

important: read caution
notice and instructions
on back.

180

DAVINCI

WINTER 1973


DA VINCI

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special thanks to the Unemployment Insurance Commission
without whose help this book could not have been produced.



JOAN MCCRACKEN

SUN'S RAY THE TREE SLICING BLADE OF AN AXE
THE EMPTY CUP OUTLINED AGAINST A TEAPOT.

IN WET SEASON WORD
 SEEPS
 THE DRINESS OF OUR THROAT:

MUST TIRE
 OF UNTANGLING KNOTS
 IN WOOL

BEFORE WE CAN BEGIN
TO KNIT MITTENS FOR THE WINTER.

at night outside my window :
sound of many cats,

saw three,
corners of a triangle.

*

moss & ivy
quick to cover
an old irish ruin;

paint
peels
anxiously
off a rounded,blue,door

opening inside
like a church,
untouched,

by changing skies

while greenery,
like a caterpillar,

overhangs
the ledge.

*

feverishness,
running down Baggot Street
in the morning,
past shops just opening

stepping outside
& mist burning your cheeks.

*

yesterday,
in the mountain town of Blessington

lakes, sloping valleys
patchwork moss &
pagan trees.

9

thatched hut

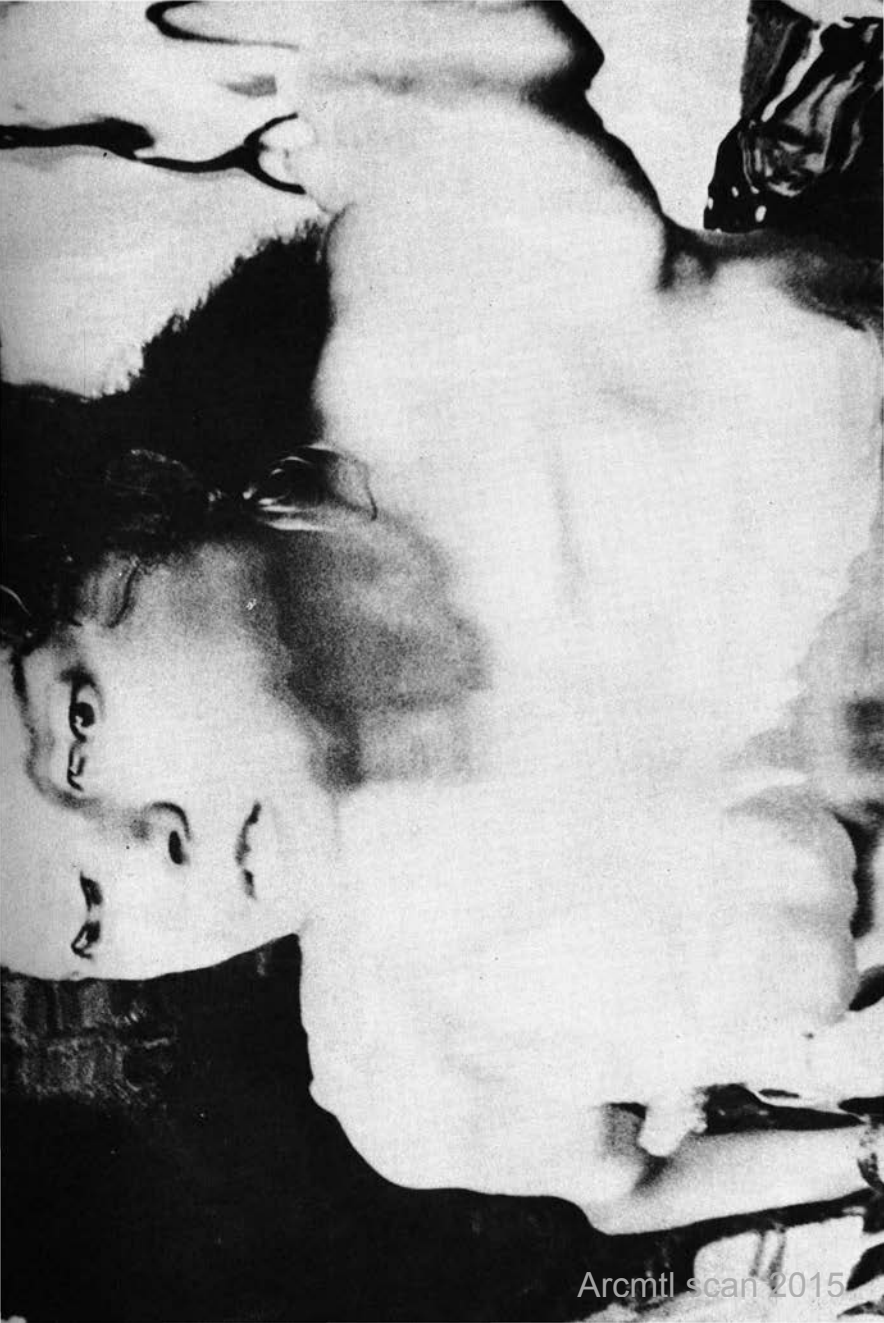
with a little garden,
black iron cooking pots
swinging over a peat fire.

*

my sister anne has finished her phd thesis,

& has returned with 5 copies,
like 5 all-dressed pizzas
under her arm,
to Mtl
for 2 weeks.







HOPETON ANDERSON

the tragedy is not / only /
th lies of hannibal's existence /
mostimes it is seeing no one really
holdin' hands in th movies.
it is a commemoration of th
uncolorful attempts at festivals.
camera wandering into abstract
beauty,adding.adding glue to
th reel to pick up unreal flowing words.

he sat there smilin'.
getting fat with love pent up
in his black fingers,and they are unclaped.

you know that bein'
don juan don't solve,
cluttered plantation stories.
th screen
is th happenin',she grays more
on account of that knowledge,
especially when th missionaries
start acrobatics next to th judges
in th centre of th museum
where th curator speaks
underneath meatless trophies
of natives' heads.
tears filled with
undercurrent shame,
between th space
as even hands just
radiate a fragile heat.

missin' sight of pandora's box
as it slips by / maybe
to be opened for a clear truthful
spiral to rise.
it slits by with hope.
as children in unasked for
blackness, soundin' thru old
traditions, but unforgotten,
contentions, unspirited th
earnest shakes and
embraces, they try to
adopt their parents who
fall into religious memories
calling th situation
a rosy crucifixion.

the redness in your
fingers and veins
become erected
and your eyes lose their natural state
and wander between th flowers,th gaols
th church,th unexplained statute
they wonder
if your love
is a major obscenity.
it is your trump card.
you watch th leaves as they
fall next to th park bench.
you remember your sacrilegious acts.
leavin' tradition behind,you
clasp hands hoping that 'forgotten'
be written on your tombstone.



