

# FORUM FIVE



land noted only as the birthplace of Tom Jones. It would be well, however, to remember, at this point, the ancient Jewish tale of the seven virtuous men, who to our eyes seem of little importance, yet whose existence guarantees the survival of the world.

If you scanned a recent issue of the *Gateway*, you may have seen an article by one "Kevan Warner" dealing with "elves," "fairies" and "goblins". (My research, by the way, has led to the discovery that "Kevan Warner" does not exist; as should be obvious by the suicidal nature of the mission with which he was entrusted). The article discussed the root cause of many of the world's problems. "Third Elf-Goblin Intra-Fraternal Conflict", to be exact - and mentioned in passing the "match" which caused this situation to so erupt - the death of the last Welsh King, Llewellyn (or David, depending upon your purist vision). Going unmentioned, though, was one vital fact - that the Welsh kings were the guaranteed peacekeepers of the realm of Faerie, as explicitly noted by the Third Treaty of the Westmarch. This position, while it lasted, tended to keep the waving side of Faerie under control, incidentally cutting down on a great deal of human conflict. Unfortunately, the English, with typical pigheadedness, destroyed the Welsh Monarchy in 1219 A.D., almost casually destroying the established balance of power. (At least one modern historian, Mr. A.G.P. Taylor, in a little-known appendix "Wales and Feudalism" to his major work "Origins of War", has attempted to show a causal and empirical relationship between the destruction of the Welsh Monarchy and the spread of gunpowder). The results were the razing of Kharosan and Northern Asia by Temuslane in the late 15th century, Buchanwald, Hiroshima and Walden Two.

Fortunately, however, the situation may yet be salvaged. Should the Welsh Nationalists manage to free Wales from its imprisonment - opposed by those minions of the forces of darkness, Harold (note the resemblance to the elvish lackeys, "fairies") Wilson and Edward (a common Elvish name) Heath, it is conceivable that Wales could once more fulfill its historic role. The Goblin underground apparatus could once more be lifted to legal status, and goblins once more people's equals.

The choice is ours.

Owen Glenn Dawes

## Image

What have you done to the *Gateway*? I had to look twice at the name to make sure I didn't have the *Poundmaker*. There are articles on Vietnam, food prices, the CBC, and many other interesting subjects. The *Gateway* used to be so dull and insular. You're going to lose that image if you don't watch out!

Patricia Hodd  
Education

## World

Save the world from what? What? Where is man's reason? Is the world really in any danger that it needs to be saved? Come now, surely we shall evolve into something better than we are now. Inevitably we must naturally become men who cannot only understand the past and live comfortably in the present, but also unerringly predict the future. Then it is only a small step (100,000 years or so) until man can live without a need of oxygen and can fly (so he won't need fuel for planes), and can be comfortable in any temperature between the boiling point and absolute zero. There will be no need for clothes, nor for food once adulthood is reached (since body cells will no longer die) ergo: minimal industry and no pollution. Man will no longer die and reproduction will be forbidden. He will hop from planet to planet with the greatest of ease. Education will be unnecessary since everyone will know everything; government will be superfluous; churches will be unnecessary since everyone will be saved.

So I say, there is no need for anyone to attempt to formulate a program to save the world because no program will work. We are already saved because we are evolving beings, of necessity always improving. In fact, we will become so perfect that it will no longer be necessary for anyone to live.

John Zylstra

## Driftin'

This sort of came about one day after sitting in class listening to some dude take 1 1/2 hours to explain that "it all really doesn't matter anyway," "nothing's new under the sun," etc. I suppose it's not really complete, and that I could have added more verses, but it seems somewhat like flailing a dead horse. After all, I mean, "It really doesn't matter anyhow," does it?

With acknowledgements and apologies to the author of "Charolette the Harlot" for mutilating his fine efforts.

Just pulled in from heaven,  
On my way down.  
Guess I could've been here a  
coupla weeks before,  
But I just wanted to linger  
on.

Mamma, what would you  
tell me?  
If you knew I couldn't make  
it in.

Had to Rigg an interview  
with the MAN,  
Papa, knew you just can't  
win.

Down in the markets of  
markets  
Purporting to earnest, and  
zest.

Onassis, the pushers, the  
martyrs, the Ushers,  
Decorate their stalls with

their guests.

After the ball is over  
After we're all dead and  
gone

I somehow doubt that you'll  
hear strains of music  
But we can hope not the  
singer's the sing.

Yes,  
She's Charolette, the Harlot,  
This girl we adore  
She's a preacher's black  
Angel  
A cowpuncher's whore.

This is the part where the  
little man at the back of the  
room stands up and says "See, I  
told you so."

The abject futility of writing  
anything of this nature lies in  
the fact that the only people  
who will understand the writer  
are the people who already  
know the problem, because  
without this knowledge as a base  
we cannot possibly read the  
problem out of the metaphors.  
The drawback to speaking in  
metaphors is that by their very  
nature they are so vague, so  
general that anyone, absolutely  
anyone, because of these same  
metaphors, can read in whatever  
they wish and use these as a tool  
to support their thesis (witness  
the atrocities committed in the  
name of Christ).

