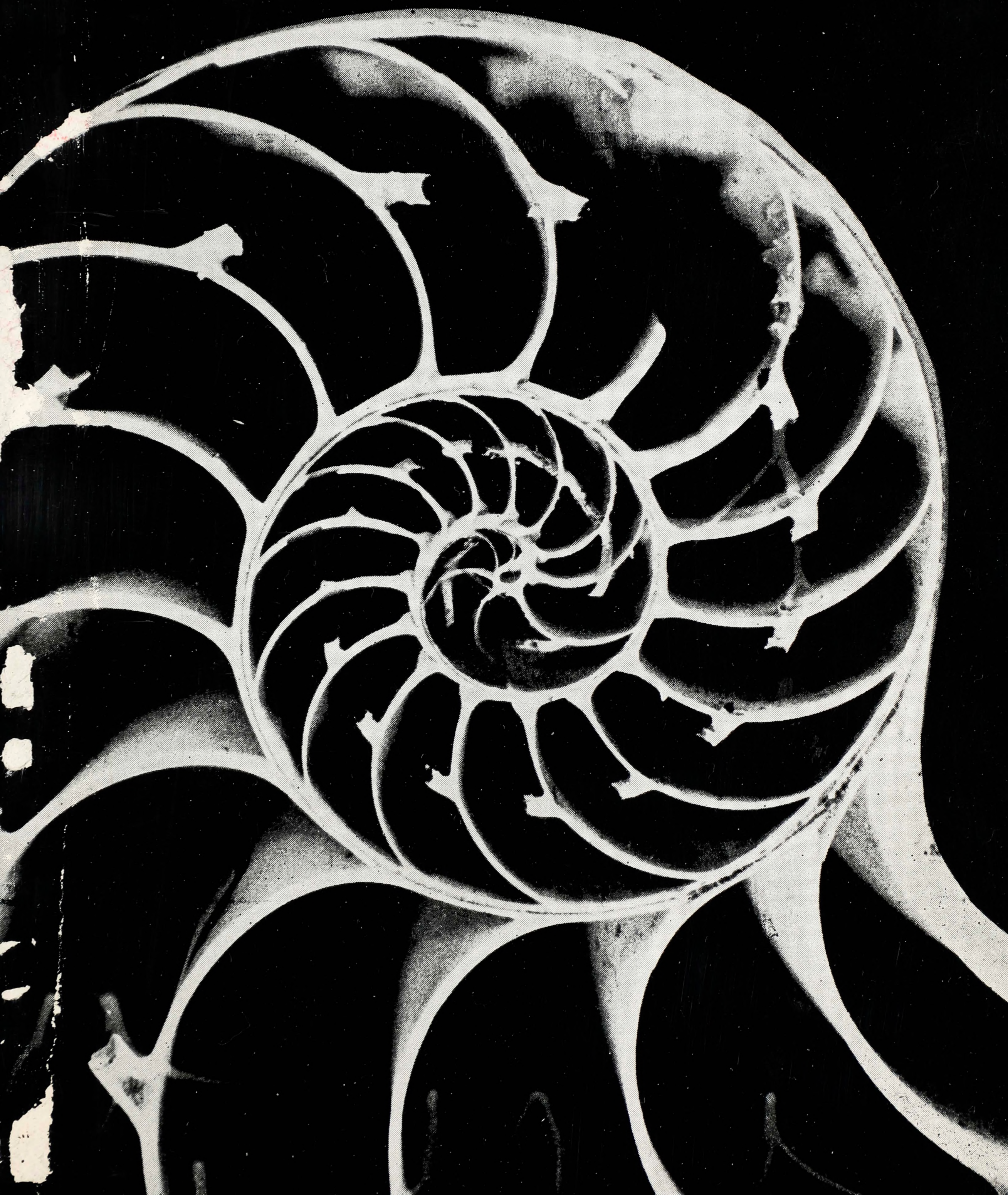


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Spring 1968
Volume XX
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Introduction

Folio is a creative catalyst for the University and a forum for ideas in experimental art. In this respect Folio attempts to form a balance in the interplay of the media.

