



ANDREW RURAK

WERTHER'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY If you don't hit up the Butterdome for some free candy today, you're a sucker.

The job fair has some sweet rewards

ELIZABETH
VAIL

"The Butterdome is going to be packed with employers seeking young people passionate about flipping burgers, changing bedpans, and signing contracts allowing sex-enhancing pharmaceuticals to be tested on them without fear of lawsuits and criminal prosecution."

From 10am-4pm on 1 February, the annual Summer Job Fair is going to be held in the Butterdome—and I for one am going to be there, strolling from booth to booth, hoping to come away with something meaningful. I'm not talking about a summer job though—hell no. I'm already getting paid \$9 an hour at a job that requires no customer service or manual labour, suckas! Why, then, I am going to the job fair? Candy.

You see, I have been blessed with ADD, so the benevolence of my regard must be earned. If you've managed to speak to me for a full three minutes and I remember the gist of your message, you have attained a level of eloquence that will grant you access to a number of advanced social circles. I consider my chemical imbalance to be my contribution to the world, in that people are forced to stretch their intellect to the limit if they wish to make me understand the most simple of concepts.

Unless, of course, there's an incentive

involved—and that's where the Job Fair comes in. The Butterdome is going to be packed with employers seeking young people passionate about flipping burgers, changing bedpans, and signing contracts allowing sex-enhancing pharmaceuticals to be tested on them without fear of lawsuits and criminal prosecution. Am I one of those people? I could be—for a price. And that price is sugar. Candy. *Les bonbons*. A hug wrapped in a layer of love and dipped in chocolate and nougat.

If the Leaky Pines Rest Home's booth is decorated with a bowl of mini-Twizzlers, then I can convincingly raise my eyebrows and smile in interest as they regale me with details about the subtle art of adult-diaper-changing. At least, for three minutes, after which I will grab a well-earned handful of sweets and depart.

Oh, you represent the Centre for Victims of Animal Assault? Why yes, I do have training in post-traumatic stress therapy, as long as those Tootsie

Rolls aren't just for show. If you're looking for summer volunteers for your Holy Moses Baptist Summer Camps, I will eat your snack-size Skittles, I will smile and nod, and I will wait a full five minutes before I reveal that I hate children and am Catholic, meaning that I'm fairly certain that you're going to Hell because you worship Jesus in a totally different way than I do.

This way, I can go from booth to booth, collecting goodies as I go. And not just goodies, but pens! And paper! If I time my fair-trolling just right, I can write my final exams with a Royal Alberta Museum of Medical Oddities pen, all without actually having to mop the floors in the Tumours That Resemble Former Prime Ministers wing.

It's Halloween for adults, as long as you can turn your brain off for short three-minute bursts. Of course, if you're actually looking for a job, and you're looking for advice from me, then you're pretty much fucked. But at least there'll be candy.

Do you hear the students sing?

'Cause I sure don't—and our campus is a stressful and unhappy place for it

CAT
MCDONALD

There are many parts of our university education that have become so ingrained in the process that, despite their obvious faults, have never been questioned. Students go about their daily business never understanding that there's a better way to do things—a way that many universities keep under wraps.

While the mental health of students is complex, there's no question that the demands of academics are a major source of stress. What is it about our university process that engenders such deep-set feelings of alienation in students? Is it the deadlines? The amazing amount of pressure that can ride on the outcome of a single exam or essay? The rising tuition costs?

I submit that while these factors are damaging to a student's psyche, none of them is the true reason why depression runs rampant among youth in academia. The real reason is something

so simple, so obvious, that many have overlooked it in their search for a happier university: there is a significant lack of spontaneous musical numbers in academia.

A quick look at the official Calendar will show that the University has no courses in dance-off mechanics or duets—the latter of which are arguably the hardest part of any musical.

There is a significant lack of spontaneous musical numbers in academia.

When was the last time you heard a student start up a fast-paced chorus in SUB about the stress of their impending exam season? The last time one of your professors looked poetically out the window while the piano began the first strains of a mournful ballad?

These things should be staples of any university experience. By the end of a proper musical number, everyone feels that they know exactly where they stand. Musicals usually have happy endings for a reason; the power of music lifts people's spirits, and helps make

sure that everything turns out all right in the end. If we harness the power of song (even those angry, aggressive rock solos that the villains get), we can bring more optimism and more hope to a youth culture that finds itself feeling increasingly hopeless and lost.

Sure, while the drums are crashing and the villainous professor is belting out the very exact standards by which your upcoming essays are to be marked, things will seem bleak. But aren't they bleak already? Isn't the thick, stunned silence from cowed students the bleakest sound on the planet? As we shuffle around silently in the corridors, hoping desperately for some way to let everyone around us know how tragically close to the edge we are, couldn't we benefit from a little song and dance? Wouldn't that last chorus of "My God, We're Screwed!" help us get those frustrations off our collective chests?

It took a long time to realize what was missing; it's been gone so long that no one seemed to notice anything was missing at all. But, now that we know, how can we not do everything in our power to ease our stress-worn hearts? So, everyone, let's take this whole academia thing once more from the top—with feeling.

Step up to the mic

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