

1970

The name of the journal was changed to *Folio* from *Crescent Review*. The editor notes that the journal is not necessarily looking for "grand," but, rather, "good" work which suggests that a change in style is happening in the work. The poems, and the fiction reflect the experimentation of the students with new forms and styles of writing. The content of the poems deals with the loss in faith of the church and focus simply on every day subjects.

Selected Works:

What we all know by Tom Sharkey
Poem number 40 by Michael Zeileld II
Untitled poem by Lawrence Jewett
On politics by Francesca Reitano

WHAT WE ALL KNOW

by Tom Sharkey

We know how the world will end.
Let's win one for the Whimper.
The simpering idiosyncracies
of daisy-loving transients
will not prevail,
but fail.
And I'm an apathetic heretic,
trapped here without bail.

I hum catchy slogans about blow-guns.

The rats are leafing
the sinking
Ship of Fools.
Leaving for Idiot Island.
A New World, of ant-everything.
And I among them.
"You can't go East by going West, Columbus"
Da Queen
gimme
dese tree ships
an I kin go anywheres.
So dere.

Games with names is all I hear.
My career is spawning fear
in myself.
Well, you know the old saying.

Everyone wants to fall in love
Hahahahahahahahahahahahaha

Hate makes the world go round.

When I travel way out yonder
Two old sayings come to mind
Absence makes the heart grow fonder
Out of sight out of mind --
Let's all go round

the phallic pole
 phallic pole
 phallic pole
It's not a phallic pole
Its a . . . flag-pole.

Freud slips again.
Are you a freud?
What are you a freud of?

guilt?
he made that up too.
I have no guilt.
Freud is a fraud, of himself.
do it do it
 do it do it.
(A little humor there)
(very little)
Comic relief.
Relief makes my sphincters smile
Ahhh.....

I can do anythiiiiiiiiiiiiing
(as long as my stomach can stand it)
My stomach still aches.
It aches for me and my friends
but friendship is relative
and relatives aren't friends.

I mask my hostility.
Yossarian was right!
THEY WANT TO KILL US.
Not the Enemy but Our Friends
and the Enemy.
God says die and go to heaven.
And life is all I know.

POEM NO. 40

by Michael Zeilik, II
my moonfull new lover
i can't help
s
l
i
p
slipslidingly

play

rr
ba el

tumbling

into your

BANG! BANG!

eyes

UNTITLED POEM

by Lawrence Jewett

How cold
are the people
on my walk way
past my window

An old-young collection
of gray taxed
antiseptic souls

29c a can
and buy buy buy
only today
BUY
vitamin packed
super-easy open

glamorous, sexy
string beans
better than
home grown cause they're
soooo clean.

BUY
and they do
and walk past my window
satisfied
at being so smart.

i smile into my brown rice.

ON POLITICS

By Francesca Reitano

The church bells
chimed
but they could
not sing
the boy
on the Staten Island Ferry
with
dandelions dying
in his moistened hands
could

ON POLITICS II

What can I say
They are making words
and mixing tales
that will bring color to the Albino
and hope to the dormant seed
but it's only like gold to the Bushman.

1970 Staff

Mary Beveridge
Jane Carlin
Lance Earnest
Mary Head
Lawrence Jewett
E. E. Kelly
Nancy Langdale
Denise Levertov
George McGeory
Linda Nurczyk
Richard Olderman

Dan Ort
Rick Packonas
Francesca Reitano
Joan Tomczyk
Sharon Woods
James Yearwood
Michael Zelik
Janet Zito

1971

Topics are varied in this issue and reflect the many ways that student writers are adapting to changes in their personal lives and in society. Many of the pieces defend the transformations in individual lives and in the younger generation. Several writers explore the cultural and moral differences that exist with their parents.

Selected Writing:

Getting customized by Laurence Moffi

Shaggy dog by Robert L. Tyler

Buddha's law by Robert Scaramella

GETTING CUSTOMIZED

by Laurence Moffi

The world has taken today of forever,
even the cleaning women have revolted.
Ash trays unemptied, last flowers of
fall hardening like coffee rings
stuck to my desk top.

The attic smells of rain
and childish order but only
my soles are damp as I lean
childlike forward at first baseball games
ready for the big swingers
hanging with Jesus above my head.

As the world turns
some people do the moving,
bearing their lives through
slippery blue rain,
customs exposed to my eyes
like a virgin's first swollen breasts.