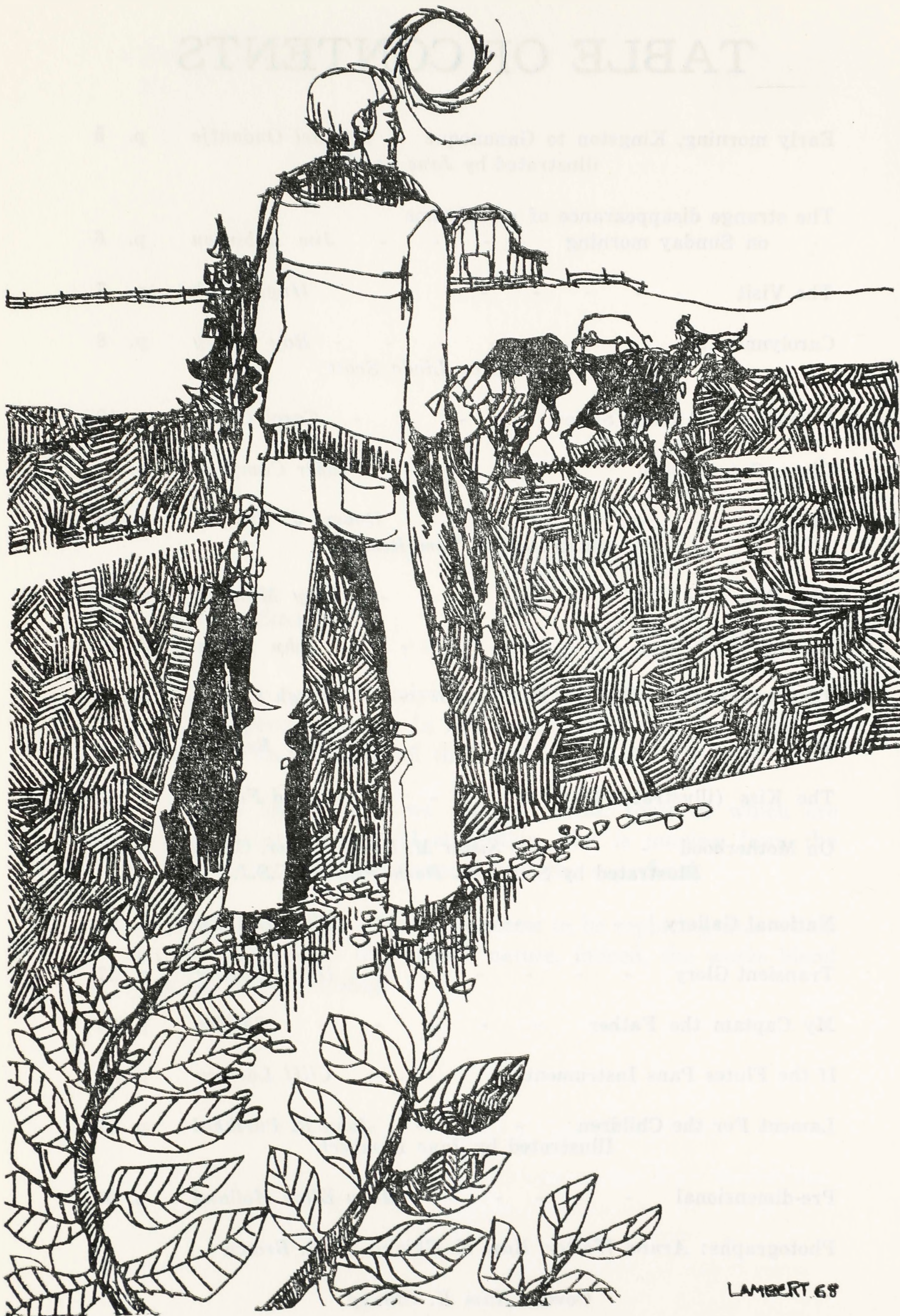
In this Spring issue we present poems, some of which are unique, stating a tone of conviction that is moving from the popular poles of the sentimental and the superficial.

A total expression of honesty seems to be replacing that which is incongruous with the writer's nature, indeed, the works blend with his very breathing.

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Photographs: <i>Arnim Walter, Kam K. Chiang, D. R. Brown</i>	

Cover: *Kam K. Chiang*



LAMBERT 68

Early morning, Kingston to Gananoque

The twenty miles to Gananoque
with tangled dust blue grass
burned, and smelling burned
along the highway
is land too harsh for picnics.
Deep in the fields
behind stiff dirt fern
nature breeds the unnatural.

Escaping cows canter white
then black and white
along the median, forming out of mist.
Crows pick at animal accidents,
with swoops lift meals -
blistered groundhogs, stripped snakes
to arch behind a shield of sun.

Somewhere in those fields
they are shaping new kinds of women.

Michael Ondaatje

from THE DAINTY MONSTERS, *Coach House Press, 1967*

the strange disappearance of moonbeams on sunday morning

deathstruck are the
moonbeams dreams turn
dry dust caught in
corners of these
mirror wise and
sunblind eyes of
amber empty
in the morning

sunrise coughing
blood creeps squeezing
past torn curtains
blind unsteady
shivering under
dry mouthed north wind
breathing ice on
sootstreaked windows

wise blood child with
blueveined stained glass
eyelids shatter
crystal blown tears
in her cheeks of
porcelain make
hollows cut by
molten stone

jill robinson

The Visit

for Irving Layton

Yesterday

another poet

arrived on campus and
the bookstore

(efficient)

had copies of

his latest book

on bold display,

like some family

after having hurriedly

rummaged the attic

for her faded photograph,

proudly hangs it

above the mantle

when grandma comes

to pay a visit.

