

A quick nine with Brownsworth

By JONATHAN BLANCHARD

There is possibly nothing quite as relaxing as a round of golf with Brownsworth. With this in mind, there is nothing quite as unnerving as a downpour when you most want to play. Just such a day came upon me after a particularly hard day at the health spa (for those of us who missed last week's Brownsworth, and are not experienced students, Universities are just clever covers for a chain of health spas).

I wandered down to the University Club, signed out a set of golf clubs and marched over to challenge Brownsworth to a quick 9.

"Brownsworth, care to bang a few balls about?"

"I beg your pardon, sir?" said Brownsworth, with that "have-you-been-out-in-the-sun? tone in his voice.

"Play a round of golf Brownsworth."

"Oh, well I would most certainly enjoy a round after I discharge my duties behind the bar. Could I ask sir, that you arrange a set of clubs for me?"

"Certainly Brownsworth, be glad to."

As I wandered back to the sporting room I noticed some rather upset looking clouds, I knew then but did not let

myself think the unthinkable. As I was returning from the sporting room, I looked again through the window and there was no question. The rain was coming down and hard. My first thought was to rant my anger at the gods, however the Right Reverend O'Peaches was standing nearby. As the Right Reverend has better connections than I, it seemed imprudent to give my feelings towards his employer an airing.

So something clever was needed. Then suddenly it came to me, indoor golf. I speculate that O'Peaches had something to do with it, however Brownsworth believes that I am being superstitious. A flash of white light and the idea was mine, why it might become the next rubic cube. Indoor golf, no need to worry about the weather, no one to give you a cold look as they play through, no tee fees, why it was almost too good to be true! All that was needed were some sort of rules, and a few extra clubs. I turned my attention to the former first, and the latter later, (sort of a chicken and the egg complex. Once the first was dealt with, the second would follow naturally, or so I've been told). At any rate, to save time I shall come to rules

directly.

At the Club, we have a basic par 57 course. Starting at the front door, teeing off the mat, we have a ten yard drive down the hall/fairway to the green, with the bootrack, spittoon, and sofa acting as the rough. The doorman, hat rack, and the Club drunk are thought of as woods. The green, a Persian rug with a cigar burn in it for the hole, is surrounded by two sand traps, and a water hole. The former in the body of potted ferns, the latter in the form of the Club drunk's drink. The second, third and fourth holes are basic Dog leg fairways, with the billiard room, reading room, supper room, chess rooms, and so on acting as traps and woods. Club victory cups perform as the holes. The fifth hole is a little tricky as we tee off from an alcove into the common room/fairway. A drive which requires one to cut to the left to avoid the Club millionaire in his chair, then back to the right so as to get good angle for the drive to the green.

There was much opposition to the placement of the green in the hunt Club's room, however the hunt Club felt left out, and as often is true in such matters, the fuss was too much to allow us not to put the green in there.

Our worst fears were confirmed, some of the older members of the hunt Club believe the balls to be skeets, and have been causing the stamp Club all kinds of worry, as they meet right above the hunt Club's room. This hole is a par fifteen, as some of the older gents are fair shots.

The seventh and eighth holes are nine iron shots up the staircase. With tea cups acting as holes and landings in the role of greens. We need a birdy for par. The ninth hole is by far the most difficult. One tees off from the washroom upstairs, over a large waterhole in the guise of a tub, into the hallway. From there one has a long fairway (thirty yards) down the upstairs hallway, with plants, pictures of the royal household and

landscape waters, and covering members of the stamp club, acting as woods, rough and traps. Following that, one uses a five iron and drops the ball down the rain gutter, to the common room, over the club millionaire again, to the hall. From there to the Smoking room (Club Bar), which in itself is not so hard. However the Club Cat, Deardra, then takes a liking to your ball and will, if allowed to, spend the next hour playing with said ball. If Deardra gets the ball it seems to be wise to give up the hole. If however you manage to get past the ferocious feline, you then have a five yard clip shot into the sink behind the bar. Brownsworth is still lobbying to have this hole changed, however members love this shot and it shant be moved.

Brownsworth and I, have since that day played many a round in the club, and have found it is catching on. Maybe if I'm lucky, I can make a pot of money by selling the idea to the Fisher Price people.

