

THE SEX GAME

By PATRICK O'BRIEN

In recent years, there has been an ever growing acceptance of pre-marital sex. This is due to our more transient society and the advent of the pill; certainly the most popular drug to emerge in the last few years. Although I'm certain that somewhere in the depths of a laboratory there lurks a chemist with ambition and a gleam in his eye, working on God knows what to make our lives a little more interesting.

However, when I was in high school, the best selling pill was aspirin, which did nothing to enhance one's sexual ambitions. Besides that girls of that era looked upon virginity as a virtue, rather than a perversion as most teen aged boys did. Not that girls were not as horny as boys, it was mostly the pregnancy thing and old taboos. Reasonable enough I guess, but it resulted in some frustrations on everyone's part.

So it was that I remained a virgin, although not in any way innocent, almost until my eighteenth birthday. I'd been going out with the same girl since grade nine or so, and we'd done everything imaginable except having actual intercourse. Which it seems to me was more perverse than sex, but such was the way of things in those days. Of course I would never admit to being a virgin. No male above the age of seven ever admits to being a virgin, it was like a social disease.

One weekend though, everyone's dream occurred, my parents went away for the weekend. And even better, my above mentioned girlfriend was off to some bible camp; where incidentally I heard she performed somewhat like a mink, we live in a somewhat twisted world. At any rate, there was this girl named Wanda, whom I was aware had had a crush on me for some time. She also had a reputation that matched her body; and so I began laying plans for the seduction of Wanda that weekend.

The first problem was easily surmountable, that was of course Wanda. She was all too happy to take in a movie and stop over at my house for a little wine or whatever afterwards. I suspect she was as keen about the whatever as I, at least she agreed and I set about making preparations.

My room was easily set in order, in fact it was set up like a Persian whorehouse. Hidden speakers for the stereo, remote controlled lights, I even had a black satin bedspread, bookcase full of erotic and suggestive novels. I'd have had a God-damned fireplace if I could have fit it in. My parents were afraid to even go up to my room which was in a sort of converted attic. So there remained only to pick up some wine - which was easily done for I was always large for my age, and looked of legal drinking age: the second problem was to visit the drug store and pick up the necessary contraceptive device, of which the condom was the only such thing I knew about. This may not seem too difficult, but I was rather apprehensive, this being my first such purchase. The girl behind the counter must still remember me. I tried to sneak it in with assorted purchases. "Yes, I'll have a tube of Crest, a small bottle of that cough medicine, a package of French safes and a large Players plain please." Standing there with a smile, trying to be cool. I was sort of afraid she'd ask me what kind, or worse what size - because a friend of mine insisted they came in several sizes. At any rate I made it out of the store to my great relief.

The movie was the usual B rate job, designed more for touching and smiling in the back row. Which everyone took advantage of, including Wanda and I to our mutual satisfaction.

We reached my house in a crazy mood, both laughing like hell at whatever the other said. I retrieved the wine from the fridge and we retired to my room for music and said wine. My record collection ranged from the strange to the bizarre, and with the lights pulsing slowly in the corner we soon found ourselves pulsing on the black satin. It was a little awkward at first, but I must admit beautiful. Naturally, afterwards we lay there, like a page from one of my novels, until I became aware of several things: First I'd forgotten all about my painfully acquired acquisition from the drug store, and secondly the scouting reports on Wanda were somewhat in error. We spent, some time cleaning up my black satin bedspread, still laughing out heads off.

Wanda managed to convince her parents, by phone, that she was staying the night at a girlfriend's, and we had quite the night.

She moved away about a month later, we wrote for awhile - then sent Christmas cards, then nothing. It's better to hold your memories as they are than to try and up-date them over the years. The last I heard she was a teacher in Pittsburg, she became what she had always wanted; and I, I became, amongst other things, a person who writes articles like this.

Plot disappears in dust

By LYN WILSON

Did I ever get ripped-off this week, or maybe you did! As usual, being a fool and all, I procrastinated a bit too long trying to decide what movie I'd see. So, Sunday night I made a mad dash to the Gaiety to see "The Wind and the Lion". I was out of luck. The movie showing was a duster by the title of 'Rancho' or Rancho Deluxe or something.

I'm sorry, rather I apologize for not knowing the true name of this film, nor the actors and actresses thereof, but it took me by surprise. Like a good student I was totally prepared for this surprise and didn't get much at all from it.

