

**P** I have eaten our moments  
up that we spent together  
leaving no remains . . .  
So only now as I sit  
digesting you alone  
I'm wondering if I can  
ever pass you.

Heather Trecartin

**DEDICATION**  
(from "Prelude and Fugue")

What can I give you, darling,  
now that you're seventeen?  
perhaps a score of tender words  
to touch a virgin's heart . . .  
I said them and a thousand more  
when I kissed your little feet.  
shall I search for wine, sweet as the taste  
of your pretty breasts? some golden toy,

bright as the magic in your gentle trust?  
then what can I give you, angel,  
now that you're seventeen?  
for Linda  
to keep her safe from vicious Time  
this final chapter  
made of her beauty  
and all my Love.

Maurice Spiro  
Fredericton, N.B.  
1969

**A WALK**

One day my body went out for a walk  
and left me alone with my head.  
I found I could wink and could think and could talk  
but no one could hear what I said.

So I watched my poor body go blundering around  
as if it had something to prove -  
It was too blind to see that it still needed me  
and I, with the brains, couldn't move.

Simon Leigh

**STAGEFRIGHT**

The world was set to host the play  
People toiled with paints and clay  
An all bright God they created  
An antithesis they found he needed  
And so was born the black Demon  
Props accomplished, it was time for curtain  
Then they found something missing  
There were no audience or critics, all were acting  
Play was abandoned, commotion ensued  
Writing parts for each other, they all argued  
All justly felt judging to be their birthright  
Witnessing this abortion of Life gives me a  
stagefright.

Aftab Patla

**E**

**T**

**R**

**Y**

**EPISODE [OR, UNTITLED]**

I remember the night  
With stars in the sky.  
That night — how I tortured  
Sweet Lorelei  
In studied innocence  
I outlined her form,  
Then splashed on some color —  
Her face looked forlorn.  
So I blackened one eye  
With garrish delight,  
Made the other one cry  
For my bitter insight.  
Her complexion of white  
Was soon o'erslaked  
High cheekbones of rouge  
Rain-wet lips  
Exaggerately faked.  
A gown of thin gossamer  
Flowed past in the breeze  
To her trembling white hands;  
It clung to her knees.  
Her hair all brown tangles  
I nailed to the wall —  
Through canvas frame board,  
Both hands and all.  
But blood did not run  
In cold rivulets  
From the holes in her hands  
Where the nail-heads set.  
She still cast a smile.  
And in spite of myself  
My heart did beguile.  
She's been gone for  
such a long while —  
I dropped my paint brush  
to the tile.

B.A.

Awakening from this  
madness  
to face another day,  
I crawl,  
semi-conscious of  
my surroundings  
into the hours that  
will pass . . . once again  
without you  
I call to you . . .  
but you do not answer  
as I am left  
only to imagine you  
here.

Heather Trecartin

This is a poem of cleavage and fault,  
of igneous material — amygdaloidal basalt,  
of color, and lustre and Mohs hardness scale,  
of enjoyable classes[?] with Professor Hale,  
of discontinuities and earthquakes as well,  
of L, S, and P waves plus Clay's earthy smell,  
of streak, and fracture, and specularite,  
of copper, galena and chalcopyrite,  
of rock-salt and halite, they're one and the same,  
[So says my lab Prof. Oh, what is his name?  
Professor Grant! I need not be told!]  
Plus bauxite, and gypsum, and pyrite [fool's gold],  
of marine sediments and the ocean floor,  
of volcanic activity, [don't worry there's more],  
of coral islands and continental drift,  
of glaciers and the mid-atlantic rift,  
of weathering forces, the wind and the sea,  
my course in geology, at U of N.B.

Homer Greeble

**NUSC**

In April, a delegation  
IUS Secretariat visited Can  
the USA in order to  
closer contact with the  
student organizations ther  
discuss with them the pos  
for increased cooperatio  
future.

IN CANADA the delega  
with the National U  
Students of Canada (NU  
National Association of  
Students (ANEQ) and one  
organization, the Ontari  
tion of Students (OFS).

At the present time in  
the NUSC (which has  
existence since 1972)  
provincial student organ  
exist separately and auto  
ly. Thus a local student ur  
particular university or col  
affiliate to either the nat

**Camp**

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Mon. 9 am.  
to 9 pm.  
Tue - Fri.  
9 am to 4 pm

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New: Roots  
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