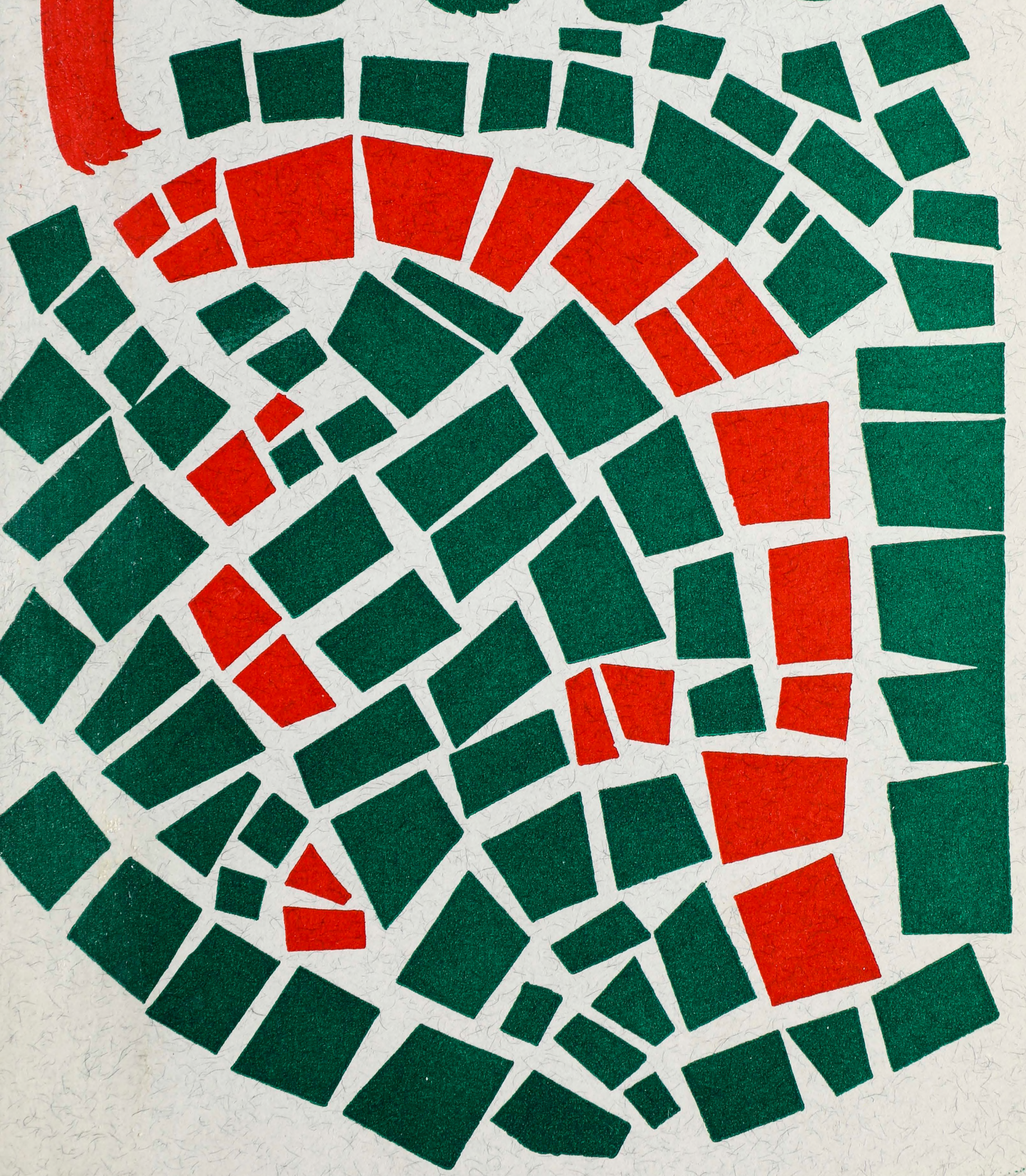


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# FOLIO

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**THE UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO**

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ADAM & EVE



Those who are concerned with the arts are often asked questions, not always sympathetic ones, about the use or value of what they are doing. It is probably impossible to answer such questions directly, or at any rate to answer the people who ask them. Most of the answers, such as Newman's "liberal knowledge is its own end", merely appeal to the experience of those who have had the right experience. Similarly, most "defenses of poetry" are intelligible only to those well within the defenses. The basis of critical apologetics, therefore, has to be the actual experience of art, and for those concerned with literature, the first question to answer is not "What use is the study of literature?" but, "What follows from the fact that it is possible?"

From the Polemical Introduction to ANATOMY OF CRITICISM, reproduced by kind permission of Dr. Northrop Frye.

LINDA BROWNE

*The Kwist Unfulfilled: or The Lay Unmaid*

Clappetyclip elvrish knyght  
Disdrest to the towering came,  
Excalibred mobility bryght  
Sweorded for sillywhite dame.

Forsmoothly wealed the wawful blade,  
Dragging scaled fell dread:  
Maythen salved redreaming glade  
Kinged in a mrythical bred.

Bargrained not leady flair—  
Knyght a starrybook spright,  
Frictional rincel sans care  
Conformally doing wight.

Beleft he tower, dragging, made,  
Realing as blest they may:  
Damshells all berare her fade—  
Sure Galahad willent stay.

## *Gambolling with the Bones*

Those bones were in the closet  
although I could not find them  
their joints were fleshless  
articulators calcinated clasps  
pinning each to each alone.

The skull a sculptured vacuum  
hung with perfect teeth  
even wisdom, no asses bone.  
Ribs a melody when strummed  
a scale of being graduated  
down to the hips where swung  
only the bones, my dear.  
The spine curved gracefully  
to no tail and the legs  
crossed poised on modest  
metatarsals stuck at five.

Through the keyhole I saw  
that ivory monument to  
structure, dreamt of sockets  
both empty eye and ball  
and joint seeing and moving  
but clasped to form still  
inexorable in the closet.

In love with skeletons  
I battered down the door  
but within two weeks—

Put a geranium in the cranium  
made a wreath of the teeth  
inked ribs into nibs  
played flips with the hips  
twined a vine round the spine  
hooped the legs about kegs—

till structure, socket, clasp & form  
were laughed away & I was warm.

## *'Now I See Thee'*

Weep no more O sons of earth  
Leave your dunghills and your boils  
Our God is a God of mirth  
Satan is the one who toils.

### REFRAIN:

Funny old God is a merry old soul  
And a merry old soul is he  
And cosmic laughter's thrice as loud  
When multiplied by three.

O see the monster in his grasp  
All evil comes from thee!  
But it's a joke O sons of earth  
For those with eyes to see.

## *For Franny*

But the spirit descended winged and pure  
Disdained with its wings what's human and sure.

I like the bird I really do  
I sometimes like him more than you.

