

Save energy...

but at whose cost?

TO: Professor Paul Rapoport  
Department of Music  
FROM: M.M. McCaughan,  
Secretary to  
General Faculties Council  
Re: Parking Plug-ins.

Further to your letter on the above matter I just just received a News Release, a copy of which is attached, which explains Board

of Governor's policy on energy conservation.

Since the matter of which you complain is evidently official policy, I think little is to be gained by raising the matter at General Faculties Council. The Board Building Committee would be the place where such policy is first promoted. I would suggest therefore that you contact the Chairman of this Committee,

Vice-President R.E. Phillips.

To: M. M. McCaughan  
From: Paul Rapoport

Thank you for the news release dated 14.1.77 on plug-ins. If it was written to reduce further complaints, it may not work.

I wish to point out the following, all of which make it imperative that the matter be brought to the attention of the

GFC. Naturally Prof. Munn, the music representative, may bring it up in any manner she wishes.

1. The policy on plug-ins may be complex. Why have users not been informed of any of it?

2. If 6 of 16 lots and 2 parkades are routinely disconnected at -10 degrees, why have users not been informed of this? Why only those 6 lots?

3. What "extension of the program" (p. 3 of the release) is contemplated? Perhaps a lower temperature cutoff?

4. "Without any reduction in effectiveness": naturally Mr. Burns may effectively save even more energy, at a cost to users many times greater than the very small amount of money he is now supposedly saving.

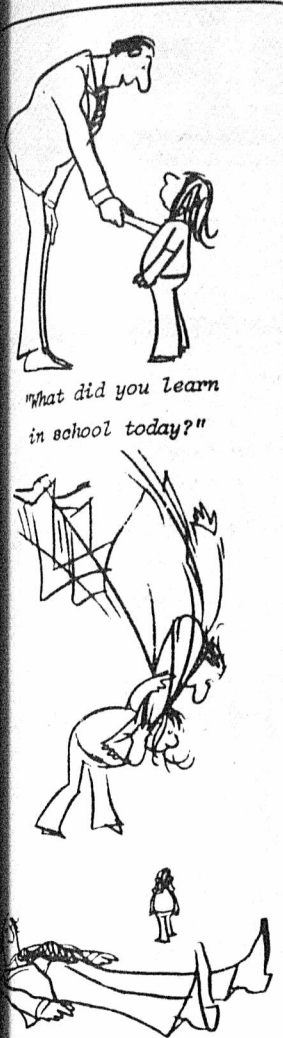
5. Users have paid for a service they are obviously not getting. This constitutes, in my very rough estimate, a 50% price increase of plug-in cost to users, *unannounced*. The parking handbook does NOT say there will be no service above -10 degrees.

6. Inasmuch as the GFC apparently approves parking regulations (see handbook), it ought to become involved when serious irregularities like these occur and no attempt is made to inform users.

I am very pleased that energy conservation is the root of the changes. Curious that in the news release this seems to be mentioned only in connection with conservation of money — for the university (administration), at the expense of uninformed users, who nonetheless might concur, if only they were given the chance. Perhaps many users, if aware of the policies, might choose not to use plug-ins. It should be their option to decide, based on information they do not now have.

I do not believe that the Board of Governors' Building Committee will rectify the manner in which these policies seem to have been carried out. Writing to them may serve other purposes, however, and I thank you for the suggestion.

A final point: what is being saved if more trucks have to be sent out to help start cars which have been "unplugged"?



University students who are tired of being subjected to engineering week can apply for Special Leave of Absence at the Registrar's Office. Please be prepared to furnish proof that you are being driven nuts by frustrated engineers and sloppy deadlines.

A.D. Cairns,  
Registrar

Now class, we shall begin our two-minute Turtle hate...

Well! Hell hath no fury like the drama department scorned! After the publication of my letter of Jan. 11th, Orwellian hate sessions were held in class, and my good Irish name was subjected to all sorts of perfidious ridicule. Actually, none of this was really surprising, when the department's ability to take criticism is taken into account.

What was surprising, however, was the clever artwork posted on the door of the drama department office. Although I did not personally see this near-libellous poster, friends from within have informed me that someone had created a kind of wanted poster, with my picture from a two-year old student directory to serve as positive identification. I am wanted, apparently, for pseudo-intellectualism.

A CKSR news story revealed

the following interesting facts: the poster was dutifully put up by a secretary in the department. Showing this secretary much more respect than she has shown me, I will not mention her name. It is here, though, that my respect ends.

When questioned, this secretary and her co-workers insisted that I had registered for Drama 251, and was not allowed to take the course, which supposedly spurred my letter. Logically, it would seem that they were implying that the "friend" whose case I was representing in my letter is non-existent; that I was the person wronged by the priority system. The secretary also was absolutely sure that I was so irate at my rejection that I had gone up to the department office and complained rudely about my problem; in her words, I had harassed the secretaries.

Well, there is no telling how

many people heard and believed that story, thereby providing them with a motive for my letter — a classic case of sour grapes.

