

MUGWUMP JOURNAL

TV star and sex god David Cassidy is afraid of sex

By EDISON STEWART

I'm feeling pretty smug this week. Because I know why David Cassidy (star of tv's The Partridge Family and sex god to millions of the world's teenyboppers) actually is afraid of sex.

Honest. And I'll bet you didn't even know he had any.

Not only that, I know why, for Ann Margaret, one man is not enough!! I know why David and Sian were forced to stop their wedding. I know that Chad Everett (that dear man from Medical Centre who looks like his hair is cemented on, not combed) is fighting hard to save his marriage.

And there's more. Lucille Ball's son Desi tells me why he has a shocking need for older women. Susan Dey, who stars with Cassidy on the feather troupe, tells me about the man who made her feel like a woman...and then left.

It's all in this month's edition of TV-Movie pin-ups, a magazine available on most bookstands but bought mainly by those who have nothing better to do. Like me, for instance.

I'm telling you, this little mag contains more sex info on the stars (and not-so-stars) than a Masters and Johnson sex clinic. At least that's what you'd think at first glance.

Let's open the cover, though, and peek inside.

When I open to the Cassidy story, I'm told what sort of act David had (we're all on a first name basis in this magazine, so I can call him David too). "David appeared on-stage dressed in tight, behind-hugging pants and made sure that his rear faced the audience at least once during every number."

Can you imagine the excitement? It was David Cassidy's rear - in "behind-hugging pants" - in person!!

It's enough to make a person go faint. But David was deserted by the younger fans when he did the unspeakable. But let the magazine tell it: "The kind of records David was cutting, as well as the kind of image he was putting across, endeared him to the 13 year olds but severed him sharply from the acceptance of his own age group, the age group whose acceptance he wanted."

Poor David.

"The final straw was the nude centrefold that David did for a hard rock publication about a year ago. Lying bare on the ground, David exposed his naked splendor on the grass."

Puff, puff.

Well, as it turns out, some of David's older fans saw the poster and liked it. The younger fans were too young to have young men staring down at them - naked, yet - from the bedroom wall.

The magazine never does tell us why David is afraid of sex. But it does go this far: "David was afraid for a long time that the sexuality had gone too far, that he had estranged himself from the fans he wanted by simply limiting himself to bubble-gummers. And he wants to be appreciated for his talent, not his body."

David, quite obviously, has precisely the same problem I have.

So do a lot of the other stars, I find. Elvis, for example. He fell in love with a teenager "and can't forget her!"

And everybody knows why Desi has a shocking need for older women. Me too. Just last week I was talking to a 21 year old red-head.

Books like these should be banned, you know. I don't want my personal problems public knowledge.

ALONG THE TRACKS

The UNB 'Dreams are Real' Society meets secretly

By STANLEY JUDD

(Any names you read in the text of this column are figments of your imagination.)

In the middle of the thirty-fourth turn of one of my many sleepless nights, the solution came to me. Get involved, it said. Get involved with something other than girls. Join clubs, it said, learn karate, learn to dance, attend SRC meetings, do anything to get your mind off girls. Such a simple solution! Why didn't I think of it? I thought. Seems the girls I have become involved with this school year have brought me more frustration than satisfaction. But no more!, said my solution. (I always have faith in my solutions, even if they sometimes fail on the field of battle. Like last time. My solution said, instead of counting sheep when trying to get to sleep, why not count tosses and turns! It didn't work. The first night under the guidance of my solution, I set a world record of ninety-three turns in eight hours. The second night I managed to turn ninety-eight times in eight hours. And so it went. Each night I broke the previous night's record. I finally quit the solution after I had reached the tiresome height of two-hundred and two turns per night. Now I just get drunk every night and pass out. A perfect solution to sleepless nights. But, alas, now I am forced to find a solution for my drinking problem. You never win for long.)

But back to involvement in something other than girls. As you all know, I am an extremely shy person (I even shower in the dark). Because of my shyness, I thought it best to find an organization which carried on their activities underground. And, purely by chance, I found one.

The UNB 'Dreams are Real' Society meets on secret nights in the tunnel that leads from the basement of the Harriet

Irving Library to I-am-afraid-to-find-out-where. I found their advertisement in the middle pages of a library book (820.7 M978) which I was pretending to read while spying on a girl really reading another library book (759.01 B878). Even though she was prettier than the pictures in her book, the advertisement in my book caught and held my eye. It said, in part, "we make your wildest dreams come true." And boy, had I ever been having some w'd drunken dreams which, unfortunately, never came true. So I made a point of attending the next meeting of The UNB 'Dreams are Real' Society.

Only six people attended the meeting, one of the six being the chairman who told me, candidly, that he had dreamed of a larger turnout. He guessed that not very many people were reading the right books. I suggested he place more advertisements in more books to which he replied "if they want to vote, they'll vote!", which I didn't understand, but which I didn't question. After all, he was the boss and I was only a beginner.