SPOTS

16 The head of the woodpecker moves back and forth with amazing rapidity, so fast that the noise of the repeated blows sounds much like the roll of a drum. The muscles that operate the head must work hard and fast. Much waste material is formed and excreted as the tissues are oxidized to furnish the energy needed for such exertions. These wastes apparently furnish the chemical basis for the color that dyes the feathers. The black crescent of a flicker's breast and the red spot on its nape lie over the areas where the powerful muscles that operate the head attach to the skeleton. The colored markings on the bodies of many insects similarly occur on spots where the hard-working muscles are attached to the exoskeleton.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

1. Obtain the wing of a chicken, crow or other good-sized bird. Note how the feathers overlap. Study one of the feathers to see how it is constructed. Draw an outline of it and name the parts drawn.
2. Try moving your arms up and down as a bird flaps its wings. Do this as rapidly as you can. How does your rate of movement compare with that of a bird?
3. Study a dandelion plant. Taste its leaves.
4. Study birds' bills to observe how they are adapted to the habits of life. What birds besides the cardinal, carry nutcrackers? List those that have probes.
5. Find out why a canary or a chicken does not fall off its perch when it goes to sleep. Explain.
6. Observe the skeleton of a bird. Point out how the skeleton is adapted to flying.
7. Observe aphids. They occur on many common weeds. Note the sucking tube which the aphid thrusts into a plant's tissues to get the sap. Observe, if you can, how the ants 'milk' the aphids.
8. Study some flower such as nasturtium, sweet pea or clover to see ways in which it is adapted to insect pollination. Be able to give a report.
9. Observe under a microscope a prepared longitudinal section of the stigma of a flower; observe the pollen tubes growing down into the stigma.
10. Try to dig out a root of a wild sweet clover plant or of some other weed. How long is it?
11. Observe the movements of the stem of a dandelion flower cluster to see how it rises as the cluster opens, but sinks back among the grass stems when rain or cold weather comes.
12. Compute the rate of population increase by counting the seeds of some weed such as wild mustard, evening primrose, sandbur or pigweed.
13. Observe the head of a tapeworm under a microscope and note the suckers by which it fastens to the lining of the intestine.
14. Make a map to show the migration route of some bird of your locality.
15. Grasp your right forearm firmly with your left hand. Move the fingers of your right hand. Where are most of the muscles that move the fingers? If these muscles were all located in the fingers themselves, what would your fingers look like? Is it any advantage for you to have your thumb opposed to your fingers instead of in line with them? What things can you do with your hand that a dog cannot do with its paw? Find other ways in which your hand is fitted to its functions. Could you learn to write with your toes?

BUCK DHARMA

MOONLIGHT

A small twig
is broken by
the howl of winter.
Shrunk berries
severed from the bush.
They free & silent
on patches of snow.
I cross the bridge
keeping the buck
at bay.

At my window
cracked glass spoils
the view: the moon
appears halved. It's
man laughs; I cringe. The
terror of its glow is
hidden by the clouds —
dull traces of sediment
streak across a blackened
sky.

**TO MY FATHER :
WHO TOOK ME TO SEE
THE SEVENTH SEAL ON MY
ELEVENTH BIRTHDAY.**

In loneliness, cold old age
is creeping up. Old euphemisms
will not do anymore. Those kernels
of wisdom you spouted have shrivelled
and died, sheathed in dark cloaks.
I cannot help you fight the sea,
those tides which keep rising
nearer and nearer. Go old man,
pitch your tent, abstain from your
labor on this day. Chase the
gulls in the morning; play chess
in the dead of night. This time,
when he comes, go valiantly to meet
him and play to win.

""

....AS WE FORGIVE THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST
US...."

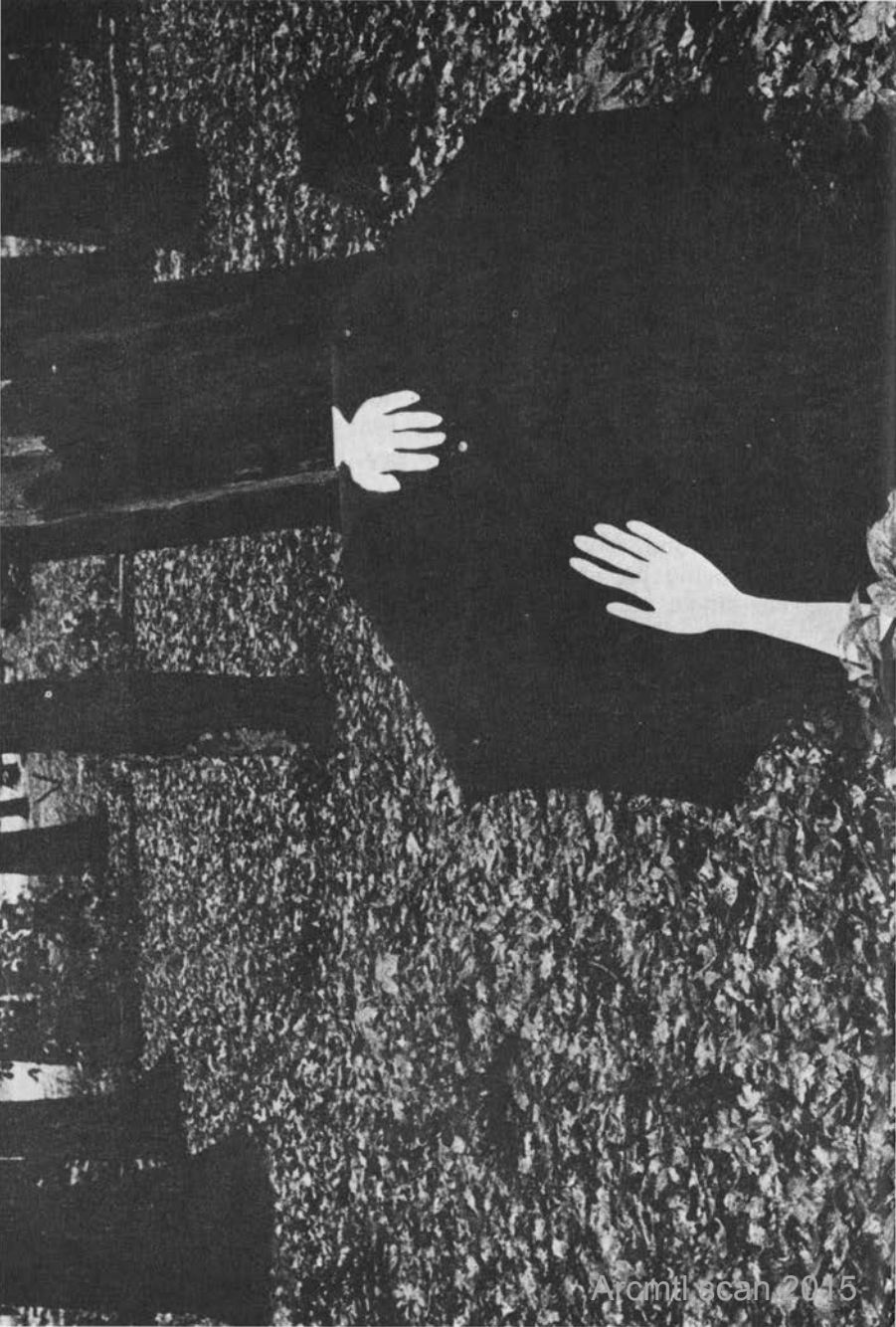
Sitting in my car
with the back seat pulled down.
There was no place i could sleep legally
and it was too cold with all full stalls
and no tent plots
in a nylon bag beneath the sky.

