



mugwump journal

BY DEBORAH GENEAU

Hello kiddies. Since this is the first Mugwump of 1984, I decided I would start the year off right by explaining exactly what the word Mugwump means and what the purpose of this column is.

The Random House Dictionary of the English Language defines Mugwump as a person who acts an independent or affects superiority, especially in politics. The Mugwump Journal was originally created by Matthew Penny (who graduated from the same high school as I did, incidentally) as a purely editorial column. The column gained and maintained popularity. The Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor alternate writing the column and the views presented are personal. Over the years Mugwump Journal has become the form used to express dissatisfaction or pleasure with campus happenings. Now you know.

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Although I've gained the reputation of being more of a complainer in Mugwump than Mike, I'm going to begin this year's first column by complimenting the CSL Bookstore. They provide a variety of services to the students at a reasonable price; prices students can afford. I am personally convinced, despite so called extensive studies, that the UNB Bookstore could charge less for texts and supplies. The price of goods in the Smoke Shop, in my opinion is outrageous. How do they get away with this? Simple. They have a monopoly on campus. Whatever happened to free enterprise - the distinguishing characteristic of capitalism? Beaver foods has an exclusive contract with UNB. Theoretically, having pizzas delivered on campus is a violation of that contract. Wild? You bet. The CSL Bookstore not only charges decent prices (set primarily by the students themselves) but employs students as well.

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There is a letter to the editor this week on the alarming increase of destruction going on in the Social Club. Repair costs to the Club have been climbing steadily since the beginning of the school year. Destroying washrooms seems to be a popular past-time of a lot of students once they get a few drinks in them. I simply cannot comprehend the obvious pleasure derived from these acts of mindless destruction. These individuals apparently suffer from an overwhelming sense of powerlessness (Dare I use the word impotence?) which alcohol either enforces or alleviates. I would sincerely like to express my attitude toward people who become violent or destructive when they drink but I have resolved not to use any more dirty words in Mugwump. Regardless, the letter to the editor is informative and raises important issues. Read it.

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Has everyone noticed the sign in the campus post office saying DO NOT SPIT IN THIS FOUNTAIN? It's been there for a while but it still grosses me out. At the same time, I find it amusing (in a National Lampoonish sort of way) that people must have signs restricting spitting in public fountains. Still, seeing numerous wads of gum in the water fountains in Tilley Hall makes me want to puke. Yes, my sensibilities can still be offended. If people would just think before they acted ... but that's too much to hope for, especially at the university level.

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CHSR celebrates their 23rd anniversary tomorrow with their 13th annual presentation of the Barry Awards (I'll footnote this sentence by saying I copied it right off the invitation they sent me). Happy 23rd guys and I still say your female football players are the tackiest dressers I've ever seen. Nice legs though. I personally enjoyed ripping the dress off the girl with the particularly dirty mouth. Oooo.....

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In closing, our Sports Editor has graciously asked me if he could write a paragraph in Mugwump. Being the kind soul that I am, I agreed. Take it away, Bill.

Now a comment on last week's Extravaganza. "The beer was warm!" Usually, it's several hours before this happens but this time it was warm at the start. Most of the people I know HATE warm beer. Shape up!

editorial

"Two Solitudes"



The doors of this university, once containing a totally male domain, were knocked down with the acceptance of Mary K. Tibbits in the 1890's. Since that time, women have increasingly taken their place on campus.

Which brings us to a point: where is their "place"? It's either at the top of College Hill or it's on the extreme eastern edge of campus, nestled in woods. Women's residences (which, by the way, were completed up to ten years after the men's buildings) are physically segregated from much of the campus. As a result, there is little social interaction among the sexes. The men tend to eat meals at the dining hall near the men's residence, the women at the halls right in their buildings. As a matter of fact, many women have expressed how they dislike eating at McConnell because they're constantly ogled. So men and women don't eat together; they also don't enjoy the fine fall or spring weather together, playing frisbee or baseball or getting sun. They're not even likely to run into each other while walking home. Ever see the reaction when a girl walks by a male residence? The guys are as excited as if it was Christmas day.

What is wrong, you may ask, with a little good-natured wolf-whistling? It's just that the campus has become a giant singles bar. The only time men and women do meet socially is when they're hitting on each other. Male-female relationships, consequently, are based on things as shallow as nice clothes, sexy cologne or good dance steps. Where can men and women actually get to know one another? The answer: in Co-ed residences.

Gasp! What are you advocating here? Houses where men and women actually live together? Living in sin?

To our detractors, the Bruns says: "Relax."

Relationships between tenants of co-ed residences usually are more of a brother-sister nature than a sexual one. The benefit of such a house is that men and women can finally get to understand one another.

Bravo to the university administrators who are even now attempting to introduce co-ed housing on a larger scale than at present, with merely Maggie Jean Chestnut House offering that life style. The administrators are currently thinking of having houses divided by floors (the steps to room-by-room mixing seems unlikely in houses with one bathroom per floor).

The Bruns supports co-ed housing as an idea whose time is past due. Let the Dean of Students and the Dean of Men's and Women's residences know that you support such a move. For the women remember that you'll be safer with male friends living nearby.

Help stamp out UNB's "Two Solitudes."