

february 73

martlet
magazine
university of victoria



Gorman Attached

by Rick Lesoway

CHARLES GORMAN, A WHITE male, the age of 32 and very single dropped into a small town outside of Steelwater, B.C. to find a job but mostly to get lost and get money

too. Leaving his "rest-home" or rather native small town in which he found himself born in, he followed the miles in a railroad coach and became glad that he was off. Gorman had left, he thought, to break-up the exigencies of family, friends and a gnawing inability to connect with his feelings. As he sat he could not fully comprehend why he knew/felt this nor why he had not ever recognized it. Besides, you always hate yourself when you make a decision with one eye looking to the side.

A small train chugging through a young mountain range with new-fallen snow and a recently purchased pint of alcohol in your pocket and your will to keep the journey going becomes indomitable...

"excuse me, sir, ticket please."

"ah-huh, it's here, somewhere. shit, wait a minute. it's in my shaving kit and that's in my baggage which is in your baggage car."

"this is bad. i've never had this happen before. you might have to get off. not right now, you understand but when the train stops which is in ten minutes."

"get-off! i can get into the baggage-car and get my ticket if you allow me to do that. if you do that i just might give you a shot of this. i know you'll like that."

"that's very impossible to do. you'll have to get off. the town at the next stop isn't too bad. there's work there. it's about the same size as Clementsville and it probably has more females!"

"are you going to bill me for the ride now or contact my parents?"

"don't be shitty with me. you're off at the next stop."

C. Gorman became nervous like a child fairly scolded and walked off to the lavatory to finish the pint. He sat on the

toilet seat drinking whiskey, watching the mountain range and tapping his feet to keep the anger in tempo. Not too much to do about this, he thought and left the bottle in the soap tray. He wandered back to the seat only to find the conductor sitting there. Breathing in short bursts, he sat down opposite him.

"i just asked the head conductor about getting your baggage and he said i could, so tell me your name and receipt number and i'll bring it to you."

"i want to get off in ten minutes."

"i just said that you don't have to."

"it doesn't matter to me where i get off now, as i just want to settle down as quickly as possible."

"that's very impossible to do. you have to stay on now as i've gone to a lot of trouble just so you can show the Majestic Railway Co. evidence that you can travel on this passage. godammit, i went to a lot of trouble over this. in five minutes, i've got your baggage and in another five minute by the looks of you, you might find that ticket."

"alright, i'll stay. where's the lounge car?"

"two cars down. stick around though and i might be able to keep you on the train."

Wish I had more to drink, he thought. And he also thought that he was always waiting for a conductor to bring his bags around. And he resolved not to act like a defensive thief anymore. 'i guess I should have told him why I wanted to get off now,' neurotically spun through his mind. How the hell do you tell a perfect stranger that you feel like a "walking blues" song? It seemed so simple to put your feelings in a cliché and act like something that lived in a skull. I can't stay here any longer.

Gorman seen sneaking off to the lounge car and sitting down and ordering a scotch and water.

"hello, waitress. i want to order another drink."

"yes sir, and what shall it be?"

"tequila with lemon and salt."

"yes sir."

"my first name is charles."

"my first name is mary."

"so they still name girls 'mary'."

"will there be anything else?"

"yes, i'd like to know where you live, how old you are and where your place of birth is."

"i live in vancouver, i'm 26 years old and i don't have my identification card on me at present."

"i'm going to Clementsville and how would you like to go there?"

"i'll bring you your drink."

After finishing the drink, Gorman walked back to his seat and met the conductor who had brought his baggage. Gorman's head was reeling and his stomach was telling the tale that his voice should have told.

"did you ever see one of these bags?"

"it's looks very sturdy." replied the conductor.

"it was originally made in san francisco."

"i see."

Charles Gorman doing up his bag and settling down with his stomach. Now then, where was I, he finally asked himself. Suddenly he caught the tail end of a jingle some vancouver friend of his had come out with when the same had lost his family through a change of politics.

if your life's a ballad
and your friends a threat,
and he couldn't remember anymore of it
but it sounded right for the present.

In ten minutes he had walked into the centre of Clementsville and the first person that talked to him was a whore.

* * *

The Bonded Closing

by patrick hackett

This noisy celebration, dinnish leech,
Thunder and silence, altered new.
The sun lies chained to lined pall,
In death the master scourges rock.

The waters guilt away from birth,
Bare hardened force, reveal the dying.
In black on white the waters key,
The hero whites his red run viens.

I chant the hours passage, arcing time
Is spent before the winded leaves expire
The Wave comes slow to meet the shore,
To meet the sand, to earth, to eat the fire.

Now speeding down across the pall,
Across the spreading sky milk runs.
From heaven a starry suckle dawns.
In release the earth child reaches.

Wing away in fear the awful closing,
Innocence runs in hopes of fleeting blue.
Silent in their pain the watchers stand,
As last fires now grow bright and die.