Bowie to be aired on CBC

David Bowie is a clear case of talent winning out over weirdness. In 1972, the Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and The Spiders from Mars, a story album dealing (sometimes obscurely) with the rise and fall of a rock artist, made Bowie an international star. On October 30, CBC Radio's 25 Years of Rock, heard at 11:05 p.m. (12:40 a.m. NT, not heard AT), reviews the year 1972 and Bowie's incarnation as Ziggy.

In the late fall of that year, David Bowie went on his first U.S. tour, winning plaudits from critics and audiences for his dazzling performance of the mythical rocker Ziggy Stardust. He became a creature from Mars, wearing an array of tight, glittering metallic costumes and sporting an orange hairdo that was right out of outer space. The Outfit combined with the make-up

and props, presented an almost unreal appearance, something rock audiences had never seen before.

Known as a chameleon, the physical and psychological transformation Bowie underwent from his previous selves had fans and onlookers impressed with the change that seemed to flow from his act. He was offering a glimpse into a future world, whether fans welcomed it or not. Bowie said, "What frightens me... is that people are holding on to a century that is fast dying."

In a year when the world faced the tragic massacre at the Munich Olympic Games and Londonderry, Northern Ireland counted the cost of Bloody Sunday, David Bowie was a refreshing, if somewhat bizarre talent emerging in a decade that was to become known as the 'Me Generation'.

Tops for down under band

By WILFRED LANGMAID
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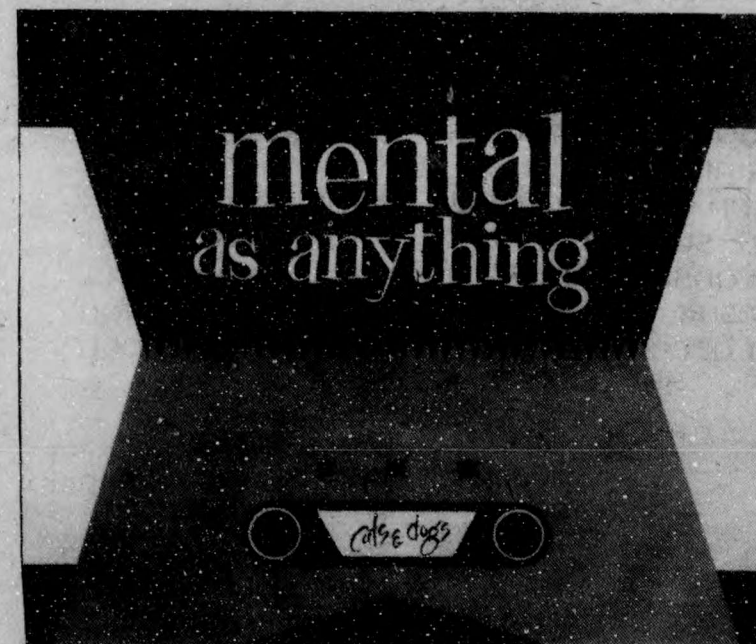
Quick, now. What pop band is now regarded as Australia's best?

The Little River Band. Nope. Air Supply. You've got to be kidding.

Many would cast their ballots for Mental As Anything, an unlikely combination of former art students, two brothers with different last names, and a flamboyant spokesman named Greedy Smith. This band's locally heralded album *Cats and Dogs* has been recently released in Canada.

This is a band with an unusual but superbly-tight sound which makes for a superb album. As well, four of the band's members are equally-adept songwriters.

The first single from this album in Australia was the cleverly-named "If You Leave Me, Can I Come Too." It is strong in itself, but the next single which was released from the album, "Too Many Times," is even better. It begins with Smith's harmonica and a driving, contagious beat established by drummer Wayne Delisle. This album opener quickly displays the



fine vocal talents of Martin Plaza.

"The Nips Are Getting Bigger" is a clever little tune about a person drinking in an attempt to forget about a just-broken relationship. It was the first hit for Mental As Anything, and since its 1979 release it has become an Australian pop standard; it is appropriately included on this album. The song opens side two, which does not quite measure up to side one overall, but also contains a strong acid casualty song entitled "Chemical Travel."

Arguably, the best cut on *Cats and Dogs* is "Beserk Warriors." The tune is beautiful, and the lyrics tell the story of Bjorn and Anna, two 'Vikings' who both worked and romanced together, only to have the latter cease and the former consequently become more of a strain. It is a clear reference to the sad tale of the Abba romance.

Mental As Anything may gain worldwide acclaim on the strength of *Cats and Dogs*. If not, they can take solace in the fact that such acclaim will not be long coming.