

EDITORIAL

By Karen Burgess

If you could remember one thing about 1993-94 what would it be?

As you walk through the corridors of the "super SUB" today you'll see how dozens of your fellow students, and some of the members of UNB's staff and faculty answered this question. The UNB Student Union asked members of our university community to describe what they felt was the most memorable event or issue of this academic year so it could compile a time capsule to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the construction of the Student Union Building. The answers, written on entry forms sporting the SUB 25 anniversary logo, make up part of the display set up inside the SUB today. If you take time out to look at the time capsule display, you will see showcased some of the fond or significant memories held by some of the thousands of people whose lives are touched by the university each year.

These memories make up a large part of how the UNB community sees itself in 1994, but will also play a large role in how a future generation of UNB students see us. When that time capsule is opened, perhaps when the SUB celebrates its 50th or an even later anniversary, people will be given an intimate insight about what was important to us—what touched us, what enraged us, what made us UNB in 1994.

As the SUB celebrates its 25th, we get a chance to walk down memory lane (literally) to see a side of UNB that existed before some of us were born. Flower children, gross clothes, a real winter carnival...and no SUB. Pictures of campus taken before the SUB was built look empty, something seems out of place, something's missing. Whether you spend a lot of time at the SUB or not, it is undeniably part of the life of students here. Imagine a campus with no Help Centre where you can go to make photocopies or pick up bus schedules, no Blue Room to study or sit and gab in, no Social Club. This prospect was reality for thousands of students entering UNB before 1969.

When those future students open the time capsule sealed up and placed safely away on this, the silver anniversary of the Student Union Building, they're going to say, "God, look at those pants, how could they wear stuff like that," "Wow, what an excellent student newspaper they had back then considering the outdated stuff they were working with," and make other comments similar to the ones we'll all be making as we look at the memorabilia of 1969. But what would you make of the other comments these students could be making? What if you could overhear them saying things like, "How did they ever survive without the health clinic and pharmacy at the SUB?" "You mean they actually ran all over campus just to see the Dean of Students?" and "How did they pack all those people into that tiny SUB cafeteria?"

Anyone who is involved in extracurricular activities knows how much the student body relies on the SUB. The Student Unions of UNB and Saint Thomas, *The Bruns*, CHSR, the Help Centre, dry cleaning services, convenience shopping, travel arrangement services and a host of other necessities are consolidated in one building—along with a lot of the things that make life as a student enjoyable. Comedy acts and concerts in the Caf, career days in the Blue Room,

socializing at the Social Club and (soon) the new pub. What if students in the sixties didn't have a commitment to providing future UNB'ers with a place to be students? Well, we could hang out and have a rip roarin' good (quiet) time at the library.

During the upcoming Student Union election you'll be asked to vote in a referendum supporting an expansion to the Student Union Building. The expanded SUB would bring together many more services like Counselling Services, the Placement Centre, lounges for student groups, and the post office. You'll be asked to commit to paying \$25 a year to the project. I know what you're saying, I can hear you. "Why should I pay money for a project which may not be completed until after I graduate?" Here's a good reason: right now, what will people remember? Our faculty had one infamous scribe, our administration had a few "fascist" tendencies (according, of course, to Camille Paglia—I would never say that) and our university came eighth in the Macleans' poll. This is our chance to do something as students. Not as a faculty, society, group, organization, clique, special interest lobby segment, or department subculture, but as a student body.

Now you're saying, "It's OK for her to say, because she's graduating anyway and won't have to pay the \$25." Well here it is folks, my symbolic gesture.

An open letter to James van Raalte,
President, UNB Student Union:

Dear Mr. van Raalte,

As a student who will be graduating in the spring of 1994, I would like to contribute a voluntary donation of \$25 in support of the Student Union's efforts to provide future UNB students with an expanded Student Union Building. During my years at UNB I have spent much more time within the walls of this venerable structure than most students, and, as much as I have appreciated my second home, I recognise how much better it could be made through the united efforts of its principle patrons, UNB's students.

Yours truly,
Karen L. Burgess

Whether we like it or not, the public perceives most students as apathetic. We've let our yearbook lapse into oblivion because nobody could be bothered to work on it, we've lost our Winter Carnival, and year by year we lose other things. The SUB expansion project could be a chance for students to be remembered for something they actually did, instead of didn't do. There were opponents to the original proposal to build the SUB in 1969, but enough people cared enough to make the project happen, and aren't you glad they did?

