

casserole

a supplement section
of the gateway

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Poor, beleaguered frosh

By LYDIA DOTTO

Well, here we are, back for another season, and your ever-loving trouble-maker (by acclamation) now has eight whole pages to play around with, as opposed to last year's column under the page four cartoon.

Casserole is the Friday supplement section of The Gateway, devoted to interpretations of anything the editors think is worth interpreting. We are looking forward to using your ideas and talent with eager anticipation. Drop up to the Gateway office anytime.

The high-light this week is a cover and photo-feature (C-4 and C-5) by Chuck Lyall on art at Expo. Chuck insisted on filling ten whole issues with photos and copy, but we toned him down to a brief sampling.

On C-3 is another of the usual Melnychuk diatribes against life in general and registration in particular. And on C-2, ex-sports-editor-turned-philosopher Richard Vivone does a bit of musing.

One of the brighter lights of Casserole this year is Lydia Dotto, arts 1, fresh from Edmonton's other newspaper.

Miss Dotto is certainly a great visual improvement over last year's Casserole Editor, Brian Campbell. And in case you are wondering what happened to that old muck-raker and general man of the hour, Mr. Campbell, after four years of arts, two months of education, three years of Gateway, and many years of general goofing around, has finally turned respectable.

He is taking his studies seriously.

Ugh!

"The whole secret," the Benevolent Upperclassman informed me loftily, "is to walk around the place as if you own it—with a blatant air of arrogant superiority."

"Yeah, right," I thought.

"Dignity," I mumbled to myself, dutifully.

"And remember, treat all the seniors with respect."

"Respect," I babbled, jotting all of this down in my mental notebook and promptly discarding same.

"And whatever you do, DON'T wear that hideous beanie."

"No beanie," I muttered, "Arrogant superiority," I continued, assuming my habitually frustrated and beleaguered freshman look.

"Dignity," I said, tripping on the stairs in the main entrance to SUB.

"Respect," I remarked to all and sundry, spilling my coffee on the imposing-looking FIW host.

"No beanie," I said, discovering that I had at least followed this rule correctly. One out of four. Par for the course with freshmen, I'm told.

It was going to be a long, hard year, I thought, as I sat down in the SUB lounge trying to regroup my forces.

So here I was at university. Finally. Really. The only question now was . . . what HAVE I done??! Owing to the fact that I was temporarily incoherent or totally insane (and possibly both), I reviewed the unofficial rules being neither mentally capable nor suitably trained to decipher the official ones).

- You learn more over coffee than you do in your lectures. (Corresponding trauma: I detest coffee.)

- You must remember that your prof does not necessarily take attendance every day. (Corollary: you may skip classes with less danger to life and limb than in high school.)

- Being that the campus is so large, everyone tends to gravitate to a small group of people with similar interests. (Translation:

you're bound to get marked into some club or other.)

- The new SUB is the pride of the campus. (Namely, it's the classiest place at which to goof off.)

- Never go into the Tory building without a map and/or a qualified guide. Translation: no translation. If you can't understand that, you deserve to get lost.)

Well, so much for rules. In the back of my mind there was a feeling of foreboding malevolence. Ah yes . . . registration.

Thoughts of committing suicide or other similar acts of an incapacitating nature crossed my mind. I just wasn't up to the rigors. If you want proof, witness my attempts to successfully buy a bus pass.

I waltzed up to the desk, full of arrogant superiority, dignity and what-have-you, and said, "I would like to buy a bus pass," in much the same arrogantly superior tone of voice in which one would utter: "I am Alphonse the Great."

The receptionist slowly raised her head, levelled her eye, and quietly dead-panned:

"End of the counter please."

The end of the counter evinced an equally hostile reception.

"Fill in this form please."

I filled in the form, until I got to the student identification number.

"Student identification number?" I queried inanely.

"Your registration number," the receptionist replied most tolerantly.

"I haven't registered yet," I said.

I could tell it had been a hard day for her too. She raised her eyes in a "deliver-me" supplication and suggested I come back another day.

"Check."

I beat my retreat—in haste.

And so I sat there thinking: "I can't even get a bus pass right."

"Registration? Not a chance."

And so, with much moaning and gnashing of teeth, not to mention assorted hysterics, my university career got off the ground.

Hoo boy.

Rich Vivone

Glass hides all

The man was not polluted. That's what he said—exactly.

"Goin' to have a shmash or two?" he asked. I suspected he meant more than two. The offer was tempting.

As I steadied him on the stool, he ordered a couple. Doubles, by the way.

"Take it," he said, "'cause I'm goin' to talk and you ought to listen." Since he got away with the first order why should I ignore the second. The lecture began.

"Give us a couple more," he barked to the barkeep. Ach, nothing like lectures.

"I have a young fella," he slurred coherently, "and he's got a sister. One has long hair but not the other—take your choice."

"You're kidding," I said astonished.

"No," he said, "and, barkeeper, a couple more."

"The sure way to keep them separated," he burped, "is by looking at the sunglasses. She wears stupid ones and he doesn't wear any. It's foolproof."

A foolproof scheme. The Life Force of man. This is no trifle.

"Now, these sunglasses are great. My girl hasn't one, but a dozen pair. One for each day of the week. That doesn't seem to add right. Let's say she has a pair for each running shoe."

"Glasses, that sounds better. Hey, you behind the bar, get us two more—big ones," he blabbered on and on.

"You should see them. Name any shape and she's got 'em. Show me a size and they're there. Mention a color and I'll stake her life they're in the house somewhere."

"I don't know what color eyes she has. A few years ago they were blue but that was before the disappearance of the sun which hasn't really gone away." He was getting wound up. I could tell. It was simple though no formula was involved.

"At one time when I was young," he kept saying, "one thing we needed before wearing sunglasses was a bright sun. Now it doesn't matter. People hide behind them. They use them if they're ugly or have a fat eye or are trying to be inconspicuous."

"Order another one," I said, "Before I get sick."

"Jeez," he said, "One or two drinks do that to you?"

"Now, about these glasses—another round, buddy—they're funny. The purple ones are gems but they aren't too bad unless you have a black eye. You don't want to see the glasses so you don't look at her and, ergo, will not see the black eye. Pretty sharp for a kid, huh. But she really hasn't a fat eye."

"She has another pair of cute ones too. These are red and the glass is black or damn close to it. The fronts are as big as saucers—the glass, not her—and go up over her eyebrows. These are used in case she plucks a couple too many. They have side-frames that hang on to the ears. You know what I mean, don't you?"

"You buying more?" I asked.

"Okay," he said, "but it's amazing what you have to go through to get someone to listen."

Ungrateful fool.