

MEAT JOURNAL

YER EVERLUVIN' UNCLE STEVIE

Ah, the splendid fall: the stately elms in russet and gold; the invigorating chill accompanying the deep blue cloudless sky; the spatter of chunky vomit cascading from countless residence windows. Yes, it's back to ivory towers of learnin' n' stuff, with a truckload of the stupid day-glo apparel that makes you wonder if these kids are still dressed by their Mothers. Rowwwr!

Hey! What's that yelling and screaming? Is it an insane mob frenzy a go-go? Have the New Kids been condemned to death-by-blender? No, it's a bunch of quasi-military cow-punchers dumping water on young women with their underwear worn over the top of their clothes. Yahoo! Never has a gullible dickhead had so much fun!! Whoopee! OK - is it just me, or is there something deeply disturbing and psychologically twisted about leading a chain of girls around so that drunken louts can throw fluid over them (think about it - just a little bit).

"But hey Stevie, you crusty old piece of head-cheese, the chicks love it!" says Bubba, dribbling beer from his flappers.

"Well, to be quite honest, it's the upper-class women that make us do it", confesses an unknown female informant, also revealing the terrors of "Black Sunday", where those dumbfounded enough to seek shelter from such bollocks are set upon *grand guignol*.

The upper-class women eh? Anybody remember "The Wives" from *The Handmaid's Tale*? Combine this with the fact that I heard the "I used to love her but I had to kill her" song (by lumpy swamp-scum Guns n' Misogynist Homophobic Racist Bastards) metastasizing over the Biology Department, four times in two hours, and you can see that the spirit of enlightenment is not really alive and well.

Nice to see there's some out-of-season employment for kiddie summer camp counsellors during outdoor gigs in orientation week. With their snappy outfits and displays of "C'mon kids, wave your arms around like this!", they're an inspiration to impressionable young minds everywhere.

So who doesn't like to party? Starting this week a new survey, "The Lights-Out Index", tells us which hall of residence is the most sparsely populated, ie. who's out conducting extracurriculars rather than re-reading the notes on "How to Use a Microscope" on a Wednesday night. This week, after hours of research involving statistically-dodgy formulas and some fingers, it can be revealed that the winners are . . . Harrison! In the future, no cheating by hiding in dark rooms.

Lynne reminds me of the horrors of finding an apartment. Why it only seems like yesterday that I had no choice but to move into . . . THE APARTMENT FROM HELL! Well, not really on the Amityville scale, but it was a nasty little shoe-box on Albert Street that had ten people stuffed into crevices that might be debatably referred to as rooms. Of course there was the obligatory Burt-Youngish polyp of a gold-encrusted slum-lord that visited us occasionally and told us to do more vacuuming. Oh yeah, one of my room-mates was a rehabilitated pyromaniac with an ancient and alarmingly incontinent cat. Plus! What would an apartment be without a bedroom that opened up onto a kitchen where two other residents spent long hours into the early morning practicing numbers from the Simon n' Garfunkle catalogue. Bonus! Two hundred and fifteen dollars a month for this decrepit hovel? Kids, think very, very carefully and PLAN AHEAD before jumping into that cozy little dream nook where you can hang your Bart posters, homeboy!

With school starting again, the libraries are suddenly transformed into a den of squealing chipmunks dribbling cheetos and coffee over the course reprints. Hey you, ya gaggle of mouthy toads - shut the F. Henry up! Some of us would like to entertain the notion of concentration. Hoo-boy!

Hey . . . HEY! Sean reminds me of that godawful architecture that's blossoming in concrete tumescence all around us. Who's getting the contract for these characterless monstrosities and, more importantly, . . . WHY?! If you see anybody performing really peculiar handshakes or doffing a fez adorned with animal parts at a building site near you, let us know! We're hard pressed to decide on a suitable description (space-age Georgian, a sprinkling of Mediterranean stucco perhaps?), but we have agreed on one thing: it's crap. Stop it.

Cram large numbers of sweaty, malnourished, well-travelled bodies together in poorly ventilated buildings, and one thing is certain - the creation of a viral nemesis that has the whole campus awash in phlegm with the consistency of interestingly-tinted porridge. Even as we speak, infinitesimally small evil things are floating through our air-ducts, exchanging genetic tips on how to fill a kleenex. Judging by the projectile sputum-fest that's going on around here it looks like it's already started.

Well, that's my two-cents worth of freewheelin' bichorama for this week. Take care my little poppets, and remember . . . as the circle of light increases so does the darkness that surrounds it.

OPINION

The opinions found in Opinion are not necessarily the views of the *Brunswickan*

What do English Canadians want?

