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PLEA Δ

Well folks, your friendly arts editor, me, is about to embark on his annual mandatory and futile plea for staff.

With cap clutched firmly and reverently in hand, I should like to take this opp Well' folks, your friendly arts

his annual mandatory and futile plea for staff.

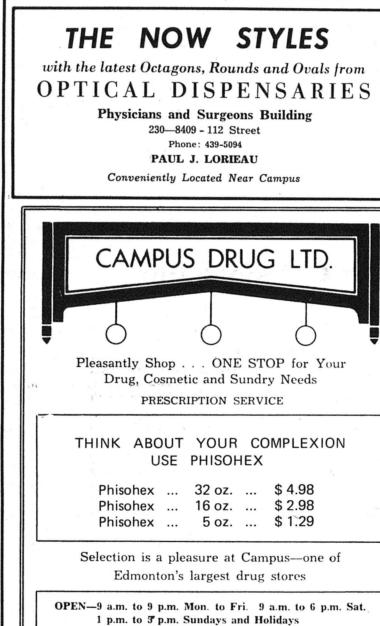
With cap clutched firmly and and glory. reverently in hand, I should like to take this opportunity, aware as am of the import of the occasion, conscious of the to plead with each and every one

anything on any facet of art (and

I know you're out there you little----) to come to: Room 282 of the Students'

Building at 5:00 p.m. Friday afternoon (September 1). The purpose of this little get together will be to try to work out a viable and reliably editor, me, is about to embark on functioning arts staff that I may exploit in order to fulfill my megalomaniacal dreams of power

What, you may ask, does an arts staffer do? Good question. Please don't let me down. need you desperately and if you magnitude of the event and firmly don't show I can only guess at the convinced that my present mad lengths that my tortued bullshitting will do no good at all, psyche may be drive to. Besides, the other staffers in the office of you who has ever in his wildest can't stand to see a grown arts dreams seen himself as writing editor cry.





by David Schleich

It's got you--air, bones and memory.

Never in those twenty six years has your life been immune (in the cities at least) from some sort of baked, battered and brutal end

We're all under the shadow of nuclear annihilation, that total ethos, as Roszak puts it, in which "our politics, our public morality, our economic life, our intellectual endeavour are now embedded with a wealth of ingeniour rationalization. We are a civilization sunk in an unshakeable commitment to genocide, gambling madly with the universal extermination of our species."

And add that other bomb, Ehrlich's 'population bomb' and a few septic daggers like rampant exploitation of non-renewable resources. pollution of ecosystems, dehumanized work, unemployment, inflation, the endless parade of political tweedle-dums and tweedledees, theology which turns out to be fractured utility, leaders who are endlessly suspect, security-concious parents and bosses who cling myopically to a tenuous prosperity at the expense of wholesome living and at the expense of the exploited classes and races.

And, stir that potpourri of apocalyptic lumpage with racial strife, gargantuan industrial apparati and a dominant scientific world view and we have -- disaffected youth and the apocalyptic temperament, perhaps?

There they pitter and patter in 191, that crowd, that never-having-lived-without-the-bomb crowd. Brave men or fools seem to prepare careers and economic niches. But even these brave men and fools are invaded by the six o'clock National, by the sensationalizing popular press, by the pungent, refinery air of their towns, by poison water in the rivers, by glib responses from industrialists and politicians.

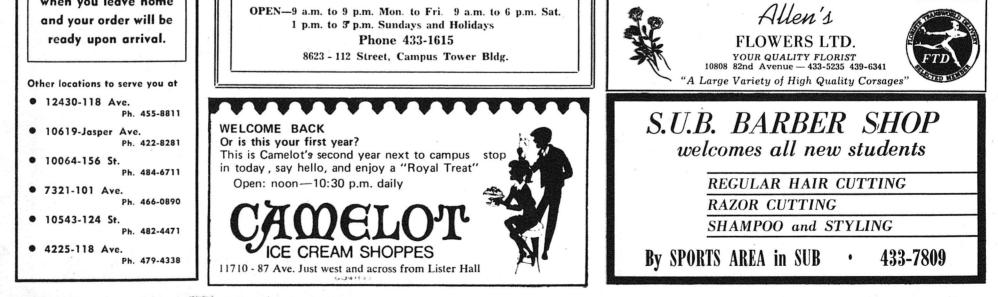
Perhaps this life-and-death tension, so greatly expanded, is artificial. Perhaps this apocalyptic malaise, this anemia of hope will unermine the produtive economy, will short-circuit the rampant, expertise-ridden, consumption-ridden, futurist-ridden culture of this time. Or, perhaps we'll stumble forward in blind neurosis, indulgent, in fools' paradises. We can live blindly, Gloucester, even after we jump off the cliff.

What must it have felt like, on a day-to-day basis to know that the most accurate missile was a timy bullet at close range and not a nuclear-tipped hell fired oceans away? What did it feel like, Dad, to swim in Lake Erie before Dow? What did it feel like, Dad, to not hear engines at dawn, to go to Muskeg River, Alberta, before the pulp and paper thing at Hinton? Nostalgia, I'll grant.

Yet, consider the impact of the apocalyptic temperament. What value careers? What value elaborate (and delicate) systems of distribution, production, supply? What value half-living? What value B.A.'s? What value incessant political platitude? What value? What?

Bury your brain in mostalgia. It helps. Or float it about in white rabbit pens -- or smack it around -- or play games with possibilities -- or sit, over coffee, today and feel the fear, hear the beat of the equestrian quartet. And all the while, watch the 'public' like heavy seaweed swing in and out with the tide of technocracy. It'll make you cry and it'll make you laugh.





The Gateway

Tuesday, September 14

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