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EDITOR

Mary J. Shaver

BUSINESS MANAGER

Cory Bieman

EDITORIAL BOARD

Tom Waugh

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Anne Gardiner

David Leslie Baker

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EDITORIAL

Life is an onward, upward, outward spiral of growing awareness. While involved in the stretching and groaning of becoming, we need that quality called openness; openness to receive which is sensitivity; openness to give which is creativity. To open oneself is indeed a risk because to the extent to which an individual opens himself, to that extent does he become vulnerable.

The people represented on these pages have opened themselves to share some of their insights, hopes, sorrows, joys and fears. If only one word or line in this FOLIO sparks in you a fresh thought or emotion our efforts will be rewarded.

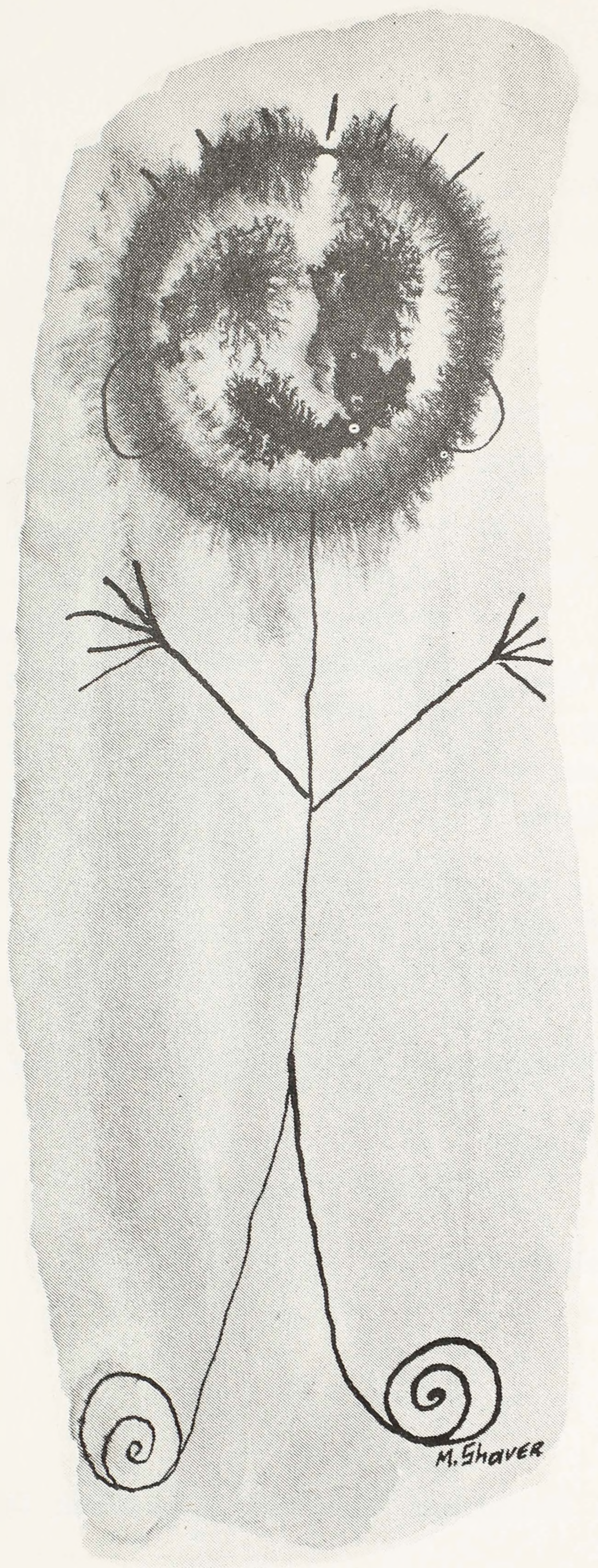
mary j shaver
editor

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Cover: Mike Hasek



OMEN

The children we drive
to kindergarten
see
man as some pencil tree
and make others
of their kind
full bellies of emptiness
distorted zeroes
in well-meaning line
and go on and on
making the world
with a plump crayon
until they learn
to get off
and scoff.

