



"I'm sorry Mr. Hallerson, but I'm afraid we can't help you. And frankly, I don't think *anyone* will be willing to help you."

PROTRACTING THE ANGLES

by PETER J.

Every student relishes the concept of leaving home. Maybe in some situations it could be because each Saturday night must be sacrificed for the family's mandatory 'Matlock Movie Marathon.' Maybe it's because the household is obsessed with drinking skim milk (studies show that it's not really milk - it's just discoloured water). However, the primary reason for leaving the proverbial nest is *independence*.

Ahh, independence. Living on your own, free from the clutches of patronizing parents, staying up past 10 PM (although I have been allowed up until 11 o'clock since grade 12). What a wonderful feeling, feasting on the thrill of being away from home.

Well, maybe 'feasting' isn't quite the right word. See, in order to feast, you must first know how to cook.

As my mom prepared to return home after helping me move to Fredericton in September, she said, "If you need anything, just phone." I remember thinking, "Yeah, sure. I don't have to take this oppression, man. I am on my own. I don't need anything." And I didn't. Until I had to cook my first meal. I quickly learned the difference between first- and third-degree burns.

Yes, I may have been prepared to sleep without my Curious George doll and ready to colour co-ordinate my clothes by myself, but meal preparation was as foreign to me as doing the dishes. However, the independence aspect dictated that I figure out this 'food' thing myself. And by October I *had* figured something out: I belonged to the special group known as the 'cooking-impaired.' No matter, though. I knew I could survive on my own despite the incessant intrusions of my doubting mom.

Like all students concerned with their physical well-being, I managed to meet my health quota. I related to my ever-inquisitive mother that I *had* been eating vegetables - corn, potatoes, peas. And that's true enough, albeit in the form of Corn Flakes, potato chips, and - okay, fine - the peas were an outright lie. And who knew that you have to *peel* vegetables before you boil them? Apparently my mom did, as she sent me 50 pre-peeled potatoes to make sure I stayed 'healthy.' A blatant infringement on my independence...

I soon discovered something else: food spoils very rapidly. The decaying contents of my fridge eventually covered the entire rainbow spectrum. And it's pretty bad when you stop selecting your meal by nutritional value and begin choosing by colour. "Hmm, I think I'll cook some of this green stuff, add a side dish of fluorescent yellow, and garnish with this beautiful black gunk!" Yep, that's my recipe - just mix well and hope you don't die.

Finally one afternoon, the daily hunger pangs overcame me and I sank to the carpet. From my new vantage point on the floor I spotted something edible lying under the table. A cracker! Incredible luck? Sure, until I reached it. Unsalted. Damn. Then suddenly, someone came through the doorway carrying eight bulging bags of groceries. Of course - my mother. "I was just driving by..." she said.

"You live 150 kilometres away!" I yelled. "I don't need any help, so you can just go home and not worry about me. But, uh, leave the food, though."

Later I figured out how to cook hot dogs; however, they tasted kind of funny. As I now know, some hot dogs come individually wrapped. (Future note: remove plastic before boiling.) So it was time to tackle the seafood department of my cupboard.

After polishing off a portion of my highly-touted Tuna Fish Surprise (the big surprise was that I could actually mix tuna), I just figured, "Hey, I'll eat more tomorrow so why bother putting it away? What harm could that do?"

Suddenly a hollow, resonant, Star Wars-esque voice echoed through my mind. "Use the cling-wrap, Peter."

"Obi-Wan, is that you?"

"No, it's your mother. Cover that bowl or you'll get salmonella poisoning. And don't forget to freeze that hamburger meat."

Grrrr... Still having independence quashed by the Jedi-mom.

How can I live on my own with such constant interference? Just who does she think she is, constantly driving up here, repeatedly travelling back and forth with food, paying some of my grocery bills, buying me a bunch of utensils, constantly phoning to see if I need anything? As if I need any help, right?

Well... Hmm. Who am I kidding?
I love my mom.



by Lucy
Brunswickan Entertainment

So it looks like *Seinfeld* has at least one more season to go.

This year, *Seinfeld* has had a renewed energy, following a couple of seasons in which the show's freshness seemed to be flagging. Co-creator Larry David has signed off the show, announcing that this will be his last year, and despite the fact that it's one of my favourite shows of all time, I hope it won't go on much longer.

Blasphemy, I know! I'll say 10 Hail Jerry's tonight before my weekly X-Files pilgrimage.

Even so, as much as we'd like good things to stay the same forever, television shows have a limited shelf life.

Think about *Cheers*. Cancellation turned out to be the best thing for it. The one-hour series finale had record-breaking ratings; for seasons before that it was simply a sad effort to recreate the charm it once had.

It's the nature of television. Some day, you will even be sighing at the refrain "I'll be there for you," and looking for new friends.

That's why, for now, *Mad TV* is more fun than *Saturday Night Live*. Unlike *SNL*, with so many bad jokes that last way too long, *Mad TV* is a bunch of fresh faces and some fresh satire. Still, it won't last long.

We're very demanding of the box. That's why they have to show bums on *NYPD Blue*. Not the homeless kind, we've seen them on *Law and Order* a hundred times. No, the anatomical bums, real bare ones, in the shower, in bed, anywhere you might find a good bum.

