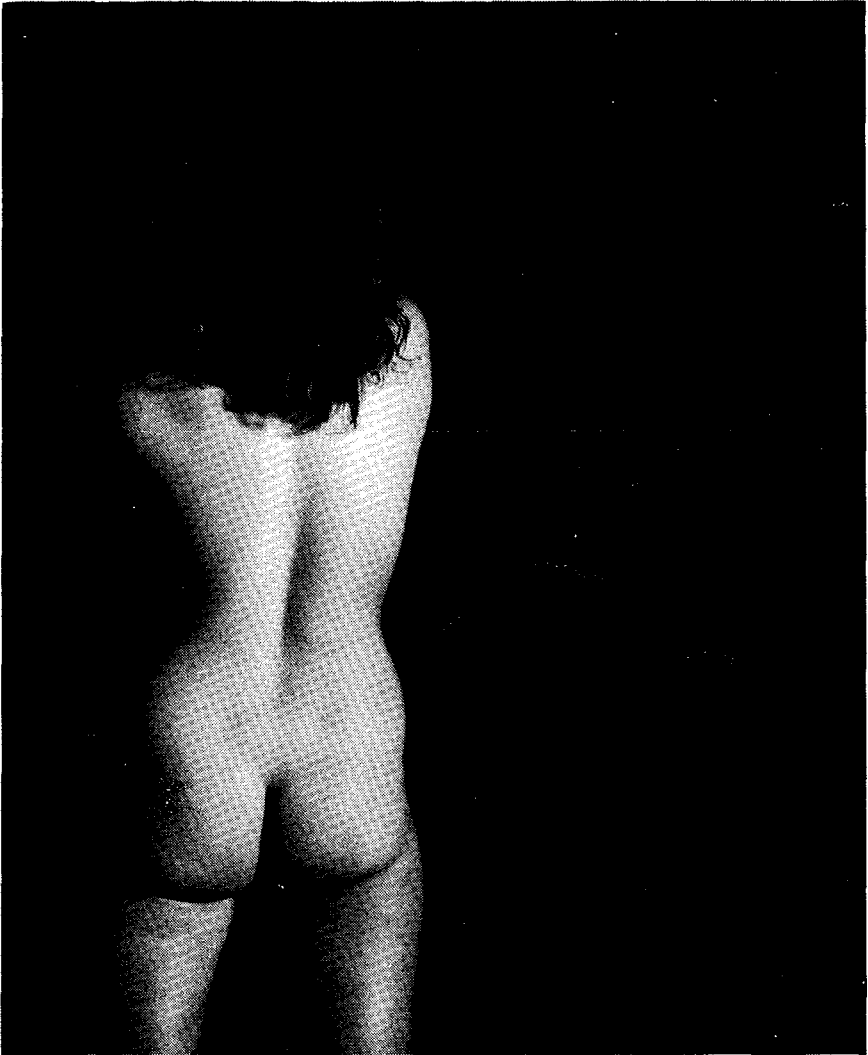


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DIMEBAG 17



Dimebag 17

Glendon College
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dimebag 17

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Graham Vance

Cro-Magnon, Late In The 1970's

"The mental machinations
Of all civilizations
Are fundamentally similar
To desires to measure lunar
Time." - to make this explicit
I exposed an exhibit:

So all can see and agree
I leap across the class,
While crying "great googlimoogly!"
I bear Mrs. Smithy's ass.
All stare and are rather surprised at me,
But prof. McLuhan grinning grateful says, "see."

Jamie Buchanan

For My Friend Eric Moore

old friend

you said to me once 'Do not fan the flame;
there is spark enough in one mellow man and
in one enduring woman'

you changed the phrase some days later
but i think that the first romantic lyric
could be your epitaph
at least that is how i choose to remember you

i only wish that i could have seen
the look on your face
when you tumbled your length to the floor
with your heart in shards

(you were probably already puzzling over
how to turn this new experience
into another Byronic extravaganza.)

