



FEATURES



Reflections

Now that the wonder and glory of the art exhibit are over, I can look back and examine my impressions of the whole affair. My impression of the opening was one of confusion — masses of people milling around to see Wonderful Art and to say that they had been at the Opening. I, it must be confessed, attended for neither of these reasons, but merely because my class was cancelled in honour of the occasion and, having nothing better to do, I went.

Now I may say, in all honesty, that I am not sorry I attended. It was a unique experience. Never before have I stood in the midst of such a mass! So excited were we! So interested! All heads were inclined in one direction — all eyes on one spot. The object of our attention, may it be confessed, was not the speaker of the occasion, for he was completely hidden in the crowds which filled the lobby and reading rooms. Rather our attention was concentrated on the figure of a man carrying a v. apparatus and trying to force his way through the crowd, for you see, we were with him on the steps outside the building, vainly trying to get in. It was from there that I gained my impressions of The Opening.

Later, though, when the crowd had been reduced to a trickle, I viewed the paintings. When I reflect now, the one picture which stood out was, for some unknown reason, Mud Clinic. Why? I don't really know. Perhaps it was the blue balloon, arising from a graciously reclining figure. On the other hand, upon further reflection, it may have been the red splash of colour which looked like nothing so much as a low-slung, modern

ANTICOME A REMNANT OF A GREEK TRAGEDY

(Translator's note: To those of you who are unfamiliar with the fragment, perhaps we might allude briefly to the more prominent tragedy, ANTIGONE. This latter play, when translated literally from the Greek to the contemporary UNBish: idiom, means "Before She Went" (Anti-before; Gone-went). In other words, the extract that we have found fit to publish, ANTICOME, tells the story that preceded ANTIGONE. I understand that the UNB Drama Society presented a production of the tragic circumstances surrounding the Greek myth "Before she Went". Not to be left behind current events, I, a Greek Anthology devotee and scholar, think it highly rewarding to be able to publish for UNB eyes, for the first time in history, the sequel to Antigone — namely, Anticome. Anticome even before the "Man Who Came To Dinner". But then, ladies first always. The foregoing is an idiomatic translation with Latin interpolations where the Greek and the English refuse to come to terms. I have found it more convenient to give certain instances and events a contemporaneity. Louise Galantiere, a fellow translator, and I both agree that what is of eternal value will come through — one way or another.)

red car, which makes me remember the painting more clearly than the others.

What the balcony and the car were doing in the Mud Clinic I do not know, but there they most certainly were. Ah, this modern Art.

It seems to me that this university must be getting awfully hard up. Last week, when I arrived at the Brunswick office, I found one of the honourable editors sitting on an over-turned waste-paper basket in lieu of the traditional seating apparatus, and a feature-writer seated on the floor. No, it is not a new fashion, or a back-to-the-simpler-mode-of-living trend, but merely a scarcity of chairs!

When I mention chairs it always makes me think of the big leather one in my room at home. Leather reminds me of hides, hides of cows, cows of green grass. The thought of grass prompts me to ask: What are they doing with the "grass" in front of the Forestry building?

Scene: Memorial Hall.

Prof: (tip-toeing along the platform. Suddenly, the lights in the hall proper flash on, revealing to him a mass of UNB students, the modern Greek Chorus. He turns to them, staring ethereally over their heads, a Bunsen burner in one hand and a Specific Gravity bottle in the other. Then, he chants, in tragic sounding notes):

I have here in my hand the light of the faculty, and now it is out and I can no longer see. Who will light my Bunsen Burner? O Woe, who will give me a light?

Chorus: There he stands, unlit, with his Bunsen and his bottle! The light is out for him, the tragedy has begun. Woe, Woe! Woe to him and to his: and woe to SHE, who is his child!

She: (a match, enters, gliding along, exuding a warm glow of affection, burning to help her father). Father, do not despair. I shall be your eyes.

Prof: SHE, is it you? I cannot see you for the darkness about my head. I do not know yesterday from today. I cannot tell one from the other. What do you think of that?

She: Why do you tell me all this? Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. Have lighted all our days—

Prof: Hold! Come to me, SHE, and guide me to my lantern. Though I am blind, help me, then. I may spread a little light upon the people who are gathered here before us. But wait! (As if stricken, a terrible wall issues from his lips). Woe, Woe is me!

She: Father, let me give you a light! (SHE does so, but somehow it is of no avail.)

Prof: My bottle! It is uncorked! (He slips fainting to the floor, while SHE flickers hopelessly in the draft created by his fall.)

