

# MUGWUMP

by Aime Phillips

What is with this university, anyway?

The office is either ten degrees too hot or too cold, depending on the rest of the campus. For instance, two of my four classes the other day were in Carleton. One lecture was accompanied with the rhythmic thumping of something in the heating duct, and during another class physical plant decided to remove the tiling from the floor with a buzz saw. I moved on to Tilley 102, the large lecture hall equipped with the Super Fan 2000, designed to dry out any contact wearers' eyeballs within a 100 km radius. My other class in Tilley is always at least ten degrees hotter than the combined temperatures of all the other classrooms. I started to calculate the exact amount of money I was wasting sitting in an environment that was rapidly killing off what desire to learn that I have left, but that annoying thumping noise was driving me so crazy that I couldn't even keep up a steady flow of daydreaming. For the record, the temperature in the office that day was ten degrees too hot.

So I decided to go home for a nap. I settle myself in front of the TV, but I can't sleep because there is some unidentifiable background noise that is really irritating. I get up to investigate, only to discover that something has gone wrong with the water tap in the bath and it won't shut off. Not a problem. I'll just close the door to the bathroom and turn up the TV to drown (no pun intended) it out. I get back in my comfortable position on the couch and settle in for my nap. But... what with all that running-water noise, I had to make at least five trips to the bathroom. What a nuisance. And I thought the dripping faucet in the kitchen was bad.

I was mildly upset by the recent allegation that The Bruns makes a distinct effort to "lose" Engineering submissions. I say mildly because I don't necessarily have to give a damn about the Engineering faculty, being an Arts student. Of course, being a representative of student interests on the paper, I am obliged to take all faculties into account. What I can't figure out is why The Brunswickan went out of its way to feature Engineering purple as the colour during Engineering week last term (and I bet they didn't even notice) and Arts week rolls around a couple of weeks ago? Heck, the only thing covered was the Cabaret, and most of the staff are Arts students. Yessiree! Do we know how to pick and choose for our own gain or what?

I am very pleased to announce that I have yet to break my New Year's Resolution. Yes, after three years of un-kept deadlines, I vowed to have all my essays in on time, if not early. It was awful tough, but I managed to successfully complete my first essay of the term on time a few weeks back, and boy did it ever feel good. No sleep deprivation the night before, no worrying about how many marks I would lose for messy handwriting because I even had time to type the damn thing...

Now if only my professor would mark it so I can see how I did. It was only a short essay. What's taking so long? I think I've used up more of my time wondering about how I did on that paper than I usually spend worrying that I won't get it in on time.

Talk about procrastination: I was walking past the park down the street on Wednesday, and it happens to be one of the Christmas tree drop off points. I don't really know how it works. I remember walking to campus at the first of the term, and suddenly this forest of pine trees materialized when I looked up to cross the street. I thought I'd somehow found my way to Odell Park, except all these trees were cut down and strewn about in a pretty disorderly fashion. I guess eventually the city goes down and removes them. Anyway, my point is that last Wednesday, February 10, some 46 days after the big holiday, there were not one but TWO Christmas trees by the side of the road! I couldn't believe it!

The Grad Class is after me for donation money. They sent me this little letter. It was quite personalized. My given name isn't Aime; that's my second name. No big deal, right? Wrong! The Grad Class had addressed my letter to my first name, Catherine, which is understandable, and I knew the letter was for me when it arrived so I opened it. Next surprise: The letter itself, nicely typed and formalized reads Ms. Phillips: blah, blah want money, blah, blah....that's not important. They've crossed out Ms. Phillips in pencil and written in *Cathy*. Now, I will respond to "Ms. Phillips" and even "Phillips" if I have to, but I prefer Aime. I was a little perturbed by the general assumption that I call myself *Cathy* even if I did go by my first name, especially when I found out that my roommate, who also goes by his second name, had not had his surname crossed out in pencil.

I was going to send back the little postcard thingy with my *real* name on it telling them I wasn't planning to give them any money until they explained themselves, but it wouldn't fit in the envelope that they provided for us!

# OPINION

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

## Magic

by William Parker

Magic -1. The pretended art of producing effects by charms, spells and rituals; sorcery. 2. Any mysterious seemingly inexplicable power or influence. 3. The art of producing illusions by sleight of hand - Websters New World dictionary, Nelson, Foster & Scott Ltd, Toronto, 1971.

Its so delightful to watch children engage in the world around them. To them everything is so new and needs to be explored - to touch, to smell, to taste and to see things with their own eyes. They see the world and all that it has to offer on a level we cannot as adults, because their pure experience has not been jaded. In other words they see the magic of life.

Why write an article on magic? Because its time is due. Having lived and experienced life for awhile, I've discovered that there is something very wrong with the way our world is at the moment. The more I think about it the more I am convinced that it has something to do with not only me, but everyone around me. The magic that used to exist in our lives is barely alive. It has been replaced with a system that totally dominates us, and deludes us into thinking that we have no power over ourselves. Our system of democracy, individuals and the industrial complex, has all but destroyed what he had. I include all of the systems who are used to support them - governments, armed forces, education and organized religion. Even though I've painted a pretty depressing picture, it is a true one. It is part of the reason our world is in such a state of chaos. Yet if one examines this chaos from another perspective, you'll see that all of this chaos is bringing something new to us. Hence the reason magic becomes very important. Part of the reason it is important is because it gives us the chance to effect our own destiny, to lose the anxiety and frustration that we have no control over our environment, but most of all it gives us back our souls and the purpose to live in a world that is full of wonder, splendour and mystery. In a sense it allows us to see through the eyes of a child again. And once you begin to see and feel this, its amazing how you will find it or seek it in other people. The power of magic allows us to come back together again. Historical perspectives show us societies existed with a common bond to each other and to the nature around them; lived a natural life. Nature religions were not attempts to control the environment around them but were a way to help the individual put him/her self in accord with it. If nature is seen as something to exploit, dominate, control and destroy, then it creates disharmony hence creating the anxiety and tensions that fills us today.

So you say O.K. if this is true how can I tune myself back into this magic. It can be found in a piece of inspired music, art or poetry. Most of all it can be found within yourself. You must be able to go into yourself and find your own answers. As a man I see it as a solution for solving a lot of the problems that my gender is embroiled in. Women have always been bound to the earth, and so their tasks are even greater, because they feel they've been wounded too long and must stop the violence and destruction that has been occurring. Without them our world is doomed. This same truth holds true for the aboriginal peoples. They are the ones who know what the magic is really about, and have the power to teach us how to restore the balance we've lost. We must be more open to their ability to nurture.

The magic is all around us. It means being able to believe in yourself and to accept that there are immense possibilities for you to choose whatever you want and to enjoy what you create, and to live in harmony with yourself and everything around you.

## Do You Have An Opinion?

**Deadline: Monday at 4 pm.**  
**1000 words maximum**

