

Poetry

RAIN UPON THIS LITTLE HOUSE

I was warm
when they woke me
now I lie cold
with blankets to my neck
I listen
they taptap tap the roof
drip off the eaves to
fall into the grass
near this little house
It will grow tall now
like the vines
round the House of Usher
I will have to clip it
early tomorrow
I listen
like feet they land
each with a plunk
I can not count them
when I listen and try
I could unlock the green door
go out and set jars
in the grass to save some
but there is no proper coat
behind the closet door
I would be damp
in bed afterward
I listen
and there leaks
will they drip
from the dark I stare at
will there be puddles
on the floor in the morning
cold and silent and
from the sky.

A.B.

Pensiveness (Part 1)

being shovelled along a path
doing what someone wants of me
When I ask some questions -
concerning my wants and desires
being told not to let my ambitions
and my priorities go to my head
how am I supposed to react?
take it all so calm, and let it pass
without a word of wonderment as
to the content of the statement?
I ran, I got and now I will work
as I see fir for something I
believe
in and do my best for everyone
-not for a personal ego trip
slowly revealing what I like and
dislike
whenever I see the relevency
behind it,
when I ask of you to do the same
I get in reply-try and you'll find
out, makes me more inclined not
to
explore and find out for myself
because
of the apparent attitude you have
taken
of me as of late-distain, then,
you start guiling me ahead to do
what you want, when you want-
remember I said slow it down?
fell much like an ice cube when I
want to say something like that.
Everyone needs and wants things
at times-I've tried to give you
that but I feel as though you
thing that I'm not putting out
enough-what shall I do?
when you sit and come out with
revealing statements as to what
we do
together; I cringe, It's stupid I
know,
but some people aren't idiots as
you may think, a few can add
up statements very well.

NATACHIA

THIS IS MY HOUSEBOAT

This is my houseboat
floating down green rivers,
stopping at wharves,
to invite rare cats
and ladies aboard --
but I will be honest
there are only one-eyed
greyhaired fishermen
who spit at my boat
and commit me to hell.

This is my houseboat
by day I sink hook and line
into passing ripples
and snap up trout and salmon,
drinking white wine
from black bottles,
singing hymns in the sun,
playing dulcimer if
the waters are empty.

This is my houseboat
by night I wear
a hat and land boots,
mooring to a strong tree,
sneaking overland to green fields,
taking corn and potatoes,
laying gold coins in their place.

And in the moonlight
I clean my fish
letting the guts go into the river.
I boil my corn and potatoes,
set my table, wish their were
cats and ladies to dine with.
I will go inside to bed
if it rains.

I will say grace
if the moon still lives.
This is my ouseboat.
Do you believe me?

A.B.

TO YOU (hoping you read the Brunswickan)

Have you ever seen
the bridge
that spans across
three oceans
three continents?
Have you ever seen
the link?
Have you?
Have you?
I see fall's flame colours
the terrible beauty of decay.
And I know
that you and I
are like the evergreens
unchanging through the seasons;

My heart will forever-
remain on this side
of the bridge
across three oceans
three continents
three generations.
And yours on
the opposite side
of the bridge not yet built.
C.M. Fredericton

NOTE: The review of the
Brunswick Quartet Concert (Nov.
2) was inadvertently printed
unsigned.

It was written by Neil
Swindells and Julian Pattison.

I MAKE MY HOME

I make my home
on rocky hills,
in a stone tower,
in the works of old cars
left in fields.
I make my home
in a haystack,
beneath an afgam,
where I indulge inslow
long rich men's dreams.
I take my residence in a stray cat
who scratches feeposts.
I take my residence
in a herd of tired cattle
bothered by sun and flies.
I own my life
like a laid bet
like a dived kite,
I spend my days
in broken pencils and ninny
rhymes
and hide-and-seek
with the shadows of the furniture.

Only in the night
do I live,
light as moon,
rippled as water.
I stay awake at the gate
watching my dirty white sheep,
watching for fire in the pasture,
a bucket of water at my side.
A.B.

1942

A.B.

I had my collar up
But the rain came through
Ran into my eyes
Mingling with the tears
I ran through the night
Heels knocking on the cobbles,
Echoing between the overhanging
buildings

My fedora spongy with wet
My gun slippery in the fingers
A car is coming!
Long, black, glistening headlights
Slicking through steamy gray fog
I stop under a streetlight
One with the night
The motor purrs, the tires rest
The car sits in the puddles
Its interior masked in gloom
A cigarette flares red
The lock clicks
I opened the door
Cheap perfume and rings
She says
"Get in and close the door. Its
raining."

J.C. Taylor

BEAVERBROOK ART GALLERY
NOON HOUR FILM PROGRAMME
"ALICE NEEL:
COLLECTOR OF SOUL"
"KURELEK"
Thursday, November 15, 1979
12:30 p.m.
Admission Free

BEAVERBROOK ART GALLERY
NOON HOUR MUSIC PROGRAM
BRUNSWICK STRING QUARTET
Tuesday, November 13, 1979
12:30 p.m.
ADMISSION FREE

Programme:
Haydn String Quartet
op 17 no. 1
Beethoven op. 95

Reelspeel

by Gerry Laskey
HAIR
Now Playing at Gaiety Theatre, 7 & 9

I had a lot of reservations about seeing Hair and when we sat down in a sparsely populated theatre I feared my reservations would be confirmed. By and large, they were.

I didn't know much about the original Broadway play, really only a few songs I'd heard from it. I like some of the songs so I figured that although I expected no "message" of substance perhaps it would be an enjoyable musical.

Well, a few of the renditions of the songs are very good and a couple of the vocalists really stand out, but overall it is unimpressive. The arrangements ring a bit hollow for a musical. The good performances are enjoyable, but they do stand out in stark contrast to the lower level of the rest of the movie.

This is the problem with this movie; it would feel nice to be able to just pan it - and overall we can - but there are some elements that are well done. It would be grossly unfair to dump on the actors, most of whom did an admirable job, particularly the star John Savage (who plays the country boy rescued from the draft by his hippie friends), in spite of the flatness of the screenplay.

Some of the technical aspects of the movie, the cinematography and the choreography are quite well done. One of the opening scenes with policemen's horses doing dance steps imitative of their human counterparts is well executed and amusing. The comedy really shines in places, but drifts into cliché quite often. An LSD fantasy scene is very good in terms of effects, acting and humor.

It is disappointing, however, that neither the music nor the comedy really manage to save Hair from the screenplay. Even for a musical, the story-line is very disjointed and quite peripheral to the flow of the movie. The "message" of the film revolves around the peace movement but the fashion in which it is done is almost a lampoon of the whole movement. You feel yourself in the place of the other side of the "Generation Gap", that all the hippies and protesters are just out for a good time and that they aren't much opposed to the war, but just couldn't be bothered with it.

Overall, I would definitely not recommend Hair. The two movies that are most like it - Godspell and Tommy - are more successful as rock musicals. Better to stay home and watch TV. I think even those familiar with the play or record and who like it would be disappointed with Hair's movie version. A movie musical must be more powerful (or in some way better) than a live one, to capture the same presence. The movie Hair falls down on this test.

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