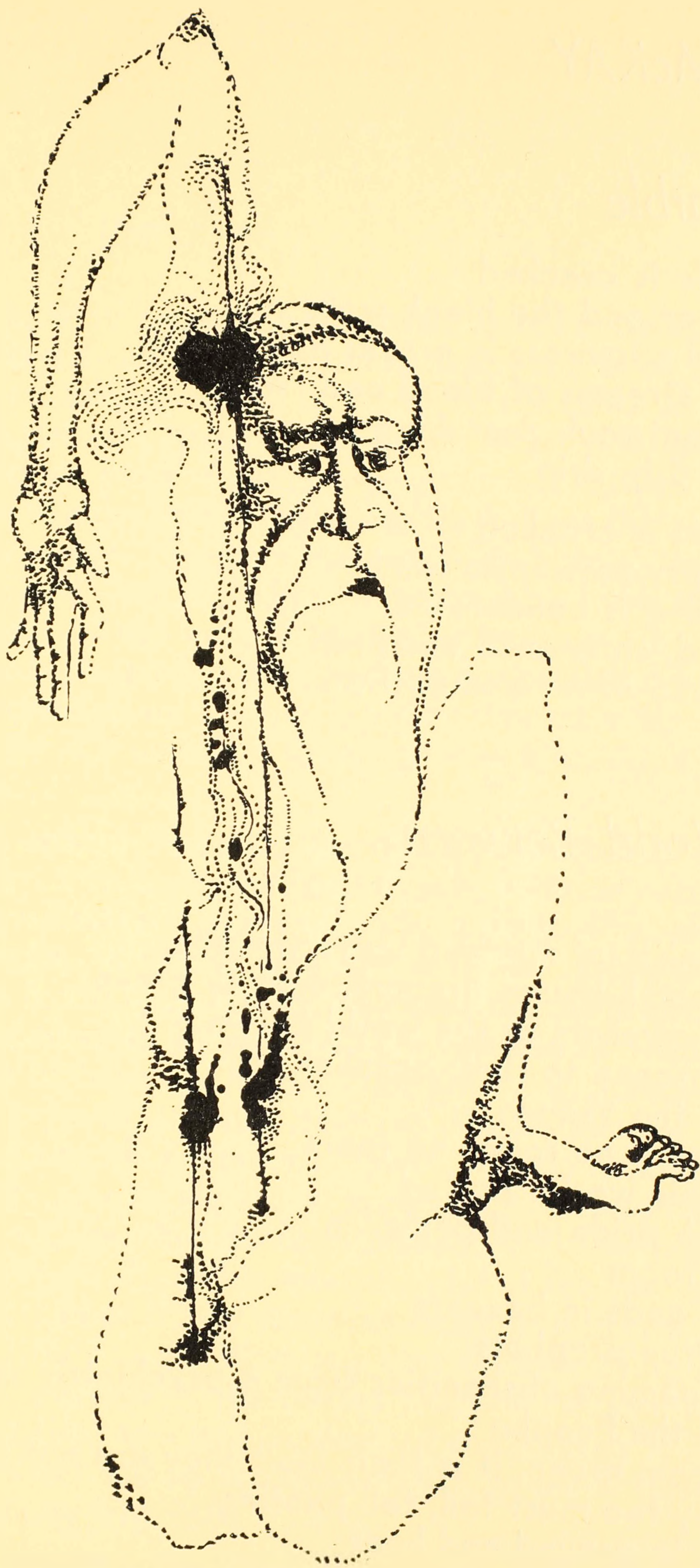
But has he cooked my goose  
Bound me in the Jesus noose.

Even a halfbaked mystic  
Like Kierkegaard is pthisic

Blowing to the skies  
Humanrelationshipwise.

Partly Christian partly dope.  
Choked up with the Jesus rope.





Fouad Fanaki

MAN

## DON MCKAY

### *The Marble*

The marble is cracked  
By the door and the blank walls run  
Horizontal crisscross in cracks and hidden  
Subvisual streams of blood and sweat  
And vagrant souls searching  
Drip drip drip drip

The marble is cracked  
In my empty antiseptic tomb  
This building is condemned.  
Conceived, christened and bred  
In the blood of my compatriots

### *The World Between*

#### Prologue:

As mists of morning leave the hills  
To earth-bound gropers, mouldy green  
The dwellers of the world between  
Transcend to their peculiar hell.

#### Voice of the Visionary:

There is no room, no room  
In this world, puffed  
With pride and penicillin  
No room  
For gods in boxcars  
or true prophets  
Screaming obscenities from a psychiatric zoo.

#### Voice of the People:

Green, green, it is their fault they are not green  
They too must fall, fall panting,  
Ear to ground and hear  
Pre-natal promises of a pregnant earth  
Swathed in a benign green mould.

# RONALD CAMPBELL

## *Land of the Free*

Johnson went up to his room in the barracks to get the big suitcase from under his bunk, then went down to the main floor, past the glass doors of the mess, and down to the lockers in the basement. After he got to his locker and opened it, he took out two pairs of underwear, two white shirts, a dress army uniform like the one he was wearing and put them in the suitcase. He bought the extra dress uniform himself three months after he had been in, when he decided he liked the uniform better than civilian suits. When he had snapped his suitcase shut and locked the locker door, he went back to the concrete stairs he had come down and ran up them two at a time, gripping the handle of the suitcase to control it so it wouldn't hit against the steps.

A second lieutenant out of Texas that he knew saw him coming up. The lieutenant looked forty, was thirty-six; informal and non-military in the barracks with a jigger of scotch in hand, but quite the drawling southern devil on manoeuvres or instructing recruit trainees. He had been around with Johnson a couple of times in Miami and New Orleans and had seen him come out of basic training in high gear. Like Johnson, he was in dress uniform, looking clean-cut and fastidiously groomed. Johnson looked fastidiously groomed only on occasion, but the lieutenant never took mind of anybody else's cleanliness except his own and he liked Johnson because he knew how to take discipline when discipline was the order of the day and how to be informal when the occasion demanded informality. A time to live and a time to die, there is a time for everything under the sun. That was one of the second lieutenant's favorite Biblical passages, being, as it was, so ordered and military in its nature. The lieutenant was on his way to lunch, so he decided to invite Johnson along with him.

'Howya, A.C. Where you goin' with that big case? Around the world?'

Johnson had just gained the top of the steps and looked over toward the mess doors at the sound of his name.

"Hi, Bobby Jack. No, I'm just taking a little trip up north." He gave a little laugh, realizing how incongruous the big suitcase looked.

"Well, do tell! Do you want to come in and have some dinner first?"

"Sure, I guess so. But I just got a three-week leave and I don't want to spend any more of it than I have to around here."

Johnson put down the suitcase outside the mess doors and followed the lieutenant inside. The lieutenant, Bobby Jack Liebling, was kind of a non-conformist. He seemed to prefer the company of the non-coms and, until he got married half a year ago, he tried as much as he could to go around, even on his leaves, with lower ranks. The people who knew of him thought he might be a fruit, but nobody could prove anything. Johnson, a corporal first class, didn't notice anything extraordinary the two times he spent leaves with Liebling. They both had whores with them then and Liebling seemed to enjoy it as much as anybody. Johnson thought he must be a queer of some sort though, because an officer usually doesn't gain much personal status by staying away from other officers of equal or higher rank.

He and Liebling sat down near the far end of one of the long cafeteria tables halfway down the hall of the mess. Liebling decided to talk as he was cutting up his steak and Johnson had a mouthful of gravied mashed potatoes.

"Well, A. C., do you know any good girls up north?"

"I imagine there'll be some around. How are you and your wife getting along? What's her name, anyway?"

"Arlene." Liebling grinned up at Johnson: "We just had a blessed event a week ago."

"Christ, Liebling! If I didn't know you better, I'd swear you were a devout Catholic!"

