

SUB tables

After the interesting discussion concerning tables in SUB, the Young Socialists and other pertinent problems which at present confront the S.U. Executive, I thought it might be amusing to cite three entries from 'A Short Educational Dictionary' compiled by Kingsley Amis & Robert Conquest - (Black Paper Three, ed. C.G. Cox & A.E. Dyson, London, 1971, pp. 66-70):

RIGHTS (Students): Students' wishes. (See Demands).

DEMANDS: Wishes. Normally described as 'non-negotiable.'

DEMOCRACY: 1) The system prevailing in North Vietnam, China, Cuba, etc. 2) The running of a university on the basis of suitable revolutionary students having a decisive voice in all matters. Participatory democracy implies conducting a state, a university, or any other organization not by the mass vote of the apathetic and bourgeois majority, but the conscientious, concerned minority.

yours sincerely,
C.J. Simpson
Dept. of Classics

Flame

According to Dr. John Lightfoot of Cambridge, today marks the five thousand nine hundred seventy eighth anniversary of the creation of man. This gives us an opportunity to say that in lieu of a birthday cake with candles, someone could at least have lit the Inter-Fraternity Flame in SUB.

Not only would this have commemorated man's creation, it would have beautified the large slab of concrete, which lies dormant.

This fire, which was our constant friend and companion last year, is missed by many of us. If it is not going to be lit, we want to know why. Is somebody up there pyrophobic?

Yours truly,
Dina McLaughlin Ed. 1
Erick Spink Arts 2
Cecily Downie Arts 2
Ute Blunek Arts 2
Lisa Stefuk Ed. 2

More poppies

Re: Poppycock (Oct. 9, Gateway)

I was dismayed to read that someone is actually urging the boycotting of poppies, and disappointed that the idea was expressed in Gateway (a paper which I thought had finally regained the quality it possessed a few years ago.)

In the past three months on this campus, I have been urged to boycott Kraft, grapes, the Students' Union and Safeway; I have met with pleas to support repressed Chileans, the Young Socialists and the Women's Coalition for the Repeal of Abortion Laws, and other causes. Definitely these matters warrant serious consideration and in some cases my adamant support.

I tend to think however, that among the truly dedicated humanitarians on this campus (and elsewhere), there must be a number of persons who enthusiastically support causes which they neither understand or sincerely care as to their solution. It seems that after a time when these serious and sometimes tragic situations lose interest for these cheerleader supporters, they pick a new one. If a matter which craves honest support does not readily present itself, they merely create one. I suggest that the writer of this editorial is such a person of these pathetic characteristics.

I suspect that this individual is not very well informed as to the social and political situations which existed prior to, and

during, the wars in which Canadians served.

For some Canadians who were not conscripted, the defense services during World War II, provided essentially jobs which were not abundant due to the depression years. For some it was merely another cause to join and support. Perhaps some were pressured to serve by their peer group and families. Assuredly however, for the vast majority of these "faceless blobs who left their families," and "risked their lives," it was for ideals and values which I think Canadians still believe in and for which most of us strive for and would fight for today.

I recommend that the writer of this article investigate the purposes for which the poppy money is spent. I know that much of it is spent to relieve the suffering of those "heroes" who were injured as a result of the wars. Such a person as the victim of burns whom Paul Cadogan described in his letter appearing on the page opposite to this editorial.

I do not believe many people don poppies simply to complete their fall wardrobe or to ease their guilt-ridden consciences, but even if some do is it in any way harmful?

I will be wearing a poppy in November for several reasons and will be pleased knowing my donation is reaching the persons for whom it was intended.

I'm not urging anyone to wear a poppy who does not want to but I suggest that before you criticize those who do, seek out the reasons why they do.

K. Wall
Arts

Rocking chairs

Remember the Rocking Chair Lounge in HUB? Perhaps not too many people are even aware that it ever existed. Because it lived a very short life. Five days to be exact.

It was killed by the irresponsibility of some anonymous assholes who seemed to think that anything that isn't nailed to the floor or chained to a wall can be ripped off at the whim of any jerk who happens along. Forty chairs and a dozen or so tables were put in that

lounge and within five days twelve chairs and three tables had been stolen. Fifteen pieces of furniture in five days from an open lounge on a public mall! It's been suggested that it was a wonder the people involved didn't trip over each other in their mad rush to help themselves to the goodies.

I truly hope that no-one can condone this type of nonsensical action. I really would like to believe that most people are more than fools, that there's more to the human animal than narrow-minded, destructive self-interest, and that people have loftier goals than proving themselves idiots.

Stealing is not something of which all persons can be blamed. But it is indicative, at least, of the muck of degenerate attitudes that is all around us.

We have the possibility to be so much more than just 'somethings' enjoying a bodily existence. But this underlying bog of irrationality is constantly sucking us back. The human race has a generally poor history in that all we seem to have accomplished is a continuing revolution in life styles. There has been no corresponding revolution or evolution of people. We are still surrounded by the same unreasoning elements of decay.

It has been the eternal aim of empires, countries and societies to pass on a better world to their children. But their efforts have been futile because the most important thing was always missing. It is not that they should have tried to build a better world for their children, but that they should have tried to build better children for the world.

I believe we have a responsibility to realize our potential as thinking entities, to use our minds, rather than wallow in apathy and stagnation, and to use our minds for sensible purposes - to correct our faults rather than perpetuate our weaknesses.

If you agree, you can talk to people you know. And if they agree they can tell the generation to follow, because only then will the human race start to go somewhere other than in circles.

And if you don't agree - well, enjoy the muck.

