

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I feel like a ham sandwich at a Bar Mitzvah expressing in the Gateway (*!?) how this involvement-role hassle the exec and council seems to be in strikes me. It concerns me that this council tends to view SUB and the world as one in the same entity; it concerns me because the 18,000 students we "presumably" represent *know* that their world

is larger than SUB! The seeming introspective attitude of this union, introspective by virtue of the fact that we seem to concern ourselves solely with the needs of only this immediate community, really concerns me.

I understand that budgets, and prophylactics and other "internal matters" must be our main focus. In fact, it is that type of internal

operations that justifies the very existence of my office, but for God's sake — is that where our responsibility as councillors or individuals ends?

I would suggest that our responsibility, be it as councillors or individuals should force us to turn our minds to encompass situations that are more global, to needs that are more expansive than you can find in the confines of the Quad.

Our responsibility is a multi-faceted one, and to ignore Amchitkas and Pakistans is to accept that the world starts and ends with SUB. And who's willing to accept that!

Doug Black,
Students Union Co-ordinator

To the Editors:

I feel a need to offer another prospective on the DU poster than that of the various DU's and that of Liz Rowley.

My first impression was that the poster exploits women; after all, it is clearly using the symbol of a lovely and subjugated woman to attract attention to a male cause.

However, I see the poster as useful in describing the real human condition of our times and would not ban it any more than I would ban its contemporary, Feiffer's "Carnal Knowledge". the more we witness our condition in direct and overt terms, the more potential we have to change.

As to whether the poster exploits women, that seems true to me, and I feel some sympathy for the women who have been raised to a lifetime of pawing, clutching males.

But it also seems to me that the poster exploits men. The duality of the "Women seen only as objects" game is that "men therefore only relate to objects" and thus suffer the loss of the vast richness which comes from experiencing another person as a full human being.

The pathetic part of the poster in my mind is not what it does to some women walking past it, reminded of some of the realities of their daily world, but what it means to the man who places it, who might not be able to see its implications. They are probably blind to the problem just as the advertising men trying to sell Pepsi to the "Pepsi Generation" were blind to the implications of having a "Pepsi Generation" at all. The object is to sell Pepsi or DU and to do that one must be perceptive in assessing the psyche of the buyer. These sellers are damn fine analysts and I'm sure that most feminists would agree; but like the Pepsi people, they are so caught up in selling that they don't discover for themselves the implications of the selling campaign. If that's what people really want, isn't there something really wrong? It simply doesn't occur to them to ask.

Thus the poster doesn't speak only to the ways in which men relate to women, but also to the degree of blindness to the condition. It is as if the poster makers haven't heard the feminist message in its relationship to themselves. One is reminded of all the Uncle Toms who were happy in their condition. Too Bad.

R.V. Rasmussen

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HELP !

YOUR FEET

ARE KILLING ME

Most students on campus are concerned about maintaining the quality of our environment. However, many are perhaps unwittingly destroying part of our environment on campus. Some think that grass is meant to be walked on. Perhaps--but grass does not grow when the temperature drops to about 40 degrees. Grass can take some rough treatment, but students who save a few feet of walking by cutting across a grass corner, are literally stamping the life out of the grass and spoiling our environment.

Let us not merely express concern about our environment--let us practice a little of it!

The above also applies to many of the staff too!!!

Dear Editor,

Wow! I took four caps of M.D.A. and went to that freaky film festival last Saturday in SUB. Everything on that spaced-out program was a groove but my own personal favourites were "Peyote Queen" and "L.S.D. Wall". I could really get into those. The cat who turned the volume dial up so that the sound seemed to be coming from inside my skull deserves a special thank you. Far out!

A. Head

TO:

THE STAFF, EVERGREEN
AND GOLD, UNIVERSITY
OF ALBERTA

Hi there, kiddies!

Now that you've had just all kinds of fun playing your little anti-establishment games, how about letting us big kids have our money back?

Give a child a nickel and he'll waste it on ridiculous garbage every time.

W.E. Wood

L.F.L.C. (an ageing academic)

Experience versus Rhetoric

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all know that we can't change these God-damned countries. We know people more powerful than us make the decisions."

As a result, we don't even want to think about the kind of questions I'm raising, because if I'm right then that means what is expected of you--to help yourselves--is to become radicals.

If I'm right about how the system treats people then it means that we have to overthrow it and put in its place a society which centres around people not property.

And if I'm right about what I said then what it means is that you don't just say to the people who run the big companies, "Well see, I listened to this guy who comes from S.D.S. and he explained to me that the profit system dehumanized people and I decided that he is right so I think that you should get rid of the profit system."

