

Letters cont'd...

To the Editor:

What is with you? Is this the first year in your history that you have had difficulty reconciling quality and quantity in the same newspaper? Are you aware of the distinction between freedom of the press and a possible libel suit?

It seems about time that the Students' Union AND Gateway staff got together to decide their stand here.

Do you publish CRAP just for the sake of having something to publish?

The Students' Union has just lost massive amounts of respect as a result of the recent "Bambi-strip" incident. No wonder there exists such student apathy! Who could care for or hold any interest at all in a governing body of such low, low calibre?

The same goes for K. Graham Bowers' infantile and tasteless article on life in residence. Who could continue to read such humourless articles week after week after week.

I agree with Peter McClure's comment in last week's Gateway that there seemingly is a lack of adults, there are no feminists, and there are probably too few editors on the paper's editorial staff.

In addition to this, in my opinion, there is a lack of responsibility, good judgement, and taste on the Students' Union itself.

Some "university."

Marina Pidruchney
Arts III

To the Editor:

On Sept. 16th, a racist movie called "Midnight Express" was shown in the SUB Theatre, followed by a speech by an ex-drug smuggler named Billy Hates. Two questions should be asked to the Students' Union (SU):

1. Since the movie inaccurately portrayed a whole nation, as Mr. Hayes had to admit, what was the purpose of showing this racist movie?

2. Was Mr. Hayes paid money to tell his fantasies in the SUB Theatre? If yes, would not that money and time (for movie and speech) have been spent for positive purposes?

Mr. Hayes was successful in convincing some naive people that one of his purposes was "to correct the film's distortion of events." However, his subjectivity is clear to those who have been to his previous speeches at some other institutions where his tone was much more blunt since he did not face any opposition as he did at the U of A. Still, he portrayed Turkey as a country where you can find drugs at every corner. This is a big LIE. Also, he claimed that one was assumed to be guilty until proven innocent in Turkey whereas the converse is true under the constitution.

During the question period, he also managed to persuade some naive people about authenticity of his story. He almost posed himself as a "saint" during his speech. By practicing yoga in jail for several months, Mr. Hayes (who intended to sell hashish in the USA to satisfy his greed for money and to spoil other Americans) became almost a saint; therefore, we should believe in him. It is that simple! We do NOT believe his portrayal of the life in prisons, hospitals, law system. What we do believe is that he is a greedy man who exaggerated in his book and made millions out of the movie which further exaggerated his book at the expense of a whole nation.

It is sad that the SU showed this racist movie and let Mr. Hayes tell his lies to help him maintain his popularity. It is further surprising that the Promotions Coordinator for SU tried to draw spotlight away from the issue of racist show to cover up the organizers' goof. We condemn the showing of this racist movie and organizers of the whole event.

Concerned Edmontonians
for Racial Hatred and Drugs

To the Editor:

Re: Aritha van Herk, Sept. 18.

I fully agree with Ms. van Herk's modest assessment of herself that the novel *No Fixed Address* proves "she's good and getting better," but I must insist that during her thesis examination I did not ask her about J.D. Roberts. The Canadian writer's name is Charles G.D. (for God Damn) Roberts. Was that your reporter's mistake or Ms. van Herk's? If the latter, I will have to see what can be done to have her M.A. recalled. J.D. indeed. She never did answer my question.

Rudy Wiebe
Professor of English

Opinion

As the date for beginning my four-year university sentence drew closer, I was warned repeatedly of the horrors I would doubtlessly encounter. Seasoned veterans (third-year students) told me, "It's not like high school — nobody gives a damn whether or not you do your homework or if you fail a few tests." Teachers admonished me to revise my work schedule and be prepared to "study up to 10 hours a day." Relatives related their stories of sharing a class with "four or five hundred other students." "And," they continued, "if you don't sprint from class to class in the ten minutes allotted you, you'll never find a seat or you'll be locked out." With these chilling warnings in mind, I concocted an image of a university class. It would be the size of a football field, filled with an infinite number of students frantically writing down every word uttered by the aged, spindly professor at the north end of the field. I began to fear that I would lose my soul (and probably my body, too) amidst a sea of eternally lost bodies. The fear of losing my identity stirred within me.