Dennis Franz, who plays the sexist, racist but somehow still likable Sipowitz on *NYPD Blue*, said that people used to yell at him on the street: "Hey Sipowitz! When are we going to see your butt?" Blue butts have been legendary since the show premiered under a cloud of ass-roversy.

NYPD Blue is a quality show, if you like that kind of stuff. Unlike *Baywatch* in so many ways...good acting (can't go wrong with Jimmy Smits, I always say), good writing, and the camera work is surpassed only by *Homocide*. So on that level it can be argued that the bum-baring on *Blue* is artistic. Realistic. I mean, we all have to take it off at the end of the day. If you don't like it, you can just 'lawyer up.'

On the other hand, the reason the stars of *Blue* have to undress before the final credits are rolled is that the attention span of the average television fan is really limited. We want action, we want fireworks, we want something we've never seen before.

The TV audience has seen all there is to see so many times, that one of the only choices left open to producers who want to break some ground is to push the envelope. Or cancel sooner rather than later.

Cancellation might be the best thing for *Picket Fences* these days. The show never got the audience it deserved, and now it's losing faithful fans as it reworks themes of religion, social justice and individual quirkiness that at one time made it an original.

Picket Fences once aired a lesbian kiss, you gotta give it credit. Every week used to be a tearjerker. Now it's so much of the same that it's hard to sustain interest through the hour. I've been flipping to *Murder One*. It's already a dud, but that's another story.

Maybe I'm just getting old. I was sorry when they cancelled *L.A. Law*, but now when news of another cancellation comes down the pipe, you can depend that there'll be something bigger and better to replace it. Something flashier, with more naked body parts.

Or dead body parts. Television is depraved, and it's making you depraved, too. It's not just your attention span that's suffering with the training it receives from the One-Eyed god. You're also being desensitized. Murder and rape and guns and bare bums and funny people and pretty people and bikini-ed life guards only too willing to give you mouth-to-mouth resuscitation - they're all much more common on TV than in real life.

I think that's why Canada has yet to produce a decent daytime soap opera. We're just not comfortable with the Hollywood scale of misrepresentation that's needed for a good daytime drama.

Of course, I love it still. Well, it's a love-hate thing. I don't think I'll want my kids watching it. By that time, shows like *Seinfeld* will be set in nudist colonies, and the stars won't be carrying surfboards around at hip-level. Plus, it's a colossal waste of time. How come I never 'work up to my potential' with my studies, my profs want to know?

I just tell 'em: Shows to watch, sofas to sit on, babe. So much mind-rot, so little time, I always say.

The African cultural experience

by George Ato Eguakun
for Brunswickan Entertainment

Ladies and Gentlemen, if you are reading this article, you may or may not have been to Africa before. If you are not an African, there may be lots of questions on your mind about this mystery continent that could be answered by the local media. Most of these questions could best be answered through the eyes of the Africans themselves. Africa Night celebrations on the UNB campus have always been designed to provide answers to some of these questions. It's definitely a fun way of getting your questions answered through interacting with real sons and daughters of the Mystery Continent - Africa.

This year's celebration takes off tomorrow night, Saturday the 17th at the SUB Cafeteria at 6:30 PM. The theme for the night will be the million dollar question "AFRICA?". Yes, you may be wondering why the African is so strong despite the negative news you hear about the continent. You may also wonder what makes them such a happy people despite the purported poverty. Yet you may know what they eat, wear and how they spend their leisure. You are invited to join the African Students at UNB

to celebrate their origins in unity through a dinner, cultural activities and a party.

This year's guest speaker, Dr. Omotayo Ifabumuyi, will help answer some of your questions through his speech. Dinner time has always been a success and will even be better tomorrow night. Come taste JOLLOF RICE and the famous BEEF STEW and you will never be the same again. To all those who have been pestering the African Student Union for the Beef Stew recipe, there is good news for you. The recipe will be one of the door prizes to be offered. Congratulations in advance to the winner of this incredible African Cuisine. Surely, you would wish to be the lucky one.

After dinner, participants will be treated to a rare show of authentic African costumes. For those of you planning on a career in fashion design, it's a fertile ground to pick up on ideas. Just talk to the world acclaimed designers and they will tell you where their motivations come from. Naturally, the African is a moving art gallery with every piece of clothing - we don't get to display that in Fredericton due to weather constraints. Even the walking movements speak of natural artists. The arts are also a big part of the

African lifestyle. In this regard, Africa Night brings to UNB tomorrow, the best in African theatre. There will be traditional dances from various parts of the continent, a skit on marriage proposal (very funny), singing, poetry and proverbs recitals. Kids will be treated to a typical African child play - simple, inexpensive and rhythmic.

The night will be crowned with an 'after-party' for the party faithful. So come and dance to the African beat. Don't worry if you don't know how to. Just follow the body swerves, for there is no formula to dancing to the African Rhythm (apologies to Dr. Kwame Dawes).

For the past four or five years, each show has been a fund-raiser for the unfortunate refugees and countries in trouble at the time. Thus part of this year's proceeds will go to aid agencies toward a good cause. Those who attended Africa Night last year or the year before will remember that they had a very good time and tomorrow night will be no exception. Gate opens at the Cafeteria at 6:30 PM. Tickets are selling like hot cakes at the help centre, International Students Advisor's office and from African Students. Don't let someone tell you it was great, come on out! By the way Cable 10 will be there. See you there!