Liebling was still grinning as he took a piece of steak to his mouth. "Aw, no," he said, chewing on the steak, then, waiting a minute 'til he gulped it down, "don't you know this here is Baptist country? Just like Texas. Arlene's daddy, he preaches. We dasn't go sniffin' around his house any more or he'd probably kill me on the spot."

"What did you name the baby?" Johnson asked.

"Well, we're thinkin' of naming her Arlene Jr."

"Yeah? She must be a pretty unique kid."

"Who?"

"Arlene Jr."

"Damn right. Only trouble is, now I can't take off whenever I get a leave."

"That's just too bad. I pity you, Bobby Jack."

"Yeah, well I don't mind much. Arlene said she'd go huntin' with me in a month. We're goin' down to Savannah next week and show off the baby to her folks."

"Didn't you say her dad would kill you?"

Liebling gave him an incredulous grin: "Johnson, I do declare! Didn't you know I was funnin' when I said that? He's a preacher all right, but already he's lent me money, so I don't think he's too much against me."

"What did he have to lend you money for?"

"We had to keep up the payments on the furniture for the house we bought."

"Oh."

"Come on into town and see us some time, A.C.—219 St. Clair." He stopped long enough to get a forkful of peas into his mouth. "Hey, where you goin' on your vacation, boy?"

"I was thinking of going up to New York."

"You know anybody in New York?"

"No."

"Who's going up with you?"

"Just me."

"Aw, you better take somebody with you, boy. I don't trust them civilians when they see army walkin' down the street alone. I know—I got real mashed one time by a bunch of young teenage punks when I was stationed near Dallas. And some of 'em weren't teenage, either. About half a dozen guys in that gang were closer to thirty than nineteen. You'd think by thirty they'd have outgrown their teenage twitches."

"Oh, I guess I can take care of myself all right. I didn't know you were in the army back in Texas".

"Yeah, I was in the army in Texas. I better get this dinner ate. I got to teach some guys to shoot Sten guns ten

minutes from now. You know, you're pretty good with the Sten gun, A. C. You ought to take to robbin' banks with a talent like that."

Instead of answering him, Johnson let him eat his dinner.

When he got off the bus in front of the supermarket in town, Johnson had a beer in the Charles bar across the street, then went down to the station to wait for the northbound train. While he was waiting he bought a news magazine and when the train came in, he was on his third reading of an academically-worded piece about South American politics and their relation to the American foreign aid program. He came out of the station with the magazine draped over the top of the suitcase, held there under his right thumb as he carried the case by four fingers around the handle.

The conductor, standing just outside the door of the passenger car opposite the exit door of the station, ripped Johnson's ticket and Johnson worked the stub around in his left hand as he boarded. The passengers were sitting here and there in the seats, but the car was still less than half full. Many of the windows, especially on Johnson's left, were open to take out the stuffiness of the late June heat. There were air conditioning vents in the roof, but apparently the system didn't work. Johnson slung his suitcase up into the rack on the right-hand side about a third of the way down and sat in the seat under it next to an open window. He kept his magazine with him in the seat and he opened it at Sports and read. There was a group of kids at the back playing loud rock music on a transistor, but in a while Johnson got acclimatized to the noise and concentrated on reading without much difficulty.

In ten minutes the train started to move out and the noise of the diesel as it developed power came back into the car through the open windows. As the country began to roll past, Johnson gave up reading for looking outside. The wind was coming back into his face, but it was warm and he didn't mind. It was a nice day; the sun was on the land, the sky was cloudless. The train was passing pasture land, tobacco out in flower, some of it ready for priming, cane fields, alsike clover, red clover, wheat.

He started to think about where he was going, what he would do once he got into New York. Maybe he wouldn't even

go to New York; he didn't know anybody there. He could go into New Jersey and see his mother in Levittown. No, that wouldn't work. She hated his guts ever since he slapped his old man around the house when he came home last Christmas. She probably still wasn't over that; he didn't get any letters from her since, anyway, and that could be taken as an indication. That was really pretty funny: on Christmas, yet! Well, you know you can't let your old man get hard with you for ever. When you think you're big enough and sure enough of yourself, then you got to show him where to get off when he takes to acting like a big man around you. Ma didn't like it, though. Ah, well. No woman likes to see her husband get shoved around; sort of takes away part of the confidence she's always had in his ability to handle the situation. They make like they're angry at you for not showing any appreciation for what your old man's done for you, like sending you to school, working so you could eat, giving you a home 'till you could go it alone. But they aren't really angry; it's just a cover-up. What they really are is scared. Like you know, maybe he can't protect them any more. It's really a combination of fear and injured pride: he's a second-rate product when he gets beat up in front of their eyes.

Johnson decided he would go into New York as he first planned. There was bound to be something doing he would like in a place as big as that. It would be aimless at the start, wandering around and just looking, but it would liven up before the first day was out probably. His siter Cheryl met her husband in New York before she had lived there a week. Things didn't have to get that lively for him, though. He wasn't looking for a wife at the moment.

He suddenly felt something hit him behind the ear, then saw a wadded gum wrapper fall into the seat beside him. Then another one on the other ear. It had to be the kids at the back. He turned around in the seat to take a look, and he could tell right away that it was the girl in the same row he was in, sitting in the aisle seat second from the back. She was maybe fifteen and was talking up a storm to the boy in front of her who had turned around in his seat with his back to Johnson. There were nine of them back there together, all in their mid-teens, all looking innocent as hell, talking and listening to the transistor somebody had down in one of the seats. Johnson was sure it

was the fifteen year old in the aisle seat who threw the wrappers when she gave him a quick glance then looked back at the boy she had been talking to. Johnson decided to ignore it and turned around in his seat to look out the window again. He thought how silly it was—throwing stuff at strangers! And he hadn't been in the car twenty minutes! He was only twenty-three himself, but couldn't remember acting that stupid at fifteen.

In about ten seconds up came another wad which got Johnson again behind his left ear. Well, he wasn't going to put up with this for the rest of the trip. He would be changing trains in Newport News, but that was three hours away. He decided to go into the club car just ahead and sit there with a beer or something. Anything rather than be bothered on his first day of leave. As he got out of his seat, he heard a suppressed but audible snicker from the back and it made him a little mad, but there wasn't anything he could say without making a fool of himself. All he knew was that he wouldn't wad a stranger, especially one in uniform, if he was with friends on a train and he was fifteen or sixteen. And kids were supposed to be getting more mature every year!

There were about half a dozen people in the club car—what looked to be a retired couple, two men sitting together at the bar talking, some others he didn't notice much. He went to the bar and sat down on one of the swivel stools. The bartender was on another swivel stool behind the bar at the end nearest Johnson reading a magazine. Orchestra music came from a radio sitting inside a specially-built slot in the mahogany ledge which ran behind the bar.

Johnson let out a sigh. "Can I have a beer please?"

The bartender quickly put down his magazine on the bar and got up off his stool.

"Yes sir. Draught or bottle?"

"Bottle I guess."

"Yes sir. Any particular brand?"

"No. Anything."

The bartender put out a mug in front of him and poured into it from a Schlitz bottle he opened. Johnson asked the bartender "How much?" as the bartender slid the beer toward him.

"Sixty cents."



Johnson got two quarters and a dime out of his pocket and put it on the bar. The bartender came down and took the change, went to the other end to ring the register open to put it in, then came back to the opposite end and sat down with his magazine again. The wad-throwing still rankled Johnson slightly as he took sips out of the mug. At least the beer was cold. There was probably a cooler they kept it in behind the bar. He remembered that he left his magazine back in his seat. He saw a magazine rack behind the bar but he didn't want to bother buying a new one when he hadn't read his yet. He would go back and bring it up here to read.

