











**THE UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO**

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## Editorial

Last year, a survey of Canadian university literary magazines branded Folio as just another odiously conventional, ultra-conservative student publication. How unjust this ignominy in view of the soul-wracked odes of woe, the profound philosophical broodings and death wish symbolism that ran rampant across its pages! Surely this tone indicated dynamic, innovative talent was at work? Or did it? A quick inspection of other college magazines justifies the survey's remarks. Surprisingly (or not) most student literary pieces seem to be products of death throes suffered while on the rack — uniformly anguished, tortuous and hieroglyphic.

Somewhere out of this unhappy quagmire of post-adolescent penning there has emerged a heretical glimmer of optimism. A willingness, approaching unselfconsciousness, to exult about oneself, to reminisce about the past, almost to sentimentalize, though hardly in the florid way of the Romantics.

This startling development often focuses on the erotic, on narcissism or incorporates both. But where does a student writer's unique knowledge of human nature, aspirations and fantasies lie if not within himself and what most painfully immediate and ambivalent emotions does he experience to equal those of the sexual. Surely it is healthier and worthier to glorify eros, orgasm and ecstasy than despair, death and oblivion.

The most refreshing current development has been the abandonment of a stereotopy of style. Some poets have effectively used unbridled metre and form, but there has also been experimentation with more structured rhyme, metre and even a return to the more traditional poetic forms. This diversity itself is a welcome indication of active literary elements within the student population.

This issue of Folio will mean different things to different people. Some will regard it as a more meaningful medium for the writing in it which seems to convey more of the individual as he knows himself rather than as he feels others feel he should feel, ad infinitum. Hopefully, the truer account allows for wider identification, hence wider understanding and appreciation.

Inevitably, some readers will be offended, masking moralistic indignation behind a variety of scholarly criticisms and indictments ranging from "escapist rubbish" to "skin book sensationalism". Perhaps its a little of both, but we like to believe, a lot more as well. It is significant that both positive and negative factions can readily find supporting views stated in articles within the magazine. Honest student writing is to be prized as a rare phenomenon regardless of the form.

In the final analysis, Folio can be judged only within the reader's subjective experience and personality. If he reads the magazine and reflects upon this before rendering a verdict we will have realized one of our major objectives.



## Two Poems by Richard Ripley

### *The Seventh Day*

Like a dove the great North sits brooding  
As the seventh day comes round at last,  
When the men of her holy-land shall find  
Her mountain's strength, the stature of her pine,  
All the ancient beauty of her vast land,  
And the striving heart may reach the noble core  
Which once her prophet Tecumseh bore.

### *The Return Of Lazarus*

A mighty voice cried out beside the grave  
Where Lazarus wrapped in mouldy linen lay  
And bid death turn her fierce eye from that grave  
And bid that body rise and come away.

The starting figure breathes the holy breath  
And grasps his beating heart where it stirs  
And rising tears the linen bands of death  
Where the glare of burning eye appears.

What strange image do these living eyes still see  
Which have seen vague generations of men  
Marching through the brilliant depths of the sky,  
And have peered timeless through eternity?  
Image which he shall see but once again,  
Evades his trembling lip, sits burning on his eye.



# NIGHTMARE

Before you walk you have to crawl. Smith too. Good writer Smith, had a taste of success, and liked it. Yes, people read and respected Smith, but the more numerous, the in-crowd, they adored Smith while emptying the drugstore book-rack as they made, periodically, their little purchases. Smith, the respected Smith would never be SUCCESSFUL — too conventional.

Smith read about getting out of it, cutting the sterile roots and being FREE. But before you walk you have to crawl, especially after being rooted so long.

The knife was dull and the cut was painful — but the wound healed quickly.

"It always does," said Smith's friend reassuringly.  
"You've shown me a lot pal."

"Well Smith, what are friends for?"  
"Thanks. I really mean it."

"Oh forget it . . . Say, the sky is clouding up, bad weather coming and you have work to do. So long!"

Smith began to crawl away, puzzled, but sharing the confidence of his new friend. He was disgusted at the speed with which he learned.

"This freedom sure gives a man a thirst," he thought.

"For apple juice?" yelled the snake behind the bar,

"Try just a little white glass; it'll put you on your feet."

"Say, that went down smoother than I thought it would."

"Sure, Soon we'll have you drinking the blackest we've got."

Smith slowly got to his feet, paid and waddled awkwardly forward. but soon the awkwardness was gone.

"Fireworks sir? Explodes into a glorious rainbow of dirt. Everybody loves to watch."

"Where do you wipe your feet if they get dirty?"

"What? Wipe the dirt off? Only jerks do that."

"But people . . ."

"Okay fella, here's a knife. Mind you don't cut yourself."

Smith paid and began to job forward.

"Spices sir? All sorts: sex by the carload. Free samples sir?"

"Is it cheap?"

"Cheaper than ever."

"I've . . . I've never really tried it . . . I . . ."

"Aw come on! Everybody's tried it."

Smith paid and began to run forward.

"Blackmarket cliches sir? New and used words. They all sound good — lifetime guarantee too."

"Guarantee for what?"

"Don't ask me friend, I just push the stuff."

"Sounds rather . . . I mean . . . I . . ."



"Ah! But glossed over — Looks better than the original."  
 "Flashier."  
 "Yeah, better."  
 "What would I do with it?"  
 "Do? What's this do! do! do!? Everybody's got some fella. Get with it."  
 Smith paid and ran on . . . faster.  
 "Epitaph's sir? How about a full portrait, sir, on your tombstone sir? Here, you can chisel it yourself."  
 "Will it do me justice?"  
 "Of course not. Why should it?"  
 Smith made the final payment and hurtled on. He saw the gate and in a last dying leap his claws closed on the warm bars. A lean red-gloved hand reached out and pulled the corpse in.  
 "For a fellow who said he didn't believe in the place, Smith, you were sure in a hell of a hurry to get here."  
 "Here?"  
 "Hell!"

John Nicol

## *To a Window*

Etched by slim, succulent threads  
 A bare window met with rain.  
 In the dark  
 Barren, empty images reflected  
 In zig-zag pattern  
 Across a rivulet pane;  
 And, sweet, golden apples  
 Flashed infrequently  
 From without.  
 In the dark  
 The filmy, tattered curtains  
 Whipped in subtle frenzy,  
 At the bottom, along a frayed edge.  
 The cold glass met with rain, and  
 In the dark  
 Each droplet with its mono-note  
 Combined in a nomadic sigh  
 That raced and wavering fell to the alley,  
 All in darkness.

Mary Anne Wollison





Eric Sigurdson



## *Anna Alone*

Anna, alone, walks in a sudden, silver light,  
As if through water,  
Or behind a wall of glass - delicate,  
Disconsolate, and clear,  
Gleaming like glass,  
Fluid as water, and withdrawn  
Into a singular sorrow,  
A mood of solitary grace:  
In isolation,  
As a figure in a mirror.

"Figures moving towards me, as in a dream,  
Each sudden and serene, appear  
And pass through my strange, waking state,  
Far out of sight and sound, as if  
Their straight, clear lines had never been  
But in the narrow columns of my eyes:  
Unknown, untouched integrity  
Of retinal impressions,  
Existent in the camera eye  
And printed, one-dimensional  
And static, on the sky."

The delight of sorrow, the hollow cloud:  
To frame in shadow the moving crowd.  
The outside world, glimpsed beyond the frame,  
Found in a fog, and lost again, —  
The figures in the photograph obscured,  
The mirror-image fading, blurred.

M. C. B.

## *The Momentary Spark*

A wick flickers, flickers alive.  
The tide rises; the whirlpool widens.  
The sarcophagus hesitates, opens  
And naive skeletons yawn and strive,  
Only to ricochet within hollow spheres.  
Dry bones rattle, inept and aware;  
Mausoleums retract the sweet-sour affair  
Which parches the flood without tears.  
A wick flickers, flickers gone.

Keith Watson



# ISN'T IT A SHAME

I could hear them talking.

"Clean cut young fellow. Probably came from a good home. Isn't it a shame." said one.

"Yes; it seems to me the more education they get the worse they become." said the other who looked exactly like the first.

I'm an university student. I was sitting on the steps waiting for the Liquor Control Board to open. "They" were two middle aged women holding shopping bags waiting for a bus to come along and swallow them up. As I glanced toward them they stopped talking and looked away. A box of new green Blue stuck out of one of the bags.

Then the bus roared up and came to a stop in the very same place and at the very same time that it did every day. It was covered with grime and dirt and sex-filled advertisements (not necessarily in that order). The windows were coated with dust hiding and obscuring the hidden and obscure faces inside.

The doors sprang open. The two women rushed in. The doors sprang closed. I had the impression that there was something final in the way those doors closed. Then the bus made a noise that sounded like a giant Burp and it roared away. A thick sickening odour of diesel fuel lingered behind.