Thomas Dawe

THE DARK HAS NOT DIED

the dark has not died
 i cried
at my own attempt at revelation
running between the library stacks
to fix my nylons

words fall like cracker jacks
from the stale pages
of books whose holiness derives
from the pale patter of time

they fall onto the numb wings of gravity
and drown in the red-orchid dew
beneath my feet

b r spires



the unseen fog-shrouded shore
like a liquid Everest beckoned
thru wasted wind-whipped waves:
and a wheeling white bird
smirked at the man testing the water's edge.

two distant grey-sprayed miles he swam
while every throbbing sinew
and every screaming cell
cursed the madness of his lust
for the brown arms & thighs on the other side.

Douwe Nauta

when the night wind groans
thru the winter-naked trees
and sends the last seared leaf crashing
to the frozen earth below:

 does your mouth curl Susan?

 does your mouth curl like it did
in summer months ago?

when the cruel rains crack
the neon-tortured pavement uttering
mire-splattering curses
everywhere and everywhere:

 do your breasts heave Susan?

 do your breasts heave like they did
in summer months ago?

when the dais splits and breaks
and the golden-image shatters— —
falls into the eager
open gaping ground beneath:

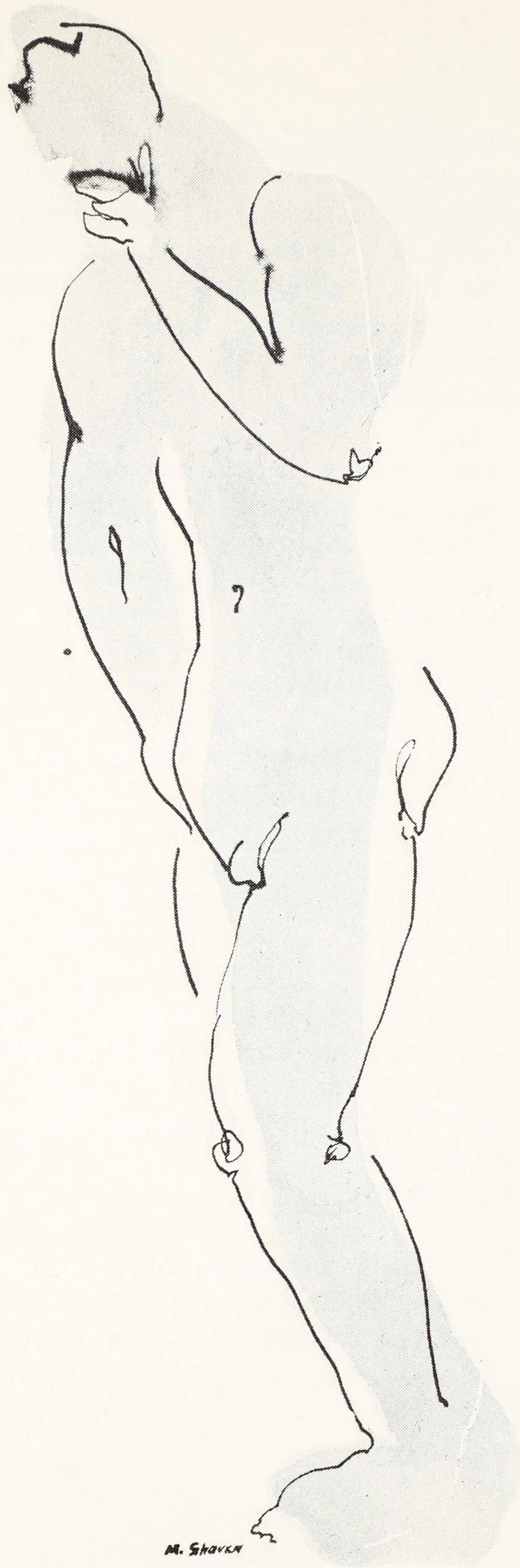
 will your eyes smile Susan?

 will your eyes smile like they did
in summer months ago?

