

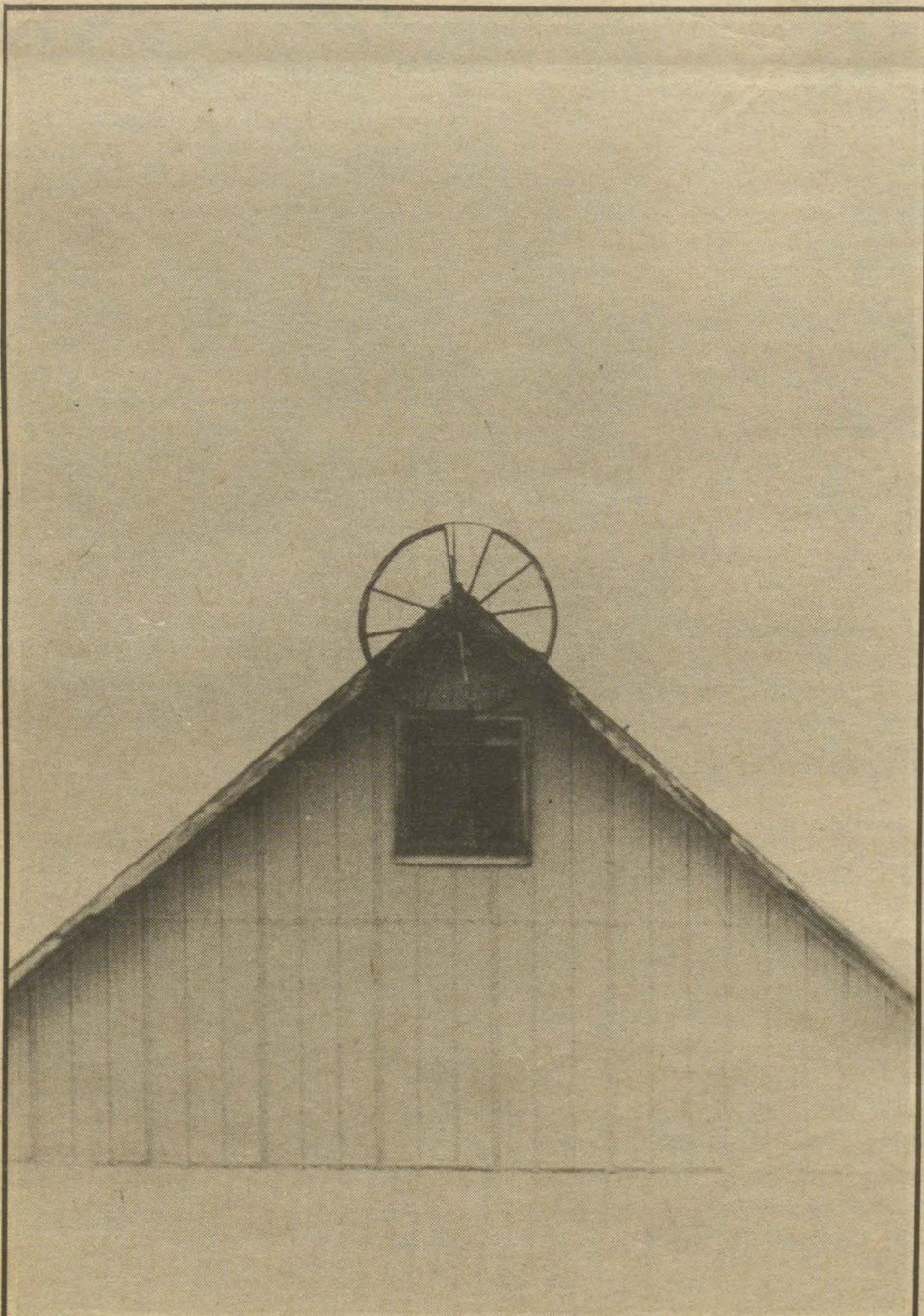
The Second Annual Gazette

# Arts & Expression Supplement





photo by joe blades



"The Apex"

photo by russ adams



"Taking Off"

photo by mary sykes

We would like to thank all creative persons who submitted their work to the *Gazette*. We encourage anyone who has any ideas about arts coverage to drop by the *Gazette* office and talk to us.

**Robin Sarafinchan      Gillian McCain**

**Arts Co-ordinators**

Front page photo by Russ Adams





He sat motionless in the darkened room. Surrounded by others' oblivion, he felt an easy pleasure in imagining her arising from Morpheus' hold. Vaguely startled, he looked-on, open-eyed as she stirred slightly. Slowly, her eyes opened to him, revealing a look of sweet countenance. His expression turned gloomy. Perplexed by this, her gaze grew pensive even while retaining its vexing appeal to him. Aware of the breach he'd created, he still experienced vertigo staring at it so openly. Shrinking back from this chasm, he dove into a styrofoam cup, nearly upsetting the cubed-ice and Johnny Walker. He didn't look up again.

