

Editorial

Sleep fascists

What simple act is most likely to cause an irreparable rift in any sort of live—in relationship?

In my opinion and experience, it's requesting the other person to wake you up in the morning.

The grim fanaticism that some people bring to this task is truly astounding. It seems to be the perfect opportunity for normally mild-mannered individuals to live the fantasy of being Marine corps drill instructors, if only for a few moments.

It never seems to be enough to simply tell someone the time and then allow that person to moan, thrash or whimper their way to consciousness, in accordance with the natural dictates of their individual personality and metabolic rate. Instead, the intervals between attempts become successively shorter, shriller and uglier, until the final one, by which time the waker's face has become as bloated and twisted with anger as that of the Nazi interrogator in any B-grade World War II movie.

The reasons for this response are probably buried deep within the limbic system that governs all of our reptilian responses; but the most obvious one is that most of us, once granted even a molecular grain of authority, hate to see it mocked, even if it's done in a completely innocent and passive manner.

Unfortunately, some people don't have anyone to terrorize first thing in the morning. My theory is these people tend to gravitate toward jobs which allow them to vent these noxious urges on to people on a day-long basis: jobs like parking attendants, security guards, or low-grade civil servants.

What can be done to alleviate this problem? If you're a victim of this syndrome, try to tell your persecutor that you only asked them to inform you what time it was, not to instantly transform you into an alert, functioning human being within moments of them bursting into your escape from conscious existence.

If someone has assigned this odious task to you, remember: you don't have to approach it with the zealotry of an Islamic holy warrior on a Jihad.

Finally, no matter what side of the fence you're on, remember the four magic words for settling disputes: F—— off and die!

They communicate each side's view clearly and succinctly and allow a bit of face-saving. And isn't that what getting along is all about?

Bill Doskoch

All that glitters is not gold

The Students' Union, following a suggestion made by the Academic Affairs Board, is offering a new award to students at the U of A beginning this academic year.

The award is modeled on the old Gold Key Award which slipped into obscurity in the past decade.

It's a nice gesture on the part of the SU. There are students who dedicate considerable time and effort to this campus in order to make it a more hospitable institution that deserve recognition previously denied them.

Nominations for suitable candidates will be accepted from the student body and so should ensure that a reasonable cross-section of students dedicated to extracurricular activities are represented.

There is, however, something slightly ridiculous about the name of the new award.

As it is supposed to recognize significant contributions to the populace of the U of A it might be nice to be able to call the award the "gold" something or other. But the university administration has a policy which requires any award with the word "gold" in the name to contain at least thirty grams of 24 carat gold. Say what?

The cost of producing a number of gold awards (in this case five gold and ten silver — and there is a similar silly distinction made for awards with "silver" in the name) prevents manufacture of the same. And 24 carat gold is quite soft. Casting such awards, which would likely be relatively small and of quite a different design than the university's Gold Medal Award, would not only be difficult, but the award itself could be easily damaged.

What is with the university administration that they think they can make such a distinction? Granted, it wouldn't be very nice to have a Gold Superstar Award made out of tinfoil, but the SU is attempting to make a legitimate gesture of appreciation here. Who really cares whether or not the award has a precise amount of 24 carat gold in it?

I suppose one could argue that the name of such an award isn't really important either, but that's not the point.

The point is that the university's policy is restrictive to a fault. They should relax their requirements for "gold" awards so that the word, simply the word, is more accessible to the Students' Union for this award.

And then they could call the new SU Service Award the SU Service Golden Apple, or the Gold Danke Schon, or the

Mike Evans



"I don't know about you, but I'm looking forward to the arms talks."

Letters to the Editor

Apology accepted

The Gateway:
RE: "SU Quibbles Over WCT"

In this article I was quoted as having cast part of the blame for the lack of Students' Union action on the Writing Competency Test upon the Academic Commissioner, Ms. Connie Uzwyshyn. This was *not* my intent.

My feeling is that I was misquoted, but if indeed those were my remarks, I would like to deeply apologize.

Ms. Uzwyshyn has worked competently and well for the students of this campus. Through my involvement in the Undergraduate Science Society I can attest to Connie's care and dedication to her portfolio. She deserves praise for both the quality and quantity of her work.

Ken Bosman
Science Rep

Uh ... joke?

To The Gateway,

This letter is in response to Managing Editor Mike Evan's insipid comment concerning the rose garland bordering the editorial section head in Tuesday's issue.

Honestly, Mr. E., this has nothing to do with whether or not you like roses. At issue is whether or not individual sections are under the total control of individual section editors, or whether the Production Editor (Ms. Rozeboom) has the green light to do her job, which is facilitate production nights and to improve the overall design and quality of *The Gateway*.

Why don't you do your job (managing) by assisting Ms. Rozeboom in doing her's?

If the individual sections were not the territorial kingdoms we both know them to be, this feudal problem would need not exist.

What's wrong, Mr. E., is someone knocking at your castle door? Do *The Gateway* and its readers a great service, sir: open the door.

I wish to offer Ms. Rozeboom some encourage-

ment, but I've never met a rose yet that wasn't surrounded by more thorns than petals.

R. Cook,
Former Gateway Production Editor

Save eastern slopes

Dear Editor,

In 1973 the Environment Conservation Authority held province-wide public hearings and conducted a public opinion poll to determine how Albertans wanted their Eastern Slopes managed, then and for the future:

"Approximately 90% of the population favoured the preservation of nature and the restoration of those areas which have suffered environmental degradation."

In 1977 the *Policy for Resource Management of the Eastern Slopes* reflected the needs and desires of Albertans and recommended positive measures to maintain and preserve the natural state and integrity of the Eastern Slopes. Since that time legislation has failed to materialize that would entrench and insure those positive measures.

In 1984 Mr. Don Sparrow, Associate Minister, Public Lands and Wildlife has developed and released a new policy formulated without referral to those

new policy formulated without public input threatens to open up the Slopes in a ubiquitous fashion for resource exploitation and private resort developments and speculation.

I can appreciate that our provincial government desires to spur the economy but why at the expense of the most unique and cherished aspect of our wonderful heritage; the water quality, wildlife, wild-lands and tradition of public access to the Eastern Slopes. Facility developments and expansions in Banff, Jasper and Kananaskis Parks are providing significant impetus to the province's tourism industry. Drilling activity is estimated to be up 60% over 1983 with the vast majority of that directed to tapping conventional oil supplies right here in Alberta.

These surely are good indicators that the turn-

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John Watson recently discovered Graeme Whamond playing in the snow. "What lovely snowmen," he noted, little realizing they were really Barb Higgin, Doug Schmidt, David Donnelly and Kathleen Beechinor rolled in the snow. Roberta Franchuk, Greg McHarg, Kabir Khan and York cried desperately for help from the snowbank where Tim Hellum had buried them but were ignored by everyone except Hans Beckers who commented helpfully "now you've done it." A worried Don Filipchuk unearthed James McDonald, Myles Kitagawa, Tim Enger, Rod Campbell, Ashram Mustapha, Barry Willing, Edna Landreville and Louise Hill before him remembered that he had left Alex Miller at home, NOT underneath a 10-foot pile of ice and slush after all.

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