

them to pursue "the coming universal wish not to live." The children of Jude's generation will be the products of a new spirituality. They will see all the terrors of life "before they are old enough to have staying power to resist them."

In tragedy, life must at all costs be affirmed, even if the writer is convinced that life corresponds to not principle of justice. Hardy is not a nihilist. The work of art is in itself a denial of the myth of nothingness. To create is to affirm, even if all that the work affirms is the impenetrable mystery that cradles all of existence. Hardy's vision arises out of the perception that to be human is to stand alone and to suffer gratuitously. Man searches for a meaning that permanently eludes him. But it is always man who is the hero, man who fights against the beleaguering and ultimately victorious powers of darkness.

As a critical analysis of Hardy's work, Dr. Stewart's book is superb, but as a biography of Hardy, it is a failure. Presumably, he intends to reveal the enigmas and passions of Hardy's personality through a discussion of his work, but we still don't know much about Hardy by the end of the book. Dr. Stewart's biography does not provide the reader with any further enlightenment about Hardy's personality, so Hardy remains elusive and impenetrable.

Dodd, Mead, \$5.95

CHRISTMAS CHOICE

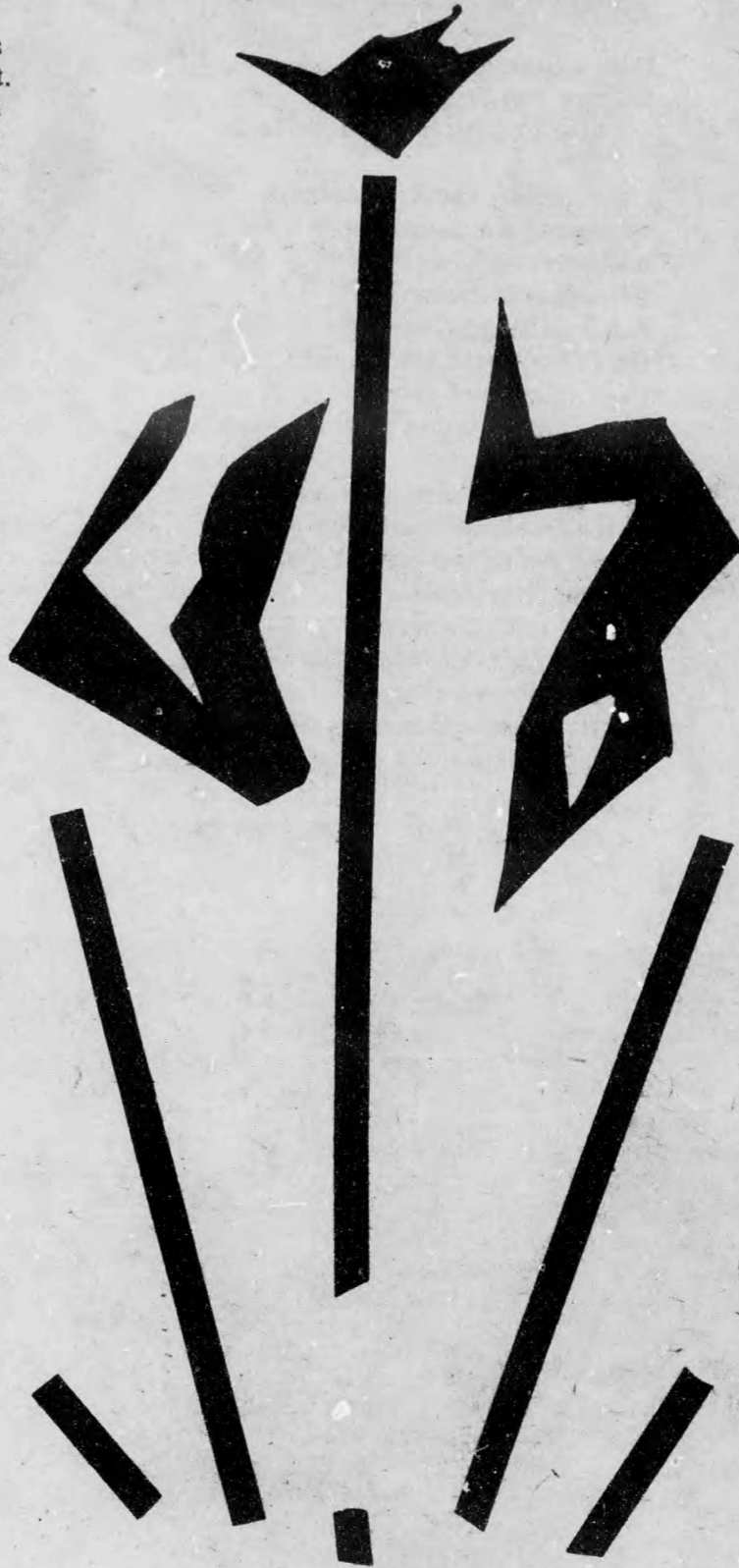
At the end of each year the UNB Art Centre shows Christmas Choice, an exhibition by artists and craftsmen of the Fredericton area. This year twice as much space is available, and many new and interesting things by new and interesting people will be shown.

