

"Ombudsman" gets pat on back

would like to congratulate the writer of the January 11 "Ombudsman" column for taking stand on a long-ignored elitism practiced by the department at this university. Although that particular column dealt primarily with the Drama Department, similar incidents are being experienced regularly in the Drama Department as well.

A close friend of mine, not an student, was duly and correctly registered for a two-level drama course to be taken this semester. Upon arriving at the first class for this course, he was informed that his registration would be cancelled, along with those of approximately fifteen other unfortunates, because there were too many in class.

The decision of who to drop was not based on time of registration but rather on an archaic and "priority" system, where drama majors have first choice.

So, with only three days in which to find another course to register in that would fit their schedules, just under twenty students were deprived of their right to take this course. The probable number of students for this class was twenty-five; with twenty students left over, another section could have been made! But, my friend informed that there was nothing to be done to alter this situation, and that he would have to take another course to register in.

I have been a student on campus for almost four years, and have carefully observed the workings of the drama department

when faced with legitimate complaints. Both students and faculty are reactionary, defensive and righteous. They have proven beyond all doubt that drama remains, in the latter half of the twentieth century, a class-structured, elitist, and inaccessible field of study for all those except those willing to sell their souls and free-will to a rigid and unalterable system.

Even though the priority system is very briefly outlined in the Registration Procedures Booklet, surely the registration could be better monitored, and

students unlucky enough to be rejected be informed before the first day of class! Surely more sections could be made for those not wishing to spend their lives in the field of drama! But, no.

No, the drama department seems intent on perpetrating what they apparently consider the "mystique" of their clique, (while it is not really a mystique, but the laughing-stock of the rest of the university), and staff and students alike continue their pseudo-intelligent, pseudo-talented and pseudo-worthy images, in the only real play they

ever participate in; life.

As they walk down HUB Mall, or get on a bus, their pseudo-characters shine like a new fresnel in Studio Theatre, and their dauntless conversations, spoken for all to hear, reflect an embarrassingly lack of knowledge in the fields of literary criticism and literary history, not to mention English grammar and writing.

Of course, I am generalizing. I know many drama majors who are not as I have described above; many of them share my complaints. But it is a miserable

reflection of drama, the people's art, when most students of the subject make fools of themselves.

When I muster all the open-mindedness my liberal heart contains, and I attempt valiantly to exonerate the opinions I have acquired over the past few years, I can, only with great perseverance, accept all the "pseudos" of these drama students. All, except the pseudo-intelligence.

Gordon Turtle
Arts IV

Yossarian... can you hear me?

Last week I dashed up to the third floor of the Administration Building in a felicitous mood. Today I would receive my \$150 Province of Alberta Scholarship for my previous year's hard labours.

The woman at the wicket informed me, "Yes, it's in. Do you have your ID card?"

As I fished in my wallet for my ID the woman walked to a large filing cabinet, looked through a file, then returned to me.

"I'm sorry. I can't give you your cheque now. Your fees are unpaid."

"Yes," I quickly explained, "I

need the cheque to pay my fees."

"Sorry." An evil smirk crept across the woman's face. "Catch 22. I am not authorized to distribute cheques if fees are not paid."

"But," I protested, "With the cheque I can pay my fees."

"No cheque, if fees unpaid."

"But..."

"Catch 22."

"But..."

"Sorry. Next please."

Had by the bureaucracy, feeling like a helpless Yossarian, I crawled to my local bank to apply for a short term \$150 loan.

John Douglas
Ed. III



Pedestrians detoured

For some time now fence construction has been going on around the parking lot situated between the University Hospital and Corbett Hall. This was fine until the project was completed. There is now one continuous fence along most of the south side of the parking lot. This has blocked off a main artery for pedestrian traffic through the parking lot.

The fence is opposite the busy north entrance of Corbett Hall. At least two hundred people pass through these doors each day. The road through the parking lot was the most direct route to the rest of campus. Now to continue using this route we must climb over or under the fence or take a one block detour to the east or west. Big Choice!

We must make a considerable detour, which is even greater to those who are disabled. Effort to enable easy access for these people is found everywhere else on campus. Why should our faculty be any exception?

