

Meekison Incident - Opinions

Dear Editor:

I for one am still angered by the *Gateway's* handling of the Meekison incident.

Finding its challenge taken, the *Gateway* (1) closes its pages to further letters on the matter, (2) remarks snidely on the typing and grammar of the letters it received in the matter, (3) confuses "imply" with "infer", (4) claims that the signed Gereluk piece had no reference to Meekison, (5) claims that the unsigned piece was aimed at the two publication errors alone and not at Meekison, and finally (6) casts yet another innuendo by rhetorically wondering why its anonymous source was reluctant to talk about so innocuous a matter.

To comment in turn on each of these points, to say nothing of the logic of the original pieces, would necessarily take more than the *Gateway* limit of 250 words to a letter and would be pretty torturous reading, as indeed was such a letter I wrote earlier on this matter. This is so because of the quality of the *Gateway* pieces, not of its letter writers. Moreover, the 250 word limit protects the *Gateway* from detailed refutation.

(1) The *Gateway* can give itself the advantage of the last word in the matter by closing its pages.

(2) The proof reading labours gallantly given to letters in this matter could have gone into the rest of Tuesday's issue which needed it. Letter writers have and make no claim to professionalism. The *Gateway* does.

(3) I infer. You imply. Inference is active for reader. Implication is passive for him. The former he does; the latter he receives. For Thursday's *Gateway* little inference was needed. A good deal was implied.

(4) The very title of the signed Gereluk piece refers to Meekison, or rather to his name in the sense of his experience and qualification.

(5) A healthy cross section of the University community has seen Meekison & Gateway, page 8

The Editor, Gateway

I was extremely amused to see the flock of brown-nosers hunch around to submit their brown-stained letters defending ASSISTANT DEAN OF GRADUATE STUDIES J.P. Meekison. And of course they insisted that their letters be printed so everyone could see that they are on the side of the poor defenceless ASSISTANT DEAN.

I trust that Meekison - and all of us - know enough about university politics to realize that such a totally insignificant story as the *Gateway* printed presented a glorious opportunity for the brown-nosers, the apple-polishers and the suck-holders to get on the right side of IMPORTANT PEOPLE. Far more serious injustices are done to dozens of students each day on campus, but you don't find any of these pricks writing to *Gateway* about them. ASSISTANT DEANS have POWER; students do not.

Doug M ustard
Grad Studies

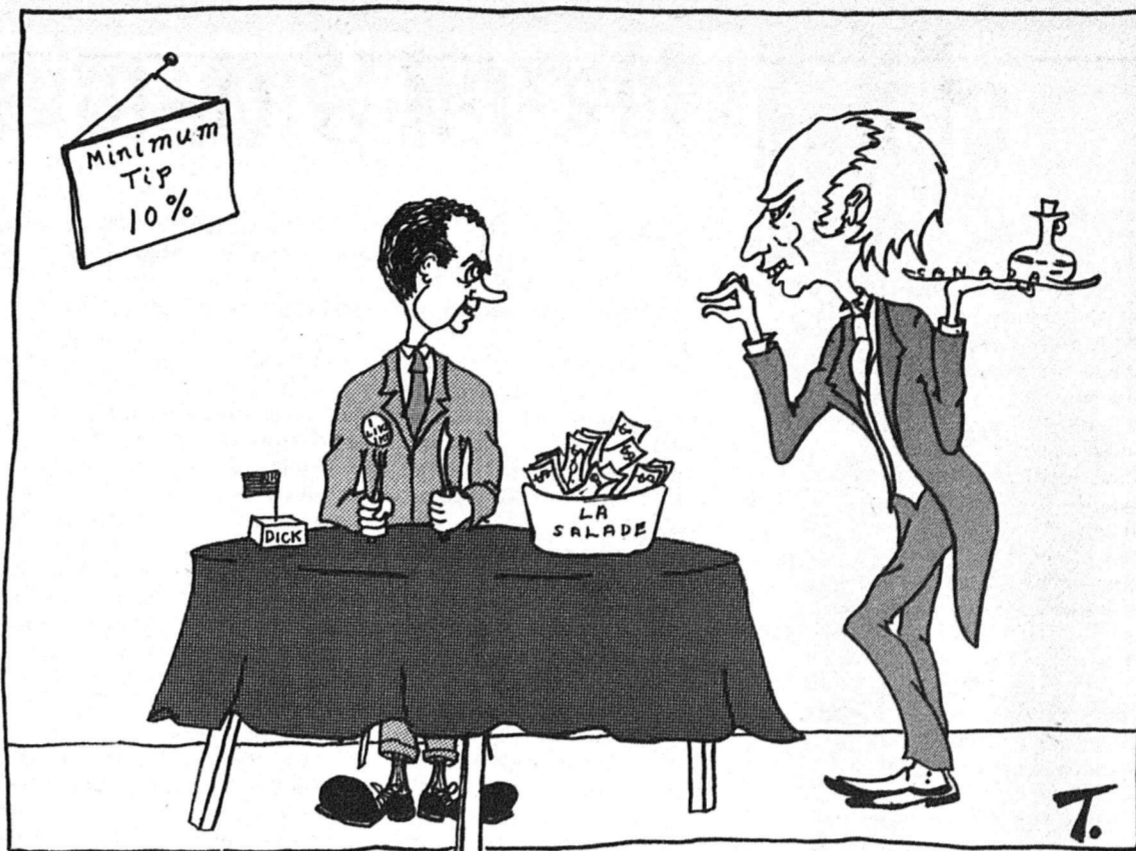
Editor, *The Gateway*

The controversy which has arisen over the articles by Mr. Gereluk concerning the Political Science (sic) Department and Dr. Meekison moves me to comment.