It is sight that keeps me here
since morning watching
the untangling of the week
I'm sure I've missed before.
I'd give your right arm
to make the "donut-run."

But the world has taken off
forever, and more if I can
get away with it.

In the eyes of the observer
there are but visions of a season.

Late sparrows lugging
wet winged South through fall rain.
Determination gets them through November.
And by the skip in my voice
I am frightened enough to expect
natural changes naturally.

BUDDHA'S LAP

by Robert Scaramella

I have a comfortable spot
sitting
in old Buddha's lap,
sucking in the smoke
of my
 spoiled' generation.

I keep telling everyone
I am someone (the world consequently stops)
I mean I am me,
 that is who I really am
(the world turns its feeble head away and goes on).

But I surrender
like some intellectual
 stiff,
bare my ass to the branding iron,
and sit
(the rubber stamp of knowledge affixed)
in Buddha's warm lap,
 protected
by euphoric smoke,
almost understanding philosophy.

SHAGGY DOG

by Robert L. Tyler

I
Somebody tamed sparks
turned up the lights
and thought
 all of a sudden
"I am."

The play began with boys meeting girls
 ad nauseam
and kings and knights
priests and slaves
and various wildernesses won
globes circumnavigated
and so on
 and so on
without much denouement.

The participating audience
got bored
wanting some resolution
to that endless first act

began to shout "Fire!"
in the crowded theater.

II

The pig in the Zodiac
has been suppressed
since Summer
even though wiser Akkadians
knew the creature
left to its own devices
preferred clover
to muck.

Think of all the past
we cannot know.

1971 Staff

Katherine Berger
Cary Borgnis
Gary Borgnis
Joseph Cifferelli
Dan Coley
Angela Crisu
Toby deChabert
Nancy Doldus
Richard Doyle
Lance Earnest
Wayne Erickson
Inez Hoffman
Don Julian
Claudia Kelly
Jane Landesberg
Lee Landesberg
Charles Luxton
William Meredith
Laurence Moffi
Joseph Niski
Mark Roche
Robert Scaramella
Jan Scranton
Robert Stewart
Robert Tyler

1972

The editor notes in an introduction that this year's contributors have varied credentials. Some contributors are new at writing poetry, while others have extensive poetic backgrounds. The text is prefaced by a quote from Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet: And there are those who talk and without knowledge or forethought reveal a truth which they themselves do not understand. And these are those who have the truth but they tell it not in words.* This quote is significant since it describes both poets and photographers, and these are the artists showcased in this publication.

Selected Work:

Morning glories for SJA by Audrey Lippanen

In the dark and metal by Robert Riodan

Good things and bunches by R. Paul Balon

Untitled poem by Robert Riodan

MORNING GLORIES FOR S.J.A.

By Audry Lippanen

Peanut butter isn't made of sticky any more,
and Jack in the Beanstalk came home long ago,
If you ask me to love you, I won't give you chocolate chips
or a red pencil.
If you wanted to see me,
I'd walk or run,
but my knees wouldn't be scabby.
Come visit me now.
I won't offer raisins or even brandy.
I'll just offer me.
And we can sit in front of a warm fire and remember
when we were friends.
That was so long ago,
when you were the father and I the mother,
you the doctor and I the patient.
years have swished by,
Deepening our creases, and yellowing our tape.
It seems we've missed something
somewhere.
The moments of time apart perhaps,
while we could have been together.
What am I to think of now
while I wait for you to arrive?
you'll come soon, I know
my morning glories have just bloomed
and I love you.
Or didn't you know that?

IN THE DARK AND METAL

Robert Riordan

in the dark and metal
forests, the eyeless children
run. nights to nights
one to the other,
no one knows the day

the shelves are rusted
and filled with crumbled
words; and the worms
live within us; hunting
the dream;

and in the tallest
and closest tree, a man
claws the sky;
searching for sunlight
with sightless eyes

UNTITLED

by Robert Riordan

I walk
through the dark gardens
of ruined children
where every few feet
Vietnamese babies grow
(Hundreds sprout new
each morning)
where the white roses scream
"enough! enough!"
in the sunlight
and the butterflies
are tiny pieces of ourselves
falling away

GOOD THINGS AND BUNCHES

by R. Paul Balon

We live on levels of intangibility
High rise and low-rise
approaching senility like some
dubious virgin or a
hoary old man with leaden eyelids
blocking out the sun

We screw on levels of antiquity
mores and alpha rays

obscuring civility like some
wanton dowager who guards the
door at night with a hardwood club
thrust between her clumsy thighs

We speak on levels of banality
ethos and pathos
equating tonality with the nasal emissions of a thousand
Boston sharpies unabashedly weeping
over the admission of China
to the UN.