Hugh Cook

Carolynne III

after

you left

I picked up the cat

having stepped on its paw

on the way in the dark to the door

tried to console it

by picking it up on its back in my arms

with its legs pushing outward to keep me away

as it purred all the same and decided to stay

a cat in the night can get underfoot

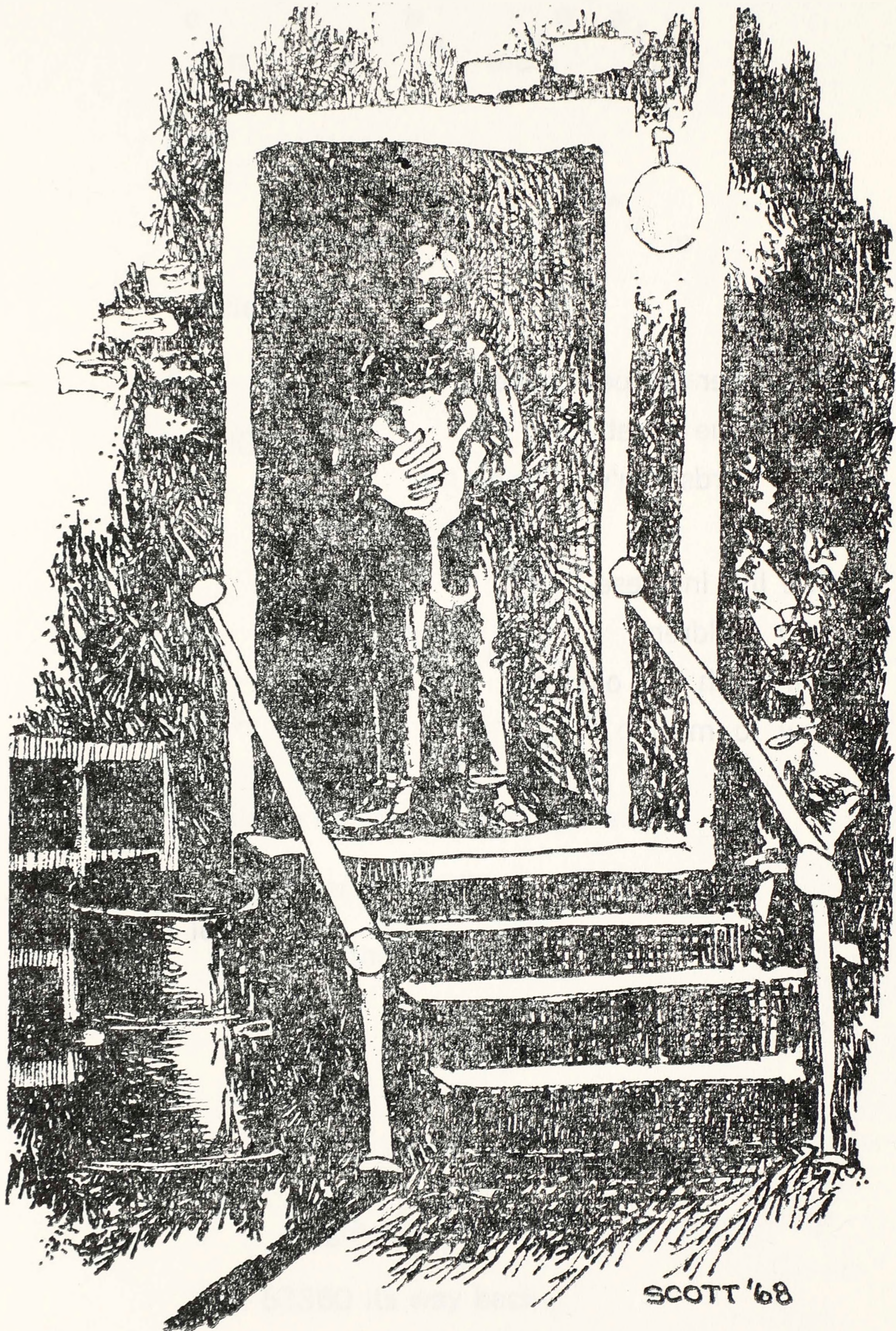
with its eyes full of light not telling me one

of the things in the head of a cat as it purred

while caressing my hand in my arms as it lay

with its legs pushing outward to keep me away

- Ray Sealey



Whenever I appear sullen,
touch me quietly
with words you've borne;

The life in these,
your children,
will teach this old one
how to move.

