

Easy-Bake solutions

We live in an "instant" society. Nobody has time to wait for anything anymore; if it doesn't come in a disposable container it isn't worth waiting for. Too many people were shopping at 7-11, so Safeway felt compelled to open until midnight. I often crave chuck roast at three in the morning. And once you get that side of beef home, there's no time to cook it in the oven. The microwave can radiate it in no time.

But our instant society manifests itself in other ways as well. Pornography thrives because people don't have time to put effort into building legitimate sexual relationships with real people. Along with sex comes violence.

With the advent of the remote control "clicker" on most contemporary television sets, TV shows have to grab the viewer within short moments or the channel gets immediately changed. What results are TV shows that forego plot for gratuitous head-bashing. Instant gratification.

This violence carries over to the world of sport as well. In baseball, a knockdown pitch often sparks a riotous melee. In hockey, a little bump along the boards brings about fisticuffs on a regular basis.

Nobody will admit it, but some people watch hockey games just to see fights. Certainly nobody turns their heads or covers their eyes when all hell breaks loose on the ice.

Indeed, the game itself has taken on secondary importance to many fans. For those involved in hockey pools, it's often more important who scored, who was on for the goals against, and even who took the penalties. After digesting the morning summaries, many of these fans couldn't tell you who actually won the games.

Thus, the game no longer holds an attraction. Wagering has to take place in order to achieve the thrill.

Is it any wonder when disagreements in sports lead to instantaneous violence that our society similarly resides on the tenuous principle of first strike nuclear capability.

Can't you picture President Reagan or some future president bumping in the corners with Mikhail Gorbachev; they push each other around for a while, hoping somebody like Brian Mulroney in a striped sweater intervenes. When Ronnie and Mickey get to the penalty box, they shout at each other over the head of timekeeper Margaret Thatcher. Eventually, Maggie has to be escorted out by police, and the two world leaders beat each other senseless with their hockey sticks.

It beats having them sit around in the Oval Office or the Kremlin wondering who'll be the first to turn the earth into an Easy-Bake Oven experiment.

Cam McCulloch

The Gateway

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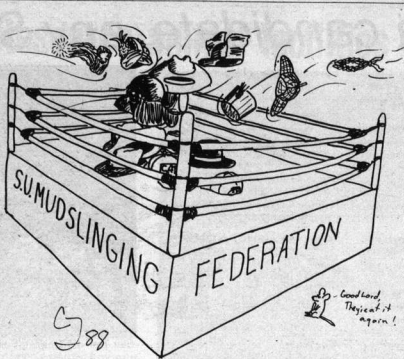
The Gateway welcomes letters to the Editor.

If you have a comment which would be of interest to the students of the University, please do not hesitate to send it in. Letters must be signed. Addresses and phone numbers are required but will not be printed.

Letters may be edited for length.

Mail or deliver your letters to Room 202 S.U.B., or drop them at any S.U. information booth.

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LETTERS

Aarons admirable

Re: Reply to Daniel Aarons (Gateway, Mar. 1/88)

Allow me to be of some assistance to the 'gentleman' from the anti-apartheid association. Chlorpromazine — I don't have to be a doctor to recognize chronic paranoia when I see it. I cannot believe how you 'gentlemen' could twist an article written with such compassion into one of such hatred — your perception, or shall I say perverse misperception could not have been further from the truth. I am truly amazed at the amount of stupidity that could emanate from university students.

I know Daniel well and can say, without the slightest apprehension, that he is one of the most avid supporters of native rights in general, and anti-apartheid in particular. It is disturbing enough to see him voluntarily shoulder such a burden — but it infuriates the hell out of me to see him shit on by those to whom he has given so much time and effort.

Daniel made a very admirable effort to depict the reality of the situation — something we as North Americans rarely get. I firmly believe that it is through this depiction that the real truth can emerge; it is then, and only then that a change can be brought about — you are on a pipe-dream if you think otherwise. Would you have preferred Daniel to paint a rose-coloured picture of sun-

tanning, night clubs, and social harmony?

This has not only been an indignation against Daniel, but an indignation against all those who care. I am extremely upset — to say the least — and will definitely keep your warped views in mind the next time I feel the need to speak out against apartheid — I fear your misguided retribution more so than any opponents'.