"When you face the acute issues which may divide our country part from part, may I commend this principle to your best thought and interest--compulsion is ruled out; we proceed by agreement, or for a time we rest content not to proceed at all". General A.G. McNaughton, Queen's University, 1944

I took Jean Chretien's advice--I put all thoughts of the constitution away and enjoyed the summer. So, I imagine, did you. I also recommend the advice of Chretien's old boss Pierre Trudeau: let's leave our constitution alone for at least ten years.

A more interesting subject is the development of an answer to Premier Bourassa's provocative question of July 24th: "For twenty years English Canadians have been asking: What does Quebec want?. The question now is: What does English Canada want?"

This question demands a forthright and emotionally honest response.

What do we want? It behooves us all to take Premier Bourassa's question seriously. If we cannot answer this question, the future of Canada will undoubtedly be decided by our elected representatives, and this would be most regrettable.

Speaking for myself, what I want more than anything else is a widespread repudiation of the notion that English Canada somehow owes Quebec something as an apology for our disguised but unmistakable bigotry. I am entirely disinterested in the Quebec claim to exclusive control over the next round of constitutional amendments as reparation for a personality conflict between Pierre Trudeau and Rene Levesque in 1981.

I want Quebec, the national media, and our elected representatives to acknowledge that, with isolated exceptions, English Canadians are not unregenerate racists. This, in my view, is the fundamental reason English Canada reacted so violently against the proposition that disagreement with Meech Lake was a confirmation of English Canadian intolerance towards our Francophone brothers and sisters. English Canadians knew that this proposition was false, and the louder we proclaimed it, the more we were ignored.

I would like an unqualified repudiation of the concept of collective rights, which has in practice always led to preferential treatment of a majority and suppression of equal rights for minorities. If the modern democratic principle is based on anything at all, it is based on the Jeffersonian concept that governments only derive rights from voluntary devolution from the individual. The notion of collective rights has always been based on the discredited and destructive energies of nationalism, with no supportable grounding in principle or fundamental justice.

I would like an end to consideration of the possible secession of Quebec from the union as a conceivable event. The event simply cannot occur, most fundamentally because of the well known fact that Quebec could never establish a viable international currency; more importantly because the Canadian Constitution conveniently neglects to include a secession clause--this may sound like abstract legalese, but in practical terms it constitutes an insurmountable obstacle.

The practical ramifications of a referendum in Quebec supporting separation would of course be serious, precipitating a constitutional crisis, a dramatic rise in interest rates, and a precipitous drop in the Canadian dollar. It is the economic consequences of such an event that makes Canadians angry more than anything else. There is no need to be negotiating the legitimate desires of Quebec under these circumstances. We must put aside our English reticence to hurt the legendary Quebecois pride, and state unequivocally the actual impossibility of the separation of Quebec after 123 years of union. Widespread appreciation of this uncontroversial fact would do much to alleviate the panic stricken tenor of the recent debate.

Finally, I would like an appreciation by Quebec of the sentiment expressed so presciently by General McNaughton forty-six years ago at Queen's University. Proceeding by agreement, as opposed to ultimatum, is the only way to achieve real results.

In the current climate, however, I hold out little hope that friendly negotiation can be achieved in the near future. Quebec will likely continue to play hardball with English Canada, negotiating with a secessionist gun to our heads. In this unfortunate event, I suggest a radical but thought-provoking response.

Quebec has much less interest, and much more to lose, by joining the extremely centralized United States than English Canada. If the crunch occurs, let English Canada respond to Quebec's threat of secession by opening negotiations with the United States for union into a United States and Provinces of North America (USPNA).

There is much to be recommended in this idea. The Canadian Provinces share a great deal with the Northern United States: for example, Maine and New Brunswick have infinitely more in common than do Maine and Texas or New Brunswick and Alberta.

Furthermore, our added ten percent of the population would break the deadlock between the Democrats and Republicans in favor of the Democrats: Canadians routinely declare overwhelming support for Democratic candidates for President and the Congress in polls. Our electoral contribution would all but guarantee establishment of universal medicare, handgun control laws, and generally a real shift to a genuinely kinder and gentler North American nation.

Without question, our standard of living would rise. The contribution of our vast natural resources would establish the USPNA as the preeminent economic power of the planet for decades to come.

Even if this union never actually comes to pass, the simple and serious consideration of the idea, and the opening of serious negotiations, would present Quebec with one of two intolerable options: either complete and economically disastrous isolation, or the even less desirable prospect of absorption and eventual complete assimilation by the 265 million strong English speaking USPNA.

The shoe would then be on the other foot, and if nothing else was accomplished, perhaps Quebec would finally realize the profound feelings of anger, frustration, and fear that we English Canadians experience when we are forced to negotiate with a gun to our head.