Drinking in the American style, he hoped it would appease his troubled stomach. The watery drink made him grimace as he deliberately gulped it. A day spent drinking hadn't brought about the desired result. As in a play he'd seen, he waited for the 'click' to go off in his head — the signal which would allow him to sleep. But he hadn't seen the debilitating side effects. Shaking violently, he tried to think straight, to deal with the situation rationally and in so doing, assume control once more. Then was dismayed to find he could not. A frenzy enveloped him as he thought about his dreams. Faced with this, sleep would become a trial. The thought of her forced him to seek other shelter. He fled in disgust — a disgust that only served to mask a blind fear.

Out on the deck, the ocean wind tore at his face. A hard, biting cold made his eyes water and his senses return. Huddled in a stairwell clutching a diet Coke now, he listened to the wind howl and recalled her sleepy look.

Why'd she wake just then? he wondered in amazement. Then shuddered as much from memory as from the cold. It seemed to him that it wasn't possible for everything to have turned to turmoil in so brief a time. It didn't make sense. He thought back to the previous afternoon thinking that this was his only alternative to escape from the muddle he found himself in.

He entered the terminal, going from bright sunlight into shade, and planted himself in the line for tickets. A dull hangover, coupled with a sleepless night, provoked malicious daydreaming. The plastic furniture was an easy target so he imagined plastic people sitting on the plastic furniture. This reverie gave way to sudden impatience. He noticed a wall clock. He studied the

bored people standing in front of him. Something was amiss. Had the line moved at all? Seeing that the teller had vanished, he scrutinized the wall clock again. It hadn't moved. Everything stood still. He felt as though he was surrounded by a drilled troupe of unmoving mimes, trapped in a labyrinth of irregular proportions. Recognizing the joke he had fallen prey to lightened his mood considerably. Attracted to absurd situations, he immediately felt recharged, as if he'd stolen all the missing energy by direct absorption. Just as he made to leave — grinning unabashed — something happened.

At that instant, two young girls walked in carrying small suitcases. They were joined by an elderly couple who were smiling and pointing about. The taller girl — he supposed they were sisters — appeared not to be listening to the other girl, who likewise seemed not to notice. As he turned toward them, the grin fell from his face, replaced by a look of amazed incredulity. He gaped; in fact, his mouth opened, his lips pursed, and he suddenly seemed to expire. The sight left the girl feeling intoxicated intuitively, she caught his reaction and returned a look of hopeful expectancy. Within breaths the two had generated an image of mutual supplication.

Meanwhile, the younger sister had become aware of her sister's confusion and tracing her gaze, spotted him. She shot him such a look of wary indignation that his face reddened as if he'd been slapped. Then remembering that he was still in the line-up, he bolted from the building. Later it would occur to him that this had made things worse.

Once back in the sunlight, his sense of unease lifted and turned instead to a flood of goodwill. He had no idea why. He also didn't know why he chose to walk through a

small encampment of Hell's Angels *en repos* at just that time. With his smile splattered all over his face, they eyed him suspiciously, saying nothing. Probably associating his distracted look for lunacy. Once past, this thought struck him, albeit in another form. He attributed it to luck, considered the thought of Norman Vincent Peale momentarily, and laughed at himself for having done so.

"Today is a good day to die," mimicking Chief Dan George as he finished telling about his misadventure to his friends. Adding a trite Jewish accent, he said "Snake-ed vuman, bring it to me my elk burial robe — and an Alpine, if it's no bother..." As they laughed his light mood melted into one of dreary mirth. He wasn't aware of the transition and had not mentioned the girl at all.

Later, back on board, he sat listlessly reading a novel about whaling. Suddenly, without warning, everything dissolved. He asked for "a smoke", something unusual for him. His ability to read vanished. Mystified, he looked to his left and found the answer. She smiled brightly. He froze. He felt stupid; and then angry for 'having to' feel stupid. He turned away. The two girls were sitting only ten feet from him.

"C'mon, let's go for a beer," he snorted to his companion.

The rest of the trip was a continuance of this sort of evasion. Occasionally, he'd sneak a glimpse at her. He imagined he'd unconsciously invited some kind of spell to be cast over him, this girl being merely an agent of it. He saw her as exquisite innocence being manipulated by dark forces which were playing a morbid game with him. He became an unconscious marionette hardly aware of his own strings.

All of this for a lapse in judgement? He thought and then felt something like quills

stick into his side.

