

ARTS/SUPPLEMENT

DREAM STEALER

I HAD JUST ARRIVED in Copenhagen when it happened. I was strolling down Hans Christian Anderson Boulevard towards the old town hall. On my left was Tivoli, a massive amusement park, which doubled as the town center and a major Danish tourist attraction. I could just imagine the rows of Danish goodies, Danish ice cream, Danish chewing tobacco and Danish roller coasters. But judging from the price and queue of photo-hungry tourists and school children I wagereed on the lack of young Danish women. So, I decided to side-step Tivoli and head towards the cheaper sites. I headed off north and entered a floating harbour park named "Lystbadehavn." It was a regular city park much like the centre island of Toronto except for the dazzling statue of the Little Mermaid. I walked southeast along Copenhagen's worldly and titanic port. I was humming a song by Phil Collins when I crossed Borsg Knippels Bridge. I saw a man bungee-jump off Borsg's bridge, it was my first encounter with this type of rebellion against gravity. (Newton and Klepper's law were also being fought). I was quite amazed. Stupified, I wandered off the bridge up some side street. In my head I had a stalemate debate about the logic of jumping off bridges (If offered, I'm sure I would try it, if the water was warm). I found myself in the old section of town and on the steps of a fantastically constructed church. I entered. I climbed the steeple and asked a nice Japanese girl to snap a shot of me at my feet. It was a spectacular CN tower-like view. I thought maybe I could talk to the Saint of Travellers from that height, a blessing would've been nice. I resumed my vagabond trail down some other interesting looking streets. I later found out that I was walking through a part of town called "Christianshavn." I was still humming Phil's song. This part of town looked like a hippy-inhabited army barracks. I was told that the Danish government gave some "youthful squatters" this piece of land to do as they pleased. In 1971 some angry idealists started their own society, with their own laws, inside the old city of Copenhagen. Today, it looked to me like a mural of beautifully coloured walls surrounded by a collage of craft shops, cafes, hash dens, loose dogs, loose minds and loose children. It was an experience, alright. They looked as happy and approachable as any normal, hard workin' bloke from chemical valley, off the St. Clair river. I re-entered normal society and then it happened:

I was getting tired so I decided to find my hostel. I bought some Norwegian tuna pate that had a "made in Denmark" stamp. I felt confused. It made me homesick for Canada. I started heading up Han's boulevard with my head in the clouds and wondering if Phil Collins was a prophet, when it happened:

This woman who I hardly noticed pulled me into her attention with her magical eyes. I wanted to avoid her until her starry-death eyes, tractor pulled me closer and closer. She was old and beaten but her youth and spirit were not far gone. Her face was tanned from her life outside. She could've been a Gypsy, a Turk, an Albanian or a combination. I couldn't tell. She had a fortune teller's aura, a prostitute's appeal and the sadness of a runt who was expelled from the litter at birth. I was excited, scared, aroused and intrigued. My beggarwoman was pushing a cart with a tarp covering it. I couldn't tell what the cart contained, but I assumed all her worldly possessions. I'm glad I had not seen her as a younger woman because my sympathetic empathy might've turned into love, or at least a lengthy lust. But with her age and posture she couldn't have been more than a poor beggarwoman, until I saw those eyes...the eyes of the world...the eyes of wisdom...knowledge...MAGIC, yes, The eyes of Magic!! Her deceptiveness could've made Harry Houdini look like Howard Cunningham, the hardware dealer.

Since my stay in Europe, I had passed literally hundreds of street livers with less than a

SLIGHTLY GLUED TO ETERNITY

Kinky, kinetic people brewed on motion: spit out from our mother's womb, day one, learned to walk soon after run, drive, hike long distances climb mountains, leap tall buildings in single bounds, fly & drive jet planes, rocket cars, master monster trucks, space-ships. Portrait of us. That's us — tthe sstreak. invincible we are/were/will be and/slightly glued to eternity.

Look — we are over a cliff hanging on to the blue robe of God who is standing above us. Who is motionless. Who is sad-eyed and unsmiling...

