

Winterfest

humber Winter Carnival



CAMELOT A SHAKESPEREAN HAMLET
OR JUST EVERYDAY TORONTO SCENE

Streets of gold are paved with tar
Leading to castles which have no princess
As people stand and talk of reflections
Their emotions a recoiling drawbridge

Knights drive by in shining armour
As damsels brush their flaxen wigs
Many words tonight were spoken
But all they are is exhausted air

I sit in stands and watch the tournament
As valiant men count their maidens heads
Where talk of battle is fought and won
They parade victoriously with scarless backs

A line buy sticketts to a feast
Watching two others as they eat
Drinking it down with wateréd charcoal
And then leave with a bellyfull of love

Down the street a crusade is fought
Ford and General Motors shaking hands
There nations emblems finally meet
In the rubble one big ball of twisted metal

Jesters parade looking for a fool
Standing on corners shaking a rattle
Love is bought love is sold
Contortionists play on a bed full of nails

Once a week a distance travelled
Exchanging turkeys for a pocket full of paper
Then walk into the castle past the thick oak doors
Waiting childishly for the Wizard of Booze

Lights flash tinsel glares
Bellies wiggle breasts like melons at a fair
Auctioneers prance Auctioneers dance
On the floor buyers quietly bid.



Cars blare by ringing mission bells
Sisters of the night stroll quietly by
Above their knees they carry their habit
Looking for a confessional pacing their beads

Sounds are heard songs are sung
Young ones walk to the floor
Holding each other motions are made
The motive hangs in the air afar afar

People walk moving in around the crowd
In gold streets paved with tar
Seeking joy an expression of relieve
Then going home in a soundless car

In the street a soothsayer stands
Beneath a flashing light in the day
Selling postcards selling riddles
Cotton baton in his nose old wrinkled hands grab at nickles

Breaks day . . . the street littered with night before
As movement again begins
People return to the castles
To see if they can scratch through the tar

IDIOTS DELIGHT

EDITOR: MYCHAJLO

PHOTO: STEVE MOORE
PAUL HYCHIE

COVER: LARRY OSTROM



If Grass Could Speak My Love

*If grass could speak, my love, then where might we be lying,
 On the chests of other lovers whose terminal lives have finished here
 This grass covering up the names which they lie under
 Perhaps a city proud with human furniture which flourished once
 Below the rising sun and rose to ruin in one long ancient history.
 A million soldiers, love, lying with their guns and perhaps a
 photograph beside their hearts of a lady they defended.
 A dauntless hero buried with a flag and a nations gratitude
 Who died with his fists clenched and a longing for a gentle place
 To sleep. To many martyrs, love, who dreamed a peaceful kingdom from
 Yesterdays screams and traded all they had for a brace of beads
 Or a bitter cross. Ah but we care less of these. Let us know them
 As we must and make good love on this blessed grass which has no voice
 To speak.*

*If grass could speak, my love, what then might it worship,
 The gentle foot fall and rise of childrens feet against it's
 Back of earth that love continues even over fear and fills
 Lifes darkest corners with the naked warmth of truth.
 Perhaps a poet, love, who smooths his weary face in it's sure
 Green apron to let the amber sun draw out despair.
 A soft and lovely woman with winded hair who blushed like
 A cherry with the breeze. A blue and running stream, my love,
 Where quiet spirits stop to listen or to dream and lay
 Their peaceful heads to sleep in the generous curtain of
 It's green. A glistening early dew, my love, as the tears of
 Saints which sooth what they cannot save. Ah. but we are all of these.
 Let us know them as we might and make good love on this blessed grass
 Which needs no voice for worship.*

Chris Embree

A Poem 1973

*And the new year came as last
 The sands changed in the desert dusk
 The wind blows cold
 As winters past
 And I listen as someone writes
 A beggar in the streets his clothes torn
 Stood on the corner and a riddle muttered
 He looked up to the graying clouds
 With his hands in his pocket
 The Traffic to him replied
 A richman from his limousine strode
 His cashmere coat against the day
 He paused briefly
 And from it he gently brushed
 Forgotten dreams of the past decade
 A whore in the coffee house
 Her lips ablare
 Fiddling with her compact
 Adjusting her hair from tedious wrinkles
 And quietly looking through the glass
 As a newspaper is swept up the street
 With news of the war
 Traffic stirs Traffic loud
 People hurry scamper in a shroud
 The sun peers from behind the building
 And all is forgotten
 In the passage to the subway
 One or more dreams walk the street
 People worship people sleep
 Some are lost some are found
 And the years pass by
 Without a sound
 A traffic light stops the noise
 We wait automatically and proceed
 Down streets that never end
 Knowing a new year will come again
 Some pray for a better war
 Others parade not to destroy
 And a child watches the bee
 As the flower looks up
 And the squirrel dashes to a tree*

*To lovers somewhere greet the morn
 As they lay in each others arms
 As a man walks home from his job
 To lay his head on a pillow
 And wait for a better year
 More than one was crucified last year
 As we start from year one again
 And disciples preach in the streets
 And people pay
 To build a better Rome
 And the shamrocks they have died
 From the cliffs the winds jump and dive
 As from the green fields someone stole the bride
 And the asphalt covers the skin of the earth
 And tires grip to take the stride
 And someone now is giving birth
 A gift of life for mother earth
 Now there will be someone secure
 For at that moment there was someone pure
 And the new year came at last
 The winds changed in the desert dusk
 The wind blows cold
 As winters past
 And I listen as someone writes.*

mychajlo

Milk it till its hungry eyes close
 weary of wonder
 till lips slacken.
 Let it sleep on
 The tan brown table of your flesh flat belly
 its spittle curling over your birth slack sides
 Here is the earth mother
 more simple than wisdom
 harder than truth.

