

Homegrown *Niagara*

ARTS AND LITERATURE MAGAZINE

Volume 1 Issue 2

Winter 1995

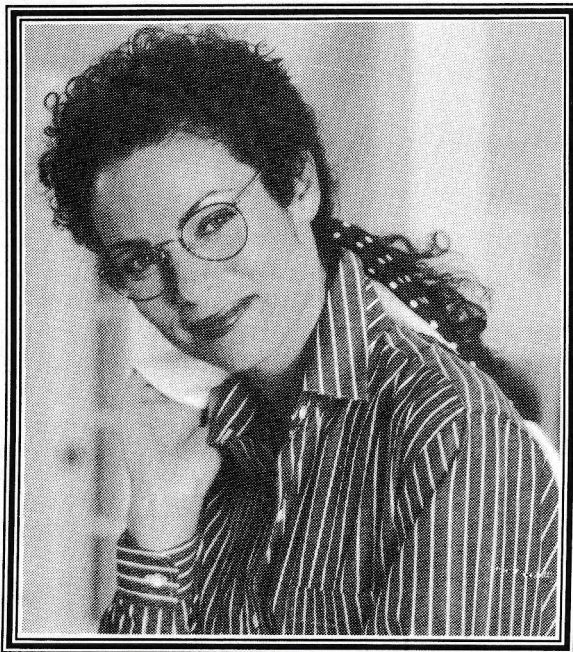


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Artist Marianne Reim:
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Dazzling art with the strength of steel

Welder's torch in hand, Grimsby artist Marianne Reim uses a powerful imagination to create art that will last forever

By Lynn Burgess

THE rusted hues call to her. Bits of brown and orange flakes shimmer softly in the glare of the sunlight. Her eyes sparkle as she caresses them and she smiles softly, knowing what it is like to be in love.

"Steel is so strong, it's so solid, and you can still bend it and work with it," she said. "Especially when it's rusted, I think it's beautiful."

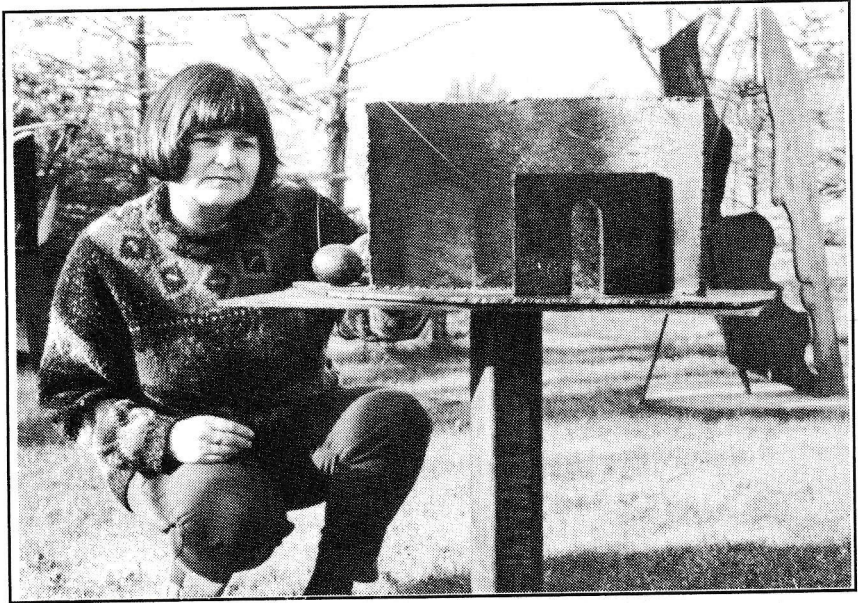
Marianne Reim's love is art, in all its forms. But especially steel.

Mrs. Reim of Grimsby took her first art class in 1978 and was hooked. At first, she painted only on location. Then, as she took more classes and learned to work with different materials, she experimented with each one and says she loves all of them.

"I want to know everything," she said with a shy smile. "Only then can you make up your mind what to use. Only I seem to like every one."

Mrs. Reim uses personal experiences or observations of life for her art. Her paintings, some of them huge panels from floor to ceiling, all have dark, disturbing images of churches that Mrs. Reim couldn't seem to get out of her head. She explained in her light, lilting accent:

"I feel it's quite serious thoughts I'm having. I did draw those churches (and) I couldn't explain it. I don't go to church. Even if I tried something else, suddenly there were arches. Finally I did a church ... and I just painted it. I let it happen." She later found out she had spent many years in a church when she was a baby in her native Germany. It all made sense to her then.



Marianne Reim in her backyard art gallery: "Steel is so strong, it's so solid. Especially when it's rusted, I think it's beautiful."

When she begins a piece with an idea in mind, she said she does not necessarily stay with that idea.

"I really have to know what I want and how I'll say it," she said. "I let it happen. I don't have to stick to what I want."

And when she starts something, she stays with it until it's done, one piece at a time. She has recently been working with metal more than anything, ever since she got electricity in her work shed. That enables her to weld her pieces together, some of which are much larger than her tiny 5-foot 4-inch frame.

"I could think about metal for a long time," she said. "It's usually a year in my head and then suddenly I know." On July 10, she got electricity in her shed and by Nov. 8, she had put a show

together for the Hammer Gallery in Hamilton. She had 10 pieces and sold two — one to a fellow artist. Her ego was boosted considerably.

Mrs. Reim has done 15 exhibitions since 1988. She graduated from McMaster University in 1989 with a BA in Art and Art History. She came from Germany to Canada with her family when she was 20. She lived first in Saskatchewan and then in Toronto until Hamilton gave her husband a job and her family a home. She moved to Grimsby 16 years ago and fell in love with the town.

When she's not sculpting or painting, she works part-time to bring in a little extra cash. For two

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

Mommy, Daddy and Homegrown

Brendan Burgess, 18 months, says people are 'gushing' about Niagara's newest arts magazine

Hmm... not bad. Not bad. So this is what they were working on all those times I had to go to Grandma and Grandpa's.

Oh, hello. My name is Brendan Burgess. I'm the son of the publishers of this wonderful magazine. As you can see, I'm reading Issue 1, so that means you're reading Issue 2. Pretty big accomplishment considering all I did was pose obligingly for this picture.

As you have probably noticed, this magazine has all the same goodies in it ... there are short stories, features,

poetry and great pictures. I didn't actually meet any of the people about whom my Mommy and Daddy wrote stories, but I heard all about them. Boy are they interesting. I bet if you wrote in, or even gave us a telephone call, my Mommy and Daddy would love to hear about artists, photographers or serious writers that you know. After all, I can't find everyone for them to write stories about.

I hope you all like this magazine as much as the last one. My Mommy and Daddy read me some of the letters and were they ever great! People were gushing about how an arts and literature magazine was so desperately needed around these parts. The Niagara Region, it seems, didn't have everything — until now.

Here are some of the comments:

"Congratulations on your first volume and issue of *Homegrown Niagara*! I think it is just excellent!"

"I was thrilled to pick up your publication while lunching at Big Marco's Restaurant. What an interesting magazine!"
"It is a terrific idea and was very interesting to read."

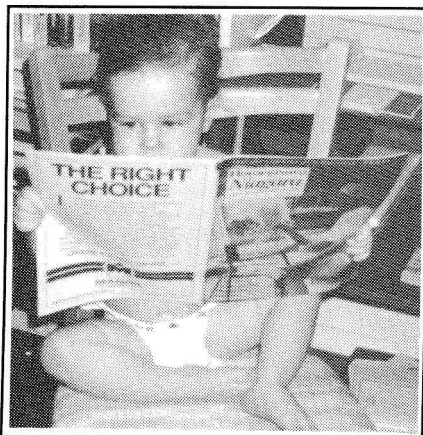
"I read the magazine from cover to cover."
"I really enjoyed the first issue of *Homegrown Niagara* magazine. Thank you for all your hard work."

