

SECOND WIND

Second Wind is an opinion column for Gateway staff.

We've seen them before. They're often on the bus, or in the park, or on the beach, or in the supermarket, or at the movies. They're inescapable. Somewhere, at sometime, our lives have been touched by those demonic little attention-grabbing brats between the ages of zero and five.

In the supermarkets they're often left unattended in shopping carts by parents hoping against all odds that their child will somehow be mistaken for someone else's. They sit perched in their little thrones amid arsenals of tomatoes, eggs and other suitable weapons of terror, waiting to rain their destruction on whichever hapless soul happens their way. They catch your eye and smile their little toothless smile. Aren't they cute? Splat! A well aimed jar of mustard has smashed at your feet and sprayed onto your clothes.

And they're on the bus. They usually sit in the seat in front of you, and unknown to their guardian, they make silly faces at you. You feel a bit foolish about making faces back to them, but gosh, this one really is a cute little devil. And so you pull a face which causes one of two things: the child either starts up a sustained shriek which convinces everyone on the bus that you are a convicted child molester, or else the little brat contents itself with making your jacket a display case for what it had for lunch. And again splat.

It's probably unfair to berate these little buggers — most often they do outgrow their insatiable thirst for attention, and the bothersome ways in which they go about quenching it. Sometimes, however, they stay locked in a phase and grow up to become problem adults.

Here at the University of Alberta these children tend to gravitate to *The Bridge*. For those who don't know, *The Bridge* is a joint publication of the Engineering Students' Society, the Business

Administration and Commerce Undergraduate Society, the Education Students' Society, and the Nursing Undergraduate Society. But let's be honest — it's an engineering rag.

With their October edition Editor Pamela Jane McLean and her boys and girls have brought new meaning to the words, 'what a pile of crap.' (Yes Ms. McLean, I'm part of the lynch-mob.)

The question one must ask after browsing through this embarrassing university publication is, would anyone bother to pick it up if there were no photos of bare-breasted women, no grade school sex jokes, no shocking cartoons, nor any rabid criticisms of the *Gateway*, feminism, or student protests?

Certainly not. In the manner of a neglected child, *The Bridge* staff have let loose with an awesome notice-me-dammit wail.

"Hey," they might have said among themselves, while putting together the issue "Let's throw in a couple of pictures of a girl (sic) with no clothes on!" Splat.

"Or how about a cartoon of two girls (sic) discussing their multiple orgasms!" Splat.

"And why don't we slam the Women's Centre, and maybe even better, all the people opposed to tuition indexing!" Splat. Splat. Splat. Splat.

And of course, like all children who scream loud enough and long enough, they have been noticed. Perhaps someday the staff at *The Bridge* will learn to strive for recognition for achievements that require a bit of intelligent, well-reasoned thought.

Until then, they deserve only the same notice given to a child who has soiled its diapers.

Splat!

Greg Harris

No comment

The following is a recent editorial by Pamela Jane McLean, editor of the "Bridge" interfaculty bulletin. Gateway's wish is to have Ms. McLean's prose shared by a larger audience.

Ah! The monthly editorial! The glorious eight inches — of column space — that Gail held under my nose when she tricked me into taking this job. At last, an opportunity to be opinionated, obdurate and ungrammatical without writing letters to some second-rate rag that butchers them under misleading headlines. Here I have eight whole inches of my own to play around with — and the W.C. says women are disadvantaged!

Unfortunately the U already has a surfeit of opinionated obdurate and ungrammatical blowhards, as we saw at the Board of Governors meeting on the third. I'm not even talking about the board members, although they can wear the shoe if it fits. My beef is with the handful of rabid students who were more interested in making noise than in using their brains. I've seen no evidence that student spokesmen even considered the case in favour of tuition increases. How on earth could they expect the Board to listen to them if they insisted on showing all the calm, balanced judgement of a Max Solbrekkan? (sic) Whether or not you favour tuition increases, you cannot help but feel misrepresented by that sort of fanaticism.

So, I'm not going to write a rip-roaring, two-fisted editorial. I don't have time anyway. I'm busy looking for someplace to hide from the lynch mob that invariably appears the day after the *Bridge* comes out.

I don't understand it. I try to be so nice.

Pamela Jane McLean

New war strategy with theatre nuclear weapons

NATO should reverse its decision to station medium-range Pershing II and Cruise missiles in Europe. In the first place, they would contribute nothing to the security of the West.

The argument that they are needed to counterbalance comparable Soviet SS-20 missiles is the unthinking reasoning of the arms race. Both sides of the "Iron Curtain" have long since reached the stage of nuclear stalemate, thus making the addition of any new weapons entirely redundant.

More importantly, Theatre Nuclear weapons must be repudiated because they introduce the false notion of a "limited" and

hence winnable nuclear war. Unlike their strategic counterparts, the Intercontinental missiles, the new medium-range missiles are designed for tactical use in a relatively limited area, namely Western and Eastern Europe. The Soviet Union or the United States might thus be tempted to use its respective allies in Europe as sacrificial pawns in a nuclear exchange, while avoiding any damage to itself.

The inherent fraud of Theatre Nuclear weapons, then, is that they relegate the threat of global obliteration — the ultimate deterrent — to the background and instead offer nuclear war as a

seemingly practical choice.

The Dutch have already seen through this deceit and have rejected the stationing of medium-range missiles on their soil, and there are growing, broadly based movements in Britain and West Germany to renounce them. Even high-ranking members of Chancellor

Schmidt's coalition have openly declared their opposition.

Notwithstanding the outdated cold war rhetoric of the Reagan administration and of the powerful arms industry that sponsors it, the inescapable reality is that East and West are at a permanent stand-off.

Detente and peaceful co-

existence, hackneyed phrases though they may be, are thus the only sane alternative.

S. Phillips
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