

mostly. When I was in Lister Hall three years ago they had: full mail service, a maid for every floor, and twenty-four hour front desk service, to mention just a few things.

It was no country club mind you, but it had a lot more services than today and for less money: \$2800 in 81/82 compared to \$3,500 in 84/85.

The LHSA's protest brought up some good points that needed saying. If a student wants to see one dramatic reality for people in residence, I challenge them to eat one dinner in CAB one night and in Lister the following night, and compare.

Keep in mind the same company makes the food in both places!

I am glad and proud of the people in Lister Hall for making their beefs known, as they should be.

W. Monty Ross
LHSA Vice Pres. Kelsey Hall

An apology

The Gateway apologizes to law student Linda Long. A letter submitted by Mr. Charles Pearson criticised Ms. Long for remarks made at the recent Students' Council meeting. Unfortunately, the remark was reported incorrectly and this fact was not pointed out to Mr. Pearson prior to the publication of his letter.

The positioning of the letter and our correction of the council report was unintentional and unfortunate.

Those @#&* Arts reps

In response to the A.S.A. Feedback Forum, November 2, 1984, it seems quite apparent that the Arts Representatives to Student Council are pro-CFS. This is fine if they also have the ability to see the other side of the coin. Yet they cannot, for they are apparently too busy looking out for their own concerns and not the concerns of Arts students.

Has any Arts representative approached you and asked about your views?

Do you know who your Arts representatives are? Do you really care what an Arts representative is or what an Arts representative does?

Do you really care if people you know nothing about are doing this now invisible job?

They are doing little to inform you of relevant issues, issues that affect your education.

They are doing something! My guess is that they are pursuing their own little political pipedream (or nightmare?). Maybe they are too busy carrying on the archaic, holy crusade for CFS survival and are busy battling what they see to be godless Stamp hordes.

I put it to you to try to find an Arts rep, Lord knows if they're extinct or not. If they would stop hacking around and do their job, things might start to improve.

Mike Nickel
Arts II

INVOLVEMENT OPPORTUNITY PRESIDENT'S ADVISORY COMMITTEE ON SEXUAL HARASSMENT (PACSH)

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CHOPPING BLOCK

by Jens Andersen

"You haven't written many columns lately," Vera said.

I shrugged and said nothing. We were sitting in RATT enjoying a few drinks after a hard day's work. Halfway across the room a tableful of engineers were watching the Van Halen "Teacher" video on the large-screen MTV. Every time the scantily-clad teacher appeared they would whistle, hoot and paw the ground.

"Are you stuck for something to write about?" Vera asked.

I laughed. "Are you kidding? My problem is always narrowing a million subjects down to the one or two I'm going to talk about. I mean, look at this..."

I pulled last Monday's *Globe and Mail* from my backpack and jabbed my fingers at the headlines.

"Right-wing nuts on the rampage in the States; the NDP looking for new ways to suck up to the electorate; more torture in Chile; Moonies in New Brunswick; an Indian on a reserve in Manitoba hounded off by his fellow Indians; the Hatfield dope bust; Tory hacks replacing Liberal hacks in the federal government's ad agency; PQ infighting..." I stopped on page five.

"So why no columns?" she asked.

"Oh, I dunno. Sometimes it seems so futile. Like I've already flogged everything to death, and no one is listening anyway. Like the political thing. I bash Reagan, Falwell and Buckley and the right wing still considers me an ally. I analyze the endless stupidities of the leftists and they think I'm merely insulting them. I try to point out the common ground between all decent and sensible people and everyone falls asleep."

"Poor widdle misunderstood boy."

I gave her a dirty look, but it didn't disturb that patient, half-amused expression she always wears.

"Nah, it's a translation problem. Everyone translates other people's ideas into their own ideas, and if the original ideas are weird — like mine — they always lose something in the translation. For instance, I don't even believe the political spectrum exists; there's no such thing as a left wing or a right wing. Left and right are spatial concepts, not political concepts. It would make more sense to use a musical spectrum in politics: Reagan is a baritone extremist, and Broadbent is a naively idealistic soprano. People only use the world "left" and "right" because it's an easy alternative to really thinking about politics."

"But you use those terms yourself."

"Yeah, but I have to use whatever words are available. And let's face it: all English political terms are



marvellously imprecise. And if you try to define things, and clarify and explain and do the whole professorial schtick, it's boring. Boring as hell. I dunno..."

The engineers across the room let go with another volley of hoots and whistles.

"Why don't you write about them?" Vera asked.

"I've already talked sex to death too."

"Oh, come on."

I shrugged again. "Besides, they're no worse than those socially-conscious Artsies who pervert their sex drive by trying to make it ideologically correct. It's just so...phony or hypocritical or something..."

"What you mean," Vera said, in that maddeningly knowing way of hers, "is that Engineers try to get laid by being aggressive and virile, and Artsies try to get laid by flaunting their enlightened humanitarianism."

"Hmm." It always irritated me the way she could phrase these things so well. I drained my beer. Between the alcohol and the philosophy I was getting depressed.

"I know what you need," she said, touching my arm playfully. "You need to try something different. Why not write some poetry? Or a fictional tale? It'll cheer you up."

"I've done that already. Lots of times."

"You've never done a detective story. Why not try that? You could get into all sorts of thrilling adventures with beautiful women." She was plainly teasing now, and I grimaced.

"You know," she continued, "I was just reading in *National Lampoon* that all the dull, boring intellectuals are getting into detective novels now. It keeps the audience from falling asleep."

"Oh brother."

"Not up to it?" she taunted.

"OK, you asked for it!"

A low, barely audible hum suddenly filled the room and slowly grew until it drowned out the MTV. It sounded like a sustained bass guitar note. The engineers stopped whooping and looked around puzzled. I stuffed the *Globe and Mail* into my backpack as dry ice began pouring from the roof vents, spilling onto the floor.

"Is this your idea?" Vera asked, eyeing the scene skeptically.

I grinned. The dry ice now covered the floor entirely, and swirled over the table tops. One engineer, waist deep in the fog, scurried to the elevator doors and madly pressed the button.

A few patrons ran after him, while others sat frozen where they were. The bass note continued to linger menacingly in the air.

"Just sit tight," I told Vera.

The dry ice flowed over our heads; but I could still make her out as a dim figure across the table. Through the haze we could hear people running and banging into things. Someone yelled "Fire!" oblivious to the evidence of his nostrils and the Supreme Court ruling on limitations to free speech.

Everything was impenetrable whiteness.

to be continued!

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Bear Country

by Shane Berg

