

Here's what Myra Waldo
wanted to know about
Carnival
is everyone
coming?

FEB. 19-23
1973



IDIOTS

DELIGHT



A Kind Of A Song

My lips are chapped,
yes chapped
darling.

That kind of honest scaling which bespeaks our indulgence. They do not hurt when I remember how they happened. I wear them well . . . saying to everyone I meet . . . these lips are chapped for love of her. If lips could burn, then mine burned well; which is to say that, perhaps, apssion is a flame which lingers if only in the damage it contrives. Do you see these lips . . . Gentlemen, poets have written lines on lips so generously abused. Poets often linger on chapped lips; as if the world should sing of such a bitter aftermath. Blessed be the muses who must also suffer such a glorious frailty as lips. Blessed be humanity, who (regardless of the evil they contrive) are capable of such exalted suffering. My soul remembers Helen, whose lips became a veritable wasteland of chapped memories. The other damage I dismiss as history. I often wonder, Mary, her gentle flesh unspoiled by human touch, did she have cracking lips from so coincidental a union. That dove at her window may have been blessed, but his song was sad for not having had a pair of lips so blissfully to pain. This, a kind of a song for lips, means more to me than all of our generous saviours who indulgently accepted our abuse for everything else but lips. May they joyously live, their hereafter home in heaven, touching warm, with lips, the generous swell of an angels belly; may the kiss of love, with tenderness and pain, contain and close their opened wounds. I wonder at nativity on a couch, that we are born again from the face of love. I wonder at your body, in this darkness, which I might know so privately with lips. Having lips, I know as well with hands and eyes; the way your breast falls or rises against me, the notice of your touch from where you hold to where you move across, your face in shadow . . . the way it feels so quiet to my palm, and occasionally the whisper of a word.

I never heard.
And perhaps it doesn't matter.

My lips are chapped.
I say chapped darling.

Not intending to complain. When I lick my lips there is something to taste, the taste of what remains. That love is dangerous; I know it is dangerous. It teaches one to feel, like a dull knife, aware of it's own betrayal, it's wounds are rarely mortal but very hard to heal. My lips remind me of what love is, the passion and the word; the one remembered the other rarely heard . . . but still . . . and there must be love . . . my lips are chapped. Oh speak to me lady, across the moment of our bodies, that I might listen.

