

I Was So Much Older Then

The years from 1975 to 1980
An Autobiography



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I Don't Know

Mostly I write poetry. Have done since at least grade 8 which is when one of my them was posted up in the hallway. A mix of embarrassment and pride was settled onto me then.

I went to University in 1975, happy to get out of grade 13 early. So my enemies, you can say I never graduated high school. I went four semesters straight, so that was over two years straight in school, no breaks.

No, that won't be it. Getting to University at 18 and discovering that girls seemed to like me. That certainly did it.

I don't know, maybe I started to write journals because I was going crazy. It sure felt like it, and so dear analyst, I'm on the couch, comfortable, and I start talking.

Kim Taylor, October 2021

Brutal Self-Examination

When do we grow up? For me it was somewhere around 20, in fact I can make it even more specific, from age 18 to 22, from 1975 to 1980. From May 5, 1975 to April 26, 1980

From the time I moved into Residence at the University of Guelph to the time Lorna Woodrow moved in with me. In that time, which is not long in years, I lived decades of confusion, ecstasy, agony and discovery. So much so that now, at 65 years old, I am still searching for what became of that boy. Fortunately I have some writings to tell me. Poems and a journal that I have never, until now, been able to read.

Now I am waiting for a stage four prostate cancer of Gleason 8 to 9 to come out of chemical control and kill me. Knowing when you are going to die gives a wonderful detachment, a glorious ability to look back on your life with calm eyes. The chemical castration might also have something to do with that.

There are names in here, names of people from 45 years ago. They no longer exist, only as people in the olden times. Ghosts, shadows.

I started this project to look, a last time, at who I was, and who I am now. No that's not correct, I know who I am now, but it is possible I might find why I think the way I do about who I am now. There are lessons in the past, I will go see what I can learn.



Timeline

(Mostly for the kids, although seeing how long things lasted is helpful)

1956 – Born Port Stanley

1961 – Moved Tillsonburg – Rolph Street Public

1962 – Tilson Ave Sr. Public gr 7

1969 – Moved Wycombe – Langton Public School gr 8

1970 – Delhi District Secondary gr 9-13

S75 – May 5 - Moved Guelph – University Residence

5:3:10 Glengarry Phil Wilson, Ward Eagan,

Nancy Butterill, Diane Stones, Naughty Venesiale,

Jacqui

F75 – 11:4:10 three wise men

W76 – Meeting and breaking up with Penny

F76 – Elgin Handle, Meet Lori Fesan

W77 – back with Penny

S78 – Spring- trip to west, Simpson Timber, hitch back
with John Antoszak

– Janis nudes, Darlene tobacco

F78 – Northumberland Street

– first journal and second journal

S79 - Fine Arts, life model

-bike trip East Coast

1979-1983 – Crop Science – Triticale

1980 – Lorna moves in

- Bsc Major Biology, Minor Philosophy

-start Aikido

1981 – Lorna moves into Suffolk St

1982 – Zoology Microscopy and Computer programming
1982 – Eunice moves into Suffolk St
1983-85 GTA and Forsberg Enzyme characterization
1986 – Msc Microbiology (genetic engineering)
1985-86 – Janet Wood, monoclonal antibody work
1986 – Brenda moves in to Suffolk Street
 -Animal Science OMAFRA Tech pool
 -seconded 1996 winter and fall Wildeman and Blecher
 -seconded 2003 Crop Science Clark
 -Athletics instructor, martial arts, women's self defence
 -trip to Banff and Haida Gwaii with Bruce Morito
1986 – Move to Yorkshire Street
1987 – Buy house on Inkerman
1993 – Lauren born Dec 1
 -cabin started
1995 – Liam born Oct 24

Am I Aging

Sept 25, 1975

I don't feel very old. I never have felt old, and to most of the people in the world, anyone older than I, I'm not very old. The only problem is, I should feel older than I did two or three years ago, after all I am now an "adult". I don't feel any more an adult now than I did a year ago, and I won't feel any older a year from now. Growing up, I think is such a gradual process that it should not even be called by that term.

People don't grow up, they experience, they learn, they develop within themselves. Except in a chronological sense, a baby that can talk is no older than one that can't. It has learned. A child that does not get lost is not older than one that has just begun walking, it has experienced. An adult too can get lost, but an adult has experienced it and knows how to cope with the situation. When a child reaches puberty it does not become any older, it changes to a new set of standards. The child is no longer even it, but he or she. An eighteen year old is not an adult any more than someone sixteen.

The very first two poems I wrote after moving to residence.

Progression

From a riotous laughter in the corridor
To the clothes that are strewn on the bedroom floor

~~

May, 1975

Here I Am

Well kim, here I am
Do you like the work
It isn't work if I like it
How about the other
She's nice too

~~

May 1975

Some Girls

A part of my story has to be told through the women I met, and it isn't a simple line from one to another. They overlapped, so I will present them here with some of their poems.

I'm afraid this account of five years isn't a simple line either. The stories, the journals jump around a bit. It doesn't matter, I have the information I need out of the timeline, and the take home lesson is that the calendar and the watch are poor substitutes for the amount of living you can shove into a day.



Diane

I've said it before
and its truth always annoyed me
I fall in love quickly

It's happened with you
Not mooning crooning love
But a desire to be with you
To sit beside you
and feel the warmth
that is so good, without touching

To talk to you
it doesn't matter what subject
Just to hear your voice
and make you laugh

When I'm not with you
I think about you
Nothing definite
your name behind my ear
or your face behind my eyes
You're there and it's comforting

I see castles in the clouds
and I'd like to be there with you
To protect you from non-existent danger
and teach you untaught thoughts

~~

June 2, 1975



The Land and the Sea

I was a land bound farmer
and she
She swam the sea
I will never be a charmer
and she
She loves the sea

~~

July 27, 1975

Semester I

And so what if I never go back
I'm not going to stop learning
It's no skin off my knee
What people say, less what they think
Disjointed illusions becoming delusions
Rock solid sanity under wet moss
Peasant under curved glass
It isn't not worth it
If I say it is
Who made me boss anyway

~~

June 21, 1976

Thought on University Life

The nights were day
The days were hell

~~

June 22, 1975

Diane Stones and Me

Driven out of its womb by warm brown rain
The worm for a time seemed to grow
In the liquid warmth of the day
The night brought a wind
And in the morning the work lay abandoned
Dry shell blown about by time

~~

May 24/76

For Diane on a Saturday Afternoon

Here we stand
and I look into you
We'll be away for a long, long time

I kiss you now
Both first and last
It will always be a long, long time
When I'm away from you

Although I'll write
And call you up
I'll never quite tell how much
I miss standing here beside you

~~

Sept 24/76

She's A Little Screwed Up

I was just informed
That I could go to my room here
Point my finger
And have a partner for a shower
I swear to god
That's what she just said

~~

Sept 8/76

Road Trip

Sept 14/76

What the hell was I thinking. No experience, no plan, no sleep, emotionally confused. Yeah that was going to go well. I probably had some romantic notion that Diane was going to be impressed enough that she'd invite me into her bed.

First Day. Rides were good after I hit the 401, a slur on our "friendly" area. By many roads and rides and an absence of police in the restricted Toronto to Oshawa stretch, I made Peterborough.

Still can't locate Diane but I saw Bob Shearer. I stayed at Trent U. In Otonabee Village with a Paul Mayer. Nice guy. Slept on the floor on a thermal foam and a blanket. Trent is lovely and also small, about 1/6 the size of Guelph. The people are good but I'm not sure you could lose yourself here. I thought of registering.

Diane is Lost to Me In Peterborough

Sept 15 AM

1
September 14th is gone
I am close to you
but still you are hidden from me
This town is not large
But in the dark
Many things are masked
you are masked in darkness

2

Many lives are gone
Mine
and yours
Many times gone
and still you elude me
Where can you hide a light
in the darkness here

3

I have you now my lady
Not in my grasp
but in my sight
I have a line on you
and the next time through
I will see you anew

~~

At Trent

I'm getting strange looks
and stranger smiles
from my own people here

They are my people

But maybe I am not one of theirs
with my gaudy pack
and unruly clothes
and mission of nothing-at-all

Perhaps I am one of their phonies
at least, one of their characters

~~

Ontario, Highway 7

I'm going nowhere at all
and my deadlines are easy
but something inside
Ontario perhaps
drives me

~~

Road Poetry

A semi
four cars
and a pickup
all blow dirt at me
An hour ago I was clean

~~

Twenty

My headstone sits
just beyond the mausoleum
It has been there twenty years
Under one side the ground is soft
and my stone tilts at the wind

~~

The Trans-Canada Mid-Ontario route

From inside the Evergreen Motel and Restaurant
The Trans-Canada highway looks
like a country lane
Here is the vicar in his carriage

~~

Dry Heaving

I don't know how to put this
Have you ever wanted someone
so badly you could taste her
on the wind

~~

Ironing Board

The road is an ironing board
the trucks are irons
the sign reads
"Porcupines in by 11
Dead by 5"

~~

The Kid

The kid
It's nice to be the kid again
Visions of not so long lost youth
I like the cars of my fathers

~~

Here is Ottawa

Here is Ottawa
and the inside of a bus terminal
never looks any different

No one is here to see me off
so I smile at the girl behind me

Someone saw her off
and the feeling could scrub off
onto me

~~

Ottawa-Quebec City

Sept 15 PM

Momma it isn't me
that's tripping around the country
It's some clown in baggy pants
with something to prove

Momma I want to come home
I almost made it tonight
the bus was there but
The clown went on to Quebec

~~

Montreal from a bus
is like Toronto in french
Twice (Bullshit)

Montreal I

What reason have I to be here
Why do I take a bus at night
What drives me to the east
so that I can return quickly
when all I have to do
is turn around

~~

Montreal II

12:10 at gate six
I have turned around
It's 8:30, I'm in Montreal
Supposed to be heading east
I won't make Quebec City
The clown has heard me
and he cries

~~

Montreal III

The waitress is a ray of sunshine
She makes me smile
over and over again
but I feel a rain inside myself
I'm going home
after a meal in the bus terminal
with a carafon of red wine
(This is the closest I will come

to my picnic of wine, bread
and cheese in Quebec)
I feel defeated, cheated
I turn back because a
vacation is no longer that
when all you want is to be
home
This is right I know
But it hurts
~~

Montreal IV

Mom I think you expected this
I'm trying to prove something
(I don't know what)
to someone
(I don't know who)
and it's time that I stopped

I worry too much about tomorrow
to enjoy today
By this, I know, I don't want to go
Not now

I'm in a catatonic state
I feel like our cats, pausing half in
half out of the door
The door closes a little
and now I'm backing up

I think I'll hit the bar
and drink Brador
Dutchman's courage will make me
feel worse
But it's action
and action kills time

My god I feel phony
I am a phony who tried to leave
and got scared
Now I'm running back to my cronies

I can't make it alone
so I run back to my support

I made it this far
by seeing Bobby-bear last night
But I can't go any further
I've exchanged my ticket
and I'm coming home

To exchange my life
You said once
My father never left Port Stanley
after he came back from the war
I think I understand that
It hurts so much
I wish I didn't

~~

Montreal V

Big man
ON THE ROAD
Whoopie
Next time, I say
Yeah, next time
Always next time
Forever next time
Let's go get drunk
and talk about next time
~

Montreal VI

What did I do
on my great trip East
at night

Sat in a bar in Quebec
and watched a hockey game
in french
~~

Montreal Bars

I

Bars never change
If you don't want to get served
don't tip

PS a true Canadian...
One who can watch hockey
and pour a foam-less glass of beer
at the same time

~~

II

I was thinking about you
in a Montreal bar
Thinking of missing you
and getting drunk
when I saw a young girl outside
with a stiff leg
I don't know why she touched me
but I started to cry

III

It's funny how the beers get smaller
as the night goes on

Sept 17/76 Back in Guelph

It's Sunday
and we're making Sunday plans

~~

In The Clifton Hotel

No, it can't happen now
So close to closing time
and I'm getting my second wind

~~

Sept 21/76

In the Winter of 1976 I met Penny. A terrible time to meet the "love of my life". It was not an easy affair. By that time I had been in school for a long time, coming early out of Grade 13.

I made it through a fourth semester and then took the fall of 1976 off. I honestly don't remember much of this semester except that at the beginning I settled John into Residence with the guys from 11:4 and then, at some point, started living in Port Stanley, in the apartment below my grandmother, and working at the Elgin Handle factory in St Thomas. Hap Day owned the place, yes the Leafs manager.

This was the factory you worked at after being fired from every other place in town. My first job was dipping handles in lacquer in a room with no ventilation except a window that rarely got opened because it was cold.

At one point I opened the window and was throwing my Korean War greatcoat out onto the top of a truck. I was going to Vancouver where it was warm, but at the last moment, in a fit of paranoia, I wondered if the truck was really going to Vancouver and snatched my coat back.

I would wake at 4am, go to work and be stoned on solvents by 8am, work until 3 or 4pm, go back to Port, eat supper, and then go to the bar until it closed.

This happened for quite a while. I graduated out of the solvent room to grading. That's unloading rail cars full of randomly piled wood into species and length. I honestly didn't mind that job, but after a while the chemicals and the booze got to be too much. I told the foreman I was sick, he looked at my hangover and with the experience of many years said "yep, go home".

I was walking to the Ontario Hospital (a mental facility) to check myself in when a childhood friend drove by and picked me up. I told him where I was going and he started talking. An afternoon later and my head was straight again.

At the end of this term I was to meet Lori, but you'll see her later.

For now, here's Jacqui, who was 1975. I did warn you that this would be screwed up time-wise.



To Jacqui

Jacqueline, Jacqui, JC
I've read the poem about thee
and found it was about me
I cannot give it to ye

It happens
when I write
without experience
I switch to the familiar

I will write you a poem
when I experience you
It will flow with an idea
formed from impressions
I will gather

Your red hair
Your eyes you do not like to hide
Behind your glasses the lashes
wait fascinated and fascinating
The little scar on the back
of your hand

You must excuse me
When you catch me staring
I am a gatherer of flashes
Flashes of light, of insight
Of small particles of time
And sounds

I will listen
as I gather you

If you let me Jacqui
I will touch you

Gather and touch

~~

Oct 7, 1975



Describe Her

A pretty face
well proportioned
and varied enough to hold attention
One that lights up with a smile
that is honest
and causes her eyes to twinkle

Hair that suits the face
clean and soft
Hair that smells fresh
and feels good in my fingers
Hair that falls into place
Hair that is natural

Ears that are curved delicately
Large eyes that are dark
Eyes with no visible make-up
Eyelashes starred to accent the shine
as she looks out under full eyebrows

An unusual nose
with no pronounced characteristic
but a focal point
Moist lips that are slightly bowed
Lips that are cool and soft
when she is tender
Cruel and hard
when she is in control
Straight white teeth, smooth to my tongue
and a mouth that is slightly sweet

A lean body
also well proportioned
and supple
Handled with unconscious grace
Legs long and muscular
arms thin
Neck smooth and taut

An un-flawed neck
always cool to my touch
Graceful curves that I trace
with my fingertips
Testing its firmness and the vibration
that I can feel when she speaks

Her back shows no ridge to the eye
only smooth skin
with perhaps a freckle
But no oil or blemish
With my hands I feel her breathing
and her heartbeat

As I rub tense muscles into firmness
I kiss the small of her back
She smells so very clean
and complains I tickle
with so light a touch

Her buttocks are firm and small
They would almost be a boy's
but they are too delicate
Their lines flow
from the small of her back
through thighs and calves to a small ankle
There is not so much muscle, as power here

Her breasts are small and firm
The nipples hard when she is excited or angry
She has a warm stomach that I love to touch
I lay my head on it and hear her heartbeat
Feel her life with my cheek
The navel is not deep and I tickle it often
As I rise and fall with her breathing
There is a line of soft white hair on her belly
Visible only to me, and under side light

Her hands are sensitive
they are warm and dry as she strokes my face
I can feel how hard they are, with no callus
Her feet are neither large nor small
and are well kept with a high arch
and well formed toes

She is tall
her voice is pleasant and
she is intelligent
I could so easily love her.

~~

Jan 3, 1976



I Look at Her

I look at her
and she refuses to lower her eyes

~~

Sept 23, 1976

With My Back

I sit in the same room
as my lover
and my friend
They sit on the bed
I, on a stool
Writing
With my back to them
~~
Oct 3, 1976

A Letter From My Mother

Kim

So many boy years I watched you take form
So many attempts to balance, be just
So many burdens you soon learned to scorn
And laughter returned as it must

Long and lean
Kind in heart
Off you went to the world
Sad of eye
Tears to part
Yearning to meet your kind

How many lame ducks did you help my dear
How many good deeds did you do
How long did it take for your shell to veneer
When ugliness kept coming through

ELACM

A Letter from Dawna

Don't think I'm saying
I'm not that kind of girl
I am
That's what's so funny

You should just be
one more...
but you're not
Maybe you don't
give a damn
but somehow I think
you do.

I really misread you
I think you misread me
Let's take a chance
and prove I'm wrong
-Dawna

Naughty



Postcard From Italy

Sept 27, 1976

My trip's getting better every day. The weather is much more nice than it was at first and the figs are ripe now. Hope all is well with your jobs and your life at home.

Love
Naughty

My Suicide Note of 1976

This is a suicide note
Will I commit suicide?
No
I will preserve myself
It is the motive that is important
not the action

If I were a weaker man
less reliant on myself
as I was last spring
I might spend an hour
looking over the balcony
but cold feet are enough
to chase me inside tonight

No
I won't kill myself
but I'll write a note
that I will do
and I'll read it in the future
I will hate myself for my weakness
as I read it

Why should I want to kill myself?
Because I am alone
I have been reminded of this
and I'm not ready yet to handle it

Diane I loved
more deeply than I knew
She is gone now
I am but a friend, if that
I am nowhere near
the lover I wanted to be

I do not feel I belong
in Delhi or Port Stanley
My towns
Even Tillsonburg is alien
I didn't fit when I was there
even less now I am gone

I've started to drink Diane's liqueur
She must be gone
I've realized my faults
The ones that keep me separate
most of them anyway

Those who like me
Naughty at the moment
I shy away from because of my need
and my split
within myself
She gets close to me
affects me too much
I drive her away

I don't know why she threatens me
She does
and she can't be there when I need her
I would have destroyed her by now

I need someone
I have no one
Simple as that
I am almost drunk
that doesn't help raise my spirits
but as I raise my spirits
they numb me enough
to allow me to write

Not well
I lost that ability
with my impossible love
I lost that with Diane

I find impossible love
because it is safe
I stay alone for half of me

Half of me
The other half
continues to find affection
directed toward me

The weaker half also loves
and it suffers its weakness
as I deny it

I drink green liqueur
and pity myself
Tear at my eardrums with Blues
and write

One day, soon I hope
my isolated ride
the elitist in my soul
will win
And I will rest

I will leave all the companions I've known
few they have been
and I will no longer need to write
these suicide notes

~~

Feb 29, 1976

I seem to hurt you

- for Naughty

I stay awake far too late
Waiting for you to come up
knowing you won't
Thinking it somehow appropriate
to drop lobster spread
on Anthony Burgess

I'm jealous of the time you spend
with someone else
And I wonder if you know
How much you are to me
and how easily

I seem to hurt you
I apologize for what I do
and know I'll do it again

~~

Mar 12, 1976

I'm Rather New at This Equality

for Naughty

You'll have to forgive me
I'm rather new at this equality
mixed with love thing
I'll try to please you but I may forget
to let you please me

If I get mad at the wrong things
or not at all when I should
and if I get a little possessive at times
Please remember
I'm very young

~~

Kim Taylor July 8, 1976

A Haircut

Used my last bus ticket
for a ride home
from an old girlfriend's place
She gave me a haircut

We tried for a while
about a year ago but it went into
one of those embarrassing
“I can't figure you out” situations
and I had to get out

Today she took great pains
to let me hear about the boyfriend
I didn't find it very interesting
and was just as happy when
she hustled Phil and I
out the door

I sat beside a Chinese girl
to make sure I resisted
any temptation
to try to pick someone up

~~

Apr 15/78

A Book of Shadows

October 7/75 to Jan12/76

I

There is a poem about this place, I picked it up one day while walking. It goes like this:

You get used
in this mangy place
of madmen
and crazy women
To seeing shadows
with independent existence

This is a book about shadows

The shadows exist in an imaginary place called the University of Guelph.

There is a real University of Guelph, it's in Canada which is a real country. They're both real because someone thought them up and then said they were. A lot of people believed him. People will believe a lot they are told, it's hard for them to think up something different so they accept what they hear, it's easy, I do it all the time.

My chemistry professor says hexane has boat and chair conformations, do I think twice about this? Why should I, he has no reason to lie and if I believe him I don't have to prove it myself. Easy.

II

I had a friend up for dinner, she hadn't eaten in three days. Her body had decided it doesn't like food, I told her she should read "The Edible Woman"

She told me she planned to commit suicide three weeks ago. She locked her door but all she could think of was a bottle of Dristan, I told her it probably would have worked but if it hadn't she would not have had a second chance to try it. Dristan damages brains, it has a built in safeguard against repeated suicide attempts.

We discussed suicide for a while, I told her about Drano and she mentioned my balcony, but we got bored with the topic. It's a popular topic here. I offered to help next time she tried and then walked her home.

I'll have to find out why she wants to die.

III

I was raised in an era of knee-length skirts and blue jeans. For eight years I thought girls had legs that curved backward. I still have to picture a girl in blue jeans to see how she looks.

I was at a party last Saturday and I met a girl named Michelle. I've always liked that name so I told her a few detective riddles. The ones where you tell a story and she asks yes or no questions until she figures it out. She told me she was nineteen, I decided seventeen and the friend hosting the party told me she was really thirteen.

My friend is not a friend any more, I threw up on her kitchen floor and broke her bar.

Michelle is thirteen, out of school and a job and terribly upset because her brother drowned this past summer. She has a nice face and a great body. I was about to ask her back to the apartment when I threw up on my friend's floor.

IV

Slam – click – th – zip – rustle – various grunts and groans of pleasure – rustle, harsher this time – Rustle, - whoosh
- click – oops – zip – th – double click.

There are six men in our suite. I discovered, after a good dump, that two of them had redecorated the place. They did this by overturning chairs, taking down or knocking askew lamps, tipping coffee tables, scattering bottles and papers, and turning on its side a small portable broken television.

Two of these guys want to adopt a little child, chain it into a corner and teach it to wipe the table. They feel the decor would be enhanced by this.

A third offered to give us his kid if she's pregnant, but I want one that can use the potty by itself.

V

It doesn't matter, the man in the bar said.

What do you mean I said.

I'll tell you after another four beers he said.

Interlude:

Diane
It hurt
I'm not superman
any longer
I'm sorry
But there's a penalty
for being human again
I can feel what people feel
And it hurts now
I can't go back
so I have to go forward
into hurt

End Interlude

VI

Damn this coffee's hot.

As I walked out of a philosophy lecture today and started off down the hall, the voices I heard slowly changed form. English to German. There is German in my mother's family and the language genes pushed to the top until I stepped outside.

I walked softly so as not to disturb any more of the little beggars when I noticed four sounds. The huge helicopter wings that will never lift the Arts building, and three sets of footsteps. This was all I heard until the rest of it pounded back and knocked me onto my newly diagnosed hemorrhoids.

Hemorrhoids

Can be psychologically induced by efforts to push the mind or body too hard. The body is merely a metaphor for the mind. I've only been pushing a little bit so I've got a little hemorrhoid.

My mind is working backward as well. This afternoon while my dinner guest and I were having sex after an excellent stew and a half slice of watermelon from my mother's garden I ejaculated, performed various in and out motions for an hour or so, and then became limp.

The coffee's cool

VII

I met a shadow friend of mine today. He is of the same generic makeup as a race of people imported from their homes to this continent to work. They were the first subjects of busing, they called it shipping then. I chatted with him about nothing as we always did back when we lived in the same suite.

We haven't got much in common but we're both friendly; he talks to Canadians because he lives here and I talk to him because I feel guilty for our neighbours since they don't for themselves. I don't like busing and using people to work for subsistence.

My friend didn't eat well last semester, his houseboy stayed in Nigeria when he came over.

VIII

I watched for a while, the fog creep by my window on little cat feet that were running like hell from a greyhound, and then I opened it. I hopped back onto my sleeping-bag bed cover and started to read but it took four readjustments of the window and door to get the right level of heat and noise.

I must have read for a good fifteen minutes before discovering that the fog smelled like Canoe cologne, the kind one of my friends gave to me after carting it around since 1968 from France to here and getting tired of it.

