

MUGWUMP JOURNAL

UNB yearbook editor should practice what he preaches

By EDISON STEWART

I have a tale of woe and sadness for you this morning. People who graduated in 1973 will be especially interested. It's about the '72-'73 yearbook. This saga actually began before September of 1972. The editor of the '73 yearbook, Ker De Freitas, was also co-editor of the '72 yearbook. The editor was Blues Roberts.

Now most everyone knows that Blues didn't produce an especially good yearbook. And it was late. So it was that in February, 1973, the SRC decided that Blues could bloody well do without the second half of his honoraria.

One of the people most obviously in favour of the SRC action was one councillor by the name of Ken De Freitas. He said "Blues took upon himself sole responsibility for the book. He made decisions such as cover colours and name without consulting anyone." Blues said he was understaffed and under-budgetted. De Freitas said he had been excluded from any editorial decisions.

Emotion was high (at least in relation to anything else that happens around here) and many of the graduates wanted Blues'

head. De Freitas didn't help any. If anything, he helped throw Blues to the dogs.

It was also about this time that the '73 yearbook editor told a Brunswickan interviewer that his book would be "a good example of what a yearbook should be." The energetic editor even threw half of his honoraria into the book in an effort to get more colour into its pages.

It was pretty hard to knock the guy: the promises he made had everybody satisfied.

He guaranteed that the book wouldn't be late. He continually promised that it would be available for registration in September, 1973.

That promise has been broken. He guaranteed that names and pictures wouldn't be mixed up (as they had been in Blues' book).

No one knows yet what the damn thing looks like, so we don't know if he's kept this promise or not.

De Freitas also said in the interview that many of the faults of the '72 book were the results of the editor trying to do too much on his own. People familiar with Ken will realize just how much he tried to do on his own.

Personally, I have serious doubts if anyone but De Freitas made the final decisions on this book, mainly because by the time he started to put it together, he was home in Trinidad. From what I understand of things, there are very few UNB yearbook staff members now working in that area.

So for all his talk of a "good yearbook", he hasn't produced anything yet. For all we know he may have made as many or more mistakes than Blues. Which is a pity, because Blues stood to face the music. There's little chance of angry graduates reaching De Freitas where he is now.

But the end of this miserable saga is in sight: the SRC has received word that all the material for the book has now arrived at the printers (in Winnipeg) and should be finished around February 22. Delivery can be expected around mid-March.

And now the good news: the '74 book is on schedule and in the hands of some very capable and enthusiastic people. If you've been given a deadline for submitting material to the book you'd better move fast. From what I hear they're not about to wait for people who are slow on their feet.

There have been some pretty disturbing reports of late on our new arena. Some people in the administration (notably in

the Athletics Department) and some members of the Students' Athletic Association apparently have little concern for one very important purpose of our so-called multi-purpose arena.

One of the main ideas behind the whole thing was to have an area where students could have concerts of one sort or another. Successive winter carnivals and other such events have suffered because of the very limited seating capacity of any buildings in the area.

But the athletics people seemingly want to turn the new building into a jock palace (to quote a member of the SRC executive) and have very little desire to see the arena serve any other function. So much for our "multi-purpose" arena.

If anything, it will likely serve as yet another part of an empire certain people around here are trying to build.

The architects are now putting together some preliminary designs for the project and are expected to have them ready around the end of this month.

UNB officials should take care to make sure the non-athletic uses of the arena get very high consideration. Poor staging and acoustics must not be allowed to ruin what chance we have of getting good entertainment.

ALONG THE TRACKS

Analyzing January parties forecast the New Year

By STANLEY JUDD

Welcome to the new year. I'm sure you are all as happy to be here as I am. I hope this year lasts a long, long time. New years are great. Everybody plans fresh starts which, even though they soon sour, show that everybody is well-intentioned. I hope you are not too critical of your friends who vowed to quit smoking and started again on January 2nd. Or of your friends who promised to be kind and helpful and decent and who woke up the next morning and swore at their mothers for vacuuming the carpets so early in the day. Even if resolutions are not kept, they indicate most people are aware of some of their faults and that, as we used to say in the army, is half the battle.

I usually forecast how the new year will be by analyzing the parties I attend in the first few weeks of January. Usually, the first party is on New Year's Eve. These parties never end before midnight. It happens every year — two, three, four in the morning before anyone leaves. By that time, everyone is drunk and kissing their friends' wives more often than they should. What a poor way to begin any day, let alone the first day of the year. No wonder resolutions are rarely kept. It's hard to do anything in the haze of hangovers and guilt complexes.

