

Your Thoughts

Slowly,  
As the sun goes down  
Beyond those hills  
And the crimson skies  
Get darker and darker  
Till they become inseparable  
From the night itself

The birds, the wilds, the man,  
And all that is life, doses off  
As nature winds up  
Another busy day

Even the bustling highway  
Simmers back to dizziness

The lights shine up,  
One by one  
And this city  
Becomes another galaxy  
In the infinite universe

Then the night falls  
So slowly, so softly, so quietly  
Your thoughts come to my mind  
And I keep awake, waiting  
While the whole world sleeps

But, you don't come  
And in the morning  
I rub my eyes and say  
You don't wanna come, then don't  
But ask your thoughts  
They shouldn't come either.  
[Hi! Gwen]

Jaswinder

## Strings at Gallery

The Brunswick String Quartet is composed of Joseph Pach, founder and well-known Canadian violinist and resident musician at U.N.B. since 1964; violinist Paul Campbell, a native of New Brunswick and former member of the National Art Centre Orchestra in Ottawa; James Pataki, former principal violist of the Hungarian Philharmonic and resident musician at U.N.B. since 1970; and Richard Naill of Los Angeles, California, former principal cellist of the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra.

The Beaverbrook Art Gallery and the Brunswick String Quartet cordially invite you and your friends to these noon-hour concerts. No admission will be charged.

The Quartet-in-Residence at the University of New Brunswick, the Brunswick String Quartet, will present three (3) noon-hour concerts, (12:30 p.m.) at the Beaverbrook Art Gallery on December 7, 1976, January 11, 1977, and March 15, 1977. The Quartet will play the following programmes on the dates indicated:

December 7, 1976, 12:30 p.m.  
Beethoven Quartet, Opus 59, #1;  
Haydn Quartet

January 11, 1977, 12:30 p.m.  
Beethoven Quartet, Opus 59, #2

March 15, 1977, 12:30 p.m.  
Beethoven Quartet, Opus 59, #3;  
Haydn Quartet

# P O E M S

### ECHOES OF MY MIND

I love those days, the sweet old days  
Of proud displays, of my soiled armour  
Awaiting the applause to come any time  
I had conquered my pie with my own hands

I cherish those moments, those walks  
In the fields, my laughter ringing out loud  
Hearing the echoes and being amazed  
At the wonders I seem to have found

I remember when those curiosity flights  
Painted hues pictures of a wonderland  
When the desire to love all I saw  
Made me reach out and take them by the hand  
But now,  
I seem to have forgotten how to laugh  
I was to grow up, take a forward stride  
Search for higher things, I knew not what or why  
On the way I lost the touch, to enjoy the simple fruits  
of life  
I have grown up

You can't smile when misery is around  
You, they say, are walking on a cloud  
Be it so, I don't care  
I want my laughter back

AFTAB PATLA

### FOR CHARLEY, THE CAT [AND ME]

We're old and weak, some people say,  
can barely hear, sleep night and day . . .  
But they don't even suspect  
that we know wonderful things:  
Learned when I slaved in Egypt  
and you were a god to kings.

MAURICE SPIRO

### To L

Do you love me, or do you not?  
You told me once, but I forgot.

From T

**Answers**

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## "Be gone, have done! Down, Wanton, down!"

—Robert Graves

By MARG MAGDALIN

It is human nature to forget, misplace and even lose things from time to time. Some people misplace things more often than others, but who claims to be so puritan perfect that they have never lost anything at least once in his or her lifetime? The number, I am fortunately certain, is small. Of course people don't always lose things accidentally. Oftentimes, we forget for survival. What professor has never heard the song "I worked all night . . . but I forgot to bring . . . Or what law officer has never heard "I really have a license . . . but I must have lost it". However, the thing people are most likely never to admit not having lost, whether purposely or not, is their virginity.

Certainly it is a daring person who freely admits to either having lost or not lost his/her virginity. Not that there would be reason for such an outburst, but virginity represents modern societies' greatest hush-hush blush taboos. The people who haven't lost their pureness are more embarrassed by the fact that they haven't, than those who have and know it ain't no big deal anyway. It used to be you weren't a good [pure, unsullied] if you lost it before marriage, and little boys weren't good men until they had, anytime. Luckily morals changed and chastity no longer represents the issue it once was. Anyway, didn't Napoleon, conquerer of greater Europe die of some unspeakable communicable dis-

ease, and wasn't George Washington the father of that great nation [Do you think he did that, immaculately]. Myths aside, who can forget their own blushing backroom memories? Sooner or later we all had our own teen-angle sequence of events with our own Betty Lou. "Please . . . no. No! Oh . . . But of course she meant yes and that was it - gone with the wind. And every guy has to remember with Clarke vent puritan resentment [di he ever score with Lois Lane?] that big eighth grader, years ahead of his peer groups, bullshitting in the locker rooms - "Blah, Blah . . . made it with ten at once. . . oh yea. . . last Saturday . . . blah - and it wasn't until the few agonizing years 'til you grew up and realized

how much talk it had been how little action. But what about that little fourth-grader who overheard it all two lockers down. "I lost it in the back seat. She lost it on a drunk last weekend. Fred lost it in his parent bedroom. Wow! Now can you picture the fourth grader trying to figure out what everybody had lost, what it looked like, what it felt like, and how he could lose it if he wanted to? Finally, he goes to his best friend and finds out the partial truth bug-eyed and red-eared. Then, that one great orgasm of reality comes - mommy and daddy must have . . . ! [The facts are at your disposal but as far as a conclusion . . . I have lost my morals.]

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