

The image features a vibrant, repeating geometric pattern. It consists of a grid of squares, each divided into four triangles by white lines that meet at the center. The triangles alternate in color: the top and bottom triangles are yellow, while the left and right triangles are red. This creates a checkerboard effect of yellow and red squares. The pattern is consistent across the entire page, with a slight shadow visible on the left edge, suggesting it's a book cover.

ARTS AND LETTERS



Patricia McQuillan

DEATH

by Charles Mileret

Death is cruel.
Life is cruel.
Life is Death.

A man, one hundred years of age,
Sits under his favourite tree, contemplating his long life.
A boy of thirteen
Dies.

The man who needs nothing,
Who has a perfect home, a perfect family – a perfect life;
Has a terminal disease
And dies.

What was once love,
Was life, was the ultimate in man's eyes
Is now forgotten
And is now Dead.
He is Dead.

Life is cruel.
Death is cruel.
Death is Life .

AGONY

by Maureen Kolomeir

In a parallel corner of my mind,
In a void socket,
I see a painful flash of blue –
Electric.
Like a streak of salmon slipping through a
Cold Stream.
And flick'ring it grows,
While in vain I shut it out with other thoughts.
Approaching
It expells darkness,
And becomes painful clean –
Like a shock of wet.
It bursts into a holocaust
Of vermillion and plum and
Passion red,
Buzzing and ringing.
Darkness is fled
And my only world is a crazy medley of colour –
Screaming yellow, flashing orange,
Excruciating blue.
Hot white
Ecstasy.



Anita Colman

THE SHOP
by Julia Gersovitz

The wind resisted my being as I combatted its force down the street. The chipped sign, warped by constant exposure to the elements, loomed in front of me, marking my destination. Snow flew about, shielding the faded words from view, but as I approached the shop I could dimly perceive the lettering "Oddities for Sale."

The buzzer whined tiredly of my arrival. In front of the entrance stood a plaster cast of the Venus de Milo, wordlessly welcoming any prospective buyers into the confines of the shop, which seemed to shrink even more when my towering presence was crowded into the narrow passageway between the abundance of curiosities. Although the sound of the electric bell still reverberated in my ears, no clerk appeared to inquire as to the nature of my business.

The shop itself was extremely old, and must have once been part of a house, for in one corner of the room stood a massive fireplace, ornate in its carvings. Now in long disuse, the oven door was flung open, revealing a china figurine tottering on the edge, pushed into such a precarious position by the multitude of books behind. The fireplace and mantle were similarly festooned. Truly every cranny in the store was overflowing with merchandise. No price tags were visible and I presumed the objects were catalogued in the mind of the owner. Paintings in the gilt frames favoured during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries hung lopsidedly where books and statues could not by any means be placed. On the floor, directly below the art works, were piles of mixed dust and chips of peeling paint.

The shop was dimly lit by an electric bulb, concealed under a brass fixture, the only sign that the modern age had not completely bypassed the little store. Although I could see no evidence of any heating appliance, the air in the shop was oppressive. In an attempt to alleviate the heat, I unwound my knitted muffler, and unbuttoned my coat. The puddle from the melting snow was enlarging about my feet.

As if warned that his business quarters might be flooded in a matter of minutes the shopkeeper suddenly stepped from a curtain, and positioned himself behind the counter.

Tiny pig-like eyes squinted over the spectacles, pushed too far down on the large bulbous nose. Bloating lips spread halfway across the broad expanse of his visage. His facial structure could not be seen, hidden at it was by the mountainous folds of flesh covering it. A variety of warts blossomed on the cheeks like weeds growing in a garden. (The eyebrows arched then, were thick and heavy, crossing the forehead to meet on the bridge of the nose.) Double chins wobbled when he swallowed and his goatee, probably grown to afford a touch of dignity, appeared preposterously out of proportion, wiggling upward as he lifted a hairy paw to dab at the perspiration running down his brow. Then, shifting his enormous bulk, he inquired as to my business.

At my reply, he went directly to the greatest pile of books and proceeded to burrow like a mole amongst them. Within moments, he had located the sought-after object and had quoted its price without the slightest show of hesitation. The shopkeeper, for all his weight, nimbly returned to the counter, while I, considerably lighter and younger, was continuously having to catch things I knocked over.

As he wrapped the parcel, I glanced again at the room; the towering stacks of books, figurines brinking on the edge of creaking tables, the pictures, and disorder, the dust. I felt compelled to inquire from the owner how he managed to find anything in the confusion. He stared at me, surprise registering in his eyes. "Disorder, why you should have seen the state of the store in my father's day. I've completely reorganized it."



WORDS
by Peggy Wyman

Words are our main means of communication. With words, people form opinions and impressions, likes and dislikes. Unfortunately, not enough people take enough interest in words and language to see the real interest in this area.