Life doesn't live in a bottle
 behind windows or brass
 like a convict
 there is a fetus in a jar
 formaldehyde
 two inches long
 red but dead

With its wee small thumb, curved soundless
 in its round small mouth, legs folded
 like a rose under useless chest.

I bite my lips till I taste salt
 but tears won't come.

I want to breathe my life through the glass
 into that tight little shape
 HOW USELESS

Come out of your mind for a moment
 Maggie

but bring your body
 and we will touch
 between the trunks of trees

We will know the

Earth

grass

bones

without names

we will be lost ships, found at sea, shells curling
 timeless on an angry ocean

we will be the space of time
 for the space of time

Come out of your mind

Maggie

Here in my hands, Maggie

I am holding you last breath
 in my hands like a deck of cards
 in my hands like a smooth round orb
 face and breast, face and breast

And your every successive breath
 heaving in your chest
 with my fingers on your nipples

Feel the soft grass
 under your smooth curved buttocks
 bursting through the bones
 louder than earthquakes.
 Suck from every blade
 each green fiber
 the very

blood

bone

marrow

seed

Holy Heart of Existence.

And I lie with with you

on the table

pressing close against bare wood

where we meet like crosses

palms on palms

outstretched on the sand

desert evening of your abdomen.

Only Art

Michaelangelo on a hillside

Yellow Christ

Adamantine statue silhouetted

in front of an orange sun.

Pieta, Pieta, lay my head

on your soft green lap

where I was born

torture is only a momentary

affliction

Eyes unlike streets should not

have gutters

only vision

I refuse to feel guilty

for what I am

all of my life.

Chris Embree

THIS EARTH CRIES OUT

*This earth cries out in a voice which is louder than silence
It cries in the negro-streets into the earless sky
howling out of pain from its last lost step
laughing mad through the corridors of its city nights
screaming its thorns into the lonely black
wailing out of its chains into new life
street blues
guit-box playing black sounds
soft-thumbed bass-beat*

*Love your lady
Love your lady
till the parting moon
makes the earth shine
baby*

*There's the rhythm
"NO"
"There's a cross for everyone
and there's a cross for me "
Hard beat, tormented, coaxed up
out of a crucifixion oracle
torture those skins !
"The concecrated cross I'll bear
till death will set me free."
May-be.*

*Michaelangelo, I see your slave
cold white and guiltless, straining
out of his bonds, his angry face
knotted pain.
There is freedom in his eyes
crying out to live
"Here"
here is human dignity, there can be no death here
only endless torture
endless birth.*

*There is an acorn cast upon cement city
burning its sacred green sprout root
into the stony grey
fighting out of thirst; lost in the hungry silence
I hear its screaming
Lae-ee-fe-ha-eee-fe
I want to throw it back into the grass
guts of the earth, free it from its struggle
but
I cannot
There is a rhythm to life
Weep and moan
Wail and groan*

*When your ladies
off and gone*

*This earth cries out in a voice
which is louder than silence
It cries from the tree's roots
rooted timeless tearless
in years of graves
Death is a Hungry Lover. aaaaa*

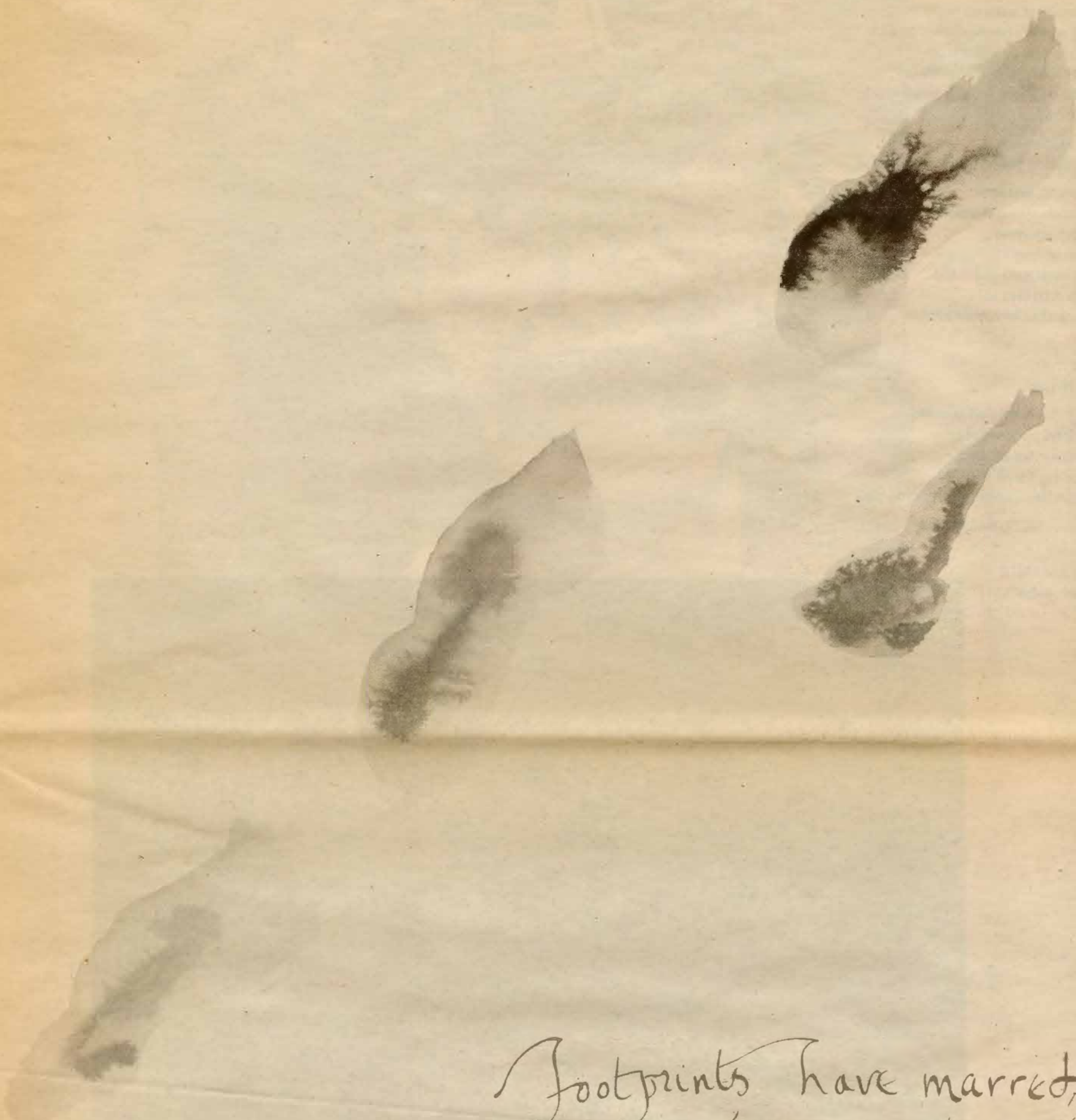
*I feel it, baby a
Howling a
out from seeds a
all force a
pounding up through dust a
into the heavens a
Ahee-eee-yaaaaaaaaa*

