

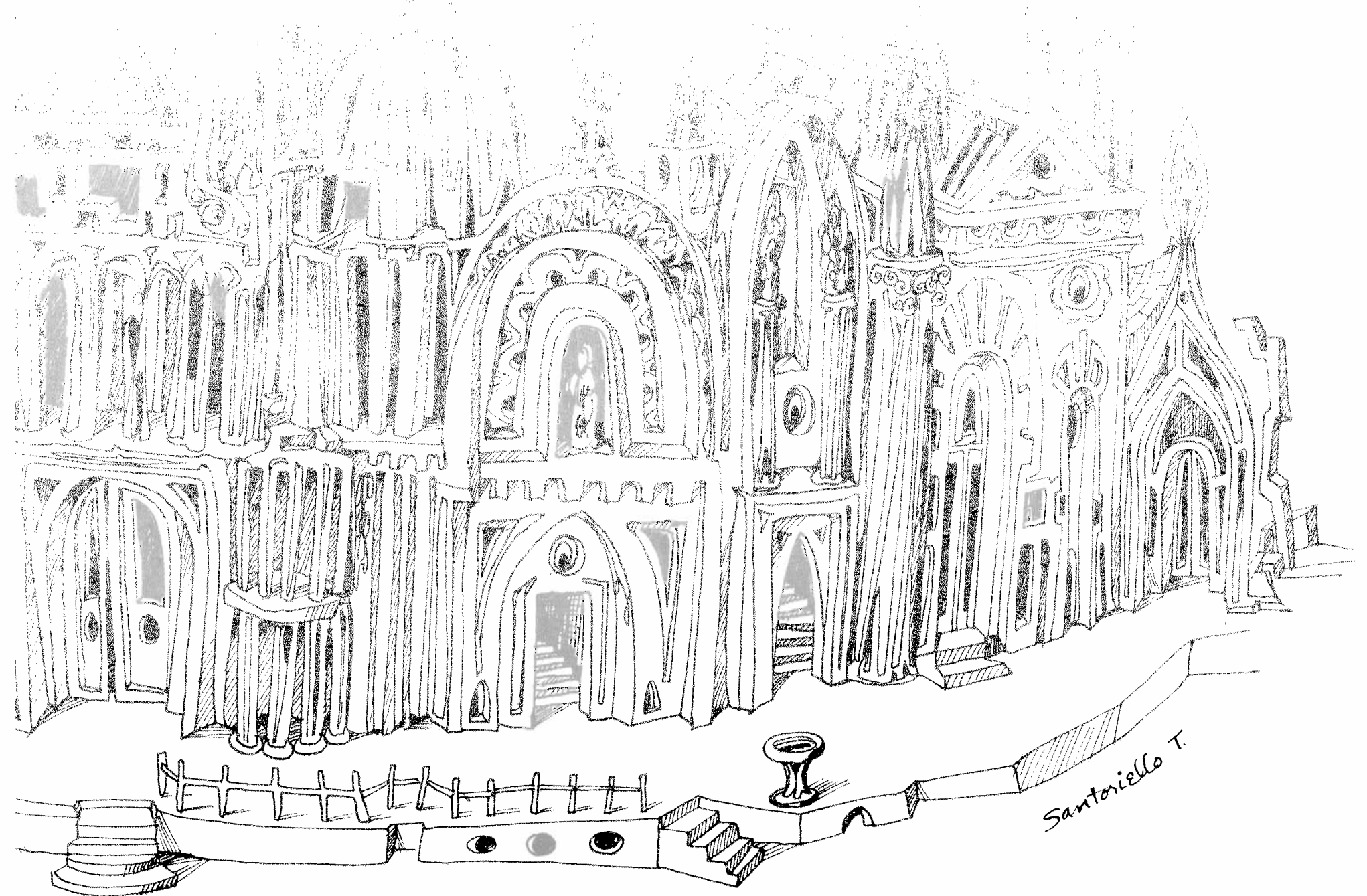
# BENEATH THE MAGIC SUN

CANADA COLLEGE  
Archives

Ripening, ripe, and rotting  
like figs of a tree people  
can come to stand in row  
of themselves,  
alive and delicious beneath  
the magic sun.

Come from ancient future  
and endless time  
the enchanter enchants  
and nature dances, its dance  
alive and delicious beneath  
the magic sun.

Richard Bray





"OLD TOWN"

SEVEN OLD DWELLINGS  
ON THE EDGE OF TOWN;  
SEPARATE FROM THE REST  
AND WORN.

