

# Arts Council

## Fallacy of logic

The person who seeks pure logic claims basically that his success is to become celestial. What is logic without dogma? Will not one's search for pure logic bring him finally to a different destination than another? Really the most logical conclusion to begin with is that the search for logic is in itself a form of self preservation and then is terribly narrow and non-humanistic in its purest sense.

A hermit might well reach a point of categorized thinking and argument that can grant some peace to his mind but in the end, it would only take one question from a chanced upon wanderer to break the form of his geometrical thinking. After all, if a circle is really a circle, how then does a tangent exist?

In reality the ultimate end of a person's logic is that he becomes the most perfect "him" that he can be.

What a logic seeker condemns in the religious and aesthetic, that being the search for deity or the spiritual, is really a self-condemnation on his part of his search for pureness in logic is as much a religious quest as the most devout Christian or suicidal terrorist. Logic has become to him, a god, to which he bows down offering his time, money, energy, and highest aspirations as tokens of worship to this formless deity that his faith seeks. I say faith for faith is really a trust in something that is unseen, yet believed. In fact, biblically, it is faith that gives evidence of the existence of the unseen. The logician uses many tools for navigation. His compass is analysis, his sextant is education, his rudder is reason and his keel is faith. As he tries to steer himself through the seas of his experience, his direction can never be really defined, as the rudder of his reason is tested from side to side or even in full circle. His sextant may not always read correctly, for, what education is there that is unchanging or cannot be expanded upon? If his compass is analysis how will he ever know that it points to true north since he holds it close to the lodestone of subjectivity.

The truth is the only thing that keeps him from tipping over is his faith, trust and hope he has in what he so desperately wants to be true and must believe for he has no other course to navigate.

I wonder how many of these are washed onto the rocks of nihilism by the rising and falling tides of experience?

Or how many purposely beach themselves on the sands of decision and say "come what may, I believe!" It is these poor souls that find they are on an island, with no inhabitants or vegetation but only many pools in which the castaway must forever see his reflection and wonder why no one else wants to share his truth. If he looked out to sea he would notice it littered with little pool-covered islands like his own.

Jamie Weber

# Looking through the eyes of love

It has been said that love is blind. I tend to feel love actually has less of a blinding effect than we may think. Actually, whoever coined that phrase probably did it out of sarcasm as he observed someone take note of the beauty of one he found to be rather homely. In my mind he missed the whole truth of the matter. Love doesn't blind, it enhances vision.

When looking through the eyes of love, a face is not just a face, it is a thing of beauty. Love takes its

time when it uses its eyes. It does not brush over someone and say, "they are pretty average". It stops and soaks in every detail. Eyes are no longer just eyes. They become crystal, sparkling above a hazel, or blue, or smoky grey mirror of someone's soul. Love sees the gentle turn of the eyebrow as it softly brushes her forehead. Ever tiny line holds a unique beauty in the eyes of love. Even the tiny little freckles under the eyes cause it to smile. You see, when you really

love someone you grow to love THEM not their outwardness. A face becomes more beautiful as we get to know the person behind it. Really, the outward person becomes a beautiful symbol to us of the person whom we really have grown to love, the one inside. Thus, real love does not change when the outward does. That is why an eighty year old man can look into the wrinkly face of an eighty year old woman and tell her she is beautiful. If true love is ex-

cercised over time beauty grows. That is why the mother of a deformed child can hug it with all her heart because she knows the real person is not on the outside. But don't you see? It is not that love has made her blind to the deformities on the outside, it has opened her eyes to the real beauty that is only to be found as it is sought for through the eyes of love.

Jamie Weber  
April 12, 1986

## Sic transit gloria mundi...

To some he's but  
A tattered bird-  
A cock out-cast  
No longer of the flock.  
Too bony too  
To make to stew-  
And yet! And yet!  
There was a time  
When in the yard  
His prime feathers  
Raised a cackle.  
He had his points-  
All nine of them-  
Straight of blade  
And wattle-proud  
He strode atop the midden,  
Crowing proudly to his brood.

