

MUGWUMP

Dear Santa,

How are you? I know it's been a long time since I last wrote, but I figure better late than never. The last time I wrote, I asked for world peace, and when you didn't deliver, well, I guess I lost faith. Anyway, I've found my senses, and I know realize that society has transformed you from a caring mythical figure tending to the developing morality of children everywhere into a major promotional campaign designed to perpetuate the materialistic aspect of Christmastime beginning the day after Halloween.

This Christmas is going to be very special because not only is it my first Christmas in our new house in Green Valley, it is also the first Christmas that I will have to devote some of my hard earned vacation to the Brunswickan at a conference that I may have to attend. It's not that I specifically mind devoting half my life to this newspaper. Actually, if I add up all the hours I work here in a week, it totals up to about 480 for twelve issues, which isn't that much if you consider that 2016 hours have been physically accounted for. But, I need time to eat and sleep and go grocery shopping and do laundry and since I can't seem to properly manage my time, I would like you to please add about six hours to each day. I know this will take some doing, but I also know that there are a lot of other people around who would appreciate this, so it's not a totally selfish proposal on my part.

And another unselfish proposal more locally oriented: after a careful analysis of the UNB Student Union budget, The Brunswickan has discovered that the surplus of the Student Union amounts to about \$ 7.91 per full time student, which is coincidentally just about the amount that the Student Union raised student union fees last year. Why don't you play Robin Hood, Santa, and give the poor UNB Students' money back? The \$6.00 would come in handy.

Christmas just wouldn't be Christmas without a Brunswickan Wish List (courtesy of Chris Hunt). I know you'll do your best, Santa. I hope you have a good night. Drive carefully.

Aime

Allan Carter - To get his picture in the paper one more time.

Aime Phillips - A big strong (non-smoking, intelligent, creative, attractive, rich, successful, good conversationalist, non-sushi-eating, of French/Scandinavian descent, not too tall, not too short [somewhere between 5'10 and 5'11 1/2]), well-dressed, clean, good cooking, likes old romantic movies and steamy encounters in public places) man with funky pants.

Jayde Mockler - Order, cleanliness, a little respect, maybe a filing cabinet or two, some nice plants....

Karen Burgess - Mace.

Frank Denis - To graciously hand down the sports editorship to his brother Bruce.

Bruce Denis - To be able to find a nice way to tell his brother he doesn't bloody well want to be sports editor before he gets it "graciously handed down" to him.

Tara Froning - Not to actually have the irritation of selling any advertising (but still get paid), and to have any children she may have raised by wolves.

Alastair Johnstone - To pay off his Visa bill with money from selling lude pictures of Patrick Stewart to Bill Traer and the Phone Lady.

Kevin G. Porter - "Just drop the 'G' okay? It's Kevin Porter! - K-E-V-I-N P-O-R-T-E-R!!! You don't have to say the 'G'!!!!"

Marc Landry - To help Alastair take lude pictures.

Heather Labrecque-Havens - An auto-focus camera.

Dave Burt - A full-color feature on goldfish.

Chris Lohr - Someone to figure out how much money she gets when they split the Features editor honoraria three ways.

Petula Jurasek - To change her last name to something that doesn't sound like a period in earth history characterized by huge lizards.

Pierre St. Amand - Some social skills.

Jonathan Stone - Big honkin' boots and a polyester "Saturday Night Fever" suit.

Bill Traer - For Superman to come back. And a free beer.

Jeff Czopor - For the weenies writing the "message poetry" to either graduate or find another outlet for their stupid ideas.

James Rowan - For the joy of the holiday season not to make him barf this year.

Eric Drummie - A goofy hat, some candy canes, and ultimate power over all humanity.

Mimi Cormier - A darkened room, some soft red lighting, clean screens and a place to put her toxic waste.

Jodi Gay - A religious experience.

Nick Oliver - It doesn't matter. He's getting coal anyway (Santa's third wife used to be Don of Tibbets)

Kathy Makela - To make Rose, Lisa and Janet understand that her work is more important and she should have the nicer computer.

