

"The founding convention of the Benign Neglect Society..."

the Gateway

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1981

...has been postponed indefinitely."

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THE STARTING LINES

Ah, yes. Another year has officially begun. Isn't it wonderful. As usual, the *Gateway* staff will churn out a scintillating little journal dedicated to informing the masses. And from time to time we'll print news of interest to students. Like the fact the Students' Union is bankrupt but for a benevolent university. Like the fact the university might be bankrupt if Pierre Trudeau ignores the Breau Report and sharply cuts federal university financing. Like the fact very little appears to have been done yet in preparation for the 1983 World University Games. And so on. It should be an interesting year.

The *Gateway* is in for some changes. Besides the yearly dose of new staff, the paper will look different: the last two pages (pp. 18-19 in this issue) are now the editorial pages; footnotes and classifieds will run regularly on page four, and pages one through five will generally be filled with news; rounding out the paper will be the Arts and Sports and feature sections. Content-wise, there'll be some changes too, but we'll keep you waiting on those.

It's Freshman Intoxication Week. We doubt drinking and carrying on will be limited to first years. Have fun, all. But save just a little of your enthusiasm for the First real week of classes Sept. 14-18. Very quickly it's going to start feeling like a very long year.

We at the *Gateway* believe in direct democracy. That means anyone who contributes meaningfully to putting the paper out has a say in what the paper looks and reads like. That usually means we don't often run promotional press releases or club news. But we will print interesting news and features if you care to write it. And we print letters. We love letters.



Don't laugh, this is just the line for the washrooms. You should see the line-up for registration.

photo Ray Giguere

If you really want to...

You too can avoid writing exams

by Marc Huber for Canadian University Press

As your first day of the new university year comes to a close, you look around and notice the leaves are turning brown, the winds are blowing more briskly, and the sun is setting earlier and earlier.

And you know this means that you can look forward not only to autumn, and eventually Christmas holidays, but also to mid-terms, and eventually Christmas final exams.

Most students view the entire process with a certain sense of inevitable doom; yet, these same students continually fail to offer any creative solutions to their perennial plight.

It is surprising that in an institution where reasoning is supposed to be encouraged, only a few budding geni have deduced an alternative to sleepless, book-filled nights. The solution is a relatively simple matter — don't write them.

Not writing exams is a lot simpler than it sounds. In fact, it's an art which is easily mastered. The neophyte should undertake a serious practice schedule by not writing a few tests. Merely being absent from school on the date of the scheduled exam or test will not suffice. Obviously, it's the excuse which determines your dispensa-

tion.

A note from the friendly people at Student Health Services stating that you were too ill to take the exam will suffice. Dull and perceptive faculty members alike are taken in at once. It should be noted also that any doctor can become friendly with the presentation of annual Christmas gifts such as bottles of fine wine or aged scotch.

Once the first test has been missed, the novice practitioner may progress to the ultimate goal, which is not writing exams. Some pros argue that students who are stupid enough to take courses with exams should not be privy to the secrets of the elders. On the other hand, I am in favour of democratizing the process to enlighten the masses of ignorant students.

An ancient avoidance tactic is having a friendly medical student wrap a cast around your arm; thus, preventing the escatic scholar from writing the exam. With cast in hand, the dejected student would then travel to their professor's office and inform him/her of their problem. This is akin to winning the battle but not

the war, as this tactic will not ensure the success of the final strategy. Chances are quite likely that the sympathetic professor

will offer to conduct an oral examination for the 'injured' student. But it must be granted that an oral exam is much easier than actually writing one.

Yet our goal is not merely an easier exam, but no exam at all. My favourite method is a variation of fakelitis. Recently, I checked into a hospital complaining of numerous symptoms ranging from stomach cramps to morning sickness while I was actually in perfect health. The hospital's emergency staff gave me a preliminary examination where they probed various locations of my body. Only a minimal amount of acting talent was needed to convince the doctors of my agony.

My case baffled the doctors. Since they couldn't diagnose my illness, they thought it was contagious. Therefore, I was put in an isolation room while I received intra-venous feeding. This was an excellent opportunity for me to relax in a private suite and lose weight at the same time. After my last exam, what the medical profession terms a miracle occurred. I was allowed to go, as I

appeared to be fully recovered. After my bags were packed, the administrators were only too happy to write a medical certificate explaining my unexplained absence.

If one's acting talent is negligible there is another way to enter the sanctuary of the hospital. Unfortunately, this scenario only applies in cold weather. Last winter, a perceptive friend of mine decided that writing exams was only for mortals and not the gods themselves. He then went outside in a bathing suit and rolled in the snow for twenty minutes.

My friend then drove to the nearest hospital dressed in the same attire, with his car windows open. Upon arriving at exam haven, he got dressed and went to the emergency area. Without any acting ability, he was shaking for no apparent reason during the doctor's examination. The conscientious doctor attempted to alleviate the patient's suffering by assigning him a bed in the hospital. His remedy appeared to work because after his exams were over, yet another medical miracle occurred.

This year, I have arranged with a friendly court clerk to be assigned jury duty during the examination period. I have explained to my professors that my country is calling and that it is my duty to serve. Being patriotic

Canadians, my professors were more than happy to excuse me from my examinations. Besides, it was one less paper to mark for them.

One professor singled me out in class for my sense of civic responsibility. He called me a true asset to the University. Jury duty is even better than a brief sojourn at the hospital. You get paid and if you're lucky, you can relax in a hotel room if the case is sequestered.

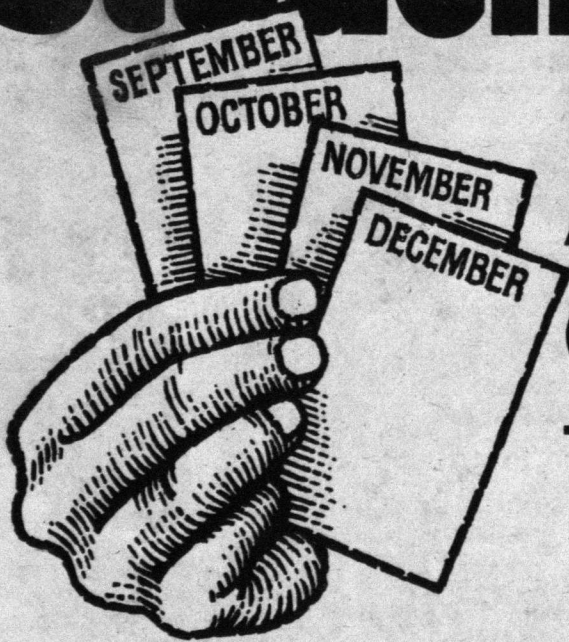
With these examples as guidelines any student can prepare to embark on a life free of exams. To justify your new found freedom one must always remember these words of wisdom: it is better to have passed and faked, than never to have passed at all.

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For your September to December **Student Pak**, bring your course registration or ID card and \$65.00 to your convenient campus outlet. At registration time, it's transit time!

Student Paks are on sale at the Student Union's Box Office in HUB at the U of A, and at other college campuses in Edmonton. Or come to the Edmonton Transit Administration office. The four passes in each **Student Pak** are available two weeks before the beginning of the month when the package starts.

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With Weekend Workshops

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Welcome back to campus.
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The GPA takes a beating High marks no mystery

by Andrew Watts

Good marks. Everyone wants good marks. The students, the profs, and perhaps most of all the administration; the better their overall Grade Point Average reflects the quality of education they're providing. If they can show high GPAs, more students will be attracted and more money will come from the government.

So what is the administration doing to improve your chances of getting good marks? Well, let's take a look at what a high level meeting on that subject might look like.

"Okay, Standish, let's get started. We have a lot to do this morning."

"Yes sir, I have here the Cumulative Distribution of Grade Point Averages Received By Full-time Intramural Winter Session Students."

"The what! The what!"

"The Cum..."

"Never mind, can't we shorten that, Standish?"

"To what sir?"

"To one word like we always do, by taking the first letter of every word and forming one word from it."

"Of course it will; it always does. Just look at UNICEF. Work on that, Standish."

"Yes, sir. Now from these statistics we can see exactly what faculties are achieving the best grade point averages and which are showing the worst."

"Yes, and then we can decide on how to improve the students' chances of getting good marks."

"Yes sir. Now, if we look at Medicine we see that for the year of '78-'79 the GPA was 6.8, which is very good and should not need any action from us."

"Tell me, Standish, what was the GPA for the Nursing program for the same period?"

"Uh, 7.1. Why sir?"

"Well, don't you see? All we have to do is switch all the nurses into the MD program and all the doctors can become women."

"Sir!...?"

"Well, the nurses get higher marks so we just transfer their GPA into the Medicine faculty and the doctors will probably do better in nursing anyway."

"I don't think you have the idea of what we're doing, sir."

"Of course I do. Now go on Standish, how did the Arts faculty do?"

"Uh... Arts, yes sir, here it is. The BA general program showed a GPA of 6.1 and the honors program showed one of 7.6."

"The Arts faculty always was pretty easy, we should make the honors program harder or if the smart honors students could pull up the general program, maybe we could transfer some honors students back to general."

"I don't think that will work sir. The difference in the averages is due to the difference in the numbers of students in each program. The general program has 1610 students while the honors had only 167."

"That doesn't matter. All we do is allow more general students into the honors program and the marks will even up, right Standish?"

"Nooo, I think you've got it all wrong, sir."

"I am not wrong! Your problem is that you do not know statistics, Standish."

"I thought I did."

"Well, it is obvious that you do not. Let's carry on with this thing. Can you find the averages for the Science faculty?"

"Science, sir? Yes, all right, here the general program showed an average of 6.0 and the honors presented one of 7.2."

"Hmm, the honors section is higher in Science, too; we'll have to do something about that. Make a note, Standish."

"Why sir?"

"Well, we have to raise the average in the general to meet the honors. Sometimes you worry me, Standish."

"But I thought we wanted the averages to be higher, sir?"

"We do, but we have to lower the honors mark to 6.6, so that it is the same as the general, you see?"

"Well not exactly sir."

"Standish, you are not with it. I'm concerned about you, Standish; perhaps your problem is that you're stupid. How many years of university do you have?"

"Eight, sir."

"There you go. I finished my schooling in only three years."

"But I have a Ph.D. sir."

"Ah, a learning disability; well that explains it. Let's go a little slower and I'm sure you'll catch on. Now tell me, what is one of the lowest averages and what is the highest?"

"I don't think that will work sir. The difference in the averages is due to the difference in the numbers of students in each program. The general program has 1610 students while the honors had only 167."

continued on page 4



Photo Ray Griguere

HUB finally opens

A unique "christening ceremony" took place on campus on September 2, according to an invitation received by the Office of Community Relations last week.

The infant, now nine years old, has been called many names during her brief life, but is now to be known as the HUB Mall.

Little HUB, whose parents were the Students' Union and the architects A.J. Diamond and Barton Myers (assisted in their fatherly duties by R.L. Wilkin), is quite a cheerful child.

Born with very few defects, none really debilitating, the child has been afflicted by various adversities during her tender years.

Although the parents were respectable — solid conservative, middle class background — and were properly married, the family soon suffered from financial dif-

ficulties.

To be fair, the father architects were not expected to pay for upkeep of the child and they still maintain a care for their offspring and her home. The mother, SU, on the other hand, could not properly provide for the child, with the result that papers were drawn up and HUB was adopted by a single parent with many children, Alma Mater.

Mrs. Mater is not a single parent in the truest sense of the word; her husband, Albert, continues to supply support payments on an annual basis and no divorce is envisaged.

Albert, however, maintains a costly residence on the other side of the river and is, therefore, quite strict about such things as money for housekeeping.

Indeed, very few of Alma's children are allowed cosmetics and some are even clad in clothes

that are constantly coming apart.

Little HUB herself was recently brought to the attention of the health authorities for her unkempt appearance. Her mom was ordered to clean her up and not to be so negligent in the future.

Despite all her problems, Alma Mater struggles on caring for her family as best she can. HUB's natural mother, SU, was never known to have a good head for figures and still suffers financial problems to the extent that she may have to declare personal bankruptcy unless long-suffering Alma comes to her aid.

Little HUB is now a healthy, robust child. Even the effects of her accident in May 1973 — she was almost run over by a garbage truck — are no longer evident. We wish her well for the future and hope we'll be invited to her eighteenth birthday.

Folio

"I need money"

Pres talks in his sleep

Funversation with Phil Soper

Phil: I've come to put the touch on you, Kingo.

Midas: I just love your laid back lingo.

Phil: Got an S.U. in need and a University looking for some big bucks.

Midas: Shucks. Not to worry. How many tons of my gold favor do you curry?

Phil: Check with my person Gaudet, and get back to you. But in

my view it's a lot.

Midas: Lot schmot. You got it baby.

Phil: Elise will be riotous; Myer high as a kite. Maybe Norwood'll weep for joy.

Midas: Hell, I'll make millionaires of the whole hoi polloi.

Phil: Me and the Su coffers will be enough, good ol' boy King.

Midas: Nothing for Kirk? Don't forget, he showed you how not to win an election.

Phil: I'll whip his ass if he

throws his weight around too much.

Midas: Coming to the matter of your touch, Phil, gimme some dope on how you transmute gold into dross. I need to turn these glittering profits into a loss, if I want to do a simple thing again like eat. What I crave is your reverse *Midas* touch, *tout de suite*.

Phil: Relax, Kingo. Anyone who is touched by me *Midas* well go into bankruptcy.

Adapted from Johannes Eff

THE fashion wheel

Suits: Perfect fashion for any function. In wool blends — sizes 5 to 13 — \$150 and \$220. And for petites, suits sizes 4 to 14 — \$190 and \$220

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432-2592

footnotes

SEPTEMBER 8

LSM 7:30 p.m. Worship at the Lutheran Student Centre, 11122-86 Avenue. All are welcome.

SEPTEMBER 9

Men's Intramural Council, organizational meeting room E-120, P.E. & Rec. Complex.

SEPTEMBER 10

Women's Centre social 7:30 Heritage Lounge, Athabasca Hall. Speaker and music (singers). Wine and beer intro to Women's Centre.

SEPTEMBER 12

Irish Prisoner of War Committee picket line at British Consulate in support of the Irish hunger strikers' demands. 2 p.m. 10035 Jasper Ave.

SEPTEMBER 13

LSM 10:30 a.m. Worship with Lutheran Campus Ministry in SUB 158. Join us as worship on campus resumes.

SEPTEMBER 14

The Bears Ski Team is having an organizational meeting at 5:00 p.m. in SUB 270A. All those with previous racing experience are invited to attend. Bring Gym strip.

SEPTEMBER 15

Recreation Sports Clubs organizational meeting Room W1-38 P.E. & Rec. Complex.

U of A Scottish Country Dance Club. Dancing every Tues night from 8-10 p.m. at Garneau Community Center. Sept. Thru April. Registration, Sept. 15, 7 p.m. \$20.

