

# Brownsworth, why is my father the way he is?

Humor by Jonathan Blanchard

As some of you may know, I've given up proficient speaking for becoming a writer. After looking over all the roads one might take to becoming a writer; joining the Reverend Moon people, living in some boarding house in New York (starving), and the like, it seemed going to University was the most palatable. As such, because we don't live in Sweden (or so a Trotsky acquaintance of mine tells me), I had to put the touch on someone to cover the costs. Brownsworth was in no position to lend a hand, and the

Club Millionaire was out of the question. You see, a few weeks ago my drive was not far enough to the left on the fifth hole.

So the only option left was to put the touch on aged relative (Father). To almost anyone else this would seem a relatively easy task. As most parents I know of would gladly sell the souls to have offspring out from under foot, and think they got the better of the deal to boot. This is not the case with my aged R. Humbly, I sneaked into his presence and said:

"Aged relative of mine! I

think that writing is for me!" Some time later, after my father regained his composure, I went on.

"I realise this is all sort of sudden, however I believe it's just the thing for me. Why, even Dr. Vanderpoop, my medico, recommends it!"

"Why, young blot, do you think that, giggle, you have the stuff to become a writer? Gfaw."

I related my experience with proficient speaking to him.

"Oh," said aged R. looking very much like a man who

thinks he might be trapped with some sort of lunatic. He went on, "I suspect that there is some sort of reason you are telling me this?"

I then related the virtues and dangers of indoor golf, and how it nullified any hope of putting the touch on the Club Millionaire.

"Oh" said my father with the look of a man who is sure he is trapped with some sort of lunatic.

"So, young blot, if I get the drift of all this you need me to foot the bill for this little excursion of yours."

"If it's not an imposition aged R."

"Certainly not young blot."

Parents are a fine lot really, however the pressures become a little too much on occasion and they try to make the offspring do things they do not wish to do. Father, unfortunately, is not above such seizures. As such he felt it was time I learned how to budget my monies. I thought this was not an unfair request on Aged R's part.

To make a long story short, I agreed to keep a daily account of my expenditures which are to be submitted, bi-weekly, to aged R. Well you assume correctly dear readership, I have not yet submitted anything resembling a report. This has sent aged R. into a fit, as when parents decide that you need to do something "for your own

good," only God or a primitive nuclear device will shake them out of it. With this in mind, he sent the following telegram: (Pub. with permission of aged R.)

Young blot.  
NO EXPENSE REPORT NO MONEY STOP LETTER ONLY ACCEPTABLE STOP REQUIRE IMMEDIATELY STOP..... APPALLING LACK OF COMMON SENSE STOP LAST WARNING STOP HAPPY THANKSGIVING.  
YOUR IRATE FATHER.

Well, I feel we younger lot have to take a stand against this sort of thing! Why, who knows what they will want next, a phone call? A monthly letter? If it's not caught quickly enough, they might want us to spend more time than it takes to get presents and turkey at Christmas! Parents will become young blot junkies, and will want to see us on a regular basis! NO, it must be stopped here and now. Towit, I have started the Young Blot spending monies fund- I am appealing to you the readership, on a matter of principle, to put a stop to young blot addiction (Infantile Blotous Addictious.) Send all donations, in small unmarked bills, to the Brunswickan office, care of Jonathan Blanchard, in sealed envelopes marked: I did my bit for the cure of Infantile Blotous Addictious- and it is tax deductible.

## Brazilian life portrayed in film

This week the UNB Film Society will be showing Brazilian director Hector Babenco's 1981 film *Pixote*. It is the fictional account of the experiences of *Pixote*, a ten year old vagrant living on the street of Sao Paulo. The problem studied, however, is real; *Pixote* could be any one of three million homeless children in Brazil who stay alive by stealing and scavenging.

A judge has been murdered on the street, and as the police have to take some action they round up dozens of street kids (including *Pixote*) and throw them in a reformatory - people under the age of eighteen cannot be criminally charged in Brazil. Here, he sees a boy a little older than himself gang-raped; some of the children are taken away during the night by the police for "ques-

tioning." When two of them end up dead the blame is laid on the other kids. *Pixote* takes in all the cruelty and brutality with the same indifferent expression, but it is obvious that all the while he is learning how he must carry himself in his world in order to stay alive.

Life on the outside is just as bad. *Pixote* escapes with his makeshift "family" of friends; they get enough money stealing wallets and snatching purses to go to Rio de Janeiro. Here they begin dealing in cocaine. He sees his friend killed by a vicious dealer. Then he and the rest of his friends buy the rights to a faded prostitute, whose clients they rob at gunpoint.

This film is relentless in its exposition of the degradation and horror of *Pixote's* life, but its main emphasis is on the

survival of humanity and hope in the seemingly hardened characters. The largely non-professional cast, recruited from the ranks of illiterate street kids who are portrayed in the film, is excellent, especially Jorge Juliao as the transvestite Lilica - the most sensitive and passionate character we see in *Pixote's* dark world.

*Pixote* will be showing Friday and Saturday nights at 8:00 p.m. in the Tilley Hall auditorium. Admission is \$2 or with season pass.

## XTC releases best yet

By WILFRED LANGMAID  
Brunswickan Staff

XTC has released in *English Settlement* what is probably one of the best albums to come out of England in 1982, it is certainly their best effort to date.

It has been a bit of a wait since the group's fourth album *Black Sea* was released, but this latest release is certainly voluminous. Besides the ten-cent single album *English Settlement*, they have also released a fifteen-cut limited edition double album of the same name, and 12-inch and 7-inch versions of the keynote single "Senses Working Overtime."

XTC has always had a well-produced sound coupled with skilful lyrics. However, in *English Settlement*, the lyrics are more meaningful than ever before, and the sound is interestingly different. This different sound is an acoustic one, which is largely a result of

guitarist Andy Partridge's discovery of the acoustic 12-string guitar. He still uses the electric guitar on some cuts, such as "Ball and Chain," which is just one of the album's many cuts with a meaning that extends beyond the song's title.

"Runaways" has a beautiful melody, the backbone of which is the acoustic guitar work of Partridge and the piano playing of Colin Moulding, the band's bass player who uses a fretless bass on this album. The lyrics are serious and sobering, and they fit the haunting melody well.

The lyrics of "Melt the Guns" are anything but subtle. This is an unusual song with a strange sound rivaled on this album only by "It's Nearly Africa," where Partridge gives the alto sax a whirl.

Another notable track is "No Thugs in Our House." The driving rock is accentuated, not

hurt, by the domination of Partridge's acoustic guitar. Pay attention to the lyrics in this one too.

There is no doubt that XTC has come up with their best single ever in "Senses Working Overtime", the first single to be released from *English Settlement*. The listener can easily relate to Partridge singing about all of the things that we can absorb with our five senses. Careful listening will also pick out a bit of displeasure with some of the things which we sense. The melody is a catchy and superb one. Look for this song to really go places for XTC.

After a number of good albums which never really caught fire worldwide, XTC has given it a real shot with *English Settlement*. The widespread acceptance they are striving for may now be within their grasp.

### Kaleidoscope at d'Avray

d'Avray Hall Noon Hour Series presents Kaleidoscope Story Theatre in the Duggald Blue Auditorium on Wednesday, October 27 at Marshall d'Avray Hall at 12:30. Free to Creative Arts Subscribers and UNB and STU students. \$4 for adults; \$2 for other students and Senior Citizens.

More information on page 16.

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