

"SCHOOLTEACHER OF PLEASURE"

(from page 3)

Susie B----, the postmistress, talked me into taking her fishing and I did. But fishing salmon wasn't uppermost in her mind. She was after me. She tried to seduce me."

The good father stopped a moment and I asked him if all the girls were like that here.

"Oh yes," he said, "they are all like that. In the States where I'm from the men have to go to all sorts of stratagems to get what they want. Here you have to work just as hard to avoid it. You don't need any technique — just lay them on the floor or field and that's all and if you don't lay them they'll see that they get laid."

"That's hard to believe," I said. The priest replied, "It's true and you'll find it out soon enough. Just remember this — unofficially it's acceptable but if the matter is ever brought to official attention you as a teacher would be in trouble. I'm not trying to tell you what to do now. You decide that yourself. I'm just giving you the facts. Think about it."

I thanked him very much and asked, "What do you think caused the moral vacuum?"

The priest answered, "I think British colonialism is to blame. They sent people over here with no recreation and naturally they turned to sex. The doctrines of freedom and democracy were raging at the time and these people went so far as to apply them to sex. To this day they are still the great lovers of freedom."

"I suppose like everyone else you think that the American sports come here just to fish salmon. Well, it's a pretty good excuse!"

As I was a very cynical young man at the time I didn't believe a word the Father said. So I went out and did some fieldwork on the topic discussed and verified, to my astonishment, all that he had said.

I kept wondering where the landlady's husband was. It turned out he had another interest a little further down river. He only came home once all the winter I was there and that was because he needed help to fill out his old age pension application form.

His forty year old son, Mike, slept in the room next to mine and so did an eighteen year old girl named Sandy. They were married but not churched as the time on Mike's divorce from his previous wife was not up yet.

That fall I went hunting with him. The area abounded with game. One night after supper a moose walked out of the forest behind the wood pile and strolled casually through the back yard.

Another weekend we went with a school bus driver back a logging road into the Dungeness Whooper country about twenty miles in the forest to hunt for deer. According to a legend the cookie of a lumber camp died in the mid winter and the loggers buried him in the woods as the snow was too deep to bring him out. Because he hadn't been buried by a

preacher he whooped and hollered till he scared all the game and lumbermen away. Finally a preacher came and said the proper words over his grave and shut him up. From what we saw that day the game never got up enough courage to come back.

After the snow came we were able to track deer. I remember the pleasant crunch of the snow underfoot as we walked through the snow laden evergreen forest.

Walking home one night along the icy back road that led to the house of the whalebone arch I went slowly putting my feet straight down so I wouldn't slip. I heard the quick footsteps behind me of a man wanting to catch company for a walk on a lonely road at midnight. I slowed and waited for him to come alongside. Alongside he came and I greeted him and he greeted me: "It's slippery, ain't it. I just been to Newcastle to get my teeth fixed. Just got back on the bus just now."

For a while we talked of such common topics as teeth and bus schedules and weather and the conversation was very ordinary. Then he burst out, "You know something? I'm the leader of the world. I got split into two parts and the other part chased me away so he could rule himself and he killed my Queeny and Adolf Hitler was the mad trapper and he's still alive." For the remainder of our walk together he expounded profusely on these topics. Indeed, so profound were his thoughts that I could not follow them. Of course, when one talks to the leader of the world one should not expect too much of oneself.

Next day I learned that he had a feminine counterpart in the area who took her stovecovers with her everytime she went away so nobody would steal them.

Spring came at last and the ice went in the rink and the river ice started to rot and the road got soft and rutted by the log trucks. Winter was gone and Sandy was pregnant and I felt sorry for her and Mike but mostly for her. Mike was upset because he couldn't take her places as his wife but she didn't seem to mind. I knew they wouldn't be getting many baby presents so I bought a set of blue things, socks, mits, sweater, and a hat. There were tears in Mike's eyes as he thanked me for them. Sandy had a boy.

Men came to tear down an old bridge across the river that wasn't needed anymore. Some of them stayed at our place. One night after everyone else was in bed and **This Hour Has Seven Days** was over I went into the kitchen for a last cookie before going up the wooden hill. To my surprise the light was still on in the kitchen and one of the bridgemen was in the chair by the stove with an empty quart of Captain Morgan's hugged tightly in his arms. I woke him so he could go up to bed and he moaned, "Oh, they're drunk as hell. They're havin' a party and they're dancin' around down there."

"Who's dancing around down there?" I asked. He replied, "The little men, the little men who do all the work in my belly. They're drunk as hell and they're makin' me sick!"

As I stood ice-fishing I watched the ice cakes flow down the river by me towards the sea. I wished I could go with them. As the west wind blew the fragrance of the first sweet blossoms to my nostrils I wanted to go with it to the sea. The sea, mother of man, was calling me back, back to her life giving shelter. And I had to go.

INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY TOURNAMENT NOV. 26, 27

FRIDAY

7:00 — UNB vs St. Thomas

9:15 — BU vs St. FX

SATURDAY

1:30 — Consolation Final

7:30 — Tournament Final

Admission: 75¢ per game
TOURNAMENT PASS \$1
(For Students & Faculty)

Drama Earns Laurels

For their production of *It's Hard to be Sad*, the Drama Society deserves all the praise that this reviewer can give: for not only have they challenged themselves, they have challenged an age-old tradition at UNB which states that "On no occasion in the Fall Term shall the Drama Society produce a play which might in any way offend the audience by making them think." But first, a critique.

"The Dumb-Waiter", produced by Geoff Eatherne was by far the most difficult of all the evening's entertainment. The Acting required put the heaviest demands upon the cast, and Art Roberts and Myron Mitton (in that order) rose to the occasion with surprising dexterity. Scenes which could well have become nothing more nor less than comedy if badly acted, were carried off with professional polish and deceptive ease. One was aware, nonetheless, that the actual set was far too large for such intimate dialogue, and this fact tended to lend a cold atmosphere to an extremely heated situation.

In all, this most difficult play was done **MAGNIFICENTLY**, and was a credit to both actors and the producer.

The next two plays, "Maid to Marry" and "The Sandbox" were lighter, and gave moral relief to the audience which by this time was aware that it didn't understand the "Dumb-Waiter". We will have more to say about the audience, later. Hugh Lloyd and Elaine Fowler made a good job of a long and difficult dialogue in "Maid to Marry". "The Sandbox", a bitter pill with a sugar-coat was highlighted by the acting of Sharon Pollack (Grandma) and Steve Finch (Angel of Death). Neither of these plays put demands on the actors that were unreasonable, and for this reason the effect was both enjoyable and interesting.

"Kripp's Last Tape", acted by Alvin Shaw, was a real study in difficulty. For example, somehow Shaw managed to spend five minutes eating a very phallic banana (that's right folks) and yet maintain audience attention and interest: this is quite a tribute to any actor, and it shows quite well that Shaw is the most experienced member of the Drama Society.

The audience, (and I might as well say that I include myself in this category) was a total flop. We are too used to sitting in plush seats and calmly observing "Tammy is a Werewolf", and expecting to be clubbed over the head with "The Message". We loudly protested the fact that "We don't under-

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