

Editori-Frank

A Guest Editorial by Frank Pearce

Now that the first term is almost over it is time for students to start thinking about summer jobs. Yes, that's right, summer employment. Of course, for those of you who are unlucky enough to be graduating this year, you will actually have to go out there and find a real job. Well, my advice to you, especially for those of you who are in your first year at this fine institution that they call the University of New Brunswick, is: GET THE HELL OUT!

You heard me right. Finish this term and get the hell out of university. The only reason I stress this for first year students is because these little beggars have less invested in this dump than do the rest of us. Still, nevertheless, even if you're only a year away from getting the official UNB crested momento that they call a degree, it is still not a bad idea to quit right now.

I'm not actually criticising UNB *per se*. UNB remains a damn fine institution of higher learning, despite its more than slightly questionable decision to replace the estimable [that was sarcasm, by the way] Tom Traves with the even more estimable [same again] Byzantine. However, damn fine institution or not, UNB (and all other universities with something even resembling standards) are now out of date in today's economic times.

The reason for this is that the purpose of university is to educate you. A laudable goal, to be sure, and one that those wise souls in government have shoved down our throats as the Canadian effin' way. Well folks, it ain't the way after all. We have been lied to! Getting good marks through high school so that you can get into university where you can get good marks again so you can graduate and get an effin' job is a lie. The jobs, my friends, they just ain't out there. Oh, there are a few; just enough to tempt us into thinking that we actually have a chance in the crap shoot, as well as just enough to allow sycophantic politicians such as Frank McKenna and Michael Harris to smirk to us that all we really have to do is work harder.

It ain't true! There simply aren't enough jobs out there to employ all of us at something resembling a wage even remotely appropriate to the time and money commitment which we make towards our degrees. Forget about entrepreneurship, too. First of all, a BBA prepares you for entrepreneurship about as much as does a degree in advanced nose picking. Secondly, most small businesses fail. Remember, a good year (economically speaking) is when less small businesses fail than did the year before. Hardly a ringing endorsement. Anyway, most of us are going to graduate from this university with a piece of paper that don't mean nothing but diddley and squat.

So, I don't hear you ask, what are we to do about this situation? Two things, O faithless reader. First of all, for all of you who don't have the balls to go back and tell mommy and daddy that you're quitting university, stay in school. But, and here's the crucial part, when you graduate, don't pay off your Student Loan. Tell those officious bastards that they won't be getting no money until you get a job that's actually worth having. Maybe, just maybe, a mass decision of this kind might actually inspire those government types to actually create some real jobs. Of course, once (God and Irving willing) you get a decent job, you will be honour bound to pay back your loan. Then again, at that point, who cares?

The second plan is to GET THE HELL OUT! GO TO TRADE SCHOOL! LEARN A SKILL! Learn how to actually do something worthwhile! A job still won't be a sure thing, but at least you'll have a ghost of a chance. In my case, if you want something done, don't come looking for me, 'cause I can't do it. I can think about it damn hard, but I won't be able to do it (with certain sordid exceptions). Your Christmas present to yourself this year should be your tuition for next term. Just make sure you go to tech school next fall.

(Ed's Note: Frank is a well liked colleague of mine, who is currently working towards a MA in History at UNB. MSM)

Blood n' Thunder

Neill House Safe Walk is valid and valuable

Dear Editor,

In last week's *Brunswickan*, I stated in the "Three Sexual Assault Charges laid" article that it is shocking for me to find that for two years in a row there has been a sexual assault charge laid against a Neill House resident who was interested in working with the Safe Walk. I simply find it frustrating, as I said, that someone seemingly interested in bettering personal safety on this campus would be charged with sexual assault on three different occasions.

However, some people interpreted my comments to mean that I laid the blame for these incidents on all residents of Neill House, and that I damaged the reputation of the Neill House Safe Walk. I must say then that I am sorry you received that message. My position last year as Student Union Campus Safety Coordinator and this year as Vice-President (University Affairs) has heavily involved me with the Safe Walk. I have devoted much of my time in improving the Neill House Safe Walk, encouraging its use by all students and offering my assistance to the Safe Walk in any capacity. My comment was intended to reflect the sad irony that this incident occurred in a house where so much good work has been accomplished - and that, ultimately, there is still more work to be done.

I honestly believe that the Neill House Safe Walk is a valid, valuable, and important service for students. I, in no way, intended to infer that the Safe Walk was responsible for this man's actions or that all members of the Safe Walk act in a similar fashion. That would be, quite simply, absurd.

