

Grad can't read

Dear Dalhorsie Zagette editors,
I have been a student here for more than three years now and there's a burning question I want to ask Dalhorsie University via the Zagette.

Why is it, that after three years at this institution, nobody has sat down with me and taught me to read and write yet? I feel that this should be the primary function of an educational institution, and yet I cannot bring myself to put forth a well crafted sentence. I had to dictate this letter to the editor of the Zagette!

In primary school, they promised me that these necessary skills would be taught to me in High School, that I didn't have to worry about them yet. In High School, they pushed me from year to year with the promise that I'd "probably pick it up along the way."

Now, here I am, soon to graduate. I can't read or write to save my life, and although I will have a B.A., I won't be able to enter the job market as anything but a politician, what with my lack of basic skills.

I want to know if there are any other students in the same boat as me at Dalhorsie. I know you are out there, because I've seen you, doodling on your pages because, like me, you lack the skill even to print your own name.

I also know the problem goes further than this. Some of my profs at times try to write notes on the blackboards in our classes, and by the looks of things, many of them suffer the same problem.

How can we overcome this terrible problem at Dalhorsie? Or are we destined to become a country full of people that can't even read the essay we just bought, or the government paper that we just paid some literate type to draft up?

Sincerely,
Gord Blatherston
B.A.—English/Animal Studies

Zag 'poop'

Dear Dalhorsie Zagette editors,
I am outraged, morally outraged, at your last edition's feeble attempts to produce an "ART" supplement. It should have been called the "POOP" supplement, because it was full of poop.

I am a starving artist: I have been eating nothing but my old paintings for the past six months. How angry I was to see a poem by Alistair Croll, who openly admits that he is a Commerce student! Other pieces of your "ART" supplement included line drawings and blotchy photographs and Maria Patriquin's name "artfully" forged.

Like I said, I'm an artist, and I demand to be consulted the next time you freaks at the Dalhorsie Zagette attempt to put out an "ART" supplement.

Want to know what's ART! A statue by Henry Moore is ART. The ceiling of St. Paul's Cathedral in the Vatican is ART. A can of Campbell's tomato soup is ART. I want to see that kind of ART in the next Zagette ART supplement.

While I realize there may be a problem fitting the whole ceiling of the Cathedral into the paper, something like the Can of Soup wouldn't pose so much of a problem. I'm certain that students would be more excited in picking up an "ART" supplement if it had real ART in it. Not only that, but after students finished appreciating the ART, they could eat the ART. As a starving artist myself, I assure you that ART when depicted as a Can of Soup is much more nourishing than canvas, and exponentially more tasty than the chewy newsprint you printed that last poop "ART" supplement on.

If you can't do this, at least start to print the Zagette on flavoured paper. My motto, as a consumer and an artist is "If your ART tastes like shit, then it obviously is lousy ART."

Artistically hungry,
Piet Mondrian

Art-eaters

Dear Zagette,

I just read that letter by Mondrian, and I'd like to comment on the author's idea.

Mr. Mondrian, it is obvious that you are the lowest kind of slime on the face of the world. ART is meant to be appreciated, not eaten. I feel that anyone who eats ART should be eaten in turn.

I personally like my Art-eaters fried in a pan with garlic and butter, while I know some prefer stir-fry, others prefer simple boiled Art-eater. Whatever the method of cooking (one should never eat another human being raw, except in extreme circumstances), it is imperative that we band together to stop the ravage that those who like to eat ART are perpetrating on the world's treasures. Only recently, a man was discovered with a few of Van Gogh's "Sunflowers" hanging out of the corner of his mouth.

Concerned citizens promptly barbecued the villain.

This is the required fate of all those, such as Mr. Mondrian, who advocate the consumption of ART. My advice to Mondrian and others of his ilk is that, if you must eat ART, if you are an addict, then I suggest you eat

music. The 1968 recording of Beethoven's Fifth by the Berlin Philharmonic is a very tasty piece. But please, if you must, do so in the privacy of your own home, and not on the street corner like some ravenous dog.

Sincerely,
Cordobe leSequoia

Eggs-actly

Dear Zagette editors:

Yesterday I was at the Supermarket buying condensed milk when I overheard someone asking the sales clerk whether the eggs she was buying came from free range chickens. It seems this girl was concerned that the chickens who layed the eggs had not been oppressed by being cooped up in a cage all its life. This concern for the happiness of our feathered friends is very admirable. But can this animal rights advocate not see the HYPOCRISY IN HER ACT. While she respects the rights of the adult chicken WHERE IS THE EQUAL CONCERN FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE PRE-BORN CHICKEN? These poor baby chicks will never have the same right to roam freely, pecking pre-born baby wheat plants out of the dirt that the adult chicken she is so concerned about will have. Instead it will have its

little baby chicken brains SPLATTERED ALL OVER A FRYING PAN.

WAKE UP you animal rights activists. Science proves that a chicken's life begins when the rooster crows. Stop being hypocrites and help make the sale of eggs illegal.

Lee Ann Momma
egg-rights feminist

Dear Zagette

I write with haste — evil deeds are being done at Dalhorsie. Radio station and student press are full of evil radicals, subliminally attempting to twist tender student minds, to bring innocents towards violent ways of thinking.

Must be curtailed — radio emits high voltage impulses that encourage listeners to think leftist thoughts. Paper secretly carries electronic devices that emit messages through reader's fingertips to brain.

Warning — PUT DOWN THIS PAPER — YOU ARE BEING BRAINWASHED.

Action must be immediate and final, before evil giants take over mind control of student youth. Require students to immediately storm offices of radio station and newspaper. Permit no survivors, listen to no arguments.

Wrong thinking must be punished — visibly and forcefully. Do not allow any left-of-centre freaks to exist on our campus. Act now or lose your mind to socialistic thinking — a fate worse than death.

Barth Quardly
Dalhorsie CSIS rep.
P.S. Act now — not only your phones, but your thoughts are tapped.

Pow braised

by Stephanie Smith

DSU vice-president Catti Pow went berserk and tackled comedian Ima Whiteboy off the Gra-world stage last Thursday night.

The comedian, part of the DSU's "Anything For A Laugh" series, interrupted a set of AIDS and slavery jokes to poke fun at Pow and DSU president Wilf Corkrain. Pow, who had been laughing uproariously, suddenly flew into a rage and threw herself at the comedian.

"The man is a fool," snapped Pow. "Taking shots at homosexuals and blacks is one thing, but when he starts picking on straight white people like me, he's going too far. Open mindedness and free voice are fine, but within limits. The man obviously doesn't know that insulting council members is just not funny."

Whiteboy suffered minor injuries. Pow suffered a bruised ego.



Don't end up looking like this!

photo: Rochelle Owen