"I look forward to future issues of

your innovative magazine. It is nice to see local artists receiving the recognition they deserve."

Those are real quotes from real people. Boy were my parents thrilled. There's no stopping them now. In fact, they plan on putting out their third issue on the Friday of the May 24th weekend. So look for copies in the stores of the advertisers and all around the Niagara Fruitbelt. They'll be blanketing the area with 10,000 copies, as usual.

Wow, this is hard work. I'm pooped. I think I'll go back to playing now and let you get on with the real fun — reading *Homegrown Niagara* magazine. And please keep your letters and submissions coming. I wouldn't want my parents to think my editorial wasn't well-received!



Future editor Brendan Burgess scans Issue 1 with a critical eye.

Homegrown *Niagara* MAGAZINE

HOMEGROWN Niagara is published seasonally by Budge Communications and is distributed free throughout the Niagara Peninsula.

Viewpoints expressed in the publication are not necessarily those of the publishers.

Homegrown Niagara encourages submissions of letters, poetry, short stories, cartoons, graphics, photos, opinion pieces and articles.

Short stories should be no longer than 1,000 words.

All submissions should be sent to the Editor, Homegrown Niagara Magazine, Box 301, Grimsby, Ont. L3M 4G5.

Although the magazine is free, voluntary payment may be made to the above address.

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Summer Memories

SHORT STORY • Joanne Ewings

AS is true for most people, the long days of summer hold special memories of people, places or feelings. We hold them so dear, that they remain so vivid as though they happened only yesterday.

For me, summer brings back memories of trips to my aunt and uncle's cottage on Lake Erie. During the summer months, my sister and I would be invited to spend two weeks at the cottage. It was an annual journey which I always looked forward to with great anticipation and delight. Not having any children of their own, I always thought that this trip must be as enjoyable for them as it was for us. Although our destination was not a great distance away, my excitement seemed to make the short trip longer than it actually was. All the way I would be planning in my mind all the activities that would await us.

To most, it probably would not have seemed like much, but in my eyes, it was a cozy little home away from home. This compact space boasted only two tiny bedrooms and a combination living-room and kitchen. The absence of a television set seemed unimportant with so many other interesting activities to occupy us. Shortly after our arrival, my sister and I would be delegated the job of sweeping off the entire exterior of the cottage which was covered with a blanket of tiny insects and cobwebs. My uncle would often permit me to cut the

lawn with his old-fashioned, rotary push-mower. I can remember thinking to myself, what an effort it would have been to cut our lawn at home with this machine, which required so much human energy to propel it.

We would be awakened in the morning by the wonderful aroma of

"My heart sank this one particular year when my aunt and uncle announced they would be selling the cottage."

fresh brewed coffee, which my aunt always prepared with hot milk added. I have never been able to duplicate that wonderful cup of coffee to this day. Toast would be prepared on an old two-burner stove, placed directly on the element. The element would leave a delightful swirl pattern on each slice, which I found to be quite amusing at the time. With my aunt having a hungarian background, every meal was a veritable banquet of delicious dishes. Whether it was due to the fresh air or some other factor, our appetites seem to increase greatly. It was as though everything had heightened flavor; somehow enhanced by our surroundings.

Walks along the sandy beach as well as swimming became daily rituals. Collecting shells and interesting rocks

became a great hobby of mine, and still is. Boredom was never an issue as we would discover something new to do, a new place that we could explore or a new friend to make. Even a stroll down to the General Store with a quarter or two in our pockets was a sweet adventure. This particular store had every type of penny candy imaginable. My sister and I would return with our bags full of licorice, ju-jubes, caramels and other delectable treats. Needless to say, those two weeks would pass by very quickly. Before I knew it, it was time to make the trek back home again.

My heart sank this one particular year when my aunt and uncle announced they would be selling the cottage. I couldn't imagine why they would want to sell this wonderful little haven. But for their own legitimate reasons, they were unable to maintain it any longer. I will always treasure the memories of those summers and hold them dear to my heart. It was enjoyment pure and simple; the very best kind.

(Joanne Ewings is from Niagara Falls)

Homegrown Niagara magazine is currently taking submissions of poetry and short stories for our Spring/Summer '95 issue. If you've got something to submit, please mail it to Box 301, Grimsby, Ont. L3M 4G5. For more details, call us at (905) 945-1839.

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HAMLET

Alas, he came upon my room late
one
night.
I Raised from my bed and grabbed a
torch for light.
What may thee come to thy room
so late, into the darkness?
Was it urgent of my presence? or
was it loneliness?
Lord Hamlet, what is it
you search for?

I'll ask you, again once more.

I have hardship, my fair lady,
hardship that's all.
My Uncle has planned my death,
with
two notes to England will
be my fall.
But I have tricked his fair games of
thy mind.
I'll switch the notes for my dear
foes to find.
Their endless strife will fall upon
them instead.

for they have deceived me to follow
them, as they lead.
Dear, mother, Queen of Norway; my
safety
has been stripped, for I rather be
whipped.
But I'll come back, one fine morn, no
matter
how bad my clothes are torn.
I'll count thy waves and stars for
I'll know who you are.

Dear Hamlet, so brave, so keen and
bright.
Alas, go into the night, farewell mother
and
pray for my deliverance soon.
When the tide relines with the moon
I'll be back hence forth to you.

—Lori Cooley,
Fort Erie

THE DIAPER KID

I am the Diaper Kid;
I am the boss in this family.
Whatever I want and whenever I want
it,
The family has to obey me

Because I am king;
I am the Diaper Kid.

Don't give me that,
but give me this and that;
How do you know what I like,
And especially what I want;
You are all too old to know but me —
Hmmm!
Just remember who's king in this
family,
It's me, of course!
The Diaper Kid!

Nobody tells me what to do;
I don't let myself be abused — why
should I?
And if some of you try to beat me up
I'll simply call 9-1-1
And you'll go to jail at once.
The government's on my side:
They need us to build the future
When we can run free,
Free of diapers,
No longer called the Diaper Kid.
—George Suba,
Niagara-on-the-Lake



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Ruby Stones

SHORT STORY • *Lindsay Barbacki*

HE came over early that morning. I was finished all my exams and I was staying at my aunt's apartment. We had bought a 40-ouncer of vodka so we started drinking. He tells me he loves me and I believe him. I tell him I love him, but I didn't know until that day.

The orange juice clashed with the leftover toothpaste taste in my mouth and the vodka left me with that familiar ripping sensation in my throat. I could feel the alcohol driving through my veins and I tried to imagine the blood inside me turning into little ruby stones, surrounded by my shapeless pearl skin. It's like a healer, feels like it almost reaches your soul.

I looked at him, his eyes were glazed with the satisfaction of his liquor. His hand reached around the back of my neck and he pulled me close. This is

what adults refer to as "your inhibitions being low". The hot air in my aunt's apartment was thick and dry and it suffocated my brain like a drug.

He grabbed his keys. I bet if I had looked in the backseat, I would've seen two guardian angels with their arms wrapped around us.

The engine turned hot like my flushed face; his hand gripped the shift, the bass of the music pounded into me. We grew closer to a fast approaching corner and the speed increased, and the music grew louder, and the gears ground ... and we crashed.

My head bashed against the window and the entire car spun around. I followed the dashboard to the window and I looked at him; he was alive ... he was still alive. But was I? I didn't know I was too drunk to know.

