

**Editorial**  
Mary Rogal-Black

**Sexual assault is too close to home**

This week, a young man is on trial in Fredericton for three charges of sexual assault. One day when I was in grade four, the principal came to our classroom door and asked for two boys from the class to come and help her move chairs in the gym.

It's difficult to believe that these two facts are related, but it's much more costly to continue to ignore the relationship between them.

Jacob Smith, until a verdict is delivered on Friday, is innocent. With a not-guilty verdict, he will continue to be innocent. More importantly, regardless of the verdict, Smith may always be innocent in his own mind, despite the fact that he is very probably guilty in the minds of the three women who accuse him. While the court system can evaluate the legality of his actions, it can't truly deliver a verdict on the rightness or wrongness of them in such a way that Smith or any other person has to internalise that decision. Each of us will draw our own conclusions about his actions.

Guilt or innocence, then, is no longer the question. Instead, I wonder how one person's perception of an event as serious as sexual intercourse can vary so drastically from another person's perception? Date or acquaintance rape is much more complicated than assault by a stranger. The real threat of sexual assault is no longer the bad man lurking in the bushes, a clear cut case with a definite aggressor and a definite victim. That rapist is a sociopath — lock him up and throw away the key. Now, the rapist is understood to be much closer to home: date rape and acquaintance rape pose a real threat to women on campus and in all walks of life. In these situations, the definitions of rapist and victim do not always fit neatly.

For example, whether Smith is guilty or innocent of sexual assault, he is certainly guilty of disrespect. As he said in a police interview, he wanted the FHS student he had sex with in his room at Neill House to leave right afterwards because high school girls are "bothersome." Not too bothersome to fuck, evidently.

There are problems with the way we think about sex. I attribute this in part to a lag between the theoretical acceptance of gender equality, and society's actual understanding of it. For example, while feminism gives women license, as well it should, to be as assertive as the next guy when seeking out relationships, many of the messages we receive about the roles of men and women are not conducive to this forwardness on the part of a woman. Men and women are both still given to believe that women can exist as sexual objects, exclusive of their personality or emotional life, while women are given to believe that an important part of their lives will be developing a successful relationship with a man. These two attitudes do not fit together.

I asked a friend of mine about how he thinks about women he would like to have a relationship with, versus women he would just have sex with. He admitted that, at least subconsciously, the 'slut' stereotype still exists: a woman who will sleep with him when they first meet is less likely to get a call the next day. An unfortunate dynamic, I argued, considering that many women tend to believe that sex is something that brings people closer together. I suggested that the ability of some men to dismiss a sexual partner so easily has something to do with the way women are depicted in the media.

"When you put up a poster of a half-naked woman, you're not thinking about having a relationship with her," he said, apparently intending to distinguish between women who are objects of fantasy and women who are potential partners, and proving my point that sometimes, in some people's minds, there are two kinds of women: sexual objects and real people. A woman who expects to become both a sexual and an intellectual partner to a man with this dual image of females is likely to have a difficult time, particularly if the woman herself has a conflicted image of femininity. And how could she not? Society makes it incredibly confusing for women to understand what their roles are.

Considering the dauntingly diverse attitudes toward sex that exist in our society, education about gender roles needs to be stepped up. If one alleged rapist is found guilty and sent to jail, his punishment will mean almost nothing as long as we continue to condone and even encourage the attitudes that influenced his actions. There is no one thing that brought those young people into a Fredericton courtroom this week; a myriad of clues have been shaping their actions and attitudes for the past two decades. From the bikini-clad woman on a poster on a bedroom wall to the principal who doesn't think nine year-old girls are as capable of moving chairs as nine year-old boys, damaging attitudes about sex roles have been cultivated by all of us. Guilty? Who isn't?

**Mudwump**

Joseph W.J. FitzPatrick<sub>3</sub>  
The type-o that wasn't

Some of you who remember an outdoor Orientation concert, sitting down to a certain professor's math course, or remember the tired refrain of Warner's rendition of Wagner will have noticed that the title of this column is wrong. For the barely conscious of you (is that Froeh week hangover over yet?) the column of the Managing Editor used to be "Mugwump." For an explanation, I'll turn to any of several definitions I have found for the term mugwump.