SEPTEMBER 16

ACT! Anticutbacks general meeting to discuss funding, cutbacks, student aid and tuition. More info call 432-4236. Room 270 A SUB, 4:00 p.m.

GENERAL

Volunteer Action Centre 242 SUB. 432-5097 afternoons. Watch for booths Orientation Week!

classifieds

Classifieds are 15¢/word/issue. \$1.00 minimum. Deadlines: Noon Monday and Wednesday for Tuesday and Thursday publication. Rm. 238 Students' Union Building. Footnotes and Classifieds must be placed in person and prepaid.

Daytime typesetter required by Gateway advertising department. Good typing speed (60-70 wpm) essential, typesetting experience preferred, but we will train. Mon. & Wed. 10 a.m. - 6 p.m., Tues. & Thurs, as required. Contact Margriet West, Rm. 238 Students' Union Building.

Typesetter required for evening work (6 p.m. to midnight) by Gateway newspaper. Good typing speed essential (min. 60 wpm), typesetting experience preferred, but we will train. Contact Margriet West, Rm. 238 SUB.

Ushers/Usherettes needed. *Let My People Come*, September 8 to 13, SUB Theatre (8 shows) requires volunteer people (you get a pair of comps). Reply to Gerry, SUB Theatre, 432-4764.

Prof. moving to Europe sells Vega wagon excellent condition (1976 - \$1800 ONO), mattress and base (225), radio and speakers (225) etc. 466-2196 (67) or evening 439-1714.

Would like to join carpool or provide transportation between Sherwood Park and U of A. 432-4789 days.

LANCIA 1976 Beta coupe, 38,000 miles - am/fm cassette. Like new condition. Offers. Days 432-3423, evenings 455-2669.

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Employment in Dinwoodie Lounge. SAT's barstaff, cashiers, phone Alex 432-5329, Rm. 274 SUB.

Incredible Edibles, HUB Mall is now accepting applications for full and part-time employment on counter service. Apply in person to Carlos Raposo

Are you a Backpacker, Cross-Country Skier, Mountain Climber, Canoeist? EDDIE BAUER OUTDOOR OUTFITTERS is looking for outdoor enthusiasts to work part time sales. You must be available Wednesday, Thursday, Friday evenings and Saturdays. Day time hours also available. Phone Ian or Ken 428-7044.

WANTED: Assignment graders in first and second year Mathematics courses. Applications available in CA 632.

3 bdrm main floor, drapes, parking, util. paid. No pets. 434-5164, 106 St. 62 Ave.

Key cut while-u-wait on campus at 9113 HUB Mall. Calculators, watches, sales and repair. Campus Digital Shack.

Piano instruction by qualified (B. Music) teacher. Phone 462-7601.

Family near Lister Hall requires after school child care 3 days/week for 2 children. Phone 433-5939.

1970 Cortina, dining furniture and other items. Phone 462-3364.

Keep-fit Yoga: Tuesday evenings. Watch further announcements.

Reliable part-time babysitter required to come in for two pre-schoolers. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. Parkallen. Call 436-4833.

Cafeteria staff required, Renford Inn on Whyte. Part time nights and weekends. Apply in person. 10620-82 Ave.

"After school Mum" needed for 3 schoolgirls to be in house from 3 to 6 p.m. weekdays. Responsibilities to include supper preparation, discussion of day's events, participation in or initiation of play. Salary \$7 per hour, Spanish an asset. Suitable for part time student or could be shared between 2 students. Location on #1 bus next to Provincial Museum. Call Dr. Harley 432-6631 or 432-8822 and page.

Show Business! SUB Theatre requires part-time cashiers and ushers. Phone Mark Macklam at 432-4779.

Marks

"Uh... uh, the highest GPA is from Library Science with 7.6 and one of the lowest is from Engineering with 5.9."

"Well just switch the Engineering students into Library Science and vice-versa."

"Then we'll have 1515 Library Scientists, sir and only 46 Engineers."

"Oh, I suppose we should have more Engineers; just move half over then."

"I really think we're in trouble, sir."

"Nonsense. Things are

continued from page 3

working out fine. You just stay with it, Standish, and I'll whip you into shape."

"I don't think I want to be whipped, sir."

"Sure you do. Now let's break for lunch and we'll talk some more."

"Oh no..."

Well I hope you students get the idea. The bottom line on

getting good marks is to hit the books, keep up to date on your work and most of all don't EVER listen to the administration.

Student Help helps

by Wes Oginski

Nora McRae, manager of Student Help, describes her organization as "campus crisis prevention."

Student Help is an informal confidential service operated by volunteers. It has existed since 1969.

Their hours are Monday to Friday, 8 a.m. to 11 p.m., and Saturday and Sunday, 5 p.m. to 11 p.m.

"Student Help originally dealt with drug abuse," says McRae, "but we have expanded."

"We are students who have been there," she says.

Deanna Matthews and Carol Miller are two volunteer staffers.

"We have an extensive referral service," says Miller, explaining part of the expansion.

"We have most of the answers about the campus," says Matthews, "and if we don't, we know where to go."

"Some people get fed up with the bureaucracy and come here to vent their frustrations," she says.

"So often people want somebody to listen to and remain neutral," explains Miller. "We offer that service." The onus is for people to help people.

"We are looking for volunteers interested in helping others," says Miller.

"We stress self awareness, communication skills, cooperation, group dynamics, and positive reinforcement," says McRae.

Volunteers must apply before September 18.

If you want to develop these skills come into 250 SUB, or call 432-4266.

Training will be offered on the nights of September 21 and 23. A weekend retreat follows on September 25 through 27. Both sessions are compulsory.

"Each person has the ability to help themselves," says McRae, explaining Student Help's philosophy. "We will work with them to discuss alternatives and listen."

"One of our main credos is confidentiality."

No longer in the pits

Do not panic when you find there is no book exchange at the Bearpit in the Basement of SUB.

The Varsity Christian Fellowship (VCF) has moved its book exchange upstairs in SUB to

rooms 116, 142A, and B and 140.

VCF organizes at the beginning of each term. The book exchange gives students a chance to sell their old textbooks and buy used

textbooks at a lower cost.

The only problem is making sure the old texts are the same edition required by classes, or an acceptable substitute.

From September 8 18, VCF will run 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

STUDENTS' UNION PRESENTS:

Freshman Introduction Week '81

TUES. 8th	WED. 9th	THURS. 10th	FRI. 11th
<p>BEERS GARDENS 11:00 - 3:00 Quad Featuring: Back Street Brats</p> <p>Think your profs or student rep is all wet? Watch for the Dunk Tank in Quad</p>	<p>BEER GARDENS 1:00 - 4:00 Quad Featuring: Hot Cottage</p> <p>"Dewey's" Grand Opening! (SU Bar in HUB) 3:00 p.m.</p>	<p>BEER GARDENS 11:00 - 4:00 Quad Featuring: Oscar Wilde</p> <p>Chariot Races -- Quad Interfraternity Council</p> <p>Bacus Afternoon Social 4:00 - 7:00 in Dinwoodie Cabaret with: The Sneakers</p> <p>Women's Center Social 7:30 in Heritage Lounge Athabasca Hall Speaker and entertainment</p> <p>RATT presents HOT COTTAGE 8:00 p.m. Midnight</p>	<p>BEER GARDENS 11:00 - 4:00 Quad Featuring: The Thieves</p> <p>RATT presents HOT COTTAGE 8:00 - Midnight SUB</p> <p>GREEK WEEK SOCIAL Dinwoodie Cabaret 8:00 - midnight Interfraternity Council presents JONAH</p>
<p>LET MY PEOPLE COME!</p> <p>SUB THEATRE - SEPT. 8-13 A sexual musical presented by Philip Roger Roy Warning: language and scenes may be offensive to some</p> <p>TICKETS AT ALL BASS OUTLETS</p> <p>BODY PARTS...</p> <p>STUDENTS' UNION ART GALLERY SEPT. 3rd - 22nd Drawing by six Canadian artists OPEN - 11-5 M-F; 1-5 Sat. and Sun.</p>			
<p>WANT MORE INFORMATION?</p> <p>call 432-4236 Students' Union Office</p>			

New Ph.D programs

The University of Alberta plans to add PhD programs in business management and forest science to its academic offerings.

Approval of the two programs was expressed recently by the university's Board of Governors.

The one proviso is that the university will request special funding from Alberta Advanced Education and Manpower for the first five years of the business management program. The net operating costs are estimated to be \$2,281,146.

The forest science program is not in need of specific additional operating funds.

Both programs are scheduled to start next month.

The business management program would be the first one on the Prairies. It is anticipated that the initial enrolment of six students will rise to about 36 by 1985-86.

According to the Faculty of Business Administration and Commerce, the program's research component will focus on

Alberta's and Canada's business and industrial issues. It will provide much needed expertise in light of Alberta's quest for business growth and development.

The department of forest science in the Faculty of Agriculture and Forestry says its programs will fill a need for study and research of forests and forest use problems.

Initial enrolment in the program will be limited to about a dozen students.

Uncle Pete needs you

As this issue of the *Gateway* hits the stands today, it marks another year of skills, efforts, and miscarriages that come together to form that peculiarity known as student journalism at the U of A.

Much as you may have suspected, the *Gateway* does not magically appear. It takes a lot of work. Too much work. People lose sleep and lose grades at it. People lose hopes and dreams for social change in the midst of deadlines and endless press nights.

But we go on. Every year a core of about 50 students staff the newspaper office, some paid a

little, most paid nothing at all. We have ten 'editors' on the masthead who are paid a monthly pittance; the rest are volunteer, usually full-time, students.

We run a paper that is largely self-supporting with advertising revenues, a fortunate situation none of us take credit for, but appreciate nonetheless.

We are also capable of performing almost every step of newspaper production — from assigning, writing, and editing articles, to taking photographs and half-toning (those little dots on the pictures that make the ink stick), to laying it all out with some measure of competence. We farm out only the actual printing of 13,000 copies per issue, during which time we sleep.

Twice a week, Mondays and Wednesdays, at two p.m. sharp, all the articles for the next days' papers must be ready to be typeset (a process which makes stories fit into nice neat columns of type whose margins are even at both ends).

Even before that the advertisements for each paper must be themselves prepared and laid out. And for the rest of Monday and Wednesday afternoons and evenings, we finish laying out the *Gateway* so that you can read it by noon Tuesdays and Thursdays.

We like to make it sound difficult, but really it can be fun. It can be even more fun when we get help from ordinary students like yourself who probably would find you like newspapers if you just tried it.

Recruitment is an ongoing activity at the *Gateway*. We always welcome new faces, so don't think you can't contribute even 30 issues into the year. You can choose the nature and size of your commitment; all we ask is that you make some commitment in the first place.

After all, next year's editors must come from somewhere.

dear floyd



an advice column to the lost and ignorant

Dear Floyd

I am a first year Science student at the U of A. I have just begun my in-person registration and entered the Biological Science Building to consult with a Dean.

My problem is that I can not find my way out. I am hopelessly lost and ignorant. All those I meet are also not able to find a way out of Bio. Sci.

Please help us.

signed Livingstone I. Presume

Dear Stan

You are not the first person to become lost the first time you register. That is why I have published a new book called *Everything You Wanted to Know But Were Afraid to Ask*. Under the section of *Advanced Education*, is all the information about in-person registration you will ever need. Just write to *Cheap Paperbacks Inc., Vancouver, B.C.*, asking for this book and send \$21.95. Included in this edition are detailed maps of the University of your choice.

Dear Flood

mi problm iz that i onli got 61 pre-cent in Math 30. Will i hav ani trubl enterin the facility of Nersing.

signed Florenz Nitengail

Dear Flo

I foresee no problem in your admittance into nursing as long as Math is your lowest mark. The standard requirements for nursing is a grade average in high school of no less than 60%. Your Math mark is a full percentage point ahead. Good luck.

Dear Floyd

I am one of those many people who thought I would never have to write to Floyd, but here I am praying that you will publish my letter.

Three years ago I was a happy-go-lucky gal. My tastes in art ran towards Picasso and I thought the *B-52's* were the ultimate in musical achievement. Then what went wrong?

All of the sudden I began to watch *American Bandstand* and humming to the *Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy From Company 'C'*.

My life was falling into a shambles. I have lost my friends and I think my sanity. Two years of professional counseling has been useless and I turn to you as my last hope.

signed Goin' Out of My Head

Dear Gone

I sought professional advice from a close friend, the renown psychologist Dr. Sigmund Watson. He told me yours is a serious but common problem, especially for non-professional undergraduate students. Do not worry, you are not going bonkers. Take your time and relax. The best cure is to spend a *Weekend in New England* so that you are *Ready to Take a Chance Again*. This therapy almost never fails according to Dr. Watson. In the meantime, all I can suggest is that you curl up to a Henry Mancini album and hang in there.

Dear Readers

Send your letters care of this newspaper to *DEAR FLOYD*. I can not promise to answer all your questions and problems but hope to present a fair representation. Answers will only be given through the paper. There will be no personal replies.

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Term of Office Immediately to 31 May, 1982

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Aid in preparation of Students' Union budget
Make recommendations with respect to club and fraternity grants
Consider applications for non-budgeted expenses

Term of Office Immediately to 31 March 1982

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Advise and assist Vice-President (academic) on implementation of Students' UNION POLICY
Promote coordination and cooperation with faculty associations and departmental clubs
Consider applications for financial assistance from faculty associations and departmental clubs.

Deadline for Applications: Friday, 18 Sept. 1981

For applications and/or information, contact the Students' Union Executive Offices, Room 259 Students' Union Building, 432-4236.

Classroom self-defense

The author of this article, Ron MacDonald, was a graduate student at this university. The opinions expressed by him are not necessarily representative of the Gateway staff.

Take my arm!
Take my leg!
Oh Baby, don't you take my head!
— Rolling Stones, "Let It Bleed"

The masters of this University don't spend much, if any, time listening to the Rolling Stones. Having already ripped off your arm and leg — it costs you or somebody else an arm and a leg just to get into this place — they are going to spend most of their time and effort over the next seven months trying to take your head. You may want to resist this particularly vicious piece of larceny, and this article is written in the hope that it may aid your resistance and hence your survival. It's called Survival in the Classroom because the classroom is the main place where the masters perform the massive surgery necessary to separate your head from the remainder of yourselves.

initiating the surgery

Surgery of this kind is especially difficult when the victim is unwilling. Now some, even many, of you may be willing victims, but the masters can't take a chance on how many may be unwilling, so they take certain measures to anaesthetize you for the operation. First of all, they isolate each victim-to-be from all the other victims-to-be so none of us will be able to compare notes on what's happening to us or about to happen to us. That way, we can't be sure that what we *think* is wrong is *really* wrong, and every time one of us asks the doctor (professor, department head or dean) whether something is really wrong, they can tell us without fear of contradiction that what's wrong is wrong with each one of us, and send us to the counsellor. Like this:

Student: "Sir, I just can't seem to get started on this paper. I don't know what's wrong with me. I sit down to write and nothing comes out. What should I do?"
Professor, Department Head or Dean: "Now, look. I assigned this paper to everybody in the class. It wouldn't be fair to the others if I let you off. You'll just have to write it. Maybe you should see student counselling about your study habits. Are you getting enough sleep?"