We grope on levels of uncertainty
backwards and forwards
admitting absurdity
which is one way to go...
And we live on levels of intangibility
 good things
when they come
come in bunches you know...
 you know...

1972 Staff

R. Paul Balon
G.J. Carlson
Wayne Erickson
Frank Henry
Michael Komcinek
Joseph Leary
Charolette Leonard
Audry Lippanen
Valerie Mayer
W.A.A. Plikaitis
Robert Riordan
Tom Saladino
Jan Scranton
Jan Scranton
Nancy Scribner
R. Stewart
Robert Tyler
Jim Vecchio
Dave Walsh
Ernie Weber
Gregory Wells

1973

This year's poetry is full of sensual description and astute observations of college life. Work from a faculty member, Ross Talarico, is also included.

Selected Work::

The beach by Doug Peterson

Untitled by Bob Riordan

The great floods of '72 by Ross Talarico (faculty)

Two o'clock by Robert L. Tyler

THE BEACH

by Doug Peterson

Look at the way the sea runs its hands
Down the shore's thighs.
Yet they do not feel.
Those grey clouds kiss the lips of the crescent moon
And they are not even in love.
So how can we, quick, sensing beings, refuse to sway to forces
Lifeless bodies obey?
We have the warm air for a cover --
And not until the sun flies
Will this night be over.

UNTITLED

by Bob Riordan

The snow has stopped, leaving
A bleak, damp chill in its place.
I sit with my back to the window.
It is four o'clock in the afternoon,
And the sky has begun to fill with night.
In my room, I sit motionless.
Like some sad mistake of Michelangelo,
I am poised, hunchbacked, over my typewriter.

Through the walls, children shout.
Dogs chase their sleds. In my room,
I dust off my sled, hunt for gloves,
Kiss my mother goodbye.
The half-typed paper stands,
Like some implacable guardian,
Between me and the snow.

I have not moved.
The children have left for supper and television.
My shirt glows ghostly in the dark.

THE GREAT FLOODS OF 72

by Ross Talarico

The waters rise,
And set in motion the cloth
Of an abandoned hammock
Which has held only the gentle sway
Of a man's journey
Through sleep,
And now welcomes the wave.

The streets are flooded.
A book floats by,
Heading toward the sea.
Another house collapses,
And a leaf follows the current
Of a fish's scent.

A young girl
Passes both of her hands
Through the waters that cover
The lovely shells of her knees,
And a ripple moves
Toward me, slowly, and I wait
Until it passes through me.

In a few days
Someone may reach the ocean,
Or simply sweep the mud
From the porch steps.
As for myself,
I just want to fall in love
Once again.

The waters will enter the earth,
And our feet will bear
The callouses of a long walk,
But I want to fall in love
Just once again.
And then maybe once more.
And then again.

Reprinted from Crazy Horse

TWO O'CLOCK

by Robert L. Tyler

I have known early mornings
in newly rented apartments
sitting insomniac at kitchen tables
emptied of all precise feelings

listening to sounds of a party
rising from tenants below
the murmur of wordless voices
and the little explosions of laughter
the whine of phonograph music
over the pound and throb of the bass
which keeps the reliable beat
like some dutiful and mindless heart.

1973 Staff

Marilou Arendt
Gary James Carlson
Susan Harding
Alan Kirpas
Doug Peterson
Steve Rahal
Gary Scarpa
Ross Talarico
Melinda Wright

1974

The restless pace of American life is exposed throughout many of the poems in this issue of *Folio* and this work often provides a focus on travel, social unrest, and technological improvements. Work by Leo Connellan, then a faculty member at SCSU, is included. Leo Connellan is currently (1997) the CSU poet-in-residence and the Poet Laureate of the State of Connecticut.