Carol Curry

Lion's Gate Bridge

s o m e t h i n g c r a w l e d

d o w n f r o m t h e m o u n t a i n s

GOD

of the i n c h - w o r m

1 mile long

e . l . e . c . t . r . i . c . m e s s a g e s

of LIGHT

up
running &
down

i t s p a r a b o l i c b o d y

unable to decide in its suspension

whether to snuffle

thru the park

to the city

or w i t h d r a w

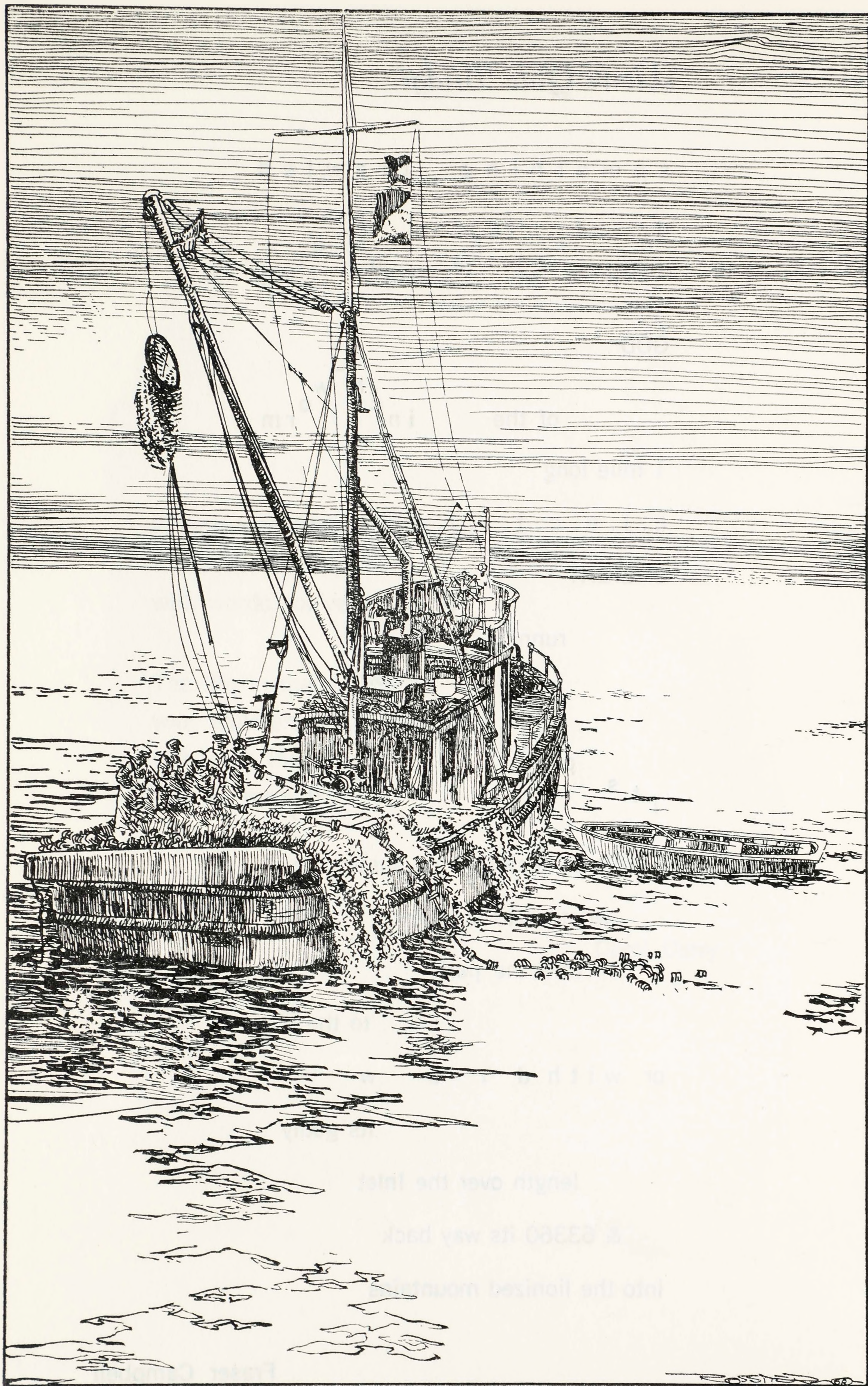
its godly

length over the Inlet

& 63360 its way back

into the lionized mountains

Fraser Campbell



the sea

in the early dark
weighs heavy,
and men
with leathered skin
and salt-caked lips
come down with nets.

The sea
in the high sun
shimmers brightly,
and fishing boats
with weathered bows
and salt-caked seams
turn on course.

Chugging homeward
with nets drawn
and pipes lit,
the land lights
signal the day's reprieve.

The sea
in the early dark
weighs heavy.

RJS

the Elm

the wind does not groan.

it is the elm

without leaves

(the unprotected branches;

a trunk with heavy beard)