He finished the beer and went back into the other car. The kids were still together at the back, the radio was still playing, the other passengers were talking or sleeping, reading or looking out the windows.

A woman near the back was knitting something out of blue yarn. It looked like a square of woollen cloth right now although it undoubtedly was going to "be something" later. The man sleeping in the seat beside her was likely her husband; she had a gold band on the fourth finger of her left hand.

The magazine was still in the seat next to where Johnson was sitting before he went into the club car. He picked it up and started back for the club car when again a gum wrapper hit him on the back of his head. He decided suddenly to sit where he had been when he got on the train, just to spite the kids. If he thought for a minute it was a boy throwing the stuff, he'd go back there and stop him one way or the other. He thought the girl needed a good spanking, but she could get him arrested. So could a boy, if things got a little rough. Anyway, there were too many of them back there and too many other people in the car. He would be the loser no matter how you cut the cards.

He went back and sat again in his old seat a third of the way down the car on the right and reopened his magazine, he didn't care what page. He heard a groan and some low, breathy laughs from the back, obviously an unfavorable comment on his stubborn streak. But they could wad him with every bit of paper within reach; he wasn't going to be backed down if Newport News didn't come up 'til Sunday.

# MARTIN KINCH

*either*

Either  
my life is  
a moon  
or  
a beast  
Either  
or  
both  
it may be  
Lets sing of the  
moon  
of  
the cat and the fiddle  
Lets  
laugh at the nonsense  
(Hey-diddle-diddle)  
Lets jig over moon  
with the  
high  
flying  
cow  
Lets  
laugh at the earth  
slightly faded  
(How, now?)  
Lets  
sing of the (people?)  
so near and  
loved? least  
for  
Either  
my life is  
a MOON or a BEAST?



Foad Fanaki  
NEGROES

## WAYNE BOARDMAN

I see and cannot say  
I hear but find no way  
I touch yet never feel  
Soul and pen ever seal  
    Sensations  
Within the walls of words.  
These cannot be lured  
Confined and locked  
    Behind  
Conversant building blocks.

## DAVID GEE

### *A. A. Milne Revisited*

Let it rain  
Who cares  
I have a cadaver  
Upstairs  
With a string sort-of-thing  
Attached to its nose  
And it smiles sort-of-thing  
When I yank on the string  
I wish it would laugh  
But it hasn't worked yet.

P. H. PEGG

*Composition by Memory*

What is dead is dead, they say,  
and the corpse in the vacant lot  
gets not even the time of year  
from the passing crowd to work.

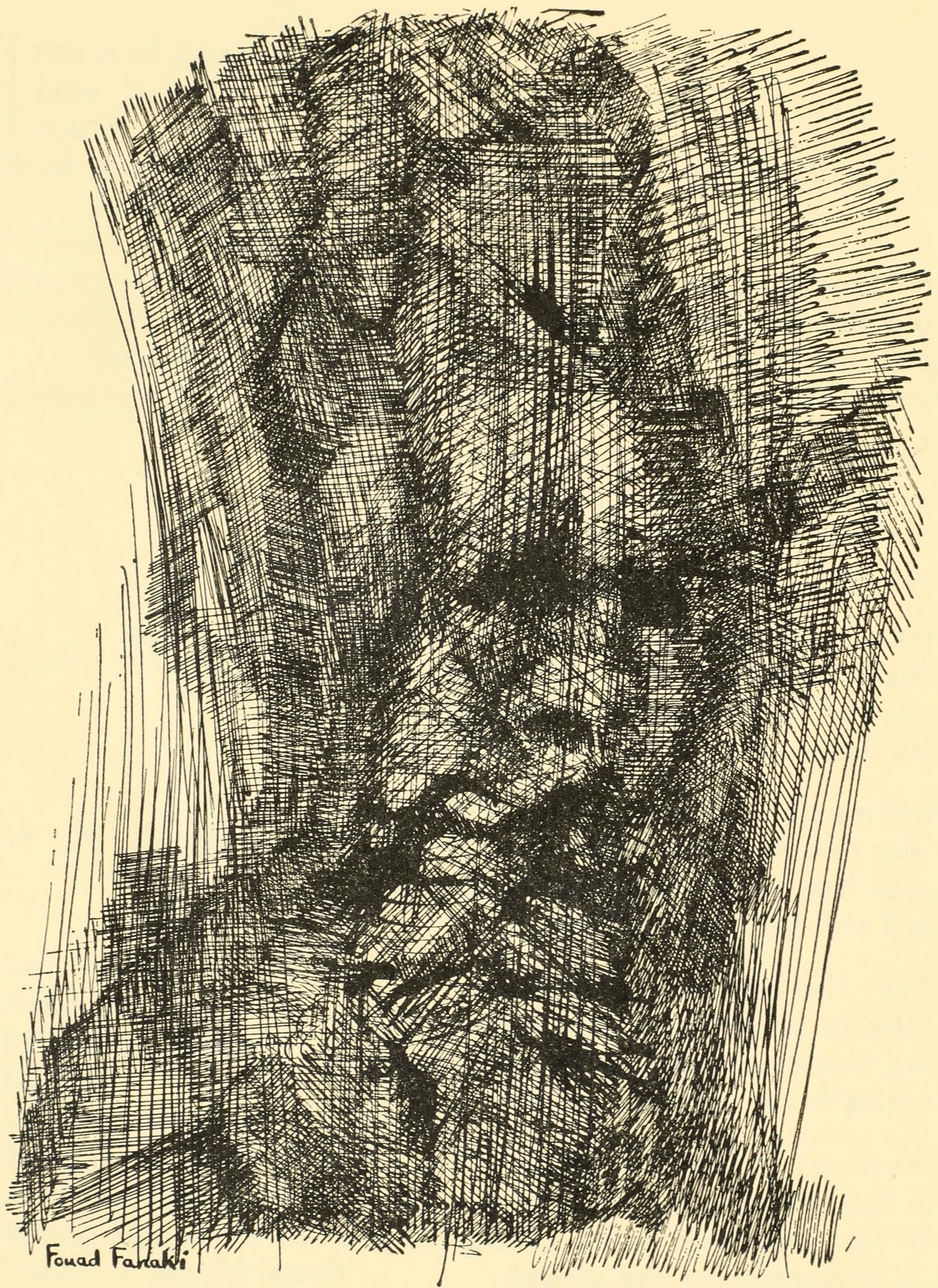
I killed her in the spring when trees,  
forgetful of their sprouting limbs  
and rivers rushing down in march  
occupy a poet's mind.

Rough weeds grew round her limbs  
thistles and not yet bone; the rain  
washed over her sin-green eyes  
the only part of her face still left.

Summer carnivorous hum of life  
take life and the bald white sun  
beat her bones to shine on the rock  
and still her eyes shone.

Over the brown board fence  
nobody sees the skinny leaves stung  
and the eyes made gray with autumn haze  
beneath the goldenrod dust.

The frost is late this year—  
no Indian summer for my sun;  
winter now, soft snow killing  
silent people on the street  
to leave my angel on the ground  
white mound alone  
and the eyes still shine  
like ice, uncarvable further and white.