Selected Works:

America as a land of BILLBOARDS" by Laura West
Poems in progress From: Crossing America XVI by Leo Connellan
City by Frank Pergola

AMERICA IS A LAND OF BILLBOARDS

by Laura West

America is a land of billboards,
Reflected in you and I.
Your Panama Travel Agency Hat,
You New York City Zoo sweatshirt,
That "Must bring a
banner, T'Shirt, nick-nack,
printed balloon, postcard,
poster, souvenir -- back
for Johnny" message within us.
We do not think about what we do,
We only print it.
We believe the messages of
our own signs without reading them.
Our advanced technology
saves us thinking-time.
It prints the gaudy messages
on our brains as soon as it prints
the paper, cloth, plastic, original print.
Advertisements are not just all
around us, but in us, through us,
an inseparable part of us --
we breathe consumerism.
We part with our money --
to buy more advertising,
That T-Shirt, banner, poster for Johnny;
Giving it to him -- Nor really parting
with any part of ourselves.
Are we really getting
our money's worth?
Sure.
Have some cotton candy.

POEMS IN PROGRESS FROM: CROSSING AMERICA

by Leo Connellan

XVI

In the night our black friend
would sneak up to our door in stocking feet,
we'd pull curtains because he told us
we had to if we wanted him alive.

He did not think I would ever come
to his house. I saw what we white men
will pay for in hell, children, the
terror of my presence in their eyes.

They were in the living dead part of town
where men plunge themselves furiously
into women rather than kill somebody.
Faces of infants are old.

Nigger, your blood
in the daisies of Gettysburg, your
grave out back of some cesspool.

CITY

by Frank Pergola

It's no secret --

I've seen your whispering eyes,
calling to me soft and low;
Breezes whispering and lurking
in a cool, dark forest,
Lacy strands of magic

and

I've caught those whispering eyes,
often in embarrassed retreat,
Studying me from across the room,
or sometimes trying to capture me under
the guise of petty conversation;
Or waiting, in a crowded hall, to ambush
me should I chance to pass

and

I've felt those whispering eyes,
peering at me from under a canopy
of raven-colored hair,
In anticipation that the distance between

us would melt,
The space might be subdued and the
chains broken

and the desire
that whispers from your eyes,
realized.

1974 Staff and Contributors

Richard Benevento
Richard Bittner
Leo Connellan
Kathy Faught
Pat Forbes
Tom Graves
Patricia Gugliotti
Don Julian
Ellen Liben
Stephen Marcerti
Alan Mitchell
Lynda Moidel
Cheryl Peck
Frank Pergola
Gary Sandora
Tom Talford
Joyce Vozzo
Laura West
Doug Widlak
Charles Wiltsie

1975

Dramatic changes occurred with this issue. *Folio* lost its name and the publication is called the *Catalyst*. Gil Rogers, class of 1976, has provided an interesting background to explain this change in name. He writes, *In 1975, Folio was being run by a group of students who had no contacts with student government. The student government did not like the artistic quality of the words of that staff at Folio. I don't remember why. I was in the student government and the editor of the Southern News. At the time, Southern News did not accept advertising. Many local business people wanted to reach the Southern students. I started a monthly magazine called The Catalyst. Included were poems, short stories, photography and drawings that would not fit in the Southern News. In any case, there was no Folio in 1975. I became sympathetic to their cause and told them that I could act in their behalf if I was an officer so I became their treasurer for 1976. I negotiated the funding so the words that were to be published in 1975 were published in 1976 instead. If I remember, it had a whale on it.* This is a very unique issue because it is a compilation of SCSC, UNH, and Yale students. *Catalyst* became a monthly publication more concerned with entertainment issues as opposed to literary ones. Due to loss of school funding, advertisements, which appear in the magazine, were sold to raise money for its publishing costs. The work in this year dealt with issues ranging from Mohammed Ali and the Marx Brothers to the Nixon tapes. There is an overriding sarcastic tone in all of the issues published.

Selected Works:

Free and Easy by Fabienne Wen

FREE AND EASY

by Fabienne Wen

MY LOVE

I stepped on his wriggling truck, then slowly
Dug my heel in.
A slit with the knife
The slimy mess of entrails felt warm
And alive as I squeezed it out. He
Was still struggling. For what.
I watched the change of color. I toyed
With the flippant (and elegant) tongue.
When he charged and killed.

LIONEL

You strum the chords into my mind,
Blame, resentment, a dead love;
I sit and drink my tea --
Your music speaks the unspoken too late,
There's no halting the us I stabbed
Out of unknowing insecurity. It's all what was.
I sit and drink my tea of tears,
As my husband applauds you.

