

soundoff continued

-THE BRUNSWICKAN

Review violated ethics code?

Dear Sir:

May I have space to Soundoff? Specifically regarding Nancy Kempton's review of the Toby Graser collages on exhibition in the Faculty Club.

I am not an art critic, no more than is Ms. Kempton. I am a journalist and I teach Creative Writing. It is from such a van-

tage point I speak of that review.

First, you and all your staff should be aware there is a Code of Ethics that safeguards our profession. May I quote from it in part: "No writer shall deliberately write into an article a dishonest, plagiarized, distorted or inaccurate statement."

The Kempton article committed most of these sins. Worse, its publication left you the editor, the Brunswickan and the writer open to legal action by the artist. No need to tabulate the various causes here; they practically leap off the page.

Lest you think I take too serious a view, perhaps you

should consult the Brunswickan's own counsel. It is not my purpose to instruct on what constitutes fair comment, definition, slander, character assassination and God knows what other actionable blunders contained therein. I concern myself only with the quality of journalism here displayed.

First, there was not even a suggestion of objectivity. I could not quite believe my eyes when I read the outpouring of venom that passed for critical comment on an exhibition.

I am not trained to distinguish "garbage art" from the real thing, but I am trained to recognize journalistic trash, and Sir, that review was trashy.

I thought at first Kempton could not know what a collage is. Investigation proved that wrong. Only a week before she reviewed the Painters Eleven exhibition in glowing terms. The same bits of string and ripped paper in both exhibitions, but oddly enough, the first excited admiration, the second scorn.

Perhaps not so odd. The Painters Eleven benefitted from the Beaverbrook Art Gallery catalogue which spoke of the exhibition much as it was reported. It aids a neophyte reviewer greatly when the subject is interpreted for them on a program.

A reviewer does not editorialize. But God help us, not only does Kempton editorialize, she uses language reminiscent of the gutter. References to "fast buck" artistry, and "profitable killings" in what reports to be a serious review of art is singularly inappropriate. Whatever became of the lofty Beaverbrook Art Gallery tone?

At the outset I had hoped to use the Kempton piece as an example of how not to write - a review, an opinion piece, a feature - whatever - but on careful examination line by line, I find it does not warrant a serious critique.

But it has been published. It then became part of the public record of that artist's work. It purports to be review and given that pretension, it should be answered by someone concerned with the integrity of our profession. Thus I ask for equal space.

One of the many perjorative statements Kempton directs not at the art, but at the artist, reads as follows:

"There is little room for the sin of pride to manifest itself when one has nothing of value to be proud of," writes Kempton gratuitously.

A bit of unintentional introspection perhaps? It makes one wonder.

Jackie Webster

Thanks from int'l students

Sir:

I would like to take the opportunity here to represent all the international students to thank the International Students friendship committee of both Grace Memorial United Baptist and Brunswick Street United Baptist Churches for their warm reception held on March 20, 1981. The Banquet took place at the Grace Memorial Baptist Church where at least a hundred and one students of eighteen different countries attended. There were about 30 of the students who will be graduating from the universities or high school this May and were each presented the most beautiful and memorable book, "The Colour of Canada."

I would also like to thank all the organizers of the Graduation Banquet especially Mrs. Marjorie Bates for her long, thoughtful planning, that contributed to the real success and pleasant Friday evening that we all enjoyed. Not forgetting

all those people who helped in contributing the food and money, on decorations, on preparation of delicious food, served, washing dishes and also those who helped directly or indirectly in contributing to the warmest reception our sincere thanks.

During the months that so quickly pass, the host families entertained foreign students in many ways such as meals, parties, visits to other parts of New Brunswick and interesting places, transportation to churches regularly if it is needed and all other things, and we do appreciate all these things done for us.

Thank you very much once again to all the host families for providing the warmest Banquet reception and God's grace be upon all of you until we see each other again, next time.

Sincerely in His love,
Aik Min Tan

...review 'garbage'?

Dear Editor:

A review of any artistic activity, be it music, art or literature, is only as valuable as the knowledge, sensitivity, and intelligence of the reviewer permits. In some cases reviews can aspire to the status of literary art themselves.

However in the case of Nancy Kempton's review in the Friday, March 20 Brunswickan, your headline should have read "Garbage

Review of Art in Faculty Club."

I have never seen such a travesty of a review and am distressed that a university newspaper would publish such an ill-informed and rude diatribe against a serious and dedicated artist. Whether Miss Kempton agrees with the validity of the collage which has been an artistic fact for 75 years is not important. What is important is that she does not have the right to impugn the

motives of the artist this way.

Your newspaper and Miss Kempton will be very lucky not to find yourselves in court since the law of libel exists to protect individuals such as Mrs. Graser and laws against public mischief exist to protect all of us against actions such as those called for by Miss Kempton. At the very least a public apology is in order.

Yours faithfully,
Stuart Smith

Pungency prompts poem

Letter to the Editor:

I'm a concerned user of the science library and wish to express my thoughts as to the lingering smell in the following poem.

The science library is a lovely place
Colorful and gay --
Flourescent hanging lights, no ceiling yet,
and concrete walls of dismal gray...

And lately there's an added attraction
a smell of Lord Knows WHAT.
It smarts your eyes, it dries your throat
What am I breathing in, Lord WHAT?

And the librarians who work there day in...day out;;
say they-re affected too.
What's being done? Why don't we know
What's making us feel BLUE?

Six weeks we have tried, she told me clear,
to have some testing done.
They're monitoring the situation now...
"and the results, I asked" Results??? NONE....

"We are concerned librarians," she said.
"Both for your health and our own
yet after much discussion about this smell
we still feel much alone.

There's talk of closure,
of air samples and tests.
But instant action I can't foresee,
"it'll durate months," I expect.

So, let's hear it for the librarians
who persist to work in such lovely (?) air,
May their efforts at an investigation
be RECEIVED and ACTED UPON with CONCERN and CARE.

A concerned user

Where is my STU yearbook?

Dear Editor:

This is a request for this letter to be published in your paper concerning the purchase of the St. Thomas Yearbook two years previous, that as yet I have not received. Having attended St. Thomas University in 1978-79 I bought one of the yearbooks during the fall term. Having moved to Toronto during the summer of 1979 to attend the Ontario College of Art for Architectural Design, I sent the then registrar Larry Batt, a letter of request along with the yearbook purchase receipt so as to enable the book to be sent to my Toronto address.

The first such letter was sent in the fall of 1979. At that time I requested Mr. Batt that he forward the letter to the Yearbook staff so as to enable them to forward the book. When winter 1980 approached and I had still not received the shipment I made a long distance telephone call to Mr. Batt's office, mind you during the peak rates of afternoon office hours from Toronto, since that would be the time I would be sure to speak with him. At that time I had asked Mr. Batt had

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