

MUGWUMP JOURNAL

# SRC cannot bitch about bad press

By EDISON STEWART

Good morning. I've got about four things to get off my chest this morning, so I'll get started right away.

First — the SRC (what else?). You'll remember that several weeks ago The Brunswickan ran a story quoting SRC President Roy Neale as saying that the SRC has been "getting bad press" from none other than us dear folks at the newspaper.

For shame. So, The Brunswickan rather generously (or so I thought, anyway) went to the council and offered them a weekly column about 600 words in length. There were two conditions to the column: first, the column was to be regular (i.e. delivered every week) and second, it was to be delivered before Tuesday noon. (We said Monday noon, but the SRC said it would prefer Tuesday noon, so we compromised.)

Since that date (I believe it was five weeks ago) the SRC has submitted one column. It was by Campus Co-ordinator Chris Gallotti, and frankly it was lousy. But according to our half of the agreement, we had to print it. SRC President Roy Neale saw the column, thought it was lousy too, and decided to rewrite it in his own (equally lousy) style. That was a long, long time ago. And I

haven't seen an SRC column since, have you? So the next time Neale starts shooting off about how the rascals in The Brunswickan are treating him poorly (sounds like Nixon, doesn't he?) you'll know the real story.

Anyone want to take bets that there won't be any column in next week either?

While it seems that we've just gone through a pile of elections (there are more very shortly) it seems people are already planning to run in the presidential elections scheduled for February. Neale is finishing his second term and chances are he won't try for a third. But the man to watch is Chris Gilliss. He was orientation chairman, is rep at large on the SRC, and is now winter carnival chairman. I doubt his aspirations stop there, however. In the past, both positions have been good training grounds for future presidents.

Besides, Gilliss seems to have ambitions in this direction anyway. So far there's no word on who else might be in the running.

Fredericton took a page from Moncton's book on bilingualism not too long ago when they turned down a report that

recommended partial bilingualism in essential city services. The report wasn't even backed by the committee that brought it to city council in the first place. The chairman of the committee, Coun. Vera McKenzie, said she didn't think the people of Fredericton were ready for bilingualism yet, and recommended the report be tabled.

Mayor Bird disagreed, but to no avail. Everyone will certainly agree that the population of French speakers in the Fredericton area probably isn't high enough to warrant what might seem to be administrative trivia. True, full bilingualism is definitely unnecessary here. But Fredericton is the capital of a bilingual province in a bilingual country, and that should play a large part in the council's decision.

Fredericton like so many other cities, it seems, will only take the role of "New Brunswick's capital city" when it's to her advantage to do so. (i.e. when money flows in, not out.)

The government of Richard Hatfield and his band of merry men is also to blame. They have shown little or no leadership at all on this issue. While it may be argued that provincial funds shouldn't be used to set up total bilingualism all across the province, the government should be helping to set up at least partial

bilingualism in the capital city. Last week Fredericton had the chance to finally take the lead in something, instead of following along in the parade. Fredericton could have shown its concern and support for Canada's other language, but they turned down the opportunity like the parochial masterminds they are.

Anybody watch Princess Anne's wedding last week? Canadians once again showed their colonial mentality in displaying such great interest in the wedding of a foreign princess. Anne is no more Canadian than Richard Nixon. It's too bad more people didn't realize that fact.

And as soon as Canadians realize both are unnecessary to our way of life, the better off we'll be.

Incidentally, Chris J. Allen is the new Brunswickan editor. If you have any beefs about how things are being run around here, drop him a line. I'm sure he'll appreciate the attention. Just be sure to sign your name. See you next week.

## ALONG THE TRACKS

# League Commander releases confidential report

By STANLEY JUDD

Since I mentioned the League of Visionary English Underminers a few weeks ago, I have received many inquiries as to what the League actually does and how one goes about joining. For those wishing to join, Agent Schaefer will be on campus November 26th and 27th. He is in charge of recruiting throughout the Maritimes. For details concerning his disguises on those days and how to approach him, read my column published in the November 9th edition of The Brunswickan. Agent Schaefer has also informed me that, if the demand to join is great, he will remain on campus on November 28th until 3 p.m. He had previously planned to visit with Moncton's Mayor Jones, but has since decided that, if necessary, Mayor Jones can wait. His disguise on the 28th will be disguise number 14 — walking cast on left foot, Charles DeGaulle's nose and a copy of Dee Brown's 'Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee' in right hand. One more point: his eyes on all three days will be blue.

As to what the League actually does, I'm not sure. In my November 2nd column, I made it clear that the policies of the League were unclear. I know what I actually do, but I am not permitted to reveal it at this time. However, I'll give you one hint: I'm doing it now.

Because there are so many of you seriously interested in the League, Hector has given me permission to print a report

which was recently sent to League Headquarters by an agent in the field. Hector, in case some of you have forgotten or haven't been reading this column in the past, is in command of the League. All reports, once written, must be sent directly to him. This particular report was written by Agent Jitters. Hopefully, it will give you an insight as to what the League actually does.

