

Editorial

Security risk

As airports across Canada tighten security in the face of terrorist threats and the remarkable frequency and viciousness of terrorist activities in other parts of the world, Canadians are finally waking up to life in the eighties.

Certainly Canadians have a passing awareness of the "situations" in South Africa, the Middle East, and the Phillipines. Dan Rather and Barbara Frum give complimentary tours of the hot spots of political violence nightly. Television keeps Canadians in touch with the global village. Unfortunately, it is far too easy to turn off the TV, metaphorically turning off the problem, and discuss issues which are less disturbing to the oh so sensitive Canadian psyche: issues like the Oilers prospects on Saturday, the Stamps future or lack thereof, and the city council's attempts to erect a frozen monument to a dead god. Sure there is war in the Middle East, costing hundreds life and limb, but how 'bout that Gretzky, eh?

However, make Joe Businessman wait an extra ten minutes at the check-in counter at the airport and he quickly forgets last night's hockey game. That ten minute delay for security purposes sets him thinking. A privilege he has enjoyed for years has been revoked, that of easy passage, and perhaps he will realize just what Europeans and Middle Eastern residents have endured for years. He may leave the airport with enough pique to write his MP, not to protest his delay, but to satisfy his curiosity about international relations. He may even consider his vote more carefully in the next election. Perhaps he will empathize with people elsewhere, and examine the stance of his elected representatives on South Africa or the Phillipines.

That ten minute delay puts Joe Businessman in touch with the rest of the world. In fact, that businessman may have finally become a citizen of the world.

It would be a shame if he forgot too quickly what that means.

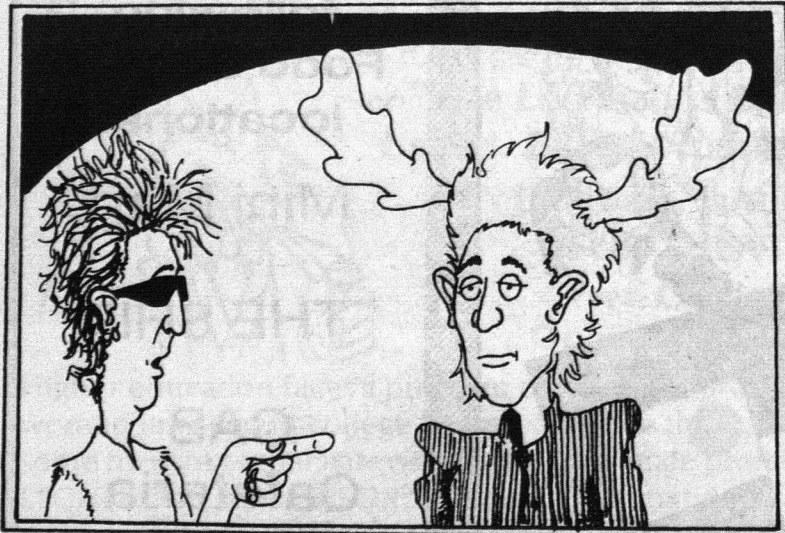
Suzanne Lundrigan

Legalese

The Gateway has been informed by Floyd Hodgins' legal counsel that Mr. Hodgins intends to pursue a civil suit against the Students' Union, The Gateway and myself, Mike Evans, for comments contained in the article "The Rise and Demise of Floyd" from the November 7, 1985 issue of The Gateway. Mr. Hodgins' contention is that certain statements in the article were defamatory and he is therefore seeking compensation.

In light of these developments, I would like to apologize to Mr. Hodgins and to the Students of the U of A for my comment that "Hodgins has found himself in the unenviable position of being one of the most vilified students on campus,"; I haven't the right to speak on behalf of the student body of this university. However, it was, and still is, my personal opinion that Floyd Hodgins is misguided in his impression that the majority of students appreciate his efforts.

Mike Evans



"You really must go easy on that styling mousse."



"THESE TWO MEN ARE JUST ONE EXAMPLE OF HOW MY GOVERNMENT HAS FULFILLED ITS PLEDGE TO PUT CANADIANS BACK TO WORK."

