

EDITORIAL

The last issue

by Lynne Wanyeki

This is it! This is the last regular issue of the Brunswickan for the 1991/92 year, which is a relief in some ways and sad in other ways - especially for those of us who will not be around next year. It is a relief in that most of the people who work at the Brunswickan give to the paper the equivalent of a full-day's work, three or four days a week - often not realizing just how stressful that is until the year is over. And so, when they suddenly realize that the year is actually over and that they will soon have a lot of extra time on their hands, it is very pressure-relieving. At the same time, however, despite being thankful for finally being able to concentrate without distraction on academic work (or for being able to simply relax in the case of the more organized Brunswickan staff members), it is sad in that it is quite simply the end of an endeavour which most of us have enjoyed, and from which most of us have learnt an immense amount.

Quite a while back, Chris Hunt, our inimitable Entertainment Editor, pointed out in one of his similarly inimitable Editorials, that contrary to what the final versions of the Brunswickan may suggest, there is a lot of difference in opinion among the staff. I quote:

I'd like to think we are doing an adequate job here this year. If you don't, then either come down here and attempt to do better or keep your own damn opinions to yourself. We need people, and that means anybody. You can be an engineer or a psych major. It's not an extracurricular activity like AIESEC or the Yearbook where clique-group geeks hand out and hug each other either. We hate each other. We are an eclectic group of people who manage, barely, to stand each other long enough to put out a newspaper every week. We're not ideologicistic fools like CHSR or power-trip mongers like Orientation. We don't have the false impression that we're important like the Student Union, and we don't hang out in the Blue Lounge and play complex, time-consuming and moronic war games. We piss people off. We're good at it. We piss each other off. We know why we're here. Do you?

Obviously, not everyone in AIESEC, the Yearbook, CHSR, Orientation, the Student Union and the Blue Lounge will like, agree with or fit into Chris' caustic groupings. But the point is quite simply that because the people in the Brunswickan are so incredibly different in almost every conceivable way - from political leanings to sexual orientation, from culture to age, etc - it has been the most stimulating environment that I've found on this campus. It is here that I have learnt to debate a point, to defend an opinion, and - most importantly - to tolerate, however uncomfortably, being around and working with those with whom I completely disagree. The curious thing about this kind of acceptance is that it translates into a kind of respect and even warmth towards people whom, at an earlier time and in a different situation, I would have avoided out of principle and out of respect for my own state of mental health.

This is, to me, what being in university should be about. Before I came to university, I remember my mother saying (rather cynically I thought at the time), that I should make the most of being at university as, upon completion of my degree, I would probably not be in as stimulating an environment. (So much for the tried and tested "real world"). That "environment" extends far beyond our respective faculty walls. For as much as I have learnt and grown in my own classes, my own departments and my own faculty, the bulk of my growth in awareness came from involvement outside the classroom setting. I have complained loudly and frequently about the problems of attending university in a small town, but being at UNB in Fredericton has afforded me opportunities to be involved that perhaps would not have been so easily accessible in larger universities in larger cities.

Those opportunities are there for anyone who is willing to avail her/himself of them. Use them - it's worth it.

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