

# Were campus buildings designed for maximum repulsiveness??

## Campus architecture

My Dearest Virginia:

I hope you have not been too concerned for me as of late. It has been six weeks since I have last seen you, and as it is somewhat difficult for me to meet you in my present condition, I shall attempt to explain my actions by this letter.

Six weeks ago I was overcome by a curious urge to explore the Biological Sciences Building. It was unfortunate, dearest, in that it is not necessarily easy to get out of the Biological Sciences Building.

At first, I was not concerned. Even after the first week I did not panic. "For at one time," I said to myself, "I was a Boy Scout and I know that moss always grows on the north side, the Queen loves and protects me, and I shall find my way home."

After the second week I was becoming somewhat distressed as I had not had a great deal to eat. I once caught sight of a mouse, being used apparently for some experiment in the maze which made up the third floor. I fried him over a bunsen burner and had a very tasty meal. He reminded me, Virginia, in no small way, of a somewhat soggy Dinwoodie hamburger.

Suffice it to say, my dear, that after five weeks, with hair all over my face, hollows in my cheeks, my body blanketed with dirt, and my eyes bulging out, I would very much have reminded you of an engineer.

Thus, I resolved, my dearest, to jump from one of the slits in the wall (once called windows, I believe) to the ground below, and in this manner precipitate my rescue. My success was due only to the fact that six weeks without food had rendered me somewhat slighter than usual and for this reason alone was I able to crawl through the narrow opening. It was for this reason also that I floated more than fell, and

as a result, only sustained a broken back, broken legs, a concussion and a rupture (only to my spleen, my dear, only to my spleen).

My dearest, it is with a great deal of relief that I find it possible to write to you from this hospital bed and I would exhort you not to be as foolhardy as I.

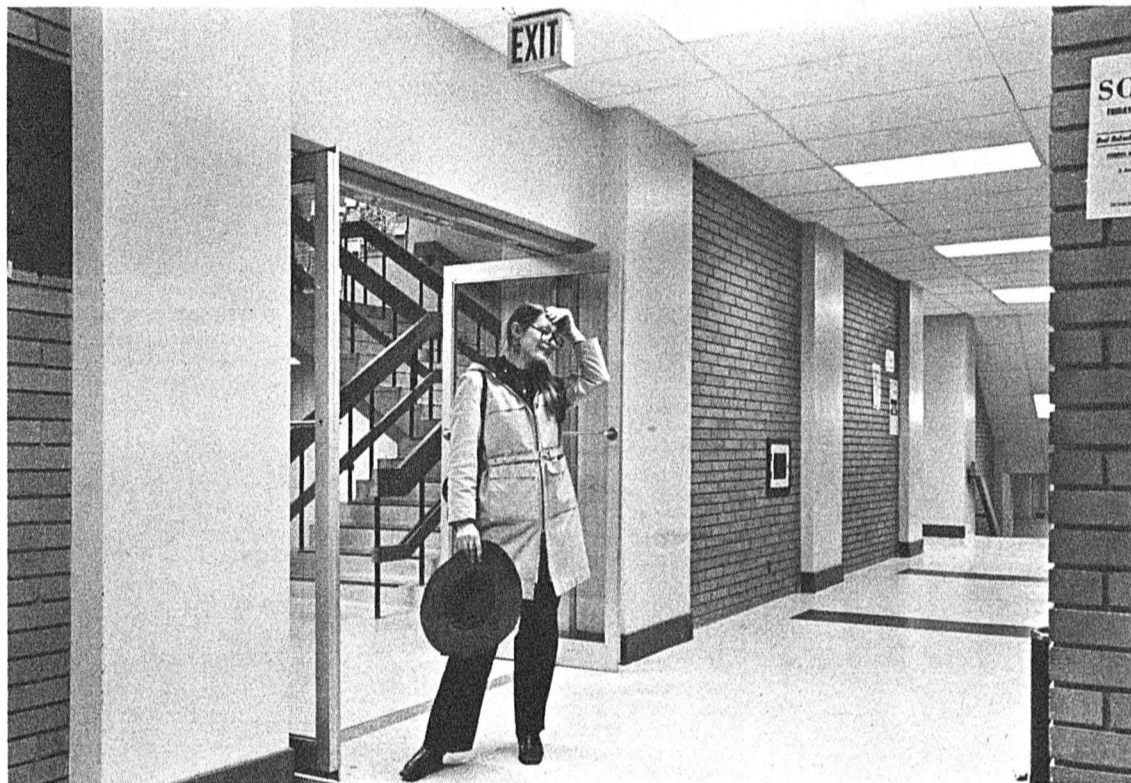
However, before I close, allow me to impart one last bit of truth.