Chorus: Woe, Woe, the tragedy progresses.

We are the Chorus, we shall explain:

A light was needed, a light was found

Though half was done, yet half did remain

Because of the need for a stopper round

A stopper, Woe! pierced finely through

To allow for the liquid to escape by a straw:

Let us seek a stopper and allay his thirst too,

O Prof! O Woe! What use now SHHE to her Paw?

Before SHE came there was darkness

Now SHHE is here . . . (hic-cough!) She What?

(Translator's note: The fragment was unreadable for about 150 pages, because of blank lines left by the author in high spirits—no doubt for artistic purposes. However, the avid playgoer need not be disconcerted. The conclusion was found to be completely intact, and, strangely enough, so were the central characters. While the situation is rather similar to that of the opening, there is a remarkable difference, as the more subtle reader will discover; for, the tragedy has taken place.

Scene: Examination Hall.

Chorus: (seated at their desks writing their exams in the dark, mentally and physically; chanting).

Woe! Woe! The tragedy is consummating!

We are falling, falling, falling!

Messenger: (Dashing breathless upon the scene. Write no more!

WUSC TRIP

(by JOANNE CORBIN)

It was a cold rainy wind that blew as our group of 24 students, headed for Europe on WUSC scholarships, slipped anchor and slowly moved away from the dock at Wolf's Cove, Quebec.

Our ship was not one of the large luxury liners, but to each one of us, as the days went by, the Castel Felice became more and more one of the best forms of conveyance that any of us had ever had. Large lounges, reading rooms, decks and dining rooms afforded lots of room to move around in.

We had been told of the swimming pool on the aft deck and day after day we waited for it to be filled. Instead of being built in the usual long and narrow manner, this pool had an individuality all its own — its length with its depth! That is, the only way to swim in it appeared to be up and down vertically, rather than horizontally. Much to my disappointment, the ship's doctor deemed the weather too cold to allow swimming, so on the pe day that there was water in the "hole" we could only stand and admire the waves as they sloshed over the surrounding deck.

During our nine days aboard the group mixed work and play, lectures and rest. Each of us had been required to do a certain amount of research on a particular aspect of the country (s) to which we were going, so each day small groups would meet to hear the results of each other's efforts. As well as those "background" lectures, we also met as a whole group to hear lectures on WUSC, NFCUS, etc.

The ship's officers arranged a busy social schedule for the nine days, including movies, horse-racing, variety shows, bridge tournament, dances, etc.

The accommodations for our group were in the dormitories — the boys in one and the girls in the other, of course! At the beginning of the trip there were about twenty girls in our dorm, but within a couple of days eight had moved to cabins on the upper decks. No doubt this was due to the language confusion, as will be explained: Most of the crew were from Italy or Germany. This led to difficulties, as we couldn't understand them, nor they us. On the second day, when our cabin steward still couldn't seem to understand our desire for privacy — even after he had been lifted bodily and thrown out — some of the girls departed to the upper regions — for good! This was only the beginning of troubles for those who could only speak English!

The highlight of the trip came when we first sighted England. We came up the channel and docked at Southampton. It was just as we had hoped — the rolling hills, the forests, the complete greenness, and (most exciting of all) a real honest to goodness castle on a hillside. It was then that I began to get excited!

Throw up your papers and pens and cry, "No more!" For it is of no avail! (with a fierce growl) Anticome!

Chorus: (murmuring, question-SHHE is coming. Is SHE coming?)

Messenger: (Lamenting) Anti-Antigone, Antigone! Alas, SHHE, the match, has gone out like a light! Gone, gone, gone!

Prof: (enters slowly. He has found his cork at last, but is too late for a light.)

See, o ye people, I have my specific gravity bottle!

I have my stopper with its capillary!

I may cork my bottle now. But alas!

My Bunsen, poor little Bunsen burner needs must have its light.

Chorus: (in a rising aris) Will another SHE arise

A modern SHE who will surprise

Professors, who keep making stabs

At poor freshmen in their labs:—

And give students hope that they, in time,

When they too have reached their prime,

With more success at the Prof's lectern,

With triumph, may make a Bunsen Burn!

Sigma Lambda Beta Rho BY HERODITUS

We return. From where we will not say, but the fact remains that we're here.

Things have really been happening around Ye Olde Residence during the last two weeks. Somebody must have cut off the saltpeter ration.

As you, the multitudes, have read in the last Brunswickan, eight adventurous souls set out from the Residence on a Sunday night long ago with an ill-fated scheme in mind. To the three who did not return goes the honour of the title Men of the Week.

