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With respect to my use of these techniques, I think I've already made my point.

Finally, Emil, you implied in your letter that Oscar, myself and Messrs. Black and Walker (whom I don't know) are Soviet media "moles". That is just so much bullshit.

Emil Tubinshlak, you are hereby nominated for the Lubor Zink Award for Paranoia and Myopia. So check under your bed.

Gerard M. Hayes, Arts III

**Dangerous precedent set**

On noting the recent acquittal of one Oscar Ammar by the University Disciplinary Committee as reported in the February 10 Gateway, we wonder exactly what this decision implies. According to the committee, the sensitive political climate in the Middle East justified primal scream therapy as a form of political expression. May we be led to believe that this decision may be applied to any issue that may be interpreted as politically-sensitive? Does this decision give us impunity to heckle, shout down, and verbally abuse forum speakers from Anti-Cruise groups, the Campus Women's Centre, Save-the-Whales herds, Teleramas, Terry Fox Marathons, and Disciplinary Committee hearings of campus activists?

We would argue the following:

- 1) Civilised discourse, not hysterical condemnations in which either side heaps scatological abuse on the other, is now and hopefully forever shall be the means by which rightness or wrongness is established in a given conflict.
- 2) The University Disciplinary Committee, by refusing to distinguish between what behavior is to be expected and what is to be condoned, has set a dangerous precedent.

Mark Corrigan, Arts IV  
Brian Mahoney, Arts III

**UP from down under**

The God-King is a fraud!  
Obviously John Paul Roggeveen I is a fraud, otherwise the Utopian Pragmatists would have won the election by a landslide through divine intervention. In fact, I have seen the true light (full spectrum).

**A REMINISCENCE**

I first met Maggie Thatcher in 1974. Lest the reader begins to imagine a whole succession of such encounters, let me ensure him or her that this occurred only once. There should in fact have been other occasions, at least in theory, because she was for a time the MP in the constituency in which I happened to be residing, but alas it was not to be. Come election time, Madame T. remained ensconced in Chelsea. But I digress. On this one occasion, the lady was posing as minister of education, and I use the verb with care because the only thing she had managed to do during her term as minister was to take away the luxury of free milk for undernourished schoolchildren. We discovered that Madame T. had arranged a meeting with the Principal of our college, but, more to the point, was to eat in the college refectory immediately after the meeting. So in order to ensure that she indeed would see us, we formed a sort of two-sided congregation, all the way from the Principal's residence, a magnificent white building, to the relatively shabby refectory. After some two hours of waiting the vision appeared, all in black like some angel of the night, a veil covering her face. She swept majestically through our man-made route to food, followed by a little procession of middle-aged men. She didn't speak to me, but one of her coterie did. "Isn't this a little tiresome," he droned, "I thought you people had already complained about education cuts a month ago."

"Oh this isn't about education guys," I hastened to enlighten him. "It's about college meals."

"Really?" He feigned interest, "What about them?"

"Basically, they're inedible."

That at least hit home, since he was about to partake of the same fare himself.

But by this time Maggie had gone. Some time later I tried to find out more about the Grantham lady. I discovered that she was the daughter of a grocer. That at least seemed to be appropriate in Tory circles, since the current prime minister was known as "The Grocer" too, because of his dedication to the benefits of the Common Market. Now there was the grocer and the grocer's daughter. I discovered also that she had once tried to be a chemist and that this hadn't worked out. Well, I surmised, she hasn't really worked out as minister of education either, so perhaps this will be the last we see of her for a while (Grocer Heath's government, it was generally believed was about to call an election). But there, you see, I was wrong. The Madame was returned and hung on through another Labour government before toppling the Grocer herself. But I have theories about how she did this and why she has managed to stay in power for so long. And since you have borne with me this long, I think you have a right to hear them.

First, she is English. That might sound silly, but in fact the common thing over the past two decades has been for politicians to go around pretending they weren't really English, or at least, that they wished they weren't. Jeremy Thorpe, for example, before all the naughtiness transpired about shooting boyfriend's dogs and the like, had come up with the appalling notion of blowing up the railway lines of Rhodesia after UDI. And everyone knows that those Rhodesians were English. Sunny Jim Callaghan pretended he was Welsh. Grocer Heath flirted with the Europeans so much that people forgot he was once the son of an English butcher. And Wilson, well he was up to his eyes in foreign, unsavory types.

