

# Mugwump

by  
matthew penny

Well the time has come, as it were, to close yet another era in my well screwed up university career. This is the last time this illustrious and infamous Journal will be written by my mistake-ridden fingers. Next week, the last issue, is the property of Sheenagh, our brand-spanking new editor. It is up to her now to carry on the tradition of slinging such as comes her way through this two-column space.

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As we, the graduates and drops outs, leave UNB this spring we should remember there is a lot more to a life at university than can be gained through taking courses and studying 12 hours a day in the library. The experience gained in dealing with people, organizations and in just getting along within one's life is important and the university community supplied one of the best environments for learning the ways of life.

The only bad aspect of this is that a few years down the road, as they say, a lot of people who have earned their degrees will find that they have wasted their time here at university.

But perhaps if you feel that way in five or 10 years you will recall that you met a lot of people and formed a great many intimate relationships. Some in fact, that will last forever!!

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Fact: there has never been a time when I could not think of anything to write in this column, until now. It's funny that after making so many mistakes in reporting things herein, and getting bowled out for these mistakes by some very unsavory people, that I can't find one spot of annoyance with which I wish to deal in this last column. Well, the library is still a totally screwed-up building as is the administration of the university. The SRC is half awake now as is different from the past few months, CHSR belongs to Dave and the boys now and the Bruns is Sheenagh's: as for me I am quite happy to be leaving.

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Sarah all year kept gettin upset by the fact that this column has always had to be severely edited in regards to the verbosity of the author. Well, as Sarah said "God, you're prolific." I'm afraid that this column does not hold true for this issue.

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Over the past few months I have expounded upon the virtues and pains of a very feline cat know as 'Misty'. This animal inhabits the same place of residence as does Carol, a very good and close friend of mind. This cat loves Carol all to pieces, but I am sad to report that the love is not always a two-sided affair. In fact there have been times, especially during the dinner hour when a purr has turned into a meow, during the inflight travels of the cat between the kitchen and some other part of the apartment between which I have often feared there would be walls. I on the other hand kind of like said cat and it seems to get along well with me. Much I must say to the shagrin of Carol. As a result, the cat is often the center of all out war, and as a result often times finds itself ejected to the laundry-room, the cloths dryer or whatever other lockable container is or was handy. As well, this feline likes to use its s' arpe claws on Carols home-made fancy bedcloths, which did not help matters much!!!!

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Well, that sort of helped to fill the space up a little more. I have enjoyed greatly writing this column and using in the process my Massey-Ferguson 110-C Manure Spreader. [very fine machine.] Now that machine has broken-down, due to overuse and I can pass the bucket of bolts over to Jack and Sheenagh to use at their own discretion. Good-luck all!!

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Hey Carol, I hope I didn't embarrass you too much with the Saga of Misty. Did I?

As a last word from me here is a bit of philosophy which was given me by a wise old sage some many moons ago.

If, you desire to live life to the fullest, rather than to live a bored and full of despair existence.

If it is better to love your neighbour and your fellow mankind. If, it is better to live a short life, and enjoy it rather than endure a long painful existence;

And if, it is true that you want to be remembered for living in the above manner, THEN:  
LIVE FAST, LOVE HARD, DIE YOUNG, AND LEAVE A BEAUTIFUL MEMORY.

Good-bye UNB. Love Matthew.

MARCH 24, 1978

THE BRUNSWICKAN — 7

# sound-off

## 'Shit' is for the shits in lit.

Dear Brunswickan reader:

In the development of our musical tastes most of us, at one time or another, enter a phase which, for want of a better name, I shall the "A.M. Top 40" stage. During one's transit through this phase, he tends to be ecstatic concerning anything overheard emanating from an A.M. radio station. And, since such stations (especially in our locale) are prone to play almost exclusively songs which belong to a certain select listing known as the "Top 40" persons suffering from this "A.M. Top 40" syndrome are inclined to regard these trite musical efforts as the pinnacle of artistic achievement.

Fortunately, most of us pass through this stage quite rapidly and at a relatively early age. For instance, I readily recall the time, 10 or 50 years ago, when I myself was mired in the "A.M. Top 40" phase. About 13 or 14 years old then, I spent virtually every leisurely moment with my ear directed towards a transistor radio. "Top 40 hits" (that is, songs belonging to the Top 40) are engineered to appeal to individuals in the early to mid-teen-age category.

As I said, most persons journey in and out of this stage quickly. In my case a few years were sufficient. It is, I think, a part of growing up; a small step in the process of maturation. But, unfortunately, there are some of us who, for reasons unknown, remain longer within the "A.M. Top 40" phase than do most. In fact, I suspect there are even occasional individuals who wallow in this state throughout the entirety of their lives. This is indeed a lamentable condition for such persons are thereby deprived of any enjoyment of the better musical forms.