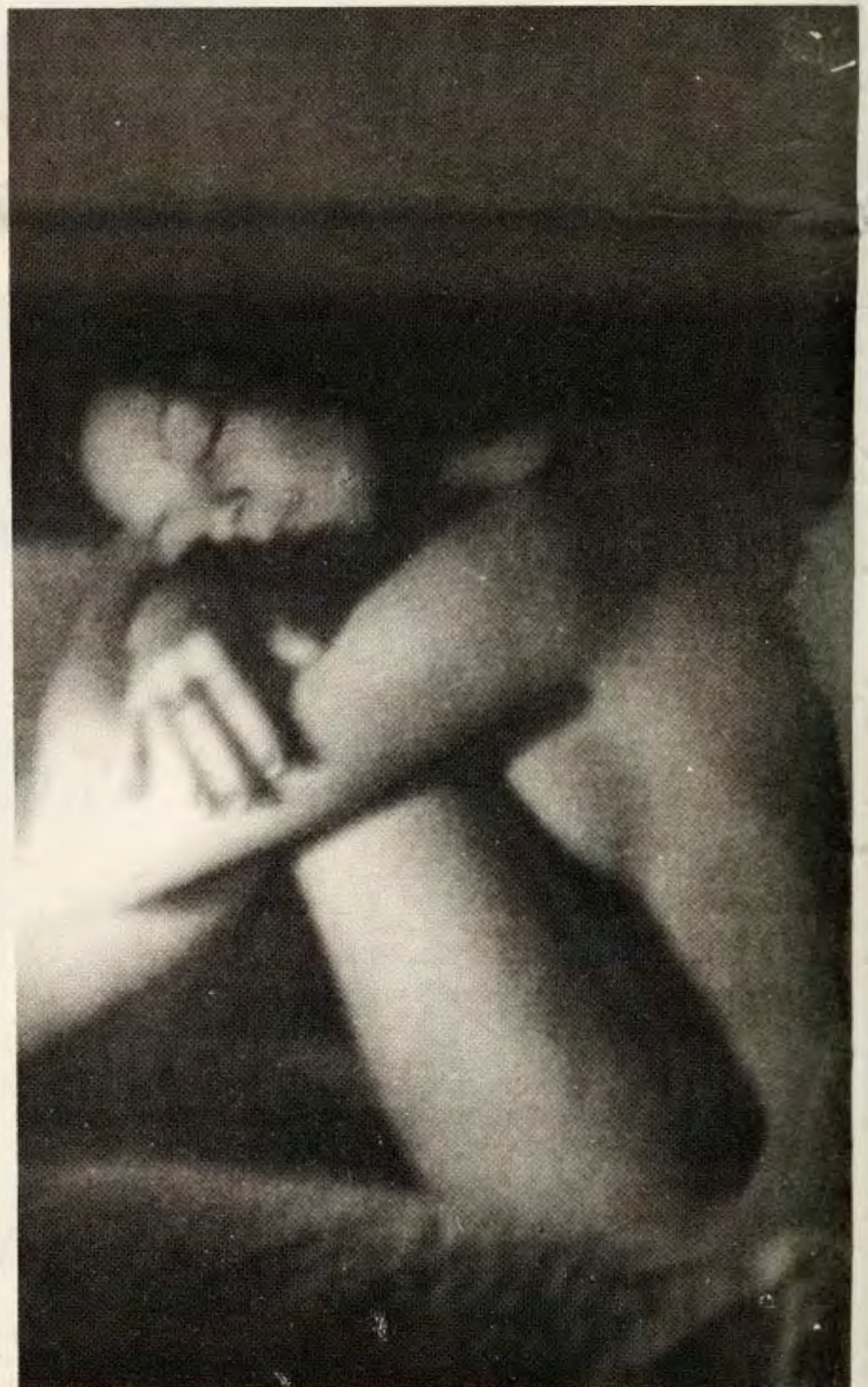
Why are we here ?
Why is your face so gentle ?
Why do your shadows so generously fall
at exactly the right moments ?
That your breathing is like music you couldn't help but know.
It sounds against me like a lonely blues in a crowded bar;
but the words I never hear.
My lips are chapped from having spoken less and loving more.
The remember how it happened.

