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editorial

art charms
not
by what it states
but
by what it suggests
to you
as it looks out
at you
from the edges

here are some pieces
created by people
on-campus
off-campus
together a wholeness
separate unique

read them
around
top to bottom
upside down
and
don't forget
to read
between
the
lines

mary j shaver
editor

431869

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Photographs: Arnim Walter, Benjamin Cheung, D. R. Brown

Cover: D. R. Brown



OF FLESH, OF STONE

outside myself and just beyond
my fingertips you stand:
it is as though I wander through
a distant, unknown land

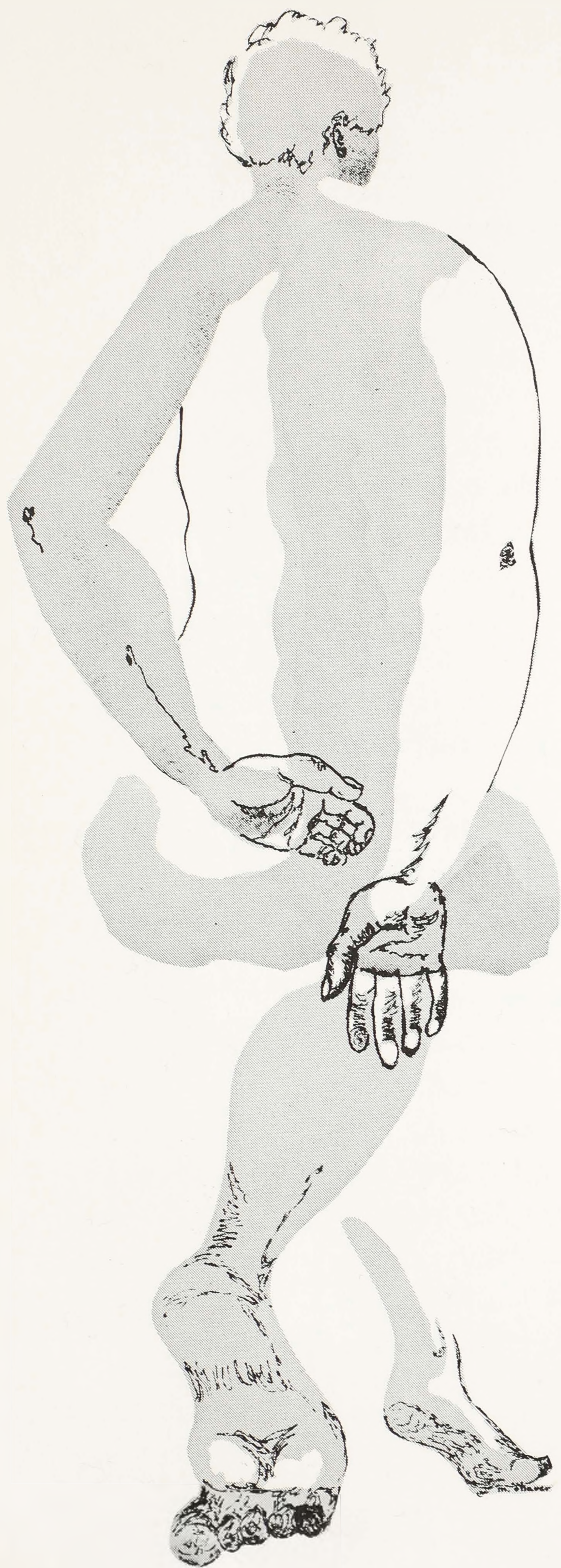
These shadowed planes curve down,
Shrink beneath my palm,
While gleams of marble skin
Swim before my eyes:
Arching like a dolphin
I capture my surprise.

This contour turns away,
Shrugging off my gaze:
Prepare the self to know
The identity of desire.
Supple bronzes glow
Like the flesh on fire.

This flank I scale with joy,
This hollow is a pause:
Recall the rule of thumb,
Probe the flesh of stone.
What warmth there is to come
With the constriction of bone.