These brave men have requested that their names be withheld so that next of kin will not learn of the extent to which the wholesome life of our fair University has corrupted their offspring.

It was also brought to the attention of this corner that while said freshmen were busy with their scheme some person or persons set out to plant a mild explosion on the floors of the rooms of same freshmen. The result was not as expected. The only explosion that occurred was from officials of the university when they learned that linoleum would have to be replaced in one of the rooms. The force of the explosion was so great that a piece of paper was blown down here from the Art's building. As far as we can see, the logic is that since the flooring doesn't look right, it must be replaced.

To finish up, we would like to straighten out three members of The Most Honourable Faculty of Forestry on our meaning when we said that Forestry Week was quiet. We were just comparing the extra-curricular activities this year to the night doings last year. Quiet Foresters! Yes! Quiet!

Confidentially yours

The writers of this column would like to apologize for their absence from the Brunswickan last week. We had to help "The Eye" cover the football game in Chatham.

All the girls seem to have recovered from the effects of last week-end. With the fall formal and football game AND the party — it was the most!

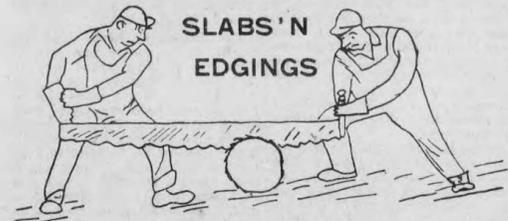
Blood-curdling screams echoed and re-echoed around the Maggie Jean one night last week. It seems that our cook (Clara by name) discovered a new Maggie Jeaner — a little furry one in the basement. The new resident, anxious to make friends with the cook (this is always good policy, no matter where one resides) ran over to shake hands, but alarmed by Clara's screams, scampered over her hand instead.

We would like to thank "Sam" or whoever broke the light in the vestibule of the main house. Alas, it has been fixed already. Thanks anyway, fellows!

A delegation of Foresters visited us because they thought we were lonely. We were glad to see them, but the "powers that be" weren't. Rumour has it that some of them spent the night in the local lock-up. Could it be that they were responsible for the very appropriate signs found decorating the residence on Monday morning?

Kelly's pool hall has been the scene of mysterious goings-on lately. Loud noises behind locked doors — and all that sort of thing, but the secret has been so well kept that the writers can only surmise that perhaps they're making T.N.T. and the place will explode within the next few days.

See you in the next world!



SLABS 'N EDGINGS

by Jack, Jim and Paul

The Faculty of Forestry has in the past week had some interesting lectures on site classification by Mr. George Brown, from the Federal government. Mr. Brown graduated from Ontario Agricultural College and then took his degree in Forestry at Toronto University. He has travelled extensively in Canada and has developed a site classification in which he combines soil, climate, topography, ground vegetation draining aspect, species grown and land history. He explained that the University Woodlot was very hard to classify. A forester was in love with two girls but did not know which one he would marry. One was very beautiful but had no artistic qualities while the other was a beautiful singer but was as homely as a board fence. In the long run art won out and the Forester married the singer. The morning after the nuptials the forester awoke and realizing what he had done after looking at his wife, jumped out of bed and shouted "For God's sake, sing!"

Would the person who stole the deck of cards out of the Memorial Reading Room at the Social Night please return them. These people who would steal the gold teeth out of their dead grandmother aren't fit to be Foresters, rather that they turn to Engineering.

We extend heartfelt sympathy to the four foresters who, with four other people, were unsuccessful in their attempt to capture the canon. May we suggest that

there are some monuments around.

The senior Foresters had an enjoyable field trip to Newcastle a week ago Monday. Fraser Companies pulmill, Trafalgar Mills, and Burchill's sawmill were visited. At Fraser's Mill, John Betts, science '55 conducted one group on the tour.

From all appearances the girls at the Maggie Jean Chestnut House don't appreciate finer music. Reports are that several singing entertainers were expelled from the girls' abode before they were able to complete their introductory number. To add insult to injury, the singers were also banished from the grounds.

The St. John Ambulance course is being taken with keen interest by several members of the Forestry Faculty. The Foresters plan on having another water safety course this year. Other campus organizations could also promote events of this type if they so desired.

As the Brunswickan Editor pointed out in the last publication it takes work to produce a good paper. To make this, or any other column, a success, contributors are an absolute necessity. Foresters, make your column more interesting by giving the writers some tips!

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