

Inside Out

... seems that we students are constantly bitchin' about one thing or the other. Admittedly there's justification for it all - there's plenty wrong with UNB. But what about the services that are offered to us that the most of us prefer to ignore for some reason or the other ... usually from just plain ignorance.

One of the most student neglected of these is the Art Centre located in Memorial Hall, the Centre hosts a varying and interesting schedule of exhibits throughout the year. It's all free and certainly deserves a visit. Open weekdays from 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. and on Sundays from 2 p.m. - 4 p.m., it is a great change of scene.

The Centre also loans [free again] reproductions of famous paintings to students for the academic year [see article previous page]. Beats bare walls, or, even worse, ski-bum posters!

The Creative Arts Committee will be sponsoring four fantastic events this year [free ... free ... free] commencing with Odetta next Thursday. These are better attended than the Centre, but there are still some who don't know about it ...

So, take heed and check it out. Don't stop bitchin', but don't let the good side escape you either.

... Can't leave without the usual plug. Anyone wishing to submit poetry, please do. This year, I'd also like to run page length short stories once in awhile, so ... feel free to bring 'em in. And of course, there are just not enough hours in the week for a couple of us to write all the book and record reviews. I'll provide the books for anyone interested, but unfortunately record companies aren't interested. So if you've heard a good album lately, let's hear about it — this is YOUR paper! ... Megan

With all the budget cuts now in evidence thru out the campus, it comes as no surprise to find that the university still hasn't installed any new street lights — not that there's anything wrong with the existing street lamps but they are somewhat scarce in number, especially considering the number of students who live off campus. Not only is there the ever present danger of slipping on the ice and snow in winter, but there is also the very real threat of rapes and muggings. Obviously the university just can't afford to protect the safety of its population who are noble enough [or unfortunate enough] to walk home after dark. To advise us not to put ourselves into such a situation is unrealistic because everyone will, at sometime or the other, have a reason to be on campus at night — whether for social or academic events. It's been my experience that the females, as usual, have no breaks. No matter which direction one lives from campus there is at least one unlighted area that must be crossed when leaving either the SUB or the HIL. I myself have the choice of either the booby-trap staircase behind LBR or the skating rink and snow mountains which always appear behind the archives. [I, as well as several others, have been frequently accosted by drunks and other odd creatures at both sites.] But it's the people who live in Skyline Acres who really have fun. The tales I've heard of what occurs along the path which comes out behind the Dunn are enough to embarrass even me, and some of the instances have been in broad daylight! Of course the other directions leading off-campus all have their own hazardous area — if you haven't already noticed, you should do so sometime when you're sober. If you wait until you're being escorted home by a drunk who picked you up at the end of the night, you may find yourself becoming the documented case which finally shocks the university into finding the funds for the guiding light. [And they call US immoral!]

And speaking of university cut-backs did those of you who live in residence pay such extravagant fees only to have goodness-knows who evesdropping on the call you had to wait three hours to make? ... Kay

BOOKS

Stories wanted for children's anthology

Stephen Gill is interested in quality short fiction with a maximum 3,000 words for children of grades four to eight for an anthology he is editing. Manuscripts will be reported in five weeks and payments to contributors will be in copies of the book. Tentatively entitled TALES FROM CANADA FOR CHILDREN EVERYWHERE, the anthology is scheduled to be released by Vesta in 1978.

Mr. Gill is seeking stories which are set in Canada and have well-defined themes and universality of appeal. He is interested in any serious writer, whether published or unpublished. He prefers well-written manuscripts, particularly those which inspire readers to high ideals, and contribute to making the world a better place to live.

Mr. Gill has wide experience as an anthologist. He has edited GREEN SNOW (an anthology of Canadian poets of Asian origin); and co-edited POETS OF THE CAPITAL, and SEAWAY VALLEY POETS. In addition, he has eight books to his credit, some of them have been published abroad.

Address your submissions with a short biographical sketch and a stamped self-addressed envelope to Stephen Gill c/o Vesta Publications, Box 1641, Cornwall, Ontario, K6H 5V6, Canada, before November 1977.

French CanLit lets mind fly

GARDEN IN THE WIND
GABRIELLE ROY trans. Alan Brown, McClelland & Stewart.

"Scarlet poppies with their dark core, others, their warm pink rimmed with a stronger hue, like some fine, white silk ruffled in your hand, offered their delicately pleated faces to the dry wind ..."