Janet Glendennin - To make sure that Rose, Kathy and Lisa understand that her work is more important and she should have the nicer computer.

Lisa LeBlanc - To get in early and get the best computer.

Rose Knox - To get in, do the typing, get paid, and get out before any wierd influences sink in.

Kwame Dawes - A southern drawl.

Jethelo E. Cablete - To figure out why the other side of the picture is the one you put facing the wall.

Len Madsen - Jane Goodall in spandex.

Derek (Primal Boy) Fairley - Meat.

Mark I. Minor - To change his middle initial to "G" so he can be more like Kevin Porter and people will stop thinking he's some wierd kind of rastafarian when he says his name.

Roy Nicholl - African ancestry.

Tristis Bhaird - Her own, personal social category.

Dale Geddes - For everyone to stop mistaking him for Moe Berg, and a nice warm cat.

The Phone Lady - Her own 900 line.

The Student Union - To stop the nagging gloomy feeling around the office that not only does no one know who they are, no one cares.

The St. Thomas Student Union - A president.

Campus Entertainment - Someone to tell them how to get the "Get your H₁ tickets now!" off the signboard in the cafeteria.

Marlene #1 - A big, expensive car.

Marlene #2 - A bigger, more expensive car than Marlene #1

Glenna - Two big, expensive cars.

Judy - An office downstairs with the Marlenes

Kim Norris - Attention.

Robin Armstrong - to win an Emmy for playing 'Mr. McFeely' in Mr. Rodger's Neighborhood.

Pub in the SUB - Karaoke, Karaoke, Karaoke!

Social Club - A paint job that doesn't make you think you're in Pee Wee's playhouse.

OPINION

The opinions found in this column are not necessarily the views of the Brunswickan

"Holocaust denial"

by Matin Yaqzan

What is meant by holocaust denial? An Englishman, by the name of David Irving, an author and a lecturer, visiting Canada on a speaking engagement, was condemned by some Jewish individuals and organizations for questioning the standard version of "the Holocaust", was not allowed to speak to certain groups, and was finally deported from Canada On November 13, 1992, on orders from the Canadian Immigration. It was an extraordinary event, if viewed in the context of the fact that the entire episode was based on his unwillingness to accept a certain interpretation of recent history. The literal meaning of the word holocaust is "total destruction by fire". It is used to describe any large scale death and destruction. The Second World war was certainly full of holocausts. However, "the Holocaust" has been coined and is being reserved for the death of Jews during the Second World War, in particular, those claimed to have perished in concentration camps. So the question is, what is meant by "holocaust denial"? The standard meaning of "the Holocaust" seems to be that 4 to 6 million Jews were rounded up by the Germans, put in concentration camps, gassed and cremated within a period of 1-1/2 to 2 years. While there is little disagreement that the Jews were put in some concentration camps, there is disagreement as to the number of people in the camps and how many, if any, were gassed. There were certainly many victims of disease and starvation towards the end of the war, who could have been cremated.

What to "believe"?

Most people today were not witnesses to the actual events, and must make a judgement on the basis of what they hear, see on television and in the movies, or read in books, newspapers and magazines. Should they believe the most repeated version? Unfortunately, that is unavoidable. Few people have the time and the resources to carry out extensive research to decide for themselves as to what might have actually happened. For example, the figure of 6 million has become a part of everyone's knowledge, but how many people know the number of Soviets who died during the Second World War, or the total number of people who lost their lives in that war. {20 million and 50 million respectively!} Is it not true that the vast majority of the people killed were innocent men, women and children? Is death less painful if one is killed because of his nationality rather than race? Is death more pleasant if one is a victim of a bomb blast, rather than an inhaler of a poisonous gas? And yet, most people seldom shed any tears for the vast majority of that war's victims. Why? Because no one asks them to. There are no reminders. No movies, no documentaries, no dramas, no magazine articles, and no organized groups saying "Never Again", with the same religious fervour as for "the Holocaust".