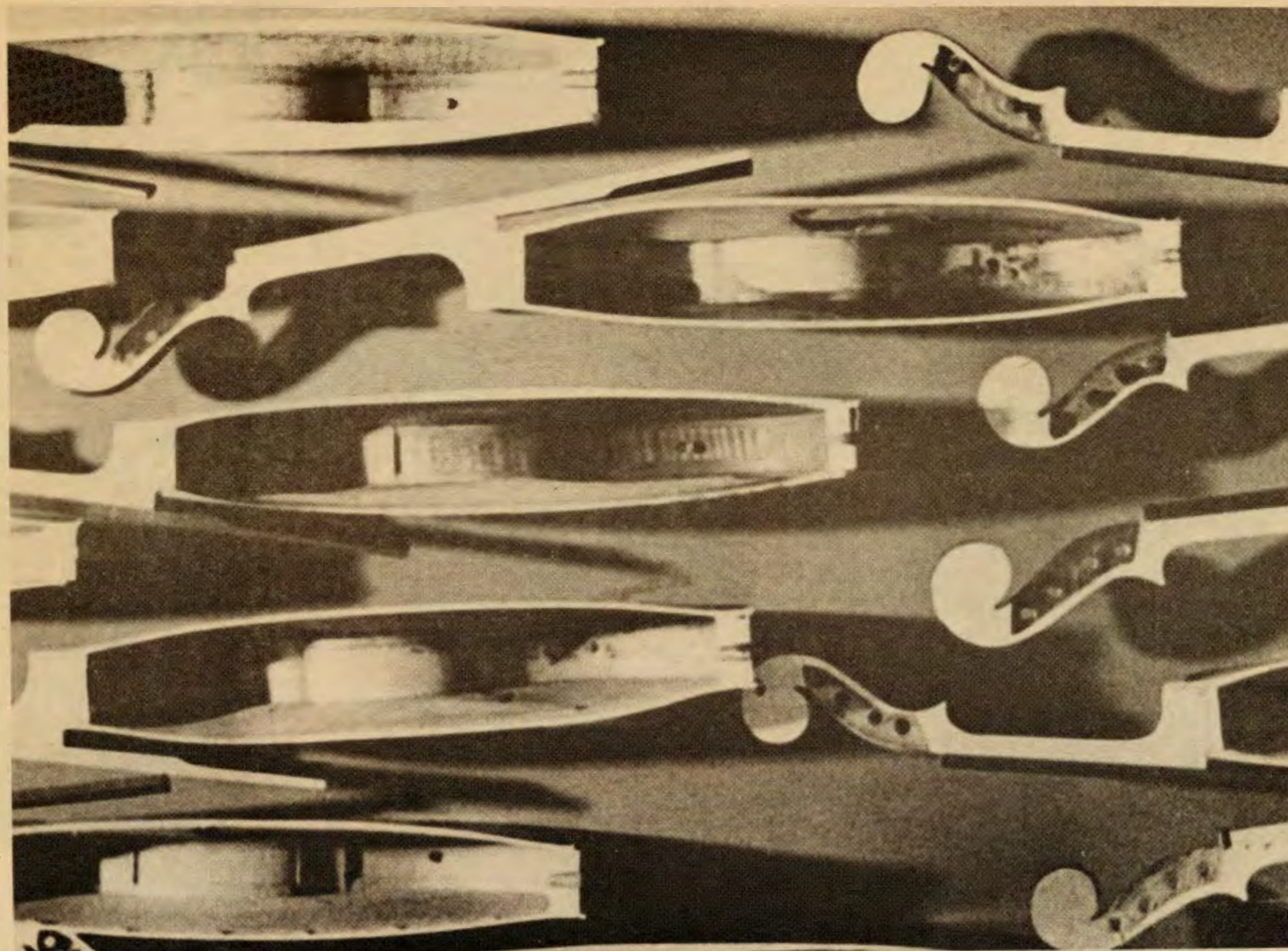
The warmth of your body could have been no warning. The night was cold. There was no place to take you. My lips were chapped already. You cried when I mentioned love. I could taste your tears. They were tender on my wounds.

— What time is it ?
— You have to go home ?
It's too late.
Too late to ever go home again.
— I would like to stay with you, but it's almost morning.
— What ever you like, but I wish you could stay.
— Are you angry ?
— Yes.
— With me ?
— There is no place to take you.
— Shall I stay then ?
— Not unless you want to . . . yes.
— Can we find a place ?
— There is always a place, if you want to stay.
But I have no place to take you.
— Do you love what I am,
or what you think I am ?
— No . . .
I love being with you, thats all.
your lips and the way you smile.

I wonder at your body, which I might so assuredly know, with lips in this darkness, across Your dress the shadow of how it must feel to hold you, the notice of your touch from where you hold to where you move across, the way your breast rises and falls, and occasionally the whisper of a word.

I never heard.
A kind of a song.





