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By KATHRYN WAKELING

THE MYSTERIOUS NAKED MAN is UNB's WRITER-IN-RESIDENCE!

Alden Nowlan has been Writer-in-Residence at UNB for the past nine years and yet he remains a ghost-like figure to the majority of the students on this campus.

Today he is one of the most diversified personalities within the literary field with attributes in poetry, short stories, plays, and a novel. Quite a notable accomplishment for a man whose education stopped while he was in grade five.

In fact Nowlan began his writing career when he was eleven years old. His first poem was published by the time he was seventeen. "So in a sense," says Nowlan "It was never a case of wanting to grow up and be a writer . . . I always thought I was one." For, to Nowlan, his poetry was as a child has his imaginary playmate - it was his communicant.

His first introduction into the theatre was through a friend, Walter Learning, producer of TNB. Both Nowlan and Learning discovered that they had a mutual interest in the character of Frankenstein and so Learning suggested that they write a play. Nowlan was interested of course but thought nothing more of their conversation until one day the following week when he read in the GLEANER that together with Walter Learning he was going to produce the play version of FRANKENSTEIN! For Nowlan it was a challenge that was "enormously exciting". This was a new area of discovery for him, writing poetry and short stories is basically a one man business - whereas with a play there is team effort among every facet of theatre from the actor to the director.

Above all else Nowlan considers himself to be a poet. He feels that with poetry his moods are captured to unify a complete thought. Whereas short stories take him days to complete and with variations of moods his initial feeling can be lost.

At UNB's Writer-in-Residence his role is very unstructured in that he does not serve as a member of the English Dept., nor teach any classes. His contact with the students is essentially on an informal basis by advising students and reading any material they might bring to him for opinions.

Commenting on Atlantic literature, Mr. Nowlan described it as having an atmosphere of its own at a time when the Western sections of Canada are becoming increasingly homogenized. Within the Maritimes (e.g. New Brunswick) there are several distinct identities that make each province fairly unique. Of the general subject of Canadian literature, Mr. Nowlan says he has seen a tremendous change since the 1920's when there were literally no Canadian magazines and the only publishing company was the Ryerson Press. For the few poets in Canada there were 'chat' books - sixteen page booklets of poetry produced by Ryerson. Today there are publishing companies all across Canada with over one hundred and thirty seven chat books being published yearly." An incredible change," says Nowlan, "now there is more being published within a month than in ten years." This along with the refreshing surge of Canadian poets have all contributed in improving the Canadian literature market.

On November 24, 1977 Alden Nowlan will be giving a reading from his new collection of poems SMOKED GLASS. Stayed tuned to Up' & Cumin for the time and place, because it's an event which guarantees satisfaction!



ALDEN NOWLAN

Writer - In - Residence

THE MYSTERIOUS NAKED MAN ALDEN NOWLAN

It takes even more than this to make you cry or laugh
aloud
when you are old enough
to find a forgotten snapshot of yourself,
take it up in your hands,
hold it close to the light,

discover slowly
and for the first time

that once long ago
you were almost
beautiful.



THE GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN

Both as mere children see a tinsel star [with undivided wonder] and as men observe the ornaments they've fashioned when their art is clumsier than their desire: I see you, all my love, a tree afire in the cold forests of me, and again a tree I made from staves torn from the pen of loneliness, and all its roots are wire.

My love, with so much hatred in the earth, a thousand bats against the burning sky, I think it seldom matters why the seed of love was planted if it comes to birth. Love is too rare to kill [though it will die] whether it grows in you or in my need.

THE PILGRIMAGE AS WORSHIP

Man needs to touch
and be touched.
Therefore the pilgrimage.

And if he finds nothing
he did not leave behind,
well, all the better
-then he can bring back
everything.
Exiles do not know this:

the profit comes
at the end
of the circle.

