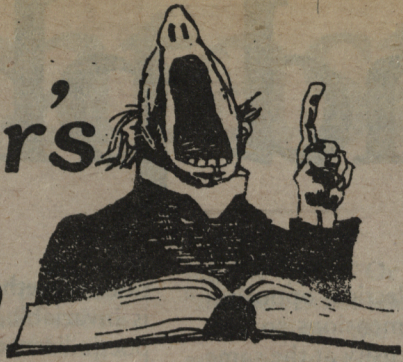


The Professor's Diary



This is outrageous! I have just discovered that this diary of mine has been appearing --- incredible as it may seem --- week by week in the Sun! The Sun is apparently what the students call their filthy newspaper (it is a cutsey acronym for "Student Union Newspaper", not that any of them would know what an acronym is ...). Anyway, I never read the wretched thing, so picture my astonishment this morning when that smart-ass Gallant showed me the latest issue, wondering slyly who the author has been. My stomach turned over as I saw in cold, though mangled, print my daily peccadillos, my weekly burnishings of image, my unsolicited affair with the MacDonald girl, my fulminations against Professor X, my mid-life crisis, my paternity leave -- all, all exposed to the merciless laughter of the twenty-three readers of the Sun, i.e. the twenty-two residence students who bolt it down as part of their Thursday evening stodge, accompanied by one crazed political science -- I crave pardon, political studies -- professor (a wise change of nomenclature given the members of that department). Of course my name was not appended to the column, and the names of others had been changed to something else (for example, Professor X was referred to as "Professor X"), but Gallant (whose name in the Sun version was "Gallant") as much as hinted that the authorship was an open secret. What I can't quite figure out is how the newspaper gets a copy. It is true I leave the sheets with all the other papers and books and assignments and bits of lunch on my desk (Another image question: is it better to display nothing on one's desk or everything? The latter might connote a heavy workload, the former total control of said work. As I have opted for the slightly harried image in general, which doesn't require much real acting on my part, I contrive that my desk always looks something like the floor of the New York Stock Exchange on a bullish day.) It's also true that I do misplace things all the time in the expected absent-minded professor fashion, and it's true, come to think of it, that Professor X is always coming in here on some flimsy pretext and pawing things -- but whoever the swinish pilferer has been, he and the Sun and its twenty-three readers will not see this sheet, for as soon as I reach the bottom, I intend to lock it up in my .. Oops, someone at the doo--

Dear Students:

I would like to extend by regrets to the students of the University of Prince Edward Island for being unable to meet on Wednesday, March 24, 1982 to discuss issues of concern to you. Mother Nature has a way of interrupting schedules and this occasion proved no exception as my wife Shirley and I became the proud parents of a baby girl at the very time we were to meet.

I hope that I will

have the opportunity to visit the campus and meet with students at another time that is mutually acceptable so that we may discuss those issues that are so vital to Canada's future.

I wish to extend my best wishes to the student body as they prepare for those final examinations that are fast approaching.

Good Luck

Yours sincerely,

W. Bennett Campbell

LETTERS

Dear Professor

For many people university is considered to be a place where sophisticated, intelligent and gentleman-like academics meet, exchanging ideas and voicing their ideals amongst themselves and their eager to learn students. Not everyone has this perception of university, but for decades untold the almost sacred institutional grounds and especially the priest-like orators who cover them, have been held in high esteem by the confused and confusing rabble. Students of all ages have been left with, more than once I might add, a lingering sense of stupidity and inferiority after their professor managed to pull the rug of tradition from under their feet. There is a certain awe created by these intellectual people who appear periodically during the week for forty to sixty minutes, spurting out all kinds of universal knowledge. Cool, calm, and pleasant is the persona, holding its own against a swamp of ignorance and irrelevancy until it's all over for another day. After this brief encounter with those human attributes of which the professor fears the most, he leaves with a certain omniscient quality.

But no matter how intellectual the professor or his classes may be, there is still something very human about these people

which is becoming more obvious with every edition of the SUN. Without really having thought about it, these intellectual "guys" are saturated with the same kinds of pettiness and one-sidedness that the rest of humanity holds so close to its heart. Sorry to say, but university professors, like the rest of the male population, bring to life Thomas Hobbes' little jungle where all men see their own wit at hand and other men's at a distance. "Professor's Diary" is a fine example of professors having to convince the public, themselves, and their wives that their thoughts are correct and other men's wrong. It's hard to believe that the professor of Professor's Diary is the same disciplined scholar who attempts to answer your every question. How uncouth that brute must be. Undoubtedly, though, there are numerous others who dance around their kitchen table in fits of passionate anger citing their favourite author in support of their position. If no one else will agree with them, I'm sure their wives and children will. One can only express the probability of the measliness of university professors lives increasing, since they will not only be seeing their wit at hand and other men's at a distance, but their jobs as well.

Women's Arts Festival

Women's committees across the Island are preparing to celebrate the Island Women's Arts Festival, which takes place April 12-18, with local festival days. In West Prince a display of arts and crafts will be open to the public in the gallery space at Westisle School, while an evening of dance, music and poetry will be held Friday evening, April 16. In King County the arts and crafts show will be exhibited at the Cardigan Craft Guild building, while a pub night of entertainment and variety will be open to the public at the Montague Curling Club.

Women in the Abrams

Billage and Wellington areas are preparing an arts and crafts display for exhibition at the Wellington Legion. Music, song and dance will be presented to the public on Saturday night, April 17th, also at the Legion in Wellington. In Summerside, arts and crafts will be exhibited at the Summerside Gallery during Festival Week, and an evening of entertainment

will be presented to the public Friday, April 16. Anyone wishing further information may contact Geneva King, at 882-2740 after April 2, Lyle Brehaut at 838-2244, Rita Gaudet at 854-2040, or Nonia Fraser at 436-4737.