

MUGWUMP

by Allan Carter

I sometimes have difficulty with some of the administrators' attitudes on this campus. Tom Austin, UNB's Dean of Students made a few comments to our co-news editor, Karen Burgess which rubbed me and many others at the Brunswickan the wrong way.

Apparently, Dean Tom Austin is upset with a story Karen wrote in the "frosh" issue of the *Brunswickan*. Most of the information Karen obtained for the story came from Dean Tom Austin. However, when Karen attempted to do a follow up to the story this week (see page three), Dean Tom Austin blasted her over the phone by claiming that all the information he gave her last time was off the record. He then declined to comment further on the matter saying that if there was a responsible journalist in our office he might consider comment.

Furthermore, Dean Tom Austin took it upon himself to define what the *Brunswickan* shouldn't be. According to him we are not the official source of complaints (apparently he didn't read *Blood and Thunder* last year), nor are we set up as the judge and jury. He also felt a responsible journalist would report something that was well-founded.

Well, I agree with Dean Tom Austin that we are not the judge and jury nor are we the official source of complaints. However, we are a newspaper whose primary responsibility is to the students. Therefore, if students have complaints and they bring them to us it is up to the *Brunswickan* to investigate them. Dean Tom Austin didn't like our investigation. I dunno, maybe he's jealous.

I find it difficult to believe that an administrator would spill out his/her guts on an issue that he/she would rather not see published - especially to a representative of the media. Where did Dean Tom Austin ever get the idea that a media interview was always assumed to be off the record? It is the other way around. As far as Karen was concerned, the information she received from him in her first interview was all on the record.

I'm not sure why Dean Tom Austin was so hot-tempered when Karen phoned him this week. Perhaps he mistook her for a reporter from the *Enquirer*. However, he did phone back to apologize for his comments and described his rudeness as being a "a little abrupt". He then proceeded to continue the interview Karen had been looking for the day before. Smart move.

When I first heard about this I wondered whether or not Dean Tom Austin would be so rude if someone from the *Daily Gleaner* called or the *Telegraph Journal*. Probably not. Then again, maybe Dean Tom Austin is used to being interviewed for university press releases where everything he says that he later regrets saying is edited before it goes to print. Well, just to inform him and other administrators, the *Brunswickan* does not do that.

Now don't think we at the *Brunswickan* are not use to abuse. Many times news writers and editors, including myself, have been subject to much verbal abuse from people we have interviewed. Sometimes, it is due, other times it is not. Yet, even when representatives of the university which I have interviewed regretted what they had said or told me, they never blamed me. In fact they had no problem being interviewed by me again. They were just careful about what they said and how they said it. Fair enough I think. So, when such abuse comes from a UNB administrator, particularly the Dean of Students, one wonders where priorities lie with the administration. A lot of the time I get the feeling it's not with the students. Perhaps, Dean Tom Austin and other administrators might want to consider why students come to the *Brunswickan* to complain about certain matters. Can they really go anywhere else where anything will actually be done? Possibly, we will just write a story about the student's complaint - but, hey it counts for something. Therefore, the *Brunswickan* will listen and publish students' complaints in both *Blood and Thunder* and in news stories. (Frankly, a lot of complaints are about this paper and this lovely column but that's another story). I am not quite sure who the judge and jury is, but I hope it's not solely the UNB administration.

As with any experience, one learns something. And this week the *Brunswickan* has created what we call the UNB administrator's dictionary:

No comment *really means*: I just haven't neatly swept every issue under the rug since the last time you asked about it. And I don't want you raising a stink again.

Irresponsible journalist *really means*: Not coming from my point of view.

Off the record *really means*: Later I regretted having said it.

Not well-founded *really means*: facts which you obtained from me, but I never should have given them to you in the first place.

Might consider comment *really means*: only if I can talk to someone from *UNB Perspectives*.

An apology is in order *really means*: I reconsidered what I said to you and realized you may actually publish it.