The grip slipping, we are defiant spiteful and will learn to fly if it kills us.

Max Jurgaitis

HOWARD CLARK'S TIE

He wears two weeks' rent around his neck On his shoulders rest our futures Less teaching, more feasibility studies erupts from his mouth and dribbles down that expensive piece of silk. Hundredand five percent. Be on top. Education is sliding wet down the wall of profit margins. We will lead the way.

Globe full of garbage, Nation in recession, province in poverty What makes you chislers think you deserve more? You just drink your student loans anyway.

Who now will lead our province, country, planet? Shall the uneducated masses swell till they mutate your economy to flacidty. Future generations fester as we speak.

From we who have so much to you who have so much more: brother, can you spare a tie?

J. Manderer

glance or a loose coin, but this beggarwoman; NO. I slowed. Her eyes lured me to the front of her cart. Nothing was said, for neither of us knew each others tongue and we probably didn't have a common one. I stood naked and green in front of a seductive pro. I could not help feeling like a fifteen year old, eye-locked with the town tart, in a Victorian novel. Just before my thoughts levelled and my imagination deflated she pulled the tarp off her cart, with the grandeur of a mayor presenting his own bust to the city as an undeserved gift. (Of course, this is easy to analyze now!) My eyes sparkled like a child dropped on a planet of toys. I felt like Charlie in the Chocolate Factory. But Mr. Wonka wouldn't let me touch anything and by heavens I wanted to ... I wanted to ... I wanted I

Inside the cart was a utopic collage of music boxes. My upbringing kicked in and I reached to grab. But with one motherly look from my beggarwoman I bashfully refrained. She opened the first box. It had a design of furry evergreens and dry powdery layers of snow. It could've been Santa's summer home. With another motherly glimpse, the beggarwoman commanded me to close my eyes and feel. I slipped in, the box opened fully, sweet music, smooth aroma, relaxation, total hallucination,,, mmmm

It was a Sunday afternoon years ago, in the season of advent. My father, brother and I were shoveling off the river so we could attempt a game of hockey. My mother was inside stoking the fire, brewing the hot cider and preparing the filling for our Sunday feed. My dog, Julius, was chasing snow flakes, crazily. The clerks were all working on their X-mas sales pitches. Father O'Donnell was strolling home from a firey sermon. The older boys were preparing for that night's game against Hensall and the girls were all trying to finish their homework so they could go watch their present prince. I remember how cold my toes were as I skated up and down,, up and down,,, up and down that river,...

I opened my eyes quickly remembering where I was and what I was doing. It was a feeling of waking up in a strange place. Her lovely eyes instantly soothed me like a lover's caress, instantly.

SHE PICKED UP another box, outside it looked like an Egyptian artifact. It poetically reminded me of Keat's Grecian urn. It had dozens of triangles and a lot of solid browns and dancing purples. It would've sold quickly in an Indian incense shop. The woman once again played mother and made my eyes close. I felt the trance diffuse through my body and skull. The hypnotic music, the senselessness of it, the exuberance,,,relaxation,,,mmmm,,,,,m...

It was Friday a night, in the premature days summer. I was staying at a friend's house. He was on the bunk under me. We were the best of friends. It was pitch dark and we were talking out throats dry, for hours. I was looking out the glass roof into the vast and scary sky. The stars were simple but out of reach. I could hear my buddy's brother breathing surely and steadily in the loft above us. His

WOMEN OBJECTIFIED

We are stared at and ogled.
We are told we should like it.
We are whistled at and catcalled.
We are told we should like it.
We are pinched and patted.
We are told we should like it.
We are hit and pushed.
We are told we should like it.
We are raped and molested.
We are told we should like it.
We, as women, are made to feel unequal and subordinate.
But we do not like it.

We are told we are silly or confused when we feel threatened by a remark or a fist.
We are told our place if we struggle for equal power.
We are told our place and we are told to like it.