The next morning, though it drizzled outside, he wore sunglasses to help disguise his puffy eyes. As everyone began to exit the ship, he noticed her just ahead. She stood out.

She wore a red, shiny plastic raincoat. A cameo pendant hung around her supple neck. Seeing that he couldn't avoid her, he affected to saunter past her contriving an expression of indifference. However, his progress to the ramp was stalled by the wall of congestion at the pursor's station. He found he had to wait quite close to her. She looked up at his impassive face, searching, and found nothing. This pleased him and then he detected in her a sense of resignation. He maintained his passive anonymity through a slick manoeuvre of politeness. He gallantly stepped aside to let her precede him down the gangplank. Seeing her hesitate, he spiked it with a veneer of affability: a thin smile, a hand turned outward, a slight bowing of the head. Wide-eyed, she recoiled, then wheeled from him, disappearing down the ramp. Lingering ever so briefly, he then left as well.

In the parking lot he spied her again. He watched from a distance as her parents signalled the two girls over to the car, the ritualistic hugs and kisses before they disappeared inside and drove off. He'd remember the plastic raincoat but her face would soon fade. His was merely an aesthetic remorse. Heavy with sleep deprivation, he went into the terminal for breakfast, ordering a burger and Coke. His friend, noticing his sluggishness, tried to free him from it with a silly remark which failed.

"What?"

"Calling — 'Mister' Midnight, can y'hear me call?" — his friend teased.

"Call me Ishamel." he replied, unimpressed, though with unintended somberness. The strangeness of his own voice jarred him from his dazed condition. Then weariness took over.

His friend noticed that he seemed to be calculating his reply and anticipated something worth waiting for. When he did speak, the tone was utterly flat and low.

"The mystery of beginning again and again...." his voice trailing off.

"What's that?" the friend asked, overly stressing his interest.

"Nothing. Nothing at all," he said resignedly.

# THE LIVING DREAM

by kim tufts

illustration by mike adams





"A Strange Day in University Avenue"

photo by john cochrane

### The Most Dangerous Time

The most dangerous time for loneliness is in the faceless isolation that a crowd presents.

You can always walk out of the country, out of the dark, out of the silence, out of the night. But a crowd will always be there pressing in pressing the point home.

The Great Feldspar

### Moving in or Pleasures of a New and Empty Space

Empty the waste bins  
Wipe the tables/slate  
Clean  
Think of nothing except how to fill the echoing rooms with sound, with tens of thousands of whispers, distilled into one enveloping voice which coats the walls/heart and sticks like paint to my hair, my skin unwashable and me unwilling to wash it off. Tiring, the broom falls to one side, the sponge to the bucket, my eyes to the window/soul where flowers tease me to bring them inside. once inside, their fragrance blinds me to the need for voices, and deaf, I see all

Marin Acher

### Budapest

Past the check-point our host well-versed in Socialist rhetoric points a finger at second-rate structures the apartment scheme vertical squares like building blocks a stage design set down in formation the cottage roofs like a table setting, scattered placemats.

In the hotel vintage mildew dimmed lights a band of gypsies shovel goulash. The street empty, eerie occupation grey men sit with overweight women. unlabelled beer cases rest in a cubby-hole bar.

Vernon Mooers

### "out of control"

The only explanation would be that I'm trying too hard, as if I was desperate (which, of course, isn't true).

But maybe I am. Just now and then. After I've been walking. Crunching the leaves to the rhythm of Roxy.

It's the fall, it's the Music. It's the crisp cooling air. It's the shiver that's used to being warmed by a lover. Does a hug still cleanse all?

Preparing for winter. Stockpiling romance. You save all these thoughts and it's out of control!

I fall in lust daily. So I stay up in my room. But a nocturnal creature can't deny a full moon.

He dresses up warmly. he turns up the walkman. he's off for adventure. His mind is prepared.

Seems a bit nervous. Asking some question. Making conversation out of thin air.

But I wouldn't say "desperate" (too melodramatic). For he can do fine in his room with his pen.

it's just that he'd rather hear foot steps in harmony. 20 toes crunching dry leaves in the frost.

It's the fall. That's what does it! Same damn thing every year. it's the air and the Music.

Alan MacLeod

### until i answered yes

I'm sure you've heard that the sane person is one who knows a crazy action when he does it while the insane person doesn't.

And I was so smugly assured of my sanity until I answered "yes", when you asked if I always did "crazy things" like present roses to momentarily beautiful women, in hopeless bars like this one.