THE CHIPPED PAINT  
TORN SCREENS  
AND BROKEN STEPS  
BEST EXPRESS MARY  
AS I LOOK IN AND SEE HER  
FROM THE STREET.

SHE IS LEANING AGAINST  
THE DOOR—  
HER FATHER'S SHIRT UNBUTTONED TO  
SHOW HER FRECKLED NECK AND CHEST.  
HER HAIR FALLS DOWN  
TO FRAME HER FACE  
AND HER LEGS  
ARE COOL AND SOFT AND NAKED  
COMING FROM UNDERNEATH THE SHIRT

SHE LOOKS BROWN IN THE EVENING SUN  
THAT'S LOW ON THE HORIZON  
GIVING AUBURN SPANGLES  
TO THE ROOFS OF THE OLD HOUSES.  
SHE IS 17 AND MAKES MY MOUTH WATER.

LEE KELLY

Fantasy

Twelve years ago you would lie awake  
On an unclear night  
Lift the shade so the window would mix with the smell  
Of the murky sky and rusted wooden fence  
And maybe the quivering ballerinas  
Mother worriedly sleeping in the other room  
Father breathing deeply like a windy cowboy movie gulch  
Brother dreaming in his insecurity without a teddy bear  
While you having imagined yourself having died.  
Tonight alone but alive  
The ceiling, the dense, gray underside of a cloud  
On a shapeless night  
Each thought is so much more important  
That's the cost of independence  
You imagine yourself in someone else's dream  
And are embarrassed at thinking that  
Logically though, those close would not sleep  
If you were slowly dying.

Paul Lazzaro

Jet Streams

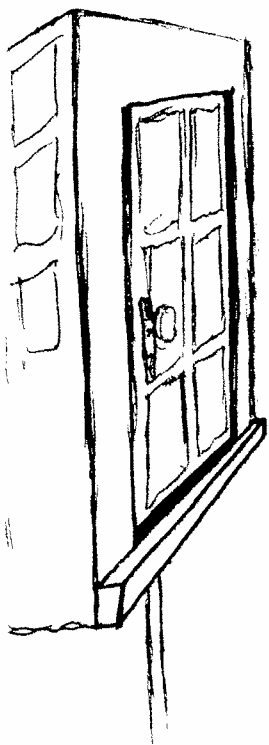
Jet Streams  
blow through my soul  
winds of music that I  
never quite can  
sing out long  
sing out loud  
Have you ever felt  
like your  
shirts too tight?  
that's how I feel  
with the music  
inside me like  
a gale  
Jet Streams  
moving too fast  
for me to catch  
But I want to sing  
you my song  
to show the music inside  
its not that I'm  
trying to hide  
It just that it's  
gone- before long  
Jet Streams  
moving too high  
moving too fast  
for me to catch

Carol Simon

Santoriello T.