But we do not like it.
And things have got to change.
Written by a woman,
for all women

voice was numbing me into the ecstasy of children's dreams. We talked about plans to roam Europe, to sail the seas, to open an amusement park,,, and so on and on. I pretended to sleep, I didn't want to wreck the stars, wreck the moment, with a voice or an inappropriate word. I listened until my friend's sleepy breaths matched his brother's. I stared up happily but all alone in the world. I could hear his parents playing ABBA, downstairs. Then his mother entered tall, dark, safe, beaded hair and I smelt her freshness instantly. Instantly. She kissed all three of our resting foreheads, even mine. I pretending to sleep. She rolled the blind across the vastness of the universe and blocked out the stars. She pulled all of our covers up and slid into the heavenly ray of light she had created by opening the door. Before she ascended and closed out all the light she said in a smooth, resonant, motherly tone, "Sleep tight, guys. I love you all." She shut the door. I opened my eyelids to let the stinging tears out of my eyes so they could roll down my cheek into the pillow and to look at the darkness. I felt awake, alone and the stars were gone along with everything else, gone...gone...gone from sight.

Gone. I came to in a crazy panic. But this time deservantly so. It had happened. Gone. Everything. Gone and the intriguing, arousing beggarwoman was not there to sooth me. She was gone, so was her cart, so was her aura, so was my money, camera, travellers cheques, passport,,,,, everything gone, except pain, worry, and this story. I was instantly a nobody with no money in a foreign land. Instantly.

After my frozen shock wore off, I turned around to find the Egyptian box on the ground behind me. I almost put my foot right through the blasted trinket. Instead, I mellowed. I eventually opened it to find it contained a note in very broken english it said: SORRE.....ME HAVE 7 CHILDRENS... I took the note for what it was worth ??? I found Hans Christian Andersen Boulevard and proceeded north in search of a police station or and American Express office. I never saw my mystical, warm-eyed, professional, thieving beggarwoman again gone from sight.... Gone with everything...Gone with my dreams

.....GONE
Morgan
O'Connor

CEREMONY

Bitter Blue virgins,
Princes in leather jackets, the childhood prison, risen to a climax then Frozen. ...

Softly, the rolling in of guillotines.
The crowds, their mouths stuffed with voices (The years are heavy in their eyes).

Who will save the lonely inner song with all our voices gone...?

Oh, the priests; the drug lords; the nameless vagrants; the many dead and undead musicians and assorted artists; the frost or fiery foreigners; the politicians; the sharp-toothed general with the dead parrot glued squarely to his shoulder; your family; the dead people you knew and didn't:

We are all here Gathered in this Ceremony Masks.

Shhh. ... Observe and Behold. There is seen the Harvest, the Beheading. There is heard the high-precision machines mowing. More: the sickles, the guillotines, the no more green dreams growing.

and I will pour voices down your throat 'till you sound like me

Max Jurgaitis

DAL PHOTO: MARIA PATRIQUIN



GOLDEN GEMINI

You both sitting in a dimness
Emanating subtle radiance

And I the observer, strangely reluctant to intrude,
by all standards should be feeling jealous anger.

What hand guided me here?
The strength was not mine—
For if it had not been permitted I would have felt torn and bitterly hollow.

Why did you give me your gift?
How can I accept it, thrive on it
in the face of your dual unity?

She's feeling the pain.
I know it — you told me.
I want to console her
Who is telling me to do this and why?

Spirals twist and spin — you saw them, you still do
and yet you back away...

A warm room full of woman soul
A source of strength — you are outside the ring
She and I within—
A strange communion.

I broke free!
Felt the cold wind snap 'round my flushed face,
left you there
shining in that safe warm room...

While I raced down icy dark streets
toward home
with thoughts of danger fleeting in and
around more essential thoughts...
their interruption feeding suppressed rage
that may soon surface.

Venus will not be my model
Elements of Mars are closer...
Irony.

The sweet lilting tune, the balloons,
the carnival that night
that surrounded me as I went to you—
it carries on...

Mari Roughen