

The Literary Corner



This is the first in what is hoped to be a long and successful tradition of the UPEI newspaper: a literary corner. Presently, a writing group of approximately ten members has been formed on campus whose principle concern is writing, anywhere from poetry to editorials on a variety of topics. The group intends to submit materials to the paper at least every second issue and sincerely feels that the paper and student body as well can benefit from such a contribution. If anyone on campus would like to join the group or is itching to make their views known on a particular subject, please feel free to contact any of the writers represented in this week's edition of the literary corner. This is a new idea for UPEI; however one which the group feels can and should go a long way. Certainly the talent is available and it's in your best interests to exercise what you might have as a writer.

LAUGHTER IN THE HALLS (a song)

by Lenny Gallant

Well you speak to me of freedom,
And you speak to me of truth.
But your eyes are full of teardrops
Cause you've nothing left to lose.
And the room is deadly silent
As you stare at empty walls,
But there's laughter in the hallway,
It don't matter none at all.

Chorus:

Singin la la la.....
Doesn't anybody ever listen anymore.
Singin la la la.....
It seems as though I've heard that line
a thousand times before.

The young man tips the bottle,
Till there's nothing left to drink.
And he reaches for the razor blade
From the cabinet over the sink.
And as the room swims round him,
He thinks he hears her call.
But it's laughter in the hallway,
It isn't her at all.

Chorus.

Well the fat girl sitting in the bar
Just drank her weekly wage.
And she shouts and tells some bad jokes,
But she's holding back her rage.
Cause she really doesn't want to be so loud,
But if she wasn't - would anyone call?
Or would she sit there in her lonely room
Hearing laughter in the hall.

Chorus.

As he brushed his shiny medals
Into the mirror he did stare.
But the medals were not shining
And the hero wasn't there.
Then he thought he heard the voices
Of the thousands as they fall.
But his wife just reassured him
It was laughter in the hall.

Singin la la la.....
Doesn't anybody ever listen anymore.
Singin la la la.....
It seems as though I've sung that song
So many times before.

ISLAND AFTERNOON or THE TAIL OF TWO RELICS

by Judy Whitehead

Bloyce Coffin, Bob and Stanley sat silently drinking beer in the basement, each thinking on the Might of Man, his Wisdom, and his Power over other creatures. Bloyce had been given a kitten, a handsome animal. Despite that fact, he had been named Relic, and considering subsequent happenings could not have been awarded anything more appropriate.

As Relic grew in size, so did his virility; his maleness became a threat to the well-being of the Coffin household. His approach to a room could be anticipated seconds in advance of his appearance, so that after only a few weeks of the cat's adulthood, the bungalow carried the aroma of a feline whore-house.

It had become urgently apparent that the only permanent solution to this problem was a surgical one, and although Bloyce sympathised deeply with his cat's dilemma and was therefore reluctant to submit him to the knife, his tolerance snapped the Saturday morning he discovered the soggy stinking interior of one of his beloved hockey skates; so that within the hour, Bloyce, cat and rubber boot were in Dan Darrach's shed, a half bottle of rum placed next to a sharpened penknife on top of the workbench.

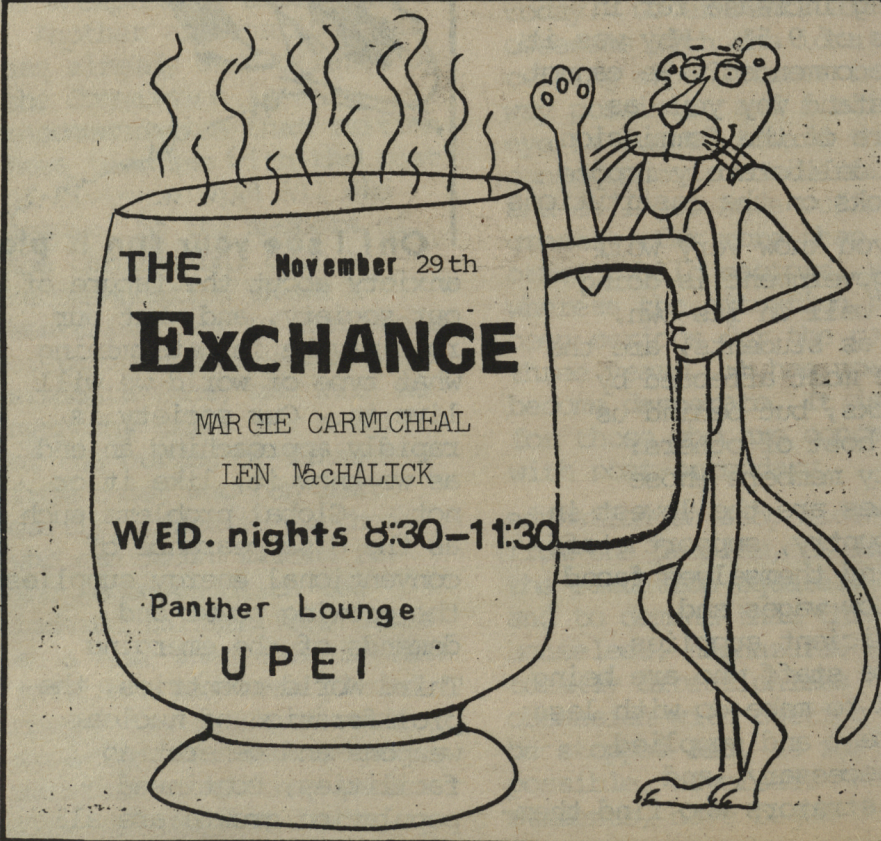
Dan was the local animal man, as adept at wringing chickens' necks as he was at castrating cats. He was a heavily built man, boisterous in manner and loud of voice, but with a touch as gentle as a new mother's, and when Fortune arranged for a Dan Darrach to be in your neighbourhood, who in his right mind would drive forty miles into town to pay forty dollars to a fancy clinic?

So Bloyce and Dan shared the rum, and in their compassion gave Relic a tot too. Soon his eyes rolled. Dan deftly awarded the cat the Order of the Boot - by upending him into the Wellington, leaving only the long tail visible to wave drunkenly above Relic's nether regions, for all the world looking like some new species of deep-sea squid. A tiny incision above each neat furry ball; a quick upward push of the thumb, and out popped the two little sacs that had caused all the trouble. Two more cuts with the knife and the job was complete, snipping off forever Relic's wanderlust.

Bloyce nervously checked his fly; and extracting Relic from the boot, mumbled his dazed thanks and left for home.

So there they sat, Bloyce, Bob and Stanley, gazing quietly at Relic licking his wounds. Offering their still intact male gratitude to the One Above, who in his wisdom chose for them a human existence, over one that could be so drastically altered by two inebriated minutes in a rubber boot.

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THE November 29th
EXCHANGE
MARGIE CARMICHEAL
LEN McHALICK
WED. nights 8:30-11:30
Panther Lounge
UPEI