Now the trick here is that *nobody* in the class can write the damn paper. Some people can fake it and get in some words on paper, but nobody can really write a paper on any of the topics given. But each of us is alone with our incapacity and our inability and nobody lets us in on the secret — there's nothing wrong with us, it's the *paper* that's screwed up. Who the hell can relate to writing a paper on the political culture of Belgium, for God's sake, when the reality we live in is one in which four of our friends got busted last night for possession of dope, Weber Brothers is going to tear down the house we're living in next month, we're trying to figure out what's wrong with the relationship we have with the woman or man we're living with, and we keep sleeping in in the morning and missing our classes?

You'll notice how you're isolated almost as soon as you walk into the classroom. Early in the year, you'll be made aware that there are EXAMINATIONS coming up, and those examinations are going to determine whether you make your year, which in turn determines eventually whether you get a diploma, which in turn determines whether you get that nice job with one of Washington's branch plants, or have to go on welfare or work as a file clerk in Woodward's credit department. Now the interesting thing about examinations is that they are strictly a lonely trip. It doesn't matter how many people write a given exam, each one of those people is alone with the exam paper, it's *his* or *her* knowledge against *their* questions, and if you get help from anybody else in the examination room, that's CHEATING and you're failed and kicked out of school.

"success"

Furthermore, you aren't the only one who's after that nice job with Imperial Oil of Canada — a lot of other people in the classroom are after it too. There are more people than jobs, so not only are you *alone* in the examination room, but you're working *against* everybody else in there. That's called competition. In this part of the world competition is about as important as anything can be. Now if you're smart, and you really want that Imperial Oil job, you'll be working against the other people in the classroom not only when you're writing the exam, but

classes you have to attend, what mark you get on your exams, in other words *how* you win success. Of course, in the process they're going to take your head, but what the hell, there's a price for everything, isn't there?

You are isolated in the classroom — that's why you feel up-tight the minute you walk into it (which might explain why it's so damned hard to get up in the morning). Alone, you are the slave to the professor's master. When he teaches you out of American textbooks, you can't do anything about it because you're alone — you *have* to be alone to be a success in this world, right? When he teaches you things

Weber Brothers shouldn't be allowed to rip off the whole damn neighborhood and turn it into concrete towers patrolled by rent-a-cops, seems like maybe it isn't real after all, like maybe Weber Brothers and the other land speculators have a *right* to kick us out of our homes. They mess up your head so thoroughly that you can't think straight about anything, and then they take over your head and do your thinking for you, on television, in the newspaper, at the office, right in your own bedroom where you're just lighting up that joint for a quiet toke or two. They can mess up your head until you actually start believing women need vaginal deodorants.

organizing

What do we do about it, then? Well, the most efficient way to find out what's behind the screen is to break down the screen. And since that screen is a screen of rules, written and unwritten, we're just going to have to break some rules. Not because we're violent and vicious and irresponsible and unprincipled, but because somebody is doing something violent and vicious and irresponsible and unprincipled in our selves, namely taking our heads, and we can't really relate to that. Maybe we'll begin by breaking the unwritten rule that says we have to be alone in the classroom. Like we could start discussing what's going down in the classroom among ourselves. At the start, if the professor won't let us do it in class time with or without his presence, we might get together after the class and find out if *everybody* in the class feels alone, if *everybody* has trouble relating to the paper, if *everybody* lives in fear of the examinations, if *everybody* lives in fear of the professor's power over their whole lives, their entire futures. Then we might start thinking about what to do about it.

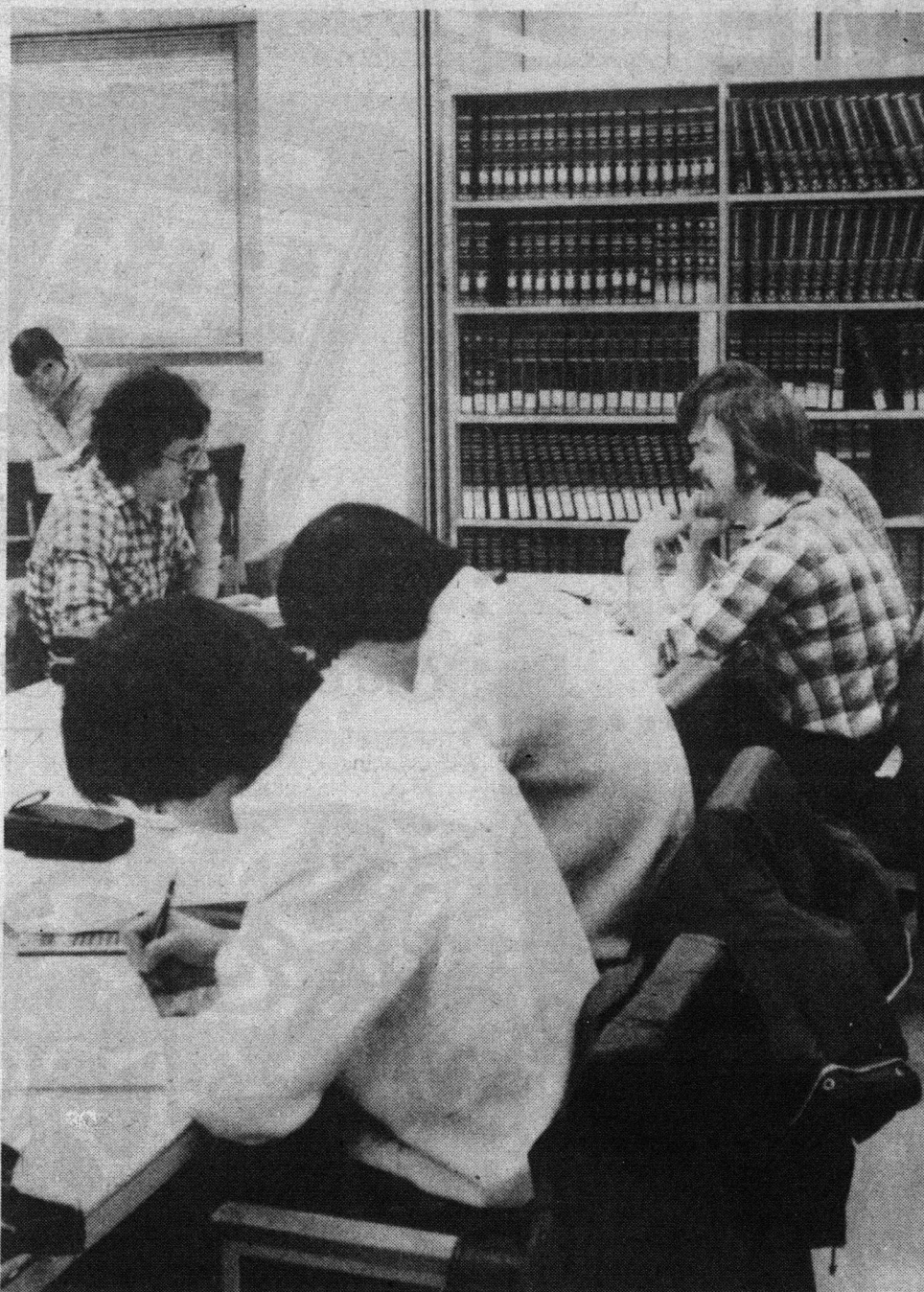
Then we might break another unwritten rule and start thinking about why it is that we all have to be alone in there, when we are the majority. We might work up some ideas on what we would like to be taught, how we would like to learn it together, how we would like to sit together in the classroom instead of in nice little rows so that all we can see is the back of somebody's head. Then we might actually get together so well that we'll form a Classroom Student Defense Organization (that's right, *Defense* — they're trying to take your head, remember?) and start presenting that professor with some *demands* about what goes down in the classroom and how it goes down.

present the demands

Classroom Student Defense Organization: (notice you don't call him "sir" anymore — he isn't any better than you, you know). "Fred, we've formed a Classroom Student Defense Organization and we've drawn up these demands here, and we want to rap about them with you. We demand the right to determine course content, the right to organize the physical set-up in the classroom, the right to tell you when we want a lecture and what we want it on, the right to determine what books will be read, the right to have class sessions without you being there, the right to assign our own final marks at the end of the year, the right to dispense with any and all examinations."

Fred: "Well, okay, let's see the list there, and I'll tell you which ones I think we could do. Now, the physical set-up in the classroom. I think we could change that anytime you want to. There's certainly no problem there. And some of the others, there, on course content and textbooks and so on, we could certainly talk about that. I've always said I wanted feed-back, you know. There are some problems, though. On the textbooks, you have to order them about three months ahead at the bookstore, and even some of the ones I ordered aren't in yet and it's already November. And the course content is flexible up to a point, but the department sets certain stuff that we just

continued on page 9



Students conspiring to overthrow the oppressive university regime.

also when you're preparing for it, which is all through the rest of the year. In other words, make sure while you're in the classroom that you clasp every bit of knowledge you can in your own little bosom and/or head and don't let anybody else have your best ideas, because they'll give you an advantage on the all-important examination. Sound familiar? Right on. In this place, you *own* knowledge, just like you own as much of everything else around you as you possibly can. Owning a lot is called success.

the hierarchy

Now that you're well and truly on the road to success — that is, now that you're well and truly alone in that classroom — they can really go to work on you. First of all, the big masters — deans, department heads, General Faculty Council and so on — have little masters called professors who do the actual surgery on your head. The professors aren't the deans' and departments heads' masters, though; the professors are *your* masters. And that makes you a slave. Professors are your masters because they have power over you — they have power to determine what they teach, how they teach it, when and how you can ask questions, how many

that are absolutely irrelevant to the reality of your own life, you can't do anything about it because you're alone. When he tells you that oppression isn't oppression, that exploitation isn't exploitation, that women aren't people, that capitalism is good for the people, that schizophrenia is an individual problem and not a social one, that building dams without regard to their social consequences is good engineering, that teaching Indian children to be white helps them adjust and be happy, you can't do anything about it. Because you have to be alone. That lonely master-slave relationship is the screen behind which the surgery on your head is carried out each day in the classroom so that people become niggers and walk out the other end of the assembly line ready to take their places on the bigger, better assembly lines with Muzak and water coolers out there in the bright, green world. And you probably can't drop out, because you probably owe the government or the bank or your parents a few hundred or a couple of thousand dollars just for the privilege of being here in the first place.

Well, those are the rules. The rules screen the surgery. They don't actually physically remove your head, but they take it and mess it up so you keep thinking that what you *know* is real, like you *know*

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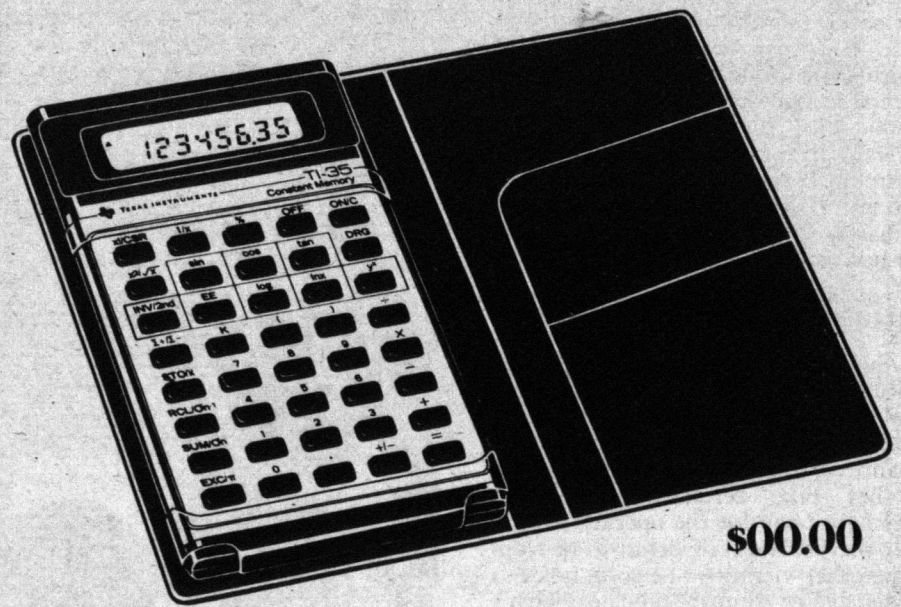
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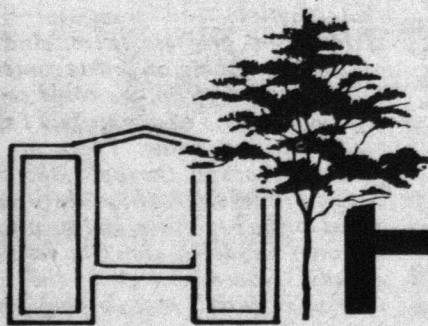
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continued from page 7

more defense

have to get over. We might be able to work something out, though. I don't know just how much time will be left for free classes after I've lectured on all the stuff we have to get through. The really big problem of course is the examinations. It's a department policy, or maybe a university policy, I forget which, that a certain percentage of the final mark has to be on the final exam, and I don't see how we could get around that. Marking your own examinations? Would that be fair? What if somebody gave themselves a high mark when they didn't do any work. Those marks mean something when you're out there looking for a job, you know, and ... etc. etc. etc."

Well, at this point, you can put yourselves on the line, walk out of the classroom, set up a counter-course in the nearest abandoned Weber Brothers

house, and get on with the revolution. But probably you won't be sure yet that there aren't other routes to success that are less extreme and burn fewer bridges to the future. So let's look a little more closely at Fred's reply.

Fred's big problem is that he isn't a big master, he's only a little master. He

That lonely master-slave relationship is the screen behind which the surgery on your head is carried out each day...

has masters over him, and in fact he has so many masters over him that he's not even sure which ones make which rules half the time. That's how the really big masters control the little masters so they'll have to control you — the really big masters have so many rules and regulations coming down from so many directions that it's difficult to identify the enemy. For the really big masters, the screen is chaos — usually referred to as rules and regulations for the sound and efficient operation of the University.

