

Real, heartfelt, joyful peace

I'll bet that at least 80 per cent of the letters the Gateway receives are complaints about something. It's not too surprising, because people always want to make noise when they are unhappy.

Well, this is not a bitchy letter.

In fact, I'm writing it because I want to comment on an interesting event that occurred on campus last Thursday, Jk. 27. It was a forum on Israel and the Arab States. The speaker was Dr. Abraham Dinstein, Dean of Law at the University of Tel Aviv.

Now, as one might expect, a subject as touchy as this one often brings out some of the most heated arguments, slanders, accusations, and verbal garbage that will ever be heard on this campus. Indeed, previous attempts at objective discussion have usually degenerated into shouting matches between Zionists, Marxist-Leninists, Socialists, Ajsbs, and various

others who are hard of hearing. There was a slight hint that this would happen last Thursday. It didn't.

And believe me, I'm as happy as can be. The objective political discussion remained objective, and both audience and speaker were superb. I'm only sorry that there weren't more people in attendance, because what they missed is rapidly becoming a rare thing in this day and age — communication.

Prof. Green (he was a moderator this time, not a participant) condensed Dr. Dinstein's argument to 4 words; communication is the essence. I must admit that it has a much greater potential than taking time out to maunder. And Dr. Dinstein himself is a fine example of a thinker with the ability to communicate.

His message is clear. Peace is a state of mind. Real long lasting peace is never caused by a peace treaty. The treaty is

merely a product of a change in attitudes, of a true willingness to settle matters without violence. But how can this atmosphere of conciliation be created while Israelis, Egyptians, Jordanians, Syrians, and Palestinian Arabs are subjected to internal propaganda which often describes the enemy as

something less than an ogre, both physically and culturally. That is the communication problem that must be overcome, before a lasting peace is indeed a reality.

I had never previously thought about it in that way. I do now, and I'm glad I had 90 minutes to spare last Thursday.

Hoorah for Dr. Dinstein!! The world needs a few more minds ... and hearts ... like his. I sincerely hope that a real peace agreement can be reached in his lifetime. It would make him, and a lot of others, very happy indeed.

Stewart Cohen
Graduate Studies

Smog-filled jogger writes

It is indeed fortunate to have an indoor track to use during the winter months so one is not faced with either cryogenically preserving one's respiratory track or resigning to being short of breath and wide of girth come spring.

The coolness and openness of the arena is quite conducive to running. Frequently however, upon entering the arena from the east doors by the weight room one is hit by an odor as real and discrete as the doors and the division between the two areas — that of unburned hydrocarbons.

Going inside proves what you already suspect, the ice is being cleaned. There are two places I know of that smell like that — Toronto International Airport on a hot day and Calgary during an inversion.

Granted it's a job which must be done. I would like to point out though that the ice cleaning machine is out on the ice for at least five to ten minutes. During this time an average runner can do approximately eight laps (1 mile). At the same time fifty or more litres of air are being exchanged per minute. If there are ten people out there and one machine a fair amount of O₂ is being used. Figure it out.

All I know is this: a) we the jogging public are out for exercise and self improvement. b) There is an internal combustion engine (efficiency 10 per cent at best) running in an area where the air is not cleared out quickly enough to remove heavy fumes. c) CO is odorless. Therefore

would it be possible for the SU or maybe the PE Faculty to utilize some of the vast resources of knowledge and equipment available around here to establish whether the "P.P.M." is safe

Ken Zanewich
P.S. Last time I was at the arena only three of the eight ceiling fans were working while the ice

machine was in operation.

Ed. Note: Ron Urness, Varsity Arena Rink Manager, says there have been three tests done in the rink while the ice machine is in operation and the test results, registered with campus fire and safety staff, show CO levels are below 10 p.p.m. Urness says this is one of the lowest rink levels in Canada.

Indignant over marijuana bill

The article in Thursday's Gateway (Jan. 27) concerning the Government's Bill S-19 has prompted me to make yet another attempt at doing what ever it is I am trying to do.

As the article stated, Bill S-19 was designed to amend the sections of the Food and Drug Act, the Narcotics Control Act, and the Criminal Code, which deal with possession of marijuana. Mr. Birt has missed the whole point. Bill S-19 is a cop-out, a half measure, and at the best an attempt to pacify the "liberal" minded section of the voting populace. S-19 won't decriminalize pot. "Offenders" will still be arrested and considered criminals. (You know, like murderers, rapists and tax evaders.)

It is not up to me to convince everyone that smoking cannabis is alright, the injustice of the laws is obvious. However, it is amazing

that given the magnitude of this injustice, there is so little public pressure for reform. Some would say that the issue is not important, but any law that results in the arrest and prosecution of thousands of Canadians every year for something as evil as smoking pot, obviously needs serious review.