IX

In East Residence there is a big lounge with a fireplace that backs up like a drain filled with grease, and a brown carpet. We are allowed to drink in the lounge but we are not allowed to have alcohol in the public walkways outside the lounge. This means that we have to brew and drink the alcohol right there on the brown carpet beside the fireplace that backs up, if we want to drink in the lounge.

We can't sell alcohol in the lounge so we sell tickets to get into a party where there is a lot of free beer in kegs. We call it a keg party.

I bought a ticket to a keg party. It says:

Received ... 80
Oct 9 1975
University of Guelph
East Residence

The 80 is in red. It means that this is the eightieth ticket of a group of one hundred and fifty. The ticket is green. It cost \$2.50. Green is a code. Green means admit one to one keg party so he can attempt to drink as much as he can and probably more, and throw up on his shoes.

X

In the Glass Teat lounge one night I met an acquaintance of an earlier semester. He was drinking vodka and ginger ale from an orange juice bottle. There were other people in the lounge as well. We laughed at the movies because they were so serious in the face of the commercials.

During one commercial we talked with a girl who was sewing a chess board with diagonal squares, the latest fashion among the rich. We commented on the children of the Italian rich who kidnap young, poor, lower class girls to beat them with iron bars, force their heads under water, and rape them for periods of up to twelve hours until they become bored and let the girls die. We also mentioned the movies being shown in New York at the highly inflationary rate of \$200 a head which show an aspiring Argentinian actress performing various sexual acts and then looking surprised as the actors knife her to death and mutilate her body. We talked about artistic license until the movie was back on. It was about a man who beat up and killed people because they beat up and killed people and he didn't think people should beat up and kill people.

When it ended we saw a war movie but it wasn't very interesting, they forgot to put in any battle scenes. It was a fictional picture about a man who doesn't know why he does

things or why other people make him do things or why they do things. I guess that might happen to someone in wartime.

XI

It was a Sunday Fall morning, as I recall, that the three of us set out for a walk in the woods. We were heading for what I remembered as the best view of the town I had ever seen. I had seen it three years earlier in the winter. We had to walk on an old woman's property and the old woman, if she saw us, would have hauled out her equally old shotgun and tried to shoot us. We weren't much afraid of her, it was the first sunny day in a week and we didn't mind that our shoes got wet. After strolling along several paths and examining a pile of horse apples for *Pilobolus* we stood on the spot I had been meaning to return to for three years. I apologized and we walked back to the car.

On the road back we stopped at a pioneer cemetery. We call them pioneer cemeteries now, they called them cemeteries then. The cemetery was filled with monuments meant to be used by the whole family. On almost all of them were engraved the names and dates of mother and father died 18?? and two blank faces. The monuments were bought and paid for in an age of families that lived and died together. They were used in an age of lonely old people and lonely young people.

XII

Platyhelminthes! The man next door shouts. Turbellaria! Shuddup! Be Silent! He's taking a course called 92-102 The Animal Kingdom. I took it once. He hears the classifications yelling at him.

I smiled when I heard him and said a little prayer, Bog protect us from Macdonalds Hamburgers. So few people here are Macdonlds Hamburgers. That is why I like it. I hope it doesn't change. There are people here that are supposed to make them. Bog bless the bunglers.

Definition of a Macdonalds Hamburger: A bland, easily reproduced article designed to be consumed and then forgotten quickly, without making enough of an impression on anything to be in the least offensive.

Macdonalds Hamburgers were designed for, and are the perfect compliment to the American Dream. No... Macdonalds Hamburgers are the American Dream.

A Macdonalds Hamburger would never shout about flatworms or get bored with sex.

XIII

As the third warning shot was becoming a memory the suspect again heard the portable loudspeaker and the enforcement officer's voice. "Give up madman, you're not coming out alive if you don't. You will be allowed a trial if you surrender now, you will be tried fairly and the crown will decide whether or not you should be Hamburglerized. Give yourself up, your situation is hopeless."

The suspect didn't of course and was killed by the police. They buried him two weeks later after the post mortem Hamburglerization that was needed before he could be buried in consecrated ground under the sign of the golden arches. One of the wreaths read: "in each generation there are created a

certain number of people who must exist on the periphery. At one time these people were praised, as was the selection of a fine wine with a good meal. Now they are not.”

They removed it when they saw it, the man at the bar said.

Have another beer I said.

XIV

Ideals aren't so hard to attain. To reach them one must meet certain standards.

1. An aptitude for the type of activity the ideal is concerned with (almost everyone has aptitude).
2. A certain amount of training in how to go about obtaining ideals.
3. Most importantly a situation that doesn't allow one to become part of the masses, who are notorious under-achievers.

In the shadows here one could go for days without catching a glimpse of anyone else in the same quest for one's ideal. Without contact there is no model to follow. With no model one must identify with the ideal. When this happens and there is no outside noise to say reach me, one reaches ideals.

Guelph is for being alone.

XV

As I sat watching a shadow in the coffee shop I couldn't help but notice that she had missed her decade. She was dressed in beat-up sneakers, patched blue-jeans, an army shirt and on top of her somewhat stringy hair a gaudy hat that was so clean it glowed.

From her enormous armed forces-type shoulder bag she produced a large knife and an endless parade of apples, oranges, cheese, pickles and other oddments. She was plainly a child of the sixties, snatched from her native time at childbirth and dropped into 1975 by accident.

As do we all, she conformed to the mass ideal, but her mass was disbanded at least a century ago. The only reminders we have of it are a handful of musical pieces and a few references in books.

Her outfit and manner suited her so well and seemed so natural she looked out of place.

XVI

Bitter

Is the only way to describe that wind, and maybe fierce. It blasted into the hall, as I opened the door to go out, like the residence was a vacuum. It rattled the glass faces of the lamps and drove the children of the trees before it, running to create a calm about themselves, never going quite fast enough. I shivered, half from the cold, half from the sound of these creatures running up behind me, then leaping into the air and over my head. I passed a woman going against the wind,

trailing sparks and unaffected by the hand that bent me over.
Then I realized it didn't exist. I saw a shadow out for his run, he
wore sneakers and shorts. Sneakers and shorts. Sneakers and
shorts.

Interlude:

I feel the earth move away
from me as I stand
Unable to pursue
Unable to reach it

People flow past me
I can't stop them
Too fast for me to know
Not fast enough

I am rooted, I am fixed
I cannot alter my position
They draw away from me
They cannot help me

Help me

They cannot hear me
There is no one to help
No one to say
I am not alone

I am not capable
I cannot be alone
I am not, I am not
Please I am not able

I cannot survive alone
by myself forever
Fixed in space
Forever

Please	Help me
Please	Reach back
Please	Touch me
Please	Help

End Interlude

XVII

On never changing clothes

1. Clothes are a protection from cold only. That is their original purpose, we cannot afford not to go back to that state. There will soon be no chemical fibres or dyes to create with.
2. Clothes, when worn long enough, add protection to themselves in the form of body dirt, salts, and skin cells
3. Clothes, when worn long enough, acquire the body shape of those who wear them and eventually become unnoticeable.

4. Clothes can be seen from a distance better than facial features and should not be changed as this reduces the ability of others to identify the wearer.

5. Clothes will last longer if people have only one set, as they will not be tempted to throw them out on the whim of fashion designers.

XVIII

I was at my usual post outside the Arts building, watching whatever walked by. There was a huge Shepherd dog lying a small distance away. He was waiting for someone. He by himself, I by myself. Eventually he got up, wandered in a half circle, came over to where I was sitting, made a hello type of gesture and sat down beside me until his owner showed up. It's nice to have someone to sit with.

XIX

Why aren't you ever alone, are you afraid of what you might find, afraid of developing an idea that isn't held by your friends? Man is a social animal simply because he can communicate with his own kind. But he's not an ant. The time has long past when men of intelligence and skill need to band together for protection and food. Since these basics were met, man has been able to live with himself. This has always benefited mankind as nothing of any importance has ever been accomplished by a mob. Mobs tend to be average, normal and static.

Men must make an effort to break away from other men if they wish to fulfill their own potentials, other people rarely help a

man become himself. They can help him adjust, and become just another Hamburger at Macdonalds.

There are people who seek out others that are alone. This can be a compassionate act if the loner cannot handle the loneliness, or it can be a pain in the ass if the loner needs time by himself.

Interlude 1:

Oh God

I don't know how to say this

I feel

about as strong

as one of the worms

that drown on the sidewalks here

I can't stand

being alone with myself

I feel everything slipping

I'm losing my hold

I need someone to say my name

and call me back

I can't work

I can't read

I tore apart my room

looking for your number

I couldn't find it and

I didn't remember it when

directory assistance told me

My hand is shaking so badly

I have to grab it with the other

as I talk to you

I feel naked
telling you this
I've always tried to look strong
and self contained
Your big brother
Christ, I've the self sufficiency
of a soap bubble
I think I'm going insane
even as I'm talking to you
Part of me is saying
"don't do this
It looks like a trick
to get her beside you"
But it's not
I just don't have anyone else
to talk to
I don't have anyone else
Part of me says,
The other part says yes I do
And another part yet
the worst part
says I don't have anyone
Period
Not even you want to talk to me
Nobody's interested
in a shadow

There is no one in me
I am the sum of the people I meet
and the people I read about
Stuffed into a shell
That's where all the moods come from
Lately I can even tell
when the ownership of my body changes

End Interlude

Interlude 2:

God, you're beautiful
You've done it to me again
If it were just me
I could get along fine
without needing you for anything
for any reason
But you couldn't have that could you
It isn't just me
Something happens
to someone precious to me
And I can't do anything
I feel useless, because I am
I can not do a God Damned Thing
and it's making me sick inside

You snap your fingers
and someone is ill
You clap your hands
someone is dead
How do you decide,
Flip a coin
Do you get up cranky
and start a war
Do you need praise
like a ten year old
And make us suffer
to get it

What do you want from me
I don't want her to die
and I can't do anything to help her
Praise God your front men say
Pray and ask Him to help
Is that what you want
I'll crawl on my knees to your feet
I'll rip pieces from my flesh with whips
I'll wear one of your hair shirts
over the wounds
if that's what you want
Tell me what you want
but don't play at your games any longer
She has done nothing to deserve this

End Interlude

XX

So, says the man at the kitchen table. With the unmarrieds one has one hit or miss, If one is married to one, one has several missus. If one's mate dies one has one that is missed.

My Nine O'clock Shoes

Here it is again
shitting on my brain
My nine o'clock shoes
and my eight o'clock blues
I'm losing bits of time again

Here I am and sane
here's the snow again
My nine o'clock shoes
disappear and I lose
a little bit of my sane again

Here it is again
Here it is again
My nine o'clock shoes
My eight o'clock blues
and all of my pieces of time again

Time is here and then
eight turns into ten
Time drifts away
All that's left of the day
are my eight o'clock blues again

Faces turn and end
places will suspend
themselves in the sky
I believe it's a lie
and my eyes have gone wrong again

Here it is again
Here it is again
My nine o'clock shoes
My eight o'clock blues
and all of my pieces of time again

Here it is again
cycles in my brain
My nine o'clock shoes
may reach places I choose
if I lose no more of my time again

Here it is again
Here it is again
My nine o'clock shoes
My eight o'clock blues
and all of my pieces of time again

~~

Jan 14, 1976

The Panty Raid

Maids Hall her
Maids fall by
Panty raid and
Al cool made by
Seagram's hand or
Walker's brand

Eleven-four knocks
upon your door and
Panties fly when
we run by, so
split the kegs and
hide your legs as
we come near, you
have no fear if
your big lock beats
our big rock.

This battle joined! What
love purloined! We'll
steal your hearts and
other parts if
you're not careful. Be
ever cheerful for
your sad fate, though
far too late, will
not be never.

Before too long you'll
hear our song, the
Gringo strikes one
of these nights so
take your care we
are prepared

Suns rise and
things otherwise the
snow is deep and
on we creep to
maiden's hall we'll
love them all

~~

Jan 14, 1976

Where Did You Go

I look up
Say hello to you
then you start doing things

You're wet from the shower
dripping real
and then you start

You brush your teeth,
your mouth disappears
down the sink as you spit

Turn on the blower
and it blows away your hair
I look on the floor for it
Your razor eliminates your face
chewed beyond recognition
Your arms fall off when you spray
and your chest develops holes
from powder

All that's left
I watch your legs walk into your room
and vanish by stepping into pants
Your books float past
and through the door

~~

Mar 9, 1976

Morning After Blues

Oh the party of last night
there was a party here all right
There was a party all last night
Here come the morning light

And the morning after blues
Yes the chilly shower blues
The seventh coffee blues
It's the morning after blues

The get-it-started fight
that buggered-knee-up right
a how-ya doin' night
Here come the morning light

And the morning after blues
To win I have to lose
and nothing on me moves
It's the morning after blues

Oh the beery carpet night
all the girls were looking right
through my bleery eyelid sight
Here come the morning light

And the morning after blues
Oh lord the girls I choose
the what-do-I-say-to-her dues
It's the morning after blues

~~

Mar 12, 1976

Penny

I had to borrow a friend's pen
to write this poem
To say
how good it feels
to shower with you again
and lift you onto me
and feel you around me
like a renaissance madrigal
sung by a river in Guelph
as I listen to your breath
on my shoulder

~~

Mar 28, 1976



He Sees Poo Again

You come back to me
saying you've changed
the situation has changed
many many changes

You say I make you happy again
being here with me is good
And I let you stay for a time
because the changes are fine

But they never last do they
and the games start again

~~

Jan 23, 1977

The Last Battle With Poo

“I’ll fight you at dawn”

I said

and went to the hall of my fathers
took down a crossed
goose-quill and notebook and
spent the night sharpening my pen

I met you in the morning
opened with a brilliant volley
of incisive wit and cutting insight
You replied with a shotgun
and I lost the match

~~

Feb 14, 1977

I Push You Too Hard

I push you too hard
you say
too fast and too far

But you’re only being carried
like a leaf in a stream

and my death drives me ahead

~~

Feb 25, 1977

Eider Down Kiss

The pale silken down
on your stomach
the velvet touch of your back
and the eider down kiss you gave me

~~

March 14, 1977

I Turn Over

I turn over and
reach to hold you close to me
finding only a pillow
I cry myself back to sleep
curled around your ghost

~~

Apr 18/77

I Don't Believe It

I don't believe it
reading a poem I wrote
a year ago
about remembering you
from a year before that
just sent the memory of you
shivering through my body
for about a minute
and I still feel the glow
you used to give to me

~~

Feb 11, 1978

*A Poem and a Warning from Dawne about Penny.
Jan 30, 1976*

Like So Much Dirty Laundry

Like So Much Dirty Laundry
I'll never know
All the reasons you left
All the explanations you
piled in the corner of my room
I'll never know all the words
and the emotions
and all the movements of
your life

~~

She's like a hairy cactus
Looking soft and driving to the bone

~~

Afternoon Dawne

Looking at your eyes
they go from pretty brown pictures
to three dimensional holes
past much-faulted muscle
into your head

I'm afraid to look into your head
repulsed by naked muscle

~~

Jan 23, 1976

Janice

I met Janice in a class, was interested in her (I like noses and hers was magnificent) but when I found out she was a virgin I ran away. She pursued. I went to a party and she was there, half cut already as I caught up. The party was downtown at a friend's place. I never did find out why she was there.

For the time we were at the party she parked herself on my lap and would not get off. She yanked on my beard so many times I threatened to punch her.

As I left, she came with me and walked up Gordon Street hill toward our places, I was sharing a house on Wilsonview and she was in an apartment building. As we got to the place where she would go one way and I another I said goodbye. She asked where I was going and I said home. Why not come to my place she said. By that time I'd had it and said "Because I don't have a condom". She said "I'm on the pill" and my drunken ass was sunk.

You have to understand I'd had several virgins and they all had to be in love with the one who deflowered them. Didn't have to like them much, but they had to be in love.

Yep.



The Magic Ritual

I've read the magic words
the flowing phrases
and praises of love

I've read them all
pitiable attempts
and self deception
and wishful pondering all
and now you shall have my words

It was a bummer girl
the shits
it was distasteful and unaesthetic
I did not enjoy it
not the blood
not the worrying about satisfying you
not coming without any feeling at all

Not the feeling of doing my duty
and not the starry look in your eye
that said "see how much I love you
that I let you do this to me

Girl I was a stranger to my hand
for half a year afterwards
It upset me so

~~

Jan 5, 1977

I'm a Character

I say the things to you
I'm supposed to say
because they're in the play
and I'm not an actor any more
I'm a character

~~

Mar 21, 1977

Mornings are Best

The mornings are best
half-awake, half-asleep
before our defences go up
and neither of us are afraid of pain

~~

Mar 25/77

So Carefully

So carefully you tell me
you want no claims on me
So carefully you tell me
what it is you want from me
making sure I don't mind giving
So carefully you tread
in fear of scaring me away
and I wonder what you'd say
if I said I'll always stay

~~

Nov 13/77

Frames of Reference

It is not your presence
that fills me most with awe
but your absence and my knowledge
that you will come back again

I can compare it only to a butterfly
so delicate and tenuous it seems,
as if it would break in a breeze
and yet

If looked at from another frame
from the view on my finger
the strength of its legs
the impervious armour and
the wings so rigidly powerful
all inspire that awe that
I feel when I think of you

~~

Dec 23/77

Jasin Little Kitten

Jasin little kitten
don't you hide behind your mittens
for with love I have been smitten
and I'll help you when you're bitten
with a trouble or a woe

Jasin little fawn
don't you wait until the dawn
for I'll hold you all night long
and protect you when the song
gets too sad to sing along

Jasin little bunny
don't you think it rather funny
that you make my life all sunny
while you let your nose get runny
let me wipe it little doe

~~

Jan 13/78



Jasin

She's the kid down the block
who jumps through sprinklers
and I'm the kid in the corner
trying to be a poet

She doesn't think I can write
so I tell her she can't read
and I say she'll never dry off
but somehow we stay together

She eats alpha-ghettis
and calls horses gee-gees
She's stubborn as hell
like a little girl

She wants her way
and when she drinks
she puts me under the table
but I wouldn't be anywhere else

~~

Mar 4/78

Breakfast?

What's in the fridge?
I'll stay for the morning
if you've got something good
to cook for me

~~

Mar 2/78

You Think I'm Drunk

You think that I'm drunk
and you're right
but I'm not as drunk as you think
I'm not so drunk
that I can deny my life
for so very long
fifty yards perhaps
before I collapse

I love you
it's hard to say
and it needs prompting
but I say it now
Late or not
I must say it

Ask me to walk a straight line
or blow up a balloon
Nothing is hard
after what I have said
I love you
~~
Mar 14/78

Another Fight

I got as far as the public school
as far as the wire backstop
I couldn't get through it
but grabbed the mesh
and shook, yelling at myself
calling myself fool
Letting go the anger with my grip

I fell backward into the snow
not caring about the wet
gave myself up and wept
asking 'what have I done'
Not seeing anything but the void
I had created in my life
I went back
to cry at her door
~~
Mar 15/78

All Settled

I watch and listen
to your parents plan your life
At 22 they still know
what's best for you
and I wonder
how many more years
they'll plan

The next six are set up
it's fortunate
that you fit so well into their pattern
and they don't need to adjust
(it's so hard to adjust
after so many years
of getting your own way)

Where do I fit in
how much am I needed
What would you do for me
to keep me

~~

Apr 4/78

A Day and His Life

I'm close enough to feel your breath
I'm many miles away
The things that bring me near to you
Are things you cannot say

Yourself you close and open you're
the only one who can
You've locked away your feelings now
you solitary man

I stand beside, apart from you
I could stand inside your head
Release your hold and leave the cold
and by yourself be led

Yourself.....

The note faded into the morning and Rolyat Mik looked at the man who had stopped him. "Look Rolly" the programmer was saying "you're good, maybe even the greatest musician the colonies ever produced, just like they say, I don't know, but we only use recorded music. Your evolved verse is too, uh, disturbing to our students. You fellows may think recorded music is an insult to the listeners, but it's the only stuff useful to us. I'm sorry"

Rolyat left thinking. "Disturbing – wrong word – with radio Griffin – must have been used for a reason – what reason?"

The rest of the morning was spent in observation, Rolyat picked up an Outanin from a dusty pile. There was a PROSCRIBED sign across the title page. Inside was a story that complained of the 1.44% turnout for Ugser elections that left the eleventh tie in two months. The writer complained of 'student XXXXXXXX', the last word being censored.

There were many things to assimilate here, figures showing 98.56% of students in residence and the same amount using the Yousee building. Hundreds of students labelled M.A. watching the vision screen, straight, orderly lines to the Mug, and the Food Privilege outlets, all these things seemed to create an atmosphere of – what?

Rolyat found the answer while watching the elevators. “A machine” he said aloud and as he did so two things happened. He was knocked over, and a hole appeared in the post he was standing beside. Rolyat heard the gunshot as he was dragged into an air duct by his rescuer.

“Damn you” the man said and led Rolyat, by a complex path, to what was left of the Ugser stronghold. As they dropped to the floor the fumes of a hundred semesters of student resistance washed over them. Gestetner ink mixing with beer. “This” said William Black-White, “is the remaining power of what used to be a great student assemblage, we should be able to protect you for another half a minute”.

With these words, the barricades were suddenly shattered by an explosion. Rolyat's last memory was of a grey uniformed sergeant in the Security Service swinging his weapon in a broad arc.

When he regained consciousness Rolyat Mik stared into the eyes of Teaching Assistant Pharstar, the head of the Ady Amin.

“You have witnessed my dear Mr. Mik, the final assimilation of students into our community. This is a rare moment and I am sure you appreciate it. Please don’t try to rise, you have a head wound that has caused you to be knocked out for the afternoon. As a minstrel you must have noticed certain things about our institution that make you curious. I will explain them to you now.

We are dedicated to producing as many M.A.s as possible in order to keep society at its present levels. An M.A. by the way stands for Mamluk-A level, there are also M.B.s and M.C.s depending on their usefulness. In order to produce an M.A. we need an atmosphere of total apathy, in this atmosphere students are most malleable.

We have achieved this state by several means, the most effective of course being the elimination of conflicting points of view. Then there is Radio Griffin, how you got to them I’ll never know, but they have various techniques to make students more agreeable.

Our bureaucracy itself is a major deterrent to argument, how does one argue with someone who cannot be found and probably doesn’t exist. At any rate, we have now totally assimilated our students and now you can rest. Goodday Mr. Mik.

When the Pharstar stepped out of the room he was stopped by his President of Vice for Ady Amin, W.W.Corn. “Don’t you think he’s too dangerous to let run around with what you’ve just told him, he could stop us just by telling someone” he said.

“He’s sleeping here tonight” Pharstar replied.

And as Rolyat fell asleep, Radio Griffin began to pipe in its own brand of Muzak through the wall sockets.

~~

Mar, 1976

For a Butch Kid (Em)

When I came home in the afternoon
I saw that you had made my bed
after we left in the morning

I thought of you coming back
to listen to the radio
and make my bed
and it made me feel almost as warm
as I felt when I held you the night before

I remembered to thank you later
and you looked away embarrassed

~~

Jan 29, 1977

Em lived in our house on Wilsonview. I slept with Em but I never slept with Em. I would come home in a terrible state, go into her room and carry her to my bed just to hold her for the night. She didn't talk much, and I never did find out how she felt about it, but I sure as hell appreciated the comfort she gave me.



The Value of Words

Somehow words on a page make the thoughts that caused them more concrete. The ink lines in their peculiar patterns cause the ideas they represent to become solid and definable. Sentences are hooks and paragraphs line, as we fish among the waters of our mind for the peculiar creatures that dwell there.

Once an idea is out of our minds and on to the linen it is easier to handle – pinned down and torn apart it can provide knowledge without clouding the rest of the mind with sediment as it thrashes about on the bed of our emotions.

The contentment of seeing the ink spill from the tip of the pen to create symbol on the paper will settle the turbulence that made it necessary. It is a negative feedback in terms of the cyclic emotions in the head, and positive opportunity to learn.

Raw emotions produce words. Words, their sentences, their parameters and paragraphs, their logical progression from one to another, lay a smooth blanket over the rough edges of the emotion. Silent reflection on the written word will yield insight into the primitive half of our selves.

