

POET'S CORNER



NICK TELLER

HEATHER

I've never been to the country
Where the heather grows
Strong and fair for miles;
I can sense the smell of the heather
And the heat of the sun burning over the hills,
The softness: warm to the touch,
The ground asking to be kissed.
Time wouldn't matter, and
God! I'd be happy there.

Some I know have been there,
But the living heather
Cannot have lived with them.

Some day . . . who knows?—
Perhaps we'll be together,
And then, I swear, the heather
Will live, and live again.

PRAYER

The tall grass bent beneath her
And I prayed to God
That I might remember the moment forever.
I stood with feet apart, hands outstretched
The warmth of the wind touching
Skin and bone and soul.
The fields of cane away below,
The church and steeple and beyond
The line of surf
The solid coral underneath my feet
My own nakedness
And the moment froze.

The velvet of her hair and softly pale the grasses;
Her eyes were closed but she was smiling
And her arms lay stretched above her shoulders,
Free and smooth were her breasts and I could
feel them

Against my cheek and lips:
Anticipation, and my body shook
As her thighs quivered silently and quickly
When she moved so slightly.
Motionless I stood with burning eyes
As I thought of the day when I would be alone
When I would inevitably dream
When I would search for that very moment.

The tall grass bent beneath her,
And I prayed to God.

PLATTER MATTER

One side worn smooth with
Playing.
One side all the time and
It's everywhere.
They come and go but always
One side does the job
And it'll be like that always.
Mostly slapping rhythm sour lemons.
Just leaves a bad taste.

One side
More often bewitching, light and shadow of a
Difference.
Smooth sounds, entrancing in their entirety,
Kindling a deeper flame that
Burns with a fierce heat.

Nick Teller, our featured poet in this issue, is a business administration graduate of the class of 1958.

Nick was born in England, but he now calls Barbados, British West Indies, home. He came Up the Hill in the fall of 1954, and in his four years at UNB, maintained a high scholastic record, as well as being a valuable asset to many campus organizations. He was an ardent and often argumentative member of the SRC, and a member of the varsity swim team. At one time or another during his college years, he took active roles in the "Red 'n' Black", the Winter Carnival, and the Film Society.

Last spring, Nick received a Beaverbrook Overseas Scholarship and is now pursuing his studies at the London School of Economics.

For the six poems appearing in this edition, Nick shared the 1958 Bliss Carman Memorial Scholarship with John Stockdale.

ALIEN

Frightened, almost unbelieving,
He paces the concrete sidewalk.
Sour smell of a city oozing
Gold and horsepower,
The unfamiliar cold,
People eye him.
He feels alone and small
And sad.

He dreams of the soft white coral sand,
Of the swaying, rustling, fields of cane;
Of his wooden shack and paraffin lamp
And the girl he loved.

Now this sea of glass and steel:
Utopia!
He wishes he were either home
Or white.

WITHOUT END, AMEN

Hailstones, sheets of rain
Pelting,
Streets almost deserted, naked
Except for the odd form huddling in a doorway,
Sheltered.

Room cold, strange emptiness, no heat
In the pipes rusty and old,
Window stained, rain-swept,
Wallpaper flaky yellow, sick,
One bulb no shade glaring
Motionless.

Toe playing with the threadbare carpet,
Swinging: the laddered stocking,
Greasy counterpane, crumpled, sagging,
Tired cigarette feebly hanging;
Through the wall strains of a blatant
Saxophone.

Filthy rubbish-laden water
Drains, drains,
Through an endless chain of sewers.

FOOLED

I
Always used to think that
Pink ribbon
Looked sweet on silly hats or kept
Lids on chocolate boxes;
Something young girls or old women
Bought on Saturday afternoons
So they could spend all Sunday
Snipping, sewing, threading needles,
And being good.

Not any more.
Not any more, because
I've met a girl
Who winds pink ribbon round
And round
Her sweet and naked middle
And uses the ends to keep her stockings up.



CAMPUS CALABAR

by Sheila Caughey

This corner of **The Brunswickan** is used to coordinate campus events.

As the university grows so does the confusion of student activities. To prevent a duplication of meeting times and places, the Students' Representative Council each year appoints one person through whom all proposed events can be cleared.

This year the campus coordinator is **SHEILA CAUGHEY** who can be reached by phoning GRanite 5-9091 at the Maggie Jean.

If you want a good turnout at your meeting or social get in touch with the campus coordinator and make sure no other group has conflicting plans.



SHEILA CAUGHEY

. . . the girl to see

HARD TIMES PARTY: for Arts Society members, to be held at the Hanwell Road, transportation leaving from the Lady Beaverbrook Res. and the Maggie Jean at 8 p.m. Friday, 25¢.

COURSE CHANGES: Saturday is the last day to change your course.

FOOTBALL: UNB vs. Mount Allison, College Field, 2 p.m. Saturday.

SOCCER: UNB vs. Moncton Soccer Club, College Field, 7.30 p.m. Saturday.

GOLF: Faculty-Student Annual Golf Tournament, Fredericton Golf Club, 1.30 p.m. Sunday (contact Pete Kelly, Athletics Director).

Events listed above in this issue occur today through Monday:

ARTS SOCIETY ANNOUNCES PLANS

A new name has apparently given the Arts Society a new outlook on the future. In previous years the Arts Union was virtually unknown on the campus but, for this semester, the new executive has announced ambitious plans.

The first item on the agenda is a Hard Times party to be held at the Hanwell Road tonight. It promises to be an evening of fun,

so get out there Artsmen, and support your own society.

ARTS WEEK

The biggest event that the Society will undertake is an Arts Week — to be modelled along the lines of the Forestry and Engineering Weeks. There will be a banquet followed by a formal, which will be exclusively for Arts people. A Sports Day is also planned. This should be of great interest because the Arts faculty includes the students of Physical Education.

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LAST CHANCE FOR STUDENTS

Saturday, October 4, marks the last day — for what? The people with the time table troubles — you may be the one; inconvenient afternoon classes (absolute nuisances), or a full morning with not one much-needed cup of coffee? That fateful day draws nearer, so hurry to the registrar to make all the changes.

Of course, it's well known that you can't always take the courses you want, but if they're considered easy, and you get the free periods you want, does it really matter? To some it does, but this doesn't concern them. This is intended to mention a few facts that some students (using the term loosely) might have overlooked.

One more item: watch those noon lectures; you can't enjoy a lecture if you're starving!



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