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just one measly letter this time—isn't anybody annoyed or elated by gateway this year? write us about any little thing and take a load off your mind. our only letter today concerns that old bugaboo, parking. a couple of articles from canada's "best" student paper, the ubyssey, round out the page; one is on socks, and one is on games. read on fearless readers.

letter

same old gripe

One might call this piece, "A disgusted student's opinion of the parking situation on this campus," or "Parking quite limited." I, like most students on this campus, have classes at the crack of dawn, but am unable to find a parking spot until a few hours before dusk.

Point risen: is there not enough parking spots for the cars of we few students who do dare to bring our cars to university?

Answer: no, there are just too many cars to be accommodated.

With the removal of what seems to be one half of A lot and with the streets clogged with the vehicles of the construction employees, it seems we are missing over one thousand parking places. Also, the campus is surrounded by a two hour parking zone. How does one expect to attend a full day of lectures without having to pay \$5 a day to maintain a secure(?) place to park one's

vehicle? Or get away with fifty cents a day to feed a two hour meter on "main street" in front of the administration building?

The Jubilee lot is filled by 7:30 a.m., SUB by 7:35 a.m., "A" lot, for which you must have a sticker, by 7:40 a.m. and the rest of the spots by 7:45 a.m.

Therefore, would it not be possible for the university to build a 1,000 car parkade? Why not in Quad? Or all the cars should get here an hour early so we can beat the rush! (logical argument!).

Jack Segal
sci 2

Happy Birthday
to all former Gateway editors
born 22 years ago yesterday

The segregation game

By JOHN MATE

Reprinted from the Ubysey

Hi there. Why do you just sit there? Get that ape look off your head and be bored no more, for game time is here. (Cue for trumpets, bugles, drums, and go-go girls.)

Too many of us do not enjoy university life enough, simply because we don't have fun. Yes, fun. Today we are going to have fun, fun, fun, playing game, game, game. Our motto is, "We are game to play the game."

Now repeat the motto and we guarantee that by following our simple instructions you will turn your long and dreary hours of cafeteria life into short and happy hours of bliss and contentment.

So, without further hesitation let us start playing "Segregate Your Campus." (Cue for violins, harps, basses, and go-go girls.)

Do not be alarmed at the name of our game. We are not racist, we have never been and never plan to be. The game is innocent, so please don't walk away in your liberal disgust. You should never judge a game by its name. (Cue for judges, attorneys and go-go girls.)

clique, clique

The reason for the name is simple. We, 18,000 of us, are all in favour of and have been adhering to segregation. We all belong to a certain clique and campus, and our whole life revolves around and within that clique. We eat, drink, walk, talk, sleep and other things (cue for go-go girls) with members of our clique, and we desperately strive to segregate ourselves from outsiders, intruders, inferiors.

Although, most of the time we succeed in our desperate strife, we do sometimes make mistakes (we are only human, you know) and eat, drink, walk, talk, sleep and etc., with those whom we would not otherwise et cetra with.

The purpose of the game is to train us to spot, at a glance, the various members of various campus cliques so that we won't have to go on making the mistakes we have been making. Thus we shall have the final solution: complete segregation. (Cue for one roll of the drums, for all used furniture salesmen, caravan leaders, bare horseback riders and go-go girls.)

joe hippy

Let us show you what we mean by spotting various members of various campus clique.

For our first example, let us pick on that various looking gentleman over there. No, not that one, the one beside him. Yes, the one with the bushy but balding head, Stalin mustache, side burns, and generally a cool look about him. If only we could get a bit closer . . . why, of course, now we recognize him. That's none other than Joe Hippy. His name is well known to all of us. We remember Joe Hippy from last year, the year before that, and before that. Who could forget good ole' Joe.

He has caused too many sensations to be simply forgotten. Besides, he is easy to recognize, he always has a gimmick. His gimmick is his sex-appeal, and it is a sure give away, unless it is hidden. In case it is, say a few words to him and he will reveal his true head immediately.