Fouad Farahi

BLIND MAN

## WINSTON SCHELL

### *Game Preserve*

A one-legged sparrow  
Tenaciously clutches  
His suffering foot  
On a tiny trapeze;  
Comprehending nothing;  
Feeling infection's  
Palsied, bony fingers  
Toying with life.  
Kindness of children has  
Locked him away  
In this hungry cell;  
Cat's claws were torn  
From his death-ready feathers,  
And rescue meant food,—  
Though for very few days  
Because children love puppies too.

DAVID GORDON

I imagined  
That you were a cat  
And that I could rub  
Your furry belly  
With my hot hand  
But I had forgotten  
Your claws  
You mouser

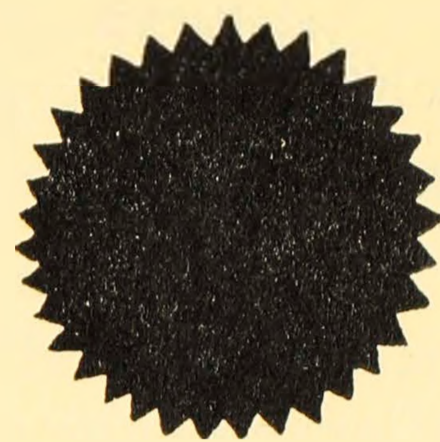
MARTIN KINCH

*A Language of Flesh and Roses*

This is a language of flesh and of roses  
This is a heart that refuses to break  
This is the castle, the gate that encloses  
Will open but once, the step you must take.  
The jack of the castle, the queen, and the king  
The last of the just, but the first of the ring  
For either must die, or neither must live  
All of us take, and none of us give  
This is the game one loses to win  
All of us die, and death is a sin  
This is a soul that cannot be rent  
This is a language of matter and scent.



KEEWATIN DEWDNEY



*The Christmas Concert*  
(CHAPTER 7 OF THE SNOWFLAKE)

The week before Christmas, snow fell steadily through a cold calm. By the third day before Christmas it was four feet in the goldenrod meadow, almost to the windows of the tarpaper shack.

Herd had tried to find a job, going out each morning after breakfast and coming back each evening, each time floundering through the deep snow in the meadow, finding his previous path choked, almost invisible beneath a fresh blanket. Once, he had come home smelling of rye. Jane had said nothing. 'It only means no Christmas,' she had told herself, 'but next year in the new house, why then we'll have a big Christmas.'

Kevin stayed indoors now. He said nothing and played with the new colouring book Jane had brought him. It was a week since the evening he had run away.

Marilyn had gone into town once to see a movie by herself, a treat from Herd. On the way home, she walked into a large department store to roam aimlessly, wide-eyed, up and down the aisles. She had stopped in front of some glass globes set on black bases. Sealed inside each globe was a liquid atmosphere. At the bottom of each globe was a miniature landscape with a house and some spruce trees. Covering all was a thick layer of snow made from tiny bits of plastic. A saleslady, seeing her interest, had come over to the rack and turned one of the globes upside down in front of Marilyn who gasped to see all the snow fall upwards revealing a lush green countryside and a bright red cottage with a man and woman standing in front of it, all upside-down.

With a quick smile, the lady had turned the globe right-side up. The snow fell in a silent, magic cloud, at first littering the landscape here and there with small flecks, then covering it evenly, higher and higher. At last, there were two faint bumps for the man and woman. The lady handed the globe to Marilyn.

"Try it yourself." She had gone away to see a customer.

Marilyn held the globe close to her face and inspected the landscape minutely. It seemed to radiate silence and mystery. The globe trembled in her hand and the white surface of the countryside shifted with small tremors. Marilyn turned the globe, startled to see a blizzard spring up and rage all about the cottage, the man and his wife standing as before. The snow swirled and eddied, plummeting and rising, engulfing the scene in a fury of white.

The snow had once again settled.

Marilyn looked at the price. She did not have enough. She looked at the saleslady, busy with her customer at the far end of the counter.

All about her suddenly was noise and colour, people talking, Christmas music playing, the whir and jingle of toys. A terrific array of colours sped by her in a blinding mosaic as

she walked swiftly down the aisle, the globe in the pocket of her coat, nestled clumsily, banging her hip in guilty rebuke.

The cold air was like a slap as she pushed open the plate-glass doors, knowing she must have what she had taken, that there was, or would have been, no other course. She walked all the way home from the middle of the city, out into the country, through Pottersburg.

It was growing dark.

When she got home, the others had eaten.

"Oh, Marilyn, what took you so long?" moaned Jane.

"I walked home from the movie to save bus-fare."

"Oh, you didn't have to do that, Marilyn." Jane went over to hug Marilyn, the way Mrs. Juson would hug her child. Marilyn thrust at her mother, turning away from her

"That's okay." The bulge in her pocket was nearest the door. No one would see it.

She went to the bedroom to take off her coat, removing the globe and quietly placing it on the floor under the mattress in the corner formed by the two-by-fours. No one would find it.

The Herds slept quietly that evening while outside, the snow sifted steadily down through the thick matrix of night.

In the morning, Jane opened her eyes. Something was wrong. The house was still dark. Herd lay sleeping beside her, facing the wall. She got out of bed and crept into the front room. The windows were completely covered by snow.

She went back to Herd, shaking him to wake him up.

"Uh---Uh?"

"James, James, we're snowed in, we're snowed right in!" She shook him again, even as he rolled over and opened his eyes.

"What?"

"Look for yourself!"

He rubbed his eyes and looked into the front room through the open bedroom doorway.

"What time is it?"

After his breakfast, Herd rose from the table while Marilyn and Kevin were still eating. He went to the doorway and put on his jacket and tweed cap. Kevin stared at him, wide-eyed as if he didn't know him.

Marilyn could see each crystal of snow against the window, partially melted by contact, but pure and immaculate. Yet all the snow looked dirty and grey somehow, not fresh and clean like the surface. 'It couldn't be like that everywhere,' thought Marilyn, 'only against our windows.' This snow was different, wrong. It gave no hint of the magical journey and the light buoyancy of the wind. It was a betrayal, as if the whole shack had silently sunk into the earth overnight, or as if that compact grey mass had always been there and the window had only been a picture painted with the goldenrod meadow in the fall and winter, a monstrous joke to make someone laugh. To laugh an insane echoing up and down the corridors of an asylum.

"What'll you pay me to shovel our way out?" said Herd, buttoning up his jacket.

"Why I'll . . . I'll . . ." began Jane clumsily, digging desperately for the spirit of a humour so long forgotten and walking to her purse. "I'll give you this here cheque for a million dollars." She pulled out a relief cheque and waved it at Herd, beaming expectantly with her broad Indian face.

"Good enough," said Herd, who opened the door and stepped into the hollow of snow in front of it. Kevin followed him with wide eyes until the door slammed shut.

Jane smiled all around her, smiled into the very cracks between the newspapers. "Oh we'll go through," she said. Marilyn looked up from her cereal.

"What?"

"Oh, your mother's just happy, that's all, dear."

Marilyn looked back down at her cereal.

They could hear Herd, thumping the wall of the shack as he scrambled, wedged between the tarpaper and snow, searching for the shovel.

Jane looked over at the farmer's stove, sitting gloomily in front of her. Herd had not cut a hole for the stove-pipe yet. Maybe after he finished shovelling . . .

