

Maidenhead

--- Lumpy Gravy ---

How can it be that in any field, especially that of progressive music, one of its most critically acclaimed exponents is one of the most unsuccessful? This is the way with the Kinks, a group of four young Englishmen that have been producing excellent music ever since their conception in 1964. I don't think I have ever seen an uncomplimentary review of a Kink's album. And yet ever since they stopped producing hit parade music and seriously settled down to attempt more meaningful music, they have been largely ignored. This music has become more sophisticated and intelligent, and an audience that has been supposed to be keeping pace has fallen quite far behind. It is really quite unexplainable. A music audience that prides itself on its ability to choose legitimate musical individuality over a mere "catchy tune" has failed repeatedly to give the Kinks the attention and recognition they have deserved. It is especially amazing when one thinks of who this audience is. Generally, the more adventuresome segment of the young people, those termed long hairs and hippies by good folk, are the people interested here. The Kinks "bag," so to speak, is social criticism, a pastime that is reflected to some degree in most of the audience.

For the past three years and four albums The Kinks have musically expressed their

somewhat cynical views on the English middle class way of life. This cynical view has evolved into their latest album, a closely knit collection of songs written for a TV special, entitled ARTHUR — or The DECLINE and FALL of the BRITISH EMPIRE. Here they chronicle a day in the life of their "average British citizen" who is reflecting on a long hard life in the "glorious motherland."

Ray Davies, the leader and writer of the Kinks songs shows his amazing insight into the lives of these people.

"Put on your slippers and sit by the fire,

You've reached your top and you just can't get any higher . . .

Sit back in your old rocking chair

You need not worry you need not care,

You can't go anywhere."

And ever if the genius presented in the lyrics were not enough, one would think The Kinks could succeed on their music alone. Although their music has become more sophisticated, they have remained faithful to rock. As a result they now produce, along with The Rolling Stones, what is undeniably the best hard rock music coming from across the ocean. They have subdued toughness and are able to refrain from the excess exhibited by the less experienced of their contemporaries.

If You Return

"Get out of it you fool." The voice fled past him and wailed into the distance. He spun about, his eyes widening in fright. "Oh God," he screamed. "God God God, help me get free of this. Get free."

But God shook his head.

And it started again; the terror, the disbelief. He fell to his belly screaming and pleading. "Not me, not me, I've never done anything, not anything. I'm innocent." Except the word came out in three distinct sounds, wretched from the throat of a terrified animal. A terrible animal. "In . . . no . . . cent."

Which just may have been true.

Abject, terrible fear can not be described; it can only be felt. Felt in the way a condescent rod of steel is felt while being jabbed into your guts. Burning, searing, stinking pain. Screaming pain. He felt such terror, he groveled and whined in such horror. Black, scorching horror.

He looked kind of funny.

That which had started in such a small way now mushroomed. Poof, poof, poof. The circle became smaller, the sounds increased. It had been a long time occurring, and most did their best to ignore it. Those who saw it at home mouthed the word 'inevitable' and learned to accept. But it was coming. And he knew it. He lay there twisting and moaning like a woman with a butchered abortion; gasping, gurgling, sucking all the air he could into his shaking body. Then he looked up and saw that it was very near . . . very near indeed.

It was very near indeed.

A burp startled him, making him look quickly around. There was a circumference of yammering vacant figures and noise; they were jibbering from the grasses, the trees. It was almost upon him. But the burp had sounded above all that, and he slowly realized that he had made it himself. He lay there, shaking and screaming, facing all the horrors of a perverted imagination, and he had burped. He stopped to think that over. A burp; how human could one get? a burp; he was facing this, this . . . he looked around him with fearful eyes . . . and what did he do — burp. My God, he thought, that is funny; real stupid queer funny. So funny that he started to giggle. He started to laugh. He looked at himself, he looked at them, and with trembling legs he got to his feet. He stooped over and picked up a knarled tree limb, half wishing that it could have been the jaw of an ass. The noise about him was terrific, yet he managed to squeak out his pathetic challenge. "All right you bastards, come on."

Which rather surprised the whole damn lot of them.

Dale Estey

WRONG TIME

Remember how I first made you
On the sandt beach
Near where all the sweet skinned
Cherries grow
There was nor a wave that day
As we lay
Clothed in nothing but love
For each other.

It was a simple thing
So simple-natural
And done so many millions
Of times before
Then why does each newly joined
Couple think
That there never was nor will be
Another love like theirs?

So remember me in the shadows
Of night
After we love and pledge
The wrong one
And you feel your first child
At your breast, know
That child and I should be
Mine and yours.

Dale Hinchey

ALONE

A solitude,
to unbound the soul
trapped in an orpanage of existence.
A shaft of, thought,
to penetrate an ebon of infinity
tied to itslef by quarks of nothingness.
A single lover,
to struggle with question
of grey origin and transcient eternity.
Seeks answer
by her fleeting prescence.
in denied emotion and imperfect mind.

Donald Tishton

1800 - 1900 - 2000

She sweats and groans
yet tries to hold back
the birth of new life.
The natural way, though slow
some say is best
the pain's to be savoured.
Others would slash her belly open
and maybe sew her up again.
I am only the midwife
Will I dip my blood in the afterbirth?

Janet Ellen Poth

Lost Neighborhood - A Review

by richard adams

In an article in the Maidenhead, Dr. Fred Cogswell outlined the need to foster creative writing on campus. Dr. Cogswell practices what he preaches, and several times a year publishes slim volumes of poetry in the *Fiddlehead Poetry Books* series. These volumes represent a sampling of some of the promising young poets and the interesting older poets, both of whom encounter some difficulty dealing with the rather conservative (mercenary) large publishing companies.

One of the more recent volumes in the series is by a young (24), one time STU student Terry Crawford. His *Lost Neighborhood* is a closely knit series of poems that contrasts the idealic dream-world of childhood to the nightmare reality in the 20th Century.

The little poem, a series of ten short poems, is placed at the end of the volume seemingly to indicate that the black and white world there envicaged (mostly white) does not represent nostalgic yearning but accusation. The ecstatic rhythms of youthful exuberance, and the simple images of games, "skipping ropes", "butterflies" and "caramels in June" contrasts sharply with the matter-of-fact rythms and horrific images of the earlier poems. Any emotions of nostalgia that are evoked are quickly suppressed by the memory of the reality that this youthful potential is distorted in.o. (Other poems in Mr. Crawford's manuscript apparently deal with the process of "education" of children into typical citizens.

The typical citizen of Crawford's real world is a lifeless victim of a society

steeped in violence and cruelty and he casts a cynical view of man's progress and achievements.

The old game of cat and mouse becomes in "Cat Syndrome" an image of man's terror of unknown enemies. Defenceless in a society of predators, the victim reacts to his fear in the only way left — violence. Crawford's accuses the man: you turn to your lover "and bit her breasts till you drew blood."

But far more damning in Crawford's view is the loss of compassion and vitality. Confronted by violence and cruelty in films, "we laugh in all the wrong places." We rejoice in the violence done to others. This loss of compassion becomes a loss of passion. Riddled with fears and in the face of indifference man not only destroys life but loses contact with it.