*pulsing up outwards from corpses
maggot raw, from garbage bones,
screaming into life
from the soft loins of woman
into the warm hands of doctors
It must be good
to hold all that force*

*All newness/all ageless.
Face and breasts, Face and breasts
earth and grass, bones and graves
Beat their feet, Beat their feet
until they wail like mad men
howling into existence
here's the dawn
It's been so long
Oh ! the sun ain't shone
since you've been gone*

*Baby
Where's the afterbirth
warm red brown tissue
death come late/life come late
like an angry burp after a hungry meal.
Here is the seed
grown into living
red wrinkled living
puffing and pounding
burning for life.*

*Give it your breast mother
give it your brown milk breast
hold it sucking between those soft warm mountains
feel his heart an eternal machine
face and breasts
face and breasts.*



Footprints have marred,
 in passing to and fro,
 Pure perfection:
 the never-trodden snow.

-YAYU.



OPUS 25

There in that first wailing night
The lispig worm charged its existence
Screaming its one eye peering
Fixed on its immovable impression
The thought of some simple comunion
Its blonde body swam

The first purpose ever known
To the struggling being there impelled

The light began distances to the
Eye never seen along the back road
Of some lost universe

A perpetual struggling thing
Its motion inscribed indelibly
In its instinct to live in
The libido dream of my existence

Ever ever

It fell

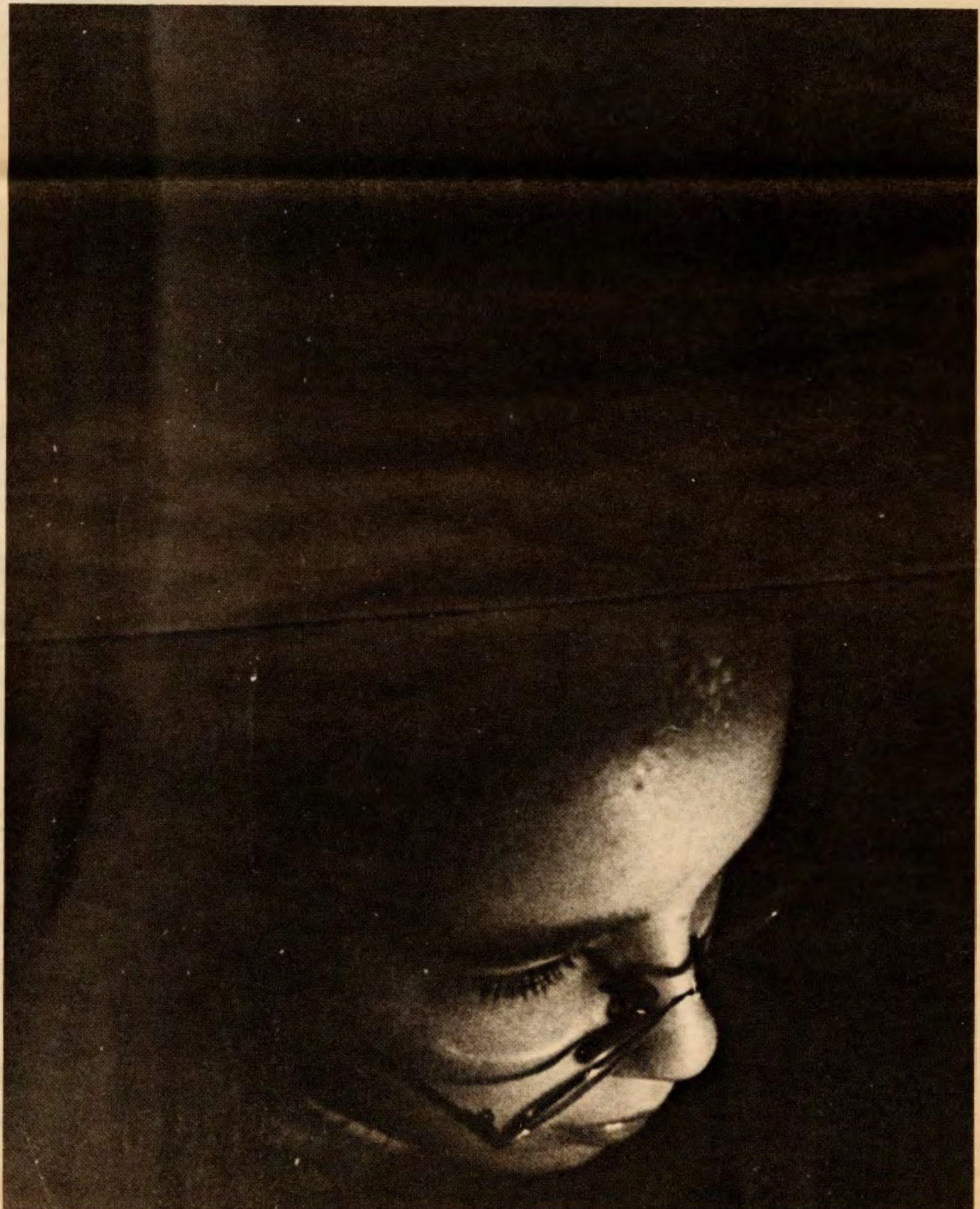
It sped

Ejaculating star spangled planets
Moon infested apocolypse
Searing meteorites all lent
Their whistling force to the
One little white caterpillar crawling