Alan MacLeod

### in my hand

we had a relationship in writing but now i stay at her home & when i break dishes she stabs knives in my hand

Joe Blades

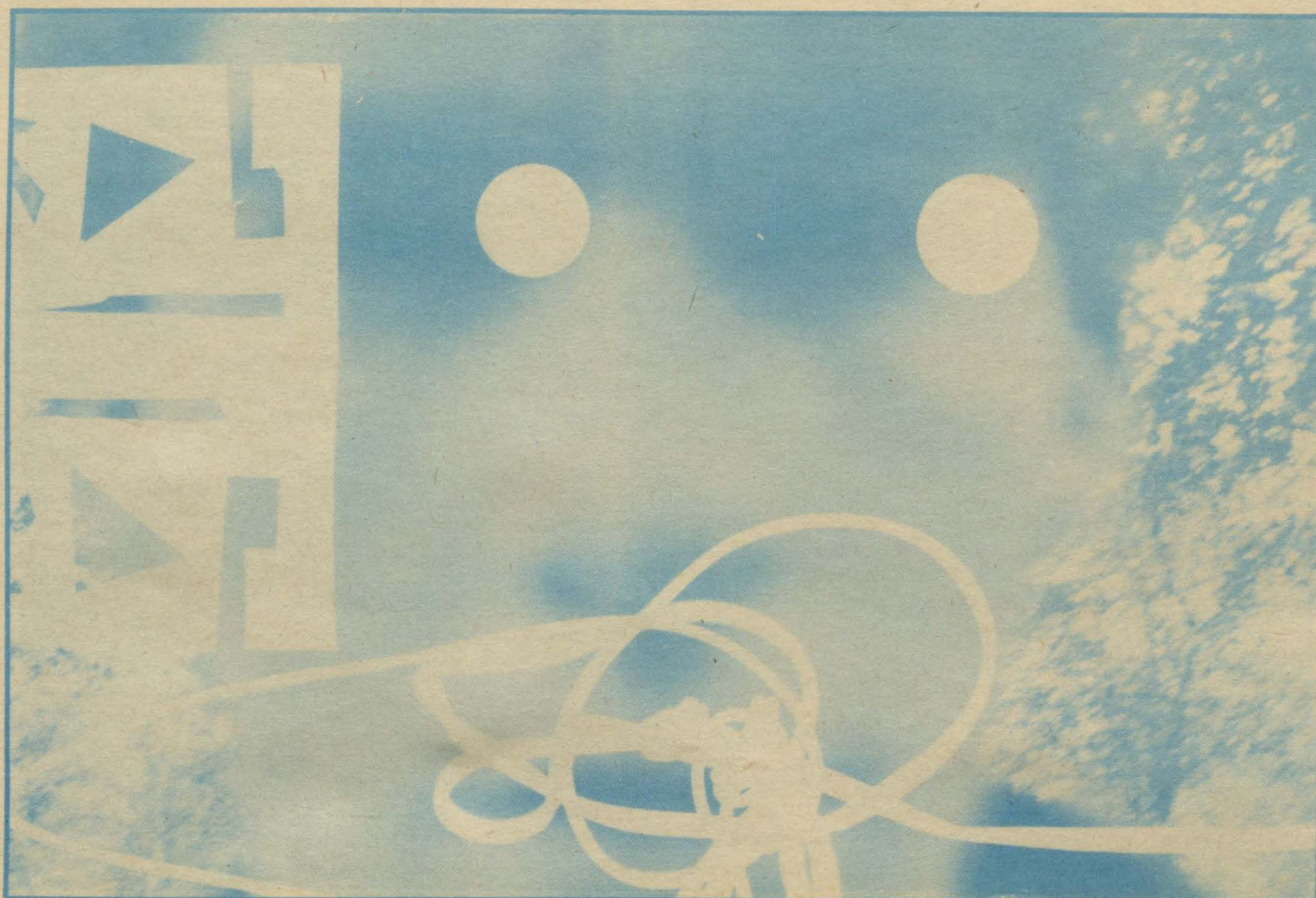


photo by john cochrane





Untitled

photo by catherine hatt

no image of you

...surreal clips from the film that is life ... the youth walking through snow, that on the ground and that falling to the ground. Memories of old Earth, scattered in an incoherent order in the mind; like sketches in the blank black book that rests upon my shelf. There is no image of you, there, yet, and I think that likely as not such will never be ...

... Feeling like the sky as ceiling is about to chip away, and fall, destroying all around and about. But such things are only the nightmares of optimists (or the hopes of a pessimist). Life goes on, and the ceiling/sky is still there, even if the paint is cracked a little with kites and birds, or smudged with clouds. Such is life, such is life...

... text to destruction, words to an end...

... and an end to the little mini-tour of the abstract gallery that my mind may be by times.