~~

Feb 28, 1977

Got Me Figured

I say “I love you” with my eyes
and she sees “let’s fuck” with hers
She’s got me figured

~~

Mar 6, 1977

I Just Met You and it Feels Good

I met you last night
and Hey!
I’m walking beside you
and we’re going to eat breakfast
Wow, it makes me feel happy

~~

Mar 6, 1977

A Showering Watercolour Artist

-Lori

You get water in your eyes
and blink
and I’d give anything to be able
to draw your eyes right now

~~

Mar 6, 1977

Beyond Your Basement Window

for Lori

We hang
between the bathroom light
and the blackness
beyond your basement window,
together

And I know the darkness
of the far reaches of your mind
and it scares me
I reach for a switch
flooding the room with light

We catch different visions
I see you from across the room
naked on your bed
trembling with an inner battle
and I
holding you, afraid for your life,
my mind, trying to reach into you
to bleed off the pressure

Thinking faster than is possible
you see only light

~~

Dec 22, 1976



To Make Lori Smile

She can be sad
and seem lost at times
but she's got a smile I'll do anything
to bring to her face
I was going to write her a poem
I guess this is it

~~

Mar 6, 1977

I'm Freaked Out

I'm freaked out
She's coming to see me
in her boyfriend's car
She's going to spend the night with me
while his car waits in the parking lot

~~

Mar 29/77

In My Sister's Home

Late, late at night
in my sister's home
thinking of a party long ago
where I met a girl
a scared down home girl

I let her cry
with my questions
went with her
across London
to her basement
and held her all night
keeping her together
as best I could
always misunderstanding
misunderstood

I think I miss her still
the way she blinked
in the shower
her breathy voice
I miss her still

~~

Apr23/79

As If Checking In

For many years
she drifted in and out
of my life
As if checking in
As if to meet the new girl

~~

Kim Taylor Oct 9, 2021



I'm Moved Out

I'm moved out
at least
everything that defines my life
is gone
and I remain behind
a forgotten book
that will never be missed

~~

Apr 18/77

1899 San Francisco Power-lines

1899 San Francisco cat
greet me with a calico face
and an amused eye

1899 San Francisco summer
too hot to sleep
and I stick to my chair

1899 San Francisco woman
bustle and bristle
and ugly as sin

1899 San Francisco night
a dark bird sings
to an audience unborn

1899 San Francisco Cat
winks at me from a black and white window
and listens to the heart

~~

May 24/77



A straight guy can love another guy. Of course he can and I've had guys to love over my lifetime. Three come to mind without any thought. Ward Eagan was one, but of course I had to write about him in code.

The Attic Coffee Shop

The attic coffee shop, I won't forget it quickly. It was run by an old man who wore a battered hat that had seen better days in the time of my father.

Someone told me he walked up the stairs one day and set up the shop. He had no license and paid no rent. As far as I know, no one realized that he was there. Certainly not the owner, in his tool shop on the lower floor.

I grew to love that old man, with his big heart and his steaming hot coffee. We were mostly writers there, not rich, but we tried, and we told him our dreams. He listened to us, refilling our cups and telling us "you pay for the china, not what comes out of it".

Some of us would stay all day in dark corners, hunched over our notebooks, trying to say what men tried to say before and would try to say again.

Once someone asked him why he ran his little shop with the tiny tables and old wooden chairs, and he said "I was a writer once, and I sat over a red checkered tablecloth and looked out the windows seeing what wasn't there, feeling what was".

Eventually I grew away from his shop and the safety I found there, but I still think about it sometimes, and now, as I look out my window, seeing what isn't there and feeling what is, I can hear his voice again

“You pay for the china, not what comes out of it”.

~~

June 5/77

That Summer

That summer was my first out of residence, and it took me away from the chaotic mass of young bodies that had made me crazy enough to go work in a factory in St Thomas.

From one extreme to another, I sublet an apartment and had a room that was in the middle of the building, an old Red and White grocery store, converted without any worry about building codes. It was hellishly hard to get up in the mornings. It was also right downtown, Eramosa and Arthur, pretty much on the river.

Ward and Kate lived about a block up Eramosa and I was there a lot, drinking coffee and talking.

I was playing volleyball and that's about it. Not too many women around to meet. I tried I suppose, but nobody stuck.

I do remember one afternoon I went to the Keg with enough money in my pocket to buy a pint. I met folks I knew and they bought me beer. They would leave and others would show up and they bought me beer. At one point later in the evening one

of my friends showed up, a woman I had no interest in sexually, but a good friend. She had a green shiny dress on, perhaps intending to hit the Bullring to go dancing later.

But she stayed and my friends stayed and I drank with them. At last call, a volleyball buddy bought a pitcher and said goodbye, leaving me with my friend. I drank most of it and then it was time to stagger downtown.

To get downtown you have to go down Gordon Street hill, and the sidewalk was narrow, the wall beside high, and the cars went past close enough to touch their mirrors.

I bounced between my friend and the wall all the way to the bottom and when we got to the middle of town and the buses I said goodnight but she put her arm through mine and said she was going to walk me home.

Once there she undressed me, herself, and put me into bed. She gave me instructions which I followed, and I learned a few things before finally passing out. In the morning I thought “that was a shame”, a perfectly good friendship fucked away. All I wanted was to get her out and sleep it off. Thinking up clever things, I asked if she wanted breakfast (hint hint) but she said yes, eggs and sausage. Greasy. Eggs and sausage. Then I said I had an 8 o’clock class, figuring she’d go to her place but she said she’d go to school with me.

Fine. Imagine the bus stop, me looking like a ragdoll, she in a shiny last-night dress, hanging on my arm and, I’m not kidding you, waving at her friends. She might as well have pointed at

me and said “look what I got”. Ugh, I don’t remember the day, and yes, that did ruin a perfectly good friendship.

Summer Work

Aug 22/77

I’ve driven a tractor in late August, watched my breath form and fall before me as I coax it into life. I’ve seen the dew fall over the fields just before sunrise and smelled the curing tobacco as I drove by.

I’ve listened to the lonely sound of the engine on the priming machine, heard the soft popping as cold men picked the almost frozen leaves.

I’ve known when the sun rose, the instant it was above the horizon on an overcast day I’ve felt its warmth on my neck

I’ve felt its warmth on my hands, coming out of a row, holding up my arms and watching the steam come from my fingers as a crystal sky, polished by almost frost and sun watches me.

I’ve listened to the chains that drive the machine I ride, I’ve listened to the pop of the leaves as I picked them and felt them snap and fold as I held them too tightly in unfeeling fingers.

I’ve felt the pain of frozen knuckles, stiff, bruised and cut on a hundred different plants, a thousand different ways. I’ve felt the throb deep in the joints days later and gazed at stained, ripped nails.

~~

What happened to the Fall of 1977 and the Winter of 1978? There doesn't seem to be much to show for two semesters of school. Things must have happened but I suspect that I wrote about my relationships, not school, or sports, or whatever else people do when they are not tearing each other's guts out in a relationship. Oh, I take it back, this was Janis and so tearing at guts was happening as is apparent elsewhere in this book.

Did she visit me in my Stygian room? It was so dark in there I don't remember being there myself.

No Diary

March 20/78

This is no diary but I feel a need to allow words to flow with no form or symbolism to direct their actions.

In translation, I have found one of the symbols I used over a year ago, in Kawabata's "Beauty and Sadness". Mine a bit more abstract but, I am sure, as familiar to Kawabata as his own.

Perhaps the South Americans are correct, the dividing line between a great and a poor man lies along the lines of his style.

~~

A Trip to the West

Apr 22/78 SS Marie

Phil, John, Em and I in a drive-away van heading for Edmonton. We've stopped in the Sault. Started yesterday at 6pm from Guelph. Visited in Toronto and landed in a shopping plaza in Sudbury at 4:30AM.

We saw Jasin in Toronto. She doesn't like me away from her, and so, because of the stubborn streak she has running through her I may lose her. I hope not, to lose her would take away a lot of joy from my life.

Stayed at Mich Helie's place until the afternoon and blew through Elliot Lake (past the turnoff actually).

Had some stomach twistings as I thought about Lori. I was kind of relieved she wasn't home when I called. I didn't really relish the thought of seeing her and her husband.

In Wawa the girl who filled us up reminded me of Penny. The further away from them I get, the more I start to think about them. A habit I intend to break.

Apr 24/78

I had a lot of good things to say about Winnipeg, and they towed the ambulance. Hell of a town to get lost in looking for some non-existent towing service.

At least I'm out of Ontario – it's a nice day.

John and I left Phil and Em in Edmonton and continued on north, there were no jobs in Edmonton but we heard you could get on the oil rigs. We hitched for a while and we ended up in a bar in Whitecourt where we asked around about jobs. It turned out a fellow from Simpson Timber thought we'd make great mud men and hired us to pull logs from the log yard. This involved a lovely front end loader which we'd spin into the mud up to the axles and then squirm out.

They called that stuff gumbo, you would walk six steps, the first five collecting gumbo on your boots to about 12 inches all around, and on the sixth it would fall off.

We spent April to June between Fox Creek and Whitecourt, working, and then had to head back to Ontario for my sister's wedding.

After a while our boss decided I was a candidate for scaling, which meant I lived with him and we went out each day to measure the log decks being cut. The trees were Black Spruce which were good for about two 2x4s wide and maybe two high.

We did a lot of drinking. One night after the bar I was driving back and decided to do the Alberta thing of driving in the built-up shoulder (elevating the road over gullys). Unfortunately I picked the drop-off into a swamp just before the bridge to the camp. I buried the truck in the swamp. We went and got a front end loader and tried to pull it out, but failed. We left the loader and the truck blocking the bridge and went to bed.

From here the trip accounts, the poems written in the camp, are about the inside of my head. Look, what can you expect, it was a lumber camp, bunkhouses, cookhouse, wash-house and work. Was there a woman in the whole camp? I don't remember. What else would the mind turn to. So what you are seeing here is what I was feeling, rather than what I was doing. I wasn't doing much.

Assume that in the days between writing I was working my ass off, drinking and sleeping.

Apr 30/78

I've seen a telephone booth
at a crossroads
in Northern Alberta
It stands there
like a hammer through water
voicing its muted plea
screaming its silent wish
to civilize the forest that,
all around it,
belongs to black bear, wolf and deer

~~

Apr 30/78

Dear Janice

this is a letter to you
that you will probably never read
because of the way you are
and the way I am
and the way we're alike.

I'm writing from a lumber camp
in Northern Alberta
and from the realization
that I can make it, away from home

I won't send this letter to you
because it's bound to involve feelings
feelings you don't like to know about
because you don't want to be responsible
for my love for you
You don't want to be blamed
for hurting someone who is a part of you

I've never wanted anyone
to rely on me for happiness
I always blow it
and do something stupid
and hurting

You want me to be faithful
but not to rely on you
you want me to yourself
but you don't want me dependent
You know it can't work that way
unless I retreat into myself
you don't want it
and expect that
I'll be unfaithful

I've changed because of you
I don't mind
You're important to my life
I want you a part of it
I want you close
body and mind
to live with you
not to search, but to find

~~

May 7/78
Does A Bear Piss In The Woods

My one and only encounter with bears so far was a couple of nights ago. Being decidedly organic, I try to piss in the woods whenever possible (this being one of the greater expressions of freedom I'm told)

On the night concerned it was time for the 11 o'clock bear so, Big Jake, I took my belt knife and headed out to piss.

My usual place for this being off toward the rear of the cookhouse, I was stopped by lights playing on the woods and before I could decide what was happening the sound of a rifle shot knocked me half onto my ass.

Trying to decide whether it would be worse to have it shot or chewed off, I walked over to the wash trailer and pissed.

They found the bear the next morning with a 30-06 in its chest.

Mar 8/78

Peeling a mosquito off the wall
by the leg
after you've just squashed it
can be awfully satisfying

~~

May 8/78

I want to get into my head
and write about you

~~

May 9/78

Looking at the only picture of you I have, your graduation pose, I feel a pride for you I didn't know I had. It's as if I share your strength and your triumph, like a mother, a brother. Maybe a lover can be both family and fucker.

There is a joy in knowing you, looking at your image and thinking of you.

I put the photograph away to stop myself from running home
just to be with you, something you might find a bit threatening.

May 9/78

That free-for-all time between the last exam and the rest of our
lives caught three of us, Three guys, a bottle of wine and a
glass named Doris. Some sort of half-drunk still life in a
kitchen with a rainy roof that hadn't been warm since
September

Some Artist's Stray Thoughts

We landed
a glass short
a glass named Doris
a bottle of wine
and three guys
who couldn't have cared less
~~

May 14/78

Waiting in Calgary sunshine
Sunday morning springtime
When breakfast is gone
I'll play baseball
~~

Calgary Haiku

The Japanese
and his camera
photographs our small baseball game
~~

May 16/78
What to you do
when you finally make it to Banff
after so many years
and it's raining
and you're hung over
~~

May 17/78
I had weird dreams
about my belly button
last night
It must have been the wine
~~

May 18/78
I watch my reflection
off the photograph of a girl

Where the glass bends
so do I
and she stays as she was
when I found her
~~

May 18/78

She's folded up reading
like a grasshopper on the lawn
Ever want to do lewd things
to a grasshopper?

~~

It is here that the first journal begins. Unfortunately it was a crappy travel diary, and so a lot of my stories went away. Especially after my third wife said "Oh no not this one again" one evening in the bar. Ah well, perhaps best forgotten, this part of the trip, which was just work in Swan Hills and the occasional weekend in Calgary it seems.

May 28/78

A rainy Alberta afternoon
A man lies on his bunk
and thinks about the woman
he left back home

She is somehow more precious
than anything he's known
and he'll never know why
and he wants to spend his life
by her side

The man lies on his back
and feels her slip from him
a dream
solid for a night
and flowing away like the rain

She didn't want him to leave
and now he doesn't know
if she'll want him again

He slowly counts the times
he made her cry
and the times
he could have died for her
and he preys
that when he returns
she will still be there

~~

Was this my problem? I was longing for Janice, had been trying to be faithful, no more two or three women at the same time. She didn't want it and I was willing to try because I was shit at juggling anyway. I was worried Janice was pissed at my trip and would turn away from me when I wrote that poem. In the very next breath, I wrote another poem, about another girl.

The night before we left in the van, I got drunk in the Albion and ended up in Dael's bed. I left before dawn to make it back to the house so I wouldn't miss the van and those utter bastards didn't leave until that evening. Dael was tiny (you'll see), and she was a good friend. I never did have sex with her, but not for lack of desire.

I woke to find her curled
in the curve of my stomach
her head resting so very lightly
on my arm

I moved and she followed
touching me all along her back
and she smiled in her sleep
as she felt my warmth again
and I kissed her in a secret place
below her ear

In the morning I had to leave
she caught me gently
wrapping her arms around my neck
quietly whispering
a sleepy complaint
and smiling again as I returned to her
~~

May 29/78
You're so like a butterfly
so tenuous
and delicately beautiful
you can be so fragile
I know if I try to possess you
it will kill you
but if I am to be with you
to feel the delight
you give my life
I must pursue you
always remaining far enough away
so as not to frighten
close enough to see

You are so like a deer
so soft
yet with such a hidden strength
I wish only to be with you
and feel your warmth
Yet at the touch
you would be gone from me
So I must remain hidden
and try to know you
from a distance

I'm so like the child
I once was
when I'm with you
so afraid to offend
wanting to be a part
but keeping to the shadows
knowing that all I touch
will fall away from me
lost forever, leaving me only empty
and you would be gone

~~

May 29/78
I'm the rubber band
I'm a kid's toy aeroplane
you give me power

~~

May 29/78
What You Gave Me

You've seen that commercial
where she bites, or drinks
and her eyes get big WOW
what a surprise

Well picture yourself as that flavour
and my head as the girl
~~

May 29/78
Come live with me
I'll paint outside
you paint inside
We'll kiss at the windows
~~

June 8/78
Never mix toothpaste and beer
unless you've got
a masochistic sweet tooth
~~

June 9/78

Happy Birthday to me
another one slipped by
with no one to remind me
and I didn't notice
until now, when a cop
writing me a ticket
pointed it out

Even he didn't wish me
a happy

~~

When I got home my mother pointed out that the fine was many hundreds of dollars, but he cut it way down. I think it was something like 140k in a 50. It was a company truck and a very long curve into town.

June 8/78

It's easy when you're far away
to be so much in love
And hard as leather
to live together
and remember why you're there

~~

June 8/78
Women get twice as drunk
twice as fast
take three deep breaths
and are sober enough
to put us to bed
Bless them all
~~

June 8/78
It gets easier
as it goes down
easier to write
easier to drink
easier to breathe
easier to speak your name
without feeling
as if a part of me
has been ripped out
of my body

June 8/78
I only dream of you
if I'm drunk
If I could survive the mornings
I'd always be drunk
~~

June 10/78

The heater runs all the time
too hot or too cold
The radio doesn't work
when it's cloudy

The rain comes through the windows
where the glass
should have been
and yet
even without you here
it somehow seems like home

~~

June 10/78

I'm so far away from home
so confused
and always so wrong
I'm always less
than I think I am
and more
than I want to be

I'm lonely
I'm lost and no one will lead me
All I want is to follow
to be told where to stand
but the distance is too great
and the voice
almost silent

No one tells me what I hear
I can't seem to understand
any more
I only want to be told
I can't make the decision
to let myself fade away
any more

I'd like to melt away
into this country, like the frost
leaving no trace
and feeling nothing
It scares me so
this life without myself
~~

June 11/78
All is replaced
the parts never remain
as the whole carries on

Cheap words
to try to express a feeling
an attempt to dignify
the fear
of being forgotten
in favour of another

All the fancy prose
I could write in a year
can't help that worm
in the pit of my stomach
to lie still

~~

June 11/78

I'm staring at a wristwatch
that's tacked up on the wall
I can't remember what it is
or if it's there at all

I'm staring at a memory
that's etched behind my eyes
I can't see that it was true
or if it was a lie

So long ago
so long ago
I think I see your hand
I think I hear your breath
and feel you by my side
I don't know if it's a lie

I feel you by my side
and stroke your velvet back
and kiss your velvet lips
and let my life go by
to feel you by my side
and I don't know if it's a lie

~~

June 13/78
Dunvegan

12 foot Davis
made a fortune
an a gold claim
12 feet by 12 feet
144 square feet
in a mountain

The tiny piece of you
that you've let me claim
has made me richer by far
than that long forgotten man

~~

North

John and I were moving again. John Antoszak by the way was one of those few men that I could say I loved. But by the end of this trip I was thoroughly sick of him. I suspect it was mutual. At this point we were heading to Prince Rupert to catch the BC ferry. Dunvegan is by the bridge over the peace river, we were heading to Dawson Creek toward Prince George to Rupert.

It might have been the next ride we got, a fellow in a camper truck picked us up. Turns out he was once a pet store manager for the Perth County Conspiracy back in Stratford Ontario. (I met exactly one native Albertan in N. Alberta, a fellow who drove a souped up Chevy Nova with a steering wheel about four inches across.)

The guy from Stratford was heading up 97 and The Alaskan Highway for Whitehorse in the Yukon and suggested we come along and take the White Pass and Yukon train down to catch the Alaskan Ferry from Skagway. We agreed pretty fast.

On the way we passed through all the tourist spots, had a dip in a hot spring, saw the signpost and left a t-shirt, and heard all about how this fellow just up and left his wife and life and got lost in the Yukon. She didn't find him for many years apparently. My old man once told me that if there was a war I was to head for the Yukon and hide. PTSD son of a PTSD father, I figured he knew what he was talking about. Too bad there's no hiding anywhere in Canada any more.

We got out in Whitehorse and kicked around for a while, got pissed in the Miner's Daughter and probably a couple other bars.

We got onto the White Pass railroad and while on there we heard that it stopped at Bennett Lake where we could then walk over the Chilkoot pass. Shit you can look all this tourist stuff up on the internet now, go ahead.

We started walking with a can of spam and a can of beans for a two day hike (did we hear that it was two days?). We had our packs and our boots and started. I don't need to tell you we were pretty hungry by the time we hit the pass but I didn't care. The path through the Yukon is temperate desert. At some point we were camped high above a river on a ledge and I panned a little piece of gold out of my coffee cup.

The snow up to the pass and the mist at the notch was magnificent. But the view as we hit the pass took my breath away. We stood in the snow looking down a steep white slope but further into the valley it was lush, steaming and green. On the sides of the valley were deep green glaciers hanging over.

If you've been there you know what I'm describing. Look, it felt to me like at any moment a dinosaur head would appear over the trees. It's a rain-forest. Until I die I won't forget that view.

We had a couple of hiking staffs and schussed. I don't care what it means these days, back then it meant you dropped onto one hip and went feet first, using the staff to steer and to slow down, and that's how we went down the pass into Alaska.

At one point my stick got up under my pack, which had a solid bar across the top and there I was, swinging on the stick, my shoulders almost ripped out. It took quite a while to work up and off and continue on down.

When we hit the bottom we looked back up and I swear I could see the ghosts of the miners going up the pass in 1896. Go look up the photos to see what I saw.

Heading down the path we were boot-beaten by a Ptarmigan who must have had a nest close. She looked damned close to a chicken dinner to us. We hit one of the camps and met other folks who probably fed us.

Then down into Skagway where we first hit an all you can eat salmon place. We told the owner we were damned hungry and that he was going to lose money. He stuffed us.

Was it that night I called Janis from a bar at \$7 a minute to have her tell me that “we should reconsider our relationship”? Yeah, I walked ten feet to the bar and wasn’t sober for the next four days. During that time John tells me I was pretty bad. At one point I ordered some guy to go buy me a gallon of wine. John spent four days explaining me, keeping me from being beat up.

We stayed in the hostel but there wasn’t much incentive to sleep with the sun going down at 4am and up again at 6 or something crazy like that.

I remember drinking with Barbara and walking back to the hostel, taking a shortcut across the harbour at low tide. I was carrying her in my arms when I dropped into a hole and damned near lost my feet in the flow. She screamed and I told her to be still, spread my legs as far as I could and got us across.

Back at the hostel we were soaked so she hit the shower and pushed me back out. After I showered I stumbled back into the bunk area and started to look for her. John's voice floated out of the dark saying "go to sleep Kim" and I realized I had quite an audience. I went to sleep.

When in Skagway we ran across a guy we knew from the Coffee Shop back in Guelph. He was working on the Pacific Princess, the "Love Boat" from the TV series. He invited us on board to have dinner with the crew so we ate King Crab the boys had fished out of the harbour from a loading door, while the rich folk upstairs were having frozen salmon.

June 19/78

Dear Janis, from Scagway

What is it
to be stuck in Scagway
and want to be with you

What is it
to wait for a ferry
that sometimes runs
and look at a mountain
I can't climb
an ocean
I can't swim
and want to be with you

What is it
to drink American beer
with not enough money
to get drunk
and think only of you

It's like wanting water
lost at sea
Wanting warm sand
on a mountain

I have so much of you
around me
inside me
through me
but none of it quite right
without your arms holding me
And I only want to come home to you
~~

June 21/78
Thank you Barbara
I met you in Skagway
I was drunk
watching my life fall away from me

You took me by the hand
you fell into the ocean with me
Kissed me goodnight
and let this poor young boy
get through another lonely time
~~

June 21/78

Jasin I know it's ending
and I'm too far away this time
to save it
I don't want it to end
but maybe its best
I'm not good for you
I never was
and I tried once
to tell you that

~~

June21/78

Well lord
what are you going to do with me
I'm on a ferry
bound down Alaska
to Vancouver Island
I've got a year of school
I've got a bit of money
and it looks like
I've got only myself again

John got me on board the Alaskan Ferry where we slept on the deck, feeling the warmth of the sun on the metal, hearing the engines turn over. I was still drunk and met a really cute girl. She reminded me of Penny, so now you know what she looked like.

She was married in Alaska but her husband, a bush pilot had crashed and died, so she and her kids were heading to New Mexico where she had family.

I talked with her, drank with her, snogged with her in various odd corners on the boat and was heading into the washrooms with her to fuck when some damned little boy came by. She said “I can’t do this” and so we didn’t.

I told her I was getting off with her in Ketchikan next morning to go build her a log cabin in New Mexico. I told John to wake me up at 5am and passed out.

Next morning when I woke, she was gone and we were steaming away from Ketchikan. John told me she had asked him to let me sleep, and she told me thank you, she had more hope for the future after meeting me. I was pissed off but less pissed up and I thank her for letting me sleep.

We got off the ferry in Prince Rupert, I was hung over enough to have my pack torn apart by a cute customs agent after giving the wrong answers, and we slept a night in the terminal. Next morning we wandered around and I was cranky, I told John I was turning down a street. He asked why and I said “I don’t fucking know, I’m going down this street”.

On that street we met Lynda Ormand, a girl we knew from the coffee shop. I thought she was still in Guelph but she was working for Fisheries. She took us to an old barge and we stayed there with she and her partner until the BC Ferry was ready to leave.

We docked on Vancouver Island and hitched down a way, then got a terrifying ride over to Long Beach, too fast, too narrow, too steep.

