

MUGWUMP JOURNAL

By KIM DOYLE & PEBBLES

Another Friday at good old UNB. Just think, only three more weeks of classes before the spring break ... can we make it?

Gun control seems to be popping up in the news a lot lately. According to *Time* magazine, in 1988 the following number of deaths were a result of deliberate gun fatalities: Canada, pop. 25 million: 5. Great Britain, pop. 57 million: 8. Japan, pop. 231 million: 46. USA, pop. 266 million: 8096. It appears our southern neighbors should take a look at their handgun laws, right Christopher?

Thinking of Meech Lake ... So I guess the future of Canada basically comes down to Dictator Frank and the Premier of Manitoba. What do you think Frank? Is a 6-lane Trans Canada good enough?

It seems that another vendetta is rising against smokers. This time it's at the SUB, which will soon be declared smoke-free. Remember smokers, Kimbo is watching!

Why do you people with cars insist on splashing us poor pedestrians? ... Yes, even when we walk on the icy sidewalks. To the guy who sped up, splashed me and then proceeded to beep his horn because I was crossing the street ... same to you @&&hole!!!

Bowl for Millions is coming up on February 11. Everybody who hasn't signed up for a team should - the proceeds go to Big Brothers, Big Sisters - a very worthwhile cause. Featured bowlers will be our very own *Brunswickan* star celebrities ... should be good for a laugh or two!

How to be a criminal, lesson No. 1: Don't rob a Tim Horton's. Mini-dispatches perhaps?

Word of the week ... LAODICEAN: *Someone who is lukewarm or indifferent in religion or politics.*



That's Sir Slime to you!!

OPINION...

GETTING TO KNOW WINTER

I used to love summer, but now I have found my one true love in the bonds of cold, within the icy shroud of winter's grasp.

Summer was the time of my early youth, a time to run, to swim, to flex the soul of the unfettered child. But now my mind craves contemplation, needs the manifest nature of winter; needs the savage and beautiful cloistre that is the panorama of winter.

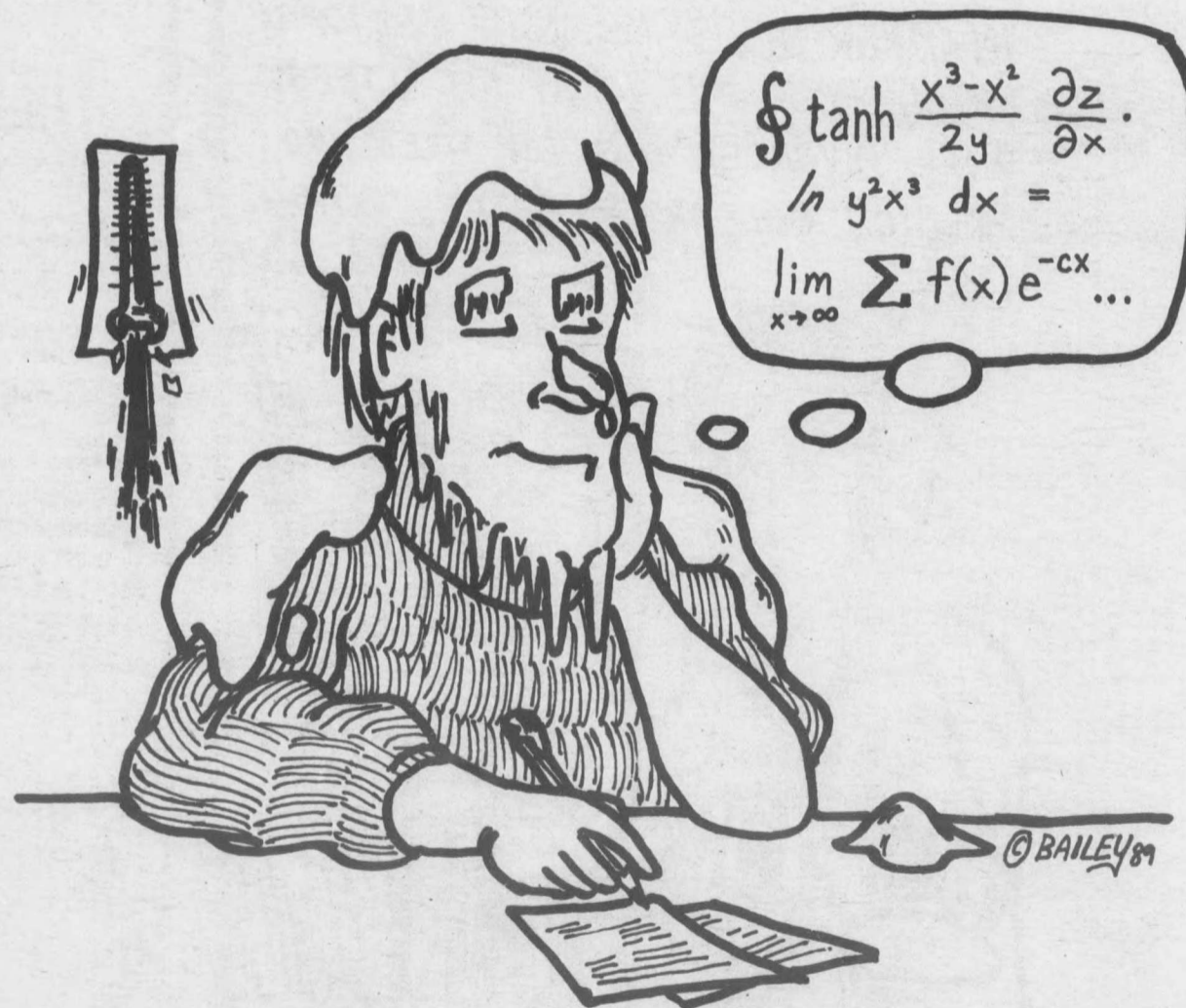
Perhaps there is something uniquely Canadian about my psychological attachment to winter, but I surely wasn't born with it. I once detested winter like most of hurdled denizens of the frozen planet, New Brunswick. Summer was my early fixation, my joy of life involved in the math of a season. It was the soulful glade I always anticipated, while younger, craving the warmth of the sun, the smell of newly cut grass and hay, the lurching and swirling magnificence of a savoured summer day in full swing.

But a new jury has returned its verdict in this case of changing seasons, and been desirous of the prisoner in the docket to find a new cell in the clutches of old mother winter. And so, I take my warmer clothes to what I consider a better place.

Winter is a time for thought, for gently imprisoned solitude; not within a soulless prison, but a prison self-made within which to contemplate like Plato and freeze like Tolstoy.

Winter tends to sniff around the borders of my mind in a way summer does not. Summer for me now is conducive to cold beer (or iced tea when I feign the role of teetotaler) and deep waters, in front of hammocks. Swinging without a reason. Summer asks little of me; a banal preoccupation of office drugery or kitchen swelter. Summer jobs of a student, with Summer asking little of the creative mind. Summer melts minds and keeps them in trivial silence; it allows for chains with little sweep, like a tired old dog on a back-yard peg. Such a dog of a brain ranges a postage stamp of a back-yard reading only pulp fiction and newspapers; it reads Jack Higgins or the *Daily Steamer* (which is extreme pulp my friends).

With all my verbal twisting wound out on the page, one might be able to see winter as the better season; but I take no responsibility for the incidental consequence of winter in the physical world. For me, seasons are of the mind, not of dead engines and clogged roadways. The tanning and beach-travel gurus may scoff, but there's more to a season than meets an ice-bound eyeball.



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