The Great Feldspar

Had I Not Fallen

i

Be shrewd my eyes, lest you shall reveal  
The sadness of my nature and the truth of what I feel  
For here am I, a man who loves and to Love does kneel  
Caught, with loneliness and error, in a state that pride does seal

Had I not fallen in Uncertainty's destructive way  
I would be satisfied now my head to quietly lay  
On her warm and comforting lap, if she may,  
Welcome me after a cold, opposing, and unforgiving day

But here I stand, with only a soliloquy and a thought  
Wanting not the pain experience has brought  
Loving the teacher, but not the lesson taught  
Battle-worn and bloody from Love's war unknowingly fought

ii

Even if she were to offer me a second chance  
I won't ever know  
If ever by moon-light I could gracefully dance  
She wounds so thoroughly

Michael Lahey

From Dusk to Dawn

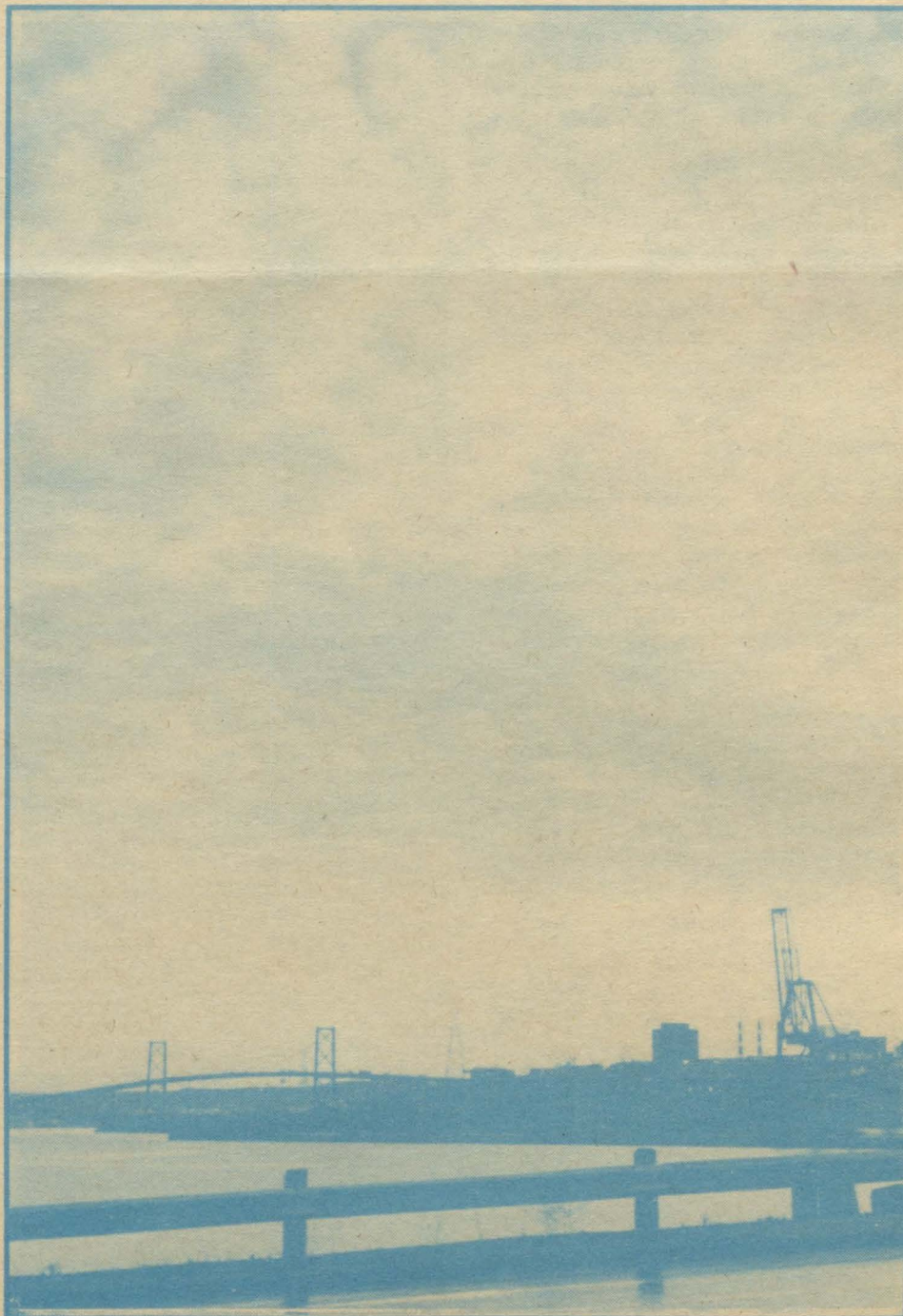
The sun is going down as the day winds itself out  
The sky is a glowing fire  
Peace is hovering like a cloud in a storm  
Life on earth begins to tire.

