

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 foliage

that glacier  
 at mountain  
 at jungle and foliage

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

efore my hair turned dark,  
 its kinetic energy and its strength  
 ith that last dinosaur



SHEENA MASSON

10/11/76

DEIRDRE DWYER

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.

JIM CANDOW

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

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.



DAN LEGER

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.

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 unriden.

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

two artists

to christopher and mary pratt

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  
 the geometry overlooking illustrations  
 of luminosity  
 (dusted traces of venus)  
 (opaque 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

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 lied-  
 there is no inoffensive color.

DAN LEGER

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

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"



DEIRDRE DWYER

Compiled by

Sheena Masson

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LESLEY HOWES