(Lindsay Barbacki is from Fenwick)

I LOVE YOU – I LOVE YOU NOT

a little flower
was blooming
upon a grassy hill
a little lass
was sitting
o so very still
she gazed upon
the flower
plucked and
held it high
pulled each
dainty petal
when suddenly
he was nigh
so gently did
he kiss her
then said
i do love you
as gently did
she kiss him
replied
i love you too

– *Susie Janzen,
St. Catharines*

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Spring breathing
down the
icy neck
of winter
in a warm
balmy embrace
trying to break
the last resistance
of the
snow
storms
sleet
tho' once again
through the crocus'
purple bloom
winters white
coat wraps
itself around
mother earth _
but wait a little while
and spring
wonderful spring
that season of love
will be bursting
forth in glorious
splendor to behold _
— *Susie Janzen,
St. Catharines*

WINDOW PAIN

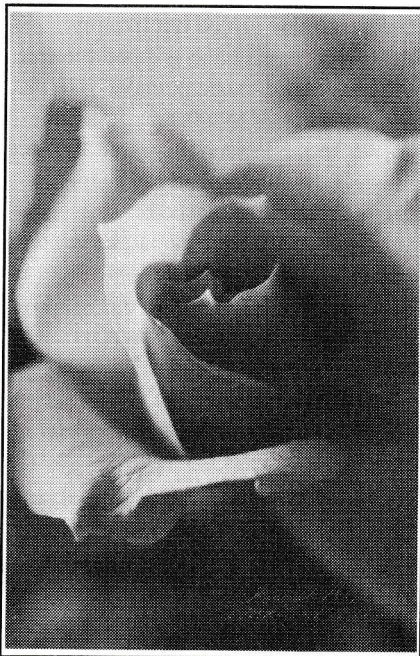
Dear Anguish, Sweet Pain, it is hope
you kill,
Last night I seen your shadow
against the sill.
You beckoned, I climbed; your
rusted clasp I did pry;
Was I the first to have tried?

Why did I seek you, why did I feel
you?
You stood caped in Darkness,
midnight your only hue;
You were no host, nor I a dinner
guest,
Yet we drew knives and began our
fest.

The feast looked hearty, but I had to
decline;
Eternal, you gave apron and forced
me to dine.
You filled my soul with food bitter
and foul;
When I vomited, you offered no
towel.

Instead you threw me upon your
widowed cross;
Like your only son I grovelled and
tossed.
I fought until my limbs were nailed and
spread,
Hope failed, and I heard myself
whispered dead.

Strong, glad-giddy with Woe, you



SYMMETRY OF PETALS

A child is like a tender petal,
a blossom opening to the light.

His guileless growth is sunwashed
with a dawning of hopeful tomorrows.

How often he pauses to embrace
the wonder of the world about him!

Within the petal's sublime, satiny,
spirals, a parent recalls
the yearning of desire for his children's
eternal youth and innocence.

Beyond childhood, this impassioned
innocence is often considered naivete.

Yet actually, it is the essence
of man's life.

—*Kenneth W. Hill,
Niagara-on-the-Lake*

impaled me with crown;
Drip, Drop, my juices etched too
slowly down.
I pleaded why, but received only
sand;
Delivered to eyes by your clawed
hand.

Weak, my parched lips began to
twist and lunge,
Upon widdled stick you invited me
to sponge.
Tongue out-sprawled, I begged
something sweet;
I found bitter vinegar to be my soul
treat.

Is this all that rock upon your sill
delivers?
I am no Saviour; I tread no rivers.
Since your poison does not remedy
make,
Release me — I've had all I can
take.

Dear Anguish, Sweet Pain, banished
with disdain.
Go back to sill; take refuge in pain.
I needed a balm; vinegar you did see
fit;
Upon your pane, bitter vinegar I do
spit!

— *Joe Krupa,
St. Catharines*

THE ANGER INSIDE

It began as an anguish,
Deep in my soul,
At times I would wonder,
If I'd ever be whole.

Silently and unnoticed,
Like a serpent it slithered,
Writhing and constricting,
Til all was lifeless and withered.

My thoughts engrossed me,
Emotions difficult to hide,
Helpless within its grip.
The anger inside.

—*Joanne Ewings,
Niagara Falls*

Got a poem to submit? Be sure to
mail it to us at Box 301, Grimsby,
Ont. L3M 4G5. Thanks!

Finding the words for the perfect flower

*Niagara-on-the-Lake artist Kenneth Hill merges nature
and imagination into stunning photopoetry*

By Lynn Burgess

HIS search is for perfection in nature. And when Kenneth Hill finds it, he captures it with his lens and displays it in such a way that it is not a portrait of a flower but a work of art personifying or symbolizing man.

"It has an abstract idea attached to it, or a semi-abstract idea and that's what I'm looking for," the 49-year-old Niagara-on-the-Lake resident said in a recent interview. "I'm trying to take the flower beyond itself."

Mr. Hill, negative retoucher, customer framer, and artist, started into the realm of photographic art in 1978 in Toronto as a freelance negative retoucher. He was dabbling in photography for a while, he said, but not seriously.

"One day I bought a rose for my wife and I had the idea that I could do something special with flowers — something that had never been done before," he said. "I didn't know what that meant at the time."

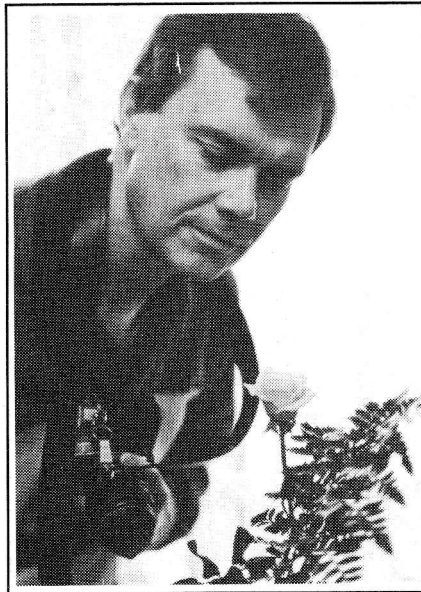
He began taking more photos and slowly developed a collection.

"We decided to move to Niagara-on-the-Lake and open a gallery," he said.

Mr. Hill and his wife of 15 years had the gallery for six years. About four years after opening the gallery, Mr. Hill began writing poetry to go with the photos.

He had dabbled in poetry from time to time: "It seemed to be the natural direction for me."

He said he got the idea of pairing up poetry with photography from speaking with people about what his pictures meant to him, their abstract meaning, and they would tell him they wished he could put it on the back of



Kenneth Hill: "I'm trying to take the flower beyond itself."

the frame. So he did just that.

Currently, Mr. Hill is working on a poem for a photo titled Innocence Reborn, which is "giving me all kinds of problems," he said.

"Not only do you have to figure out what you want to say, you have to say it in a way that matches the photo."

All of Mr. Hill's pictures are framed with a mat — part of the art — and personally signed in gold ink. "I think they deserve it," he said proudly.

The photos that don't personify, symbolize, he said.

"I see man as an heroic figure. I think man makes a choice between good and evil ... I think we're born good," he explained. "So I've followed the same theme throughout my work."

Each picture is different but is a variation of the same theme — nature.

"That's how I'll continue."

The photograph comes first. It takes anywhere from a couple of hours to years to write the complementing poem. "Neither one is necessarily easy," Mr. Hill said. "In fact, the poetry is always difficult."

Most pictures are taken in Mr. Hill's butterfly garden using only natural light. Part of his technique is a selective focus, sometimes with a polarizing screen to eliminate glare, but never any colour screens.

"The colours you see are the colours that were there."