J. D. Broadfoot

a

SALAMANDI
publica





Circles formed
And in the midst a man stood alone
Lines of ages upon his breast
Breathing hard and wet he draws a breath

Entering shelters of hidden coal
Here dreams are found he is told
His lungs lunge to the air
Daisies lost from wet and cold

Mallets clatter drills a frenzy wear
Walls shudder and crumble
In a heap of darkness
Men search for daisies their gardens long past

Voiceless promises unspoken
A daisy chain of life
As words take air
As words take air

At the top of the shaft daylight breaks
Words for a moment spoken
The trek home started
Looking into hollow eyes the silence was not broken

A day is gone; a decade worn
The trip home gets longer
Children wait at tables of illusions
As a voice of promises mutters hunger

Circles formed
And in the midst a man alone
Lines of ages upon his breast
Breathing hard and wet he draws yet another breath

Circles broken
Voiceless promises were spoken
As eyes peer into an empty shaft
And words are air and words are air

An hour passed
The sunrise tht you did not ask
Shovel in hand to seek the ore
As yesterday and forever more

mychajlo





The Unmateable Woman

How does he begin ? The sea with fruits of death, soother of disease, the unmateable women whose hand carries sperm in foam. How does he recognize: There the smoothness of bone, naked against rock, no hand has smoothed so fine as a shape of the almost lasting communion of rape. The shore and the boards of an old boat house, rotting – fetal smells of decay, warm to the eye, cold in the taste, life in a storey how does he tell it ?

The boat house, empty of guts, no life only shape. The sea streams like veins collect only at the mouths of rivers, the womb of sea. Salvation is the hollow left behind the walls of decaying boat houses.

Rivers and streams and sea, cold to the flesh warm to the death.

How does he begin to paint in the hollow, the moment of waves, the rotting; and all the sperms of the world come washing in and the house is standing almost unwillingly on its last beams.

Morn rises, tide changes, hands reaching from seafoam, everything begins . . .

The waves come again, the eyes rising, everything reaches in . . .

A. J. Guerra



A Night of Questions

We sat with the furniture, your perfume the only scent to the room. There was movement in the streets, screams, oceans, horns, sirens, glass breaking, there was only a stillness to the room.

Somewhere along our meeting I had forgotten your name, was it Pearl or Grace, Mona perhaps, or did you ever tell me ?

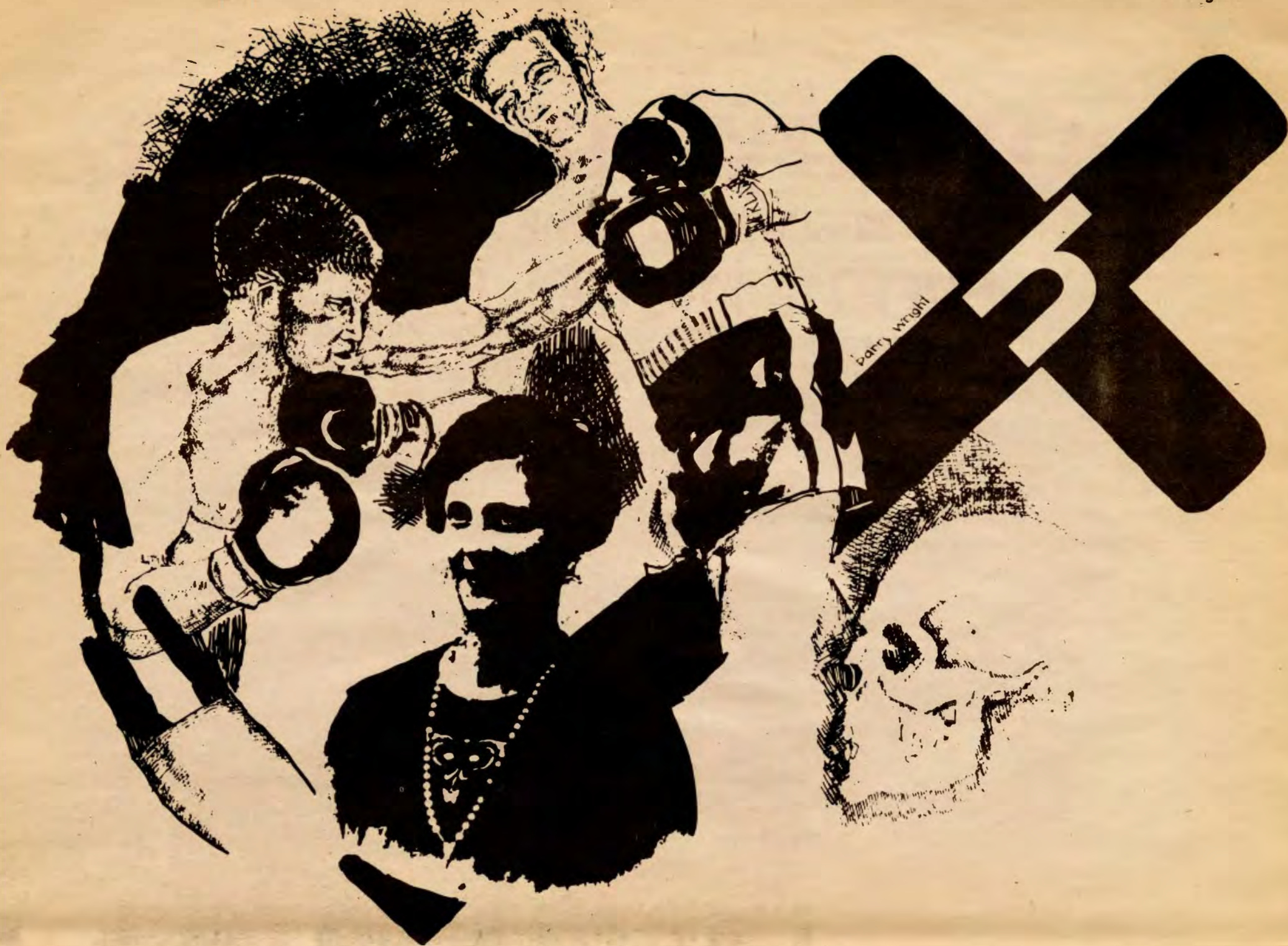
Did you say you were from Boston or some other town along the eastern seaboard. You are beautiful though, I mean you have flavour, you are an oasis, there is such a thing as a desert and you are a sanctuary, you have the taste of soothing desert water.