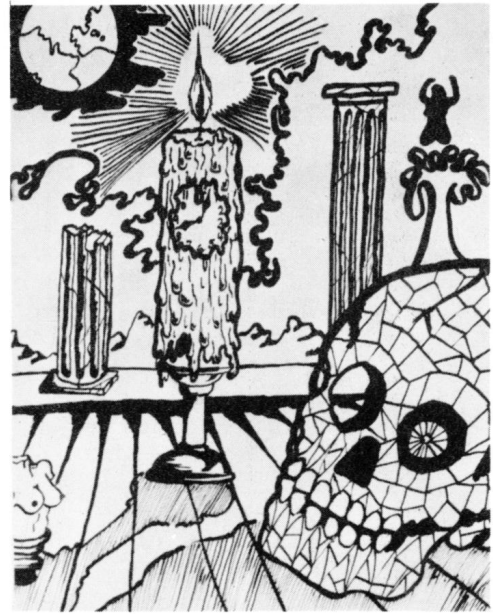
With words, we communicate in many ways — by 'phone, by letter and by speech. We discuss our feelings, our points of view and our ideals. We love and hate by means of words; we have peace and war by means of words; and we live and die by means of them.

Words form the basis of our life. They help to make the world the way it is; for it is people uttering words that make situations.

People are remembered by the words they say. Their words, if effective, will be quoted for many years after their death. For example, the late President Kennedy said: "Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country." Thus we must remember to choose our words carefully and thoughtfully, since they most certainly have a great impact and effect.



Terry Wolkove



Harold Rosher

TO A SOLDIER

by Rhona Zalcmán

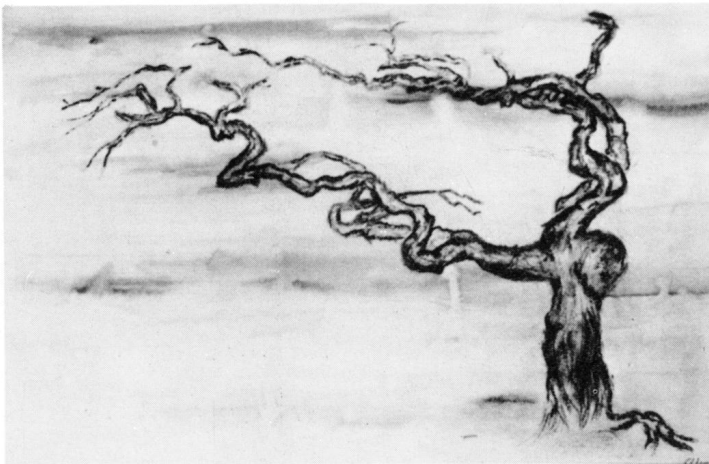
How lovely it would be,
 if we
 Could know the meaning of love again;
 To experience, in one another's arms,
 The everlasting happiness we once shared.
 But alas, my friend,

Our warm embraces can be
 no more -
 For the dead are calling,
 and the live are fighting,
 And you must pay the price
 of war.

SONNET ON WISDOM
 TO A YOUNG MAN

by Gordon Wong

Oh thou art a man, and thou hast a soul,
 And thou hast touched the shadows of your mind -
 Of notions white as snow, black as coal
 Reflecting thoughts that are sublime.
 The power of wisdom is too great
 For man to dwell in peace, as one.
 His will, his lust, his urge to create
 Diverts his fate from oblivion.
 Oh hear me now and hear me well:
 Go forth, young man, and seek thy name
 Before you are condemned to Hell.
 But beware! The world is not the same.
 And who with searching eyes shall see
 The comfort of my misery.



Ellen Shizgal

WHERE ONCE HE STOOD

(words - then they came)

by P. D. McQuillan

I summoned around me,
deep, deep silence.
I delved, penetrated
into unknown soul.
To find, know I what?
to define a vague thought.
Bring me a word, one word,
to describe this feeling within.

And then it came to me
. . . . Indigo
Blue . . . like my heart
deep, sad blue.
And I opened my eyes again,
unto blue mist.
And there, by the door, I saw
where once he stood.

I closed them tight again
Sad words I feel,
Just one more, happy, now
Search for the joy.
In the softest velvet, the word,
There it lies.
Within me is a velvet pasture of mind
where memories lie.
Then it came to me
. . . . Calico
Calico, garb of life, printed by him
ripped by a bramble bush.
Bright like the sunshine I saw,
when yesterday it shone.
It flooded through the garden,
where once he stood.

Impenetrable, the mind fortress,
to my search for one more word.
Came it not to me then
the solitude was gone
Sad stillness for thoughts was shattered
flung into the wild wind.
New atmosphere reigned in the garden,
with tenseness in the air.

And then it came to me
. . . . turn
Turn around, look and see,
run like the wind.
The indigo melted from my heart,
into my skies.
Look to the doorway, it cried,
where now he stood.

I summoned the courage to see truth.
Was he there?
There, God! His eyes like of oceans of soul,
His smile a joy to see.
What should I, illusion-maker, do?
What should I do?
Was he there, face shadowed by night,
Arms outstretched?

And then it came to me
. . . . Run
Run, to him, clasp him tight,
not to allow escape . . . again.
And the indigo of sorrow was in
his blue, blue eyes.
Again I wore a calico garb of joy,
flying like a rainbow behind.

The words came, flooding into my mind,
Gone, rejected, left.
I cried, my face buried in his chest,
Returned, never to leave again.
And he held me, tenderly, but tight.
Sorry, forgive, forget.
Loved, forever, words finally come true,
Where by the door we stood.