It takes between one and 15 shots to find the perfect one. And there are many throw-aways. Mr. Hill said he pays strict attention to contrast, texture, foreground, background, balance of light and shadow, balance of weight, flow and many other requirements. But light is the biggest factor.

"Light is the thing that helps bring out the aesthetic quality, and I'm constantly looking for an aesthetic quality," he explained. "I'm not looking for a flower in nature."

Framed and matted, bought directly from him, Mr. Hill sells his prints from \$45 for a 5-inch by 8-inch print (8-inch by 11-1/2-inch framed) to \$180 for a 20-inch by 30-inch print. Each one is framed and matted differently, so costs fluctuate. Some of his work can be viewed at the Kings Way Bed and Breakfast on Nassau Street in Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mr. Hill also sells his art and poetry on cards that retail for \$3.50 and can be purchased directly from Mr. Hill or at Lee's Green Scene on Queen Street in Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Homegrown • Poetry

PETS

In life I have had many regrets,
But none so great as owning pets.
Dogs and cats, and gild-caged birds
Have given me grief beyond words.

First, there is the price of feeds;
The family budget it exceeds.
Then there is the licence fee,
For nothing of pets is ever free.

Next comes the disposal of dung.
(one feels his pet's neck should be
wrung!)

This is followed by the vet's bills;
Behold the soaring cost of pills!

And heaven help the poor flower
bed;
Pets will root till the last flower's
dead!
One might as well write off the lawn;
Pets will dig till the grass is gone!

Pets exist to create a mess;
Pets are born to cause distress!

Of all mankind, I think the first
To keep a pet should be accursed!

—David M. Kelly,
Niagara-on-the-Lake

BIRD

Living with parents
Is like being a hunting bird
A hunting bird on a tether
You fly restrained, longing to soar to
test your wings
High above the ground with the other
birds
You spend years like that
Then the tether, the family ties,
Start to fry
One day, when you least expect it
the tether snaps
You start to plummet
Finally, a few meager feet above the
ground
You soar like an eagle
Floating on the winds of change
With all the other birds
But somewhere in your mind
Is the thought that one day
You will hang up your wings

And raise your own freedom
Wishers, and try to keep the tether
strong
Just as those before did

—Jennifer Charland,
Coldlake, Alberta

LIFE

The years, pass so swiftly
As if life's a dream.
The days, go by slowly
Or so it would seem.
The waiting, seems endless
And the future un-real.
Time has no limit,
So small do I feel,
When I think of my life
In the passage of time,
Why do I exist?
Is there reason or rhyme?
Yes; God has his purpose
My life's not my own,
With Christ as my savior
I'm never alone.

—Joan Thorne,
St. Catharines

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The King and I

SHORT STORY • *David Wills*

ELVIS is dead. He died February 8, 1994.

Conventional wisdom says he died in 1977 but I didn't really believe it until I saw – or rather felt – a sign on February 8, 1994.

My interest in Elvis began in the mid-1980s while I was attending the University of Windsor. It was here where I first became a fan after an eight-hour marathon of Elvis movies interrupted only by short documentaries of his life.

This led to further investigation: reading, more documentaries, buying an Elvis bust and, in 1991, a pilgrimage to Graceland in Memphis, Tenn.

The pilgrimage was everything I could have hoped it would be. Three friends and I jammed into my compact car and left Toronto at 7 p.m. on a Friday night to begin an 18-hour drive

to take us to the promised land.

The weekend we chose to make this incredible adventure could not have been more uncomfortable. It was at least 30 degrees Celsius at midnight and the humidity made it feel more like 40. Two of us were too big to be in the back seat together, so rotating drivers became an on-going feud. Sleeping in the car was out of the question.

But we prevailed. Actually, the trip had its moments that none of us will ever forget – mistakenly taking an off-ramp at 120 kilometres an hour, a seven-foot tall state trooper who let us off the hook on a hefty speeding fine after we told him of our destination, and a U.S. customs agent with a great sense of humour.

As we crossed the Ambassador Bridge into Detroit, Mich., the crew dared me to answer the question of our destination with, "We're goin' to see the King of Rock'n'Roll, baby." No one dares me so I obliged their request and the agent simply said, "Have a good time boys," and sent us on our way.

After sweating our way through numerous states, we finally arrived at the gates of Graceland just before lunch on Saturday. It was beautiful, but not as grand as one might think.

We quickly purchased our entry tickets and boarded the air-conditioned shuttle bus that would take us through the guard gates to the front door. Aahh, air-conditioning! It was wonderful. Unfortunately, the other passengers seem a little offended at our particularly poignant odour. Too bad, though. We were here to see Elvis, not to make friends.

The tour of the house and grounds is interesting, but short. You can't even go upstairs (where the body was allegedly found) because Elvis' aunt still lives there.

The tour is entertaining and informative. Yes, there are lots of mirrors, but not because he was vain, but rather to make the place look bigger. And the decor is not tacky, but

stylish, even by today's standards. In fact I saw several items and decorating styles that I have in my own home.

Once outside of the house, you are free to wander around, visit the alleged grave site, walk through the gardens and check out the stables.

Across the street the adventure continues. There is a museum with most of his cars (his personal vehicles and those used in his movies), an outdoor museum of his planes and his tour bus – a bus that he often drove himself. Can you imagine pulling up beside a bus on the freeway and seeing the King behind the wheel?

Everything in my world relating to Elvis now made sense. My questions were all answered.

Elvis was now an integral part of my life. My apartment had an Elvis calendar in the kitchen. My CD collection boasted several of Elvis' classics. I even had my bust of the King proudly displayed in my living room.

The shrine that I developed for the tribute to the King was perfect. My bust was prominently displayed on top of a set of silver mannequin legs at one end of the living room – visible as soon as you enter the apartment. The legs were fitting as they were a gift from the love interest in my life.

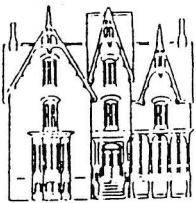
My entire existence was meaningful. Until 5:45 p.m. on February 8, 1994, that is.

I was in a rush. I hate others being late, and I hate it even more when I'm late. In my hurried state, I clumsily dropped my car keys next to my Elvis bust, sitting proudly upon the silver legs of a mannequin.

In my rush to scoop them up and hurry out the door, my elbow recklessly hit the mannequin legs, causing the greatest disaster of modern times.

As the legs wobbled, so did Elvis, toppling him over with the forces of gravity hurtling him toward the floor at 10 metres per second, squared. Nothing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20



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Poetry

STARS

If I could touch the stars,
I would gather them up,
And sprinkle them
In your hair.

Stars for you to wish upon,
Stars for you to dream by,
Stars to shine for you,
Stars to remind you of me.

If I could touch the stars,
I could do anything,
Brighten your darkest day,
Light up the blackest night.

If I could touch the stars,
I could sail the milky way,
Navigate around the planets and
End up right beside you.

Stars to wish upon,
Stars to dream by,
Stars to shine,
Stars to remind ...

... I wish I could ...
... Touch the stars you know,
But they're so far away
From me.

– Randy J. McCumber,
St. Catharines

THINGS

Lust is a wonderful thing.
Things can be wonderful.
Things are just things.
Love is something.
A something is not nothing.
You are something.
Just not everything.
Not even enough.
I love to lust you.
It's a wonderful thing.
But I don't love you.
We are nothing.