So anyway, "Rancho" (?) was, as I have said, a duster. A modern scene duster you might say, there were new model 'Continental's

(complete with buffalo bullet holes) and revved-up Ford pick-ups, etc. The styles of life and dressing were relatively modern and, well it was a modern theory type thing.

Lots of dope, booze and sex. Vulgarity superb! I'm not what you might call a puritan or prude or anything but cheap vulgar scenes don't move me in the least. There were the odd occasions when the crudeness was humorous. Besides the obviously bad choices for emphasis by the director the plot was pretty basic and fairly thin.

Of course, they (whoever produced this) had to make a number of prolonged points concerning various controversial topics though these were so poorly done for applause. 'Rancho' contained no heaven bound stars,

(that I knew of) no monumental portrayals, just crudenesses.

Ah, but there were some good scenery shots - rolling hills green and rich; mountains white and fresh. They weren't bad, really. Besides the scenery, which should take you west to Montana or Wyoming, there was scattering of plot. Rich, spoiled, almost divorced young cowboy and his trusting little Indian pal truck around stealing cattle and corrupting young girls. The law gets called in and an old geezer, called 'Geezer' gets hired to catch the rustlers. And so continued the round up.

I just now recall one actor's name, Slim Pickens. Does that possibly say something to you?

'Jaws' is coming! Starting Wednesday!

Brunswick string quartet to perform

The Brunswick String Quartet will perform music by Mozart, Borodin and Beethoven Oct. 18 at 8:15 p.m. in the Fredericton Playhouse.

The concert, the first for the musicians this academic year, will be repeated Oct. 19 at 9 p.m. at the University of New Brunswick in Saint John's Hazen Hall.

This is the first performance the group will make at The Playhouse this academic year and violinist

Joseph Pach said this would enable them to make use of the better conditions for chamber music provided by the building's acoustic shell.

While he was "anxious" to make use of it for this reason, Mr. Pach also said taking the performance off campus might draw more listeners from the greater Fredericton community. "We hope to make it more accessible to town people," he said.

This will be the first of four-two during each academic term-and each will be repeated at the University of New Brunswick in Saint John.

Selections are to include Mozart's Quartet in D Major, K. 575; Borodin's Quartet Number Two in D Major and Beethoven's Quartet in E Flat Major, Opus 127.

The quartet is composed of Mr. Pach and Paul Campbell, violinists; James Pataki, violist; and Richard Naill, cellist.

Penny or Venny - Who Cares?

The bloodthirstiest kids around

By THE PENN

When I went to see FRANKENSTEIN last Saturday evening, I was struck by two things that were in evidence.

First, the play was classic in sheer excellence. It was very good for continuity, story line, and adaptation from Mary Shelley's book. In fact, it would be very easy to suspend disbelief and become involved in the story.

The other thing, which made my personal suspension of disbelief nearly impossible, was a mob of kids. Every time someone on stage (including the Creature) screamed, groaned, or died, these kids would hoot with laughter.

Further, these little monsters (as opposed to Frankenstein's creature, which was merely ugly)

had very evil minds! The creature strangled Countess Elizabeth's friend, Henry Clerval, and then hid him away. The kids, for once, were quiet; but then when the Creature strangled Countess Elizabeth, now Baroness Frankenstein, someone behind me called out "Going-going-gone!" as the poor woman suffocated. Disgusting!! Then the Creature lay Clerval on top of Elizabeth, and everyone seemed to be laughing at a seemingly compromising scene. As if they could make love after they were dead! "Victor, there is my wedding gift!"

Fortunately, when the Creature was on the highest point on stage, telling how he would exult in his death by fire, the dramatic effect kept everyone quiet until the final seconds. The play ended with a

standing ovation, and the place was crowded both nights that rehearsals were presented (buck nights are dress rehearsals) so the ovation would be very satisfying. Everyone cheered when David Brown (the creature) came out to take his bow.

Victor von Frankenstein was convincingly portrayed, as was each character, and the revolving stage was put to wonderful use. It could be a ship's cabin, a tower room, and entry hall, a cottage, a courtyard, or any other scene needed.

I would recommend, if you haven't seen FRANKENSTEIN, to see it if possible. Most critics give adverse reviews, but I care enough to say that the play was, and is, a real blockbuster!



Recitals to be given



Prof. Kenneth Ireland and Prof. R.C. Bayley will present a Sonata Recital for Flute and Piano in the Auditorium of d'Avray Hall on Wednesday, Oct. 29th at 12:40 (noon).

This will be the first of a series of Noon-time Readings and Recitals. Everyone is invited. No admission charge.