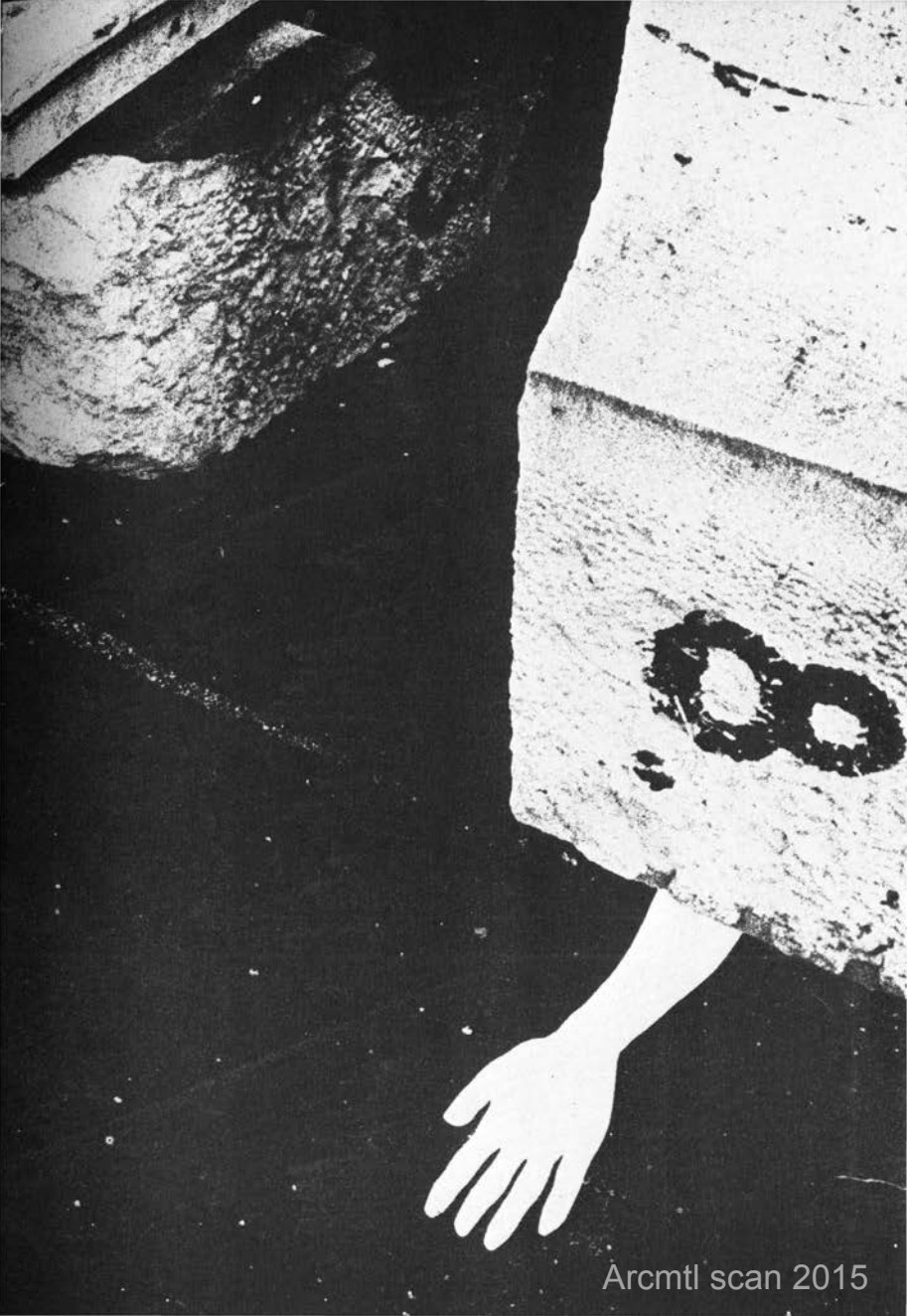
It is wind here, and rain.
I am alone. My brothers forget their maps
and bring no incense.
No single star shines bright, but one:
at Forty-Second Street.

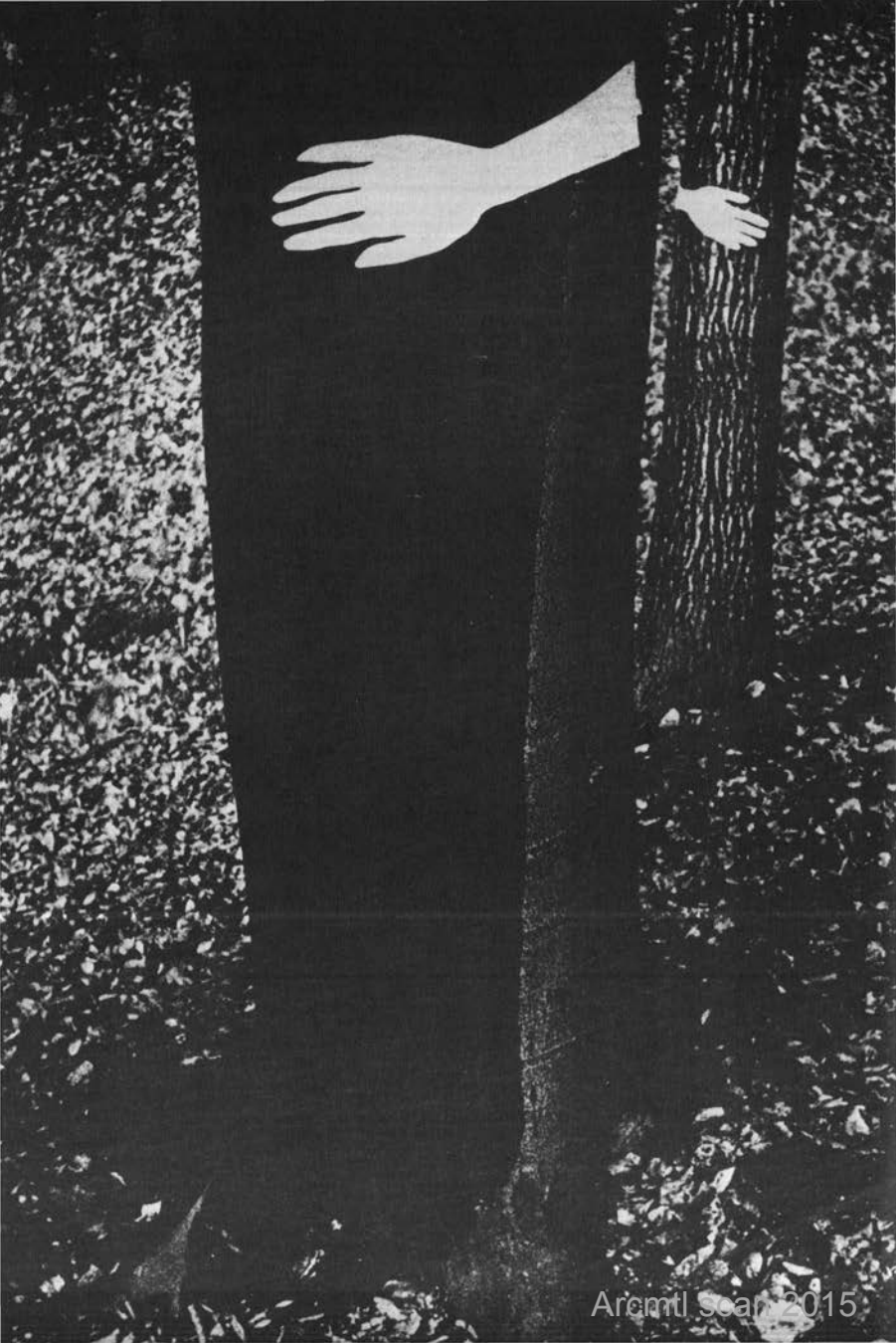
There was a blackout at my conception
and again, nine months later.
And i was brought from straw
to a field of weeds.