The number of people rushing to the defence of the Department is remarkable. So remarkable in fact that one is tempted to suggest that the things which were not present in Mr. Gereluk's article but which many people have read into it may indeed be correct.

The article concerning Dr. Meekison contains little of importance or little worthy of comment: the following editorial would seem to be the focus of the maelstrom. And here my question arises.

Almost every graduate student of Political Science whom I have encountered has insisted on describing how the students are used as pawns in intradepartmental conflicts or at See Maelstrom, page 8



"A little more oil for your salad, M'sieur?"

The Gateway

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Before dawn, when Santa's sleigh turns back into the Great Pumpkin, all our staffers would like to ask a favour of the old boy. (Sorry Al, but it was so good, we just had to use it again.): Dennis Windrim would like 400 beautiful, sex-crazed chicks, but he'll settle for 300; Beth Nilsen would like people to stop taking Staph This Issue seriously; Ron Ternoway would like to whip it out in public. (a yard?) Henri Pallard would like letters, and more letters and...; Rick Grant would like at least 30 inches of snow in the Laurentians; Jim Selby would like 5 grms of Alka-Seltzer; Pauline Mapplebeck would like a two page issue once a week; Ron Yakimchuk would like a layout secretary; Mickey Quesnel would like another six inches; Elsie Ross would love some copy; Stu Layfield would like Ternoway to stop making hash of his copy; Dick Nimmons would like to see Nixon declared null and void; Barry Brummet would like out; Bob Beal would like Don MacKenzie in acid; Ross Harvey would like a complete unabridged copy of the New Testament, in Sanskrit; Dave McCurdy would like a four in his math course; Barbara Preece would like a size 6x body; Barry Headrick would like an electronic thingamadoo for his watchamaycallit; Fiona Campbell would like to be tall; Dawn Kunesky would like two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear tree; Fugi would like Elsie Ross to stop laughing at him; and I Harvey G. (for going home for Christmas) Thomgirt would like a life time subscription to Campus Lyfe.

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Berry WES GATEWAY



Picked up a copy of the latest Student Union publication the other day -- a little something that they call "Student Telephone Book 1971-72". Needless to say, they are giving this ridiculous thing away for free -- and after reading through it, you'll know why they are. I understand they printed an advance shipment of some twenty thousand copies, but when they couldn't unload even one, well, folks, it was time to start passing them out.

Basically, the fault lies in the plot. The author of "Phonebook" does a fine job of carrying his narrative from point "A" to point "B" and so on, right to the end of the book, but the whole structure of the work breaks down because of the overabundance of detail the author has included. Granted, the book is fantastically-well researched, but the author's clumsy handling of what could be, under other circumstances, extremely interesting material, has led only to an overpoweringly boring book.

Another problem inherent in the structure of the book is the author's overdependence on the number of characters. It seems to me that, in order to compensate for the, at best, pitiful job he has done of bringing his characters to life, he has chosen instead to introduce no less than some 19,000 individual characters in his novel. For example, one of the first characters he has presented is a man called Edward Adolph Aabak, and for what ostensibly should be the most important character in "Phonebook", all the author tells us is that this fellow is a first-year engineer, and then gives an address and phone number. No details of childhood, job,

sex life, hobbies, or anything else crucial to the proper analysis of what makes Aabak tick.

A second major flaw in the work is the introduction of the visual medium in a fictional work (for surely you don't believe that nearly twenty-thousand real-life people could be collectively stupid enough to attend an institute like this, do you?). The author has made extensive use of photography, and, though frequently enhancing certain aspects of his work, this technique has been employed spottily, at best. And, needless to say, the photo quality is frequently lacking badly. Perhaps his too-extensive use of this new technique in fictional writing is another reason why the novel is failing to gain public acceptance -- for one, this technique has never been tried before, and, second, the author has compounded this problem by, as I have stated, overworking this possibly revolutionary use of what I might term "fictional photography".

But the book does have its strong points. For example, the author has introduced the use of colored pages in his work, which seems to reduce eyestrain appreciably as the reader progresses through the book. And he has also numbered his pages in sequential order, right from page "one" through to page "hundred ninety-two", which is an invaluable aid to the reader who wishes to note the position of his favorite character in the book.

If it's all the same to you, though, I do not recommend this book, unless you have absolutely nothing else to read but an out-of-date Eatons catalogue.

Speaking of sex, you might as well note that there's none whatsoever in this work -- so don't bother expecting an arousing evening if you do plan to pick "Phonebook" up despite all my warnings.