It is his gait  
That I remember best;  
Stately, slow,  
His breast out-thrust,  
His russet cape aglow  
In the sun (who was,  
By Jove! his slave  
And rose at his behest.)

The while,  
A breath of wind -  
A bated breath-  
Tickled his princely sickles,  
As he flapped his wings,  
Gently, of course,  
And just enough,  
To fluff his cape,  
Remind this lot,  
He was no chicken for the pot,  
But a Prince of a bird  
Endowed by birth  
With a set of spurs  
To scratch the earth,  
Hunt down the worm -  
A noble sport,  
Which brought him much renown  
Among the midden classes.

Poor Prince  
His tatty saddle plumes,  
His sagging comb,  
And floppy points  
Are all reminders,  
as he struts alone,  
That splendour  
Passes.

## The Visit

What was it  
Roused me  
From my bed?  
A thought -  
I thought -  
Was long, long dead.  
It lead me ,  
Slowly,  
Down the stair;  
Held me by  
My short white hair.  
Eyes agape and  
Straight ahead,  
Each oaken step  
I stepped in dread.  
I felt it fumble  
Up my back -  
Knot itself at  
Nape and neck.  
Then,  
Slow and cold  
That twisted fear  
Uncurled itself  
From ear to ear.

Michele Hackstetter

## Without The Spirit

Words may weave and seem profound  
but they will make a sickly sound  
Without the Spirit  
A voice may speak and seem so wise  
but truth will twist to useless lies  
Without the Spirit  
A mind can churn in ceaseless pain  
and it will not be free again  
Without the Spirit  
Some say they're friends but words are weak  
What once smelled sweet begins to reek  
Without the Spirit  
Still, I'm a fool to write these lines  
and think that it can reach men's minds  
Without the Spirit  
I sit inside this flesh-bound shell  
and know that it would burn in hell  
Without the Spirit  
But hell can be found day to day  
for chosen ones who choose to stray  
Without the Spirit  
I've found that road more times than not  
and fallen into Satan's plot  
Without the Spirit  
Without the Spirit isn't true  
for one who's saved like me or you  
He sealed us when we gave our souls  
but we can live out worthless roles  
Without the Spirit

James Weber

## Suspended by chris wind

she sits in the third row  
at the second desk  
wearing one of those new skirts  
with words on it--  
her words are in black and blue:  
all dressed up and nowhere to go.

the laws of her country won't allow her ever to go back  
and the laws of this country won't allow her to go forward  
until she looks like, speaks like, acts like, thinks and feels like us.

the first one is easy,  
she has done it already.  
the second two are more difficult  
though she is learning in my class, and she is trying hard.  
but the last two are almost impossible--  
and she cries with each cut across the grain:  
she is made in Taiwan.

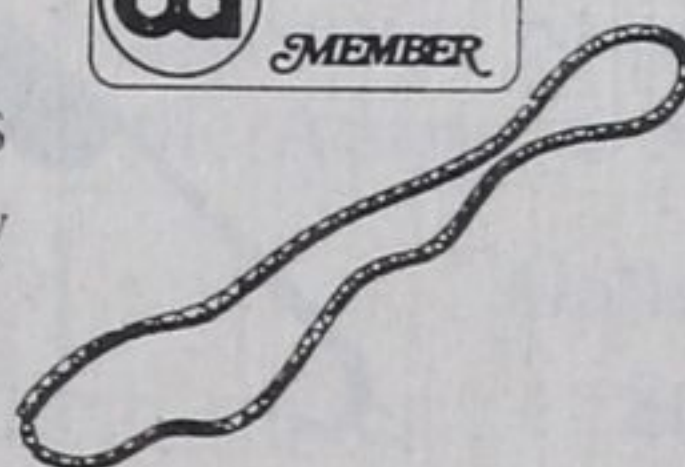
chris wind

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