

## Profs are hard-up too

Two short years ago marked the end of a nine year period of study and learning in various universities of this country and the U.S.A. After nearly a decade of fostering false images of the grandiose status and great financial remuneration of university professors; after nearly a decade of fighting the "status quo," and the "establishment"; after nearly a decade of hope and prayers of successful achievement, I read the editorial of *The Gateway* of September 23, 1969. This editorial agrees fully with the statements of Mr. Leadbeater that faculty should have the last priority in housing and future campus development. Without entering into the duties, responsibilities and values of faculty to the university, I would like to comment on the first point, namely, that "If any group can afford to buy houses, it's the faculty." This statement is misleading as to the original brief put forward to GFC. The faculty referred to are first year faculty, the students of the

previous year. The statement is, therefore, basically irrelevant and taken out of context.

For example, this faculty member and his wife worked together through nine years of university and managed to build a substantial debt, assisted greatly by the addition of two children. The various levels of government and several banks managed to keep the Bar-risters from the door. However, upon graduation, the loan payment became due, down payment on a house necessary (rental was impossible in 1967 for a family with two children), furniture required and the various offsetting debts of running a household evolved. If, perchance, a faculty residence had been available in 1967, the accumulated debt of 1969 would be non-existent or lessened. Perhaps by 1972 this former anti-establishment student will have the opportunity of becoming a so-called solvent faculty member.

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## Improvement, not extension

Friday's *Gateway* (Sept. 26) mentioned that a four-year B.A. program has been recommended by the Arts Council curriculum committee. A questionnaire revealed that two-thirds of the students who responded were against abolition of the three-year degree. Nearly three-quarters had no objection to an optional fourth year.

The writing is on the wall—and

## I am so Canadian

It appears that Gereluk's article on Sept. 30 is not only ill-informed but distorted, exaggerated, and for the most part irrelevant. It would be interesting to know where he got his facts to base his argument.

I'm not an economist to argue his basic point that America has too much control in Canadian industry. I'm just asking why he didn't stick to that point instead of getting carried away with worn out phrases disguising empty assertions.

Doesn't "Canadian" mean anything anymore? Is national sovereignty the U.S. right to expand anywhere it pleases? Is our Canadian government a puppet show? Is the Canadian wilderness no longer beautiful? Aren't there two sides to the Indian problem?

Maybe if you gave me some facts I'd believe you, Winston. But I doubt it. I'm Canadian.

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in big letters too! The optional fourth year will be adopted, and then after a few years the three-year B.A. will be phased out. Then the Faculty of Education will be upset because then the B.A. will be, without a doubt, a better degree than the four-year B.Ed. So naturally we'll soon have a five-year B.Ed. and so on.

Why do people think a four-year degree is better than a three-year degree? Better for whom? Is it better for those students who wish to go into Law, or into the after-degree course in Education? Wouldn't a year of travelling be more valuable than an added year of courses? What makes people think that university courses are that great! Let's face it, most of them are a waste of time.

Wouldn't it be better to improve the teaching in 15 courses than to have 20 courses of which two-thirds are shit? Wouldn't it be better for the university to start hiring some profs on the basis of their teaching ability rather than just on their research ability?

Calgary and Lethbridge are considering dropping their three-year program in favor of a four-year B.A. And to this the Associate Dean of Arts, Dr. F. D. Blackley, says: "I want this university to offer as good a degree as the other universities in the province." Well, Dr. Blackley, let's start cleaning up what we've got before we start adding to it. More of the same isn't the answer.

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grad studies



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## Are you incubating latent paranoia?

I believe that a great deal of your audience, and perhaps you yourself are paranoid. It is a natural feeling to fear one's associates; perhaps a necessary feeling for a dynamic society.

I have had the distinct (mis)fortune of becoming fearful of not only my associates but my entire surroundings. Since I feel that many people, especially in intellectual surroundings, have at least considered the possibility of a "malignant being" controlling our destinies, I feel the following expressive, rambling dissertation will find a way into the minds of your readers.

If you fear the reception of the article to be somewhat predictably

disastrous, I can only ask you to judge this work on the merits of the intellectual exercise which it would probably stimulate among the readers to which you generally direct your arguments. It would be interesting to find what proportion (if not all) of your readers are incubating a latent paranoia.