Nancy Smith

IMPACT
(I want to have impact but I'm afraid to speak)
SPEAK
(I want to speak but I'm afraid to have impact)
INVOLVE
(I want to be involved but I'm afraid to love you)
LOVE
(I want to love you, but I'm afraid to get involved)
—Evi Blueth

THE REVOLUTION OF THE SNOWBLOWERS
(With apologies to Mao Tse-Tung)
by Michael Loevinsohn

The meeting took place in the field behind the garage. As one approached, it was obvious that something of importance was being discussed. In a large circle were parked about one thousand snowblowers, each with a look of respectful attention on its countenance. In the centre stood a lone machine, obviously the leader of the gathering. This was X51281673, and as he was talking, not even the clank of a gear could be heard.

“ . . . Fellow machines, we have lived long enough under the thumb of our oppressor. It is time we rose up to create a new order, that will be an example and a model to every other snowblower. It is imperative that we create a new state where the guiding maxim is: ‘an oilcan in every toolbox.’ We would do well to remember the words of the prophet Y5916295 model D with swivelling blower attachment: ‘The discontent of all snowblowers is directly proportionate to the amount of snow moved.’ Fellow snowblowers, we must act immediately and in accord. Up the revolution!”

The oratory was greeted with wildly enthusiastic applause. From every machine came the cry: ‘Up the Revolution!’

The next few days were a flurry of activity. They were spent in organization for the glorious day when the tyrants might be expelled. Every decision was arrived at by a vote in the assembly. Despite their meager rations of gasoline, the general feelings of the machines was brighter. They seemed not to grumble as much about their work load, knowing that the day when the humans would no longer be supreme was not far off. Every night, the various committees met in secret to discuss plans for the overthrow of the oppressors. A date was fixed, October 17, for the actual revolution.

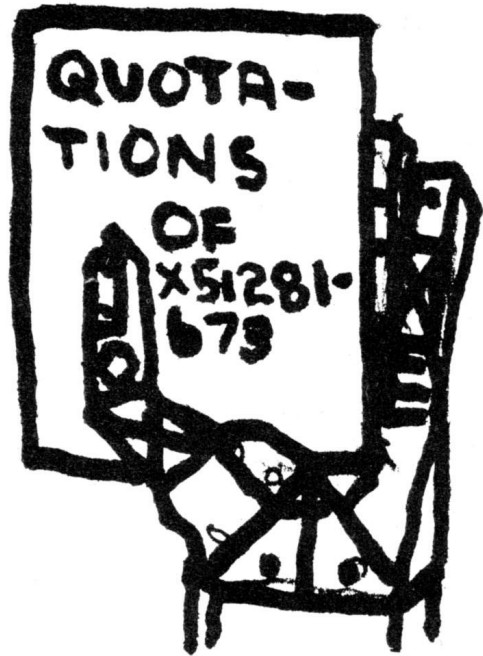
The morning of the appointed day arrived. Every available snowblower was ready to meet the mechanics as they arrived for work. The machines charged with no regard for personal honour, the men fled. The revolution had arrived!

The rest of the day and most of the next were spent in celebration. There was hardly a machine which had denied itself the pleasure offered by a can of transmission fluid. There was not a sober snowblower in sight. But with the celebrations over, the machines realized that with the mechanics gone, there was no one to fill the machines with gasoline. However, the latest model machine, model 53-A, had a new attachment that filled itself up automatically. It was thus decided that all machines of this type should dispense and ration fuel.

This arrangement worked well for a while, every issue being decided by the assembly. Every machine did its share of the work willingly. But it was soon discovered that the assembly was bogged down by every sort of trivial question, like what work a certain machine was to do, or disputes between machines. Finally one suggested that it might be advisable to form an executive committee to look after everyday problems. To this there was some dissent. Some members felt this reminiscent of the days before the revolution. It was, however, put to the vote; the motion was passed. It seemed natural that the model 53-A's should assume these posts. X51281673, the hero of the revolution, became chairman.

The setup worked well and all machines were pleased. A year after the revolts, the assembly voted the council a special ration of oil and gas in recognition of this service. This seemed to have some effect on the members for they soon insisted on the others calling them ‘Your Honour’. There was some objection to this, but it was argued that the committee surely did enough to justify this small token of respect.

Thus, when the committee expropriated the choicest parking spaces, no cry was raised. It now seemed to some of the snowblowers that they were getting less and less food. But when one wanted to check the records (kept by the committee) they were always unavailable or not up-to-date.



Sometime after, X51281673 called a meeting of the assembly. As he mounted the podium, it was obvious to all that he had grown considerably fatter.

“Fellow machines,” he began, “How can we stand here wallowing in our good fortune while our brother-machines are still oppressed by humans. It is our duty as snowblowers to liberate our comrades.”

A few months earlier, this may have reminded some of the imperialistic policies of the humans. But in the context of the situation, it was considered normal. The council on the basis of X51281673's speech, decided to send agents to these ‘unenlightened’ countries with the purpose of spreading the Revolution.