July 10/78
Long Beach

Out on the edge of nothing
I raised a totem
to celebrate the end of things
Out on the edge of nothing
my bed was the ocean
and I dreamed of a journey's end

Out on the edge of nothing
I turned
and looked back over my life
and saw the wasted time
that comes before death

~~

June 26/78
Grant me a bit more time
a few more words
to tell you my mind
let you see my eyes
as you say goodbye to me

I hear Salisbury Hill in Vancouver
so many thousands of miles away
and I cry thinking of you
So much further away than that
and want only for it to end
so I can shut it out again

I stay up sleepless
in a strange lounge
spending another night
with no escape
from thoughts of you

Tomorrow I'll regret the lost sleep
and tell myself I'm foolish
for wanting you so
but that doesn't stop the tears
or the ache in my arms
and it doesn't stop the feeling I have
that this whole distant city
longs to move toward you
~~

June 27/78
I found a card
on the floor of a bus
It was ripped in half
and on it
someone had asked
a girl with a strange name
to live with him
~~

July 12/78
It's a nice feeling
to be young
Canadian
and hitching up the West Coast

It's a nice feeling
dusty on some Okanagan
back road (5 hours)
and a white van
horn blowing
babes waving
comes cruising by

Bare legs out the windows
kicking for you
(But the little shits
never pick you up)
~~

July 12/78
When I first came to Edmonton
I thought the men rude
honking and waving
when they liked the street babes
But they waved back
and I watched

When I came to know Edmonton
I found the girls rude
honking and waving
and yelling at the boys

You know, I love it
and I'll not feel sorry
for the receiving end again

~~

We got a drive-away from Vancouver to the Okanagan Valley and stuck our thumbs out. I remember being stuck in the Rogers Pass late at night. I told John he could keep hitching but I was going to sleep and I crossed the road to the grass in the middle of the lanes. Apparently a cop stopped and wondered what the hell I was doing. "Sleeping" said John. He explained me a lot.

We got a ride with some fellow who was delivering papers to Banff and I remember waking up at dawn, when we stopped, to see, coming out of the fog, dozens of huge elk on the road. That was Banff.

Four days from Vancouver to home, but half way we stopped and slept in a Motel. We were moving.

We hitched to Winnipeg where there was a beer strike and we got a ride toward Kenora from a couple of guys, one of which had just jumped bail. They were drinking cheap wine and were pissed. I motioned go John that we ought to drink as much as possible before it went over the seat again.

When it became apparent to me that we weren't going to make Kenora I declared that we were getting out at the next road so we could head south through the States. The boys didn't want to stop. John didn't want to stop. But I was an asshole about it so we stopped and flagged down a bus.

A few miles down the road that orange muscle car was upside down in the ditch.

We were stopped in Thunder Bay for quite a while, but not as long as the guy who wrote on the back of the road sign "Moscow to Thunder Bay, four days, Thunder Bay five days" While we were hitching the guy who jumped bail showed up with both his wrists taped up from where he'd hit the dash when they crashed. He shrugged and said he was going home rather than back to Winnipeg.

When you travel, nobody is from there.

Somewhere in there we got an early morning ride from a diabetic who was drinking screwdrivers from a bottle. He wanted someone to keep him awake.

Did I go to Guelph or to my mother's home? I don't remember but I do know that I ditched John and didn't talk with him for quite a while afterwards. We made up later, we were working at the same tobacco farm that summer.

The tobacco farm where I met Darlene.

Sometime after I got home, Janice called and told me she'd ditched her old boyfriend (who she'd promised "I'm over him") and she wanted to get back together.

Darlene and I fell into sex fairly easily. She was the first woman to walk into the bathroom and sit down to piss while I was shaving. A milestone in a man's life, I swear.

Janice was suspicious, and of course with good reason. She called one day when I was in bed with Darlene. I answered, naked and stiff and while chatting, Darlene came out and straddled me.

Darlene

I sit with you
and write
You don't object
only ask what it is

I sit and drink
you drink with me
joke, laugh and
make sure I know
it doesn't matter
if I can't get it up

And when I do
you enjoy me
You teach me tolerance
and understanding
can exist
with dreams and loves

~~

Sept 15/78



Blasting Across the Country at High Speed

Blasting across the country
at high speed
the headlights blinking up and down
like two huge eyes
looking for a hitchhiker
missing corners
and nearly missing curves
setting up scenes
with a nurse

Thurn and Taxis
chasing me across the night
to her cottage on a lake
Black riders hit black sand
Black water reflecting
an oil refinery
that shouldn't be there
A blond angel
not exactly Florence N.
Covers me with blackness
not exactly the night

~~

June 11/79

The First Journal

Introduction

May 18, 1978 (*22 years old and younger*)

I intend to use this book to express thoughts and philosophy in prose.

I will fail miserably

But I intend to give it a fair chance

Sex in Southern Alberta

Since I've been eyeing the females in the University of Calgary lunch line for the last hour, and since this is 1978, it is only proper to open with some thoughts on sex that appeared in an argument in a Banff bar (the Cascade Tavern).

Sex is an expression and should be left as such.

Sex for pleasure is never up to the mark of your own right hand.

Sex can express fondness if it involves no risk and each partner looks for nothing beyond warmth.

Sex can express a warmth between two strangers who share a night. Names, phone numbers, or taxi cabs home have no function here, only an understanding and a quiet breakfast alone with each other.

Sex can express indifference. This is one sided, an ugly mixture of duty and emotional violence. By using the act which is potentially the most caring, one partner can express extreme disinterest.

Sex can express hatred - a symbolic rape of one partner by another. I don't want to explore this expression.

Sex can express art, style and form using the body as instrument. This seems to me to be the direction in which the act is moving but, like all art, technique is beginning to overwhelm creativity and the sensitivity that art should provide. To express art one should not read a manual but a partner's body.

Sex can be boring and like these ruminations should be stopped as soon as yawns are detected.

On Philosophies

It occurs to me that anything I write now I will probably disagree with a year from now - certain consistencies from the past are no guarantee of future stability.

Here I notice a tendency to make statements. A policy nice for lectures and attentive students but dangerous for a man trying

to think.

When dealing with the essential questions of existence (ie philosophizing) try not to become hung up on practising what you preach, you'll only fail (he said).

May 19/78

On Changing

I caught myself (most worthy thought is caught by surprise as it pops out of the unconscious) thinking of an old affair. I wondered what would have happened if I had had the insight and calm experience I have now, when it began.

I think that with maturity I would have gained time, but at the expense of other things, the greatest of which was the experience of that affair and the way in which it matured me. A cyclic problem. By the end of the affair (if these things can ever be said to end) I had grown enough and become sensitive enough to avoid the pains I had been through, but of course it was long past the time to act.

From each person I have met, I have taken something. Sometimes only a word or a way of expressing it, often a role into which I can put a part of myself in order to achieve one aim or another.

I seldom wish to take something from another but one thing I wish to take from Western Canada is the secret of smiling at a stranger without looking as if I'm in pain.

May 20, 1978

Leave a friend for five minutes, come back to find someone else in his place. The friend you knew and loved exists static in your mind, the person you return to may still be a friend but will never be the reflection in your head.

Enter a new situation, watch yourself react to it and realize with surprise that you would never have done it that way a year ago. You are always storing new ways and ideas, your self-concept often doesn't keep up with what and who you are but changes only when you can see yourself as others see you, through your actions.

Treating A Lover Like A Stranger

Or

How To Get Along With A Loved One (Not Family)

You take on a lover, and, if you are as I am, she is more than a bed-mate, she becomes a confidant and a confessor. In short, you start to treat her like you treated someone in your family when you were a kid.

This is where the problems start, she begins to complain about your foul moods and the way you treat every stranger who comes along nicely, and her like dirt. She's right and that's what's happening.

For a stranger you put on the glad face no matter how shitty you feel, but to the person who shares that special moment at 4am when the defences are not there and you're both still half

awake there is no mask. She gets the full impact of the mood.

She has a choice - she can be a stranger and feel left out of your life - but treated well, or she can share your life - all of it and never again be allowed to be protected from your dark side.

June 4, 1978

On Fame

I met a man in Alberta who had moved there from Ontario. I worked for him, drank with him and talked with him. The year I started, he was 28 and I, 22.

He told me that, in high school, he made a film that is still being shown in Ontario public schools. His name is on that film and those who see it will probably picture some bespectacled 40ish historian. The same man is at once the scholarly historian filmmaker and the drunken buddy looking across the table at me, I could never have linked the two had I seen the film (which I probably did).

A man doesn't live on through his achievements, only the deeds survive, bearing as a label their creator's name. The man who created the monument the future looks upon, looks drunkenly across the table at me now, far from memorably famous but a lot more enjoyable for it.

June 8

On Students

Long ago students were sons of gentlemen, moneyed, titled and able to afford the finer things.

Students now are more varied, some still rich, the rest of us officially below the poverty line.

We're still the same, some of us learn, some of us waste time and all of us are here until we leave.

June 16

On Pioneering

I notice the further north I go, the more essentially childish the people and the attitude becomes. There is a sense of wonder at the world and at the ability of the men in it to survive.

It takes a special type of child to fall in love with the massive beauty that is the North, and a special type of stagnant adult to sneer at the children who love it.

I find that I love the north and the children in it, I am young and remember my youthful wonder, I can still gasp at a flower's glow, and the land can come into me without the need to batter down doors.

One day, the child called Kim who grew up safely within the womb of urban civilization and thousands of miles from frozen starvation will build a cabin miles from his fellows to live in the land. He will do it for no other reason than to prove to himself that he can, because that child must show those around him that he can make it on his own; no one has ever questioned his ability but he must prove himself nonetheless.

June 24, 1978

On Drifting

I had not expected, when I came to the west, to meet Lynda. Yet, being who she is, it would take only a bit of un-directed wandering to find her, and I did.

I found her in Prince Rupert, three thousand miles from where I last saw her and thought she was. She is, at the moment living on an unused camp supply barge with a friend. They have a kerosene lamp and a propane stove doing quite nicely working for the Halibut-man in his fish research schemes.

Lance and Lynda drove me to the ferry this morning after a pancake breakfast, a much refreshed man. It was a long wait but I've met her and can go home now with an easy mind.

Lynda has come to symbolize for me (god forbid she should ever read this) a way of life that is unconcerned with schedules or a sense of place. She is likely to turn up almost anywhere at any time doing whatever interests her at the moment.

[One should not drift through life aimlessly but should always be willing to follow a path which opens before you. One should not constantly be tied to the ideals of the life one has chosen, but live in such a way that the ideals one has chosen can flourish on their own.]

June 24

On Ending an Affair

People don't close like doors, and I've never liked a closed door anyway. Because of this I've never considered ending a relationship.

There have been times though, when I've felt it best to fade away, and times when I've felt myself disappearing without wanting it, not being able to stop the process.

Twice I have been separated from a lover by half a continent. Once I stayed while she left, once I left. I was not yet knowledgeable of travel, I only knew that she was far away, beyond my reach. That I could not share with her, her life, and that as people change we would drift apart. My fears convinced me that we had indeed been separated and I found that when we met again it was impossible to begin to live together once more.

Now I have travelled, leaving behind another lover and I have learned some things. As I travel I do not change my opinions or my feelings about my life left behind, that life remains to be

picked up again from where I left it. The girl who remained behind has gone on, I found this out slowly. She has experienced, I think, the same resentment I felt at being left behind and has convinced herself it cannot be picked up again.

Both separations were difficult, fear and resentment tingeing what could have been a joyous time. This I have learned, the reunion could have taken place I am sure in the first instance, and may, if I am old enough, in the second. My lover returned to me with a smile and open arms I refused to see. I will return the same way, but with a determination to be seen. This also I have learned. Lives cannot be shared through words nor can experiences be explained to one who has not had them. It makes no difference to two separated lovers whether or not they exchange letters or calls, only physical presence can allow them to talk and share their lives and, most importantly, to reassure each other that their fears are unfounded.

July 8, 1978

A Letter from Bonnie

Hi Kim!

Well I have finally gotten around to sending you your favourite hat. Hope your mother didn't notice that it was missing. Jan has your mitts and I trust that she will send them to you, if she already has not.

She is back in Toronto now, and you should look her up if you can.

Meanwhile I'm still in the Yukon and the heat here is incredible! It's supposed to be 90F in the shade and I believe it! It's awful trying to work here. I'd much rather be sitting in the middle of a lake somewhere.

Well shall I tell you about the Chilkoot? That was quite a hike from Sheep Camp to Linderman. It took us 11 hours in total!!! For one thing we didn't stay bundled up as we were for very long. We were much too hot and had to strip it all off 'til we got close to the summit. I got off the trail once also before the summit, in the rocky area, which kind of scared me. We got back onto the trail without too much trouble and waited for Terry to catch up. We had spotted him in the distance and decided to let him lead.

The summit didn't turn out to be too bad. It wasn't windy or cold and we didn't sink very deeply into the snow. Terry and Jan went up the summit rocks quite easily, but I'm afraid the height terrified me. I didn't find the climb difficult but I sure am frightened by heights! I couldn't wait to get to the top. Then I finally turned around to see the view. Spectacular!

It's a good thing that we left early, because the group behind us said that it started to get pretty windy up there when they made it to the top.

It was not cold enough that I needed your hat, but the gloves sure came in handy! Jan and I took turns using them.

The wooden sticks also came in handy. Thanks a lot!

We ran into a bit of rain on the rest of the way to Linderman, but it wasn't bad. The three guys behind us must have been really hustling because they got into Linderman about ten minutes after us.

We were all pretty beat that night. The next day was a nice walk to Bennett. It was really sunny and hot. Enjoyable, even though I could hardly walk.

Anyway how was the rest of your hike? Did you have a good time in Skagway and see the belly dancer?

I have not had too many after effects from the hike. I did lose one toenail off of one of my little toes. I had a large blister form underneath it which popped it off. My toes are all back to normal now (as normal as they ever were.)

Hope you had a good tour across Canada and have a good summer back in Ontario. Say hello to John for me.

Thanks again,
Bonnie.

August 5, 1978

A Series Of Random Thoughts

At Least Two

Most of our spoken language, used in everyday ways, is involved in the process of attracting attention and very little in actually transmitting useful new information.

I think the higher forms of "culture" such as art, languages, writing and so on are a direct result of affluence, a man on subsistence level in a hostile environment simply has no time or energy to spend on abstract thought.

Students involved in a great deal of abstract thought are often criticized as "dreamers" and "unrealistic idealists" not because dreams and ideals are bad, but because they are a result of a lifestyle not actively engaged in supporting the material base it depends on (freeloaders).

An art, as a result of affluence, almost certainly **MUST** reflect its base. Art does not reflect a culture, it is a product as much as is tinned milk.

Form And How To Function With Yourself

I have a close friend now feeling the form and function problem. She is feeling a conflict between the urge to be an

individual and the pressure to be a "dutiful daughter". The form is that of a good girl who respects her parents and tries to please them by being obedient, and never complaining or being bitchy when she feels like it. The problem is intrinsic, no one who thinks is obedient as a matter of form, and no one bottles up bitchy moods without paying a penalty in peace of mind.

She will have to make a decision to become a person, or to remain a form.

August 13

Subjects Concerning Jasin

A person above a certain age, ideally when they can obtain their own food, practically, around 18 years, should do their parents a favour, give them back their own lives; relieve them of the burden of running two of them. Become responsible for yourself and stand or fall on your own. Let your parents grow old without the indignity of living the same stupid mistakes over again through you. Listen and learn but make it clear you want advice not guidance.

On Marriage

Marriage is only workable if it is a meaningless ceremony. It contains no magic salve, no glue to hold two people together. Only the conviction in each of them that they wish to share

their lives, under any type of arrangement, will result in a satisfactory marriage.

Letter From Dawne

Aug. 18/ 78

Dear Kim

How art thou upon this eve? Let the bells ring out and proclaim the cause for this occasion of joyous celebration, for indeed I have at last received a letter from one Kim Taylor, patron of the arts and women! I had begun to fear for your very life, but now rest in reassurance. I was quite impressed by your stationary. You must be rising in the world.

So, it sounds like you've had an exciting summer. A lumberjack even! I'm jealous – I've always wanted to see the northwest and maybe canoe down the Fraser. I can't really complain about the summer though, because I enjoyed working at the wildlife area. I got to raise and train a few falcons and hawks (among other things) and to just plain appreciate the great outdoors etc. May sound corny but I don't think I could ever stand working inside again. Spoiled. Besides I liked feeling important as the resident biologist. Later on in the summer I got two high school guys working under me and it was great fun getting them lost in the forest. They were impressed

What's Phil doing in Edmonton? He mentioned he was headed there but I can't remember why. I'm sure you were

disappointed deep down to lose M. You seemed to be quite enamoured of her last semester!

I'm disappointed in you old boy. Your idea about the firehall definitely lacks finesse and is even more obvious than the back-rub technique. Are you out of practice par chance?

By the way, how do you know that the roast duck is excellent? I hope you weren't in merry old Kingston and didn't phone me or I shall castrate you Kim! Actually I'd like to do that to a few frenchmen I met on a holiday to La belleville de Montreal a few weeks ago. They were too.... "friendly".

I got another call from the Lion Safari in Rockton to work this fall and winter. It was very tempting but I wasn't sure I wanted to take off two semesters. I'll probably regret it but c'est la vie! I'm heading back to Guelph Labour Day weekend so if you're around, give me a call. Everyone else in the townhouse is coming back a week later, so I'll be dying to hear a human voice. Too much time to just think is unhealthy!

Well Kim that's about all that's happened. Write and tell me about your trip and what's happening now – "Primer's wrist" or no! Christ, Beethoven wrote and he was blind! By the way, you still owe me a picture from last year.
Shalom.

Love,
Dawne

P.S. Do you know how to catch a wild elephant? Dig a pit and fill it part way with ash. Then when the elephant goes to take a pee, shove him in the ash.

Oops Forgot the part about surrounding it with peas.

I'm degenerating.



August 20, 1978

On Interactions

It occurs to me that people tend to fulfill the expectations set up for them. That is, if one person expects a certain type of behaviour from another, he effectively locks out all chance of any other behaviour and that person, with no conscious effort becomes what is expected of him, this occurs in the mind of the expectant person, not the one acting. If a parent wants a smart child he will only see good grades and comments all other indications not favourable are not heard or were “made before the child's potential was recognized”.

On Physical Labour

I am an unattached, healthy and strong young student, I have worked in construction, lumber camps, and on farms. The work is tedious, painful and not especially well paid, yet I do it simply to be able to say that I have, and to earn enough money to return to school. There has been talk of forcing people on unemployment insurance and welfare, to work on the farms. This is folly, I can imagine no greater idiocy than putting an overweight office worker into a tobacco field. He, unless he was in atypically good shape, simply couldn't do it, and it would solve no problems since the people who do work the fields do so most often only to re-qualify for UIC benefits. With this delay only the seasonal employment rate changes, the

office worker must follow the pattern as well and go back onto UIC.

I'm working in tobacco now, picking (priming it). I go out into the field tired from getting up much too early in the morning. It is most often very cold and my hands become numb within two minutes . My mind goes blank quickly and remains that way until we quit for the day. Toward mid-morning it is hot but one can't strip down unless willing to scrub the gum and dirt off of the body at the end of the day.

My hands: They are stained yellow where they contact the leaves (brown actually). There is a new scar on the major fingertip of my left hand and another forming on the first segment of the index finger of my right. The cuticles of both hands are red and tend to bleed at small tears. Where my fingers have contacted each other they have blistered and ripped. A callus is forming on the index finger and thumb of my right hand. I cannot form a fist without pain with either hand, and the black under my nails is permanent as long as the skin remains.

My body: The wrists ache, along with several muscle groups and my back.

An altogether unpleasant job.

On Conditioned Reflexes

Learned traits can change rapidly in new circumstances, I could never sleep on my back at any time until I recently met a

woman who likes to go to sleep with her head on my arm.

August 21, 1978

I feel a need to write, starting with the word I, so I gather about me what I need, a beer, a pen, and a blank spot on a piece of paper.

I would like to chronicle the thoughts I've had today but I've had none worth writing. Janis was to call me when she reached Simcoe where she is visiting. She's there, but not as far as I can tell and I've got a day off tomorrow with no way to get in touch, she was more accessible a hundred miles away than ten. Heisenberg's principle in human relationships - the closer two people become, the more difficult it is to establish contact.

Stories of the Past

August 28

I grab another Calgary Ex and sit on the floor by my stereo, looking out the window at the trees bent before the wind. I've got an urge to write down all the stories I've collected since I began university, but I'm apprehensive about it. For one thing I'm not much of a writer and I can't think of a form or a frame. I'm used to cutting down on my written words while my oration becomes embellished in some sort of inverse relationship. I write short poems and tell long stories.

Perhaps then, I will write as a narrator what stories I can remember when I do, and add any new stories that may develop later. I'm sure this will create a good many disjointed essays that I may be able to use, and most certainly won't want to read. If I can only get down to it. Perhaps a little more beer ...

I actually started something like this once, I'll have to look the attempt up.

Arrivals to Residence

My own entry to the U. of Guelph was rather uneventful if a little sudden. I was unaware of their early admission plan until a few classmates and I made a trip to visit the campus. We all ended up getting out of Grade 13 early, before the big

depression set in, and into the big times of academia.

I've always liked to do things suddenly, and I liked the idea of getting to University without finishing high school. Two weeks after finding out I could, I was walking into residence. I stayed in East for four semesters.

"Moving in" is a lost memory but the introductory party stays with me. It was actually an arranged three or four day affair. I remember a party with free beer, and I remember sitting in a circle with a few other people playing a name game to break the ice. Several people there remained with me for a couple of years as close friends. I can't recall one now that is close, they are faded to fond acquaintances and their influence on my life has been supplanted by others. One or two of these people touched me deeply for a while.

Mike Briscoe, a friend I was to meet a few months later entered the apartment called 11:4 about a year or two before me arriving. This was perhaps the most consistently outrageous of the suites in East from the day it opened until now, although it seems to be mellowing, as is the whole building,

It's hard to imagine Mike as a frosh, hard for me at least. His father helped him to move in. As Mike and his father moved boxes of books, clothes and stereo into his room, the Limey happened to go out to his new living room to look at it. What he saw was a room littered with bottles, broken and unbroken, and bodies in various stages of decomposition all over the furniture and floor. His father came out to see two objects glowing in a darkened kitchen and to hear a voice out of the darkness offer him a toke. Mike told me he knew then he'd

found his place. It was of course the 11:4 welcome home party that he had just missed.

I was on hand when John Antoszak entered East, he was a former boyfriend of my sister and I was determined that he would have a more eventful entry than I had. John has always been slow to start but last to finish, a trait I've come to hate on occasion. I went with him to the welcome in East Pub when he moved in, and played Cyrano chatting up two female frosh, turning one over to him and leaving him on his own. We ended up that evening in 11:4 (he was moving in, I had moved out and Mike was still there). At 6 in the morning I was still trying to talk the Jewish girl I had ended up with into having a shower with me while she told me, quite rightly, that I didn't really care about her and, quite to my surprise, that I could point my finger at any girl in the building and she'd have a shower with me.

John ended the night in bed with his girl, I didn't have a bed, not being in school at the time and ended up on a lounge couch I think.

East History

East was built in the early '70s as a coed residence. By coed I mean both sexes. When it opened that was a new idea.

Doug Anderson, a hall advisor when I was on the Hall Council as editor of the East Residence News and living in 11:4 with Mike Briscoe, Larry Jaroslowski, Pete Reinhardt, Brian Barnett and my huge, ever gentle roomie Bob Shearer, had a dinner. I went.

Doug told us a bit of the early days of the building. He explained its unique style of weirdness as a product of a certain type of student being thrown together en masse. As a new concept the students who chose to live in East were kids who were used to living their own lives and ignoring their parents. When they gathered together in the society of East they began to bounce their personalities back and forth, amplifying and distorting their actions until the "East Weird" was created.

In his first semester Doug was called to the 11th or 12th floor at least 4 times to talk someone out of jumping. Three days after he arrived he was on a balcony talking a girl off the edge.

He told us of the girl on the first floor of Dundas. During a meeting to discuss the psychiatric problems of students in Guelph, an admittedly stressful school, in the main lounge, the girl broke. She had spent the day in her housecoat in her living room knitting, just knitting, her room mates didn't say much to her. Some time during the evening when this conference was in session, she threw off her housecoat and ran screaming and naked past the psych service people, out the doors and across the campus. They caught her about a quarter mile away.

There was for a while a girl who thought herself a witch, she would take baths with four or five guys and leave the door open when anyone's parents were visiting. She was said to have visited the 4th floor of Dundas one day. The guy who lived in the room, at 10 in the morning, stripped naked, painted himself red, and threw every piece of furniture in his room out the window.

Doug wasn't the first Hall Advisor, the first, or at least the one before Doug was named Jordy and he was married. Mike, when he moved in, met a guy named Peg who was usually in a competition with another guy in the suite, whose name I can't recall. One of these two, I'll have to ask Mike which, one day, carried on an affair with the Hall Advisor's wife. She'd come up to 11:4 to get stoned and end up there all night while poor Jordy tried to figure out where she was.