Of course, at an institution of higher learning such as the University of New Brunswick, one would expect the vast majority of the students to possess enough age and intelligence as to be well beyond the "A.M. Top 40" stage. Consequently, I am usually somewhat surprised to encounter on campus sufferers of "A.M. Top 40" mania, although these are not as rare as might be supposed. A circumstance which amazes me much more, however, is that the afflicted individuals include among their numbers a certain person who regularly contributes to The Brunswickan articles pertaining to contemporary music.

Now, I am sure most of the writers of The Brunswickan prefer to think of their weekly creation as an adult publication — a product of perceptive minds, aimed at mature intellects. It seems a gross inconsistency, therefore, that they should entrust the task of commenting responsibly upon popular music to one whose musical appreciation is yet in its infancy.

For example, last week the individual in question offered an article entitled "The Best and the Worst of Greatest Hits." The following two quotations have been excerpted from it. They embody the crux of his philosophy on music.

"A hit is something you've heard more than once on the radio and

you can recognize it when you hear it."

"Some companies have released. Shitty (sic.) Greatest Hit albums like the Kinks which is atrocious. Not one hit on their 'Best of' album."

The author of the preceding is evidently of the opinion that, when a newly purchased record is being heard for the first time, the good portions of the album consist of those songs which have been extensively played on A.M. radio in the past whereas the remaining songs must be classified as poor by virtue of their never having received such promotional broadcasting. This amounts to evaluating the merits of a musical work on the basis of the degree to which it has achieved "hit" status. In effect, he allows his taste in music to be completely governed by the music preferences of those who determine the programming of the radio stations to which he listens.

As for myself, when I acquire a long-playing record, my prime concern is not the number of "hits" on it. Rather, I am interested in the quality of the music. In fact, judging by the sort of music I usually hear whenever subject to A.M. "Top 40" radio, I am inclined to believe that the fewer "hits" there are on my new record, the better it is apt to be.

Another matter warrants comment regarding the writer of the aforementioned article. While composing his brief literary work,

he deemed it necessary to employ the adjective "shitty" no less than three times. I am certain that, with a minimum of mental effort, he could have varied his modifiers somewhat. For example, he might equivalently have used "meager", "inferior", "valueless", or "mediocre", to list a few alternatives.

Failure to vary one's modifiers is bad enough, normally, but in this instance the writer's shortcoming was compounded by a particularly poor choice of the one adjective which he elected to employ repetitively. I, for one, do not consider "shit" a pleasant word and neither are the images it conjures in my mind appetizing. Of course, I realize full well that the excretion of waste material is an integral part of life and is, accordingly, an issue with which each of us must reckon regularly. But surely the reader's attention need not be so frequently directed to this bodily function.

Actually this criticism applies to most Brunswickan contributors. Within the covers of their newspaper, it is a rare page whose content does not include some "shit" or variation on "shit" (no pun intended). I am prompted to conclude that it is because of his mastery of such words that the writer singled out previously has been so welcomed to the staff of The Brunswickan, in spite of his literary ineptness and mindless opinions.

Brian G. Steeves

## Give us a break!

Dear Editor:

A number of areas with the academic community have expressed their dissatisfaction with information, or lack of information, received from our Business Office. It is disheartening to find that the student body now feels the same way. We wish to take this opportunity to defend ourselves and explain why we appear to be such an inefficient group.

For the past nine months our student accounts have been updated by means of a new method. Again, it is computerized but, in our opinion, the lack of efficiency, together with the tremendous volume, has produced results that we cannot rely on for accuracy. As of this date, there are

hundreds of transactions dating back to July of 1977 that are not reflected on student accounts.

The fact that we have had to struggle with this, while we continue to voice our concern to our supervisors, has created a very low morale within this office. Just to answer the telephone, often becomes a distasteful experience when we are unable to provide information to a mother or father on the status of a student account.

We, the Business Office Staff, wish to apologize if we appear to be unwilling or inefficient. We have been advised that our financial records will be up-to-date soon, and until this becomes a reality, we shall attempt to provide the best service possible.

THE BUSINESS OFFICE STAFF

## Milk drinkers- alert!

Dear Editor:

As of April 1, 1978, the consumer subsidy of 34 cents per pound on powdered skim milk is to be suspended. This decision was made by Agriculture Canada without prior consultation with producers, milk processors, or consumers. This means that consumers will pay substantially more for powdered skim milk, often used as an economy measure in an effort to provide good nutrition.

The federal government may be prepared to retain this subsidy if widespread public opposition to its removal is demonstrated.

Consumers' Association of Canada (New Brunswick) urges all consumers of powdered skim milk, who do not want to see their cost of this nutritious food raised, to individually voice their opposition.

We urge consumers to write to the Prime Minister of Canada, House of Commons, Ottawa, to request that the powdered skim milk subsidy be retained. No postage is required. Let the consumers' voices be heard!

Yours truly,  
Cecilia McLean  
President, CAC (NB)