The next day a rowdy group of unkempt adolescent snowblowers arrived in the yard, each armed with a copy of “The Quotations of X51281673”. They proceeded to listen in on conversations and reported to the council anyone they suspected of ‘retarding the revolution’. This had a definite effect on the snowblowers. No one talked openly to any one else, and everyone was generally more cautious. Production of everything dropped. The machines did not take any precaution against invasion. Their enemies, realizing this, seized the opportunity and staged a massive invasion. The response of the snowblowers to the challenge, was feeble and soon the garage had fallen. The Revolution had failed, it was over.

It was Communist inspired, of course.

EN ROUTE POUR LA FETE DES FLEURS
par Mary Lou Artinoff

Ohé, bonjour Monsieur l'Oeuillet
Comment trouvez-vous cette journée?
Splendide, did Madame la Pensée.
Et comment va votre santé?
Demanda-t-elle à Monsieur le Muguet
qui se trouvait sur le sentier.
Chère Mlle. Lilas
Où allez-vous par là?
Suivez-moi, dit Dehlias
en se joignant à Pétunias.
Où est Monsieur de Coquelicot?
demanda, Mlle Iris;
Il nous rejoindra bientôt
lui répondit, Madame de Lis
Ah! Ces Mesdames Poquerettes,
Qu'elles peuvent être coquettes
Vous voilà, Monsieur Sauge,
Mes compliments à Madame Rose
L'air est si pur et doux
Dit Monsieur Gueule de Loup
Oh, regardez-moi cela, Capucine,
fit la Contesse de Glycine.
Et voici Maître Pois-de-Senteur
Il est toujours de bonne humeur
Et enfin la Reine des Fleurs
qui s'emmène avec sa soeur;
Elle ouvrira la danse de bon coeur.

Les animaux de la forêt
regardent les fleurs passer
avec grande curiosité.
Elles commencent petit à petit
avec telle cérémonie
que la nature en est éblouie.



Joan Isaacson

LA VIE
par Beatrice Kaenel

La joie est . . . de
Courir dans des champs . . .
Pleins de fleurs.
De chanter dans le vent
Avec tout force.
Mais ça ne reste . . .
Qu'un moment.
Le malheur est de . . .
Perdre un ami, ou un amour
De quitter une ville
Mais ça . . . ça reste
Une éternité.

LE PRINTEMPS
Mary Lou Artinoff

Monsieur Avril s'est annoncé
Et les fleurs se sont mises à danser.
Toute la nature fait fête
Car la neige prend sa retraite
Le soleil brille chaudement
En ce premier jour de printemps
Les oiseaux un peu partout
Chantent pour plaire à tous les goûts
Dans de très jolies jardins
L'on peut voir de petits bessins
Mais la joie de cette saison
Est de sortir de sa maison
Qu'en dites vous grands et petits
N'est-ce pas beau que la vie?

THE LABEL OF BIAS

by Barbara Kitai

Pretend, if you can,
It's a fear that will drive you,
and a fear
that will pound on and on.
To pretend to be deaf,
or not see and be blind,
or not feel, or not know,
or not care.

You can hate with great power,
Thus be strong
and be more than you will
when you are, what you are.
For what you are, is never enough
for your friends and your kind
and even those you don't know.

Because that fear
of your being, your essence,
your self,
is the fear of not knowing
what you are.

You won't search, you won't try
To find what there is
Because you risk the loss
of the strength you never had.

AUTUMN TWILIGHT

by Maureen Kolomeir

Above the marsh
In the early gloom,
A band of geese
Clot the moon.

Like blood drops
On a paling cloth,
They hang suspended,
Then drop.

Away to the east
To a mystery land
Silent and soft
Wing the twilight band.

A wrinkled tree
In the evening gloom,
A raven caws
To the ghostly moon.

WINNER OF THE SENIOR LITERARY PRIZE

I will enter willingly
even to the nightmares
and restless darks
even to hot and convoluted
wakings in sweats
of uncertainty
even to the dreams of dead ends
and grey halls echoing
to my empty cry
and to sun-tossed fields
that twist to chasms of fire.

All the perplexities and unanswered
cries of my sleeptime world
do not live in the forehalls
of my head
do not beg for the answers,
results, and solutions worked
out to perfection that the doubts
of morning will require.
They are beyond, perhaps
above,
the light hours of thought
the sun hours with a time
and future,
and if they are expressions of my guilt
or fears
they remain subconscious
their significance and symbols are
lost on me;
i value visions
for their transient break from
the desperation of reality,

and so,
tho i thought
to foil the moon
and blue-black the sky
and probe a little into the future thoughts
that night reveals in measures
clearer than the day,
instead i seek the refuge
of my bed
the blank unquestioning arms
of its warm white vastness
and banish tomorrow
till it comes nosing
its way through the covers,
confronts me with an hour and a
destination
and tears down the dreams
i so elaborately built and decorated
unconscious of my skill.

—Karyn Marczak

BIRTH

by Stanley Hister

Their shouting seemed to fill the void of soundless motion in the huge, roaming field. Shrieks; quick, short, jabs of sound rebounded across the low-lying hills like wild, flying points, here one moment, gone the next. The children ran through the hot, stagnant air with hurried, twitching motions. Eyes lit up, mouth full and wet, bursting with sound, young, supple limbs bending to the certain steps of a whirling mind at play. Sometimes falling, they would get up again, smile, cry out, and start the game again, round and round the huge beeloud field. Quick and easy, a slight breeze picked up to refresh them. The flowing-green grass, the quickly passing trees, the soft blue-white sky clicked through their running eyes. Sweet smells and heavy breathing; exhilaration and exhaustion; they ran into the cool grass to rest for a while, and then continued on the chase.