RJS

## *A Critical Age*

From a bitter wet-leaf nite  
To plush violet chairs and immobile faces  
a waiting to spring

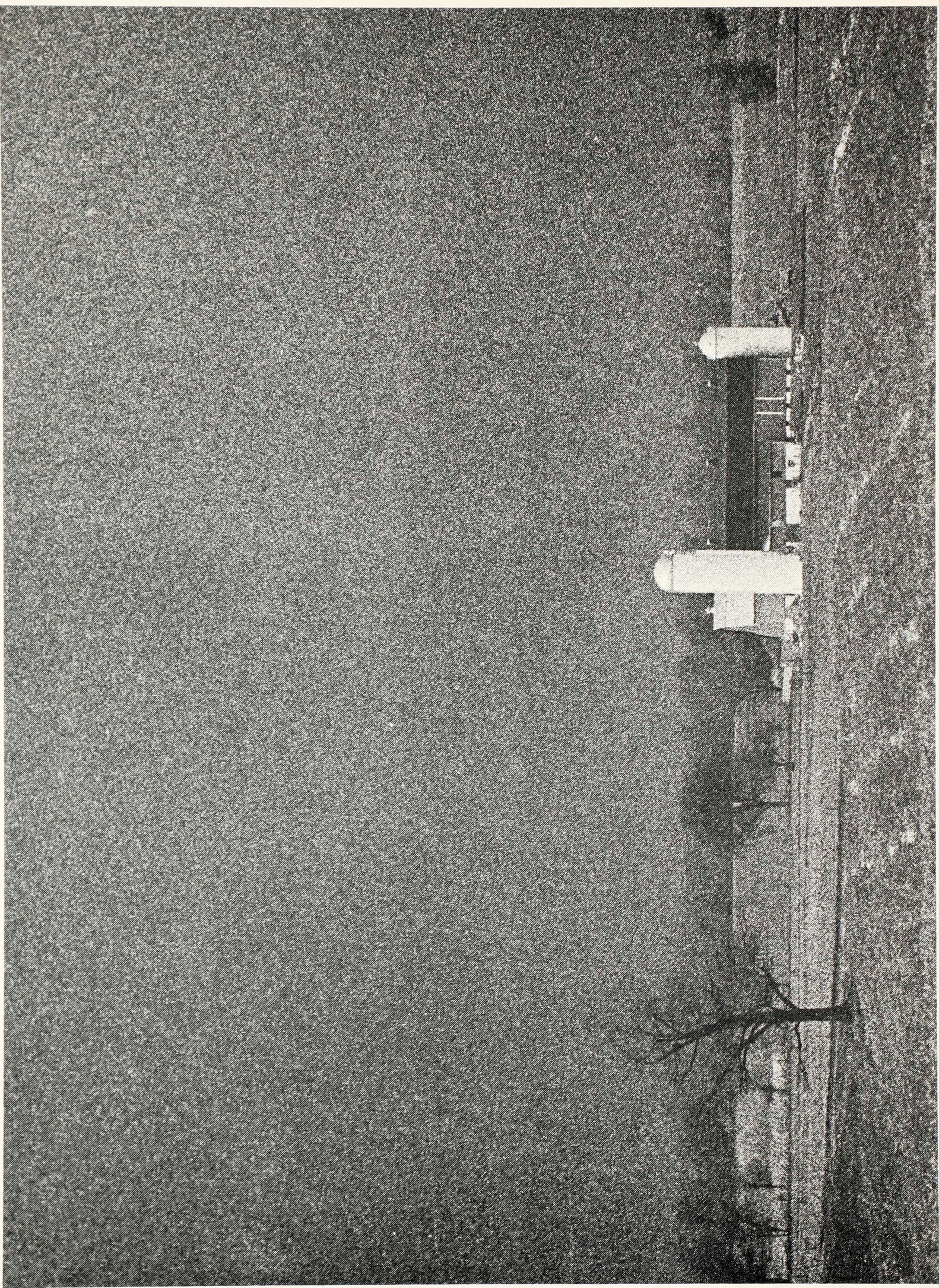
A critical web capturing  
Boredom's essence

This male. This female. This Urge to Dissect  
Our pompous unappreciated long-haired amateurs  
Our silent too-clever women in black  
the Others

This male. This female. This Need to Dissect.  
From a world with no meaning  
to meaning of insects  
weaving a web with no magic

