

CAMPUS COMMENTS

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UNB is of age. No longer is the term "U.N. Booze" synonymous with the progressive intellectual atmosphere of this university. The political climate here is analagous to that of other great centres of learning throughout the free world. The University of New Brunswick's renowned four year apprenticeship plan in social indoctrination is grinding out more and more great minds, who relentlessly stride ignominiously into the future to grasp the reigns of power.

In recent years this campus has been inundated by a wave of free thinking individuals who represent the entire spectrum of modern political thought. A visitor from a larger Canadian university would have no trouble identifying with one of the many partisan groups on campus irregardless of whether his political leanings were new left, new right or knew you way back when, the night you were so

drunk that . . . It has even been rumored that some socially liberated co-eds at this university have dated to bite the Achilles' heel of the staid New Brunswick society and overstep the bounds of traditional morality.

To find proof that a heart of cosmopolitan sentiments beats within the hard red brick exterior of this university we need only pay a visit to the cultural and intellectual center of the campus; the UNB SUB. It is here that the chemically liberated leaders of tomorrow discuss, in hushed tones, the problems of the perceptual world and the meaning of life. The conversation is, for the most part, of an esoteric nature; most certainly beyond the understanding of the uneducated masses outside the university gates. Occasionally some of these progressive thinkers quietly slip away from their peers (oddly enough, the largest exodus usually takes place at twenty minutes past the hour) and venture into the outside world, undoubtedly to

apply their newly gained insight to every day life.

Even though every word spoken thus far is undisputedly true it sometimes appears that something is wrong. It is very difficult to describe the problem in terms of the janus vocabulary of contemporary society but even though it may hurt to the bottom of our liberated souls it appears that today's university student is — pardon the vernacular — "fucked up." The reverberations of such a statement may well rattle the libido of even the most doctrinaire hippy but be assured that I am fully aware of the consequences (The truth hurts) and it is only my sense of public duty which forces me to divulge the awful truth on the pages of the Brunswickan.

Fortunately, all is not lost. The tumorous hang-up has been discovered in time to prevent the malignant growth of that dreaded social disease, apathy, which I am proud to say, has never existed on this

campus to my knowledge. Hallelujah, brother, fear not, the cure is at hand. What this campus needs is a group of super heros that the rest of the college community can look up to with pride. A shining star, if you like, that the wandering masses, adrift in their dingies on a sea of apathy, can take their bearings from until that glorious day when their respective ships of enlightenment come sailing into port. For this post I must nominate the class of 1970.

Now the class of 1970 is meritorious enough to fill this role merely on the basis of having survived through four years of UNB, but I really feel that something more is needed. There must be a monument built, a tower of Sabal if you will, to symbolize the four years which they have spent happily playing on the hillside in River City, cavorting in a state of oblivious social anarchy.

In past years the graduating class has made the vacuous gesture of presenting the

university with such items as water coolers and a painting or two. We propose that this year the senior class donate the money to erect two items of symbolic and practical value: a set of playground swings and a speaking platform. The swings could be erected in close proximity to poets corner creating a perfect diversion while commuting between sociology 1000 and French 1200. The speakers platform, in the tradition of Hyde Park would be ideally suited for the small hill outside the main doors of Tilly Hall.

It would appear that there are very few students at this university who feel that their present circumstances have any bearing on the epic journey of life. Most students can be channelled into one of two 'cubby holes': those who wish to return to the deliriously happy days of their youth and those who feel that they must mollify the past and surge into the future, their resplendent presence riding a wave of social and moral reform.

The proposed UNB playground would therefore serve to relieve the frustrations of UNB students and provide an outlet for repressed self expression. The proposed fixtures are ideally suited to the two groups of students mentioned above. For the regressive intellect of those who wish to return to their childhood many a happy hour could be spent swinging happily while reflecting on the words of the mother of Oedipus, "Let us live lightly and unthinkingly". The swings would also be ideally suited for the middle of the roaders. Seated peacefully on a swing a befuddled soul might oscilate back and forth from left to right until he had resolved his political dilemma. The other half of the student body, in true epicurean fashion, could carve their path to the future and liberation be castigating every crooked politician and greedy industrialist, from the lefty heights of the speakers platform.

These innovations, if adopted, will be the first step towards the ultimate abolition of all university hangups. Our future graduates will be able to make their way into the world secure in the knowledge that they have received their social indoctrination at an intellectually liberated university.

NOTE: Many thanks to Karen Stocker for suggesting the playground swings.

"What do you want to do? Do you want to better your own market value?"

"Those were questions London Life interviewers asked when I expressed interest in programming," says Allan Conway, a 1969 business administration graduate from St. Francis Xavier University. "They didn't talk about specific jobs, but rather how I could develop myself. As a systems programmer I soon discovered this is a company that is not only fast-growing, but also encourages you to develop an insight into all areas of its operations. You know you're treated like somebody — not just another body doing an isolated task. And you work with one of the most advanced systems anywhere. To any graduating student, I would suggest: 'Come and see for yourself. See how we operate.'"

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