

EDITORIAL

City busters

In granting Triple Five Corp. a \$20 million tax break, city council has apparently decided that the sprawling consumer mecca looming on our western horizon will be the saving grace of our dying city. Shopping, skating, surfing, roller coasting, maybe even (if we're really lucky) gambling — what else could a city want?

Meanwhile, while small businesses fold and sidewalk traffic thins in the city centre, a landmark attraction sits rotting and city council sits twiddling its thumbs. The Hotel Macdonald is just waiting to regain its past glory as an Edmonton landmark, and it isn't even lack of money that's keeping the old hotel dormant; CN is willing — anxious, even — to sink \$22 million into renovations. But the project has stalled because council can't decide whether or not to allow the demolition of the 260 room 1950's addition to the hotel.

While the Hotel Macdonald debate drags on, the attraction that is supposed to draw millions of shopping dollars from across the continent sprawls ahead as fast as cement can be poured. What the eager developers don't realize is that though the mall's novelty may be attracting national attention now, its popularity will be short-lived. Once these much-heralded tourists arrive, only to find that the so-called super mall is only noisier and more crowded than any run-of-the-mill shopping mall, and that it offers only the same old array of jean boutiques and sports stores, the word will spread, and the West Edmonton Mall will become exactly what every other shopping mall is — a convenience for local shoppers.

Even the convenience aspect is questionable — personally, I'd rather run out to the local drugstore for my can of shaving cream, then dash across the street to replenish my stock of socks and underwear than put up with the confounding labyrinth of identical-looking storefronts and the deafening acoustics of the "super mall."

The downtown core is all but dead now; once the West Edmonton Mall fizzles, the entire city will fall victim to city council's lack of foresight and planning.

David Jordan

Suffering from TITANIC BOREDOM?



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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Hop...

I care about the way I look Skip Lauren, which is why I wear denim shirts, real jeans (Lee, Levi, GWC) and chamois shirts. Yeah — just like high school. Why? Because I dislike seeing males wearing trendy, effeminate garb like pink shirts, slinky 6-inch short pants and designer jeans. Or shoes of nautical persuasion, more at home on the teak decks crowding our waterfront, and glacier glasses with sideshades just because they are IN.

This is the era of reactionaries. Our politics, international concerns like detente/nuclear war, and monetary policies are direct 1950's copies. So are "punks" bedecked in black pants, leather, tee-shirts; studs, chains and oversized patterned overcoats. Heavy metal music has gone full circle to the 60's sounds of Deep Purple, Yardbirds and Black Sabbath.

Even "what's left of our image as young moderns" are encased in stilleto heels, mini-skirts and sweater-dresses like my mother wore in the early 60's; or proper sweaters, button down collar and skinny tie sets like the neat-keen-mint gender. Wake up Skip, reactionary is trendy nowadays, the devotees clinging to the threads of progress will soon be left behind. All you need are old styles with a more modern, progressive thought process that includes tolerance. Run faster, you may catch up.

L. Ringham
Grad Studies

Skip ...

I was really rattled upon reading your Jan. 8th letter to "be careful" because I've "angered a good part of the student body." I suddenly had visions of you and your buddies firebombing my house yelling, "Death to the spiffy capitalist war mongers!"

Then I realized as John Ray's letter of the same day attests that the majority of readers took my letter for

what it was, and I shouldn't worry about 1 or 2 no-minds that can't distinguish satire from reality.

Never before has so much highly pretentious pseudo intellectual garbage been thrown at me, keep it up, you'll make a fine bureaucrat like your idol P.E.T.

After consulting my dictionary to check the meaning of some of those really neat big words you used I discovered that most of what you said was a little far fetched, and although amusing, a little insulting; I thought I'd better clear things up.

I've got nothing against Arts students, why some of my best friends are in Arts, honest. As for nuclear war, I don't want to radiate any more than the next guy but I hardly think flowery letters with all those cute cliches are going to do much.

Maybe you should wake up Mr. Simao, or at least lighten up; take a Valium. You totally misconstrued (I took English 215 too) my letter, so maybe next time you should use your brains instead of just your feelings before you dump on other people's statements.

Skip Lauren
Commerce III

Jump



D.L.Roth
Engineering II

The Gateway

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Everyone's back from their much needed Christmas holidays and all were showing off their new presents. Bill Doskoch displayed his life-sized Glo-Worm, while Bruce Alton gave everyone rides in his brand new candy-red Porsche 911. Don Teplyske on the otherhand was sulking because he had only received the Match-Box model. Peter Smyth, with a gleam in his eye, was hovering around Dave Boyd's new Barbie Doll which was complete with a reversible skirt. Warren Opheim sat in the corner transforming his Transformer while Hans Becker and Shane Berg went nuts with their new 64 color finger painting set.