

# Where have all the comfy chairs gone?

In the process of trying to boil down my thoughts to fit neatly into an editorial, a lot of stuff ends up percolating through my skull, and it's tempting to just write it down in a self-serving list and leave it at that. For the sake of cohesion if nothing else though, it strikes me that the thing in common with all my thoughts is that I've had to think them.

Funny thing that. What it means is that thoughts that don't get thought, thunk, whatever — thoughts you haven't had time to think of, just don't get thought at all.

This potential loss of thought doesn't seem important considering how insignificant most thoughts are, and people **are** doing something with their grey matter, after all. They're only busying their minds though, the equivalent of a hamster running around one of those treadmills. Mental busywork doesn't produce any new ideas; by definition, it retraces standard paths. Real thinking is an unstructured activity where the mind focuses on everything, but doesn't concern itself with anything. It's a means to process information about the world, and accuracy doesn't matter.

People aren't thinking as often, and as a result aren't coming up with any new ideas. And it's easy to understand why.

Thinking stems from doing nothing, and there's just not enough time to sit around and do nothing anymore. Nothing. The real nothing. Not the answer to "What did you do this weekend?", or just sitting around in front of the T.V. nothing. Being alone with your thoughts.

Coupled with this lack of free time is a lack of chairs. Although one needn't be on one's ass to think, it helps, and chairs make you take time to relax. There just aren't enough places to sit anymore.



Especially in the SUB.

In theory, sure, there are a lot of places to sit. But a good seat implies refuge from the World, and sitting beside a bustling donut-hustling operation ain't gonna cut it. The chairs that used to be under the indoor trees on the second floor have vanished, replaced with less than a dozen moulded plastic stools outside Pizza Hut.

Everywhere to sit in the SUB is

directly related to buying food. The irony is, if you go to the one place on campus you can expect to find food, you'll probably find it closed. The cafeteria, for those of you who even know where it is, is open from 10 a.m. until 2 p.m. Easily the most institutional, dreary looking hole you're likely to find. Needless to say, it isn't crowded very often anymore. Even the plastic plants died.

Obviously this lack of good

seating is creating a thought crisis. Thinking doesn't always lead to good ideas, but at the very least, it always leads to ideas. It was behind Einstein's discovery of the theory of relativity and the discovery of the pet rock.

In this vein, to recapture both the power of the thought and the power of butt I suggest an honest to goodness sit-in. Bring your favourite couch cushion to school and plop down outside the DSU offices. Who knows what will happen. When the ass rests, the mind will wander.

SHELLEY ROBINSON

## Franchise Frenzy

Dear editor:

Could someone please explain the mass marketing feeding frenzy on campus? First it was Robin's, Pizza Hut, and Mr. Sub; then Harvey's, Tim's, and the Second Cup. I'm currently listening to the amplified litany of Campus Fest from blocks away, hawking all manner of brand names. I just love my presence being prostituted because I belong to a hot demographic. Besides, isn't the hallmark of our generation the fact that we're broke?

Admittedly, it is nice that the private sector is taking over the job of funding education, since the government can't decide whether it's truly incapable or just plain disinterested. But why isn't there a rule that all new staff at these outlets must be students, seeing as we helped pay for building them? And where is all the money collected from these enterprises going to? Every time I turn a corner in a building here I see another franchise, but I still spent the first week of September sitting in a hallway, since a class that had an enrollment limit of 35 had over 60 people show up.

Over the past four years, the only real change I've seen here is that I used to go to a university, and now it's a strip mall. Albeit a "respected" one, with a four-figure cover charge, but still just a corporation, administered by bottom-line-obsessed bureaucrats instead of educators. Still, even if I get nothing else from my brush with higher learning, those free samples I got at the bookstore sure will come in handy for keeping me smelling fresh when I'm unemployed, and scraping at the remnants of our social safety net.

Ryan Benson

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we already have enough of these letters. how about sending us some of yours.

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