

'WHOREHOUSE' AT UNB

Yes there is
A 'Whorehouse'
In UNB campus
And another one downtown Fredericton

I have been fearing
To go near to it
From that day
SRC gave me the Frosh kit
And read the warning on V.D.

V.D.
If that means Verbal Diarrhea
I didn't talk
If that means Vomiting Disease
I didn't eat at the SUB
If that means Vascular Dysphoria
I didn't go to the gymnasium
If that means Veneral Disease
I didn't go near the 'Whorehouse'

So what did I do?
I drank coffee
Because I saw Prof. Heath do so in summer
I became objective
Because Prof. Mitchell taught me how
I cranked out projects
Because Prof. Steeves taught me how
I opened up
Because Prof. Doak taught me how
I shrank a few inches
Because Prof. Florian taught me how
I wore a heavy jacket
Because Prof. Hache asked me if I felt cold
I exercised Cerebral Hygiene
Because Prof. Rehorick mentioned it
I spread propaganda
Because Prof. McNutt taught how it could be done
I made and collected birds
Because Prof. Leblanc told me
That the 'missing link' between man and ape
Is no more valid
And that
Some of what we read
Will go to the birds
So also the Planet of Apes
Is no more
But the Planet of Birds
Remember the Biblical Dove!
I intensified my efforts
When I heard a CBC call
To spare food for birds in winter.
I drank Coke
Because I considered it a good balance
For all spheres of life
And
Pondered on Whorehouses
Because Motiso told me he lived above one
And never had sexual hang-ups

So
Where is the UNB 'Whorehouse'?
I struck on it
Only to find that I was an honorary member
Of the UNB 'Whorehouse'.

I walked in
Started at the ground floor
Fishing my way up
I saw all of them
Some Red
Others Green
Even Black
But most of them White
At least the insides are white.

They are numbered and categorized
For your self-selection
Thick ones
Long and thin ones
Small, Medium, Large, Extra large, Double extra ...
Some only one sheet thick
Other loose with backbones having news
All sorts

The same pattern
In second and third floors
I didn't go

To the Basement
Where the reserved ones reside

In the alleys
The seekers walk stealthily
Occasionally you hear the noises
Wooooo ...
Of yawning
So they move out
To smoke
To drink
Or to eat hamburger
Depending on time and amount of exhaustion
After the job.

The rest curse
Fuckk!!
Shit!!
Others do it gently and quietly
Or just scratch the head
If the performance is low

Going out
Many outlets
But all lead to that Gentleman
At the entrance
Who checks you didn't steal

Not Cash, And No Cash
But just that you didn't steal
He forgets though
To ask
How much do you have in the head?
That's where all you stole is
But down below
You are coiled or cold
Because you couldn't serve two masters
Except exceptionals.

If however
You liked the taste
Or felt stimulated to rise later
You could sign out
A maximum of three or ...
For a further two weeks
You could also
Photostat some
At a minimal charge of 5 cents
For your seeing pleasure later
If you fear the whole
But
Exhaustion, pregnancy or ruin
Of your head
Depends on your temperance
He has no energizers, safes, nor reconditioner
You were mature enough
Before you got admission
Into UNB
And taste the fruits
Of the middle tree of Wisdom and Knowledge
Stored in HARRIET IRVING LIBRARY

On top of all the heroes
I cited before
Is one Greater than all
The President, Dr. John Anderson
Who told me at LBR

...after you have taken so much you will feel you
owe so much to the Professors and the Institution
that you will want to pay back someday...

All of them have visited it
WEMO also visited it
To take his share of
Intellectual Exercises
I.E.
Industrial Education
That's what I study.

Ps:
Remember to return what you borrowed at the end
of the fortnight and sign out more in order to promote
academic prostitution for which there is no
mind-adultery as long as you don't defile your mind
with ideas on capitalism, communism, or socialism
and forget your creator.

THE GIFT

I see
You

Melting away
Into a smoke-filled
Corridor.
By this door
I stand, silently
Pleading,
My defenses
Broken down.
I see you
Engulfed
By a menacing cloud
As you cast me away
Carelessly,
Having presented
Your costly gift of
Rejection.

Idil Ozerdem
1975

DEPRIVED

See not
The one
Needing only
Your soothing lies.
Hear not
The silences
Echoing - over
And over - returning,
Meaningless.
Listen not
To her eyes.
See her not,
Loveless,
Craving only
You - the omnipotent;
Seeking shelter
In your arms;
Only too aware,
You belong to another
See her not,
This erring woman,
Dying,
Deprived.

Idil Ozerdem
1976