more fun*. I am told that I am missing the best part of "college life" if I refuse to spend my money on football weekends and formal dances. They tell me that I would have the time of my life if I went down to the CNR station in the middle of the night and turned somersaults and shouted myself hoarse all in the sacred cause of generating "pep".

Sometimes perhaps I decide to look into one of these clubs or events. Maybe I enjoy myself, but *maybe I don't*. If I stay away from an event or attend only one meeting of a club the reason, in all likelihood, is not that I am uninterested by nature in everything, but that that specific thing hold no appeal for me, or that I have something else to do with the time.

Maybe I work every weekend, or perhaps I am going with someone who is not at Western and feels out of place at university functions. Perhaps there are family reasons why I can't spend all my spare time amusing myself. Perhaps I feel activities other than university ones have a prior claim on my time or hold more appeal for me. Maybe I'm just lazy, and prefer an evening before the TV set to snake-dancing down Dundas Street. I may lead a rather narrow life in consequence of my laziness, but what business is that of those bright-eyed "organizational men" who fluctuate from the USC office to the coffee shop? If I had enough brains to get to university, it is probable that I know better than they do how I enjoy spending my time.

Or, it may be that I am a different sort of student, I may have to spend all the time my health allows, or even more, on my studies, either because I am in a heavy course or in a course that is heavy for me even if it isn't for some others. I may be working for top marks for a scholarship or simply because I feel compelled to put everything I

have into the studies for which my parents have sacrificed a great deal. Perhaps I derive as much satisfaction and pleasure from a good standing as the ten percent do from seeing the team win or securing a place in student government.

Or, it may be that I am a very rare bird indeed and experience intense pleasure from reading a book or replaying a fine recording or indulging in the endless, pointless fascination of teasing out a philosophic knot. I may enjoy an evening's conversation with a few friends who share my tastes more than a week of fraternity parties - and yet I do not regard myself as anti-social.

There are any number of reasons why I and the others who make up the mass of the students turn deaf ears to the trumpet call to action that is blown so fervently by the leaders of student activities. I am apathetic to what they have to offer - there can be no gainsaying that - but like as not the fault lies not in me but (can it be?) in the activities I am invited to join; or I may be apathetic to them because I am keenly interested in something else; or I may not be interested in anything and want to be left alone so that I can slog down peacefully in my slough of indifference. For any one of a number of reasons, I am quite willing to let matters stand as they are, with the activities of the ten percent touching me only occasionally.

So what is my advice to the ten percent? Are they to conclude that since the majority do not find much to attract them in their activities that all clubs should be abandoned, and organized undergraduate life be reduced to a minimum? Of course not; the opinion of the majority should never be the only criterion on which to judge something's worth. All I am advocating is that you take stock of yourselves and your activities.

In the first place, just what sort of people constitute your ten percent? To me, and remember this is just the opinion of an onlooker, it seems that you can be placed in two categories. There is a hard inner core of devoted people, without exception boys, who are, all joking aside, consecrated to student politics and activities. They live and breathe it; their whole lives, including for most of the year their studies, revolve around it. Organizations are not a hobby with them - they are their vocation, and the success or failure of a project matters intensely. Most of these boys have chosen to make this their university life because they enjoy this sort of thing. Some of them, quite naturally, have an eye on their futures and want both the experience and the recommendation that a successful career in student affairs will give them.

Around this central core is a much larger group of people who participate in student activities with half their minds while they devote the other half to something else - their studies or their social life or the two together. This group takes a much more detached view of what goes on; they have a complete existence independent of undergraduate affairs, and so can regard a poor attendance or a small vote with relative calm. They are conscious, except at moments of crisis, that the day after

graduation none of this is going to matter much.

The activities to which this ten percent devotes its efforts can also be broken into two categories. First there are the specialized groups which have a definite appeal for a limited number; all the faculty clubs, Clio, Hesperian, English, the Engineering Society, the language clubs all belong to this group. In a rather different way it might be said that the political and denominational clubs belong here, although some might dispute this. These organizations realize that they can appeal to specialized groups only, and perhaps also to those members of the ten percent who are vaguely interested in just about anything. *Le Cercle Francais* does not urge the scientists to join their group and there are no accusations of apathy and indifference if a classics student does not appear at meetings of the astronomy club. It is not from the organizers of these groups that the broadsides against the rest of the student body is launched.