IDIOTS DELIGHT

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CHRIS EMBREE 2,9

ANGELO GUERRA 5,8

MYCHAJLO 4,12

BARB HRYCIUK 6

M 7,13

EDITOR: MYCHAJLO

PHOTO: STEVE MOORE

COVER: CHRIS EMBREE

SPECIAL THANX TO PETER



Barry Wright

*On the street a wreckage swayed
 Tossed in waves above the corral
 His face distinctly aged
 The mast shattered a felling of sorrow*

*And on the decks the sailors gone
 In a shrine of seaweed singing someone else a song
 Gone the days of merriment
 When rum was drank and money spent*

*Once in the harbour a lady waited
 A chest of gold a new found treasure
 But the ship never came
 With it sank the pleasure*

*On the aft a new land sighted
 The currents strong waves were gone
 To another cove you're taken
 Dreams of your future forsaken*

*On the street a wreckage swayed
 Still moving but in the grave
 None came to lay a reef
 Just tossed about in waves of grief*

*Soon you'll find were other ships have gone
 The current gentle waters warm
 And to you corral will cling
 You will not see but the waves will sing*

*In this place of ages past
 Your deck again will have a new mast
 Never again will you be alone
 From the depths your sailors will come*

Treasures in Toronto

*Mathilde in the drifting Toronto snow
woman whose hands are baked deserts
never so lonely was this city without you*

*I've madness now to talk about
dreams and wonder, memories and lives
the disguise of a woman in white*

*There are silver dollars where you left them
moonwet and seafree
a sailors gift, a treasures burial of silver and flesh
in a white dry land*

Listen

*I've madness to talk about
treasures and love*

*Mathilde, Toronto is heavy with snow
all the harbours are frozen
and there is no sign of the sea.*



ROOMS

*Your hands they are colder now. Mary has your early age left you so marked.
You no longer walk the streets with that unmistakable look of elegance, the
look of a woman, the look of a woman in grace.*

*Every bar has a face like yours in it, did you want that Mary? Does this homage
do you justice? There are row upon row of faces in streetcar windows if
you touch them will they shatter, if your touch them will they bleed, can you
touch them now - Mary - I was sure there was still room for romance.
I was still and sure and knew there was a room. Do you remember the room
Mary, it was latter to be destroyed by fire.*

*In January, I watched it burn from passing trains that went east and came back
faster going west and stayed forever going west without moving.*

*An arctic wind leaves for nowhere, blowing leaves, my dreams are chained to
those leaves. This is fall and you have become a memory, your smell of sex has
gone stale. I reach across the bed to place my hand between your legs, the bed
doesn't respond. I was sure I touched a corpse Mary, your corpse Mary and in
the morning I will think of all this and my hand will tremble, my hands grow
colder now, my age looks back across this bed from the wall mirror, the mirror
is clean, everything about me is clean like the inside of a bone when the
marrow has been sucked out, like the inside of a room you can't remember.*

PLEAS OF REBIRTH

... and to a mother's womb I cry
now as I watch the frost climb the window
pain ...
once I was a baby — so innocent in my
naivety

now I'm sinking in my deprivity
deprivity of that soft, sweet
warmth of my mother's womb

my birth — what has happened
to it?
have I lost that too?

... and to a mother's womb I cry
please let me in

I don't want to die
I don't want to cry
I just want to lie still and listen
to the warm — listen to the sound
of life and the beauty of your heated
belly warming me from the cold
making everything all right again

Just for a moment
Just for a fleeting moment of my
emphatic fantasy won't you
let me in?

Barbara Hryciuk /73

ON THE NIGHT OF LOVE

kisses, softly, slowly melting the coldness
of the night,
touching, feeling, reaching love's final ecstasy
in the night
body against body
minds together, understanding, comprehending
total unity in one night
no barriers broken - no communication breakdown
of spoken words
searching souls - heavy hands
finding comfort in each other,
laughing - listening - crying and then
flying high on top of the hill
emerging and then dispersing
filling our stomachs full of heated harmony
holding hands and barely breathing as
we lie beside one another
feeling the coolness of the breeze brush
over our bodies - bringing us back to
a motionless state where weary words and heavy
heads greet the darkness
coming fast
... drifting deeply
... falling into a dreamless sleep
... reaching timeless totality together at last.

