

Brownsworth on literature

Humour by
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I write this week's Brownsworth with hopes that it will be understood as only my opinion and not, I fear, that of the entire population. It is a hard thing for a budding writer to take a stand, he is accused of being everything from a halfwit to being inexperienced or just plain stupid. How easy it is to look upon the views of a young writer as invalid, simply because he has not greyed at the temples and become "wise with years" (one of Brownsworth's gags).

Be that as it may, a stand I must take. It is my firm opinion that the present study of "English Literature" is at best questionable, and at worst, quite questionable.

Now that I have just cut my readership by half, I will explain why I believe that this is the case. First of all, for the most part L. enthusiasts study writers whom are either dead and cannot defend themselves,

or in seclusion and don't care what sort of rot is bandied about regarding their work.

Then there is a question about the sort of things that are said about writers; "Obviously he hated women" is drawn from the line - "Mrs. Rut, when view walking upstairs from behind, looked like two boys fighting under a blanket." The fact that the article was titled 'What I Love About Ladies' does not usually enter the discussion.

And finally, there is the question of structuralism Vs. Humanism. I should point out that I am what is commonly referred to as a Humanist, though it is not popular today in a world full of Salingers and Atwoods (A.K.A. Heretrees). Just as it is not as popular to read Dickens and Wells who understand were also Humanists, part of the failings of a world full of joggers and civil servants.

By this point I'm sure that a number of people out there are sharpening pens into swords and lobbying to have my name removed

from the masthead of the Brunswickan. However, I back my argument not only with simple common sense, but also with experience.

Brownsworth and I were testing the new vintages from southern France (excellent, four star), when from a darkened corner appeared Prof. Pirsig, the Darth Vader of the Literature set. Prof. Pirsig is a doctor of letters from Hungary, which Brownsworth and I consider a very serious charge against both Hungary and Letters. Be that as it may, Pirsig was arisen and steaming our way;

"Blanchard," said he who was obeyed, "I wish to have a few words with you."

"Of course Dr. Pirsig," said I. "What might it be that you find it necessary to have words with me?"

"What are you saying when you refer to Bodfish as an 'oppressive Dishpot'?"

This meant about as much to me as it might to you, so I asked him what on earth he wanted. I mean, we all understand that Bodfish is an oppressive dishpot, but I

need more detail to answer a question like that.

"I was reading your, your,..." here words failed him.

"Column?" said I.

"Column?..Yes, well, I was reading it and Mrs. Pitfounder, the club secretary, referred to Bodfish as an "oppressive Dishpot", what did you really mean?"

"I'm sorry," I honestly, "I don't follow, I'm sure you're asking a perfectly civil question, however, it's meaning is quite beyond me. Perhaps if you were to explain what you want?"

He gave me one of those long withering looks that Professors develop expressly to avoid telling a person he is going to flunk the year, and might as well stop coming to class as it is a waste of both parties' time.

"What were you trying to say Blanchard?" said he.

"Were you making a statement about political cynicism, or social-economic oppression of the underprivileged. Perhaps you were trying to make a statement about the rise of fascism with the support of

covert C.I.A. operatives. I took it to mean that you were saying that Pitfounder represented the 'Masses' as a politically naive body, unaware of the term 'despot'. However, I thought I'd better check with you."

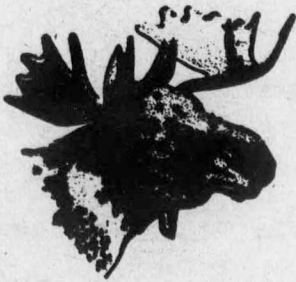
Slowly, as if out of a fog, it comes to me. What Pirsig wanted to know was "the deeper" meaning behind what I had written. He assumed that there was a hidden message, however, this was not the case.

"Dr. Pirsig," said I, with as much tact as I could muster, "I got the line from P.G. Wadehouse, in what book, I haven't the faintest idea," and to be frank "oppressive Dishpot" was what I said. Strong words I know, but oppressive dishpot I meant. No hidden meaning anywhere, we Blanchards are not altogether a bright lot but, we mean what we say. Is there anything else? No? Join us then, the new wine is extremely good, Right Brownsworth?"

"Indeed sir, I understand the grapes leaped at the chance to be included."

*Merry Christmas
and
Good luck on your exams*

From



Jeff Irwin
Joel Leger
Peter Allison



*and all your Friends at Moosehead
Breweries*