

# Tucking in at the club

by Jonathan Blanchard  
I was at the Club with Brownsworth and an excellent bottle of Beaujolais and some cheese, when I noticed young Neville Percythiwe, Editor of the Club newsletter, tucking into a plate of paté and crackers like a man who was eating his last meal. For some reason he had been hiding in the club almost all afternoon and I was beginning to wonder if the local constabulary was at his heels or the like. So, I called over to him to join Brownsworth and I in a glass of wine, and press him for some reason to his self imposed imprisonment in the Club.

"Neville," said I, with the all the airs of a wisened uncle I could muster, "is there some reason behind your seemingly permanent stay at the Club, or do you think that there is some sort of story to be had here?"  
"Jonathan, old man, I am trapped here. There is no way

Bodfish will come in so I am safe here. But only as long as the food holds out, then it's out to face "he who must be obeyed"

To the average reader Neville might seem to be ready for the twinkie mobile. However the average reader has not had the bad luck to meet John Bodfish, the Club politico who, by way of fate, managed to get himself into office, in the form of chairman of memberships. It has been my experience that Bodfish, although bright, is somewhat of shall we say forceful man. However my luck has been good and the last I saw of him was when he goose stepped into the Smoking room and demanded that the bar be shut down.

"Neville, old sock, I understand completely. Brownsworth and I could bring food in for you, no one should face the wrath of Bodfish. But is there

any particular reason that you don't wish to see Bodfish, or have you just had enough?"

"Jonathan, please be serious, I have been asked to go to his country estate for the weekend. And I can't outright refuse him, he could take over the news letter. In fact, that is just what he wants me to come up for, he wants to take over a section for membership. At the cost of our creative writing section!"

"WHAT!" said I "This is just too much, take away the writing section! Has he no shame! Well, we are just going to have to do something about this; supplement the writing section for prop-Bod, indeed!"

"Sirs," said Brownsworth "the answer is simple, we shall have him killed."

"Good idea Brownsworth, however, a little strong. Besides, Neville and I could get into some trouble with the

S.P.C.A. However we shall give it some thought, if all else fails".

"Furthermore, said Neville, if I do go to Bodfish manner, I shall be forced to listen to Mrs. Bodfish go on about what a bright youngster John was. Followed by an after dinner chat with Mr. Bodfish on how Hitler might have saved the world. And then listen to the whole lot, go on about how fun the book burnings were this summer in Paraqui. Well, I'm not going to do it. I'm at this moment not going down the highway in Bodfish's car listening to Wagner opera. I'm not forced to debate with John the fact that Jews and Blacks should be allowed to walk the streets. No, I am not going to have to tell him, for the tenth time, I will not join the "Youth movement". Why, you ask yourselves. Because I am going to hide here until someone holds him down and hammers

a stake into his heart."

"Here, Here!" exclaimed Brownsworth.

Well, to make a long story tedious, the evening proceeded along the same lines, until we struck a solution. First, the average fern has more grey matter than John Bodfish. Furthermore, Neville is respected by Club members. This being the case all that is necessary is to allow Bodfish his way, but force him to write and lay it out himself. Then, Brownsworth and I can write an open letter to Bodfish calling for his resignation, on the basis that he is an idiot. Certainly, when the Club finds out that Bodfish has taken away the Creative writing section and put in prop-Bod, they will see him for the twit he is and have his position taken from him. Then Neville and the rest of the members that have had to be subjected to his and his kind rot will be removed!

# soundoff continued

## Prof replies to Flashback column

Dear Editor:

Reading the Brunswickan of November 19th, I was pleasantly surprised to come upon an article on page 7 entitled "Flashback reveals clairvoyance," in which Mr. Campbell Morrison made some kind comments about my review of Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, which appeared anonymously in your

publication on November 23rd, 1967.

Mr. Morrison suggests that the Brunswickan had shown "accurate journalism. . . in recognizing a classic album when they hear one." Yet I pointed out at the beginning of my article that the record had already received "a steady stream of more or less perceptive opinions," so that "by the end of September even Time

Magazine had decided that it was safe to clamber laboriously on the bandwagon." So it was no part of my claim that here was a hitherto unrecognized winner.

Your writer notes that I "was puzzled with the apparent change in attitude which the final Lennon song created;" but he is wrong in suggesting that I regarded it as "an afterthought and not a part of the

album as a single work." As I argued in my article, the final song, "A Day in the Life", by its "stark realism" rejects the "varying sorts of comforting artificiality depicted" in the other ten songs of the album. Consequently, those ten songs, "framed by the two versions of the title song" are by no means, as your writer claims, repetitive. Rather they explore the different forms which "comforting artificiality" can take, whether it is the drug high of "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds", or the married bliss, achieved by filling in a form, in "When I'm Sixty-four." Right to the end of the

record there seems, as Mr. Morrison put it, to be "some form of optimism and hope through love". That is why the last song, "A Day in the Life", is so crucial to an understanding of the ultimate pessimism of the album. As I concluded in 1967, "Now they know how many holes it takes to fill the Albert Hall"; and a voice, crying in the wilderness, 'I'd love to turn you on'.

Yours sincerely,

Professor Neil MacGill  
Resident Fellow, Bridges House

## More apologies

To the Ladies of McLeod,

The members of Neill House are very sorry for the damages that a few of our house members did on Friday November 12, in your House. We, the members of Neill, would like to say sorry to all of the ladies in McLeod for the great inconveniences caused by all the damages. Members who were involved have admitted their guilt and are paying the expenses themselves. The matter is now being looked after by the Residence Office. We would like to apologize to all the people who were at the social, especially the men of Neville,

for the social being called off early. We would also like to apologize to Kathy Fogarty and Shelly Irvine, who worked many hours to plan this social. We would like to point out that it was only a few people from our house who did the damage. We hope that the repercussions will not be felt by the rest of our house members.

Sincerely,

Bill Stanford  
Digger Turnbull  
(Social Chairmen)  
on behalf of the Knights of Neill.

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