

# "Wild Strawberries" shows in Tilley

This weekend the UNB Film Society will be showing Ingmar Bergman's *Wild Strawberries* (1957). Bergman, the best-known internationally of Swedish film-makers, has a

highly individual poetic style that has influenced many younger directors: *Wild Strawberries* is considered by most to be one of his best, along with his 1956 film *The*

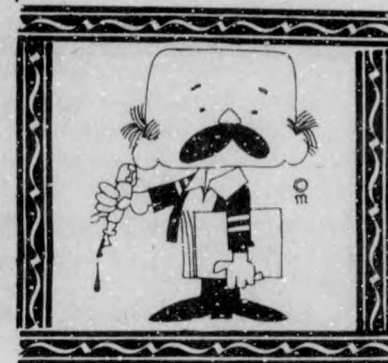
*Seventh Seal*.

In the film we follow Professor Isak Borg, 78 years of age (played by Viktor Sjöström, another distinguished Swedish film-maker), as he

a valid relationship between past and present. It is through these subconscious images that Isak eventually comes to accept his life for what it is, gaining new insight into its significance both for him and travels from Stockholm to a university town to receive an honorary degree. He travels with his daughter-in-law, Marianne, and three young hitch-hikers whom he encounters en route. During the day he is haunted by nightmares and recollections of the past that combine to make him aware of his failings and sufferings in life. Bergman's purpose in *Wild Strawberries* is to reach behind the facade that keeps the skeletons effectively concealed in respectable life. Isak re-experiences his life in his

*Wild Strawberries* relies heavily on flashbacks and dream sequences, but these are so intimately connected with events in the past that they never appear gratuitous or superfluous. The dreams are not mere reliving of the past - they are conjured up from a jumble of preconceptions, fears, and memories; the recurrence of important symbols gives these dreams continuity and effects in them for others.

*Wild Strawberries* will be shown on Friday and Saturday nights, Nov. 27 and 28, at 8:00 pm in Tilley Hall room 102. Admission is \$2 or with season pass.



dreams and through them tries to understand the truth about himself; he is presented by Bergman as one who, in his selfishness, has ignored all the real values in life - as one who is already spiritually dead.

## Spanish Club displays "Metal paintings"

By FAITH BURROWS  
FELIX KOFIE

When it comes to brushing things up, artist Keitha Crighton knows how. Born into an artistic family, and educated in Ottawa, she now resides in Fredericton with her husband.

On Monday, the Spanish Department and Club, in the second series of "Meet the Artist" had the privilege of meeting with and viewing a selection of Keitha's own inventive "Metal Paintings."

What is so unique about Metal Painting? Well, if you were not there to see them for yourself, then you missed an

aesthetic experience. The paintings Keitha exhibited were all painted in gold, bronze, and silver.

Through creative experimentation with metal paints in various mediums such as oil, gesso, acrylics, and turpentine, Keitha's exquisite, artistic talent resulted in such works as "Iceberg," "Snowfield," "Autumn Eve," to name a few.

When asked how she came up with such an unusual painting style, she said that she gets her "inspirations from within."

Keitha's career started off with a degree in Interior

Design, but she first studied art with Henri Masson. On moving to Montreal, she later resumed her studies at the Montreal Museum of Art under the tutelage of Gentile Tondino. As a member of the Independent Art Association, there she exhibited several of her paintings in many competitive shows in the area, and achieved considerable recognition and success.

The afternoon turned out to be quite interesting. Over all, Keitha's warm and friendly personality stirred much conversation and discussion amongst those who attended this event.

## Chapter Ten Quest for the Crown of Trent

### Death in the Mountains

**Summary:** After defeating the dragon Drathane, Jar and his two companions are forced to do battle with Drak. In this battle, Tran is injured by falling rock. One blast from Drak destroys a ravine wall and frees Valton. A short battle ensues and results in the defeat of Drak. What actually happened to him though is not certain to either Valton or Jar.)

Tran was alive but unconscious. Valton has suggested that they tie him to his horse until he had recovered sufficiently to travel unaided. Jar had given up his horse to the aged wizard and had decided to lead the dwarf's horse by its reins.

For five days they had travelled through the Hain Forest. On the sixth day they had reached the outer edge, just a few miles to the west of the East Coast Swamp. From there they had been able to see the Mid-Hain Mountains. Another half a day of travel had brought them to the western edge of the range. They made camp there for the night.

