

FROM PAGE 4

solution. It is not the straw man/nightmare of Professor Cameron's "economic development." The Maritimes has had that in one form or another for a few decades with very little improvement for

most of our people. The solution will come when the people of the Maritimes themselves start getting together and finding ways to run their own lives. They'll do this better and they'll do it

sooner than any number of Professor Camerons could imagine.

Terence Hamilton-Smith
New Brunswick Socialists

LUMPY GRAVY - SUPER SOPHISTICATED ULTRA SUAVE INTELLECTUALITY

Dear Sir:

In his "Lumpy Gravy" column of February 20th, Ron Grant attempted to prove that certain rock groups are not really playing country music in their recent recordings. It was awfully good of Mr. Grant to condescend to the level of the common man to make these important revelations to us; it is not often that an arbiter of aesthetic excellence addresses himself to the masses, so we should appreciate the great insights into the subtleties of artistic appreciation which Mr. Grant shared with us.

The profound thesis which Mr. Grant offered for our consumption is that if you define "country music" to be something you don't enjoy, then music which you do enjoy can't be country music!

Mr. Grant began his article, "You know what country music is." From a careful perusal of his column it is not apparent that Mr. Grant himself is knowledgeable on the subject. To dispel my doubts, perhaps Mr. Grant will offer a definition (and by that I mean something more than the bit about a woman moaning for her lost lover).

Though Mr. Grant never does define country music, he refers to it as "sounds instinctively alien to your ears" and "music that you hate and despise so very much." Because musical tastes vary, rock, folk, pop, and so might all qualify as "country music" (i.e., sounds instinctively alien to your ears). If the label "country" is to have any objective significance, it must be susceptible to being tested against some common standard: as long as individuals for themselves, the classification suggested by Mr. Grant can have no meaning. Perhaps Mr. Grant should be universally recognized as the appropriate authority to decide what is and what is not country music. Then, however, the definition should be "sounds instinctively alien to Mr. Grant's ears."

Mr. Grant reminds me of my younger brother who, when a country tune does well on the pop charts, denies its country nature. His problem is that, before he can enjoy any music, he must first convince himself that it's not "country." I couldn't hold but smile when I read Mr. Grant's comment that the "local Yokels" are fooled by the music in question; the distinctions he draws are highly artificial and arbitrary.

By way of contrasting the rock groups with country artist, Mr. Grant says that their music truly expresses their ideas, that they are not primarily trying to sell records, and that they don't have any "set form" to follow. "They play around with a tune, and when they like it, record it. These musicians just happen to

like steel and twelve-string guitars, and their affection for the music and the instruments shows through on every tune. Their dedication is what makes the music so good, and to listen to it is a rewarding experience." Very touching.

As for the expression of ideas, many country songs contain a message, a moral, or a sublime thought. Only composers know whether the ideas they express truly reflect their views, but I have no reason to doubt their sincerity. No doubt Mr. Grant has some inside knowledge in this matter; I hope that he will soon share this information with us, thereby exposing the hypocrisy of country composers which he alleges.

I trust that Mr. Grant will also produce evidence to prove that country groups, as opposed to other musicians, "primarily" try to sell records. Professional musicians naturally hope to make hits: that is the source of their livelihood. But are country artists particularly oriented to the profit motive? Has it occurred to Mr. Grant that his rock groups may be attempting, but failing, to become country stars? The fact that these records are not selling well is not proof that they to become country stars? The fact that these records are not selling well is not proof that they were not intended to do so.

In stating that his rock artists "have no set form to follow", Mr. Grant implies that their style just happens to coincide with some "set form" of country music. Perhaps he could describe this stereotype more precisely: I am not familiar with any "classical" form of country music. I agree

that the mere fact that the groups play instruments often employed by country artists does not necessarily make them country musicians.

Surely no self-respecting country star would ever record a song which he liked! Before becoming professional country artists play this music because they hate it: you see they are all basically masochistic. But I can't explain why they don't love the source of their income if they are as mercenary and capitalistic as Mr. Grant would have us believe.

Mr. Grant certainly has a right to his personal tastes, but I find it sad that he can't call a spade and appreciate the music he enjoys for what it is, not for what its label is: stereophonic snobbery may be depriving him of considerable auditory pleasure.

Many people who regard themselves as sophisticated seem to find something repugnant in country music. If they simply dislike the music, that is fine. But if they are afraid of being called "local yokels", "hicks", or "the Farmer-in-the-Dell himself", then I feel very sorry for them. It is a shame that their ego is so weak.

Judging from his self-image, Mr. Grant must be an ultra-suave intellectual from some super-sophisticated cosmopolis. Might I suggest that our SRC send him on a speaking tour to enlighten the poor peasants of the Maritimes as to what country music is and why they shouldn't like it. I enclose my two cents to kick off the fund.

Sincerely,

John Filliter

COLONIAL ENVIRONMENT NOT BAD

"I like the Maritimes too."

And I haven't even seen the rest of Canada: the furthest west I have penetrated since arriving in Fredericton with a wife and four kids on a cold New Year's Eve is Vanceboro. But two months of teaching in the Chemical Engineering Department, of riding around and talking to people and reading articles like Don Cameron's have prompted me to write to try to support his views.