Perlita's Birthday

a study in Homeric long tail simile

by Robert McCutchen

PERLITA, DAUGHTER OF Andalusia's favorite and most handsome son Señor Don Rondo de la Marton, and his heaven-borne wife Andalina De los Cordillas, who are well loved in Sevilla, was as precious to her family as the dawn colored hues reflecting from Alhambra's ponds touch and light the mist arising is precious to the sleepy eyes of the awaking gardeners whose looks are still mixed with dreams as they rise to work the gardens. Thuswise Don Rondo and Andalina beheld Perlita, whose beauty could charm all proud Grañada back into the night, or else, drone the whole town forward into a mid-summer's noon-tide, depending on whether she was sad, or, was laughing. Fortunate or un-fortunant, as you please, it was, that the family of Don Rondo was not living in Grañada in those days, but rather, they owned a lovely villa by the shores of the blue watered lake called Bornos in the rolling countryside near Villamartin.

Now, it was the same day, only fourteen years later, that Andalina had borne Perlita, and Don Rondo had brought them

road's edge. Not only was it the equinox day of that summer, with larks swooning and singing and swooping at the gnats that buzzed around the bullrush at the waters edge, while sailing boats over-hauled one another on the lake, the laughter of the men floating ashore on the now balmy currents of pure North African air, with their cargoes of tangerine and orange, cross the blue water in the hot sun light, as their wives and sweethearts yearn and prepare for them on either side; but that was, although lovely and beautiful, balmy and serene, not all that was coming forth from life that day for the enjoyment of young Perlita, nor was the reflex of her presence lacking, for, with strutting and flamboyant approach, the handsome young Mexican caballero Don Jerome Mescal, who was just now in that part of the world seeking adventure of a nature like that unto which he was entering there along the white sanded shore of lake Bornos on that fine summer day.

As Don Jerome neared the quiet spot where Perlita's birthday was being celebrated, where like the bubbling of a small brook water-fall, he heard their voices murmuring. Drawing nearer, Don

once strong like stone pillars around the court of a well founded mountain citadel, now quivering like poplar leaves do in a gust of wind coming down through one of that high mountain valley's in front of high, wide thunderheads of the approaching summer storm; wobbling like this, could not hold up his body under the pressure left by these whirring feelings and thoughts now mingling as Perlita looked away. In an instant, Don Jerome, his state similar to that of a bell clapper in between two tolls, was released and fell forward as a compass needle would if released from electric compass pull to fall to true magnetic north, except that the natural pull of Perlita spread in degrees, and was not centered on Don Jerome, who, now finding himself on his face at the edge of the picnic spread, began turning red and gritting his teeth.

"I believe he is having an attack of vertigo," exclaimed Andalina.

"What is the matter caballero?," asked Don Rondo.

Don Jerome said as he got to his feet again and began brushing himself off:

"Please excuse me kind folks, I slipped



martlet 73

to a secluded spot along the white-sanded shores of Lake Bornos, here they might have a picnic and celebrate the occasion. Perlita, in an array of colored skirts and bested deep in purple satin over Portuguese lace blouse; the vest aside because of the heat, and with the dangling and stepping of her light, brown beauty, sent sun warm rays of alive feeling, in colors, along the shore of the lake as she walked toward the blue water from their carriage which stood behind six shining black horses at the

Jerome began smartning his steps and trying to seem relaxed, as if he owned the lake. He strode directly between Perlita and the shoreline, a distance short. Perlita, a little surprised at first, looked up at him, and a humming spark danced forth from her brown eyes penetrating first, Don Jerome's conjured glance, then, beginning deep within his inner-heart, strongly shielded by ribs with thick mass encircling, a poisonous desire grew outward too fast for Don Jerome easily to contain, nor could his rounded knees,

on a smooth stone and lost my footing. Please excuse me." Bidding them a hasty goodby, he hurried off through the green trees near by.

"Do you suppose that young man is alright?," asked Analina.

"Yes," said Perlita, "I think that he is only a little homesick."

So the Martones, of course let it go at that, and continued their picnic, while crickets chirped to one another, and frogs chattered near the bull rushes.

The Shepherd

HELLO, THIS IS GARNISH RED Legsupport with "The World Today" a radio program originating from the Umbilical College campus in sunny Sacramento. How many times a day does your phone ring? Your door bell ring? Your bathtub ring? And you're probably saying what does this have to do with the true straight and narrow path as designed and prophesized in God's own word as summarized in Umbilical College's monthly magazine "The Plain Jane" which will be sent to you absolutely free, gratis, without charge to your own home, that is your present address; and I say absolutely nothing.

Well you might say nothing. But think about that, you're in wonderment no doubt, wondering about nothing but you're not really asking nothing, rather you're really asking something. You're really asking where do I fit into the universal scheme. You know, people stop me on the street and ask me "Where is my place in the universal scheme?" and I answer them, because I know, the Lord showed me, it's in the Bible if you'd only take the time to look, yes I answer them, I calmly look into their eyes and tell them where they fit into the universal scheme, I tell them, it's in the Bible, I tell them "Right there."

