



Mugwump
By TOM BENJAMIN **Journal**

Those who think THE BRUNSWICKAN has not been running enough local humor should read the SRC minutes on page 11. After 22 motions and five and one half hours council managed to accomplish what would have taken a reasonable group only a few minutes.

Don't worry if you can't fathom the great importance of the points of discussion. I can't either.

Don't worry if you can't really understand most of the minutes. Neither can I.

It was one of the few council meetings I did not attend this year -- at least in part. The reason why few other students attend such meetings becomes apparent after perusing its official record. No one, especially those who sit on council, really knows what is going on.

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The six student senators who represent the study body here appear to be becoming negligent in their duties lately. Only two of the senators attended the last meeting.

The representatives seem to have forgotten that students have not always sat on bodies like the senate, and it took students many years to achieve representation there.

There is little point in pushing for additional student representatives on such bodies when the ones we already have don't even bother to attend meetings.

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Rumor has it the scion of one of New Brunswick's most wealthy families is negotiating for exclusive booking rights for the soon to be completed Aitken University Centre.

I certainly hope the administration has more sense than to allow the centre to start off with such a damaging move. Already it appears the centre will not be feasible for use for most student events. The only events that appear practical at present are the very large ones because of the large rental fees involved.

Allowing one agent to have exclusive booking rights could ruin any possibility of the centre being used for student entertainment run by students.

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My faith in Santa Claus has been restored. The old boy surreptitiously delivered a sack of presents to THE BRUNSWICKAN office early this week, so maybe it isn't too late for him to take some suggestions for other persons on campus. Some presents I'd like to see delivered are:

- a larger office for Jim Smith so he can listen to his shadow cabinet in comfort.
- a stamped envelope for Gary Stairs so he can deliver his housing report.
- a dictionary of elitist terms for Jim MacLean so he can enlarge his vocabulary.
- a free pass to all SRC-sponsored pubs in McConnell Hall for Bill Chernoff.
- a pair of tap shoes for John Anderson.
- more power for Art Doyle.
- a vacant apartment building for Helga Stewart.
- another Honda for J. David Miller. (I hope they mate.)
- for Chris Pratt another election so he can give it one more try.
- a successful pub for Mike Hanusiak.
- for Eric Garland, a larger office with a perforated ceiling.
- a set of bleachers (extra hard) for John Meagher's office.
- an unabridged set of parliamentary procedures for Warren McKenzie.
- free tuition to a linguistics course for George McAllister.
- for Jean-Pierre Ouellette an explanation of the provincial student aid plan, so he can answer MacLean's questions.
- a chance to buy the Toronto Star for K.C. Irving.
- a house with white columns on Waterloo Row for Barry Thompson.
- a green ski mask for Charles Williamson.
- a copy of THE BRUNSWICKAN without any of those evil cuss words for George Miller.
- three days of coaching with Jim Born for the CHSR football team.
- a new ice cream scoop for Howard Goldberg.
- a set of wheels for Saint Thomas University.

And for THE BRUNSWICKAN Santa, well, all we really want is a four unit offset Goss press. You can deliver it to the Ballroom.

Merry Christmas, folks.

He raps student smokers

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

As president of a student Society which purports to be interested in public health and as president of the firm responsible for John Lee Hooker's recent Fredericton performance, I must here express sincere pity for the numerous members of the audience who seemed intent on smoking their brains out.

The zeal with which these unfortunate people smoked (smoked up, imbibed, snorted, etc.) various expensively useless substances must rank second only to their complete and utter disregard (contempt?) for their fellow concert-goers.

I have, over the last year and a half as president of Maritime Entertainments Ltd., been attempting to ascertain how and why people can be made to so reliably engage in this self-destructive (smoking, smoking up, imbibing, snorting, etc.) behavior. To label it as being done "for fun" seems at once inappropriate and shallow. In actuality, I believe the "How" of the matter to be the constant, excessive, repetitive and exploitive advertising of the liquor and cigarette money-makers (government included?) who have, along with the mass media, succeeded in mass-injecting the following line of (logistically faulty) reasoning into these people (ourselves, the consumers): (A) The world is incredibly and thoroughly screwed up; (B) I therefore expect the world to end tomorrow (yesterday?); (C) I can't, as an individual, do anything about it; (D) Therefore the more zealously I engage in self-destructive (smoking, smoking up, imbibing, snorting, mainlining, etc.) behavior, the more emphatically and impressively (but alas, ineffectively) am I dis-associating myself from this screwed-up world.

Well, for those of us who have believed such garbage reasoning, I wish only to make the following suggestion: Why don't we engage in the ultimate "protest", the ultimate "high", the ultimate self-destructive behavior -- why don't we all commit suicide? (Of course, I don't here mean to suggest that some people haven't already done just that). Instead, we chose to plod along through life, often with a frantic search for "meaning" and an apathy and loneliness of incredible dimensions and far-reaching consequences.