As far as we can see the only purpose of this fence is to allow four more parking spaces. What we suggest is to reduce parking spaces by one and make an interruption in the fence large enough for pedestrian traffic. We don't feel this is asking too much considering the playing field south of Corbett Hall will soon be torn up to allow more parking space, therefore what is one less?

Hazel Clarkson
Physio III
Linda Van Overloop
Physio III

Lighting vs. grass

At Tuesday's meeting of the Graduate Students Association (GSA) one of the committee members stated that a certain sum (\$200,000 I believe) is going to be spent landscaping the area between SUB and the Ed. building in the coming year. It was also mentioned that a smaller sum was going to be spent on additional lighting in the parking lots on campus.

of making the campus lands as pleasing as possible to create an atmosphere conducive to attendance, however, I think that it is of so much greater importance to make the campus safe first before being concerned with its beautification. A beautiful campus which people are leery of attending not only defeats the purpose of the beautification but

is in itself useless as well.

For that reason the committee ought to reconsider its priorities and direct the budget in a more caring and prudent manner to the more immediate needs of those attending the grounds they are in charge of.

Jack Adrian
GSA Rep Music

In view of the frequent acts of assault that occur during unlighted parts of the day and the overall increase in such heinous acts, the priority should be landscaping as opposed to additional lighting shows a lack of circumspection.

I don't deny the importance

Petition working

I was delighted with the response to my ETS petition following your article in Gateway (Jan. 6th). 61 people signed it in SUB last Friday, and I gave me useful comments and information about their experiences with routes #40 & 56. I also received a phone call from a woman who has been waiting ETS for a year to have her service removed in Grand-Pré. Apparently, an empty bus was by her house every half hour from 6 a.m. tonight. The interest in my fight with ETS has been very encouraging. I intend to be in CAB by the way to Cameron on Friday, Jan. 14th, at noon hour, to collect signatures.

If you are affected by the lack of service in the evening over the High Level Bridge, please sign the petition, so we can beat the system!

Madeleine Bailey
Library Science

CHARLES LUNCH



Rene Levesque, the man with the face of a terminal cancer patient, is running scared.

As the new premier of Canada's most troubled province, he is faced with overwhelming corruption in the civil service and the burden of massive debts. Quebec is struggling to keep from going under and only he can find a solution to her problems.

Levesque thinks he has a simple plan to conquer these problems, however. He'll hold a separation referendum again and again, year after year, until it passes. Then he'll "kick out every English-speaking son of a bitch in the province." (his own words)

Stage two of this plan calls for the transfer of all banks and credit institutions in the province to Newfoundland. Levesque is convinced that all those Olympic deficits and James Bay Hydro payments will be mistaken for mackerel subsidies by Premier Moores.

If all this fails, he will order a special squad of crack munitions experts from the Montreal police force to blow up every bank in New York City, thus wiping out all traces of his province's loan agreements.

This drastic action has been condemned by New York mayor Abe Beame, who has urged Levesque to consider the clean-up job his already over-taxed sanitation department would face.

It is perhaps important to

consider just where Mr. Levesque got all these strange ideas.

They have been fermenting in his mind since the early 1960s, when he and other prominent Quebecers would gather around his kitchen table to discuss the future of the province.

Present at these lively discussions were such notables as Pierre Trudeau, Gerard Pelletier and Jean Marchand. They gathered on Friday nights to shape the future of Quebec and guzzle Molson's Bras D'or.

Levesque was, at this point, working for the CBC, and when the day came that management asked him to fill in for Chez Helene, he decided to quit and devote his energies to politics.

The proposal he put forward at one kitchen session in 1965 seemed absurd — Trudeau was to become Prime Minister, taking Pelletier and Marchand with him to Ottawa. Levesque would stay behind and wallow in the bush league of Quebec politics for a few years and then, as Trudeau's popularity waned, Rene would win the premiership of Quebec and invite his old friends back to La Belle Province to form an oligarchy.

Things are shaping up well for the Quebec Four. By next year they should be reunited in Quebec City, and by 1979 they will have sealed the borders and begun converting the masses.

For a man who looks like death warmed over, Mr. Levesque has done very well indeed.