

# Haley responds

Dear Editor,

When I picked up the *Brunswickan* this week I was excited to see that there was a response to the article I had written about the UAW. Given that the article was from the Marxist perspective, I anticipated that it might open up a venue for a written political debate. The expression of opposing political ideology and any discussion that ensues is one of the most useful means for sorting out our ideas. What I encountered, however, was not an opposing viewpoint about the UAW's actions around Delphi's bankruptcy, but a personal attack complete with ethnic slurs. At first I was angry; the reaction I am sure Mr. Taggart was expecting. When I read the letter again, I realized that my article may have agitated some sort of personal dislike of Marxism. This usually comes from a misunderstanding of the subject. What I hope is that these petty insults can be discarded and from here on in a good political debate can take place. Mr. Taggart certainly seems to have a sharp wit and a lethal pen, I hope he will now direct his energies in a more constructive manner.

Let me now address the two paragraphs in which Mr. Taggart actually addressed the political issues. Mr. Taggart stated that the "UAW members [the workers] voted to accept the new deal", thereby placing the onus on them. These workers depend on Delphi for their livelihood. In times of active conflict between capitalists and workers, it is the unions that organize things like strike pay, picketing and the legal action that can surround a strike. Without the UAW fighting

for them the workers didn't have a leg to stand on. What choice did they have but to accept the deal? Furthermore, Taggart went on to say that "Marxist slogans such as 'corrupt capitalists' and 'seize the means of production' is (sic) hardly applicable in a non proto-industrial setting with high-class mobility and universal franchise as exists in North America today". Within the debate on Delphi alone, we can see countless examples of how this claim is completely false. With this new deal, the workers are losing traditional overtime pay, pension benefits, retirement benefits, vision and dental insurance, paid holidays and vacation time ([www.wsws.org/articles/2005/nov2005/delpno1.shtml](http://www.wsws.org/articles/2005/nov2005/delpno1.shtml)).

If we shift our focus outside of Delphi in particular and look at North America we can see that underemployment sits at 25 per cent and women are still being paid 79 cents to every dollar made by men. Working conditions are such that sweatshops arguably make up for 50 per cent of U.S garment factories ([feminist.org/other/sweatshops/sweatfaq.html](http://feminist.org/other/sweatshops/sweatfaq.html)). This is to say nothing about the oppression we see on the global scale. Should there not be some sort of outcry about this injustice? Or should this oppression be disregarded since we live in a "non proto-industrial setting"? This type of exploitation is a direct result of capitalism. The only way to put an end to this oppression is by seizing the means of production, socializing private property and putting an end to the capitalist system.

Tobin Haley

# The wonderings and thoughts of Kip Kellogg

by Vin Doctor  
(Vincent Spada)

Kip Kellogg had trouble sleeping. Kip could never fall asleep. He'd lay there for a spell, just thinking, then Kip would get right up. He'd pull on his pants, find his dirty sneakers, and go wandering into the night. Trying to find that something, that something that would make real sense.

It was pretty windy out, so Kip put on another shirt under his coat before he went wandering. The wind kept up its pace, and almost blew Kip's hat off. He even had to stop for a little while until it died down. It made Kip think about all the strange weather that had been happening lately, and then Kip thought about something he heard a preacher say, that all the storms were a sign that the world was coming to an end. Kip thought about that for a bit, and when he did he pictured volcanoes exploding and rivers of fire and lava. Kip always saw the end of the world as being like that. He didn't know why, but he did. Then he wondered if the preacher was right, because things did seem to be going a little crazy, but then he figured that it was silly because weather patterns changed all the time, and this was probably just a weird stretch that the Earth was going through, and nothing more.

Most likely something like this had happened thousands of times in the past. So Kip just shrugged, and decided not to think about it anymore. It wouldn't help, after all, because if the world is coming to an end, there's nothing anybody can do about it anyway, so why worry over it? It wouldn't make any sense to do so, and Kip didn't really like things that made no sense.