Some of us, however, are consoled by being able to see the "Why" of this self-destructive (smoking up, etc.) behavior. It is, simply stated, that somebody, somewhere, somehow, is making money on this behavior -- whether it's liquor or tobacco money-grabbers; semi-amateur rock (and other) bands peddling trash albums; newspapers who seem to fairly shout at you that the world is screwed up (is it really?); car builders and oil companies having a good laugh over a traffic tie-up; insurance companies cashing in on accidents-to-be; cosmetics firms insulting sex and peddling green eye-shadow; doctors who (pardon the expression) "make a killing" on the sicknesses of their fellow human beings. I sometimes wonder how many thoracic (chest) surgeons would be out of their six-digit jobs if the we were suddenly to change our habits, breathe the clean air and lo and behold not develop lung cancer!

Don't be misled -- life is beautiful and so is the person next to you. Life is well worth living, in spite of the powerful (albeit omnipotent) money-grabbers (myself included, as a trainee).

With that rather lengthy and philosophical digression aside, I should like to return to our determined crowd of smokers (etc.) at the John Lee Hooker show (including several members of his band). I wish to state emphatically that at no time has smoking ever been permitted in the Playhouse auditorium. I wish to go on record as very strongly in favour of this no-smoking rule, insofar as it is meant to reduce the probability of disastrous fire (and panic, etc.), reduce discomfort of being in a closed place with so many people (non-smokers unite!), reduce air ventilation equipment maintenance bills, reduce carpeting and upholstery bills and janitorial bills. I should like to point out that my firm, as "Tenant" of the Playhouse for the John Lee Hooker performance, may soon be faced with any or all of the above-mentioned bills, and I offer my most sincere guarantee that any such (four digit?) bills which my firm may incur shall most assuredly make its' presence known in ticket prices for any future performances (should we decide to sponsor any more). To those who persist, insist and will not desist from their smoking, I proffer one solution: enclose yourself in a small, airtight room with generous food supply and an enormous amount of your favorite tobacco and/or liquor and proceed to consume at a zealous rate. For the impatient, more

effect can be had by lighting up everything at once, yourself included.

Assuming that I have by now made my point, I shall now make a rather lengthy and somewhat awkward conclusion to this letter.

I should like at this time to extend a sincere thanks to everyone who has helped my firm strive for the break-even point (please note the perfect ambiguity of "firm") (after a year and a half we aren't there yet). We hope that we have helped you to have a good time, and yet at the same time (perhaps paradoxically) we wish you all success with your studies and hope that you have a safe and enjoyable holiday period.

When all of us return in January, I should like at that time to request 800 or so blood donors for our January clinic. Those of us who gave at the October clinic will be able to give again in January, as our 12-week waiting period shall have passed at that time.

Oh, and "Why Not!" give up smoking for your New Year's Resolution?

Very truly yours,

Maurice H. (Moe) Latouche, (BA),

Part-time student, UNB Biology

President, Pre-Medical and Pre-Dental Society

President & Director, Maritime Entertainments Ltd.

Wants shorter meetings

Dear Editor:

The wild excitement of December the first cry out for comment. Seven hours of SRC business and bull can fry the mind of anyone who would claim to be sane.

A motion regarding the sale of SRC event tickets was passed after much discussion between residence reps and several concerned members of the SRC. I believe the final motion is a good answer to the problem of getting a large number of tickets disbursed to a large number of students.

Jim MacLean's motion calling for the improvement of washroom facilities in McConnell Hall hopefully serves as an indication that the SRC is still vitally interested in using McConnell. I

hope that the residence system won't shut the door to any further discussions on McConnell.

After the new council was seated and the hours passed council passed two rather irresponsible motions. By awarding honorariums to T. Bone and B. Nelissen before their terms were ended, the SRC proved that any council member who sits through seven hours of council business in the end will vote for anything.

As the SRC evaluates the situation perhaps the lesson to be learned is that shorter more businesslike meetings would serve the students better than the insane show of Monday night's fiasco.

Sincerely,
Chris Pratt
Arts Rep.

Says criticism 'childish'

Dear Editor:

In reference to the criticism in the Nov. 28, 1975 Bruns.

For someone who could use "foul language" to describe a film such as "Framed," Miss Wilson seems awfully weak-stomached. Frankly, I found her criticism quite childish, yet very gross. As a matter of fact, there is more profanity in her article, then in the entire movie.

Granted, the Bruns is grateful for articles, but at least a movie

criticisms should be written by someone that has seen the entire movie.

The only good point she stressed was that the film was a rip-off, certainly not worth \$2.75.

Bryan Brogan CE II

More Sound Off

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