Barbara Hryciuk /73



I Love a Parade
or
Riding in Style

I saw a parade the other day
with flags and classy cars and all that jazz
And gentlemen and ladies all rigged out
In fine clothes, fit for a fancy dinner –
a very great deal of pizzazz.
Shiny limousines driving at a slow and stately pace
The guest of honour – in no hurry, I surmised
No urgency – just an enjoyable ride.
The cars all had their headlights on, though
it was a broadly sunlit morning
I supposed they were helping their guest, who must have
been experiencing some difficulty in seeing his way
Then the procession turned
into a spacious, stretching field
With slabs of whitish marble
growing up in neat and perfectly ordered rows –
Straight and symmetrical in any direction – a place
for everyone and everyone in his place
And on these stones were engraved the happiest and saddest,
the greatest human stories of them all – some long,
some short – but very few of them widely known.
So that was the nature of the dinner –
Not where he eats but where he is being eaten.
They were serving him up –
(or dropping him down, really)
Into a great yawning naw of the earth
Which would swallow in its cubist jaws
the body and soul of a man, leaving nothing,
nothing tangible behind – only a spirit, (some people would
say
ashes to ashes and man to dust) –
Well anyway – the important part – I'm forgetting
the important part, the point of it all –
the lesson, the moral – for we know, don't we,
That all stories have a moral (our teachers
taught us that) –
The guest of honour –
Wrapped in beautifully (but tastefully, of course) coloured velvet,
enclosed in fancy (but not too expensive) wood
Accompanied by beautiful flowers that had stopped

growing too,
Was being driven in the biggest, plushest limousine
of them all,
A Cadillac (yeah - dig it) with ornate sides,
gleaming, polished black –
THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION–
And it occurred to me ! – This is right ! this is the way
it ought to be !
Everyone – I mean everyone – should get to ride in a Cadillac
at least once in his life.

m
1967

Oh Shadow

*Oh shadow of the forever escaping light
whose breath freshly breathes the fine fragrance
that causes men to look upwards beyond horizons.*

*What aroma lingers on the borders of this broken field
that causes reddened hands to grow heavy under a
changing day.*

*On these fields where the crazed horse history has trod
and trampled with iron hoop
Death knows these borders by no other name.*

*Still farmers clear the skulls heads of unclaimed graves
though death knows them by no other name
and the air lightly scented with the sweet fragrance
of a distant lingering
has turned all hearts from the sad leafless days and given
ears to the advancing clouds and the plague of crows.*



Sand Witches

I

(The Dunes)

North Carolina.
 The ocean stretching away from.
 Two naked crystal nuns draw their smooth grey bodies
 across the bar.
 From off the ocean a homeless wind, as all winds are,
 spreads their diamond souls across the hell that heaven makes.
 These are the sand witches.
 These are the witches of wonder,
 pulling themselves up to die
 as constantly as man, never growing smaller
 never any larger.
 Treading a snails space on their sandy feet, they sing
 the bleached out bones that wind and crystal make.
 No gulls rest here.
 Here the scorpion eats his tail for dinner.
 Death is an eternal diet here, where even the vulture
 consumes his own shadow.
 I trail my history cautiously in this place.
 Lonesome as this Carolina sun, I cast no shadow;
 and having none resign myself to non-substance.
 Between two witches, I name a mystery
 (myself, not self, hidden with the ashes of a whisper)
 and forget.
 Time and space recede with the mist.
 Yesterday is a watch I forgot to wind.
 A filament of blue between myself and the continent
 is all I need of separation.
 Between the town and here my destination waits soon;
 and soon enough will disappear.
 In the sand my footsteps collapse and vanish
 as soon as I am passed.
 Unlike the words they pretend no path to follow.
 I climb one crystal tear to face the dynamite of wind.
 Unlike a snake there is some skin that a man cannot
 crawl out of.
 Pain presupposes existence where for a moment there was none.
 A memory of love carries me back towards a room
 where you are waiting.

II

(The Wrecks)

Again the broken figure head, the paint
 chipped bosom half revealed.
 What sand buries water uncovers, then
 carries away again.
 Here is the beached whore.
 Wearing her lovers casually.
 as stale perfume
 and seaweed pearls,
 she never asks for names.