It was rather a shock to me when I came upon a display case of fossils while wandering through the Biological Sciences Building. It shattered what I, and you, my dearest, had always believed. No, Virginia, not all the prehistoric remains on this campus are professors.

Your loving sweetheart  
Bob H.  
arts 2

## Lost in old castle

Who the hell is the person, or group of persons responsible for approving the building designs at the U of A? Whoever is responsible, they deserve all the credit for producing one of the ugliest campuses I have ever seen.



—Mark Fobb photo

AN ADVENTURE IN EDUCATION

... complete with medieval castles

At any one point on the campus, one can see, on a simple 360 degree turn, an intriguing array of architectural sterility. The designs usually vary from "Early San Quentin", to "Contemporary Alcatraz" in their warmth and tradition. It is apparent that this group of persons has hired gardeners to skulk around at night and DDT any forms of ivy trying to climb some of the older walls. And now, even deeply rooted trees with (heaven forbid), a touch of natural beauty, are being shuttled "somewhere" on this campus where they will no doubt be made into molds so that concrete trees can be placed in their stead. (This should blend nicely with the rustic, wooden sidewalks, and lovely parking lots.)

The company that printed up those U of A picture cards must be losing money hand over foot. I'm ashamed to send them home for fear my friends will send me some bail and a good lawyer. (Which would be quite a natural reaction.)

The U of A has satisfied me, academically speaking, but after a day walking the campus, I have to go home to stare into a garbage can, just to give my eyes a rest. (Anything looks beautiful after such an excruciating visual torture.)

Admittedly, it's a little late to do anything about the whole mess. It will live for years to come as a monument to all that is sterile and void of warmth. There is one thing we can do. We can get whoever is responsible, seal them in a time capsule, and bury them in one of the cornerstones of their monstrosities.

This should end their reign of horror, and maybe in 50 or 60 years, we can start fresh again. For the present, they deserve all the credit.

Louis Bollo  
PE 2

# Minus two equals four

by Percy Wickman

*Percy Wickman is The Gateway's indomitable advertising manager. In fact, he's so indomitable that no matter how often we push him down the SUB stairs, the ad content still keeps climbing above 30 percent. We asked Mr. Wickman to write something about the funny things that happen to a two-wheeler dealer when he rolled into the office one day swearing he would "kick hell out of the sonofabitch who padlocked my chair to the taxi bumper and then told the driver to 'follow that car!'"*

You cope, you adjust, you accept—you learn to. For some, it's extremely difficult—for others, relatively simple.

When I exchanged the use of my two legs for four wheels I was taken aback temporarily, but time does heal. I adjusted—I had no choice.

My physio-therapist saw to that.

At times I thought she rode me too hard. She encouraged me to use leg braces and crutches and when I did, at times she would sneak up behind me and give a gentle push leaving me flat on my face. Her explanation was that I had to get used to it, that she wouldn't always be around to help me up when I stumbled on those crutches.

Now that time has passed, I realize that Miss Harris was preparing me for "the outside world." It was her way of telling me that I would have stumbles and falls in years to come and that I would have to cope with them myself.

People around me tell me that I have adjusted. My wife's opinion differs. She tells me that I have developed hostilities from being confined to a wheelchair and that I take them out on her. True, I may take my hostilities and frustrations out on her but don't we all use an outlet? Some husbands come home and kick their dog around. We don't have a dog and even if we did, I'd have a damn tough time trying to kick it around.