This body is within
The field a seahorse swims
Where flesh burns like the sun.
I touch not flesh nor stone
But the whole body of one,
No longer the self alone.

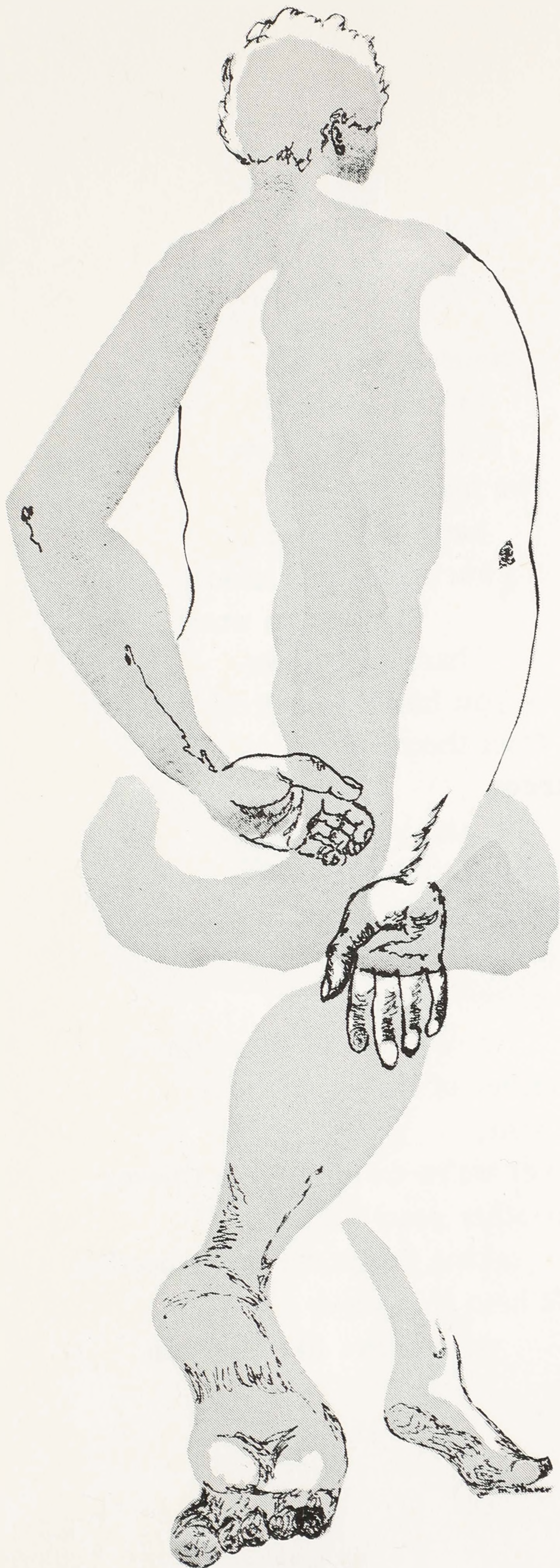
Ronald Bates



Hard to believe

come to talk
to you again,
it's hard to believe
we made love,
hard to believe
your hands and mouth
are so small,
hard to believe
you have more freckles
than there are leaves or
knees,
and you gave me a
book i already have,
writing in it you'd love me
forever,
hard to believe
now after all these times
either of us have a place
to visit,
yet we're traveling like thieves
into other people's lives,
taking things we never needed,
it's hard to believe
we can live like the rain.

C. H. Gervais



Landscape

What hour is it now

While the birds fly

Slowly into the intense horizon

Melting before the heat of the dissolving sun;

Liquifying in mirage-like sheen

While trees blacken slowly

In the night.

What hour is it now that time is exile.

Mary Ellen Holland



THE TIME TO KNOW

a growing suspicion

that willow trees don't really weep
but simply grow that way,
that promises are only kept
in drawers where future lies
can stay,
that hate is grasped too eagerly
and love's offered much too slow,
that enemies are really friends
we never took the time
to know,

makes me wonder

are suspicions really strangers,
or just old forgotten friends?

