

## CAMPUS COMMENTS

by eddie clinton

Hustled frantically about my pulsating, rollercoasting, somersaulting words emitting from one gangrene, I step cautiously among the wreck of people at the SUB, bore through the shattering noise-music of the jukebox into my night. The cool air wrapping itself around my face releases me. I walk. The dark shoves the ruined echoes of my footsteps into my ears. Eyes snatch the stars hung in the sky. Synthetic light from the campus lamps mark my way. From here and there windows bodies and half-bodies cling to ledges. Incongruous music pounds from the residence. Yells and screams hack through the hold me close night, indifferent to my passing. Let be, be. At times all of us laugh in the wrong places. Feet drawing me past Lady Beaverbrook Residence. The clock says 11:45. "Strax cocksucker!" The key turns full in the lock. Don't feel good. Two firey red jackets, booming black UNB letters sprawling across their backs streak by me. Maybe they had too much to drink, I ask. My white cowboy hat? Perhaps. Laughter scatters back to me. "Strax cocksucker!" Wasn't once enough? Mundane question - why? The answer? - white cowboy hat ... "Strax cocksucker!" The answer, what does it matter? The answer folds itself into another question. Besides, they were drinking. Sober they wouldn't have said it. "Strax cocksucker!"

Through the graveyard into Carleton Street. Taxi stops for red light. Obeys the law. I wait for the light. Obey the law. I wait for the light to change to WALK. "Hey hippie! Hank

Snow! What's with you. Ride 'um home cowboy."

Cool.  
Cool.  
Contain it.  
"Get on your LSD horse, FREAK!"

Jesus, I don't feel well. Want to talk to someone.  
"Hey fuck-up! Wanna play cowboy and Indians."

When I was a kid I pitched pennies, tossed marbles, follow the leader, tag you're it. I'm it. Move. Get out of here fast. I'M IT.

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Friday, Oct. 17 (next day). North End Plaza, Saint John. Walking with Jane. She infects me. Nice feeling. I don't see the tangle of shoppers breaking by me. Vanishing and appearing.

"THERE'S A HIPPIE! WHAT'S WITH YOU DIPPIE."

I'm it. Don't want to play. Only want the display windows, the busy people, and Jane on my arm. But our path is blocked.

"WHATCA GONA DO BOY. WALK OVER US." How do I get out of this? Why ... ah the hell with it, asking that. People going by. Just want to be one of them.

"WELL MAN!"  
I left my cowboy hat in Fredericton. It must be my bell-bottoms this time. Or my mustache. What's with these guys? One of them has long hair. "Look you guys why do you gotta bother us anyway?" "WHY DON'T YOU WASH YOUR HAIR MOTHER-FUCKER?" Pigs, pigs, god-damn pig people! Just for one blasted minute won't stop. My mind almost spewed the words to my lips. The answer, what does it matter? I'm it. Jane grabs my arm knowing I wanted to get out of this

hassle. Tugging me toward Simpson-Sears. "YA DEGENERATE!" Hell, they're nothing but over grown high school kids. Hurt/Mad. Couldn't even talk sense to them. I'M IT.

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Friday (the same), 12:00 approx. P... Street. Above the mailbox, "Winston Cudmore." My finger presses doorbell. Three floors past the master door to his apartment. Takes time to answer door. Might be in the bathroom. Or on the next apartment with his buddies. Or deaf with Country and Western record player music. Perhaps he's working on one of his Chartered Accountant problems. ... someone's coming ... he'll let me in ... god.

"Hi, do you know if ..."

"What do you want?"  
"Winston Cudmore. Said he'd be in at 11:30. You see I'm supposed to stay at his place tonight and ..."

"Speak up! Can't you speak up!" My thoughts jam. Breaks screaming deep to the top of my head.

"Ah ... look I'm not looking for a hass ..."

"Don't ring that bell! If he isn't in he isn't. He hasn't answered so he's not in. Take your finger off the bell."

"Were you up to his apartment. This is important."

"He isn't in. Now do what I tell you. Stop ringing the bell. You've been pushing that thing for 1/2 hour."

"I've just rang it four times. Winston's way back on the third floor and it takes time to get here. I got to get him." Hell this fellow's working to a pitch, so methodically. Snap! Karate chop to the throat. Hell man, what's with you! I'm getting out of here. To hell with a bed. I'm it.

"I'm going. I'm not ... I'm not looking for a fight. But like could I have your name?"

"None of your god-damn business!"

"Christ man ..."

"Watch your tongue!"

"Ok, ok, but you just hit me and I want your name. You don't go around smashing people for nothing." My hand is on the doorknob.

