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Celebrating 130 Years in Print

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Summer Sunset

Driving over hill and plain Past rippling brooks splashed by rain The countless trees stand tall and p Each as unique as every cloud.

And in their leafy, up strete The birds sing all in harg To see the flowers on **Bowing to His Maj**

Beyond them Who keep All creat Joytu

the Course

Before Winter Comes

This is not a poem. This is not about caterpillars That ate every leaf on our Hillside, leaving trees as **Barren as Auschwitz's Stripped and Starved** Prey.

This is not about Ashurbanipal Nor the trigger and the bang, Nor even about the caterpillars That don't chew as silently As a sun rises.

- Dan Lukiv -

Highways and Dancehalls by Diana Atkinson Vintage Canada 235 pages

One of the most remarkable things about Diana Atkinson's first novel, Highways and Dancehalls, is that it's not ensationalistic. What else would we expect from a book about a young girl's experience working as a stripper? Hooting, hollering, grimy sex and a painful descent into society's ugly basement: movie-of-the-week material for a daring network? No. Instead, Atkinson delivers a beautifullywritten story, great Canadian literature about a stripper. ensational, not sensationalistic

Highways and Dancehalls is Sarah's journal of over two years on the road in British Columbia, working as a stripper. When she begins, she is just seventeen years old, a high

and begins taking buses around the province, working in different strip clubs and sending her pay back to Lloyd, her shiftless, druggie boyfriend.

But money is not Sarah's only motivation. The answer to the inevitable question, 'why would any any intelligent young woman get caught in such a vocation?' is more complex than movies might have us believe. Atkinson provides that answer with subtlety and striking courage. Though the choices Sarah makes are not always understandable, they are always recognisable as real and human; her experience is fundamentally not that unusual. Her parents are attentive and educated, although their divorce is a defining event in Sarah's life. She is careful about the job of stripping, wanting to do it well, and for the most part resisting the pitfalls of drug use, alcoholism and prostitution. Sarah develops a fascinating kind of love-hate attitude toward her job. Along with the satisfaction of finding an occupation that she's good at comes a frightening loss of self. One night after her set, a

member of the audience compliments her: "Hey baby,' a cute sturdy-looking blond guy in tight Levis said to me. 'That was out of this world. Real erection material.' In real life you'd slap the guy's face. I think. I can't remember.'

draught

h well boys

submitted anonymously

Did your boy or girlfriend recently break up with you? Are you feeling creative? Want to let the campus know how much you love, miss or hate your ex? Write a poem or short story and drop it off at the Bruns Office and your name will go down in the annals of scorned lovers.

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ng game,

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w personal best

Drink up Who needs frineds When you've got **Drinking buddies?**

Drink up

While she does seem to get lost in this underworld, she also manages to find herself there. Instead of gravitating toward men as many insecure women do, Sarah develops transient relationships with fellow strippers, women who often seem worse off than she does

It must have taken an element of fearlessness on Atkinson's part to write Highways and Dancehalls. Now studying at Concordia University, she worked as a stripper for several years. It's inspiring to discover this story not as a movie-of-the week, but as an extremely well-written novel. The truth is out there. - Mary Rogal-Black

