

Lobster fishing from a lobster's view

By ANN FOOTE
Seal Cove, Grand Manan

The Plot?
Part I Taught
Part II Caught
Part III Pot. Pot? Pot!!!

When my 'berried' mother was caught by an unscrupulous fisherman, I was one of the many berries stuck fast to the underside of her tail. The fisherman was successful in brushing most of the berries from Mother, but she slipped from his slimy clutches, and sank deep into the soothing sea, where I was prematurely born.

Mother told me very little, but preferred to let me learn from Dame Experience as my life danced and floated lightly on top of the sea, and on the edges of time. I soon learned that caution is the eldest child of wisdom; and to profit from the misfortune of others. Although my life was a fun-time, I was well aware that every moment of life was but a backward flip to death. These things were taught to the lobster class in school, but a teacher who was an old tortoise—O, the things he taught us! We were told to beware of lobster-pots which were baited with yummy fish; that a lobster pot beneath the sea was a sure way to a boiling pot in Lobster Haven or some other restaurant. Personally, I didn't

bother much with Sunday School as I understood it was mostly for the edification of soles.

One night I was pleasantly surprised to meet my dear, crusty mother at a bar. She greeted me affectionately. "Hi, you young snapper, mark my words, you are asking for trouble. Everytime you get too big for your breeches and shed them for a larger pair, makes it more risky for you to go into lobster-pots and rob the bait bags. One of these days, you'll not get out until a man takes you out—then it'll be too late. Some lobsters never learn. Remember, you had a narrow escape once."

This was grossly unfair of mother. She took me into that pot. After all, how can a berry that's attached to its mother, be responsible for where it is taken? It might have been that unjust accusation that caused me to linger too long at the bar; but mother didn't linger, for with a wave of her mittened hand, and an admonition to steer clear of Machias Seal Island, where the damn Yankees always have lobster-pots set for unwary lobsters, my mother was gone.

I'd rather not say how or why I got trapped in that lobster-pot, as it certainly didn't come from a desire to see mortals. I was pleasantly surprised to hear that they were overjoyed to see me. In

fact, one mortal said, "Here's Bob. Let's take him home for dinner." Talk about hospitality! In a short time, I was in the company of many other young lobsters. We were very excited about the dinner we were invited to.

"Mother, where are you? Why didn't you tell me that a dinner pot is also a lobster pot?" The moon is making a path across the sea, but alas, the past ends at the water's edge and I'm ten feet away from there; frothing by the fire, waiting for the pot to boil; and I'm the Bob who is the guest of honour. Hold on! There's some other kind of pot they're talking

about, something they're smoking. Pot? Pot! The fragrance turns me on; the smoke in clouds all other clouds dispel and fills me with delight. Mother, you didn't tell me, but if at some bar we chance to meet again, I'll tell you how one whiff of pot enabled me to do a fifteen foot, forward flip to freedom, beneath the frothing foam. I have been a stranger in a strange land, and if I thought I could get to that third pot again by way of the fisherman's lobster pot, how gladly would I join the world of mortals, where nothing is too impossibly bad—especially if the world is going to pot.

"Silent Movie"

By MIKE CAMIOT

Ursula says if you're depressed you should go see this movie instead of "War and Peace". Davey says not to forget to mention the guy who gets in a word edgewise. OK. If you're depressed (or got nothing to do) and don't want to see "War and Peace" then you might as well mosey on down to the Gaiety and get in a few giggles at the "Silent Movie".

The film manages to combine the slapstick satire typical of Mel Brooks creations with the natural comedy that seems to be

traditional in silent films. For example, Brooks uses chase scenes, outlandish violence and showcase beauty, all typical plays of the old silent film, to construct his own silent film complete with his own brand of entertainment. Using this he carries the audience through a hilarious hour and a half of his own endeavors to revive the silent film and he does it silently.

In short, Silent Movie has a lot of small laughs, a few big laughs, some glimpses of a few bona fide stars (one of whom gets a word in edgewise); it's not a great movie, not even Mel Brooks best, but then again it's better than most.

Encounter [with a Women's Liberationist]

the rainbow

I once had a dream

I wanted to change everything I saw
The hairstyles, the clothes people wore
I wanted the nature to be my style
I wanted the people to see thru my eyes

I had to colour the world my way
So I went aloft on a sunny day
To find that I was not alone, not the first
Many more had the same dream, the same thirst

Like children we all dabbled in our paints
What turned out though, we were all amazed
We all gazed at the colourful rainbow
No one could speak, but our eyes did show

Our feelings that said

A one colour rainbow would not be nice
Nor would mixing the colours suffice
Let us leave it as it is
A colourful place to live in

aftab patla

No doubt she considers
my arguments wry
and me an old fool
behind bars,
but all I can hear
is a lonely girl cry
and all I can see
are her scars.

Maurice Spiro

Mna na h Eireann
(The Women of Ireland)
— A Tribute

Daughters of Eire,
Your moment is now in the sun.
You have put off complacency and fear,
Rise up, and conquer!

The Darkness of hate,
Your angelic voice lightens.
You are the Chi'dren of God,
The Peace makers.

No more, the will of thugs,
You have said, "Peace! It is enough."
You weep for your freedom,
Your children must live.

The cowards will melt away,
Their hate will devour itself.

You ride on the tide of love;
That Tide will sweep the shores
The shores of Ireland,
The shores of Earth.

— Gerry Laskey

Poetry

TIME

In search of oneself
looking deep within,
Freedom found captured;
Oh.....
The victim of fortune and demand.

Why must time overrule?

Tara Savage