-- Lynn Burgess
Grimsby

Got a poem you want to submit to *Homegrown Niagara*? Pop it in the mail tomorrow! Our next issue comes out Friday of the May 24th weekend. Mail your poem to us at Box 301, Grimsby, Ont. L3M 4G5.

insomnia

SHORT STORY • *bonaventure saptel*

23 AUGUST, 1994

five minutes before, phone rings and travel agency tells my telephone the flight = delayed three hours by detrimental weather.

hunger strikes. brisk walk to corner (sussex meows and bloor). falafel. hot sauce. extra. antoine knows me by now - "one falafel to go," equals "extra hot sauce" poignantly unspoken, volubly telepathed. wonder if hot sauce will dictate walking aisles of aeroplane. i have never seen inside of airborne double-u-cee. i resolve i never will. (hot sauce machismo. perverse. me.)

airport. baggage check. quick smoke. ok, two. smoking section near departure gate. civilization. ah! smoke and more and once again. ah!

big bird buffeted. winds rollicking all 3000canada planeparts. gingerale. short, champagne glass plastic. elegance ersatz. cheesy, hammy stuff served 2 hours into flight. container = metallic; food = hot. helluva microwave they must have for 200 portions (thoughts ramble. containers = non-recyclable, hume kim?). coffee. hot. helluva microwave they must have.

prescott inn. 11:30 pm. note in lobby says keys in drawer of quaint wooden dwarf chest-of-drawers. jibes w/my idea of newfoundland. bags in room. outside for smoke. looms the newfoundland hotel. sits ponderously. all set for business folk travelling business class to conduct business to charge business account. doubtless.

two old womyn smoking on bench. smile! thing to do. people friendly, i'm told. response = shocked/startled silence. i walk on. rattled. smoking on corner of prescott and new gower. fresh breeze invigorates. bus waits at traffic light. driver looks. old man gawks. cars pass. passengers gawk. drivers gawk. it's all polite. make eye-contact and traffic lights are suddenly interesting or back seat.. or steering wheel

dark, bearded male, long hair loose. smoking. unlit street corner. yikes. i think he was smoking drugs, officer.

neighbourhood's getting dangerous, abner/ethel. these thoughts flit. cops cruising by in no time flat irks my anticipation. bad news. make haste. head back. head ache.

bench womyn still smoke. conversation hum stills as i pass. i don't like newfoundland already. to room. start reading the shipping news. author = e. annie proulx. sleep. dream (perchance). morpheus. arms. soft.

24 AUGUST

down to breakfast. eight fit in regular-size kitchen. but comfortable. sit w/two womyn from clareville "in town to do a little shopping." lesson in pronunciation. not newfoundland. repeat after me, "understand, newfinland."

"five postcards later driven away by wasps. infestation this summer. tourists, too."

breakfast isn't me but oblingingly put cheese on half-slice bread. coffee is me, so three cups go down fast. fourth w/a smoke on patio. good. another. lungs fill.

duckworth street: book passage to st-pierre/miquelon. bus/ferry-ferry/bus. \$205. no tax. placemats at prescott inn are maps. follow mine to bonaventure avenue, camera in hand. snap snap. people stare. never mind. i'm wearing shades. double brown tint. they can't see me see them stare. the mechanism of my defence.

holy heart of mary school where howlett jennifer went to school. snap snap. non-descript building beside isn't worth the celluloid. back in toronto i discover plain-looking building = mount cashel orphanage. (so much notoriety stems from the ordinary.) my photos remain celibate of its image. more wordplay would be crass.

down to waterfront. walk harbour in

ten minutes flat. people stare. never mind. snap snap. walk back to east end. sit on "thingy" they used to tie boats to now painted dayglo orange. five postcards later driven away by wasps. infestation this summer. tourists, too.

devon's row on duckworth street: lunchtime. no can do for patio. wasps (infestation this summer, y'know). soup and sandwich. walk along duckworth. people stare. snap snap. shades. i'm cool to you. snap. see.

back to the prescott inn. patio. smoke one two three four five six lose count. four postcards more. back to room. continue shipping news. night. sleep. toss.

25 AUGUST

missed breakfast. wanted to. don't want people. please, no more eye contact and then you look away. i'm out of emotional film. can't snap snap. want to avoid you always never looking at me. i'm a big city foreigner. montreal. toronto. i can hide where everyone is different. here, no place to hide. people see me. eyes always. critical mass. implode into shell i carry w/me. in me.

everyone's out back breakfasting. go to front steps. light up. womyn waiting for bus across street resolutely stares. no foolin' around. wants to get her money's worth. quick puff and flick. deer in headlights i dart back in. shipping news. sleep. wake. shower, shades and i'm off.

buy rolls of film and newspaper on duckworth. globe and mail headline screams "cuban crisis worsens." (there is no truth in journalism. should read "disinformative american arms-open-bring-me-your-huddled-masses statue of libertad chicken in every pot and live your american dream shit finally roosting now that we're here let's send the bastards home.")

café duckworth: enter. patrons stare. cool, i've got shades. sit near glass window overlooking street. take off shades. put on table (arm's reach). take

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

Crossing the curriculum with teacher-friendly books

*Dynamic duo use knowledge and teaching experience
to launch a successful publishing venture*

By Lynn Burgess

THEY are building bridges across the curriculum.

Janet Killins and Jacqueline Kelly have written two of their three-book Transitions series. The books are guides for teachers who have students in the transition years, Grades 6, 7, 8 and 9.

Janet of Smithville and Jackie of Grimsby met in 1989 when both were special assignment teachers with the Lincoln County Board of Education. They were part of a Transition Years team that went into the classrooms to teach teachers about "collaborative learning" and "higher order teaching skills." Their goal was to revamp the group learning process in such a way that everyone in the group works, benefits from and is marked according to every aspect of individual and group performances. That way, one student isn't carrying all the others.

"We were just learning," said Janet. "Not a lot had been written that was teacher friendly. We took the skill of collaborative teaching and applied it to what the kids should be learning."

A friendship quickly ensued. Before long, Janet and Jackie were drafting an idea to write a teacher-friendly book on collaborative teaching. They sent their idea to several publishers before DC Health Canada Ltd. liked what they saw and

signed them up for a three-book contract.

When they finally saw their first book, *Building Bridges Across the Curriculum*, in print, Jackie said it was "anticlimactic." It's the growth, the excitement, the process that is the exciting part, she said. "Writing it was

subject all have common threads.

Their books point out how to pick up on those threads and use them to weave a lesson. That way, "the kids are learning in a far more wholistic way," Jackie said.

"These are big changes in education," explained Jackie. "And teachers are adapting. It takes time. It's a fairly complex process and it always comes back to who it's for — it's for the kids."

And they should know. Jackie has been teaching 21 years, Janet for 24. Currently, they are both on special assignment working with teachers in the Lincoln County Board of Education and are temporarily out of the classrooms.

"We're constantly learning and trying out new methods of

teaching and learning," said Janet. "We expand one another's thinking."

"I come up with a lot of the ideas and she helps me dissect them," explained Jackie. "It's not a mistake that we work together on books about collaborative learning."

DC Health Canada Ltd. distributes a catalogue to all the education boards who can then buy Janet and Jackie's books. For payment, they receive a royalty for



Janet Killins and Jacqueline Kelly: "We have in common a strong belief in lifelong learning."

the exciting part."

Their second book, which came out in December 1994, maintains the same theme but adds integration. Their third book, a work in progress, will extend to multiple intelligences.

"It keeps growing," said Janet. "People have different styles of learning ... the seven ways of knowing. We're going to tie that in." It's complex, added Jackie, but it all seems to fall into place during implementation.

Integration, "making the connections between subjects," explained Jackie, is a very important part of this process. History, art, geography and every other

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

MOMENTARY TALES

Hands release
from the ancient
clock of time.
The school bell rings
and shakes the ground.
The foreign teacher speaks,
yet the students are able
to follow the lesson.
They travel on
without direction,
all it takes are simple actions.
Ask your father
if the legends are true.

