

# MUGWUMP

## In Search of Light

by Aime Phillips

The final regular issue of the Brunswickan is finally here. I've been waiting for this moment for a long, LONG time.

The most aggravating thing happened last week. After the paper went out on Thursday, I came back to the office. When it came time to leave, Allan offered me a lift home. So we got all bundled up for the cold and were just about out the door when he realized that he didn't have his keys with him. Which was odd, because he had just arrived about an hour before. (He didn't have a spare set of keys) We looked around the office, emptied his pockets all to no avail. We decided that they were either outside in the snowy slush filled parking lot near the car or locked inside it. So we went out to look. This was around 8:30, though, and it was pretty dark out. So dark, in fact, that we couldn't even see in the car to check if the keys were there. We needed a flashlight. We came back to the office, being careful not to slip on the icy stairs which were encased in darkness because the last place which is supposed to be lighting them up has been burnt out for about an hour, and decided we to get a flashlight to see if the keys are actually IN the car before he calls a tow truck to jimmy the door handle.

The first place we expected to find a flashlight was the SUB office. It was even a Brunnie working, so we expected full cooperation. The call (as I heard it): "Hey, this is Allan, how's it going? Listen, I think I locked my keys in the car, but the parking lot's too dark to see inside the car, do you have a flashlight there?" short pause "Well, could you look, please? I don't really want to have to call a tow... yeah sure... I know. See you later." Well, Allan says to me, he thinks Norris might have one in his office, which is locked.

The second place we expected to find access to a flashlight was UNB Security. "What's the number?" Allan asked me. 4830, I told him. He gave the guy his spiel again. "Oh, yeah, okay. Yeah, uh Huh, uh Huh. Okay, let me give you the number here then." Allan tells me this guy is going to page the two patrolmen because the patrolmen always carry flashlights with them. We wait anxiously by the phone. It rings twice. He picks it up. "Hi, yeah, oh... really. Oh, well. Yeah, I guess I'll have to. Bye." He said, Allan tells me, that the two patrolmen don't have their flashlights with them tonight. Hello!!!! Patrolmen without flashlights! I don't know which is worse, having Security walking around ill-equipped, or having them lie about it because they don't feel like helping out some poor student (who has to pay \$55 for a parking sticker) who may have locked his keys in the car.

The other places we expected to find a flashlight were The Smoke Shop, The Social Club, the Pub in the Sub, the Student Union offices (which were empty by this time of night) and I asked most of the people I ran into while going from place to place. All to no avail. Was the pub ever crowded, though. I've never seen it so full. At the Social Club, Bill told me to phone Security back and tell them that if they thought the Safe Walk article was finger pointing, wait until everyone finds out the Security patrolmen are patrolling without any flashlights. Allan ended up calling a towing company, who told him that he'd have to pay even if the keys weren't in the car. By this time, the frustration had built up to a boiling point, and Allan said "I'm not that stupid!"

My birthday is fast approaching. I'm still at that age when I can sort of look forward to my Birthday. The past couple of years have been "Birthday Milestones" for me. The first year I was at UNB I turned 18, which was pretty important. Second year I turned 19, which is an exciting age to be in new Brunswick. Last year I turned 20, which was important because I wasn't a teenager any more, but a "young adult." This year, I'm going to be 21, which means, as most older people point out to me, that I can drink in the States. It also means that I can really surprise the hell out of everybody when they ask me how old I am after I tell them Yes, I AM out of High School.

I think that the very best part about living away from home is that I can open my birthday cards as soon as I get them. At home, my mom always makes me wait until the morning of The Big Day. Sure, a little bit of suspense is a healthy thing, but the anticipation of running home everyday here and looking to see if I received another card is much more exhilarating than having mom hovering over me saying "You be sure to write a thank you note, now, Aime, or you won't be getting any cards next this time year!" And opening the cards as soon as I get them allows me to appreciate each one separately, savouring each and every hallmarkian word of endearment.

Last year for my birthday, I gathered all my cards to open all at once in the morning. On the day before my birthday, my parents called, I assumed to wish me a happy birthday, and then they disclosed their ulterior motive for calling in advance: They had sold the house that I spent the first nineteen years of my life in. That was acceptable, though. I knew the house was for sale. I could cope with news with like that. I joked back to my dad that now all they had to do was buy one, and then there was this awkward pause, followed by "Er... I'm going to pass you on to your mother, Aime, er... Happy Birthday." At which point I clued in to what was going on. "You sold AND bought a house in the space of two business days!!!!" I asked her. "Where is it?" I said suspiciously. Well, to make a long story short there was this "darling" house with a really big kitchen in the middle of nowhere in a little tiny village (there's not even enough people for it to be a small town) called Green Valley which really caught her eye.... "We're moving in June" she told me. Well that was bummm. I was going to be spending my summer with the Jolly Green Giant and Sprout. Anyway, my point is that the next day, every single one of my relatives called to personally wish me well on this "very special day." I suspect my mom had called them all and told them I was in need of some personal attention to ward off the shock. I felt kind let down after waiting to open my letters and read everyone's news, which I had already been told on the phone. So this year, I decided against the wait and see thing.

