

Letters

Yearbooks, plumbers and university

Dear "Sirs":

Having just surveyed the contents of the 1970-71 yearbook, I would like to put forth a few of my own opinions which do not agree with those you have subjected us to in Volume 1 of "The Book".

First, let me say that I resent waiting six months to receive that monstrosity (if such a pukely little book can be so characterized). Having been forewarned a little that it would not be a book but two volumes, and slightly unorthodox, I was still willing to put my money into a picture--not so that I could have a picture of myself necessarily, though that is part of the memories one likes to keep--but also so that I could exchange pictures with my friends and classmates who also wanted a reminder of those they went to school with. Further, I did it because I felt rather grateful to my parents who had helped me come to university--the book was to be a kind of thank-you-memory-card for them as well--something to show their friends and say "these are the friends that our daughter went to school with, and here are pictures of the campus and campus life." Well, not only will I not be able to show them my yearbook, for it doesn't have any meaning for me or for them, but when they ask me why, all I can say is "because there were a few people who wanted to spoil the memories of a lot of others by souring the whole university experience."

It was quite obvious that the pictures in Volume 2 (the faceless, nameless crowd) were there only to lend support to your convictions expressed in Volume 1. I resent being used in such a manner--I do not believe that the university is merely a negative experience--it is

whatever you want to make it.

Education involves not only going to classes and learning from professors (who, believe it or not, do have something to say, and who often are intelligent and resourceful, despite all the years of university "life" they have accumulated), but from interacting with other students and with staff after class, going for coffee and philosophizing about life or books, movies or maybe even death. I am now in my 5th year of University, and I don't believe that it has been an entire waste of time. I have met a lot of really interesting people, learned a lot of facts about my subject--political science--and thru both have understood a little better how the world works, and how complex man and his society is--unlike you who believe all is black, I feel there is a lot of black, some white, and a lot of dirty grey (I would even hazard a guess that you have a little white in your souls as well!)

Sure it's rough--lots of people cannot get into university--they have a lot of counts against them--but you'll notice that most humanitarians come from the ranks of the already educated, who are trying to change the system just a little at a time (which is better than not at all) into something a little better. You ought to be thankful that you aren't one of the ones who has to work in a factory all day, and then go home at night so exhausted that the only thinking you can do is on a very superficial level. God--if you don't appreciate the opportunities education (and I don't mean just a high paying job) can give you, then go out and stop wasting everyone's time and money. Get out there and get on an assembly line. But I

would suspect that you would then be just a little too tired and numb to help anyone--not that you do anyway.

Admittedly, a lot of people came to university with the hope that when they get out they can rake in the cash. You must have been one of them. I fail to understand why you should be so bitter about not getting a job when you get out, if you claim that you want learning, you want an education that means something. The two aren't necessarily related. There are lots of very intelligent people in university who could give you a lot of advice on how to help solve some of the problems in society--you can find them in the sociology and psychology departments, engineering and microbiology departments, and I dare say even in political science. If you want a high paying job, be a plumber--they make more money per hour than an engineer with two years experience after a degree. (Check it out yourself.)

But if you want understanding of man and society and the workings of government with the idea that with that knowledge you can maybe change something, you won't, I am afraid get it talking to yourselves--you are following a nowhere negative fad yourselves--really--you don't believe that university is that bad or you wouldn't be here. It's too bad your fad doesn't produce positive, constructive results rather than a lot of crap as is evident in our yearbook.

Love,
P.G. Armstrong

P.S. I feel rather sorry for you, as well as impatient and angry--which is why I have taken the time to write this letter.

Theatre laws

1. Repeal of the Province of Alberta Amusements Act.
2. Exemption from the fire and safety code to which it is subject.
3. A budget large enough to replace yearly the carpets and seats damaged by cigarette burns and spilled drinks.
4. A group of unbiased and totally objective persons to act as a SUB Censor Board responsible for informing lessees of the Theatre what they can present to students and the general public and how it must be labelled.

The above recommendations are basically the changes required to satisfy some of the patrons who were present for the "Underground Film Festival" on Saturday, October 2, 1971. If the advice of myself, my staff and some of your fellow students had been followed, there would have been no film festival. We advised the lessee of the theatre that there was likely to be problem in his choice of films as far as the Alberta Censor Board was concerned, his planned tickets prices of \$1.00 for students, \$1.50 for non-students was too high and the term "Underground" is rather vague and subject to one's personal definition. Nevertheless he confirmed the booking, signed the contract, paid the theatre charges (in excess of \$200.00) and you saw the result.

What you didn't see was:

1. The film footage that didn't get through the Censor Board due to the five working days in advance of the show required by the Board and;
2. The films that weren't submitted because they probably would have been cut up to the extent of loss of meaning.

The no smoking and no drinks rules reduce the maintenance and cleaning costs of the theatre as well as meeting the fire and safety and building policy codes. The "restricted adult" advertising was required by law even though only one print shown was so classified. The

"Student Cinema" tickets used were misleading but were used because the use of stock roll tickets for advance sales in the past resulted in counterfeiting. And the "clod in the projection room" was a fellow student who knows that if we don't follow the procedures required by the various agencies controlling licensed Theatres in Alberta we don't have any films at all, he'll lose his projectionists' license and several of his fellow workers in the Theatre could be unemployed.

This explanation is really only the tip of the iceberg so if you

really are concerned about out film situation, contact me and we could assemble a group to attempt to change things at the Provincial Government Progressive Conservative level. Some of you must have voted for them so lets put them to work.

Cec Pretty
Manager of Arts

Shitty poetry

So nobody should be a nit-picking critic, especially when he is only a humble reader and not a major poetaster. But then again, if no one reads your POETRY SUPPLEMENT 1 (upper case because this is not only literature, but great), you might feel your efforts to be wasted.

Two comments only. Kathy Erdman should make an attempt to discover what *haiku* should strive at, even in English, to deserve the name. I noticed the other day that Rutherford has a good little book on this subject. As for the kitsch disguised as free verse, one might as well publish pages at random from Roget in a search for Meaning. Spare us, please; reprint Caedmon's *Hymn* if you are desperate to fill space.

With all due humility, I await poison pen letters and diatribes against my unfeeling soul.

Arnd Bohm
Arts 2

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