

More to campus life than books

AT THE END OF EVERY PUBLISHING YEAR AT THE Gateway, an outgoing editor usually takes a shot at writing what either turns out to be a metaphorical suicide note or a vaguely humorous attack on the new editors. This year, such an “honour” falls to me, but instead, Uncle Ryan is going to teach you kids returning to this sprawling campus next year a lesson or two about surviving to the bittersweet end.

On 18 March, I wrote in an editorial that the University is providing students with the bare minimum in the form of a degree. While I still stand by this and believe that the U of A could be giving back a lot more to its students, in retrospect, I’ve realized that this is a bit of a misleading statement. As clichéd as it may sound, university is what you choose to make of it.

If you choose just to come to campus, go to class, and then escape back to your basement suite to read some more Machiavelli, all the power to you. But be prepared to enjoy four to five years of crippling depression and a healthy liver. If you decide to go down this route, you’ve really lost sight of what these, the most formative years of your life, are about.

Academia is so very secondary to being at university—it’s a shame that so few people realize this. Look at it this way: in a few years, you’re going to be too busy worrying about paying bills, getting married, settling into a career, and maybe even making babies with a partner—though you’ll probably be a horrible parent, you uptight twat.

The truth is that there’s so much to enjoy at university. Join a club; join a rec team; come volunteer at the Gateway; join a fraternity; take a semester off and travel; drink adult beverages with friends, often; get involved with the Students’ Union (lord knows they need all the help they can get); take a course that’s outside the scope of your degree, and broaden yourself. This list could probably go on indefinitely, but I think you get the idea. You’re not going to have this level of freedom and opportunity for personal enjoyment until you retire from whatever menial career you adopt, and at that stage, your body will be too old to do most of the wild and crazy things you’ve always wanted to.

At the end of the day, many of us, whether undergrads or grad students, are on the precipice of venturing out to the real world where actual responsibility lurks, waiting and plotting to employ as much of our time as possible.

This beast is evil and will break even the strongest-willed individuals, and unless you’re one of the rare few who attain their “dream job,” responsibility will latch onto you and implant its horrible dark seed of depression and stress in your brain. Scientists have proven that this is how life works, and their only solution is to have a good time while you can—which, oddly enough, is now—so you have something to reminisce about during those particularly painful days in your cubicle.

So that’s it: my swan song, my bitter-sweet goodbye, my personal eulogy for becoming obsolete at the hands of a group of younger and more talented individuals. But if these “gems of wisdom” have left you feeling unsatisfied, let me drop some very practical knowledge on you before I pack up and fly to far eastern edge of this nation: La Pasta in HUB is the best place to eat on campus, the best washrooms are on the fourth floor of SUB and the third floor of Rutherford South, and doing things that make you happy is actually better than sitting at a desk trying to write a term paper, no matter how badly you think you need the marks.

RYAN HEISE
Deputy News Editor

Elegy for a black sheep

My sister made it
To the Beijing Olympics
How do I top that?

CONAL PIERSE
Opinion Editor



MIKE KENDRICK

LETTERS

Good job, man of sticks

(Re: “Stickman,” 27 March). Well done, *Stickman*. Well done.

JULIE HALL
Engineering IV

Don’t pack it in just yet you impatient bastards

I’ve been in my fair share of classes over the last four years, and it always amazes me when students start to shuffle papers, put books away, and start chatting when the classes are more than a few minutes away from finishing.

I know that some of us have to make the odd trek from ETLC to Telus in ten minutes, but the vast majority of you aren’t in much of a rush.

Considering how much we all pay to come to this university, isn’t it odd that people want to get out of class so early? Most of my profs wrap things up a bit before the time is up, but I can’t stand it when I have to strain to hear them talking over a barrage of laughing, meaningless small talk, and zippers.

I can imagine how annoying it is to the profs as well. Have you ever been talking to someone and then been suddenly interrupted?

I don’t know too many people that enjoy having that happen to them.

We’re not in kindergarten people, let’s sit still until class is done.

DANIEL GREGORIO
Science IV

Without pennies, what will we pay for thoughts?

If you can say stupid, then you already know the description of the government’s plan to get rid of the penny. Really now, what advantages does this have? What does it change? The answer: squat. Alright, I’m sorry, almost squat.

For one, we’ll have to pay more with the lack of the most basic currency unit. Secondly, think about those charities that would lose much money due to the fact that no one would have supposedly useless pennies to donate to them.

Finally, what possible advantages can it bring? Oh yeah, the government won’t have to make pennies anymore! How generous of them! Rather than them having to pay for the pennies, we’ll be paying for the lack thereof. How oh-so-absolutely wonderful! They get a self-fulfilling change, and we get to pay more for everything.

JOEL BOULET
Computing Science I

Super Fan reflects on a great year of U of A sports

Well I can’t believe Bears/Pandas

sporting events are done for another year. Where did the time go?

I’m so proud and honoured to be the U of A’s Super Fan for my ninth year and seeing our teams come out as winners—and even graduating from their programs. They studied hard and deserve to be called winners!

It’s been fun and exciting to meet you all in various sports and being able to work at your games too, like football, volleyball, basketball, as well as Pandas and Bears hockey!

It has been great to be your Super Fan. Taking your friends’ and families’ tickets at the games, meeting your friends and families, and, most of all, being friends with the exciting teams called Bears and Pandas sports!

It’s also awesome to see some of our teams win the Canada West final and even get the gold medal! I’m so proud of you all and am praying—yes praying—that you do the best you can in both your schooling and sporting events as well as most of all your daily lives.

Even though I may have cried when we didn’t win, I’m always proud of you all in all of our sports, and am proud to be called your Super Fan!

I wanted to let you all know that you’ve been a great family—yes, family—of friends and your coaches, trainers, family, and friends with your encouragements, support, and telling me that I’m cared for. Even when I feel down, you lift me up to go on in life since my adopted

parents passed on.

It’s great to be part of this Bears and Pandas family, and being your Super Fan! I also pray, support, and cheer you on in the sports you play, and most of all letting you all know you have a friend that will be there for you till we meet again maybe in the NHL, NBA, or just down 82nd avenue.

But mostly, I want too see you all in heaven and play our sports and see our friends we met here at the U of A and having friendships that last forever!

ROBERT SOLOVIEV
U of A Super Fan

Letters to the editor should be sent to letters@gateway.ualberta.ca (no attachments, please).

The Gateway reserves the right to edit letters for length and clarity, and to refuse publication of any letter it deems racist, sexist, libellous, or otherwise hateful in nature. The Gateway also reserves the right to publish letters online.

Letters to the editor should be no longer than 350 words, and should include the author’s name, program, year of study, and student identification number to be considered for publication.

So I guess this is it, the end of my reign of terror over the letters section. I can’t say that I’ll miss the all-caps and comma splices, but now that I don’t have an italicized area to say whatever the fuck I want without remorse, I can’t help but feel a tinge of regret.