A woman appears out of a side door of the vestibule

where we stand. I'm going. She must be the landlady.

The man's mouth is contorted and nostrils pinched. "Punk! That's all. A PUNK!" "What's your name?" I'm standing on the sidewalk.

"MacDonald." Just like that. MacDonald.

"Well Mr. MacDonald, I'm going to the police station."

"Go ahead! You can't come in here throwing your weight around. Go right ahead!"

"Get out of here!" It's the landlady. Man, she doesn't even know what's going on.

I'M IT.

But I don't want to play.

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12:30 - The police station's here somewhere. Ring a bell, eyes chewing nervously up a staircase to an open door strutted with bars. A face falls down the stairs. "Yes."

"Anyone here cops ... police?"

"Nope. Wrong place. It's by the Fire Station up the street a little. Can't miss it."

"Thanks." Wow! That must have been the piss can.

Wander in the door. POLICE. Dance of nerves twitter across my face skin.

Police standing behind a counter affair. What's he want, on their faces like a new suit in Sunday Church.

"Anyone here I can talk to? Some guy took a hand to me."

"In there." I follow the line of a finger to a room.

"Thanks."

Two guys with their legs clamped out in front of them sit next to each other. They're looking through the family album of Saint John Tuffs. Their mouths puffed up and bloody. Deep cuts.

"Is there anyone here?" The biggest one points to a door marked INFORMATION, then, "Gotta smoke? Need them bad. Buy one off you."

"Here take two." I approach the door. Knock. Knock.

"Excuse me, can I come in?" A large man bucks a quick blink at me and returns to his one fingered typing. "Sure. What is it?"

"This is difficult for me ... can I sit down? I'm sitting."

"Ah. (pause) I've never done ... I'm not used to this, first time you see ... like what

can I do when someone, well, strikes me?" He labors from his typing and turns to me.

"Someone hit you." Statement.

"Ya."

"You want to lay a charge of assault against him." Statement.

"Well ... like this may sound sobbing sad but I can't even walk down the street anymore, the hair and that, without someone yelling names at me. It didn't happen too often before but lately it's been too much. Maybe the bellbottoms or the mustache or something ... I don't know."

"You can charge him with assault."

"Ah ... assault. Ya assault, I'm tired of being hit. Know what I mean?"

"What's your name?"

"Eddie Clinton."

"How did it happen? Where did he hit you?" He has his noted book out.

"I've come down from Fredericton for the weekend ..."

"You a student?"

"Ya." He scribbles student down in his notebook.

"... and Winston Cudmore said I could stay at his place."

"Where is that?"

"93 P... Street."

"Anyway I'm standing in the vestibule ringing the doorbell. Winston has his apartment on the third floor at the back. And you can't get up to it till he comes down and answers the master door. Like there's a key to the master door and a key to Winston's apartment. So I'm standing there and this fellow comes down the stairs from the second floor. He starts asking me what I'm doing there and stuff like that. I tell him. So what. Then he yells and goes haywire over me ringing the doorbell. I tell him I have to get in. And this fellow suddenly turns hot on me. Then wang! gives me a karate chop to the throat ..."

"What did you do?"

"I just stand there sort of wondering what's it all about. Then I ask him his name. MacDonald."

"He said his name was MacDonald?"

"MacDonald. That's what he said."

"Hummm ... was he drinking?"

"A little I guess. I don't really know. All this was happening and you don't stop to note things. He seemed sober. But he might have been drinking since you raised the question."

"Ya well you didn't insult him. You know how some of these guys get."

"No I never. I was steady about the whole deal. I just wanted to get Winston. I mean that's where he lives. I've stayed there before ..."

"And nothing ever happened like this before?"

"Not there. But this guy was hot. I didn't even yell at him for interrupting me all the time because if I did I figured what would happen. I knew what was happening but while it was happening I didn't know. Like subconsciously, you know, this voice was telling me not to do anything. I feel like kicking him in the

## ARTS, SCIENCE & COMMERCE FINAL YEAR STUDENTS

Students interested in the prospects of a career as a Chartered Accountant are invited to meet with representatives of Richter, Usher & Vineburg.

On-campus interviews will be held on Thursday, November 20, 1969; appointments may be arranged with the Student Placement Service.

**RICHTER, USHER & VINEBURG**  
**CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS**  
**MONTREAL - TORONTO**

## EMPLOYMENT INTERVIEWS

Cominco Ltd. invites applications for permanent and summer employment from graduates and post graduates in geology, and from Class of 1971 geology students for summer employment.

Interviews with Cominco representatives:

NOVEMBER 20 and 21, 1969

Further details at the Student Placement Office.

