

-second of two articles-

# Hypocrisy Biafra

Two weeks ago Excalibur ran the first in a series of articles on Biafra — 'What's Wrong and What to do Now'. Today we present an opposing point of view — "any steps taken in the Biafra question must be planned carefully . . . it may sound harsh and cruel, but politics comes first."

By Noel Berman

For the last few weeks we have been bombarded with news of the events in Nigeria. We have heard the reports and seen all the pictures of what is going on. And in order to aid the poor innocent civilians we have begun collection after collection and signed petition after petition. Never, has the hypocrisy of a Western civilized nation been more apparent.

I don't mean that it's hypocritical to want to help these people. Obviously we who have so much should help the less fortunate, but why the big fuss all of a sudden over a small unknown country called Biafra? That's what I mean by hypocritical. We really don't give a damn about Biafra but we have been manoeuvred by a very clever propaganda organization into a series of rash actions.

Why the big rush about aiding Biafra? The answer given is that the Biafrans are starving and must be aided.

For the last few years people all over the world have been dying at the rate of over 10,000 per day. What have we been doing about them? When we have had a food surplus, we are glad to send them free wheat and make a big production out of it. But we would rather sell the same wheat to the Russians or Chinese for cold cash. Organizations such as Care, Oxfam and the Save the Children Fund have been trying to alleviate the conditions of these people for years. They have had to fight for every cent.

Now all of a sudden we care, we really care about Biafra! I wonder what heaven we are trying to buy our way into?

It certainly could not be the Christian heaven, for many of these people in Biafra are pagans. They do not believe in or accept Christ. Why shouldn't God let them suffer to show them the folly of their ways. I do not mean to launch a religious tirade but it seems funny to me that all these Christian organizations which can't seem to work together to aid Christians are all of a sudden interested in aiding non-Christians. I do not doubt the sincerity of these men, I only question the motive of the Church (rather I should say Churches). If this is to be the outline for the future, I favor it. However, an examination of the past record of all religious groups shows that once a question such as this is dropped from the limelight, then with very few exceptions it is forgotten.

Why Biafra, I have asked? The answer is propaganda. The excellent use of photographs and news stories has brought us the story. No one can claim that the news media which operates in our country is above the use of sensationalism to sell its goods. Show a picture of a starving child and it never fails to bring a tear and a donation. But why, I ask again, are we so worried about Biafra? Why have we not been worried about starving people to the same degree during the past. Or do some people

starve less importantly than others? Or is it our guilt feelings over the treatment of Negroes by whites that is making us react as we are? It's not good enough to say that we are aiding them out of humanitarian causes. It's not good enough to say we're aiding them and that's all that is important. We cannot pretend that a new day has dawned because tomorrow we'll go back to our complacency and sit back and watch those same people starve in Africa and Asia.

Why have we shown this hypocrisy? Maybe it satisfies the desire of the white races to be loved by the rest of the peoples of the world. Maybe it gives those people who need to march and protest something to get hot under the collar about. Maybe it gives religion something to preach about. But isn't it much too late? Whom do we hope to fool? There is such a hue and cry today to aid the Biafrans but what would happen if the government decided to raise taxes in order to aid those 10,000 people per day who are dying or those countless millions who live so close to the starvation line that they have just as bad a time.

I wonder how many of those who demand that our government act know the facts about Biafra? In May 1967 Biafra seceded from the 12-state federation of Nigeria. Under the power of Odumegwu Ojukwu Biafra held the major part of three states. Today federal authorities have won back much of that territory. This then is the situation. The fact remains that political necessity in this world overrides humanitarian actions. The problem of Biafra is an internal one. No outside state has the right to use force to change the situation in Nigeria. We may deplore the actions of the Nigerians, we may use all the methods of persuasion at our command to end the war and we may aid the civilians caught in the war, but we must not use force. If we use force once, who is to decide when it may be used again and where.

Civilians always hear the brunt of war. But in Biafra the war is unnecessary. Reading the statements of Ojukwu shows that here is a man not interested in aiding his people but in achieving personal power. He could have achieved an honorable and just peace settlement in the talks held in Ethiopia. But he turned down this chance. Instead he has made agreements with the French for the purchase of arms. It is now estimated that enough French arms (technically the arms are supplied by Gabon) are entering Biafra to keep the war going for months. Ojukwu knows that the only way to win the war is to influence world opinion. This means that women and children must starve. A man who wants power is not above seeing that the necessary people starve and that the right pictures get released to the press.

Direct intervention by Canada or any other country would lead to a blood bath such as the world has never seen. Every army captain would be encouraged to set up his own petty fief knowing that if enough people starved then the aid he needed to survive would soon be coming. Whatever steps we take in the Biafra question must be weighed and carefully thought out before any action is taken. It may sound harsh and cruel, but politics comes first.

The story of Biafra is not over yet. We have not seen the last

# Copyflow

by Bill Novak

Let me give you the whole bit from top to bottom. The name of the game is "sentences", and although there are similar and related diversions to be found, this particular phenomenon is only about two years old. It was then, on Marth 4th, that friend Don was strolling by himself on the deserted CNE grounds, picking up little bits of rust and static to add to his collection. Suddenly, he raised his eyes into the glare of a big bright green sign, which said: **Bulova Watches**. The response was immediate and electrifying. "Omigod!" he cried, "that's almost a sentence!" And so the game was born, and has lasted through these many months, all the while growing and slowly improving its standards. The examples offered here are all official and certified, and approved by the founder.

