

**Bad Coffee, Bad Grades
&
Japanese Monster Movies**

By NICK OLIVER

As this is the first inaugural edition of this column, my first for The Bruns, I'll go easy on you all. It won't be as hard hitting as testing you all for steroid use with a barbed wire catheter, as I had planned earlier. This one will be sufficiently in your face however, much like a brick from a metropolitan overpass.

Welcome to all frosh. Hope you ceremoniously told all annoying upper class people where to shove their squirt guns and how far, like I did. Actually, I really avoided frosh week as much as possible in my first year. My liver and my sanity have been eternally grateful since. If you did everything you were told, mindlessly succumbing to the peer pressure around you, I hope your hangover still hurts. You deserve it. You've earned it. After all, universities aren't where people ask questions. Have another beer.

Since Alastair will no doubt be telling about the horrors of his registration, I'm happy to share mine too. Mine was quite painless to be honest, being an hour and a half from start to finish. Excepting the stupid jerk-off behind me in the CSL bank line complaining about the two middle Eastern students who jumped the queue, it was fine explaining to him that line-ups just don't exist in the Middle East didn't pacify him at all. It's okay, his racist remarks painted himself a far worst colour than anyone else could have. I've often wanted to force students like him

to be international students somewhere else just to see what it's like living with the prejudices that other cultures hold for Westerners. That should happen to all those who took part in the super genius maneuver of the Iraqi flag removal from McConnell Hall last spring. As if these foreign students didn't have enough prejudice to deal with off-campus... I knew one guy who was told to shut up and go back to Iraq. The butthead who was yelling at him in the first place never cared to find out that he was from Iran, which had only been at war with Iraq for eleven years prior to the Gulf War (the 1992 version). Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

It's good to see lots of live shows on and around campus this year. Hats off to those committees doing so, particularly the Social Club. (Any chance we'll get Sons of Freedom this year, Matt? And don't forget to book the Lesser Known, too. These students need culture too, you know.) Matt from CHSC had some real finds last year. Most notably in my book, Justin Livesay, about whom I wrote a glowing review last year in The Bruns when he opened for Change of Heart.

Speaking of which, don't miss Change of Heart with Sloan & Eric's Trip on Monday Sept. 28th at Trina's downtown. You will not be disappointed. A great sound from three truly awesome bands. Keep your eyes on the entertainment pages of The Bruns for the gospel in local entertainment. We never lie and have no biases. We're journalists, after all. Well, they are anyway. I'm just running on bad coffee, bad grades & Japanese monster movies to keep me inspired.

What's with all the PC Youth recruitment tables all over the place? That's like having a pork rind stand in the middle of downtown Jerusalem. Who needs four more years of these clowns? Pas moi! Just what the world needs when everything is changing all around you... turn the corner and what do you have? A sure-fire way to cure the hiccups: more conservatives waxing endlessly about family values. You guys can take your GST, roll it up real tight and... well, if you need further instructions call Alastair Johnstone at The Bruns. He's got the unabridged version.

I feel like ending on a more personal note however. Something happened to me on Monday, that made my decade.

Now, I have this ex-girlfriend from the eighth grade. She was the first girl that I ever told "I love you." If this sounds like it's straight out of the lyrics from Barenaked Ladies "Enid", that's because if I were much more talented than I am, I easily could have written the song from experience. The only change would be, and I am ashamed to say it, that I would be the dumper and she, the dumpee.