Masochistic fool

I sighed.

And the sun rises in the east

And sets in the west.

Tears are too late.
Gods can be over-busy too.
While at school they teach my kid
Believe in the Belief.

Where do you think you're going.
Forwards, no not even backwards,
Mother why have I been born
And born.

1975 Staff

Gilbert Rogers
Paul Maggiore
Charolette Byrd
Gordon Flash
Forrest Woodlands
Thomas Bryant
Larry Witcock
Leonard Messina
Karin Kilgalin
Stan Case
Mike Fusco
Bill Seymour
John Howard
Stan Case
Sy Siccone
Dorothy Filbert
Valerie Milot
Fabienne Wen
Justin Cane
Stan Case
Justin Case
Gina Arpala
Diana Bombero
Ed Sheldon
Paul Maggiore
Joann McArthy
Steve Sutcliffe
Chris Cappola
Thomas Bryant
Roxie Chandler
Kerry Donovan
Mary Beth Ross
Gina Arpala
Diana Bombero
Thomas Bryant
Thomas Bryant
Charolette Byrd

Justin Cane
Chris Cappola
Stan Case
Justin Case
Stan Case
Stan Case
Roxie Chandler
Kerry Donovan
Dorothy Filbert
Gordon Flash
Mike Fusco
John Howard
Karin Kilgalin
Paul Maggiore
Paul Maggiore
Joann McArthy
Leonard Messina
Valerie Milot
Gilbert Rogers
Mary Beth Ross
Bill Seymour
Ed Sheldon
Sy Siccone
Steve Sutcliffe
Fabienne Wen
Larry Witcock
Forrest Woodlands

1976

The journal is still named the **Catalyst**. However, it has returned to the literary layout of previous magazines. Many of the pieces concern themselves with memories just as they did when the journal was established in 1948 to reflect the memories of veterans returning from WWII. War memories return to work in this journal and appear to be written by veterans who have returned from Vietnam. Both of the poems by Walter Desmond and Bill Denslow are direct war descriptions about the enemy and contain vivid accounts of action. These war poems are aggressive and they talk about attacking the enemy. WWII works were more personal, some filled with self-pity, and had much less description of the enemy and combat. The one- night- stand is introduced in *Diana meets the Devil* and a lifestyle devoted to the pursuit of pleasure is also depicted for the first time. An interest in foreign affairs, which is a very unusual topic in all of the previous years' work, is introduced in the piece by Athena Condos who writes about the memory of a Greek Student Revolt and uses the work as a form of remembrance. In a poem, *It was a cold morning* by Gary Sandora, the first use of profanity (*fuck*) in the journal is introduced. Prior to this poem, either no profanity was allowed to be included in the work or none of the work submitted had profanity.

Selected Work:

November 17, 1973 by Athena Condos
Death of a Neutral by Walter Desmond
Untitled by Bill Denslow
Diana meets the Devil by Gloria Jean DeRosa
It was a cold morning by Gary Sandora
Brian by Fabienne Wen
Peace by Michael Fusco

IT WAS A COLD MORNING

Gary Sandora

in Niagara Falls
when the pancake house
next to the bowling alley
was packed

An elderly couple
in their church clothes
sat next to a table full
of girls who said *fuck*

The old woman never finished
the blueberry pancakes
The girls had dirt under their
fingernails and it didn't
look like the sun
would come out

DIANA MEETS THE DEVIL

by Gloria Jean Derosa

how silly you are
to think it flattering
that young girls
sneak into
your bed
late at night

I toss all my lovers
out early in the morning

BRIAN

by Fabienne Wen

You strum the chords into my mind,
Blame, resentment, a dead love;
I sit and drink my tea -
Your music speaks the unspoken too late
How heal the us I stabbed
Out of knowing insecurity?
I sit and drink my tea of tears,
as my husband applauds you.

UNTITLED

by Bill Denslow

Hot lead! Hit the dirt!
(Our Father)
Where's it comin'from? There!
(Who art in heaven)
Give em an egg. Jim!
(Hallowed be Thy name.)
Jim! Jim! I said give em a grenade!
(Thy kingdom come)
Jim! You alright? Shit.
(Thy will be done)
Medic! Medic!
(On earth as it is in heaven.)
He caught some fire.
(Give us this day)
He's bleeding pretty bad.
(Our daily bread)
Look at his chest. Oh. Christ!
(And forgive us our trespasses)
Is he gonna be o.k.? I'll get the bastard, Jim.
(As we forgive those who trespass against us.)
I swear I will.