Letters to the Editor

Chickens belittled

Dear Editor,

They were just gonna end up in the Colonel's hands anyway. Some mechanical engineers told us that these chickens were the right aerodynamic shape and there was great possibilities of Bourelli's force coming into effect here. Ee-aye-ee-aye-oh.

Old Mack Donald
Agriculture II

Moral mess

Clouds of blue smoke drift from the room. A final oath escapes my lips. Now I can rationally examine my problem. The problem is theft. Recently, one of my possessions (worth around \$50; half of my net worth) 'mysteriously' went missing.

I could use all sorts of euphemisms to describe the situation: I misplaced it, someone borrowed it — permanently of course — the classic "I lost it," or someone picked it up. Bullshit. Someone has stolen it. I find it odd that when one loses or misplaces some possession, it is seldom found where it was lost or misplaced. The possession is seldom found at all. Why? Because said possession moves, and not under its own power.

This brings us to an insidious attitude which is becoming increasingly frequent. The attitude is that theft is the victim's own fault. It is the belief that the person whose property has been stolen brought it on himself. Your calculator? Why, you shouldn't have left it unattended. Your watch? You did take it off, didn't you? Your bike? Use a stronger chain next time. In short, the attitude is that if you do not make it impossible for theft to occur, then you, the victim, are at fault. It is the thief's right to abscond with whatever he can lay hands upon. Thus, even if my possessions are locked up, the thief may take them if he is able to break the lock. And I am at fault for not having used a stronger lock. Short of carrying around bank vaults, what can we do?

We can take a realistic and honest view of theft. One does not 'pick up', 'borrow', 'take home' or 'use for a while' things he finds unattended. He steals them. Flowery phrases don't disguise theft. Nor can one excuse theft by reasoning that whoever has lost, misplaced or left unattended something thus does

not need it. Really, I should not have to watch my every possession to ensure it is not stolen. Nor should I be made to feel that I am at fault if I am the victim of theft. I am not at fault if I misplace something and someone steals it. Rather, it is those so impoverished of conscience as to take the property of others who are at fault. It is they who take what they have no right to.

I grant that one (myself included) is naive and stupid, knowing how the cruel world works, to expect that his property will be respected. One is foolish to think that he stands much chance of recovering lost or misplaced articles. But though I may be foolish, naive, and stupid for misplacing something, I am not in the wrong if it is stolen. The thief is.

In the extremely unlikely instance that I catch the contemptible Neanderthal who, today, has what is rightly mine, what will I do? He/she need not fear being beaten, stabbed, verbally abused, hung, tortured, strapped into an electric chair, placed before a firing squad, or cast into a crocodile-filled moat. No, I've settled on boiling the culprit in oil.

Bereft

"Wolf!"

To anyone in particular: Is it possible that there are so many letters in The Gateway from the political hacks because there is an election coming up in the near future?

Head for the hills!

Captain Nemo
Kansas Naval Reserve

Confession

Dear Students:

It seems that most of you out there are either not reading the paper or have nothing to say. One of the functions of The Gateway is to serve as a public forum for discussion on topical issues or to raise issues heretofore unknown to our readership. Of late however, we have been desperately short of letters and are occasionally forced to make some up.

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The Gateway

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What fun is a circus! M. Levenson and Ken Hui set up 3 rings in the Gateway office and a throng of Elaine Ostry, Greg McHarg, Virginia Gillese and Ray Walker gathered. Don Tepfyske started off the extravaganza by swallowing a flaming James MacDonald while jumping through a hoop held by the lovely Blaine Ostapovich, and also while playing trumpet in a brass quartet with Pat Maguire, Carolyn Aney and Hans Beckers. "I'm bored," whispered Louise Hill to Edna Landreville. Then Rob Schmidt rode in on the back of Alex Miller, juggling Pernel Tarnowski, Leif Stout and Rog Daimant. And then Diane Hoy woke up, realized it was all a dream, and fell off the tightrope.