The air is still with a hint of anticipation  
Waiting for darkness to fall  
When the moon comes out it replaces in silence  
The dark sky's beckoning call.

Nighttime has come to blanket all images  
While most everything sleeps  
An occasional sound can be heard in the distance  
A mating-call that weeps.

The blanket lifts — it's the break of dawn  
Things come alive once more  
It's a never-ending continuous cycle  
This life we're put here for.

Valerie Matheson



"Morning Cloud Over"

photo by valerie berryman

autumn

chinese exchange student  
hand feeding black squirrel  
rowntree "smarties"

Joe Blades



# GETTING OFF THE WHEEL

by lesley choyce

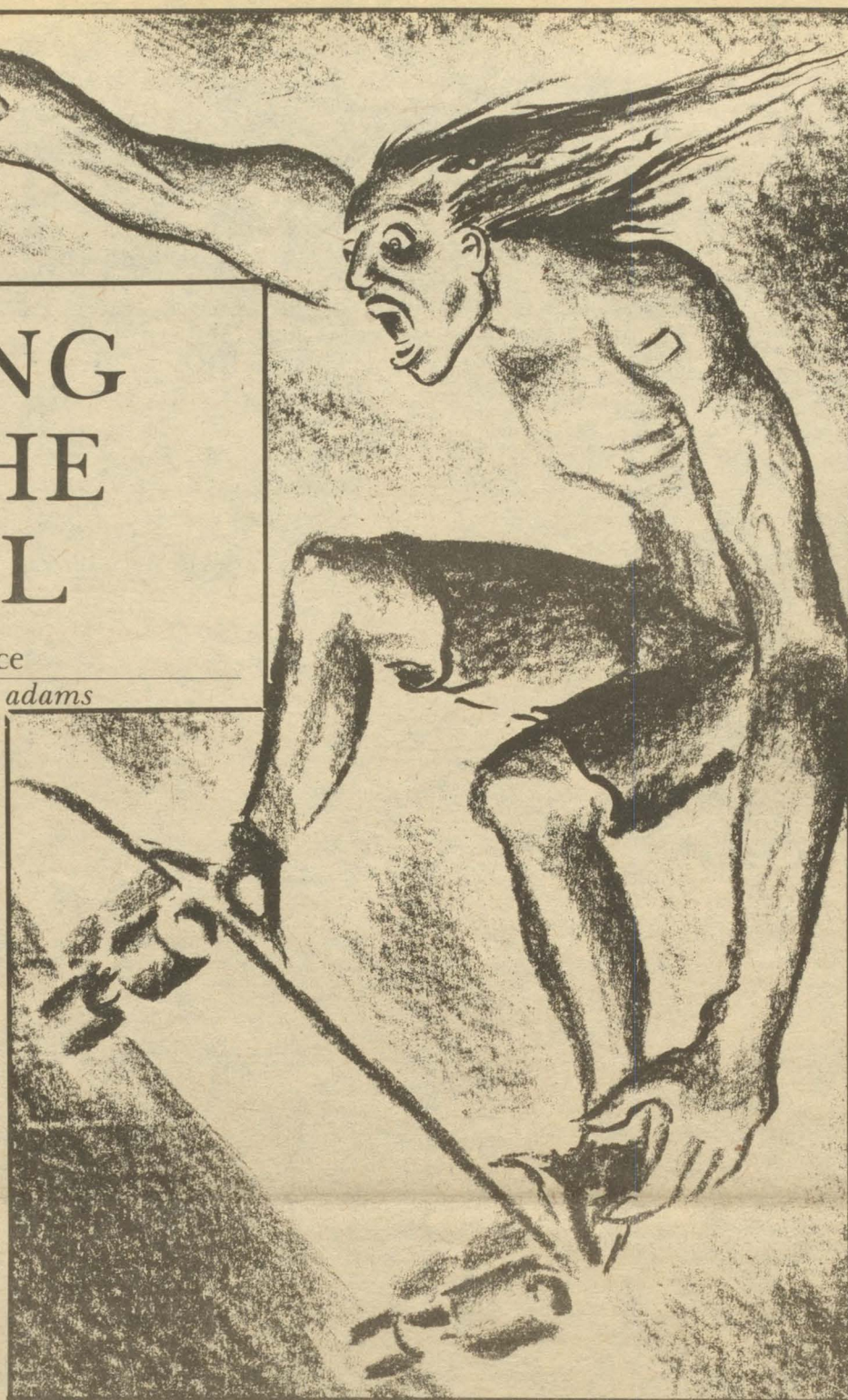
illustration by mike adams

The important thing to understand about skateboarding is that it is an avenue to very deep mystical experience. I'm taking zero gravity upside down asphalt wall rebounds against a cold clear spring sunset just as winter is loosening its fist from around your neck, just as life is about to come up from behind and grab you out of some deep dismal rut that seems to be the very essence of life. I'm talking about one of the absolutes, one of the things it takes people like the Dalai Lama dozens of years to achieve. Something up there with the Lord's Prayer, transcendental meditation, close encounters of the third kind, ESP or psychedelic revelations. Pure polyurethane-wheeled skateboard satori.

