

Why the monarchy must go

So, the Queen, to celebrate the fiftieth year of her reign over roughly one quarter of the world's population, has decided to drop on by New Brunswick next October. Local monarchists will doubtlessly take great delight in this visit - the Queen's first to the area in eighteen years. However, others among us see this as a time to question exactly why we have or need a monarchy at all. By the title of this column, you can probably tell to which of these two categories I belong.

Now, don't get me wrong here. I have nothing against old Lizzie II personally; my beef is merely with the institution she represents. I'm sure that, in person, she's a wonderful lady to sit and chat with - much like my grandmother, probably, who is the same age. But, just as my grandmother is not head of the state of Canada, then the Queen

should not be, either.

To help illustrate this point, here are a few things people should know about the monarchy in Canada:

1) Monarchy is absurd. I mean, really, let's look at this for a moment. The sovereign ruler of our nation is a little old lady who lives in another country, thousands of miles away, across an ocean, and her only claim to leadership is that her father was King before her, and his father was King before him. Plus, all bills passed by our democratically elected federal and provincial government here in Canada need her signature, or that of her appointed representatives, before they can become laws. I can't be the only one who finds this system absolutely ridiculous.

2) Monarchy is expensive. All royal visits come at taxpayers' expense, as do salaries,

travels, and residences of the Governor-General, the provincial Lieutenant-Governors and the territorial Commissioners. To any who think that this isn't a huge price to pay, I would invite you to go take the public tour of our Lieutenant-Governor's house on Woodstock Road and come away with that same opinion. And all this goes to fund a ceremonial (read: useless) British colonial holdover. Hm.

3) Monarchy is wrong. Simply by having a hereditary ruler at all, we put the lie to the cherished Canadian principle of equality. How can one possibly be equal to the Queen if one cannot ever hope to become King or Queen oneself? In the United States, in France, in Germany, heck, in Russia, for cryin' out

loud, children are raised to believe they can grow up to be anything they want. Sadly, here in Canada that is not the case. Our children have limitations imposed on them from the moment of birth, regardless of their talents or abilities. Any American child can grow up to become President, but no Canadian boy can ever grow up to become King, and no Canadian girl can ever grow up to become Queen Regnant. This system of government is so obviously and patently unfair that I am constantly amazed that it has lasted this long.

There are those who would argue that our monarchy is worth preserving because it is traditional; after all, the current English royal dynasty has lasted for nearly a thousand years.

To them, I would point out other "traditions" that also lasted for centuries, such as slavery, the inequality of the sexes, and the belief that the world was flat. Just because something is traditional does not necessarily mean that it is right. Such is the case here.

For all these reasons, therefore, I say that the time has come for Canada to, in the words of a famous activist, "rise up and live out the meaning of its creed, that all men are created equal." The time has come to rid ourselves of this disgraceful, wasteful, and unjust form of government, and to embrace freedom and equality instead. The time has come to declare and establish the Canadian Republic.

• A Son of Liberty

"Everybody's say-ing a brand new word now, come on student, do the phrase the-notion"

Love that word 'notion'. So does everybody over the age of thirty at UNB. Ruddy great word it is n' all - notion-notion-notion. If you've not done a reading and Prof. points at you in class you say, "Well ... it's difficult because ... well, there's the initial notion which ... (*Gesticulate a lot here*) well it supercedes the implied notion that leaves you wondering after you've read it again (*dramatic pause*). When I read it the third time these far-reaching notions of contradiction were just incredible. The very notion of contradiction in fact ... a-mazing." Stop, look at Prof' and nod like you've tortured yourself with this for days. Look away as if you're still pondering on it even now, maybe throw in a shake of the head, a frown, chew on your pen, wave it around, work the classroom - spread that pseudo intellect far and wide. . .

... or get an F

Reader, those are your choices.

8.30am classes omitting, we're supposed to be having our eyes opened with all these new notions. Some of us in all this academic-gloop are ready to shift paradigms all by ourselves, "Your Honour, I need bail, I'm re-structuring society". We may becoming a tiny bit angry, "Goodness knows our Mam" (I wrote on my postcard Britain bound), "it's either Political Science or the beret ya bought me last Christmas".

So here I am at UNB and I've become quite 'grrrrrr'. I imparted to you all last week I was a lesbian and frankly, 24/7 I should be thinking about the notions of lesbianism: who is the coolest Charlie's Angel, what *will* I to wear to the discotheque. I should be donning my spangly new Wonder Woman outfit n'scaling the Harriet Irving (not even Lynda Carter looked this marvelous in the gold lame bra'). I should be doing it 'just because' and not in protest about anything whatsoever. But alas, no. I'm sorry children but this very week another Prof., who oughta know better, started being all full of notions and used the term 'sexual preference' implying there was a choice. Oh for the classic debate that irks and grinds: 'I AM genetically, fabulously, unequivocally heterosexual but you? You are a deviant ameba of society and CHOOSE to be a dyke'. And yeah, while 'preference' is a line of thought, the term 'orientation'

is actually more inclu! sive on the ear. So just as I was about to write you a super, smashing, wonderful winter-gardening feature I got all oppressed n' political again.

Really sorry.

Honestly, other than lambasting the entire institution with my article last week, I've been so busy academically that I've not paused for thought. Obviously I've paused for a few drinks and a little jig at the new gay bar downtown but that's hardly the same thing. Is it just me reader or does every waking thought seem to be academically related in some way? Heck, I can't even cross a road without a head-in-hands educated moment. Not that that is dangerous in NB - you so much as look at a road and the traffic stops from here to the Mirimachi. *We* all know why the chicken crossed the road - it had no bleeding choice - driver starts off nice thinking the chicken is crossing, driver adopts a smug, smiley 'random act of kindness' face, slows down, does that wavy-across-the-road hand-jive motion. But the thing is, here's the thing - chicken doesn't want to cross the road. In all innocence the chicken is just looking across at the new Tim Hortons thinking "Don't we have 1! 5 of these already?". So driver gets chicken rage, realises they braked in vain - adopts new hand gesture and poor chicken now feeling the guilt, the fear and the pressure - scurries across road.

Not that that's got a thing to do with anything.

Although, maybe when I'm D.D.F. (dead, discovered and famous) the chicken speech will become an analogy and it will be florescently high-lighted by students everywhere. Lesbians world-wide will renounce me as some kind of heretic heterosexual and burn faded piles of The Bruns' and ...

Sorry, where was I?

Yes, had a whole feel-good article for you on winter pansies. Would have been great. Then this notion of 'preference' throws me a curve ball. Ye.

Until next time - happy notions - we are the world - we are the chicken - look sharp, think on.

• Student Anon



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