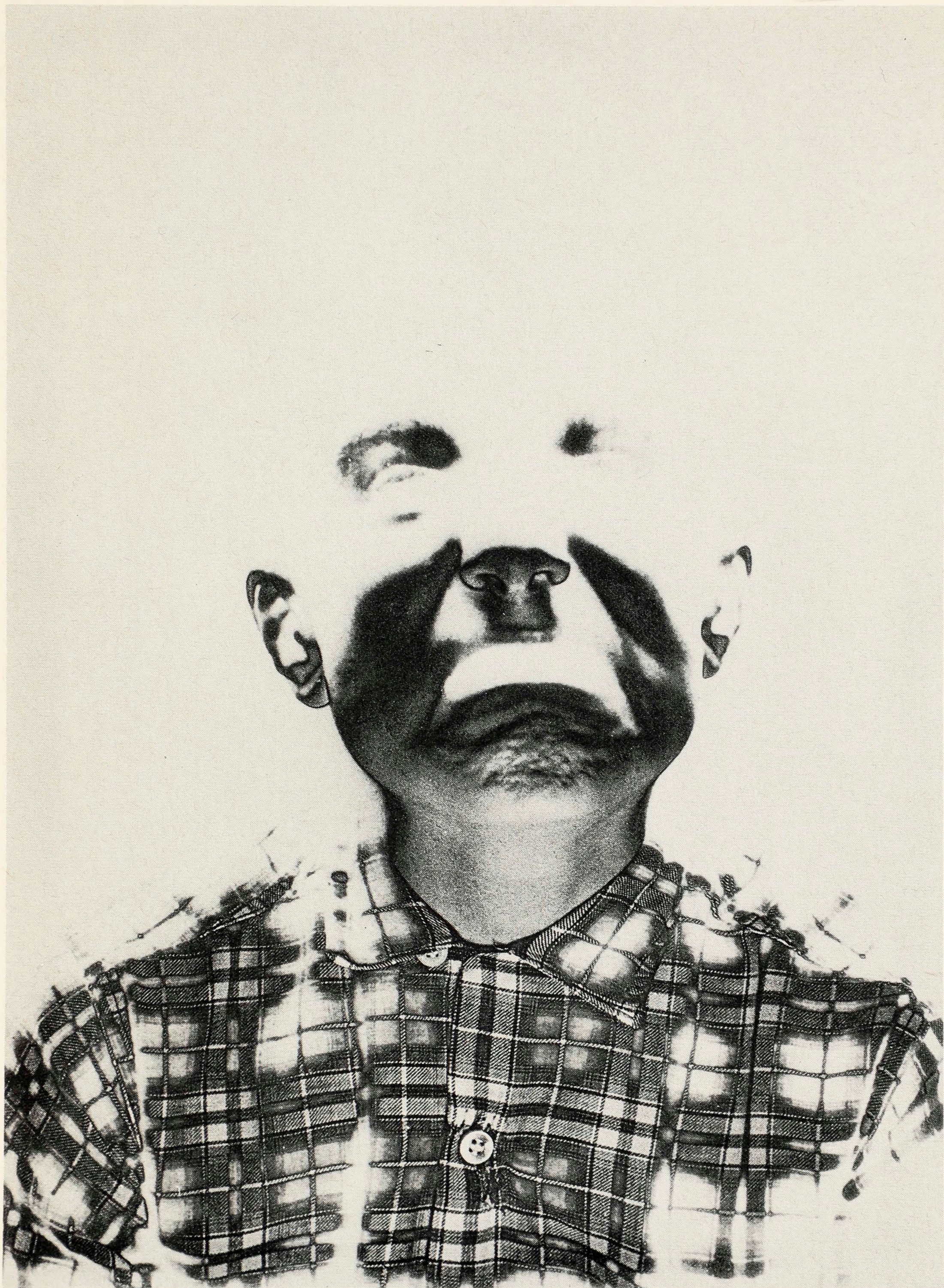
Tammy Graham





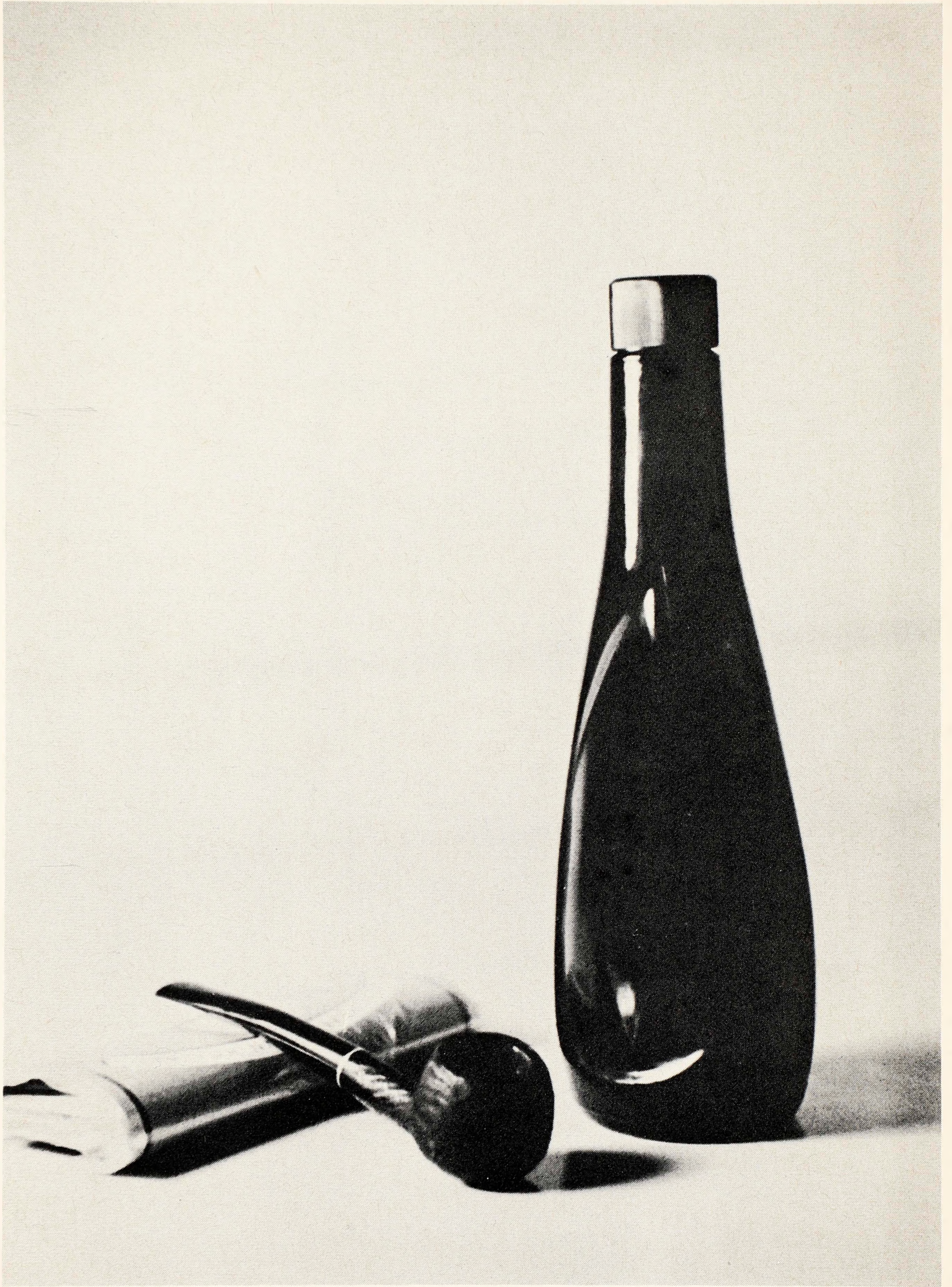
Ralph Willsey





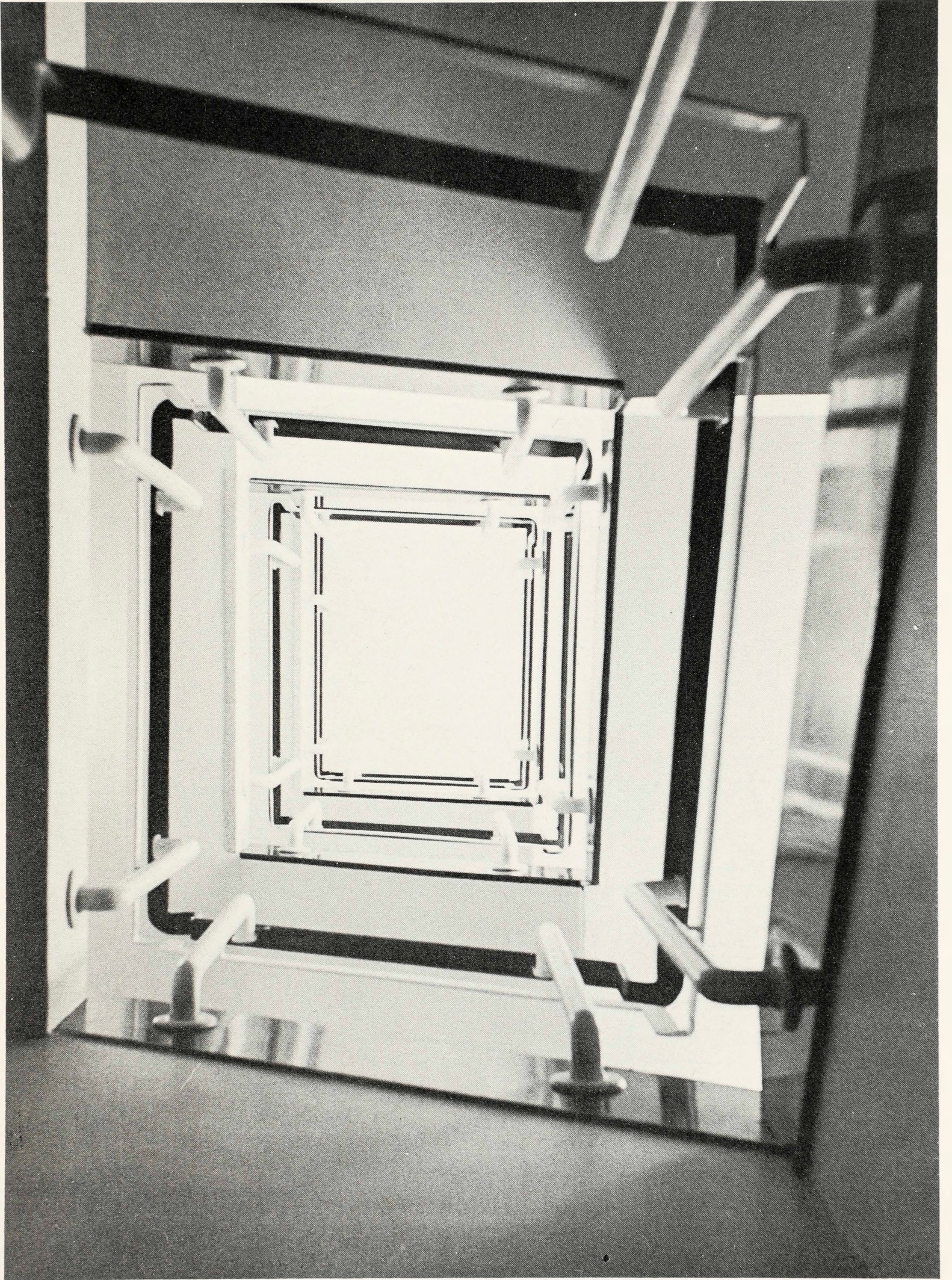
Ralph Willsey





Doug Thomas





Doug Thomas



## HAPPENING ON THE LEFT

Lying on the bed in the morning light, he felt inexplicably tense, so he hopped up and paced the floor awhile. Five minutes later, over the noise of running water in the kitchen, he heard his wife call him out to eat his breakfast, because she wanted to get the dishes done. She had risen about an hour before to get breakfast and had finished eating long ago.

When he came into the kitchen, washed and shaven, she was sitting at the near end of the table, smoking a cigarette and sipping a cup of coffee. His breakfast, cereal and a plate of bacon and eggs, waited at the opposite end.

She didn't look at him. He went around and sat down in front of his breakfast. He poured on the milk and sprinkled on the sugar and began eating.

It was going to be a big day for him today, because he was going on the bus to Washington to parade with placards in front of the White House. Their group would be joined by other peace action groups. All of them would parade in front of the White House, protesting the war in Viet Nam.

Since she didn't have any special feeling one way or the other about the war, his wife wasn't going. Furthermore, she told him it was stupid of him to be going, because he was just beginning to move up in his job and this trip to Washington, she thought, would stop his progress cold. Leftist causes — and she believed this peace action thing he belonged to was leftist — don't get young men promotions.

In fact, she thought that if he got his picture in the papers, especially as part of a noisy bunch of beatniks parading in front of the White House, he would probably get fired. He agreed, but said that wasn't going to happen, the people he was going with weren't noisy and weren't beatniks, and therefore he wasn't going to get fired.

As he ate, he suddenly realized she was standing beside him, pouring coffee into the cup in front of his cereal bowl. She made it up into the thick, creamy-sweet texture he liked, and the smell mixed deliciously with the bacon and fried eggs.

"Big day today, huh?" Her tone was laconic. He looked up into her eyes, light brown in the morning, to let her know that he still held his position. They had been arguing about it now for a month, ever since he heard there was going to be a Washington trip.

He turned back to eating and taking occasional sips from the coffee cup. She put the percolator back on the stove and sat on her chair at the opposite end of the table.

In a couple of quick, upward glances, he saw her sitting there watching him eat as she smoked. He saw her body poised on the chair, one side of her shoulder-length hair falling over part of her face. He felt her eyes as she watched and watched, making silent arguments against all the reasons he could put up.



He regarded her across the coffee cup. "Will you bless me as I go out the door?"

She shifted her position on the chair, took another sip out of the coffee cup and put it back on the saucer. Instead of answering, she took a short drag on her cigarette, fixing him coolly with her eyes through the exhaled smoke. He concluded that she wasn't going to bless him as he went out the door.

"Aren't you going to get mad at me even, or go home to mother?" he asked. He raised the cup to his mouth and took a swallow of her coffee. It came to him now that this was really damn good coffee. Without giving her time to answer his question, he asked her if she was going to stop making this damn good coffee for him. Again, no answer.

It had come to that. Over the past month, their respective positions had hardened. He was going to go. She was immovably opposed to it, because she didn't think it was worth the risk. They had each tried everything on the other — logic, emotion, surliness, tenderness. For the past week, they had even been arguing pro Washington and con Washington in bed.

"You won't hate me when I come back, will you?" he asked her. The possibility that she might made him faintly uneasy at the moment.

"Why don't you stop acting like a little boy, Tommy?" she murmured at him. She sounded like she didn't think he could.

"I'm not. I asked you if you're going to hate me when I get back."

"No." She finally emptied the cup of coffee into her mouth, and put the cup again on the saucer.

"You know, honey," he began, "I'm going to feel like hell going down to the bus this morning. We're getting to the point now about this thing where we're nearly freezing each other out sometimes."

"I know. It's getting me, too. Maybe we'll have to live together a little longer before we know how to handle it."

"Because we'll probably have real arguments like this all our lives," he added.

"The baby will help." She looked down and lightly scratched the arborite table top with her fingernail. In another two and a half or three months, she would bring their first baby into the world.

"Yeah, the baby's bound to help."

"After you come back, our differences should be all over. There's always that consolation."

"What if I get fired, though?" he kidded her, grinning.

She glanced suddenly up at him and her mouth came open a little. Her eyes looked serious and offended at him for joking about what she thought was a very real possibility.

He stopped grinning and neither of them said anything. Silently, he said he was sorry, and saw her forgive him his boyish joke.

"I wish you'd realize we're both out of college," she said. "We just don't run with that beatniky New Left crew anymore."



"Crew schmoo. These are my convictions. You're beginning to live back in the McCarthy era."

They were sliding into the old, worn line of their debate again. They both saw it, and they both stopped.

"And you don't even know why you're against the war," she said.

This was her last word, and he decided before she uttered it that he would let her have way. After all, what would be the use of rehashing all the arguments now. They both contemplated the table top in silence.

He reviewed her arguments why he shouldn't go: she was pregnant; they were paying for several things on time; he might get fired; he wasn't getting drafted, so what did he care, a person who doesn't know all the facts about a complicated war shouldn't protest it.