 A wooden wishbone protrudes from sand;
 intrudes the graceless blister of decay.
 Separating the ribs I pass between,
 where only decay has any meaning.
 I passed here once when I was born.
 I am no longer a relic.
 My foot prints wash away.
 Your flesh still burns in my hand.
 Tonight I will love you forever.

III

(The Room)

Life is all, is all that is left.
 Love is all I have left.
 The womb,
 the wrecks,
 the dunes.
 Life is all, is all I have left.
 Tonight I will love you forever.



photo gallery

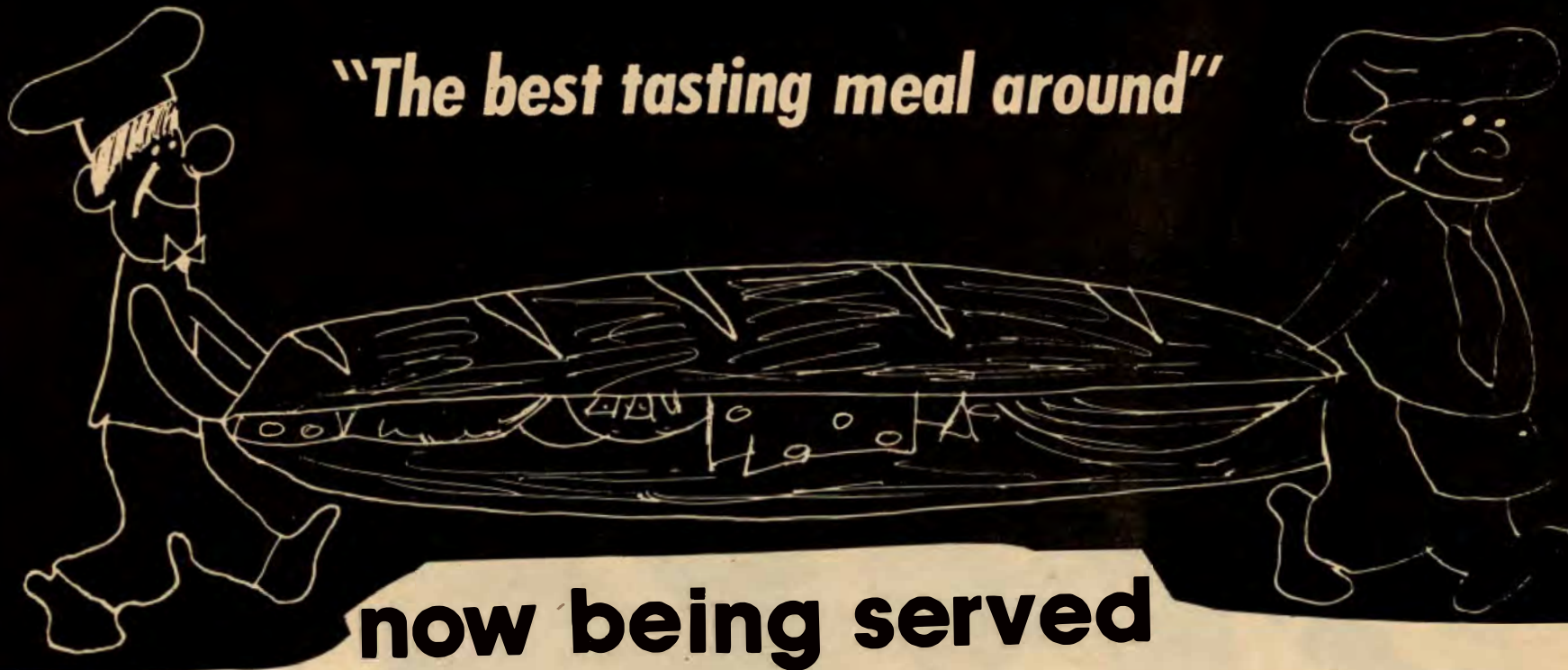




PHOTOS BY
**EARL
MILLIA**



MR. SUBMARINE



FRIDAY NIGHTS
AT THE "BENT ELBOW"

ALSO AT THE

"GASTANK"

FEATURING 'TRUTH'
TIME 4:30

Housman

"Shoulder the sky my lad, and
drink your ale".