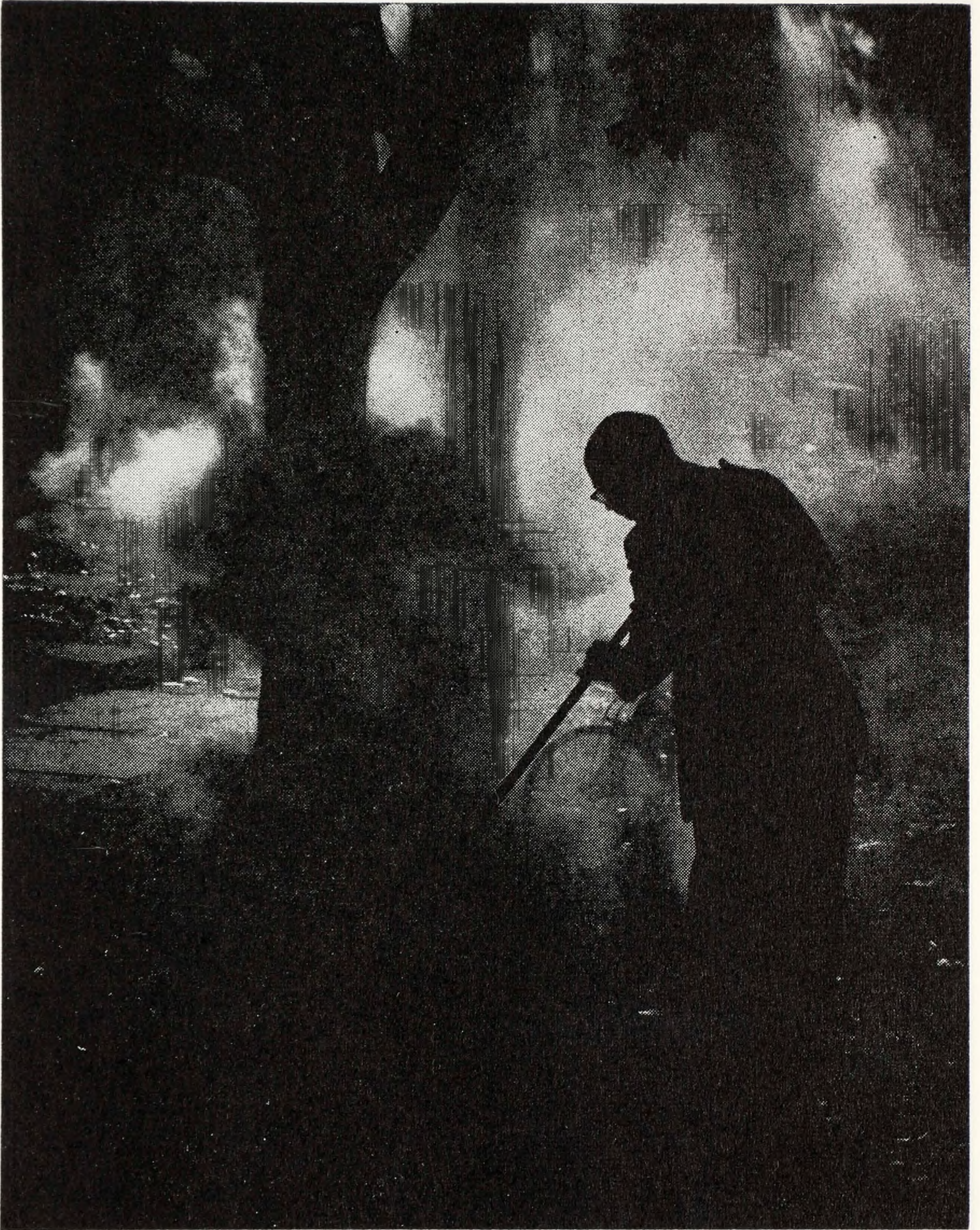
that groans,

while gatherings of pine,

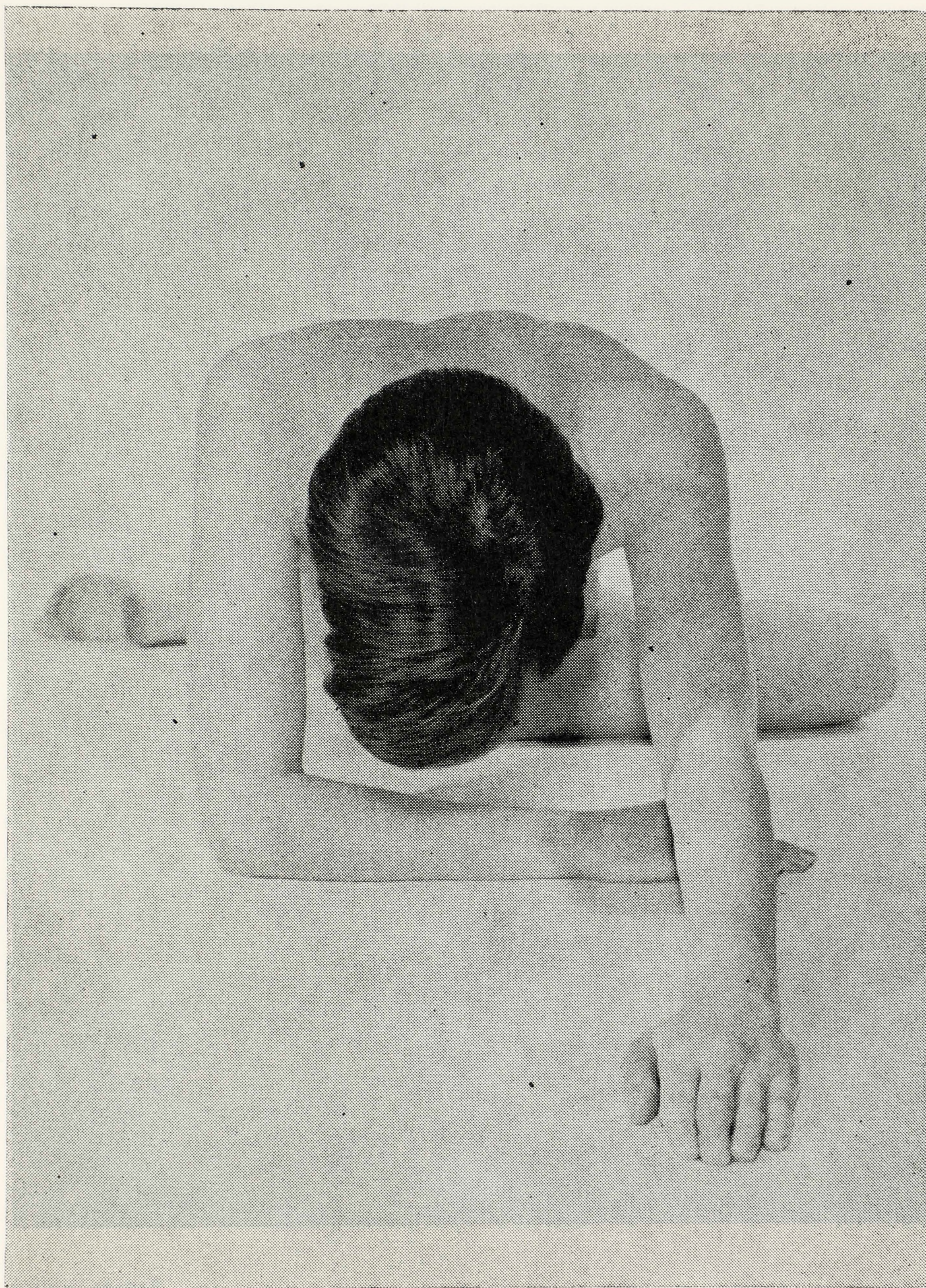
heavily furred,

are content to stare.

Tony Muhitch



— Arnim Walter



— Arnim Walter



— Kam K. Chiang



— D. R. Brown

Floodlights

Floodlights are obedient creatures.
They know their place.

Complacently they goggle down
and billiard cloth the soccer field

high on skinny metal legs.

Watching while they illuminate
the game, they condescend,

having the eminent disdain
of giant spiders with big yellow eyes.

After a match they often walk around.

John Ferns

To the Majority of Today's Poets

The poet may, in fairness, when alone,
Indulge in abstruse moulding of a thought,
Present his insight how he may, condone
The decimal system yet reject the nought.
But let that poet stand before one man,
(The published poem does partially placate
The poet's wish to share a mental plan)
His premise now is to communicate.
Since many thirst, quite eager to imbue
The message of the poem's communication,
For clearness' sake retain proved retinue —
A case in point is common punctuation.
Though yonder murky pool may presage oil,
It may be muskeg, thus not worth the toil..

Hugh Cowan

GULL

© Michael Bennett 1968

He was approaching the sound of waves on turf. He was climbing now, up the little embankment that served to hide the sea from the climber; but he knew what it looked like, and he knew that the sand would be wet and threaded with sea-weed and that the great hair-curler waves would also be threaded with sea-weed and white choppiness. He knew, too, though, that to climb up the embankment and think of the sea and not see it is never the same as to reach the top of the embankment and *know* the sea is there because you can see it, and smell it, and taste it, and hear it and feel it lashing your face and your spirit and all that you are. And he *did* know that the sea was there now, not because of the times before, but because of this time: he had reached the top of the embankment. And amid all the cacophony of sound and sight, taste, smell — all of it — he saw the gull and knew it was the first time in his life that he had climbed the embankment and seen a gull in the way that he just had. The gull was very still and very quiet and seemed motionless.

He descended onto the beach and felt the wet sand crunch under his shoes and the gull sat very still and the man was so intrigued in the stillness that he did not notice the crunching of his shoes in the wet sand and of crisp water-beetles washed in on their backs, still squirming. The bird sat still and did not move when he came near it. But he did not want to frighten it. "I must never frighten the gull," he said, knowing full well that it had been frightened before and that it would fly away again. For the moment though, he was intrigued by the stillness of the gull amidst the mad ballet of dimensions and senses and water and sound. He sat down in the wet sand and two feet away from the weathered unpainted spar on which the gull stood. The gull was very still and very quiet and seemed motionless.