Then, her arguments why the Viet Nam war had to be fought: the NLF, tool of international Chinese communism, didn't represent the Vietnamese people; anti-U.S. news reports couldn't be believed any more than pro-U.S. reports because most newsmen were letting their convictions show to a degree fatal to fact on this issue; the present objectives of the U.S. in Viet Nam could now afford to be, and hence were, honorable; China had to be discouraged while there was still time and the U.S. still had the power to discourage.

Lastly, his own arguments came irrefutably to the line: what about the napalm; what about the innocent civilians; what about the puppet dictators the Central Intelligence Agency installed; what about American refusal of free elections with communist candidates; what about bombing North Viet Nam in violation of the Geneva Agreement.

That, he concluded, was a quick summation of their little ideological war, with the apartment as the battleground. But he thought that if you had humanitarian convictions, you were bound to stick by them, damn it. There's the little matter of intellectual and moral honesty, you know. And when the Left agrees with you, you shouldn't be afraid to say it.

"You better get moving," she broke in. "The Freedom Bus leaves in half an hour, doesn't it?"

He looked up at the clock over the door and it said eight-thirty. He got up, scraping the chair back, and went through the livingroom to get his coat from the closet.

He was wearing his grey pin-stripe suit, with white shirt and conservative tie. He had washed, shaved, cleaned his teeth, put on deodorant and his shoes were polished. And he had just got a haircut three days ago. Donning his overcoat, he mentally defied her to call him a beatnik. Or even an agent of the communist conspiracy. Frankly, even if he was going to be in company with some beatniky New Left college kids, he thought of himself as a taxpaying citizen and father-to-be who happened to be morally outraged by an immoral war.

"Look what happened when we let Hitler get away from us," he said to his wife as he breezed back through the kitchen.

"The president uses the same argument."



"Ahh, you and the president. He was your lover at one time, wasn't he?" He couldn't think of anything else to throw at her, and it didn't matter. He was off to Washington.

"Well," she said, "of course I can always get a job when you get fired. I'm educated."

"Sure. With your special talents, you could always be adviser to the president on affairs of state."

"You're un-American."

Her and her funny little put-downs. Such wit. Un-American. Ha!

He opened the door, holding it ajar by the knob and looking back at her leaning against the table on both hands. They realized the suchness of the situation, so she blew him a kiss.

"See you around ten Wednesday night, eh?" she said.

"If I'm not in jail."

She came through the foyer, grinning, and pushed him out the door.

"You damned New Left commies will do anything to get your picture in the paper," she laughed.

He grinned back at her. "But, honey," he said, "I really do hate war."

"Ahh . . .," she laughed, and slammed the door behind him. As he walked away from the door, he could hear her laughing as she gathered up the dishes inside. Then he couldn't keep his own belly laugh back any longer, so he let it go. He hoped she didn't hear him.

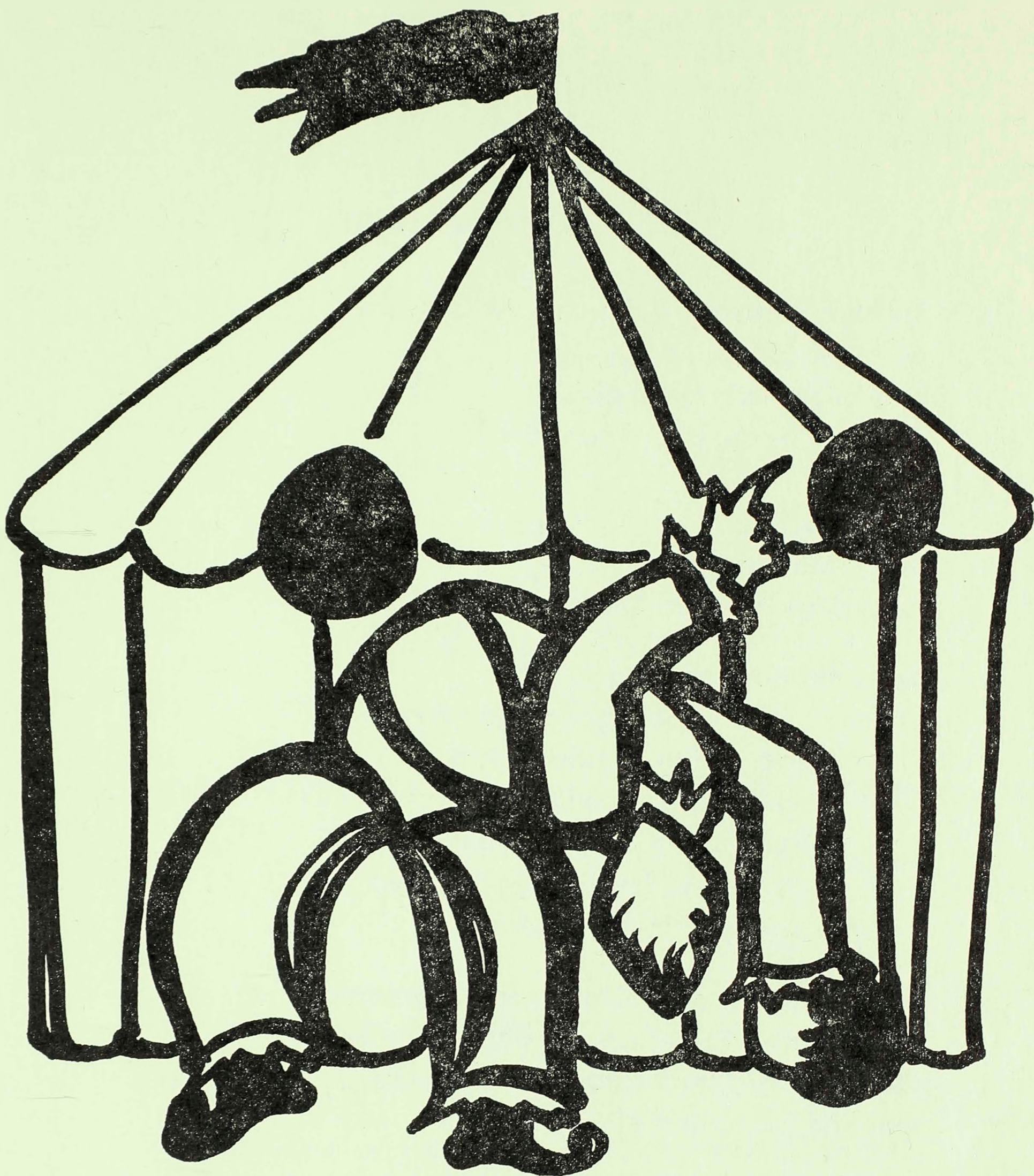
— Ron Campbell

## *Birmingham*

Clattering  
The train  
Beats back  
The November rain  
Grey smoke  
Scawls across the sky  
Red-bricked suburbs  
Hurtle by,  
Black chimneys  
Yards of ruined metal,  
The train leaves in its wake  
Passing the Rover and the Girling Brake.  
How can I love this squalid prostitution  
A city—sold to Industrial Revolution?  
But as we plunge into this tunnel  
Caked with sulphur  
I seek the roots of truth  
The womb of my mother?

John Ferns





SALtimbanque

m.c.B/  
65



## *Dust and Ashes*

Though selfishly the memory is spent  
of brushcut bully boys  
and pigtailed fatty girls  
running in days and summer  
night,  
relinquishing  
wet woollen winter  
Saturdays in black and white. . .

Yet who now say that  
                    good goody-gooders  
            and pretty pantied pansies  
            with spiced snailshells and  
            tightlipped fear of snakes  
            crossed in hermaphroditic jars  
are the sentiments of children?

Are we wet-nosed black-eyed dirty-eared,  
after four, two-to-one, a hundred times;  
Or tree-high, underground, far away,  
meeting place and after dark?

Still,  
snailshells, snakes, and jars are all left out!

Ted Pitcher





## Pornography An Interview

Interviewer: Mr. Kinch, you have recently expressed an inability to write an article on the subject of pornography — why?

Me: I suppose, because I don't really consider anything pornographic. Let me clarify that for you. The word pornography is used with two simultaneous meanings. First, to indicate the treatment of certain subjects, mainly sexual; and, second, to express a public attitude, ranging from disgust to religious fury, towards those subjects. Certainly there is pornography if the word means no more than the first meaning. If, however, we accept the theory that pornography is offensive to the taste, then I have as yet found nothing which offends my taste.

Interviewer: Wouldn't you find Hubert Selby's *Last Exit To Brooklyn*, in some way, repulsive?

Me: Yes, the world it depicts, the world of the gang, the rapist, of excessive sexual violence, is certainly disgusting. The book itself is not.

Interviewer: You mean that the writing makes up for the sexual explicitness and the vocabulary?



Me: No — You're using what I call the "self-defense" theory of literature. It's one that's very popular in the courts today, various attorneys are having a field day, hiring major literary figures to make extravagant claims for the literary merit of certain pornographic productions. If you want examples of this, read *the Trial of Lady Chatterly*, or *Howl of the Censors*. At the trial of Allen Ginsberg's *Howl*, Mark Schorer goes so far as to say that it's the best poem to be written since World War II, which is nonsense. You do see what's wrong with that, don't you? It makes a supposition that literary merit, in some way, compensates for the use of words and subjects disgusting or unsuitable to the public taste. That's even greater nonsense. All the style in the world won't change the fact that *Last Exit To Brooklyn* is, at times, concerned with sexual violence and uses vocabulary like "f-ck", "shit", "cunt", to name just a few, as common words. I grant you, it's the only way to save our literature from the primeval hands of judicial idiots, but it's really a pretty cheap defense. It's like demanding that a guy be an excellent tennis-player before you'll let him use a certain type of ball. Presumably, the case will arise, when none of our literary figures will be willing to defend a reasonably serious, but bad novel.

Interviewer: You feel then that anything should be publishable regardless of merit.