Therefore, I hope that all students continue to use the Neill House Safe Walk and not look at this incident as a reflection of the Neill House Safe Walk.

Sincerely,
Chantale Walker
V.P. University Affairs
UNB Student Union

Clint Hamilton, you're the bestest

Dear Editor

I wish to begin by extending my congratulations to Coach Clint Hamilton, the UNB Varsity Reds men's basketball team, and the organizing committee for this past weekend's basketball tournament. The final product was colourful, fast-paced, exciting, and truly enjoyable for those of us who were in attendance. Mr. Hamilton has brought the equivalent of the CIAU championships to Fredericton in just his third year of coaching the mens basketball team. Indeed many of the teams attending this weekend will be contending for the CIAU crown this coming spring. Additionally, the Varsity Reds ball team has gone from a perennial cellar dweller to a possible AUA title contender under Coach Hamilton's guidance.

The supplement in the *Daily Gleaner* promoting the basketball tourney described Hamilton's recruiting drive as an intimate process focusing on the amenities available to a potential athlete at UNB. Coach Hamilton has suggested that recruiting is the most disliked of all coaching activities that he directs. However, we all know that the recruiting process is a must in order to floor a competitive ball team each year. As this past weekend's results would attest to, Coach Hamilton is doing an admirable job. However, he needs some proper athletic facilities to bring in top athletes and to field competitive teams. In fact, all students of UNB deserve athletic facilities that are equivalent to the facilities of other Maritime universities. We have

this in the Aitken University Centre, however, the LBR gymnasium is sadly antiquated and in need of replacement. The University of New Brunswick - Fredericton needs a facility such as UPEI, Dalhousie, UNBSJ, and many other universities have. I foresee a field house complex tandemed to the AUC in which UNB's physical education students, athletes, and all students could enjoy and have pride in. A multipurpose indoor facility such as this would allow the UNB field hockey team to practice in mid-winter on artificial turf to help them at the CIAU's. The UNB basketball teams could shine on a new set of courts. UNB athletes and students could workout and train in a great atmosphere with safe equipment. Team coaches could trumpet the first-class facilities at UNB in their recruiting drives. Finally, the City of Fredericton could use such a facility to attract major sporting events. If this University expects to forge ahead and thrive in the years to come it must foster school spirit and the image of being a leader. I challenge all UNB alumni, staff, administrators, and most of all students to not ask for but indeed demand something better. My parents are both alumni of Mount Allison. I know how well they support their alma mater. Come out and support yours! Write letters. Make a financial contribution. Voice your support. It can be accomplished. Who knows perhaps Anne will release a new album to support such an initiative. You know the "Murray Sports Centre" does have a nice ring to it.

Sincerely,

Kent Nicholson
Graduating UNB Student from P.E.I.

Alleged incident not a reflection of Safe Walk

To the editor:

In regards to the alleged incidents which recently involved a resident of Neill house, we would like to take the opportunity to stress the fact that in an academic environment which strives for objectivity and open mindedness, a personal issue such as this cannot be regarded as a reflection of the other residents of Neill House and certainly not of their co-ed Safe Walk Program.

Lady Dunn House Committee

Sex, lies and give me a gimp

Dear Editor:

I wish to commend Raphael for the recent article in *The Brunswickan*. I have been waiting for some time to be able to make an appropriate response to some recent drivel. *The Daily Gleaner* seems to be quick to accept whatever angle is thrown at them (it was certainly an aptly named paper). I am sure it's a cheap way to get copy but I have no interest in legitimising the trash they sell under the guise of investigative journalism. I'll let Mr. Duplain and Mr. Llewellyn continue the fine job that they are doing. At the same time, however, I wish to state that I feel more like Woody Allen than Steve Martin.

Although the efforts are laudable, I question the motives behind Tim Cane's recent remarks. I am sure that the Fredericton city police are doing a splendid job in tracking the recent fires. I still feel safer trusting the "arsonist" than I ever will any member of that fine force. It seems to be a somewhat backhanded compliment but I have a difficult time trying to understand the rationale behind publicising the latest theory about the recent fires in Fredericton. The very suggestion that there might be a possible connection seems to lead to the conclusion that this group might in some way deserve what they are getting. I have

yet to hear Mr. Cane speak to the contrary. This may hit a little too close to home, but I remember when Dance Trax was still open. It may seem like a coincidence, but that bar was diagonally across the street from the police station. If you walk around the back, Kurt's was just a stones throw away from the police station. They seem to be doing an excellent job of driving controversial businesses out of town. Dance Trax went under a wrecking ball and Kurt's was torched - if I wasn't more paranoid I might be able to draw my own conclusions.