He was getting wet with sitting down in the sand but he did not feel the wetness. He was looking at the gull and thinking, "If I had more time I would start it all over again, and I would start by coming down here on the beach and scaring the gulls and making them fly and I would not care if they flew away, for I would be young and not realize that it is when the gulls are very still and quiet and seem motionless and are not afraid that it is bad, and even worse when they finally do fly, because then they are not flying from fright, they are simply flying from you." The gull on the spar was very still and very quiet and seemed motionless.

"If I had the time," he thought again, "I would take off my shoes and socks and walk over to a big mucky mud-puddle and take my feet and place them in the mud and I would laugh and sing and squiggle my toes in the mud. I would be all muddy and then I would take off my clothes and go running naked into the salt sea-water and feel free and not know that I wasn't meant to be free. But I *would* be free for that time," he thought. "And it would be learning new things again and learning the wisdom in old things, if I had more time." He thought, "If she were with me as in the other days, that would be learning too — if I had more time." He looked clearly at the gull and cried and said, "I hate that damn bird for sitting so still and taunting me!" The gull was very still and very quiet and seemed motionless.

"I hate you, damn bird, damn gull," he said, and before he could get close enough to make the bird move, the gull took flight and did not look behind itself and was not afraid of the man on the beach. He knew what was happening now; he fell down on his breast on the beach and cried his salt tears into the salt-water pool that was in the sand by his face. He turned over and looked up, and in the sky the gull was soaring and in the sun it was white against the blue sky and seemed like a bright magnesium flame. "Come down, bird," he said, and cried. "Do not tease me. Come down." But he knew, now, what had happened and when he began thinking aloud, "If I had more time . . ." he stopped because he knew that he did *not* have more time. And he knew what the bird was and the bird had flown away.

THE END



Fouad
Fanaki

[Handwritten signature]

The Kiss

on motherhood

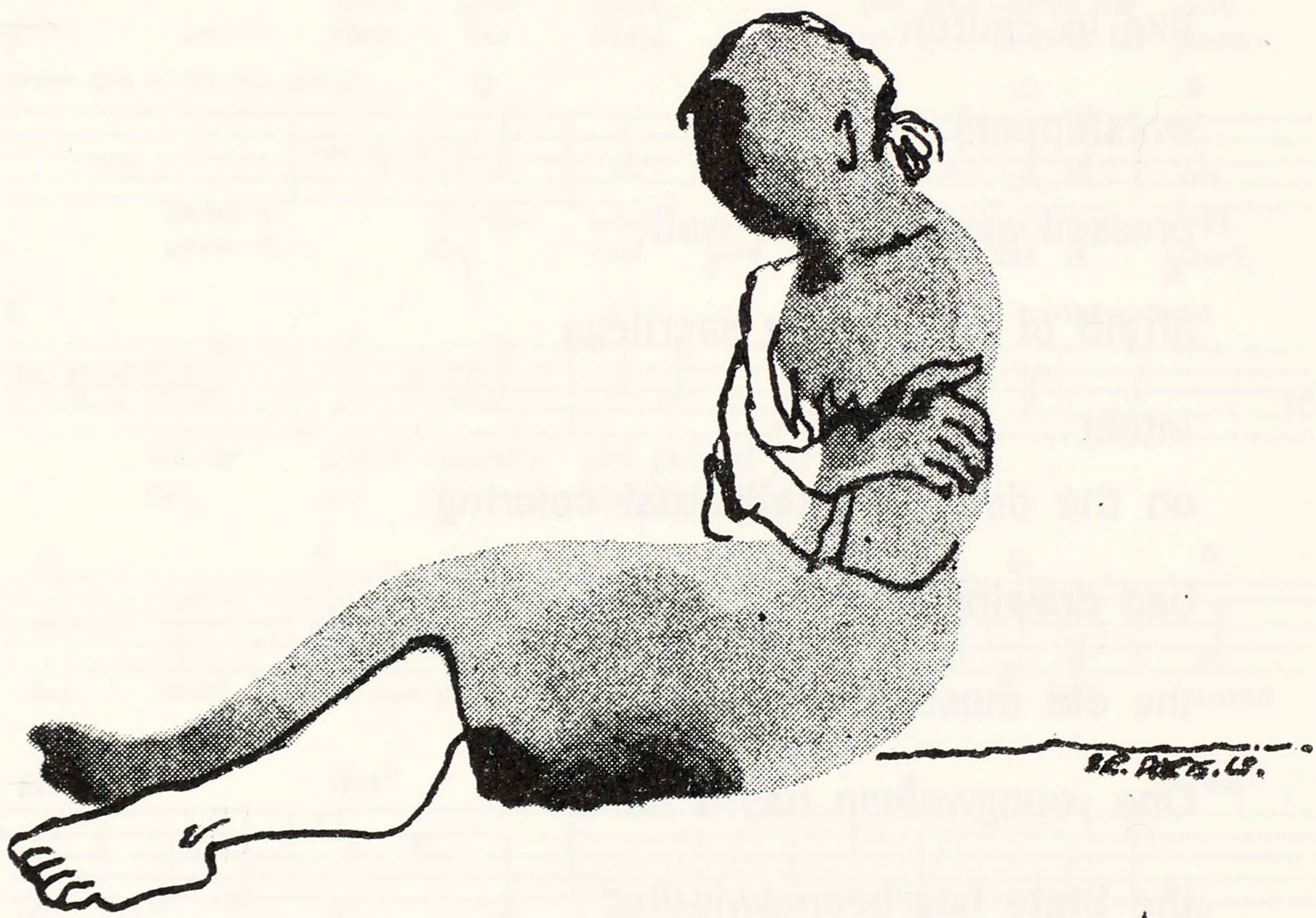
warm sun sits in the weave
of the curtains that cover my window
as i float in a living dream
of the children who people my heart

they are born in pain and cry for their milk
they laugh and play and learn how to walk
they stumble and fall and get up again
and i watch them grow up and then leave me

they leave and the golden ball turns cold
i walk in a room grown dim
the taste on my tongue is a shadow black
and pain is the touch on my skin

but when a child of my heart returns
i revel in richness while pain drops away and
warm sun sits in the weave
of the curtains that cover my window

sister doris shaver



The National Gallery, London

The room
in which theyve hung
the halfmillion Cézanne
is silent
the atmosphere wan
like in church
worshippers
pressed against a far wall
afraid of committing sacrilege
intent
on the delicate intellectual coloring
bad drawing
the old masters privilege
One youngwoman has a hunch
the State has been swindled
braves the awed silence
approaches the canvas
lit like a billboard
trying to see the money

