

# EDITORIAL



## Superman can't save the children

The popular media has discovered nuclear war. Movies such as last Saturday night's British-made *Threads*, books like *Fate of the Earth*, and popular science magazines with their endless essays on the ecological/psychological/anthropological impact of radiation, nuclear winter and other aspects of nuclear confrontation have sprouted up like mushrooms (the regular kind, not the clouds) after a spring rain. A few years ago you heard nothing at all about nuclear war, now you can't avoid hearing everything conceivable about nuclear warfare.

Even comic books, one of the last few hold-outs to reality, are becoming nuclear conscience. A prime example is *Superman* comic issue no. 408 from which I've excerpted several panels to illustrate my editorial.

This particular comic book breaks away from tradition by showing Superman powerless and worried sick over the possibility of the Earth being destroyed in a nuclear confrontation that he would be powerless to stop. In other words even Superman, champion of the universe is impotent over the bomb.

The reason this is such a drastic change is that comic books for the last several decades have played a major role in helping numb children to the effects of nuclear war. Children we must remember, have less resistance to anxiety and a wave of outright nuclear paranoia has been hitting this generation's school age children — to put it bluntly, they are scared silly.

In the past, comics had helped children overcome their nuclear fears by providing fantasy worlds where the threat of nuclear war is diminished if not removed outright. For example over the past 30 years comic books have produced hundreds of stories depicting life continuing virtually unaltered after a nuclear world. A good case in point is the Atomic Knights, a band of heroes who roamed a medieval post-nuke environment fighting fantastic mutants while their own children remained immune to the sickness and mutation surrounding the extreme radiation produced by a prolonged nuclear conflict. Story after story told children that at best a nuclear war would only hinder civilization, set it back a few years.

And when comics weren't giving us examples of post-nuke survival they were showing us heavy doses of Deus ex Machina. Super heroes run around wielding divine like powers saving humans from their own petty natures. In one comic a few years ago, Superman and Wonder Woman (with the help of a few buddies) save the world from a full scale nuclear exchange.

So like the fundamental Christian who waits patiently for his God to save him from the jaws of the nuclear whore of Babylon, the child who even on a subconscious level expects some goof in colorful underwear to rescue him is being numbed from nuclear reality.

Children like adults have got to learn that humans as a race must start taking responsibility for their actions; we cannot pass the buck to some higher order, super or divine.

The only solution to nuclear war is for all of us to recognize our role in the human mosaic and to take some responsibility for world peace. How you do your part is totally up to you.

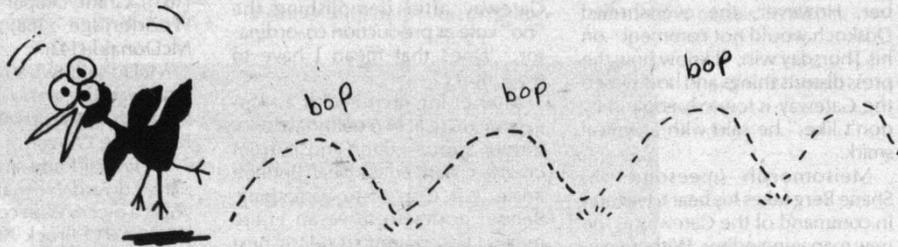
The *Superman* comic discussed in this issue is a step in the right direction. America has to wake up and that awakening has to start with the children.

That *Superman* comic is a brave act — it takes a lot to buck tradition. And who knows, maybe if we all work hard at peace we may produce a world where your children and mine have a Superman who doesn't have to stay up nights worrying about the bomb.

Gilbert Bouchard



THE FIRST  
SPRING ROBIN  
AFTER A NUCLEAR  
WAR



## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### Lister a real blister

Gail Brown has finally done it. Like other great dictators of power, her time has finally come to an end.

Let us begin by discussing what this manager (and I use this term to the best of its sarcastic ability) has achieved since taking on the distinguished job of heading up Housing and Food Services.