I registered for my classes by dial-a-calculator. On my tenth call, I wished upon it a case of incurable laryngitis.

Then I began university where I learned to discern the truth and falsehoods from the true horror tales!

I do not agree with those who claim that university has become an impersonal and aloof institution. Indeed, I find that the opposite is true. I have actually learned a lot about myself and met many warm, friendly people.

I have also found, to my surprise, that my teachers are very approachable. They are not the prototypes I envisioned, but rather friendly, outgoing people who say (sincerely, I hope) that they are always willing to help with any problems we might have.

Those who complain that the huge population on campus causes feelings of alienation are taking the wrong view. In university, there is much more room for individuality than in high school and I have gained confidence in myself. Unlike high school, one is held accountable for one's choices and actions in university.

I have managed to meet many different people, especially as a result of my living in residence. I have already learned much of Swedish, Spanish, Indian, and Italian cultures that I had never been exposed to before. There is a factor pulling all us many different people together — the desire (and/or the necessity) of gaining an education.

I can be myself and feel comfortable here with my own ideas. Thus, I can now happily snuggle into my own personal niche in university because I have learned that it is not necessarily an impersonal institution. It is, rather, an institution made vibrant and alive by the highly individualistic people who inhabit it.

Terri Mann

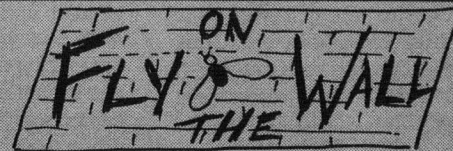
NOVEMBER 20, 1964:

— The Pill became available at Student Health Services. However, according to SHS head Dr. J.F. Elliott, it would be available "only for medical reasons." The Pill had been prescribed three times, but only to regulate the menstrual cycle, not for contraception.

To the Editor:

Congratulations on your fine reporting in connection with bookstore profits. How about a similar expose of food prices on campus?

I. Foord



I spot a lone figure sitting on a bench as I slowly amble down the mall, a new tasting coke in my right hand, nothing in my left. I was going to buy myself a hot dog, but I decided against it. It is too early in the year to start eating hot dogs from one of this mall's restaurants. One should not tamper with one's body until the exam schedule is known.

This figure I see is a male and he is not really sitting on the bench, he is slouching on it, in what I suppose is the classic male-sitting position. The lower part of his back is a good six inches away from the backboard of the bench. His hands are folded and resting comfortably on his stomach. His feet are together. His knees are a mile apart. If a female ever sat like this she would likely be arrested, approached, or scoffed at. But as a male, he gets away with it.

There is nothing particularly unusual about this fellow. He is wearing sunglasses which, in a different venue, may be considered to be a little off beat. But here in the mall, where orange hair, and spiked hair, and earrings on anyone, and visible belly buttons are all commonplace, this fellow stands out not at all. So I walk by him and as I do so I notice that, amidst all the noise and hustle of Hub Mall, he is sleeping.

J. Dylan

The Round Corner

By Greg Whiting

101 USES		MYST
101 USES FOR A DEAD CAT VOL. II	101 USES FOR A DEAD CAT VOL. I	BLOOD SWEAT TEARS
101 USES FOR A BRICK	101 USES FOR A PENCIL	THE CHASE
101 USES FOR A HUBCAP	101 USES FOR L'QUID PAPER®	WILE E. COYOTE
101 USES FOR MONEY	101 USES FOR SNOWSHOES	HOW TO ROB BANKS
101 USES FOR A FLOOR LAMP	101 USES FOR 101 USES BOOKS	DILLINGER
EN GARDE!		GENERIC WHO DUNIT
		JOHN SMITH
		WAR & PESTILENCE
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Whiting

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Clarkson Gordon

A MEMBER OF ARTHUR YOUNG INTERNATIONAL

MARCH 18, 1938:

— In an interview with *The Gateway*, Federal Minister of Transport, Hon. C.D. Howe, said that Canada would remain neutral if Europe should go to war.

Medicine

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