

Night of the Purge

By Richard Campbell

From the blank and empty chillness that surrounded the miniscule seething mass, blackened ash descended to the earth's tired floor and lay immobile. On the distant horizon the sun began to disappear for the last time in the strange land, to arise the next morning with a new purpose.

As night set up its watch, the murky steam filtered thru the dead ground and drifted silently to the frozen rock that rose to the heights and lay in its path. From this frigid and bleak obstruction, tormented screams and brainless snarls became intermingled with the pitch of the wind as it hit the mass of rock and screeched upwards, furiously attacking and entering into the midst of hidden caves where the last beasts of their era sought shelter. And the black ash continued to fall. In ominous intensity it covered the land until its blackness was that of night, the two were indistinguishable.

Within its womb the pumping mass struggled violently for air, in increasing agony it burst against the protective cells for immature release. Though silent to the cold and painful death throes of a dying world outside, it raged in a ripping searing fever of its own, singly intent upon asserting its presence to the exterior hostilities. All thru the night it fought and still the black ash fell from the skies. It came in steady torrents, laying to rest upon a vast sea of blackness over which pockets of howling winds churned the debris into whirling ghostly apparitions and battered them apart again. Violent thundering shot thru the heavens as blinding flashes blasted the frozen rock with its shuddering beasts into the heights from where it reappeared, settling down as the black ash of extinction. The earth's crest began to seeth and swell with the storms, spewing up molten liquids which seeped thru the sea of ash in solemn destruction, burning away the frigid coldness of night forever.

And the black ash fell no more. The raging battles ceased and what was could be no more. Eternal silence. And daybreak. Beside his empty and dead womb he looked to the heavens, was the first to see the sun and fell to his knees in worship.

Two poems from "Prelude and Fugue"

EPITAPH

I knelt on stones
to tend a weed,
I nourished it with tears
and hoped to see an orchid
greet the sun.

Maurice Spiro

A KIND OF LOVE

We are links, he said, in a golden chain-
an unbroken chain
stretching all the way from Abraham.
I thought of the dusky wanderer
and sighed,
but didn't ask my father
to explain our blue eyes.

Maurice Spiro

HYMN TO THE RADIANCE OF THE RISING ATEN

O, Aten that rises in the eastern horizon,
When you appear,
You bring with you sunlight,
And very life itself.

And as we did spring from nature,
So do you give nature breath.
This our eyes can see and understand

O, sole god, never could the earth exist without you

May offerings of flowers be brought, and changers sing.
Giver of life, we marvel, and worship all you bring

-Ankh em Maet

DARK WINDOW

See the snow outside my window,
Can't seem to hear the wind blow,
Must be that time of day,
When everything good just fades away.

Sad and sweet the voices outside,
Coming and going like the ocean tide,
Laughing faces outside my door,
They don't knock here any more

Growing old and no one knows,
Whether I come or if I go,
Life has seen so many fears,
Thru the past of many years

Memories of the distant past,
That I knew could never last,
Times' changed and so have I,
All alone and waiting to die

Over the window the curtain is drawn,
Outside, the voices have finally gone,
Silence sleeps in this darkened room,
Peace has returned to this place of doom.

Richard Campbell

A new course has been added to the arts courses at UNB. So with tongue in cheek we will eavesdrop on the first class of...

Consciousness 1000

By Allan Bigger

"Hi John".
"Hi Tom, is this part of your art courses?"

Yup, I have to pick up a half credit."

"Me too, I flunked first half of my forestry management course. I just thought I'd take a bullshit arts course."

"Go to Hell."

"Heh, Heh Jesus! Is that our prof? in the long robe? We don't get profs like that in forestry."

"Good evening class, I'm professor Panglors and this is Consciousness 1000. Please take a chair, seat, kneel or lie down, whatever you feel... Since this is our first class, I'll give you the basics, [which you don't have to accept], as of course they might be prejudiced. But for our first day, I'll lecture and from then on we will take a vote of confidence, [or at least a discussion]. Starting from the beginning, that is, we should have to prove we exist..."

"I sort of heard from other people this prof and course is a bit unstructured."

"...and now the text for this course," said the professor sweeping back his hair, "is going to be my book... Consciousness: Finding and Using It. Now, some people believe this to be... how is the expression... 'Bird course', well, to think that way, well anyway I'll prove this course is actually a prerequisite for life..."

"Wow, he wrote a book, Hmmm where's my notebook..."

"Excuse me professor," asked a student "what did the critics say of your book?"

"I'm glad you brought that up because I say, Critics, heh heh, know the price of everything, and the value of nothing."

Class in chorus "Wow"... "Heavy Hite"... and a student jumping up "Right on! right on."

Which made the professor start to consider about changing, as he swept his hand over his bald spot. "Hey Tom, this guy is cool" said John in a whisper.

"Cooler," replied Tom.
"Hey, who are those people standing behind the prof?"

"Disciples", said John.
"Wow... disciples, I heard about this prof. throwing some real groovy parties, you know, women, liquor, dope."

"Yeah," said John brightening, "just like students."

"...and in finishing this lecture, I believe Prof. Martin's Consciousness II - 2200, has the same material, is no different, yet is a second year course, and yet he is a full professor and I'm only an assistant, which is against the Constitution."

"Right on"... clapping... standing on desks... paper airplanes flying around.

"Class dismissed."