The stove had rusted since the farmer had brought it. Jane looked about her for a rag. 'I might as well get it in good shape,' she thought, 'even if it is temporary until we move out of here.'

Herd shovelled, making little progress. If only he had started days ago and kept a path clear.

The sweat began to trickle down his ribs inside his shirt. His breath came in shallow gasps. Shovelful after shovel, he lifted almost his full height to hurl over the surface around his head.

He could hear the diesel engine and the clink of chains of a plow-truck as it ground up Spruce Street, up the gentle hill in first gear, engine whining. Herd looked over the snow to see the top of a yellow cap, a man sitting behind the wheel, smoking a cigar, gliding as effortlessly as a boat.

Two days later, there was a Christmas concert held in the parish hall at St. Mark's. Marilyn, having joined the church a week before and having attended the last Sunday School, was recruited by Miss Lawler, the matron, to play the part of an angel in the nativity play. "Pretty girls," she had said, "are pretty scarce." She had said this privately to Marilyn, having taken her aside after the Sunday School classes were over and many children had gone up the stairs to the service above.

Miss Lawler's eyes always appeared to pop out of her head, giving her a look of amazement at everything that happened, as if it had happened for the first time. Marilyn had watched from her chair during that Sunday School, when Miss Lawler was playing the piano. A sluggish winter fly had droned past the keyboard. Marilyn had wondered if Miss Lawler would lose her eyes entirely.

Miss Lawler had had a goitre which was operated on several years ago. Marilyn could still see a faint scar on her neck as she leaned over, putting her arm around Marilyn, the air thick with her brown suit and choking perfume.

"You will play an angel, won't you?"

Her eyes were brown and stared at Marilyn, generating a mixture of amazement and the utmost anxiety.

"What will I . . . ?" began Marilyn.

"Oh, don't you worry about that," said Miss Lawler. "We have all the props. We're having a rehearsal this Friday night. It's a simple little play. All you have to do is stand

around and look beautiful. We have a few lines for you as well."

Miss Lawler looked closely at Marilyn, tilting her head sideways, in a mannerism of hers. To Marilyn, the whole face suddenly looked inhuman. The eyes still stared, curious and with a life of their own.

"Oh yes, I'd like to," she had said.

"Fine. That's just fine. That's Friday night at eight o'clock."

Miss Lawler had walked away smartly in her brown suit and wreath of perfume. Marilyn went back to her chair and picked up her Bible.

The instructor for their age class had been a thin and blond young man who sounded as if he was always on the verge of blowing his nose, making Marilyn continually sniff in sympathy. She had tried to follow the lesson at times but found the young man very boring. He kept pausing, trying to think of a question to ask. He had talked about the meaning of Christmas.

"It's more than candy canes and Santa Claus," he had remarked in a nasal tone. Then he had paused for a long time gazing from child to child, quite lost.

Marilyn left the shack for rehearsal that Friday night, happy and confident. "Who cares if we get nothing for Christmas," she thought. She could picture the basement of the church, packed with people, all gazing at the stage at one end. The curtains would be drawn to reveal the manger. There were Mary and Joseph and the child Jesus. There were the three wise men.

There was an angel with shiny, long, black hair and dark eyes. The audience would gasp. "Who is that girl? Why, she looks just like a real angel!"

She would float across the stage, gracefully. The audience would see nothing but her, would follow her closely, minutely with their eyes, absorbing every detail of her pale and exquisite beauty.

She walked along the trench Herd had shovelled through the snow. When he had half-done, he came back to rest inside a moment.

"I'd better go and cash that relief cheque!" he had said.

"Yes." Jane had given it to him reluctantly.

It was night. Marilyn came to Spruce Street and the end of the trench. She saw Herd's shovel, braced into a snowbank. 'Couldn't he even bring it back?' She saw in its angle, the spattering of snow about its blade, his haste to go to town. 'He should either stay here or stay away'.

Jane had worried about Herd.

"If you see him," she said, "tell him to hurry home."

The rehearsal had been a let-down for Marilyn. Instead of a preview of Saturday night's glory, she was handed a bed sheet and told to wait for her cue. Miss Lawler, all dressed up in a suit, a green one this time, gave her a Bible and showed her the lines.

"When I give the sign, come onto the stage like so," she said, walking gracefully on her tiptoes toward the centre of the stage, her eyes on the ceiling, "and stop just in front of Mary. Mary!" she yelled.

A timid young blonde girl with knobby knees beneath her dress and a sack-cloth shawl about her, advanced daintily within a foot of Miss Lawler.

"Oh, there you are, Isabelle. Now, the angel comes to tell you that you are going to have a baby. You must try to look very happy, dear . . ."

Marilyn had advanced and retreated through Miss Lawler's routine until she grew tired. It wasn't going to be so glorious after all. How could she look glorious in a bed sheet?

After the rehearsal, Miss Lawler had given them instructions for the next day, Saturday.

"Now, because we started so late, we've had to rush things a bit." Her eyes took them all in at once in a huge, fascinated arc. "But don't let that worry you. Tomorrow afternoon we will have a dress rehearsal. You will all be dressed up in the costumes Miss Smith has made for us. The rehearsal is at two-o'clock in the afternoon right here! Don't be late now, dears!"

The troupe consisted of four girls and five boys. They all stared at Miss Lawler as she spoke. One of the boys whose

name was Cyril, privately referred to Miss Lawler as "Bugeyes", a name she knew she was called but pretended meant only affection. After the Sunday School, Marilyn had passed Cyril and a group of boys outside the church door.

"She got them eyes from lookin' in the mirror one day!" The group exploded into snickers.

By Christmas eve, Herd had still not come back. Jane had taken Kevin with her to see Marilyn in the play. All the way from the shack to St. Mark's, Kevin moved slowly, reluctant even to walk. Jane had held his hand and led him patiently along, thinking she would soon have to take him to a doctor. She thought he had caught something, having stayed in the cold under Blackbridge the night he ran away.

Marilyn, wearing a white robe, a pair of cardboard wings sprinkled with aluminum powder, and a gold-leaf halo, peeped from behind the curtains at the side of the stage. She saw the audience. The parish hall had seemed small to her, when, an hour before, they had made their feverish last minute adjustments in the play. There had been no people then. All she had seen were row on row of collapsable and heavily-varnished wooden chairs, the gloomy walls and ceiling hung with flimsy and spiritless crepe decorations.

Now, with the lights on, the hall overflowed with people. The decorations danced and twisted above them in a symphony of red and green. Their babble filled the hall, echoing, reinforced by shouts of recognition and the tiniest of confidentials. How happy! Here was her glory. She felt radiant as she looked out. Oh, she would show them.

She could see Jane and Kevin, halfway back, sitting near the aisle. Marilyn enjoyed the chance to see her mother with other people, not knowing she was watching. Jane looked straight ahead, blankly, at the curtain. From time to time, she would glance nervously to the right or left as someone raised their voice above the cacophony and murmur. Kevin was looking down at something on the floor. Marilyn could only see the top of his head.

Two rows in front of her mother, Marilyn saw Richard Juson, sitting alone. To his left sat several boys, all talking



among each other excitedly. Marilyn saw him glance over at the boys. 'He's lonely,' she thought, 'that's good.'

She withdrew from the curtain. The piano began and Miss Lawler called them to their places.