In the beginning riots were taking place in Lister Hall and something drastic had to be done. Balance sheets and budget figures were the least of concern. War had been declared. And war it was. Gail won that war but heavy casualties were taken. Case in point; since that time, enrollment in Lister Hall has decreased significantly. Why, one asks? The most common reply is lack of control by Housing and Food, terrible food, and prices which were just not worth the value being offered. Have you ever noticed that all three of these complaints have something in common? To budding Commerce students like myself it is easy to see the problem lies within the management of the system, NOT the system itself. (Psst that means you Gail!)

So getting back to my original sentence, Gail, you have finally done it. After spending the hundreds of dollars in beautifying your offices, along with hosting great gala evenings which included Cordon Blue, Mouton Cadet and entertainment by the Comedy Commission for Housing and Food Services and certain "allies" (sarcasm again), you still tell us that Lister Hall is in the red. (Heavens, how could that be right Gail?) better get a new computer and check on the figures right?)

Meanwhile, more and more inmates of Lister are going AWOL, because they have to put up with cold quiche, chicken that is so greasy Mazola will never go bankrupt and juice that if you're lucky won't have gold fish excrement in it.

So Gail, what do you have in store for Lister now? What does the great Allah of Lister have up her sleeve? Well, the papers report to us you have increased rates for rooms, elimination of maid service, increased prices for washers and dryers, etc, etc, in store for Lister.

These factors alone, Gail, show us you are on thin ice. Out of the red? Maybe for a month. Surely you can defer costs that long, but in the long run just what are you trying to prove? Gail, the idea is to promote students to live in Lister Hall, remember? Nice little signs in front of cafeterias, and in campus papers are just not going to be enough. A simple economic equation exists here Gail. If you increase the price this should mean you are increasing services or increasing the value of the services. If you cut back the services, means you should cut back the price—at least not raise them.

Likewise Gail, your little list of things to do for next year has just eliminated any potential foreign student from living in residence. Why? Well believe it or not, all students don't have the luxury of going home for Christmas, and when you close the place down for 14 days what are they supposed to do? I guess that is the Sally Ann right Gail?

In wartime there is always talk about the Sargents that get shell shocked when they're on the line too long, or the pitcher that has started to pitch one inning too many. In your case, Gail, I think it's time to have a serious reflection about your effectiveness in the job you try to do.

The bottom line: Dr. Rennie, this sargent has been on the line too long. This pitcher has pitched one inning too many. Most importantly, this manager is not doing her job effectively.

I summarize by saying the type of students that live in residence haven't changed over the years; only the management is not doing its job. Extravagant expenses to beautify offices, dinners which promote nothing but aspiring sales the next day, and decreasing services with increased prices to promote people to live in Lister Hall. Surely Dr. Rennie, the only appropriate thing to do is fire Gail Brown, and bring in a fresh, responsible group to manage Lister Hall.

Gail, great dictators never die—they just slowly fade away. Believe me, you'll always be remembered in the hearts of all tenant associations.

Gord Nettleton  
Business II  
Former coordinator of 9th Henda

## The Gateway

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Mark Olyan, Bill Doskoch, John Rasmussen and Peter Smyth decided they were such buddies they would surgically attach themselves to each other. With Shane Berg as M.C., Hans Beckers holding the needle and thread, and Tim Hellum administering band-aids, the four clasped hands were sewn together. Rushing in, Cindy Rozeboom cried in horror, "Help! Don Teplysk! Where is Chris Menard? What happened to Sue Sutton? Where is that Dan Watson when you need him? And wasn't Brinton McLaughlin here a second ago?" Myles Kitagawa, Ann Grever, Larry Hoedl and John Watson ended their game of Twister and tumbled out of the closet to see what was going on. "Oh no, not again," screamed Pat Sytnick as Bruce Alton and Brenda Waddle discovered Andrew Fox, Chris Herudek and Anna Borowiecki in a corner with their ears stapled together.