People are curious—it's human nature. I am often asked, "What happened to you?" If

I feel it's a stranger poking his nose into someone else's business, I reply, "I fell off a ladder picking strawberries." This generally cuts the quizzing short.

People's reaction to hitting someone in a wheelchair head-on are usually strange. As examples I'll cite a couple of run-ins with the "city's finest." Another couple along with the wife and myself were heading home from a bash, with yours truly behind the wheel. A Ford stationwagon started to put the "bug" on me. Natural response took over and I fed the controls. I was pulling away when a red flashing light put a halter on my sure victory. The other driver accepted his ticket graciously but when it came to my turn, the man in blue encountered his problems.

He started with his usual blah, blah, blah, but feeling cocky I refused the summons,



**SORRY I'M LATE** for the awards night but I haven't put the snow treads on yet and traffic is terrible.

stating I was only exceeding the speed limit by 20 mph, not 30 mph as he was charging me. He then replied that if I did not accept the summons I would be arrested. Knowing that a wheelchair will not fit through cell doors, I told him to go ahead. In frustration, not knowing how to cope with the situation, he went back to his car to radio in for a sergeant and meanwhile told me to sit tight (which I was). At this point I sat on the horn. He came back to the car.

"What's your problem?"

"I have to go to the 'john' right away."

"Tough—that's your problem."

He went back to his car, I gave him a couple of seconds and sat on the horn again. He came stomping back and I shouted (hostilities not being taken out on the wife).

"Either arrest me right now or let me go because I have to use the damn 'john.'" Just then the sergeant pulled up, looked over the situation, threw the summons in my car and walked away.

Another time I was heading home from a stag and caught an amber light, unfortunately with a red flashing light behind me. He pulled me over and was at the door in a flash.

"Get out of the car."

"I can't."

"What do you mean you can't?"

"Just what I damn well mean."

Just then, he spotted the half empty bottle on the front seat and went tearing around to the passenger side. As he opened the door, he noticed the wheelchair in the back. He was stunned as two and two finally clicked in his head. Unable to cope with the situation—a call to the sergeant (seems to be a constable's favorite retreat). Final result—minus my bottle, I was told to go home and straight home.

A feeling of being trapped? Yes it does happen. Getting home one morning just in time for breakfast my explanation to the other half was as follows: "But it's true. I was at a wing-ding on the fifteenth floor of the Avord Arms and the elevators shut down, so I was stuck there for the night."

Last summer GPK (your new external vice) and myself headed for the coast to see a business contact. We grabbed the first ferry we could get for the island. I am told there is only one ferry on that run which doesn't have an elevator. I spent two hours in the car deck fighting exhaust fumes. That same evening we headed back to Van on the last ferry out. Sure enough, the same ferry with no elevator, and another two hours fighting fumes (STOP should have been there for an on the scene report).

Yes it's true. With one simple lever (control), a car can be driven with only the use of the hands. Shortly after leaving the hospital I bought a car and ordered a set of controls from Vancouver where they are custom built.

While waiting for their arrival I got impatient and really got the urge to get behind the wheel. Ingeniously, I stuck a nail on the end of a broom handle, which was to serve as a control to operate the gas and brake. I backed out of the yard, the broom handle missed the brake, and it was into the neighbor's yard. From then on I've stuck to driving with legit controls.

Being in a wheelchair, the biggest hazard encountered is steps. This is probably why I didn't get any humor out of the engineers' prank of shutting down all the elevators on campus during their week.

Will I ever walk again? No—not with the present knowledge of science. Mind you—I've been told of a lot of cures. The most popular being faith healers, God and so forth. The most unusual occurred at the race track. A stranger came up to me and told me his story about how he wasn't given any hope to ever walk again, but he found the cure.

It went as follows:

"Buy a slab of bacon, with a lot of fat on it, boil it in hot water and then sit on it for half-an-hour (bare-bottomed). The hotter it gets the better. Apparently it sucks the poison out of one's spine." He assured me it worked for him and could work for me. So, if you see me whirling around the SUB squirming in my chair you'll know I tried it and it didn't work.