Gabrielle Roy's latest book to be translated into English, *A Garden in the Wind*, is a fantastic selection of four short stories. She has excelled her writing in this collection for although each of the stories has its own plot it seems as if by decreasing the length of the story-line Ms. Roy has spent much more time and dedication on the setting and atmosphere. In *The Tin Flute* we glimpsed how she developed her characters out of their environment but in *Garden in the Wind* we see how her characters are truly evolved from it. All four of the short stories are set on the Prairies and involve people from far-off lands who are attempting to put down some roots — a French Canadian family who have a dubious long lost relative come to visit, a Chinese

man who opens a greasy-spoon in a one horse prairie town, a group of Doukhobors who are influenced by mystical images while deciding where to settle down, and a lonesome Ukrainian farm-wife who's last joy in life is her garden in the wind.

A Garden in the Wind is the type of book you can sit down and enjoy by letting your imagination fly. It is very easy 'light' reading but the plots are such that you will remember them and mull over them long after your mind's eye has roamed across the early prairies sampling the various life-styles its elements evoked.

Gabrielle Roy is a French-Canadian authoress of long standing. Whenever I read anything by her it always makes me wish I was capable of experiencing them as she originally wrote them — in her native dialect. For those of you who are able to read French used as beautifully as it was intended it would be well worth while to get hold of the original *Un jardin au bout du monde*. But fortunately for those, like me, there are experts like Alan Brown who make it possible to enjoy Gabrielle Roy's books because of his excellent translations.

(Kay)

Gustafson's impotent poetry disappointing

CORNERS IN THE GLASS RALPH GUSTAFSON McClelland & Stewart.

As a poet, Gustafson is lacking in a few things; mainly he has nothing to say. His poems lack the strength or intensity to put across a main idea. He continually salts his verse with images at random, and expects them to convey what he lacks the talent to say poetically.

Another aspect of his writing is that it is very choppy and jerky; stilted for a better word. He lacks the poet's ear for rhythm. I find that when I'm reading him, I feel as if someone has erased the end of most sentences, giving the effect of jumping to unconnected images, which share no common ground.

When he does write a technically good poem, such as "Pause" what he says in it is so common and trivial, you wonder why he even bothered.

Gustafson has some very beautiful images in his poems: "Night is interlaced in leaves, The long path of the sun is ocean-gone."

To start a poem with an opening as strong and beautiful as that, you would expect a very moving poem, but instead he fell into incoherencies and babble. "This quiet, history left to its envy, life less each hour. Time, the years."

What starts out as a great poem suffers from premature ejaculation. He just leaves you expecting more. He fails to move you, and leaves you empty and unsatisfied. So unsatisfied that you close the book and go to sleep.

(James Burness)

Bound for glory in a box of bones

ACT OF GOD CHARLES TEMPLETON McClelland & Stewart

Templeton's latest novel, "Act of God", is bound to be a bestseller. It is not, however, the "great Canadian novel" we are still awaiting. In fact, Canada is given only a brief mention. Set in New York, Rome, Israel, and London, the novel achieves the cosmopolitan attitudes necessary to appease the reading public and attempts philosophical discussions of various religious issues.

Cardinal Michael Maloney, bishop of New York, is a converted Presbyterian who stands in line for the Papacy. While journeying home from Rome, he meets an old college friend, Dr. Gordon Harris, an atheist and renowned archeologist. Harris claims to have discovered the bones of Jesus of Nazareth. Maloney, with obvious ulterior motives, invites Harris to complete his research in his basement. As time progresses, Harris' findings become more and more convincing, causing Maloney great concern. The future of the Christian world are at stake — surely murder couldn't be a sin in this case?

Maloney's "perfect murder" and its effects, especially on his adopted niece and her detective fiancée forms the basis of the plot. Though entertaining enough to hold the reader's attention, the novel falls short as really exciting reading. Templeton's middle-of-the-road attitude leaves too many questions not only unresolved, but barely formed in one's mind. Doubters of the faith can see great possibilities in Harris' discovery, but so as not to offend believers, Templeton fails to deliver its full impact. The religious discussions about sex, charity, death, etc. are about as uncontroversial as possible. Characterization is weak. Harris' enthusiasm and Maloney's anger are not portrayed as one imagines they could (and should be).

"Act of God" is not great literature by any means, but then it doesn't pretend to be. It is an interesting suspense story, with a love story thrown in for good measure and should certainly make for an evening's light entertainment.

(Megan: with apol. to A.B.C.)

COLLEGE HILL VIDEO WORKSHOP ORGANIZATION MEETING
WED. 21
Rm 103 SUB
ALL WELCOME

That so few now dare to be eccentric marks the chief danger of the time. — John Stuart Mill

The First CREATIVE ARTS CONCERT ODETTA

September 22, 8:15 pm, in ThePlayhouse
Tickets available now for University Students and Membership holders at the Art Centre, and the SUB and Residence Office.

Memberships \$ 15.00 (or \$ 7.50 for Senior Citizens and School Children)