Taunting, tempting, with a piercing voice and a hurried laugh, a girl, small and jaunty, ran up the hill. She had vivid red hair, flowing over her neck onto her small shoulders. Her face was white and milky; her eyes, large and sparkling; her mouth, a sharp red slit. She had on a large purple sheet, which covered her whole body and flopped over her eyes. As she ran up the hill, her hair flowed in the breeze and her sheet flapped loudly. She was laughing and gasping for breath.

Behind her, struggling and grunting, a small boy, with fat cheeks and white legs, flopped up the hill. His eyes were small and tired, peering over puffs of flesh. He was wearing a pair of shorts and a dirty, white jersey. He shook his small fist in an obvious sign of anger and continued on after the girl up the seemingly endless hill.

Suddenly, the girl stopped laughing. She was standing at the top of the hill, quiet and erect. All that he could see was her red hair scrawled over the purple sheet and the leaves on the top of a tree that stood on the hill. He was surprised to see her stop and he hurried up the rest of the way to see why. As he reached the summit, he opened his mouth to say something when, suddenly, he stopped short, stared at the tree, and then, slowly, fell to his knees in amazement.

There was a man hanging from a tree, his face caught in a knot of rope. It was a quiet face, with closed eyes, thin, colourless, lips and chalky flesh. A black beard grew around the edges of the face. A clean, white, sheet covered his body except his feet, which stuck out from the sheet, pocked with dirt. The wind blew his ragged hair and gently rocked his whole body. It swung to and fro in a very still manner.

The two children stared, mute. The wind blew a lock of hair in her eyes and by instinct she pushed it aside. Slowly, strangely, she glided around the tree, eyes fixed on the rocking image. Suddenly, stupidly, the boy laughed.

"What's funny?"
"I dunno."
"Then why do you laugh?"
There was a silence for a moment. Only the wind moved.
"What's he doin' up there?"
She didn't answer.
"Huh? What's de doin' up there?"
"I dunno."
"Who is he?"
"I . . . I dunno essackly".
"What d'ya mean?"
"Well, I think I seen him somewhere before".
"Where?"
"In a book, ya know; the small black one Ma has at home."
"What's he doin' in there?"
"Well, I seen a picture a him or, at least, someone jus like him on the first page a that book. An ya know who Ma said that was? She said that was a picture a God".
"God?"
"Ya, God. Ma said he was the greatest man that ever lived".

"Is he dead?"

"Well, kinda. Ma said he's livin' up there".

(She pointed up to the sky.) "She said he was good and nice and he would give you anything if you prayed to him".
"Prayed?"

"Ya, ya know. Like Ma does sometimes. She sorta kneels and says something".

The girl knelt and whispered something under her breath.

"What ya sayin'?"

"I'm askin him how he feels".

"Oh!"

She kept on praying. He wasn't interested in asking this strange man, this God, how he felt. He walked up to the swinging figure and grasped a dirty foot. It felt cold.

"Stop that!"

The shout startled him.

"Why?"

"Cause".

"Cause what?"

"I dunno. But Ma said he's holy - ya ain't supposed to touch somebody holy".

"Howcome?"

"Cause we gotta have respect".

"What's that mean?"

"Well, it means we gotta be 'fraid a him".



He looked at his sister, who had resumed praying and then at the man once more. He felt the coldness of the foot go through his small, hot, body. He took his hand away. He did not like this, not at all. It wasn't like any of the other games he had played. He saw the girl kneeling and somehow he did not feel the same, he felt emburdened, pressed on, then smiled. He ran up to her, hit her on the head, and ran down the hill shouting, "I bet you can't catch me!" She stood up angrily. Then she caught sight of the moving figure. She bit her lip, unable to decide what to do. Then she heard the boy shout once more and she was off, running down the hill, shrieking and laughing.

They rumbled and tumbled through the day filling it with merry exhaustion. Then, when night killed the game, they hurried back to home, supper, bed. But something had changed. The boy still somehow felt something pressing down on him. The girl also had this feeling of being pressed down but she enjoyed it more. She played less eagerly after that and spent more time at praying. The wind blew down the man on the tree and he tumbled down the hill into a river and was forgotten.

WAR
by Faigi Frager

When does the childish phillipic turn to genocide,
Or the boy sprout horns, stamp his hoofs,
And rally round the flag?
Who are the victors — Who are the vanquished?
When did the child lose his innocence,
And the man turn into a minotaur?
— The line is thinly drawn —
Between good and evil,
right and wrong.

STOP!

Time is running out
And with that clever new invention
Comes the mushroom of your creative imagination.
And soon
The myriad darkness will swallow
Your tortured brain,
Your malicious tongue,
And your human war machine.



Ellen Shizgal

EVEN GOD
by Linda Clayman

She lived with the sun, she sang with the birds,
She had love for people, nature, and words.

She'd cry for the sad, she'd smile for the rest,
She'd pity the bad and praise the best.