Report 193K-1973  
For Hector's Eyes Only  
From Agent Jitters

Six a.m., August 21. Took up position in front of the home of J.B. Playfair on States Avenue. My car was facing south. Suspect always headed south in the mornings, usually about six-thirty a.m. This morning he did not leave his house until six-forty-three. The delay of thirteen minutes was caused by a heated exchange between J.B. and wife. (I have film to prove this fact, which I am trying to sell to the proper movie houses. Most are reluctant to feature it. Sound is somewhat muffled. Picture is perfect.) He left house, still visibly sweating from exchange.

He seemed confused and told the chauffeur to "get in the back seat! I want to drive!" He also muttered something like "I never thought she could be so vicious". (Tapes are included. Please verify.)

He backed down his driveway and headed north instead of south. In order to avoid suspicion by turning in the middle of the street, I simply followed him in reverse (as recommended in the League Handbook on Scrupulous Scrutiny — Section 94, Subsection 3). The suspect continued north on States Avenue for eleven blocks, during which time he managed to sing seventeen verses of a song. Each verse began with "The old grey mare, she ain't what she used to be." (Tapes are included. I suggest that you find the composer of the song; he has a point.)

At the corner of States Avenue and Redemption Street, the suspect turned left and collided with an orange Volkswagen Van which was parked along the curb. J.B. jumped from his car and ran to the van. A long-haired gentleman with a beard stepped from the rear of the van and said "Hey, man, what are you trying to do to me?" J.B. replied "At this point in time, I have nothing to say," and pulled a number of hundred dollar bills from his pocket, giving them to the resident of the van (it has been determined that the long-haired gentleman did, in fact, live in the van). The gentleman said "Look, man, I don't want your money. I want to save your soul!" to which J.B. replied "You'd better take my money; it's all I have." J.B. then returned to his car and attempted to back away from the orange van. It was here that I decided to back into J.B., as my engine was beginning to smoke from

driving in reverse for so long. (Enclosed is the twenty-eight hundred dollars which J.B. threw at me before he ran west down Redemption Street.) I followed him as he ran. It was not difficult to keep up with him. Running behind me was the long-haired gentleman. Behind him was J.B.'s chauffeur (who was, in fact, Agent Fleetwood). J. B. ran into the Melody Record Shop where he attempted to get change in order to make a telephone call. No one would accept his deal of "a hundred dollars for a dime"; by this time he was foaming at the mouth. I realized that at last we had caught him, had undermined his mind. As a finishing touch, I asked the record clerk to play 'Acute Schizophrenia Paranoia Blues' by Ray Davies and the Kinks. It worked beautifully. J.B. got down on his knees and begged forgiveness.

He has since resigned all his 'Board of Director' positions. He has sold his own company, giving the money to the gentleman with the long hair and the beard, who is using it to found a 'Jesus Saves Souls' organization in northern Newfoundland. J.B. has also sold his home and moved to downtown Toronto where he is doing volunteer work for the Salvation Army. His wife left him and is starring in low-budget Hollywood skin-flicks. Everyone is happy now. We succeeded. Long live the League!

I hereby certify that the above report was written while in complete control of my mind and senses and that all is true. Agent Jitters.

## Sound off

chaste dots; showing either a lack of spelling or no knowledge of the reproductive act. (And where did she ever dredge up the cliché of "A Flying F... at a Rollin' Doughnut?") "You ain't seen nothing yet", she blathers, and she is sadly correct.

I wonder how many people have blasey stated (as did Miss Thibeault) that they went to see Last Tango "just out of curiosity",

with the air of one who has seen it all and decides to have one last half-hearted snicker. This is a cheap way to try and prove that one's knowledge of sex is over-abundant. As far as sexual frankness goes, there has been nothing like Last Tango in Paris in New Brunswick's commercial cinemas. Ho-hum Miss Thibeault, do not be so afraid to show feelings. I hope before the end of the year,

if these silly reviews last that long, that she will finally learn to look beneath the surface of a movie and perhaps find out what is really going on. Last Tango in Paris is not a pornographic movie, as Miss Thibeault seems to think (why else the "Flying fuck etc." appendage?). It is the story of a ruined man who takes one last desperate chance to get something worthwhile out of life. Yes, he attempts to achieve this through sex — at times through the most brutal and demeaning sex —

because this is the only way that he knows. He has been reduced to his basest instinct. But, he transcends this; he does change and finally falls in love with the girl. This ruined man tries one last time — and he fails — not only because the girl does not understand, but because he has waited far too long. This is the tragedy of Last Tango in Paris.

There are many other glaring mistakes in Miss Thibeault's review, but I have neither the time nor patience to deal with them all.

Only one last thing must be mentioned, because it has occurred in previous reviews. This concerns her inability to see the difference between the actor and the character which he portrays. She states that Brando leaves... "a bit to be desired." Then she goes ahead and condemns the actions and ideas of the person (Paul) he is portraying, not the way in which he (Brando) portrays them. She did exactly the same thing with Jack

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