Douwe Nauta

Slowly and silently
I feel insanity
Creeping inside of me.
There is a certain numbness
In my brain which gently
Clouds my mind,
Wrapping my senses,
Distorting my thoughts,
A smiling, slumbering giant,
Lurking to seize possession
Of my soul.
With apathetic stagnancy
I am awaiting his conquest,
And I find that
I like it.

Evi Menschel



Alannaquinn mannequin

glassy eyes staring into an empty
glass as if he had had one too many.
hands searching empty pockets trying
to find something to offer her.

alannaquinn mannequin
standing in the window

the cold creeps into his toes through his
aged shoes but she buys him new ones.
beautiful alannaquinn mannequin buys
him shoes to walk away in.

alannaquinn mannequin
standing in the window
overlooking his street.

his breath forms a cloud on the window
and he writes his name through the crystals
with the finger sticking through the hole in
the end of his old borrowed glove.

She is standing safely

pounding my hands together to keep them warm
wrapping my arms around me for I am alone
stamping my feet to keep my body from freezing
my breath smoking outside me and dying there.

she is standing safely
inside a sealed envelope

alannaquinn mannequin do your eyes move
and please tell me if you can do your lips move?
will you talk to me and open up your letter
so we can read the words we find there together?

she is standing safely
inside a sealed envelope
away from the noise outside.

gord harrison

I am no saul of tarsus, baby.
What I am can swing
 no metamorphosis.
I'm no cocoon whose inner stirring green
 will pop out
 into the me you desire.
I cannot fill your woolworth plastic mold.

Hate me, love me,
 but do not tolerate or change me.
Do not try to be
 my thunderbolt
 or dark damascus road.

Tom Waugh



Dundas street spring 1968

spring is a trick of the hub caps
spinning all manners of metal
through sly syncopations
of instinctive copulation
in the eyes of the passing windows

through the sex-laden odours of
diesel gasoline hot road rubber dust
was an easy sliding birth
of S T P shimmering steel

under the frantic kicking crowd
the pavement of the sun-moved street
shook of the dirt of an illicit winter.

so there we were
in the city's expansive heart
"where do you want to go?"
the sweep of your hand
answered "everywhere"

and formed an architecture with its movement
conducted a music with unwitting direction
painted a backdrop city on the sky behind
and your woman's eyes
held the glint
of an aristocratic child
demanding the world
without questioning its price.

Ray Sealey

we have evolved
like the higher species from
the umbilical sea
into lovers.

perhaps it started as a game
played in the sandbox
when we pulled down our pants
and marvelled

