

editorial

Demon alcohol

Alcohol is a funny thing, and students' attitudes towards it are even funnier. A lot of non-working people make light of the image of a laborer coming home, putting his feet up, cracking a beer and watching TV. At the same time, it seems to be students who rank suds right up there with God, survival and progress.

Take, for example, RATT. Here we have a dismally small space in SUB reserved for people who equate maturity with drunkenness, and sobriety with child molesting. On most evenings, RATT is a noisy, rowdy and depressing place, with no more class than the Kingsway or Regency taverns. There is little crowd control and even less common courtesy displayed at RATT by its patrons. Of course, RATT is a money-maker for the SU, and therefore a holy institution in their eyes, but one could hope for some changes at RATT, so at least the booze would not be the main attraction.

The worst example of alcohol abuse is the ever-popular Dinwoodie Social. Yeah, I know: there once was a time when I thought socials were worthwhile, but that was before I attended one. Have you walked by Dinwoodie on a Saturday night recently? The scene is reminiscent of a Lindsay Anderson movie, and the middle-class decadence astounding. The males all dress up in polyester pant suits or suitably ragged jeans, trim their moustaches and head on down to Dinwoodie to check out the action. The women respond in kind by either imitating Diane Keaton or dressing in their slinkiest, while waiting impatiently to be asked to dance so they can say no thanks.

But the worst of it is the booze. The leaders of today train for their careers in commerce, engineering or teaching by getting shit-faced and approximating lower levels of the Darwinian ladder.

Look. I'm not some Mormon moralist who thinks that drinking is wrong or anything like that, but the whole point of drinking is knowing how to control it, and this is one aspect of an education that our university misses. The remnants of a Dinwoodie Social are broken windows and busted jaws.

It's all unfortunate because it points to one serious problem. The people who frequent socials are much worse off than the fellow who slants a brown when he gets home from work. They are incapable of having fun without getting drunk, or, if not incapable, at least reluctant.

It's disheartening. I mean, six people a minute die in Third World countries and many of us feel wronged if we don't get laid on Saturday night. The booze accentuates this petty misery and also encourages us to make gigantic fools of ourselves in attempts to alleviate the problem. All of this comes together with generally bad music, inept organization and ripoff prices to provide the students with socials. How intellectual and oh, how fun!

The whole thing is a nightmare. It's a scary peek at people who have become self-parodies. While groups getting together for a good time is one thing, there must be some sort of natural law which prohibits rationality and large crowds from appearing together in the same room.

Alcohol is bad news for those with hope for the future, because for those who drink wildly, the future is Sunday morning. Therefore, the future is bleak, but not bleak enough to prepare for in the present.

Cheers!

by Hollis Brown



Parking lot blues

Nothing personal, but I hate permit holders. Also pedestrians, 1 hour parking signs, and red Datsun 280-Zs. Unreasonable? Allow me to explain.

You know how first year students are; well, I'm no exception. Laughing off rumors of limited parking, I undauntedly (see Webster's under "fool") pioneered the wild frontier of campus parking nonetheless.

After checking umpteen parking lots which house "x" number of cars each, I soon discovered mine was "x plus 1". By now I was hallucinating — "All full-except for Permit Holders" and smirking parking lot attendants kept flashing before my eyes. Only to frustrate me further, there was always, inevitably, the book-laden pedestrian wishing to cross in front of me, just as my potential space was being taken. In exasperation, I finally considered

that maybe — just maybe — I would have a little trouble finding a parking space. So, I left the car in a 1 hour space — not good for long, but enough time to get out and calm my nerves.

After a soothing cup of hot chocolate (RATT was closed) I returned to my car only to find it wedged tightly, somewhat like the mob of backpacked students from Humanities edging down those spacious HUB stairways between classes. The front bumper of my precious little red Toyota was being intimate with the back bumper of a (expletive deleted) Datsun 280Z heap of metal.

Now, it's no reflection on my driving ability that after 25 minutes I was still there. After all, I had a whole four inches of manoeuvring space.

Being the resourceful person I am, I politely asked my passenger to leave the car and help me manually carry my car out of the space. (Too bad it wasn't one of those convenient "tote-a-Toyota" folding models; I could have stuffed it in my back-pack and taken it to class.) To make a long story, short, red Toyotas are heavier than they look. Just then, to increase my embarrassment, a rather studious-looking chap came by and asserted that I could drive right out of that space, if I wanted to, theoretically speaking. Just like another Law of Nature, when you say it won't work, and someone is watching, it'll work.

So you ask, where did I eventually park my car? You've all heard of Southgate?

I was warned — you told me so and I scoffed. This is my public declaration of defeat to all you "I told you sos." I raise a white flag to smirking parking lot attendants everywhere. I pledge allegiance to the ETS forever.

I'd like to think that you've learnt something from my bad judgement, but, even more, I look forward to watching some other brave fool desperately searching for a parking space. Then it's my turn to have a malicious vengeful smirk on my face.

Marie Curie
Science I

We're sorry, Sharon

I would like to correct several comments made in the article "Space free for clubs" (25 September 1979 issue, page two).

First, the university was proposing to charge rental for university, not Students' Union Building, space.

Second, the university has no authority over the rental rates charged in the Students' Union Building, only university-operated space.

Third, space in the Students'

Union Building for student groups has been, and still is, free excepting for damage and extraordinary maintenance costs, and social functions where an admission is charged.

Anyone wanting further information or clarification is welcome to drop by Room 259 SUB, or phone 432-4236.

Sharon Bell
Vice-President
Internal Affairs

Nursing injustices a problem

I was rather interested in the recent article "SU reps safe" (Thursday, Sept. 20, 1979), especially the part which discussed appeals. This matter has been a bi-annual source of bitter strife among the students and the university administration. For years students have made an attempt to appeal marks worth less than 40% of the course grade but yet were unsuccessful. Yet the law stands as it is; for now.

That part however didn't interest me as much as Barb

Dalby's statement that this matter "... is particularly relevant to those in nursing ... and that "... personality conflicts may be a problem."

The reason I'm writing all this is because I was involved in what I perceive to be a personality conflict. After completing three (3) years in the Faculty of Nursing, I was failed in a clinical course (a pass/fail course), and essentially dismissed from the program. I believe that this

failure was the consequence of a personality conflict with my attending instructor and yet I was not allowed an appeal and no appeal procedure took place.

What a way to go. But then again, what's three years?! I feel time is long since passed that we should look into these matters much more closely.

Albert Borkent
Education 4

the Gateway

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If it happens on campus...it's news to us.

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Newsroom 432-5168
Advertising 432-3423

STAFF THIS ISSUE: John Lear, Gary Gee, Tim Wood, Larry Compagna, Neil Macdonald, Alexandra Milner, Ken Daskewech, John Charles, Marni Stanley, The Thorsby Collective, hello Uncle John, Kyler Tebbutt, Debbie Jones, Brad Keith, his Homy, I mean Himo, Taras Ostashewsky, Richard Grynas, Janice Michaud, get well Gerard Kennedy, congratulations Marushka, thanks to Alison's cadaver, and Maxine Murphy.

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