David Leslie Baker

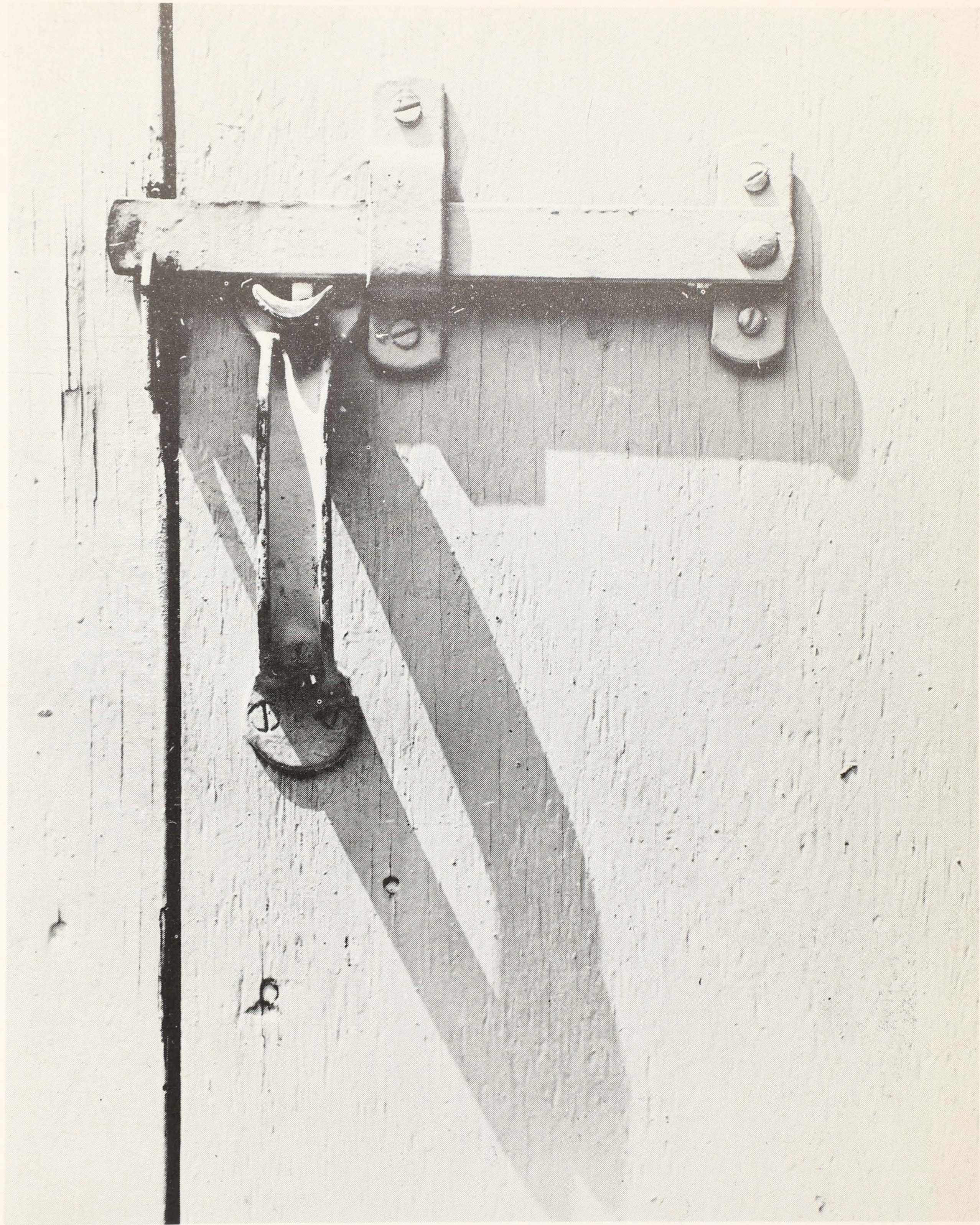
Poem

The professor reads
the 13 line sonnet
Tomorrows literary critic
listens for rhythm and rhyme
emerging pattern of imagery
calculates
the summative word
licks his critical label
and bides his time