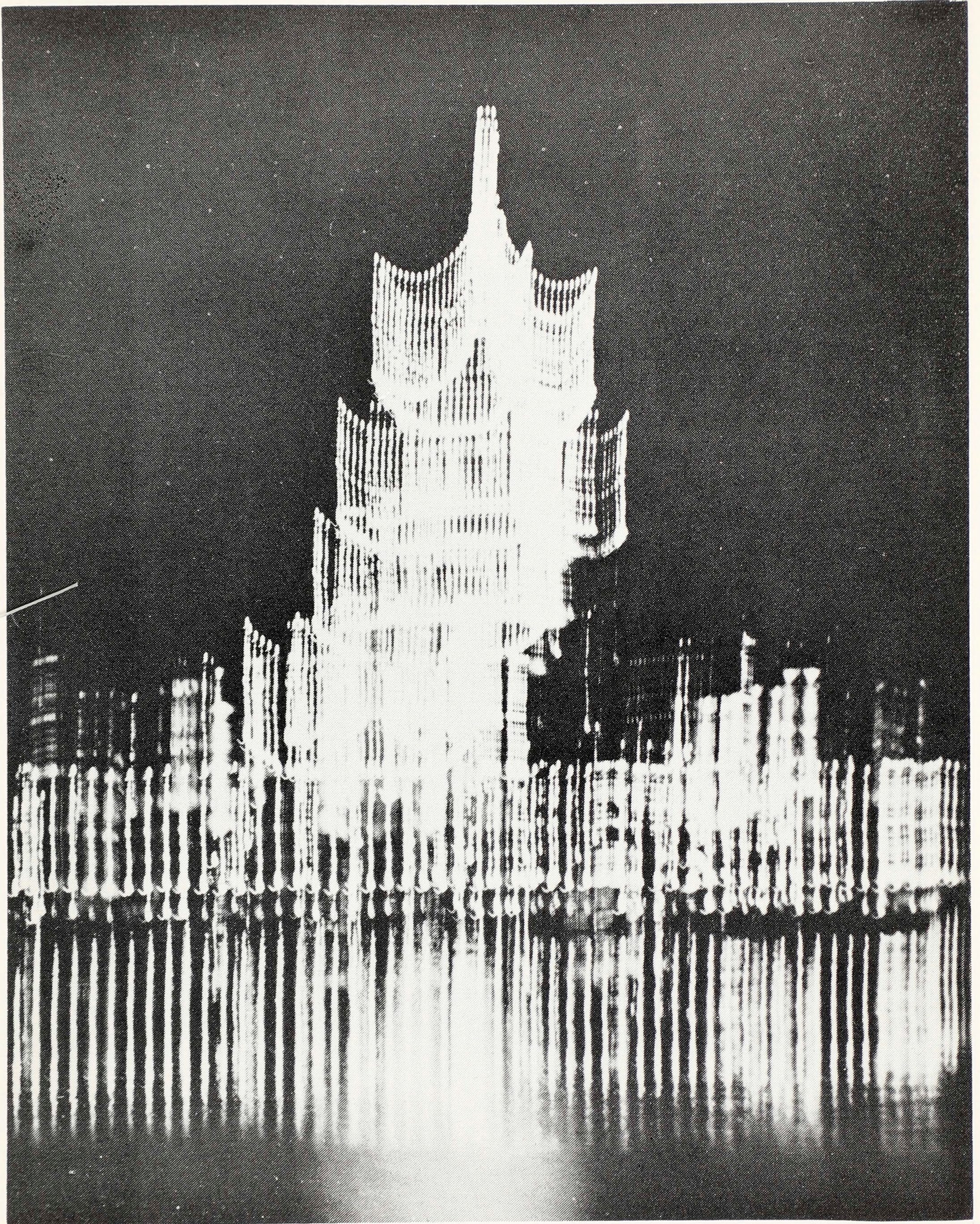
John R. Parikhal



G. Austin



G. AUSTIN



D. SMALL



Mike Hasek

WITHIN YOUR EYES

failing
to hold the hand that fondles kindness
the hand that wipes the dripping brow of fear,
failing
to feel the pull of fate behind me
nudging at the corners
of a cool synthetic ear,
failing
to follow the wind
or trace the hollow face its echo left behind
signifying nothing with a name,
failing
to hear the voice of someone calling
a plea for some reply to why
there are footsteps in the rain,
failing
to find the answer, ask the question,
take the time,
failing to fight surrender
to the sadness that is mine

failing this,
I turn to find success
within your eyes

David Leslie Baker

net stockings

she oozes flesh

through a grid of silk

that leaves a reddened set

of squared lines

on an originally

white soft surface

the created curves

are cut and angled

by the social fibres

that cage a latent

animality

and only leave

a pleasant form

deformed

M. R. Mercer

squared circles

these grating metal spheres
idle, rolling round balls
grinding 'gainst the grates
of a thousand dusty streets,

are rusting.

a throat parched, in pain,
suckles the clouded rain
brown cubes step straight
grind slowly against the grate

of Yonge and Bloor.

tick tock tick tock tick tick tick
stop grate grind grief god.

David Schleich

THE LITTLE PEOPLE

Two electrons swing around a nucleus
And they chatter and they argue as they try to discuss
Who is the captain of the nuclear barge
And each maintains that he's in charge.

Some citizens mull the affairs of state
With tongues and arms heatedly debate
That the ship goes down in the next rough wave
But each has a plan he's sure will save.

