

The further adventures of Brownsworth

by JONATHAN BLANCHARD

The University Club, A.K.A. Blanchard Field Headquarters, is without question, one of the last places left that is a bastion of stuffiness. Now I've always supported stuffiness as a chosen way of life, for some people stuffiness is more than a way of life; it is spiritual. However, there are groups of radicals that refuse to live and let live.

Stuff people make up a large part of many segments of our society. Art dealers, writers, actors, lawyers, most English depts. in any University, and, with the exception of sales, most Corporations in this Hemisphere. Why, you can't throw a brick without hitting a stuffy person. Indeed I would go so far as saying there are millions of choset stuffy persons in the Country today!

This being the case, then, why must we stuffy types be forced to keep ourselves de-stuffy types be forced to keep ourselves de-stuffy in public. Why must we engage in talks

about worldwide socialism or the good things to be found in reading Marx. Well enough about the wrongs that come in a world filled with joggers. But to the point at hand.

What I wanted to write about was the Club. We at the club have been informed that the patter of ladies feet will be heard in the hallways of the University Club. Yes readership, woman will be able to get past the doorman Saturday and, God forbid, Sunday. Lord Bunt, Sir Hack and Mr. James all jumped ship and resigned immediately. Whereas old Judge Percy is investigating the legality of the move by our management. Personally, I don't care if the members bring their wives to the club, but there is talk of having a "Mixer" and that is where I draw the line. I don't blame the admissions committee either, they were at the whims of their wives and had very little to say about the matter, as is often the case in these situations.

Poor Brownsworth was left

somewhat aback when the move was announced, his life's work was at an end as he put it. This puzzled me to no end, why would his life's work be at an end, My mind reeled, Was Brownsworth quitting the Club!

"Brownsworth," I think the term is, I blurted. "Your not thinking of leaving the Club, your not thinking that we might be able to get by without you. Brownsworth your like those women that the Greeks used to go in for, states with O. "Oricales, Sir?"

"Yes, that it Brownsworth. Oricai! Look Brownsworth there are men here that depend on you, you would have them loose on some poor innocent, who might try to take your place here? We would be lost without you, you Brownsworth are the foundation upon which this club is based. You Brownsworth, you are needed now more than ever!"

"I realize all this sir, but to have a woman infesting my bar is really too much." At this point B.B. Warbucks, the Club

Millionaire, came over. B.B. Warbuck made his fortune in the publishing industries, something to do with childrens art, or the like.

"Brownsworth," said W. "this can't be so you aren't jumping ship?"

"Good evening sir, and I would not term it jumping ship, But rather making a wise choice. You see sir, my Club, the Rummymead club, would not allow me to keep my membership if I were to give alcohol to a member of the fairer sex."

The Rummymead Club is an institution that has its membership entirely from bartenders and Gentlemens Gentlemen. And its rules are strictly enforced.

"I see," said Warbucks "well that is somewhat of a problem, but Brownsworth we can't let you go. What is needed is a plan, something that would allow us to keep this a sanctuary from the invader."

Well we all started to come up with ideas that were always shot down by the fact that once the wives got in the door as members, they could have access to any part of the Club With the exception of Club

coming closer and closer. Actually, it came like a burst of sunlight, however the former sounds better.)

"Sirs," said Brownsworth, "I have the problem solved." We knew it must have been good because, Brownsworth's check twitched like a man about to smile, just once mind you, but enough to give him away.

"It will take a little money," "Anything, if it will keep you here!" said B.B. Warbucks,

"Well," said Brownsworth if we were to form a club and buy this room as its meeting room, we could keep them out, I would be able to stay, and we could get our more Stuff members back from the wilds. Lord Bunt and sir Hack, have to be brought back before they do themselves harm, and you two will be able to avoid the mixer."

"We can call it the stuff club, and require members to own cigarette cases, know how to do ties, and never job," said Warbucks.

"Brownsworth" said I "what is your Hatsize?"

"15, sir." "Funny" said I "I would have thought it was much bigger" Warbucks concurred.

"Thank you sir" said Brownsworth as he mixed up one of his martinies.

Quintet spreads spirited groove

By D.J. BARTON

Close to three hundred got a taste of top-notch live jazz at the Playhouse on Sunday evening. The Don Palmer Quintet, a presentation of the Creative Arts Committee of UNB and STU, spread a spirited groove over more than a dozen selections including ones by Theolonius Monk, Sonny Rollins, and a "required" Charlie Parker tune.