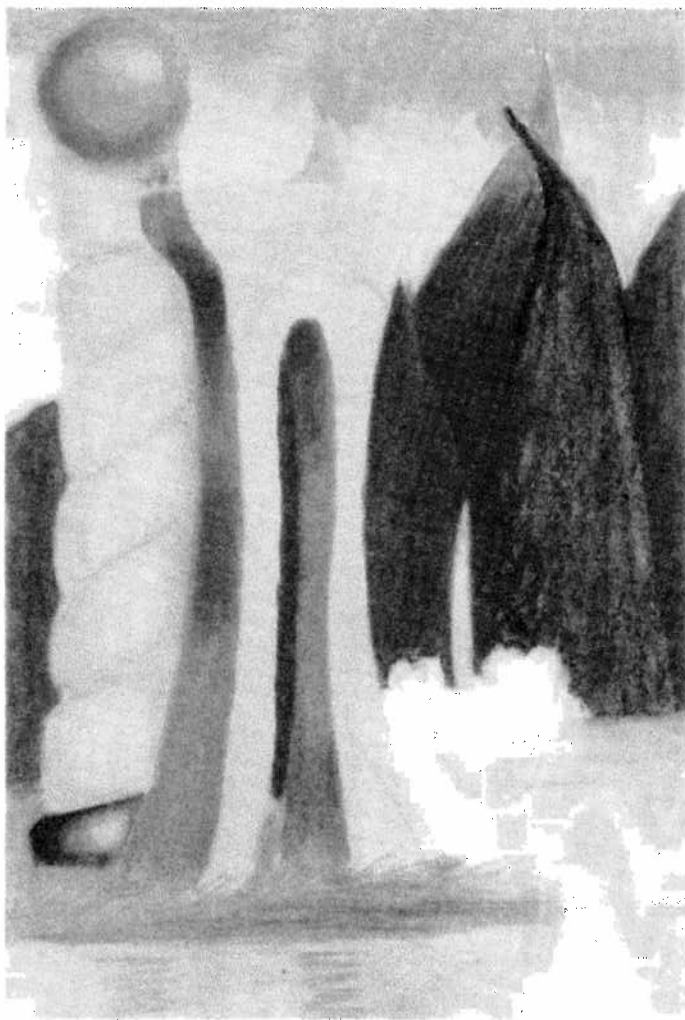


le soggy maestro

dreaming on yer feet

Between people who are sleeping  
and those who are dreaming  
you don't get too much done.  
But if nothing is what yer  
looking for it's just a  
fine howdy-do to dream  
while you snore.  
But to sleep while yer  
standing on the floor  
it's better to dream.

Ron Friesen



Bernie von WE

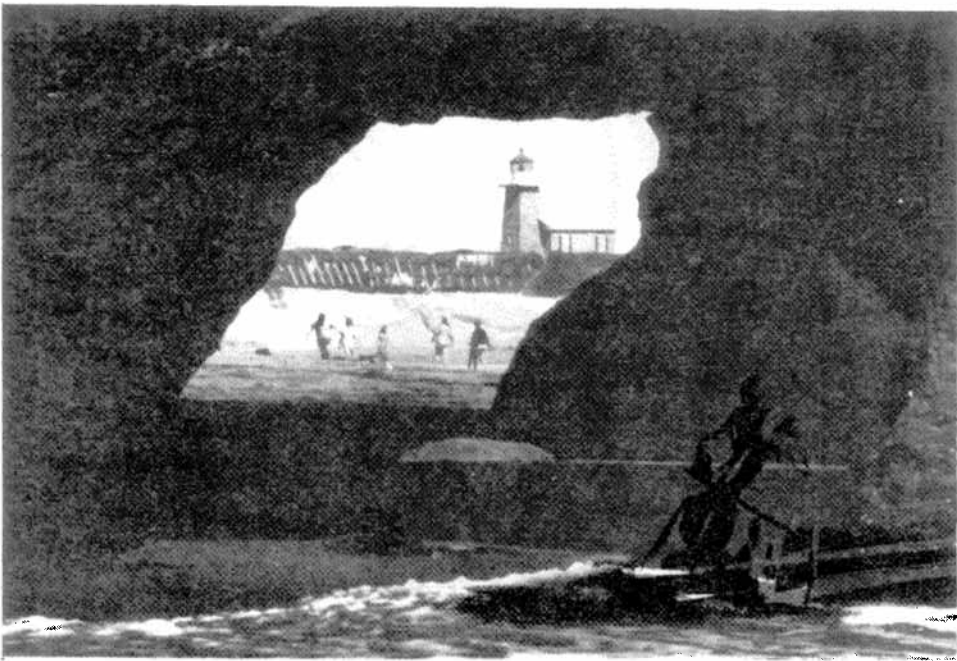


Miriam Hitchcock

lions and bears

do  
bears  
eat  
beer  
and if  
so  
where?  
does a  
bear  
go  
to eat  
beer  
down  
to  
the stream  
when it's  
clear and  
no rain  
with other  
beer bears,  
with lions  
from  
lairs  
all thinking  
the  
same.  
all  
meet  
at a barrel  
down at  
the end  
of the  
avenue  
who?  
do you  
think  
how he'd  
dish out  
a drink  
for a lion  
and bear  
on the  
brink of  
nowhere?  
o  
it's a scare  
it's a scare  
it's a shame