Me: Yes, I do. Sure, there are articles which are cheap, dirty, even filthy, but so what? They're presumably part of somebody's experience.

Interviewer: Then how do you justify the amount of trash, the thirty-five cent skin-novel, that are obviously not part of anyone's experience. They are simply written for the sake of earning a fast buck for the writer?

Me: As you may have gathered, I'm not really concerned with justifying them. They, obviously, serve a purpose which I imagine is one of vicarious sexual stimulation — a kick if you like. This is the case with any number of items on the market — liquor, cigarettes, fast cars — all of them give us a kick. The analogy I admit is a bad one, but in some ways, it's serviceable. We all escape into fantasy, and I don't see that there's anything so bad about that.

Interviewer: One assumes that once a book is published, it's available to any member of the public, including children. The person under twenty-one is protected from the evils of alcohol, and under sixteen from the evils of smoking, in most places, but not from the evils of pornography. How can you justify the publication of books dealing with vicarious sexual.



Me: Yes, I think I can finish your question. How do we protect our children, right? That's a problem, and in many ways a difficult one, as it includes not only trash, but good literature: and, once again, I feel that the argument that a book is good literature is irrelevant to the question. There is though, as you have pointed out a necessity to protect the children, or is there? No child, as far as I know, is going to be adversely affected by the word "f-ck". They would probably take it with a great deal more equanimity than their parents. Now, as to scenes of specific sexual encounter I suppose we must admit that this might have an adverse effect on a child — so would the open door of a bedroom. What's your answer to that problem — close the door. That's my answer to your problem. Either close the door parentally, or, if this can't be done I'm sure the state would be more than happy to protect the innocents. It's a mute point though as to what their reaction will be after sixteen years of cloistering.

Interviewer: Alright, novels can be kept from the kiddies, but what about pornography on the television, which is in many cases far more suggestive than the novel because of its visual impact?

Me: Yes, that is a problem, isn't it? And, we've had a few examples of it. Just today, Kenneth Tynan, the literary manager of Britain's National Theatre was censured by Parliament for using the word "f-ck" on the television and we all know about those letters to the C.B.C. Luckily, I suppose, for the public taste, the television has taken the hint, and reduced not only the pornographic but the intellectual content of its programming to a child's level. This is one solution. The other, and I think the more preferable one, is again one of parental control, and proper warnings.

Interviewer: Mr. Kinch, it seems to me that you are being exceptionally permissive in your attitude. Is there any reason for this?

Me: I suppose I am, and there is a reason. I am at present fantastically upset with the lack of pornography, and I am using the term only to define the representation of things sexual, in the public media, such as the stage, the television, and the film. The novel, despite the criticism, seems to be winning its battle. Largely I think through the help of those excellent publicity agents the morality squads. Due to them, good novels, which they almost invariably attack, are achieving immense notoriety and immense sale. The novel reading public, then, becomes more informed as to the merits of those writers who use this subject matter, and with each case the public outcry becomes greater. The public media, by that I mean those media which depend on a mass audience, are, however, fantastically behind as they must appeal to a wider taste.



Interviewer: I can understand that, but why should you class all them as behind. If they are dealing with a wider audience, and as a result prefer different subject matter, this doesn't necessarily make them inferior, does it?

Me: The point is, however, that they do not prefer different subjects. They merely disguise them better. This exists on all levels. I saw a film on television the other night, during which one girl was supposedly raped, and another had a false pregnancy. It was made for the teenage market and was called *Life Begins at Seventeen*. None of this took place on the screen, and all allusions to it were cloaked in the term "something personal". On the opposite side, I saw a film lately — *The Collector*. Have you seen it? It's a good film — go see.

There is in this film a certain amount of sexual and semi-sexual violence. There's an attempted seduction in which Samantha Eggar, the girl, strips herself naked, a bath scene, and a scene in which she is dragged naked from the bath and tied to a drain pipe. The point about this film is that never once did I see more than Samantha's back and head — wait, there may have been a bit of her leg, as well. It seems to me that when a woman is seducing a man, or for that matter vice-versa, these are not the anatomical areas which one concentrates on, and that it is, in some sense, dishonest to the subject for the camera to be exclusively interested in them.

Interviewer: But, didn't you think those scenes were artistically done?

Me: Oh yes, but in my sense too artistically. I think that if you consider the probability of Wyler having shot that scene the way he did under less strict censorship laws, you will see my point. Certainly it's artistic, but it's artistic within a very limited frame of reference. We are continually searching for artistic ways to convey the sexual act while we continue to ignore the obvious.

Interviewer: Doesn't this lead to an art, or if you like, shock-for-shock's-sake attitude?

Me: No, I don't think it does. Certainly, if you allow complete freedom to the artist to picture what he likes in the way he likes, then there are going to be people who abuse that freedom — so what? None of us have to watch it. Besides, in media that don't shock us at all, perhaps, a bit of shock for shock's sake would be a good thing. After all, isn't the purpose of any great work of art to shock us. Shock seems to me to be a necessary requisite for good art. Every great work aims at increasing your perception, at rearranging your values and sensibilities in some way, at shocking you onto a new awareness. This is a slightly different definition of the word "shock" I realize, but it seems to me quite relevant.



Interviewer: Yes, but I don't see that having sexual intercourse, or depicting a rape on a stage could in any way be considered a work of art, or shock me into a new perception.

Me: Oh, come off it. Have you ever seen a rape? You don't need to answer that. The important thing is that if you did see one on a stage you might be impressed by the violence, and sickness of it in a way that you never were before. That's a perception, of sorts. Apart from that do you think a murder on a stage or anywhere else can be viewed as a work of art. We'll leave aside the question of whether some one can be murdered artistically. Of course you don't. There is nothing intrinsically artistic in the depiction of a murder on the stage, yet you don't object to *King Lear* or *Hamlet*, which depend for much of their dramatic action on cruelty and murder. Why then do you object to sexual intercourse on the stage, which is incidentally much more natural, and should be much less shocking. Isn't it conceivable that an artist could use this as part of his system to create an artistic effect. Nothing is artistic in itself. It must be made artistic, and it's my belief that any thing can be made so.

Interviewer: Presuming you want to get a shock effect from a stage rape, isn't it true that you can achieve a deeper sense of horror through suggestion?

Me: Well, that's a truism we've both heard and I'm not sure that it's really that valid. Suggestion can be a fantastic weapon in the hands of the right person, but it demands one prerequisite — a well developed imagination in the audience. If you have it, then the audience will presumably conjure up an image of some force and magnitude, but is it the image that you wish them to have? You can't be sure, and that may be important. Secondly, is it really as shocking to them as actually seeing the event would be. If, on the other hand your audience does not have an active imagination, which is very likely, then it's much easier and much more effective to get your effect directly. Apart from this question of imagination there is I think a real difference between an offstage and an onstage effect. Why do you think Shakespeare, who was a genius with suggestion, felt it necessary to put the blinding of Gloucester on stage in *King Lear*, and please don't tell me that it was to please the groundlings.

Interviewer: After all this talk of shock, do you still say that nothing offends your taste?



Me: Perhaps I should have said that nothing offends my taste on principle. I think that anything is worthy of artistic treatment, and I want to see the rules removed. At least, in that way, we might achieve a more realistic understanding of what is and what is not shocking, of what is, in your sense of the word, Pornographic.

Interviewer: That sounds idealistic. Oh, it sounds great, but it's irresponsible. It's shunning your duty to society. It's . . . That's what it is . . . Artistic Anarchy!

Martin Kinch



---

A sudden city snow  
froze face and scarf,  
and the west side  
of east-leaning fence posts  
that led me home when very young.  
And I hurried on  
along the wheel tracks  
seeing only that the flakes  
made moment shadows  
in the dusk-fallen snow.

Mike Ferguson



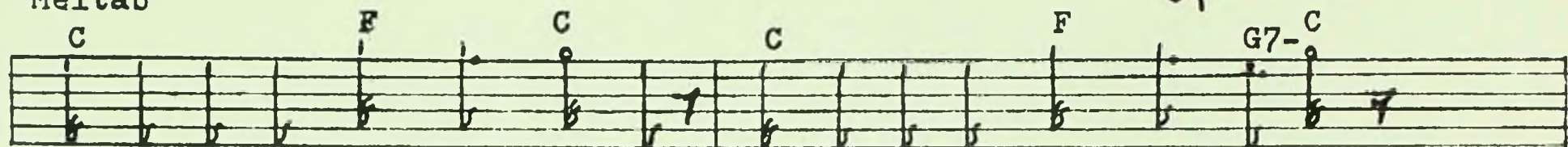
# How Far Is The Next Town

To Lynne

(A song in C major)

Mel tab

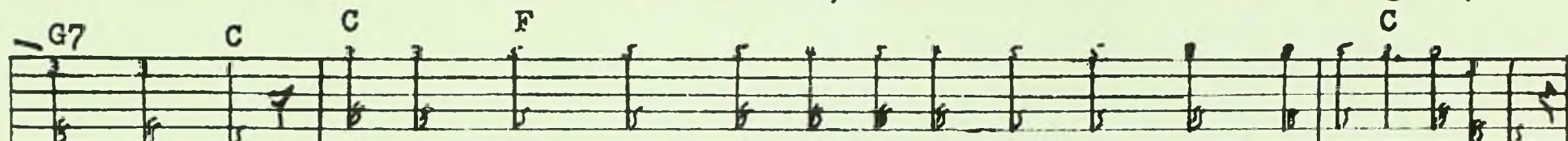
By A. Fraser



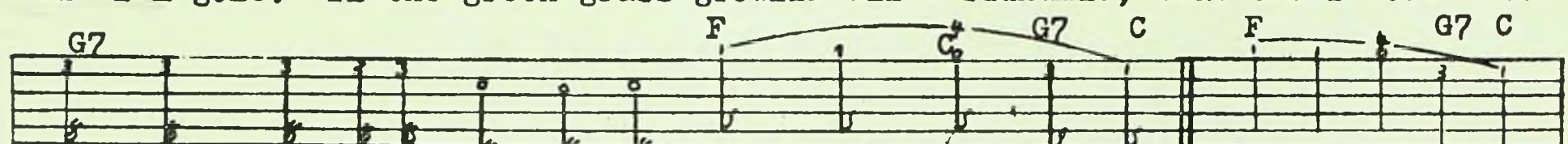
How far is the next town, mis-ter? How far is the next town, si-ir?