As usual there will be the paintings in oils, acrylics and watercolours, but also there will be collages and new varieties of graphics, notably etchings in soft ground techniques.

Fredericton has become known internationally as a centre for potters, and new craftsmen are moving into the area. The established potters will all be exhibiting and they will be joined by a new man, John Wood. New crafts will be shown as well. For the first time there will be displays of leatherwork, hand-crafted toys, silver jewellery and even an example of John Soderman's individually-designed guitars.

The artists and craftsmen will be on hand at a public reception on Sunday afternoon, November 26, from 2 to 4:30, to meet the public and discuss their work. The exhibition will continue until December 20, but since it is so close to Christmas, the items on sale may be taken away when they are purchased.

Marjory Donaldson
Acting Director



The power failure on the Campus Sunday had one dramatic but pleasant result. A Meet-the-Artist reception was scheduled for the Art Centre for the Christmas Choice exhibition by local artists and craftsmen. People off-campus were not aware of the power blackout, and literally hundreds arrived, as this is always a popular exhibition. They carried candles around, creating a mysterious light pattern as they passed the flames close to the painting or craftwork they were examining.

It was a time of individual discovery. No one had an overall impression of what was displayed, but each item came to view isolated and a surprise. The pewter and silver work was especially enhanced.

At the same time, no one knew what friends would appear over a flame on the other side of the pottery or coming along the wall of paintings.

As an exhibition technique it was extremely effective, but would the Fire Marshall allow it as a scheduled happening?



THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH?

DECEMBER 1, 1970

By DAVE ETHERIDGE

What can one say about the UNB Drama Society production of *The Skin of Our Teeth*? Stripped of superlatives together entirely defeats the purpose of a review, but this was a damn fine theatrical experience. Wilder's optimism projected through fine young actors and actresses makes those of us who are cynics feel worthless.

Youth is the key to this production. The energy and vitality of these thespians more than made up for their lack of technique and professional training. This power is significantly felt in the act when the actors transcend the set, and we, the audience are no longer merely individuals sitting in our seats but are spiritually communicating with the author through the actors. We are in the presence of great art. The feelingrushes from the bottom of our soul and consumes our entire being.

My enthusiasm does not mean the play was without faults. My first impression, upon taking my seat, was disappointment. The set was primitive and child-like. The entire first act was a conflict between the visual effect and the actors. Because of this I felt the actors to be primitive and child-like, but fortunately this feeling changed with Mr. Anagnor's commitment of fight. I was here, for the first time, I felt the potential power of this production. Regretably though, three quarters of the first act was irretrievably lost. But there is a parallel in Act II, the Fortune Teller says:

'They're coming. The Antrobuses
Your hope. Your Despair. Yourselves.'

Suddenly, everything falls into place. This primitive set works... it really works, for it is us, 'We are not what advertisements say we are.'

The Fortune Teller is marvelous. She is the turning point of the play. She is shifty, lecherous and sleezy.

Under the lights her jewelry sparkles and has us. She tells us this is a reflection of ourselves. Gypsy, you could not have been more so. At this point, Wilder has us in his play.

I thought perhaps, the UNB Drama Society was overzealous in attempting this play, but the group dug deep and made it work. Janet Clarke is superb - she was the original mother. Art Clogg is Judith House, long time members of the Drama Society, reaffirmed their incredible talents. Precocious children, Pam Grant and Brian McLain convinced me. Acting a child is so difficult. For it is one thing to mimic a child, but is another to be a child. These two were children. I would like to say a word about everyone, but space does not permit me. This was a strong chain, but there did not exist such a thing as a weak link.

It is truly remarkable that this amateur group did such a fine job, for Wilder demands so much of the actor. At different times, Sabina would say:

'I don't understand this play'

The play would stop, and everyone would come out on stage and discuss the problem. The actors, therefore, had to drop their characters and become a third person, the actor. But even then, they were still acting. I cannot emphasize enough how exceedingly difficult this is to do effectively. But they did it. I think we only have to look to the director, Ed Mullaly, and we can understand why this play worked. He is extremely competent.

This production was like a 'breath of cold fresh air', and with this kind of vitality and exuberance in the Drama Society, one can speculate confidently about *Loot*.