

The SUB: Clods are out in force to sink it

by dale estey

I was seated in the Sub's large cafeteria, surrounded by opulence, eating a cold salad plate. I was impressed. Perhaps being from a small town, naive to the ways and means of the big, scary world, had something to do with it. I do know, however, what I like: and I like the SUB. The lounges, the auditorium, the stores, the color schemes, the modern decor; all were very agreeable. I should then, have been very happy; munching my olive and celery, admiring the girls walking to and fro. But I wasn't. I knew it was just a matter of time.

Yes, just a matter of time 'til things started to deteriorate. Did I say deteriorate? — My, what a polite word; destroyed, or better yet, ruined, is more accurate. The SUB is in peril of its fixtures — the clods will see to that.

Who are the clods? A clod goes under many aliases. Sometimes he is known as an Artsman, at other times he is a Phys Ed'er, or an Engineer, a Bus Admin'er; a member of T.C.; he flatters himself by many fancy names. What does he look

like? He looks like a, a... well, like a clod. His clothing has a tendency to look, if not exactly stolen off a very old corpse, at least dredged from the depths of some stagnant pool. The aroma he conveys from place to place leads one to believe that he himself was dredged from the same putrid pool. His hair is short, not from any desire on his part, but because he is physically incapable of growing more. His face transmits all the charm of a decomposing round of cheese. And his mentality — "angels and ministers of grace defend us."

Trying to describe the clod "mentality" is like trying to prove or disprove the existence of God. In fact, I am reluctant to admit they have any mentality. However they are attending institutions of higher learning — so one assumes they have something there — but not very much. Probably they are fantastic cheaters. Their Intelligent Quotient is such as to give many hours of amusement to the markers of I. Q. tests. Unfortunately, they are able with this minuscule bit of men-

tality, to do quite a bit of work — all of it destructive.

A scratch on the paint causes them to chuckle dully. Coke or catsup smeared chips deposited on the floor makes their slack mouths form a very un-Creat-like smile. Chairs with cracked leather; broken glass (from light-bulbs to windows), mauled posters, pictures or flags; all these cause them to explode into clogged-drain like laughter. But they get most of their thrills from: a) pencils and b) cigarettes.

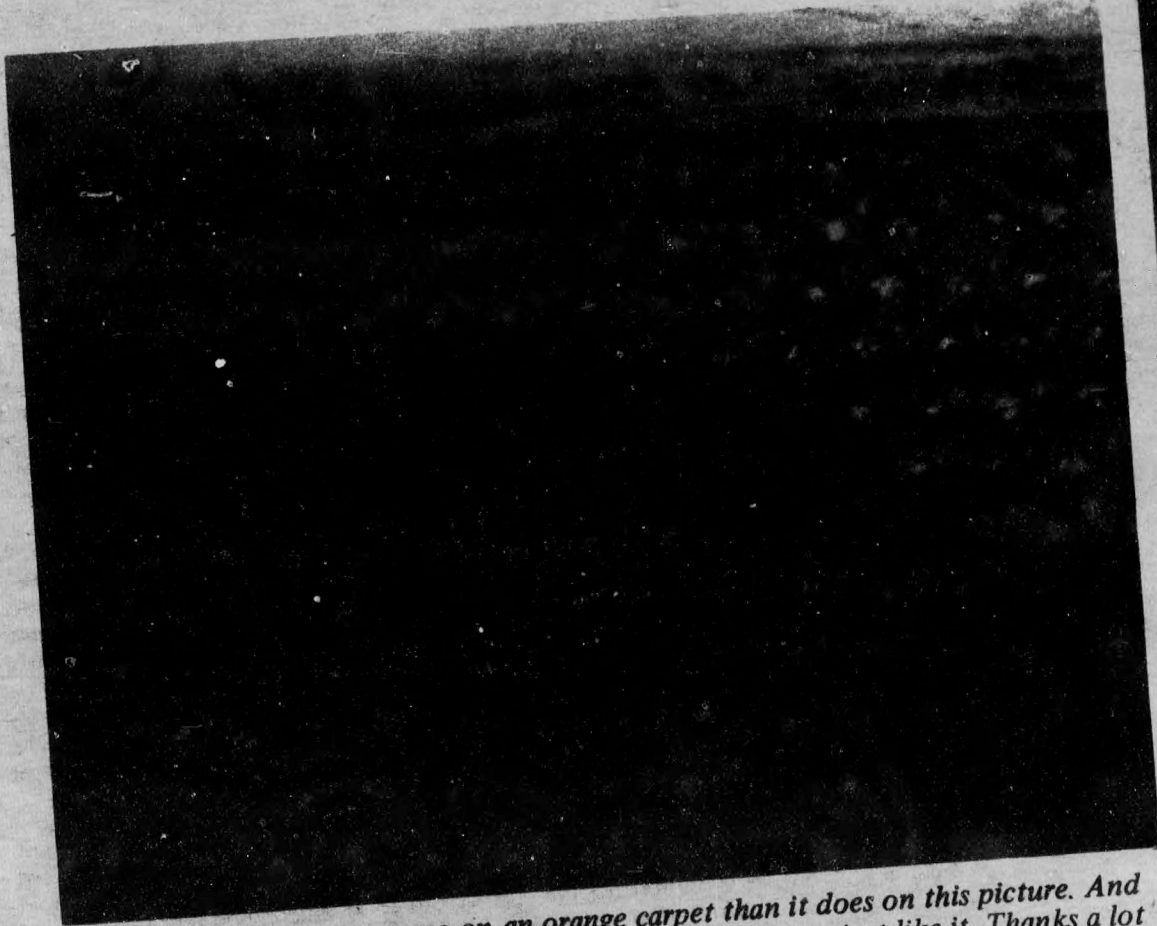
Ashtrays to a clod are items either to be broken or stolen. Never, under any circumstances, must one put one's cigarette or (if they can afford the nickel) cigar in them. Cigarettes are butted on tables, chairs, walls, floors, windowsills — everywhere. I have my own ideas as to where these cigarettes should be butted — but!