It's obvious, people needn't run around wildly asking their place, it's in the Bible straight and true in the words handed down by our God the one true God and summarized in Umbilical College's monthly publication "The Plain Jane" which you can get free without charge, yes a paid for lifetime subscription by sending the coupon that appears below this radio program.

You know, I want to tell you about a man who came up to me, almost an hour ago and asked me for twenty-five cents for a cup of coffee. His face was bearded, his hair long and his clothes dirty. I said "Son" because he was young and because all mankind are God's children and Christ is the living embodiment of God and he was God's son, I said "Son, you

don't need a cup of coffee, you need the true living Christ." And you know, that boy looked at me with dazed big brown earthly eyes and said, "Farout." And I looked back at him piously, and said "No,

by charles dilba

he's not far out, he's in your heart if you want him to be." And that boy clutched his tattered rags above his sickly, filthy chest and said, "My God?" And I said "Not only your God but my God and the God of all mankind.

Which leads me to the subject of wife swapping; that insidious white slave trade in the inner vile sanctums of the dreary treacherous scum in the filthy backrooms and back alleys of the lower echelons of American life, if it can be called life.

Wife-swapping. Joseph in the Bible, and you can read this for yourself, Joseph never swapped wives; in fact, check this with your Bible also, it's true, as is all the Bible, his wife, the blessed Madonna, was in true actual fact a virgin! And doesn't the Ten Commandments say "Honour thy mother and thy father"?

The Greeks never honoured their mothers and fathers and were true heathens although they gave us the Olympics. Yes their mythology is full of anti-maternal and anti-paternal, for instance wasn't it Oedipus who murdered his mother to marry his father?

And if you were to have this month's issue of "The World Today" which is chock full of an expose on the Greek so-called civilization you could read about them for absolutely nothing. "Sodom and Gomorrah", you're apt to say "how can we give away a highly polished finest grain paper printed with indelible ink with multicolour pictures on facing pages and give it away for absolutely nothing?" It's simple, the Lord has given man much knowledge and he has before our eyes given us the miracle of the mailing list! Yes, you will receive your "The Plain Jane" absolutely free but as well will receive tempting offers of night-lamp Christs that glow in the dark, live lamb

you can raise in your spare time, rosewood holy altars to sanctify any room of your house you wish to gain true total family religious fulfillment, as well as a convenient prayer spot for the worldly confessions of your family members and also double as a tax break.

'Sodom and Gomorrah' you say and I only wish I could be in your own living room to wash your mouth with soap. The true living Sodom and Gomorrah is here today in Las Vegas--sin, sin, sin, you know I was there to see the devil at work and the devil does work against the Lord. The devil is everywhere, he works the roulette wheel, he's that beady-eyed croupier, he shaves the dice, yes the devil is everywhere and this is most apparent in Las Vegas. And the devil does work against the Lord, which I found out for myself and all my listeners by losing fifteen thousand of the Lord's very holy dollars sent in by the readers of "The Plain Jane" to gain true religious appeasement as offered on the inside of every cover every month. But I learned my lesson, I saw the Lord and the work of the devil. Yes there is a devil and he lives in Las Vegas and this fifteen thousand dollars is not lost to the devil, it is a sacrifice, a marvelous sacrifice, it confirms the existence of the devil thus I say "Praise the Lord" and we shall rid ourselves of this locust upon mankind.

Yes, this is Garnish Red Legsupport and this may be my last time on your radio as Umbilical College's funds are rapidly depleting and I ask that you the listener through your God-given generosity, send some pittance to continue this show and the work started by Umbilical College and help destroy the devil's hordes who are at the gates of mankind and infiltrating the true American religious ideal. So until next time, God willing, this is Garnish Red Legsupport saying send your earthly money to our heavenly quest. The address is Umbilical College, Sacramento, California or our new campus Umbilical College, Las Vegas, Nevada helping defend God's bastions amidst the devil's hordes in the desert of Nevada.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Gorman Attached - Rick Lesoway
Rick Lesoway, a former student at UVic, has appeared previously in Kharaki.

The Bonded Closing - Patrick Hackett
Patrick Hackett is a first year English student at UVic.

Perlita's Birthday - Robert McCutchen
Robert McCutchen, a former UVic Music student stems originally from Wyoming. His travels include a long visit to Ibiza, Spain and he is presently on a world-wide trip with his wife and young daughter.

martlet magazine

february 1973

Editor - Diane Styles

Address submissions to Editor, The Martlet Magazine, c/o SUB, University of Victoria.

*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Shepherd - Charles Dilba

Charles Dilba, a third year student in Political Science, is also enrolled in the creative writing division. He has been previously published in the B.C. Access Catalogue.

Graphics - David MacLean

David MacLean, a first year student in UVic Theatre has been commissioned for several paintings and murals. He is also co-founder of a poster company and is currently working on some ink sketches for several local notables.