

Rosa Jackson



Thank God Getty gone

What with the federal election last November, the recent SU elections, and this week's provincial contest, University of Alberta students have been bombarded with oodles of political propaganda. The pretty pamphlets, catchy slogans and meaningless rhetoric spewed forth by the candidates attest to the fact that politicians rely more on a glossy campaign surface than on competence to win votes.

Sometimes, though, the ugly undersides of campaigns are revealed. This happened during the SU elections, with the dirty *Gateway* letter writing campaign. One side solicited an onslaught of letters from its "friends" (this is a loosely defined term at election time), designed to make its opposition look corrupt. The only defence the other slate had was to respond with its own slew of letters. It was almost impossible to distinguish which letters were written by genuinely concerned, unbiased students. These small few were drowned in the mud created by all the rest.

Another SU election event which has degenerated into no more than a self-serving joke is the SU election forum. Classes are cancelled throughout the University for what is simply a display of many of the candidates', and their supporters', immaturity. Our elected SU leaders are going to be handling millions of dollars of our money next year, and their competition for the shortest speech (18 seconds was the winner) was supposed to help us decide whom to vote for. And then, ironically, they lament the fact that students don't vote.

Provincial politicians are equally petty, but on a larger scale. Fortunately, Strathcona PC candidate Jack Scott's advance poll of supposedly incapacitated senior citizens, some of whom golf and ski, didn't win the election for him. Equally fortunately, Whitemud voters saw through Don Getty's extravagant promises and elected Liberal Percy Wickman instead. With a new leader, the Progressive Conservatives may have a chance to redeem themselves yet.

It isn't surprising that so many people choose not to vote, when so often the choice must be made between undesirable and slightly less, or equally undesirable candidates. But is not voting really the answer? No; then you abdicate yourself of any responsibility in selecting someone who will represent you, and spend your money. Don Getty's defeat is proof of the voters' power to bring about change.

The Gateway

Editor-in-Chief: DRAGOS RUIU
 Managing Editor: ROSA JACKSON
 News Editors: KEVIN LAW, JEFF COWLEY
 Entertainment Editor: MIKE SPINDLOE
 Sports Editor: ALAN SMALL
 Photo Editor: CLIVE OSHRY
 Production Editor: RANDAL SMATHERS
 Circulation Manager: TERI CLARKE
 Advertising: TOM WRIGHT

CONTRIBUTORS

PAM HNYTKA, WINSTON PEI, MICHELLE LAGRANGE, MARTIN LEVENSON, TERESA PIRES, SHANNON TAYLOR, WILL GIBSON, DAVID SMITH, AJAY BHARDWAJ, GARRY THERRIEN, DOUG JOHNSON, ANDREW LUMMIS, DARREN KELLY, MICHAEL TOLBOOM, BRIAN JORGENSON, ERIC JANSE, NOLAN BERG, SCOTT GORDON, PAUL SPARROW-CLARKE, GRANT WINTON, LLOYD ROBERTSON, COLIN NORTHCOTT, PAULI MENZIES, ROB GALBRAITH, RON SEARS, BYRON COLLINS.

All materials appearing in *The Gateway* are copyright and may not be used without written permission of *The Gateway*.

The Gateway is the University of Alberta students' newspaper. Contents are the responsibility of the Editor-in-Chief. All opinions that are signed by the writer do not necessarily reflect the views of *The Gateway*. Copy deadlines are 11 a.m. Mondays and Wednesdays. Newsroom: 282 SUB (phone 492-5168). Sports and production offices: 230 SUB (phone 492-5068). Photos printed in *The Gateway* may be for sale. Call the photodirectorate at 492-5168 or come by Room 235 SUB. Advertising: Room 256D SUB (SU Executive offices) phone 492-4241. Mailing address: Room 256D Students' Union Building, U of A Edmonton, Alberta. T6G 2J7. Readership is 30,000.

BANG!

WAS IT SOMETHING I SAID?



Humour

Fixated on fast-food

by Garry Therrien

You know what I see more often than anything else when I am driving on a main arterial route of any large North American city? I see my old buddy Harvey. I also see some of my other friends like Tim Horton and Sara-Lee, Mother Tucker, the Colonel, and Ronald MacDonald.

But they aren't just my friends, they are your friends too. Such is the illusion of the twentieth-century phenomenon known as the fast-food outlet. A modern day recipe for all that ails the human spirit. Just take a pound of capitalist fortitude, spice it up with exploitive advertising, expedite the process with a handy drive-through, and give it a side order of coupons. Bon appetit... MacDonald's a la carte.