For they could be tales
of Folklore rhyme
told from moonshine dreams
in chlorine pools
stirred from the spirits of purgatory.
The stories are their
gifts to us,
for we are the children
of the wildflower.
Let us live in experience
for life may become death.
Place your hand over the womb,
dance over the
graves and tombs

desecrated from the
season's changes.
Their land is the sand
that sifts through
the hour glass
which depletes
every moment.

— *Quin McColgan,
St. Catharines*

Don't forget to submit your poems to
Homegrown Niagara magazine via
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Advertising Feature

The Dressing Room

a unique hair experience

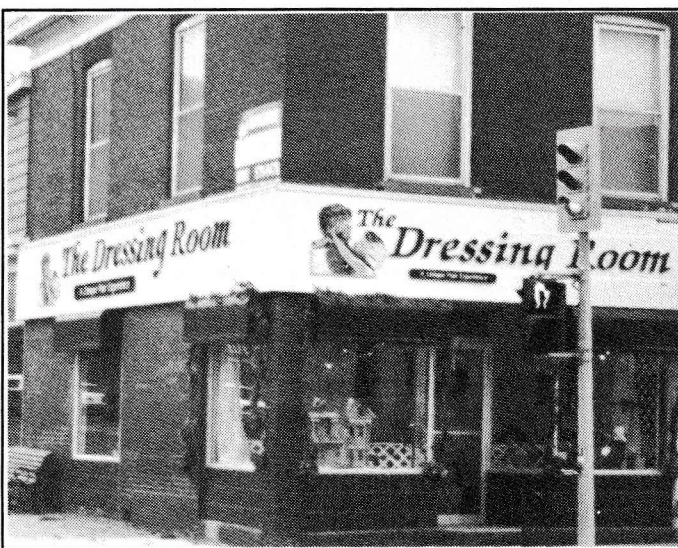
IF YOU'RE looking for a salon with style to pamper your lovely locks in, The Dressing Room is the place for you.

Situated in the heart of Grimsby, The Dressing Room boasts a classy interior that reflects the way the hair specialists will treat you.

Once inside, the Victorian atmosphere lures you further. The chaise lounge, the art decor on the walls, the hand-painted leaves flowing softly above invite one to come in and stay a while.

The large gilded gold mirrors along the walls are situated to allow each person a perfect view of his or her new or simply freshened up hair style.

Owner Enid Mace did not want to be just another salon, so, with her two friends and stylists Marfyn and Phil, their joint artistic abilities have created flair and sophistication.



The Dressing Room arrived in Grimsby eight months ago. Enid, Marfyn and Phil all have roots in Grimsby and were established working at other salons. Enid, originally from England, has worked and trained in various locations around the world.

The salon only uses the best quality perms, colours and shampoos available for professional use. Slowly their clientele is growing and those who

appreciate quality and service are returning.

They do their best to keep up to date, going to hairshows, seminars and training programmes which enable them to design new concepts. Of course, they never forget the old styles. So whatever look you are after, Enid, Marfyn and Phil of the Dressing Room can provide it for you.

WHERE IS IT?

The Dressing Room is located at 16 Main Street East in Grimsby at the corner of Elm Street. Exit the QEW at Ontario Street, drive south on Ontario to Main Street East and turn left.

You'll see The Dressing Room on your right at the lights. Turn onto Elm Street to find the parking lot behind the salon.

For an appointment, call 945-1422.

16 Main Street East • Grimsby • 945-1422

Painting for pleasure and preservation of nature

*Beamsville artist Maureen Scott has a keen eye for nature
and is fighting to preserve her backyard paradise*

By Blair Burgess

PAINTING has become an effective mode of relaxation for Maureen Scott of Beamsville.

The modest mother of two says she goes "off into another world" while creating detailed oil paintings of flowers, birds, running streams and historical buildings.

"I could start at eight in the morning and the next thing I know it's noon," she explains. "It's quite relaxing."

Ms. Scott started painting about 20 years ago while taking lessons at Grimsby Secondary School. She put her new-found hobby on hold while raising her family and picked up a brush again five years ago. That's when she started taking lessons from renowned Beamsville artist Kaye Crabtree.

Although Ms. Scott says she paints just for fun, others are taking notice of her high-quality productions. She recently sold a painting to an admirer from Quebec. "I've sold three or four altogether, but I give most of my paintings away as gifts," she says. "Mostly to people in my family."

With a beautiful wooded ravine behind her Lincoln Avenue home, Ms. Scott doesn't have to go far for subject matter. She says she regularly spots numerous species of birds in the ravine — plenty of Cardinals and Blue Jays — as well as larger animals such as deer.

"I'm hoping to do more paintings of the ravine," she says. "It's one of the last undisturbed ecosystems in the town of Beamsville."

Her warm smile fades as she explains what is about to happen to



Maureen Scott with her 1992 production, *Alpine Antiquity*.

her backyard paradise. A developer, she says, is about to ruin the blissful setting by building a subdivision on the wooded plateau overlooking the ravine. "The disturbance to the natural setting will probably drive away the wildlife," she laments. "It makes me sad."

***"My biggest problem is
when I finish one painting,
I don't know what I'm
going to do next."***

Ms. Scott and a group of neighbours have fought the developer every step of the way, but to no avail: municipal politicians have done nothing to stop the proposed subdivision.

Nonetheless, the fight against the developer hasn't turned into an

obsession and Ms. Scott has continued on with her busy life. When she's not painting, she can be found tooling around in the garden or working hard at two part-time jobs, one as constituency assistant to Lincoln MPP Ron Hansen, the other as a sales consultant at the Special Effects Art Shoppe in Grimsby.

Ms. Scott says her children, now in their 30s, have encouraged her to continue developing her artistic skills. Her next painting, she says, will be of her daughter's farmhouse in Caistor. After that painting is done, Ms. Scott will no doubt be on to something altogether different.

"My biggest problem is when I finish one painting, I don't know what I'm going to do next," she laughs. "I guess I'll go with whatever notion takes me."

SPRIT-PAH

stone camels line the path,
orbs of eyes round
watch me –
snouts silent
lips curled still,
cold to my finger-tips
yet crouched in royalty
– the Chinese “spirit-path”

I
tip-toe
through a courtyard
through another
echoes of the dead
whisper like a scent of lily incense
unfurling in secret mists
circle
as I circle
the tomb,
a cylinder of rock
capped by a dome hat

peasants, warriors
emperors, maidens
etched in grey flesh
dance round and round—
life in stone relief,
a story without words
carved a thousand years ago
read by me today

– Patricia Abram,
St. Catharines

MEMORIES

There’s something deep inside me
Something I just can’t bring out
for there’s no need to worry
it’s just something I don’t want to
say
I miss you in a heart beat
when we touch
I just lose self control
there’s no need to worry
there’s no need to turn away
I know there were no promises.
I knew it couldn’t have lasted forever
I know now that it’s over
for I just don’t want to admit it.

I know I got too close at first
then I got too close at first
then I got too attached for us to last
I said I loved you too soon
we made plans too fast
I just want to say
that I still love you
and it’s not too late

to work it out
if you don’t feel that way
and there’s nothing we can do
don’t let me think what I want
come out and tell me the truth
for you may not see it
but I’m hurting real bad
if only we could have one more chance
maybe we could make it last

So I’ll just let you know
that every time my heart beats
it beats for you
and if you don’t feel that way
then I’d just like to say
that I will love you
Always and Forever.

– Jen Coomber,
Grimsby

THERE IS A GIFT THAT YOU MAY GIVE

There is a gift that you may give;
It’s deep within your soul.
It is the one thing all man needs,
In order to be whole.

It springs from love within your heart;
You feel it deep inside.
Compassion is that special gift;
In you it doth abide.