The responsibility for this must rest with the groups to which all students theoretically belong by virtue of their registering at the university and paying USC fees; NFCUS and WUSC are example of these groups. By the same act of paying USC fees, every student has the right to vote in university and college elections, to run for office, and is privileged to attend, free of charge, the football games and the Sunday Nine O'Clock Concerts. It is failure to participate in these activities or to take advantage of these privileges and rights that provokes the cry of "student apathy" in its most extreme form.

The ten percent seem to feel that there is a duty to support these organizations and exercise these rights that is comparable to the civic duty to support the Red Cross and vote in municipal elections. They themselves have taken up this duty, often because they enjoy it, but, in many cases, because they see that if they do not step forward to shore it up, the whole fabric of an organization which they feel dimly "ought" to exist will crash the ground.

Perhaps they are right; perhaps there is a duty to "participate" which should be assumed by an undergraduate because of the fact that he is one. But on the other hand, if I and the rest of the apathetic mass do not consider that "participating" is our duty, then we can hardly be blamed for not doing it. Yet all these references to "ought" and "duty" would seem to make the question at hand a moral issue. And my last statement could then be taken as an assertion that morality is relative, not absolute - but stop; in that direction lies an endless maze of speculation. For the sake of brevity, this question must be killed now, at the moment of birth.

Having sidestepped the question of the validity of the ten percent's claim that there is an obligation on all of us to support general USC activities - (of course there is no problem about attendance at football games, which appeared above rather unevenly yoked with the Sunday Nine O'Clock concerts) - then what support remains to their position? Perhaps not very much insofar as their right to accuse the rest of us of

apathy is concerned. But this does not mean that they should not go on as they have in the past, organizing these activities for whoever wants to benefit from them. The only change that appears to me, on the outside, to be necessary is the adoption of a more realistic attitude toward student participation or the lack of it.

Why don't you accept the fact that you will never get more than a certain percentage of students voting in an election, no matter where you put the polling booths? And reconcile yourselves to the fact that the people of London will continue to enjoy concerts paid for by students who never attend them. All the facilities are there for the students to take advantage of - if they want to. You have done your part by giving them the chance, and the rest is up to them. If we don't take advantage of the opportunities proffered to us you can say, according to your outlook, that no one is to blame for what we miss but ourselves, or that what we substitute for your activity probably meant more to us than yours would have any way. Whatever you do, don't fall into the trap of supposing that what you enjoy and find interesting will have the same effect on everyone, and that if someone does not share your exact enthusiasms, he must be a dull dog indeed. There is a great danger as well, in supposing that since you are doing something and enjoying it that everyone who is not doing it is to be pitied. We in the ninety percent feel that your pity is as unmerited as your scorn - which last we feel completely justified in ignoring, since it is based on the shaky proposition that we *ought* to be doing just what you are doing, and since we obviously aren't, that you have the right to feel superior.

I advocate a policy of peaceful co-existence between the highly articulate few on the one hand, and the voiceless masses on the other. Let's live and let live. I want all you people in the ten percent to go on with what you're doing, and my blessings be upon you. I would find a meeting every night in the week a little tiring, but if you enjoy it, or especially if you don't enjoy it but conceive it to be your duty, more power to you. If I insist on being left to my own devices, I have no right to interfere with what you want to do.

My motives throughout have been of the highest. My only reason for making my opinions public in *Folio* (by the way, another reason for preferring *Folio* to the correspondence column in the Gazette is that I realize that you ten percenters, along with students of English, of course, are often the sole readers of this publication; printed here, it runs little risk of coming to the notice of eyes more unfriendly than mine belonging to the radical element of the apathetic mass, or to use our terminology, the "non-participaters"); my only reason, I repeat, for saying all this is to try, if I can, to spare you some mental anguish. Stop worrying when you fail to convert the rest of us to your life of enthusiastic participation. And if you forget everything else I've said here, just remember that in five years, none of this (including this article) could matter less.

ALEXANDER DEWDNEY

DAVID & GOLIATH

I

How can I, but stripling youth, serve best my God?
Would I were a soldier in Saul's glorious host;
Alas, I am but meanly clothed and poorly shod,
A lad of little skill, excepting sling, of which to boast.
My brothers three, men and warriors all, are proud
To wage battle under Saul, our glorious king.
With much laughter, of poor nature, coarse and loud,
Mock me, when to them loaves and fishes I must bring.

