

Issue 2 **editorial**  
BY MARK MORGAN

"I've never met a 'nice' feminist."  
That was and is a naive and very shallow comment on my part, especially when conversing with a feminist. I am guilty of uttering those words not because I *knew* it but because I *believed* it. Knowing and believing are two dissimilar ideas. Somewhere between the formation of the syllables to say those words and the shock of disbelief on the feminist's visage, something should have set off bells in my head. Unfortunately before any bells rung, much to my chagrin, she responded faster.  
I felt that I had been unfair especially since I never met a bona fide feminist before.  
What would cause someone like me, a fairly educated university student in and outside the classrooms, to state such a preposterous and wrong statement?  
Media has played an extraordinary part for basis of my former notion. We all know that media, usually television, is responsible for attitudes we have of the world. Media plays to the bizarre, the sensational and the extreme. The only types of feminists shown are the bizarre, the sensational and the extreme. For example, the most visible feminist, Camille Paglia, is a very educated woman from Philadelphia with a considerable talent for garnering accolades from men and disapproval from women. She nurtures extreme views of feminism that make feminists sick and men cheer. Paglia legitimises the stereotypes men hold concerning women by catering to responses men want. If one does not actively seek the 'Golden Mean' of feminism, then one will be biased and unfair to make valued judgements concerning feminism or women.  
Education at home and in the classrooms greatly affect who and what we believe and know. Children are all too often exposed to a gender submissive role by one of their parents in their home environment. Even in a single parent home. Most attitudes are formed before the child leaves home.  
A local "Moral Majority" group has accused feminism as destroying the traditional family. I believe feminism is redefining the traditional roles within the family structure. It is essential that partners be equal and share in the responsibility of educating their children and their whole relationship.  
Because we are not properly educated or see extreme versions of feminists, we perpetuate several stereotypes such as all feminists are lesbians, hate men, are militant, and not 'nice'.  
I realise 'nice' is subjective and feminists can not afford to be 'nice' when a male dominated society pats them on the head and says "That's 'nice' dear." I apologise to that feminist and all feminists for making a quick, unfair judgement of character based on images from the one-eyed god.  
The male, being in a patriarchal society, has nothing to lose. They are the captains, but when the boat gets rocked, guess who won't want to go down with the ship.  
I would welcome a column for Spectrum addressing the concerns, triumphs and problems women face on this university campus.

**The Mugwump Journal**

So I'm sitting in my apartment. Waiting. The phone sits in the hall. Taunting. And running through my head are all the reasons I hate phones. Sure, it's great speaking to friends and family despite the separation forced by provinces, countries or continents, but still, I hate that phone. I hate the feeling of being tied to it, that after you've called someone and got through to their voice-mail (and got past the entertaining distraction of the message - some numbers are worth calling even when they're owners aren't there, the messages are that good) I feel obligated to hang around, tied to the phone by the limits of my ears, so that yet another game of phone tag doesn't begin.  
Phone Tag, the most annoying game on this planet, a virtually never ending circuit of voice-mail, ansaphones, flat mates and dial tones. A hellish moebius strip, with each of you wondering what the other was calling about. Of course, by the time you finally reach each other to gleeful hellos, and I've been trying to reach you for days, you've both forgotten what you meant to say to each other, so after a few minutes of small talk you both try to work out who is going to end that silence that's lengthening so you can return to the life that you've been distracted from by the curiosity of something which turned out to be nothing.  
So I'm still here. Still waiting. Not as bored as I might be as I'm writing this column but still, that phone is getting more tempting. I could call again, but I hate leaving a whole series of call me messages. Or I could call someone else, hey its not like I only know 1 phone number (the actual number of numbers I know I'll leave you to guess for yourself, but as a helpful hint this number of numbers is artificially inflated by knowing a number of numbers for a number of people I know). But then again, the person who I really need to reach, might call when I'm calling one of these other number of numbers and find my number engaged, which, for the more Canadian of you, means that they got a busy signal. Sadly the converse translation doesn't work. When Brits say that they're busy, it doesn't necessarily follow that they're engaged - but then again, some women like to let you down more easily than others.  
A couple of final things related to this whole phone motif. If you should happen to need to call *The Bruns* on a Thursday then please wait until after 1pm. It's not that we don't want to hear from you, it's just that with deadlines such as they are, we are likely to be much less polite than we would like to be. Also, you'll be glad to hear that *The Bruns* number is no longer the Loonie Movie Hotline. The kindly Student Union felt our pain and installed their lovely HIP DAL...doh...HIP DIAL. Just punch those letters in (being careful about the spelling) and one of those nice VP types will be soothing your ears with that important information you were after.

Neil Daxbury

# Blood n' Thunder

## Women's V-Reds did well, need more support though

Dear Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to commend the Women's Varsity Reds soccer team on their victory over UPEI. Their excellent performance was a credit to themselves, their coaches, UNB and all those who have fought to gain varsity status or women's soccer at this institution Sunday was ample proof that UNB can field a team of AUA caliber.  
I was, however, dismayed by the lack of support shown by the organizers of Varsity Mania. Given that it was the first game for a team which has just been accorded varsity status I would think that some "official" backing would be in order.  
Although a few of the Varsity Mania participants began to congregate in the closing minutes of the women's game the great weight of university support was reserved for the men's game immediately following. Surely the boundless enthusiasm demonstrated by UNB's residences, the announcer and the P.A. system could have been shared by both teams?  
Doubtless fan support is important to both the men's and women's teams; one might argue that it is doubly so for the fledgling women's program. Hopefully this oversight will be rectified in the future.