(And lead us not into temptation)
I'll kill every goddamn one for you!
(But deliver us from evil.)
Is he gonna live?
(For the kingdom)
Medic, is he dead?
(The power)
Answer me, dammit!
(And the glory are Yours)
Is he gonna live?
(Now and forever)
he's dead.
(Amen.)

DEATH OF A NEUTRAL

by Walter Desmond

In the war zone
A casual approached our ship
Through the harbor steam
And muck of morning.

Came to sell us cigarettes.
A neutral,
Neither side was his.

We threw our money down
And he waved good-bye.
The packages of cigarettes, all hoisted up,
Had blocks of wood inside.

A 50-millimeter gun was trained
Upon his dingy.
We opened fire
And sank him.

NOVEMBER 17, 1973

by Athena Condos

Young rebel
brother of fire
my brother
Petro, Yanni, Nicko
Maria, Eleni

what if I don't know your name
what if I don't know your face

We have met one hundred
times
when soldiers were shooting
against you
your blood watered the
young trees in the schoolyard
-they should have grown big
by now-

Young rebel
brother of fire
my brother
what if I don't know your name

I know your pain
I met you running down the streets

with your eyes burning and sweat,
all over your face
all over your face

Young rebel
brother of fire
my brother

In remembrance of the Student Revolt three years ago in Athens, when Greece was still under
dictatorship.

PEACE

by Michael Fusco

Peace is gone and war is near
And yet the blind don't seem to see it
The sounds of drums beat out the word
And yet the deaf don't seem to hear it
Words of love cry out to all
And yet the dumb can't seem to speak it
Its a bad world
Its a bad world.
Truth is gone and lies speak all
And yet the blind don't seem to know it
I don't know what I will do
And yet the deaf don't seem to wonder
Its a bad world
Its a bad world.
I've been seeing all the change
But really does it matter?
We've been feeling all the pain
And we'll all be crying after

We shall launch our own attack
And then the deaf might try to listen
Even the dumb may spak the word
And make the blind sit up and notice.
Love for us will be the key
And all the deaf will have to hear it
But I don't know just what I'll do
As the war grows ever nearer.
Peace is gone and war is here
And yet the dumb don't want to listen
I don't know what side we're on
And yet it really doesn't matter
People running near and far
And yet they don't know where they're going
Revolution takes its toll
And yet someone survives the beating
Its a bad world
Its a bad world.

1976 Staff

Linda Addona
Patricia Balsino
Robert Braga
Mary Cosenza
Eve Darcy
Bill Denslow
Gloria Derosa
Charles DuMond
Amy Fischman
Thomas West Graves
Geraldine Griswold
Linda Howe
Sue Hoyle
Helga Kandschur
Rich Kenney
Joyce Kovalesk
Walter Lewandowski
Janet Lutkus
Barbara Miller
Russ Miller
Barbara Mulkerin
Richard Murphy
John Olsen
Phyllis Peyton
Jeff Palmer
Fred Rein
Doraine Riley
Gil Rogers
Gary Sandora
Anne Seifert

Deborah Somers
Karen Spear
Karen Spear
Jacqueline Sullivan
Frank Tirnady
Karen Tremblay
Deborah Walsh

1977, 1978 and 1979

In a 1977 letter to the editor, an individual warned of the future and technology's role in it. The television has become an integral part of the American social values as a family and community. Many of the poems deal with lost love and with the loss of friends.

Selected Works:

Sentimentality by Sam Darcey
Chimney on Duck Island by Walter Desmond
Requiem by Phil Scheiber.
Untitled poem by Russ Miller
Portent by Patricia Halbert

SENTIMENTALITY

by Sam Darcey

I said I spent afternoons with her,
As the beer rolled down my chin.
The heavy man groaned next to me when
The cop was shot, in color,
Groan again when the color
Faded with my glass.

I didn't care.
They would listen again
On another smokey afternoon,
The natural light dim as
The color of my hands.
In here, not with her.
Groan: How was her ass?
Inescapable, timeless, mine;
On loan. Nothing showing except
Money on the bar, a common face
Bleak in the gray.
Staring at itself thru
Teeming bottles and into a
mirror, with that same picture
of us all.

