

The Gateway

THE GATEWAY is the newspaper of the students of the University of Alberta. It is published by the Students' Union twice weekly during the winter session on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Contents are the responsibility of the editor, opinions are those of the person expressing them. Letters to the editor on any subject are welcome, but must be signed. Please keep them short: letters should not exceed 200 words. Deadlines for submitting copy are 2 p.m. Mondays and Wednesdays. Main offices are located in Room 282, SUB for Gateway, Room 238 SUB for Media Productions. Phone 432-5168, 432-5178, 432-5750, Advertising 432-3423. Circulation 18,500.

Editor - Kevin Giliese
News - Don Trickey
Features - Bruce Rout
Arts - Keith Layton
Sports - Darrell Semenuk
Photo - Grant Wurm
Graphics - Craig McLachlan
Advertising - Tom Wright
CUP: Cathy Brodeur
STAFF THIS ISSUE: Liz Jay, (after disposing of T.S.), Mary Dee, Sue Emm, Lindsay Bee, Margriet Tilroe-West esq., Rich Desjardins, Doug Torrance, Al Young, Satya Das, Katy Le Rougetel, Kent Blystone, John Williams, Peter Bee, Beno Joy, George V., (DAX, if you still read the paper: drop by the office sometime!)

editorial

A lot of people have walked into my office this year, either to blame me for something the paper had done "wrong" or to praise me for something the paper had done "right." All of which, at the time, I took to heart, and went about with either a bruised or swollen ego, depending on the circumstances. On reflection, I realize the whole practise was silly and simplistic, however, both for the people who equated me in my editorial capacity with the *Gateway* as a whole, and for me who accepted their comparison.

For, of course, a newspaper is made up of the efforts of many individuals. A newspaper like this year's *Gateway* — which I think was provocative, well-written, provided both facts and analysis, both humorous and serious commentary — takes an enormous effort from a lot of people. I only began to realize that when I sat down to write this editorial in appreciation for the efforts of the really dedicated group of people who made up this year's paper; and found I have hardly enough space to list all the people and all their efforts.

Columnists certainly stand out among the paper's staff this year. Peter Birnie alias Frank Mutton alias Charles Lunch, with an insane sense of humor and laugh like a disc jockey (one thinks immediately of Chuck Chandler), provided the type of insight-filled commentary only a first-year engineering student can offer. Dirk Schaeffer, the tall soft-spoken undernourished gorilla who besides his teaching duties managed to drop by the office once a week to give us significant, incisive, relevant investigations and commentary, wrote "ombudsman" for us. Besides being ombudsman around here, Dirk was also constantly available counsel to the staff — even if it was difficult to hear his advice, at times.

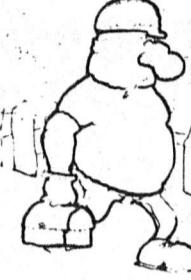
Professor Fritz Logan from the English dept., an amiable paranoid schizophrenic with a sense of humor like Mark Twain's and a satiric bit like Aldous Huxley's, gave us some of the best literature our paper has had in decades, with CON and various book reviews. Special collections curator John Charles, a hobbit-like Tasmanian devil with a contagious passion for anything that reeks of "culture," was Lydia Torrance and J.C. LaDalia on staff. What more could any newspaper ask for than the zany, good-hearted humor of PRO and the expert, precise music reviews of a LaDalia?