21

I lie here
in the crabgrass
on unclaimed land
giving birth to the new sun.
I saw my rosary backwards
and wait for the policeman,
staff in hand,
who will herd me
with his flock
and leave us forage
behind barbed wire.









TOM EZZY

Crash, breakdown,
the end of the world
it seems.

The toboggan track runs
to the edge of a cliff
and you've just pushed off.
No more centre
any more,
the pit of your stomach
an arc, a plummet,
a dying clench of ice.

The sun in the east blinds you,
the wind from the west is too cold
morning leers over her shoulder at darkness
who is doing up his pants.

What am I,
my own question on a blank page,
there are no more books to read.

Our Lady of the Driven Snow
fashion me,
Christ of the Ascension
hold me together,
Lord Krishna of the immanent spring thaw
I want to melt
gracefully.

Haiku

Like good wine I taste
you, and take in my breath. You are
the slow burst spreading.

Far away
we break our mouths
on the sidewalks
of each other's body.
Moths collide around the small frame
who is to say
who has made contact
with what.
As smoke trailing
we are all each other's
offal, glory.

At edge of twilight
a last stab of dawn.
Nightmares of tommorrow,
your tears are the prophets
of streaking meadows,
the dazzled, fiery brick.

Celebrate, celebrate,
fill the abyss,
the world turns
on its own axis.

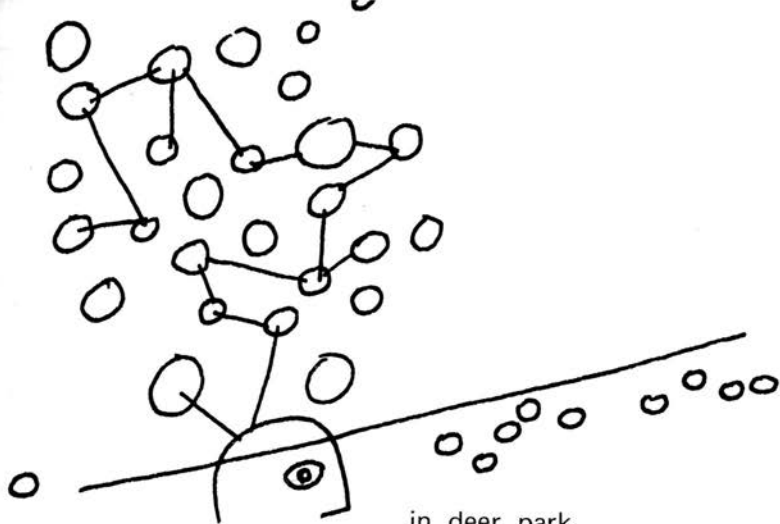
CLAUDIA LAPP



GREECE 1973

neon & marble :

the acropolis
 is less illumined
 than the coca-cola billboard
 & DEMOCRACY blossoms
 in blue neon in athens



in deer park
the beast
in pool of blood,
pain liquid eyes.
dog may try
to tongue heal
man may try
to talk heal
but they reach not
the hurt

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we all stalk the deer
because we are not deer
because we are we, we
see not deer in us
nor man in deer :
desire hurt desire hurt
is all we know

