

## Brownsworth on university

University? Why indeed?  
Humour by  
Jonathan Blanchard

On a query from Brownsworth I have attempted to shed some light on Canadian universities. Not being a proficient speaker, I am attempting to use freehand.

A number of eminent poets, politicians and essay writers in the course of the last few centuries have, in their separate ways, recorded the wonders, fraternity, and the advantages that one may find in a university. Well I, for one, can refute about two or three centuries of work with two words; My Physician. I shall direct myself to this later.

I'm sure there are those among us who honestly believe that universities do indeed hold the above stated virtues. However, with the possible exception of law and computer science students, we all know in our hearts what university really is: a clever cover for a chain of health spas, and deans are just athletic directors.

Oh, we might hear a couple say to one another - "Gee whizz, Patty, that class on Borneo tribal war rites was great. I can feel my mind growing already!" But it's all for the benefit of outsider's ears. To any experienced student, this statement means - "How's it hanging Patty? Hey, why don't we go back to my place and burn some calories the fun

way?" Then, we might hear Patty comment - "Golly gee, Bobby! I don't know about tribal war rites, but what about that chapter on Aytac economic sub-cultures?" Which obviously means - "Mine are fine Bobby. Tell you what, let's burn those calories at my place. You bring the duck and the Q-tips!"

On the whole, we as students, really are here to lose some weight and breathe some fresh air. Which brings me to my physician - Dr. Sandra Vanderpoop, a woman who I enjoy immensely, as she (like Brownsworth) is very motherly when she tells you that you, "are about as unhealthy as one could imagine given the circumstances."

I am a man given to excess; in words, food, sleep, and evenings out. As such, one morning I discovered spots on my chest, something, I am told, happens to most men about town, with my disposition to living. So, after raising at the crack of 11:00 am, eating a large breakfast of bacon and eggs with extra toast, and getting dressed, I rushed from Blanchard GHQ (B-G HQ) to make my 2:30 appointment with Dr. Vanderpoop. She confirmed my worst fears - "You, Jonathan, are just a typical young man about town. What you need is some time in the lose some weight county." Trying to look calm I said - "Does this mean fresh air

too?"

"Yes, Jonathan. Even fresh air."

So out of the offices I walked, feeling a certain sinking feeling that Napoleon must have felt when the Prussians came over the ridge at Waterloo. Well, it was settled by lots; draw a short one and I was off to join the French foreign legion, draw a long one and it was off to St.

Thomas University. As any frosh can tell you, they both have about the same appeal.

Well, I phoned Dr. Vanderpoop and said I was off to St. Thomas University. Would that fit the bill?

"To the fresh air?" said Vanderpoop.

"The very freshest available Vanderpoop. Why, deceased persons have been known to bound from their coffins upon

getting a whiff of St. Thomas air." Being a doctor, there was no need to reassure her on the other health aspects of university. Why between Borneo tribal wars for rights and New Borneo economic systems, I will be fit as fiddle by May.

So Brownsworth, does this answer your questions? If not, I shall be prowling the club on Saturday and you can question me further.

## It's live and it's hot

By WILFRED LANGMAID  
Brunswickan Staff

Robert Palmer's latest album *Maybe It's Live* is a curious, albeit effective, mixture of six songs from a live concert held at the Dominion Theatre in London in late 1980 and four studio-produced songs from 1982.

Palmer has always been an enigma for those music buffs with a penchant for categorizing artists into a specific type of music. This album, by covering material from his previous six albums, drives home the fact that Palmer is adept at many divergent musical types.

As such, categorization is now more difficult than ever. "Some Guys Have All The Luck" is pop funk, while the very enjoyable "Sneakin' Sally Through The Alley" is pure funk. Ah, so we have

ourselves a funk artist; right?

Wrong. One listen to the electronic "Si Chatouillieux" will clearly show that there is more to Palmer than meets the eye. To complicate matters, there is no other song even remotely similar to this obscure one on *Maybe It's Live*.

Both as a vocalist and as an instrumentalist, Palmer can handle simple and unbridled

rockers like "Bad Case Of Loving You", more complex rockers like "Maybe It's You", and slick, down-tempo pop numbers like "Every Kinda People" with equal skill and dexterity. The live version of "Every Kinda People" on this album is particularly good, and certainly head-and-shoulders above the studio version from a few years back.

If label-affixers remain unconvinced as to the futility of their task, the reggae number "Best Of Both Worlds" is the *coup de grace*.

On the basis of *Maybe It's Live*, it is clearer than ever that it is next to impossible to concretely categorize Robert Palmer. Perhaps the most accurate label which we could give him is versatile.



## Art Bits

From October 27 until November 23 the National Exhibition Centre presents a display on Marconi. Produced by the Marconi International Foundation, this exhibit commemorates the first transatlantic wireless message sent by Marconi on December 12, 1901 from St. John's, Newfoundland. Early experiments in electromagnetism together with significant events in Marconi's career are outlined. As well, the current state of the art, including satellites, antennas and lasers is presented.

The Faculty Club is now showing an exhibition of works by eight artists, courtesy of the Atlantic Galleries on Waterloo Row. Two Fredericton artists, David McKay and Pat Cameron, are represented by three paintings each. Fred Ross of Saint John has a pastel of a dancer. The other seven works include an Inuit stonecut and a serigraph and stencil with ink by 2 West Coast Indian artists.

The exhibition will be shown for the month of October.