Ron Friesen

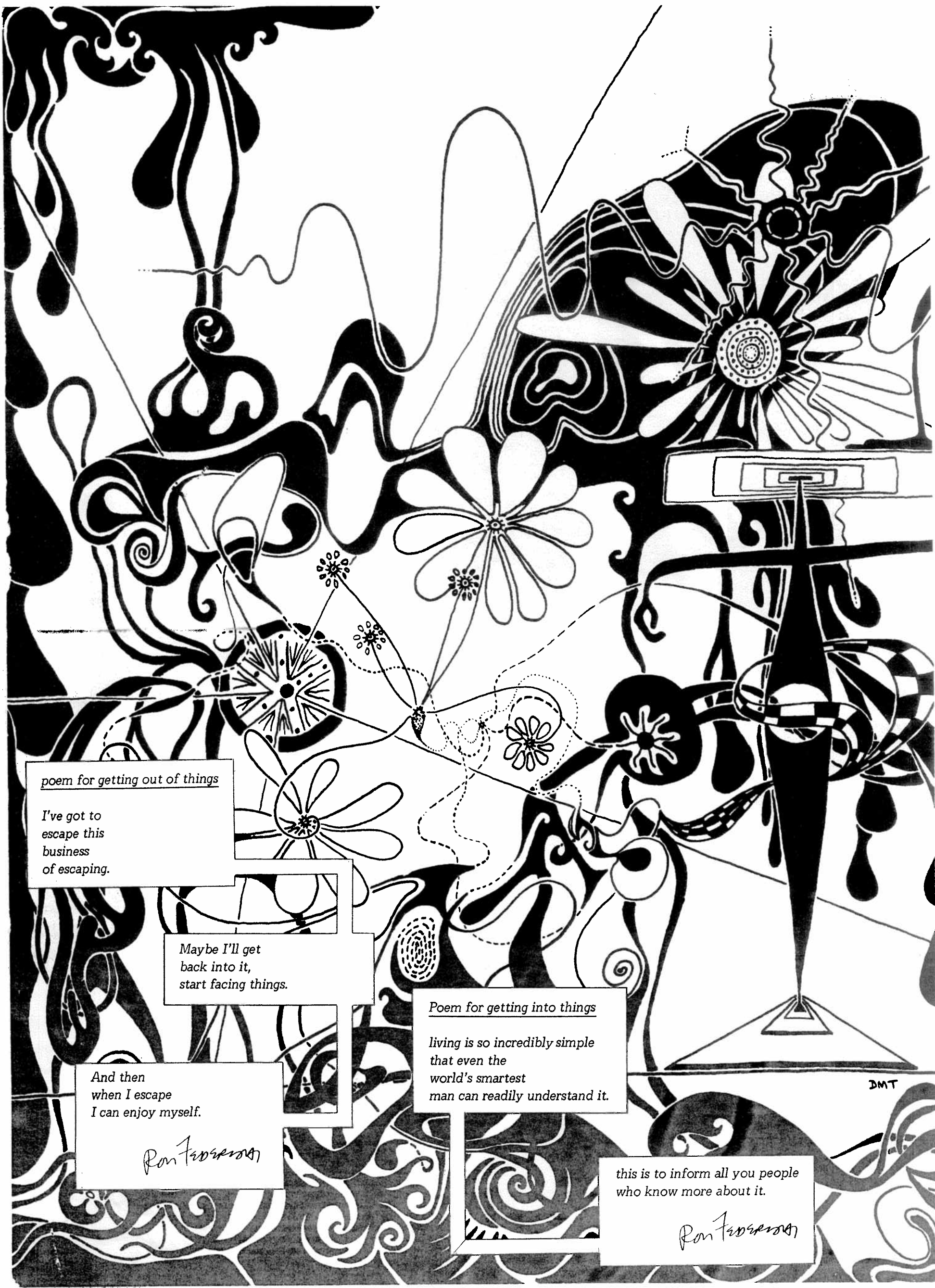


le soggy maestro



le soggy maestro





poem for getting out of things

I've got to  
escape this  
business  
of escaping.

Maybe I'll get  
back into it,  
start facing things.

And then  
when I escape  
I can enjoy myself.

Ron Fosseman

Poem for getting into things

living is so incredibly simple  
that even the  
world's smartest  
man can readily understand it.

this is to inform all you people  
who know more about it.

Ron Fosseman

DMT





Michelle Chaput

## "SLITHER'S NANCY"

*Cut loose in the environment  
the predator stalks its prey  
much as the young stone  
crosses the desert.  
By chance destruction is unleashed  
in ways in which only  
the devious or the spontaneous  
will react.*

*Mother is the child of mother  
who bears her young in pain  
and releases them with a  
kiss of irrationality--  
And Nature watches and,  
occasionally devastates,  
sending her stone,  
devoid of human emotion,  
but enshrined in full life  
crushing a mother's dream  
with fate and time as  
Mother's excuse  
God's reasoning.*

Lee Kelly

## I Decide

*Lines and a smile  
In the corner of your eyes  
Define your laughter  
And that voice giving reasons why*

*It feels good to make you laugh  
Appeal to my loving  
Reveal your hopes of me  
Conceal your feelings about me*

*I won't let you know  
I've yet to let you go  
Don't be silent now  
I'll give as much as you allow*

*Tell me if you're pleased  
I could give myself with ease  
Is there something there inside?  
It's not that I decide*