"It's a nice day today, hey Joe?"
"Yes, it makes the grass grow high." (Cue for Timothy, all acid, pot, and egg heads, Lyndon and Lady Bird.)

joe liberal

Now that you see what we mean, the game becomes simple. Just detect your clique, and segregate.

For our second and last example, we shall select that young looking young man, that fine and upstanding epitome of our society, the pride of our city, our province, our country, the pride of his mother, Mr. Joseph Liberal.

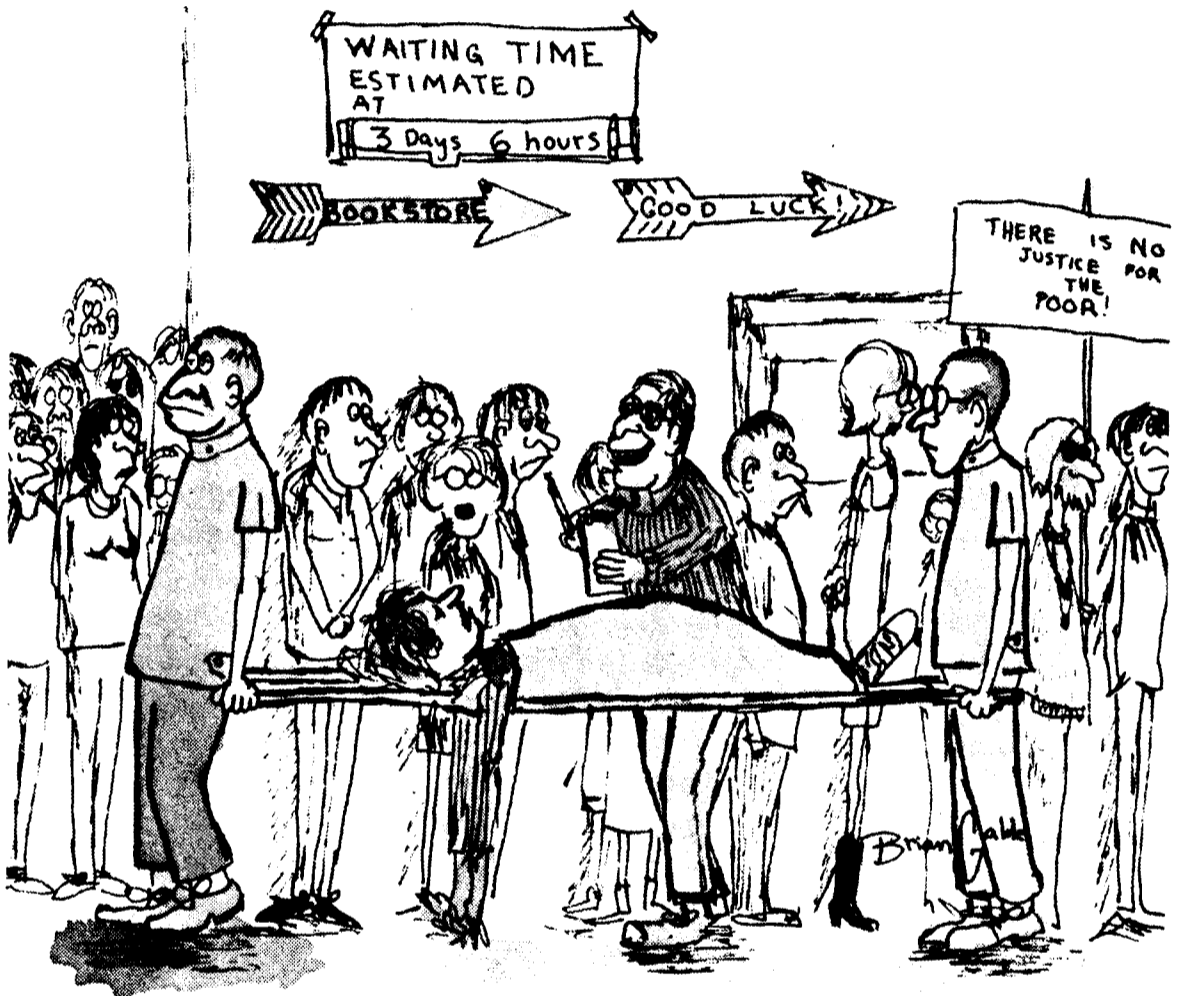
Mr. Liberal may be found all over the campus. He outnumbers all the others, he is the most popular student of his professors, he has no gimmick, he dresses neat, his face is clean, and he is as liberal as can be.

