

The members of English 3100, a class in creative writing and criticism, have experimented in many different genres during the year, under the supervision of Professor Kent Thompson. Following are examples of their work. A fuller collection of their creative efforts will be available in a *Mini Anthology of the Literature of 3100*, edited by Philip Sexsmith.

By GARY YOUNG

Jamie fired out the front door, down his front steps, across the lawn scattered with leaves, and never slowed until he reached the corner. Looking both ways, he skipped 'the pave', as he liked to call it, and continued down the sidewalk which conveniently bee-lined for the elementary school, three quarters of a mile off.

Immediately Jamie began taking exaggerated, large steps on his way, feeling it imperative that by grade two he'd be able to stride one city cement sidewalk block in no fewer than two steps. The game was fun, and Jamie lurched toward school smiling.

It was October, just a few days before the 22nd, his birthday, and the weather was still warm enough for him to wear his light blue wind-breaker. The leaves had deserted their mother trees, and were rushing back and forth on deep green lawns delighted by their independence. Jamie loved the flashing reds and yellows of autumn, and wished that fall

would last twelve months of every year.

"Hey, Jamie", shrieked Dan's soprano into Jamie's subconscious "You've been lost in space". "I've been yelling like hell the whole block, but you just kept on truckin' and starin' around."

Dan was only two years older than Jamie, but only one grade which suited him just fine.

"I'm sorry", replied Jamie, "I have geography and spelling this morning". He stood on the sidewalk paving the cement with one toe.

"Who cares", Dan went on excitedly, "So have I, but think of the leaves in Odell Park. There must be millions of them, maybe more. We can pile them as high as we can reach, or bury ourselves so that no one would know we were there, or just kick them all to hell. It'll be great fun, come on."

Jamie loved the leaves, and playing in millions of them would be like a dream.

"Let's wait until Saturday and go then", Jamie proposed.

"Hell no. It might snow by Saturday, my dad says any day

now. Come on Jamie, come on."

Jamie thought it over. He'd like the Park, and was flattered that an older boy was showing interest in him, but he was supposed to go to school, and that was where he was expected to be. What if his mom needed him for something important. Besides Jamie liked school, and geography particularly.

He turned to Dan. "No".

"What?" asked in surprise.

Jamie raised his head and looked Dan in the eyes. "No", he repeated, and turned on his heel and started walking slowly towards school. He could hear Dan yelling at him, but did not catch the words, he was already lost in thought, his eyes glued to cement blocks. He felt he had lost a friend.

Shortly Jamie raised his head, he observed the trees, leaves, and lawns. They looked good to him. He had forgotten about Dan, and was thinking about the future. He no longer took exaggerated strides, but moved along with the step of a normal young boy who loved leaves.

PSYCHED OUT

I view his cluttered desk in mad array
Of ink and pencil stubs. Of files and dust
All jumbled in and piled about ashtrays.
A homely sight. A plot to win my trust?
And then I see and settle on, his couch.
We talk, and he must sift and even pry,
While I may doze, and dream, and often slouch
In comfort as he seeks out truth from lie.
And then at last, it's off to ward again.
To nightmare halls with patched and padded walls,
The more to contemplate and wrack, my brain,
And listen to my fellows' raving calls.
Until, I hope, my mind shall come to know,
The secret words to make them let me go.

PAUL STONE

Dan Hill

By MARC PEPIN

At last Canadian talent. By reading over the lyrics to the songs inside the cover, it's easy to note that he is a very good lyricist. From this album comes his first big hit "Sometimes When We Touch". The odd thing about this album is that he plays acoustic guitar on only three songs but his singing makes up the difference.

"Sometimes When We Touch" opens up the album and it shows his prominence as a gifted songwriter. It's a good tune, you tend to like it the first time you hear it. Piano and strings dominate; but it's well produced.

"14 Today" is slow, acoustic type of song. Same beat as above, has lots of flowing lyrics. It's touchy.

"In the Name of Love" is a shade faster than "14 Today". Dan Hill utilizes the same vocal style as the previous two.

"Crazy" is different. It has a strong intro as well as a heavier beat. A whip in the background proves interesting here. The song, however, shifts to a mellow pace and then speeds up again. Not bad.