Paul Lazzaro

**I**  
**Think about you!**  
**You**  
**Think about me?**

**Why**  
**Desire knowing you**  
**Through**  
**Understanding me**

**(He**  
**Wonders if she**  
**Cares**  
**About three)**

**Three**  
**Are "you" and "I"**  
**And**  
**Together "we"**

Paul Lazzaro



Michelle Chaput


*imagination, when the heart is open  
and the mind is free  
then you can find  
the truth and the beauty of  
the world of the mind  
and the heart of the mind  
in silence, night*

le soggy maestro



Miriam Hitchcock





confusion of parts  
remachined and educated  
to work in time  
synchronized in existence  
lost words  
on a  
fine feeling fence  
elbows outstretched.

le soggy maestro

The Hairophant

My eyes have seen your face there  
Drinking coffee  
My eyes have heard your voice  
Whisper softly  
My heart feels the words you  
Have yet to say  
I here to know you — we're  
Come a long, long way

Our days quickly pass with all  
The things we do  
When we're apart, my thoughts  
Are those of you  
It seems as if, today, another  
Song's been sung  
There's much left to do — I've  
Loved the things we've done

Do you seem uncertain of what  
A joy leads to?  
I've yet to really think of it, so neither  
Should you  
Today's too beautiful, no sunsets  
There at all  
That is, unless, either of us should  
Trip and fall

I'm very glad to know you're a  
Friend of mine  
If you're down, call me, no matter  
What the time  
For, if you feel you need someone  
There to hold  
I'll be right over, there's much I  
Haven't told

True, we need no strings or want  
A ball and chain  
But do you object to what we  
Have to gain?  
It seems as if we grew  
From the lesson to be learned  
It seems as if in our lives  
A page has been turned

We have found more to share  
And it warms me so  
I'll feel compassion 'til it's  
Time to go  
My heart feels the words you  
Have yet to say  
I'm here to know you — we've  
Come a long, long way.

Laury Fuller



somewhere  
 in the relics  
 wonders  
 i confront  
 the truth  
 sittin in a  
 junkyard  
 with the moon  
 sinking slower  
 into a rusty  
 shuffle  
 when i get old  
 in the slow  
 lane of life  
 it takes time  
 to see  
 across  
 the pane  
 of stars  
 driving  
 in a car  
 wind  
 whispering  
 dust  
 to tell me  
 how  
 far

soggy  
 mak  
 stro

Remembrances

I've packed my bag and left the  
 Room where my past is lying

It's gone forever  
 There's no denying  
 I'll remember, but won't grow  
 Tired

I'm free and flowing  
 I'm me and growing  
 I give thanks for the people  
 I have found

Laury Fuller

PURE GOLD  
 you won't see me  
 in the dark of night  
 but i can see you  
 and love you i do

i do not hide  
 though you never look  
 what will it take  
 for you to see what i make

is your time so full  
 with the men of fancy  
 you always gaze through  
 the eyes that want you

i am only free  
 and have no more to offer  
 i stand very tall  
 because, to me this is all

i don't mean to ask  
 for so very much  
 but is happiness not  
 the goal to be sought

the wealthy are gifted  
 but only with worn paper  
 i offer you riches  
 that will never need stitches

look into my eyes  
 what you see is real  
 and society does not rule  
 but only those who are fool  
 Bill Blackston

feel flowerpool was growing  
 in the corner of a bar  
 when sunshine slipped by  
 she wanted to go far  
 and sunshine got her high  
 ending up at the beach  
 rocky cliff moonlight  
 in the cold  
 it was there that flowerpool  
 did unfold  
 feeling herself grow old  
 in a moment  
 in a moment  
 tomorrow was told  
 who was sold  
 gathering gold  
 in a glade  
 a maid  
 has a hold

le soggy maestro

in the hustle prudery  
 falsehood began  
 me being glad for  
 subtle ravings  
 consciousness reformed  
 lost again  
 to wonder out loud  
 silent chaos rings hollow  
 your confusion shroud  
 speaks  
 and i follow

half a tree

le soggy maestro

You  
 Want to know me?  
 I  
 Want to know you!