Around this time Peg, who is known as Rob now to most people at the UG since he still attends and was a hall advisor himself for a while, took up a bet and after half an evening of drinking with the boys, drank an 8-glass waterfall and then continued right on drinking. A waterfall is the taking of two glasses per hand and causing one glass to drain into another while drinking from the bottom most. Peg must be on his 13th semester.

The competition I mentioned took on a form I (*once found*) delightful, it was to find the oldest, ugliest woman they could and bring her back to lay her. The contest was won when the guy who was not Peg (I have to get his name) brought home a 54 year old from the Ambassador hotel (now the Diplomat). The next morning she gave a big sob story about lots of kids and was kicked out rudely when she asked for \$20. The boys were at best heartless.

The hotel called the Wellington burned the semester I arrived at Guelph. I never went there, Mike and the others were regulars. They used to start a fight between the bike gangs and the students, then drop to the floor and crawl out.

There was the time that the boys, influenced by an old movie doubtless, sat in the bar and ordered two draft apiece. When these were brought they ordered again, drank the beer and threw the glasses on the floor. This cycle went on until there was two inches of glass on the floor and the bartender told them "look boys, these are the last glasses I've got, break these and I've got nothing else to put your beer in".

I think Mike once told me that this bartender was one of the two who died in the fire.

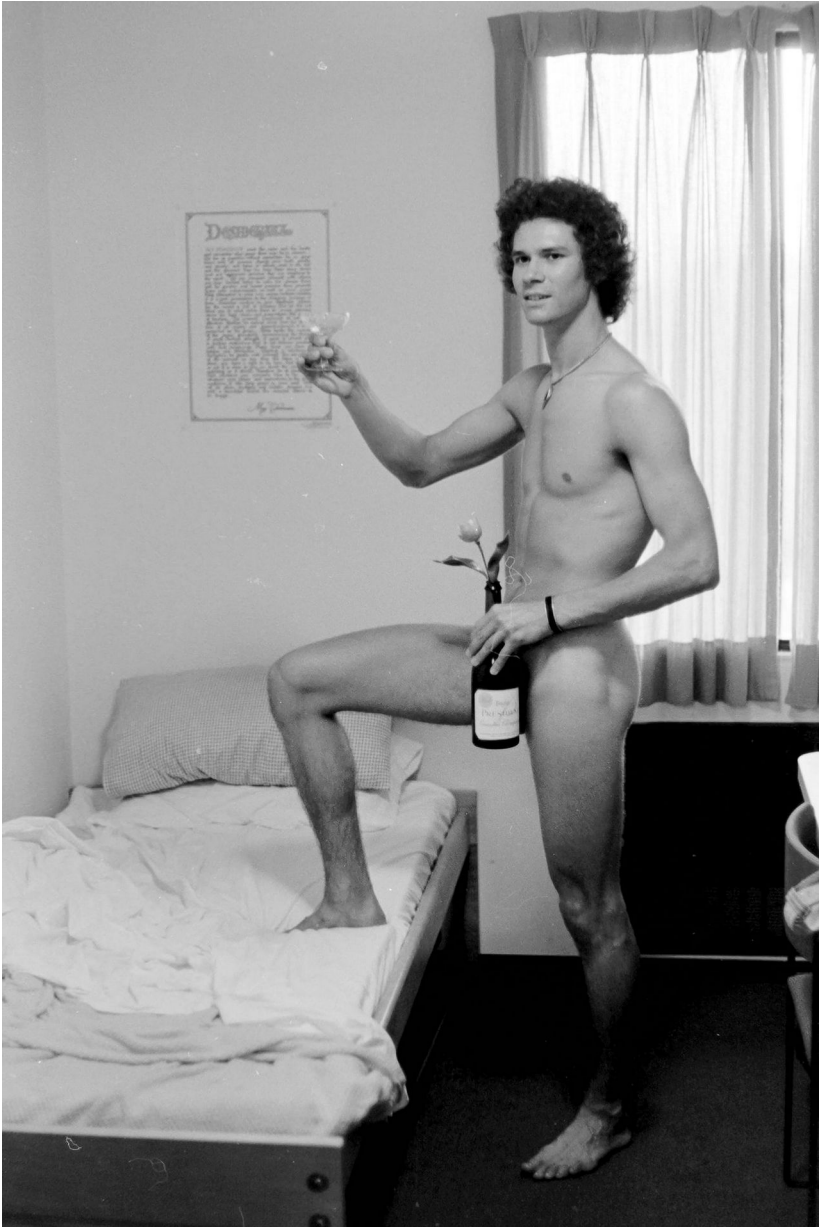
This was the East Residence that I came to, the East my Uncle George Sir inhabited and the East that I watch slow down and become normal. I am truly sorry I missed the first wild days, but looking back I'm not sure I could have survived. Uncle George Sir's story as far as I know it now, I'll tell later, and I'll try to get him to embellish it.

Spring 1975

This is hard, this recalling of events in order and it will soon break up a bit, but I will try to date each story as closely as I can. This is written for myself only and so I press on.

I lived on the fifth floor, suite 3, hence 5:3. 5:3:10 to be exact. I lived with Phil Wilson, he became involved with Kim Price (we used to do a "Hi Kim!" routine), was dumped and married Elaine someone. We took nude pictures of each other, he using a wine bottle and rose, I using a recorder to cover. He introduced me to "mom" (Nancy Butterill, or Janus). I have

seen him once since that semester, while I was jogging. Kim P. still asks about him, one of the only things we have in common. I should have bedded her but I couldn't handle the way she told me all about how she loved her celibacy when my chance turned up.



I lived with a guy whose father was in Shell Oil or something, who once stayed stoned in his room for 3 or 4 days, came out 45 minutes before an exam and thought he had two days to study. Another Steve was a ski instructor in Collingwood

And I lived with the man who was to give me the greatest teachings of anyone I've met so far. I apologize, he would be embarrassed by this, but he taught me, by example, to live by my own standards.

He had a lover named Karen who was a nurse, later he met a Landscape Architect named Kate. He was in biology when I met him, aiming for architecture and has pursued his goal without giving up any experience that appeals to him along the way. He lives on his own terms and is to a large extent, the father to my life. He is my friend, Ward Eagan. I lose sight and meet him often, I hope never to lose sight completely.

Time is so compressed when we look back, I can pinpoint nothing. I have my poetry though, to give me a hint of what and when - I shall use it later. Now I wish only to write.

How much easier a diary would have been, not a diary but a journal - this shall be a journal in retrospect and when I have caught up a bit, a regular journal with digressions to pick up these stories of my youth.

My first semester was a beginning (oh great observations!) to many things. I met Diane Stones. D. France S., who was to displace everyone else, Judy Galos from Delhi who I was just

beginning with too late, and who would have been a lover, and many more.

Diane when I met her was an easily scared, skitterish virgin, and was still a virgin when I was excluded from her life, but no longer as easily shocked or as closed to new ideas. - indeed she reminds me of M. Moorcock's Dancers at the End of Time - as Mrs Amelia Underwood in the last volume, trying to assume the End of Time role and failing.

This is how I saw Diane the last time I saw her in Ottawa at the Silver Jubilee Regatta where we both rowed. (She rowed in the crew that sank the Toronto crew in Toronto harbour).

Diane taught me to listen, and taught me how to survive without physical gratification in a relationship - she taught me how to be a big brother and a confessor.

I am being as honest as I can in this writing - Diane was never a lover of mine, she caused me a great pain and taught me of myself but I do not think of her now with pain. Mentally I do not yearn for anyone, physically I do not miss her as I never knew her thus.

I met Naughty Venesiale during this time, and put her off. She was attracted to me at the Name Game I guess, that is when I met both her and Diane but I put Naughty off, later she was to become a lover.

It was a normal residence semester, there were water fights, we set a garbage can full of water next door and blew Leigh (all four foot something of her) off her feet. We (Phil) threw a

garbage bag full of water through Molly the Bomb's window and wrecked her stereo, we drowned a suite, Ward in his rain suite, the rest of us behind with buckets, he had a water bottle. We would duck when the girls threw a bucketful and it would pass on both sides of Ward, then we'd throw ours. It ran down the fuse-box to the hall advisor's suite below.

We blew up the 9th floor with garbage bags and baggies after they got me wet on the balcony when I was talking to Diane (7th floor).

There was the Great Mustard War between 2nd (Naughty et al.) and 5th (us) where a boyfriend got it full in the face with a plate full of mustard and where Ward, on their balcony, directed someone, from a floor below on the ground, in baggie throwing. One shot dead on and timed, caught Naughty square in the chest as she opened the door to douse Ward. Eventually Ward got it in the eyes with mustard and we, the Grand Armies of Trafamador offered surrender.

The first semester marks the attainment of my life's goal. I had made it into University which was the object and purpose of my life to date. This of course caused a problem, I had attained my life's goal at the grand old age of 18. Eventually I ended up in Psych Services trying to decide what to do next - but that was during my second semester I think.

What else can I say of my first semester, I'm sure I got drunk, missed classes, I fell in love, cried, met people, I did not go to bed with anyone, of that I am sure, I was a frosh and became the part, with a certain exaggeration that saved me.

Fall 1975

In my second semester I moved into 11:4. I moved in early and thus avoided the shock of meeting my suite-mates.

Oct 8.

I won't go back and read this to see if I've introduced my suite mates, they'll show up eventually. Fall '75 and Winter '76 are sort of jumbled up, the stories may be out of sequence but we'll see how it goes.

It took a while before the suite got together. (together being Mike Briscoe, Larry Jaroslowski, Brian Barnett, Bob shearer may have been there briefly and I. Pete Reinhardt was never too much in the group, neither was Bob or Brian which left the three wise men).



I remember I was at the computer science building and went to meet the boys at the keg at midnight. Among 4 or 5 of us we managed to drink 6 jugs in an hour. As we came back to east we stole a newspaper box from the Athletics Centre and carted it into the residence. (Up to the door at least) where Mike began to knock to get us let in. He knocked with his boot on the glass door and eventually put his foot through. Needless to say we all ran to the rear entrance away from the astonished looks of some of the residents who were inside watching us.

Once inside we collected our paper box along with another one that had been standing in the building for a year or two since the boys had stolen it, and took them both up the elevator. One ended up in Pete's bed all covered up sweetly and another ended up in a seventh floor bath tub.

We got to the 11th floor, woke up Bob who had gone to bed early, and were all standing around on our balcony in our underwear giving the quad a few verses of "Cherry Pie" and jumping about. Dawna Reid and her roommates shouted back at us inviting us over, we went, running up their stairs and bursting in before they could stop us. We pulled mattresses, blankets, and babes wholesale out of their beds and generally made a mess until the male population of the floor got almost big enough to complain at us, so we split (split?? Dec 5, 78) back to our place and bed.

Dawna is, as far as I can tell, and I really can't remember clearly, the first girl I had sex with at University - She is, I know the one to insist I go and buy some condoms after we'd tried anal sex which she didn't like. She must have been the first, I had decided one night that I was going out to get laid, met her going to the pub and ended the night with her in my bed where she told me to get the condoms. She was to set a style with me where an awful lot of lovers I've had, started as such the day I met them (and a lot of potential lovers lost because they didn't, I add to my regret).

It was at this time that I was going to Psych Services to try and get out of a very deep depression. I had, at the ripe old age of 18 attained the goal toward which my whole life was directed, I was in University. Now I had no goal, no reason to do

anything, and I was in a good wallowing pit of self-pity. I went for three weeks on Thursday afternoons and learned that since I'd been brought up by my mother and grandmother I was influenced by these women. On the last Thursday I went straight from my bed and Dawna's legs. I didn't feel much like confessing so we talked about books. The councillor said "I don't know why you were depressed or what brought you out if it, but if you want help again don't hesitate to come back" and kicked me out.

I've never been back, using the self pity to produce poetry instead. I slept again with Dawna in the fall of '77 and saw her last in the fall of '78 (this fall). I have a feeling she's into a trip too weird for me to ask about. I don't care much anyway.

I met a girl named Alicia Waller somewhere in there. She never had time to go out as she had too much work to do. That was a complaint I was to hear a lot, and used to pay attention to.

She invited me to a party in South Residence and I went, sat most of the night drifting and drinking by myself as I didn't want to associate with the kids there. Toward the time my meagre supplies of beer ran out, I found Alicia drunk as hell and flirting and decided to "save" her from the bed of some stranger. I threw her over my shoulder, cracking her head on the stairwell ceiling and carried her over to my room in East. There I undressed her, gave her a Johnston's Baby Oil massage and went to sleep beside her not wanting to take advantage of a girl who was drunk. (Poor deranged hypocrite). I don't think she forgave me for not making love to her because she became very distant afterwards.

Around about Halloween we decided to do a hanging. I had about sixty feet of good nylon rope which we used to make a dummy hanging by the neck and holding on to the rope with its "hands". We threw it over the front balcony with appropriate "I've had enough, you're going to die now - don't do it, you'll drop him, you'll kill him" type dialogue. We got one girl who ran into the porter's office, had Phyllis the porter come out and look, and rush back in. We wondered why she looked so urgent and called down to tell her it was only a dummy. She said "omigod" and hung up to call and stop the police from coming. (She'd just called them).

We put the "God Show" out over Pete's speakers to the quad some time around this time too. It was a diversion.

May 9, 1979

I remember a couple of Navigators, missionary types who were after my soul. They were up one day having tea and one of them said he was a reformed queer just as someone in the back corridor started shouting about "you fucking queer, get your hands off me!" all "without knowing" these goofs were there of course. Later the other one said he used to lust after women, at which point Mike chased Marg Huson (who in 1979 is about to get married and has moved back to Guelph after a degree at Laurentian) around the table. Marg went around, Mike went sort of around and more over the table. I acted as if I hadn't even seen them and the Navigators slowly left me alone after that. I filled out no more of their little cards.

Diane was still around, living in French house, Mike used to kick me in the ass once in a while when I'd get pissed up and

melancholy and suicidal. I'd bend over and he'd kick me, hard.

We put out the east Residence Newsletter in the winter, it bought us a bit of beer and we had a lot of fun with it.

This is the end of this notebook, I grew bored writing down the old stories I suspect.

The Second Journal

September 8, 1978

Intro

As usual I feel I must introduce my writing in this new book, ruled the wrong way, and too widely but still suitable. I started a smaller book but it is now being used to fill in the stories of my life from 1975 until ... yesterday I suppose. This journal starts today and will I hope be influenced by one I read by David Fennario, not a diary but a re-countenance of my impressions of life around me.

Since I start a new semester at Guelph Monday, I suppose it's a good time to start a current account.

Today so far I have done nothing much except read an Ontario I brought home, Jack Karouak's Dharma Bums, go into town to buy this journal, a couple bottles of wine and CS Lewis' Til we have faces. The Dharma Bums has yet to get into the orgiastic sexual sprees and marathon binges promised on the cover. I rather hope it doesn't as I'd hate to have JK turn out to be a W Burroughs. Actually the book has been rather lacking in ideas I haven't already come across.

I like the look of this so far, the green ink and the ruled lines.

Things begin to happen, I came home yesterday to work until Sunday. John called to tell me that we don't work tomorrow either - I'll have one day of work out of three. We are going

down to Selkirk to tell Darlene she doesn't work tomorrow. Janis was angry that I didn't stay in Guelph until today, I don't know if I should tell her I'm not working tomorrow either.

Sept 9

John and I decided to sit and drink wine instead of going to Selkirk as Darlene was to call at 8. It was a short evening, I ended up crashing until 8 this morning, missing calls from Darlene and John. Darlene called me at 10 and came over, she'd gone to work as usual.

Mother and Ed went for groceries and I made Dar lie down for her acid stomach which she'd developed from too much coffee.

Sept 12/78, 8am

I find myself unable to write all the occurrences down, I think - I AM - afraid Janis will get hold of this and if I write all down it will be all over. We worked until dark Sunday and I said goodbye to the job, and to Darlene who was starting to like me too much.

Still haven't got my furniture moved, almost did last night but we developed a party instead. Spent the last 2 nights at Janis' She complains of too many hours at school, tonight she goes to a BBQ to begin the association with her classmates

A rather uneventful transition to school again, saw lots of people I know, it's like I never left. I like being able to take up where I left off with none of the ceremony associated with seeing "the gang" again. Saw Lynda Ormand, first time since

discovering her on a side street in Prince Rupert. She's starting to get into the "silence of her own head" frame of mind, she would like to be on an oil well watch in the Arctic, and doesn't like crowds. I told her to pick up The Dharma Bums and Been Down So Long ... I hope she's able to read them and can get a meaning out of BDSL's ending. Mainly, if you want to withdraw into yourself and cut everyone off, you have to be more aware than ever of all else around you or you will be pulled back into the general mess.

It surely does feel good to be back in the Coffee Shop, drinking and writing and thinking.

Today I want to get my room and my new bicycle in running order. It's a good room, a funny shape and of average size, I'm sure that I could spend a good deal of time in it, and I'll get over the feeling that I'm just visiting.

I saw Naughty yesterday. She seemed very subdued and happy to see me. I'll get a load of books back now.

Sept 13, 1978

I keep seeing people I knew long ago. I guess it's alright but, well, a bit nothing.

I saw Dawna Reid today, she was too depressed for me to be around her, I don't care that much to worry about her. I think though, she is getting into some sort of self-mutilation, she had burns on both arms and stitches in her hand. She's capable of it surely. I should have said "pain is not a legitimate way of affirming your existence" just to see her reaction but I didn't

think of it.

I was drinking with Dael M. last night, the girl I got drunk with in the Albion last April and slept with just the night before I left for out west, and woke up with a hang-over and was still amazed that she kept a cat and a rabbit (Benson) and lived in a place all length and sloping roof. (Don't forget the old artist).

She told me, after accusing me of having a girlfriend (I said of course - proud of me Janis?) that she was looking for a single man. (I think she was referring a little to me). I introduced her to Terry Kutchaw my roomie, who liked her. I talked a lot to her friend Fey and solved a problem for her, and we moved my crap and I got drunk with the boys and went to Jas' at midnight and crashed. Jodie woke us up early, I rolled over and went back to sleep.

Sept 14,

After getting my schedule worked out, I find the vet course I'm taking has an 8am class (as well as various others all over hell) so I've decided to get rid of it and its \$30 textbook and 2pm Tuesday lab.

Janis tells me last night that making love to me is like making love to a vibrator. When I've got a bad back and am 3/4 asleep it's hard to keep my attention on her. She gets rather long-winded (slow to start, slower to finish) and isn't very well padded either. Thank god she's light enough for me to go to sleep with her on top of me, if she were heavy I'd be dead. I'll have to remember to be careful about paying attention to her in bed.

I wish I could get my schedules down, it's making me apathetic all this confusion, and I don't care about getting any exercise. Tomorrow I must get all of it straightened away.

Camus, writing in *The Outsider*, I find the description somehow boring, it seems such a waste of words, that's why I can't write prose very well, I find the "padding" painful.

Sept 15

Janis' father is in hospital, his retina has become detached. Last night she phoned me and gave me shit for various crimes. I took it and decided not to, henceforth.

Brad and I went biking to Kitchener to look at speakers, it was a good day today.

Sept 25.

Ten days, a lot to catch up on if I'd like, I don't think I will. I'm about pissed listening to my new \$250 apiece speakers (Tangerine Dream) and writing. Not much has happened except one incident. Jas' father seems to be OK and I think (intuition) he'll see out of it again.

We (Scott Montgomery and I) helped Dael Morris move a fridge out of her place. I offered my camera to Bev Vipond (but I don't think I will) while drunk later.

I went to Toronto Friday and Saturday last weekend. Thursday I was at Jas', she was in the shower when Brad B called and

said Darlene wanted to talk to me. She had come up to see me. I explained and finished making dinner for Jas (a baseball promise).

After supper I came home to see Dar, she was glad to see me and after a few drinks I did explain I was involved with Jas. She relieved me a bit by saying she didn't care about her (which I do, not to the extent she thinks though, I'm afraid).

It worked out that Jas came over later to sleep here. I came back with Dar and found her upstairs whereupon I said I wouldn't sleep with Jas. I slept on Terry's couch and Jas tried 2-3 times to get me upstairs as she was freezing.

I stayed in bed until everyone had cleared out next day and then spent some time in bed with Dar before going to the Stone Road Mall for breakfast and going to class at 11am.

Darlene gave me half a box of records.

I decided that although Dar was the most mature and cool of the two, I preferred Jas I think, overall and I felt sorry not being with her last night.

Jas hasn't said much about that night which is good. I hope I'll be able to loosen off and live a normal (amoral) life for a while again, without guilt.

Oct 2, 1978

Took Mom, Ed and Jas out to dinner last night. Mom seems to approve of my stereo. Got a mid-term Friday, what a drag.

Oct 8

Thanksgiving; Janis, Terry, Wade and I had a turkey dinner. Terry's cooking tomorrow night. Wayne is slowly moving out and as he does we're re-arranging the house. I'm beginning to like this place, the owners are promising to paper, fix the ceiling, floor, and paint. It should be a great place to live shortly.

Good old Les is here, he got a place to stay after being kicked out (I presume) by his dog (woman), the one I thought was someone's mother. He asked if he could move in, Brad and I threatened to move out if he did. Brad and I talked about moving Janis and his girlfriend Reineau (sic) in next year. I'd sort of like to stay put in one place more than a year.

What is happening with Jas. I think we're still trying to adjust to a style we can both live with, we've been irritable a couple of times the past few days but it's blown over easily. I just can't see myself with anyone for the rest of my life just now. If she liked me less I'd want her more I suppose. A little stability is good to play with but I don't want to be strangled, I could almost see it happening. All my little scenes always have me leaving at the end of the affair, I can't see one where I stay until I die. I have too much to do and so little time to be thinking about someone else's life as well as my own.

Sensitivity

That's where I sit and listen to what a girl is saying – catch the cues she throws, “discover” her sadness by asking questions and comforting her in bed, talking to her with my body. It got me laid a lot but, since I wasn't cynical about it, it also got me hurt. If I'm patching up their wounds who patches mine, the sensitive poets? Both Brad and I went through our sensitive period and have decided it's not worth the shit.

I saw Penny the other day driving by. She honked and waved but didn't stop. Twenty years from now I'll recognize her at a glance. Penny Tulk, I think I know every move you can make with that body of yours. - It's hard to imagine how much she affected me. This cynical mood I'm in now, the uncommitted unmoved man may still be just what it started out as, shock at losing her. After more than a year my gut still surges toward where I imagine she is when I think of her. I'm scared enough of myself not to walk to the phone and call her, although I'd like her mind now.

Well hello again
has it really been a year
that's much too long apart
even for ex-lovers
You look the same
it startled me,
how well I remember those eyes
I wonder how you've been
how your father's doing
have you seen the old gang
is your work still going well
it's nice of you to wave
as you drive on by

~~

Oct 13/78

It surprises me how little I think of Darlene, she didn't mean little to me and I should think of her – perhaps I won't allow myself. More likely I feel I don't have the time to start thinking of another lover, one I could care for deeply. I do hope she stays in touch for I'd hate to lose her, and a year or two from now I'd like to see her again.

The more I write the more trouble I think of to get myself into. I'm happy now (not sad at least) but I need some sadness to struggle against and run from, to truly enjoy myself and my writing makes me feel this. I'd best stop now.

Oct 9

It's nice to get an extra day off just to spend it sitting, writing and thinking about the past. I was looking over some of my old

work, the photographs, sketches and writing. I still can't read the writing, either my own or other people's, especially Lori Fesan's letters. Jesus I had some shitty head trips back then.

I'm trying to catch up on the times back then in my other little journal. It would be good to put journals and poems together some day in a big manuscript, the poems would put some sort of ordering into the journals as far as time sequences went. An amusing project for some future year.

Wednesday we get another VB game, we're undefeated still. If we win this semester that will be 6 championships in the last five semesters I've been here. I think we've got a chance at it. The last game saw us all at home in the Albion where Brad, Pat Feryn and I got into a bit of chugging. It was too late, thankfully, to get too drunk. We all enjoyed it though, I pissed off the overhead bridge as we came home and Brad pissed out our window at the top of the stair. He'd better not try that now, the landlord put in some glass.

Reading Alan Watt's "The Book" he describes the gestalt theory of figure-ground relationships. He mentioned that the theory states that a moving figure will be more likely to be noticed than a stationary background. Go to physiology, learn about motion reception and visual fields from a biological point and this highly academic and profoundly mysterious biological theory becomes a silly tautology. Of course we perceive motion before stasis, we're set up that way.