The professor says
The poems not in the words
the labyrinth lines
the poem is in our hearts
unmappable places
where poets order their rage

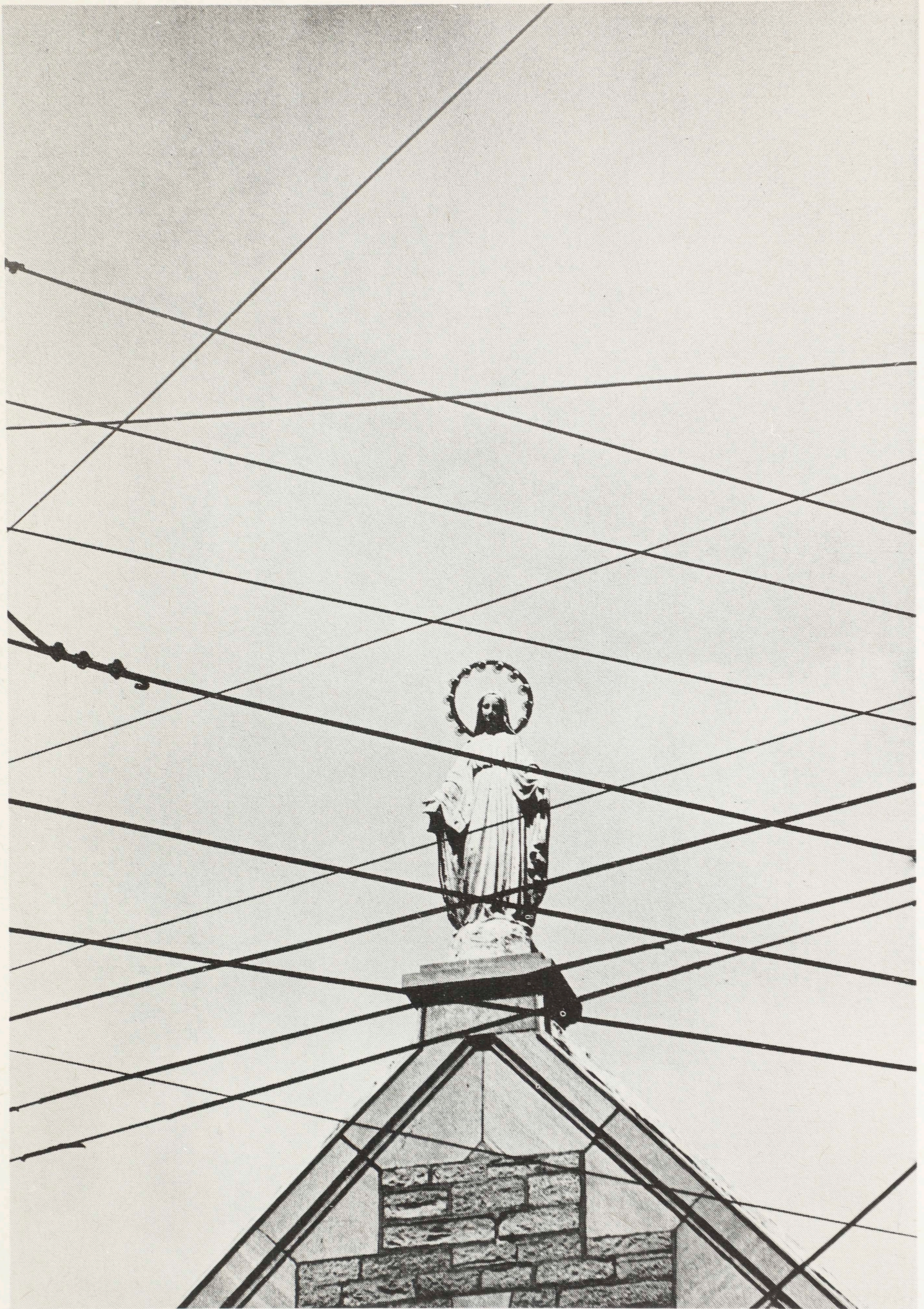
A nubile girl
an ultimate cosmetic face
perceiving
broken figures on the page
contemplates
the poem in the spaces