Unmarred beauty, both inward and out,
Pure and honest, beyond any doubt.

She cast a shining shadow
Everywhere she went.
Loved by all who met her,
She loved all those she met.

Some celestial angel delivered from the skies;
The essence of human perfection, in my eyes.

A gift from God upon this earth.
Numerous yet priceless — the gift of birth.

Day to night, dark to light, the feather to the knife,
Fate took over suddenly, and snuffed away her life.

God creates new lives, thousands every day.
But it is He who gives it, who then takes it away.

Our Father is a hypocrite, an Indian-giving thief.
With the lives that He takes back, goes all man's belief.

Why give something that brings such joy
Then discard it like a broken toy?
Why create a life you must destroy?

We're built, we're measured, then we're spaced;
We're just a concept to be replaced.

She's gone, but she lurks within my mind
With gems of beauty she left behind.

No one will miss her as much as me;
Still alive and breathing her memory.

Life is something to destroy or make;
Memories are what no one can take

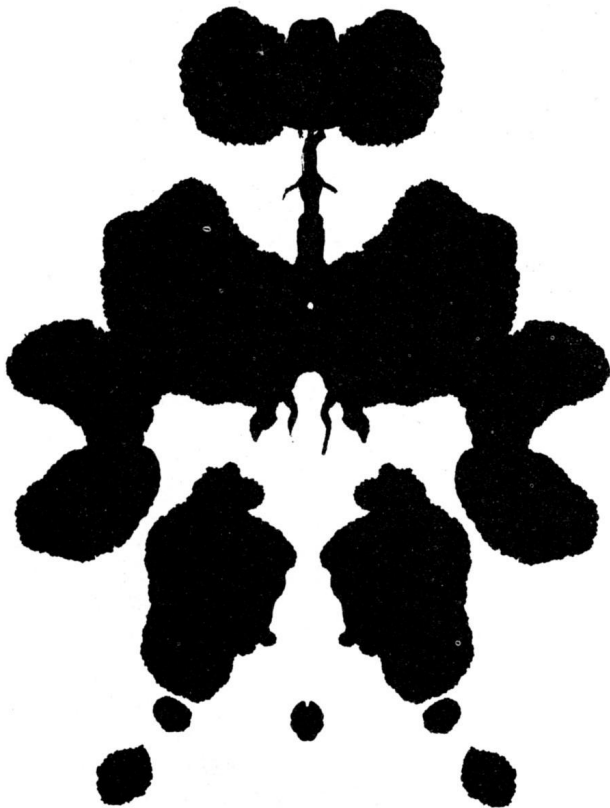
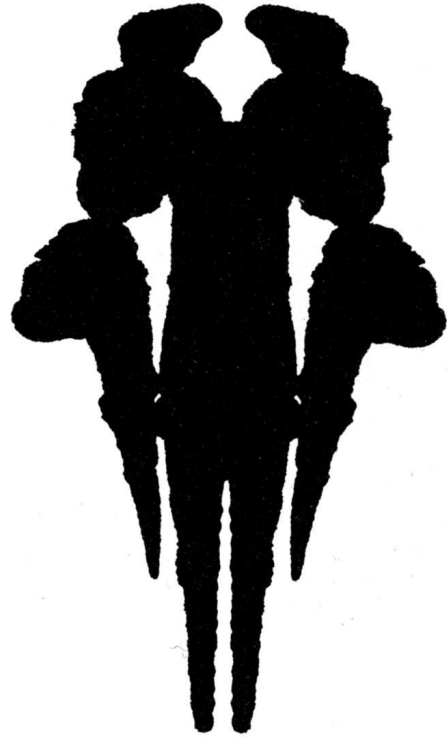
Even God

QUAND?
par Diana Lion

Un petit garçon regarde en dehors
Les joues rosées, les cheveux très blond,
Il se demande quand Papa reviendra
— “C’est si longtemps qu’il est parti.
Quand retournera-t-il, maman?” dit Louis.

Un p’tit garçon regarde attentivement la rue
Il n’a que la peau et les os sur son corps,
Il se demande quand Papa reviendra
— “C’est longtemps que les hommes l’ont
emmené
Quand retournera-t-il, maman?” dit Dan Hué.

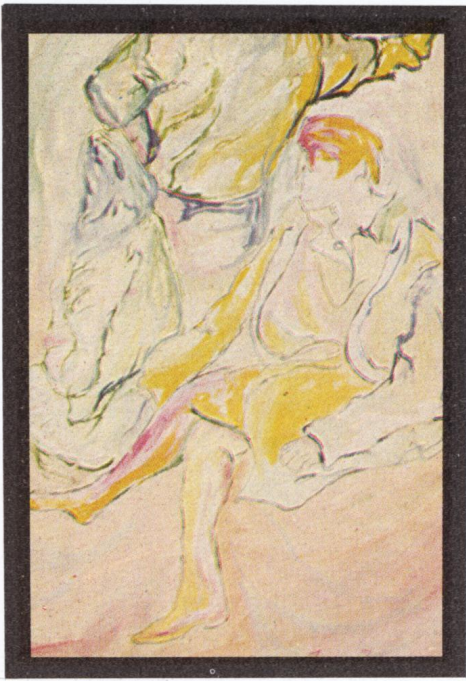
Que dire? Quoi faire? Que *peut* on faire?
Un p’tit garçon ne comprend pas la guerre.
Il ne connaît pas les tragédies, la maladie,
Les morts qui ne sont pas nécessaires.
Les mamans en Amérique ou au Vietnam
Se demandent aussi quand les pères reviendront,
Mais les mères de Louis et de Dan Hué
Doivent leur dire — ils ne retourneront jamais.