Merriam-Webster tells me it's "an independent in politics." Funk & Wagnall's says "anyone who is independent, especially in politics." This surprised me because I had always been led to believe that the British definition held true. The idea behind the column, when it was proposed way back when, was to have a fence sitter observing.

Anyways, American history aside, I have decided to take this column along a path of great cynicism and curmudgeonliness. And the reason for the name? It's not, as some may have gathered from the contents of the first column, a reference to mudlinging. It is, however, a reference to a nick name of mine — Dr. Mudball. This namer originated in the heavy clay soils which made up the family garden. At the age when most children of my subsequent intelligence were reading Dante, I was in the garden watching my father sweat over the heavy, wet soil and made mudballs. Not the hand sized splat balls, but little tiny mud balls.

This column has also given rise to a new piece of vocabulary, the mud-o. A mud-o is an apparent typographical error which was actually intentional. For example, the hollowed walls of this venerable institute. This is, obviously, a way to refer to UNB, the hallowed walls of this venerable institution. Look forward to more mudwumpery in the future.

P.S. I know there is something called a malapropism, but I think a mud-o is a much better name.

**BLOOD & THUNDER**  
*Letters to the Editor*

**CHSR 'in a state of crisis' writes member**

Dear Editor,

As a former member of CHSR's executive, I feel that I must comment on events that have occurred at the station over the summer.

To put it bluntly, CHSR is in a state of crisis. Morale at the station is suffering and, possibly, so are its finances. And responsibility for this crisis falls squarely on the shoulders of CHSR's board of directors, which has badly mismanaged the station in the past year.

What happened? It's all quite hard to make sense of, really. The catalyst was evidently the termination of Lisa Pardy's contract. Ms. Pardy, CHSR's traffic coordinator, was informed of this in mid-April—two weeks before her contract was to be renewed. The decision had been made, supposedly, in mid-February, although there is no record of hits in the minutes of any board meeting. Furthermore, the executive had worked very hard at composing a budget proposal that would include Ms. Pardy's position, a position most of us felt was crucial to maintaining the smooth running of the station. Yet the board unceremoniously rejected the proposal. At the time, members of the executive, including myself, believed this was done for a legitimate reason. Now, with everything that has happened since, those of us were on last year's executive can certainly be faulted for ignorance.

The revelatory moment came in May. That is when Jeff Whipple, CHSR's station manager for the past fourteen years, was relieved of his position by the board. Fourteen years, of course, is a long time in campus radio, and certainly some would think that a changing of the guard may have been in order anyway. However, Mr. Whipple received less than a week's notice of the termination of his employment. In fact, he was only given about a day, if that. For a guy who's just gone through a divorce and has two kids to feed, that isn't very much time. Naturally, the board—whose members include representatives from CHSR—again claimed that they had good reason for the dismissal. If that is so, then why did Mr. Whipple hire a lawyer to negotiate with the board—who also hired a lawyer with, I might add, CHSR's money—for a larger settlement? Why did he threaten legal action if his demands were not reached? And why did the board meet his demands and give him the settlement that he requested if it felt he didn't have a case?

Other points of interest: Shelley Coates, the interim station manager appointed by the board after Mr. Whipple was let go, was chair of the same board that dismissed Whipple. She was, of course, paid for her summer employment. Furthermore, the person hired as the volunteer recruiter, a summer position funded with government grants, was Jacqueline Maclean, a friend of Ms. Coates' who also happened to be rooming with her. I personally have several questions about whether Maclean completed the work she was hired to do, since she did not appear at a meeting of the station membership at which she was to give a summary report of the work she had done. Whenever CHSR's membership, consisting solely of volunteers at the station, asked the board questions pertaining to Mr. Whipple's dismissal and events related to it, the membership was met with vague responses, contradictory statements, and often arrogant and belligerent behavior from almost every

board member. Mr. Whipple and Ms. Pardy were both well-liked at the station, so we all wanted answers. Instead, the board hid behind a wall of excuses, claiming it was a legal matter and could not be discussed. Most members, like me, became very distrustful of the board, and we took action into our own hands by removing our representatives in what was ridiculously called a "coup d'état" by Shane Heath, one of the said representatives.

