

Black Bart will ruin new Home Econ. Bldg.

It has been brought to my attention that the University is planning to construct an addition to the Household Economics Building on the south side of the present Household Economics Building. As it has been designed by a local architect, this addition matches the existing House Econ. Building to the Education Building. I will give the benefit of the doubt to the local architect and direct my criticisms to Barton Myers (hereinafter known as Black Bart) of the Toronto-based firm, Diamondberg Architects, planners (now known as Barton Myers Architect), who were responsible for the Master Plan of the University.

How many people realize that the major criterion used by Black Bart for the design of the Master Plan were: "The Campus has too much open space" "Edmontonians suffer through months of sub-zero weather every year" "Some people think the fact that many of the existing

buildings on Campus (circa 1967) are built of red brick is a unifying force, however, I can't accept that."

As we all know, the result of these criterion is a dense campus utilizing a hodge-podge of materials and whose buildings are either very close together or connected. Has anyone ever counted how many doors he/she would have to pass through to go from Lister Hall to the Tory Building?

The planning and design of the Addition of the Household Economics Building are consistent with Black Bart's criterion and as such they should be completely rejected as the end result of a Toronto architect's misguided provincialism.

What ramifications does Black Bart's decision to put the H. Ec. Addition at this location have on the immediate environs?

1) The corner of 112th St. and 85th Ave. is the only well-defined and remotely appealing corner or entrance to the Campus. The proposed H. Ec. Addition will now present a fortified

and unified corner of bland, sterile, building faces to the community. Does the university want to kindle community involvement or does it want to fortify itself against the illiterate masses?

2) Many of the beautiful old trees and surrounding landscaping will feel the bull-dozer's bite.

3) The proposed H. Ec. Building is to be built of precast concrete (color comparable to Southgate Shopping Center). The selection of this material shows absolutely no sensitivity towards either the dark brown brick of the Household Economics Building or the white precast concrete of the Education Building.

I think the moguls of the University would be well advised to slap the wrists of Black Bart and/or the local architect and re-evaluate this entire project. Some alternatives they might consider: 1) Get rid of the 40-car parking lot bound on three sides by the Household Economics Building, the Education Building, and St. Stephen's College. So what if 40 people have to walk an extra two-

three blocks to and from their cars. In its stead provide a landscaped park, complete with meeting places, seating areas, amphitheatre, passenger drop-off (along 87th Ave.), and grassy knolls. I think a landscaped park with students sprawled on the grass on a sunny day presents a more pleasing campus/community interface than a fortress-like corner of buildings.

2) Relocate the proposed addition to the H. Ec. Building on the north end of the existing H. Ec. Building and construct it of the same color brick.

3) Relocate the proposed Addition on the east side of 112th St. and connect it to the existing H. Ec. Building with either a tunnel or glass enclosed overpass.

4) If the proposed Addition must remain on the south side of the existing building, raise it 12-14 feet above the ground; thus creating a colonnade or breezeway between the corner and the landscaped park mentioned above. This colonnade would be an excellent location for a flea market or open air displays. This Addition could be constructed solely of glass or dark brown brick with a 6-10 foot wide strip of glass where it meets the Education Building.

I realize the above suggested alternates are not the ultimate solution, but, I do feel quite strongly that they are better solutions than the existing design.

A Friend of the University

Happy Valentine

Valentine's day and dance in the Cafeteria of the Lister Hall and my participation in it, has given me personal feeling and obligation to write this article about. It is indeed the only comfort I find in my old age, that different things please different men, and not all things are appropriate to all ages. I will be very sorry to live rest of my life with the opinion created and established in my mind about youts before I have entered the University.

"The young should make preparations, the old should enjoy the fruit, that what is happen here in front of me living with the students."

Last night Valentine dance in the cafeteria of the Lister Hall is one of the magnificent and wonderful success by my opinion, because has started normally and students with their sweethearts appeared in, and participated in the enormous groups, where in advance everything was prepared and set by the committee. Order and normal conduits from the everybody was excellent and my observations are full of the praise, and would like to excuse me to insert one phrase which has good meaning of my expression

and not comparison: I am like the judge who judges horses not only by seeing it ridden at a gallop, but also by its walks and even by the sight of its resting in its stable.

It reflects me very much here writing and mixing with the words to express and clarify effect of my judgement. Looking this marvellously united groups of the youts, where are embraced from the wold world all races and nations as one society and all that mixture of the youts has chosen the same music and sound of it, because, belong to everybody: To satisfy your hunger, you must have food: That is what accomplish success in the way they wanted, and I will not appologise for daring to put it in writing, such good things and praise, because they deserve.

However that may be, I see well enough and as may well believe that is time that somebody should recognize this great familiarity of the united youts and to compels respect for theirs nice behaviors on the dance in the Lister Hall.

"Temporamutantur
et
Nos Mutamus in illis"

Rajo Vuksanovich
Henday Hall

Let's have a coherent discussion

I've been following the correspondence about abortion in the Gateway and am amazed at the lack of communication between the correspondents. On Feb. 1 Miss le Rougetel stated the following: "It is a basic human right to control one's own body." She said of abortion, "It is a safe, simple and brief operation. It can be performed efficiently in a properly equipped doctor's office."