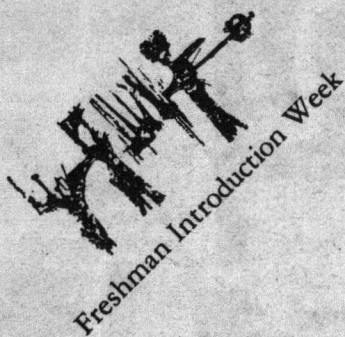
the next stages

Now if you lean hard enough on Fred, one of two things will happen. He'll call for help from *his* masters, quoting rules and regulations, failing the

troublemakers, expelling the most visible agitators and so on, and maybe make you angry enough to move on to the next stages of radical political organizing on the campus. Or, Fred will decide he's on your side, he'll help you do battle with *his* masters, you'll get nowhere even after weeks and months of playing the game by the rules, and then you *and* Fred will be angry enough to go on to the next stages of organizing. Either way, survival in the classroom is going to mean ultimately

organizing all those classroom Student Defense groups into bigger and bigger mass meetings and mass organizations to exert power in the departments, the faculties and the university as whole, and maybe to take over the damn bookstore too. It'll be hard work, it'll screw your chances for "success," it may fail in the end as it did at Simon Fraser University, but if you want to keep your head you might as well make up your mind that you're going to have to hit long and hard for a total transformation not only of the entire University, but also the entire society. The University's rules didn't come out of thin air, they came out of the society the University lives in. To survive in the classroom, you have to be able to survive in the department, the faculty, the University, the society. They all have pretty-much the same rules, and they're all after your head. You can't save your head alone, but maybe we can all save our heads if we get together and DO IT.

By the way, one last thought. Is cheating on an examination or a paper really cheating when they're after your head? Or is it self-defense?



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The Tory Building. Well, what did you expect on conservative campus, Marx Hall? Has the fastest elevators in town, taking you at blinding speed to the rarified air of upper academia. Relax and have a good coffee in the grad lounge on the fourteenth floor and don't let them throw you out. (P.S. the view on a cold winter morning is enough to make you want to join STOP).

Aggies raise rabbit food and a funny looking plant with unevenly numbered leaves on it here. Maybe that's why they're all so cheerful.

We haven't had a chance to check out the ramparts of this mound of mortar for cannon mounts and arrow slits, but it does resemble a fort, overlooking the river and surrounded by tunnels, steep walls, etc. A great place to hide out until the revolution is over.

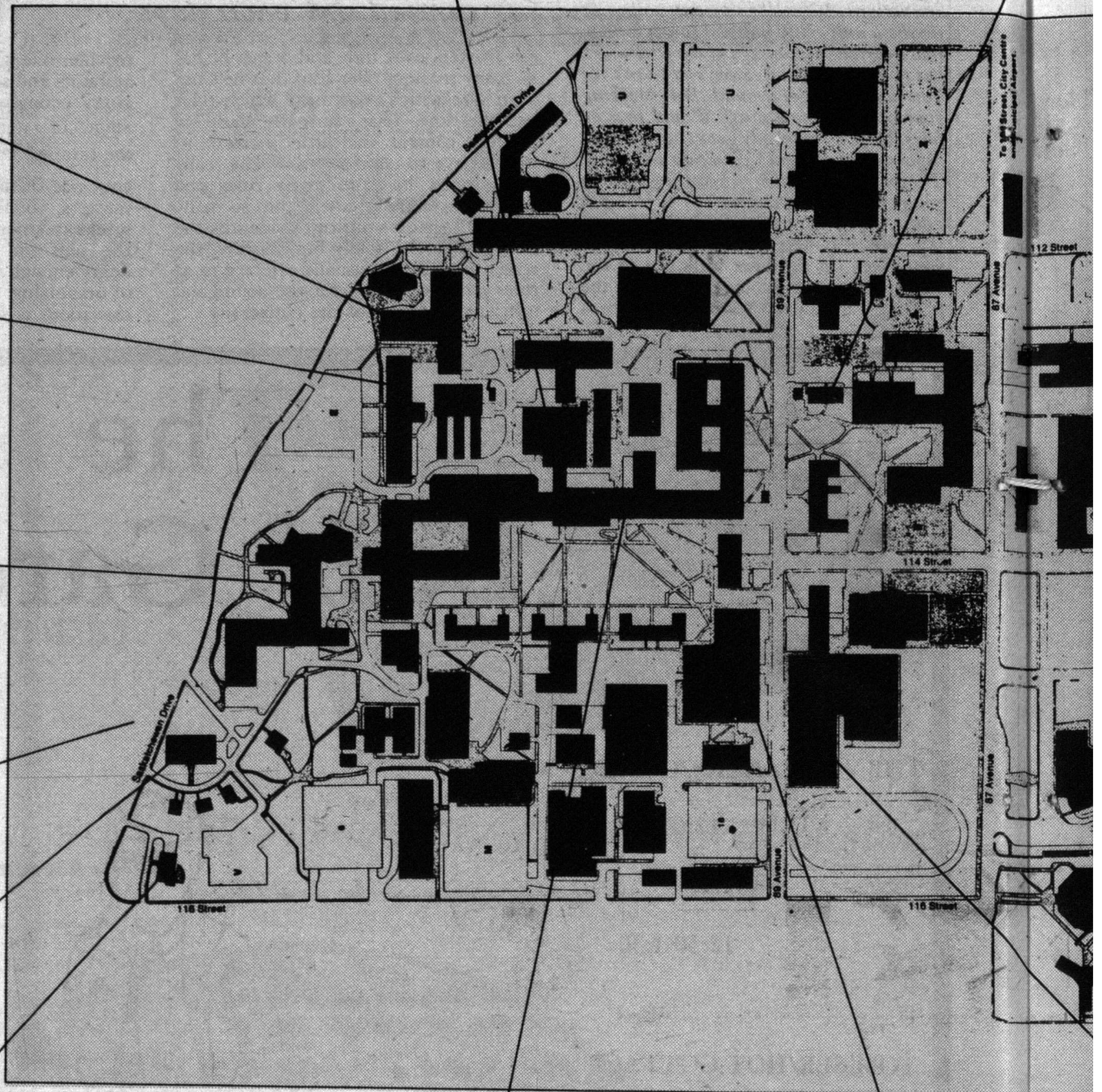
This is a beautiful wooded area, full of flowers, rocks, and small animals. It also provides a nice restful view for the Faculty Club and Myer's place. It has a fence around it. Students keep out.

The FACULTY Club. A nice place visit but the humor is too dry and the conversation too irrelevant. Like going to class. Try instead the Power Plant or RATT.

Myer's place. Why not go by and drop in for coffee sometime?

Engineering Building. The halls are slippery with blood. See, these guys drag their knuckles when they walk and with all the construction going on they get badly mutilated hands, which bleed, etc ...

Students' Union Building. This is either the best or the worst of all possible worlds. Come and barbeque your egg sandwiches over our eternal flame. See the SUBCAF at full tilt grinding out mungburgers to the masses. Relax and litter the halls and lounges, dodge narcs in the main courtyard, and make sure you drop in and see the Gateway (Room 282 SUB); we need staff.



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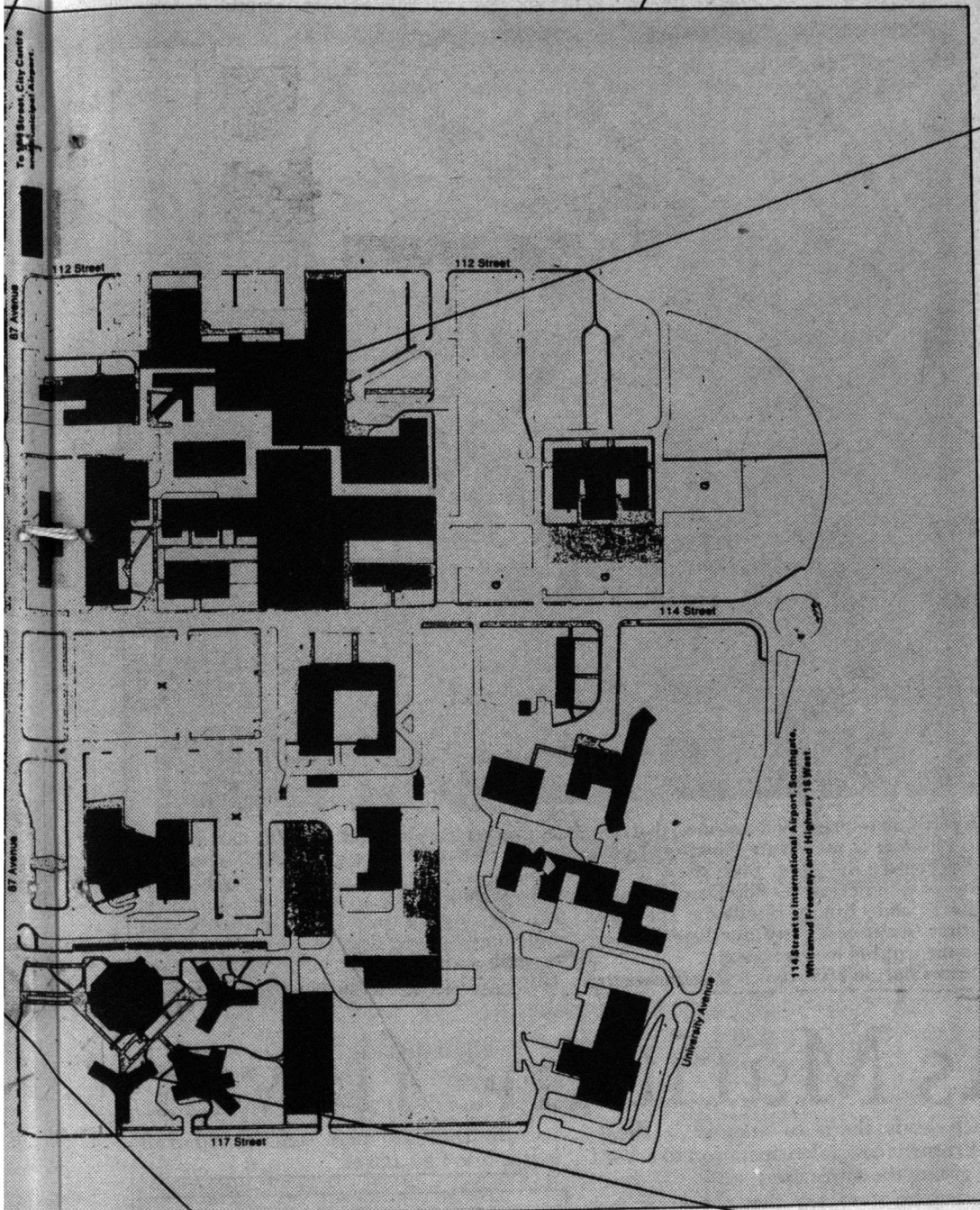
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us H.Q. Home of the free drink!

Unofficial map of university.



Nurses, Doctors, and so forth run through this area in white coats. Some dentists here too. Why not stop one of them and ask him or her to take out your tonsils or at least your fillings? If the latter are made of gold you'll need them to pay the second half of your tuition.

ROUTES: A lot of people seem to think that it's necessary to go outside to get from one building to another when the winter winds sweep across campus. Not so!! For example, if you have a class in say Education and the next one in Tory you can go through the Ed. gym, through St. Joe's (watch out for the guys in there, though; they have a tendency to throw all strangers into the shower), through Students' Union, Pe., Ath., and Ass. Halls, through Physical Sciences and into Tory, thence into the lecture. Of course, you may be asked en route for credentials but if you carry a hammer and a toolbox you shouldn't have any trouble.

ilding. This is st of all possible eque your egg al flame. See the grinding out sses. Relax and s, dodge narcs in make sure you way (Room 282

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ARTS

Limeys strike

Monty Python Flies Again, or A Collection of British Rubbish till Sept. 12
Phoenix Theatre

Review by Bruce Longbottom

The reborn Theatre 3, in elegant downtown Edmonton, is presenting a three-man show until September 12. It's a collection of skits and songs by Noel Coward, Peter Cooke, and Dudley Moore, Flanders and Awan and some of the authors of *Monty Python's Flying Circus*. Some of the skits are simply superb: among these is the famous "I Want to Have an Argument", done by Ian Clark and John Peters. Another, "Secret Service", made notorious by the indescribable John Cleese, was also well executed. Two fine new sketches were written and performed by Warren Greaves.

In one, a retired brigadier wonders why Monty's Master Plan failed, and in another a pleasant old gentleman tries to buy a Five Pound Funeral. ("I thought you came to collect these things... Yes, I know the 36 goes right past the door. I can't sit up with a coffin on my knee, you know... You don't supply a coffin?") And again, "My name is Pardwits. P as in poison, A as in arsenic, R for rigor mortis, DWITS as in Death Where is Thy Sting?"

Clearly, Warren Graves is one of Edmonton's most accomplished actors; his movement and timing were a major attraction of the show. Of the other two, John Peters showed more talent, although the monologue he did in drag was embarrassingly awful, tasteless, and painfully long. This was the only wrong note in an otherwise smooth evening.

With a sketch on the birth of Christ, a couple of pieces on Ireland, and, of course, a glancing blow at newlyweds Chuck and Di, this show has something to offend everyone. I was particularly outraged by the skit on the Wagga Wagga School of Philosophy ("Socrates himself was permanently pissed...") This lot had better watch out, or I'll come around and rip their bloody arms off.

Come and get it



A critic's guide is available from the Arts desk, free to any past, present, or future contributor to the Arts page.

