

MUGWUMP JOURNAL

Mugwump bemoans his life of non-adventure

By EDISON STEWART

In just two short weeks, I'll be sitting here writing Mugwump Journal for the last time. And, I hope, in two weeks time you'll be right there with me, reading this regular bit of trash and innuendo (and the occasional bit of good fun). And that also will be for the last time.

This, you see, is graduation year. It was four years ago - almost - that yours truly first walked through these hallowed halls. And there have been many times when I've wished I hadn't. Staying home and getting a job often seemed so much easier. You know the feeling. But I've stuck it out, getting grades that wouldn't please too many people I know, but I've passed and I guess that's what counts.

But my heart is heavy. Because after four years on this campus, there are still so many damn things I haven't done:

I've been on The Brunswickan for all of these four years, and not once have I had my picture in Viewpoint. Pretty bad, huh? Even Stanley Judd and his dog don't have it so bad.

Is there another person anywhere our photographers haven't asked to pose? I

doubt it. My plea will likely go unheeded. Either that or they'll take my picture and then tell me the roll of film didn't develop properly. Something silly like that.

I have yet to go sliding down College Hill on a Saga Food tray. Here I am, Arts 4, and I still haven't taken part in UNB's sport of sports. Come to think of it, I've never even seen the swimming pool and I've never, ever been to the gym to watch anybody play.

Weird. I've been to one football game, and that was in 1972, I think. That's been the sum total of the support I've given to UNB teams.

I have never had what is commonly referred to as an "all-nighter". I just can't handle it. When I get tired, I conk out. I suppose I could have tried to stay up, but it didn't seem to be worthwhile.

I have never been on a brewery tour. God only knows most everybody in the world has been to Saint John on a "brewery tour" - and ended up more brewed than the product, I might add. Somehow I just missed out on these things.

I have never run for the SRC. I have criticized it, laughed at it and ignored it. But I've never run for it - not once. There was a time when I had a few foolish people

believing that I was going to run for president, but I wasn't really serious. I don't think.

I have never spent longer than four hours in the library on any one day, and the total amount of time I've spent in there would likely be smaller than your shoe size. Libraries and studying just don't seem to mix for me.

Four years, and I haven't done these things. I must be some kind of pervert.

I have never lived in residence. I have never given it second thought. As far as I'm concerned, residence is just not for me. And after having seen some of the initiation rituals I've seen them go through, I'm glad I made that decision.

I have never taken typing lessons. I've been typing this thing now for three years and I've been typing stories and the like for about three and a half. With two fingers.

If I try to use any more my fingers simultaneously hit the wrong keys and I waste hours trying to put everything back in place.

I have never had a show on CHSR. I've talked about it and I've been on the air once or twice. But I've never had my own show. Looks like I won't, now.

I have hustled, sure enough. (Only Stanley Judd hasn't.) But I've never been hustled - at least not to my knowledge. And what good is being hustled if it's not to your knowledge?

I have never been in several buildings on this campus - not that I wanted to, of course, but when you think about being here for four years and not seeing some of these things it sort of shakes you up.

Such is life. If you're going to be back next year, perhaps you should think about doing some of these things, going some of these places. I'm happy with what I've done. I hope you're as satisfied with what you've done when the time comes to leave The Hill.

Choke. By the way, some of you folks have hung with this column for all of its three and a half years and still don't know what Mugwump Journal means. For shame. A mugwump is a political fencesitter, an objective observer. Now you know.

ALONG THE TRACKS

Not many people know that today is St. David's Day

By STANLEY JUDD

So, she said, whadda ya wanna do now? Now? I said, why now? Why not now? she said. How do we do it now? I said. Whadda ya mean, how now? she said innocently in a cow-like voice which was milk to my ears.

Waaah, whyeee duh ya wannit fer? I drawled in droll reply, being a cowboy once again.

Whadda ya think ah wannit fer? she queried. Waaahh, ah dohnt know whad ya wannit fer? I maintained. Waaaahh go ta hell wit ya, ya bum! she condescended. Maaayybeeee iaamm ahriddy there! I hypothesized. And she laughed heartily.

Laughing people, she often said, make happy love. Angry people make angry love, which is hate, which is war, which is deadly. Angry love is hell. Happy love is much better. It gives life, which is good, which is best. Nothing is better than life. And she laughed heartily.

Another time, when I was working at a summer resort - yeah, that's the one - she said to me why is it you never take me out? to which I replied because I prefer to stay in. She then said but it's hell with you sometimes to which I replied hell, it can't

be that bad. And she laughed heartily.

Or that time on the train, rolling through the mountains in the middle of the night, miles of track ahead, full moon above. She took my hand, smiled sweetly and said it must be one helluva long climb to the top. I agreed with a softly-spoken yes and an involuntary blink of the eye. She said, but do you ever think we'll get there? I answered, yes, my guess is we will. And she laughed heartily.

She was a funny girl and I'll never forget her. I'll never forget the last Christmas we spent together. It was Boxing Day and we were lying in bed, eating tangerines and watching the flames come alive, die, come alive in the fireplace. We were feeding the fire with our tangerine peelings, which fizzled and curled and disappeared. It was very peaceful and I felt very secure and very much at ease with myself, with her, with the world.

Suddenly, she jumped from the bed and stood in front of the fire. She turned and looked into my eyes. I lay quietly in the clutches of her wavering shadow.

"Here it is Boxing Day," she said, "and we are all boxed out. We were easily boxed out. Our fight is over. We've lost the

stamina of our youth. It slipped away so slowly like the boring minutes of a boring evening in a boring bar. And now we are losers. We are losers because we have lived longer. We are wiser, but we have lived longer and we are losers. It is hard to accept promise that is now failure, potential that is no longer. Only one potential remains and that is the potential to die. It is the only universal potential. It is all we have left."

She stared hard at me for many minutes. I didn't move or speak. She picked up a shoe-box full of letters from her dresser and turned to face the fire.

Once again she spoke, "And look at all the letters I've saved! Not only to remind me of the past, but to show our children that I did mean something once, I really did. All those words written for me! All that time spent on me! All that paper! Just look at the bundles of letters I've saved! How meaningful they were when they were young and fresh! Well they can all go to hell!"

And she laughed heartily as she threw the letters into the fire and returned to bed, her face wet with sweat and tears.

But, more often than not, we played cowgirl and cowboy.

So, she said, whaar duh ya wanna go now? Now? I said, why now? Why not now? she said. How do we go now? I said.

Whadda ya mean, how now? she said innocently in a cow-like voice which was milk to my ears.

Waaah, whyeee duh ya wanna go now fer? I drawled in droll reply.

Because we are bastards of a raped dream, she said.

Yes, I gues we are, I said with a frown. And she laughed heartily.

She's gone now. I don't know where. I wonder is she still celebrates St. David's Day. It's today, you know, March the first. Not many people know that. He's the most neglected of the big four. That's probably why she paid so much attention to celebrating his day. I remember well waking up on all those March the first mornings. She would lean over and whisper in my ear. Happy St. David's Day, she would say. Same to you, I would reply. Let's have a party, she would say. Yes, I think we should, I would reply. And, as always, she laughed heartily.

DOONESBURY



by Garry Trudeau