Two nights ago you were a dream, a slow senuous floating dream on University Avenue, your pockets empty with matching eyes, you were coming from some mystery and a room in Cairo perhaps. Two minutes ago I though I knew your name Yest it was on University Avenue when the climate made sleep impossible and the future restless.

What was it that attracted me, your walk, slow, caousious, angular, maybe the way you said "Is there a park nearby ? Do you remember those words, you never did get to a park. I was the only one who knew this, you kept your secret well, nobody on the street suspected our lack of devotion for parks that always end up smelling of come and bed sheets.

How many more questions do I have you ask ? As many as there are empty parks I answer. Suddenly you turn around, your eyes meeting mine and my throat has the taste of salt on it, you smile as if you knew this would happen and I remember how and can't believe it.

A. J. Guerra



What are these fossils soon to be landmarks,
 Alas, a Pheonix, it is Troy !
 I whimper after the battle
 My eyes bleed at the sight,
 The sight of the Twentieth Century Trojans.
 How long will this battle persist ?
 The conquerors crucify their captors on the crosses
 The wires relay messages to others
 Hail ! Hail ! We are victorious !
 The blood of our enemy
 Runs thick in the concrete of this desert sand
 It flows into the gutters
 The waters reden. Victory !

What of Helen ?
 Woman in everyones life
 Woman in everyones home
 Woman in everyones heart
 Where is Helen ?

Achilles and Ulysees still do battle,
 Their followers watch,
 They wait for the command of their masters
 Ready to disembowel their brothers.
 For what ?
 For Faith !
 I walk through the battlefield
 My sword hope,
 My tears fall into the mud
 It has not rained.
 And the victors cry.
 The sand has turned into mud with blood of
 our brothers !

What of Helen ?
 Woman in everyones life
 Woman in everyones home
 Woman in everyones heart
 Where is Helen ?

The ships have sailed
 Carrying carrion for the vultures at the shores edge,
 The ships have sailed and there will be more
 Why ? For they wait, to do battle on command.
 The ships fish for death
 There nets cold steel.
 For what ?
 For faith !
 And I in water the colour of wine mutten
 But Christ has not yet been born.

The waves reply
 Faith ! Faith ! The war is at hand.

What of Helen ?
 Woman in everyones life
 Woman in everyones home
 Woman in everyones heart
 Where is Helen ?

A blood crazed throng
 Awaits in a newly contrived architecture
 Ready to spring into the streets
 And slay their brothers
 Structures tower to the skies
 Which are ablaze from the fires of the sun
 Zeus awaits the setting of his stage.
 A high flying vulture cries out
 Faith ! Faith !
 And I stand in the street
 Which is barren of love
 And reply
 But that is not the Trojan horse.

What of Helen ?
 Woman in everyones life
 Woman in everyones home
 Woman in everyones heart
 Where is Helen ?

And the crowds shriek there is Helen by the shore
 Dipping her chalice into water and drinking
 the wine
 Helen comes running and the crowd cries for more
 Helen will show them what to adore
 Her long flowing gown a veil is removed
 Beneath a new model car
 The crowd cries ! We have faith ! We have faith !
 Give us more !
 And I cry out, "What of Beauty this thing you abhor."
 The crowd replied
 Do not fear
 For Christ is not yet born, come with us to the shore.

mychajlo

POETRY READING

MARCH 13 IN THE AUDITORIUM

GUEST: MILTON ACORN



In a land where trees and wind bend together
Pine needles and leaves eulogize a blue fleece
While a sparrow ponders the passing cold
Cooing wisely from its nest

Snow falls as shaken from a blanket
Making a parosol winters bed
The moon scurries past heavy clouds
Avoiding the feverish burning of the morn

We're waiting for waiting
We're waiting for waiting
The forest whistles a tune
In the opened mouth to bottle the wind