Cliff Lashley









margaret is a country girl
who went inside a convent
twenty years ago

yesterday

I saw her push the garbage with her foot
on a sled up the alley toying with it
dream walking coming in to make supper

in Wilmington when she was small
she walked for miles through occasional snow
in the woods dreaming tall trees into little bushes

and land under her feet stretches through
further woods into fields friendly sheepdogs
run with each other
looking for the laurel growing out of
the cold water of the streams under the ice.

André Venables C. P.

mobius and

(on reading Life Science Math)

he raced on the mobius strip
till the heart pounded out of his breast
& turn turn turn he came back
with blood flecks on his lip
for the twisted outside world
blasted eternal wind
& he would not bend or break
with the anti-beings who twinned
then lacking all proportion
mathematics of unsound pride
he made through the miracle maze
the maze that has no inside

O feet that are ruled by random walk
find the world of magic again
count with colour & lift with sound
till the fulcrum weeps with pain
but the heart is still a pump
in our never-never land
& Archimedes smiles as we move the world
without a place to stand.

jane johnson

On Human Life

The desert is not one to die in desperation.

Like a pelican it once surrendered

All its rivers to the ocean.

But now it waits for robins, larks and nightingales

To orchestrate its theme of emerald rejuvenation - -

How anticipation fertilizes stagnant desperation.

No matter that the deserts be of earthly ice or sand.

They, like the moon and diamond stars of every kind,

All await the fertile human heart and mind.

David Oravec



DUST TO DUST
IN A VALE OF TEARS

Spin body! Spin! Steamroller girl, coffin, child gun
(BANG), death and tears and blood into paste. Bake one
loaf and crumb by crumb hurl the bread of sin into the mouths
of the wailing babies

FEED MY LAMBS

who eat your fingers

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN

who kill (BANG).

Flee to the Master of the house who calls to you

COME FORTH

to come to Him

I AM THE LORD THY GOD

until you realize that

VENGEANCE IS MINE SAYETH THE LORD

you, Lazarus, must not leave the tomb.

