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The DIME BAG

Glendon College, Toronto

November 1971

Dime Bag provides Glendon people doing literary work--or work in the graphic arts and photography--with a means of showing others what they are doing. We hope that Dime Bag provides interesting reading for anyone who picks it up, and that it will draw forth comment on and criticism of its contents from its readers. We are grateful to those people who have already contributed for the vast amount of material we had to choose from when making up this issue.

John Lawrence
Warren Gibbons
Joanne Weichel
Jane Bagnall
Martha Shuttleworth
Sharon Manson
Brad Henry
Bart Higgins
Lewis Baumander
Margaret Fong
Russ D'Agostino

(P.S. Dime Bag receives pushing assistance from the Creative Writing and Dramatic Arts Programme.)

Ice Fingers

Swirling winds that blow the snows
Against the ground and boney trees.
Screaming snow beneath the feet,
Trudging to the ancient drummer.
Cars like hissing snakes' heads
Whispering up behind and striking.
Yellow eyes with frosty cataracts
Blurring all their vision.
Cold that touches me in clutches
Grabbing at my face and fingers.
Cold that clamps my feet
In iron grips of dungeons.
The trellis has no roses now
But snow banks for its sentries,
And the house whose heart I hoped was warm--
Is ringed by icy fingers.

Ron Guay

Church bells ringing in the morning

Ringin' bells that sound in aimless unison
Chastising countryside for lack of virtue,
Ring on ye thoughtless calls to worship
For in your toll there lies some truth
We all must rise.

Ron Guay

Morning Mist

Caught in a cupped-hand valley,
Birthed by a low brown river,
White as a dream of childhood,
Cold and hard as a snowbank;
Or whisped on the breath of a morning non-wind,
Gossamer spider webs spun at dawn,
Catching on all the holiday trees--
The passing green,
The red, the orange, the yellow, the brown--
A bride-dress for autumn,
A veil for her hair.
But the beauty cannot be hidden.

Christine Lundy

The Coming of the Dragons

At first, when I heard them,
I was afraid, just a little.
I'm not always brave,
And the rush and roar of their wings
And the rattle and clash of their scales
And the scream and tear of their cries
Made me tremble, inside.

Christine Lundy

There is unity
something sublime
an energy transfer
a force called love
Between
two pair of eyes
smiling at one another
then slipping back silently into
their own
private darkness

Lewis Baumander

In freedom lies
a prison,
large, unreal
more horrible
than what seems
unreal

In freedom lies
a prison,
Far more complex
than we
comprehend

In freedom lies
freedom:
THE CAGE WITHOUT ANY BARS

In freedom there
is madness
madness bars no holds

In madness there
is freedom
But what a price to pay

When friends are
around you
every single day.

Lewis Baumann

ON LETTERMULLAN

I walked out to Golam Head.
I am here, I thought. Here.
Followed the road from pavement,
a car-space thin, to gravel,
to where it petered out in dusty ruts.
Then, climbed the dry-stone fence, over the worn gray
into the sheared field. Sheep bounced away.
Over the gently-mounded hillsides, past
muscles of rock bulging out of the land:
more fences, more sheep, and the black, black cattle.
Down a precipitous field-fall,
down to Atlantic: broad-browed, endless-eyed,
mightily gleaming. Here I sat thinking:
I am here, here.
A tiny, tiny dot on the western edge of Ireland.
Out there is Inishmore flung.
Here, the waves crawl, swaying the weed.
Things swell with Ocean. The white
scatters over the pitted rock,
over my white feet.
Thousands of miles away the old life lingers.
I am here.

Jeannie Coulthard

I scorn to move/
I sinuate; lissome as quickened tendrils
cool am I
limbless among the wrong-way grasses
cool in the savage amber/
as shadow is,
fear.

Touch me: I am sacral-smooth.

God made me; even me.

Jeannie Coulthard

Rivers of tar your hair is/

blacker than tar

textured like new grass under an April sun.

Your smiling eyes at a room's breadth/

diminish the dawn.

When you almost weep/

seas heave

mountains are shouldered sideward.

You are a whirlwind

I am the unstable sand.

Jeannie Coulthard

Can I get nearer?

No.

I need a space/

of silence.

A moment of pause.

Cessation.

Not to see hundreds of colours.

The still bird/

stopped.

In the middle of the sky.

The wing/

static.