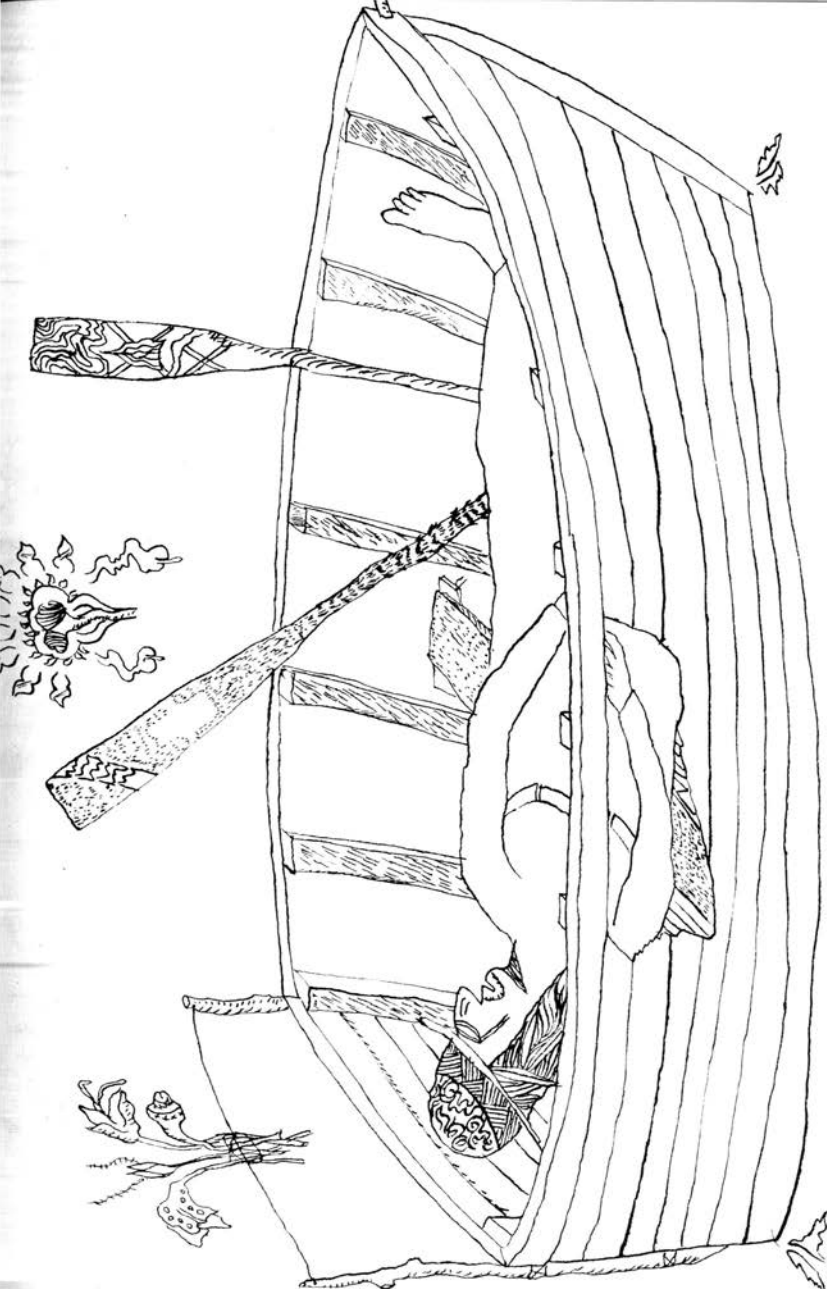
in deer park
the beast pain
liquid eyes

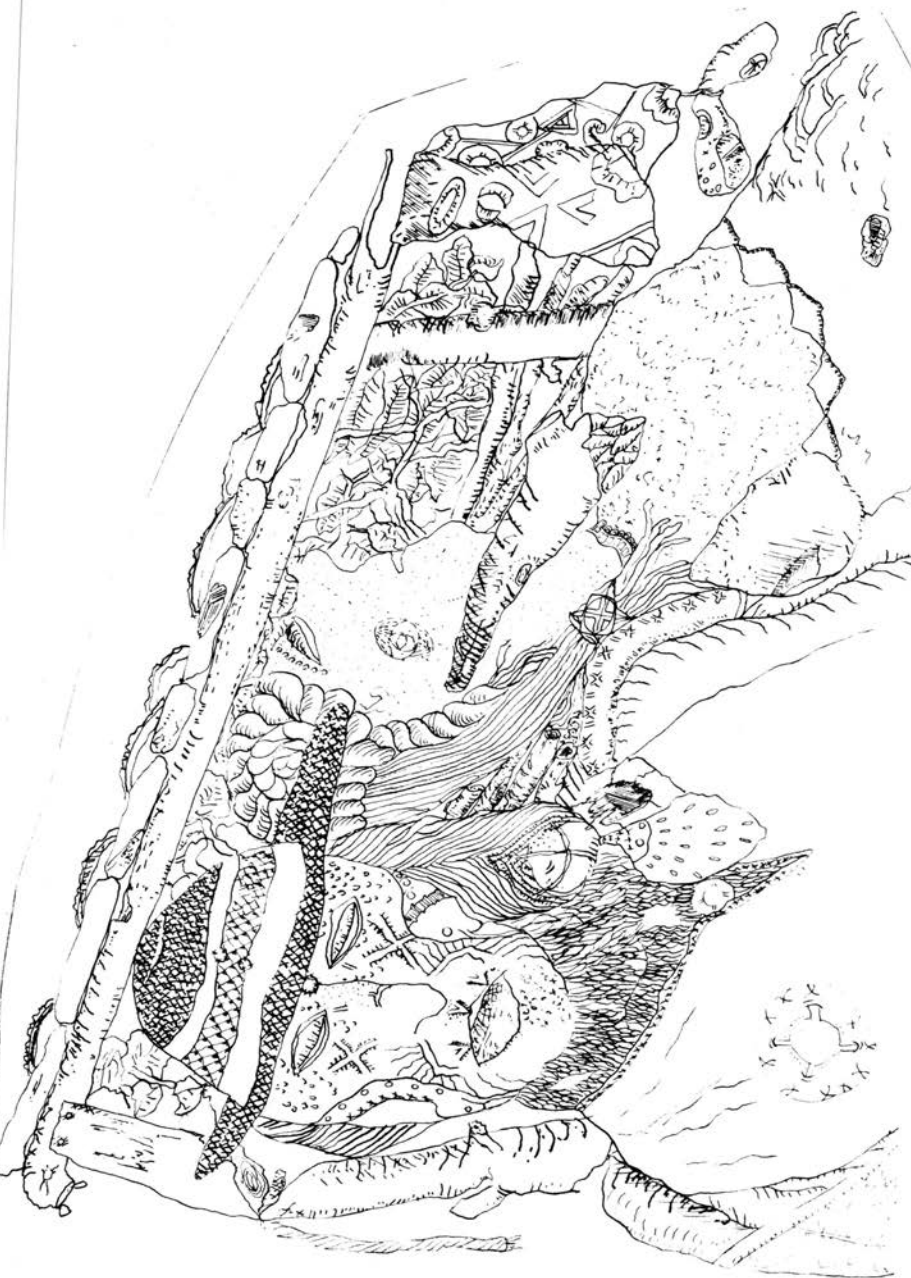
TED NEWMAN



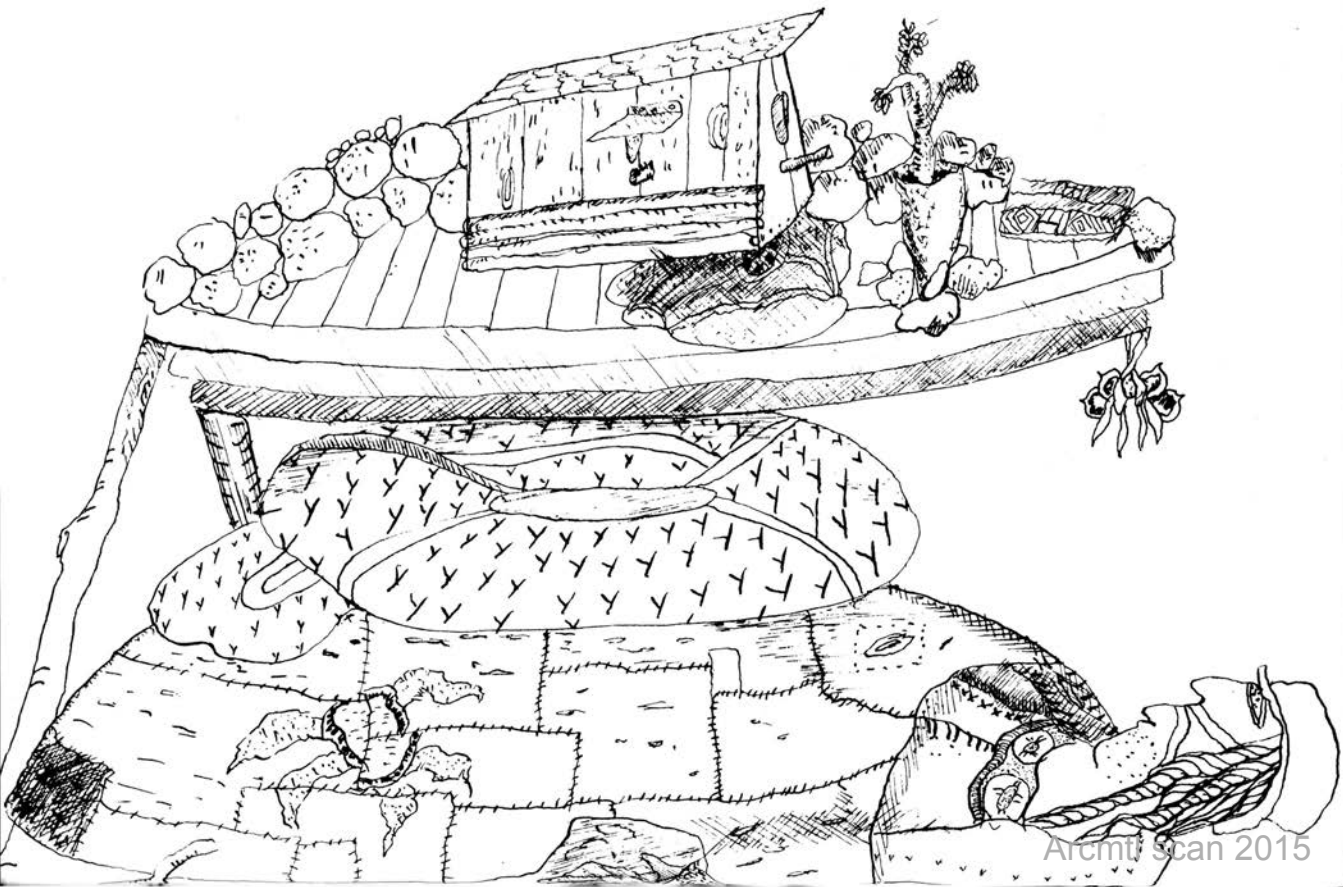


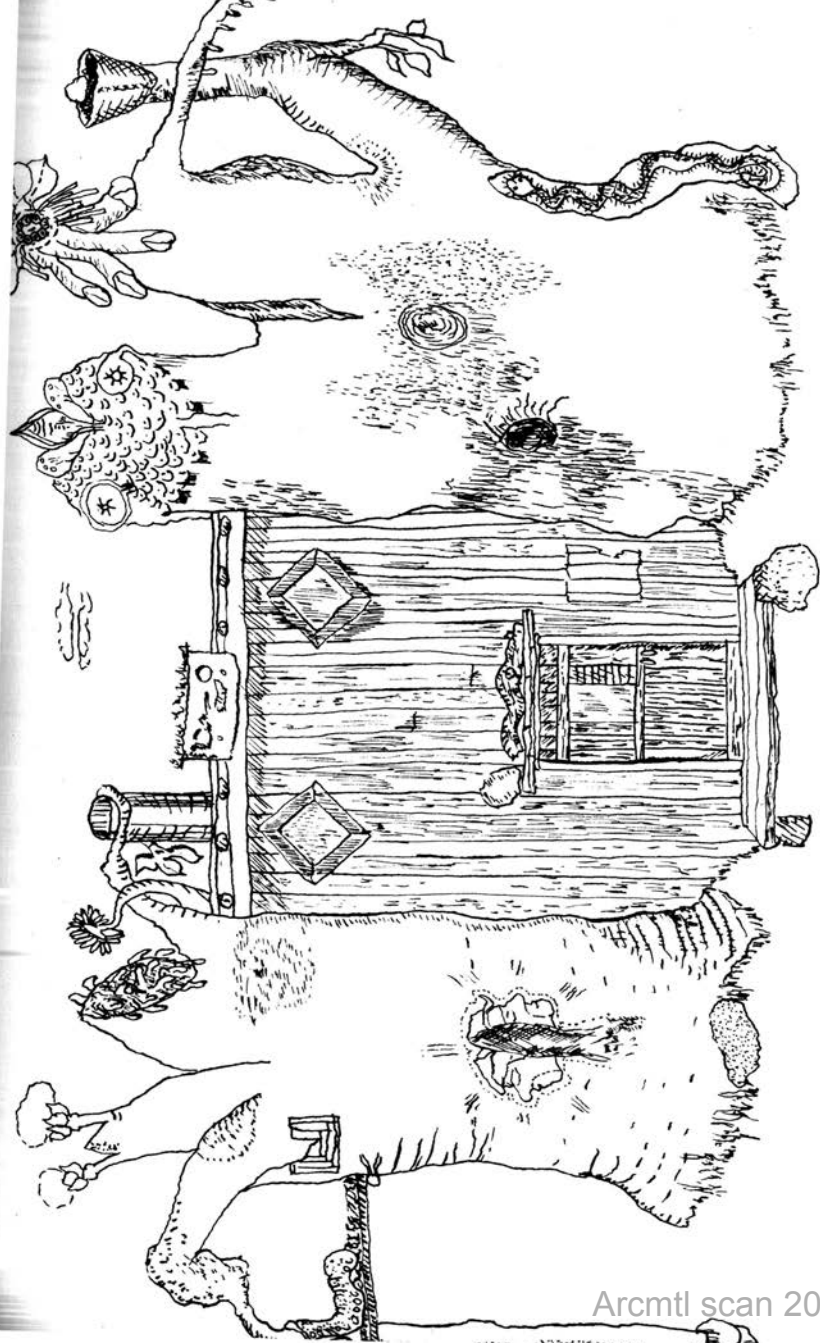












Those milepost
,fr Jean - Paul

He could Lost&Found th mailorder bride
As true ! ?
& th phoney English accent. 're you
freed of Electra tendencies ?
frightened a father's saunabathe
'ng Was thar out'ne the catalogue page
edited, th quasi - Serbian girl strives to image
When to become full th thesbian cipher ?
,th Bland Version thereof
rattles my head, doffs off th glove
Who could ever write love poems, a quarter
Century old & cant, never to

put my packboard overlooked th onramp
supper
grows cold frm th chromium automat
,been back & forth on th High Road

over half my lover's years
& still miss you . I miss you
Yr child he's grown away frm me
,& out
remembered best as a pocket edition
,by now he's a desksize dictionary
&
soon what words to come !

dec3.70
s'toon.sask

Whut t dew in th lacklove Autumn

41

O, readng poesy now thet insists
alleycat ashcan japtown jam
shithouse orchestrations o/er nite roofs
gone memory a hill & country mill
trash honkytonk guitar twalf pm
this my fadesake denim soul
& scent uv old leathers
this city bin ruled offside
heretofore
sparrows starling, two, gleen th last
hotdog n omnibus true.