Besides, even if the SUB isn't built until after we're long gone from here and we only get to see it when we return to campus for a visit, we'll still get a hell of a lot more out of the \$25 a year we gave to the expansion project than we will from the \$25 a year we're giving to the admin to not provide us with a health plan.

MUGWUMP

BY
JAMES ROWAN

Cats. Do you like cats? I don't. One of my predecessors as Managing Editor didn't either, and went on at great length about them. I haven't really considered the matter either way, but on balance I wouldn't call myself a cat person. I like dogs, though.

At any rate, some of our editors were out at a "hen party," out with our ex-Managing Editor's ex-roommate. Well, apparently we now have independent confirmation that Tara owns Demon Cats from Hell. Apparently, these demonic entities masquerading as diminutive felines appear perfectly innocent...until they get close to you. Then they bare their claws, flatten their ears back, hiss malevolently and try to carve a piece out of your leg (sort of like the federal government at budget time). Allan was convinced that these cats—that all cats—had a grand conspiracy to kill him, to snuff him out like a mouse. But then again, most Managing Editors are under a lot of stress, and Allan is feeling much better now. In the defense of the cats, they seem to like Tara, and that is the main thing after all.

Boy, its cold out there. Really cold. So damn cold that they canceled schools. Not this school, of course. No, if it's -40° outside, the little kiddies get to stay home. You know, the little kiddies that get bundled up in so many layers of clothes that they are about as round as a bowling ball, for the 90 second trip to the warmth of the heated school bus. The university students, on the other hand, the folks who walk several miles to school because they can't afford a taxi after last weekend's bender, have

Something Light & Fluffy

to suffer through the cold. "I can remember when I was going to school, we'd have to walk five miles to school, through the sleet and snow, when it was 200° below!" Yes, you can tell this to your grandkids. Just leave out where you spent your taxi fare. This university hasn't canceled classes in years. We all are expected to show up for our classes no matter the weather—probably because all the profs and administrators drive 4-wheel drive vehicles, unlike those they're teaching.

How cold is it? It's "nippy" out. Yes folks, "nippy" has been replaced by the much more specific "nippily". "Nippily" could apply to any of a lot of body parts, and thus didn't give any really hard and fast idea of how cold it was. If Jack Frost is nipping at your ears or nose, big deal. If the cold is nipping at your privates, either you're trying to write your name in the snow or else it is really godawfully cold out, so cold that no sane human being would be outside, so cold that future generations have been put at risk by this cold. So, as you can see, nippy just doesn't cut it. Nippily, on the other hand, gives a specific temperature feeling, the temperature at which the cold gets through your coat/jacket/shirt and starts to nip at your nippy parts. Our thanks to Team Leader for adding this much needed word to our English Vocabulary.

Let's see...cats, the weather...that's light and fluffy. I'd talk about frogs, but I don't know anything about frogs. And I can't find Green Valley on a map.



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Brunswickan

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The Brunswickan, in its 128th year of publication, is Canada's Oldest Official student publication. The Brunswickan is published every Friday during the school year by Brunswickan Publishing Inc., with a weekly circulation of 10,000 copies on campus and around Fredericton. Staff membership is open to all UNB students contributing to three or more issues, but anyone is welcomed to contribute. The opinions expressed are those of the individual writers and are not necessarily shared by the newspaper, its staff or its management. *The Brunswickan*, while attempting to be an open forum for the viewpoints and opinions of all UNB students, may refuse any submission which is judged racist, sexist, homophobic or containing attacks of a personal nature. We reserve the right to edit all submissions for brevity and clarity. Letters to the editor should not exceed 300 words in length. Submissions to *The Brunswickan* may be submitted double spaced, typed or neatly handwritten, or submitted on 3.5" disk in Word Perfect or most any Macintosh format. Articles appearing in *The Brunswickan* may be freely reprinted, provided credit is given.

The Brunswickan is printed with flair by Prestige Web in Moncton, N.B. Subscription rates are \$25 per year, second class mail in effect, #8120. National Advertising rates available from Campus Plus at (416) 362-6468. *The Brunswickan* Student Union Building, Rm. 35 PO Box 4400 Fredericton, N.B. E3B 5A3 Phone: (506) 453-4983 Fax: (506) 453-4958 E-Mail: BRUN@UNB.CA