Hypothetically, if the "arsonist" is actually targeting a specific group I can see no purpose in helping to identify this as such. Mr. Cane has stated that not all of the fires support this theory - which ones don't? I am sure that the people who haven't chosen to come out would be interested in having Mr. Cane's support.

Kurt's was not the only building that burned down in the recent fire. There was also a beauty salon in the same building. I have a theory that somebody got a really bad rinse. Perhaps the police should start to question everybody with blue hair. If there is such a motive I would consider it somewhat more professional for the police to do their job than to spend all of their time in media scrums - although with the police in this city that statement is sure to be an oxymoron.

I suppose that with the recent occurrences, Neil Reynolds and *The Telegraph-Journal* will demand that I identify any self-interest if I wish to speak in a public forum. I am bisexual but beyond my family and my friends I have little interest in telling the world.

If Mr. Reynolds is so interested in voicing public concern, I would be more interested in hearing why the Beaverbrook Art Gallery is no longer considered a public institution. Specifically, why was Arthur Irving's first wife evicted from the recent opening for the Mary Pratt opening? More interestingly, why hasn't *The Telegraph-Journal* found it important enough to inform the public of this fact. I suppose that when you are the local advertising supplement for Irving Oil you have to be careful about what becomes news.

So much for the idea of a free press in this province, although with Brad's support of Frank's remarks during the recent election, I am not really surprised, I know that democracy is a farce, but I was still surprised to actually hear Frank say that Fredericton needed to elect more Liberal MLAs if we want to get more support from the government. How many pigs can belly up to the trough anyway? I'm glad that they were willing to publicly state that New Brunswick is still a gulag.

The type of vitriol spouted by Mr. Cane under the guise of a theory is nothing more than hate mongering and should be treated as such. There seems to be little reason behind this tactic beyond publicly identifying the latest group to exploit: "Gall Martha, let's truck on down town and see where all the homosexuals live." Maybe Mr. Cane will be able to tell me how to identify a gimp next. I always wanted to be able to see what one looked like.

Signed,
Not at all Surprised

Don't kiss Neill House Safe Walk good knight

To Whomever Is Interested:

I am writing this open letter to express my concerns and clarify some points made in the front page article "Three Sexual Assault Charges Laid" in the Nov. 10 *Brunswickan*. The first three paragraphs about the alleged assaults state the facts that are known at this time and are to the point. My question to the reporter is why does the rest of the article have to do with the Neill Safe Walk program? Just because the accused lived in Neill House, does not mean Safe Walk

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The Magwump Journal

The baseball season may be over, but they're sure dragging out the award ceremonies. Yes, you have several awards to give out, and no I'm sure its not fair if one attracts more attention to the other - it's just like Tevas. When summer's gone...let them go. There's no need to try to disguise the onset of winter with wooly socks or lots of awards. Summer will come again, have faith.

So to try to get away from this CyYoungitis, I've been retreating to the safety of W.P. Kinsella's memories, and in particular "The Thrill of the Grass." It's about...well...something. Sorry, I was too busy enjoying the story to have any desire to deconstruct it. Anyway, it revolves around a baseball fan and his plan to replace the astroturf in his team's stadium with real, living, breathing grass during a players' strike.

It brings to mind the current situation where 'turf is being torn up left, right and centre (field), though in this case it's the teams who are doing it, not a group of mythical baseball purists. Not only are old ballparks getting new grass but there's new stadia being built with nothing more than sod 'n' turf between the stands. You know the kind, the throwback stadia, ballparks built to a classic design, ballparks which wish they were Fenway - only with a few more corporate boxes. Apparently some of these throwback stadia even have throwback pricing - one ticket for the price of an old season-ticket.

At least many of these new stadia have names with a dollarless meaning (with the exception of that silver bullet park with Rocky mountain air). But things seem to be going so well, let's have a little nightmare. Imagine "The Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame Bowl" for them Indians in Cleveland, or how about the "Maryland - We're more than crab cakes - Stadium" down in Baltimore.

But the nightmare is developing, it's out of control, it's getting to the stage where the ultimate blight will fall on this continent. Worse than the "Trojans Olympic Stadium" in Montreal. It's the Hooterdome. Yep, my nightmare has reached the stage where the "restaurant" chain Hooters has enough cash to buy the exterior of a stadium, and its one of those domes. I don't even want to think about the blimp shots, really I don't.

Neil Duxbury