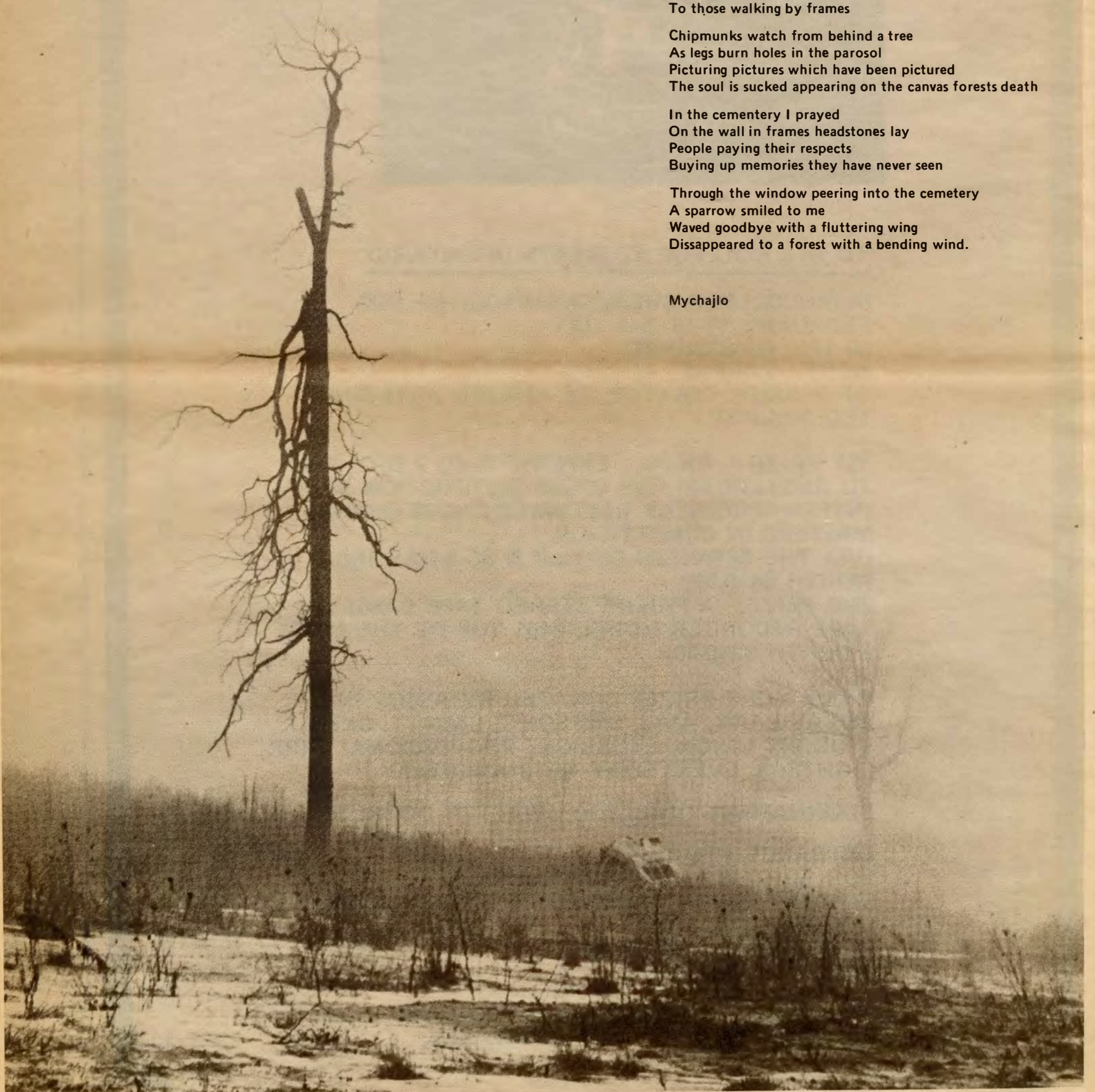
The sparrow swoops swiftly
Planting her tracks in the snow
Reassuring the life of the forest
To those walking by frames

Chipmunks watch from behind a tree
As legs burn holes in the parosol
Picturing pictures which have been pictured
The soul is sucked appearing on the canvas forests death

In the cementery I prayed
On the wall in frames headstones lay
People paying their respects
Buying up memories they have never seen

Through the window peering into the cemetery
A sparrow smiled to me
Waved goodbye with a fluttering wing
Disappeared to a forest with a bending wind.

Mychajlo





TO ALL COLLEGE STUDENTS IN ONTARIO

INTERCOLLEGE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP 1973
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OF HUMBER COLLEGE OF APPLIED ARTS AND
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FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL
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HUMBER COLLEGE BLVD
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THE PUBLIC IS INVITED AND FOOD AND
REFRESHMENTS WILL BE AVAILABLE.

Humber Winter Carnival

Monday:

Valdi 12:00 - 12:30
 Junction 12:00 - 1:00
 Valdi 1:15 - 1:35
 Junction 1:35 - 2:05
 Humburger Group 2:05 - 2:30
 Junction 2:30 - 3:00

Free in the Concourse

Tuesday:

Log Sawing Contest 10:30
 Snow Shoe Races 11:00
 (back valley)
 Arm Wrestling
 Championship

The Moo & Brew Pub:

Featuring:

Romero's Um-pa-pa Band
 Free Beer Stein
 Admission: \$1.50

Wednesday:

Michael Lewis
 Chris Clarke
 Paul Kilburn
 Chris Clarke
 Michael Lewis

Free in the Concourse

FRIDAY

"WINTER BRASS BASH"
 Informal-Formal
 at Ontario Place
 7:00 p.m. - 1:00a.m.
 Tickets per couple
 \$8.00 - students
 10.00 - staff

Concourse Concert:

Kodiak
 James Hartely
 La Troupe Grotesque
 Henning & Mars
 Major Hooples Boarding House

The Bent Elbow Will Be Open
 Admission: \$1.00

Thursday:

Snowmobile Rodeo
 sponsored by
 MOLSON'S

Pub - 8:00 p.m.
 featuring "RAIN"
 Admission \$1.00

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

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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

