

From the Editor

Once again the populace of this University has confused me. Like a crazed herd of stampeding Holsteins, they stumbled and rumbled blindly *en masse* to the SUB last week, a horde of contorted figures as they twisted themselves around to grab their wallets, careening forward to pile up like box cars in front of the booth where the **Grapes of Wrath** tickets were being sold and where, like a swarm of piranha picking clean the bones of some unfortunate water buffalo, they wiped the boxes clean of tickets in an all-time record-breaking thirty-one minutes.

What in the name of all that's holy inspires these normally disorganized and apathetic masses to so quickly decide something is so damned important to them? It can't be **The Grapes of Wrath** only, they're just not the sort of band one would think of to inspire such fervent action. Is it the time of year? Can't be. Mid-terms, papers, and the last few rapidly disintegrating crumbs of a loan that once seemed inexhaustible are the daily headaches for most students around now. It just doesn't add up. I suppose if I could answer any of these questions I would make a tidy fortune working in public relations.

Most of the time, working for Entertainment, one does a lot of "throwing things into the sub-ether" that is, writing and reproducing to a vast, highly undefined black whole of consumerism (being as this paper is free, possibly "consumer" is a might bourgeois). Take press releases. There are literally hundreds of things that fall into the category of entertainment going on every term, and we here at the paper do our level best to inform people of them. However, one quickly tires of announcing rug-hooking seminars and gnat-breeding lectures to a silent mass. Obviously there is enough of an audience out there for these sorts of events (one of the nice things about the world we live in is that it is impossible to find something that no one is interested in and often you will find that several people have devoted a lifetime to the seemingly most mundane things) to allow for their continued funding and popularity. It does the heart good. So when *The Tragically Hip* play the Cafeteria, we're there, and so are many others - what I want to hear more about is who was at the lecture series on tiddly-winks. Don't just tell me it's happening - *make me believe I missed something.*

It was a remarkably slow week here in the entertainment area (In lieu of my previous paragraph, I will re-state this as "remarkably slow in the high-profile entertainment area"). On a campus seemingly transformed from what my first few years here were like (ten people at a concert here, endless streams of second-rate cover bands and vulgar stand-up comedians there), we receive, given our rather out-of-the-way location and size, a relatively amazing quality of entertainment. At this point I will address any one out there who is puzzling (I hear your little voices, you know) "Whadz he talkin' 'bout man? There wuz a band in the Social Club last week! Who wuz they again? Oh yeah, that John Cougar band, *Scarecrow!*" I don't, as a very simple rule, review cover bands. Simple. This stems from my immediate reaction to all cover bands ("cover" in my dictionary refers to any band that performs nothing but cover material, be it imitation or permutation), which is one of "Hey, these guys do this song pretty well, but (insert name of actual artist here) does it better." This is just something I have a bit of a hang up about, but I definitely urge anyone who disagrees to go out and review any cover band they like. I'll print it. I don't have anything against cover bands I just don't waste my time reviewing them.

One final note. To the vexed DJ from the night of the *Bare Naked Ladies*. Personally, I think it may have been possible for someone to take Luis's comment of "Moron!" the wrong way, however flippantly it may have been delivered. Luis apologizes for this. What I think he meant to say was that it was a moronic thing to do. I tend to agree. We all do moronic things once in awhile. It's no big deal. Chill.

Albert Ross Speaks

When I sat down to write this article I had intended on ranting and raving about the exhilarating glories of Milton, the raw, vivid exuberance of Shakespeare, the challenging complexities of Joyce, and the orgasmic ecstasy of transcending one's spatial and temporal existence through uniting with the empyreal realm of English literature. I don't think so. -thank god for small mercies-ed After all, I expend enough incense wordiness in the subtle yet careful calculated art of essay writing, when in fact, I get just as much pleasure as your every-day, run-of-the-mill industrial technician does when curling up with a cold beer and the Saturday comics. Not to deny the integral part that high forms of literature play in shaping the cultural and intellectual vitality of the human condition, and the expansive potential of our minds to unlock great undiscovered truths by the mere flip of a page, but damn it all, it just gets way too stuffy at times in Literary Central, and the last thing I wanted to accomplish when I started telling you about the Albert Ross English Society was to sound too much like what an Engineer pictures the average English student to be like. I'm sure that so far I've been defeating my purpose, but, to be brief:

Lesson number one: We are not a myopia suport group. The English Society caters to anyone who is interested in anything which even vaguely resembles literature - if you get a rush out of reciting verses off the list of ingredients on the back of a box of Corn Flakes, then all the better. Every Monday night from 5:30 to 7:00 in the faculty lounge of the Old Arts Building, we hold meetings which I can only describe as an off-the-wall version of the Dead Poets Society. Everyone is encouraged to read either creative writing of their own or else something which strikes as being particularly invigorating - no holds barred.

"Poetry Readings? Is that all?" You scoff with a disgruntled snort. "Of course not!" I respond, with that confident assuredness issueing(sic) from an incredible command of the English language - the direct result of my almost fanatical attendance of incalculably rewarding English Society poetry readings. [If your attendance and command are so incalculably great, how come you can't spell "issuing" ? -ed]

The Albert Ross English Society (remember, you don't have to be an English student to be a member) is this year sponsoring an untold wealth of activities which extend far beyond the scope of mere literature. Already, this September we sent a fifteen-member crew of rugged (?) adventurers up the slope of Mt. Katahdin, Maine. We are also planning a fall hike of the Maliseet Indian Trail in the St. John River Valley, a horseback riding excursion, trips to Halifax, St. Machias, Maine, production of Samuel Beckett's comedy "Waiting For Godot," and, soon to come, our first bi-annual LIT-MIX.

Held on Friday, October 25th, the LIT-MIX is an event intended to both celebrate and promote creative writing on the UNB campus, though in an atmosphere that is not only academic, but informal and relaxing as well. Featuring readings by writer-in-residence Bill Gaston, and professors William Bauer and Ken Thompson, an emphasis is placed on the talents of local artists, but interspersed among the readings will be ample times(sic) to socialize; the English Society is also making arrangements for Bar Services to be present, refreshments will be served, music will be provided, and there will be several fine art exhibits on display. Oh yeah, I almost forgot, the LIT-MIX will take place from 12:30 to 5:30pm at the art gallery and studio at Memorial Hall (Friday afternoon!). Admission is free and everyone is welcome to attend. We'll post details about it soon.

I suppose I've rambled on long enough [I guess that depends on your concept of what ever "vaguely resembles literature" don't it? - ed]. I don't feel like stopping but at this point even my typewriter is giving me a hard time. And so, reluctantly, I will cease this poignant banter and leave you, hopefully, a better person for wha you have read today. For more information about the Albert Ross English Society, you can get in touch with Alane Boudreau at 455-1917 or John Heinsteint at 457-7434.



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