Same book, different thought: Magic really did occur in the ancient East, they were a people who lived in the present, lived

now and one who does that, can see beyond the cause and effect to the wonder of each and every action-effect-body.

Oct 10

I had something to say about charity last night, but I forgot it. Walking between classes this morning I did remember a part of a dream I had. It involved a good looking babe, naked and her boyfriend (short Italian type) who came into the room with us (I was clothed) He made a move toward her, or me, I grabbed his hair, pulled his head back and was about to deck him but he backed down and left, I went out to try to explain that nothing was happening (it would have if he hadn't stepped in), he shrugged me off and as for the rest of the dream, I vaguely remember wanting another shot at this babe and sort of looking for her. Must be some sort of conscience battle going on, I don't usually have dreams where I'm the aggressor.

Saw Dawne Miller had her hair cut. I also noticed she's lost some inches off of her stomach again. Might be nice to see what it looks like now. We got a midterm back in that class, an 88%, as good as I would have wanted, I'm happy with it.

I can still kick at the end of a couple mile run, I did today, it cramped my calves something fierce and just about wiped me out but it's good to know I can still do it.

Oct 11

I think I would like nothing more than to be the type of grad student who does his work well but who, by his stupid

associations, inspires the great men he works under to new concepts.

Page 3 of RD's "The Selfish Gene" (henceforth called RDSG) (Paladin paperback, Grenada Publishing 1978)

"If we teach ourselves, against the design of our genes, to be altruists are we not crippling ourselves in the evolutionary race, or at least creating a type of "species selfishness" whereby our species is generous amongst itself and ruthless toward other species."

Is it practical to practice selective natural selection? If we become generous toward all species on the earth will we not starve for lack of the food we now get from exploiting them (as they exploit us and each other).

Perhaps our coming of age (p.1, first sentence) is really an arrival at senility. Perhaps RD's P.3 statement is a placation of the un-thoughtful opposition.

A diversion – I was looking at a girl with a good set of nipples erected a short time ago. I looked up just now, couldn't see her again, then discovered she was sitting beside me.

She's drawing eyes
like flies
to honey
~~

Oct 16

I have to decide what I'd like to do a masters in, it's not going to be easy. I'm leaning toward animal ecology or physiology. I'd like to get on with Gaskin or Lavigne. An-Env interaction? That's a good wide range not likely to tie me down. Jesus it's nice to have something to shoot for though.

Oct 18

What a day this is starting off as, I thought I had a 9am class, it was a 10am. I blew the front tyre on my bicycle coming to school, the crank is screwed too I think – a brand new Nashiki and it's fucked up. I found out too that there's been a marked exam waiting for me in a lab, I haven't picked it up in about 3 weeks of it sitting there since I haven't been to the lab. What a drag, any day now the Prof is going to remind "the people who haven't picked up their exams yet" to get them.

Oct 20

The landlord is papering our hallway – we'll have to get on the painting. I did my first laundry of the semester, I'm so proud of myself, and I don't want to write.

Oct 25

My second mid-term in a 3 day space and I worked like hell all day – I feel like letting loose but I've no money. It's a drag for sure.

I could get into going home with someone new tonight, someone who wouldn't think about having to take a shower in the morning, or checking the watch to make sure there's enough time or just take so damned long and so much effort to get excited. Someone who wants me now, and quickly – I could get into teasing someone tonight. Maybe I'll borrow a dollar and go over to the Albion and see who's there for a couple of draft. Dael would be great.

Who am I kidding, I've probably lost the knack to pick up a stranger, and as long as I'm fucking "involved" I wouldn't want to start a relationship with a friend like Dael.

Nov 10/78

Things change, I've got over a feeling of being trapped or married or whatever with Janis and I'm happy with things again. She bought a \$70 gold necklace and charm for our "anniversary" – the first time I made love to her (drunkenly screwed the ass off her would be nearer the truth) after she had dragged me home from B.W. and T's party over a year ago. A stupid thing to celebrate and a gift too expensive, I made her take it back.

We're still winning in VB. Jas accused me of provoking a babe with brown hair and big boobs into making eyes at me in the Keg a while ago. I wish I could remember if it's true.

The marks of the Post-Grad-bound kid are dropping. A week ago Monday I walked into Mammology without studying (I thought it was Tuesday) and wrote an exam. Then Thursday night I went to the Alb with BW and T. Brad was in a drinking

mood and I joined him. The party ended at 4:30. We were playing cards (destroyed the card table) drinking (Sake, rye, Drambuie and god forgive us, wonder wine) and making a lot of noise. My wrist is still hurting from hitting a wall – I think I cracked a bone, I know I cracked the wall. The next day I woke up (was awakened by Brad) at 11:15, my Animal Behaviour exam was at 11. I took Terry's car and drove like a madman making it at 11:30. I wrote the exam with a very pained head. Got 62%, 3% above class average. I haven't got Mammology back yet.

Brad and I have quit drinking until Dec. 1. He threw up last night (withdrawal he says).

I'm swimming 60 lengths a day, was running four miles and I feel good. I saw the vet (3rd year) whose name I keep forgetting (Rona) in the pool today. Jesus she's got a good body. I was talking to her (and to Dael) a couple days ago in the keg. I was drinking ginger ale. Janis hasn't caught on yet that I'm not drinking.

Juan from VB owns a couple of companies and is disgustingly rich I found out last night.

Mom and Sis are coming up tomorrow or Sunday for Kathy's birthday – I have yet to go back home for a weekend. Robin Woods was supposed to come over for dinner but it doesn't look like she's going to make it so I'll eat alone. I should study Nutrition tonight.

I had a project to start; to do a running commentary on the happenings and the poetry of the great 50% semester for the

CBC Autobiography portion of their writing contest. I would do an auto-review of the poetry and provide some tidbits of information around it to link it together. The problem is, I don't want to re-read all that stuff- it's a little close. I also don't want to work, what's a poor boy to do?

Nov 11, 1978

Another Remembrance day rolls by and I care less this year than I did last. The great bet Brad and I began has fallen through as we both jumped off the wagon last night in Der Keller pub. I must confess to a lack of enthusiasm for drinking any more – if the people around me didn't find it either great or disgusting I'd probably never drink.

I went over to Dael's place at about 1am, what kind of insecurity is it that made me do that? I'm sure I don't really want to start something with her – I'll have to apologize for waking her up.

Phil was here today – he's as screwed up as ever, and still chumming with Steve Whats-his-face, a candidate for a nose job (by fist not hand) if I ever saw one. What an unpleasant asshole he is – he rubs me the wrong way by the way he BREATHES I think. Phil is still going to canoe the Mackenzie – I'd like to go in July if I don't get into school. (grad, remember?)

Nov 19

We play the VB championship tomorrow night, six championships in a row would be awfully nice – I only hope we can pull it off and get a chance to swill the champagne.

Had dinner with Jas' parents today, had the Goldeye from Lake Winnipeg that gave me the most interesting farts – you can not only smell them but see them as well.

I don't believe how uninterested I am in school, I haven't bothered to think about it in a couple of weeks. I just couldn't be bothered doing any studying and getting to class is a sometime thing. It may just be a combination of not having a thing to do but feeling guilty about not working. I should get myself a project to get rid of this stupid feeling of wanting time to get on with it so that I can go to the next phase.

Puppies

You dream of puppies
and move closer to me
I dream of nothing
and my arm is asleep
where you lie across it

~~

Nov 23/78

Nov 29

Studying has clicked in again. I'm happy to report, today while studying gastropods I found my self wanting to own one – an interesting idea.

One day I'm going to get into the photo arts lab without running into some jerk-ass I can't stand the sight of. Some day.

Dec 4

Christmas fast approaches with its attendant idiocy and inevitable depression. I think I dislike this time of year most of all. I should get back into x-country skiing or go winter camping or something. Maybe Janis will take me somewhere like she says she wants to. I think I'll get her a bird and a cage for her birthday and Christmas.

She went into a bit of a jealous trip on the weekend. A combination of studying, not seeing me, seeing the old boyfriend Greg, seeing me pissed up and with a couple other girls, one of whom was "giving me the eye" is deadly. She was crying about how stupidly she acted about half an hour after laying into me about it at 8 yesterday morning.

I wish now I'd kept a better journal when I was out west – even if I never read it I like the idea of being able to help out my memory.

Except for 2 shitty exams I think my work so far this semester has been fairly good with a minimum of effort as always. Only five more finals to get through.

Dec 5

Four more days including today – what a joy it will be to get out of classes – the notes start to get shorter and shorter as I get bored with all of this crap. I’ve seen the same baboons picking the same asses on the same film twice in a week now.

I still can’t decide who I’m writing this for, me or thee, and I still can’t resist writing about writing – maybe I write so I can say “I write”, like I read books to say “I’ve read... “ Actually at this point I can’t think of a much better reason to do anything, being a member of one of the richer countries and having the time to worry about such things.

Dec 7, 1978

It’s about time I broke the tyranny of green ink and wrote with black.

Good old Guelph is starting to dry out nicely for the winter. I’ve got the most complete headache I’ve had in a very long time from sleeping last night at Jasin’s apartment. I’ve started off well again today, missing my first class.

Three more hours of lecture and I’m done, done, done, it’s a pleasant prospect. If I do extremely well on my finals I might just get my average over 70% but I think, thanks to a couple of blown courses and a stupid choice of course (or two) I’ve lucked right out of grad school Unless of course I can pull it out next semester, which I doubt I’ll be able to do since I’ll be taking biostats. Ah well, I’ve always thought I’d like a degree in Fine Arts with a minor in Engineering or some such combination.

Dec 20

Sitting, very hung over from a good old-fashioned three day drunk. For once I feel like I've written a good set of exams. It's a nice feeling and I may just make a decent average. Tonight I stay here in Guelph simply because the weather is too bad for Mom and Ed to get up. I was going to take them out for dinner, I'll do that tomorrow I guess. We'll try out the new one "Churchills".

The boys are going to Toronto to see a hockey game, I think I'll watch it if I can get to a TV sometime around game time. I hope they'll be alright in this weather, it's pretty bad.

Our neighbour's fat slob of a cat is up here now, Zero the beach-ball with legs.

I'm still in a fight with Jasin, she still comes up with all these terrible things I did the night before while drunk (which I never remember) and I still like chatting up other girls. Last night I was just generally a prick I guess. I also shaved my moustache and part of my beard. It's hard to get used to it.

Dec 25

I seem to have survived another xmas with a minimum of fuss and bother. Janis is the only remainder and then I'm free of it for another year. My system gets more screwed up as I put my head in a better frame reading Alan Watts' Way of Zen and over-indulge in food and drink. (Little pause to make a sandwich).

205

Ed was bombed and crying last night as he explained that Christianity is the only hope for the world, this was a reaction to my humbug attitudes about damned near everything. (Some people don't realize I don't get bitchy at things, places or people, but in the afternoon, if I'm up for a certain length of time, I just get bitchy). He may be right about saving the world, I'm not too well suited to that belief though, I find more of value in what little of Zen I've read. No, more of an affinity to its way of life, I see no value in it especially, unless it be as a way of life which may be workable.

Of Christianity I see a man standing at a railroad crossing, watching a train go past, trying to make it stop to suit himself and getting his arm ripped off when he tries.

I see a Taoist take a look at the train, jog along and then hop on. Zen fits quite well into my conception of the universe, more scientists should study it. (As I see it now of course)

Bro-in-law Dave has decided to let Kathy support him through school if she starts earning the money so that he can become a gymnastics coach. Good for him.

Perhaps I'll have time now to fill in Pat's recommendation to CUSO tomorrow. I should get that out of the way as soon as possible, as well as taking a look at that loan remission form. Then I'll buy a paper and read it and check out the new Mall in T-burg to get Jasin and her parents some gifts. I can buy some books for myself as well, which will be nice.

My body never looked better, and felt shittier, the booze gets cut down and I get some more exercise tomorrow. I should also get that rip on my penis looked at when I go back to Guelph. Let's hope it's just Janis and not something serious. Maybe I should get my hemorrhoids looked at too.

I P.118 The Way of Zen, Watts

I have listened to teachers tell me, "isn't it amazing that we live on earth, we are so fragile and such small changes on earth would kill us all, it's so amazing and so lucky we're here" And I started to think a while ago that no, it's not amazing. If we were somewhere else we would be something else. Physicists find new subatomic particles not by discovering them but by predicting them, naming them, then waiting for the equipment to be designed to prove they exist. We are here as we are because the situation demands it, we demand the situation and us-in the situation – is an inseparable consideration.

Dec 27

II P.132 The Japanese have said we are going into a mini ice-age. A world-wide conference of meteorologists has been called and a great dither has been made, and an article in the Toronto Star written on it all, and the ice age will occur regardless.

III P.146 Words and symbols are also Tao, when reading, read and the understanding will be spontaneous. Do not hurry to understand or it will be missed as I missed this word.

Dec 29

I go from Zen and a theory of no time except the present, the past existing only as edited memory traces, to “World Prehistory” by Grahame Clark. I hope I get further than I did in the linguistics book before I lose it. I’m back from some time on Toronto With Jas and her family, we’re going to the IOOF hall for New Years.

Dec 30, 1978

This is without doubt the longest xmas I’ve ever had to suffer through. Today Janis is wrapping gifts and bothering me about it.

Jan 2, 1979

Well, I’ve failed to come through again and have disappointed Janis with my drunkenness and my foul moods. I said goodbye to her when we dropped her off here at Guelph, came home and haven’t called or gone back over, not wanting a fight. This will probably cause a larger fight but I’m rapidly going to the point where I really and truly don’t care.

Mother, Jas and I were talking this morning about things when Mother ripped into me about arguing. Suddenly I realized we’d just wasted about an hour talking about my “problems”. It’s too bad I don’t consider myself as having any, I might have learned something. As it is I just got pissed off at what was just another amateur group therapy session, something I can do without.

Darlene S. Called from BC. Now there's a girl who likes me for what I am and not for what I could be. Tomorrow I'll have to write her a letter.

Jan 9, 1979

The Story Of Ariel

Ariel felt like shit. A week and a half of drinking until 6 in the morning then sleeping until the bars opened again. He was convinced there wouldn't be anything to throw up but blood if he kept on.

Janis got tired of him and threw him out which had no effect at all on Ariel and he talked her into bed again two days later. He didn't want to lose her, she was a good girlfriend, even if she didn't understand or trust him and pulled weird jealousy trips on him. And Ariel felt like shit.

Jan 16

Ariel was getting depressed. He didn't want to be, didn't feel like it, didn't have any use for it but sometimes the world is like that. The world was making Ariel depressed. He was short of money, which was always a downer, but Ariel was also short a girlfriend. One he had liked, and one he had tried hard to please. Ariel didn't have a job, a girl, or a beer and couldn't have drunk the beer anyway because of his ruined stomach.

Thinking about the old girlfriends didn't help because he was afraid a little of getting involved with them again. Being in school didn't help much since that was a normal occurrence of

life. Being drunk was too confusing. Reading a new book by Brautigan was a mistake because RB was writing about his own last woman.

Writing about someone else helped a little and so did swimming until he was almost dead.

Ariel looked at a loaf of bread on the kitchen table that looked back flatly, he put it away and picked up two porn magazines on his way into the toilet. As he was reading them his roommate took a telephone call from his recently former woman. He said he'd call back and continued to masturbate into the toilet, something he liked to do when he was involved, because he didn't have to do it. And something he hated doing when he wasn't, because he had to. He called back and found she wanted to borrow one of his records to tape and did he want to do the taping he'd promised his stepfather he'd do for him and Ariel listened with half of his mind while the other half wondered if it would always be like this, and knew it would.

She had a habit of keeping her old boyfriends around, and he hung up after they'd had a few cross words for old time's sake.

Ariel went to the coffee shop, where he always went to recover from one emotional upset or another. He drank a coffee and wondered at how much RB had affected his writing, and at how he could still do it. Ariel played pinball and waited to go play volleyball and told himself to stop the dramatics and start studying, tomorrow.

Ariel continued reading the novel and discovered an image in it he had just written. He wondered if he was psychic, closed the book and went to the gym to watch people playing volleyball while he waited his turn.

Jan 21, 1979

PENNY TULK AGAIN

I called Penny Tulk, she came over Friday after school to tell me she couldn't go out with me that night (more later) we talked a while and found we still like each other. Today we went skiing. She came over at 2:30 after almost not doing it.

We went to Rockwood and did some x-c. What a beautiful afternoon, just a perfect day in every way. The snow was perfect, the day fine and the trees beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, and Penny, - she's picked up a tiny bit of weight on her ass it looks like, but what a pretty ass, I've fallen back into love with her I'm sure. (Actually I was probably never out of love with her). She looked like a Canadian Madonna, very serene.

Now the sad and slightly scary part. She is at the stage now that I was at just before xmas. She's going with someone (Kevin) and has been for a year almost. She was hesitant about me because I represent a threat to him. The problem, as I see it, is that Kevie-poo is totally dependant on her emotionally, the schmuck, I never liked him as a man, as a wimp he's not bad. (Not true, I don't know him and that was one of Cernauskis's lines.) At any rate she's in the habit of him.

She tried to break off at the first of this fall session but got turned down by someone else and went back. She doesn't want to hurt him, feels stifled, he seems to be an organizer and she's a walking random generator of ideas. We seem to be running parallel lives here and it's scary how close it is. I told her the story of Jas and I, and I hope it helps her. I wonder how much she's really changed? Christ I wish I'd never let her go, I'm as sure as I can be I'd be able to spend my life with her. I'll have a hard time with my imagination I know.

I should give her a book on Zen.

Jan 28

I'm very sad, not depressed, just sad. It's hard to get used to having no one in my bed. Went to see FM last night with Dael, wanted to spend the night with her, didn't even want to screw her, just have someone there beside me. She didn't say yes though. Maybe the VB game tonight will cheer me up, and I work tomorrow morning, that will be nice instead of classes.

Called home, papa was in and out of the hospital again. Nobody tells me anything. I don't know now whether I'll hit papa up for a hundred to buy some x-c equipment.

Saw Penny in the Keg Friday night, she was there with the boyfriend but came over to talk. Fuck I wish I'd been around when she broke up with him at the first of this last fall session. She gave me a glance as she left that looked kind of wistful and "what can we do?"-ish.

She asked me where she fit in when I told her my story about Jas and I. I told her she was someone to whom I liked to talk, liked to be around, wanted around me, and that she wasn't a replacement for Janis. I sort of believe that, I think often that Jas was a replacement for Poo. I can't allow myself to play the role of the third corner of a triangle.

I wonder what I'll do if I do get the chance to see Penny again. If it looks like it would work I'd like to try it with her. I believe I'd have to marry her if I wanted to live with her. I don't think she'd move away from her father. It might be interesting to live with her and her father, but I'm sure I'd feel a bit uneasy. Well, enough speculation it's giving me a headache and there's not a lot I can do about anything.

I really don't believe the calmness I've had lately. It's almost as if I'm detached from my life, but it doesn't feel detached. I'm still involved but instead of getting upset I become calm. I wonder if I've picked up more from the Zen I've read than I think I have.

Jan 29

There are days I'd like to send back to the factory. Today was one. Lost a prof's book, got piss all done, worked a bit on grad school, bought a fucked up calculator that was supposed to replace a fucked up calculator. Called Poo, she said she'd call back and of course didn't. A fucking overall drag!!

Jan 30

A much better day, dropped a course and got two profs lined up to write me letters for grad school. If I don't get in (and I rather hope I don't) I'll do a philosophy minor with a couple other courses to fill out my biology degree. I'll take some time off then maybe, and work across to the west and back again. With money to back me I should be able to pick my own grad program, and won't feel guilty if I feel like blowing it. HAVE to get my ass moving to get some philosophy done, two papers in February, two in March and one in April should be enough. The rest is just exams, no large-scale sweat there.

Got some sleep and swam, feel a lot better for it, those fatigue and chemical downs are hard to tell from the real thing.

Still haven't had any inclination to nail anyone (except Penny), they seem to be a mite young any more, even the ones with brains. Write a poem about Naughty today, she smelled good and it made me sad that she's not a lover any more.

Feb 2

It took a little while, there's only so long you can keep old habits away. Janis came over yesterday afternoon and last night I went with a letter to her place, which was a large mistake. (The letter's in here someplace). The wrenches of the gut started and I dove for the Albion. I came home after nine beers in about 45 minutes and cried for a while until Brad came down and talked to me. I slept all night and of course things looked better in the morning.

There is a problem. My mind was and is divided, did I do all that last night for effect? Because I felt I should, to avoid the feeling I've wasted a year? Because I don't have Janis to give myself a goal in life? Or because I really feel her loss?

I have a dramatic bent and I don't really trust my actions coming from a split mind. I don't trust the crying last night or the cynicism this morning (or even this writing).

Did I try to make her suffer, because I don't like the idea that she's coping fine without me? A familiar and very shoddy question asked by all "sensitive, intelligent" people of this day and age and I'm not too willing to think about it.

JANIS' LETTER

Feb 1/79
Guelph

Dear Janis

Tonight, for the first time it struck me, I've got the inclinations of a reason or reasons.

It's simple, I knew it all along, if I'd look back in my writing I think I'd see it. I remember writing on it but I'd fooled myself into thinking it was about someone else.

You wanted, as far as I could ever see, a permanent relationship, you and I from then onward. I wanted, and tried for the same thing. There was a problem with this, and it just

hit me tonight. You would never go against your parents if it were a choice between their wishes and mine. This is it. I sensed it and it upset me. You were and are the dutiful daughter, you couldn't be my love in any but a safe, superficial way. This is why you never considered seriously, living with me. Why you still live with Jodi instead of moving out. Why you will keep the apartment this summer, let your father pay for it, buy a car. All the things I realize now I tried all the time I was with you, to teach you about. To show you how far you have to go as an adult.

I forget the immediate reason you threw me out, but I've been sad enough to think long enough to realize this. I didn't like being expected to act as if we had a commitment to each other (as if married), having all the restrictions of a husband or a "roommate" without being allowed any of the traditional rights or privileges (save sex, which means SWEET FUCK ALL and is neither a right nor privilege anyway). In all things else your father was the authority, the one to be considered. I was never actually any more than a boyfriend while being expected to act like a lover in the full sense of the word.

I get more angry by the minute thinking about my stupidity, and I don't really expect you to understand the point anyway.

Kim.

Tucked into this journal is an undated, untitled poem but I can't help think it was about Janis.

You are, of course, correct
it won't work

like a child in harness
trying to explore
it won't happen
Not can't but won't

Paradox
Indian Shaman
giving birth to himself
you look for problems
you find them
you don't want it to work
it won't

~~

Undated.

Feb 6

What a wasted day, up at 11:30 to get some notes, didn't get all I needed, didn't get any work done.

Recorded Ed's 78s for him last night at Jas'. We got talking again and she's thinking about me as an involvement again. I don't know exactly what I think. I told her that Dawne was over and that I didn't enjoy sex with her (Jas) any more. Jas asked me to give her a little time to think. Today she asked me to dinner on the weekend.

Went home on the weekend. Mom got a little tipsy and insisted on talking about Janis. She got tearful and asked where she'd gone wrong in my upbringing. I THINK she was referring partly to my celebrated lack of any goal at all, and to my letting myself be hurt by people. But I'm not sure.

Ah well, I'm satisfied with my life so far.

Feb 12

Went to the Bullring Friday night for Stones night, stayed for Nash the Slash until 4am. The next morning Janis, not exactly an angel of mercy, woke me up at 9am to go skiing (x-c). Went to her place for breakfast and afterwards we ended up in bed. She came later that night for dinner and left in the morning. Despite all that, things haven't changed all that much.

A busy week this week with two midterms, two work days and assorted sports. Joe Hall this weekend at the Woodshed. I want to take Penny to see him. I said I'd call and intended to on Sunday but didn't much feel like it. Read the Riverworld books (3rd) instead of working. What a waste of time since I don't think the last book is out yet and it just hangs there at the end.

My personal life is in neutral again, no efforts to think about it, no efforts to guide it, just drifting wherever it goes. I should be after Penny, Robin Woods, or someone else I suppose, but who cares.

Feb 21

The world is on the edge of another huge war, the balances of power are breaking down in the middle east, China and Russia are coming close to conflict and treaties are being signed at record pace. All this while I sit in a bloody philosophy of Science class and listen to the bloody HK students natter away

at each other at the back of the room while the prof breaks wind with his mouth at the front.

Borrowed money from Port Stanley, \$200, I'll have to pay that back some time. Father's been in and out of hospital a couple of times, his truck door fell off the other day. The whole town is falling apart according to Edna. Things never look up to her.

Midterms still flow by here, I'm enjoying them more since I've decided not to worry so damn much about gathering marks and getting into grad school. I haven't heard much about that lately.