The first selection featured Don Palmer on saxophone and Skip Beckwith on bass. With each new selection came another instrument, allowing the audience to trace the dynamics of each instrument along with the talents of each Quintet member as he appeared. When drummer Anil Sharma, pianist, Paul Simons, and guitarist Georges Herbert (Anne Murray's lead guitarist) finally were assembled together on stage, the Quintet offered an Herbert composition, "Palma," with the guitar and flute (played by Parker) combining for the thematic material. Following this fourth number, the sprightliness of syncopation was brought to an apex with a potent samba (Brazilian dance). Midway through this piece, Jazz's improvisatory variants showed their brilliance as the normal rhythmic instruments, bass and drums, engaged in contrapuntal solos while Herbert's guitar stepped in to supply rhythmic accompaniment.

The last number before the intermission, a waltz, began and finished with dazzling flute tremolos, compliments of the Dalhousie U teacher himself, Don Palmer. The most complicated selection thus far, it was an intelligent time to break. Most of the six previous selections had more obvious and recurrent themes, less demanding of keen attention from the listener.

The show's second half started with the friskiest jam of the night, comprised of alternating 2/2 and 4/4 time signatures. A ballad medley soon followed. Later, during the "Jitterbug Waltz," the emotional intensity that results from the intertwining of elaborate, distinct harmonic lines was evident in the countenances of Beckwith and Herbert. The concentrated guitar licks were simultaneously contrasted with the rollicking bass lines, each eventually rescued by some sappy turns on saxophone by Palmer.

The perpetual bopping and occasional yelps of Beckwith kept the audience loose and responsive, while New Delhi native Sharma resembled the rigid-body Stevie Wonder on drums while unleashing precise sforzandos and flams. The mutual appreciation of talent between members complemented and drew attention to the frequent solo ventures of each performer. This

created a stage presence not unlike that of the Brunswick String Quartet in which Paul Campbell, James Pataki and Richard Naill often given refreshing exchanges of glances and grins during performances.

Musically, there were plenty of short improvisation stretches to enhance each cut's flavor. Appropriately, Palmer's radiant decrescendos and his countless yet fascinating arpeggios throughout the evening epitomized the professionalism of the Quintet. Indeed, all except Palmer have played with Moe Koffman; Palmer is merely a 16-year veteran of the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra.

Compared to the self-important gracefulness of Liona Boyd whose sold-out performance here several weeks ago was anything but inspiring, the Don Palmer Quintet were worth more to the spectator by virtue of spirit alone. Noting that any student was admitted free and adult prices were half the cost of the Boyd concert, one if forced to concede that Fredericton's faddism does not stop short of the most blatant commercial hype. These five guys may never be on television, but then again, they are too talented to warrant popularity without the utmost appreciation. Frankly, I doubt that is possible in this city.

Film Society shows black comedy

This weekend the UNB Film Society, in conjunction with the Fredericton branch of Amnesty International, will present Hal Ashby's 1972 comedy *Harold and Maude* - described by one critic as "one of the best movies to come out of Hollywood in years...a love story, a sentimental black comedy, a ludicrous tear-jerker, a grisly social satire."

The film deals with the relationship between Harold, a pale adolescent obsessed with death and fond of disturbing his mother with staged "suicide attempts," and Maude, a vital and capricious free spirit who is approaching eighty. They meet at a funeral, and over the course of the film Harold is introduced by his new friend to all the joys of a life lived for the moment. Maude is the mouthpiece for the social criticism of *Harold and Maude*; throughout the action she expounds ceaselessly on the necessity of individuality, spontaneity, and

generosity to a full and enjoyable life. However, the film at no time sinks to mere preaching, as the characters are presented as sympathetic human figures and not as simple types. The comical nature of the action and dialogue serves this end as well - "potential didacticism is offset by outrageous absurdity," writes Michael Shedlin. Although *Harold and Maude* is filled with sharp criticism of American social institutions, it also has a valid personal message. As the script-writer, Colin Higgins, puts it: "We're all Harold, and we all want to be Maude. We're all repressed and trying to be free, to be ourselves, to be vitally interested in living, to be everything we want(sic...)"

Harold and Maude will be shown at 8.00 pm on Friday and Saturday nights, Feb. 4 and 5, in Tilley Hall Rm. 102. Admission is \$2 or with season pass; all profits will be donated to Amnesty International to aid their operations in the Fredericton area.