Kip got away from the wind by ducking into an alley and making his way through a bunch of other alleys. As he did, he heard people in their apartments talking or singing or laughing. It made Kip think about prehistoric days, and what it must have been like to live in caves. He wondered if cave people sang or laughed like people do today, and he figured that they must have. Kip thought about those caves, and how they probably had these big fires in the middle to keep everyone warm. Some wild dogs most likely lived there, too, because dogs loved cavemen. Kip had heard that cave people were stupid because they didn't have phones or boats or other modern things, but Kip didn't think so. He remembered how he had once seen cave paintings from a cave in France that were over 40,000 years old. There were pictures of bears and deer and wolves, and the drawings were really detailed. Kip didn't know much about cave-

men, but once he had seen those paintings, he had figured out one thing: whoever had done them was anything but stupid. Whoever had done them was pretty remarkable.

Kip left the land of the alleys, and cut across an older part of the city. When he did, he saw his high school which he hadn't been inside of for over 12 years. It was odd to Kip. He still felt like he was a kid. The last decade or so had just seemed to fly by, and it made Kip sad to think it. Life is too fast sometimes, and should really be slowed down. That way, you can sit back, and realize who and when you are. But it doesn't work that way. Things go on no matter what. Kip remembered high school, about how it wasn't a very good time, but he still wished he could go back and be that age again. Not so he could go to school, but because he wanted all those chances again. When you're young, everything is still there for you. You haven't made any mistakes yet. You may not realize it then, but that is your one golden moment. Kip looked at the school for a second or so, then walked off in another direction. He felt a lot of regrets, and didn't want to stay there anymore. That's the trouble with growing up, he figured. You only get to do it once.

Kip walked through the city for almost an hour after that,

and then sat on a bench outside a new little diner. He was there for quite a while, and in fact the diner even closed. All the lights went off, and the whole street was almost completely dark. However, there was still one light coming from the diner's rear entrance. Kip got up and walked over, and when he did, he saw a bunch of homeless people standing there. The guy who owned the diner was handing them bags and sandwiches, and Kip realized that he was passing out all the old food that hadn't been sold during the day. Kip watched as the last of it was handed out, and then the guy locked up and shut the light. Kip was really glad he had seen that. It was a really nice thing. Instead of tossing the food in the trash like most people would, that guy had given it to some hungry people who needed it. It was a very decent thing to do, and Kip had a lot of respect for the guy who owned the diner. He even made a note of the diner's name and location because he planned on coming back someday. Kip figured that a place like that was a place he'd like to visit.

Finally, Kip went home, undressed and went to bed. He closed his eyes against his pillow, and tried to sleep like the rest of the world.

But sadly, Kip couldn't sleep. Like always, he was wide awake.

# Writer attacks kids

Dear Editor,

Michele Legendre sure came out swinging in 'You think you're hardcore? Think again.' Well, Ms. Legendre, if there's one thing worse than a poseur it's an elitist, and you paint yourself as one fashionably well.

It's pretty easy to attack a bunch of kids isn't it? I assume your story is targeted towards the mostly high-school aged kids who attend all-ages hardcore and punk shows in Fredericton. When I was in high school and getting into punk rock for the first time, I really wanted to look the part.

Part of growing up, especially at the age of the kids attending shows, is trying to find some kind of an identity. I flirted with all kinds of exaggerated and, in reflection, stupid styles. But I did it because I genuinely loved the music I was hearing. I don't think I was any different than the kids we see at shows today. Sure, some people who attend shows need to grow up a little in the fashion department, but that's just because they've got a lot of growing up and maturing to do in general.

But for crying out loud, don't give the kids a hard time for trying. And if you want some more advice - don't be such a hypocrite. You go to these shows. You dress the part. You wear a Silverstein hoodie and Chucks. You've had your ears stretched. Who are you to laugh at kids for doing the same things? And don't try to tell me that you had your ears stretched before it was cool and bought your hoodie

before Silverstein hit it big.