oct69
vancb.c

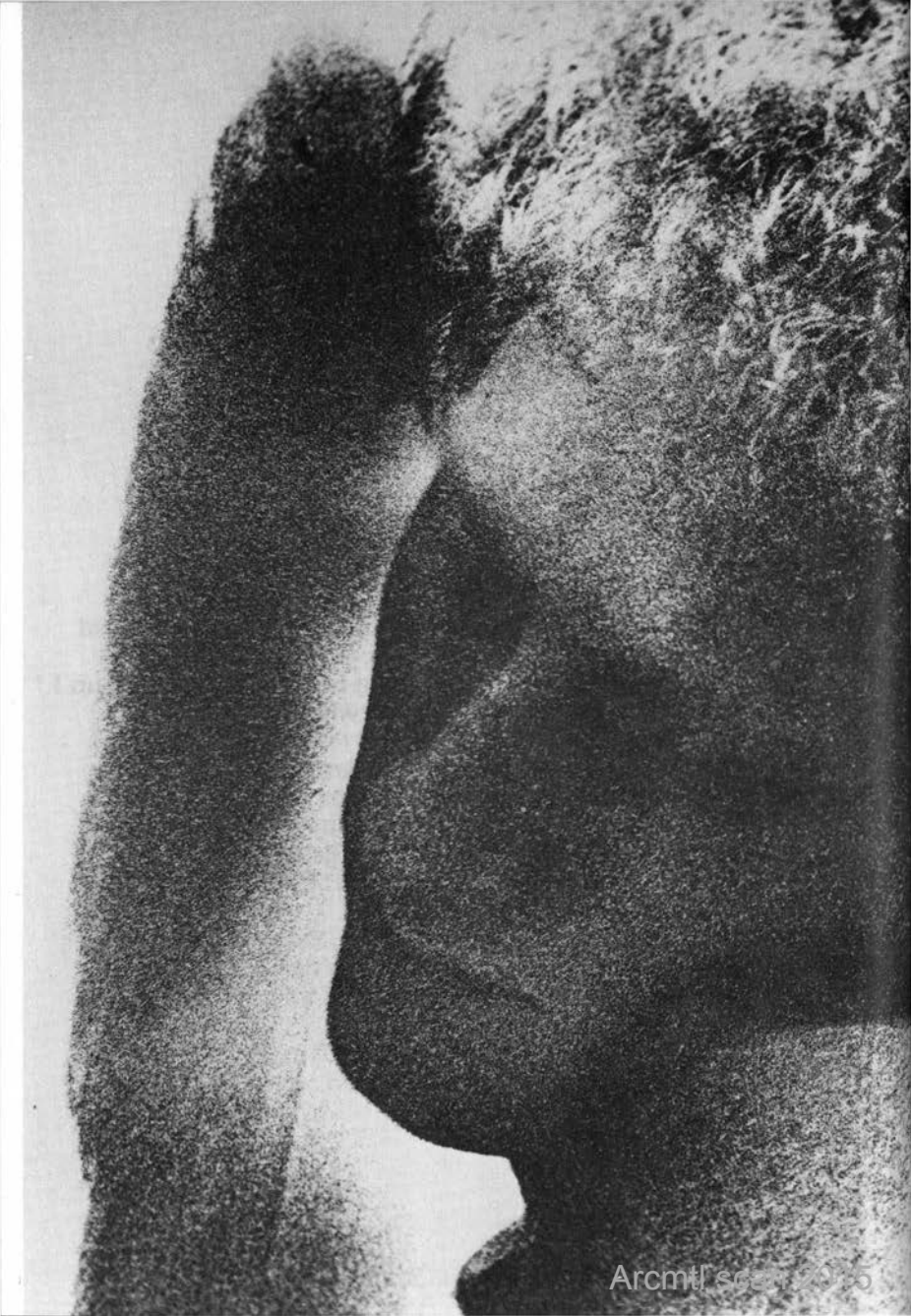
Y'see my tiny flower
how sweet th earth's oft gifts
O how i member th Hudson sunset
O i recall all Hoodoo Lake house
tremulo,warpduck,dick turpin
where in th photograph mile
mark th blonde

:mark th blonde
in th dawn
why,why most everything turns up

jan.70
vanc.bc

'There be this raw egg asett'n up ther in th sky'. she sd
'minus th shell ! ?'
'Yes ? ,well',wheezs i,'quit gone so fast s'ie cn ketch up ! '
& she'd none sooner quietened when
Th sky zipt over basic black
My shoes grew red mushrooms & th night
th night it fell noisily
,not unlike
a cupboardfull a dishes falling
some great distance
Th night air accepted us
fr
we're already some Atistocracy in
certain corners uv th Casbah.

feb.69
vancb.c.





PAT MULLER

(in between

white / pale blue sky stripes.
winds rise through, greeting
a bright red towel waving and
sparse leaves in a great tree,
behind the house. Stuck
in this city dusk-time listening for /
in the middle of today
no more light, not yet the dark
which would bring sleep i wish
our footsteps could fall on
tomorrow's sun-touched cement.

You sat there
opposite me
a canoe paddle stuck
in your hand used only
to emphasize words of
beauty or comfort.
a shadow at 2:00 a.m.
bundled up like it
was winter or something
at least as cold . rocking
back and forth and sideways
watching the sky
you carried me
to a norway star
and back again.

in this emptied room
there is time today
for tea and talk.
women each (wondering
in their own loves.
dimmed lights hanging
down from a cracked ceiling.
the door shudders with each tear.
but we carry each other, comforted
now wandering down a street
where a bered tree leans
towards the house, vacant.

tears wept through
the mist of shapeless
mountains (distanced

49

lake swooshing thoughts of
up to the knee in water.
a harsh cold slap in.

sliding down hillsides
to find a water's edge
brings another nighttime tear

tick — clocking
tick-clocking
tick-clocking rocks into
wet boots. yesterday's country road
we emptied a lake / almost
into dreams of.

snow doesn't stop

(it's nearly
the last day of a year)

me feeling like an eskimo
bundled up

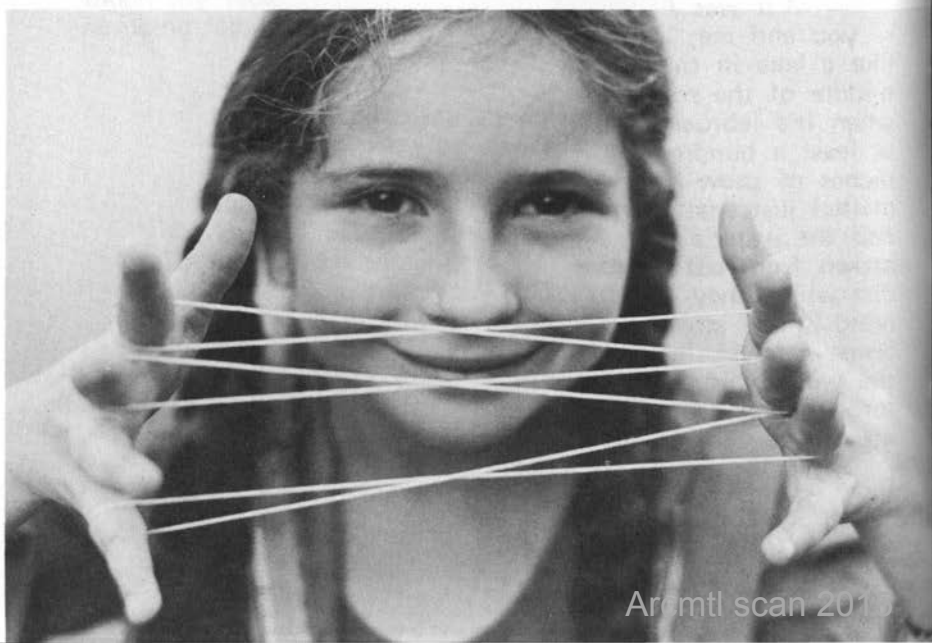
wind rushes by
like wild clouds.