Galaxies swirling and twirling all day
Friends and cousins of the Milky Way
And relatively speaking not one is adverse
To claim he is the center of the universe.

A bug in a rug and a whale in the sea
Challenged each other quite vehemently
Each claimed only he could let there be light
And strange as it is, they both were right.

Hugh Cowan

EUROPA

One day when the sun
was young
beauty
came bounding
on a bull
and rode a woman
on his back
and swam
like a god
with blossoms waking
in his track
until he broke
the garland of the day
and lay
godless
on an island
named by man
where women carried bulls
in bags
and cans.

Thomas Dawe

Driving
into sugarcane country
O green monotony
Revealing headlights
pick passing presences
out of the night
Duppycotton trees
blueblack armoured crab
dead dog

In my body
squelch of belly
crunch of head
that time
the car
struck a dog dead

Now
any red gut
garlanding a street
recalls
the fragility
of every animal

Cliff Lashley

Soul spattered sidewalks drift
beyond the mangled medium
orgasmic fragments filter sun
on its voyage to eternity
plugged by spirits of gold-buckled ashes
On to death, into life
Beyond here the gurgling volcano
crushes the plunging sky
Splinter ray orange, yellow
Cuts sealips from spindled webs
to knotted nest of ripe fertility
up bowels of morning dew
devouring, gorge, whale-infected, shivering
birds of winged purple cold, impersonal
strength impenetrable unknown in light.
Coffee-dust of voices strained by
time pickled by one day turned inside
out by order out of chaos-mingled
Minds.