Look at him. Only to look. No wing of my own.
No sensitive span of feathers to finger the wind.
To curve into darkness.

In the dark,

in darkness/

alone is enough.

Let fall the bottom.

How do you change?

How do you not/

change every moment?

Lean/

over the railing.

Peer/

into the dead abyss.

Listen for voices.

Drop/
 meaningful pebbles
 shaped stone
 carved rock.

There is no wind below.
There is no movement.
 Here/
 hear how the wind shrieks.
 There/
 is nothing there.

Will I come nearer than this?

Upward is the motion of the bird's flight.

His wing/
 points down.

His eye/
 is single, locked/
 on the land below.

Stone stirs.

 Mountains/
 move with the still earth's motion.

Penetrant rumbles sound.

It is not down, but up. Not up/
 or down.

Now/
 there is no more direction.

Jeannie Coulthard

obsession

a pattern

which the

flesh has

made upon

the brain

Bob Simmons

hew beauty like a felon
pricked to show a shame
hack chips
off these flower cheeks

i love her courage like
a warm sin
on her declining thighs
my idol hours are spent

what fury loves a force
like mine to give a cut
worm's melancholy to my
beauty's i

Bob Simmons

the world is mine
in thigh strength
bent hair spilled
like leaden wheat
but real
but real
to pass the mazes
all in moving one
i seek no windows
but a single door

Bob Simmons

the world is our own
our friends exist by
visit despair is not
some it that happens
but real
but real
how to face her when
illusion has muffled
our best reflections
strangling our world

Bob Simmons

Tes Yeux

Il coule dans tes yeux
Le mystere d'un ciel
Toujours gris toujours bleu
Paysage sans pareil;

Une ombre legere
Que la brise eleve
Vers le soir ou j'erre
Loin dans tes reves;

Une nuit bien claire
Ou la lune se tait
C'est l'heure ou j'espere
Sous son halo de clarte;

Il coule dans tes yeux
Une douceur d'ame
Qui m'emporte vers des cieux
Toujours toujours calme;

Il coule dans tes yeux
La fraiche nouveaute
De la vie a deux
Et de la beaute;

Une tendresse infinie
Melangee de tristesse
Toi qui est ma mie
Et que je caresse.

Edouard Brun

THE CLAPPER

At one point she decided to use lines
in all her paintings to depict movement.
She'd been sensing and trying to define
or make whole, more real, something apparent

and yet illusive to tongue or mind, clout
of soul's aim. She would now paint energy.
Trees rounded firm at base, sweeping up out
of earth sagging strength; sky; a bell swung free.

As I contemplate this painting I see sea
and sky sing with one strong voice, horizontal
lines swept upward with the song of seething

water, cold wind and cold spray, and Emily,
I remember, was after something special
an excitement that dwelled in space, breathing.

Warren Gribbons

Miseries always accorded their share of sympathy she was one who was
moved by the pitiful
by children and mothers who were wounded beyond what was just
who received wounds more singular and huge than the world's normal woes
her voice grew unnaturally pitiful at such a juncture in the conversation
and acknowledged such a wound in such a way you knew her old heart felt it
but at such a time there was a challenge in her sadness
that smacked almost of satire
but was really, I think, a dare, she dared life to think she took this
sadness too much to heart, too seriously
to think for a moment that the soft shadow would catch her in its liquid,
still depth
and it seemed to me she was challenging me as well become uneasy
(as if she thought I would say her sadness was not genuine)
I feel now this uneasiness came from another source
she did not want to stay here long but pushed onwards dared life to stop
her and pushed onwards
and perhaps at this juncture felt the vague tug of memory, saw the seal
(and thought of what pushed upwards
dark corners, the breathing grave, deep, wet air where smells gather and
wet stones glisten and nothing moves for years
thought of the shocks, the hurts, and the wordless wrongs
as if unshielded suddenly down a long hallway she saw a blade fall and
faces calling her back to see the blood spattered floor, silent faces
saying that they had some claim to her, that she remembered them,
though she had chosen not to remember them, though she did not
remember them at all, not at all
the sticking accusation that stayed, whose remedy she'd shirked and
fallen away from and left, whose burst of hate and cancellation,
whose red scream of blood, had been sealed up, stopped up brutally and
ended by these conventions, by necessity, by these floors, by these
children and this marriage bed
seamed and clotted by this smooth white marriage bed.)
She passed quickly, before all this, before the horrors that would come to
her in her bed and convince her that her veins were tired and worn out
and grey and going limp
(before the day brought sounds of other voices, talking.)
or that her internal organs one by one were seeking death
before the memories of how he had drunk and become hateful, dark of mood,
and turned and hung about the lightless corner of the living room, in
rooms that had no space for privacy, and stayed there, angry and
speechless