In High Spring Winds

in high spring winds
we walked to the cemetery
(your choice for the Sunday walk)
clothes flapping on arms and legs
tossing staccatto bursts of sound
into the wind, we hunched our way
to the tombs at absurd angles along
streets lined with naked trees
rattling like crockery

i with a strange sadness (having never touched the
death of a child) peered at the graves of children
and imagined the frail tendrils of bone
huddled like supplicant hands
in the earth

you stood for a funny picture
on a tall stone
but the wind lashed venomously at you
and pulled back your hair clothes face
until i could see just the swelling of your breasts
and the knots of your knees
and i could not take that picture

and in the deep of that night
i walked across a lake translucent as an aquarium
cradling several tiny skulls in my arms
and i saw you face like a rotten cabbage
far below drifting along an endless carpet
of bones

my scream cut the night open
like a red wound
and it was later
that we made love
(you to me)

slowly, carefully

tiny waves
on a pebbled shore

Sometimes i am a self-pitying son of a bitch

last time we spoke i told you of my plans
you smiled and said that if i intended to
walk off the planet i should at least
observe the proprieties and tell my friends
the date of my return

alone in my room i grimace and light a candle
as i remember the way your mouth twisted wryly

and i am twisting these words like hemp to capture
the memory of your misunderstanding

i did not want black humour
but for you to grasp the nearest stone
and smash the mirror of my face
into the honour and the whiteness of February

Richard C. Lapointe

Fuite

Le visage gravé par le ciseau des ans,
L'oeil estropié par un mauvais coup de burin,
Il s'en allait,
Plié comme un vieux gond rouillé,
Criant de toutes ses articulations.

La chaude inconscience de la mort
L'attendait patiemment
Au seuil de sa maison sans âge
Dont l'âme s'était,
Depuis longtemps
Dissoute dans un étang de souvenirs
Qui, lentement,
S'asséchait
Sous le soleil indifférent et implacable
Du Présent.

L'odeur tiède de ses réminiscences
L'empêchait d'entendre le grand fracas,
Mou, silencieux,
De l'Heure,
Dont le noir lumineux,
Le vide inconsistant et épais
L'emportait,
Sans un mot,
Sans un bruit;
Sssssssshh. . . .

Urbs

Un carreau noir,
Une lumière bleue et vide.
Des pas apathiques résonnent
Dans une rue retorse
Et une collection de têtes barbues apparait,
Vides,
Bulles de chair
Dans un flash d'ombre.

Un mur livide,
Exsangue,
Qui se penche,
Lentement,
Sur la ville penumonique et enrhumée.

Un hurlement d'accident,
Un affolement tranquille
Vers un hôpital mort.

Des pneus suçant l'asphalte,
Des phares inondant le trottoir,
Des feux rouges
Crissant dans une nuit de verre.

Un monde de glace
Se miroitant dans un firmament creux et raide
Où se lève une aube cadavérique
Creusant le noir fade
D'une nuit cyanosée.

Jasmin en fleur
Bouquet de senteur
Aux odeurs mordorées
Et enivrantes
De vent de chaud soleil.

Un cap de beauté
Est maintenant dépassé.
Une baie s'en vient,
Mais, de regards lointains,
Nul ne peut être calme
Car le temps a la larme à l'oeil
Et le coeur tordu
Comme un dos de bossu.

Qui le dira assez haut?
Qui le pourra comprendre?
Gens bornés
Par des mirages de bonheur
Aux senteurs déjà âcres,
Course folle
Vers des joies sans lendemain,
Vers des souvenirs
Sans avenir.

Elisabeth Casavant

A vigorous twirl of pain fills her chest
With twisted palms wringing long white sheets
Into ropes

Peasant women bending over a river
Peasant women without hands, without. . .
Are bending over a river

Strong hands and long sheets inside her chest
Incessant gripping and wrenching
Of long, long white sheets
Twisted palms giving a twirling pain

Peasant women, peasant women. . .
Lying on her bed she tries to see in her mind
Peasant women standing at the river
Loosening the sheets in the soft dry wind

She tries to fill her mind
With the vibrant flapping of sheets
Wide open

Anne Daley

On the Loss of a Leg (For Barb)

Brutal,
Macabre joke,
Where beauty means
Nothing;
The laugh's what counts.
Limbless wonderment
To test a mangled,
Misconceived
Faith:
A practical assessment
Of Your
Ability to screw.
What Being
Takes the strength
Of the weak?