- Cliff Lashley

TRANSIENT GLORY

David Barker

rubato

VERSE *a tempo*

Love can so dic-tate your mind, and hold the joys you find, in a
It-thrills that feel-ing in your self, it makes you shake when felt, like a

girl leaf be- fore the storm, she who warms the cold.
warn-ing in ab-strus-ive form.

BRIDGE GUITAR (AS INTRO CON CRESC.)

BRIDGE I: Tell the world you've a girl, you're in her smile,
BRIDGE II: Cry out give a shout, for she is yours,

Tell the world you've a girl, but just for-a while.
Cry out give a shout, but please no more.

Joy must soon com-plete its course, Ob-lit-er-ate its source, on

sig-nal she will fly, and leave you to cry or die.

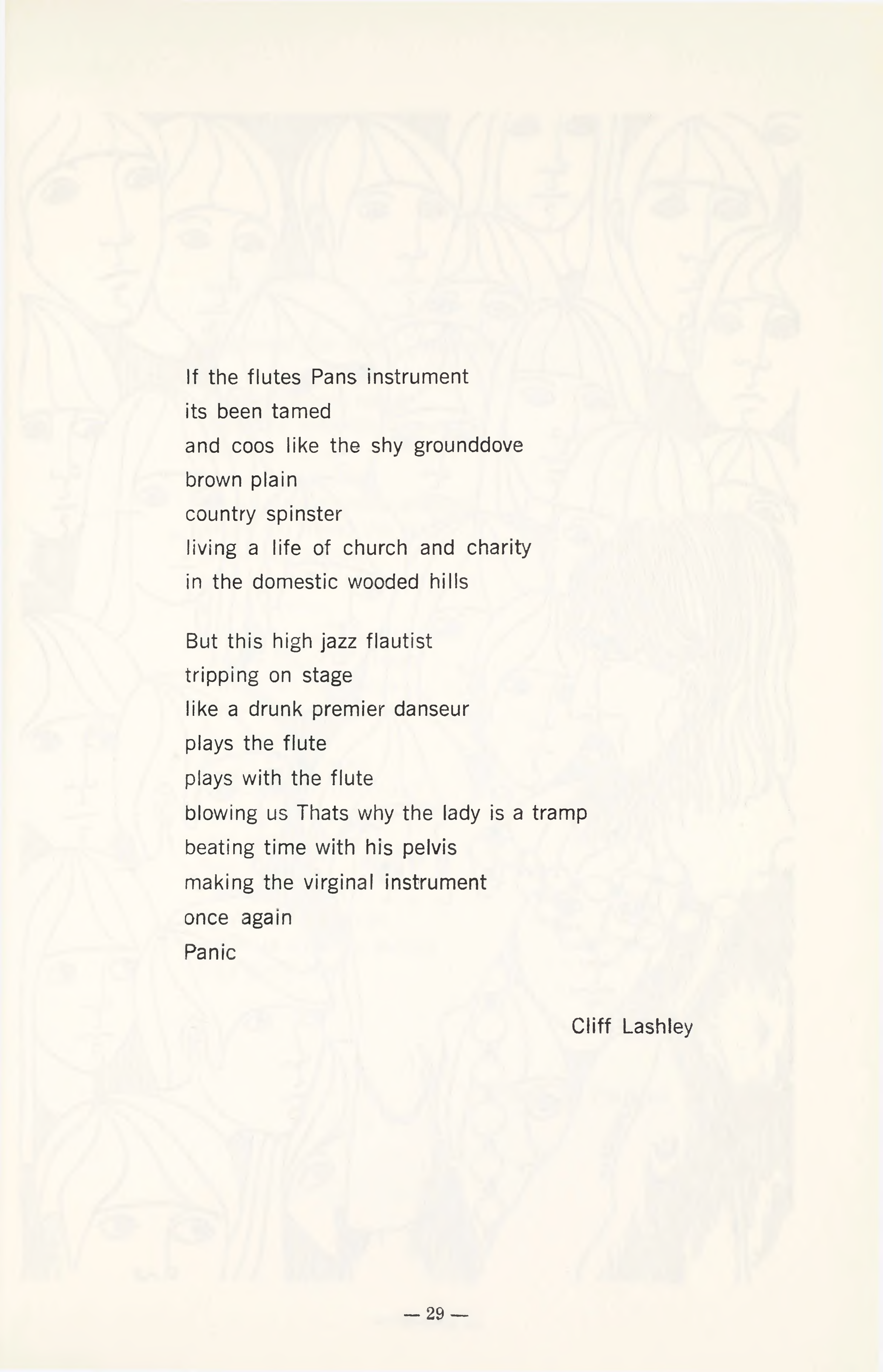
GUITAR *rubato*

- Arrangement:
- | | | | |
|---|---------------|---|-------------|
| 1 | Verses I & II | 5 | Guitar solo |
| 2 | Bridge I | 6 | Verse I |
| 3 | Verse III | 7 | Bridge II |
| 4 | Bridge II | 8 | Verse III |