The kicks provided by butt stains, however, can in no way compare to what these clods can get from a pencil. The havoc a clod can wrought with a little chunk of wood and lead is unbelievable. Their scrawlings

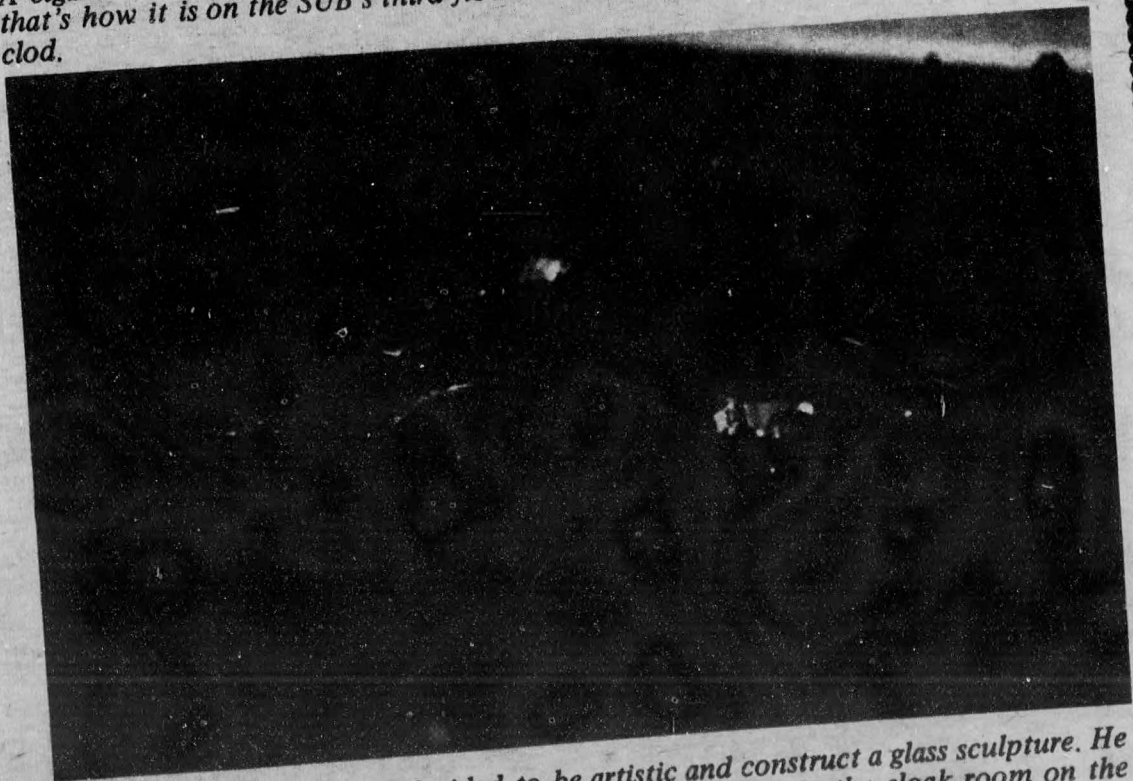
and manure minded ideas grace everything from tabletops to toilet walls. If there was ever any doubt about the clods complete lack of intelligence, waste a few minutes and read their ignoramuses. They are the only people who have the ability to misspell the word "fuck"; showing, no doubt, that it is hard to comprehend an action when one has no chance of experiencing it.