I've often marvelled at how the various animals of forest and plain, jungle and mountain explore their environment. Day after day with single-minded devotion they search for simple foods that provide nourishment and sustenance. The carnivorous lion hunts yak in Africa, the black bear grubs for berries in alpine meadows; even the common ground squirrel forages for pine cones.

Mankind too has his own culinary typologies. Construction workers in Alberta eat prime-rib with potatoes and peas; in Toronto, yuppies dine on goat-cheese pizza; and teenagers everywhere eat anything that will give them pimples. Remarkably there is little deviation in these diets.

With typical aplomb the fast food industry has taken our simple biological cravings and successfully created a multi-billion dollar industry of go-cups, contests, and condiments. 100% substance free. One common link in the fast-food chain is to charge as much as possible for as little as possible and as quickly as possible (making sure here is another outlet ten kilometers down the road). But if the emphasis is on "fast" food, I say define fast. If you go to, say, Dairy Queen (drive through) as fast as you can, order and eat as fast as you can, well that's great. But if you were able to digest the food as fast as you can...

Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Girls, in an effort to maximize profits and limit expenses, MacDonald's is introducing the all new pre-digested three-chambered MacCudd burger and enema shake! Comes with mashed potatoes and a large diuretic Coke. All for just \$4.99 (while supplies last).

Not surprisingly, every chain of restaurants has a theme. "Over 60 Billion served." What does this mean? Has everyone in the world really eaten at MacDonald's twelve times? Why is the big "M" called the golden arches? Do I pass through them on my way to heaven? If I do, does that mean Ronald MacDonald is God and Mayor MacCheese is the Archangel Gabriel (sorry Ayatollah)? What exactly is Grimace anyway?

...arsenic...from the food group cancer...is used as a growth stimulant by hog farmers

Why does A&W have a burger family? I don't want to take little baby burger from its Mama and Papa. Should I order the whole family? How come the Colonel has a secret recipe? I don't want secrets. I want a snack pack with coleslaw. Whenever Lydo offers me something "hot and fast" I don't know if I should dial 426-5050 or 422-TIPS; and when Harvey tells me I can "get it anyway I want," I don't want to eat, I want to go to the bedroom.

So where's the beef? Well, first of all we are supposed to remember that beef is lean. WOW! However, this amazing innovation is not the product of Richard Simmons new video "Calisthenics for Cows." Nor is it a result of advanced lipo-suctioning tech-

niques. The Public Research Institute of America has a novel yet slightly unpopular theory of lean cuisine. The institute's very own Dr. Richard Novick states that through the injection of certain chemicals, hog and cattle farmers are able to increase the bulk of their products by 15% while decreasing food consumption 11%. Sounds tasty so far. But sodium nitrate, which retards the growth of harmful bacteria and gives meat its pleasing red colour (otherwise it would be grey), also inhibits the blood's ability to transport oxygen in the human body. Dr. Novick also claims that arsenic... from the food group cancer... is used as a growth stimulant by hog farmers; and the diabolical but delectable diethylstilbestrol (read carcinogen) is the steroid fed to cattle which pumps them up. You are what you eat: YUM YUM!

With the advanced scientific technology and cross-breeding capabilities available in the beef industry, by the year 2000 cows will be as big as houses and cashiers at Taco Time will need a degree in pharmaceutical science to fill an order.

This brings us to Seoul, Korea, the Olympic Games, and the Dubin enquiry. Ben Johnson wins gold but tests positive. Steroid scandal! A dark mysterious stranger is seen in the proximity of the Canadian track team. An ill-guided saboteur? An American CIA agent? No! A delivery boy from Arby's. **RECORD ROMP RUINED BY ROAST!**

Imagine... planet Earth. Macrocosm to the human microcosm. If we monitored our inner environment and maintained harmony by eating whole foods and proper food combinations; if we lived a life of baked bread and garden vegetables (figuratively speaking), we would do more to satisfy the collective hunger of man than all of 7/11's super ham hogies combined.

Here's my prediction. After all the fossil fuels are burned and the air is pure; after the rainforests are replenished and the seas are clean; after World War III, the second coming of Christ, and the implosion of the sun; after all of mankind has drowned in an oasis of Niquil, Dr. Fowlers and Milk of Magnesia; then, and only then will our fanatical fixation with fast-food be forsaken.