The editors on the paper generally put in a helluva lot of time and continuous effort for their honoraria of \$200 per month, and took a lot of shit and abuse from the public for their efforts. Don Trickey, the corporate executive with an artistic temperament, in his anal-retentive way did really superb work as first-term photo editor and second-term news editor. Don, whose derisive laugh was as often directed at staff members as outsiders, didn't make lots of friends on the job, but consistently turned in aggressive, inquisitive news copy, and interesting, intelligently-shot photographs. Darrell Semenuk, our always-on-time sports editor who never let us down, revealed only one major character flaw this year: he constantly chased the typesetter around the room with a hockey stick, which might explain some of the typos on his sports pages. Grant Wurm, the enigmatic soft-spoken artsy-fartsy second-term photo editor, did a superlative job on any shot that asked for imagination and artistic skill. And when an action shot was needed, at 11:30 p.m. at night as a HUB apartment was burning, the photojournalist inside him made him shoot a perfect front-page pic — and then go off to drink in a sleazy bar as staffers back in paste-up sweated under the tension. First-term editors who had to get out of the newsroom or die, gave us lots of much-appreciated work. John Kenney was a diligent and conscientious news editor. Beno John wasn't a diligent and conscientious arts editor — but his continual contributions as reviewer extraordinaire Milfred Campbell, and his moral and alcoholic support made him a welcome face around the office anytime. Features editor Lindsay Brown did a good job as features editor — but just couldn't shine in her role when she found out she not only had to write about subjects she wasn't interested in but also had to typeset and edit features for four months without wages. So Lindsay hung on until she began to get paid for her typesetting efforts and always turned up for special lay-out besides staying around regular press nights until the bitter end; along the way she wrote a few fine movie reviews and tried to destroy an objective journalist's impartiality.

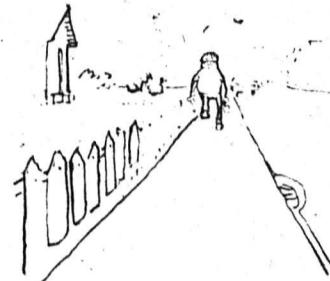
Keith Layton, the tousle-haired insomniac arts editor who began in February, took a corner of the newsroom and two pages of the newspaper and made them into his own conceptual alternative reality — something every paper needs,

BUB SLUG by Delainey & Rasmussen

... AND SO, THE SAGA OF BUB SLUG, REFINERY WORKER, ROCK SUPERSTAR, CELEBRITY EXTRAORDINAIRE ETC ETC. COMES TO A CLOSE.

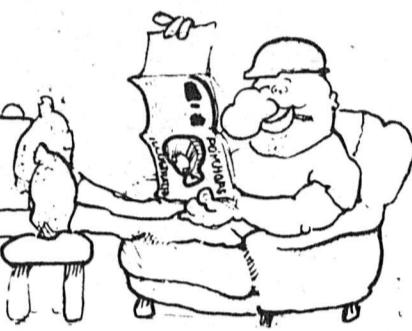


... POOPED-OUT FROM A HEKTIC YEAR OF GIGS AND TV APPEARANCES, BUB DOES ONLY ONE THING...



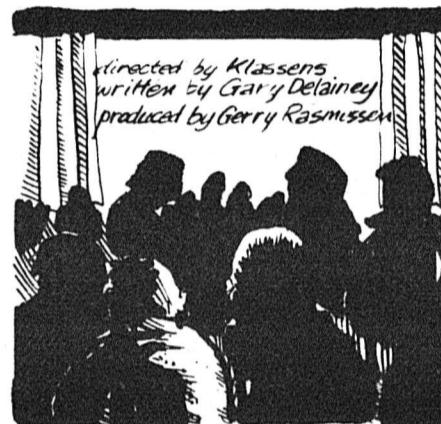
LIGHTS-UP A BUTT, OPENS-UP A BEER, TAKES-OFF HIS BOOTS, PLITS-UP HIS FEET, FLICKS ON THE TUBE, SETTLES INTO HIS BIG FAT CUMFY CHAIR...

... AND PULLS-OUT THE LATEST COPY OF "PO'NCHOPS ILLUSTRATED."