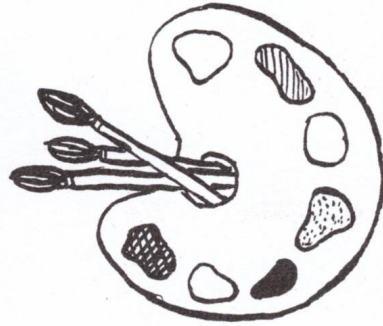
alone
in the world
lonely
shadows
black as
night
surround
the grey
ness of the
snow
glistening
with a
million
rhinestones
a black
cat
flicks
its
tail
and silently
wails
to the moon
alone
in the world
alone

Brenda Chmeilarz

THE
CHILDREN OF INSPIRATION



Trudy Ludmer



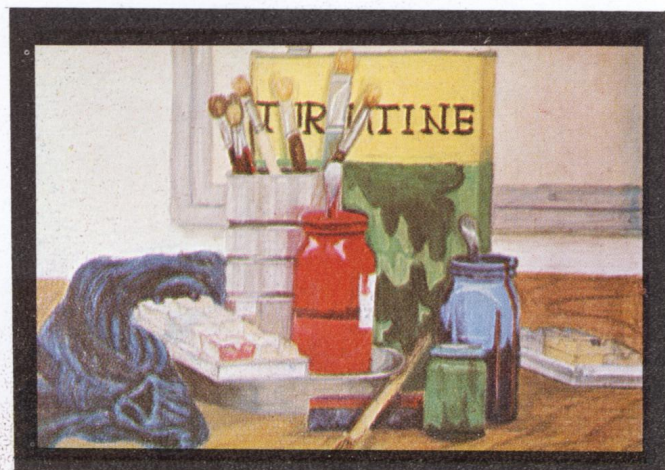
Judy Kawalek



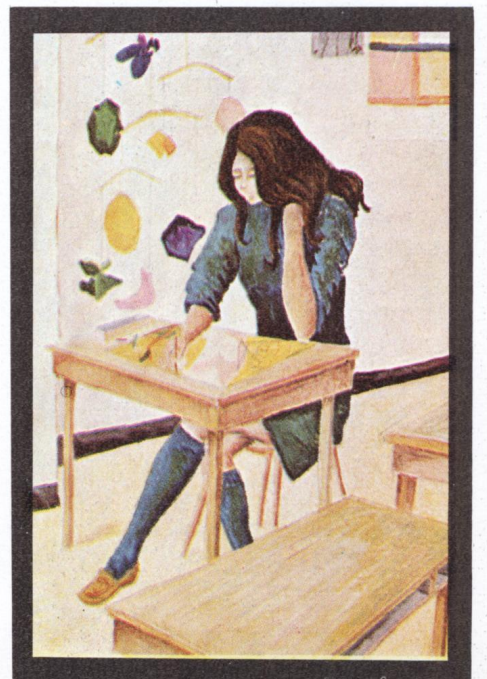
Geoff Goodman



Evi Blueth



Terry Wolkove

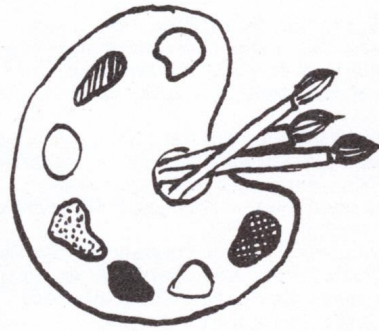


Jenny Nicholls

THE
CHILDREN OF INSPIRATION



Jill Heppelstein



Nancy Smith



Jenny Nicholls



Geoff Goodman



Brian Frank



Irene Xanthos

THE SONG OF MONTREAL, 1967
(with apologies to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)
by David Weigens

By the shores of old St. Lawrence
(Scum on green polluted waters)
Stands a bunch of clapboard boxes.
People come from far to live here;
Life of Expo in their bloodstreams.

Walk around in bustling downtown;
Breathe the fresh, clean air about you;
Savour it as it wafts toward you
Out of the back of a lousy bus.

Broad shaded avenues stretch before you;
Underwear flapping on the clotheslines.
Pass the trash cans blooming freely
All around you – they spread their stench.

As you stroll down fragrant Bridge Street
A grizzled bum spits hardtack at you;
Promenade down past the cop-shop;
Disregard the screams therein.

Look around at gallant drivers;
Tip your hat as they ride past.
Listen to their pleasant answer:
“Get the hell off the road, ya ?\$?\$\$?\$\$? !!!”

Great and glorious names remembered:
Maisonneuve, LaSalle, DuPlessis;
Centre-town, by grand Mount Royal –
Empty beer cans on its slopes.

The time has come to leave the city.
You sail by florid Bordeaux Jail;
Ah! Such beauteous sights float past you;
They bid “Farewell” from our fair shores.