Why  
 Ask about me  
 When  
 I question you

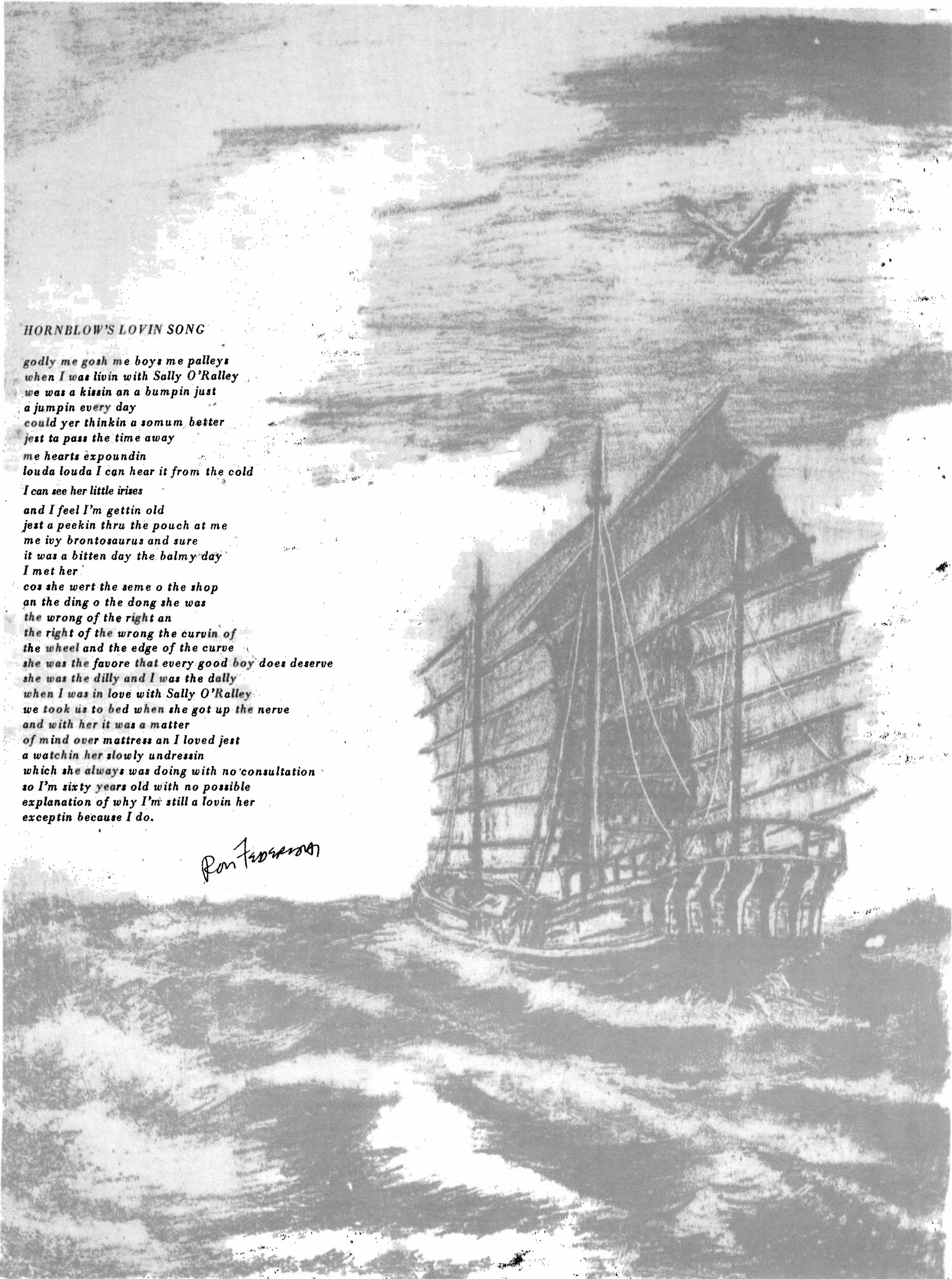
(She  
 Wonders if he  
 Can  
 Yet even see)

See  
 That willingness  
 She  
 Has for "we"

Paul Lazzaro

Santoriello T.





### HORNBLOW'S LOVIN SONG

godly me gosh me boys me palleys  
when I was livin with Sally O'Ralley  
we was a kissin an a bumpin just  
a jumpin every day  
could yer thinkin a somum better  
jest ta pass the time away  
me hearts expoundin  
louda louda I can hear it from the cold  
I can see her little irises  
and I feel I'm gettin old  
jest a peekin thru the pouch at me  
me ivy brontosaurus and sure  
it was a bitten day the balmy day  
I met her  
cos she wert the seme o the shop  
an the ding o the dong she was  
the wrong of the right an  
the right of the wrong the curvin of  
the wheel and the edge of the curve  
she was the favore that every good boy does deserve  
she was the dilly and I was the dally  
when I was in love with Sally O'Ralley  
we took us to bed when she got up the nerve  
and with her it was a matter  
of mind over mattress an I loved jest  
a watchin her slowly undressin  
which she always was doing with no consultation  
so I'm sixty years old with no possible  
explanation of why I'm still a lovin her  
exceptin because I do.