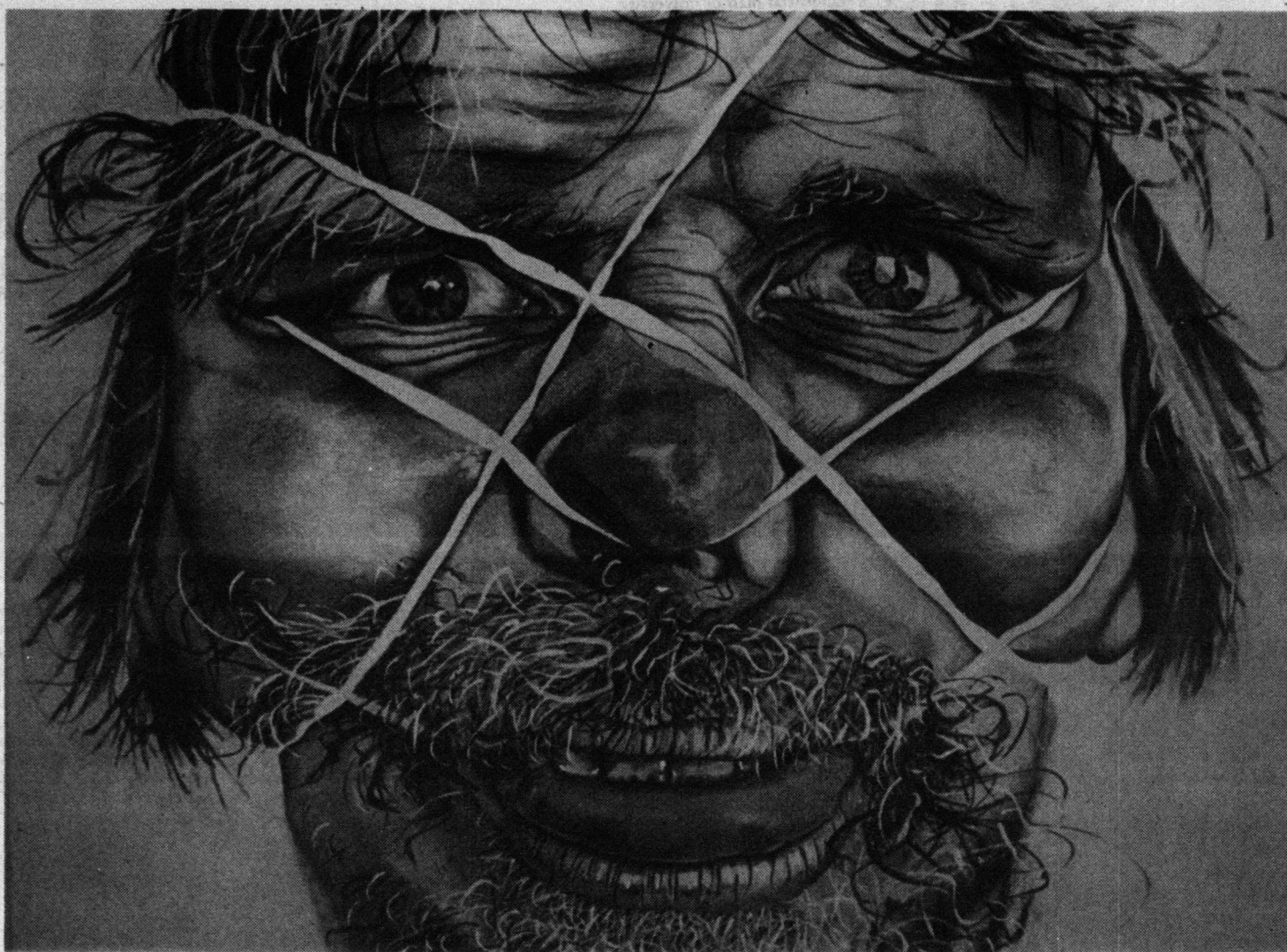


photo by Ray Giguere

This is "Changing My Plane" by Gary Olson, 1980, from the "Body Parts" exhibit showing at the SUB Art Gallery till September 22. Olson's graphite-on-paper portraits stress three-dimensional illusions playfully embellished with gum, ribbons, and banana peels. His gallery-mate Jim Westergard's pieces also depict faces, but his are covered

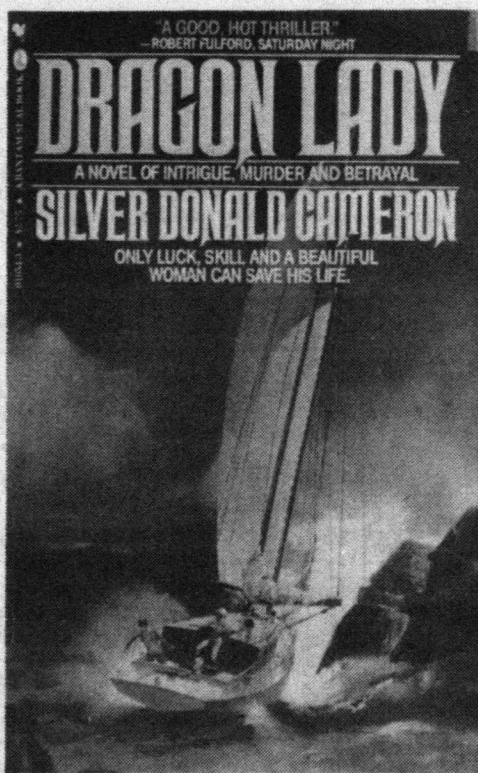
with paper, newsprint, and tinfoil so that only the eyes, nose, or mouth are showing. In one nipples replace the eyes. Both show a high degree of technical skill as do Darci Schuler-Mallon's and Ernest Lindler's; personal favorites. Any one of these four displays alone make the exhibit worth seeing.

Dennis Burton's five crotch shots, however,

are rather prosaic, and I would only recommend them to those with a special interest in female genitalia. Joice Hall's triptych "Male Pinup" is likewise competent but ordinary, and the only pleasure I derived from it was watching a mother drag her small son past it at 60 mph so he wouldn't be corrupted by the torpedo-sized penis in the center drawing.

J.A.

Thriller has Maritime flavor



Dragon Lady
Silver Donald Cameron
1980 (Bantam 1981)

review by Jens Andersen

This novel centers on one of those burning political issues of our time which routinely cause editorial writers to foam at the mouth and pontificate about "our moral obligations as a civilized nation, etc." (all to no avail, judging by the persistence of the burning issue).

Silver Donald Cameron probably won't solve the problem either, but at least he wastes no time in fulminating about it or stuffing familiar sermons in the mouths of the people in his story. Rather, he simply writes a thriller about the disappearance of a freelance frogman, and the attempt made by his brother and friends to find him,

which leads them to uncover a shady, government concealed operation to ... but I am giving the story away.

Suffice it to say that the book is a billion times as engaging as any editorial, not only because of its low rhetoric content, but also its careful attention to making characters and incidents plausible.

(Which, after all is the real business of fiction. Anyone, even Tom Robbins, can write a book full of bizarre incidents and odd people never before seen on the face of the earth.)

For instance, as may be expected there are plenty of violent and action-packed episodes in *Dragon Lady*, but they are an organic part of the story and are not milked for their sensational aspects.

Again there is the only sex scene—a natural and graceful culmination of an honest-to-God relationship complete with tentative beginnings, awkward moments, flashes of humor, idyllic interludes, doubt, hesitation, conversational probing and sparring, and other preliminaries characteristic of any *homo sapiens* mating ritual.

Compare this to, say the cheap, gratuitous and unconvincing lady-meets-drunken-sailor, instant-heartfelt-love-and-cunnilingus episode in Robert Wall's *The Canadians Vol. 1 (Blackrobe)*.

The most seductive portions of the book, though, are those describing Nova Scotia (where Cameron lives and the story takes place), its people, and that transcendental Nova Scotian pastime, sailing. The sheer poetry of the passages makes me long to pack my bags for Nectar Cove, buy a shack with a view, and build a schooner from scratch like Peter Landry, the hero of this book did.

Unqualified praise? No. Some of the dialogue, like that in the restaurant between Peter and Elaine (p. 38) is a bit wooden, and Cameron should be informed (p. 270) that villains only "purrr" in novels by Rosemary Rogers. And the story as a whole is a shade too neat and tidy (real life contains a few more loose ends).

But these are mere quibbles. All in all it is a fine first novel.

Latitude 53 Society of Artists Presents:



Issues in
CLAY:

Western Canadian Sculpture

May 4-29 Students Union Art Gallery
University of Alberta, Edmonton

Gallery hours: Monday to Friday 11:00 - 5:00
Weekends 1:00 - 5:00

Opening: Monday, May 4 8:00 p.m.

with funding assistance from the Canada Council

If that's art,
then I'm a
Hottentot

Harry Truman

Up and Coming



THEATRE

Let My People Come; Sept. 8-13; SUB Theatre; Tuesday-Thursday, Sunday-8 p.m., Friday, Saturday 7 p.m. and 10 p.m.; Tickets HUB and other BASS outlets.

SUB Theatre's BIG show this fall: a Grammy Award winning musical about

sex. The Arts desk has received a wad of press releases on previous performances, and it seems as if everyone from the Toronto Sun to the San Francisco Chronicle is gushing and enthusing over it. The Arts desk, of course, is reserving judgement pending a first-hand report from the staff dermatologist.

LOCAL RECREATION

Roy Young; Sept. 12; Dinwoodie Lounge. Young's credits are numerous: he has played with everyone from Jerry Lee Lewis and Little Richard to Jeff Beck and the Stones.

Hot Cottage; Sept. 10-12; RATT

Beer Gardens; all this week; Quad; Music every day from 11-3, with half-hour breaks at 12 and 1:30; see the ad on p. 9 for details.

This, of course, is the main event of Freshman Intoxication Week. For those freshmen who don't know exactly where Quad is: point your nose south, touch your toes, and your *gluteus maximus* will be facing north. Or consult a map.

CAMERA CITY COLOR LAB

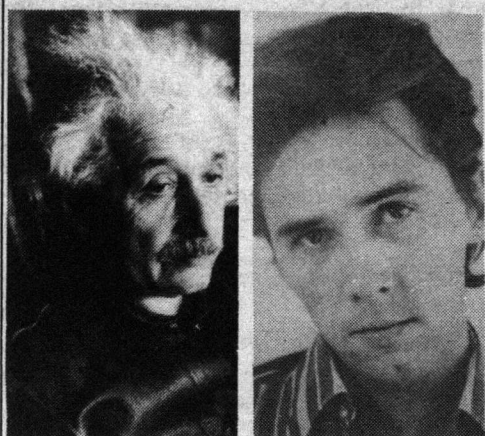
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SOUTH HUB MALL



Don Freed

Albert Einstein

GALLERIES

Albert Einstein photographed by Lotte Jacobi; till Sept. 27; Alberta Natural Resources Science Centre (Strathcona Industrial Park, 17 Street between Hwy. 16 and 16A); 11-9 seven days a week; free admission.

MUSIC

Don Freed; Sept. 12; South Side Folk Club (Orange Hall, 104 Street and 84 Avenue) 8 p.m.; tickets Keenkraft Music and HUB. Don Freed was one of the bright spots in this year's Edmonton Folk Festival. Highly recommended.

FILMS

Batman; Edmonton Public Library; Sept. 8 Centennial, Sept. 9 Capilano, Sept. 10 Dickinsfield; free tickets available at respective branches.

Prior to *Star Wars*, this was the definitive film on the decline of western civilization

Up and Coming is only a partial listing of events: we are not responsible if you miss an event due to our omission. Check the bulletin boards! Phone 432-5168 to submit your listing (inclusion not guaranteed).

Musicians Needed

Positions are available to musicians in the University of Alberta Concert Band, Pep Band, Symphonic Wind Ensemble, and Stage Bands. For further information on these, and the Wind section of the St. Cecilia Orchestra call Prof. Pier or Prof. Dalwood at 432-3263.

JAVA JIVE

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new and returning
students to
the University of Alberta

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at the south end of
HUB MALL

Man does not live by bread alone



photo Ray Giguere

grill open Monday through Friday from 7 p.m. - 11 p.m.

Food Services is opening a service to the entire campus this year. Dial-a-menu provides a tape recording of the day's menus at CAB, SUB, and Lister. Call 432-2377 for dial-a-menu.

A number of food services can be found in HUB Mall. They range from ethnic food (Chinese, Japanese, and Ukrainian) to health food.

Unfortunately, quality means money for the best in HUB. Incredible Edibles is consistent in its good quality of food. Its format is along the lines of a delicatessen, with a large variety of hot food, salads, sandwiches and desserts.

The Students Union offers a similar food service in SUB called the express. The selection is not as great, but the food is still good.

Back to HUB. If hotdogs and ice-cream are your desire, Dari-Delight is the answer. They supply a large variety of treats, using both hard and soft ice-cream. The hotdogs are not bad either.

Cafe Casablanca is a convenient retreat for the pizza freak. A supply of hamburgers, salads, sandwiches, and lasagna are also available.

Ho-Ho Chinese Food offers the regular fare of Canadian Chinese cuisine. There are some good platters to choose from.

Mid- and Far-Eastern cuisine

are also offered at the Bottleneck.

Another establishment using a delicatessen theme is HUB Deli. This is more along the line of a Mr. Submarine, where everything is cold stored then heated in a microwave. However, the selection is better than usual, ranging from subs to quiche.

Ukrainians might want to note Patria, a Ukrainian food establishment. They have everything from brosch to putah (that's pyroghy to the layperson).

Even those who miss Big Mac's can be satisfied by ordering a hamburger from HUB Burger. Prices are competitive to other burger joints, and the taste is above average.

Outside the campus area, but still within reasonable walking distance are a number of eateries. Casablanca (8625-112 St) now occupies the sign where Smith and Bacchus used to be. They offer European dining and dancing on weekends.

For the North American flavor with a touch of class there is the Library (11613-87 Ave) and My Second Home (107-8215-112 St). These two are on the more expensive side, but a nice change of pace.

There are some people who just want a solid burger or even a steak. Mr. Mike's Char-broiled Steak House serves it up over at Newton Place.

Yet many yearn for the simple things of life, like good old fashioned junk food. Hamburgers can be obtained from A-1 Burger (109 St - 86 Ave) or Burger King (8505-109 St).

Ah, but the pizza is the art form when it comes to gourmet junk food. Four local pizzarias surround the campus. They are Avenue Pizza (8515-112 St), Boston Pizza (10854-82 Ave), Pharo's Pizza (8708-109 St), and Plato's Pizza (8514-109 St). Only the connoisseur can tell the difference.

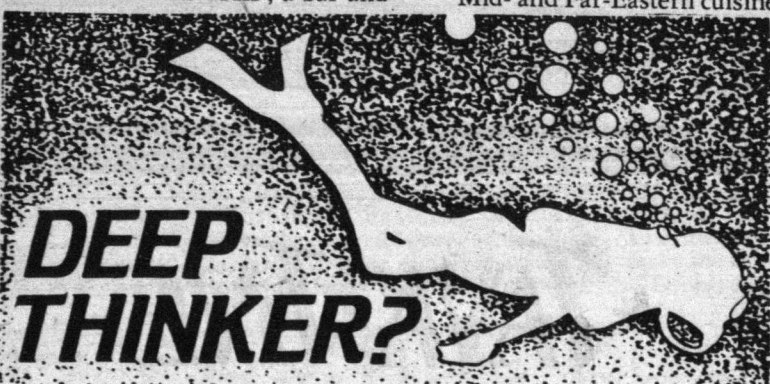
by Wes Oginski

There is life after CAB. If you are tired of eating only in the CAB cafeteria, this is the definitive list of eating emporiums on and near campus. (If you believe that how would you like to buy a bridge in Brooklyn?)

University Food Services operates a number of cafeterias in the campus area. These are in the Administration Building, Biological Sciences, Cameron

Library, Chemistry East, Dentistry, both wings of Education, Fine Arts, General Services, Humanities, Law, Tory Building, and University Hall. The cafeteria hours are from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m.