You want to slam kids for buying merchandise - sorry, merch, - and wearing it to the next show? Give me a break. It's fantastic that people buy merch from bands passing through town. Supporting independent music is commendable, not condemnable. And what's wrong with being excited enough about your new shirt that you wear it to the next show?

If it weren't for the kids that shell out upwards to \$10 to come see music they love, then there would be no punk/hardcore music scene in Fredericton. How dare you attack kids for trying to fit into a movement they identify with. Furthermore, how dare you attack kids for doing the same thing you and I have both done. What's worse is that I've seen some of these kids you are attacking attending shows before you ever decided to show up. This music is for everyone, and it's neither for you nor anyone else to decide what makes a music fan a poseur or not. A large part of the punk mentality is acceptance, and you've failed to adhere to that.

I also don't think that the people from Nick of Time, nor Converge's Jacob Bannon would appreciate being associated with your childish rant that reeks of insecurity. Next time, save it for your Myspace blog.

By the way, what do hardcore band names have to do with the "rules" of attending hardcore shows?

Get over yourself,  
A local music fan

# Your Union's Great Computer Giveaway

by Lynette Manderson

In September 2004, the Great Computer Giveaway was born. The name itself tells the story. After submitting an application (including a personal annual budget) to the UNB financial aid department, a needs based assessment is completed. A list of names is then forwarded onto the Student Union, where we pick names out of a hat (if there are more applicants than computers), contact the winners and distribute the

computers. Where do the computers come from you ask? Information Technology Services (ITS) re-conditions computers that were previously used on campus and kindly donates them to the Student Union. In collaboration with the Financial Aid and ITS departments on campus, the Student Union is able to organize the Giveaway, giving approximately 35-40 computers away last year.

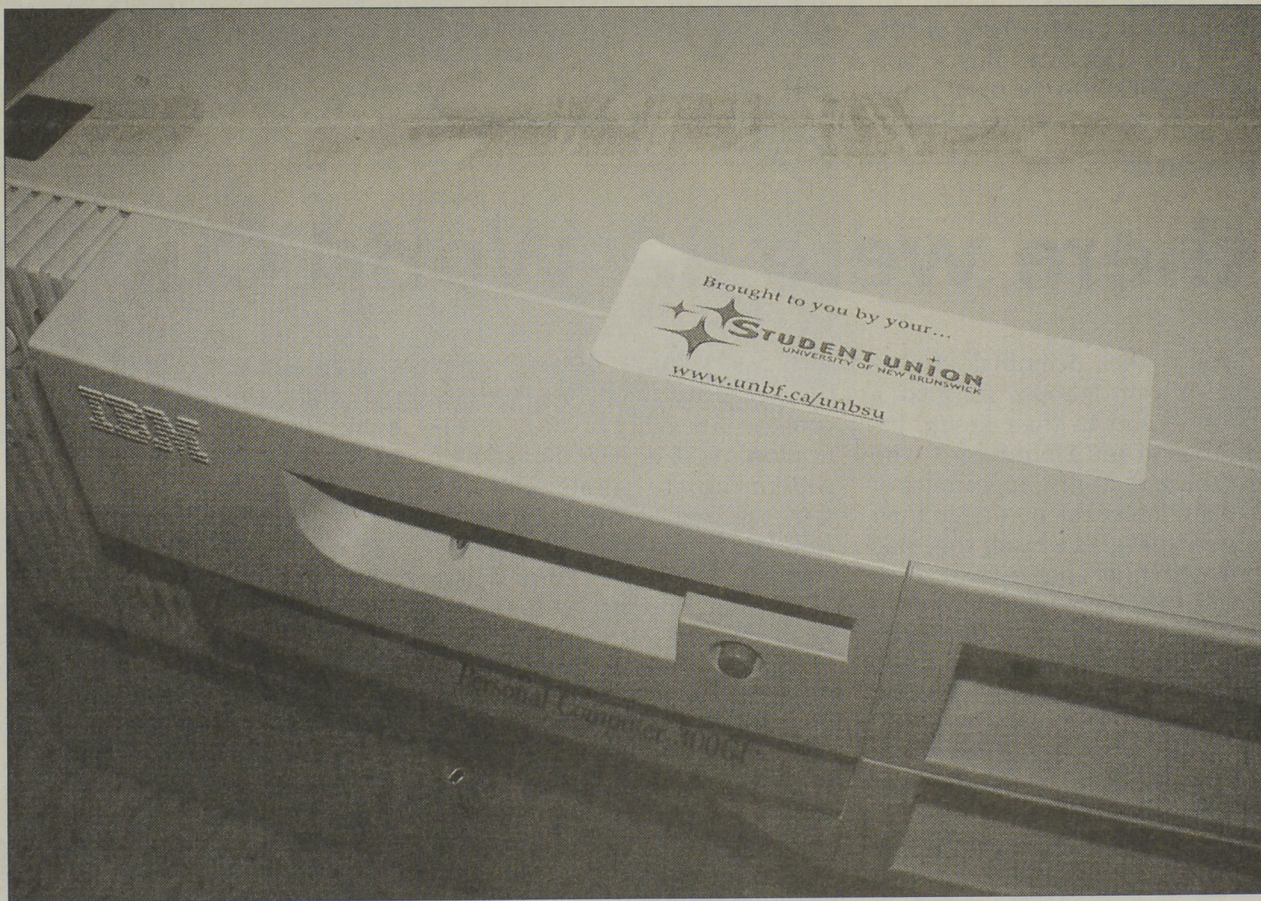
However, without the hard work and dedication from the employees in all three of the departments, this program would not have been possible. From re-con-