This year, so far, I have attended two parties. At the first, on New Year's Eve, I prevented any possibility of hangover or guilt complex by drinking only two beer and by hiding in the bathroom from five minutes to midnight until ten minutes

after. They say that whatever you're doing the first minute of the year, you'll be doing the last minute of the year and for me it's always true. I'm always sitting on the edge of a bathtub, fully clothed, smoking a cigarette, hoping no one knocks too forcibly on the locked door. New Year's Eve kissing doesn't agree with me. As a friend of mine pointed out, it's a pity that people have to be drunk to show any affection towards their friends. The highlight of my New Year's Eve was watching an old girlfriend of mine dance. She is only twenty-two; already she has three children and a husband who beats her, but she danced freely and happily, seemingly so glad to be alive. It was very touching in a strange sort of way and if I had been drunk, I'm sure I would have cried.

The second party I attended was last weekend here in Fredericton. I do not know the people who invited me (or their guests) very well. They are purely business acquaintances and we use each other most efficiently and politely, but the promise of good wine, women and music made their company seem attractive, so I went. My dog was invited and he came with me. Thinking back, they seemed to be more interested in my dog coming than in me, but maybe my perceptions are off-colour. Anyway, we went and were having a great time listening to the promised good music. (My dog loves music. I can remember when I would return home from a night of drinking in the fields around my home with my dog, I always wanted to listen to some soft

music, but my dog would howl and growl until I played Fleetwood Mac's version of 'Shake Your Moneymaker' during which he would run around the room, shaking his ears and wagging his tail. I would be lying if I said it was in time to the music, but it was pretty close. His favourite song now is the extended version of 'Layla' by Derek and the Dominoes. And I don't disapprove of his taste in music.

Anyway, back to the party. It was the kind of party I like — not too many people but enough that you could avoid talking to people you didn't like. The wine was plentiful. The girls were gorgeous. And, as I mentioned, the music was excellent. Everybody was loosening up and laughing and I was just getting ready to tell a few of my better jokes (I am an avid joke-teller who relies on perfect timing for effect — I usually wait until everyone is laughing), when one young lady began to remove her clothes. My God, I said, things like this don't happen in Fredericton. She must be drunk, I said to my dog who had begun to whimper. I was sure her husband would leap out of his chair and put an end to the display by taking her home. How wrong I was! Her husband did leap out of his chair, but only to join her. He too began removing his clothes and throwing them to the corners of the room. I was somewhat shocked and, at the sight of the man, my dog began to growl. Others soon joined the naked pair and began taking off their own clothes, dancing and laughing, touching and kissing. They were having, what seemed to be, a wild time. I didn't think I belonged (I'd seen more stimulating

strip-tease at the Fredericton Exhibition), so I got up to leave (honestly Mom, I was leaving) and fainted. I'm still not sure why I fainted. Maybe I was tired. Maybe I saw something I didn't want to see. Anyway, I was brought back to life by my dog licking my face and by numerous people trying to take my clothes off, in the interest of ventilation, they claimed, when I accused them of seduction. I got to my feet and headed for the door, telling those over-washed white lies such as "Oh, I have to get up early in the morning; big day, you know," and "I'm really having a good time, and I'd like to stay, but I forgot to feed my dog before we left. Can't you hear his stomach grumbling?" My excuses were successful and I was able to make my escape.

Walking home, along the tracks, in the cold, but refreshing night air, my mind began its self-appraisal: "Am I such a sterile conservative that I can't enjoy a little fun? Don't tell me, at my young age, that my sex drive has a flat tire! Surely, I'm not that much of a party-spoiler that I can't relax and go along with the crowd?" Needless to say, I was worried about my behaviour, worried that maybe something was wrong with me, wondering why I had run from the house like a wild man being chased by rabid bats.

But everything was all right once we arrived home. At my dog's insistence, we listened to 'Layla' six times. I see now why it is my dog's favourite song. It's the best song there is. It explains all, especially why I went crazy in the 1917's.

SRC COLUMN

Rings, awards, yearbooks and music keep SRC busy

Hooray! The yearbook lay-outs have all arrived at the printers in Winnipeg. Allowing six weeks for printing and delivery we should get to see what last year was all about by early March.

Definitely not a record-setting performance but this year, special steps have been taken to insure a re-occurrence doesn't happen. Honest!

Art work for an OFFICIAL official UNB ring has been received from Jostens. Should be unveiled at the SRC meeting on Monday. Design and price will definitely knock you out. The old SRC gets their shit together occasionally. Watch the Bruns for sketches and information.

To get you (average) students a little more informed, advertising campaigns

will soon be undertaken concerning activity awards, yearbooks, rings, and winter carnival. Profs have been asked to not schedule term papers, tests or essays for the week of Winter Carnival. Houses should hopefully restore the snow-sculpture competition and parades to their former high level. Do it!

It seems that Spellbound (the Rock

Magic Show previously scheduled for Winter Carnival) won't be making it as their popularity has risen very quickly across Canada and their price has followed suit. Instead of their initial request for 5 Maritime engagements at \$2500 a shot, they decided that they needed at least 10

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