Behind most of the audience sat a lady in a threadbare coat. Her eyes were dark with large hairy eyebrows growing together above the nose. She wore a black circular hat with a long black feather pointing from it. The hat was dusty, poorly adjusted. She wore her hair in a bun, but it too was poorly arranged so that it stuck out at all angles. She stared straight ahead with a mad gaze, waiting.

Behind the curtain, the players nervously assembled. Mary sat in a wooden chair, facing Marilyn who trembled slightly beneath her white robe. Entering from the wings, she passed the manger properties. She saw the infant Jesus, a stiff, glassy-eyed plastic doll, frozen uncomfortably in the straw of his cradle. She thought about the doll as the curtain opened on bright faces and the piano began a Christmas carol, and all the bright faces stared and Miss Lawler began to read from a platform beside the piano, her eyes wide and amazed.

"And in the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a virgin, espoused to . . ." Marilyn stood, composed now, aware of the audience watching her. She stood straighter, arching her neck. Mary, the girl called Isabelle, trembled with fright. She was very pale.

". . . came unto her and said . . ."

Marilyn was startled. "Hail, thou that art . . . that art highly favoured. The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women."

Miss Lawler read some more from the Bible. Marilyn's eyes were fixed on the pale, blonde Mary, in front of her. There was that doll in the wings.

Jane was proud of her daughter, standing up in front of all the people and giving her lines.

"You see Marilyn?" She nudged Kevin. "You see your sister up there? Isn't she beautiful?"

Kevin watched the stage. He nodded slowly, almost like an old man.

Richard watched the stage. Marilyn had been forced on him in an utterly different context. There was no poverty, no smell, there was no liting of the hips, only a curiously radiant posture, long black hair combed to a sheen that fell straight to her shoulders. He felt himself in love with her, unreachable on the stage, a different Marilyn.

Behind them all, the lady in the old black coat and queer hat began to mutter to herself, audible only to her nearest neighbors at whom she shot a fierce glance, like a wounded bird.

"And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed."

Marilyn was once more behind the curtain. She watched Joseph and Mary ready themselves to go on stage. At the rehearsal that afternoon, one of the younger girls had suggested that Mary have a pillow under her dress. Miss Lawler's eyes had nearly popped completely out.

"No, dear," she had said. "I don't think that will be necessary!"

The curtains were drawn again. Mary and Joseph walked slowly across the stage.

The curtains were drawn once more on an audience of dimmer faces, people shifting restlessly in their seats. It was time for the shepherd scene and Marilyn stood calmly waiting.

The curtains were opened.

Marilyn walked onto the stage, sure of herself even in the glare of floodlights which obscured the audience, rendering them dark and rustling, invisible. Miss Lawler read: "And the angel said unto them . . ."

"Fear not," said Marilyn to the shepherds. Suddenly the sound, "Oink, oink," filled the parish hall. "Oink, oink." People turned in their seats. The noises were loud, nasal. "Oink, oink."

"Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings . . ." No one could hear her. People rustled and whispered and pointed.

Jane turned around and saw the lady with the dark eyebrows and queer hat glare defiantly around. A few laughed.

"For unto you is born this day . . ."

Richard had heard the pig noises behind him but did not turn. He could not take his eyes from Marilyn. He felt sorry for her.

"Ye shall find the babe," she finished, "wrapped in . . ."

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" crowed the lady in black. A few laughed. The rest turned, rustling, to glare at her. She no longer noticed them, but kept her eyes fixed on the stage. Her face was intent, as though she were thinking hard. Her black eyes, to those near enough to see, had taken on a mad varnish.

The curtain closed. An usher came down the aisle. Miss Lawler waited, while the piano played "Silent Night" to sustain and reinforce the mood of holiness, almost lost now in the confusion.

"I'm afraid you'll have to leave," said the usher, a blond young man in a white shirt.

"I ain't leavin'!"

"Well then, you'll have to stop making those noises," he said earnestly.

"I will."

The curtain opened and closed once more, this time on the three wise men, following the star.

Jane waited, Kevin sitting silently beside her. The people in the hall were quiet. Finally the curtains parted for the final tableau. The players remained still, assembled like the porcelain figures on some Christmas mantel.

"And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe, lying in the manger." She stopped and closed her Bible, turning to view her troupe with pride.

The final scene was completely motionless. The wise men knelt in various postures about the cradle. Mary managed an expression close to pride with her blue eyes, as she gazed down at the infant Jesus. Marilyn stood behind the cradle, beside Joseph, her hands clasped in prayer. She could see the stiff plastic baby. She was afraid because it had seemed to move on the straw.

"Mooooo! Moooooo! Mooooooo!" said the lady in the ragged black coat. She mooed, louder and louder until the curtain was rung. A few people rose threateningly from their seats. All was confusion. The lights of the hall were suddenly turned on.

Everyone rose, uncertain, dumb. "Meeow," she said to the nearest man, who stared at her wide-eyed. She began to make her way along the row of seats and out into the aisle.

"Bow, wow . . . , ba-a-a-a-ah."

Jane could see her queer black hat over the heads of the people who milled around in the parish hall. She could still hear the animal noises, faintly. Miss Lawler got up beside the piano and rapped loudly on her stand.

"Attention, may I have your attention?" she shouted.

Reverend Moore had finished a quiet prayer in the church above. He disliked large gatherings of people. He must prepare for the Christmas morning service. "The church," he reflected, "is a building like any other building. It must be cleaned and heated. It must be made to last."

He descended the stairs from the church and passed the landing to the outside door. A lady in a black hat and coat came past him, up the stairs.

"Hello," he said pleasantly.

"Good evening!" She climbed past him and out the door, sending a wave of cold tumbling down the stairs past Rev. Moore's legs. He came to the parish hall; people were sitting down. Miss Lawler was shouting. Reverend Moore did not listen but opened a green door marked PRIVATE at the back of the hall and, closing it gently after him, descended three cement steps to the furnace room. Charlie sat at a table, playing solitaire. He looked up.

"Oh, it's you!"

"Yes. How's your coal?"

"Oh, it's okay, I guess." Charlie scratched himself and craned his head in the direction of the furnace. "McLaren's dropped in a truck load today. That'll do us for the holidays."

"I see," said Reverend Moore vaguely. He often came to talk to Charlie when he felt lonely. Charlie would listen sympathetically and then tell stories of his own.

"Say, Reverend, if I can ask, how is it you want to know about the coal when you already been down to check twice today?"

"Oh," mumbled Moore, "I just want to be sure, I guess."

Tomorrow is very important, you know." Charlie had a habit of putting him on the spot.

"Well, we sure got enough coal. We got enough coal to heat a factory. Why, with this coal, we could keep twenty houses goin' for a month, I bet."

Reverend Moore laughed.

"Say, Reverend, d'you ever hear the story about what one dog said to the other?"

"No," said Moore, on his guard. Charlie sometimes told off-colour jokes.

" 'Sit down, quick, here comes that bitch with the cold nose'."

Charlie broke up into laughter, dropping a few cards on the floor from his solitaire hand. Moore chuckled faintly.

"You coming up to the service, tomorrow?" he asked.

"You want to come down and shovel coal tomorrow?" answered Charlie, laughing again.

"No thanks."

"Say, why don't you and I have a little hand at rummy?"

Moore looked up the stairs.

"Well, I guess there wouldn't be any harm in it," he said, and sat down at the card table, having drawn up an old stool.

"You deal first."

