



Left to right: Mario Duschenes, Kelsey Jones, Melvin Ber- man, members of the Baroque Trio.

SNAILS, ANYONE?

'Listening to chamber music is like eating snails.' So said the Brunswickan of the day when the Baroque Trio visited here in 1958. The review then went on to point out that snails made good eating. When the Trio came back in 1962, they played to a capacity audience, and several students asked the Creative Arts Committee to sponsor the Trio again; and so we welcome the Baroque Trio for the third time.

Baroque Music — for non-pundits, anything between 1650 and 1760 — is among the gayest, brightest and sometimes even jolliest music written: Vivaldi, for example wrote 'Drops of Brandy' long before it became a Scottish Dance Tune; Bach's Fifth 'French Suite' almost started in 'My Old Kentucky Home' — but fortunately took lodgings elsewhere. You could call the Baroque period 'Music for the Short-Haired'. There is a deeper enjoyment there, too, of course, if you want it, and form and phrasing are often at their best in the work of this period. However, if Chamber Music has always been a rather alarming expression, you can't do better than start with the Baroque period, where you will find it at its friendliest.

It must be superbly played, of course, and the Baroque Trio is famous for just this quality of excellence of playing. Every concert they have given has brought tributes to their accuracy, brilliance, virtuosity and sympathy.

Their concert here is in Memorial Hall on Wednesday 30 October at 8:15 p.m. Tickets are free to students, and can be picked up from Dean Grant's office in McConnell Hall on and after 23 October 1963. Make sure you pick up your ticket in good time. At the last concert they gave, we had the SRO sign out.

YEARBOOKS AVAILABLE

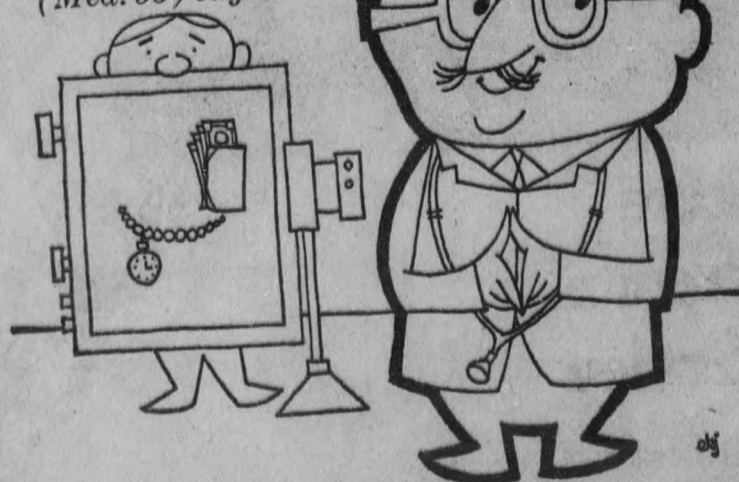
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24

YEARBOOK OFFICE — STUDENT'S CENTRE

6:30 — 8:30

Ivan Nastikoff

(Med. 53) says:



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LIFE IN BARODA

This letter came to the Brunswickan office this week in an aerogramme, from Neville John Drew, who we may remember from not too long ago. John is in Baroda, India, and tells us about

(Head) Life In Baroda

Dear Mr. Editor,

Sitting on my verandah this Thursday morning it occurred to me it would be Wednesday night in Canada and the new editor (whoever you are good luck) of the Brunswickan would be wondering how to fill Friday's and for that matter every other issue until Christmas. With compassion I beat out a piece which should serve as a safety net one of these copyless nights. I was at UNB awhile back, and some of the references may need bringing up to date. I'm at present at Baroda on a Commonwealth Scholarship studying Indian drama. If the article is no good to you I trust you will know where to put it.

— John Drew.

Apart from the tropical heat, the dirt, the lower standard of living (and the fact its colors are garnet and gold) the University of Baroda in Western India has a surprising amount in common with UNB.

To begin with the town of Baroda itself is probably the nearest equivalent to Fredericton that could be found in India. It is a typically provincial spot which aside from its many temples has only one of everything else — a theatre, a park, an artificial lake, an art museum, a university — all of which were conceived or built

by Baroda's counterpart to Lord Beaverbrook, the Maharaja Sayajirao, a local cowherd who rose to become a wealthy and benevolent overlord.

The similarity extends to campus. Here, as at UNB, the most venerable construction is the old Arts building, with its great imposing domes. Other buildings, including a dozen new residences or hostels, are modern, lowlung and functional. Engineers predominate.

But it is Fredericton with a difference. The country is flat, not hilly; jungle, not forest; the trees are palm and huge shady banyan, not elm.

To 'go downtown' you take streets crowded with goats, pedestrians, scooter-taxis, buses, bicycles and buffaloes, all making a noise and jostling together. No right of way is given except to the cows which are sacred — even the buses stop for them. The place is as full of barrowboys, beggars, pedlars and itinerants as medieval Europe. You barter for almost all items in the tumble-down bazaars.

The hostels are spartan and very dusty. It is too hot to have glass in the windows. There are few home comforts. Frogs and lizards invade the washrooms; monkeys and squirrels the verandahs; doves and pedlars come and go in the corridors.

Food in the hostels is basic, cheap and vegetarian. Better can be obtained — at a price — at a new canteen (you'd never complain about the cups in the Student Centre if you saw them here!) and at a joint

called Kwality which sounds and looks like the Paradise.

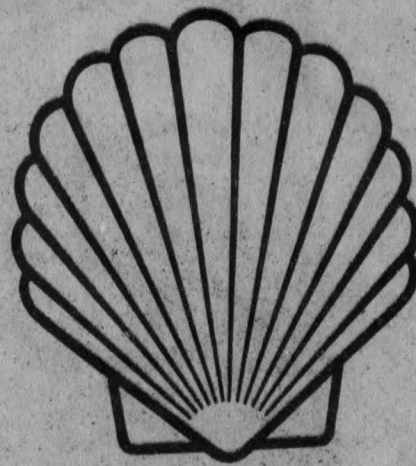
If UNB men think rules concerning liquor and women are tough, they ought to remember Baroda. There is total prohibition — God bless native son Gandhi for it! And the girls are locked away in their hostels by 7:30 every night bar Saturdays. A pity because they look very nice in the shapely Punjabi dresses which are in fashion.

What social life exists with these restrictions consists of out-of-town picnics on Sundays and rather sedate socials (nothing so informal as an LBR formal) held on the flat roofs of the hostels — which make ideal patios for gatherings in the comparative (70 degrees) cool of the evening.

Singing is very popular — just dig that Oriental chanting in the showers — and even if his voice is flat as a pancake the foreigner is expected to sing — First World War stuff is as 'way in' as the latest Elvis.

The Westerner notices at once the common custom whereby boys hold hands and put their arms around one another's shoulders — as do the girls. It is common too for a student to come into the room and turn over one's papers or ask quite personal questions — without embarrassment. The sort of privacy a student at UNB expects is quite unknown here — all over India people share their existence with others quite freely.

In the heat dress is very casual — nothing like a UNB (Continued on Page 8)



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