

Lydia Languish would love it

Founders poetry book drips exquisite agony

By OAKLAND ROSS

It's much harder to be a poet than to be a critic, and the poet is to be admired more than any critic. Bearing that in mind . . .

Direction Number 1, the first issue of a tri-annual Founders College publication of student poetry and graphics, has recently been released on campus. It's sub-

title Between Cathedrals, which is a line from a poem by one of the editors, G. Gilbert-Grey.

Exquisite Agony, the title of a poem by the other editor, David H. Jorgensen, would have been more appropriate. The poems in this collection, almost without exception, were written while their writers wore silk gloves. They

were written in fumigated garrets as the various poets sipped sherry from sanitized glasses and swooned in front of full-length mirrors.

The dominating theme of the booklet is that there is something wrong with sharing one's bed unless one mopes and waxes poetic about the whole thing for years afterward. For example, the final three stanzas of Jorgensen's poem, One Year Ago Today:

In the end we were betrayed.

*Siezed by heartless passion
which dragged us both to the bed
and raped us both.*

*Silent at its ending;
we, in horror of our hollow act,
could not speak;
but gently, from eye to eye,
made our final love
in parting.*

Or this excerpt from an untitled poem by Gilbert-Grey:

*Let us lie naked
side by side
have eyes of youthful lovers
I am in need
of a laugh
a soft touch
I have been seen too much of
tears*

It's all so exquisite. One is aloft in a cloud of sublime vapours and can hardly keep from fainting.

The poems dwell in a Lydia Languish realm, far removed from the sordid events of the workaday world — a realm

wherein having fun is faintly sinful and wherein there is no love like platonic, or better yet unrequited, love.

The poems are refreshingly simple to understand. If there is ever a momentary obscurity, the poet quickly recovers and explains it away. A short, untitled poem by Jan Wotton describes a girl sitting alone at a bar, waiting to oblige the first man who asks her, "wanna ball?"

The description could probably teeter on its own, but Wotton obviously feels the poet is remiss in his duty in he does not drive home his own interpretation. And so she explains: "That's loneliness — That's nakedness — That's need". And, just in case her point has not been made, she adds: "NAKED NEED".

Powerful.

Virtually all of the poems in the collection are of the smelling-salts-and-perfumed-handkerchief variety. There are a few exceptions, including a long stream of consciousness piece by Brenda Byrne entitled Boulder Hill Puzzle Pieces. It's about guitar strings, cuckoo birds and red ants.

Artists sell ware well in C. Square

An artisans' festival is being sponsored by CYSF from December 1 to December 5th in Central Square. A number of craftsmen are going to sell and demonstrate their craft. The festival will also include live musical and theatrical entertainment. If you have something to offer and want to participate, please call Greg Martin (661-1449), or J. Sugar (667-3672) or the CYSF office at 667-2515.

Love & Marriage

From Ingmar Bergman with love: Scenes from a Marriage comes this way this weekend, courtesy of Winters Films, all three nights at 8:30 p.m. in CLH I. A visceral portrayal of marriage as only those who have been there can understand. \$1.50 with York I.D.

A third of the poems in the collection are by the co-editors and the rest might as well have been. The consistency of style is amazing. In fact, it raises serious questions about the flexibility of Direction's editorial policy.

Don't read Direction Number 1 unless you have a rose garden handy — and lots of insecticide.



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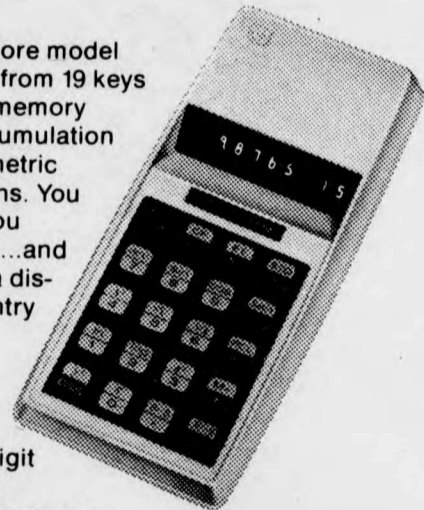
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