

Editorials, it has to be said

It is not the policy of this paper to reply to "Letters to the Editor", but considering the nature of the letter from Chaucrey Geoffer we feel that a reply is necessary.

Chaucrey Geoffer, for some reason or other dared not use his real name. Perhaps he believed that the Bruns staff would rough him up (I hope he doesn't consider that another cliché). His cowardness is only outclassed by his atrocious spelling. (we have corrected the mistakes for the sake of our readers.) We have nothing against constructive criticism from students and faculty, but criticism for the sake of criticism serves no purpose whatsoever. It's quite easy to say that the Brunswickan is no good, but it takes a lot more guts to say that the Brunswickan is no good and then to offer some helpful criticism or dropping in to give a helping hand at putting the paper out.

We are trying to perform a student service to the best of our ability, and the entire staff enjoy the feedback that we get from our readers. Most of the letters that we receive wish to comment on student affairs and have something constructive to say, but people like Chaucrey Geoffer have lots to say and want to do little about it. I doubt very much whether Mr. Geoffer wants to do anything for the Brunswickan but I am offering an open invitation to Mr. Geoffer personally to come in and see what we do and to help us do it. You are under no obligation and you may have some good ideas that we could use. Why not take a chance?

Note: The Brunswickan will no longer accept letters to the editor unless they are signed by the writer. Names will be withheld but the editor must know the writer's name.

save your future

If you are a new student or a returning one, the Brunswickan has some very good advice for you. READ THE UNIVERSITY CALENDAR. The rules and regulations which govern you and which can make or break your future are all written in that little black book. Make sure you know where you stand. One slip on your part can cost you your academic future. If you think you are in trouble and there is nothing in the rules and regulations which applies to you don't leave it at that, Go see the registrar. He can tell you where you stand and what can be done about it. There are many rules and regulations that students are not aware exist, and

sometimes don't know exist until they are in a real mess. Then things really get rough. Don't let it happen to you. We know of one student already who is in this mess, and there are probably lots more of you who are also in trouble but don't realize it. Check the calendar before it is too late.

Also check the courses you are taking and make sure they are the right ones. One wrong course can cause you trouble in the future, and could even possibly cause you your degree.

So, check your courses and read the calendar: It's for your own future.

feedback feedback feedback feedback feedback

Dear Sir:

So the Bruns returns, looking up at us from the Sub and Bookstore floors. You didn't do too bad, considering. But

there's one thing you've already reached rockbottom with.

Your idea for Inside, the literary section, is commendable, but, to date, its stories and poems have too often been

the babblings of hacks and hotheads. Hoped for something more discerning this year should have known better. Last week's issue showed you're still bound from head to foot in

misconceptions about writing.

You, editor-in-chief sir, take the cake. "the land of LAUGH and YES," besides being a succession of clichés ("i know where i am but i don't/know/why," "there is a time, there is a place"), has, even if the poet is sincere, the most weak-kneed kind of philosophicalness. Its typographical gimmicks are embarrassing, not embellishing. "The Battle of Virginia Vagina and Peter Penis" (the most infantile title on the page) is utter claptrap. Whether the poet intends to be funny, or give a dazzling display of his metaphorical powers, he falls flat on his nose.

A. Smithe's "Today," except for the rather nifty second stanza, is smothered under "crumpled memory," "eternal dreams," "blurred reality," and "promised destiny" (all stuffed in eight lines.) The same vagueness masks her "Someone." All these poems lack the individuality necessary in poetry. "The light is dim, the room so drear/

My words are silent, hid by fear" is the sort of thing that drives some people away from poetry. No wonder. Drear?

Sheelagh Russell's prose is more alive. At least she can handle words, despite her lack of unified impact. "Black Fruit from Thornbushes" is usual escapism. "The Children Are Laughing" may be an interesting attempt at Syngean drama, but surely it would have been best left in the writer's apprentice-shop.

Maybe you'll defend yourself by saying you had few submissions, therefore printed what was on hand, including three "poems" by you yourself, mr. editor sir. If so, the pages would have been better left blank. There is too much bad poetry being printed these days, and the Bruns should not feel obligated to give us more.

Best wishes,

Chaucrey Geoffer

BRUNSWICKAN

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