Enough public pressure has to result in some sort of response from the government. Theoretically that's the way the system works. So please, exercise your right to be heard. Tell them how you feel.

The present marijuana laws are antiquated, ludicrous, and extremely unfair. Anyone who stands in the way of such important reform should (to borrow the phrase of a contemporary British writer) be put in an iron coffin with spikes on the inside.

Randy Gurlock
Arts 3

Ice sculptors lauded

Established tradition in the students' Residents Halls, to build the snow statues in January each year in the front of the Lister Hall, is one of the greatest achievements I have ever seen.

The idea of building those statues was in my opinion as an observer, ridiculous and peculiar, but the metamorphosis of my brain on thinking in my age, and metamorphosis of the youths of today worried and their skill and fulfillment in their life has proven to me that they made a splendid performance for an expected and traditional role.

They attain (students boys and girls), supreme power, because they build them in spite of the mild weather and without snow enough, with zest and young heroism, to win this expression: "the immortal garland must be won." dust and heat

cannot be "avoided."

I notice as a student here, that our society does not encourage exceptional and excessive individual will, but students, here in this place removed from our habitual criticisms, flourish. The result often justifies a most foolish procedure. Nature has given to us enough materials of its own for its use, and enough subjects for its imagination and judgement. I greatly admire those students and we must bring more reference and a greater recognition for their infinite power. The habitual sight of things makes the mind accustomed to them, and I have said objectives "statues" and achievement are tactful processes of multi arts and minds, transmitted into a form of public entertainment.

"In pluribus unum"

Rajo Vuksanovich

FRANK MUTTON

THE WAY
I SEE IT



I hate to disappoint all those of you who were breathing a sigh of relief at my parting, but I am back in full force (well, more or less).

My sudden disappearance was in fact a cleverly conceived plot by Alderman Ed Leger to force a second newspaper on the city.

A certain prominent local newspaper, known for their gross overplay and creation of fictional columnists with names remarkably similar to those in the Gateway, has intimated that I have met my demise and gone the way of Edsels and Ivor Dent. Not true!

You see, Mr. Leger has been encouraging a rival to the Journal for some time. He feels that all those pages of furniture ads and Woodward's supplements are weighing heavily on underpaid paperboys, and he would like to see a little healthy competition on the local journalistic scene.

City Hall laughed at him when he proposed spending \$50,000 to find backers for his venture, so he hatched a devious plot.

Since my column is one of the best read in the paper (next to Dear Dr. Morgentaler and Happy Houseplants), Leger of course decided to kidnap and hold me for ransom.

Ed lay in waiting on Friday as I was depositing my paycheque in the Columnist and Classified Ad Salesman Credit Union, then

nabbed me and sped off in a city gravel truck.

I was taken to an old farmhouse near Namao, where an elderly Ukrainian couple locked me in the root cellar. For two weeks I ate nothing but stale, holopchi and day-old pyrogies.

My chance at escape came while Leger was on the phone yelling obscenities at the mayor. He became so incensed at some remark Cavanagh made about receding hairlines that he kicked a hole in the wall just large enough for me to squeeze through.

Well, I made it back to The Journal only to find that my desk and chair had been put in storage and my coffee cup had become Jim Davies' Ovaltine mug. I even had to show my driver's license before they'd reissue my typewriter.

Incidentally, Alderman Leger was tried and sentenced to sell Journals in front of City Hall. I promised to help him if any happen to land on his head.

One of the events I missed due to my incarceration was the Third Annual Wes Montgomery Beaverhill Lake Invitational Golf Classic. Almost fifty hard-core golfers turned out in sub-zero weather to play 36 holes on the ice at Beaverhill Lake, and first prize of a fifth of antifreeze went to Wes himself, who scored a two over par 375 and lost all his balls through ice-fishing holes.

Thirteen entrants froze to death, two drowned on the fourteenth green when the beaver dam they were putting on collapsed, and a good time was had by all.

Oh Coward! will close early at the Citadel, due to complaints by nearby residents about a strange wailing noise that keeps them awake. John Neville, though deeply hurt by the remark, has promised to take singing lessons the World Hockey Association will begin a fund-raising campaign next week to save the floundering league. Look for Oilers team members selling pencils and apples on downtown streetcorners the Edmonton Police Department wishes to apologize for the accusations it made against the general public following the recent plane crash in north Edmonton. It had condemned the morbid fascination that led people to block emergency access routes and steal pieces of wreckage. They have now learned that everyone at the crash site was reporting for The Journal, and the missing aircraft parts had been needed for a full page photo feature

In closing, remember the words of Groucho Marx, who once said — "She called me her melancholy baby. Said I had a head like a melon and a face like a collier!"