

Opinion

Editorial

Arts ailing

Edmonton's arts aficionados are facing the prospect of life in a cultural wasteland.

The National Film Theatre lies cooling in its coffin. The Edmonton Film Society can be heard coughing. The Edmonton Art Gallery is suffering from fainting spells. The Edmonton Symphony is overdrawn at the medicare bank and the Edmonton Jazz Society is looking awfully anaemic these days. The litany of ills goes on.

The prognosis is grim; should this trend continue, Edmonton will be destined for the cultural morgue.

Consider life in said morgue. Saturday nights haunted by the spectre of T.V. reruns, the ghosts of Rockies IX and X hiding behind theatre doors, and Musak moguls circling like so many hungry vultures. Think of it, West Edmonton Mall will be THE place to go.

Edmonton's cultural life has long been the envy of the Canadian midwestern Bible belt. Should Edmontonians fail to acknowledge their responsibility to this community, those bragging rights will be up for grabs. Emergency room stitching is no longer adequate. The Edmonton Arts community is in desperate need of a transfusion. Patrons alone can revive this patient. Unfortunately, Edmontonians find it too easy to look to the Canada Council and Alberta Culture for band-aid remedies.

Full recovery will only be possible through vigilant and tender care. Two aspirins and bedrest will not suffice. Edmontonians must begin filling venues and lining up for tickets if they want to continue enjoying the cultural and artistic advantages to which they are privy.

Suzanne Lundrigan

THE GATEWAY WANTS YOU!

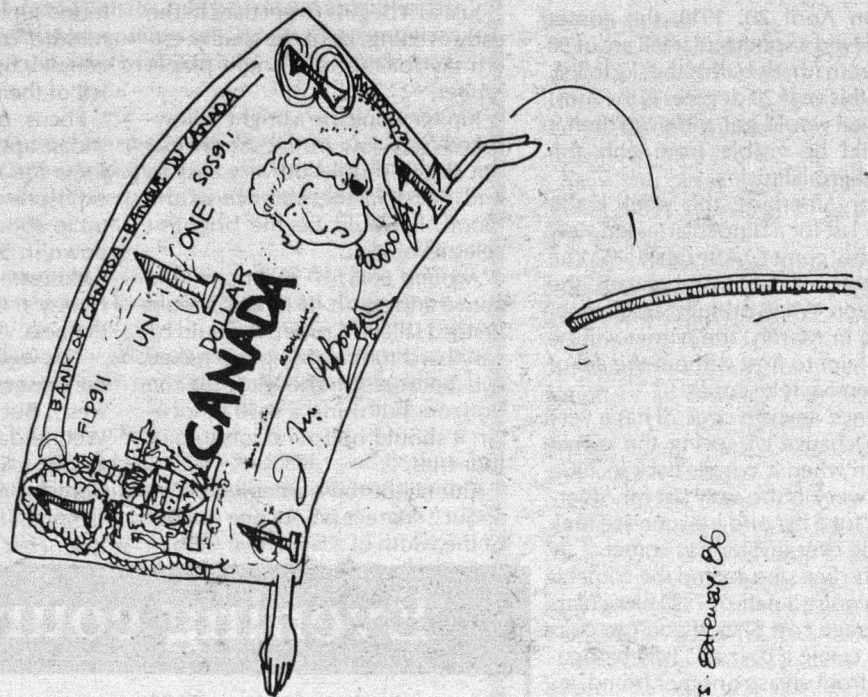


We need new recruits to write news, sports and entertainment, to take photos, to paste-up the paper, to do all sorts of fun and interesting things. And no experience is necessary. Just march up to Rm 282 SUB and join in the action!

**JOIN THE GATEWAY
THERE'S NO LIFE LIKE IT**



Tired of answering the same old post-Christmas holiday questions, Bob comes to school prepared.



Beckers & St. Tech. '86

OCEAN OF WORTHLESSNESS

Letters to the Editor

Disillusionment

The other day in a campus bus terminal I experienced a mild seizure, the cause unknown to me. As I tried to compose myself, I realized everyone's unwillingness to assist me and their attempt to avoid me. What I'd like to bring to the attention of these people, and people in general, is that the experience must have been frightening to them, but it was even more so for me. I made my own way to the phone and was able to call for help. Fortunately it was not as serious as it could have been, however I pity the person who may not be as lucky the next time and becomes a victim of such public apathy.

Because this incident occurred on a university campus one would naturally assume a greater response; it is sad that our youthful generation exhibits a reluctance to become involved in an uncertain situation. I am not condemning those people for their reaction, I only wish to bring to the attention of everyone the importance of involvement in an emergency situation.

J. Bugera

You will have no friends. Your enemies will never relent. Your career will destroy you. You will die a slow, painful death on the slag heap of failure. Not one day will pass without embarrassment, self-doubt and ridicule. Your progeny will be born mutant. You will spend your final days alone, hating every minute of your contemptible life and begging someone to relieve you of your misery. But no one will. Your suffering will be eternal, self-destructive and merciless.

This curse is omnipotent. It is an act of providence and cannot be broken. Unless, of course, you return the extension cord. And make sure it's to the right car or your existence on this earth will make Willy Loman's seem enchanted.

Cordless

Let there be...

To Whom It May Concern:
We fail to see the economic justification of the installation of the fluorescent light fixtures on main floor CAB. To our knowledge, the only time they have been used was during the Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic. In 'light' of the ongoing funding crisis, should not the dollars be spent in a more beneficial way; or simply turn the lights on all the time.

I. Bene Jr.
Engg II
S. Sugden
Science III

Letters cont. on p. 5

A pox on thee

To the asshole who stole a brand new blue Noma extension cord off my Chevette in Lot Z on Wednesday, Dec. 11:

Your life is now cursed. From this day forth, you will lead a miserable, sexually frustrated, debt ridden life.

The Gateway

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The Gateway is the newspaper of the University of Alberta students. Contents are the responsibility of the Editor in Chief. All opinions are signed by the writer and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Gateway. New copy deadlines are 12 noon Mondays and Wednesdays. Newsroom: Rm 282 (ph. 432-5168). Advertising: Rm 256D (ph. 432-4241), Students Union Building, U of A, Edmonton, Alberta, T6G 2G7. Readership is 25,000. The Gateway is a member of Canadian University Press.

Poor Hans Becker's party looked like it was going to be a complete failure: Virginia Gillese was asleep in the fish tank, Kabir Khan was trying on lampshades, and John Charles was eating Spaghetti-o's from a can. Luckily, Don Telyske offered to roast himself with a cigarette lighter, inspiring Tim Enger and Louise Hill to break into a rousing chorus of *Proud Mary*. Edna Landreville tripped the light fantastic over Ken Hui, and Alex Miller was so excited by the whole thing, he grabbed Pernell Tamowski by the ears and said "wookie, wookie". Leif Stout suddenly remembered he had better things to do and flung himself in front of Rob Schmidt's car.