The two played for half an hour, speaking only occasionally. Behind Charlie in the centre of the room, the large furnace rumbled. A meter on the wall ticked regularly. Occasionally, clapping noises came from above.

The two played until footsteps came down. Moore turned to see Miss Lawler, staring at him from the bottom step. Her eyes were so large and protuberant that they seemed to throb and pulsate visibly. Her expression could have been either curiosity or fear.

"It's over," she announced.

Reverend Moore laid down his cards.

After the concert, Marilyn found Richard waiting for her outside the side door of the church. She had cried to herself in the washroom after the performance. She had sat on the toilet,

her angel's robe hitched about her waist. She had cried.

"Hello, Marilyn," said Richard. "That was good."

"What was good?"

"You being an angel and everything." He fell into step beside her. Marilyn suddenly realized she could no longer hold off or prevent their reunion.

"Thank you."

They fell silent as they had early in the fall, walking together. To Richard, she was Marilyn again. He looked at her face as they passed under a floodlamp mounted on the roof of the church. Only her straight black hair remained. He wanted to touch it instead of admiring it.

"I guess this is the first time we even spoke to each other since then, isn't it?" Richard remembered, then felt embarrassed.

"Yes—I'm sorry I was mean to you." Marilyn spoke quickly, almost out of breath.

"Well, that's nothing, I guess."

They walked past Hale's drugstore and Puddicombe's grocery. They walked past St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, past McLaren's Coal & Grain.

Richard felt a mad impulse to reach for Marilyn's hand. It was easy, all he had to do was take it. She wouldn't pull away. She wouldn't.

A snow-dump from the plow truck rose abruptly on the left of the path. To avoid the large lumps at the bottom of the pile, Marilyn moved over. They collided. Their hands brushed.

Richard took her hand gently, feeling its warmth.

Marilyn suddenly squeezed his hand and disengaged.

She looked at him, There was a kind of pain in her eyes. Her soft mouth was pursed.

"Don't, Richard."

When she got home, Marilyn hung her coat behind the door and turned to see Jane sitting by the pot-belly, smoking. She looked as though she had been crying.

"She's got nothing better to do," thought Marilyn, "but sit around and cry. I bet she doesn't say a thing about me in the concert!"

"Kevin doesn't look good," said Jane.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, he's kinda rheumatic. He don't like to walk or anything. I don't know what we can do. Doctors are awful expensive."

Marilyn took an oil-lamp into the room where she and Kevin slept. She could see his form beneath the blanket. She set the oil lamp on the window sill, a two-by-four, and undressed. Kevin stirred.

"Hey, Kevin," she whispered.

"What?"

"Quiet, I'm going to show you something."

He rolled over slowly and stared at her. Putting a finger to her lips, she reached under the corner of the mattress and pulled out the globe. Kevin gasped.

The miniature landscape looked even more magical in the light of the oil lamp.

"Watch." Marilyn turned it upside down, allowing the snow to settle at the top of the hemispherical sky. She turned it right-side-up again. She watched Kevin's eyes following the snow, down to the house with the man and woman in front, covering them up.

"Can I have it?"

Marilyn looked out the bedroom window into the clear, cold night. Her face was quiet as she gazed, with an idea she didn't know she had, as fixed as that gaze.

"No!"

"Can I play with it?" Kevin whispered.

"If you want, but just for a little while."

She watched him swirl the snow. He looked at the landscape with sad eyes.

"Oh, Marilyn, can I have it?"

"No! I told you. It's mine!" She had spoken too loudly. She could hear Jane rise from her chair and move across the front room.

"Here, give it to me!" She seized the globe and quickly tucked it back under the corner of the mattress. Jane entered the room.

"Oh, Marilyn, can't you be nice to Kevin?" She smiled forgivingly.

"Oh, leave me alone. I wasn't doing anything!"

Jane went to the window and took the lamp from the sill. She walked to the foot of their bed.

"You be nice to Kevin. He's not well."

She left the room, taking the light with her. Kevin nudged Marilyn under the blankets. She pushed him away.

"Oh, move over!"

"You hear?" came Jane's voice from the front room where the light was, "you hear?" The house and the night were quiet.

Marilyn floated high above the world, holding it and floating in it. She swam in the air. There was a church below. She was afraid.

Crows, big and black, flapped from the windows of the church, flapped up to where she floated. They cawed and croaked as they came.

Marilyn began to swim, but it was as though she were anchored over the church, held by some invisible line. The crows pecked at her head. She could feel the wounds. They pecked at her young breasts, at her hips and legs. She clawed at the air while below, just outside the church door, a lady in black looked up, laughing.

Marilyn swirled the globe, throwing herself and the wild flapping crows into a maelstrom. All about them the snow whirled. Buildings would loom in the snow. She would sweep by them, caught in currents too powerful. The slaughterhouse, the church. She passed the insane asylum.

The lady in black looked up with pin-point eyes, laughing.

Marilyn spun the globe, faster and faster.

"Oh, why am I doing this?" she screamed, voiceless, into the snow.



## CONTRIBUTIONS

WAYNE BOARDMAN, 23, is a third year student of English Language and Literature. His poem in this issue was submitted to the summer writing contest and marks his first contribution to *Folio*.

LINDA BROWNE, 22, is a graduate English student who has made valuable contributions to both the editorial and creative sides of *Folio*. As well as being past editor of *Folio*, she is active in theatrical and literary groups on campus.

RONALD CAMPBELL, 21, is known to *Folio* readers as the author of "The Interview", which was published last spring. A second year Journalism student, he concentrates his writing ability primarily on short stories, although he has occasionally written poetry.

PAUL DE GRUCHY, 23, is well known for his work on *The Gazette* and his cartoon in this issue of *Folio* seems particularly appropriate since he is a graduate Philosophy student.

KEEWATIN DEWDNEY, 22, is a final year student in Mathematics and a past editor of *Folio*. His short story, "The Christmas Concert", is an excerpt from *The Snowflake*, a novel which he is completing this year.

FOUAD FANAKI, 30, is a graduate student in Physics who has had several exhibitions of his graphics in Canada and also in his birthplace, Alexandria, Egypt.

DAVID GEE, 21, is a third year student in Honours Philosophy and makes his second poetical contribution to *Folio* with "A. A. Milne Revisited".

DAVID GORDON, 19, is interested in music and art as well as writing. He is in his second year of the English Language and Literature programme.

MARTIN KINCH, 20, also a second year student of English Language and Literature, is active in dramatic groups and makes his first contribution to *Folio* with the two poems in this issue.

DON MCKAY, 21, is a fourth year English and Philosophy student who plans to do social work at a treatment centre in Toronto. *Folio* has published several of his poems in past issues.

PATRICIA PEGG, 21, a fourth year student in English, has been on the editorial board of *Folio* for the past two years and has also made previous contributions.

WINSTON SCHELL, 20, is another student of English Language and Literature. A prolific writer, he is well known for his readings at the Hesperian Club and the contributions which he has made to *Folio* during the two years that he has been at Western.

### PRIZE AWARDS

"The Christmas Concert", by Kee Dewdney, won an award in the 1963 Summer Writing Competition sponsored by the Department of English; another prize was awarded to Fouad Fanaki for his graphics. The judges have decided to hold over the third \$50 prize until next contest.

*"I've seen the light, guys!" — a cartoonist's-eye-view of Plato's allegory of the Cave.*

W



*"Take off, kid. We're busy."*



Folio

