

The Gateway

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editorial

While the rest of campus filed through their examination schedule last month 41 fourth-year dentistry students quietly boycotted their midterms and may have precipitated a major academic dilemma at this university. Because all the students boycotted the exams, the dentistry faculty is about to pay their complaints a lot of attention. Which is the way it should be and a welcome change from the screaming confrontations of the sixties where both students and administration refused to listen to each other. Now it seems the administration is willing to treat fourth-year students as adults; they realize that anyone in fourth-year dentistry is neither stupid nor lazy, and therefore deserves a reasonable hearing when making a serious complaint.

Yet it might be that the administration, no matter how reasonably they wish to treat the matter, are still gagged by the rulebooks of the university, the bible of bureaucracy that we all live by (or under, as you prefer). And it seems so ludicrous to go by the rules in this case, the best solution would be to throw them away and start from scratch. Dentistry students say they shouldn't have to write the exams because they're busy around Christmas break preparing for practical work in rural districts and preparing for opening their own practises after graduation. A problem, however, is that no dentistry students are willing to go on record making these complaints, when it seems logical in an academic environment (and with complaints that have widespread ramifications for study areas where similar situations occur) the complaints should be made public.

It might prove interesting.

And it might show that when people meet and are willing to discuss problems reasonably, dilemmas can be resolved in a satisfactory way.

by Kevin Gillese

Frank Mutton



THE WAY
I SEE IT

The arrival of a new year always cheers me up. As good old Guy Lombardo waves that baton of his and sends the band into a rousing rendition of **Old Lang Zine**, I always reflect on the year gone by and look forward to the challenges of the new year (and you thought the **Journal** was full of liberal bullshit).

I had seriously considered starting off 1977 with a new job. The **Abbotsford, Sumas & Matsqui News** in British Columbia had offered me a position as **Lower Fraser Valley Shopping Mall and High School Dance Editor**, with special work as an international correspondent posted to **Washington** (Seattle, Washington).

My bags were packed and my letter of resignation written when I got a phone call from Abbotsford. **Randolph Hearse**, the paper's editor, told me the bad news - his brother-in-law the jerk had been given the job, and he was really sorry.

Well, what can you do? I unpacked the Samsonite and tore up the letter of resignation (which was very well written, by the way).

After sitting back and reflecting, I realized that the move to B.C. probably wouldn't have worked out anyway - the only friends I have out there are vegetating in Victoria, the humid air would've destroyed my dried sawgrass collection, and I certainly wouldn't have been able to take my *Journal* Studebaker with me. All in all, I'm glad to be back in the newsroom watching Keith Ashwell chew out Westgate for

not reviewing **I Was a Teenage Konzertmeister** on PBS.

The new year brings with it an interesting pile of mail from readers. One letter from a man in Warburg intrigued me - in it, he claims that all those **James Bond** books written by Ian Fleming were actually about him.

Mr. Kryzanowski (not his real name) says that during the war he met Fleming in a pub in London and so captured the British writer's fancy with his tales of espionage that he became the base for all the Bond adventures.

He writes to say that Fleming changed so much in his stories that it's now almost impossible to recognize Kryzanowski's part in their creation.

Kryzanowski never worked for the British Secret Service, but for a special branch of the R.C.M.P. called the **Aberhearts**. Each one was given a special number by the Department of Health and Welfare (his was 624 799 854), and a license to point an unloaded weapon at enemy agents in the hopes of scaring them to death.

He is incensed at the constant references to **SMERSH**, the secret Russian organization, in the Bond books. "I never hear of this SMERSH until I saw **From Russia with Love** at the Gaiety in Wainwright! The only guys I ever had trouble with were traffic cops in Winnipeg, and they let me go with a warning."

Mr. Kryzanowski closes by telling me that he'll sue Fleming's widow for £2,500,000. If he can't get that, he says he'll settle for tickets to the next Roger Moore

movie.

Another complaint, this one from a fellow in Vancouver. He says that he's travelled across Canada and eaten in some of the finest restaurants in each city but never has he seen prices match those he found right here in **Edmonton**.

Big Macs and McDonald's Cookies often cost 15 per cent more here than in Toronto or Montreal, where the texture and flavour are much better.

The lettuce used in **Submarines** here often has the consistency of dried kelp, and eggrolls at places like the **New World** and **Ly Chee Garden** often costs twice as much as those found at similar dives across Canada.

He urges everyone boycott establishments like these until prices decline, but knowing the epicurean palates of most Edmontonians, they'd rather drop dead than miss their favourite food delights. (Come to think of it, they're goners either way.)

In closing, remember the little story, told to me by a local Anglican minister - "The good Lord asks us to be patient and understanding, but there are times when your patience is tested to the limit. I suggest that when you cannot take any more, you should close your eyes, pray to God and count to ten. If the person who irritates you is gone when you open your eyes, you have won a major battle in the Lord's eyes. If he is still there, him to take a flying fuck to the moon, and go home to bed."



Quit barking up the wrong joke: Reesor

I was only slightly perturbed at the letters that appeared in the Nov. 30 issue of the *Gateway*, in which Mr. MacPhee, Miss Davis and Miss Elliot defended the annual Skulk affair. To me, it was simply a matter of not being able to take a joke.

In the Dec. 2 issue however, Mr. Barker has simply gone too far in displaying his insecurity. There was absolutely no reason to go overboard and demand an apology for a "blatant example of irresponsible journalism."

Personally, I felt that "Midnight Skulkers" was one of the most humorous pieces I have ever seen in the *Gateway*. Surely that caption deserved better than to be criticized by some obviously humorless people.

In the future, I hope the *Gateway*, will continue to provide more of its clever and responsible

journalism to the student community.

In closing, I would like to say (quote Mr. Barker) "the situation demands a retraction and an apology." I agree, and hope Mr.

Barker will apologize for his apparent lack of sense of humor.
 Ken Reesor
 President
 2nd floor
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Gateway is racist

If the inclusion of "Black African Rule in 2 Years" in the Dec. 14 *Gateway* is an attempt to gauge, through feedback, the student body's perception and awareness of, or apathy to, racial bias, it is a singularly unintelligent way to do so, and in no way negates the racism of the article.

Perhaps it reflects that the editorial staff finds funny in which case I gain both an explanation of the lack of humour in the rest of the paper, and an

insight into the basic attitudes of the editorial staff towards the non-white peoples of the world.
 Sharon Pollock
 Playwriting Division
 Drama

Ed. Note: Our discussion of "Gidget goes to Zimbabwe" indeed show us to be a group of drooling, brown-shirted, mindless imbeciles bent on attacking all non-whites, Ms. Pollock. Thank you for drawing this to our attention - there may be help for us yet.