

Address letters to Editor, the Brunswickan, UNB. Letters should be brief and to the point. The Brunswickan reserved the right to shorten letters. Type them (double-spaced, 60 characters to the line), if possible. Include name, faculty, year and telephone. Pseudonyms will be allowed only in exceptional circumstances.

Letters to the Editor

Editor:

I'm disappointed. It seems that few people today are entitled to a good time and relaxation; rather, we must render everything we touch, just as Midas, to a golden professionalism.

I am referring to a rather harsh critique (in the Dec 3 Brunswickan) of our own Red 'n' Black, by a certain Mr. Blaikie.

First of all, my disappoint-

ment was aroused when Blaikie made reference to a lack of talent that was professional. I wasn't aware that Red 'n' Black ever made claim to being professional.

Secondly, Mr. Blaikie seems to have efficiently succeeded in squashing most UNB talent. It is true that the program did not include any June Taylor Dancers, Eartha Kitts, Rowan and Martins, Johnny Rivers or Lightfoots.

In conclusion, I have offered a few solutions to this enigma of pessimism towards Red 'n' Black performances. First of all, Mr. Blaikie might refrain from going to any future Red 'n' Black shows. Or, he might

concentrate on rendering the Brunswickan, instead of the Red 'n' Black, more professional.

However, I have devised an even more efficient means of assuring the success of the Red 'n' Black. A few of us here

have started a club - JOHN BLAIKIE AS FUTURE RED AND BLACK PRODUCER. Membership cards will be issued. The only qualification - Pessimism.

J. Martha Phemister
Arts 2

How I wonder what you are up above the world

by ip se dixit
(gary davis)
brunswickan staff

Hunter Davies emphasizes the Beatles' claim that they really did not invent many of the themes attributed to them in some of their recordings.

Hunter Davies is the author of *The Beatles*, the self-proclaimed 'authorized' biography of the group.

I find it hard to believe that the theme of life and death is not recurrent in many Beatles songs and albums. I still think, as I did in the summer of 1966 when it came out, that the song *Yellow Submarine* is the story of their success. I think that Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band is somebody's biography, or just the story of life itself, ending with the life-after-death in *A Day In The Life*. And I find my idea, or hope, reinforced when I listen to *Revolution No. 9*, which to me exhibits a similar characteristic: birth, life, death, life-after-death.

But people will find me wrong again, and I'll make a public retraction but still believe what I wrote. What I really believe is my secret.

Will Taurus tear us apart, is the dawn coming drowning the morning stars? How late can I write, is nothing right lately? Can I read Joyce and rejoice in my own odd city? How bright is a constellation in the day when the course of planets begs the night to come? How many stars are there between

the setting of the sun and the new dawn? ***

With the opportunity presenting itself, while three men orbited the moon on Christmas Eve, I saw the movie *Yellow Submarine* in Toronto, with a girl who I shall call Sheilagh. The name suits her.

When you have prejudices about things like the song *Yellow Submarine* and you see the movie *Yellow Submarine* and there are men orbiting the moon while the cartoon Beatles fly through *Nowhere Land* in a yellow submarine, it is inevitable that you will tie these things together and come to the same conclusion I did while I watched the movie.

The world is a strange place, and life is strange. As Mason Williams sings, "Isn't life the perfect way to pass the time away?" ***

"To delve into the unknown with the imagination is a not-always-intentional pastime of the human race. The anticipation of things to come forms an important part of every person's life." (1958) ***

"How can we argue points of world interest? What good does it do for us to do such things? Are we fools? We have no say in what goes on around us. We may be able to convince one person of what is the real truth, but what good is that? People seem to believe wrong more easily than right. If that

one person you convince will side with you when you try to convince others, the idea in the other's mind... FINISH IT YOURSELF." (1959) ***

He walked down the dark staircase on his way to the store for a quart of milk and a pack of cigarettes. He had started a milk habit at an early age, but he was getting over it. He found that smoking was a good way to get off the stuff. Soon he would be able to get away from it forever. He had gone a week without any whole milk, and only a small glass... well, two small glasses, of skim.

The price of milk is increasing faster than cigarettes, he thought to himself. Since they stopped subsidizing milk producers it has been a lot easier to fight the urge to buy milk. It costs so much to drink any quantity. Thank God they're still helping the poor tobacco farmers. Milk causes heart disease, they say.

The stairway was in total darkness, but he had memorized it. There were four stairs, then a small landing, then a slight step up and the vestibule. Nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Twelve steps to the front door. Ah, light. Let there be neon. Red and green. Beauty in the winter. The old neon sign, blinking and trying to spell "GOOD" and then "FOOD". The store was a restaurant too, and it was not doing very well. The owner could not afford to get the sign fixed. "He might have a franchise,"

he thought, because his trip hitchhiking across the country let him see that there was a blinky "GOOD - FOOD" sign in almost every town in the country. Green and red, good and food, blinkety blinkety blink.

The snow had melted during the day, but it was after ten and the water had frozen. It was impossible to find a path with traction, so he walked snowshoe-style lifting his feet straight up and swinging them forward and plopping them straight down on the ice. It was unbearable slow. Even walking this way he fell twice in the half-block trek to the store. He remembered the feeling. It was the snowball fight all over again. He looked over the top of the snow fort and a ball of ice smashed his temple. Blood dripped softly onto the snow and he walked unconsciously home, slowly, deaf.

The window of the store was steamed-up from the grill, and the smell of a million hamburgers erupted when he opened the door. He bought a coffee and then a pint of skim milk and some cigarettes. He read the titles on the magazine rack, and slipped a couple of chocolate bars into his coat pocket, and quietly left.

The sky was almost clear. Wispy cirrus feathered the silent heaven dancing, like long-growing hair over the shoulders of the stars. Stars are the light of mourning, he thought.

He fell again when he was nearly home. He was a few feet

from the doorway. The pain was so bad that he had to crawl to the door, and he tried to crawl up the stairs, and couldn't, and he sat in pain on the second step and cried. He sat for about an hour. The skim milk from the cardboard carton had been pouring over him, for it had broken when he fell. It had drenched his cigarettes. He could feel the soggy pack in the soggy paper bag, and he could remember sounds, almost the last sounds he had ever heard, the sound of a woman's voice, mildly and yet seriously counselling him, comforting him after he had been crying for breaking his mother's china plate hanging on the living room wall. His mother's voice was one of the few sounds he could remember, for it was now hard to remember sounds. His mother caressed his head with her hand and he wept and she said don't worry, "Don't cry over spilt milk." Don't cry over spilt milk. The pain was killing him, but he hauled himself to his feet and began to climb the stairs, and he got to his room and took off his wet clothes and ate two 22's and went to bed. He died in his sleep, at the age of 84.

We all live in a yellow submarine, yellow submarine, yellow submarine, We all live in a yellow submarine... (The Beatles).

VIEWPOINT

by ben hong

what makes a good university president?



dave roy
electrical 2

"Someone young, good-natured; somebody who can sit down and talk to students and understand them."



mike hogan
chemical 2

"Same characteristics as Colin B."



eve gair
post grad

"Honesty. I assume he would be intelligent."



jim olmstead
arts 2

"I think it should be someone from UNB. In view of campus strife we should get someone knowledgeable about these affairs."

jaine fraser
electrical 2

"Somebody willing to meet more with the student body."



shari wasson
arts 2

"Someone like Colin B. Someone would carry on in the tradition of Mackay."



deborah tommy
arts 1

"I really don't care."



allan denton
forestry 1

"Someone with a different viewpoint, but not somebody radical. Someone who would have influence over the student body."

