

# Brownsworth on typos

By  
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In the general run of life waters are not always calm and placid. How soon we are ripped from the free and easy life, provided by people who claim parenthood. (Remember trying not to get caught with Susie on the sofa?) How simple things were, not a worry beyond dealing with above mentioned aged Relatives. We are thrust upon a world in which we have not yet wet our feet.

Suddenly, we are left to navigate the unpleasant channels of advancement, "higher" education, and professional relationships. I understand, Brownsworth tells me, that a number of people in life, that instant, when a boy becomes a man, a girls a women, etc. One Marshall Macluean seemed to have a lot to say about it, he felt death & sex entered into it an awful lot. Closer

to home, Brownsworth has it on the best of a account info. that paying my bills at the club, peticular my bar bill, would be a strong factor. B. also says that Home said something too. But "Phshaw and Poop I say, strong words I know, yet this just seems like a phshaw & poop situation, and to the point, Phshaw and Poop is what I mean.

What pushes one over the edge into the bleak, cold, world, minue stuffed bears, is finding 'typos' in ones published works. 'Typos', basically mean that things one has written are not printed in quite the same way. Writers in general are an estraged bunch, if estranged is the word I want. They tend, I believe, to be a little eccentric in matters concerning thier work, much too sensitive about things like typos or editing. Why, only a little time ago I used to get really upset at things like that,

Brownsworth was of the opinion that I suffered from some sort of nervous condition.

Typos are just one of those unpleasant things that crop up every now and then, nothing to lose sleep over. Simply, nobody is to blame and one has to press on, as it were, and not let this sort of thing really get under your skin. I understand that Mr. Hemmingway never really got over his sensitivty about just this matter, he is rumoured to have shot out a number of editor's porch lights in his day. He, however, was a 'Literatureist', and as such was prone to that sort of thing, much to fast for most peoples blood. No, what usually happens is that the writer becomes a paranoid, and takes to drink. This was all to be proved by the effect typos had on Dr. Binker, fellow club member and Brownsworth admirer.

Binker (Dr.), had reached that time in his career when he faced the publish or perish complex. Being a doctor of History, his work dealt with the only love of his life; Studies on the Maltese Knights. Brownsworth, who knows about these sort of things, felt that it was a well scribed piece, and said so to Binker. Binker, on the other hand, did not show all the signs of one who is satisfied. There was no bounce in his step, no glow in his cheed, in short, he did not appear as one who had just been published.

Later, I wandered into the smoking room, after a meal upstairs, cooked by one Jean G. Lipwhet, a man I, and many others, have often commented on how sorry we have but one stomach to give. He is to cooking what Michelangelo is to art and Hogg to law. to the point, I had just refreshed my tissue and was feeling very chipper, Binker on the other hand, had passed on supper in lue of tall scotch and waters. It was in this distressed state that I found him, sitting by the fireplace draining his fourth S & W.

"Brother Binker" said "I understand congratulations are in order."

"HA!" snorted he. Very strange I thought, for this is not the sort of thing one expects in response to a congratulatory comment.

"Do I percive a certain tension in your voice Brother Binker? Is all not well? You should have been to supper, Jean Guy outdid himself tonight, fresh truffles."

"A dim light came to his eyes at the thought of truffles a' la Lipwhet, but it was not enough to rally the troops and win the day.

"Damn truffles" he came to say, I don't think he meant it, just feeling generally under the weather.

"Correct me if I'm wrong Binker old man, but did I or did I ~~not~~ see your name above a very interesting piece of Maltise Knights? I enjoyed it very much, very enlightning" A flat lie, I didn't even pick it up, but God will forgive me.

"You did", blurted the academic "Damn publishers, ruined it. Should have done it myself, I should have you know."

There was one of those uncomfortable pauses in the conversation that crop up when small talk just doesn't fit the bill.

"What was it you whould have done brother Binker? I'm sorry, but I could see no wrong in it, with me you have to be blunt and to the point, what Brother Binker has brought this black cloud into your life?"

"Typos!" said he, followed by a stiff bracer of S & W. "Do you know were I could lay my hands on a rifle tonight Blanchard?" he said.

"Come, come, Binker old man, porch lights are not much sport, I also understand jacking houses is not altogether according to

Hoyle."

I related my observations about typos, and how one must buck up and press on. This did little to cheer him on.

"Easy for you to say Blanchard, you work wasn't raped!"

"Regularlly brother Binker" said I, "I don't know that I would use such colourfull terms, but I have lost stuff to typos. But they are not something I let get under my skin, you have to understand that 'The Public' is well versed in such things. Some, Brownsworth tells me, treat them like a sort of cypher game. enjoy it immensely, he says, in fact you may have made quite a stir if the typos were good enough."

"Do you really think so?" cooed the now pie eyed Prof.

"Brownsworth has it on the very best information that it is the case."

"Brownsworth?"

"Yes, Brownsworth."

There was one of those uncomfortable pauses again. At last Binker looked up from his glass.

"Well if Brownsworth says so, then I guess it's okay then."

"Brownsworth says so. Look Brother Binker, why not let me call you a valet to pour you into a cot upstairs?"

"Thanx Blanchard, that'll be fine"

Now, the next time you find your Prof. kicking small dogs and snapping at students, be understanding, try and point out the advantages of typos. We all have crosses to bear, even Profs.

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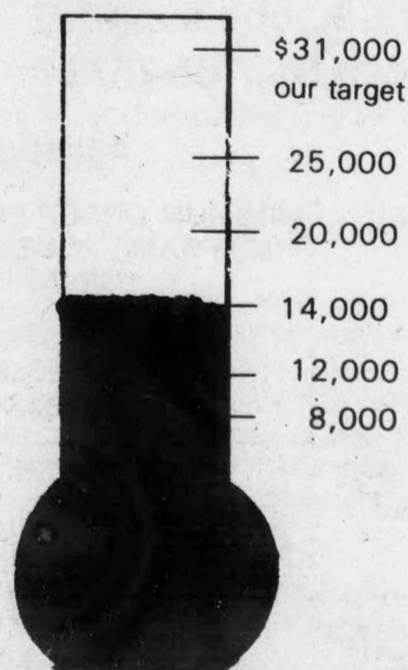
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## Exhibition Centre

Mon Pere a Fait Batir Maison, an exhibit illustrating carpentry tools used in the Acadian house building in the 19th century was opened to the public at The Fredericton National Exhibition Centre last Friday. The exhibit was prepared by the Musee Acadien, Universite De Moncton.

Also on display are a series of architectural plans by Nazaire Dugas, an architect active in Caraquet at the turn of the century. The drawings include plans for churches, stores, schools and homes.

Both exhibits will be on display until November 27.

The Explorations Gallery, second floor at the Fredericton Exhibition Centre, opened a new exhibit last

in London, England and later finished her studies to receive her BFA from Mount Allison University in 1981.

weekend. Thresholds is a series of mixed medial collage by Gillian Bond.

Gillian was a student at the Slade School of fine art

She has been exhibiting regularly in New Brunswick since graduation.

The exhibit Tresholds continues until November 27.