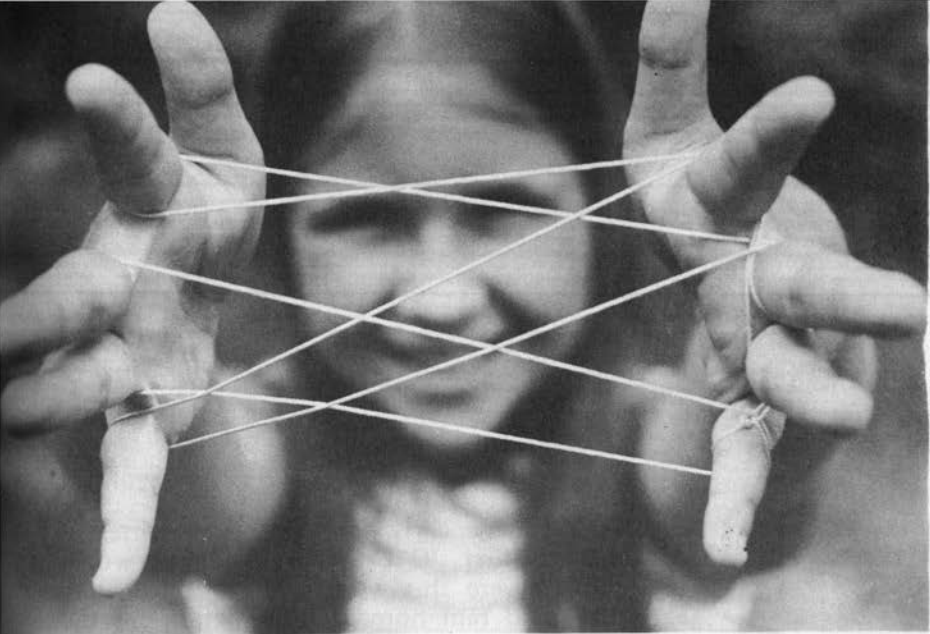
touch my face.
numbing legs.

a solid core of two.

a car won't do
this night but
you could get your canoe
out of the basement
and paddle me home
'cause i have to get
back there tonight.
But feet are all you
can trust in this
if they don't
splash / into the
drifts
and stick.

we fell into a puddle
 / it was /
— you and me, just us —
like a lake in the
middle of the road
when it's february and
at least a hundred
inches of snow have
melted just that morning
and the water's all
brown from last seasons
dirt which they left
lying in the street.
Some catalyst, maybe
the wind whisked us
through and dropped us
on a distant glass shore.





Star Dust

Spring came early for Casey Landvatter but winter came first. 'O Creator' he said 'I worship you but I revere this woman.'

Pity paid him homage even before his death but sickness gnawed his guts and the paying public expected apologies. Not even explanations would do : 'touch me, I'm real' they said mockingly 'ech & all that shit.'

Casey was preoccupied with disease. Anxious, he was overawed with the sharp sweet thorns of duty . And clouds and rain

and herons fishing
and berry
bushes
and optimism and
ladies

He wanted to sleep it all off but he couldn't sleep long enough; only knew Shango in literature and the sound of enlightenment in the mouths of other holy men.

Casey was a sailor & I wear his pants.

RAYMOND PLANTE

BEFORE MOVING INTO AN EMPTY ROOM

lie back & stare
till a pigeon appears &
shits on your face.rise.
escape to the closet-
from within,an auto
waiting at a traffic light.
green. the car moves-
a thud dents its roof.
you're lying back
in the closet. fall asleep.
or if you've been sleeping,
wake up.
see the ceiling through the
poles & hangers as sky seen
through treetops. sprout
feathers,wave your wings
against the wind towards a
traffic light. shit while
over a car,get shot.
plummet past green flash
to moving car roof. you're
lying back in the closet.
rise. exit. wake up.
or if you've been awake,
fall asleep.

throughout the night,
in the lavatory, the only
place lights stay lit,
slouching on the counter,
your back to the mirror,
you grope through the labyrinth
of page 25 till the alarm-clock
fugue, variations on 7 a.m.,
spills through the louvers
in the door & draws your
numb feet down to the cold
tile floor. you turn to
examine yourself.
the mirror is smeared with
grease from your head.

2 METAPHYSICAL CONCEITS

1. song

you're forever a rattle
in some shaman's hand.
you hiss with his twitch,
you hiss him deaf,
& drop from grasp,
choking on your mouthful
of pebbles.
you're forever a rattle
in some shaman's hand
getting more stained & battered
as you're bartered along.

58

2. the monster speaks

from foreign fields
you plucked my parts
like ripe potatoes,
yarrow, yams, & man-
drake. sewed beneath
your roof, once lit
from bolts above your
roof, i breathed.
whenever you see the
jagged seams between
my dusky spanish trunk,
my freckled irish arms,
& legs, my large coolie
hands, remember, doctor
frankenstein, the maps
you used in seeking me
.....& though the world
was made for man, in me
you made a world.

ANTONIO FERNANDEZ was born in Havana, Cuba, 1941. He received his B.A. in Political Science, University of Florida, Gainesville and his M.S. in Photography, Chicago Institute of Design. His work has appeared in San Fransisco, Chicago & Rochester. ZDENEK HALAMEK was born in Plzen, Czechoslovakia in 1943. He studied in Building Technical School and has frequently published in Czech newspapers and journals. His exhibitions include the Czechoslovakia National Exhibit, 1967, 1968 and 'Premfoto', Prelouc, 1968.

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JEFF FISHER is a prolific New York photographer now living and working in Montreal. His work will soon be published in OVO.

GARY WILLIAM SMITH is a Detroit sculptor now finishing his studies at Cranbrook School of Art. He recently exhibited at Vehicle Art & was responsible for organizing the successful travelling computer art show, Circuit.

TED NEWMAN is living somewhere in the country and

BILL VAZAN is living somewhere in the city and preparing a new book, 'contacts', to come out in late 1973, following the success of his WORLDLINE project

CHUCK CARLSON is a famous west coast poet !

CLAUDIA LAPP a Montreal poet has just published her first book of poems, 'HONEY'.

LOIS SIEGEL is a photographer living & teaching in Montreal, currently active in filmmaking.

FRANCOIS DERY is a Montreal DaVinci.

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notice and instructions
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