Brian McAteer



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Catch 23

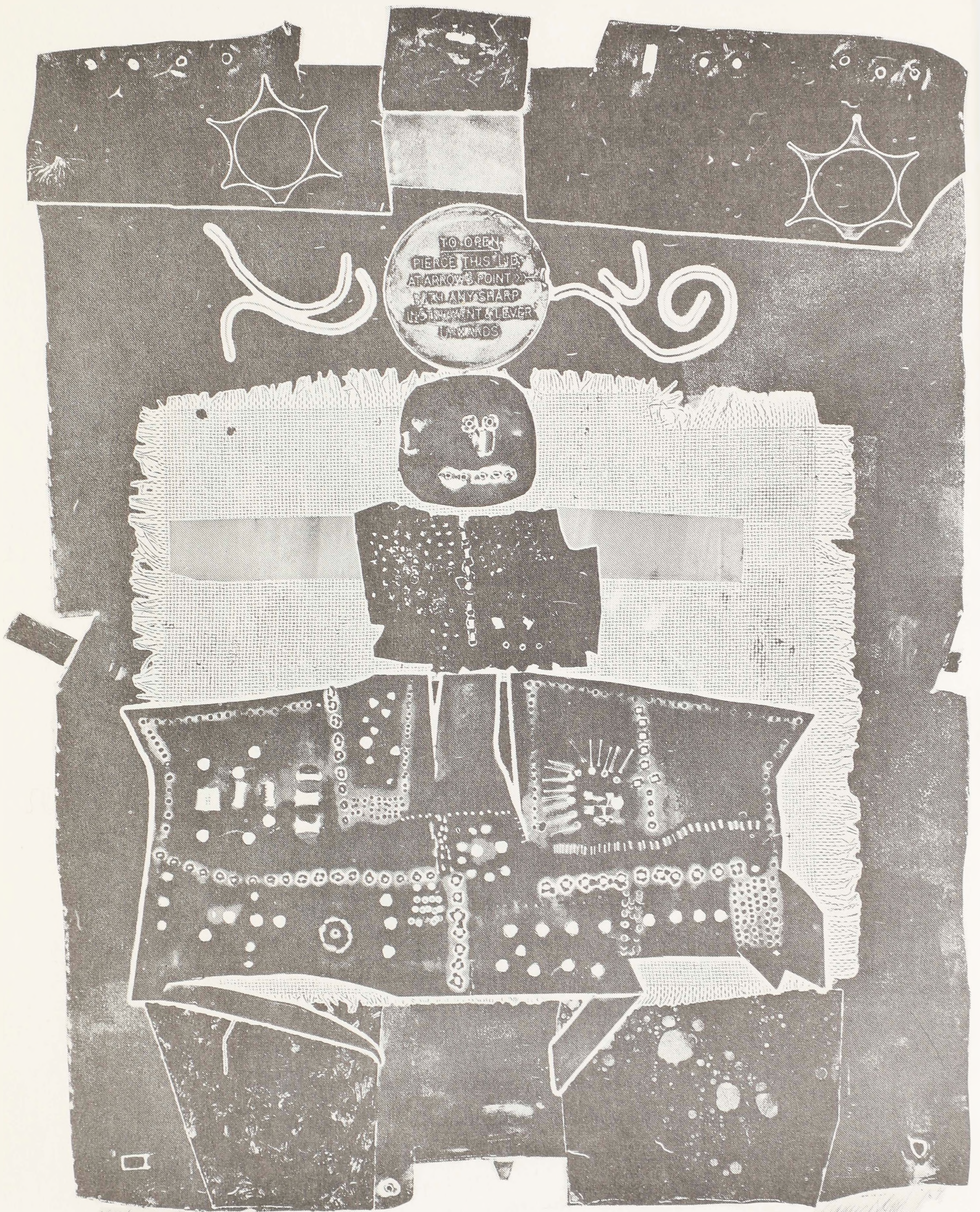
to wander
with a looking glass
on a windy mountain day
to touch the flowers that border
hills
or lie beneath a tulip tree
to holler down a groundhog
hole
or whisper to the rain

you have to be a different sort,
you have to be insane

David Leslie Baker

I was overseeing the court of day
dipping the orb in regal touch
to the huge shoulder of the sea
when
between the foot of the dune throne
and the gathering of the bowing waters
flamboyantly and shockingly free
some intruder from another realm
a speck between the powers
drew the kingdom's gold in a stream from the waves
held back the dunes and the distance itself
and stopped my very thoughts
with a flourish of her burnished hair

Ray Sealey



THE INTERVIEW

by Patrick Donohue

Drawing aside the lace curtains, she saw a police cruiser pull up at the front door. A man got out of the car and walked towards the porch steps in the gently falling snow. As she let the curtains fall back into position, the doorbell rang.

"I am Inspector Grant," he said.

"I know that," she said. "I sent for you."

She unlocked the outside door and let him in.

"It looks like we're going to have a white Christmas," he said, brushing some snow off his broad shoulders.

Without smiling, she closed the door and led him into the living room. It was a gloomy room with bulging arm chairs and an oriental rug.

"I'll just ask you a few questions," he said, as he lowered his heavy frame onto the sofa in front of the window. He fished a pad and pencil out of his pocket. "Could I have the name of the missing person?"

"Harold Wiseman, my husband," she said, folding her hands and perching on the edge of a piano stool.

"Why didn't you give us his name over the telephone, Mrs. Wiseman?"