Yes, the SUB is in for a hard time. Its fresh, dewry interior is going to be ravished; in a minor way, it has already begun. Look closely, you will see what I mean. While you are reading this, a clod is at work, blazoning his ignorance for all the world to see.

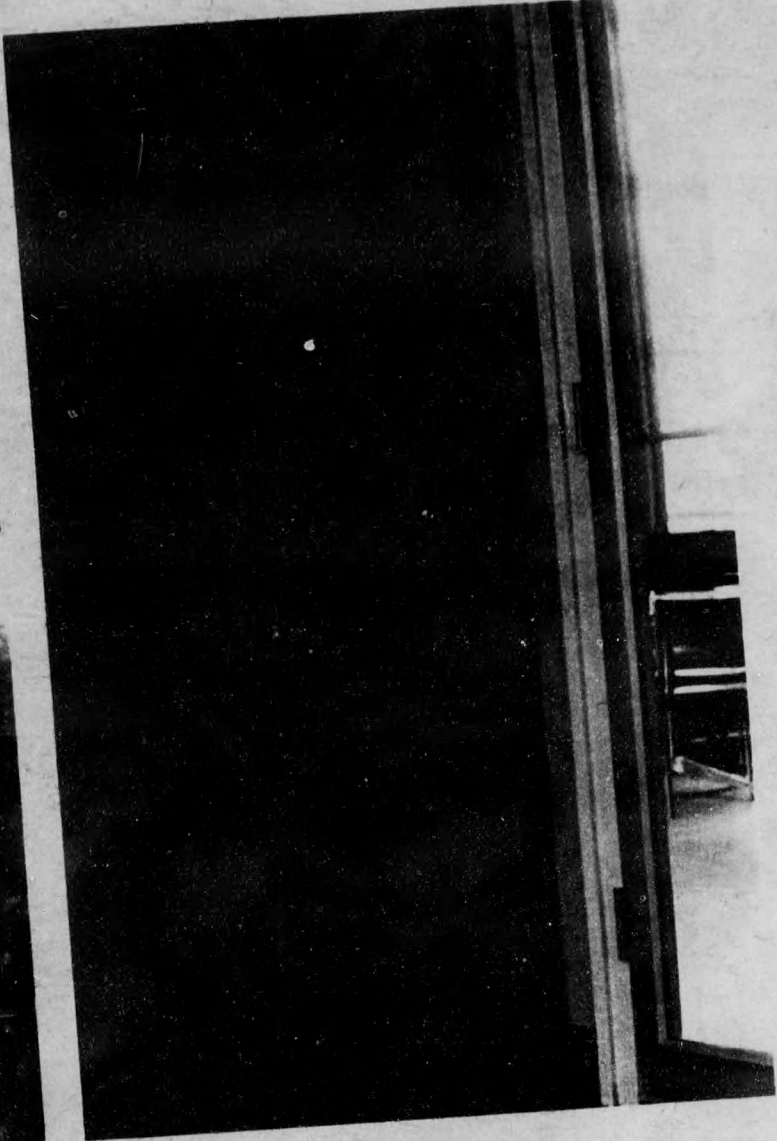
Oh clod, clod; wretched despised clod; why ever wert thou born?



A cigarette burn looks worse on an orange carpet than it does on this picture. And that's how it is on the SUB's third floor. With several more just like it. Thanks a lot clod.



One of the drinking clods decided to be artistic and construct a glass sculpture. He failed and pieces of beer bottles were found scattered in the cloak room on the third floor.



This beer stain runs from the ceiling to the floor just outside the coffeeshop. Another contribution from clods anonymous to the SUB. brunswickan photo by dave macneil.

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