I can't say this year will be easily forgotten. (I haven't decided if that's good or bad yet. Ask me again after next week and the spoof is out) One tends to remember times characterized by strangers, after being introduced to me, exclaiming "I recognize your name! You write Mugwump! I LOVE Mugwump! Hey, can you mention that you met me?" or "Hey! You write Mugwump! God is that ever terrible! What a waste of my time to read that!" or especially that time a man from CBC called on other business, found out who he was talking to and told me "I really emphasize with you being stood up like that, really. It happens to the best of us, though. Don't take it to heart."

I enjoyed being harassed by people because of Mugwump this past year, and I'm never doing it again. (Although I will look into getting the *This Week in Green Valley* column in the county paper if I go home after graduation.)

# OPINION

The opinions found in this column are not necessarily the views of the Brunswickan

## Subjectivity: The only true constant

by A.J. Carisse

As promised, I will now address the views expressed by John Valk in "Whose Grand Illusion" (Mar. 12). Valk is to be commended for his avant-garde approach to Christianity. I am certain that when misunderstandings are laid aside our perspectives are not near as divergent as they may appear. Nevertheless, many serious distinctions do exist, in which I have taken the liberty to discuss herein.

For Valk's sake, allow me to clear up what is the crux of my arguments. "Individualism", is merely the experience of situations through one's perspective. It is only through the self that understanding can result; relationship necessitates intersubjectivity. This is not to be confused with the practice of exclusion, either of the self (as postulated by exogenous dogma) or of relationship (a condition which Valk has mistakenly applied to my viewpoint). Our freedom (or should we say, or joy) lies in neither being self-focused or other focused, it lies in being all-focused.

It is we as individuals who perform this focus, therefore its depth is determined by the extent we look within. If we are to expand our consciousness and therefore our awareness we must gravitate from the specific to the general, and not the reverse. The pursuit of this path does not lie in distinctions, it is only found at deeper levels of self and ultimately, where the self becomes all. The ego, albeit an important component of self, is not synonymous with it; how can we even begin to broaden our awareness of self until we broaden our concept of it?

Of course we must also simultaneously deal with our distinctions, so let us quickly run the gamut provided by Valk. I fail to see how Valk could possibly interpret my views to be in support of his, fearful of the dangers of personal relationships developing with all (or God). Need I remind him that it is through collective means that the nature of God has been perverted? His Christian tradition has created such a petty and sadistic form that it defies the imagination, created a "devil" as its antithesis, and somehow gotten the two confused. The "devil" has come to embody fulfillment, whereas "god"'s role is of prosecution, threatening eternal damnation to those who do not conform to its perversions. This is the most despicable ideology in the history of the universe.

Forgive me if my views appear in conflict with these premises, but it is my opinion that All is perfectly capable of defining Itself, according to each individual's level of awareness. All is neither personal nor impersonal, but Everything! Through mutual expansion, we can neither fully know It, similarly, It can never fully know Itself (that is, us). If all were known, existence would surely cease; the impetus for it being no longer in place. But, rest assured, this is impossible, and we can look forward to an eternity of ever-increasing joyous discover.

Even Valk's Christianity can do very little to interfere with this process, it can only vary the level of participation slightly within a superficial context. If this is not being performed through an act of submission, acts such as worship and prayer must have been abandoned since last I checked. As for it being an enlightened forum for discussion, we are not dismissing the possibility, we are merely stating the extreme impracticability at present due to overwhelming rigidity. Open-mindedness is expressed in a willingness to consider all ideas by their own merit, a quality that is seriously lacking overall within Christianity.

The use of fervent exclusionary bias, as I originally stated is not particular to the Christian Church, but that is an ill excuse. The worst of this is that it disrupts rather than assists the fulfillment of the full potential of "community", which is the protection of its

members by eliminating impeachments of consent. As for our principles, they must as closely resemble the natural state of affairs as possible while fulfilling the above objective. Natural law is not to be enacted, but allowed to prevail.

My reference to the "only constant and inalienable truth" merely represents the fact that since all is subjective, subjectivity is the only true constant.

Valk's perceiving this statement as being dogmatic resulted from my failure to make this clear enough.

There is one more point which I wish to make clear. Although I have never been associated with any religious ideology, neither Eastern nor Western, nor do I have any desire to do so, I do harbor a deep personal respect for Christ. In spite of the many grave distortions surrounding His teachings, He is credited with the greatest and most profound phrase of wisdom of all time: "Judge not lest you be judged." There is simply no other interpretation to this than the fact that morality cannot be extrapolated, it must be personal. What object horror He must have faced when an entire religion, in His name no less, was founded as an antithesis to this teaching?

Whose grand illusion, indeed.