When does it end?
The face stern,
Never,
Drifted thru the bottles
And settled into a glass
That broke when it hit the bar,
Crash.

CHIMNEY ON DUCK ISLAND

by Walter Desmond

It measures thirteen feet in diameter
At its base, yet uncertain in strength,
Its back as dry as the end of a road,
Its front wet with the sea.

I am here, says the sea.
I will not yield.
I had something
here, says the chimney.
I cannot leave.

Then something young comes between them,
Flesh in running shoes,
Dreaming vague dreams of love.

I and something young once disturbed a rhythm here,
Raised something square to face some shapelessness
That chimney smoke could not contain.

Young thing and I, lost picnickers.
We kept the fire well
Until the delirious winds came up
And bit like sharks.

REQUIEM

for Douglas Bauer

June, 1976

by Phil Scheiber

And now you are gone,
A man of twenty-three years.
You beat your youth
You scratched to go to school.
You were my brother's friend
And mine though older than I.
I don't think,
Do you,
That I will ever understand.
But as the wind waves the corn
On your father's farm
And the tears dry
With searing memories
I know that you'll be there.
For ideas like you never die,
And never lie,
Never lie.

UNTITLED

by Russ Miller

To drown in my sleep, and awaken as soft
white bones on the beach.

PORTENT

by Patricia Halbert

It was a beautiful farm.
Waves of meadowland lapping gently
To the white-spired valley below.
Stately weathered gray farmhouse perched
Aerie-like above it all,
Telling tales of generations launched
From its shuttered porches and sheltering trees;
Holding firm against the rising swell of endless growing
Creeping even closer.
Or so I thought. But I was wrong.
The house? Still it stands, but its heritage betrayed.
Thirty pieces of silver
And gentle lapping green quiet are erased.
Thundering, belching earth-mover
Slashing through, leaving half a dozen open sores
To be poulticed with row on row of ticky tacky.
Scarred by giant diesel rat teeth
And plunging lemming-like into the valley.
Yet the animals know somehow to stop at cliff's edge
When their instinct says enough.
And for the humankind plunging rodent-like headlong into the sea
Enough is already enough.

In **1978**, no issue was published. There is no record of a budget for *Folio* and there is no entry in the yearbook and no existing copies of the year could be located. The records of the Student Activity Fund support this.

In **1979** the exploration of emotions and expression of feelings is predominant in the work.

Selected Works:

Untitled Poem by Toni Friedman
Beginning by Katherine Hunter
Starstruck by Jean Bankowski
Untitled Poem by Mary E. Majors

UNTITLED POEM

by Toni Friedman

Why did you send me to bed in the dark?
I was so afraid.
Were you unaware of the olive green
monsters infesting my top drawer
and
the unattached lone arm that hid
under my bed just waiting to embark
on an accidentally uncovered foot?
I only wanted the hall light left on
so at least I would be aware of the
the creatures approaching
and I could scream to send you running
in to tell
me they weren't really there at all.

BEGINNING

by Katherine A. Hunter

Afraid of the empty page
I put down only
one line at a time - -
careful reflections
of me. The journey back
is so much farther
than the forward run.

STARSTRUCK

By Jean Bankowski

A yellow, tangy grapefruit in a gleaming, silver teacup.
Roaring dandelions playing in the sunlight.
A starship of moon dipped roses.
Crescent diamonds glimmering among sandstone pebbles
Earthy browns changing into a rich abundance
of thickly furs,
and whiskers
whispering across a cat's delight.

Making incredible nonsense does matter.
It makes this exquisite, starstruck blue world revolve.

UNTITLED POEM

by Mary E. Majors

Time-dried flowers,
by dust-laden wine bottles
lingering on each other's
forgotten perfumes.
Phonographs spinning around
long-forgotten songs,
content enough now to simply
remember the first few
notes. The hands more swiftly on
their pre-planned journey but all too soon.
Never fear, my love,
for my tears
will wash away the dust
and fill with sweet drink
and will recall those
saddened melodies
played again
for the sake of
re-birthing
words.

1977 Staff

Kathleen Beebee
Linda Boisvert
John Czepiel
Bill Denslow
John Forline
Mary Ellen Haussler
Donald Minck
Kathy Palin
Lugene Papallo
Tim Thacker

1979 Staff

Jean Bankowski
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JoAnne Cooper
Elizabeth DuLac
May Harding
Randy Ross
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Tim Thacker
Renee Walas