This song was selected winner of the Folk Music Society song writing contest. (ed.)

my captain the father
led me in so many
futile assaults on
fantastic nothing hills -
trained me in
the summer winter camp
of home table
with after mashed potato
yarns of motorcycle Aldershot
and buzz-bomb Marble Arch -
he inspected my quarters
disciplined my private ways
ignored my hard won trenches -
I learned to summer gin
to winter rum
to ice cube first
to never pour another's water -
I felt the boots
of New Year's levee
grind into the image -
one day
out flanked by a retirement division
he was overrun -
I was left alone
to lead my platoon
though I heard occasional coded instructions
the enemy forced him to send -

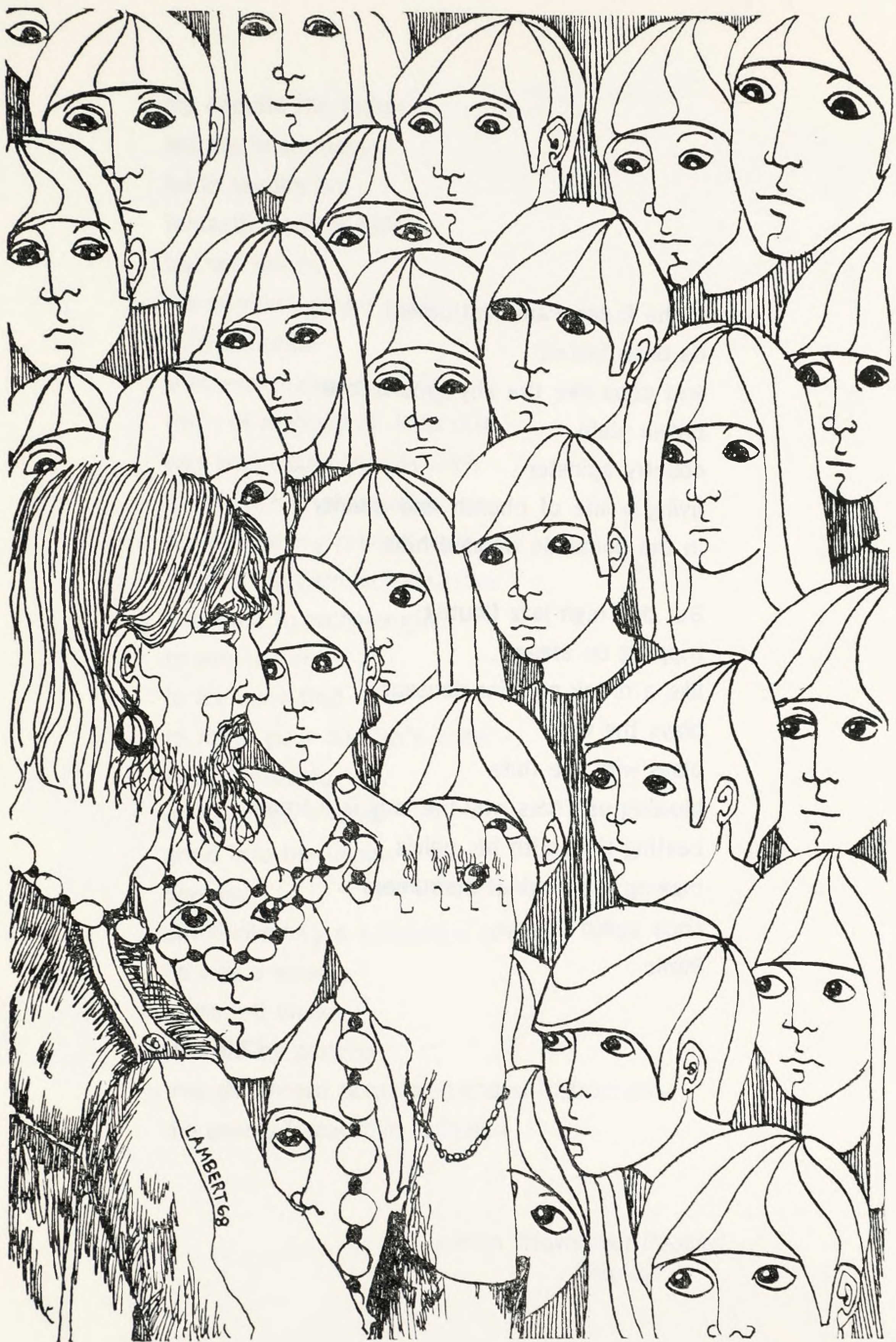
- from "November People" -
Shipley



If the flutes Pans instrument
its been tamed
and coos like the shy grounddove
brown plain
country spinster
living a life of church and charity
in the domestic wooded hills

But this high jazz flautist
tripping on stage
like a drunk premier danseur
plays the flute
plays with the flute
blowing us Thats why the lady is a tramp
beating time with his pelvis
making the virginal instrument
once again
Panic

Cliff Lashley



Lament for the Children

a kaleidoscopic rosary
complete with do-it-yourself
bead kit
found its way into
the local psychedelicatessen
where my friend the guru
dispensed advice
as if it needed a prescription
all for a price.
a herd of mooing children
—teeny boppers I heard
the man call them—
hung
like dead men
on his every word.
wow! groovy! my thing!
I guess the guru
said something
they liked.
I wonder where
they'll run and hide
when he says something
they don't like?

John R. Parikhal

pre-dimensional

last minute
i held you close in
the greenness of life
while Mozart played sonatas
in the background
through our landscape

an hour passed during that second
a week died in the minute
you called mine
as i held you close
in the many-hued autumn
of morning

leaves fell slowly
almost touching earth
before they vanished
in the winter
of my embrace

i held you then
before the seasons
before the cycles
began

last minute
i held you firmly
on the threshold of
creation

before there is light
there is a void
we must
cross.

Mary Ellen Holland