"I had to see someone in person," she said. "You must try to understand."

"Could you describe him for me?" he asked with his pencil poised on his pad.

"He is about medium height with fading brown hair," she said.

"Anything further?"

"He was riding a camel."

He looked up from his pad. "I beg your pardon?"

"He was riding a camel," she repeated, staring at her hands. "A four legged animal with a hump."

"The missing person was riding a camel," he said slowly.

Her eyes flickered. "I know they're not safe on the highways nowadays," she said. "I begged him to take the train."

"Do you know where he was going?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

He tapped his pencil on his pad. "That's not much help to me, Madam."

"I didn't think this would be easy," she said, looking beyond him towards the window. "But it has been years since he left and I thought I should say something."

"Madam, I will be happy to do whatever I can to help you find your husband, but I find it rather hard to believe that he left here riding a camel."

"I was afraid you wouldn't understand," she said, as if to herself but more as a reproach to him.

"Why have you waited one year to notify us?"

She trembled. "I wanted to be sure before saying anything."

"If you wanted to help, you should have done something sooner."

"Don't scold me, please. I had to think about it for a long time."

He sighed impatiently. "Can you give me any more information about him?"

"Actually it was more than a year ago that he left," she said. "It was in early November. He was watching an eclipse of the moon. He came running into the house shouting that he had seen the star. After that, there was no keeping him home."

"Did he say anything about his destination?"

"It had something to do with that star."

"And you heard nothing from him after he left?"

"Nothing yet."

"Did he ever go away like this before?"

"No, but he used to talk a lot about that star. Astronomy was his hobby."

He leaned back, throwing his arm over the corner of the sofa. "Did you ever quarrel with him?"

"Harold and I would never quarrel. We were very happily married," she sighed.

"How long were you married?"

"About twenty years," Her tone shifted abruptly. "But why do you want to know about that?"

"I can't find him if you don't tell me more about him."

"What more do you want to know?"

"Madam, how can I walk out of here and look for a man of medium height with brown hair named Mr. Wiseman?"

"Are you sure that you want to find him?"

"There must be a million Mr. Wiseman's walking around who would answer to that description."

"There is no one else like Harold Wiseman," she said. "He is a sincere and honest man. He is genuinely good."

"That description is utterly useless, Madam."

"Then you are very unperceptive," she said coolly.

"Can you see me asking a witness to pick a good man out of a lineup?" he asked.

"I would recognize Harold anywhere."

"Then you see things differently from most people."

"Maybe it's because I have lived with Harold that I know what it is to be good."

He stood and pocketed his pad. "I'm afraid that I can't be of much help to you in finding your husband."

"Sit down!" she commanded him.

He stared at her.

"Isn't it your duty to listen to my story?" she demanded.

He sat down again.

"I don't think you realize that I'm not asking you for help," she said calmly. "I'm telling you this for your own good."

"Who asked you to do a cop a favour?"

"Your problem is that you won't believe that there is a good person," she said.

"My idea of a good husband is one who stays home with his wife instead of chasing stars."

Her lips tightened. "Apparently you are not ready for my message."

“Not if it means I have to hunt for a star chaser.”

“Why don’t you make a law forbidding chasing stars?”

“That might be a good idea. And one against camel riding on modern highways.”

“Try to enforce your law,” she hurled at him as she stood and walked to the door. He rose and followed her.