It starts out when you're sitting in some deep, dark dungeon experiencing a form of torture we call education. The classroom is designed to constrict the flow of blood to the brain and when you are fifteen you detect a subtext in the lectures of your elders, your teachers of unthinkable, incomprehensible subjects like Algebra II and Modern European History. Death is all around you there in the stink of the last row of room 213, the smell of week-old farts lingers like nerve gas; the windows are all too high up to look out of thanks to the conspiracy of teachers and architects who have sold out the imagination to poured concrete and no glass. Life looks like one long empty gym locker room and the possibility of growth, of escape, are non-existent. The school year has been going on since 12 B.C. and, like your socks, nothing has been changed. Fantasies about the other sex can't be trusted. Close encounters on that front have revealed only heart-break, bad breath, harsh language and hopeless despair. There seems to be no way out.

And then the bell rings. It's not a trick of the imagination; the teacher is closing up her book. You are barely alive but a bubble of hope begins to rise in your consciousness. You've been in the long dark tunnel; now some other holy force is at the end in a dim golden light directing your feet to act, asking you to move onward. You get closer. Something is being held out to you. You are breaking through to the other side of being. Life after death. You hear a sound deep in the throat of your imagination. The chant of polyurethane wheels on recently cured asphalt. It's getting louder. The light is now blinding. And suddenly there you are.

Cruising in deep brilliant space, reckless, free, nothing shackling you with the rusty rivets of gravity. Skateboarding, surfing long paved walls, the wind in your long greasy hair, your eyes tearing up from the wind. Your buddies yelling from the cocoon of their own demented ecstasy as they too share in the immaculate geometry of the



parking lot.

Amidst the death and destruction of the suburban growth, a miracle has occurred. They put in a parking lot on the side of a hill, expecting people to park their Mustangs and fake-wood panelled Chevy station wagons on a 45, nay a 60 degree tilt. The IGA, with little in its heart but profit, double couponing competition and fact sheets on the per capita income of local families, has performed an accident of major implication. She is forgiven now for having bulldozed the old baseball field, for having plowed over the old underground fort that served as a veritable Fort Knox of old *Playboy* magazines, for having laid waste to the only good dirt bicycle track in town where you could charge up over a pile of dirt and gain a split second of free flight on your Royce Union three-speed before plummeting to earth where (if your wheels made contact with the ground at all) your crotch came down equally hard on that masochistic bar placed on boys' bikes for the sole purpose of emasculation.

But we have forgiven the IGA and wish them great success with orange juice specials, quantity discounts and low cost tableware with patterns of brown and red plaid. Because they have unwittingly instructed Bud's Paving and concrete to create from the hill behind the meat department...a wave, a giant, perfectly sculptured asphalt wave, a long sloped wall of black euphoria which will provide the finest gravity-free kinetic excursion this side of Waimea Bay.

No fool would ever park on this hill, no mother allow her kids to sit inside the idling car with a barking German Shepherd while

she shops for bagels and the dog unhinges the automatic shifter and sends her family on a crash dive into the front window of Edna's Confectionary and Cake Shop. So this part of the parking lot remains empty. Just a long, perfect grade with a fence along the top, a sloping wall like a twenty foot North Shore heavy and the sun beating down the angst of adolescence for all it's worth.

If you start out near Branch Pike you can carve up and down on the face of this A&P wonder perhaps twenty times before coming up to the radical steep drop that drives you like a nail down past the rear loading bay where they unpack the trucks. With enough momentum, you can even shoot up the loading ramp and make a last fleeting grasp for immortality by launching out into the (hopefully) opened green garbage bin and land in nothing more painful than week old lettuce and broccoli stalks.