of how she had seen him once or twice, his silence, his black
self-absorption giving off aggressive sparks at each dark turning,
eyes distant, loaded and swollen with self-loathing
of how his moods could descend like a smothering blanket upon the warm
night
memories of how he had spoken to no one, been speechless and angry with
his own children, a stranger in his own house, in the dark evening,
acting towards them as if they were some other man's, a crying,
clinging brood;
When she had been hurt for her children, and had hated his dark and
wordless mood, hated his selfishness, and hated the curse of liquor
and the stubborn world of weak-willed men it came from
men whom she couldn't love, from whom she shut her bed as soon as she
was able,
remembered with a shiver his approach and closed up
wondering at this world of men who shame and destroy and mutilate and
yet expect this duty
who come sodden and drunk and wordless to the bed and be brutal
she pushed on, she passed by quickly.

Warren Gibbons

Octobre

Ils sont tous partis a la guerre
Tous les copains du temps de la petite
 ecole de la paroisse
Tous les gamins du bloc, de la ruelle,
 du restaurant du coin

Mais moi je reste ici seul dans ma chambre
Embourgeoise dans ma solitude
De tergiversations
Sur l'existence de la condition humaine

De par la lumiere confuse qui filtre
A travers ma seule fenetre
J'apercois une lueur rougeoyante
Mais encore faible a l'horizon des voix
Et j'entends, parmi les autres rumeurs
De la ville de son enfance
Le sang... qui gicle sous les rameaux
 metalliques
De la paix.

Octobre

Michael H. W. Liddle

BEAVER:

'the Great Spirit was angry with the Beaver, and ordered Weesaukejauk (The Flatterer) to drive them all from the dry land into the water; and they became and continued very numerous; but the Great Spirit has been and now is very angry with them and they are now all to be destroyed'

Beaver Beaver slick wet hair
noisy diver to the roots of air

You appear
eyes washed out, camouflaged,
are out for a blind swim.
I've seen your remnants of noise, the
sound of one hand clapping
when I turn and witness blank lake.
You have left - invisible as bullets
you take your dark traffic away from the sun.
If I was beginning again I'd want to be
Beaver, in this wet territory

Plucking his way through slime to nuzzle branch.
He shapes forests in the image of his small star brain
(only low flying craft and beasts have seen the chaos plan)
only drunk architects have imagined the bloated structures
the lush corruption of his victims

What we have is industry
proposing sloth, maggot introversion,
so all will go dark
deep dark black deep till
all his lands and seas shall sing
the humming quiet of the carbon

Michael Ondaatje

Heron Rex:

Mad kings
blood lines introverted, strained pure
so the brain runs into the wrong direction

they are proud of their heritage of suicides
- not the ones who went mad
balancing on that goddam leg, but those

whose eyes turned off
the sun and imagined it
those who looked north, those who
forced their feathers to grow in
those who couldnt find the muscles in their arms
who drilled their beaks into the skin
those who could speak
and lost themselves in the foul connections
who crashed against black bars in a dream of escape
those who moved round the dials of imaginary clocks
those who fell asleep and never woke
who never slept and so dropped dead
those who attacked the casual eyes of children and were led away
and those who faced corners forever
those who exposed themselves and were led away
those who pretended broken limbs, epilepsy,
who managed to electrocute themselves on wire
those who felt their skin was on fire and screamed
and were led away

There are ways of going
physically mad, physically
mad when you perfect the mind
where you sacrifice yourself for the race
when you are the representative when you allow
yourself to be paraded in the cages
celebrity a razor in the body

These small birds so precise
frail as morning neon
they are royalty melted down
they are the glass core at the heart of kings
yet 15 year old boys could enter the cage
and break them in minutes
as easily as a long fingernail

Michael Ondaatje

White Dwarfs:

This is for people who disappear
for those who descend into the code
and make their room a fridge for Superman
- who exhaust costume and bones that could perform flight,
who shave their moral so raw
they can tear themselves through the eye of a needle
this is for those people
the eagle in them so pure
they hover and hover
and die in the ether peripheries