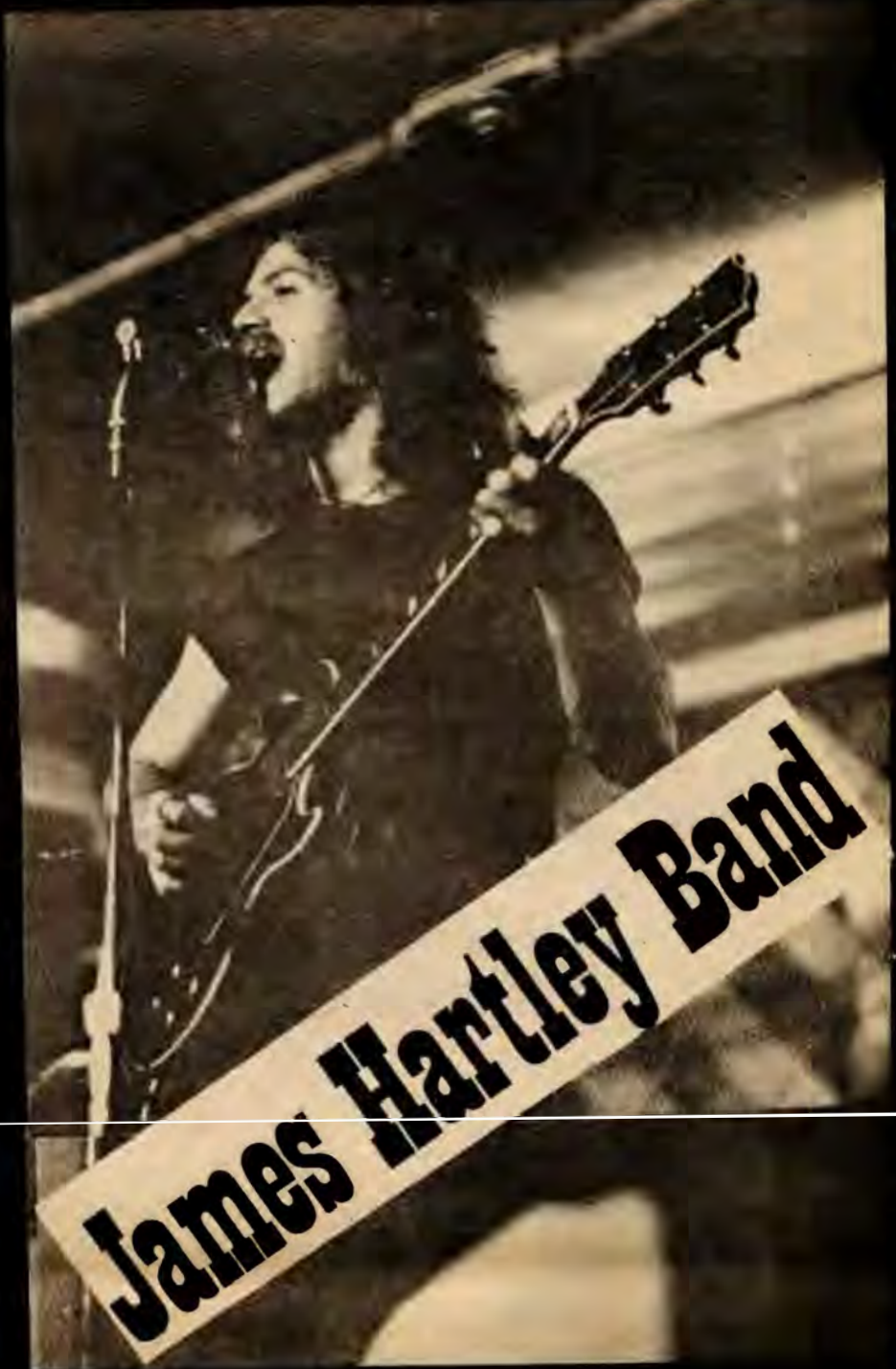
MAJOR HOOPLES



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



is on tap at pub tuesday



poetic justice

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)

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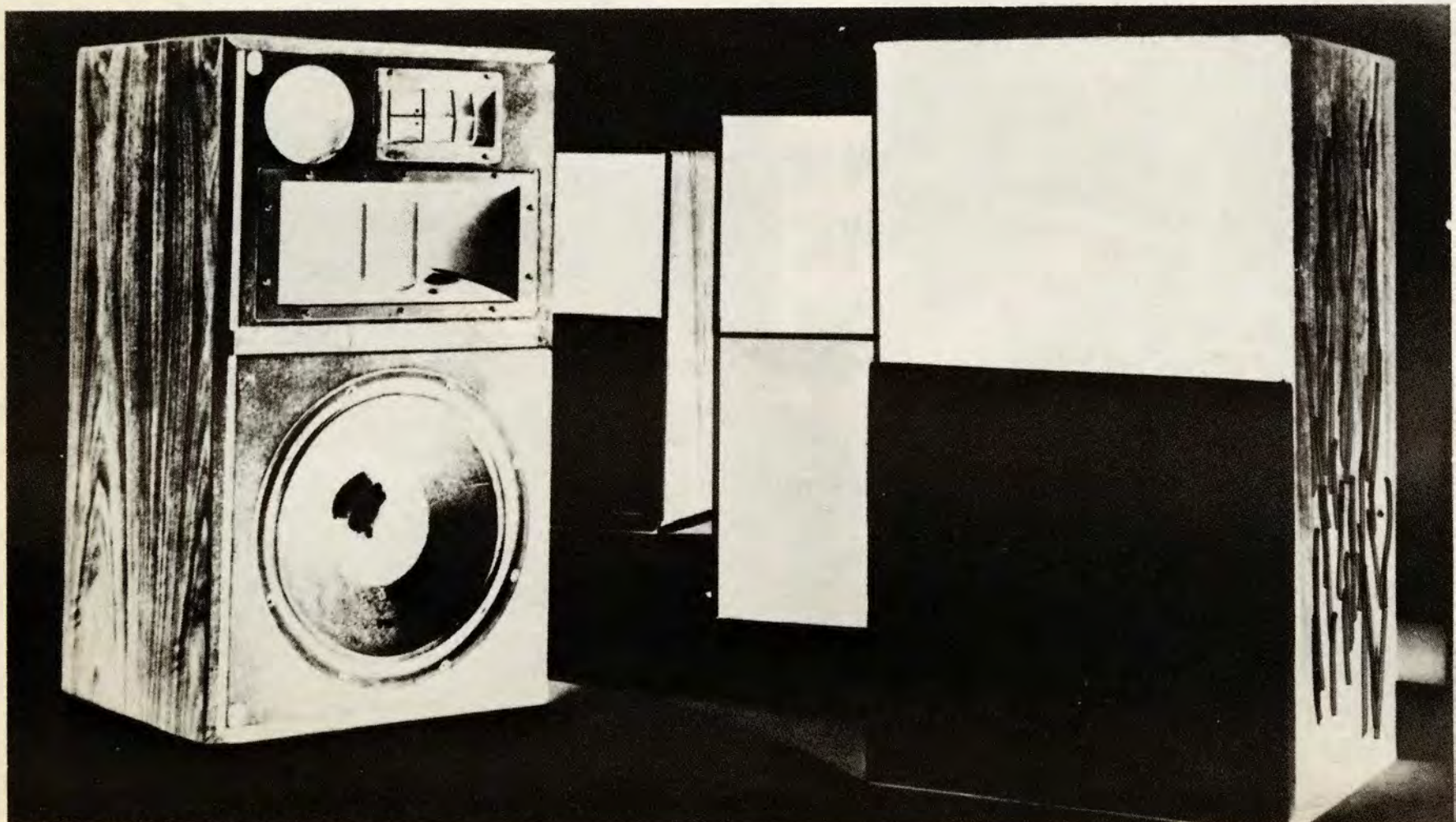
The bass will be more than the clatter of a tympani on a Sunday afternoon ballgame. The highs will be crisp and clear, not like the drone of shrieking subway wheels.