Following the impeachment of the membership's representatives to the board, I was voted in by the membership to replace Stacey Brown, the Chair of the executive who

*"Most members, like me, became very distrustful of the board, and we took action into our own hands by removing our representatives in what was ridiculously called a 'coup d'état' by one of the said representatives."*

also sat on the board, on an interim basis. [Although the impeachment was not recognized by the board, the two representatives subsequently resigned from their positions.] During my six days of tenure, I was privy to the board's information regarding this issue and, although I am legally bound to withhold this information, I can say this: I'm not at all surprised that Mr. Whipple got the settlement he asked for. It also isn't surprising that some members of the board are angry with the membership, particularly those board members we yanked. In fact, Ms. Brown and Mr. Heath have both, at one time or another, threatened to sue myself and others at the station for slander, as if they were acting out an episode of Law and Order (or 90210), which seems to be more in keeping with the way they have been behaving. I would suggest to both these individuals that they check their law books before they toss out litigious threats so willy nilly. I would also suggest to Duncan Fulton, another board member who has openly referred to the membership as "acting like shit," that he may want to take a course in etiquette

before he continues in his career.

Everything I have just mentioned has brought CHSR to its current situation. The volunteers are frustrated, veterans who have been with CHSR for years are leaving, and the station has become a very uncomfortable place to hang out. UNB's Student Union froze CHSR's budget for several weeks over the summer and continues to monitor it carefully. The station is operating on minimal funds.

Granted, not everything is terrible. The programming is still top-notch, thanks to the efforts of the current executive members and especially Tristis Bhaired, the tireless and passionate Program Director at CHSR. She is the primary reason why the station has managed to survive all this. However, her job may be in jeopardy as well. She is terrified that the board may do to her what they did to Mr. Whipple and Ms. Pardy. And who can blame her? No employee should have to deal with that much stress. This isn't Bay Street, after all.

Recently, a new station manager was hired. I have been told several disturbing things by a number of station members that lead me to question his experience and technical abilities. As well, some people knew who was hired before the official announcement was made, and the new station manager was taken out for lunch [after the hiring] with Mr. Heath, Ms. Coates, Ms. Brown and Andre Theriault, another board member who also happens to be Ms. Brown's boyfriend. This latter point raises my eyebrows in particular—I always find schmoozing to be quite fishy in a political-power-struggle sort of way.

As you can see, I am very concerned about the welfare of CHSR. It is a sanctuary for the disenfranchised, a forum for those voices not ordinarily heard. The purpose of campus and community radio is to provide a wide number of groups and individuals with access to the airwaves, and to promote social, cultural, political and musical diversity at UNB, STU and in Fredericton. Its presence is absolutely necessary to the maintenance of a healthy campus life.

Continued on next page.

**Community group: keep up good relations by keeping down the noise**

Dear Students,

As chair of the University Community Relations Committee (UCRC), I would like to welcome new and returning students to the city of Fredericton. UCRC comprises representatives of the city and the Fredericton police force, as well as students and administrators from both UNB and STU. One of the goals of the committee is to open the lines of communications between the community and the city, providing a forum to hear issues of concern to students, residents of the city and others.

Along with recognizing the many contributions students make to the community, UCRC wishes to encourage a harmonious living environment for students and their Fredericton neighbors by tackling such issues as safety, landlord-tenant relations, parking and noise levels.


In this regard, I would like to suggest that

those of you hosting or attending parties in Fredericton's residential areas this fall keep in mind the different needs of young families or the elderly who also occupy these neighborhoods.

Taking the party indoors early in the evening and shutting the windows when playing loud music makes a huge difference in the noise level. Also, avoid speaking loudly when walking outside. While single incidents are relatively harmless, the cumulative effect of such noise on long-term residents can be distressing.

Should you wish to bring an issue to the attention of the committee, you can contact me at the Albert St. Community Centre, 459-2684. On behalf of the University Community Relations Committee, I wish each of you a highly successful year.

Fulton MacIntosh,  
UCRC Chair  
Constable, City of Fredericton Police

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