sweet smile

Why, he is so liberal that not only would he not express an opinion on any major issue, but he will also maintain a blank expression on his face to show that he isn't prejudiced. His expression is so blank that we can only detect Mr. Liberal by his ever lasting, sweet but phoney smile for everyone.

So, to spot Mr. Liberal just look for a blank look, and a sweet but phoney grin. (Cue for snakes, rats, hounddogs, and ironing boards.)

We hope that you will try out the game, and that you won't forget our motto, "We are game to play the game." Happy segregation.



—reprinted from the sheaf
and have you found buying books more of a challenge this year than in previous years?

On shoes and socks and the nature of things

By MICHEL LOPATECKI

Reprinted from the Ubysey

Take off your shoes and socks. Wiggle your toes awhile. Spread them. Aren't they disgusting?

Now poke the soles. See how yellow and soft they are. Take a

few steps on your own. Watch how you fall on your hands and knees on the little pebbles. But isn't it great to go barefoot, really? You don't have to stand where that dog sat.

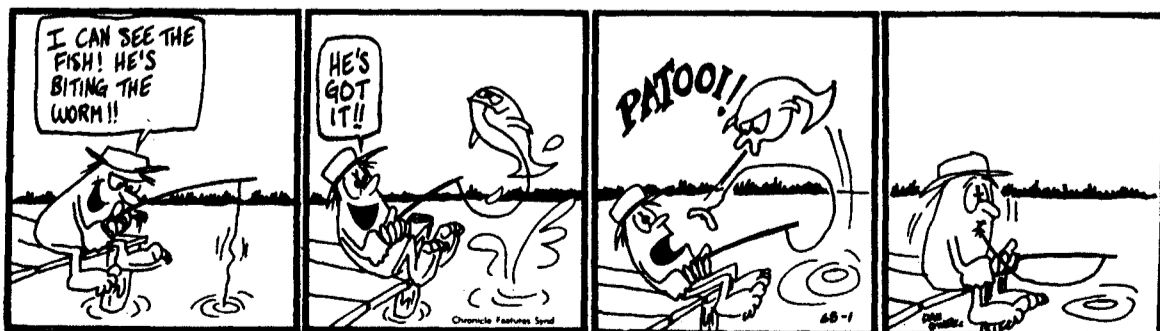
Everybody knows the Audabon Theory: we're out of touch with nature, we live in little boxes, we're all made out of ticky-tacky and protected with plastic. What we need is to get our feet back on the ground. So I suggest we simply take off our shoes.

We could put a new movement afoot here on the library lawn. Our flag could be a waving sock held high on a long pole. Our motto could be "A toe in the rump for Bata-Man."

We could all wear anklets and put bells on our toes. We could live off the shoe leather we've made into holsters and sold to the Americans. We could call ourselves the Footsies. And we'll never ever let the campus cops shoe us away.

Imagine how it would be if everyone goes footloose. People will be aware of the texture of the earth—whether the leaves are falling, whether the slugs are out. We'll all be more friendly—people will carry salves and tweezers like good Samaritans; boys and girls will feel more for each other under the tables in Brock. And we'll be more honest—we'll know exactly how big the Engineers are and who the flatfeet are that have been sent among us to keep a eye on the pinkies. There'll be a childish joy as we paddle in the fountain and pick dandelions with our toes. And Pretty Feet, the cosmetic company which wants to take the rub for your feet and of which I am district representative, will make a killing.

Now if things loosen up enough around here I hope to start a sister movement in two weeks time called the Girdles.



—reprinted from the georgian