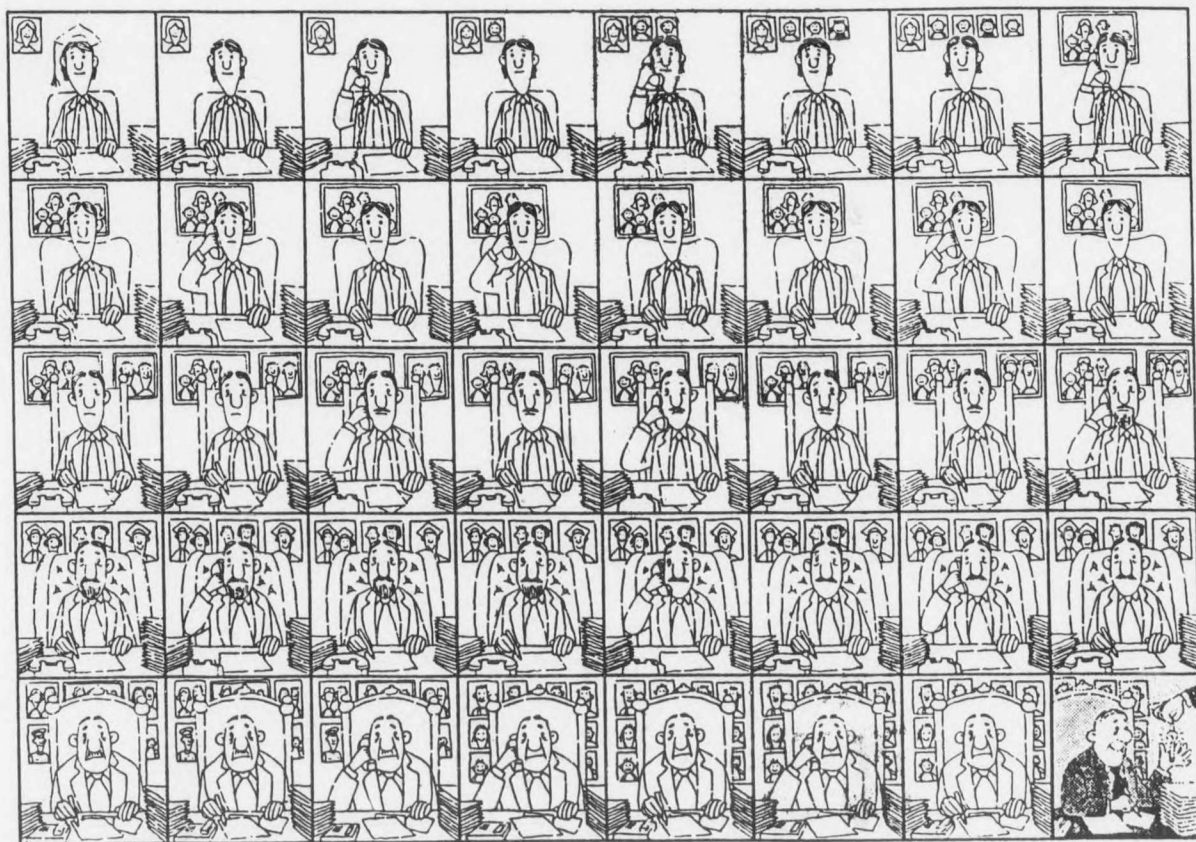
Anyway, so Traci and I haven't spoken since the eighth grade. Not that she hates me still, though she probably did at one point. The silence has just lasted so long that all that's left is the invisible, yet insurmountable wall between us. I've often wanted to apologize (or something like that) to Traci over the years as I come closer and closer to learning the true weight of those fateful words I uttered on the phone in 1983, but I was never able to

somehow. To make amends for one of many of the relationships I had with girls when I was growing up, seemed like putting up an outhouse without digging a hole. Are apologies needed years later for things said and done in the natural process of learning about relationships while we're growing up? I don't know, but if I didn't say it earlier here it comes. I apologize. I know it can't erase whatever it was that you felt when we split up (even if you benefitted somehow by learning what not to repeat in the future).

There it's been said. I'm only sorry I didn't say it sooner now. It's not that I'd like to see her again either. She has a special someone (as I understand) as do I and she appears to be quite happy. I just wanted her to know what I was thinking. But I couldn't, not until now. Not until she passed me on a deserted staircase in the SUB on Monday, and said "hi" after 9 years of silence between us. Maybe we could have had coffee someday and I could say all this to your face instead of telling the world.

*Tune in next week, kids.
Same bat time, same bat channel.*

*"The music of a well-ordered age is calm and cheerful and so is its government. The music of a restive age is excited and fierce and its government is perverted. The government of a decaying state is sentimental and sad and its government is imperiled."
Lu Be We, an ancient Chinese Philosopher*



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