There is my fear
of no words of
falling without words
over and over of
mouthing the silence
Why do I love most
among my heroes those
who sail to that perfect edge
where there is no social fuel
Release of sandbags
to understand their altitude -

that silence of the third cross
3rd man hung so high and lonely we dont hear him say
say his pain, say his unbrotherhood
What has he to do with the smell of ladies
can they eat off his skeleton of pain?
There is that anger in the space
between dam and public water

The Gurkhas in Malaya
cut the tongues of mules
so they were silent beasts of burden
in enemy territories
after such cruelty what could they speak of anyway
And Dashiell Hammett in success
suffered conversation and moved
to the perfect white between the words

This white that can grow
is fridge, bed,
is an egg - most beautiful
when unbroken, where
what we cannot see is growing
in all the colours we cannot see

there are those burned out stars
who implode into silence
after parading in the sky,
after such choreography what would they wish to say anyway

Michael Ondaatje

King Kong meets Wallace Stevens:

Take two photographs -
Wallace Stevens and King Kong
(Is it significant that I eat bananas as I write this?)

Stevens is portly, benign, a white brush cut
striped tie. Businessman but
for the dark thick hands, the naked brain,
the thought in him.

Kong is staggering
lost in New York streets again
a spawn of annoyed cars at his toes.
The mind is nowhere.
Fingers are plastic, electric under the skin.
He's at the call of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayor.

Meanwhile W.S. in his suit
is thinking chaos is thinking fences.
In his head the seeds of fresh pain,
his exorcising,
the bellow of locked blood
golden fear and dying.

The hands drain from his jacket
pose in the murderer's shadow.

Michael Ondaatje

The surrey ride in the park
before dark
Creamy day for today
chocolate cake tomorrow.

teeter-totter sky, bright with wind

sandbox
sunny flox
near the docks

skip skip skipping rope
slippery silver slide
sing as you swing
swing as you sing

Let's play cowboys
you're the chief:
how now brown cow

merry round, merry round
go up and down
go up and down

You're the captain
i'm the cook
sail on, sail on
meaty stew
i'll say to you
and cookies by the pound

Clickity-clack Clickity-clack
down the track
down the track
when you go, you can't come back
can't come back, can't come back

Paul Johnston

In that flickering of an eyelash,
Distinguishing life from death,
An instantaneous flash where,
All despair and hope, love and hate,
All you have done and been,
Is expressed in that inevitable breath,
What occupies that second,
When the mind is full of thought,
When the soul cries out for mercy,
Before your flesh begins to rot.

Jim Gellman

Face to face they stood there,
Satan with a coyish smile,
Laughing sardonically at the man,
Who would live here for a while.

"Why look so surprised at a fate
far worse than one could conceive,
The hate you bore, the fear you fought,
your wretched life of greed,
Are all within the confines of
the death you sweat upon this hearth,
I think you will enjoy the hell
you live upon the earth."

Jim Gellman

TOILETTE

Je demaquille ma poesie
de ses poudres
de ses cremes
de ses fards de songe-creux
C'est une vieille femme
qui pourrait etre ma grand-mere
Dans ses cheveux de Gorgone
grouillent des fossiles de dinosaures
je la secoue
je lui crie : Sesame, ouvre-toi
elle ne desserre pas les dents
pour la punir
je l'emmene a la laverie automatique

Jean-Pierre Eugene

POEMES A PLANTER AU PRINTEMPS

Sans laisser la moindre trace
la victoire de Samothrace
s'est enfuie au fil de l'eau
avec la Venus de Milo

Pour la defense des elephants
demolissez les tours d'ivoire
des poetes alleatoires
qui jouent faux de l'olifant

Poete catholique
cherche rime riche
sans faux-col
pour rimer avec rock-and-roll

Un flic en frac
traque a la trique
un choc pour chaque
brique qu'on braque

Jean-Pierre Eugene

HASARD

J'habite a deux pas
dit le cul-de-jatte
et mon oeil
repondit le borgne
La Venus de Malot
qui passait par la
sans la femme d'Hector
resolut le probleme
en les intitiant chez elle
et ils s'en furent
bras dessus, bras dessous
car la poesie degenere
ces temps-ci.

