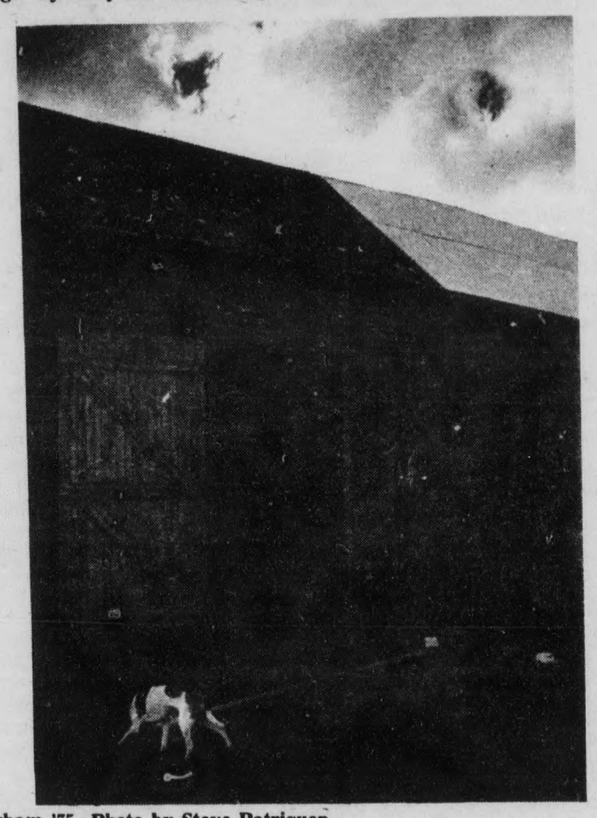


Photo by Steve Patriquen

Avenger by Mary Ann Bramstrup



Halifax Airport '75 - Photo by Steve Patriquen



Durham '75 - Photo by Steve Patriquen

UNB students' display is impressive

At Memorial Hall is an impressive showing called "New Talent", consisting of two photo exhibits, a graphics exhibit, and several choice batiks.

Stephen Patriquen, a nineteen year old UNB Science sophomore, exhibits a series of black and white photographs, with such varying subjects as ocean waves and striking silhouettes. In an eerie, almost surreal, photo of a dog against a barn, Patriquen's fine eye for an interesting and compelling subject is displayed.

A work entitled 'Renforth '74' captures a mystical summer afternoon, with gentle hazy rays of grey sunlight creating a mood-catching photo. Several photos, such as 'Cellar '75' and 'Lock '75' are clearly delineated and unusual descriptive shots. Patriquen, having been actively interested in photography since early high school, is currently the Photo Editor of the Brunswickanand a photographer for University Perspectives.

Dave Simms, a twenty-year old Arts junior, is exhibiting five colour photographs taken in Lesotho, a sovereign enclave in South Africa, where he visited last summer as part of the Canadian Crossroads International's Cultural exchange programme. These photos consist of two beautiful landscapes at sunset, and three colourful shots of natives of Lesotho. The Crossroads programme, of which Steve Patriquen will be a participant this summer, sends approximately fifty Canadians to live and work in developing countries in Africa, Asia and the West Indies. Their aim is to provide participants with the opportunity to engage in cross-cultural experiences not only to bring them and other Canadians to a better understanding of the objectives and potential of development of the Third World, but also to help the participants grow in every sense of the word. The participants are expected to raise a portion of the total cost of the programme themselves. Crossroaders are also responsible for other costs including medical exams and innoculations. Contributions would be greatly appreciated and are tax-deductible. For more information, contact Dave Simms at 453-4983.

A selection of batiks by Karen Campbell is the third part of "New Talent". These include a beautifully coloured silken shawl, an inviting pillow entitled 'Winter Midnight', a mobile, a lampshade and several wallhangings. These batiks are highly imaginative works, their colours and patterns mingling in flowing designs.

Mary Ann Bramstrup, is third year Science at UNB, is displaying several of her graphics, all related to science fiction topics, some of which are illustrations to children's sci fi books she has written. These graphics consist of striking representations primarily of horses, stars and other-wordly beings.

These exhibits will be on display at the Art Centre in Memorial Hall until February 16.

