

Maidenhead

Irving Layton-Juggler

Irving Layton, Canada's foremost poet, will give a poetry reading at UNB, Monday, Mar. 16 in Rm. 102 of Tilley Hall at 8 p.m.

Although Leonard Cohen has claimed much of the limelight on the Canadian literature scene, Layton still is the contemporary giant. He first attracted attention by his rather blatant celebration of sex and his coarse criticism of middle class mediocrity and hypocrisy.

Generously lumping everybody in the same basket, he accuses Canadians of being puritanic, neurotic, hung-up and generally lifeless - loveless and lustless. The symptoms of this dreaded condition being violence, cruelty, hatred, envy and impotence.

Ungenerous critics, usually victims of his barbed wit, dismiss Layton as an adolescent clown. But underneath the bombast lies a rich vein of passion, compassion and wit.

For all his wit and vitality,

Layton is essentially serious. He sees love and the imagination as the potential redemptive quality of man. Through the creative powers of the imagination, man can forget, transform or transcend the evil, the absurdity that typifies modern existence.

The obvious attribute of Layton is his passion for life. It shows up particularly when he reads his poetry - he roars his criticism, whispers his love and frolics through his witty and erotic poems.

In the prescript to one of his volumes, *Balls For A One-Armed Juggler*, Layton says:

There was a one-armed juggler who had two eyes, two ears, two feet and and two huge balls which he tossed into the air and call the antimomies...

Layton is the one-armed juggler - to-out Layton - One might say he has Canadian literature by the balls - come and watch him perform.

Departure

The mutinous crew setting Hudson adrift with a few comrades watched their slow murder shrink in the distant ice till the line of sight was blank And where were you but sulking away from the rest, washing your hands in the spray of the sea. For just once you could have told the truth, but there were no sensational headlines in the newspapers back home, only a few rumours and the question, "What ever did happen to the Captain?" and its implications.

But perhaps you weren't there, yet there was something said about Louis Riel begging for the blindfold not because of death or fear. It was the spectators and their eyes that made the execution possible.

Then (sorry this sounds like a catalogue) there was the North, the child-like people who took mirrors, beads and liquor in exchange for furs and the warm bodies of their wives. After leaving, all you left was Eskimo teeth rotting on white flour and the nebulous hunting party pulling up camp in the stink of rotting skinned seals.

Eddie Clinton

Books

Books on the shelves
People's minds in the books
We have to put their minds in ours
The people are dead
The people's minds are dead
The books are on the shelves.

Duncan Harper

For The Third Time

And my mind is the picture of a crumpled bit of paper drowning in the heavy heavy rain drifting now rushing finally slapped against a sewer drain and sucked out of existence.

David S. Peppin

Berry Picking

Silently my wife walks on the still wet furze Now dark green the leaves are full of metaphors Now lit up is each tiny lamp of blueberry. The white nails of rain have dropped and the sun is free.

And whether she bends or strightens to each bush To find the children's laughter among the leaves Her quiet hands seem to make the quiet summer hush - Berries or children, patient she is with these.

I only vex and perplex her; madness, rage are endearing perhaps but down upon the page; Even silence daylong and sullen can then Enamour as restraint or classic discipline.

So I envy the berries she puts in her mouth, the red and succulent juice that stains her lips; I shall never taste that good to her. now will they Displease her with a thousand barbarous jests

How they lie easily for her hand to take, Part of the unoffending world that is hers; Here beyond complexity she stands and stares And leans her marvellous head as if for answers.

No more the easy soul my childish craft deceives Nor the simpler one for whom yes is always yes; No, now her voice comes to me form a far way off Though her lips are redder than raspberries.

Author unknown

Early One Morning

We woke when the house was burning, no one warned us of the fire. In broad daylight, one fireman with one hose. There wasn't even a crowd to watch. "How did the fire start?" "Must've been on the inside, see how thick the smoke billows up and makes off into the air?"

From below, the house looks like it's never been burning. People go about their business. We even had time to put on some clothes and grab a few extra things before the flames got too unbearable.

The fire marshal didn't think it worth investigating, mumbled something about weather conditions.

Mothers were able to calm their babies before stepping out into the air so that not one cry was heard.

Louis Cormier

On Being Bitten By A Dog

A doctor for mere lucre performed an unnecessary operation making my nose nearly as crooked as himself

Another for a similar reason almost blinded me

A poet famous for his lyrics of love and renunciation toils at the seduction of my wife

And the humans who would like to kill me are legion

Only once have I been bitten by a dog.

Author unknown

Poem

Misunderstanding I placed my hand upon her thigh. By the way she moved away I could see her devotion to literature was not perfect.

In Search of Virginty

Dear Sir:

Mr. Pacey's well-worn literary cliché, "maidenhead", can be aptly answered with the political cliché: "the student as a nigger." If "Maidenhead" is designed to "reflect student

creative activity on campus", then why does Mr. Pacey feel the need for "JUSTIFICATION?" Not only does he patronizingly call his feature "literary virginity", but he must also apologize for the poetry itself.

Such "Justification" is not only judge-mental but also

insulting. Art is art It says what it says. It is neither good nor bad: it IS. The Brunswickan might well be appropriately less self-conscious of its divinely ordained role. Let he who is without virginity cast the first stone.

Anne Hale (Arts IV)

The Way It Is

Roses are Red,
Violets are Blue,
Carrots are orange,
Pot is brown!

Paul Hoar