

Letter From A Life

It still surprizes me - even after all these years - to see the new buds on the trees, ready to come out in the Spring. New life. Not many notice that, now, for Fall - and Winter, is a time of dying - of death. The caves of Hades have once more opened, and Demeter has again loosed her demented hatred on the earth. Such explained the Greeks something for which there was no other explanation. Yes, go look now, the trees are ready for their re-birth. The cycle which keeps us all in sway. Life following death.

This tenacious perpetration of life has always fascinated me. I must deal with it, and after these decades still do not fully understand. Although I have come closer than most. I am a Warlock, a Sorcerer, a Magister. All the names come to the same. I am a Searcher. I try to find the meaning behind the action. I understand much ... I attempt to understand more. I have watched; I have studied; and I have seen. I have observed evil - more than the silly caricature with hoofs and horns: and I have observed good - more than the misunderstood figure of Christ. I have gone back, past the beginning we too readily accept, to the huge mass of good and evil which would send most insane. I have gone no further. I still try.

Most of you will not believe me; but if I reach just one, I shall have accomplished much. You want proof - and proof I can give. Real proof, deliberate proof, yet even still you will doubt. To anyone reading this, before the day is out, something good shall happen to you. Something substantial, not petty. This you are assured, with no tricks. You can not, however, be passive (what does the dead man do?) I do not mean that you have to do something specific for the good to occur - no; it will happen anyway. But you must have your eyes open to recognize it.

And as for the evil - I shall just write of that. I will not cause any for any. I have seen evil done, been a part of it, watched death caused, paused to let shadows pass when there was no one to cast them, breathed vomit in darkness while pushing away what was not there. I have been where sickness is and seen a well man put to death. I have turned my back and closed my eyes and still have seen. I have watched blood and bone drip from the mountain, and heard the gravestones laugh in mockery. Do not attempt to tell me of evil. It exists. It destroys.

I am also a poet:

I feel sad each Halloween.
Tricks or treats,
Plastic pumpkins,
Rubber witch faces,
Old dresses on boys,
And razor-loving perverts.

No:

I want a secluded house.
Very dark.
Surrounded by naked trees.
And howling wind.
One gloomy light in an upper window.
A vague rustle upon the fallen leaves.
Smell in the air something faintly rotten.

And as I reach to tap the door,
I want to hear a sad and musty voice
Saying
"Come in."

Too romantic perhaps. But that is what makes me write this, since last night was powerfully past and to-day is All-Hallows. We need times when the power is stronger - no mater what the reason for the strength. And the desire is too strong, I must reach some of you. I must tell you - not preach - but just tell you, and hope it will change something, put a stop to what is coming. All of you - any of you - at least one of you: LEARN. As much as you can. Never close your mind. Never.

S.T.

THE HIDDEN MAN

I have worn the mask too long,
I cannot get it off.
Faces of friends and those I loved but hurt
Chase me through memories, fixed, unchangeable now
I cannot go back - always forward
On and on, from here to there, on and on,
No rest to put it right, I am tired, tired, tired.
Weary - but it will not stop, life spins on.
The play's the thing and I the actor
Only me when time will stop and let me talk
To someone with a quiet ear, a friend who knows
Perhaps who and why I am - I wonder.
A fleeting [fleeting?] figure snatching thoughts
Quicksilver fragments lost between mind and paper.
I must go and rest.

L. McIntosh

FOG

Today the sun was the moon's colour
It wanted but the night
To cloud the street in darkness
And silver-sunny light.

All the trees were wrapped in mist
That hid away the blue.
Around us swirled the greyness
That the silver sun shone through.

Shirley Mellish

On goes the Poppycock
Singing "heaven be damned",
And the streets are all barren
And the faces all bland,
And the man with no hat
And the man with no head
Walked by Mr. Poppycock
As if he were dead.

And the streets are all barren
And the faces all bland,
And the snows covered up,
The scars in the land.
And the fires were burning
And the smoke burns the air -
- And the streets are all barren
And the faces all bland,
And all that is living
Has turned into sand;
Yet on goes the Poppycock
Singing, "heaven be damned."

They missed Mr. Poppycock
T'was easy to tell
They searched down the path
That takes one to hell.

Tony

FOR IF

Let us sit upon a shore
Where the waves come crashing in,
Let us walk upon some sand
Where we know the snails have been.
And if we see, what is not there
Then we shall understand,
For if a man is not a fish
Then we must love the land.

Let us watch the stars at night
So we can touch the moon,
Let us watch the darkness now
So the day won't come so soon.
And if we feel a distant light
Then we will know for sure
For if the earth was not the earth
Then how would we endure.

Let us run a few more times
Where we have run before
Let us live a thousand lives
So we can love some more.
And if you are, and if I am
Then we will let it be.
For if a bird was not a bird
Then I might be a tree.

William Albert

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