I'm out on the asphalt wave this ultimate day with Clyde and Vinnie. Vinnie has just about poked his eye out by cruising up to the top of the wave on a cutback, then doing a head dip beneath the lowslung branches of somebody's pear tree infringing from over the fence. (In the summer, this tree will drop a metric ton of pears on the skating ground where they will rot and collect conventions of yellow jackets. Then you have to shoot through them at fifty miles an hour as they buzz and sting and introduce you to Dante's fifth circle.) But today it is still spring, too cold for flying demons. Vinnie holds a hand over one eye. Clyde is wearing short pants and a cut-off long sleeve shirt. He has blood dripping from two knees and one

elbow and already he has let his long hair get caught in his wheels as he lay down and tried to do a "coffin" while running parallel to the fence. I'm hard at work carving dramatic bottom turns on the slope then driving up the face of the wave, defying Newton and coming within inches of slamming into the fence, then cutting back hard, coming about and gaining new speed on re-entry. It's a very spiritual day, like I say. Even my toes have a new religion. God has manifest himself in the form of a radical two-wheels-in-the-air cutback on a plywood decked fake surfing device.

I've been staying near the headwaters and avoiding the final vertical drop near the meat department. We all have. Our wounds have been enough to show our valour. But now it's late in the day and the spirit is wrestling free from the body. I've lost my inhibition and feel as if my clothes have been stripped from me. I'm sailing over the planet earth without worry of entropy. The wall is ahead of me, the long arching slope like the very curve of the earth. I can't see the big drop but know it's there, sense it by the prickling sensation in the sweat glands of my armpits. There is nothing to stop me and I drive on — a bottom turn, a new lunge for the top and then I arrive at the big drop-off where the pavement loses its gentleness and violently agrees with the demands of the hill. I'm flying now down behind the cosmic supermarket, released from Algebra II, teenage lust, failed English exams and oral reports. It's a different state of being altogether. And nothing in my way except a tractor trailer parked like an immovable feast of cured meats in my path. PURITY PRIDE are the words along the side. Purity pride — the words create a curious mantra inside me. Purity pride. My vector is an insistent perpendicular to the flank of the trailer and I'm still dropping, speeding along toward this steel and aluminum wall of extinction. Purity pride. My only possible salvation, the upward sloping loading ramp is blocked, piled high with busted shopping carts. The men on the loading dock see me coming and wave their arms. They know I am moving at a thousand miles an hour - I know now that there is a price to be extracted from these brief March afternoon moments of euphoria. Man was not born to experience the thrill of the gods.

And yet again I see the light. The very sun itself, red now and about to set over the urban sprawl to the west. It is sinking quick, blocked at first by the broad back of the trailer, a forty footer, then appearing like a converse sunrise beneath the frame of the truck. It's guiding me. It wants me to live or it wants me to get decapitated, the message is not clear. There's little time for consultation. Reason has long since retired for the day. I pull my body down. Low. I tuck in hard. I can feel a celestial hand pushing me down onto my shuddering plank until I feel at one with the board. The wheels are like appendages. I clasp my hands over my head and scream. I close my eyes, and darkness is all around. I am in the void, the emptiness. There is no guide here, only savage darkness.

It takes two giant screwdrivers from my imagination to pry open my lids again and there I am. I've made it beneath the trailer and I'm staring straight into a blinding red ball of light. My soul is reassembling itself from the four corners of the universe; it is finding its way back into my body as I give up the crouch. My wheels are starting to ease their manic roar and I am slowing down. I'm among parked cars now, the back doors of DiVido's Pizza, LaMont's dry-cleaning and Brobanger's Real Estate. At home my mother will be cooking supper. Suddenly I am immensely hungry. I have been released back into the world of the flesh and I am baffled by a grave sense of responsibility that washes over me like a monstrous growling wave.





*"Portrait of a Director"*

photo by melanie smith

### A Woman's Place

the hands are frozen to the ice hot furnace  
the flesh searing, fingers gnarled around its ancient rungs  
the feet scream their agony, they yell hurry, run  
get away  
but the hands know the only thing more painful than this burn  
is release

the stench from the sun-red skin fills the heater's ducts  
and circulates through the summer-warmed vents  
unfamiliar warmth, heat and death combined  
the too-free body tries to pry pulp from steel  
the tools melt

resigned now to heat the home  
the remaining parts melt into the fire and separate  
some to the attic where the heat dies all too soon  
the rest just to the house's ceilings  
trapped through the fall, fated to watch a winter's happenings  
heating and warming

the heat leaves reddish brown circles  
on the dead paint of the ceiling  
stains that will not wash off  
with chlorine or time  
the painter's brush merely covers their protest

Lois Corbett



*"A Study in Greys"*

photo by mary c. sykes





# EXPORT "A"



WARNING: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked — avoid inhaling. Average per Cigarette — Export "A" Extra Light Regular "tar" 8.0 mg., nicotine 0.7 mg. King Size "tar" 9.0 mg., nicotine 0.8 mg.