Paradoxically, this is the  
reason why any major work is  
preserved; because their  
generalities, the rich generosity  
of their metaphors, offers  
blanket coverage, universal  
application, to the problems of  
mankind.

One might as well chuckle,  
it doesn't do much good to cry.  
(In case you hadn't noticed I am  
thinking about myself, thinking  
about myself, thinking about  
this). Beginning with a paradox  
how far can one logically hope  
to get?

Murd

## Daycare

To the Students of the  
University of Alberta:

This is an open letter to all  
students. It concerns a very  
important matter: nearly sixty  
young children who could use  
your help. The situation is as  
follows. There is a day care  
centre on this campus that is so  
poorly heated, humidified and  
ventilated that it is dangerous to  
the health of these children.  
There have been a number of  
children sick this year, largely  
because of the stifling dry heat  
(in one room it was recently  
measured at 85 degrees with 2%  
humidity) accompanied by very  
cold drafts on the floor when  
anyone opens a window to cope  
with the heat (small children are  
very close to the floor). Though  
anyone who visits the centre  
soon becomes aware of the  
critical nature of this situation,  
the centre simply does not have  
the funds necessary to alleviate  
it. Right now the important  
issue is *not* who is responsible  
for this situation, but what is  
going to be done.

So I am coming to you to  
ask for help for these children. If  
20% of the students on this  
campus send \$1.00 to the  
centre, there will be enough  
money to provide adequate air  
conditioning. Please be part of  
this 20%. This is not for  
luxurious comfort; it's for  
minimum health protection for  
these children. I am sure anyone  
would be welcome to go to the  
centre to verify the urgency of  
the situation. It has been like  
this since the centre opened a  
year and a half ago. So far  
"official channels" have gotten  
nowhere. These children haven't  
time to wait for bureaucracy.  
Please help.

I'll send a letter next week  
to let you know if that 20%  
came through.

Your help can be sent to:  
Director, Students' Union and  
Community Day Care Centre;  
8917-112 Street.

Sincerely,  
Mary E. Kendall  
parent and student

## editorial

## A healthy pastime

We knew it was coming as long ago as last August. The only trouble was we didn't know exactly what it would be.

We could feel a Change coming on, something in the air, maybe; mostly there seemed to be a subtle change in people's attitudes. We realized that although people are still interested, vitally so, in political systems, they have grown tired of Political Involvement. We realized that for students university is no longer just a place to kill three or four years; they are now coming to Learn Something. Whether their degrees, if indeed they decide to go after one, will reap them any financial rewards, is irrelevant. Suddenly it seems that Pursuit of Knowledge is more important in the long run than money. Wierd.

And it also became evident to us, way back last August, that people were rather tired of taking life so bloody seriously. Whammo, it hit us all: it's *alright* to enjoy life. There's this persistent thread of optimism that permeates nearly everything we do these days. There's the feeling that no matter how black things appear to get, we know it's going to turn out right in the end.

Thus begins open season on silliness.

Some girls in the States recently staged a panty raid on a men's dorm at some university of other, but the mini-fad never really caught on. Last week another student (I forget where) set a new world's record for smoking the most cigars at one time (He stuffed 28 fat ones into his mouth, lit them and inhaled).

But that sort of thing has all been done before. The same goes for flagpole sitting, goldfish swallowing, all the pranks our parents pulled when they went to university.

But then who needs that old hat stuff? We've got something better. We've got *It* - the Ultimate Prank. Streaking has struck.

Streaking is beautiful. It's ridiculous. Absurd. Utter folly. It's fun. And why do they do it? Well, shucks, why not?

Streaking hit at exactly the right time of year, too, you know that? Caught up in the bathos of streaking, we've managed pretty effectively to forget our end-of-winter boredom. Ah, yes, streaking your blues away....

A little to my own surprise, streaking has really caught on in Edmonton. And, double surprise, the streakers aren't just university students out to create a sensation.

Recently two minor hockey players were kicked out of a game for not wearing the proper equipment. Hockey streaking. Back on campus the various streaks through SUB and HUB are by now well-recounted tales. The U of A Golden Bares have been striking in full force. Yesterday around 15 streakers hit CAB during lunch hour.

The classiest streak of all had to be those thirteen men racing past the Jubilee Auditorium Friday night just as the crowd came out of a PDQ Bach performance.

Strangely enough, the only people who seem to get upset at streaking are police who *will* persist in arresting anyone they can catch. The charge is invariably "indecent exposure," though I'm sure many of us have trouble finding anything "indecent" about someone running through the snow in his skin. Does anyone really complain about this harmless bit of idiocy?

Well, whatever the reasons, we were due for this sort of thing. Here it is: Streak in good health.

Allyn Cadogan

## The Gateway

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