Babe don' want me an' I'm tra-ve-li-in on; Babe don' want me an' I'm gone,



an' I'm gone. In the green grass growin' all a-round me, what can I do o-o-o?



One town's like a-no-ther an' the wind still blows for you. (Final ending)

How long is a long life, brother?  
How far is a distant home?  
Girl has left me an' I'm win'-blown lost;  
Girl has left me an' I'm lost, an' I'm lost.

By the hot-rock meltin' all the sweat from outa my bones,  
This life's got me under  
An' the wind still blows for you.

How much for a dead man, preacher ?  
How great is a young man's load?  
Woman won't have me an' I'm no more come;  
Woman won't have me an' I'm gone, an' I'm gone.

All the sky-high divin' in a world made out for two,  
My head's turnin' over  
But the wind don't blow for you.

My head's turnin' over  
But the wind don't blow for you.



## *Lament II*

When I last danced before her  
I wore her wedding dress  
frayed and creamed through lace-torn years  
of half a century.  
I called her 'child', the youngest, Eva,  
and her eyes in the winter light were gay.

"You will be glad spring has come.  
The earliest crocus beckons  
clematis on the wall, and hollyhock,  
and flowering quince.  
The snows have returned to the earth,  
time has begun again."

"The wheel turns once; ring of town bells  
chime the Sunday sweetness  
of change. Time to go,  
strange bride in a new land,  
when the wind is from the east,  
as now. Goodbye, my dear, take care.  
Do not neglect the garden.  
To you, the quilts and unbaked pumpkin pies,  
to you, the apples of the tree beneath the moon,  
to you, the children."

Penny Kemp

## *Dear God;*

With the waking of my savior  
Froze my quick and swelling flame,  
Crumpled my rock-rod, gasping rage  
And dimmed my limpid myth,  
On the rule of a crushing thigh.  
Yet, even as my black, spot-shaken soul  
Went limping to the holy crutch,  
The taut, black cords of wondrous revelry  
That bawled my rolling gift  
Into the brow of a nuptial arch,  
Steered my pacing, restless feet  
Once more to the red hot-house  
Of screaming, racking sympathy.

Allan Fraser



# PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE HUMAN FORM

*Sex as a driving force is recognized everywhere for are we not in a strict sense animals? The only difference is that we have overcome instincts with laws and anti-instincts. Perverse dogs are rare but omissions in Shakespeare's texts are manifold. Western Ontario's "sleeping society" is a carrier of that puritan mistrust towards art in general and the nude in particular.*

*Arnim Walter, 1965*

The question, whether the photography of nudes is art or not, depends upon one's approach to the subject. Any approach necessitates its division into two parts: is photography art, and the subject of the nude itself. The first is a question of technicality and depends upon the interpretation of the term art. Long ago, one could speak of art as an external expression of emotion. However, with the advance of psycho-analytical interpretation, art penetrates beyond the mask of life into the personality. For me, however, this probing should not trespass upon the strictly private. A picture of coitus, no matter by which means it is reproduced, is part of one's privacy and has nothing to do with art just as a clinical report has nothing to do with literature.

The above restriction applies to all arts. The photographer may be a man desirous of creating something or he may be a mechanic interested only in setting the proper distance lens-film for the sake of pecuniary reward. Other arts experience similar problems in classifying their "creators", whether with brush or chisel, into mechanics and artists. The photographer who transposes himself into his product is able to be recognized as doing so in respect to character, emotion and so forth, and thus has to be considered an artist. Strictly speaking, a creative photographer is not solely bound to a camera alone but may use other methods to express himself photographically.

The other aspect of the problem is strictly emotional. In Ancient Hellas, the one centre of our heritage of which we are so proud in respect to the finer arts, moving about in the nude was not unheard of. Ideals and customs have changed since. With the advent of christianity the sphere of emphasis has been shifted to the "spiritual life". One of its prerequisites demands the complete subordination of the carnal, since inflicted with the concept of possessing a body "sinfully born". This belief which preaches contempt for the human body still makes photography of the nude a problem today. For, parallel to the "sin" of nudity, developed the moral art of covering the body. Among Rubens, Toulouse Lautrec and girly magazines, the difference in the art of covering lies in quality not quantity. The drapery is added solely to comply with the "moral code".



Photography of the nude is of necessity charged with emotional meaning stemming from man's nature. But in this, photography is not different from other arts. The sensitivity of meaning conveyed is the secret of any artistic expression. Restrained use of means and purity of thought are essential to true artistic achievement. The penetration of privacy is as undesirable as is the reduction of a nude to a purely aesthetic meaning. Aesthetic meaning is not as easily conveyed as it is in sculpture. A nude in sculpture might only in name be a nude and otherwise an ideal aesthetic form. Not that there is anything to be said against forms as expressions of art, beauty, emotion or idea but by being a form it is no longer a nude in the proper sense of the word. But then, in dealing with the nude in the "proper" sense of the word, one must consider taboos.

A nude in the natural setting is ideal as it becomes more easily a part of the natural totality. Whereas, a movement in one nude may constitute beauty, in another it may be disgusting, suggestive or vulgar.

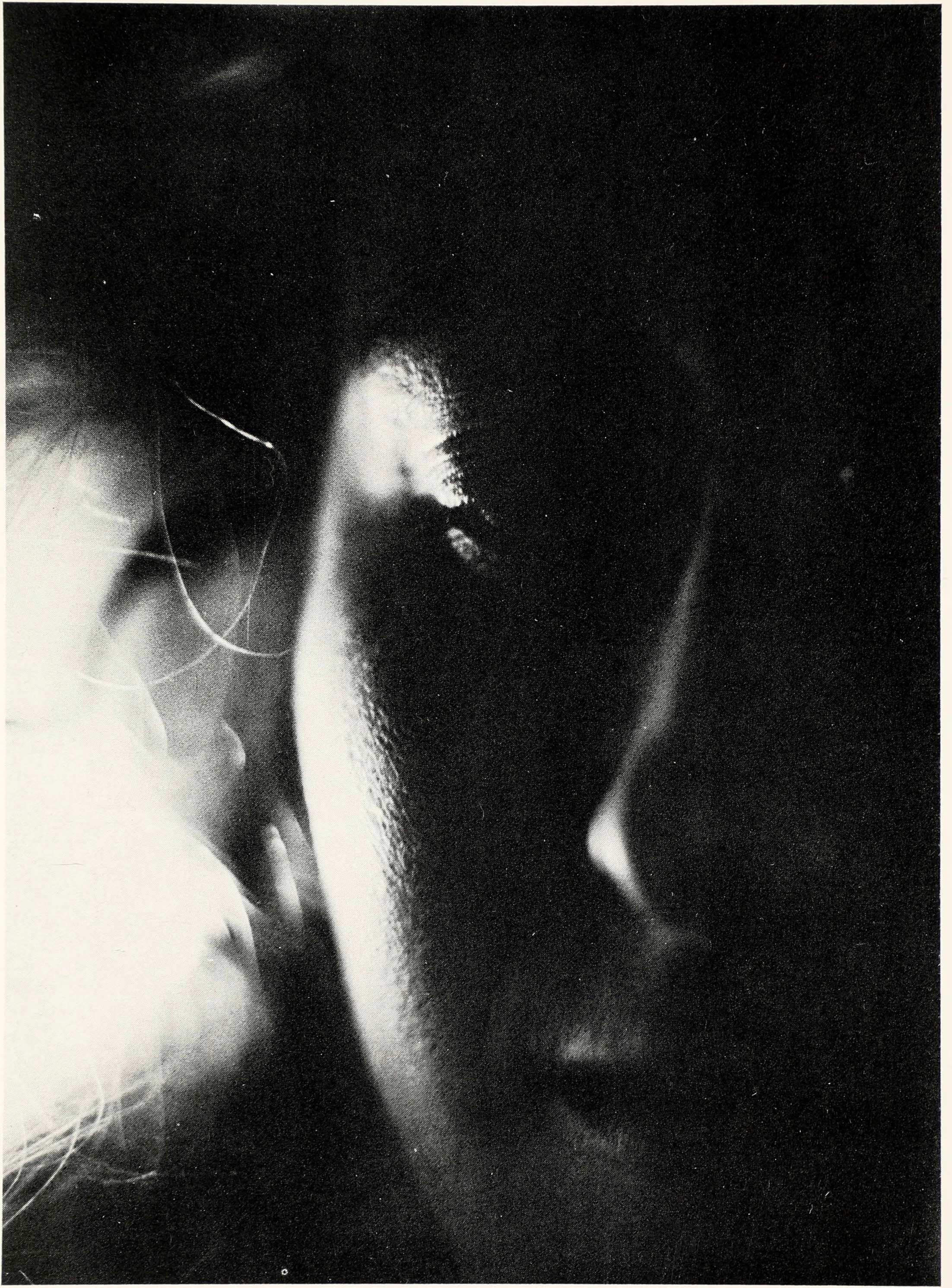
Movement studies are invaluable for understanding the development of the artist. This truism applies to the photographer as it did to Michaelangelo, 'that corrupter of good tastes' (so termed by the classicists of the eighteenth century).