II

Now the light of morning doth infuse the eastern rim,
Marking my way as pale patterns in a dream.
Now sing their last faint note the fading stars and cherubim,
Now doth the day, with first faint fingers on the yellow seam,
More darkly on the road my errant shadow cast,
For in that same paltry task am I now employed,
Marching to that place where Israel's host is massed,
Bearing foodstuffs to the valley Elah, thanks devoid.



III

In a tent amid oppressive heat and silence of the noon,
A harp would sound its vibrant chords as Saul would lie,
Gazing wordless at me as I played and soon
He'd rise and glaring from those small dark eyes would cry,
"Enough" . . . the harp would stop and I would soothe with gentle
words

A beast in Saul, a potent wine of mixture fell.
Which e'en now beneath those brows ferments and curds,
Oh my God - I do fear for gentle Israel.

IV

'Tis noon and as I trudge in ever-strengthened pace,
I mount the slow ascending hill by Azekah, a barren town,
Whose people, fearing victorious foes, have quit that place
For hillside caves, deeming safety from the Philistine renown.
The rise is breasted and now the hazy valley Elah is unbared,
Black dots of tents crowd nether margins of the vale,
A broadened, dusty battle plain between the camps is shared.
With easy stride, I journey to the nearer, following the trail.

V

No breeze stirs, the goat-hair tents hang limp and black,
I seek the keeper of the carriage by the stores.
Shaded, there he sleeps, full soundly, on his back,
I leave my carriage by his side as on he snores,
And go to seek my brothers three. Along the way,
Pass men mock-fighting, for each fain would kill.
Others, discontent, by foul wine beguile the day,
And drain their souls that they their guts might fill.

VI

Our other corps stands waiting at a ready post,
Our soldiers massed in phalanx, ordered two-on-three,
Await a sign of action from the foreign host.
I dash between the ranks, my brothers there to see.
"Why have you come?" cries Eliab, whom I greet,
"Wouldst see the battle to delight your naughty soul?"
"Nay, I came of love and I have brought you meat,
And news of battle's flame from kinling would I know."

VII

Boyhood days and brotherhood do both seem long ago,
When David and his brothers in the sand would play
A game called "fortune" wherein each would strongly blow
On houses built of sand by brothers' proud essay.
There would crumble halls and palaces of kings,
As each child would clap or mourn a strength or weakness found,
Now do our separate fortunes change like other things,
We seem to move by plan, divinely bound.

VIII

"Repair you to your home in haste, O foolish youth,
For soon you will be frightened by a Philistine,
One of size immense and manner so uncouth,
That daily he appears upon the plain and draws a line,
Daring any Israelite to step across,
And roaring bloody oaths, tries all insults he hath.
His kingdom and his daughter, Saul would stand a-loss,
To any man who thus might slay . . . Goliath of Gath."

IX

What nature framed this man who now before us strides?
My frightened brain sees Rhodes Colossus breathing life,
Bright armour and chain mail gleams at his front and sides,
With long-sword could he slay a corps of soldiers rife.
Now comes a rumbling like the thunder over Gezerim,
He speaks - Why what foul oaths and bloody cries are these?
Why he doth curse our men and even curses Him,
The Holy God of Israel, A wind on this breeze!

X

Who thus defies the mighty army of the living God?
Who thus shakes his fist and roars unseemingly?
What wants this huge, ungainly, witless clod,
That he should stand alone, as bold, for all to see?
And speak foul oaths and 'gainst us boot this awful line,
Daring any Israelite to step across and die,
Methinks this bragging giant is a perfect swine,
A filthy Philistine, who soon in dust will lie.

XI

When I did speak against this giant Philistine,
A soldier left his formed rank to make report,
Methinks he something said to Saul, or made a sign,
For Saul comes with angry stride, footsteps quick and short,
His dark head darts, his bright eyes pierce every face,
He searches for his servant - friend of troubled days.
He stops and wheels, a finger marks my place,
I see his animal as he draws near, I see his brain ablaze.

XII

"David, noble youth, thou would 'gainst Goliath stand?
I must dissuade you from this ardent hasty way,
Life's time is precious and it runs like blowing sand.
Preserve the wind, that driving force, but do not pay
The price of years for glory which is briefly spent,
For Goliath is a man of war, seven cubits is he high,
See now, thy warm young body lying, open rent . . .
Thou have not art enough. Thou best from here should fly.