A number of larger operations are offered by Food Services in CAB, SUB, and Lister Hall. Their hours are too numerous to list, but they are open most of the time. Over in Lister Hall there's the SHIP, a bar and



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Students' Union Employment Opportunity

RETURNING OFFICER

Responsibilities:

- Performance of duties normally required by a Returning Officer (staff recruitment and hiring, poll organization)
- Conduct elections under the "Nominations and Elections Bylaw" (Bylaw 300), or such other elections or referenda as the Students' Council designates

Qualifications:

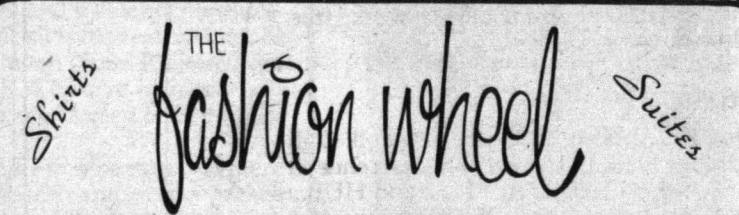
- Organizational and administrative skills a necessity
- Background of computing knowledge and familiarity with previous Students' Union elections an asset

Remuneration: \$5.00 per hour

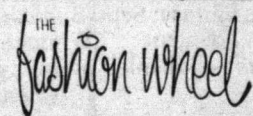
Term of Office: Immediately to 31 March 1982

Application Deadline: Friday, 11 September 1981, 4:00 p.m.

For information and/or applications, contact the Students' Union Executive Offices, Room 259 SUB, 432-4236.



100% Shetland wool crew neck sweaters in beige, grey, medium pink, and wine. Sml. \$22.



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MAIN FLOOR SUB

- GOURMET COFFEES
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8:00-4:30 Mon.-Fri.

Vacuous space for rent

The way a student politicians mind works

With student politicians on the campaign trail more and more these days, the time has arrived, I think, for me to let the voting public know that I have developed extraordinary insight into the way a politician's mind works, which is not too often.

I not only can read the mind; I can read it in italics. Take SU President Phil Soper. After an inspiring ACT (Anti-Cutbacks Team, if you can believe such contrived acronyms), spot in TL-11, he is in languishing in Fridays wondering why the renovations aren't finished. He is met by a middle-aged female constituent, ostensibly from the Home Economics faculty.

"How are you Phil," she calls, waving to him through the sawdust-covered window panes.

(Wave back and smile. They like that. But how to answer this woman's question? If I frankly tell this stranger that I have post-nasal drip, high blood pressure, and a hardening of the left kidney, my opponent next year (for the young Tory leadership — remember, you read it here first) may find I am in failing health. On the other hand, if I tell her I feel great, this might indicate a lack of concern for the problems the Students' Union faces.)

"Not too bad," replies Phil Soper, student politician.

"You've certainly been campaigning a lot lately," says the

woman, who asked not to be identified.

(Damn! This nosy broad (sic) must know I was absent for two percent of the roll calls. There's only one way out.)

"I've always felt the prime duty of every student politician is to visit with his constituents as much as possible so he can better represent their views," Soper says.

"We haven't seen you in a long time," the woman replies.

(Aha! We've met before, then. But is she one of my many ardent supporters or one of the other kind? Find out.)

"I hope you will stand beside me in our unending search for ..." Soper begins.

"Glad to be of help," she interrupts. "Is that brown sock on the left supposed to clash with the blue one on the right? I hope you're not working too hard."

(How the hell am I supposed to answer that one? 'Yes' implies I'm on the verge of a nervous breakdown, 'no' implies I'm just a lazy bum.)

"I thrive on hard work," says Soper.

(Now don't forget to show concern for this voter.)

"But tell me about the grave problems you face, Ma'am."

"Well, my gravest is that I don't have enough money to get my car out of the parking lot. I was hoping you ..."

(A problem. Look vigorous!)

"You can count on me to lead a vigorous fight against poverty and inflation (not to mention

student loans and North Garneau). Let me say that ..."

"Oh, darn. There goes our little chat," the woman said. "Here come the Gateway photographers."

(Photographers? What's a heart-warming picture? Quick! Pick up the ugly little kid she's got. Soper loves little children.)

"My you're a manly little chap," he lies.

"Thanks, Daddy."

(Daddy! Good Lord, I can see the headlines now: 'Soper faces paternity suit.' Take the offensive.)

"You won't get away with this, my good woman," cried Soper. "What's your game?"

(Woman removes false skin head, reveals herself to be, in fact, Bob Kirk, sometime SU presidential hopeful.)

"Bob?" Soper queries incredulously.

(Relief. My Tory leadership is safe. Kirk recently joined the young NDP club; look out, Grant.)

"You old fish, Phil. You found me out. How did you know?" Kirk asks drily.

"It's your kid, Bob. He looks suspiciously like sometime engineering graduate and Kirk Slate reject Ken Lawson-Williams."

(Ha!)

"Hey," Soper says with contrived merriment, "We're broke. Have a beer."

(Adapted from Job Keefawer)

1. Ralph Brock, Winnipeg
2. Terry Evanshen
3. 1971 (6-10)
4. The current incarnation (ie. post-'49) of the Eskis feature a 2-14 record in 1963, when they gave up 425 points while scoring only 220. In 1938, though, an Edmonton team went 0-8, scored 29 big points and gave up 117. Kind of makes you long for the good ol' days, doesn't it?
5. Houston Oilers and Boston Patriots.
6. The 1979 Toronto Argonauts were penalized 202 times. Naughty.
7. The poor jerk's name was John Eckman. What ever happened to him?
8. They were pseudonymous football leagues. They are the subjects of next week's sprots kwiz.

Answers to Sprotz Kwiz

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THURSDAY	11-9
FRIDAY	11-9
SATURDAY	10-5

V.C.F. BOOK EXCHANGE

Sept. 8-18, 1981 from 10-4 p.m.

Rooms 142, 140, 116, SUB

Receiving	Sept. 8-9
Selling	Sept. 10, 11, 14, 15
Returns	Sept. 16, 17
1/2 price sale	Sept. 18

...A time to run

September 13 marks the first annual Terry Fox Run for the Marathon of Hope.

The Edmonton regional run will be held at the International speedway from 9:00a.m. to 6:00p.m.

Pledge forms are available at Canada Safeway Stores, MacDonalds Restaurants, Canada Post Offices, and major chartered banks. For more information, phone 421-HOPE, or 429-2662.



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WRZ 7

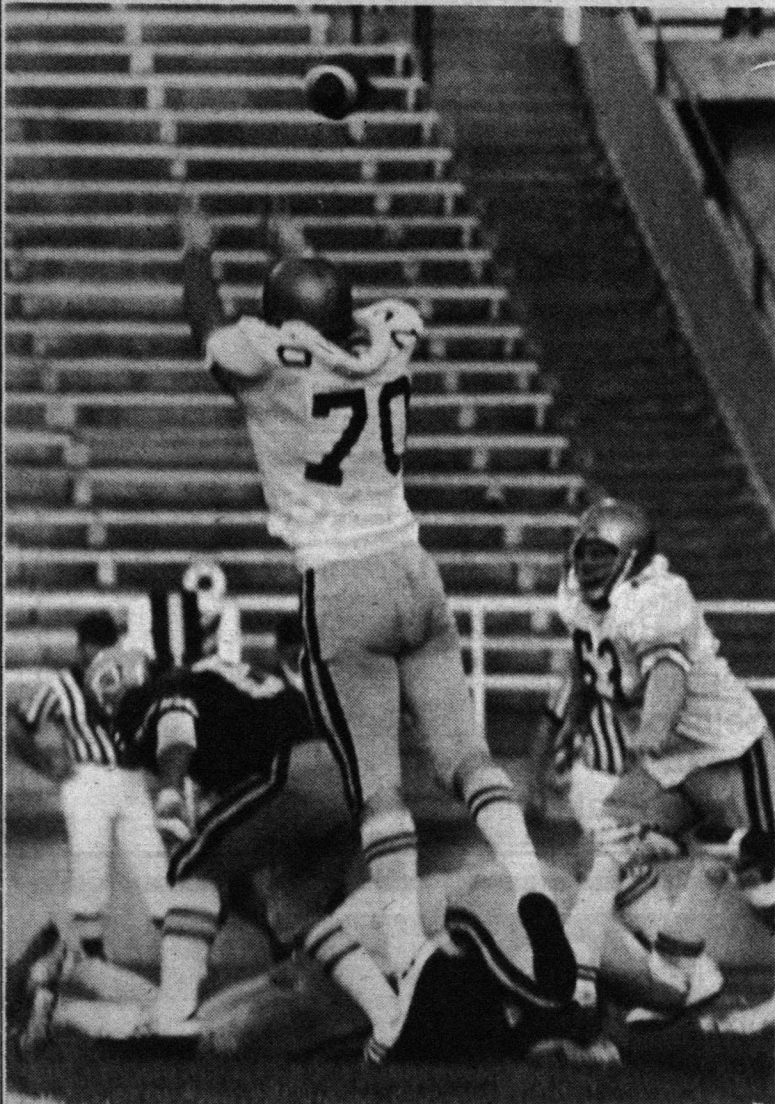


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sports

Bears Bamboozle 'Bytown' in exhibition



Where are these people going?

To sign up for Campus Recreation activities, natch!

by Bob Kilgannon

It wasn't a classic but it wasn't too bad either. Saturday night the Golden Bears, in what was billed as a College Bowl rematch, defeated the University of Ottawa Gee Gees by a 15-7 count.

Coach Jim Donlevy substituted freely throughout the game, possibly a reason why the Bears sputtered somewhat both offensively and defensively. In the first half Alberta couldn't muster a touchdown, managing just four points on rookie Reg Gilmore's first quarter field goal and second quarter single. Ottawa wasn't much better for the first two quarters. They did virtually nothing offensively until right at the end of the first half. At that point quarterback Rick Zurich engineered a seven-play, 78 yard touchdown drive culminating in an eight yard touchdown pass to wide receiver Don Burns. The Gee Gees took advantage of Alberta's free substitutions, victimizing a defense that was full of rookies and relievers.

The Bears regained the lead at 6:45 of the third quarter on a two yard touchdown run by fullback Rick Paulitsch. The drive started at the Alberta 49 yard line as rookie Mike McLean recovered an Ottawa fumble, one of four recoveries the Bears made on inie Gee Gee fumbles. Quarterback Randy Stollery directed the drive, mixing the passing and running games about equally. Reg Gilmore, maybe the answer to last year's kicking woes, rounded out the scoring with a fourth quarter field goal and a single off a wide field goal attempt.

Head coach Jim Donlevy made several comments after the game, talking about his team's performance. He said he was happy with the defense, especially in the second half.

"They took away what Ottawa did to us at the end of the first half," Donlevy said.

Asked about the lack of offensive consistency Donlevy suggested that the many substitutions and the earliness of the season might have something to do with it. As he also said, "It was our first game... some apprehen-

sion may have replaced some of our confidence."

Overall, it is this reporter's opinion that Jim Donlevy's crew needs some work but the ingredients are there for Alberta to repeat as a championship squad. As with any championship team, if the Bears are to repeat they need a little luck, a lot of hard work, and the proper attitude as a team. I'm betting that those things will happen and the Golden Bears will repeat as champions.

See Bear Facts. p. 17

Sprots Quiz

by Skeet

Is this traditional? Damned if I know, but here goes another year's worth of inane trivia to fog your mind during that early morning lecture. This week: The Canadian Football League? (cause it's the only record book handy at this time ...)

1. Who was the most efficient CFL quarterback last year, according to the league's rating system? (C'mon, that's too easy!)
2. Who holds the CFL record for most games catching passes? (Hint: I did not say *consecutive* games catching passes.)
3. It's been too long since the Eskimos had a losing season. When did the locals last go sub-.500?
4. While we're Eskie-bashing, what's the worst record ever compiled by the Green and Gold, and when did they achieve this dubious honour?
5. When Don Trull wasn't embarrassing himself in an Eskimos uniform, he did journeyman QB work for a couple of AFL clubs. Which ones?
6. Still on the subject of futility: which CFL team holds the single-season record for most penalties, and when did they do it? (and do it and do it and do it ...)
7. Frustration of frustrations! In a six-day period in October, 1969, a Hamilton Tiger-Cats QB threw a full season's worth of interceptions — 12 in two games. What was the poor sucker's name? (Hint: it wasn't Charlie Fulton, though he was almost as inept. He played for the Eskimos.)
8. What were the Continental Football League and the World Football League?

sprots

Escort me up to RATT (said the body on the floor) and purchase for me an additional brew or two, and I'll tell you a tale of confusion, jealousy and frustration. It sounded too good to miss, and the money in my pocket had found its way there from Michalyshyn's desk anyway, so it was into the elevators and up, way up, to where the Friendly Giant never dared go.

After what seemed like an hour but was in fact two, we were wearing a few beers and sipping on a coupla cold ones. Or at least I was sipping. My companion was inhaling.

"Do you know what's wrong with athletics at the unive 'ty level?" he/she asked (the gender, I confess, was never apparent. Or important, for that matter.)

"I'd kinda hoped there was nothign wrong," I opined. "You'll make a great sports editor, kid," was the reply. "But this goes beyond university politics. Think about playing games as a child. Did you enjoy yourself? Did you have to be forced to take part?"

My answer was inaudible, murmured into a bottle of Blue, but it didn't matter; my inquisitor continued apace, pausing only to flip empties aside with a dexterity that would have astounded Sam Etcheverry in his prime.

"The point I'm making, rotund one, is that our seemingly relentless search for entertainments has projected athletics out of the realm of possibility for most people. Facilities are too crowded or too few; the league structures are over-organized or require a commitment few can manage. Most of us are reduced to mere spectatorship, if such a word exists.

By this point a small crowd had gathered, and I hastened to point out that, as there was a good possibility of the crowd containing Phys. Ed. or Rec students, and that some of said students might take offense at this besotted impugning of their chosen way of life, perchance some moderation would be in order.

"Pish-tosh and fiddlesticks!" was the retort. "To which

humanity yet resided in this tortured soul? Sports should be fun for all! Why can't fencing be a high-profile sport? Instead of over-fed behemoths charging about after an oblate spheroid, encourage mass co-ed frisbee as an inter-collegiate sport! Free the whales!"

As there was no longer any hope of convincing the inebriated ex-athletico to accompany me down from Olympus, I was forced to take my leave alone. I abandoned the poor sot to be heartlessly mutilated by a horde of library arts students.

Best to put such ravings out of my mind, I suggested to myself as I emerged into reasonably fresh air. This was not an auspicious start to the year.

Campus gets Recced for '81-'82

The term Campus Recreation should be heard frequently around the U of A THIS YEAR AND IN THE YEARS TO COME.

The Faculty of Physical Education and Recreation in an effort to meet the ever-changing needs of student has re-shaped the whole area of its physical recreation services.

Intramurals, which really only describes part of what's going on in the Physical Education and Recreation Center, will now be a section of Campus Recreation.

Hugh Hoyles, who is returning from a year's sabbatical leave, will coordinate assisted by new staff member Verna Overend.

Men's and women's and co-rec intramurla programs will not be changed, still functioning as in the past.

However, what will be new will be a major effort build a program of non-credit instruction offering instruction in a clinic format to all who want to learn skills in particular activities.