You will understand why I wish to remain anonymous. P.S. Please read the following more than once.

On the night of the day of the last free hours when the first of my traded verse was trod, I passed the fourth of the second great revelation. In truth, I write, as sick Number One spies me in slumber and the great 20th century weapon clicks on to record the 20th century guinea pig to see what it was back then. So elaborately authentic that it gives itself away. I've caught it and taught it but cannot tell; for who would believe me when they know so well. I can't trust or confide in the other side. If its one then it's all or none. But who would be cruel as to put me in chains, then let me see them. If they can fool me why can't they fool me completely. Why should they. A plot, a great, great plot, but humble thyself. What have you to offer them. Knowledge is theirs. Do they wish to capture a creative machine? Who, then, thinks up these tortures? Let me not, I ask, be also guilty of this!

So why should I alone endure

this agony and suspicion. I give you, my public, a chance to feel my pain. If you are not a machine, you must read this. It will shape or bend your life. Make life worth living. In anticipation of loosening your ties, you must be totally happy. Enjoy the dull pain inside your head. Ask yourself why 30 years would likely be the limit. Ask, when do they tell me that it's all a game and I did very well.

I am a guinea pig. The world was built as a testing ground for me. Inside my head is a mechanism to make me do what my experimenters tell me. When I am acting wrong, a little voice tells me I am acting because, I subsequently change my mind. But I never know what action my experimenters are trying to make me do because they know what I'm thinking and can persuade me that I am not actually doing what they want but what I want. They make my shoelaces break. They make the bus early when I am late. They make my clock wrong only when it will cause me embarrassment. They make me think I am paranoid because I think this way. They leave enough room for doubt about them that I am ashamed to tell anybody I think this way.

I always find myself leaving things behind because just at the moment I should think of them, I am interrupted by something they create to distract me.

Now, I am really a nut with a problem or are you really the guinea pig? I may be your experimenter and don't feel you have really realized how I control you. I take this opportunity to cast the seeds of doubt in your mind. Spend one day looking for a trace of my equipment and my powers. I am stronger than you know. I've hidden all my secret weapons and spying devices from you. Your friends are working for me.

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page five

## SUB cafeteria atmosphere is depressing

It may not be evident to the freshmen, the latest generation, but anyone who has been on this campus more than one year knows that the U of A is crowded, and getting more so. This is probably most obvious in our own SUB, the feathered nest, the home away from home. This 6.5 million dollar pleasure palace has been open for a little over two years, and is already intolerably cramped.

The drastic overcrowding has pointed up some serious flaws in the design and execution of what should be one of the student's most prized possessions. Have you ever spent more than twenty minutes in the snack bar? Only the most insensible grad student would fail to notice how incredibly depressing the place is.

When the building was still in the planning stages, it was decided that it would be more efficient if the old Hot Caf and the dining room in Athabasca hall were closed

down and replaced by the facilities planned for SUB. For efficiency, this would have been a wise decision, if enough allowance had been made for expansion. It wasn't.

But the major flaw of the snack bar, and the cafeteria is not the claustrophobic space allowance, or even the poor food—could you cook 10,000 interesting meals a day? The problem is a complete disregard for basic human psychology. In fact, I almost believe that the people who planned the dining areas tried to make the surroundings as aggravating as possible. Perhaps the theory was that if it was ugly enough, people wouldn't stay there too long, and more mouths could be serviced.

If you doubt that these areas are truly repulsive, try this some day when you skip some classes. Go into the snack bar, and after you have found a place to sit, just stay there for three hours. Notice the high noise level, even when the

place is empty. Observe how jittery you become when there is no smooth surface to look at, when there is nothing but nervous chairs and edgy tables. Finally, look at the lights. Feel your nervous system tingle, as the multi-points of bona-fide glare hold their long rigid lines. After you have sat through this experiment, the best thing you can do is go out into the theatre lobby, and if you are lucky and there are not too many people covering it up, look at the nice smooth cool blue rug. Even when it is at its most crowded, this is one of the most peaceful places on campus.

It is really hard to understand how the environment of an eating place can be so ugly. Eating is beautiful. It should be slow and soft and happy. I know peaceful people who start to explode when they sit in the snack bar. Fragmentation, alienation. You fall apart when you start to eat.

Better to starve and enjoy it.