The race of man cries in his pain;
Each one can hear the cry.
In answer to his humble plea,
Please open wide your eye,

And see his need, that deepest need,
For what his heart still seeks.
When you allow your soul to move,
Then your compassions speaks.

Compassion is that unique grace
That you’ll need someday too.
Oh, share the gift that you may give
And some may share it with you.

– Diane VanZwol,
Beamsville

SUMMER DAYS

Come walk with me and take my hand
And stroll throughout this lonely land.
And see the beauty God has made
Freely on every hand displayed.
Roses, Roses, everywhere.
Their delicate fragrance in the air.
Pink and yellow, red and white
Gorgeous colour for our delight.

Shades of green on lawn and tree
Provide a colour harmony.
Thank Thee, Fathers, for summer
days.
We lift our hearts to Thee in Praise.

– Isobel V. Huckerby,
St. Catharines

TEN

Memories I have from long ago
shine through brightly of falling
snow.
The winters were long and the snow
was high
We’d climb frozen mountains, up to
the sky.
Angels fluttering on the pure white
ground
children catching snowflakes, on
their tongues all around.
Mr. Snowman, silently waits
as we rolled up his wife and family
of eight.
We skated until we could not stand
then we all crawled back to land.
Dawdling home at the end of the day
all worn out from a hard day at play.
There was the aroma of cocoa,
waiting, for us
at bedtime there wasn’t any fuss.
The next day we would start all over
again
I think the snow was deeper when I
was ten.

– Sue Kinnaird,
Niagara Falls

ICE

The cold deep blue of your eyes
Penetrate the walls of my igloo,
Melt the layers to my heart.
Our distance is of North Pole to
South.
The winter comes with its beautiful
snowfall
Turning into something of a blizzard.
As the fights get as low as zero
degrees and below
The death of our love is a numbing
consequence
The iceberg that has replaced your
heart has been
put into an eternal freezer.
I am a mountain top
Covered by your ice
And reaching for some sort of heaven.

– Lynn Burgess,
Grimsby

The Glass Jar

CHILDREN'S STORY • Shirley Gray

IT was Thursday morning and Kalan was bored. This was very unusual for a five-, almost six-year-old boy who was very active. Of course, he could always clean up his room and make his mom happy but that wouldn't be any fun. He needed excitement!

The summer was filled with lots of fun, especially playing T-ball and then winning the championship! He was so proud of his trophy and he'd have lots to tell his teachers and playmates when he went back to school. Just think, only one week to go, he could hardly believe he'd be going into SENIOR kindergarten, that's pretty grown-up.

Anyway, just lying here wasn't any fun so he went to find mom. He found her downstairs doing the laundry and said, "Mom, what do I do? I'm bored."

Mom thought for a minute and said, "If you go to the store for me and get some groceries, you can help me bake cookies, okay?" It was something for him to do so his mom gave him a list and the money and he ran down to the corner store.

"Hi Kalan," said Mr. Mills, the grocer. "What's the matter? You look like you lost your best friend."

"No, just bored I guess," said Kalan.

"Well, give me your list and I'll get the things for you while you look around. I even got some new toys in you can look at."

"WOW," said Kalan as an 18-wheeler caught his attention. "Boy, what I'd give to own that beauty," he said to himself. The closer he looked, the more he fell in love with it. It even had a tiny CB on the dash and a horn that really worked and boy could it roll along fast!! When Mr. Mills brought him the groceries, he told him he wanted it.

"It will cost you \$20 so you had better start saving," the grocer said. Now, that was something he had never done but he knew he could do it if he really wanted to and he did!

At home his mom was waiting for him and he told her all about the big truck and needing to save for it. All he needed now was a bank. Mommy thought it was a good idea to start saving for something he really wanted and she told him she had the perfect bank for him. It was a glass jar with a slit in the lid for his money to drop in and he could watch his savings grow too! It was a start for him and he happily helped mom make the peanut butter cookies.

Mom suggested she bake more cookies and he could sell them on the street. There was one condition with it though, he had to clean up his room, which sounded like a good deal to him!

After supper Kalan disappeared into his room and it was a mess! He was gone for so long that his parents decided

to check up on him. There he was, in a semi-clean room, playing with toys he had forgotten about. There just was no room for everything so he asked mom and dad to help him. Daddy suggested they put the toys he didn't want anymore on top of the bed and soon the pile of toys there was so big it would have made a lot of children happy! Then his daddy suggested he have a yard sale just of his toys this Saturday morning. He would set up the long table for him outside and they could both work on the sign. What a day! Kalan was so excited he hardly slept that night just thinking about selling mom's cookies, his toys and getting the big truck.

The next night Kalan and daddy went up and down the street selling mom's cookies and telling everyone about the yard sale tomorrow. Soon, all the cookies were sold and they had made \$10! Mom let him keep \$8 of it and she kept \$2 for the ingredients. His glass bank had some money in it at last!

After a glass of milk and cookies, he sat down to colour in the words TOY SALE that daddy drew on a piece of cardboard and now they were all ready for tomorrow.

Saturday morning was sunny and warm when they set up the toys. Soon, lots of people were looking and buying. By noon hour all his toys were gone and he had made \$54!! It was the most money Kalan ever saw. Mom and dad kept half for his school clothes but he still had lots. His jar was filled up AND overflowing.

At one o'clock they all went to the corner store to see Mr. Mills. Soon, they came out with big smiles and a long box holding the hard-earned 18-wheeler.

That night in bed, Kalan thanked God for his mom and dad, friends and neighbours, and his brand new BIG TRUCK. And the glass jar beside his bed still had money in it. He was going to save more for surprise Christmas presents for his parents. No more boring days for him!

(Shirley Gray is from St. Catharines)

Homegrown • Poetry

INNOCENCE AND SORROW

There is always the sound of
laughter,
The sound of innocence that travels
on a breeze,
There is forever and always,
But is there time for me.

I dreamed of lost loves,
I remember the warmth of friends,
I feel the tears of pain and sorrow,
And I have felt the weight of dread.

I know that time has not forgotten,
The child that laughs with glee,
Or the youthful giggles of young
girls,
As they wish for what might be.

Or how simple life was then,
Like waves it floods back to me,
But as the tide tears from the shore,
My memories tears leave me.

— Kay Simpson,
Thorold

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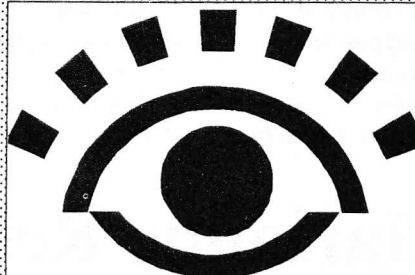
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**SCOTT STREET AT NIAGARA
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The King and I

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

could break his fall. Nothing, that is, except the back of my head.

I felt the pain, I heard the crash. And when my vision returned, I saw Elvis lying in front of me in hundreds of pieces. My first thought was to get him

to a hospital, or at least grab some crazy glue.

But as I looked again – this time at the pieces containing his eyes – he seemed to be telling me, “Just let it go, son.” So I did.

I have since moved – the pain of the apartment where the disaster took place was too much. My new home is smaller – without Elvis I just don’t need the room.

Friends told me to get another bust, but it just wouldn’t be the same. I still have the silver legs, but now they are

just silver legs. The love and the interest that were once associated with them are long since gone and a plant now sits where Elvis once did.

Every now and then when I am watering the plants with Elvis quietly crooning through my stereo speakers, I remember the old apartment with Elvis and the legs. But it’s just memories now. Life has to move on. Elvis would want it that way.

