ICE AGE: A HEAD OF HAIR

) million years ago (or something like that) glaciers journeyed down their mountains the dinosaurs disappeared we were left (I think) some jungle and foilage

1 that glacier lat mountain lat jungle and foliage

r washing (caused by constant shampooing) lacier changes course conflicts with its previous schedule chaos cascading into the valley nuing down to that plateau e tangled masses of roots cores of fruit 1 with vitamins and minerals (lacks protein) rown ever so continuously times without any sun.

sfore my hair turned dark, its kinectic energy and its strength vith that last dinosaur

TOMATIC PILOT

hen she who fed us grew Ve lost our grip, Fell from her breast, Slid down her cold hard

body, and landed by her feet.

We huddled in her shadow, Nervously awaiting the metallic clank that would signify our end, or else a new beginning.



EQUUS

The hill lies in black light Bulging above me, Though on wet nights, no Barrel-bellied hillside But Equus supinus.

I climb through smelt-damp grass Pressed flat, stretch through Stiff fine horse hairs, cling With no fear of falling. Dark hide felt-damp Infuses me with the sweet night sweat Of Equus unridden.

Though his heaved heart Pound sound aching Me ease, I know I am so second here.

SHEENA MASSON

two artists

if i could only freeze my thoughts like her cabbage with its leaves torn open-its life-veins inflamed "i built it from the investigations of Life"

and then someone confronted me with icons

of luminosity (dusted traces of venus) (opague colors and flat borders) i sometimes wonder how it dissolves from what he calls his makings of moss integrated imbilical cords and space these thing which seem so unreal (should seem so real) Light plays echoes all over the walls as art and artist comply



DEIRDRE DWYER

TO THE NEW WORLD

Helmeted, hammer in hand, the technological Viking mounts his unfinished craft and then leaps perilously from one unmoving oar to another.

His ship is anchored in concrete and dirt. Its four sides grow taller each day; Soon they will reflect the sides and tops of other ships,

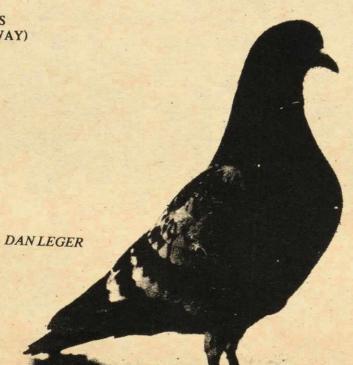
all anchored in the same sea, full of listless crews who are content to push back nothing but paper.

JIM CANDOW

NOTE FOUND IN GENTS (17TH ST. SUBWAY)

The Artist's game: dull songs to the moon long songs of pain shrill songs of birds dark songs of men

watching the buildings fall.





JIM CANDOW

LINES ON A FIFTEEN YEAR OLD FRIEND FROM OAKVILLE

Living by the darkness of the lake blonde and young crocus smile daffodil daydreams at dawn with speckled pictures of dusk and the fog coming down blanketing with an unreachable composure closing in and pushing away reflections. non-glare glass catches the sun beam sensitivity and shakes.

The china doll shatters leaving fragments of blond and young to close back up into a seedling tight bud

that cries at night in time to the deep and heavy sighs of the Ontario Lake that sleeps below.

March 1976

LESLEY HOWES

to christopher and mary pratt

the geometry overlooking illustrations

29/11/76

DEIRDRE DWYER

TALE OF THE DYER -AFTER BORGES

I am radiant! colors set, this very night in uncarded wool. Tomorrow they'll be treated.

I see kings each envious of the other or the other's crimsons.

Sadly, I did trespass and mimic nature. Satan beckoned me with lucidity, delusion. I began to stripe the ram mock the tiger.

I see now that both sides liedthere is no inoffensive color.

DANLEGER

DANCE PARTY MADNESS

How green was my valley before nestlé souptime invaded with Dance Party Favourites including fifty polka hits from the great polka great who doesn't really exist except in super tool the wonder tool that even has twenty-seven percent fewer cavities. And the F.B.I. discovered the weapon a few blocks from the scene of the crime. A contract was out on A Coney Island of the Mind but Lucky had the clue as key witness to

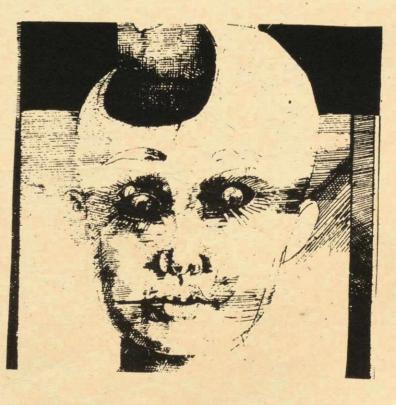
the case of the Futile Existance, starring the old man that disguised as a caretaker, but Efrim Zimblas Jr. knows the true story. He'll just wait 'till Rosalind gives up the epilogue to disclose the happy ending and be the instigator of nemesis for the pastoral solution to human problems, and have a merry christmas.

Simply thread the tool and anyone can do it. Even mom and the kids make that rug cost almost nothing. Available at Woolco, Zellers, and all fine stores that give you the right to remain silent. So those canadian women really know how to wear a bra on Match Game Metropolitan and the big silver eldorado with a red velvet interior is the all knew pimpmobile that will keep your fuel costs down. But the teachers can strike for ancient chinese secret that softens hot water and housecoats are only \$9.99 at Family Fair. A great Christmas idea if you sit by the fire with your Novus calculator from the Sears nearest you.

And now for Act II. which is also near Christmas but the lines are all tied up to San Franscisco And the dumb blonde is at the door with a little decoration that is very pretty; but its fake, so maybe she is too: like most women that are actually girls that flash through high school my school.

People underestimate me I used to be an excellent gin rummy player. But glass breaks too easily even though it molds so nicely. And my father lost his mind five years ago. Now I am losing mine.

> December 1975 LESLEY HOWES



DEIRDRE DWYER

Compiled by Sheena Masson Thanks to the Arts Society

CHANDRA: EYES II

"Look into these eyes of mine soft fossils recreating the songs of Judas and Christ Mary's prayer to God and Aphrodite's escape to the ocean These eyes are the only fossils I possess which try to capture yours To captivate your songs songs perhaps sung by Zeus or Diana who proclaims complete innocence (and i who exclaim complete purity) Look into my eyes and listen"