(Last Poems)

Shakespeare

"For a quart of ale is a dish for
a king".

(The Winter's Tale)

Borrow

"Good ale, the true and
proper drink..."

(Lavengro)

Browning

"There they are, my fifty men
and women".

(One Word More)



poetic justice

WINTER CARNIVAL



is on tap
at pub
tuesday

Winterfest

humber Winter Carnival



MONDAY:

VALDI	12:00-12:30
JUNCTION	12:30-1:00
VALDI	1:15-1:35
JUNCTION	1:35-2:05
PIANO	2:05-2:30
JUNCTION	2:30-3:00

FREE IN THE CONCOURSE

TUESDAY:

LOG SAWING CONTEST	10:30
SNOW SHOE RACES (back valley)	11:00
ARM WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP	

THE MOO & BREW PUB
FEATURING
ROMERO'S UM-PA-PA
BAND
FREE BEER STIEN
ADMISSION \$1:50

WEDNESDAY:

MICHAEL LEWIS	12:00-12:40
CHRIS CLARKE	12:45- 1:15
HUMBERGER GROUP	1:20 - 1:50
CHRIS CLARKE	1:50- 2:20
MICHAEL LEWIS	2:20- 3:00

FREE IN THE CONCOURSE

CONCORSE CONCERT

KODIAK
JAMES HARTLEY
LA TROUPE GROTESQUE
HENNING & MARS
MAJOR HOOPLES
BOARDING HOUSE

THE BENT ELBOW WILL BE OPEN
ADMISSION \$1:00

WINTER CARNIVAL BUTTONS
ON SALE IN S.U. PORTABLE 25¢
ALL STUDENTS WEARING
BUTTONS ARE ELIGIBLE
IN DRAW FOR FREE TRIP
RETURN AIR FARE
TO EUROPE

Rule Days, Rule Days,
Dear Old, etc. etc. —
(A Tribute to High School)

The chalk and board

and flesh and brain

Try to form their verbal equations

which the order factor disarranges

The sun comes in

— sometimes —

When the blinds are right

It happens

In our long days' journeys to the night

It's never

very bright

But often

very uncomfortable

The doors seem wider than the walls

yet narrower than all our leaning frames

The winds howl by and

the grass is turning grey under the snow,

And here we are, sitting in our waiting place

Where we wait to wait

Then change our cells and wait again.

Between the occasional sowing of plat-homilitudes

in the audinasium - gymnatorium

We sit and look and hide

from one another

And play our ABC's and numbers games

While our leaders run us through

experimental mazes

To distant goal boxes whose sides are too high

And whose prizes will not last until we get there.

m
1967

MAJOR HOOPLES



BOARDING HOUSE

WEDNESDAY
FEB. 21

Festival Concert, featuring
- Major Hooples Boarding House
- James Hartley Band
- Henning & Mars - Illusionists
- La Troupe Grotesque - Comedy
- Kodiak
at 8:00 p.m. in the Concourse Humberger - Licenced



MIKE LEWIS FEB 21



WINTER CARNIVAL

FEB. 19-23, 1973

ARM WRESTLING

The tradition of arm wrestling is centuries old. It appears that no specific rules have been laid down but if the basic rules below are followed, the end result will produce the maximum amount of enjoyment and the minimum of confusion.



Firstly, elect an impartial judge. This wise investment can prevent an arm wrestling match turning into a real wrestling match.

When you have your judge then find a good solid

Try and pick an opponent of similar height and build. There are three weight classes:
Lightweight
Up to 175 lbs.
Middleweight
176 lbs. to 200 lbs.
Heavyweight
201 lbs. and up.

table. The two contestants must sit and the free hand must either be placed behind the back or grip the opponent's free hand. Both feet must be planted firmly on the ground.