VB was fun (mens) for the first time last night, I only wish I hadn't jammed my kneecap into an edge last night. I have to work this afternoon and it hurts like a bastard.

Mike was up last weekend. He was telling me a few stories about KK and Tom Cassidy. They and Peg are as crazy as ever. It started me thinking about the people on this campus these past couple of years. About the only interesting thing that's happened lately is the guy who painted the clock on Johnston Hall pink. He broke a leg doing it. There are just no interesting people any more. This place is becoming boring like never before.

Feb 26

I think I've had enough of Janis. She called last night and of course a mini-fight on the phone. I thought she was upset and I certainly was, so I went over to try to tell her to stop judging people the way she does. But I've said it before and she has no intention of changing. I finally asked her if she was upset when

she called and she said no, so, thinking I'd wasted my time and listened to a few cheap shots for nothing, I left.

Why people would want to provoke a fight I'll never understand, it must be masochistic and I'm as guilty as anyone.

When I think back on things it seems that Jas has always known my attitudes and has always heard my opinions on lifestyles. Yet she has never accepted them. Now, a year and a half later she condemns my lifestyle as hard as she did when she met me. She complains that I can't stand losing and want only to win, and in the same breath tells me I'll never amount to anything. The problem is, if she can't stand me now, how could she stand me a year ago. It seems that "the girlfriend" has spent a long time trying to change me to what she wants and now gives up.

Janis mentioned an incident involving Penny, the Dean of OVC and myself. It was a cheap shot and I took it as such, but it points out the strength of the gossip over there. I think Janis knew I'd gone to the Bullring before I got up Saturday morning since there were a few vets at the roundhouse. The whole scene across the road reminds me of high school, but with a malicious twist since the people are older, more intelligent, and as a general rule more of a bunch of assholes since you've got to be a bit of a jerk to get into any professional school.

March 3

The late movies continue to candy-ass out, there's only a few left I think. I'm trying to write a letter to Darlene but can't

seem to get into any type of writing. Not a good sign for my essays.

Went to the Bullring, met Anita on the way, mad as hell at some guy (“a real Cod”) who’s taking her to a formal tonight. Danced and drank with her for a while, then she left. I could get driven right out of my mind by her, she’s so beautiful and has the softest, most excellent lips I’ve ever kissed. I’m actually afraid I might bruise them. Lips like those I haven’t touched since Penny.

I ended up sleeping beside Lorna and like a fool made a half-assed pass at her when I found her in bed this morning.

Wednesday I make moose stroganoff and hopefully Robin will come and tomorrow I’ve got to get a badminton court to play Debbie Cross, my latest “older woman” of 27. And all I want is to watch someone undress and step into bed with me.

Wade suggested two people travel Canada East to West taking lots of time and keeping journals. At the end pull what each wants out of it and arrange it to a book. I love the idea.

Mar 19

Unless I get a little more diligent with this journal I’m not going to get a lot done, but then not much happens in Guelph. I’ve managed to get things done between drinks the last few weeks. Read Fear and Loathing in Los Vegas on the weekend, an excellent book. I can appreciate Doonsbury’s Duke a lot more now. I wrote 2 letters (to Guy Brideau and to Gary Boos)

for Anita for work. I've seen a few girls lately, but I'm still more interested in Janis and told her so a few days ago.

Lorna has ended up in my bed finally, not a lot done, she hasn't been to bed with anyone for about three years she says. A "great sign" for me. She wouldn't stay 'til Saturday morning though. She, I think enjoyed it. I had another date with another part of my anatomy.

I think I might go home this weekend and possibly to Port. Papa's been in and out of hospital again. I should call but I'm lazy, I also don't want to hear him complain about how little I call. Kathy stays in touch though, a fair trade for the years she didn't keep in touch with them while I did. (But a rather callous attitude on my part I suppose). It's just that other people's problems don't seem terrifically important to me any more.

Asked Janis to live with me, she said no. Naughty is getting married which I hate. Can't stand the idea that anyone could consider anyone else but me I guess. What a fucking delicate ego I have.

Mar 21

First day of spring, I got the Nishiki running. We won the Men's VB championship, my third in three years, a dynasty. Tomorrow we go for my fifth coed championship. That would make 8 in a row.

Janis came into the coffee shop with some guy from her vet collage I guess. If that's the 4th year vet frat member she likes and says can drink me under the table I probably won't have

much worry if it ever comes to a contest. I didn't like seeing her with him.

Mar 27

Some days I read, some days I write. I miss Poo and I miss Jas and today I'm missing the point. Sent Jas 6 roses and a letter telling her I love her. She called and told me she didn't want to see me again, then later to say she was sorry but she still didn't want to see me and that her love for me faded long ago. Pity the poor love marksman who must withdraw love from one to give to another. There's a poem in that metaphor.

Martin had us for Mexican food, 6 tacos, guacamole sauce, Spanish rice, wine, vodka and beer make for a powerful lot of acid crap the next morning as I wonder why it is I like both Martin and Anita who were engaged, and why I can't get into it (her or them).

And winter has returned dragging it's big white ass around as John A. Talks about harvesting from Florida to Wisconsin and Spain in the winter and I may just go with him. If I can get into some money.

I can still cry in movies and I'm still afraid of dying and I guess I'll live forever until I die, killing for my life, running for my death and waiting for income tax returns to buy a turntable for the summer.

As Terry said to his lab partner as his prof passed behind them "I think I drink too fucking much". I agree. Wade says it's my

turn for dishes and Brad says it's not his. I agree with both of them, so I'll wander on downtown to kill some time.

Mar 28

Amazing, half the poems I write are still about Penny Tulk. I haven't talked to her in a month, haven't seen her since mid-winter, and I still write about her. I'm beginning to think it's not so much I'm hung up on her as she's about a quarter of my mind. All the violent times we had, and she is a calm spot in my head. Maybe it's those cool grey eyes that always had the power to make me sober, or her body that always seemed cool even in the middle of summer. I can't remember ever being stuck to her with sweat.

A bicycle trip to the East Coast strikes me as a good thing to try if I've got enough money and time at the end of the summer semester.

Bloody modelling, I'm working for the boy who likes 3 hour poses, a real drag. I've had two sessions cancelled this month, hope I get paid for it, \$145 this month.

What do do with frosh, the little buggers never stop talking, ah gracious cut-backs, get rid of these babes and leave the university to we professionals. This modelling job is starting to feel like a job.

Mother's coming up on the 10th of April, hope she takes me out to dinner, I could use a free meal. I really should call father, I'm sure Kathy's doing quite well though.

April 1

A good weekend. Friday night dinner at Aina and Sandra's, to the Bullring with Martin who's coming to live with us in the summer. He, Wade and I danced to a stones song. Some farmer who works as a bouncer somewhere (I forget where) asked if we slept together too. He didn't feel like following up though, chicken shit in his ears. I had my eyes made up which didn't help clarify anything.

Peter Y. Stayed (and eventually dove out the window after some girl's shoes) while we went to Anita's to her 21st birthday party. Drank a mickey of White Sail while there. Lorna drove me there, but left early. I was definitely out of it for most of the evening and it seemed very short. I think I missed a big chunk of it.

Wade missed more of it though. Martin stayed until 4:30 and didn't get any sleep at all as he was called into work right away as soon as we got home. Saturday and a huge hangover. Another dinner at the girls' and Long John Baldry at O-Level. Sunday a complete waste.

I have a desire to do a "great work" but it is rather hard in my chosen field and in others it is hard to push back barriers when I have so far to go to reach them. In poetry I suppose I should alleviate my need to create but I have small hope of being published and would rather leave the writing as a self-amusement. Perhaps it is time to see about getting into grad studies, I should check out Dalhousie in the break if I don't work.

From Hesse (Gertrude) "... how glorious it would be to spend one's whole life regarded by those beautiful, candid eyes ... " I wish I had the guts to steal that.

April 2, 1979

Classes starting to wind down. Last one is Invert Zoo II today. Let's hope I'm more into classes next semester than I am this, Invert and Biostats are not exactly my favourite subjects.

Leg press $90 \times 300 = 27000$
bench $25 \times 150, 50 \times 130 = 10250$
lat $25 \times 140, 50 \times 130 = 10000$
military press $50 \times 80, 25 \times 70 = 5750$
curls $25 \times 50, 50 \times 40 = 3250$
90 situps at full slant

56,250 pounds lifted, just over 28 tons, no wonder I was almost dead today after lifting weights.

Apr 12

You'd think I'd learn, there's no way I can work in the Coffee Shop, I know too many people. This essay on time is turning into a monster, having a beer now as a break while I wait to do some banking and then home to study Invert which is Saturday. Two more days on the essay and then Biostats from Monday to Wednesday night. Wednesday at 9 is going to see a large drunk start which, with any luck, won't end until Saturday. Got paid today and have \$65 to last for the rest of the semester. No spending between now and Wednesday. Should leave a good drunk.

Lorna's decided to stay for the summer, things shouldn't get hairy if I can recapture my old lifestyle and learn how to juggle my life and time again. There's going to be a lot of nice ladies here in the Summer, an interesting time if nothing else.

Must learn how to stay up all night, after going through Invert I should get back into the essay. Fuck this beer is going down nicely, there's no way I can allow myself to start drinking before Wednesday I guess, it tastes too good.

Life is good to me when I'm not "involved". I haven't been depressed for a good long time now and even enjoy being by myself, but I'll get involved again. I think I do it just for the hell of it. I surely don't do it for my health.

I have a pair of underwear that have the elastic around the waist shot. Do you have any idea how it feels to walk with your underwear down around your knees and bunched at the crotch.

I remember talking about underwear when Lori Fesan spent the night at my apartment in Port Stanley. I was living below my Grandmother (Edna) and working in St. Thomas at Elgin Handle. It was the fall of 1976 and Poo and I were just starting to break up (I thought at the time, dull stupid twit I was).

Toward the end of August, the last weekend I was to spend there before moving back to Guelph, I went to a party at my sister's apartment in London. Judy Galos (from grade 13, just before I left for school) was there with Lori. I started talking to Lori and, great inquisitor I was at the time, soon got her crying. I took her into Kathy's room and talked to her for a while, then

offered to take her home in her car (her home) and I talked to her for a while (about the usual undergrad first few years away from home type stuff I suppose. Rather silly problems and fears in retrospect but very real to anyone who goes through them, I know).

I eventually asked if she'd like me to stay the night and she said she would. Since I had no condom and she was not on the pill we got into nothing much but a bit of foreplay, then tried to sleep (haha) At about 4am Lori started to split to about three different people, herself, a very young Lori and someone else who declared Lori was a bad girl. She would also start to shake violently and I would throw a leg and an arm over her, clamp her down, tell her it was alright and stroke her until she calmed down a bit more. She eventually got to sleep but I slept very little, every time she began to wake up and shake I'd hold her and stroke her stomach and she'd go back to sleep.

In the morning we had breakfast (she bought) and we went to Port. I gave her my UG jacket and we walked around the town and eventually went to the Clifton where Papa bought us a few rounds without coming over to join us. Later that night she asked if she could stay and I said yes.

Now I get to the point, we had a shower where I found that she was very near sighted, had the most beautiful way of blinking I've ever seen, and was an excellent novice at oral sex (Don Juan that I am). As she was getting into the shower she took off her panties and dropped them onto the toilet seat, which was not closed. When I got out of the shower I found them floating and I cracked up.

I lent her a pair of my nylon bikini briefs and hung hers up to dry. John came the next day (after a night where Lori decided to go get a morning after pill) and saw the panties hanging (which she hadn't seen) and John decided that was great way to inaugurate a new bathroom.

Thank goodness I was moving out that day because Edna threw me out of town and told me to take "that woman!" with me. From a scared, hurt little girl I thought I could help, to a hussy in one jump of a religious gap.

I moved back to Guelph and Lori and I saw each other a couple of times later. She came down in her boyfriend's (later husband's) car once to see me and tell me to get checked for VD. It turned out to be a false alarm but I thought it would have been shitty since I was the third or fourth boy she'd ever slept with and one of the previous ones raised the alarm.

I found she could drink me under the table which was nice. We've drifted apart now and I haven't heard from her for over a year.

Apr 13

Good Friday the 13th

Apr 14

Talking with Lorna about condoms a couple days ago, I remembered a winter I was in residence and used to knot and throw them out my window. That summer I was lying out on

the lawn and happened to look under my room, there was a cute little pile of used condoms there.

Lee's Grill is run by a Chinese fellow named Dave and his wife. It's across the street from the old Regency Hotel. Tom Waits could have been describing Lee's when he wrote Nighthawks at the Diner, it has that lost, sad quality. It's one of the few places that closes, but only when there's no more business. After the bars close the biggest business is done, most of the customers being old, drunk, recently broke refugees from the factories and unemployment lines.

Apr 19

It's over, the semester and exams and the rest. I got upset seeing Janis' new flame at her place a couple of days ago so I borrowed Wade's shoes and ran about 8 miles. I ran in Zen and didn't notice the distance but I think I broke both feet. I can hardly walk today.

Darlene wrote from Florida. She sounds down and drinking and smoking too much. I'd better send her a few good words quickly.

Bought my Pioneer PL514! Got a great system now boy, with a Marantz 2252 and PSB Passif II. A tape deck next.

Apr 22

In a letter to Darlene Salvaleggio

“I’m mostly a positive person these days for a simple reason. I looked, saw that any problems I had, I created, any I solved, I replaced. Any idiocies in the world were either beyond any control I had over them, or weren’t worth paying any attention to. I’m positive because I can’t see a reason not to be. We eat, we drink, we shit, all that’s left is to die. I don’t want to die, but I’ll be damned if I’m going to worry about it, it would interfere with life.

There is no purpose for life and no goal set out that I must attempt to reach, therefore there is nothing in the way of my realizing just exactly what my life is. Not what I can do, what I can be, have, create, but what I am. Being creative, owning, doing, working, laughing, loving, all of it can be called a game, a game we play with ourselves. It’s a serious game but as my roomies say of failed (or usually, fucked up) exams, “800 million Chinese don’t care”.

There is no one to pass judgment on your life but yourself. Since you created what you are and can change it at will. Ever notice the people you know in one place have a different opinion of what you are, than people in another?

We create our own little hells out of the life around us and we live in them. A lot of the hell can be traced straight back to where you live. I live in Guelph, a large part of my private hell has to do with the incredible loneliness that can develop out of simple boredom. You worry about starvation and hunger on top of a BC mountain, about nuclear disaster in the US, but the world is the same.

We started to die at three weeks, in the womb. We will die. Thus we have no reason to fear death any more than we fear the next breath of air. But the time, the so sparse and so wanted time, we want to live for just a little longer. Think of the hours in front of the tube, think of the hours pissed-drunk, asleep or just pissed away. All the wasted time. We could have used it!

But for what? What is better than drinking, sleeping, making love, what else should we be doing? No, the only possible way to live properly is to live forever until we die.

So why do we fear death? What we fear I think, is an end to the conscious, the end of the ego, the I as it is put in Zen. If we're dead we can't play the game, can't seek other people's approval, can't get upset over rules, laws, can't try to break them. We can't go on doing all the dumb things we do that we call life.

And so what? 800 million Chinese don't give a shit, nor do I give a shit what 800 million Chinese think. Everything we do in this world we call valid, useful, proper or worthwhile, boils down to a toad's shit. Valid is an opinion.

You create (or allow to be created) the "I". There are people on earth with no "I" and people with nothing but, and people in agony half their lives (people like you and I) who see both worlds and can't live in one or the other.

So give up? Live is meaningless, why not commit suicide? Ask Sir Edmond Hillary, ask Bruce Rogers about the marathon, they'll tell you what they do is meaningless, yet they do it.

Now try to do something with meaning. Even blowing up the solar system wouldn't have meaning, but it would happen, it would be. Meaning is a word of the game and has nothing to do with life. We need no justification for living and no reason to die. We live, we die. But LIVE! When sitting sit, when walking walk, above all don't waver.

The only cure for dying is life. The only way to do it is balls out, with joy, with style and grace, with the idea of living and nothing else. And I include sorrow and despair in this. When you're unhappy, be unhappy but don't try to run from it or cheer up. Just look at why you're unhappy, be unhappy and later you'll be happy. If you fight life you fight to die.

I say you must not try to have a meaning in life, If life must have a purpose for you, then you may as well kill yourself because you are doomed to missing, you'll never find the meaning, and there's no one to reward your suffering."

End of letter.

I've always liked reading of chivalry, of highly structured societies based on strict rules of conduct like the old chivalrous orders and based on honour. Structured societies, but not repressive. I begin to see why I like them, the rules of conduct free man from wasting energy in useless action. Each situation has its proper action which can be carried out without too much thought, thus freeing the conscious for more constructive thought.

April 29

Almost the end of the month and the rent is due, it's a tense situation for me for a while, with no loan and no paycheck for a while yet. A tense situation indeed. I think I'll sign on as a tour guide, and a VB ref as well as a basketball ref perhaps. I should really see about getting a job as a waiter somewhere. Sell my Raleigh 10-speed and get the Nishiki fixed. I wonder how I'll handle school this term, I've been at it a good long time.

Wade's gone home, Brad is moving out, Harry, Pat Feryn's old roommate is moving in tomorrow. Tomorrow I check out jobs, courses, start swimming again since I don't want to risk my foot for a while yet.

I have a few weddings to go to it would appear. Naughty, Marg Huson, Peggy McGibbon if she remembers. I almost wish I had one of my own, but that is just searching for an easy way out of deciding for myself what to do with my life. I'd settle for what to do with tonight, Sunday night in Guelph is still boring and always will be I guess. Maybe look at the tube.

May 1

I'm growing old in this place, I watch people around me changing, looking more mature I suppose, looking older.

Lorna's back, I was glad to see her, she's a good woman.

May 2

And a better one to wake up beside. What to do about philosophy classes, I think I'll just note down pages to read maybe.

May 9

Happy days are here at last, \$1200 loan after tuition, yay. I'll save \$1000 hopefully, rent for the semester is \$235 now since we just got a new roommate, probably I'll save \$800 if lucky.

Janis was talking yesterday about moving out east which probably means the new boyfriend. I must remember to keep my opinions to myself. If I don't dissociate myself from her life I'll fuck myself up. Keep the fuck away from everyone and let them make their own mistakes. No one made me god, to advise and worry over someone else's life. Just keep the fuck out Kim!

Advice to self. Seems to me I've said that before, keep unasked for advice to yourself. If it's asked, think it over and give the best answer you can, then forget it. Don't follow up. No one needs two mothers.

Always be careful about assuming your nose has been invited in, you can be too sensitive and start detecting things which just don't exist.

Nice that last two days, got a burn.

May 12

Janis is thinking of moving out east (NS) with what's his name. I talked to her about it on the street, told her no other person can make you happy, only yourself. She (of course) said she knew that, and that he came closer to making her happy than anyone else so far, they're very compatible (and he's got his own (secure) practice out East).

She said she's not happy here and he's called a couple of times to say he's not happy there. I let out one of my hrumph-laughes, said good luck, spun on my heel and walked away.

By the time I got back to the school I was extremely angry so I went through my weights in about five minutes instead of the usual 10 or 15, and went to work. I was angry right into a VB game three hours later.

I don't quite know what it is, she doesn't look that good to me any more. Jealousy? Resentment at how soon she's thinking of living with him? A trip inside my ego surely.

Bought a pair of Avante II speakers, factory seconds at \$215 (vs about \$100 more) for Mom and Ed. They sound excellent.

May 13

Mother's day and the phone's fucked so I can't call home.

Mike and Dot came down, they're upstairs in bed now. They're getting married Sept 8. I'm invited, I guess I'll buy a suit.

May 16

Played goal for soccer last night, it was a mud-bath, the first goal went in on a rebound after it hit the post, I slid into the corner of the net and got tangled in it, and an opposition player slid in to score. A real wet (and hailing) game. Final score 4-1 them, but a good game. Martin, Pat F. And Jeff the Wizardry student all ended up taking running dives in the middle of the field.

Went to the keg afterwards and spent \$10 getting pissed up. Half cut I thought about Lorna, although had every reason to think of Janis. The Kim will survive! I notice Martin, after 4 double Ryes didn't go to work this morning. I'm having trouble walking as I wiped out someone last night with my knees, he was limping too. I hope he hurts as much today as I do.

May 28

Amusing happenstances, I had a pile of them but the only one that comes to mind is putting my underwear on backward to go downstairs a few nights ago, not terribly funny in retrospect.

It's Gwelfing out, the shittiest possible weather combinations. I'd like to start biking around on the weekends (if I could get up early enough).

Darlene wrote to say she's thinking of coming back to Canada. Why don't I write when I feel like it?

May 30

Janis had me over for dinner last night. She leaves next week for the East coast and “happily ever after”. I guess she wanted my blessing or something. As I was leaving she said she probably wouldn’t see me until September. I told her she knew my number, if she was down there and needed me, call, I could be there in two days. Then I said bye and left before she could say anything more. A rather confusing blessing I’m afraid.

I think I become overly cynical in my old age. Funny thing, most of the girls I’ve been very involved with have gone straight from my bed to someone else’s and stayed there. Are relationships with me so unstable, or do they just figure they’ve sewed their wild oats and it’s time to settle down? I begin to feel like some sort of teacher or something. Kim’s Relationship Training Ltd. Cynical! I should be honoured.

May 31

I have a birthday soon. Twenty three years old, not an overly advanced age I guess. I wonder if I should indulge myself in a present. It’s a thought, Wade says he owes me \$48, it seems a goodly sum. It also seems to me he and I went through a bit more than that each, per night, in the Keg at the start of last year. Well, money never did anyone any good in a bank, except maybe a banker.

I’ve got to stop looking at nipples when I model, an erection would be too embarrassing.

June 5

It rains in the forest long after it clears in the fields.

June 8

A short note to frosh. Don't confuse responsibility with reality. University is as real as your life is ever going to get, going to work every morning does not constitute more reality than drinking all night and skipping the hassle of going to class for three days.

Terry graduated today, the first to go.

I guess Janis has moved east with her vet. They've graduated already. I can't say I miss her.

Saw Dawne and her fiance in the tail end of a fight in the Keg last night. Her crying and him trying to console her. I get a bit of enjoyment out of watching other people's problems. Everyone has the same ones.

A society where a few people were picked to go through that shit for the rest of us would be interesting. Sort of like the twelve "chosen men" of the Jews. I'm not sure what such a society would look like.

Today Janis

Today Janis
and two years of my life
move to the East Coast
with her secure, successful vet

I sit here
drinking Black Label
thinking, how appropriate
my life seems
always ironic

You see
Black Label is Darlene's beer
and Darlene
according to Janis
was the beginning of the end

She saw Darlene
and fell out of love with me
so she said, once

~~

June 9/79

June 11

“Great” news. I went to the doctor today and found out I've got a torn ligament in my knee. I can give up running or have an operation on it, a great choice. I think, on first look at it, I'll swim, try to build the legs as much as I can, ride to the East Coast as per the plan, and then get it seen to in the Fall. An

operation first thing wouldn't put me out too long from the VB and I could keep swimming. It does bother me sometimes.

June 25

I've been thinking, as I catch myself looking at other girls while I'm with Lorna (and feeling guilty about looking), of the real damage that Janis did to me. She introduced a dollop of guilt which is far beyond healthy and which I do not thank her for.

Guilt like that is exceedingly bad for any relationship, I know for a fact Lorna could care less if I look at other girls or even (something that would have caused a three day boil) pay attention to them. Yet, just because I am involved with her I tend to have the same attitude toward Lorna I had toward Janis, and I start to resent Lorna. A very stupid thing to do.

I'm not really sure what to do about it, taking on a couple more lovers for therapeutic reasons sounds silly. Besides I AM happier with more stable relationships as opposed to three unstable relationships, which was, for a time, the way I seemed to end up working it. Three or none, alternating for about 2 years.

June 27

Philosophical systems compared with religious systems. Both hard to knock down, both dropped for lack of defenders. Are they dropped and modified for some practical purpose, some real survival reason? Or do they just become more complicated and beautiful in an aesthetic exercise for our own amusement?

For research – are societies which have no definite single leader those which have multi-theistic (multi-deistic?) religions as opposed to monotheism from societies with one leader, a king for the Christians or for the Jews, a Pharaoh.

June 29

Scarborough, or Scarberia as I like to hear it called, has taken over from the small town as the place where the old “family life” is preserved. It goes on in small towns but Scarberia is where you hear from it in the “holier than thou” form.

Aug 2

Amazing, one evening fairly free, no essays, no great need to study, Lorna at home, and I’m bored already. No wonder I pile so much on when I can. No wonder Martin sleeps so much. I’m drinking Retsina waiting for Happy Days to come on. What an incredible situation.

