

## Something queer about Anita

Guess who's come to Canada? None other than that delightful creature of liberality and compassion, Anita Bryant! Yes ladies and gentlemen that celestial lady from heaven has condescended to visit us poor primitives here in our den of vice and debauchery. WE, ladies and gentlemen are going to get our morals straightened out! WE are going to be rid of all those awful habits of ours, like our relative lack of prejudice against race and color, our disgustingly liberal attitude towards the practice of religion AND most importantly she is to enlighten us of our decadent practice of thinking of homosexuals as HUMAN BEINGS.

Aren't we lucky?

Yankee, go home. We here at the Bruns would like to know what gives this, this . . . person the right to tell Canadians that we need spiritual illumination. Does she have a direct line to You Know Who. Hello God, this is me, Who? Anita, yes Anita, A-n-i . . . Silly Bruns - we really think here, that we Canadians aren't so bad. We have our own spiritual leaders who for those who need or want them, and for those who don't, well, after all that's up to them, they're big enough, and we believe smart enough to know what they want. While prejudice does exist in Canada, we like to

think we at least try here, and at the very least are aware of how wrong and stupid prejudice is.

And most importantly, while our avenging angel has managed to stay relatively clear of the subject, we all know why she has graced us with her presence. Yes, she is here to rid us of those demons of immorality, those creatures of unmentionable vice and degradations, *Homosexuals*.

Funny, we don't think they need getting rid of, Stupid Bruns, we think they are actually people too. And after all, shouldn't we be concerned with what the private citizen does behind closed doors? After all, why should people have any privacy? Right? Wrong.

We still manage to believe that people do have an inherent right to privacy, freedom of speech and action. Contrary to popular belief, most homosexuals do not attempt to "attack" everyone that takes their fancy. While there are occasions when this happens, how about the heterosexual world, molesters, rapists, fathers who seduce daughters and on and on.

You know, in this world of violence and cynicism we believe love is sorta nice, wherever it's found. If two people in the midst of mistrust, cynicism and unhappiness manage to find some form of respite in each other then

IS ANITA GOING TOO FAR?



we say more power to them! There's already too much hate around, why knock love and caring.

Yankee go home, we don't want you here, where with time you just might be able to twist or somehow convince people into believing in your twisted ideals.

Take your evangelical sermons back to those who want them. We Canadians have managed on our own up till now, and we think we haven't done so badly. We are working here in this country to get rid of a lot of the things you preach about we can do it on our own.

## We're not all eskimos here, really!

Since before Confederation up until present day, the Canadian Identity has surfaced continually as that unsolved mystery that has allowed generations upon generations to ponder. We ourselves know of the great quantities of books, debates and any other form of literary material that is continually surfacing on the issue. One certainly becomes quite riddled over the whole issue, not to mention the true identity itself. Confused? Well, fear not, for it seems that the Americans have already cast the dye that can produce that infallible Canadian.

I speak of American television - that never-ending source of action-packed, thriller shows that we are occasionally giving into (or are addicted to). On some rare instances, Canadians are used to vary the scripts and remind Americans - that yes, there is indeed civilization beyond the forty-ninth parallel (that's the northern border you guys!) - but caution; they are a different sort

of breed, rather an interesting type but yet . . . different. (. . . you know - different.)

The other night while watching one of these shows it was alas, a Canadian in the lion pit (actually a hockey team), as the blood thirsty, cold hearted criminal. The show continued on its way and eventually the "bad guys" were caught.

But what caught the eye was the fact that one never really saw the bad guy - but folks, he sure was heard as he babbled on with his French phrases! Enter part two of

the unique Canadian personality - part one consists of an English chap holding his teacup (pinkie finger extended of course), speaking eloquently of fur trapping and snowshoeing through Canadian forests.

Now please don't laugh - this is a serious topic! Are you willing to sit back and see the ever beloved United States of America

type-cast us into roles that are as diversified as Jacques and John?

Unfortunately this is just not a problem that is restricted to the television set, for it seems that this ignorance has escaped inwards (or outwards as it may) to the American population. In conversation with a friend the other day, he quite readily agreed with the type-casting, and proceeded to mention the numerous travellers he had watched coming over the

Canadian/American border with skis strapped to the car . . . in the middle of the summer months

On one hand the topic can take on quite an amusing context, but the real truth of the matter is that there are people living relatively next door to us that are virtually ignorant to the northern sector of the continent that they happen to share. How many of us have spent some of our earlier school years grueling through our American history courses, or perhaps it was

geography? Virtually nothing is taught in this form to the American kids, and where there are some who might argue that we are more dependant on them for imports and therefore need to know more about them etc, I say pfft! - there is no need for "blatent stupidity" (to cap a phrase).

Just a little more logical reasoning (no kidding) and education brought into the American school systems could eventually eliminate this problem and ease the embarrassment that faces thousands of tourists here each year.

Then the questions would stop - the ones like "Where are the mounties on horseback", or, "Where are the Indian reservations\* - not to mention the terrific ski resorts we have open during July and August!

A BIENTOT!

\* complete with teepees and log houses.

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