Bronzed perfection
Turned to
Bronzed disgust.
Gross justice
Perhaps,
But it stinks.

Wayne Crockett

Easter Island

The unseeing faces of carven stone
In lonely vigil stand,
Kings cast from ancient thrones
In a barren forsaken land.

The scarred faces
Are all that yet remain
Of long forgotten races
Remembered by no name.

As the wind sweeps
Over the wave scored shore
The Kings silently weep,
For greatness held no more.

- Leonard George

Messengers

She falls from the sky
and stands there,
hair still tangled around the sun
and eyes not yet unclouded.

Her hand detaches stars
(like petals from a burning rose),
caresses those who live in the earth.

I watch her spreading stars

I watch them take her
and stone her until she is like them,
devoid of all sparkling songs
from bluer lands.

Secretly I rise,
a pale bird —
below they are rolling the stone in place.

Why do I want to hide
in the threadbare heavens or
melt in the naked rawness of the wind
as

the next messenger watches
calmly preparing to jump?

L. Bellaïche

L'Ignorance

Dans ma peau habite
un être juif
Sous le regret larmoyant
des yeux qui me forcent
esl images incandescentes
timidement questionnent
Descendre dans l'enfer
émerger des flammes
en sortir nu
sans plume ni laine
seule un croûte des souffrance
our l'adolescent qui s'avance
L'histoire a choisi un peuple
auquel le tourment
apporte son identité
La foule venimeuse
voulait écraser
le fruit de l'innocent
flétrir sa divinité
pour avoir porté un Nom
que le remords ramène
Loin du tumulte la nuit rappelle
le cauchemar vécu dans une souricière
Des veines s'élève un cri misérable
Dieu source d'étonnement
dans ton temple je me réfugie
dans ton Histoire je m'enveloppe
des prières s'élève un hymne à la joie
de ton mystère l'ami de mon peuple
Le ton suppliant des chants
incruste l'humilité
diffuse la connaissance
Avoir appris plus que vécu
quatre lettres messianiques
sur
quatre lettres
le radeau de Noé flotte
encore

Les pétales de l'émotion
pleuvent
sur
un siècle de conscience
l'individu tatonne
les marches
d'une mosaïque
écoulée

Une brindille de l'unité
un membre de la minorité

Si l'histoire pouvait apprendre
et enseigner à l'histoire
en tournant la tête
on verrait l'horizon

Une main s'étend vers
l'expression traduisante

L'enfant du groupe
celui de la crainte
sourit à l'amour
 onde tremblante
dépassant l'être
se joignant au trémoussement
timide d'une autre modulation

L'imtemporel est enjambé
l'étreinte est totale

Où a-t-on laissé échapper
dans l'histoire
le privilège de l'instant

La Nage

Les mains du plongeur
sondent l'océan
palpent
le sable perlé
par l'illusion marine
Les doigts soulèvent
et pénètrent la distance
qui sèpare l'homme
de sa demeure

Chercher sous les grains
où l'émerveillement a commencé
Répondre à la question soulevé-e
par des yeux oblongs
irradiant des mots corisés
dans l'obscurité

Feux émus
se projetant dans l'oeil
à venir

Le fossile fait une révérence
au silence
là où s'introduit
le désir mordant
des rideaux écartés

Peter Campbell

Memorial to Professor J.R. Starobin

Tanned skin,
grey hair, bushy eyebrows;
the one good ear,
cocked and cupped,
towards the speaker.
Drinking coca-cola
through hazy french cigarette smoke
he connects with
my thrash and grope
over recent Spain.

Joel Singing The Blessing Over The Shabbat Dinner Table

The gates have opened.
His shining face lifts upwards.
Curled beard and hair fall
onto his arched neck.
The robe's flow
from shoulder to hand.
Fingers and thumbs
suspend the silver cup
over bread, salt, and wine.

Cross-country skiing at night

With a full moon overhead,
the evergreens cast distinct shadows
over fresh powder snow.
The forest opens into
old McVicker's fields gone wild.
Tops of weeds surface;
an oak stands naked,
its branches splayed into the darkness.
In this intimate silence, we ski
the thigh and breast of the land.

Midwinter Saturday, 5 p.m.

Outside Robarts'
I walk up St. George
with others.