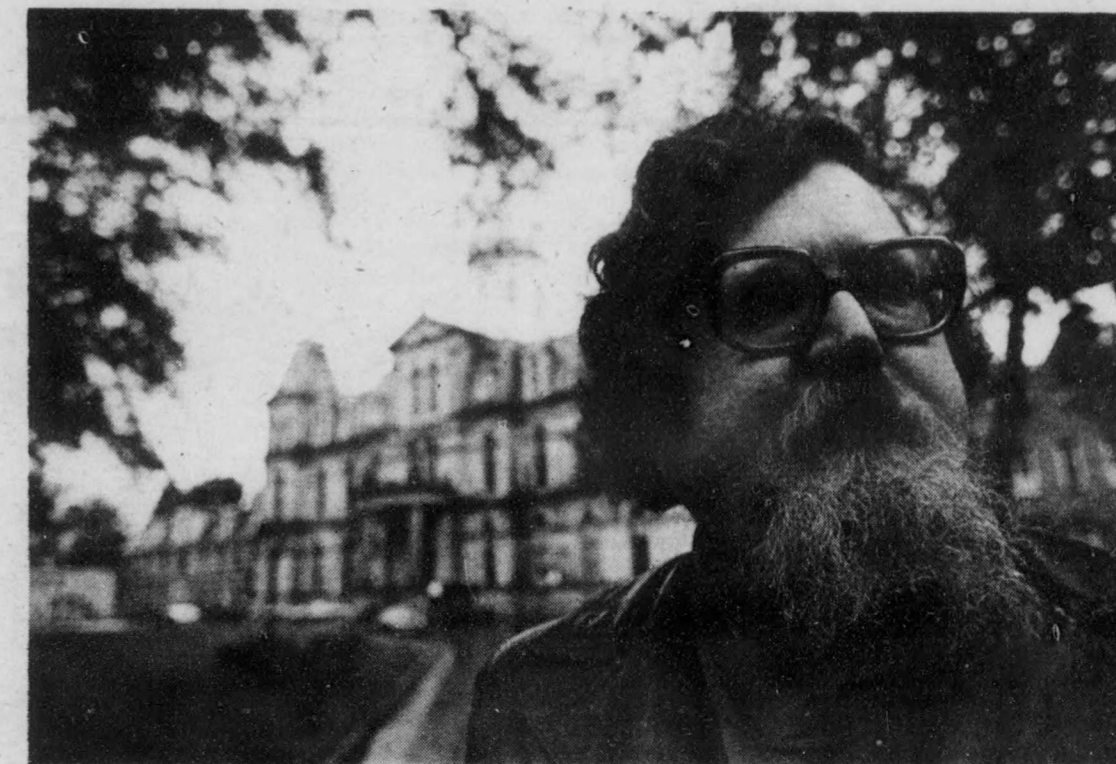
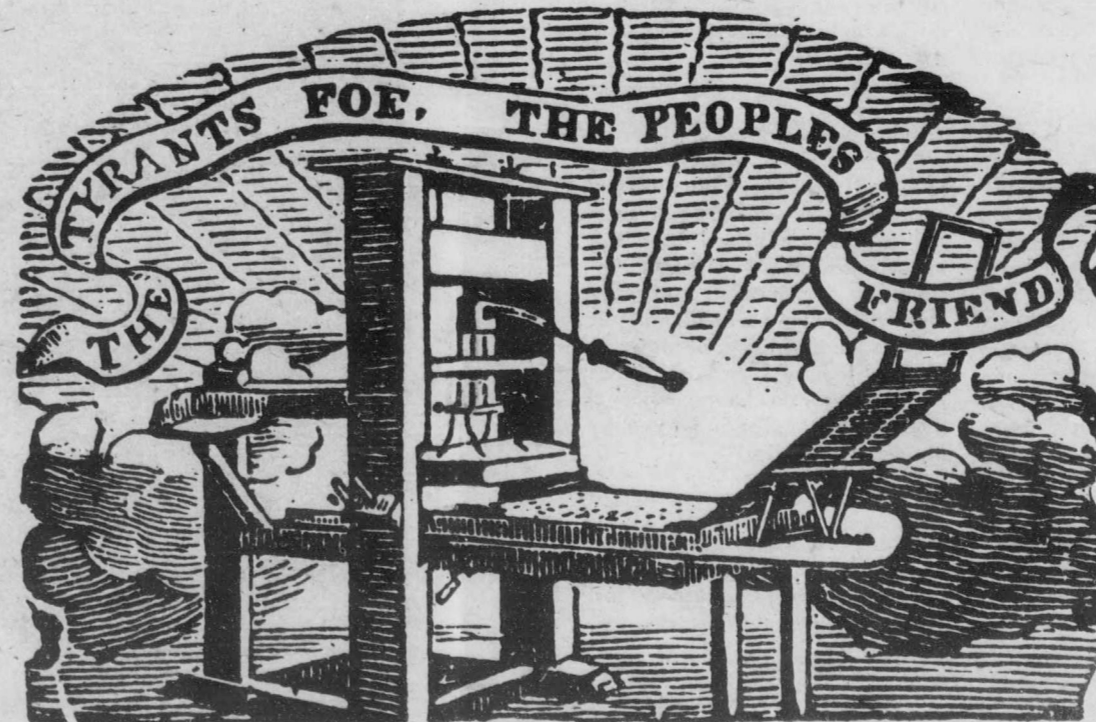


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FIRST LESSON IN THEOLOGY

"God is a Baptist,"
my grandmother told me
when I was three
"John the Baptist baptised him,
so what else could he be?"

RE ENTRY

He has been out of his head
but nowhere else: the diagnosis is delirium

They have him almost convinced
until he touches
the medallion of the priestess
The film ends there

Sleep is a different story
How I fought to keep
every detail of the vision,
a work of art that explained
almost everything!

When I woke up I thought,
I'll find pencils and scissors and paste and paint
and get all this down
on paper so everyone will perceive
how true and beautiful it is
- a discovery!

Manuscripts of an unpublished poem
with a tiny green water
in the upper right hand corner
and a drawing of Mark Twain's head
in the upper left
above a picture
of little Orphan Annie
cut from a comic strip
You can see how
it dissolves:
like a fistful of diamonds
that were really ice, after all