Sincerely,  
Cheryl Fury  
Alumnus and Faculty

## University course in criminal/civil disobedience for Natives

I recently withdrew from an evening university course which should have been entitled "An Encouragement of Criminal Civil Disobedience for Aboriginal Canadians." It could alternatively have been entitled "Our Aboriginal Rights: Let's Bleed Canada to Death." In more than ten years of attending university part time, I have never heard such skewed interpretations of recent history as I did in the first evening of this course.  
In speaking of the events at Gustafsen Lake, the professor said (and this is a direct quotation), "When the RCMP arrived at Gustafsen Lake, they said, 'What the hell is going on?'" My experience with the RCMP has shown me that they are carefully trained to be firm, but polite and noncombative until they must use other tactics to handle a situation. Later, my jaw must have dropped when the class was told that the RCMP swerved off the road to avoid "a moving dumpster." Dump trucks have motors and wheels, but I thought a dumpster was simply a huge garbage bin.  
In speaking of the Oka crisis, the

professor's rhetoric included, "The inquiry didn't prove that Mohawks shot Corporal Lemay, and it is rumoured he was investigating drug use in the OPP." This and other statements suggested that Mohawk Warriors were innocent and that Lemay was deliberately killed by a fellow policeman.  
In speaking of the dispute at Ipperwash, the professor told us that Camp Ipperwash has long been a recreation site for military personnel. From having been associated with the military for more than thirty years, I knew Ipperwash has been used for summer militia training and that military instructors are permitted to take their families and campers while working away from home for the two months. When I first heard the professor's statement, I wished I could have known about the recreation site a long time ago; however, when we were told that the military must rid the beach of ammo and dispose of other dangerous equipment before it is returned to the Chippewa, I realized that it probably wouldn't have been a safe and happy environment for our kids anyway.  
The professor used smiles and nods of encouragement and words of agreement when a student spoke of how aboriginal peoples in NB will govern themselves after *all the land claims are settled*. I wonder if any native has considered government's limited source of money. When you tally up all the financial assistance and services (including tuition) which natives receive and ordinary Canadians don't, it would seem that they don't consider such things. More and more people are losing their jobs and are not paying the taxes they once did. Hospitals have been closed; funds for education are restricted; other equally important services are being cut back drastically; so where is the funding for land claims to be found?  
A major portion of the evening's discussion dealt with the issue of Land Claims. I believe that one of the early land claims to be settled in favour of aboriginal was in Oromocto. I remember that very shortly after the money arrived, a common sight around the reserve was new motorbikes, ATVs and skidoos. Within two months, plaster casts on arms and legs were the common sight. Now the expensive toys and plaster casts are gone, but the people from the reserve are still most visible in the shopping centre on the day the welfare cheques are received. The reserve houses were built with government funds, not to mention the huge new Band Hall. I'm reminded of spoiled children who demand "MORE, NOW."  
My notes contain more information about the flame-fanning statements by this professor, such as the implication that Ovide Mercredi is a red Uncle Tom and the comment that the appearance of one Mohawk Warrior is described by the media as 'the whole Mohawk Society' but the readers surely have the idea now.  
If the nature of this credit course

appeals to you, maybe you could encourage a course in "Solving the Jewish Problem" with Ernst Zundel as instructor and *Mein Kampf* as textbook. After all, shouldn't everybody have the right to voice an opinion? Let's forget that every right is accompanied by a responsibility.

signed -  
Glad it's still a democracy!  
Name withheld by request

## Arts 1000: Technocracy at its worst

Dear Incredibly Cool/Talented/Sexy Editor,

I am currently enrolled in the Arts 1000 course and I seriously question the way the lectures are presented.  
Since I have a class immediately prior to Arts 1000, it is impossible for me to make it to Tilley Hall in time to find a seat. I have been forced to sit in the MacLaggan Hall lecture theatre and take notes from a terribly hissy sound system and a video image of the professor transferred over from Tilley Hall.  
Would it not benefit all students to have lecturers present in the same room? Why can there not be two professors assigned to the Arts 1000 course? If I have a question, it does little good to raise my hand for a professor who is not even in the same building...

A dedicated Arts student

## Beaver pissed in my coffee

Dear Editor,

My question is essentially very simple. Why the bejeezus fuck was the cafeteria closed even before 9:00 p.m. last Tuesday (September 19) night? The cafeteria has closed at 11:00 p.m. on weeknights for almost forever, with only the occasional concert causing them to close early.  
It has become a customary aspect of student life on campus to trundle up to the cafeteria before closing for that final pre-midnight snack? Plus, there are numerous students who are studying on campus who rely on the cafeteria for coffee. On Tuesday, I was studying merrily away when I got the old caffeine urge. Blissfully I picked up my overpriced Roasters mug and hauled off to the cafeteria, only to find the damn place closed. No signs were posted by way of explanation, and no apologies were made. Keeping the cafeteria open to a reasonable extent (such as 11:00 p.m.) must be part of Beaver Foods mandate on campus. If they continue to prove themselves incapable of fulfilling this mandate then it is time to boot their jeezley little asses off of campus.

Caffeine-deprived,  
Mark Savoie

## Letters to the Editor

Get your name in print a hundred times over. That's right-if you have a hundred letters to the editor. Anyway, if you feel you have been slighted or want to send congratulations out to someone, Blood n' Thunder is the spot.