A Limey's impressions of Canada

Limey disappointed at finding no wolves

By ALISON KING

It's an occasion for great derisive snorts of laughter when I tell Canadians what I expected to see on my arrival in Fredericton. Brought up on books like "Suzannah of the Mounties", and familiar only with the celluloid variety of Mounties, which perpetuated the myth of the red-coated gallant clip-clopping romantically around the Yukon, I expected to encounter the prototype of a harsh frontier-land with Nelson Eddy as the star and Jack London and his wolves in supporting roles.

Before leaving for Canada, I had visualized Fredericton as being surrounded by a stockade (to keep out the bears, wolves and the odd cougar), and full of boozing trappers. Possibly there would be a long wooden shack representing the Hudson's Bay Company.

I was in for a surprise, and anticipating that by this time some Frederictonians may be feeling a little insulted, I will hasten to say that my surprise was a very pleasant one, giving rise to fullsome letters home praising the beautiful houses, the maple trees and the big, wide river. But what a disappointment - no wolves and only a couple of bears hanging around somewhere. I haven't so much as clapped eyes on a moose, though the forests are apparently teeming with them, and on post-cards, the bears resemble small frightened dogs guiltily munching stolen sandwiches.

I am constantly impressed and overwhelmed by the mechanization of Canadian society - the ventilator that automatically whirs away when the washroom light is switched on ... Talking of washrooms, I have to remind myself not to say "loo", the British equivalent to "can". I once asked a Canadian if he could direct me to the Ladies Loo. "The Daily News"? he asked dubiously, looking at me as if I'd had one too many.

Driving into an A and W for a hamburger took some getting used to. It was a shock to park in a "stall" like a horse, and telephone for some hamburgers to an office only a few yards away, and see everyone closed off behind their windscreens, munching stolidly. Ordering my very first hamburger was in fact an unhinging experience. It was downtown, and I was with another Limey friend. Suddenly the waitress asked us "What's on your hamburger?", and we turned to each other in blank amazement, ready to break out into the giggles we had been so prone to during the first few weeks of our arrival in Canada. (An example of Culture Shock?) We finally managed to reply, "Well, we don't know what's on our hamburger, we haven't got them yet. Perhaps a small octopus?". She wasn't at all amused, and the other people in the cafe received the inevitable giggles that ensued with blank faces.

There is an anomaly between the extreme mechanization of an A and W and the almost universally friendly nature of the Canuck. In the five months I've been here, I have only encountered about two or three grumpy people, and they probably had good reason. Helpfulness and solidarity are two qualities that spring to mind when I think of Canadians, perhaps best illustrated on a recent unforgettable visit to Newfoundland.



It took five days to get from Fredericton to St. John's by car - a car which kept breaking down. Just past Moncton I noticed a small fire down by my feet, and yelled out just as the flames reached my toes. The car screeched to a halt. "Beat it out! Beat it out! said my friend. It was eventually extinguished by my throwing some snow on it. The fire wasn't serious, so we were soon underway again, but it was blizzards, blizzards all the way, and visibility was practically nil. The result: we careened into a snow-bank. Fortunately a lorry-load of lumberjacks happened to be passing - how opportune - and were able to tow us out.

Later on in the trip, we ran out of gas seventy miles from a gas station, in Cape Breton at midnight, blizzards still raging. We flagged down a car of helpful smiling Indians, who siphoned off most of their gas for us, and absolutely refused payment.

More difficulties in Newfoundland with the same brave wagon - the battery failed, and at least ten Newfs drew up beside our moribund vehicle, all eager to jump-start it. I recall knocking at someone's door in a lonely outpost on the Rock when the battery went flat again, and a Newf obligingly emerged in his pyjamas and an overcoat. "No sweat, m'dear," he said "I'll just get the truck out and fix it".

I adore certain expressions that I'm assimilating fast. I wrote home recently saying, "I really get off on Voltaire", and "Hey! Have you ripped off my pencil?" It was worth coming to Canada just for the kick I get out of hearing: "What a rip-off".

What additional glowing praise can I furnish to gladden Canuck hearts without degenerating into mushiness? Well, there goes: I think the best is that this is a country where people can grow - there are comparatively few stigmas, and not much narrow-mindedness to cramp one's style; it is said that we are living in a post-conventional era, and nowhere else have I found the non-conventional so cheerfully and easily accepted.