Therefore, I wish to state publicly, indeed, I will swear on a stack of Bibles, (or a stack of Pinter scripts, whichever is held in higher esteem by the department), that I did not register for Drama 251, that I did not harass the secretaries, and that I have not been anywhere near the Drama Department office for over ten months. A simple check of the records will reveal that in the 1973-74 school year I took the full-year course, Drama 250, thus making me ineligible for Drama 251. The fact that this secretary identified me positively from a small and almost unintelligible photograph reflects how strongly the Department wished to find evidence with which to condemn me. She was totally wrong.

If this secretary does not believe me, perhaps she should re-examine her facts. Because there was apparently someone who did harass the secretaries, I will not make this letter a series of insults.

However, I would like to thank this secretary for her concern. She asked the CKSR news reporter if I was "mentally unbalanced." Well, let me say that I appreciate her tact, (mentally unbalanced sounds so much nicer than "out of his mind"), and I wish to assure her that yes, I am fine. My doctors have promised me a weekend pass, perhaps as early as this spring.

Gordon Turtle  
Arts IV

Is there taste in humor?

Walter G. Aiello  
Professional Lecturer  
Department of Mathematics

Dear Mr. Aiello:  
Thank you for pointing out the error of my ways. All I can say is:  
"Good taste in humour is a contradiction in terms; like a chaste whore."

M. Muggeridge

Sincerely,  
Ken Jackson,  
Pres. BACUS

Thank you for your inclusion of the "offending" articles. They concluded the necessity of a lengthy rebuttal.

However, I thought it was *Gateway* policy to insure that persons or organizations that were called to task received

advance notice of the onslaught. It was interesting to read Mr. Aiello's letter in Thursday's *Gateway* and receive a personal copy on Friday morning.

I'm not bothered in this case because I find it rather amusing, but I'm attempting to ensure that your policy applies to everyone on campus, not just the Students' Union. (Which you stated sometime in Nov. 1976.)

Ken Jackson  
Pres. BACUS

Ed. Note: Perhaps your misunderstanding of *Gateway* policy, Ken, indicates why you cannot differentiate between what is humorous and what

merely serves to reinforce stereotyped sexual-racial roles in a grossly offensive manner. As stated in the Nov. 18 issue, our policy is "when charges of a serious nature are made in one letter, the person to whom the charges are directed may be given the chance to respond in that same issue."

As most people would be able to distinguish upon first reading, *Gateway* policy applies to people, not to institutions; Aiello attacks BACUS, hence no policy (or moral) reason for advance warning. By the way, we do apply our policy to people outside the SU...or perhaps that's another misunderstanding?



THE WAY  
I SEE IT

FRANK MUTTON

Well folks, this is it. You are now reading my last column because I'm hitting the trail, hitching my wagon to a star, and bidding a fond farewell to the *Journal*. You won't have Frank Mutton to kick around anymore.

I'm going to miss everyone here. No more **smoke bombs** in the Ladies Room, **firecrackers** in Westgate's cigars or **whoopee cushions** under June Sheppard's posterior. I enjoy thinking back over the years to my humble beginnings in journalism, when I sold **day-old newspapers** from an apple-cart in the depths of the Depression.

Business in stale news wasn't exactly booming so they moved me into **typesetting**, where I managed to pour almost fifty pounds of molten lead on my shoes over the next decade.

When **World War II** broke out I became an international correspondent, following our men in action to world hotspots like Manyberries, Parry Sound, and Mississauga. I even received the **Nanaimo Cross** for bravery above

and beyond the call of duty when I beat a German POW in arm-wrestling. He would've had me but his traction bandages slowed him up.

After the war I became **City Editor** at the *Journal*. Back then news was scarcer than bugs in a wind, so I spent my time learning mumbly-peg from Art Evans and assigning reporters to cover dog poisonings and Ukrainian weddings. I lost a lot of good reporters at those weddings.

The 1960's saw me off around the world on a number of important assignments. To Lac La Biche for reaction to the Kennedy assassination; coverage of the Vietnam war from the Marine Information Service Office in Seattle; an in-depth look at Pierre Trudeau's first visit as Prime Minister to the troubled area of **Come-By-Chance, Newfoundland**. All in a day's work for a seasoned reporter like myself.

Things have slowed down in the last few years. After an operation which left me unable to

tapdance or think straight, I was given **Barry Westgate's** column. Barry had decided that **grade-B gossip** wouldn't earn him a place in the journalistic record books, and resigned the post to take up his favorite hobby — sitting

**J. Patrick**, my boss, was most understanding when I tethered my resignation. He said that the loss of my column would be most keenly felt by **O'Malley**, his parakeet. The bird enjoyed gouging the eyes out of that little picture of me beside the column.

My reasons for leaving the *Journal* are private and personal, but rest assured that it has nothing to do with that after-hours episode with Sylvia in Typesetting. She had only been trying to help me with a stuck zipper when Ashwell walked in. He'll be out of **Shock Therapy** in a week of two.

Anyway, I hope you've all enjoyed the column, and be sure to tune in Thursday for a new venture called **Our Man in Leduc**. I don't know who writes it, but I'll find out...I'll find out.