Anton Kritzingner



editorial

And in reply...

The Gateway owes an apology to the University of Calgary Gauntlet. In our October 9 issue we reprinted an editorial from the Gauntlet under the heading "Poppycock" without an explanation of exactly where it came from.

The piece was originally written in 1961 by then-editor Maurice Yakowar. Yakowar, incidentally, was subsequently fired for his frothy editorial. The article was reprinted in a more recent issue of the Gauntlet as part of an article on past editors.

We reprinted the article because we felt it was a timely, well-worded criticism of war in general. It was not intended as an all-out attack on Canadian soldiers who fought in the two world wars.

The following is an unsolicited editorial by a regularly contributing Gateway staff member. For those of you who are anxiously awaiting Allyn Cadogan's own thoughts on the subject, see Thursday's Gateway.

Allyn Cadogan

The sound and the fury directed at Gateway's October 9 editorial against poppy-buying is certainly refreshing, emanating as it does, from that master corps of apathy, the student body. What a pity that it should be so misdirected.

Let us imagine a fantasy: that Adolf and Benito have won the war in Europe. The Soviet Union is smashed, Western Europe is incorporated into some form of a United States of Europe, with a somewhat more obvious display of German leadership than is the case at present, and America has divided Asia in its war with Japan, taking home a little less that she is realizing now.

It is Armistice Day in the Heue Europa: fat Goering (Hitler has long since ceded power, due to advanced age) takes the salute at yet another mammoth rally in Berlin. Thousands of troops pass in review--you know the scenario. And they're all wearing poppies. Up on the reviewing stand, down in the crowds, everyone is wearing a little red poppy. Every year they hear the speeches, and every year they pin on a little red poppy, and of course they're right.

And so are you. Except that you're on the other end, and you blew the war. No parades, no speeches, no poppies. Instead, some pictures on your mantle, of people long dead. Some tears from your mother, every November, when it's so damn cold, and the echoes and memories become too much for her, and she breaks.

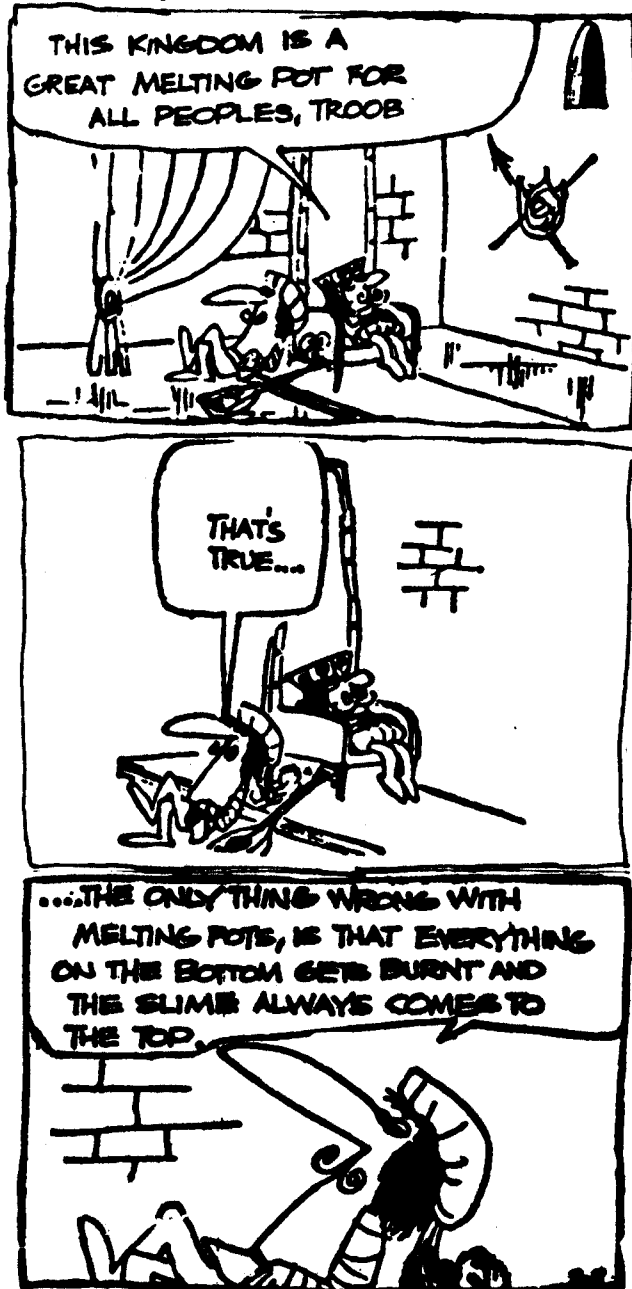
Now I want you to tell her about why she should wear a poppy. Tell her about how fine and noble and good and glorious the battle deaths of her men were, and shouldn't we owe it to them to pin on a little red poppy. Tell her how right it is that her man's guts should be decorating the French countryside, so that she has the freedom now to buy German cars and Japanese cameras. Go ahead. I don't believe you'll have an audience. And like the song says, when you got no audience, there just ain't no show.

Don't buy a poppy this year. Instead, on November 11, go down to the Legion, and sit down with a vet. Listen to his song--until it hurts--and buy him a beer. Touch him by the hand, and tell him how glad you are that he's alive, and how good it is to share that feeling.

Especially, turn off the record. By buying a poppy, you're starting the same dreary music all over, and nobody's dancing anymore. Nobody listens to a coin in a tin cup. And for hollow, meaningless symbols, nothing beats the poppy.

We've got to bring it on home.

Art Neumann



The Gateway

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