Rest in piece(s) Elvis.
(David R. Wills, originally from Welland, lives in Toronto)

Janet Killins, Jacqueline Kelly

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

the books sold.

“It’s very small,” said Janet. “If we didn’t like it we wouldn’t do it.”

“They payback is in the process,” said Jackie.

The money was never the motivation from the beginning, added Janet. “It was the desire to address a need.”

To actually get down and write, they build a consensus and map out what they want to say. They assign each other specifics and separate to write it, meeting up constantly to discuss progress and possible problems — collaborating.

They won an author’s award worth \$5,000 for the idea from the

Federation of Women’s Teachers Association of Ontario. With her half of the money, Jackie bought a computer and simplified her life greatly. “Now writing on paper is insulting,” she said with a laugh.

But writing the books isn’t just about collaborative learning or money or even teaching. It’s about friendship.

“Now Janet and I finish each others’ sentences,” said Jackie. “We have in common a strong belief in lifelong learning and the importance of working together, problem solving and working in a team.”

It is collaborative learning at its finest.

Marianne Reim

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

years she worked full time and didn’t have any time left over for her art. “I was so sad inside,” she said. She won’t let that happen again.

“If I can do what I want – my art – everybody gets along with me. However, if someone holds me back, I can be quite miserable.”

She said she doesn’t think much

about what art means to society, but she knows what it means to her.

“To me it’s not important to show how well I draw or how well I don’t. It’s how it makes you feel here,” she said pointing at her heart. “If you look at my art, that is how I feel.”

Her next exhibition is in August 1995 at the Spectator Gallery in Hamilton.

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Old Renovators Never Die

SHORT STORY • *Virginia Geffros*

WHEN Tony and I purchased our old house, we inadvertently provided an instant hobby for my Dad. A recently retired electrician and inveterate handyman, Dad would often come out to the farm during the day when Tony and I were at work to, as he put it, putter around. His first order of business was to begin replacing the ancient knob and tube wiring.

In addition to his electrical work, Dad designed and built, from scratch, handsome cupboards for the kitchen where he also installed new, pine wainscoting. One spring day, he even pruned all of the trees on the property — no small task.

While he worked, our long-haired grey cat, Smokey, would often keep him company, carefully checking out anything new that was introduced to his domain. Dad called him the Inspector General.

My dad was a wonderful, generous, big-hearted fellow, who was also possessed of a bizarre sense of humour. One Saturday, while I was painting the bathroom ceiling, Smokey unwittingly performed a four-footed leap into a tray freshly filled with white, oil-based paint, which was carefully balanced on the toilet tank. Shocked and confused, the cat took off like a rocket, running pell mell through the house with me in hot pursuit. He ran down my freshly

painting antique blue stairs, across the dining room's gleaming hardwood floors and the newly installed living room carpet. As he leaped onto the arm of the couch, I finally corralled him. Now, covered in paint myself, I stood tightly clutching the spitting, squirming cat while my father, mirthful eyes streaming, roared with laughter; I have to admit that I failed to see the humour in the situation.

Some time after that incident, we lost my Dad to a heart attack. It was a difficult time for the entire family. He was a special man, and his passing left a large hole in our lives.

About a month after the funeral, my Uncle Richard came out to help Tony finish off the last of the wiring. In the process, they put two big holes into the plaster wall of a bedroom that I had just finished meticulously painting and papering. I was furious, and the men were smart enough to stay out of my sight. I ranted and raved for a while, and then, resigning myself, I set about trying to repair the damage. As I angrily patched and sanded, I could suddenly hear in my mind's ear, my Dad laughing his big belly laugh, just like he did the day the cat "painted" the house. A feeling of peace stole over me as I realized that he isn't really gone at all; he's just watching over us all from another place.

(Virginia Geffros is from Grassie)

HOME GROWN • Poetry

THE CHILDREN

All these years
living only half
dying most of the time
and all the while
the good earth out there
with beets and zucchini
and tomatoes.

And the children
All those children
that I held, fed, nursed, carried
but never for long
never really mine.

—*Miriam Gersho*
Niagara Falls



Wondering when you'll see the next issue of Homegrown Niagara? Here's the answer you were hoping for: Our Spring/Summer '95 issue is due out the Friday of the May 24th weekend. Questions? Call us at (905) 945-1839

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insomnia

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

chair w/three-quarter view of street. people look in. stare, eyes wide and then look away. 1/2 breakfast (1 egg, any style; 1/2 bagel; coffee or tea - coffee, please; egg scrambled, [bagel = doughy toronto style, yuck]).

boston grill and seafood/duckworth street: steak. peppercorn. 6 oz. well-done. best steak in world. this means you texas. damn fine. darn tootin'.

tour of george street (whole street is bars, waitress said). gelded hybrid of yorkville and queen streets. bright neon kids lineup cars cruising this street blaring rap baseball caps on backwards jeans flat and wide inner-city culture courtesy of muchmusic. culture is here, inner-city never was in this saint john's. this sleepy town. this punctured angst. thanks erica. thanks moses.

walk down to water street. look = nouveau. stores = renovated. charm = ambience = none. to room. shipping news. sleep. turn.

27 AUGUST

st-pierre et miquelon: bus ride = four hours. ferry ride = one. maple leafs fan from st-pierre. live telecasts from cbc (we get all the games, mostly canadiens, mais j'aime les leafs). stop at hotel robert. brief orientation.

to auberge des vacances. people stare. hand sneaks into knapsack for shades. @ auberge. drop off luggage. back to hotel robert. people stare - two young girls laugh uproariously and i walk fast and snap snap. wine and quick history lesson. al capone's hat encased

in glass. snap. your history is variegated yet you dapple it w/america. snap.

chez dutin for supper w/eight others at same table. conversation runs the gamut. oil guy from halifax has rock collection worth tens of thousands. same-company oil guy from saint john's talks mostly to him. two retiree couples from victoria on the road in rvs since june 25. only young montreal couple seem interesting. my bias? some connections never fray.

bar joinville: two montrealers and i. one beer and three glasses of wine later = nice time. normal. exchange telephone numbers: call when you're in town. standard stuff. maybe i/they will. we three stumble out. pass bar discoVidéo. kids hang outside designer jeans (oversize floppy) muchmusic rap-type: bonjour, ericaaa, fancy meeting you here). back to auberge and shipping news. les bras de morphée. dur.

28 AUGUST

missed breakfast at auberge. hangover mild, coffee (awful) at hotel robert mitigates. sit @ low pastel seawall. wait for ferry. meet dad w/baby daughter who laughs and beckons w/little hand clenching and unclenching. smile to dad and approach. baby laughs. reaches out for glasses. eyes mist. caress her cheek w/forefinger. comment on friendliness. dad replies, "yes, considering she's never met a black person before." didn't have heart to explain roots reach southasia. adieu, farewell. so long. aufwiedersehen.

ferry back. sea heaves. captain cuts engines by one-quarter. one hour. bus back. four hours. meet canadiens fan affianced to saint john's girl. less taciturn than leafs fan ('struth howe

tracy, hamilton doug).

saint john's. night. room. relax w/shipping news. ship's inn on duckworth: enter. find table. wait. bar service only. smithwicks pint. womyn drunk at bar puts carnation red into my shirt pocket buttonhole. "because red is the symbol of your culture."

presumption breeds my contempt. "roman catholic?" i ask. dumbfounded she is. to table. write in diary. gulp. back to bar. more pint. womyn drunk doesn't make eye contact. to table. gulp. scribble. ignore people staring. too dark for shades. gulp. scribble. late. out. room. finish shipping news. sleep. wake. sleep. wake. stay up all night. *(bonaventure saptel is from Toronto - this story first appeared in Inside Sedition Volume 10, October 1994)*



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