



Kevin Law

The Green Revolution: Dollars and Sense?

The green revolution is beginning to sweep the continent faster than a bone dry forest fire. Everywhere people with furrowed brows are becoming concerned about the health of the planet. Environmentalists have been telling us for years we are poisoning the place with perfect abandon.

Planet-saving awareness and change is good, and in large part, Canada's environmental groups are fundamental in affecting awareness and change, but some of this country's environmental guerillas retain an uncompromising attitude toward Canadian business. It's one thing to be an environmental watchdog, but the cold war mentality of a barking, biting pit bull is starting to get old. Mistrust and outdated role perception is no way to overcome the dire environmental problems facing the country.

One corporation that's been bitten while trying to affect change is Loblaw's, owner of Superstore. In the last year they have developed and launched numerous environmentally-oriented products such as disposable diapers, bathroom tissue made from recycled paper, phosphate-free detergent, and natural source fertilizer. Loblaw's struck an unprecedented agreement with Pollution Probe, a respected Ontario environmental organization. The executive director of Pollution Probe appeared in television commercials with the president of Loblaw's endorsing the Loblaw's "Green Line" of products. The products took off, and Loblaw's competitors plotted to introduce their own Green Lines.

But not for long. Environmental organizations bitterly attacked Probe's endorsement program, dismissing the idea of cooperating so intimately with big business. Meanwhile, Greenpeace attacked the Green Line of products. As a result, the other supermarket chains have developed a sudden shyness about following Loblaw's example. Consumers and the environment lose.

Another far more malevolent grudge match exists between environmentalists and big business in British Columbia. Tree huggers deep within BC's primal forests are trying to save the timber from the logging industry. Some huggers are embracing a type of environmental madness that is akin to terrorism by initiating tree spiking, the new fanatical way of thwarting loggers. Trooping into the woods with ladders, these extremists drive steel spikes into the trees high off the ground where loggers' metal detectors cannot reach. If the spikes make it into a sawmill, they will shatter the bandsaw blades, endangering lives of mill workers.

Of course corporations are not angels either; they pollute and they greedily gorge on dwindling resources. Yet Canadian business and environmental groups could take few lessons from their cousins to the south, for even in the polarized United States, an amity has existed for years between big business and powerful environmentalists.

In the U.S. many national environmental groups have built links to business without losing credibility as effective defenders of things green. They are unafraid to tap industry expertise, accept private sector financing, or use big business techniques. The World Environment Centre, based in New York, appropriates technical experts from private businesses and sends them to pollution control projects in the Third World. Corporations have

been intrigued and educated by such mutual collaboration, thus encouraging large multinationals like Union Carbide and Dow Chemical to implement environmental policies at the corporations' most senior levels. It won't cure the diseased planet overnight, but it's a cooperative start.

Canadian groups, meanwhile, spend their energy fighting the "enemy" rather than creatively working toward joint problem solving. Such a narrow vision is really emotional and attitudinal baggage left over from the 60's. Many Canadian groups sincerely believe that dealing with corporations is selling out. They prefer to wallow in the unprogressive mire of the "folksy" traditional environment movement. Underfunded and aloof, they seem to revel in images of earth mothers and fathers operating from communal headquarters with a clear plastic box outside the door full of penny and nickel contributions. They don't want to enter into the mainstream of society, even though American groups like the U.S. National Wildlife Federation have become highly influential in doing so.

As the 90's begin, environmental movements continue to burn with an idealistic hot flame that only sees in black and white, refusing to acknowledge compromise or a middle ground.

Perhaps they've forgotten a good old 60's adage: you can be part of the problem, or part of the solution.

HUMOUR

Health's Inferno

by Kisa Mortenson

The weight-lifting room on campus is filled with all sorts of body shapes: big, small, wow, toned, working on it, steroid city, and me.

I thought torture chambers had disappeared long ago, but I think I discovered what has replaced them: weight rooms. All around me weird, metal contraptions held students' bodies. Some sat. Some stood. Some were stretched out on their backs. They were all connected to metal devices, usually breathing hard, turning red, even yelling (one might call the sound a muffled grunt) as they pushed and pulled on weights. No weight machine or set of barbells was going to break the will, the determination of these students.

Other students rode what looked like a stationary bike, their legs being forced to go around. They would not give in.

I watched amazed. Torture chambers were no longer an instrument of the rich and powerful, but of the healthy and fit.

Shackling myself to a set of barbells, I began to do squats. Squats may sound somewhat like squash but have nothing to do with pure squeezed orange juice. Point in fact, squats have to do with squash-

ing your own body as you balance a bar bell on your shoulders and bend your legs. Working almost every important muscle I own, I moved up and down. I was beginning to believe death would have been easier, or writing that sociology paper, but I continued to pump iron.

Unshackled, I went to the next instrument of torture. I sat myself down, put my feet on two pedals, and began to push with my feet. I pushed 220 pounds up and down. I had the will, too.

Mike, the geer stud, sat down and did a couple of sets. He suggested doing some curls, similar to the old fashioned sit up with a more elegant name, and I followed.

We left the weight room, plunked down on a mat, and curled (I think doing curls is a definitive verb even without a stone and broom). Escaping the weight room, I knew I had entered a new category of being: working on it.

And, by Sunday, I had progressed. I was in pain and every muscle in my lower body knew it.

Self-torture. It's the stuff that's supposed to be good for you. Mikey likes it. But me? I think I'll stick to Life cereal!

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- football team recruiting!
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RULES: 1. Only ONE ENTRY per person per question please.
2. Only U of A Students and Staff qualify.
3. All correct answers submitted for final draw.
4. Gateway employees do not qualify.

Anyone who answered **THE SMALL FACES** last issue was correct.

SUBMIT ALL ENTRIES TO THE POWER PLANT RESTAURANT & BAR LOCATED DIRECTLY BEHIND DENTISTRY/PHARMACY

QUESTION 7: Who left the band before recording a new album in Munich in 1972?

ANSWER:

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