

EDITORIAL

After what wouldn't surprise me as being the most dismal turn-out to any campus event in UNB's history, the Student Union has decided to discontinue the Campus Entertainment concert series indefinitely. Not that I blame them, the events are expected to take some losses but nothing like the losses they have been taking. Last weekend's fiasco cost the SU about \$3000, that's if they aren't responsible for the piece of sound equipment that was stolen, if they are the bill will be closer to \$6000. Even "Ernie Math" will tell you that such losses can't be sustained (*Right Ern?*). The SU will proceed with the Halloween event, "Andrew Cash" and "Corky and the Juice Pigs", but after that...finito.

The question I would like to see answered is simply "Why?". It seems everybody has their own opinion as to why the concert series failed. Some say it was because people weren't aware of the event, or that the band is one they've never heard of before, others attribute it to Bar Services' beer being too warm (*while I'm on the topic: Rick, your beer is too warm...*). The reasons go on. To the best of my knowledge the Student Union has never attempted to survey their market (*that's you*) to get a concrete idea of why their concerts are doing so poorly and how they could make them successful. With this in mind The Brunswickan is going to conduct it's own survey, and all we need is your cooperation. It is, after all, your money that the Student Union has been busily losing.

All you have to do is write down on any convenient piece of paper what you think is the problem with the Campus Entertainment concerts and/or what you think could be done to make them more appealing to you. All we ask is that you be reasonable in your responses, 6000 requests for U2 to play the SUB cafeteria probably wouldn't help. You can get your response to us by dropping it off at our office, room 35 in the SUB, or through Campus Mail.

If you don't write in who will?

Stephane Comeau



Mugwump
By MIKE
ROBICHAUD Journal

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The Bruns' "Barbarians" have joined such elite sports dynasties as the '55-56 Montreal Canadiens after their convincing defeat of the CHSR "Bunnies of Death" in the XVIIth Media Bowl. The final score will never be known for certain, since the only person capable of counting that high passed out early in the second half. Reliable (i.e. sober) witnesses put the final tally at approximately 42 to 14. Being sane at the time, I didn't play and so I can't take any of the credit.

The 15 - 2 record that the Bruns has built up over the years is a reflection on the moral and physical superiority of those in print journalism over our brethren in the broadcasting medium. Or, it could be that sniffing hot wax is better for you than being nuked by radio waves. (Hmmm, I sense the possibility of a research grant here.)

In sporting news of lesser import; did anyone watch that poor excuse for a baseball game last Saturday night? I tuned in at 12:30 (looking for Saturday Night Live) just in time to see Oakland walk an L.A. batter. The game appeared to be almost over. Two out, bottom of the ninth; L.A. with a man on first and Oakland ahead 4-3. No problem, I thought. One more out and I'll be able to watch SNL. Wait, who's that coming to bat? KIRK GIBSON! Lasorda has been in the sun too long. Gibson should be using that bat as a cane. He hobbled slowly up to the plate, grimacing with every step. The man has two bad knees. Not just one, mind you, but TWO. One's not good enough for Hollywood.

The Saviour of La-La Land quickly fell behind 0 and 2. Great, I thought. No fairy tale ending this night. Thanks to the miracle of NBC Sports, we watch as he limps towards first after hitting a dribbler down the line that ever so slowly trickles foul. Come one. Put the man out of his misery. Don't they shoot crippled horses? He bravely struggles back to a full count. Last pitch of the game coming up. It's bound to be over the plate. It was. The cripple promptly belted it over the wall to right, winning the game. Shutting off the TV with my remote control brick, I stormed to bed in disgust.

One last sports story. On Monday I strolled down to the gym to watch a friend play in a volleyball game. I grabbed a comfortable table and settled down to watch other people exercise. The game that my friend was playing turned out to be boring; no screaming fans or violent players. In the other court, Lady Dunn and Tibbits were going at it with much more enthusiasm. Judging by the screams and cheering, it was a life or death struggle. Tibbits gave a good effort but Lady Dunn drowned them out. (I think they won the match, too.) Therefore, the award for the noisiest residence of the week goes to Lady Dunn. Grand prize is a free mention of your residence in Mugwump. Congratulations. Note to the other residences: show up at your inter-residence events with a large cheering section, you never can tell when someone from the Bruns may be scouting the game.

Back to the bitching. Astute observation (i.e. spying on Business students) has led to the discovery that some accounting firms are offering gifts to the students that they interview. Nothing special there, you say. These gifts include the usual - company pens, note pads, etc., AND (get this) swizzle sticks and coasters. One firm had even scheduled a cocktail party for this week. Scandalous. Sounds like a job for the S.M.A.R.T. P.A.C.C. pig.

There is a rumour about that Campus Entertainment may be reduced to showing movies and bringing in guest lecturers. There's a very simple reason for this. The attendance at the Extraganza was (to put it mildly) poor. Last week's performance at the Social Club was no better. This campus is rapidly developing a reputation as a Death Valley. Why should an up and coming band play on campus where they'll out-number the audience? Now I realize the big print and small words that are in the ads and posters promoting these events. We won't start getting the big name artists until we prove that we will support them. Forget it. Apathy Rules.