## **EDITORIAL**

# Kill them, stomp on them, squish them flat.

Down with dictators! Why have we allowed ourselves to be fooled with promises of "higher learning?" We have been oppressed, led as blind doves into the tyranical hands of those power hungry maniacs, our mentors.

Yes, that's right, our professors. Beneath those baggy blazers lie the perpetrators of University hierarchy. They maintain a domination over us, the students, that clearly contradicts the

principles of democracy.

They feed us information...and I ask you, how do we know they don't just make up everything on the way to class? Their idea of a sick joke over their morning bowl of shreddies? I mean, I never heard of half the stuff they teach before I came here! Insect Toxicology — that's not fit to study!. I don't eat bugs so why should I care if they're toxic or not? And Adult Materials—flesh, bone, and muscle, everyone knows that. Just what are those profs up to?

We are expected to conform with THEIR rules: their timetables, their classrooms, their grades. How does equality of the people enter into this? It doesn't! The charter of rights? Nowhere! Why can't I hand my English essays into my math prof? Why not? They are implying that some people are inadequate in comparison to other people, in the use of the English language. But how can this be if we're all equal? I rest my case.

And to top it off, they don't eve LOOK like us. Those shiny balding foreheads — blech! Those carefully trimmed beards —double blech! Those white powdery noses covered in chalk after delivering so many lectures into the blackboard — aaagh, I feel nauseous!

I say, enough! Let us have no more professor's. let us have University for the students, by the students. From now on, we will have no more of this studying subjects we don't understand, we will only have tests which any one of us can achieve at least 100 per cent. Students will be allowed to come and go as they please, and still maintain a nine point average. Class length and content will be entirely up to the class itself, who will of course not be obligated to be there.

But what shall we do with the professors, you ask?

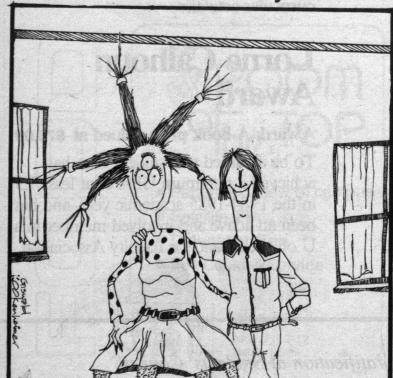
It is a sorry truth that my proposal will create a problem which I term "professor excess," that is, an overabundance of learned men and women in a world with no use for their elitist views. After several sweaty, sleepless nights, I have come up with a solution. We shall contact the makers of those *Shrinkadoodles* kits, and utilize their skills in shrinking all professors to one-eighth of their original size. Then we shall box and sell them. I foresee a potential craze here that will make cabbage patch dolls obsolete.

We must stop the professor menace before we are swamped with so much professor propaganda we forget our true selves, our free spirits, our...wait, who am !?

#### **Our last editorial**

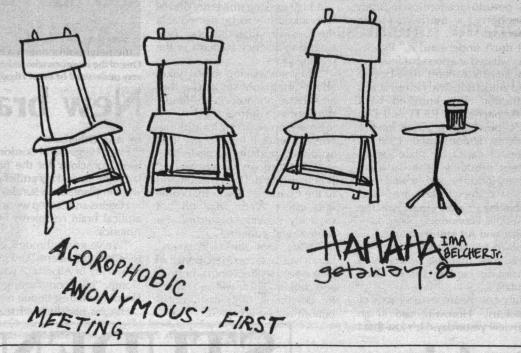
Blah, blah,

## SPACE FILLER by KOOK



Irving has been ignoring his friends' suggestions that he go visit an optometrist.

# WELLOME ONE AND ALL



### **LETTERS TO THE EDITORS**

#### Smut and stuff

Don't let our white smocks fool you, we're actually

the Med students

#### This is sick

Good evening, ladies and germs, I'm your letter for the evening. I just flew in from the newsroom, and boy are my arms tired. A funny thing happened on the way to the paper...GONG GONG GONG GONG... anyway, I guess I'm out.

Contestatnt #732

### Good enough to eat

Hi, I'm a Ding Dong. You know what's good about me? Well, I've got this chocolate coating and light, fluffy cake and I just taste great! And not only do I have lots of calories but to top it off, I've got this soft creamy filling.

the Ding Dong

# Look at what this guy wrote

I'm a bit confused. I always thought there'd be more to University than this. I mean, when I got here 7½ months ago, I was a bit lost so I asked a professor

where I should go. He seemed surprised that I should talk to him, but then he smiled and led me through a bunch of buildings, muttering "stupid undergraduates" under his breath the whole way. I was REALLY lost then. Anyway, the professor suddenly stopped, pushed me through a doorway, said "This is where you belong, now don't talk to me until you're finished your thesis," and slammed the door. I've been wandering around these hallways and I can't seem to find a way out, I just wanted to know, aren't I supposed to be doing some work or something? And where are all the other students? What, classes are over? When do I get my grades?

Harry Highschool

#### Don't listen to him

I'd like to share a good idea with everybody. Recently, I bought a trampoline and put it on my roof, that way, if anybody drops a nuclear bomb on my house, it'll just bounce back to Russia.

Barry Brain President of Mensa

#### Oh, the agony

Hi, I'm your garbage and I just wanted you to know that I'm sick and tired of being thrown out of the house every Wednesday night. Have you smelled your garbage cans lately? Yech, they make me ill. Well okay, maybe I don't look that great and maybe I smell a bit, but god-dammit, if you don't do something about those cans, I'm going on strike. From now on, if I don't see a limo and some nice leather...no velvet, red velvet chairs waiting for me outside, I'll fill your bed with twinkee wrappers and banana peels. Hahahaha.

Your garbage

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Yes, this is the last paper already. Now go home, get out of here. Leave. Adieu. Can't

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home, get out of here. Leave. Adieu. Can't you see we're leaving. Out, out damn spot.