What you find out is that if we organize to get rid of the profit system, it will be clear that certain people like the profit system.

And the people who like it happen to have a couple of things going for them-- to start with, the Armed Forces; and Number 2, the police departments.

So we have a real problem. Because who the hell wants to take on the Armed Forces and the Police?

Who the hell wants to devote their lives to struggling against the institutions we're in--seeing those institutions as institutions that aren't built for us-- when with a little twisting around it's easier to believe in a friendly dean of students who's going to say, "He had some very good points, but he was exaggerating! and we're working in that direction. No one wants those changes more than I, or as Johnson says, 'no one wants peace more than me', but you can't have everything at once. You know Rome wasn't built in a day."

That's true, except for one thing. I'm already twenty-five, and people are playing around with my life, and I take my life very seriously. If people admit the problems are what we say they are, then they have a hell of a nerve being so reasonable about it.

They have to either prove that I'm wrong or act with us.

Because if they don't they're a bunch of hypocrites.

What people are doing is pretending the establishment are their friends. Basically what they're saying under all that is, "I would like to help you but I like my job. And the price of helping you is joining you in a rebellion that I don't want to participate in.

I've been rebelling for four years now and sometimes it's very scary. Sometimes it's very lonely.

Sometimes you begin to think that it's very worthless, and you're not going to accomplish anything.

Sometimes I just want to give up and say "I'm tired. I'm tired of criticizing. I would like to believe that killing people in Viet-Nam is a good thing. I would like to believe that meaningless work is meaningful. I would like to believe that unhappiness is happiness.

But when I believe that, I've got 1984.

COFFEE SPOONS

by David Schleich

Last weekend Morgan (my pet spider) was working on his scrapbook. Amazing, Morgan's scrapbook. First time he'd ever let me see it. He must keep such things as his scrapbook hidden away somewhere in the darker, more remote corners of his web. In any case, at first I thoroughly enjoyed the armchair history of Morgan's family tree and of Morgan's early days.

I shall have to be honest and admit that I wasn't all that impressed or keen about the pictures of Morgan's present relatives. They all look so bourgeois. His mother, for example, appears, at least from her picture, to be the usual, run-of-the-mill suburban middle class housewife. His dad has a bit more character to his head, but seems somewhat meek. His sister is, quite simply, plump. But, when we got to those daguerrotypes -- why, they're just magnificent. The metal plates were faded, but still, Morgan's ancient relatives (on his father's side) are as brave and colourful a lot as any family tree. Captain Mussel, for instance, beams strong, weathered and defiant, almost Spanish, from his daguerrotype.

--Daguerrotype of a painting, corrected Morgan.

--That costume, I sighed, and that old-fashioned anchor moustache.

--Came over on the Santa Maria, he did, said Morgan. Used to be a Spanish noblespider. Had important role in old Queen Isabella's closet court.

--Who's this one, I asked politely. Morgan was getting more and more excited telling me about his family tree.

--Well, can't you guess? That's me. Class '59. Graduate super magnum noncum laude.

--Why that's marvelous, Morgan! I smiled. But, with such a fine record, why didn't you carry on? Go right to the top?

--What do you mean, to the top? Morgan asked me.

--You know, master's doctorate.

--Nonsense! What do you think I wanted to be? A lecturer or something? Only people who really want to be teachers oughta get them kind of degrees. Besides, I liked it too much.

--What did you study, Morgan?

--Oh, ethnocentric relationships between the tarantula sub-cultures of the White Mud Creek area and the modern day minority groups in urban disposal areas.

I see. Well, if it was so interesting, why'd you quit? You could have gone on, written great studies, contributed to scholarly journals, been respected far and wide among renowned scholarly spiders.

Morgan frowned at me. He seemed disappointed. He shook his head, scratching it at the same time with one of his legs.

--Look, he began, when you gotta spend all that time gettin' one of them scholar jobs, there ain't much hope for learning much in the process. Now take my case. I don't write and never did for no scholarly urinals, right? And I don't have no respect for them professional spiders what hang out at the university, 'specially those ones with their high-fillutin' webs in the administration basement. But look here, you know what I got instead? I got me two hundred and seventy four kids. They're healthy and every last one of 'em is out fending for himself in the world. Now what more can a middle-aged spider like myself want? Take my son, Randolph here ...

And Morgan took Randolph (his picture at least) and told me all about Randolph's career as a multi-web construction tycoon. But it didn't stop there. Morgan got carried away. He proceeded to tell me much about Randolph as I have said, and about Elmira, Richard, Embro, James, Gretchin, Helena, Albert, Sibyl, Stenchley, Windround and family trees get boring after a while, I've found.