"McCarthy's Day" is slow, acoustic and is the last song on side one. Not much to be said here.

Piano breaks Side II and "Jean" proves to be a Canadian oriented

folk song (Vancouver). From this "You are all I see" comes in and the bass line here is really good. Rick Homme uses an electric bass to accent the high notes and an acoustic bass to accent the low notes. This is a difficult art to master; like using two drummers and trying to make it sound good by not playing the same thing. Synthesizer in background here.

"Southern California" — a tale of a song. It's fine.

"Linger Fuse" — it was the usual "high hat and snare beat" that most slow folk songs have. It's folk.

"Still not used to", it says here that it was recorded live at St. James Cathedral but you can't tell the difference. It's slow and acoustic . . .

Dan Hill emerges out of this album as somewhat of a fine poet, not as good as Dylan but not as bad as the Sex Pistols. The album is folk and relies heavy on the acoustic instruments. It's a singer singing his songs but not playing the instruments. There's no lead guitar, breaks or anything, but overall it's a good easy-listening album for those who are into this bag of music. If you're not into this kind of music, give this album to your mother - she'll like it. The album is simple, well produced and Dan Hill succeeds here. Pretty good for Canadian talent.

3100 AND COUNTING

We niggle hear among the commas
In the midst of this essential prose
Learning and loving the crafts we have chosen.
Half-blind, we strip selected verse
In the endless search for the perfect semi-colon.

BRENT WHITE

IMPRESSIONS

Line-ups and faces, mostly faces
'cause line-ups are people
and people have faces
and the faces are blurred
because I don't know them.

For I am new here,
or maybe they are.
I know the rooms,
I know the tables,
but somehow I just can't
remember these faces.

Damn!

I'll start off again.

Line-ups and faces, mostly line-ups,
'cause this is beginning
beginning means red-tape
and red-tape is bother
it's so inefficient.

Now, they must know me,
Or do I know them?
I don't know the forms,
I don't know the papers,
but somehow I do understand
the mistakes here.

Shit!

I'll try it ONCE more.

Line-ups and faces, line-ups; faces.
'cause waiting is living
and living means waiting
and waiting means our world
'cause our world is crazy.
Sometimes I think so,
and maybe they do.
We don't know the truth.
We don't know the reason,
But somehow we all know
that everyone waits here.

PAUL STONE

Arts Centre

NORENE McCANN was born in Windsor, Ontario in 1950 and came to Saint John, New Brunswick in 1955. Since then she has lived in Hampton, Fredericton and Sackville. In Fredericton, she attended UNB and received a B.A. in English and Philosophy in 1972. Her first art instruction was at the drawing and printmaking courses given by Marjory Donaldson at the UNB Art Centre, where Norene had her first one-woman show of drawings and watercolours in 1974. In Sackville, she attended Mount Allison University in the Fine Arts Department from 1975 to the present. Her work was shown in a group exhibition of Works on Paper at The Community Centre in 1978.

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THE ART CENTRE
of the University of New
Brunswick, Fredericton

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QUIZ ANSWERS:

1. Sarah Lawrence, which claims as alumnae Linda Eastman and Yoko Ono.
2. LOVE ME DO/P.S. I LOVE YOU
3. Mr. Heath.
4. Sceptre (of America's Cup fame).
5. IF I FELL. (Listen closely.)
6. YESTERDAY.
7. Gene Mahon.
8. Granny Smith.
9. Peter and Gordon.
10. 43 1/2 seconds.
11. STRAWBERRY FIELDS.
12. The Washington Coliseum.
13. The Rebels.
14. HEY JUDE/REVOLUTION.

15. The Temptations' BALL OF CONFUSION.

16. At the Woolton Parish Church, where Paul had come to hear John's group play at a dance.
17. "Hey Jules."
18. Capitol and Vee Jay.
19. "Yesterday" . . . and Today," which was first released in a jacket for which the Beatles posed as butchers of babies. The controversial jacket was quickly replaced.
20. I WANNA BE YOUR MAN.
21. C
22. Is there anything I can do?
23. Queenie.
24. Candlestick Park, San Francisco, August 29, 1966.
25. A pseudonym used by John.