Our heads bowed
listening to the crunch of snow
under our boots,
and the rhythm of thought
in our minds.

Yellow light strikes the tops of
concrete and red brick buildings
enveloped by
long blue shadows
and January's cold.

Carmen Circeil

Warning

It is a slow process
of erosion
that will expose the
moment of my desire.
You must prepare for
this holocaust,
before my eye will
lose its metal gleam.
If you demand a
statement, now, you
will only get a slow
glassy contusion, not
even a reverberation.
If I release the
inhabitants of this
aberant scape, will
you be prepared for the
resulting vortex?
The inches of volcanic
absence will astound
the concretion of presence
Don't ask for a verb, an
action within, you are
safer without.
My eye will become a
mouth.

Memories

I am prey,
priceless, decaying
monsters – the scavengers
feast
on the stale time
that has enlarged them.
They were once harmless
incidents
these gloated cannibals
that devour only insides,
these manufacturers of
walking withered flesh,
skin diving suits –rubber
the texture of victims.

Chris Belfry

The Skeet-Shooter

When he lifted the gun the gleam
In his eye, was purely and simply
Delightful. He shot twenty-five rounds
Before that trap had sprung
What he had paid for.
When those clay pigeons flew from
Their roost, I was glad for that
Aspect in man: that clay would do
As well as flesh when triggering
Trauma for fun.

A. Nikiforuk

The man who cannot laugh,
the crazy man
god's hench man.
He frightens me.

He hurls thunderbolts across the room.
he grabs people by the neck and
throttles them,
screams prophecies in bedrooms,
drops the dinner dishes on purpose.

The man who cannot laugh,
he hears nothing
devours his own children.
He watches us.

Maria Jacobs

Coffee

Once there was a man
who knew all there was
to know about lovemaking.
The angel Gabriel
had nothing on him.
– No talent, really, he said.
– A skill I acquired through practice.
 With gifted teachers, of course.

I saw his point since
he never could handle
a bit of unstudied affection.
A pat on the flank,
tousled hair,
a peck on the ear
always left him nonplussed:
– What the hell was that for?

Last week, in the blizzard
I left a note
pinned to the mailbox:
– Mailman, if you'd like a cup
 of coffee, knock on door.
No knock, but later
I found the note, crumpled
and stuffed in the slot
with the mail.

– So that's what I can do
 with my coffee, I fumed
and suddenly remembered
my old lover
and his lack of talent.

Cousins After a Funeral

To begin with
you knew nothing –
I was just a cousin
living out east
female, older,
one of the family.

But then I was there,
real, like any woman,
just as uncertain
and afraid of death
as the rest of us
but closer, accessible,
more reassuring:
some of our genes
were identical, part
of our backgrounds alike.

Jet-lag, scotch, poetry,
a heated discussion of reality
as we perceived it
all had their part
in the inconclusive rites
of affection we performed.

Next day it all appeared
unreal and useless
for practical purposes;
surely not worth breaking
our heads about.

All the same
you now have a cousin
who stands for something
however elusive.

Irving Layton

El Diablo for Eugene Rimar

Always there's a smell of sulphur
clings to him, a subtle fume,
even when we're out-of-doors
having our drinks on the terrace
or walking
and his right sleeve, I've noticed is singed.
He has trouble keeping his pipe lit
striking one futile match after another
and I always marvel at that
for I swear there have been times
I saw small flames shoot from his mouth.
It's the chastity in his evilness
that fascinates me, a purity
only absolute egotism may achieve;
it has the rightness of a cobra bite
and therefore a kind of beauty
that mesmerizes before the mortal sting.
A Westmount patrician, in his malignity
there is shame but never guilt
as for an odious blotch, an ugliness,
never a falling away from grace;
for he assumes its necessary place
in the order of things, like the flatworms
ignorant of the Milky Way, the sun's orbitings
or the Dionysian Christ on a crotch
he offers as the saviour of our corrupt world
swiftly racing downhill to disaster
if only it takes His stiffened rod
for steerer; and then I think he's mad
not evil till I look into the ashtray
and see the heap of trim white bodies
of the beautiful boys he's ruined.