ditioning the computers to transporting the computers, there were many people involved. There are two UNB employees that deserve a huge thank you. On behalf of the students, the Student Union would like to thank Shelley Clayton from UNB Financial Aid and John Mercer from ITS who played a significant role in ensuring the giveaway was a success. And that it was, this year a running tally of approximately 130 computers were given away to UNB Full Time undergraduate students - that's more than triple the number given away last year! In fact, any-

body who applied for one of these computers were granted one. For those technology savvy people out there, all of the computers were Celeron or Pentium III class processors, from 433 to 667 MHz speeds, including 15" and 17" monitors, mice and keyboards. Windows 98 SE was installed on all units. Please keep your eyes peeled for the Giveaway that occurs in September of each year.

Our goal is to see that all Full Time undergraduate students have the opportunity to operate their own personal computer!

Thanks to all who participated!



Brendan Doyle/The Brunswickan

The Great Computer Giveaway stated last year; the Union has since given out more than 150 computers to students free of charge.

# The Brunswickan

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*The Brunswickan*, in its 139th year of publication, is Canada's Oldest Official Student Publication. We are an autonomous student newspaper owned and operated by Brunswickan Publishing Inc., a non-profit, independent body. We are a founding member of the Canadian University Press, and love it so. We are also members of U-Wire, a media exchange of university media throughout North America. We publish weekly during the academic year with a circulation of 10,000.

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## Drop it

# iN the BiN!

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One tree filters up to 132 kg of pollutants from the air each year. One tree!

## If UNB Fredericton students recycled all their paper waste this year, they would save approximately 36,000 trees.

## That's a whole lot of fresh air.

UNB and the Fredericton Region Solid Waste Commission have partnered together to place many more recycling bins in convenient locations across the UNB campus. **So this year, drop it In the Bin.**

453-4889  
[www.unb.ca/plant/RecyclingatUNB.html](http://www.unb.ca/plant/RecyclingatUNB.html)

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