

EDITORIAL

Guest editorial writer Luke Peterson, assistant sports editor

By March 1, 1994 all Ontario universities will have to have submitted to the Ontario Council on University Affairs a harassment and discrimination policy with zero tolerance as its goal. These policies will go further than any existing policies in that they will cover the traditional areas of discrimination and harassment, but will also require zero tolerance of "one or a series of comments or conduct that creates a negative environment for individuals or groups" and that pertain to any of the following: "race, ancestry, place of origin, colour, ethnic origin [including language, dialect, or accent], citizenship creed, sex, sexual orientation, disability, age (18-65), marital status, family status, the receipt of public assistance, record of provincial offences or pardoned federal offences." The policy framework further states that "A complainant need not have to be a direct target to be adversely affected by a negative environment" and examples of potentially threatening acts or comments can include jokes, gestures, remarks, innuendo, display of offensive materials, threats, verbal or physical assault, exposure to graffiti, signs, cartoons, exclusion or adverse treatment. These zero-tolerance policies will apply to all students, staff and visitors to the university and include coverage of incidents that occur both on and off campus.

Dear Ontario Board of Education Bureaucrats,

Congratulations on the zero-tolerance policy guidelines that you have set forth for all Ontario Universities. While the guidelines, which are slated to go into effect March 1, are clearly repressive, I humbly submit that they still do not go nearly far enough in their limitation of freedom of expression. I implore you to use your position as the collective guardians of all that is moral, right and just, to please declare a total moratorium on all speech in Ontario Universities. No exceptions please.

Quite simply, the zero-tolerance policy does not go far enough in its quest for the "perfect" learning environment. Because

the policy applies both on and off-campus, a veritable enforcement nightmare is created. How can university authorities hope to perform the "Big-Brother" like feat of monitoring every single expression in the classroom, in the hallways and in the home? Quite clearly they cannot.

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joke about sex, or uttering any comment which deviates in the slightest from the guidelines set down by the Ontario Board of Education. These individuals could conceivably escape censure because there would be no other person present to inform the proper authorities of these speech code violations. Pretty scary thought huh?

Hence the need for eliminating all symbolic discourse from the university setting. Orwell was off by a decade, but nonetheless summed the idea up quite nicely when he wrote: "Don't you see that the whole aim of Newspeak is to narrow the range of thought? In the end we shall make thoughtcrime literally impossible, because there will be no words in which to express it. Every concept that can ever be needed will be expressed by exactly one word, with its meaning rigidly defined and all its subsidiary meanings rubbed out and forgotten."

Ah, Dystopia. How sweet it is.

Sure a few people might miss their freedom of speech, but think of the benefits. Never again would we have to hear words that we don't like or that make us just a little bit ... you know ... uncomfortable. Students and professors will be able to coexist in peace and harmony secure in the knowledge that an intellectual debate or even a joke about sex will never again rear its ugly head on campus.

Educators and students who no longer have the right to any speech will no longer need to worry whether a slip of their tongue will lead to the slip of a noose around their necks.

A speech-free campus, coming soon to a university near you.

Mugwump

by Jonathan T. Stone

Next Monday and Tuesday, the core staff of *The Bruns*, in their foresightedness, have decided to offer you, our readership, a chance to come in and hang-out with us in the Bruns offices. (In case you don't know, we're located in room 35 of the SUB. It's the place at the end of the hall amongst the clutter of paper and newsprint.)

During this two-day span, a keen Brunsie or two (we present an annual Keener-of-the-Year award at our year-end banquet) will show you the oddly positive atmosphere where *The Bruns* is created and you'll meet the talented and not-so-talented people behind it. We'd like to bring you in, show you around and share a cup of coffee. Consequently, coffee and Harvey's fountain pop are the beverages of choice at *The Bruns*. In the past, some Brunsies have suffered stomachache and mental anguish due to caffeine overuse.

Once inside room 35, you'll see *Bruns* staffers doing what they routinely do on Mondays and Tuesdays—playing computer games and composing last-minute essays on one of the four Macs we use to publish the paper. If you're lucky, maybe someone will show you some of the nifty screen-savers we have on our CD-ROM machine. (The Star-Trek ones are my personal favourites.) Hopefully you'll have the chance to meet such living *Bruns* icons as the PMT-guy, Mr. Cranky (or Mr. Sunshine, depending on his mood), The Boss, The Marks and the Marc, Bill, Bones, El Blondo, "Lilith", the sports editor with the last name that rhymes with the male genitalia and the Chic-on-Pang! guy. We will all be here to provide never-ending entertainment, but we will have to compete with the piped-in broadcast from the folks at CHSR upstairs.

We're giving you all this extra-special tender loving care because

we need you to give us a hand in what we do. Many of the editors and contributors are graduating or leaving, and fresh, oxygenized blood is required. You see, we thrive on volunteers, and we need people to come in and volunteer enough so that they may be eligible for an editorial position on next year's staff, to compensate for the large turnover which will occur at the end of this year. Or you might wish to volunteer just a little tiny bit. That's O.K. too.

We are a group of students from all walks; nerds, geeks, jocks, techno-weenies, intellectuals, societal annoyances, keeners, whiny art wanks, and everyday joes. We manage to work harmoniously together every week to produce this paper. And we're proud of it.

If you come soon, you'll get to take part in the creation of this year's spoof paper. It promises to be one of the funniest spoofs ever, as we'll be imitating a recognizable newspaper. You'll probably be invited to our next staff party, completely sponsored by a major brewery and with live entertainment provided by the PMT-guy. (He's excellent.)

We welcome everyone. Come see for yourself, the evidence lies in the gene pool of the current staff. And as an incentive, the 500th person to come will receive a night's accommodation at the smartiest hotel in town.

So remember to drop by for a visit us on Monday or Tuesday, and bring a classified. (The deadline is Tuesday at noon.) We'll have a good supply of coffee, donuts, and hospitality, and we're expecting you.

Maybe you'll come. Maybe you won't. But hey, we'll still all be here.



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