

## SECOND WIND

### Registration: Two times two

by Sally-Ann

Last week I registered for the fifth time. To all you freshmen out there, I'd like to say it doesn't get markedly easier with practise! Returning students benefit, of course, from knowledge of the campus - but what with this year's new location in the new pavilion, the newly rigid insistence on sequential registration, the new requirement for proof of eligibility for a calendar, and the barrage of other new improved bureaucratic red tape....Well, I for one think change where one expects sameness is fully as confusing as total unfamiliarity.

All this by way of commiseration and blowing off steam. Dire warnings, however, are also in order! I am quite prepared to admit that my first September nightmare could not have been avoided, all first-year students being subjected to this heinous test of endurance and sanity; also that the second, third, and fourth recurrences were due to my own vacillation and lack of foresight. But this year's headache, tears and blisters were all compliments of the U of A's own administration.

I should like to suggest that the old adage: "Behind every successful man is a woman" would more accurately reflect 20th century reality if "man" were replaced with "computer foul-up" - and "woman" with "unidentified frying idiot". (In my case, a mark of 7 was recorded as a 2, and - poof! - my advance registration, my Student Loan and indeed, my status as a student had all been nixed!)

Not to get carried away... Letters to the Editor being a more appropriate column for the airing of personal grievances... I shall get to the point of this woeful tale. The University has a financial problem. The Powers That Be are undoubtedly aware of the mild objections which might ensue as the result of their imposing further quotas. Ergo, needs must find another way. A sly "Fail" here and there might to the trick, hmmm?

In other words: beware apparent success and premature celebration or relaxation; be prepared to be responsible not only for "the completeness and accuracy" of your actions, but for any pathological changes they might undergo in the hands of your Faculty staff; never believe the person who informs you that something is irreversible, and, **ABOVE ALL** avoid cynicism. I'm back, aren't I?!

by Ninette Gironella

Each year, new students are subjected to the experience of in-person registration. And each year the ineptness of this procedure points to the need for vast improvements.

Why is it that this university insists on in-person registration instead of the saner, less frustrating method of advanced registration for all students? New students could receive a form to fill out and return over the summer. They could then be spared the joys of spending their first week on campus standing in several endless line-ups. At the beginning of September they could simply receive their computerized timetable, the same way the senior students do.

There are advantages to this system for the University too. Rather than using hundreds of professors and graduate students during the week these people need to prepare for their teaching assignments, the Registrar's Office could hire a few extra keypunch operators for the summer. In addition, departments would know further in advance how many extra staff they would need for the year. Currently, departments have to guesstimate how many sessional lecturers they need to hire; if they underestimate, they either have overfilled sections or must turn students away from their courses. September is too late to start looking for staff. Also, counselling of new students could be done over the summer, rather than having a few people in Part II trying to deal with everyone in only three days.

Opponents to this system counter that this method would increase the number of changes of registration and changes of section. However, these changes go on each September already; it is unlikely that handing out timetables would increase this number to an unmanageable level. Even if each and every student on campus made two changes of registration, that is a smaller number than each new student trying to register in ten courses.

The U of A is one of the few campuses in North America that clings to the old method of in-person registration. Our enrollment has increased such that this method is unduly time-consuming on the part of both the student and the administration. No logical reason exists for continuing this out-dated process. This University should plan now for complete pre-registration.

the big one, if ya know what I mean, but Albert, he just thinks that this guy is real hot shit, but then Albert sucks the big one too." She finished with the cup and started to demolish her empty cigarette pack.

"I ought to break up with him ya know, six months we've gone out now, and six months I've wanted out. I've started fights maybe four, maybe five times, and each time he refuses to cooperate. Like he stares at this girl that comes over to my place to borrow ice, and I says, go out with her don't just drool over my carpet! But he just stands there and says "naw", so I says back, don't look at her, if ya know what I mean. Then he drags out the time when this greek guy slept over at my place, cause my brother Wes slept over too, and this greek guy's my brother's pal. What could I say, and anyways, this greek guy's bi, stills calls me up now and then though."

