$Opinion \equiv$

University culture shock

by Elaine Ostry

Hard to believe it's April already - with term papers coming due and finals looming in the near future. A horrible month for expert procrastinators like myself.

The year went by rather quickly. By the time I got used to this place, it's almost time to leave. Oh yes, there are so many things an impressionable young freshman must adap to!

The first thing I did on my very first day of university was to buy a coffee at Java Jive. Yes I wanted to look like I belonged. It didn't work because the next thing I did was ask someone where the Old Arts building was. This was after frantic brainstorming to interpret the building codes in the handy registration booklet. It was very embarrassing.

I suffered culture shock and dizziness in the lineups at the Bookstore. Almost fainted when the bill was rung up to \$300. Even then I wondered whether it was worth it. I'm still wondering. It took me a long time to find my way around the

university. I was so proud when I discovered the walkways from Business to HUB; from HUB to Fine Arts; from HUB to Humanities. It even took me awhile to realize that Business was connected to Tory. I remember wondering where all those people were going.

The walkway I "discovered" came in handy in the blast of winter. I learned how to walk from Tory to the

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ton in the middle of the summer. There are even joggers who run outside in Edmonton in the middle of the winter. The rest of us are slightly smarter and will refuse to leave the warm buildings we occupy unless we hear that a jogger has dropped a winning Lotto 6/49 ticket near the parking lot. Strange as it may seem, however, Edmonton winter joggers are not totally crazy. They realize that it's cold outside and wear heavy winter hats, scarves, parkas, and long pants. They usually put shorts on over the pants, presumably to show people that they're jogging. This is unnecessary, since nobody but other joggers will be outside to see them. Aerobics and jogging get a lot of publicity, but people can and do exercise in many other ways. One of my favourite exercises consists of running up five flights of stairs carrying a 20-pound backpack. Many people enjoy competing with others in field events like high jumping and shot-putting. A word of cau-tion to those who are thinking that field events might be a fun way to shape up: Do not attempt a high jump in front of a person who is throwing a shot. It is also worth noting that participation in oneperson sports such as those already mentioned is not the only way people get into shape today. Multiperson games such as tennis, racquetball, softball, and finding a parking place downtown have also grown in popularity during the recent fitness craze. To illustrate this point, let us look at tennis. Tennis was once an exclusive sport, played only by people who could afford the dry-cleaning bills for their white tennis outfits. Today, however, anyone who can lift a racquet (or, in the case of John McEnroe, make a racket) can be found working out on a tennis court. The newcomers are fairly obvious - they're the people wearing bluejeans to save on dry-cleaning. Of course, tennis requires quite a lot of effort and is probably a good game for people who are getting into shape. The rich kids who used to play the game would rather be at home watching MTV — which is Butterdome enduring only 200m in the cold.

Sometime in October I got lost in Tory and then the Bugs Sci. building. Now that was really scary because I stumbled into the animal research zone. I wondered, amid the shrieks of tortured monkeys, if I'd ever get out alive.

One of the finest pleasures is to discover places on your own. I remember stumbling across the cavelike Humanities lounge, otherwise known as the Twilight Zone. Fall into one of those chairs and you immediately fall asleep, guaranteed.

There's a lot about this university that no one ever tells you, but expects you to know. For one thing, I didn't know that students were free to use all the sports facilities. I didn't know about those cheap \$1 movies. I thought you could dance at RATT and that Dinwoodies was a bonafide lounge. At first, I thought it was a coincidence that all the university phone numbers began with '432'.

During the first term, I was obsessed with finding my "favourites", such as: where can I find the 'best' cup of coffee? the 'best' doughnuts? the 'best' lounge? Other questions of ultimate importance: where are the free phones? where are the cheapest photocopiers that still accept dimes? which libraries can you eat in?

Now these questions are (almost) all answered. What a learning experience, I tell ya.

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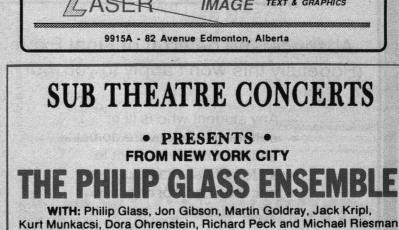
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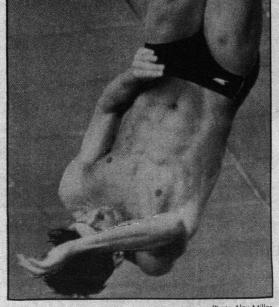


Photo Alex Miller

just as well. After all, if there weren't people sitting around and watching television today, tomorrow's aerobic tape salespeople would be in for a rough time.