The handouts which all new arrivals receive tell us the history of New Brunswick, with its magnificent soul-stirring tradition of shipbuilding which existed all along the coast. Ship's masts were a speciality, and 150 feet was not an uncommon height requirement which could easily be satisfied. But you will drive a long way in New Brunswick now before you see a stand of 150 foot timber. Indeed, a friend whose wife knows Europe well says she has yet to

see anything she would be willing to call a forest in this province. Could it be that despite the other handout we get, telling us that Canada's 1,700,000 square miles of forest are inexhaustible since more wood grows than is cut, could it be that New Brunswick, and maybe other regions too, are in fact being grossly overcut?

I have heard that the Saguenay river has a run-off equal to that of the whole Eastern seaboard of the United States. Presumably some other pretty large rivers flow into the Great Lakes - but Lake Erie has just become intolerable because of its phosphate content. Canadians, particularly on this side of the continent, are in a position to see what is happening to other people in their environment whilst it is still not too late to do something to prevent their own from going the same way. And it is possible, even if the population were to increase greatly. What is the population

Xeroxing Facilities For Students

It's time for students to start getting their notes completed. Here is the list of places to xerox those notes that you missed.

PLACE	COST	TIME
1. Harriet Irving Library (for library material only)	.10 Page	8:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m. M-F 1:00 p.m.-4:00 p.m. Sat.
2. Engineering Building Graphics Department	coin operated	8:30 a.m.-12:30 p.m. MF 1:45 p.m.-5:00 p.m.
3. SRC Office, SUB	.07/Page	8:30 a.m.-5:00 p.m. MF

of New Brunswick? Six hundred thousand, says another of my handouts. We have sixty million people in Britain, and the land areas are not too dissimilar. The English Thames is drunk three times between its source and the North Sea, yet you can swim in it at Teddington lock, just above the highest point at which it is tidal, and anglers are pulling live, though small, fish from it all the time.

Consider for a moment your garbage. Separating out glass and ferrous metal for re-use, combusting the rest for land

infill or, better, composting by controlled bacterial decomposition for fertilizer production means that the disposal is solved. But we have no "disposal problem" says the average Canadian. No, you haven't, but only because cities are 50 miles apart and every little settlement has its own dump. You see the signs along the highways, and not everyone bothers to go as far as the dump before doing his dumping: so much for the \$100 fine. This is all just one aspect of the profligate attitude which will lead to the spoiling of the Province. That it may take 50 or 100 years to reach a desperate state is not the point. If it is possible or probable, now is the time to take the preventive steps. The tremendous task of trying to remove the slag heaps and cover the South Wales industrial desert with grass, a project which is being pushed along in Britain as fast as we can manage it, stands as a stern warning of how much easier it is to prevent the evil than to rectify it. To regenerate overcut forest is one thing. To make even rank weeds grow on land poisoned with copper waste or laden with sulphur is two orders of magnitude more difficult.

And it isn't just the domestic and industrial pollution that needs controlling. There is such a thing as aesthetic spoliation, and is this which strikes anyone coming from Western Europe. Planning laws appear to me to be non-existent outside city limits. I know they exist inside because of the recent prevention of the high-rise building in Skyline Acres in Fredericton. In England, the whole land area is divided and every acre listed under a classification. Green areas on the map you cannot build in; white areas only by decision of the planning section of the local (or national) government, each building project being

scrutinised. So if we have a road, we don't get houses built alongside it. Nor do we get shacks being built anywhere. It seems that we feel more strongly about a dwelling which is a visual insult than we do about personal freedom to put what you like, or what you can afford, on your own land. Within a town like Fredericton, ugliness due to tumbledown buildings is not evident: it occurs outside the city limits. But wouldn't Queen Street look better if the garish signs hanging outside the shops were all removed?

Perhaps now I have moved away from genuine problems and onto aspects which are merely personal prejudice. I started by saying I like the Maritimes too, and I do. I like the view of the other side of the St. John river; I like the view of the wilderness going off to the horizon which you see from any high point I have stood on. This is a poor winter, they say. Well, I have never seen the sun in a cloudless sky six days out of seven for the months of January and February in England. I like the absence of English stuffiness; it is hard to define but you know when it isn't there. "Feel free" it says in York library. My kids and others go sledging down the sidewalk. In England, front doors would open and immediate prohibition occur. Not really because of the dangers, but because it "isn't done", because it is greily pleasurable to stop people enjoying themselves, to interfere righteously.

I like the strawberry shortcake, the fresh fish chowder, the high standard of living. You call this a depressed area? Go and look at south-east Lancashire, where I was born. I like Canadian plumbing, and the way you don't have rainwater and drainage pipes festooning the outside of buildings, and I like to walk around the house in pyjamas without freezing.

Canadian public libraries are bigger in comparison with the population they serve. Your swimming baths are larger and cleaner, and almost all activities are better organized. Your hydroelectric power is unlimited. You should be wise enough, well organised enough, and powerful enough to keep your marvellous environment unspoiled. Then even if I can't stay here myself, I'll know New Brunswick will still be there when my kids grow up.

K. Ridgeway