XIII

"My Lord, your humble servant guarded flocks one day,
And came a lion and a bear and carried off some sheep,
With these two hands did I the bear and lion slay,
As the flock was guarded, so was I in keep;
The Lord did move my hand and stir my heart,
The Lord did void these creatures with as quick dispatch
As I will void this huge and ugly Philistine upstart.
Now doth the murderous wrath of God in me unlatch."

XIV

"If this must be, then this must be as fate dictates,
Repair us to my tent and armour if thou will,
For we are children of a thousand changing fates.
Oft does the blinding sandstorm some clear pool fill,
Which greets the weary traveller with brown expanse
And says, 'If thou wouldst desert travel, I'm the cost'.
Thus do life's pilgrims lose all, taking chance".
(If David's by the Lord protected, I fear I too am lost).

XV

In helmet, breastplate and a coat of mail I stand,
Saul's shining armour weighs on my frame and soul;
To fight Goliath in a shell I had not planned.
'Tis better to dress lightly, keeping full control.
"So keep this armour to thyself, my lord and king,
Experience makes these useful to a man of war,
To me they are a turtle's shell, and turtle's movements bring.
We shall face this bragging bear with shepherd's lore.

XVI

Each man bears the world in his closed mind,
And senses are but windows to his limed soul.
Memory's a fruit, constructed flesh and rind,
Joy and love remembered, sadness leaves a hole.
Now do I see the desert hills of sable brown,
The fig tree near my home, the pastures green,
Still flocks of sheep, parent faces and my town,
A sandy shore and rolling waves of blue; all seen.

XVII

Ranks part and sway as soldiers hastily draw back,
They gape at one so young who would this giant meet,
They sigh and think, 'this poor young head will crack'
I stride to meet Goliath, how my straining heart does beat.
He stands before me, fierce-visaged, looking down,
My levelled head doth straight regard his armoured hip,
He barks and chuckles, thinks I am some jesting clown,
I kneel to pray as on he looks with curled lip.

XVIII

Oft have I called thee, Lord, when I did need thy thought,
 Now do I need thy hand, thy guiding might, thy strength,
 Make my sinews tough, my trembling nerves as taut
 As archer's bow, and make my judgment keen. At length
 We'll see this mighty fool lying in the mother dust.
 The worms will choke on's burnt and blackened soul,
 His mighty sword and shiny armour shall like rust,
 Philistines will gnash their teeth and wail in woe.

XIX

"Am I a dog, that thou wouldst come to me with staff?
 Wouldst beat me like a dog, my ruddy softling boy?
 Ho, Ho, by Jephrem, Hekarish, Galeb and Raph,
 Perhaps wouldst stone me with that little shepherd's toy."
 "Thou comest to me with sword and spear and mighty shield,
 Thou wouldst fight an unprotected youth, O coward dog,
 This day I'll spread your bloody entrails on the field,
 Your eyes will be a meal for birds, your blood, a sandy fog."

XX

His leathered armour squeaks, his breastplate throws the sun,
 Which lies toward Orion's hunting place. 'Tis hot.
 Goliath shifts to seek his throw's advantage and the fun
 Of slaying unarmoured youth. My life is but a jot
 To him. I choose five smooth stones from Elah's brook,
 I turn and to him run, careening in a pace,
 Which gives him little chance to aim, my sling I crank
 In ever widening spins as death's dark hand I race.

XXI

With mighty fling and twist, the stone from pocket slips,
 And flies straight for Goliath's wide-eyed face,
 It strikes him in the forehead, one gilded shoulder dips,
 Knees buckle, and with mighty crash as pillar without base,
 He falls and gnawing dirt and quivering, soon lies still.
 I hack his neck through with his heavy sword . . . and faint.
 Israel's cry is mighty and it echoes hill to hill,
 Goliath's blood doth spread on sand like some red paint.

XXII

Goliath's dead, the Philistines have lost,
 My brothers three stand quiet, open-jawed,
 The die is cast, the javelin is tossed,
 Now is Israel ruled by one God.
 Saul likes not my new-found place in life,
 The jealous flame burns brighter in his eyes
 My every act fans coals of inner strife,
 And he doth curse and speak to me in lies.
 God give me strength to rule by head, not hand,
 Kingdoms gained are lost if held, not planned.

24