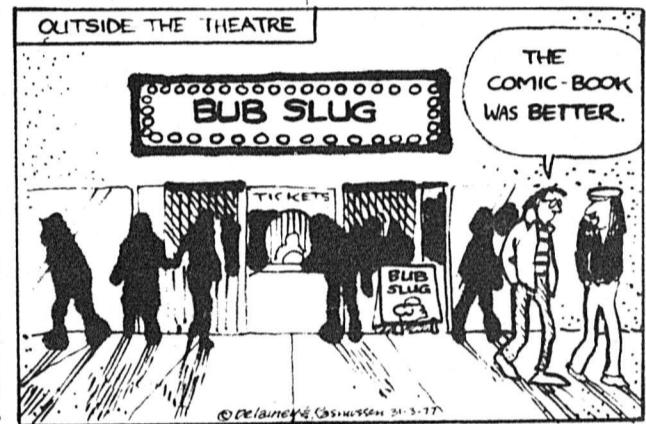


the end.

cement piles as bub slug
saul goldstein as cactus buns
sherman pricklyberg as harvey woods
wynona scrubhead as betty slug



Directed by Klassens, written by Gary Delainey, produced by Gerry Rasmussen



OUTSIDE THE THEATRE

THE COMIC-BOOK WAS BETTER.

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even if it does destroy typesetting procedures when the small headlines of alternative reality are continually being printed on them.

Keith's alternative reality included people like Dave Samuels, who wrote fine, lucid movie and book reviews; Alan Filewod, whose reviews reflected an acute political consciousness and extensive theatrical background; Terry Pack, Gord Turtle and Gary McGowan, who all wrote sound, intelligent music reviews, and Wayne Kondro, who wrote good book reviews but also found time to write one of the best *Gateway* features of the year, on the Greenpeace movement.

Of course, the paper would have gone nowhere without the very few persons of dedication who manned production, the shit job of no glory. Mary Duczynski, our cheerful, patient and always-productive lay-out director who learned more about lay-out in one year than most people learn in five, always managed to resist the temptation to X-acto bothersome editors who knew they wanted *something* done in a certain way, but just didn't know quite whether it should go just *this* way or whether *screening* the shot would be better, or perhaps a line-drawing or... Liz Jarvis, our dedicated late-comer, and Doug Shackles, our dedicated middle-of-the-year-comer, pulled us through a hard time when most of the production staff quit in spirit if not in paycheque. Sue Michalicka, our conscientious high-spirited ad paster-upper, also stepped into that vacuum — and filled it with ease.

And in graphics, who could ignore the efforts of Gerry Rasmussen and Gary Delainey creators of Bub Slug? Not only did they give us collectively a cartoon strip every two days, Gerry also created Charles Lunch and helped do a fine article on Jack Bush.

Then we had the hard-workin' writers on the beats. Keith Steinbach followed the b'ball Bears until his studies called him home. Robert Lawrie then stepped in easily and Randy Read won our annual award as tightest-writer-of-the-year with his GFC copy (rarely more than ten paragraphs). Our resident Trots — Gary Watson, Katy LeRougetel and Tom Baker — plodded the socialist beat with great restraint and little self-indulgence, proving that Young Socialists can be reasonably objective. Richard Desjardins tried to start up a sexual assault beat but Nightwatch put a stop to that. Doug Torrance and Allen Young consistently filled the gaps with tight, clean, hard-news copy off the general beat.

And, of course, our photographers went out in the rain and the snow, even into some pretty boring committee meetings to get the photos while the reporters talked on the phone. Brian Gavriloff, with so much gear he looks like he's opening up a Canon dealership, gave us good sports shots year-round. Bob Austin came out of the Law Centre's dim halls to shoot a Bear or two, and Bohdan Hrynsyn developed himself into a reliable and competent photog by the end of the year. Long-timer Gail Amort came back for more from a negatives viewpoint, optically speaking. Stan Mah, Gary van Overloop, Michael Amerongen and Bob Park helped the photo dept. through

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FINAL GATEWAY STAFF NOTICE:

Final layout will happen Monday afternoon; if you get a chance, drop by and lend a hand.
End-of-the-year party (rah,rah) will be held Saturday, April 16. Check office for details