Everyone in attendance is given a number. Names are not required, for which I was grateful because I hate to lie. My number was 6, the last number. The chairman took number 1. Number 2 was a pleasant but very plump young girl chewing bubble gum. She blew bubbles so big they dwarfed her face. Number 3 was a young man, no more than thirty, who I believe is a professor here at UNB. Number 4 was also a man, very well dressed and very polite. Number 5 was a beautiful young girl with whom I desperately wanted to become involved, but whom I decided to resist because my solution had said get involved with something other than girls. Number 6, as I said, was me, handsome, honest and eager to have my "wildest dreams come true".

The chairman began. "Welcome to another meeting of The UNB 'Dreams are Real' Society. Remember that the numbers two to six have been placed in this hat. After a person has told their dream, I will pick a number from the hat and whoever is that number is responsible for making the dream-teller's dream come true within one week. Remember, dreams need not be only dreams. Our job is to prove that to dream is to envisage reality. Who said dreamers can't succeed in a practical world? Our job is to prove them wrong! Let's get started."

Since the dreams were long and since my space is almost filled, I am forced to summarize at this point, but I will include most pertinent information.

Number 2, a member of Weight Watchers, dreamt of "having Roy Neale and Mike Shouldice living with me. I'd take care of them - I know all the best diets. It's all right to let one's job go to pot, but one should always care for their bodies." Number 4 was chosen to see that her dream came true.

Number 3 spoke next. He had a recurring dream which was "to be holding the starter's pistol at a track and field meet when eight heavy-hipped, thick-thighed, naked ladies are in the 'get set' position in the starting blocks for the 100 yd. dash." Number 5 was chosen to fulfill his dream, which disappointed me as I was hoping number would be chosen as my fulfiller.

Number 4 was next and he spoke so honestly that I could never get his words into print. Everyone, though blushing, admired his honesty. Number 2 was picked to be his dream-to-lifer, which caused her to blush more and to stop blowing bubbles.

Number 5, the girl I had quickly grown to love, was next to speak and she surprised me. "Night after night," she said. "I dream of Stanley Judd. I've never met him or even seen him, but I know from his columns in the Brunswickan - you know, The Brunswickan! the school newspaper! well it comes out every Friday - anyway from his columns I can tell that he is the kindest, most sensitive person I could ever hope to meet. And he's so smart and understanding, I just know he is. Well, I dream of taking care of him, of making sure he eats his vegetables and gets a good night's sleep. I dream of holding his hand when it gets cold and rubbing his neck when he gets those terrible headaches. But in my dream he is so sceptical that he makes me write down everything I promise to do for him, sort of like an IOU. But I'd do anything for him, if only I could meet him." She was so sincere, I almost cried. And what was more, my number - number 6 - was chosen to see that her dream came true. It was a joyous time in the lonely heart of Stanley Judd.

Well solution, you almost worked this time. Number 2 and number 4 are now married and she has forgotten about the men of her dreams and the dreams of number 4 are coming true every night. Number 5 helped see that the dreams of number 3 came true and in the process fell madly in love with him, so much so that when I revealed my identity to her she told me to "get lost or I'll call the cops!" Number 3, who was chosen to see that my dream came true, said he was sorry but he didn't have time, what with a track and field meet every second day. But I'm still involved, solution, with something other than girls. I'm attending the next meeting of The UNB 'Dreams are Real' Society. My dream? Why, it's to be a disc jockey on glorious CHSR.

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more than personal opinion, and everyone is entitled to his or her own opinion, even Alan Annand. But what annoys me is that people are not satisfied with saying: "I like that" or "I don't like that", instead they must go deeper and "find the message". Kim Ondaatje's paintings are not about pollution! The only message she has is that she was intrigued by the factories she encountered in the Toronto area and painted them as she saw and felt them. Her paintings have a timeless quality which she achieves by leaving out

any trace of life in her pictures and eliminating shadows. They are petrified scenes rather than "prettified scenes", as Mr. Annand erroneously labelled them.

If Mr. Annand is truly interested in art and before he subjects others to his remarks I suggest that he fully research his subject. If he had attended the "Meet the Artist" night at the gallery, he would have learned from Kim Ondaatje herself just what her paintings are all about.

Sincerely,

Daina Ashworth

Dear Sir:

In last week's Brunswickan Rob Wilson wrote the story of the bomb scare at the Co-op residence on Montgomery Street. Myself and many other co-ops took offense to his usage of the term "zoo" and "inmates". It is true that the Co-op has a reputation for freedom of speech and action but as far as being a zoo is concerned that it

totally false.

The residents of the building are enjoying their stay in Fredericton immensely and show it by staying up late and partying. They are probably the most "together" apartment complex in the province of New Brunswick, everyone lends a helping hand to those who need it. The freedom and friendliness I have found in three years association with the building for

outstrips any I have encountered anywhere on campus.

A few visits to the residences down the hill, Rob Wilson, should convince you that the term "zoo" has no place in reference to the Co-op.

Geoff Rhodenizer

More letters on page 11

Co-op not a 'zoo' says reader