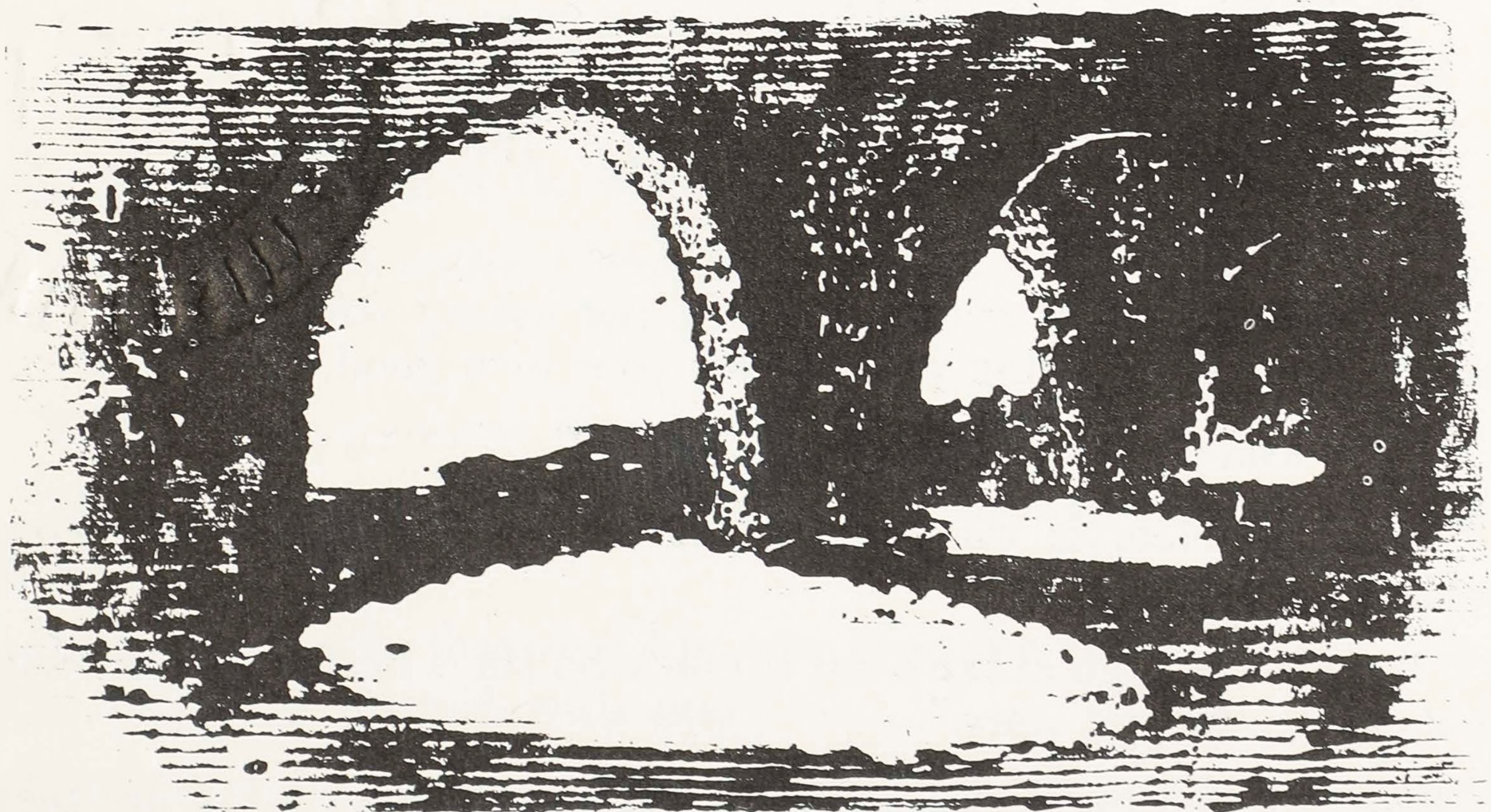
“There is one favour I would like to ask you,” she said with her frail hand resting on the door knob. “Please don’t breathe a word of this to anyone.”

“I promise you I wouldn’t dream of it,” he said. “But it’s only yourself you’re fooling.”

“I am not afraid of scorn,” she said with a calm smile. “The day will come when everyone will hear what I have tried to tell you.”

He touched her hand. “Then why won’t you let me speak to someone who can help you?” he begged her.

“I don’t want anyone to hear about this yet,” she said as she opened the door and he stepped outside. “When Harold gets back we’re going to sell the rights for our story to Life Magazine.”



Fouad Fanaki