"I should break up you know. I've never gone out with no-one longer than six months before, never. Funny, usually I go out with a guy, have this big fight, then pack up and leave. I started out in Toronto, and end up here in Edmonton. Break up and move over one province, real easy like. I was going out with this nice guy from Saskatoon, well we had this fight one night, and I just tossed a few things in a bag and caught the first bus to Alberta, just like that. Cried all that night on the bus, and the next afternoon, I'm here at the Sub Port getting this here job interview, and right in the middle I start to bawl, and I just couldn't stop! Well my boss freaks right out, and when he manages to calm me down, he just gives me the job, must have thought that I was some number and a half, real loony tunes, if ya know what I mean."

Then she started laughing, and I just sat there again, trying to force out a few half-assed laughs, shit, what do you say to a monologue like that? Then she stops laughing as abruptly as she had started, "I should get serious sooner or later, hell, can't keep this up forever, I'm running out of provinces, if ya know what I mean."

All of a sudden, at least 7 or 8 teeny boppers stormed into the place and demanded service, screaming and yelling, so I took my cue and split pronto, as Elaine tried to sort out how many pizza subs and Cokes would fill all those yapping maws.

That's the last I ever saw of Elaine. Went in the Sub Port a couple of nights later and was told that she just left, no notice, no nothing. All I can say is that I hope she had better luck in Vancouver, or Victoria, or wherever in B.C. her late-night, post-fight bus ride took her. Doesn't really matter, anywhere in B.C. is a good place to get serious.



by Gilbert Bouchard

Sounds. A cat at first, howling, screeching a block or two down from my bed. Then a cacophony of household noises: clicks, gurgles, electric hums, and the sopradic bangs of frustrated piping. And finally concentrating on my own breath, becoming painfully aware of each wheeze, each gasp of my mucus packed sinuses.

By the half hour I'm fully awake, lying in bed, envisioning the transit buses, deducing their positions and relative velocities from their hisses and rumbles (brakes squealing air as they fight their schedules, fight late-night traffic) as the tailights dance and flicker in the willows framing my window.

By twenty to one I'm halfway down the street, zipping up the fly of my jeans as the seams of my canvas runners dig into my naked toes, and my jean jacket unfurls in my left hand.

By fifteen to one I'm at the counter of the Sub Port ordering a tuna sub and large Coke from Elaine, a former denizen from the big T.O., now slinging subs in River City. "I made the usual, wanna eat it here and keep me company?" slurred Elaine. "Sure, why not. I'm sleezy!"

Elaine brings the sub and red cardboard Coke container over to the staff table, plops down opposite of me, drags her stringy blond hair at least partially away from her face, and lights up a Players, all with an amazing economy of motion.

"Boy am I ever wasted," (with her eyes glowing brighter than her cigarette tip it wasn't hard to guess) "boss came in 'bout an hour ago and we had a couple of joints, then I ran out of coffee." I didn't know what to answer, so I shut up and watched her tear up an empty styrofoam cup to atoms. "Just can't keep awake, and my other boss keeps on calling so I gotta act straight." I tried to interject the proper platitute, but she didn't leave me the time to open my mouth before curtly changing the subject: "how was your weekend Gilby?" "Ahh, find I guess?" I blubbered. "Well I just can't say the same, the night before last my boyfriend, Albert, and me, we goes over to the Riv. to see Adam Slash. This guy sucked

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## NOTICE to all Gateway Staff

Staff meeting for the express purpose of selecting the Arts Editor for the 1983-84 term on Thursday, September 15, 1983, at 4 pm. in Room 282 SUB.

VOTERS LIST FOR THOSE PERSONS ELIGIBLE TO VOTE

Jens Andersen  
Margaret Baer  
Martin Beales  
Stacey Bertles  
Kent Blinston  
Gunnar Blodgett  
Durk Boivin  
Gilbert Bouchard  
Aaron Bushkowsky

Nate LaRoi  
Ken Lenz  
Dan Leskiw  
George Longmore  
Catherine MacLaughlin  
Vic Marchiel  
Janine McDade  
Jim Miller  
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Lorie White  
Tom Wilson  
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Please Attend  
this meeting