JPRI is actually the anti-God-King! Armageddon is fast approaching! *The number of the beast is 99!*  
Beware!

"Vegreville" Wes,  
ex-V.P. Internal Candidate (UP)  
P.S.: All **Miracle Coupons** are hereby null and void.

**Sexism and racism**

Hi!

I'm an Anthropology major, and you know what, I made this stupendous discovery: women are all Negroes! (Pretty stunning huh?) I was sitting in my Comparative Sexism Class (Value of Chauvanism in Pre-Neolithic matrimonial midget wrestling communities) when it hit me.

Just consider these points:

- Both groups (females/Negroes) wear funny clothing.
- Both groups have few job skills.
- Both groups thrive in hot environments (Jungles, Kitchens).
- Both groups have an affinity for funny foods (Quiche, watermelon).
- Both groups like to dance.

Like I'm sure that this insight could have great ramifications on scholarly development. Do you think I could get a piece in Science Digest or something (or at least a shot on the cover of Rolling Stone)?

Well, save up all my royalties, I'll pick them up next week or something. Oh, by the way, do you guys know some girl who could teach me to tap dance or sing a few spirituals? I need a presentation for my Folk Awareness seminar next week.

Rastus Smith, Arts I

There will be  
**NO**  
Gateways during Reading Week, and  
**NO**  
staff meeting today.  
**Have a good vacation!**

But not so Maggie. Maggie was from Lincolnshire, not some semi-Norman southern county, or one of those northern ports that the Vikings once pillaged. Can there conceivably be a more truly English county: flat, wet and ancient, but resplendent in its mercantile Anglo-Saxon traditions. No patricians and no proles, just the bourgeois, unchallenged, formidable. Maggieland. But back to the PM.

What we needed said Maggie, was hard work and enterprise. True English style. Back to the days of thrift, endeavour, empire. Now I am well aware that there are some who believe that the Madame also had perused the work of a certain American economist, but this is nonsense. The only idea she liked was that you didn't pump much money into the economy. That way inflation would come down, and those who really wanted money would have to earn it. The reason, she said, why we are in this slump is because there are too many idlers, spongers off the system. Maggie's remedy worked, no one could deny it. The only problem was that the Enterprisers in order to be enterprising had to prise out many of their excess workers, who were obliged to be more than enterprising to squeeze any money out of the unemployment office. What is worse, the real danger arose that if too many people were prised out of the new world, but retained their vote, they might very well use it to get Maggie out of office.

One day, in the midst of the crisis Madame T. called in her anchorman, Peter C., and told him that the only way out was to have a war. In a war, she said, you have to employ more people, and we can also get the newspapers behind us, providing of course that we are winning or likely to win. So Peter got out his map to see which countries could still be invaded. But he shook his head in dismay. The empire days are gone, Maggie, he said, there's nowhere left to invade. Then, she announced, and I believe firmly that she must have been wearing that same black veil of ten years' ago, someone will have to invade us.

That set Peter C. thinking, and sure enough, he found on his map two rocks with a little 'U.K.' marked on them in bright red. Here, he said, this is where we will be invaded. Does anyone live there, asked Madame T. Just a few sheep, Peter replied. Then that is the place, said Maggie. Phone up the Argentinians and see if they want it. And if they do, asked Peter. Then tell them they can have it, said Maggie, that will teach those dagoes not to be so trusting.

And so it began, the campaign to keep Maggie aloft. Ships set sail. Schoolchildren waved flags at Portsmouth harbour.

And you see it worked. The wretched Argies were vanquished. The Empire came back. For the price of a thousand men, Maggie's popularity went up 20 percentage points.

But you know, it's still rather like that time when she was being remembered for taking away school milk. The two rocks still have red ink on them, but the Argies are no longer friendly. In fact, no one in South America is friendly. And back in the land of free enterprise, more and more are looking for jobs. Sometimes when I ponder over it, I think that maybe Madame T. is just a simple woman, living by tenets that were inculcated in her by nineteenth-century ancestors, but really have no earthly value in 1983. She hasn't really learnt anything at all. And just as she swept right past us in 1974, so today, she doesn't really want anything to do with the people in need. The real English, she says, simply don't allow themselves to become poor. But then I shouldn't worry, should I? I don't live there any more.

David Marples, February 1983