Feb. 8 Kim Taylor and Drew Sommerfeldt, Medicine 2, wrote saying "Our purpose is not the debate the morality of the issue, but rather to present the facts concerning the "safety" of abortion." They then quote statistics from the Dept. of Obstetrics and Gynecology which demonstrate that the abortion procedure can produce serious complications. So, Feb. 8, John Thompson wrote in offering two arguments which Miss le Rougetel should have replied. The more clearly stated one ran thus: Canadians

are in fact restricted by law in regards to control of their own bodies. It is illegal to inject certain drugs, drive when drunk, expose one's genitals in public, etc. Full control of the body is not in fact a right of Canadian citizens, and it is a question whether abortion falls in with those acts which should be restricted, partially restricted or given full rein.

Miss le Rougetel replied by calling the three gentlemen confused, hysterical male chauvinists: "those who oppose abortion are indeed, confused individuals." Really Miss le Rougetel! Calling people with whom you disagree hysterical and confused, when they have tried to take you and the issue you raise seriously is not very good form.

Feb. 15 a woman (name withheld) writes in to say that all the above have been coldheartedly considering principles, when they should "think people." But Ms Name-withheld

aborted a child at the age of 15. Is the young woman absolutely sure that in respect to the baby/foetus that was an instance of "thinking people?" Also, the young woman represents Taylor and Sommerfeldt as having argued that abortion is a medical issue. They did no such thing. She chastizes Miss Timko on the grounds that she considers abortion a religious question, when it is in fact (we are to believe) "a matter of deep personal conflict." But what is religion if not a deeply felt personal matter?

Perhaps if these people got together in a room they might discuss abortion with mutual profit. Wouldn't a public panel discussion, questions-from-the-floor sort of event on abortion be well worth holding? Perhaps Miss le Rougetel and the Young Socialists would like to do the organizing?

Peter Sharrock

FRANK MUTTON

THE WAY
I SEE IT



Bill Comrie's Furniture Warehouse will discontinue their St. Valentine's Massacre Sale, effective immediately.

The decision to end the sale came on Friday, when an older woman walked into the 107 Avenue store and tried to have her clock radio fixed. It seems that she lost the use of her pacemaker every time she turned CHQT on, and she was fed up with having to have her heart started every morning.

Mr. Comrie claimed that the radio had been tampered with by paramedics, who pried it from the woman's fingers, and he refused to honour the warranty.

It was at this point that the old lady pulled an M-16 rifle from her purse and ordered all the sales staff into the back room.

Three junior salesmen are dead and Bill himself is on the critical list with serious brain damage. He will recover, but will never sell another recliner rocker.

The murders have made other retail outlets more than a little nervous. Thrifties is postponing the opening of their Lindbergh Baby Kidnapping Sale; Kingsway Garden Mall has canned the Lucky Luciano Bites It idea; and Canadian Tire won't be following through on that great plan for a re-enactment of the Sharon Tate murders.

Too bad...I really need new radials for the Studebaker.

It certainly brought tears to

an old soldier's eyes to see Casablanca on Sunday night. That classic always manages to choke me up.

I can still remember the first time I saw the Bogart film. I was chief projectionist for the P.P.C.L.T.T.R. and during a layover in Strasbourg I was asked to run it with the British Army V.D. Prevention film "Zip up or Lose It."

The combination proved to be so popular that the boys in my outfit sent a petition to Ingrid Bergman, the star of Casablanca asking her to appear in their own hygiene film.

We were all shipped home when our commander suffered a coronary after reading the petition, and in fact never did hear from Hollywood.

I hope you caught my acting debut in last week's Separate School Board production of The Sound of Music at SUB Theatre.

If you were there, you'll remember me as the German colonel who ordered the Von Trapp family to sing off-colour beer-hall songs to a convent full of nuns.

I admit that there may have been a little ad-libbing on my part, but the lines they gave me were too hard to sing. When you reach my age, everything goes flat or falls off.

The Canadian Newspaper Association has announced the winners of this year's Bassett

Awards, and local papers have really cleaned up.

Our own Journal won the Sloppy Design, Incomprehensible Front Page, Pointless Editorial, and Picayune Local News Coming Out Your Ears awards; while the Gateway at the Uni picked up the Screaming Headlines About Sweet Bugger All and the Proof-readers' Hall of Fame awards.

J.P. O'Calaghan will accept our awards just as soon as he admits to running Western Canada's Worst Daily. (We won that one, too).

Have you ever wondered why sports writers and announcers take that homey, friendly approach with the public? They all start off with a "Hi, sports fans," or "Tank McNamara here, good buddies," but do they really mean it? The fact of the matter is, they don't. I phoned Alan Watt at 3:00 in the morning last weekend to find out about the Wetaskiwin International Strawmobile Races, and he yelled at me!! Goes to show you that you can't trust every Guy Smiley you know.

For What It's Worth, Keith Ashwell isn't talking to me anymore after last week's remarks about the concert he was at. Now he and our beloved editor Andy "Chuckles" Snaddon won't even drink with me at the Greenbrier (our favourite haunt). They just sit and shake their jowls at me in unison.