David Sullivan

a little black, a lot of white

milk is white. and so is snow.
and death is white, as white as snow.
it's the city that tinges it dark,
and dogs that give it colour.
vision is white, the moment they say,
and virginity's white we like it that way,
and the bride to be is married like that,
but the bride no more, is buried in black.
so snow white bit the apple and dust.

black is black. no colour at all.
and black has to be whatever you like.
'cause you're the prism that's catching the light,
white between the eyes.
white is the beginning and black is the end,
but in your coming and between your going
lies a lot of grey.
and i gaze at my words ail black on white
and grey just doesn't make sense.
just like winter and snow are obviously white,
absent of colour that was full in the fall,
when it fell.
this whiteness is mixing me up this year.
and all the king's horses, and all the king's men,
couldn't begin let alone try,
to take the edges off this whiteness,
which are a little bit black.
so the pieces remain pieces, and the whole
is still a hole.
there's a hole in the sky where the sun used to be,
but a new moon is growing where the full one was freed.

to you on the typewriter of yours that i have borrowed

you say you want friendship from me,
i believe you deeply.

you indicate that the love we share
is potent, and volatile.

i perceive you sharply.

so we meet upon that bridge we often build,
half-way across the chasm of reconciliation;
which is also, between the two of us, our creation.
we have come, together, and alone, to the center,
the center of friendships, of chasms, of bridges.
so now i must come to the center alone,
view the abyss we have placed ourselves above,
and see as far as the view affords.

i see a book of bluesy saturdays, and sorrow on the make.

i see love's bright effusion trickling in tears.

i am your friend, your sight from the center,
when you are not there or have left just before me.

so now i come after, following in the footprints,
treading lightly on the pathway you are making sure.

so i must scream to the chasm about bridges.

we must talk of this together, on the bridge
that crosses chasms; as we speak of this alone,

and from the bottom of the valley
where the bridge was once in view.

new horizons, old frontiers

parable like,
the secret of the seed
is in the fragrance of the flower.

two thousand light years away
the form of the frontier
struggles with space.
the world's in convulsions
maintaining the pace.
the size of society
is the whole human race,
the fragrance of flowers given to the dead.

parable like,
the birds of experience
eat up the ignorance of innocent seed.

two thousand dark years away
satan still pays us
to remain in the garden.
playing at survival games
deferring our pardon.
the meat of the apple
we have lustily eaten,
the key in the core
cast carelessly away.
the experience of the soil
is lost to the seed,
the dull round of history is sounded everyday.

disciple like,
the one is still sufficient,
the crucifixion still occurs.

The Ship

1

I wont speak of the two huge rocks
but I was on them when she came
putting her ass in the harbour

She caught my eye because she was
a strange craft if wanting shelter
more likely she wanted power

Nodding my head the signal went
the gates closed I saw her slow
cast anchor and wait outside

2

All afternoon I read about women
I read a book by a woman
She said she's sick reading about men
She was hysterical half the time

3

Leaving her for two nights there
shrewdly never out of my sight
I study every line of her

She lay deep with much in store
and an attractive bitch in that
she lay quiet and full

I knew she'd not go without words
and may be not without commerce
I nodded the interview came

4

We waited for drinks
again for a table

I got drunk
couldn't get her order right
didn't get what she wanted
then crying
tears

I apologized at her place
she looked great

5

Specifically she carried gold
and black oil rich with energy
I knew she'd be what she be

Definitely could use her and her
hull full with treasure
but slow she'd eat at the harbour

I nodded courage came
he coldly sent her away
from rocks I watched her go

6

Most women are strange
that's why I read them
Those who aren't don't write
I wont
make it
habit

7

Dipping her chest riding high
in the water there floated a duck
I let her in
filled her up
and prospered

The Diplomat

I've talked with the women
yes yes
They sound very nice
Very lovely
The women are nice
You have
Nice women
They all look very fine
Very beautiful
And cute too
They are very cute

Decide

In some ice night stroll
 the salt slush streets
 by wet snow houses
Down to the bridge and river
 the ice metal bridge
 the half frozen half rushing river

Stand still in the middle before
 the white thick railing
 the soft black nightscape
Stare at dark water gushing
 from sharp white ice
 to sharp white ice

There smothered by cold and night
 moonless starless night
There by light of ice
 decide the life
 the life