One of the most obvious places to find sentences is in people's names. **Al Hirt** and **Stan Getz** are good examples. **Punch Imlach** other. Less brilliant, but still good enough to be included are **Phil Ochs** (in this one the verb precedes the noun), **Ed Ames** (suggested by Hennie, who knows some more that are too obscure to be included), **John Knox** (with thanks from Casey), **Bert Parks** (a creation of Steve). But perhaps the best one of all was tossed out casually by Mel, when he spoke of **F. Scott Fitzgerald**. Since the game has re-

cently been expanded to include sentence fragments, Don has come up with **Bobby Orr**, and **Evelyn Wood**, both highly successful and very well received amongst the sentence crowd.

Turning for a moment to cities, one thinks Canadian first, and that would mean **Winnipeg** and **Waterloo**. Farther away there is **Tel Aviv**. Judy in New York was intrigued with **Finger Lakes Region**, so we'll include that.

The third, and probably the best place to find sentences is on signs and billboards along the road. Advertisements that have been spotted include **Campbells Pea Soup**, **Fred's Boatworks** (seen by Irv), **Jordan Wines** (a late contribution from Susan), and that famous sign on the way to the airport, **Screw Machine Services**. Others include such diverse messages as **Sunkist Honey**, **Frito Ays Potato Chips**, **Rexall Drugs**, **Bathurst Street Pumps**, and **Mercedes Benz**. Two extra special signs are **Downtown Trains** (seen in the New York subway), and **Children Drive Slowly** (observed at a children's prison-farm).

And finally, the one that defies categorization, judged to be the best sentence of 1968 (by Don, who also happened to make it up), **Teacher's Pet**.

If you're like the rest of my friends, who will do anything legal to get their names in print (although preferably not in this column) send along your own suggestions, and it'll take the pressure off future articles.

## Journey to the

by Pete Reeder

*Allright, cool it.  
This is a hip story, see?  
So cool it and listen.*

This is a hip story about a dumb broad called Goldylocks.

Cool name, huh?

Man is this chick ever square. She's got long, blonde hair; dimples; blue eyes; and a dress that goes all the way from her chin down to her ankles. She's just unreal man. A true swinger.

Allright. So this Golylocks kid is diggin' around in these woods one day. She's diggin' around in these crazy woods 'cause she lost her way while out lookin' for some gooseberries. Now she's lost and wants out real bad.

Anyhow, while she's tryin' to find her way out she stumbles onto this little old path and decides to follow it. So where does this little old path lead to but a little old cottage in a little old clearing in this little old forest she's been wandering in.

Now this is a real cool pad she's found. It's a two-story job with a grass roof, a banana garden, shutters painted with pink elephants and a front door made from the hide of a South African Gnu dyed purple. (A gnu is a small South African antelope, related to the mickleburgh.)

For a dumb broad this Goldylocks has some nerve so she walks up to the door and pets it. No answer. So in she walks and makes herself at home. There being no one around this is a perfect chance to relax awhile. Which she does.

pictures in the papers, read the last editorials or contributed to the last collection for Biafra. It is unfortunate that Biafra exists and that people have to die. I hope that tomorrow our enthusiasm for aiding starving people will not disappear. However, if the past is any guide, it will.

## -A STORY-

## Uninhibited



This is papa bear

brave and heads up the stairs to the second floor to check on sleeping accommodations.

She finds three separate rooms and in each room is a Persian rug lying on the floor. Everything in this crazy joint is done on the floor. So she tries the smallest rug. It's too short. The medium rug isn't soft enough and the third rug is perfect. Natch. So she goes off on her trip and falls fast asleep.

Meanwhile, these three cool-looking bears come into the little old clearing, in front of the little old cottage. They've been out to a Happening in the little old forest and are back for their afternoon smoke. It was a witches' convention or something.

There's the Papa Bear with his sideburns and Paisley tie. The Mama Bear with her Mini Mouse dress and white gloves. And the Baby Bear with his maroon and gold beret. And of course they all wear dark sunglasses.

They go into their cottage and when the baby bear sees what's happened he cries to his mama, "Hey Mama honey, who's been smokin' my pot?" And the mama bear cries to the papa bear, "Hey Sugar Daddy, who's been smokin' my pot?" And the papa bear, he says, "Hush ma mouth and God bless Timothy Leary, who's been smokin' my pot?"

So the three bears decide they'd better look around and when they get upstairs to the bedrooms they find Goldylocks just getting back from her trip on the flying carpet. As soon as she sees the three bears Goldylocks jumps out the nearest window. Fortunately she lands in a poppy patch and doesn't get hurt none. Then she runs off into the little old forest again. And again and again.

The three bears watch Goldy run off and then they go back downstairs and turn on and off happily ever after.

This place is way out. It's so far out it's in.

The bottom floor is one big turquoise-colored room. In the middle is a real low table surrounded by three pillows lying on the floor. The pillows are large, medium, and (you guessed it) small. And in front of each pillow, on the table, is a long-stemmed pipe. The three pipes are smouldering a bit, which means the inhabitants of the cottage haven't been long gone.

Now that she knows what this place is like she really starts to relax, Goldy does.

She sets herself on the smallest of the three pillows and takes a drag on the pipe in front of it. After a few puffs it isn't long before she gets the pipe glowing again and now she starts to feel real good. Soon the other two pipes are used up and Goldylocks is flying high.

Now that she's blown the bit of her mind she had left, Goldy gets