

EDITORIAL

Thrash etiquette

Slam-dancing reinforces faith in humanity.

Contrary to what the TV cameras show, slam-dancing is not violent and despite some commentators, slam-dancing is not degenerative.

When you enter the little area that becomes the dance floor, you make a silent bargain with everyone else on the floor: I don't hurt you, you don't hurt me, and if we help each other, we'll all have fun.

Consequently, when you're thrashing, no one will go out of his or her way to punch you in the eye or break your ribs. No chance of injury. If you dive off stage, people will keep you aloft in the air until it's someone else's turn and you are gently eased to the ground. No chance of breaking your head. If you fall, someone will pick you up. No chance of being trampled.

If you happen to fall out of the dancing circle into the spectators, spectators will not knuckle you in the back or push you back into the fray (unless they're your friends). They will cushion you with their palms or kindly make way for you to leave (or to return to) the dancing area.

Most thrashers are iconoclastic, but not disrespectful.

If you're a singer, people will crowd onto the stage with you and promptly jump off. If you go out into the crowd, you will be bouyed by hands and heads even as you sing. No chance of being ripped apart by hero-worshippers.

And thrashers are generally without pretensions. After all, how can anyone possibly be better than anyone else at slam-dancing? And how can income bracket or social stature be a hindrance or a help when ripped jeans, old army boots and a t-shirt or no t-shirt will do? In the case of dancing, the more relaxed the rules, the less fakery.

No, slam-dancing is not violent or dangerous or a symptom of some decay or other.

As a friend of mine says, slam-dancing is just a bunch of kids having fun, playing a big game of tag . . . with a hundred and fifty people in a space of twenty feet.

Suzette C. Chan

Important
Notice to Staff

The following people are eligible to vote in the Sports Editor election Thursday, November 1st:

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Meeting begins at 4:00 sharp.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Disarming issues

October 16-21 a movement-improv. play called *Freedom* was cancelled due to a number of problems.

As director, I apologize to anyone who dragged their personage out (especially with a friend!) to see the show on the weekend. The show was not formally cancelled until Friday morning. (The director truly believes in the need for spiritual freedom, and now knows this means people may feel the need to have the freedom to study and/or leave town). The individuals are very talented, therefore they do have another production on next month.

Although the performance did not go on as scheduled, it was a learning experience, which I believe any venture into a new realm of knowledge should be.

While wandering Friday afternoon (ostensibly looking for posters to take down), I entered the hallowed halls of St. Joseph's college. I was searching for a Religion and/or Tehology course to replace a Psychology course I've dropped next term (much more spiritually uplifting), when I spotted a poster announcing the U.N. Peace Walk on Saturday afternoon. I believe in the need for peaceful coexistence with fellow human beings, and in voicing ones' concern over the inhumanity of nuclear weaponry — so I joined the march.

I had the privilege of meeting many individuals dedicated to increased public knowledge and awareness of the nuclear arms issue. There are numerous groups both on and off campus concerned with the escalating arms race. (Educators for Peace, Christians for Peace and Social Justice, Alberta Nurses for Nuclear Disarmament, Arts for Peace, to name a few). The production "Bombs" performed by the Chinook Theatre company, was staged afterward. Bombs is based upon one young man's dream/nightmare of the probability of a nuclear holocaust occurring in our lifetime.

I urge all students who admit there is a need to end

nuclear weapon testing, arming, and deploying in order to ensure a peaceful world for future generations to attend any of the events being held during the U.N. Disarmament Week and Nuclear Awareness Week here on campus.

I have known of this issue for a long while, therefore a critic would be correct in stating this is not new knowledge, yet I believe intelligent decisions for the future can only be made when intelligent individuals voice their beliefs instead of remaining silent. I believe peace is the only hope and direction which will ensure life for future generations.

Deborah Norris
Arts III

P.S. — Yes, Mr. Watson, the times are indeed changing and the peace movement is changing with them.

Rutherford bums

As you may have noticed, a record number of students are attending university this session. Consequently one has to queue up for everything from buying a hamburger to checking out a library book.

Studying is an essential characteristic of being a student. It enables you to escape mortification when the prof, in a sadistic moment, returns exams in order of top grade to lowest. Because of the severe crowding it's often difficult to get study space.

There are some students in Rutherford study hall who persist in dumping their books upon the tables in such a skillful fashion that a good third of the surface is successfully hogged. (And they cunningly drape their jackets on chairs next to them.) Another irritating characteristic is when the owner of these same texts disappears for a couple of hours. Okay, all of us periodically visit Java Jive for a jolt of caffeine — BUT — as I write this letter two students are sitting & studying at my table, the other five places are occupied but the owners of all the paraphernalia have been absent for the past two hours. As an economics major I merely wish to point out this is an inefficient use of resources and damned selfish as well.

Veronica Barlee

The Gateway

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Paul Hewson leads this week's staffers in an intimate sing-along. Anthony Pavlic follows, as Jim Herbert falls down. Hans Beckers' hideous voice sends Bill Doskoch and Shane Berg to the 48th floor, while Geoff Jackson and Jens Anderson sing a new song. Brenda Waddle sings a song that makes John Charles angry, and Greg Owens is with Bosco Chang again, shouting it out. Suddenly, all is quiet... Special mention to Don Teplyske who laid out page 3, and Warren Opheim who did the layout on page 12.