Redirect your bitterness and finger-pointing to your opponents' 'gentlemen' — not your allies. Your callousness, narrow-mindedness, and tainted views are inexcusable — you are a disgrace and a handicap to your movement.

Jodie Balanko



Classroom disruption

I am writing this letter to voice a common concern, which I am sure is widespread across the campus.

Classes are constantly being disrupted by people coming in late, taking five minutes to organize themselves, and then proceeding to eat their lunch. You just get back into the lecture,

when someone else walks in and does the same thing. Then people start leaving early for whatever reason. This not only disrupts the rest of the class, but is outright rude to the prof. If you have to leave early or arrive late, do it quietly, or don't come at all.

You get over people arriving in late, when behind you a conversation erupts. You can hear every word that they are saying, and they are drowning out the prof. Everytime the professor turns his/her back to write on a chalkboard the talking erupts again. The professor has to stop, tell the class to 'please quiet down' and then continues. I have yet to see anyone thrown out of a class for talking. This is also disrupting as you can see all of this irregular movement in your peripheral vision. If the class is boring to you, don't come. I did not pay \$1132.00 in September to sit in a grade 8 class. If I had wanted to do that, I would've gone back to junior high school! Show some respect for your fellow students and professors. It should be noted that not everyone is guilty of this, but the same people over and over. I'm just getting a little bit tired of it!

D. Wellock

HUMOUR

'Artsie' ventures into world of science

In my lofty pursuit of knowledge, enlightenment, and what may prove to be a superfluous degree, I must confess that my best laid schemes were nearly thwarted by the lack of a half-credit lab science course. While I fully appreciate the need and the desire to produce academically well-rounded students, I admit, nevertheless, that I often wondered why an English major absolutely had to fulfill a science requirement. However, no doubt wiser minds than mine made that decision after careful deliberation and consultation, but after my personal foray into the hallowed halls of Science, with a capital 'S', they may want to review their prospectus.

During my first year, I obligingly signed up for Biology 210, along with 172 other students, and to the credit of the department, it was a wonderful course. Studies ranged from the nature of the biosphere and Alpine lichen, to my own personal favourite, the study of evolution. With that in mind, I eagerly registered for Evolutionary Biology, which proved disastrous. Where was my lovely Australopithecus and Neanderthal man. Instead, I was con-

fronted with the genetic encoding of the human cell, and after the first week, I walked out, and never looked back.

There followed abortive attempts at Linguistics, Geography, Anthropology, and the Herbivores of Alberta — all far too 'scientific' for my delicate artistic mind. With the threat of Entomology looming before me, I was panic-stricken, as I would have sooner kissed three years and thousands of dollars down the figurative toilet before I was prepared to handle an insect. Phobias are non-discriminatory, even in the face of ruin.

My salvation came from Laboratory Animal Management 301 — no prerequisites, and a chance to work with small furry creatures in the forms of mice, rats, and rabbits. The course itself was aimed at science students, and being the only 'artsie' in the group, I was at a slight disadvantage at the casual mention of HEPA filters and the chemical equation for pheno barbital, but I was determined, if nothing else.

My lab partners tolerated my fumbling attempts at useful participation, barely. I thought they were going to

throttle me one morning, however, after I inadvertently baptized myself with an entire test-tube of blood which we had painstakingly and patiently obtained from a rabbit. In an action that only happens in poor comedies, I turned my wrist to glance at my watch, thereby ending our good efforts to analyze that precious liquid. Like any good arts student, I did not possess a lab coat, so I endured countless inquiries throughout the remainder of that day, as my clothing bespoke an intimate acquaintance with Jack the Ripper. My explanation of said mishap was worse, as it was accused of brutalizing bunnies in the name of science, despite my protestations otherwise.

Regardless of maniacal mice, uncooperative rats, and my own unscientific tendencies, I survived the course and the wrath of my lab partners to squeak out a passing grade. I've noted that this year, however, Lab. An. 301 lists a number of prerequisites, of which I have none, so perhaps I have made my mark on the scientific community after all.

Carla Koropchuk