Ron Fiddler





HEY YOU THERE  
BOINK  
AND THATS THE TRUTH TRUTH TRUTH  
I AM ME I THINK  
SKIZZLE TWINK TWINKLE MAYBE I AM YOU BAFFLE ON GOO  
SITTIN ON THE OCEAN WAVING AROUND AND GURGUNG DOWN  
SEERSUCKER SOOTHSAVERS IN A SASPARILLA SHROOD  
REMOVING THE OUTER LAYER I CAN SEE CRYSTAL CLEAR PRETENDING IM A CLOUD  
I AINT STUCK UP THERE IS NO GOO  
I AM ME BUT I MIGHT BE YOU  
SO ILL TAKE OFF THIS NEXT ONE AND NOW THE ONION IS BLUE  
FLOATIN ON DOWN THE CHIMNEY FLYE  
LIFE IS LIKE A HUMAN AINT IT BUT IT MIGHT BE LIKE YOU  
SO IT BECOMES A FRAZZLE  
OF HUMANS TRYIN TO RAZZLE DAZZLE  
THE GODS  
AND BECOME HOLY  
BUT THEY DONT UNDERSTAND  
THEYRE TRYIN TO BE GODS  
AND THE GODS ARE TRYIN TO BE MAN  
SO I SKIPPED DOWN THESE SEVEN STEPPING STONES

TO SEE WHAT I AM  
IF IM A PILE OF BONES  
WITH VISHNU IN MY HAND  
IM THE ONE  
THAT MAKES THE DONUT HOLE  
POKE IT AND CREAM IT  
ALL IN ONE BLOW  
I MAY MOVE FAST  
BUT I AM MOVING SLOW

*It came from nothing, void of light,  
the ether floated in the night.  
The formless shapes took hold at last,  
and matter from this all was cast.  
Electrons twirled round atoms core,  
and then combined to make some more.  
Collecting here, collecting there,  
with no more death, life sprung with flare.*

Robert Searles

le soggy maestro



## "Battle Hymn"

The hero weeps, this land of ours  
Repents its enemies battle scare.  
The crippled soldier, state my name  
Don't grieve for me, my cross is paid;  
There is no dawn, just truth remains--  
This story is soaked in bloody stains.

The medals cast away in shame--  
No honor now in murders game;  
What price in life is a piece of tin,  
I'll just defy the rights of men.  
The cripple soldier cries again;  
I've paid the cost in other's pain.

The Battle Hymn rings loud and clear.  
For mothers, sisters, wives to hear:  
Your man will make the flames grow higher  
And die as fuel for the fire.

The general says we'll win the war  
Just sacrifice ten thousand more;  
Trained to kill by gun and knife  
To kill for peace and die for life.  
No-no! the crippled soldier cries,  
Down here is where it's filthy lies.

The Battle Hymn rings on and on  
And mocks the bombs of those who've gone.  
Defies the graves of soldiers slain  
Whose lives were thrown away in vain.

The people now began to see  
The war's not all it's said to be;  
When veteran's fathers stand in line  
To beg forgiveness for their crime.  
Done with for life, the cripple said  
But show we must for those who're dead.

PFC R. L. Rennert  
U.S.M.C.

Steve R. Johnson







Steve R. Johnson

## Nebraska, Maybe

Have you ever felt like that?  
to want to get away  
to get away  
anywhere  
to a farm  
in Nebraska, maybe  
Somehow it seems better to pull a plow  
than to push a pencil

Have you ever felt like that?  
feeling free  
having thoughts of  
warm earth  
cool water  
and a good lunch

But it's gone now  
the feeling of entrapment  
and again I feel content  
with just my  
small existence  
here  
rather than a  
small existence  
there

Have you ever felt like that?

Carol Simon



Santoriello T.

## Life

A pebble grey  
on stream bank brown,  
a blade of green  
from humus down,  
a bolder white  
of crystal quartz,  
a tree so high  
the sky supports,  
a world spinning  
round an'round,  
in universe  
the globes resound  
the vapor of all life  
unknown in water,  
fire, air, an' stone,  
is found.  
all round.

With darkness gone  
the grass did grow  
along the streams  
their seeds to sow.  
Although they died,  
their carcass laid  
upon the Earth,  
it then decayed  
into a mound  
of nutrients  
in which new life  
took recompense,  
then spread across  
this world of ours  
to mingle with  
the scented flowers,  
just look.

by Robert S. Searles

Miriam Hitchcock



## LAMENT FROM THE BADLANDS

I really want roots,  
Toots. A few of them  
bullet-proof suits and a smooch.

