

Penny or Venny- Who Cares? Cold Weather-- Achoo!

By P.R.P. Ed. III

It would appear that the common *Frigidus vulgaris*, has attacked the human anatomy again. Worse, our sinus cavities are acting like the New York sewers after a hard rain. One snuff and our immediate neighbours will be swimming.

It's all this dry weather. Since the nose, *Naso Hominus*, is a rather wet thing, both by nature and preference, it reacts to dry air by supplying its own fluid. Problem is, it always seems to overdo the whole business, with the usual messy results.

Think of some great historical noses. *Nero* actually used a runny nose to extinguish the fire of Rome. Napoleon used to follow his nose, with the result that he walked right into Waterloo because he couldn't see where his nose was leading him. Adam and Eve had their first fight because Eve mistook Adam's nose for the forbidden fruit.

As another example, everyone thinks that, when Joshua fought the battle Jericho, he used rams' horns trumpets to knock down the city walls. That was actually just a myth to cover up the fact that Joshua really sneezed at an

opportune moment, and nobody, including the people of Jericho, was prepared for a windstorm of such proportions. The mighty shout that went up from the people of Israel was merely: "Bless you!"

The big sneeze today is 'Bricklin', which is still up in the air. If it ever comes down, we'll all be crushed like bugs. Maybe Mr. Hatfield will find a cold remedy in Tokyo, if he dares to return before bankruptcy is declared.

Meanwhile, Mr. Trudeau is a father again, I notice. Justin, Sasha and Vladimir? Is he going to turn us all over to Father 'Breshnev'? Or is he merely building up a population of French Russians? Who knows? At any case, he might be importing Russian colds to get us used to Siberian conditions.

Oh, Canada, achoo! and native kaff!

Join the revelry of the Deutscher Kreis!

Wednesday, the fourth day of 'the week - Wodens-day - from 'Woden, the chief god of the ancient Germanic peoples'. (Chambers Dictionary).

Ancient Germanic peoples... awake! and wode?!

Every two weeks on a Wednesday, the 'Deutscher Kreis' (German Circle) meets in the German Lounge, when the hour-glass reaches 7:00 p.m. We do a little 'sprechen', and 'trinken' of ancient brews of course, but add a little culture too, (here and there). And perhaps we will even have our own Walpurgisnacht, if we can



arrange transportation by broomstick that is.

Any ancient Germanic-type person who would like to join we revels, (not Angels) and our meetings, come along to our next meeting on October 22nd, or contact 'the chief', Department of German, for details.



Photo by Stainless Steve

This is a sample of the exhibit currently on display at the Beaverbrook Art Gallery, "The Fifty-Five Stations of the Tokaido". This series consists of woodblock prints by a nineteenth century artist, Utagawa Hiroshige. Related films will be shown Oct. 15 by the Japanese Embassy.

Bobaks to display works

One man shows by each of UNB's Bobaks open this week in Montreal and Toronto.

Forty-five oil paintings by art centre director and resident artist, Bruno Bobak, will be exhibited in the Roberts Gallery, Toronto, starting Oct. 7. His wife and an artist in her own right, Molly Lamb Bobak, will have 30 canvasses in an exhibition at Montreal's Klinkhoff Gallery starting Oct. 6.

Molly said she chooses the subjects which she paints—in this exhibit chiefly landscapes featuring people—just by "whatever turns me on." Fredericton is the setting for many of these which include such subjects as streets in winter, the Canadian Pacific Railway's York Street station and

rural scenes in nearby New Maryland.

The people featured in her pieces, she said, always look "like ants" since the emphasis is on the landscape. While expressionistic might be a term used to describe her technique, Mrs. Bobak said she prefers to stay away from misleading titles. She said her method of self-expression attempts to portray visual reality.

Mr. Bobak's city scenes—many of them also set in the Maritime provinces—attempt to capture the romantic and elusive quality which attracts him to paint, he said.

While this interest in the elusive and mysterious usually leads Mr. Bobak to portray figures, he explained that the city scenes for him also had these qualities.

Asked what these qualities were, he replied that he didn't know exactly. "What makes one person fall in love with another?" he asked. "If you could explain what the attraction was (to paint a subject) then you probably wouldn't want to."

Molly Lamb Bobak was born in Vancouver and studied at the School of Art there with Jack Shadbolt. Bruno Bobak—born in Poland—studied in Toronto at the Central Technical School and later at the Art Centre under Arthur Lismer. He also studied in London at the Central School of Arts and Crafts and at the City and Guilds Art School. He is director of the UNB Art Centre.

The Bobaks were married in 1945.



Summer Wind at Carmanah

Warm, from the south
An essence of sun and surf
And sky so blue — so blue
That I wonder if clouds ever were.

Eight days now
Incredible, joyous weather.
To be alive is to walk in this wind
Step out at dawn and feel a kinship
With those gulls who float with ivory grace
Past Sitka tops, each alone.
Yet aware of their fellows
And timing their flight
To the flocks that lift and wheel
In this early light.

The sand is my sidewalk,
No tracks but my own
To check pace-length and toe-out
And whether the heel scraped
On the up-side of the beach.

Heading home, coming back from the Walbran
Long curling breakers that slide up the sand
Taking away the signs of today.

Will the wind blow tomorrow?
I hope it will stay.
Like the warm breath of a lover
Caressing my shoulders,

Will the wind blow tomorrow?
I hope it will stay.
Like the warm breath of a lover
Caressing my shoulders,
I'd miss it you know
I'd miss it all and all that came with it.

By Lorne McIntosh



BRUNSWICK
F.P.L.

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