The problem is thus a matter of taste in which not only the model but the sensitivity of the photographer has to be expressed. Movement studies are only pictures of the model, photographs in nudist camps are only record shots, cheesecakes are only mental states creating cathartic outlets for frustrations. The artistic nude photograph on the other hand may be a skillfully created symbol of life itself. Yet, no nude should fail to arouse in the spectator some vestige of erotic feeling. This feeling should not be artificially exaggerated; the nude should not be a devious way of stimulating one's libido. All good art, nude or otherwise, should have sensuality in its design, colours, forms and sounds. A Titian, Malaparte, Nemeth or Beatie record can arouse erotic emotions but eroticism should not be the sole purpose in depicting the nude.

There are other human experiences of which the human body provides a vivid reminder: harmony, force, energy, ecstasy, humility and pathos. Herein we may see a 'slaveboy weeping for his master' or a 'David' which may affect different sexes in different ways (as it did its creator). We become aware that the photographer, the model and the onlooker require a certain understanding. When this exists, a link of communication is formed, mutual empathy results and the artistic experience is achieved.

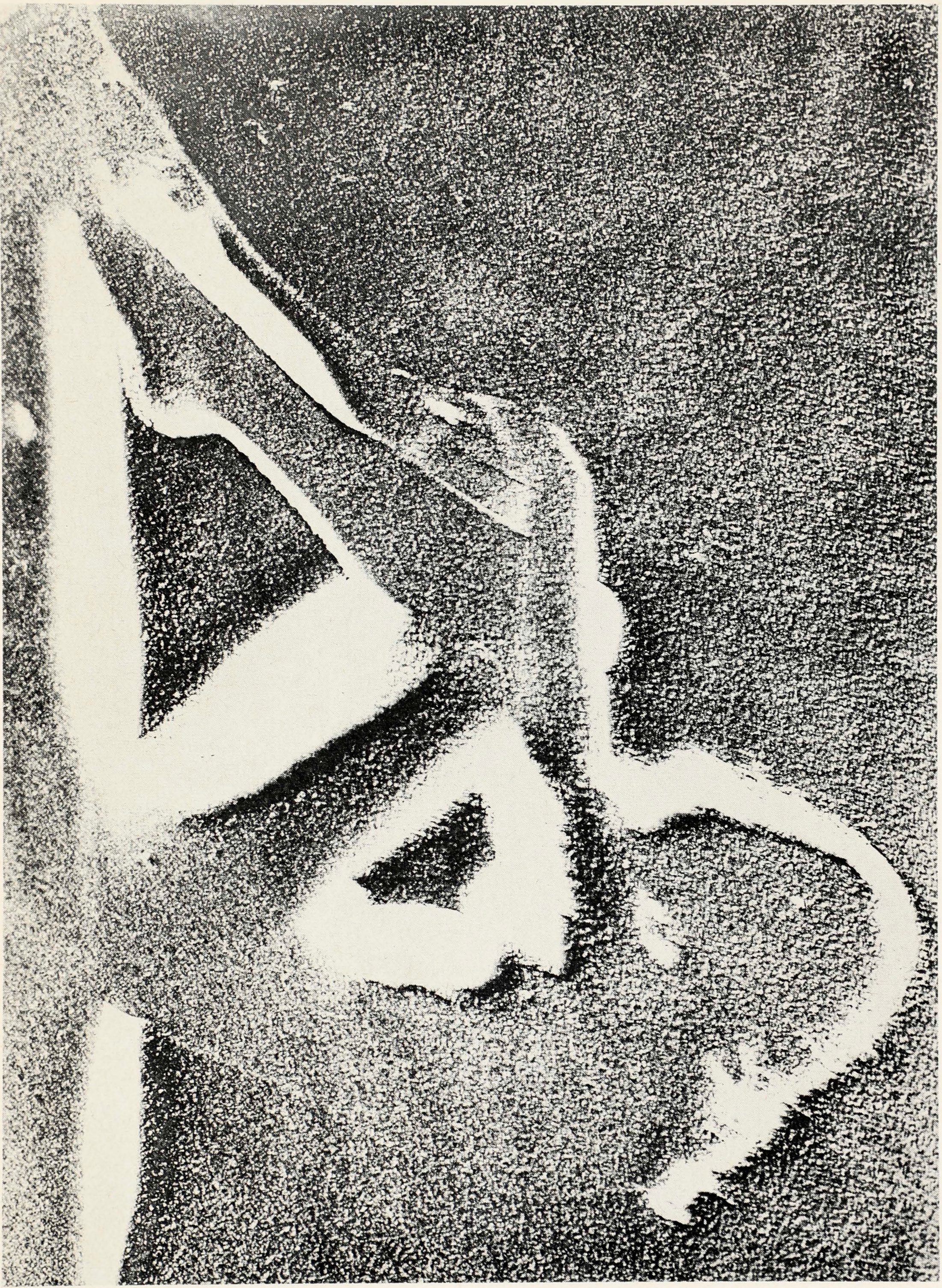
Arnim Walter





Arnim Walter





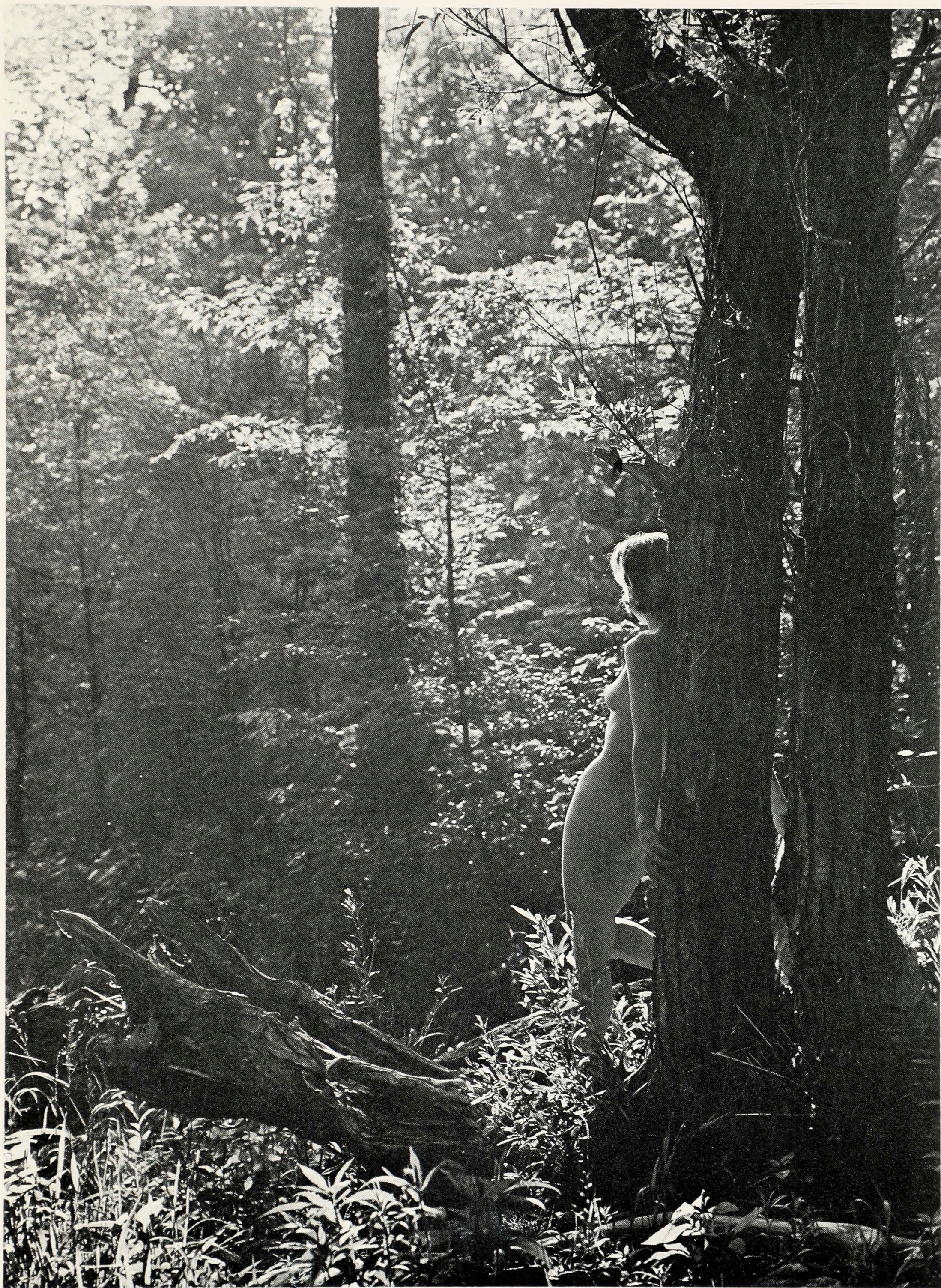
Arnim Walter





Arnim Walter





Arnim Walter



## *The Window*

The sky,  
Old, moth-eaten blanket,  
Holes quickly sewn up  
By grey needle and grey thread,  
All darkening,  
Lying upon the earth,  
A barren mother;  
The white seed from  
The grey womb  
Slowly spread upon  
The fields, concrete and stubble  
(The summer's patch of crabgrass.)

A drifting, listless heaviness,  
Sinking,  
Down to a heavy earth,  
Ponderous with the foetal weight,  
Still-born;  
Yet, warm enough mother  
To melt the descending blanket.

A distant tower  
Gonged,  
Beat out the hour,  
Unknown repetitions  
Somewhere between one and twelve,  
Perhaps a hundred,  
And the struggling peal  
Very faintly seeped through,  
Through the seeping whiteness.

"Ben," a husky voice enticed,  
(The ungodly shriek, the  
Disgusting hollow echo,  
Piercing like a shaft, in.)

He turned from  
The pale frame  
Between him, and out there.



"What do you want?"  
Knowing response,  
Educated by time,  
Came muttering from his throat.  
"Comeer." Beckoning,  
Pretty, pretty quicksand.  
A strong arm around her back,  
Two forms,  
Wayward bliss, nothingness,  
One, upon the unmade heap,  
Dishevelled blankets,  
Caressing form.