Elbows of both contestants should be placed on a beer mat or in a circle drawn on the table. At no time during the contest must a contestant's elbow move out of the circle or leave the table.

The starting position requires the contestants to adopt the "palm" grip. The "palm" grip is achieved by placing the two hands together, one in a vertical position and the other horizontal.



The judge allows the contestants five seconds to "take the strain". He counts off the seconds; at the "zero" the contest is on.

A match winner is decided either by the loser's hand touching the table or when in the opinion of the judge, the winner is in an obviously dominant position.

There you have the basic rules of arm wrestling. From time to time variations on these rules may appear in which case use your own judgment but ensure that, if adopted, they have the agreement of all parties.

THE ANCIENT RULES

OF ARM WRESTLING FOR USE IN THE AMAZING ARM WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIPS



"snowmobile rodeo"

test & drive

feb.22 12:00

back valley

We wish you a joyous time at your Winter Carnival. Also, we would like to remind you to have a drink. We hope that this will give your Carnival an Atmosphere.



BEST WISHES FROM HUMBER COLLEGE

AND MAY WINTER CARNIVAL BE A SUCCESS

TSB

A NEW AGE IN SOUND
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN MISSING ?

In times when the pace is fast, many products are built the same way.

Sound is a leisurely past-time. You should enjoy it. Sound is a very personal thing. Every individual has his own standards of intricacies which are involved with sound.

At TSB SPEAKERS we take great pleasure in crafting sound systems personally for our customers.

We would like to take care of your ears.

TSB SPEAKERS will build systems that will amaze customers with the nuances in sound they have discovered.

The bass will be more than the clatter of a tympani on a Sunday afternoon ballgame. The highs will be crisp and clear, not like the drone of shrieking subway wheels.

TSB SPEAKER customers will here sound which is precisely balanced and offers sharply defined separation of lows, highs and midrange, with a minimum of distortion.

That's why at TSB SPEAKERS we take pride in our craftsmanship. The better the sound, the happier the person. The happier the person, the better the world is to live in.

Drop in to the Student Union Portable and inquire about the quadrophonic system we are building for the new Student Centre. At the same time pick up a card for a 15% Discount at TSB SPEAKERS.

We'll be earing you.
P.S. HAVE FUN AT WINTER CARNIVAL.

TAB

THE
FILING CABINETS
WHICH HELD THE PLANS
FOR
WINTER CARNIVAL
TAB

WILL ALSO FURNISH

PHASE 4A

WITH NEW CABINETS

WE ARE ALSO
RESPONSIBLE
FOR HOLDING
ALL THE S.U.
TOP SECRETS



STUDENT SERVICES
The following services, departments and programs are available to all students of Murray College.

WYOMING AND MICHIGAN TOURS 217, 224
Information on all tours and rates

RECREATION ACTIVITIES 217, 224
Tennis and Individual Sports Gymnastics
CUBS, Ladies Activities

BOOKSTORE Ext. 308 & 309
Textbooks Academic Portable Film
Supplies and Supplies available from store in main Classroom

COUNSELLING SERVICES
(Room 8336, Ext. 311, 312, 313)

Personal Counseling Academic Orientation
Encounter Groups and Anxiety & Stress
Experiences Testing
Decision-making
Interviews are conducted in the strictest confidence.

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Health Consultations Medical Treatment
Medical Insurance Referrals
Information Birth Control Information
College Physician Dr. A. McD. Murray

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Career Planning Placement
Career Library Scholarships and
Career Counseling Bursaries Program

STUDENT AFFAIRS
(Room 8328, Ext. 307)

Liaison with Student Union Student Information Booklets
Housing Registry Student Insurance Information
General Assistance Alumni Assoc. Information

D. SCOTT, DEAN
(Room 8326, Ext. 242)

AFTER WINTER CARNIVAL
WHEN YOUR MONEY IS SPENT
COME SEE US

§§ **STUDENT SERVICES** §§
HELPING IN MANY WAYS