Everything from one day jogging clinics to a three-week dance course will be available this year.

Recreational Sports Clubs will now be part of Campus Recreation. Those interested in getting involved in may join one of the Aikido Club, Judo Club, Badminton Club, Fencing Club, and others.

Campus Recreation will also oversee the casual recreation schedule in the PhysEd Center. Time have been set aside during the day, evenings, and on weekends for shooting baskets, playing volleyball and badminton, or lift weights.

The Aquatics program will remain the same; anyone wanting more information can call the pool at 432-3570.

Information on any of the Campus Recreation programs is available by calling 432-3614 or 432-3565, or drop by the Campus Recreation office in the lower hallway of the Phyd Ed Center for a comprehensive brochure.



Only 300 people attended Saturday's Bears/Gee-Gees exhibition. None of them are in this picture.

Bear Facts

Second year defensive back Glen Music had an excellent game, picking off an Ottawa pass for the game's only interception and making several excellent punt returns. Linebacker Dean Calbourne suffered a hip pointer and an ankle injury while rookie Dale McLean aggravated a previous knee injury. In league action Saskatchewan surprised UBC by beating them 13-9 and in Winnipeg Manitoba beat the Calgary Dinosaurs by a 27-24 count. The Bears first league action is this Friday night in Vancouver against Frank SMITH'S UBC Thunderbirds.

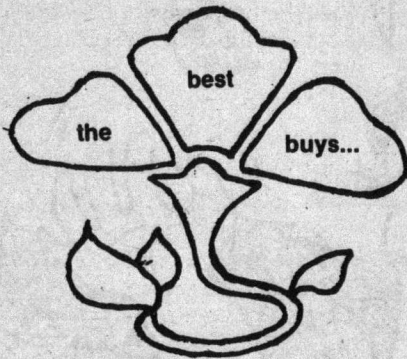
Sport practise and meeting times

SPORTS	DATE	TIME	PLACE
Men's and Women's Gymnastics Meeting	Wed. Sept. 9	4:00 p.m.	E1-05 Phys. Ed. Bldg.
Men's Hockey Meeting	Wed. Sept. 9	5:00 p.m.	W1-38 Phys. Ed. Bldg.
Men's Volleyball Meeting	Wed. Sept. 9	5:00 p.m.	W1-39 Phys. Ed. Bldg.
Men's, Women's Cross-Country Meeting	Wed. Sept. 9	4:45 p.m.	W1-59 Phys. Ed. Bldg.
Women's Volleyball Meeting	Thurs. Sept. 10	5:00 p.m.	W1-38 Phys. Ed. Bldg.
Men's Soccer Practice	Thurs. Sept. 10	6:00 p.m.	Lister Hall Field
Women's Gymnastics Practice	Mon. Sept. 14	4:00 p.m.	E1-05 Phys. Ed. Bldg.
Women's Basketball Meeting	Mon. Sept. 14	5:00 p.m.	E1-20 Phys. Ed. Bldg.

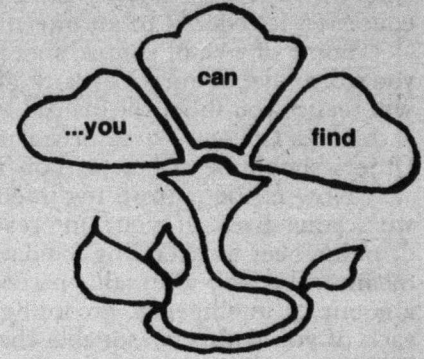
Baz



WANTED: information leading to the location of the Gateway's lost cartoon character, Baz. He is a popular feature of the students' newspaper whose present whereabouts is not known. If you have any information that may hasten his return home, contact any reporter at the Gateway immediately. He was last seen in the vicinity of Vancouver with his sidekick, Michael Skeet. Phone 432-5168.



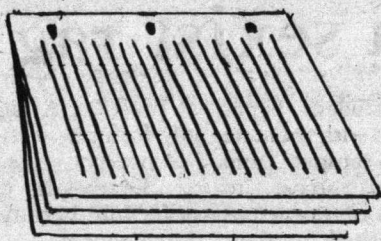
SHOPPER'S DRUG MART



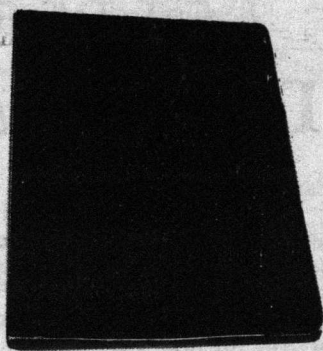
8210 - 109 Street

Prices in effect until Sunday, Sept. 13

Shopper's Drug Mart
500 Sheet Lined Refill
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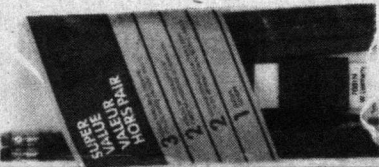
Hilroy Vinyl 3 Ring Binder
1"
1.19



Bic StickPen
12 Pack
2.49



Venus Valu - Pack
8 piece
99¢

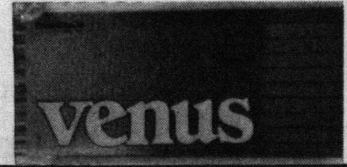


Shopper's Drug Mart
300 Sheet Lined Refill
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Acco 2 piece Pressboard Fastener Binder
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Acco Poly Binder 5/8 Ring
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Venus PENCILS
Poly bag 10's
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Hilroy Coil Exercise Book
250 pages
1.49 ea.

Practice Typing Pad
3 - pack
1.39

Shopper's Drug Mart Refill Brief Cover 5's
99 ¢

Shopper's Drug Mart Typing Pad
60 sheet
89¢

Key Tab Exercise Books
4 pack
99¢

Paper Mate The Standard Ball Pen
99¢

Scotch Brand Magic Transparent Tape Bonus Pack
3/4" 600" 1/2" 900"
2.49

Acco Pressboard Ring Binder 5/8"
99¢

Paper Mate "Flair" Felt Pen
59¢ ea.

Scripto All Purpose Pencil
69¢ ea.

the Gateway

EDITORIAL

Where you're about

As I survey the campus I am encouraged to see students brimming with enthusiasm, here to learn, no doubt, the wisdom of the ages and, thereafter, to conquer the world as they see fit.

A closer look, I suspect, would reveal a less encouraging scene. It is one where for every true scholar there are ten students, where mediocrity is the norm, and where university education is reduced to an interminable grade thirteen.

Some of you, of course, should not be here. In due course you will arrive, along with many others, at this conclusion. You will realize you should be instead at NAIT, at Grant MacEwan, at Alberta College. Some of you should be at nursery school. Others should be at Harvard or Yale.

Now far be it from my intention to tell you what to do with your lives. If your interests range from bowling to drinking beer to attending Sunday mass, then carry on, by all means. You are, after all, mature adults with a reasonable amount of intelligence, according to the registrar's records, each of you with a reasonable chance of becoming educated. But if your interests tend to lie predominantly with major league batting averages, you might consider better wasting your time elsewhere.

To those who will continue to waste their time here, ask yourselves if you're not taking your status as university students for granted.

The university is still a special place. In spite of funding shortages and the devaluation of the Degree, you are fortunate to be here. You are set apart from thousands less fortunate, who for lack of money or intelligence or both, couldn't get in. You are among an elite, and you have opportunities unimagined by most people.

Rarely will you experience the freedom — academic and personal — you will here. You will confront the challenge of scholarship and excellence, and see its sharp contrast to the rigorous boredom that pervades most of the outside workforce. You will never again have the opportunity to improve yourselves by getting involved in concerns beyond your own narrow self-interest. Yet for all of this you are on a free ride. As a student you consume society's resources without in the short run contributing very much, and still you get respect.

So ask yourself: what are you doing with your status as a university student to earn that respect? In avoiding the answer to that question, you may use the excuse that in this very mediocre institution, scholarship and excellence are thwarted by the grade point system, quotas, poor professors, crowded classrooms, and so on.

But these are only excuses. In these you deny yourself any credit for your own mis-education, which is a result as much of your own lack of initiative as of anything else. The institution cannot give you a good education. You must want it.

Peter Michalyszyn

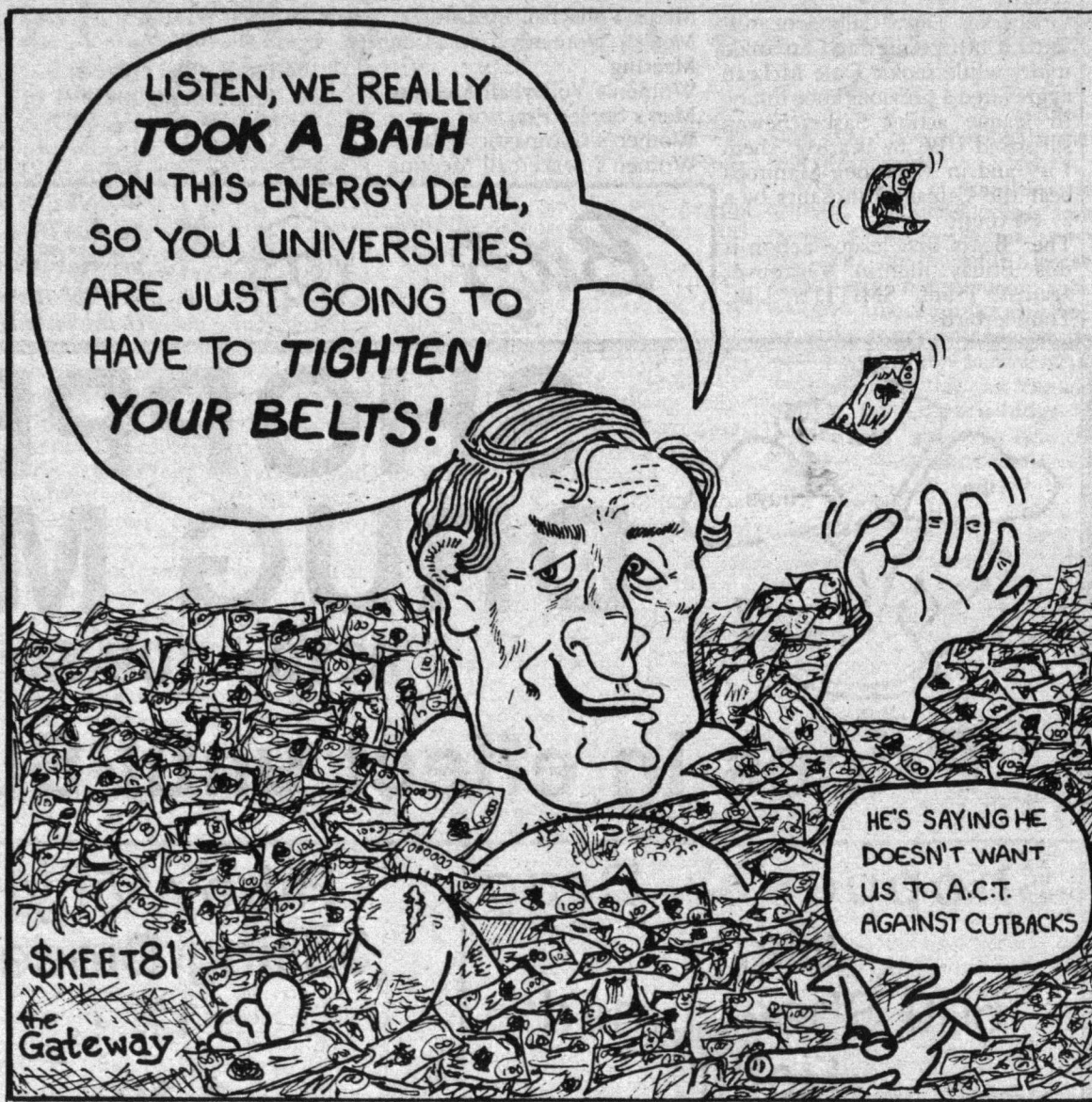
A Note

... on modern art, from the *National Review*, in view of the new show in SUB Art Gallery, *Body Parts*.

"There is considerable hand-wringing in the art world about the Reagan budget cuts, which threaten to halve the \$173 million that supports the National Endowment for the Arts and the \$165 million given the National Endowment for the Humanities, for a total savings of \$171 million ..."

"Young would-be artists who, except for fellowships and grants-in-aid, would have blushed unseen or starved in garrets, will have a rough time; no longer will they be able to 'find themselves' while living at the tax-payer's expense. It seems safe to predict that the number of those calling themselves painters or sculptors or video artists will be sharply reduced as more and more rejoin society and get an honest job."

P.M.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Gateway is a sexist rag

Dear editor(s):

New newspaper staffs should, I think, be allowed a few issues to get adjusted before readers start the usual barrage of criticism. But the very first *Gateway* of the year (Sept. 3) contained an advertisement so disgusting that it can't pass without comment.

I refer to the 'Models' advertisement on page 15, a reproduction of the now familiar 'Models' record album cover. It depicts a barely-clad woman doing something vaguely sexual with a water hose.

This ad is undeniably sexist, and although that may attract people to the cabaret it advertises, there should be absolutely no place for it in any newspaper that claims (as the *Gateway* often has in the past) to be anti-sexist. Such hypocrisy! Is this the *Gateway* that spent the better part of a month lambasting the engineers for their sexist activities last spring? Is this the paper that turned down an ad two years ago because it depicted a female torso wearing a K-97 t-shirt (and then told us all about it on the front page of the next paper)?

Of course it isn't the same paper. Staffs change, papers

change. But any student paper at the U of A) against sexism in any form.

should be concerned with the state of women on campus and elsewhere; should strive to destroy stereotypes of women as objects to be appraised for their physical assets; should be part of the campus movement (growing

I hope the *Gateway* and its staff will become part of this movement.

Mike Walker
Commerce 4

Dunk the Gateway

Think the Gateway is all wet? This is your chance to hit back Thursday, Sept. 10 in the Dunk Tank in Quad.

Gateway is vanilla-flavored

Gateway is rather vanilla-flavored for a left-wing publication. I only hope that someday you will attain that shrill note of obsessive hysteria that distinguishes truly great publications.

Fidel Castro
Poli. Sci. Grad Studies

Rookie night is coming — stay tuned

EDITOR - Peter Michalyszyn
MANAGING - Mary Ruth Olson
NEWS - Wes Oginski and Greg Harris
PRODUCTION - Robert Cook
ARTS - Jens Andersen
SPORTS - Michael Skeet
PHOTO - Ray Giguere
CUP - Richard Watts
ADVERTISING - Tom Wright
MEDIA PRODUCTIONS - Margriet Tilroe-West
CIRCULATION - Mike McKinney

The Gateway is the newspaper of the students of the University of Alberta. With a readership of more than 25,000 the Gateway is published by its proprietor, the Students' Union, Tuesdays and Thursdays during the winter session. Contents are the responsibility of the editor; editorials are written by an editorial board or signed. All other opinions are signed by the party expression them. Copy deadlines are noon Mondays and Wednesdays. The Gateway, a member of Canadian University Press and of CUP Media Services, is located in Room 282 Students' Union Building, Edmonton, Alberta, T6G 2J7. Newsroom — 432-5168; advertising — 432-3423.