Looking at her picture on the wall the other day, I decided that if anyone ever wants to really understand me they will have to understand Penny. I don’t know what she and I could say to each other now, but there’s no denying the effect she had on me.

Aug 13/79 The Bike Trip



So starts the trip. We went by DC9 to Montreal, DC8-L from Montreal to St. John NB – had to land on a too-short runway in Fredericton instead – to Halifax to St. Johns NFLD and another hairy landing. We must have dropped, in a cloud bank, at least 200 feet when approaching. At least it seemed that way to me. A few hassles with my knife, and the damage to the bikes, a lost nipple on the pump. Since it's "spilling" out there we're staying in the terminal. Had a couple beers (Blue Star) at the bar. I'm reading *Illusions* (Richard Bach, 1977) and Harry's reading the New English Bible a girl gave him.

Aug 14

An hour ago the best word I had for NFLD was “quaint”, the more accurate, “ugly”. Harry didn’t sleep at all last night and got me up at 6am after a not so good sleep myself. We rode in the pouring rain to St. Johns. The wind came up fierce and after visiting the town for a while, a town that doesn’t get going until well past 9am I might add, we left for Butter Pot national park. We saw signal hill, great, the “Bar” bar, great view of the harbour, MUN’s showers (wonderful) and a lot of shitty Newfie drivers. Assholes. And a wind so strong we had to peddle DOWN-hill in second to keep going. Definitely the shits. I wouldn’t do it again, 21 miles in four hours isn’t worth it at all.



But we’re here, we’ve had some iodine flavoured coffee and have everything set up. Still don’t have any waterproofing but

we got some canvas seam sealer and tried that. The park is out of the wind and the tent on a platform. We should be set if it rains like it's supposed to. I got half way through Illusions last night, I should finish it and hit the rock.

Lorna I miss you and I can't think of anything neat to send back to you. If I had an address I'd write, maybe I'll write home and hope it gets to you. I'm already thinking of Quebec City in winter. Hope you like Quebec and I hope you take care in Superior.

Aug 15

Writing by firelight. Starting to rain, Harry did some climbing around, I read all day. It rained all day so we're still in Butterpot.

I find myself really missing Lorna, and today resolved not to go camping or anywhere else without her again. Have to see where this leads.

Aug 16

Morning, so far it looks promising, no rain at least and it doesn't seem to be windy, touch wood. We'll try for Terra Nova and the main part of the peninsula today.

Looking at the stupid thing, I remember I broke my knife last night splitting wood with it. Cheap knives never pay, the next I buy I'm going for a guarantee against breaking

Aug 16 later

We're camped just outside Arnold's Cove with its oil refinery (and Valdy). We've got a river and a meadow and all we need, including six India beer. Got about 105km. Trying for 132 tomorrow (ha ha).

My left knee at the top was bothering me, just before we hit the cove which is great. No rain, we washed our hair in the river and now getting it dirty again by a little smoky fire.

PS this whole fucking place is full of turds!

Aug 18

Friday we set out for Gilverton, 132km. We made it but not without some problems, we hit a shower of very cold rain, then construction where H blew his back tyre (under-inflation) and the rain started again.

We got a ride with a couple of Gilverton boys who were heading home and we spent the night at the Restawhile hotel. We slept well after six beer and a screech apiece.

We got up later but still made 100km to Notre Dame park with a campsite by the toilet. Harry's decided to sleep outside tonight, the tent's unfolded to get a spray with silicone. I'll crawl inside if it rains.

Stopped in Gander for lunch.

Aug 20

Indian River, Monday Morning, we may hit Corner Brook today but I doubt it, more than half way there. NFLD still looks like N. Ontario

Aug 24

I'm sick of a travel diary, we made it through the Newf. Hopped the ferry to Sydney. We had to go through Sydney twice going to and from Louisburg which isn't as nice as Fort Henry. Felt Janis and what's his name in Sydney. Rinsed my mouth with NFLD water and did a lot of other suchlike. Problem solved now that I'm beyond the city and out in Baddeck at the AG Bell museum.

My right knee is bad, we're heading for PEI for some relaxation in the sun. Take two days to do 185km, then we're hitting the top of the Annapolis, cutting across Island to (Island?) the East shore and the Fisheries exhibit in Lunenburg, down the coast a way and cut over again to Digby. We'll miss Moncton that way, a good idea judging by Sydney.

Aug 26

Not often
these past years
has a poem come to me
and stayed
waiting to be written
I've had poems
and poems of you
but never remaining
long enough for me

to capture them
This one is strange
a demand
through rainy days
to write of you
Say what you mean to me
and how much I need you
close to me
my selfish wish
to have you by me
always



Aug 28

But many men
with many words
have said this thing before
and something repeated
is often
something meaningless
so here I sit
dew falling on my back
hunched under a streetlamp
while behind me
lovers stare at the harbour
and in Charlottown
I sit politely facing the park
looking west I think
Fifteen hundred miles
to where you sit
or sleep
the sun just setting for you
the moon a bit higher
and wonder how to tell you
something you probably know
trying to find some words
that still hold a meaning
while part of my mind
tells me
“she knows
she’s not blind and
can see your eyes”
Still
I sit and write

slowly realizing the poem
isn't really for you
but, as always
for me
to bring me
in my images
a bit closer to you
to let me think closely
of you
so that when I sleep
maybe I'll dream
that you're beside me

~~

August 26-28, 1979

(Another pen so another day)

It's weird, I wrote a poem for Lorna but I'm leery of sending it to her (I did). I've said so many things to so many people in poems, they're all honest expressions of what I feel, but everyone's feelings change, poems don't. And after the feelings change they become an embarrassment. That's I think, one of the main reasons I hate reading them after I've written them. Aside from their poor quality and their depressing tone of course.

Aug 29, 1979

Green on Green on White

- UPEI

One has
I suppose
to make adjustments
and often
they work out
This pen the wrong colour
the paper not what I wanted
yet
they work well together
the quality is good
and it doesn't reject my words
a good thing, yes
this green on green on white
~~

Sept 2, 1979

Sartre talks of his squalid Parisian, eternally questioning in his closed world. Asking after his own motives until he can no longer move but lives only in his search for a reason for his actions.

Me, I'm dismissed as a nativist, pissing at the ocean, playing along the tide-line eating steamed clams.

Tightroping along railroad tracks like a child of ten. No reasons, no cares of why, but I sit on a dock, back against a

piling and write of it, trying to decide which of the two I am
and whether my environment dictates.

I sat in an empty church
and listened
as the rafters
of the second oldest Anglican church
in British North America
clicked.

And the roof snapped
as the afternoon sun
glowed through stained glass
the ancient pine
grown dark as oak
surrounded me with stillness

I felt the cool
of the air
as I thought
that I'd like to marry here
and then
but for a few stray pieces
thought no more
lost in the silence
that buzzed in my ears

~~

Sept 2/79

This is the last entry for the bike trip.

April 26, 1980

It's been a long time. I see I haven't been writing since I started work and school both. Now I work only, work as a technician at Crop Science in the Triticale program. It's mostly a breeding program and it's \$175 a week until next September when I hope I'll be able to go to grad school.

Options: Microclimatology, preferably with a fauna bent, Zoology with Ramprashad, Physiology of sensory organs, morphological slant. Cereal work, but I don't really want to do that, Philosophy, I have a thought to write a book on the philosophy of Biology. It should be done from the point of Existentialism, actually Phenomenology. This philosophy should be more useful to Biology than the Materialism and Scientism of physics.

Steps would be to read all I could of the Philosophy of Science to establish concerns, find opinions on method, look at Popper's contention that science uses deductive logic (modus tollens) rather than inductive.

Try to develop a method which uses phenomenology and apply it to an ecological situation, see if models built from phenomena are more suitable than models built from formulae. I'd like to do this after a degree in Microclimatology of some selected niche which would give me training in the physics and provide a reason to get into the ecology.

Merleau-Ponty advocated a metaphysical journal and kept one, his embodied subject would be crucial to a philosophy of man

in a philosophy of biology. I would be well advised to read both the journal and his other writings.

I wonder, after as much philosophy as I've taken this past eight months, what my poetry would look like. An addenda to a larger work no doubt. I look back randomly here and see a lot written about Penny, a lot written about Janis, I wonder how much is about Lorna. Probably not a lot, she is stability, she is with me at a time when I am not in turmoil, she doesn't push hard enough to make me angry. I don't fear losing her or losing myself to her to keep her. So writing about her is like writing about what I did yesterday.

I don't write poetry any more, don't take photographs. I make tapes of music and build furniture, even my hobbies and diversions become stable. The realization doesn't bother me much, other than evoking a wistful recollection of the excitement involved in hectic, fucked-up times. They make good stories, appeal to a definitely strong side of myself, ARE worthwhile, and are not missed overly much.

Each way of life has its own rewards and the life today is not without its moments. Lorna has a side that likes the unstable. I trigger it sometimes. When I can do it well, I'll not lack a thing. At the moment she, the planner, the preparer, the sensible, has got a firm hold over the dreamer (that's me) the participator, the destroyer of cozy worlds. A more firm hold than she thinks.

I am more devoted to her than she knows, she'd like me to tell her more often, be more emotional to her, but she wouldn't

like, and probably couldn't handle, the emotional side at the moment. It's too hard to control.

I commit myself to her far more than she notices, to kiss her at school, be seen with her often, hold her hand, talk to friends about "what she's deprived me of now". These things she may not notice or may even be annoyed by, but I tell her (if she'd listen) what I think of her more clearly than if I wore a wedding band with her name on it.

I thought of letting her read my poems, I'm thinking of letting her read this book, but it has the dark side, sorry, the other side, not so dark but the other. And the word from me, has usually been dissemblance, slightly to one side. Even as I write that I must add "usually" to infuse confusion.

Lorna is moving in tomorrow, this interests me more than how many brownie points the US made over Russia today. Should it be any different? My concern for the hips of the babe across the room is worth more than the armed forces of a dozen countries.

Lorna is moving in tomorrow.





Afterword

These journals ended with some ranting about current affairs which I have edited out. The end of my coming of age story really does happen when Lorna moved in with me.

I put a nude of Lorna into the book because it is one of the finest nudes I had done, and that I ever would do, and the simple reason for that was how much I loved her.

That I had two more wives (women who lived with me for long enough to be considered wives by our governments) is of little importance to my growing up. I grew as a man, certainly, but boy to man was finished when Lorna taught me how to be a man. That I backslid and our marriage ended, I very much regret and apologize to Lorna. I hope she moved on well and I thank her for teaching me how to live with the wives who came after.

Please remember that most of these words were written as the events happened. I am not now the fellow you are hearing from, nor is anyone else in this story.

Will I go on with this story? It depends on what I find if I look through some other journals but I will say that from 1980 most of my journals are notes on the martial arts. Perhaps I will look, but all the best stories are here, from 1975 to 1980.

The earlier years? Are you insane? Would you want to go over your years as a kid? Well I don't.

P.S. I found a box of letters, the story from the other viewpoint, and I can't believe how much love and care I actually received from those I knew when.

If I am a good man now, that's how.

KIMBERLEY A.C.C. TAYLOR

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OBJECTIVE: To apply my extensive research, organizational, motivational and communication skills in a variety of ways that challenge my abilities.

SUMMARY OF QUALIFICATIONS

- Experience in biochemical analysis and research laboratory practices from research through publication of papers in peer reviewed publications.
- Experience in all aspects of biotechnology, from benchtop through production and analysis of product.
- Communication skills through teaching, writing, editing instructional publications and as a motivational trainer.
- Managerial and supervisory experience in diverse environments.

- Sales and negotiation skills developed through SDKsupplies, and committee work including UGSA/USWA 4120 contract negotiations.
 - Innovative development of flexible organizations with specific goals and means.
-

EDUCATION

- Msc. 1986 Microbiology. University of Guelph. Cloning and Characterization of E. Succinogenes cellulase genes and enzymes. Supervisor: Dr. C. W. Forsberg
 - Bsc. 1980. Major in Biology, Minor in Philosophy, University of Guelph.
 - Senior Matriculation Certificate, University of Guelph (High School Equivalent for early entry to University of Guelph)
-

WORK HISTORY 1986 TO PRESENT

- OMAFRA TECHNICAL POOL (BASED IN ANIMAL SCIENCE) Seconded to the Department of Molecular Biology to work for Dr. Alan Wildeman and Dr. Stan Blecher Winter semester 1996. Returned Fall semester 1996 by request. DNA isolation, transformation, sequence analysis, subcloning, isolation of highly

purified plasmid. PCR sexing of animal tissue.
Expression of fusion proteins using pGEX system.
Electrophoresis of DNA and proteins. Management of
laboratory resources.

- Seconded to Crop Science (Dr. Ann Clark) 2003 for work on analysis of forage with respect to bovine cropping selection.
- ANIMAL SCIENCE Developed novel methods of chromatographic and biochemical analysis and published several papers on these methods. Established and managed departmental stockroom, annual budget of \$35,000. Trained current manager. Prepared and presented departmental safety lectures to Graduate students. Prepared and taught graduate and undergraduate student laboratory sessions. Advise Graduate students on technical aspects and design of their research programs. Industry liaison for departmental equipment purchases. Experienced in all aspects of academic research laboratory equipment use.

1975-1986 - OTHER UNIVERSITY OF GUELPH DEPARTMENTS.

- **ATHLETICS:** Taught courses in CPR and several sports. Initiated, authored, and coordinator for Women's

Safety Program including motivational seminars to over 1000 students and staff members from 1986 to present.

- CHEMISTRY: Monoclonal Antibody work, paper published with Dr. Janet Wood. (1985-86)
- CROP SCIENCE: Supervised up to 5 technical staff in breeding and production of Triticale, a bioengineered grain. Developed and wrote computer automated data collection and analysis program interfacing dataloggers, personal computers and the mainframe computer. (1979-1983)
- FINE ARTS: Life model. (1979)
- MICROBIOLOGY: 1. Graduate Teaching Assistantship during MSc program 2. Enzyme characterization E. succinogenes Xylanase. Papers published with Dr. Cecil Forsberg. (1983-1985)
- ZOOLOGY: Microscopy and Computer programming. (1982)

pre-1975 WORK HISTORY

- SIMPSON TIMBER CO. Fox Creek ALTA. Heavy equipment operator, promoted to evaluation of cut timber.
- ELGIN HANDLE CO. St. Thomas ONT. Production and finishing, promoted to quality control.
- FARM HAND various tobacco farms.

- CONSTRUCTION HAND
-

OTHER ACTIVITIES

Other business activities

- SDKsupplies, a martial arts related supply company that deals with production, sourcing, import/export, and sales of equipment and educational aids for the practice of martial arts.

Volunteer work, organizations:

- Current vice president of Ontario Kendo Federation
- Current member of National grading board for Canadian Kendo Federation (CKF), iaido section
- Current member of National grading board for CKF, jodo section
- Current head of CKF Jodo Section
- Former member Canadian Aikido Federation executive board
- Former United Steel Workers of America local 4120 executive and negotiation committee member
- Former University of Guelph Staff Association executive and negotiation committee member
- Undergraduate Student Senator (University of Guelph)
- Interhall Council member (University of Guelph)

Volunteer work, media:

- Listowner, iaido-l an email discussion list of over 1500 members
- Listowner of several other discussion lists (web-based)
- CKF webmaster and newsletter editor
- Associate Editor, Journal of Asian Martial Arts (Academic journal)
- Editor of The Iaido Newsletter, an international sport magazine published since 1987
- Editor of The Journal of Japanese Sword Arts
- Columnist for Bugeisha: Traditional Martial Artist quarterly magazine
- Columnist for Martial Arts Free Press, a tabloid newspaper bimonthly
- Publisher and Editor for Electronic Journals of Martial Arts and Sciences (8 e-journals, one encyclopedia)
- Editor in Chief of Martial Arts Fitness (glossy print newsstand magazine with distribution in USA and Canada)
- Columnist for several other martial arts and sports magazines

Volunteer work, education:

- Initiated, developed and coordinated the Guelph School of Japanese Sword Arts with the Office of Open Learning, now in its eighth year
- Organize, promote and direct international instructional sport seminars at the University of Guelph over the past

fifteen years including two current events with international instructors and over 300 participants.

- Seminars and lectures on Women's Self Defence for high schools, UG residences and Guelph Interaction Conference for over 10 years
- Current chief instructor, University of Guelph Iaido and Jodo club
- Former instructor, University of Guelph Aikido club

Writing, media production:

- Written, illustrated, edited, produced and published several books using mainly Wordperfect and digital reproduction
- Written, produced and published several instructional videos including digital editing and production of VCD (Video Compact Disk, a form of DVD) and VHS product. Familiar with several digital video editing programs.
- Reporting and interviewing skills including transcription from notes and tape recorders
- Sports and fitness photography for martial art journals using manual and automatic (focus and exposure) digital and film cameras.
- All aspects of Black and White film photography, including wet chemical development of negative film and printing.

- Digital colour and black and white photography including digital editing on such programs as Adobe Photoshop and Ulead Photoimpact.
 - Write, design, maintain and produce content for 7 websites requiring familiarity with html editing and ftp. See for example: <http://ejmas.com>, <http://kendo-canada.com/>.
 - Production of e-books
-

PEER REVIEWED TECHNICAL PAPERS

- Taylor, K.A.C.C. 1998. Colorimetric assays for the detection of Asaxanthin in fish and fish feed. Appl. Biochem. and Biotechnol. In Preparation.
- Taylor, K.A.C.C. 1998. A colorimetric pentose sugar assay and its use as a measurement of hemicellulose. Appl. Biochem. and Biotechnol. In Preparation.
- Taylor, K.A.C.C. 1998. The extraction of feedstuffs for the direct measurement of the carbohydrate fractions. Appl. Biochem. and Biotechnol. In Preparation.
- Taylor, K.A.C.C. 1997. A colorimetric formaldehyde assay. Appl. Biochem. and Biotechnol. 68(1-2):81-93.
- Taylor, K.A.C.C. 1996. A simple colorimetric assay for muramic acid, lactic acid, glyceraldehyde, acetaldehyde and formaldehyde. Appl. Biochem. and Biotechnol. 56(1):49-58.

- Taylor, K.A.C.C. 1995. A colorimetric method for the quantitation of fructose. *Appl. Biochem. and Biotechnol* 53(3):215-227.
- Taylor, K.A.C.C. 1995. A modification of the phenol sulfuric acid method of total sugar determination. *Appl. Biochem. and Biotechnol.* 53(3):207-214.
- Taylor, K.A.C.C. 1993. A colorimetric method for the quantitation of galacturonic acid. *Appl. Biochem. and Biotechnol.* 43:51-54.
- Taylor, K.A. and J.G. Buchanan-Smith, 1992. A colorimetric method for the quantitation of uronic acids, and a specific assay for galacturonic acid. *Anal. Biochem.* 201:190-196.
- Taylor, K.A., B. Crosby, M. McGavin, C.W. Forsberg and D.Y. Thomas 1987. Characteristics of the Endoglucanase Encoded by a cel Gene from Bacteroides succinogenes Expressed in Escherichia coli. *Applied and Environmental Microbiology* 53:41-46.
- Wood, J.M., K.A.C.C. Taylor, D.J. McClellan, G.G. Lawrie, R.L. Krogsrud and T.J Beveridge. 1987. Isolation and Characterization of monoclonal antibodies to proline dehydrogenase from Escherichia coli K-12. *Biochem. Cell Biol.* 65:507-513
- Sipat, A, K.A. Taylor, R.Y.C. Lo, C.W. Forsberg and P.J. Krell, 1987. Molecular Cloning of an Xylanase Gene from Bacteroides succinogenes and its Expression

in Escherichia coli. Applied and Experimental
Microbiology 53:477-481

NON-PEER REVIEWED TECHNICAL PAPERS

- Forsberg, C.W., K. Taylor, B. Crosby, D.Y. Thomas. 1986 The characteristics and cloning of bacterial cellulases. in "Biotechnonogy and Renewable Energy" ed. Moo-Young, M., S. Hasnain, and J. Lamptey. Elsevier Applied Science Publishers, London. p. 101-111.
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PEER REVIEWED SPORTS PAPERS

- Taylor, K.A. 1997. Omori Ryu Iaido, History and Practice. Journal of Asian Martial Arts 6(1):80-103.
- Taylor, K.A. 1996. An Interview with Matsuo Haruna. Journal of Asian Martial Arts 5(2):80-89.
- Donohue J.J. and Taylor, K.A. 1994. The Classification of the Fighting Arts. Journal of Asian Martial Arts 3(4):10-37.
- Taylor, K.A. 1994. Use of the Knife and Short Staff in Aikido Training. Journal of Asian Martial Arts 3(4):64-103.

- Taylor K. 1993. The History of Iaido: A Japanese Sword Art. *J. Asian Martial Arts*. 2(3):37-63.
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SELECTED NON-PEER REVIEWED SPORTS PAPERS

- K.A. Taylor, 1997, Iaido: Life in the Balance. *Bugeisha* 2(March):26-30.
- K.A. Taylor, 1996, The Formation of the Japanese Sword Schools. *Martial Arts Free Press* 1(6):7 Aug-October.
- K.A. Taylor, 1995, Kendo in Canada: a secret national resource. *Canadian Martial Arts Magazine*: 2(2):14-15,30.
- K.A. Taylor 1995, Aikido and Self Defence, *Aikido Today Magazine* 9(1):13-14.
- K.A. Taylor, 1994-5. Niten Ichi Ryu: The Sword of Miyamoto Musashi. *Furyu: The budo magazine of classical Japanese martial arts and culture*, Issue #3 Winter p. 27-33.
- K.A. Taylor, 1994-5. Fred Fimio: A Passion for Swords. *Furyu: The budo magazine of classical Japanese martial arts and culture*, Issue #3 Winter p. 72-73.
- K.A. Taylor, 1994. A History of the Sei Do Kai. *Furyu: The budo magazine of classical Japanese martial arts and culture*, Issue #2 Fall.

- K.A. Taylor, 1994. Iaido in Canada. Canadian Martial Arts Magazine: Spring.
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 - K.A. Taylor, 1994-95, Samadhi by Mike Sayama. *Furyu: The budo magazine of classical Japanese martial arts and culture*, Issue #3 Winter p. 67.
 - K.A. Taylor, 1994. The Art of Japanese Swordsmanship: A manual of Eishin-Ryu Iaido by Nicklaus Suino, *Furyu: The budo magazine of classical Japanese martial arts and culture*, Issue #2 Fall.
 - K.A. Taylor, 1994. The Japanese Art of War by Thomas Cleary, *Journal of Asian Martial Arts* 3(2)
 - K.A. Taylor, 1994. Zen and the Samurai by Thomas L. King, *Journal of Asian Martial Arts* 3(2)
 - K.A. Taylor and D. Blue III, 1994, One Hundred Masterpieces from the collection of Compton, *Journal of Asian Martial Arts: Journal of Asian Martial Arts* 3(3)
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ENCYCLOPEDIA ENTRIES

- K.A. Taylor, 1997. Iaido, in *The Encyclopedia of World Sport*.
 - K.A. Taylor, 2001. Iaido, in *Martial Arts of the World: An Encyclopedia*.
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BOOKS

Author

- *A Student's Guide to Self Defence: A discussion of practical self protection* 8x10" 150 pgs
- *Resisting Sexual Assault: A manual of resistance strategies for escaping sexual assault* 8x10" 130 pgs
- *Kim's Big Book of Iaido Volume 1: The Manual* 8X10" 108 pgs
- *Kim's Big Book of Iaido Volume 2: Seitei Gata (Zen Ken Ren Iai)* 8x10" 100 pgs
- *Kim's Big Book of Iaido Volume 3: Omori Ryu* 8x10" 94 pgs
- *Kim's Big Book of Iaido Volume 4: Eishin Ryu* 8x10" 127 pgs
- *Kim's Big Book of Iaido Volume 5: Oku Iai* 8x10" 100 pgs
- *The Little Book of Jodo* (With Eric Tribe) 8x10" 140 pgs.
- *Songs of the Sword* 5X8" 100 pgs.
- *Niten Ichi Ryu: The sword art of Musashi Miyamoto* 8x10" 100 pgs

- *Cane for Personal Protection*, in production
- *Ukemi: the Other Side of Aikido*, in production

Editor

- *TIN/JJSA Collected* (15 volumes) 8x10 inches, 100 pages
- *Hammerterz Forum Collected* 8x10 inches, 364 pages

Publisher

- *Getting a Grip: Judo in the Nikkei Communities of the Pacific Northwest, 1900-1950* Joseph R. Svinth 2003. EJMAS press trade paperback, 300pgs
-

PAMPHLETS AND VIDEOS

- Ruminant Nutrition Group lab manual.
 - Hands Off! Common Sense Self Defence.
 - Martial arts group discussion manual.
 - 22 instructional videotapes produced.
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