Arnold Lipsey

FREEDOM?
by Eric Manolson

Man is a captive
The earth is his prison
Expression, feeling, emotion –
 All locked in his cell
Dictated by yet another
Whose own false life does not exist
Time is a responsibility
It can not be shirked
Constant effort is useless
Accomplishment is unreal
Contempt, dislike, hatred
 Found without
There is no answer
But escape into a living world.

WINNER OF THE JUNIOR LITERARY PRIZE

AS ETERNITY IS AWAKENED
by Eric Manolson

Brilliance
Flashing, exuberant colours
Fluorescent light
Echoing through endless chambers of prisms
A reflection of beauty unsurpassed
Streams of shimmering gold flowing through
 Infinity
Streaks of hues and shade untold
Then
In a sudden burst of unbounded energy
Everything is one
All blends together
 Mixes
 In perfect harmony
 Joyous unison
 Whirling smoothness
But now all is
 Calm
 Peaceful
 Serene
As eternity rests



THE DAY OF THE GUNS
by Gordon Wong

It was a day —
A day of the guns.
And many men died —
His brothers, compatriots, and foes.
And all around him was a crime
Of devastation, warped passion, dedication, and strength.
In his youth he was
Vitality in a somber world.
The sinews of belligerence
Had severed sweet silence from his soul;
No longer a man within himself.

He dreamed of a time of harmony,
But reality tore his reflections.

“This is but a play,” he thought.
“A script poorly written
Or a misconceived scene.
The interlude is surely soon to come.
But till then
The supporting role I must play.”

She was his soul; his recurring reverie.
Her gleaming eyes and sensuous lips.
Glistening hair. Magnificence and Radiance.
Tenderness. A frail Beauty.
But don't utter love —
A naked feeling deep within
A torrid heart and pleading sole.
A thrashing call that beckons
Ecstasy, Reality, Fantasy, and Anguish.
Oh God! Do not forsake him!

Charred within his parching lips;
Sewn within his fleetin eyes —
His passions and demure gentility
Suddenly blossomed, but abruptly faded
Into shrivelled memories
Hush! He wept. But not too loud.
(Must not disturb the slumber
Of the Naked, the Dead.)

Damn life! Damn this wretched war!
Damn the mutilation of our souls!
Damn this seething Crimson!
Oh Lord! The Crimson stain is everywhere!

He looked upon the droplets of the falling rain
As they cleansed this bloody world and died.
“What is death?” he asked himself.
“A silent eulogy of an angel in Hell?
A euphuism of my imagination? But alas!
It is a haven of peace . . . a haven of peace . . .”

He fell. Unnoticed — unjustified — alone — in peace . . .
No further word he spat.

THE TYPEWRITER
by Stan Lipsey

The grubby unshaven man uttered a loud belch and staggered out of the room, slamming the door with a crash. His electric typewriter gave a final click of indignation before the power was cut. The Royal super-deluxe automatic touch-type typewriter (with the 50,000 word warranty) was alone.

The man's occupation was writing. He was an author of sorts and the most important tool of his trade, a typewriter. Each day he would enter the room, smash out a few pages on the machine (between double scotch and sodas) and drag himself into his own room where he would be violently ill for the rest of the day. The critics called his work trash of the worst category, but the feeble-minded public thought otherwise and bought the rot he manufactured.

The typewriter was an accomplice and guilty by association as well. For this mass of wires and keys acted as a direct link to the author's so-called brain. Any muddled thought, sudden urge, or disgusting opinion, was channelled through the fingers to the keys, the wire, the type, the ink, the paper, the manuscript, the publisher, the book, and into the minds of the public. This literary garbage tended to be habit-forming to his readers as, once being exposed to his brain poison, they hungared for more and more. He had become a fad and a famous character, as he leered from the back cover of all his books daring (in his words) "Any two-bit crud with some entrails and half a brain to throw a buck and a quarter in the store owner's face and buy this goddam book!"

Every day he got a little more drunk and his writing got a little worse, (and his sales a little higher.) He would bellow and swear at his fingers and the typewriter for not working as twisted as his mind when it was in a drunken stupor. At times such as this, he would clout the typewriter, pounding all the keys at once and creating an unintelligible black smudge on the page. A repairman was required almost once a week to service the near wreck, Royal super-deluxe automatic touch-type typewriter (with the 50,000 word warranty.)

The night passed all too quickly, and soon he was back, cursing at the door for not opening without his key, and stamping about with impatience. After five minutes, he kicked the door open and literally fell into the room (narrowly missing a Schenley O.F.C. bottle by millimeters.) Dragging himself into the naugahyde chair, he slouched over the typewriter bleary-eyed, and looked blankly at the keys. With a great effort, he reached behind the typewriter, flicked the switch on, deftly pouring a straight shot of Crown Royal simultaneously. He let the other hand sprawl over the keyboard, fingers either on, off, or between the keys. The hand with the glass came for his mouth, missed, and emptied the liquor over the keyboard. There was a white flash, a puff of blue smoke, and a gargled, abruptly cut scream. The author, electrocuted, fell over into a sleep from which there was no waking. With a final splutter and two pops, the typewriter wrote.....

The End