A small raised fist, and . . .  
Smack !  
He snapped straight up,  
Screaming,  
Humiliated, infuriated:  
"Why do you keep doing that?"  
"Comeer and kiss me,"  
Came giggling from her eyes,  
Deep ugly sockets,  
Glistening and wicked;  
(Ovals filled with shrines—  
Genuflect before the devil—  
Before these caves, his garden.)  
"Why? You keep pasting me.  
Forty million times you call  
And forty million times  
You paste me right square in the chops."  
"Don't be stupid, Comeer and kiss me."  
"I'm not stupid."  
"Yes you are."  
"Yeah, . . . . maybe I am."  
Sighed, endlessly weary.

She was jumping  
Up and down on the bed,  
Naked, sweaty,  
Shaking bits of plaster off the wall,  
Crumbling, stained,  
Torn, faded wallpaper,  
A decayed shell,



Within a decaying shell,  
All.  
"Please love me.  
Please love me."  
The hollow echo  
With limbs flapping,  
Half a hypnotized spider  
Of insatiable desire and need,  
Black infinity  
Within the grey gauze,  
No unsticky fibre leading out.

She melted momentarily  
Before his eyes;  
A pool of acid  
Etching his brain,  
Rotting meat of walnut,  
Vital Substance shrivelling,  
Receding from the encasing walls,  
The fortress,  
Life.

A boot flashed across the room,  
Missed her,  
Shattered the ashtray  
Beside the pillow,  
Cloud poofed out  
And a stink of stale butts.  
She flopped down and sulked,  
Silently.

Silence  
As he looked out the window,  
The cold, cold fertility,  
Snow drifting down,  
Peace,  
Hope rising up,  
Both playing upon the same screen.

"Why do you keep gawking  
Out that window, Benny — Wenny?"  
"I don't know."



Peaceful and serene,  
Utter silence out there,  
Miniature choir gowns tumbling,  
Drifting,  
Mute and white.

"Comeer."  
Metal on metal  
Grating,  
Sparks, passion in the decayed shell;  
And Ben turned,  
Seeing,  
Not blind,  
Only aware,  
Dust  
In little grey balls  
Under the bed,  
Under her,  
Under the whole, the whole universe--  
And he knew . . .

One stockinged foot  
On the window sill,  
Peering unconsciously  
Into the settling veil,  
The fullness.

"What are you doing?"  
The last stacatto shriek, and  
He walked away  
Through the driving snow,  
Through the last hole in the blanket,  
Quickly stitched behind him.

Keith Watson



*Triptych*

Silence  
The brood and crush of mist  
Quilts land and lake.  
Silent  
The scream of claw in clay  
Spins to the empty hum of birth  
Under those fondling palms.  
The spotlight through the frosted glass  
Shadows a wing on the crawling floor, screws  
Into the keyhole a twisted claw.

Never  
And always the rites of birds, breathed  
In the wind told  
In the bells moaned  
In the waves throbbing  
Through thighs dropping  
Through hymns dropping  
                    to the longing land, the word, over  
And over the rites of birds told  
In the bells moaned  
In the waves breathed  
In the wind  
                    to the last tired  
Twitching of tongues those  
Ghosts of clouds made love, and every seed  
Caught in the act, never  
And always the shell-splitting dance.

Three holy sisters in a vacant lot  
And plain clothes, made  
Yo-yo's out of their rosaries  
And hopped on and off broomsticks  
To lure the devil.  
When he comes to get us, they said  
We'll catch him with vaginal teeth  
(And what will the robin do then  
poor thing?)

# Don McKay



## THE GENIUS

My studies once required prolonged scrutiny of Renaissance art, and I ate regularly in a cafeteria just across the street from the *Louvre*. Cafeterias seem to be the same all over the world; metallic, efficient, American. This one, though in the centre of Paris and within two hundred yards of the one and only Venus of Milo, was no different.

Except for one thing! A fellow who worked there in the kitchen. Of course, cafeteria kitchen workers are probably the same all over the world too. Tired of cutting salads, mechanically stirring sauces, meticulously arranging creamy desserts with little berries on top, desiring nothing more than to get out of the steaming kitchen and flirt with the women on the service staff behind the counter (dishes, in France at any rate, more delectable than those on the counter.)

This particular fellow, whom I quickly labelled "Alphonse" for some reason, seemed pretty frustrated. He was too big, too bony, too nervous. He must have been rejected so long ago and so finally by the beautiful dolls behind the cash register and the salad counter that he no longer even had the urge to make a pass at them. I used to imagine him working hard behind the scenes, in his shirtsleeves, with the occasional drop of sweat falling into whatever concoction he was laboriously creating. A typical, down-trodden proletarian.

Except again, for one thing. In his daily, miserable vegetating he had his little moment of inspiration and greatness. That moment came about 10 p.m., when the rush was over, when the hall was half empty, when the cafeteria had its own supper. They used to get a big meal, evidently on the house and consisting of a wide variety of left-overs.

The staff took its supper in order of status, with the cashier and the salad doll first, the hot plate and beverage ladies after, and the kitchen staff last. That was the moment when Alphonse, meek stirrer of sauces and preparer of desserts, would rise to great heights.

By this time there used to be at most three or four people in front of the counter, and they usually moved at a very slow pace, being either French and not yet used to cafeteria feeding, or American, and unable to understand the instructions posted along their path. Alphonse had been through the line hundreds of times, so, where everyone else faltered and stopped, pondered instructions and eyed food suspiciously, he swished through with elegance and consummate skill, with a softly murmured "excusez-moi" and the polite but slightly smile of a man of the world on his lips. He used to pick up his bill, issued for the record only, at the end of the counter, race with waving tray through the hall to the cashier at the exit, throw the bill with a disdainful flourish on her desk, and sit down.



Those were the few seconds during which Alphonse's talents manifested themselves, during which the frustrated, perhaps illiterate kitchen worker became the debonair cafeteria client. He used to bask in glory while eating his soup. But by the time he started on the main course his shoulders fell forward again, the self-confident smile vanished, and by the time he reached his dessert he was throwing anxious glances in all directions, as if mutely asking "who'll hit me next?"

Of course, there are many Alphonse's with their little flash of genius, their little skill that makes them superior for fleeting moments to those who lord it above them. Perhaps I wouldn't remember this one, if it hadn't been for his fatal slip. For two months I had watched his little act. Every day he was rushing past Americans and Frenchmen, his loaded tray aloft, head erect, shoulders back like an officer of pre-World War I days, but, there being a wet spot on the floor, losing his exquisite mastery of the situation and falling, as they say, flat on his face.

Laughter, said Hobbes or somebody, is a cry of triumph over our fellow creatures. The clients, after the first shock, smiled, then chuckled, then laughed. The floor show had been unexpected, free and no tip was required — a rarity in Paris. The boss, a stocky and grim looking woman, arrived on the scene and gave Alphonse one withering look. The cashier murmured a gentle "Idiot" and the salad girl, anxious to miss nothing of the spectacle, stretched her lovely body over the counter to place her broadly grinning features in the immediate vicinity of the unfortunate victim.

The greater the height, the greater the fall. Alphonse was a broken man, and he never recovered. For two more weeks I ate at the cafeteria, for two weeks Alphonse remained cautious, fearful, meek, without a trace of his former elegance and confidence, a sad proletarian behind as well as in front of the counter.

After two weeks I started to look for a new place to eat.

Martin Morf

## *Clean*

It rained.

And I stood there feeling.

It soaked my clothes,

trickled down my face,

and found its way over my body.

"You damn fool, get out of the rain!" they said.

The world was full of them.

And the rain washed them away.

RJS



## Profiles

MARY CATHERINE BROMLEY: A moving spirit of Folio's editorial board shows she can create as well as criticize. She is a fourth year Honours English Student.

MIKE FERGUSON: A former member of Griffon, St. Michael's College, he is in graduate English and is equally at home sketching or writing poetry.

JOHN FERNS: Grew up in Birmingham, England, but returned to the land of his birth, albeit several hundred miles east of the exact spot, to do graduate work in English.

ALLAN FRASER: May be heard singing this and other folk-songs in Waterloo of a week-end; you might also have heard him at U.B.C. last year.

NARCISCO IGNOTO: Western's latest advocate of the James Bond brand of super-escapism. This is his only contribution to Folio.

TAMMY GRAHAM: A frequent contributor to Folio in her undergraduate years, again graces our pages; this time disguised as a graduate English type.

PENNY KEMP: Returns to Folio after a year at U.B.C. (it's the coming place) to complete her Honours B.A.

MARTIN KINCH: A fourth year Honours English student, Mr. Kinch won the Best Director award in the inter-varsity productions last summer for his presentation of *Death Watch* by Genet. Next year he plans to study direction in Bristol, England.

MARTIN MORF: Is a psychology Ph.D. student in the field of personality. A former editor of the Acadia University *Athenaeum* he has had work in German published in a Swiss newspaper.

DON McKAY: Now a Western graduate doing work towards the M.A. degree in English, has been seen on Folio's pages frequently.

JOHN NICOL: A first year science student, is a member of Folio staff. "Nightmare" is his first contribution to Folio.

TED PITCHER: Fourth year, Honours History, has been a consistent contributor to Folio. A Folio staffer, M.C. president and the principal initiator of Emeritas.

RICHARD RIPLEY: Is a Western graduate student who aspires to reintroduce the traditional forms of poetry into Folio and into Western culture.

TIM SCORER: Folio's cover is the first contribution from this third year Arts student at Huron College.

ERIC SIGURDSON: A third year Arts student, he admits an unwillingness "to take a chance on making a living from art" but adds it will always be his main hobby.

ARNIM WALTER: A widely admired art photographer and former painter, is a graduate Engineer who is also currently completing work in Honours Russian.

KEITH WATSON: Appears for the second time in Folio's pages; he's another graduate student in English.

MARY ANN WOLLISON: Resident of London, is a first year, first-time contributor to Folio's poetry section.







