OPINION thursday, 31 august, 2006

Campus building towards the future | Good luck, my little peanuts



In the near future, the buildings

known as V-wing and Physics will

be no more. Torn down to make way

for the new Centennial Centre for

Interdisciplinary Studies, first-year

students, particularly those in science,

are now deprived of an important rite

The building formerly known as

V-wing will be remembered for many

things—most of them bad. The chairs

were uncomfortable, with no padding

or leg room. The fold-up desks can be

summed up as useless, as they were the

size of a calculator rather than a sheet

of paper. The hallways were always

crowded with students flying in and

out of classes. But all this is simply

scratching the surface, as it was below

ground that V-wing transformed from

being merely a poorly designed collec-

tion of lecture theatres into something

As anyone who had a locker there

can attest, the basement of V-wing

was like a scene from a sci-fi horror. This is where old science equipment

went to die. I sincerely believe that if

a portal to another dimension were to

exist, it would be in there, the forgot-

ten leftovers of a 1950s-era physics

There were low ceilings lined with

pipes running inches above your head

perpetually producing a deafening

hissing noise. Constant alertness was

bordering on the mythic.

random outcroppings that frequently threatened to hit taller students like me on the head.

All feelings of nostalgic horror aside, if the Administration truly wishes to ensure interdisciplinary interaction at this fine institution, they must ensure that the new centre is directly conto the Arts and Engineering portions of campus as well.

I have always sensed a degree of condescension towards students who happen to be from different faculties, manifested in such common stereotypes as engineers being drunkards and arts students being unemployable. Faculty pride indeed comes before the fall semester, as students have these notions instilled in them through cheers from the first moments of their faculty-specific orientation.

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This ideology is subsequently reinforced in a campus-wide apartheid of sorts. If you look at a map of campus you will notice that it can be divided into four connected groups: to the east there is the Arts column, stretching from the Timms Centre and Law down through HUB, Humanities, and then to Tory and Business. To the south lies the Medical Compound, consisting of the hospital, Medical Sciences, and the Heritage Medical

of campus lie Chemical/Materials Engineering, ETLC, General Services, SUB and the Ag/For corridor. Finally, in the center lies the Science Column stretching from Dentistry through Civil/Electrical Engineering to CAB, Chemistry, Physics and BioSci.

These structural divisions can limit nected not only to CAB and BioSci, but a student's exposure to other viewpoints. It also makes sense for students in Edmonton to choose their routes in such a way as to minimize the time spent outside in winter. After all, to get to university a person should be smart enough to avoid frost bite by seeking temperature-controlled buildings, if not to wear toques for fear of unsightly hat hair.

> For instance, I would pass through the electrical engineering corridor daily on my way to BioSci; although I've never taken a class in the building I was still exposed to engineering concepts such as concrete toboggans, and would even occasionally pick up a copy of the Bridge (the engineering students' quasi-monthly rag). On the other hand, I probably only visit HUB three times a year. Such a lack of faculty familiarity must come to an end.

> Taking advantage of V-wing's central location amongst the campus corridors and the imminent construction occurring there is the perfect opportunity to physically connect the concrete islands of self-imposed intellectual isolation that are present on campus.

> Not only would connecting buildings reduce the amount of slush being tracked inside during winter, but dorm residents could arrive in their slippers and pajamas instead of just their pajamas. While I don't suggest students should take permanent leave of their faculties, the path to broadening one's intellectual horizons is but a step away.

Growing up is for adults; stay young while you can



CHRIS

Here we are, getting older, taking on more responsibility. We may be just starting out at university, or living on our own for the first time, or perhaps starting a Masters or PhD; some of us may even be doing freaky shit like getting married. In short, growing up.

Or are we? We now look at our high school days as a time of naïveté and immaturity, even though at the time we thought we knew everything there was to know.

When we're older, we may dismiss our former university-student selves the same way: babies in a second womb, unfettered from the demands and truths of adult life such as mortgages, careers, parenthood or retirement.

This represents what I call the Real World theory of maturity. In the Real World, you learn to accept reality instead of futilely trying to change it. The Real World is uncertain and dangerous, so the most important things are safety and security—not happiness. The Real World is a beast that eats idealism and shits exhaustion. You can't be a grown-up if you don't live in the Real World, and unfortunately for us, universities are distinctly un-Real.

Did I say "unfortunately?" I meant "happily," because it puts us in charge of a few things that don't fit in the Real World—romanticism, optimism and freedom, to name a few. University is not just our society's academic nucleus; it's also the center for innovation, social justice, progress and revolution. Although it could never happen in the Real World, 20-year-old students from our world have toppled governments and brought corporations to their knees—and they'll do it again.

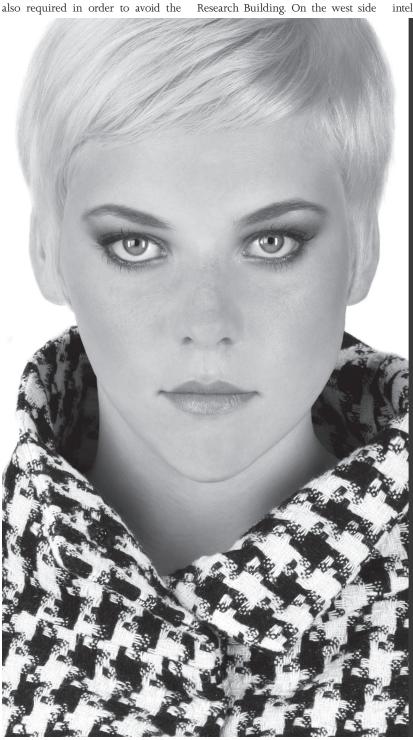
You're now part of a living legacy of idealism. Grown-ups have to be practical, but we don't. The generations that came before us had crazy dreams like democracy, equality and civil rights. What will your crazy dream be? Freedom from oil? Peace in the Middle East? These things will happen, but they need your zeal. All the grown-ups are too wise to get involved.

While we're at it, what's your dream for yourself? You don't have to be a teacher just because your parents were teachers. You don't have to be a doctor just because your parents were

Your parents will tell you that in the Real World, time is running out and you'll die soon, so the best job is the one that gives you the most security, which means the most money. In our world, you have the freedom to choose your destiny. Travel! Take a year off! Change faculties! Study what you really want!

The world won't end if you finish your degree in five, six or even seven years. Until you start living a life guided by love and passion instead of pressure and fear, the real Real World-your world—doesn't even begin.

But don't worry: as long as you keep your ambition and optimism, as long as you have the courage to take risks and as long as you still dare to follow your passion, you never have to grow up at all.



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