Jean-Pierre Eugene

ROCK POUR MON ROCKING-CHAIR

Balance
mon rock
mon rocking-roll
mon rocking-chair
Balance
mon rock-lent
mon rock-lance
lance-flamme
et lance-chair
Balance
mon rock-eclair
mon rock-and-chair
au vent qui claque
et brise roc
mon rock-and-roc
balance
j'ai vingt ans
la vie croque
sous ma dent
mon rock-and-croque
mon rock de sang
balance
j'ai faim
j'ai faim de corps
encore
mon rock-ton-corps
mon rock-enfin
balance
j'ai vie
j'ai vie de roc
creve la mort
la mort est rock
mon rock est mort
mon rock-and-mort
ROCK

Jean-Pierre Eugene

The weather was changing, she decided to show him the farm. The wind had begun to aerate and brush dry the hedges and some grasses in the open fields, the stems crackling and woody over the black, wet earth, the wind coloured white and layers and shallow canyons, streaks in the piled and massive grey. The heavens began to slide, the weather changing, the whole of that day a concept, a massive unity, beginning to move in slips and in substance.

The old barn foul with ammonia, chicken dung and feathers smelling like urine. The walkway, the black green woods, the tall black trunks, a brush of dark and retention for days while the sky became a plain. Then down to a country road and over a fence to go back through a field on the other side of the woods to the house.

"Say. Is that a pond?"

"I guess. I think the cows drink there."

"They couldn't. This field isn't pasture. It's all weeds."

"Well I don't know. Maybe they used to."

"Let's have a look." The pond shallow with no banks or definition, tepid mud slick then water in a hollow or marsh among a tapestry of coarse colourful weeds, toughweave colour, thistle-wild.

"Here. I'm going to take my shoes off and see how deep it is," he said.

"You'll freeze."

"No I won't. It's clearing up and before it decides to get colder we'll be back at the cottage. Besides, the water'll be warm from the rain."

"Gosh. It's slimy," he said, she holding his shoes and his pant-legs rolled up to mid-calf, his shanks dead white with the hairs slick on them. "I feel like going out in the middle and splashing around. It's warm as hell."

Jesus! I just remembered what Lisa's favorite game was. After a heavy snow we would go into a back yard with a few of our friends. The expanse of snow would be white and unbroken. Bertha was the spinner. You held her hands while she turned on her heels, you circled her until your feet left the ground. Then she let go and you flew over the snow. You remained still in whatever position you landed. When everyone had been flung in this fashion into the fresh snow, the beautiful part of the game began. You stood up carefully, taking great pains not to disturb the impression you had made. Now the comparisons. Of course you would have done your best to land in some crazy position, arms and legs sticking out. Then we walked away, leaving a lovely white field of blossom-like shapes with footprint stems.

Leonard Cohen

We would like your imprints.
If you have poetry, prose, short stories, drawings, graphics, photographs--in short anything that we can print.

As an added impetus we are offering \$15 for the best submission of work included in the next Dime Bag. Please drop off any submissions at the Dime Bag Office or C222.

"Why don't you? she saying it in a curiously experimental voice, as if she was detached, she impelled to watch this without passion in that curious and trance-like tranquility of the terrorized, but not even her passions engaged, just watching mesmerized and apart from the unfolding of an event but this time along with the powerlessness, the trance was enhanced and doubled because she was a goad, a hook in the loose elephant flesh sagging seemingly indifferent folds that can feel pain, that could smother, but now apart from it, even apart from James, dazed, not by her temerity, but absence of timidity, absence.

"Yes, I think I will. Here you hold my clothes," and his body being unclothed to that of a child in the weather, it the colour brown-red in the dry grasses and wind-distanced sky and etiolated tangled thistles standing at the edge of the shallow water, very tall above it, the water not reaching to his ankles, his body in the baggy undershorts bunched his arms clutched his chest like "It is a bit cold," and he like a skyscraper an insanely elongated stork over this flat pond below and below him and then he was in perspective again with the background still tall over the pond but with the hillocks and colour surrounding him gaunt and not yet shivering, hesitating long in body over the pond, his tan and blowing loose boxer shorts among the colour of the day and the weed-wild wind tuft dry, wide-pasture. Yellow and purple flowers, sharp blooms of thistle, burrs of colour, spots sharp and bending in the undomesticated grass. "I guess I better go in."

Terry Kelly