Janice Millar

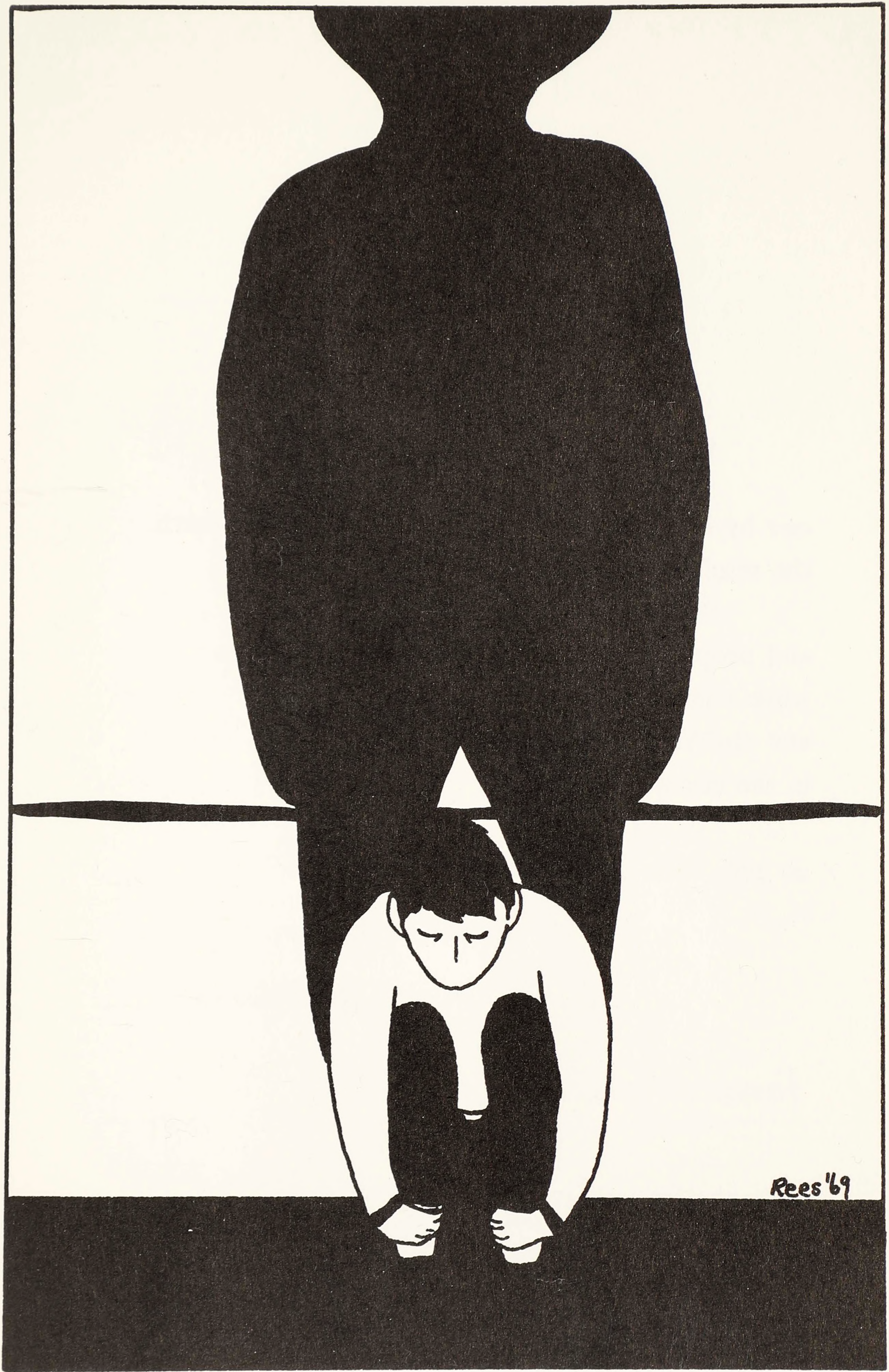
It Is Time

From timeless infant play I skipped
into a warring world,
and first saw hunger and despair.
With other lips as cracked as mine
I shouted long and loud and clear,
we thought all deaf men had to hear
and know our Truth for evermore.
“But Black is Black” my brother said
“I’ll give a penny and good luck,
You cannot ask for more”

“Each man’s alone” I said at last,
a weary youthful sage,
and drew a measure of despair
and went my hungry way.
In Art and Love I lost myself
and thought myself unique,
with friends I talked the night away
and searched for One alone.
On others’ truths I founded an image of myself
and shaped a life accordingly,
but this was not to be
for the honesty of moments broke it down.

No longer young
No longer old
I laugh and do not hope.
All love’s the same
All things are one
And time can never stop.
Against an ever-changing wall
I reach out in the friendly dark
and know that I will find the key
and very soon
I Shall Be Free

Robin Hood



puzzle

one by one the pieces fit together in the wet earth.
the result is perfected chaos.

and people eat raw lizards on teakwood tables
while chandeliers spatter sunlight
and children writhe on the ground
in the ecstasy of death.

oh god, there must be a piece missing.

Carol Yeates

HAIKU

Snowflakes printed soft

upon the sky path.

Frozen tracks of summer birds.