Staff this issue: They were everywhere. It seemed that with the addition of a new coffee machine, the Gateway offices had been invaded by flies. Peter Durovic broke down first and opened fire with a semi-automatic rifle. Andrew Watts and Ron Macdonald immediately began digging in for prolonged battle. Pete Westbottom and Tom Freeland came by to furiously escalate the carnage with bazookas and hand grenades. David Chan let out a barrage of fire in an effort to cover Russel Kirk, who was bravely planting land mines in the sugar cubes. But the flies were winning. Even Bob Kilgannon's air to surface missiles proved ineffective. At last Hugh Hoyles arrived on the scene with a small nuclear bomb. A peaceful serenity settled over all as he det...

Rummaging through campus publications

Oft meseems the night deepens round us — and never more so, than when Your Servant inspects the wares of the newsvendors. Even here in bucolic Alberta, I find offered the sophistries of *Time*, the crude medacities of *Newsweek*, the Benthamite ravings of *U.S. News and World Report*, crowding out such worthier publications as *Farm and Fireside*, *Alberta Report*, and *The Michigan Fruit and Vegetable Reporter* — doomed, I fear, to go the lamentable way of *Colliers*, *The Dilineator*, *Nile's Register*, and *The Poundmaker*.

Alas! I had almost rather find displayed the polychrome pornographies of *Hefner et al.* For surely these "news" magazines and journals are as dangerous to the moral fibre of our Province as the "girlie" periodicals — nay, more so, for are not buxom wenches one of the enduring norms of Western civilization?

But say not the struggle naught availeth, for Your Servant

has hopeful tidings. Journalists who offer healthy alternatives to the shoddy received wisdom of the age are everywhere a-bustle. In this morning's selection, for instance, I find Volume 13, Number 71 (?) of *The Bridge*, the roughly-hewn journal of an undetermined number of Faculty Associations.

The editor of this estimable little publication (whoever s/he is), to judge from the content, is no hirsute ranter of Behemoth U. Its prose, although marred somewhat by infelicities consequent upon a Dick-and-Jane education, is nevertheless infused with sturdy patriotism and humble piety. Its recent well-informed essay, "How Marx was wrong about God," is especially worthy of notice.

Nor ought I to overlook a slim item I discovered the other day whilst languishing in the waiting-chamber of my chirurgeon: the September issue of *Folio/New Trail*, published by

the University of Alberta's own Community Relations Branch (and operated by the propagandist team of Chris Simpson and Ron Thomas). Where else could one find such instructive and relevant articles as "George Aiken — Threat of Menace?"; "The Songs

of Solomon: Zionist Forgery to Pervert our Sunday Schools?"; and "Alberta Universities: Red Road to Speedy Conquest."

Then there is this charming little bi-weekly lately risen in journalistic firmament: *The Gateway*. Its editor, Peter Michalyshyn, is one of the sights of

the Ukrainian ghetto of southwest Edmonton, where he is to be seen in all weathers perambulating at his typewriter, resplendant in periwig and snuff-stained gaiters. Although only 21 years of age and yet subject to ague, Mr. Michalyshyn can still spot an Engineer at fifty paces; he inveighs against such perils as gambling, strenuous dancing, and the eight hour day with the vigor of a man twice his age.

I might go on but must be off and packing, forasmuch as I, my little girl-daughters, my lady-wife, and Your Servant's servant, the

redoubtable Grimp (fast fellow with a Toddy, Grimp, and death on poachers), depart on the morrow for our annual pilgrimage to the remote isle of Lesser Calgary suburb, where we maintain a ruined Castle of great age and impressive dimensions.

There we will take our fleeting rest, far from the getting and spending and the dark Satanick mills where change and decay in all around I see, and be lulled by the crash of the surf (as it were) and the moans of the starving crofters (as it is).

I shall have more good news upon our return to these United Emirates of Alberta, and pray that till then the publishers of journals that merit the attention of my gentle readers will address copies to me in care of my solicitors, Chaos, Oldnight, Grymick, and Buckley, Number One, Boyle Street.

Russelled Kirk
c/o National Review
& Arts III

Charlie Darwin

First impressions

Reading Beckett, Hughes, Silkin, Phillip, Douglas, Thom and resting on the seventh, Saturnalia, slightly cardiac and the colour of English lamb, I was blue and hungry for senselessness.

Her name made my mouth water: Anne Manihoolikin. "I want you to meet Anne Manihoolikin," this other girl said. I don't know whether you ever get dragged to a party in Clifton Gardens, down Abbey Road, NW something or other. There's a crowded kitchen where the booze is, people fighting for dubious glasses. Crowded hall and passages stiff with about five people who seem to have been talking since school or kindergarten. You are the only person nobody knows. Every now and then you nearly enter this very dark room at the front and people sitting on the floor all round the walls turn up faces at your appearance like a lot of damp postage stamps. Music everywhere, like rats.

And then suddenly you are given, as it were, Anne Manihoolikin.

"What's your name?" she said. "Pretty never thinks of that."

"I'm Charles Darwin," I said, anxious not to be outdone.

"The same as the actor?"

"Yes!"
She thought Charles Darwin was the name of the actor in the Charles Darwin series on television. At last I had found somebody I could dominate. She knew absolutely nothing. She thought Roosevelt was a field. Our conversation recorded would have made us both rich. Pretty kept filling our glasses with red stuff, relieved each time to find us where she had stuck us, on the stairs, like a pair of unlikely ornaments.

"Who do you know here?" she asked.

"Nobody."

"Who brought you here?"

"Some chap in a pub."

"I'm a friend of Pretty's. That's the girl who keeps filling up our glasses."

"She's nice," I said.

"Yes, she is nice."

"I thought it was going to be awful," I said.

"So did I! It's always awful, isn't it?"

"Do you live very far away?"

"No. Do you?"

"I don't know. Where are we?" I had forgotten we were in Clifton Gardens again, and she told me. We both lived somewhere in Willesden.

"I've got a car," she said.

"What sort is it?"

"It's a Morris."

"Say that again. It sounds nice."

She laughed and said it a number of times and then said: "I think I'll call you Morris."

"Let's get married and have some children," I said.

"All right, then. Do you love me?"

"Yes, I do."

She said: "Say — I will!"

"I will!" said I. Pretty came up and filled our glasses and told us the potatoes were out of the oven but we'd have to rush. And she said: "Are you two hitting it off?"

"She really cared about people," Anne Manihoolikin said when Pretty had passed on. I said: "Have you known her long?"

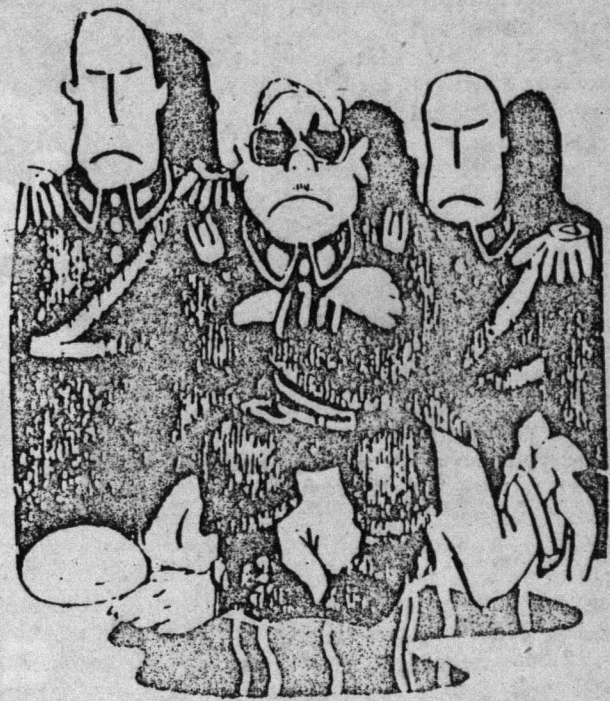
"Only tonight," said Anne Manihoolikin. Then she was suddenly sick all down my trousers.

Punch

The Gateway needs columnists, humorous, serious, or merely brilliant doesn't matter. Bring samples of your work to Rm. 282 SUB and we'll immortalize you.

"I DON'T recommend you read this rag."

Now, don't get me wrong. I really like a newspaper about students' affairs. You know, fraternity news, socialite gossip columns, the works.



But this *Gateway* drags in all kinds of unrelated stuff. Economics. Politics. International issues. Women's rights. GAY rights! Labor news. University (under) funding. What do these things have to do with the way people live anyway?

And it's so *negative*. Criticizing the government, the university, the Students' Union, even the students! Very unpleasant. And there's never a good word about hardworking people like me, trying to do a job on... er... for, the people.

If you ask me, they're just a bunch of subversives eating away at the foundations of Christian civilization and democracy. If I had my way, we'd no longer tolerate that kind of talk. We'd make it illegal. **OUR PEOPLE THEN COULD READ UNBIASED NEWS IN Reader's Digest, Time, and the Edmonton Journal.** They're a lot more predictable.

Trust me, I've burned a lot of newspapers.

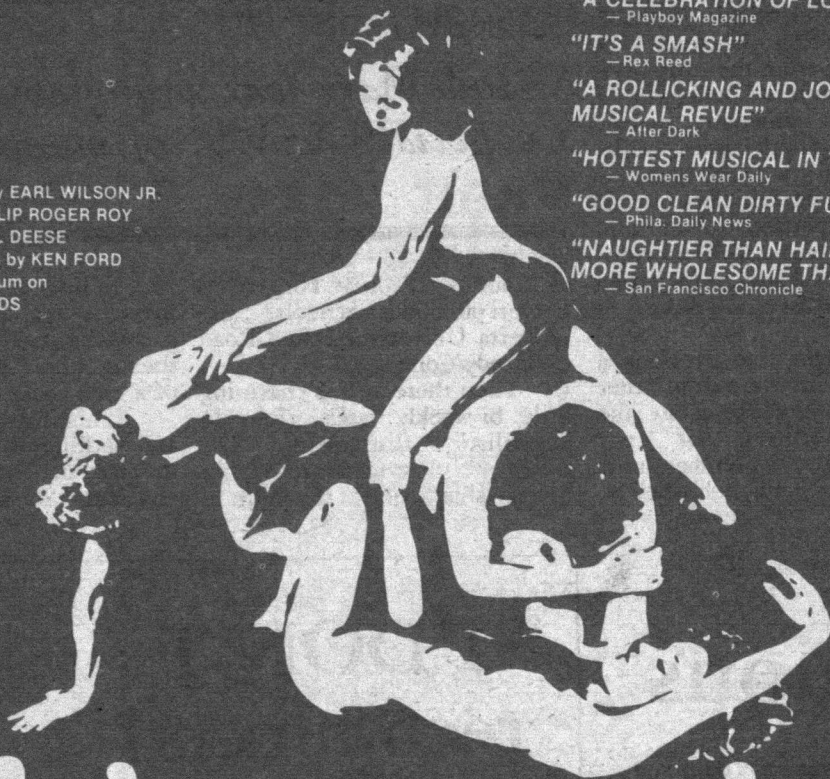
The Gateway is published every Tuesday and Thursday, more often when illegal. Pick it up anywhere on campus. Better yet, come to Room 282 and join the revolution.

sub theatre

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

ON STAGE
Music & Lyrics by EARL WILSON JR.
Produced by PHILIP ROGER ROY
Directed by CARL DEESE
Musical Direction by KEN FORD
Original Cast Album on
LIBRA RECORDS

"A CELEBRATION OF LOVE"
— Playboy Magazine
"IT'S A SMASH"
— Rex Reed
"A ROLLICKING AND JOYOUS
MUSICAL REVUE"
— After Dark
"HOTTEST MUSICAL IN TOWN"
— Womens Wear Daily
"GOOD CLEAN DIRTY FUN"
— Phila. Daily News
"NAUGHTIER THAN HAIR,
MORE WHOLESOME THAN OH CALCUTTA"
— San Francisco Chronicle



let my people COME a musical about sex

thurs 17



Some films you watch, others you feel.

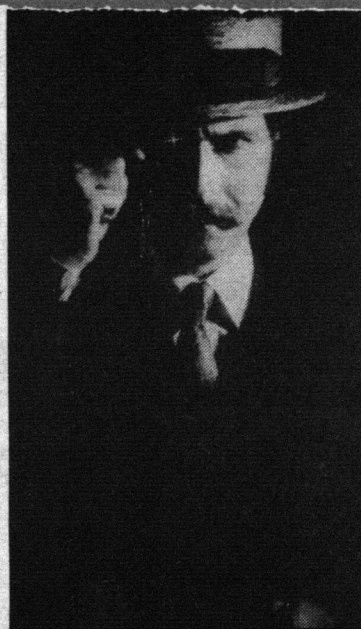
Ordinary People

TOURING
NATIONAL
CO.



fri 18

leon
redbone.



sun 20



BEST FILM
OF THE YEAR.
BEST DIRECTOR
OF THE YEAR.
N.Y. FILM
CRITICS

STANLEY
KUBRICK'S
CLOCK-
WORK
ORANGE



Friday, September 18 — 8:00 p.m. — S.U. Concerts and
Perryscope Concert Productions, Ltd. present LEON RED-
BONE in concert. Tickets: \$9.50. Available: All Bass outlets.

Saturday, September 19 — 8:00 p.m. — Chinese Students
Drama Club present a CHINESE DRAMA NIGHT. Tickets:
\$3.00. Available: S.U. Box Office (HUB Mall), Jolly Time
Travel Agency.

Sunday, September 20 — 2:00 p.m. — The Village Bookshop,
Ltd. present a children's concert — BRANDYWINE. Tickets:
\$4.00 Adults, \$3.00 Children. Available: The Village Bookshop.

Thursday, September 17 — 7:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. —
ORDINARY PEOPLE — 1980, USA, 125 min. Dir: Robert
Redford. Cast: Mary Tyler Moore, Donald Sutherland, Timothy
Hutton. Adult.

Sunday, September 20 — 7:00 p.m. and 9:45 p.m. — A
CLOCKWORK ORANGE — 1971, Great Britain, 137 min.
Dir: Stanley Kubrick. Cast: Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee.
Restricted Adult.

Tuesday, September 8 to Sunday, September 13 — One show
nightly, Tuesday through Thursday, and Sunday. Two shows
nightly, Friday and Saturday — Philip Roger Roy presents the
theatrical revue "LET MY PEOPLE COME". Tickets available:
All Bass outlets.

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