It appears I pissed off a few supporters of CoR last week. Good. Maybe they will reconsider their political position.

OPINION

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

Sexist Professors on Campus: A Comedy

by Luis Cardoso

Our story begins in the hallowed corridors of Carleton Hall. Professor Ned X is packing his books into his briefcase before leaving campus for home. There he will prepare his lecture notes for tomorrow's classes. Today has been a long day and he is tired. Professor X is only three years away from retirement, and he is already counting the hours.

There is a knock on his door. He sits down and calls out an invitation to enter. Before all the words are out of his mouth, the door swings open. Notepad and pencil in hand, Professor Windy Y enters his office.

"Hello, Professor Y," Professor X greets her.

"How are you, Professor X?"

"It's been a long day. Man, I'm tired."

Professor Windy Y makes a brief notation in her notepad. Professor X does not notice, or if he does, pays little heed.

"How can I help you," he asks helpfully.

"Professor X, let me get straight to the point. Do you read the *Wimmin's Room* column in the *Brunswickan*?"

Professor X, who hasn't had the time to do more than quickly flip through the pages of this term's *Brunswickans*, stops to consider.

"Mmmn, Women's Room, Nnno, it doesn't ring a bell. Is it something like *My Favourite Room* in the *Today's Woman* insert in Saturday's *Daily Gleaner*?"

Professor Y glowers. She makes a long notation in her notepad.

"Am I being interviewed for this column?" he asks.

"Professor X, would you consider yourself a feminist?"

Professor X is taken aback by the question. He looks down at his hands, then up at his briefcase, which sits open on his desk. He looks longingly at his office door.

"That's a funny question, coming out of no..."

"You think feminism is funny then, do you?"
"No! No, I didn't say that. I merely said it was a funny *question* coming out of no..."

"Exactly." Professor Y smiles to herself while making another long notation in her notepad.

"For heaven's sake, Windy, what's this all about?" he exclaims.

She looks up sharply from her writing.

"Oh, it's Windy now, is it? I guess you think because I'm a *girl*, it's okay to call me by my first name."

"For God's sake, Win...Professor Y! What's going on here?"

"Is God male or female, Ned?"

Professor X does a quick double take.

"What! Is God male or..."

"Thank you," replies Professor Y, looking quite pleased as she makes yet another notation.

"Wait! Wait just a minute here," he pleads, "what exactly is this all about?" He is, by this time, quite annoyed.

Professor Y, unblinking, looks him directly in the eye. "Spell 'Wimmin' Ned!"

"W-O-M-E-N!" he barks, leaning forward in his chair.

"A-HA! I knew it," she exclaims smugly.

By this time he is very confused. He reaches for a dictionary.

"Don't bother, Ned," she mumbles without looking up as she writes, "the whole damn thing was written by men. Why do you think they call it a dick-tionary?"

Professor X buries his head in his hands.

"Ned, I'm in charge of compiling a list of all the sexist professors on campus. If such a list existed, you see, wimmin couldn't unknowingly enroll in a course taught by sexist pigs who might possibly harass them, or worse, use gender specific language."

"Gender specific language," he repeats stupidly.

"You know the type. Mankind, manhole, chairman; the list goes on. You see, Ned, we've had complaints from certain students, who shall remain nameless, that you have a penchant for gender specific language. From what I understand, it's more like a fetish. Is this true Ned? You can tell me."

"What students?" he asks dumbfounded. "I've never used any of those words in my lectures. Alright, maybe I've used 'mankind' once or twice, but I didn't mean it!"

"Between you and me Ned, I think this whole thing has gone a little too far." She winks at him. "I can help you."

"Help me?! Am I in any kind of trouble?"

"Let's just say you've cracked the top ten."

Professor X swallows loudly. Sweat beads over his upper lip.

"What can I do to, uhh, remedy the situation?" he begs.

"Ned," she says quietly and leans forward, resting her elbows on his desk, "how would you like to have a kitchen in your office?"