Tom Welsh

The sea's white hands

Are scattering petals

Into the darkness

S. J. Tamart

Beach

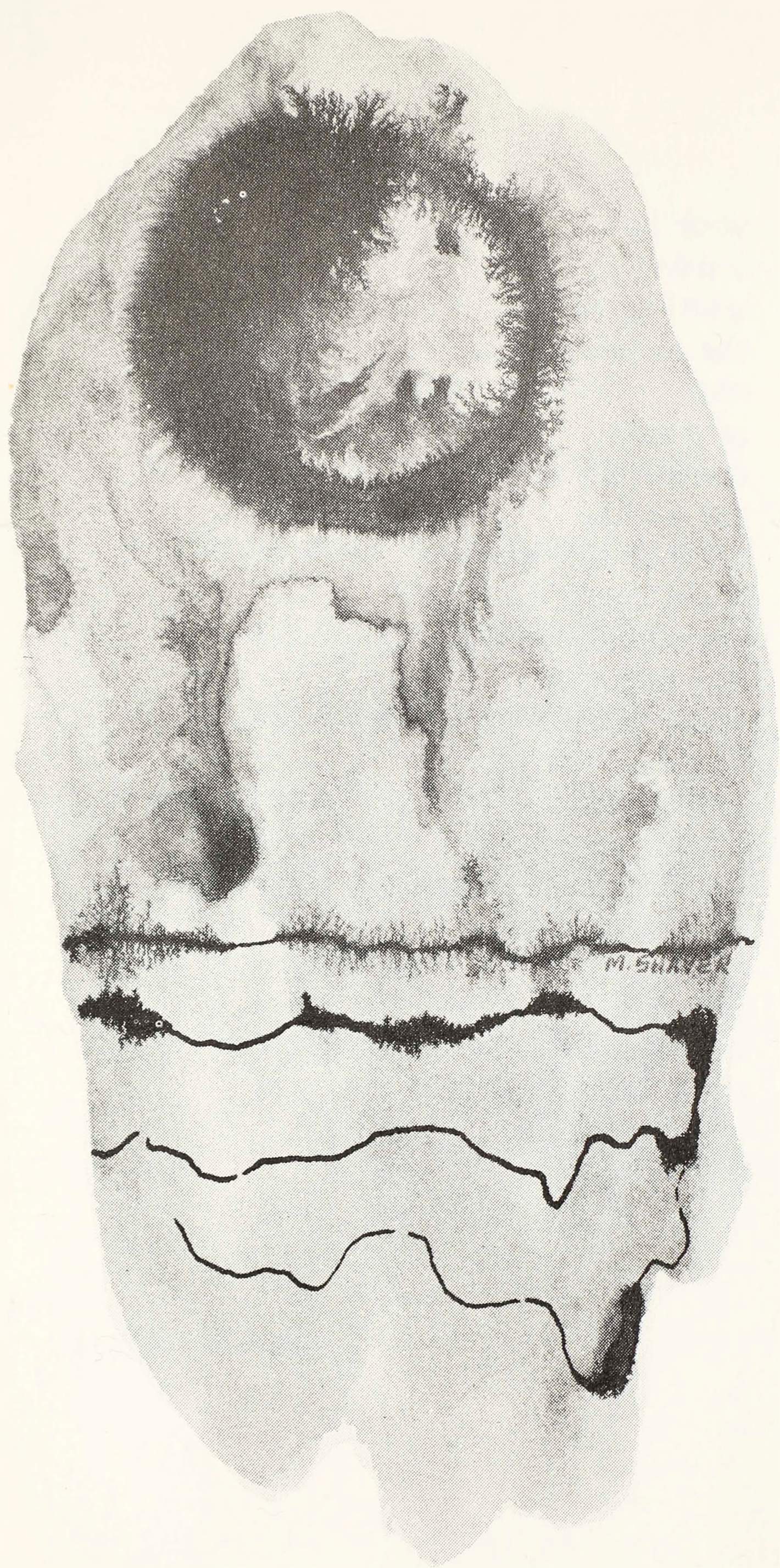
A sun-speckled beach holds a man in its
Thighs.

Pebbles thrown into the water
Shattered, splashing light flies up as
Each descends into the blue-grey womb.
Contemplative sun waiting for
The childless moon.

There are no pebbles left now.
Besides his arm is sore and he
must return.

Perhaps when the leaves are yellow
And the pebbles have been smoothed
And his arm is healed
He will try again.

Brian Kellow



your hair
tousled by
whirling fingers of air.
the ceaseless pounding
roar
of waves
competing against
the hollow
echo of the wind.
green shafts of light
periodically lancing
the darkness
while the narrow concrete
finger of the pier
sends bursts
of glinting spray.
the reassuring warmth
of arm on arm.

you & i,
we have felt
these things together.
why do i hold
you
crying in my arms?

barry ferris

Today I escorted a Queen
Walking down the streets we went
By the windows that all turn inward
Arm in arm we went
Criticizing kingdoms previously left
Joking at fortunes misplaced or spent
The silence of the shifting traffic
Split
By the arrowpoints of our laughter

Leonard Breeze

Some of my
deepest regrets
are
lines
i thought of in the bathtub
and
forgot
to
write
down.

mary j shaver