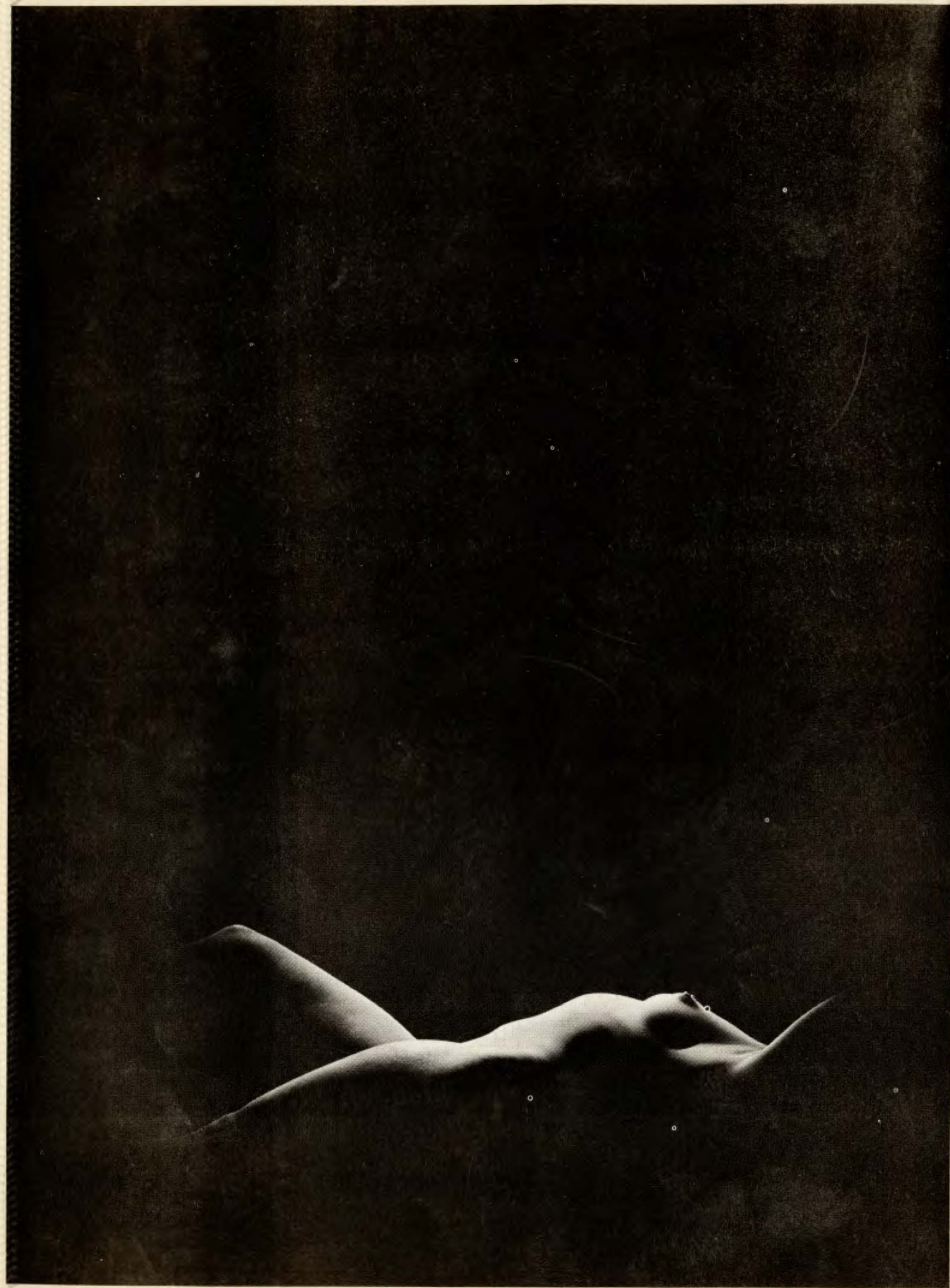
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Drop in to the Student Union Portable and inquire about the quadrophonic system we are building for the new Student Centre. At the same time pick up a card for a 15% Discount at PSB SPEAKERS.

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





**IDIOTS
DELIGHT**