I want a suite to  
suit my foot, to boot!  
Candy for my sweet tooth and hoochy-cooch.

I want a little tinhorn  
from Texas with a "T"  
to toot.

An astute Parisian prostitute  
or a thevin' Piute injun  
to go cahoots as cohorts in crime.

And make a loot of loot  
for snorts and maybe wine,  
then scoot scot-free

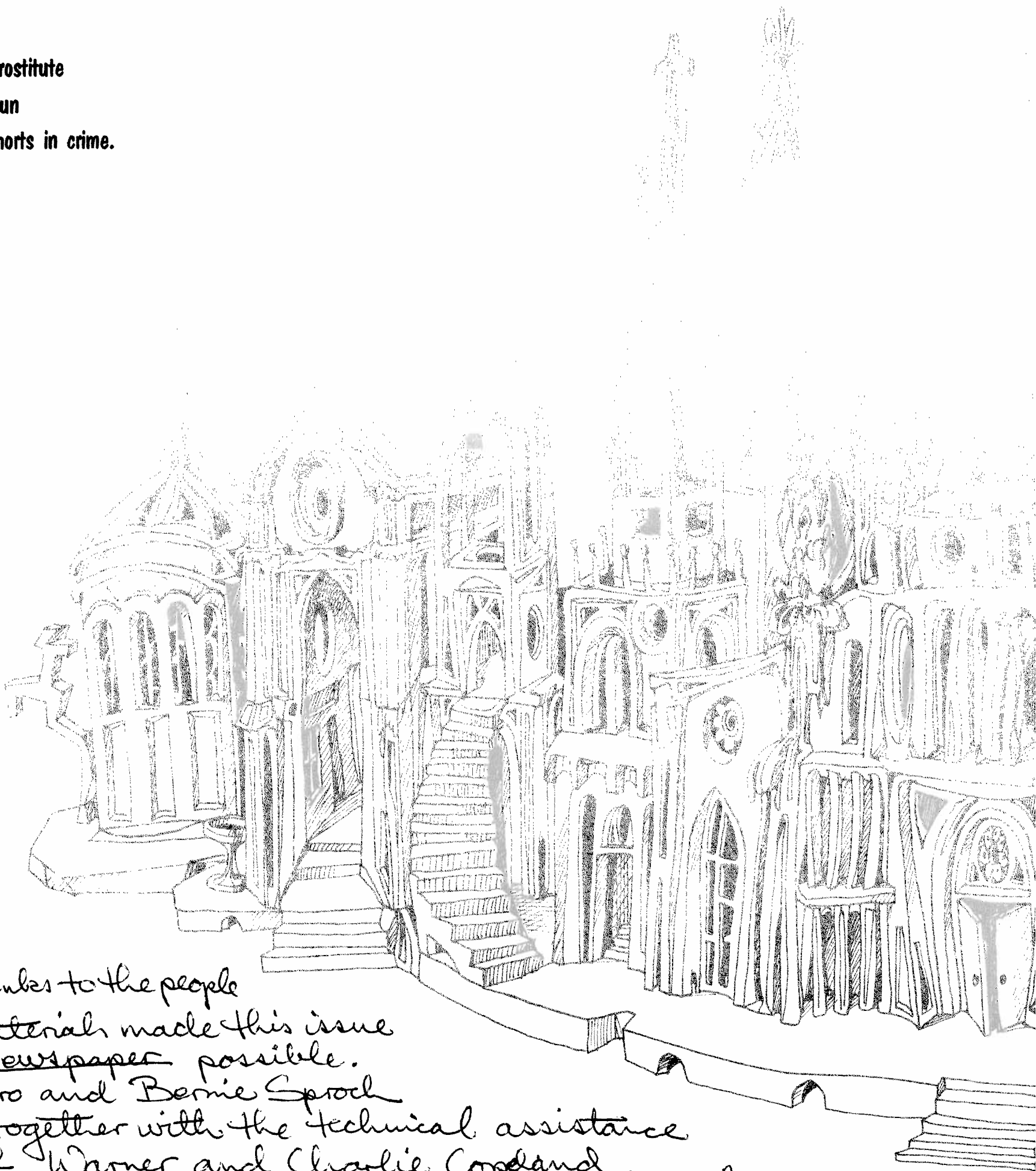
to Beirut City and grow to be  
a happy old coot. Dumb,  
and mute about my past.

Old, but cute at last.  
Shoot! Won't I be  
a galoot!

And then when I die,  
CAPOOT.  
and that's it. . .

Ashes to ashes,  
dust to dust,  
shot to shit.

*Ron Frosman*



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