The morning dawned cold and clear. Jar and Valton were sitting next to the fire and its welcome warmth when Tran came over. His face was still bruised and he walked with a limp but he seemed to be mending well. His left arm was in a cast of some sort that Valton had come up with and was

strapped across his chest.

"Well, I guess we had better get going," Jar suggested.

"Yeah," Tran grunted. "We have a lot of lost time to make up for."

They mounted up, Valton riding with Jar. There was only one path that they could see. It was narrow and twisting. Loose rock covered it making footing precarious. Jar urged his horse along, watching carefully for obstacles. On one side the path was flanked by a steep wall of rock, the other a sharp drop into a deep chasm.

Through out the day they rode up into the mountains. The temperature dropped steadily, causing the four companions to pull their cloaks tightly about themselves. By midmorning they had climbed high enough that there were patches of snow across the path. When they stopped for a quick noon meal the snow had drifted quite deeply.

After the meal they continued. Still the path rose and the snow became deeper. For most the distance they covered, the right side of the path dropped off into the chasm. The wind picked up, blowing the snow into their faces. Strangely enough, Valton seemed unaffected by the adverse weather. He sat behind Jar, staring ahead into the driving snow. Suddenly he jumped down from the horse and motioned for the others to stop.

Jar climbed down from his horse and squatted down behind the wizard. He wondered what it was that had caught the attention of Valton. Whatever it was he could not see it. As they waited the snow started to fall more heavily and the wind picked up. They were caught in a storm. There would be no more progress until it was finished.

Without warning, a ball of fire flew by overhead. Valton turned to Jar.

"You were right about meeting Drak again," he said. "This is something that he would do."

"You mean the storm?" Jar asked.

Valton shook his head. "I think the storm is natural. Not even Drak can alter the weather. It's that fireball I'm talking about. This storm is holding us here. An attempt to advance in this weather would be very foolish. But if we wait here, whoever is firing those balls of fire at us will eventually find our range."

As if to verify what Valton was saying, another ball passed over head and crashed into the path just to the rear of Althar.

"There is no way of going back now," Valton pointed out. "That blast probably destroyed a section of the path."

What do you suggest we do?" Jar asked.

"We will have to go ahead until we find some place to

wait out the storm and where our attacker can't get us."

Jar went back to Althar and Tran and explained the plan. Both agreed that it was the only possible solution. They dismounted and led their horses, Valton leading them. The snow swirled about, filling the hoods of their cloaks. The wind buffeted them about. Another fireball crashed into the wall behind them, sending a shower of crushed rock over them. The hits were getting closer.

A cry from Althar caused Jar to turn. The normally nimble elf had slipped on a patch of ice and was now dangerously close to the edge. One wrong move and he would fall over the side and plummet to his death. Jar went over to the prone elf and extended his hand to him. A fourth fireball smashed against the mountain, this time not more than ten feet away. A section of the path underneath Althar broke away and the elf began to slip over the side. Jar grasped his hand desperately.

Tran and Valton hurried over to help. Jar was unable to keep his footing on the path and was beginning to slip towards the edge. Tran grabbed one leg and Valton the other. Slowly they pulled Jar back from the lip of the path and Althar began to slide away from the chasm.

With a resounding roar another fireball smashed into the path not more than three feet away. Valton and Tran were hurled against the mountain wall, causing them to lose their grip on Jar. The explosion caught Jar fully, bathing him in fire. The hair on his face and the back of his hands was singed. Another section of the path crumbled away into the chasm. Althar was not hanging clearly over it, only the grip that Jar had on his head saving him from certain death. Slowly his fingers slipped through Jar's.

The cold was freezing Jar's fingers, making it harder to keep a hold on Althar's hand. He knew that he did not have the strength to pull the elf back onto what remained of the path. The pain was getting worse. Valton and Tran were starting to recover from the blast. If they got over quickly the elf still had a chance.

Jar was bringing his other hand over to get a better grip when the section of path under his chest collapsed. Jar dropped against the remaining rock smashing his hand against an outcropping. Althar banged against the base of the path. His hand slipped from Jar's. Without a sound he dropped into the chasm.

Jar closed his eyes, not being able to watch. When he opened them Tran and Valton were standing behind them. No one said a word.