The religion of "the Holocaust"

Why is it necessary to make a religion of the Jewish holocaust? Why must everyone be forced to believe that exactly so many Jews were killed during the Second World War, and that most of them were necessarily gassed? There are Christians who honestly believe, as a historical fact, that Christ rose from the dead, and they worship him as a God. The Jews believe other-wise. They deny it. Should they be condemned for their disbelief and denial? Why is David Irving, Malcolm Ross or anyone else not within his rights to question the number of Jewish dead? Why are the creators of the CBC documentary "Valour and the Horror" and their supporters justified in presenting their point of view in the name of freedom of expression, while others are not?

Holocaust in Bosnia

As an example of how the media can make us remember or forget, laugh or cry, is the lack of importance given to the holocaust that has been going on in Bosnia for the last several months. Only recently did I hear once on CBC some of the gory details of what has been happening there. It surpasses the cruelty associated with the concentration camps, but there is little outcry on the part of those who keep repeating "Never Again". According to a report on the CBC radio program "As It Happens" - which is unpleasant to describe here - Serbian warriors would gouge out the eyes of their victims, force them to eat them and then shoot them. Only human beings are capable of such cruelty. Most Canadians would feel revulsion against such acts, but they are not aware of them, because the media have not emphasized them.

In a report dated June 15, 1992, Parviz Dolat-Abadi, a Muslim and deputy chairman of Britain's Human Rights Committee, says: "During my stay, a Serbian controlled radio station in the city (Doboj) taunted the Muslims: 'We have some Muslim women who are cooking a meal for us, later we shall sleep with them. We have some girls too ... we will make them give birth to Serbian children'. ... We saw photos and videos of people lying on the ground in rows with their throat slit and their hands tied. ... One Bosnian soldier captured two Serbs while we were there, and found on them special knives for gouging eyes out. It is little wonder that people are fleeing. ... There are distinct similarities with the policies of the Israelis in Palestine in the forties. The Israelis used incidents like that at Deir Yassin to create such a fear in the heart of the Palestinians that they fled their villages. The Serbs are following the Israelis' lead."

The war in Yugoslavia is described as an "ethnic" war, but being a Muslim does not have anything to do with ethnicity. Is it a modern version of the Crusades, a religious conflict among Christian sects and Muslims? Then why this misrepresentation by the media? Why are the stalwarts of freedom and democracy in the United states, Canada, and other "civilized" countries of Europe, who fought the Gulf War to save 200,000 Kuwaiti Muslims from the occupation by Iraqi Muslims, reluctant to stop the Serbs from uprooting more than 2 million people and grabbing their land? Where is the New World Order and the power of that August body, The United Nations, to stop the torture and death of such a large number of people instead of simply supervising it? Where are Saudi Arabia and other Muslim countries who helped Mr. Bush to force Iraq out of Kuwait? Where are the holocaust mourners and chanters of "Never Again"? Should they not be condemned for not keeping their word, or for double talk? Or do they deny that the holocaust has and is taking place in Bosnia?

"The Brunswickan" and its burning issues

It is difficult to criticize a student newspaper or the students, when the vast majority of newspapers and the media are guilty of ignoring the Bosnian holocaust. The recent pages of the *Brunswickan* have been filled with detailed discussions about two faculty members assaulting their wives, undying memory of Montreal massacre of some women students and, of course, about homosexuality, and date-rape, as if we are all living on another planet. According to a report on "As It Happens" on November 25, 1992, 50,000 Muslim women have been raped and are being kept in camps called bordellos, as a matter of policy, by the Serbian authorities to serve their forces. Many virgin girls died as a result of gang rape, and those who became pregnant, are being kept to produce "Serbian" children. Although the *Brunswickan* did publish an article about the conflict earlier this fall, there has been little else. Why? Because the media has not emphasized it. No politician talks about it. No organized group shouts and shrieks. I have been in the dark myself, until recently. But the CIA's and the government heads of our countries must have known what has been going on. Where is Mr. Mulroney, who was so anxious to send Canadians in the Gulf War? Why the silence? Mr. Clinton made some comments as a Presidential candidate, but he too is quiet now. Once he becomes the President in January, he may not have too many Bosnian families left to save. It is a human tragedy that could have been avoided by those who claim to be civilized and possess the power on the planet..

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