

Bang ! Bang!

Last Tuesday, I once again found myself in front of my television watching a world leader fall victim to yet another act of senseless violence. The question to ask is: When will this gangster attitude we so readily accept as a part of our daily life end?

Over the past seven months the world has witnessed either the attempted killing or, more recently, the agonizing death of a public figure. President Reagan, Pope John Paul, and now President Anwar Sadat have found themselves in the firing line of some mentally deficient person or persons. The hardest thing to accept about these attacks is not that they happened, but, the never-ending re-occurrence of these tragedies. Each time we read a paper or watch the news a story of death and destruction in the name of peace or political change can be readily found. The logic behind these events fails me. Why do six men, armed to the teeth, charge into a crowd of innocent people, shooting and blowing up anybody? Why bomb a church in Vienna? Why starve yourself to death in a prison? If someone can give me a logical answer to murder, please do.

Could it be that the answer lies within ourselves? Many of us show our concern with a simple

"That's too bad", or "Isn't it awful"; but in many instances the reaction is one of non-concern, the ever present "who cares" prevails. Being honest, I must confess to usually being a "who cares" person. No more! After seeing the film of the Cairo assassination, the slow deliberate movement of killers with no regard for human life, and the mangled bodies of innocent people; my eyes and mind have opened to realize this is wrong and must stop.

Perhaps by living in Canada we feel safe from such displays of terrorism. This is nothing more than a feeling of false security. Remember James Cross and Pierre LaPorte from the "October Crisis" of 1970? Scaring people is not the purpose of this article, the point is to try and have more people realize what a violent and troubled world we live in. We, as individuals cannot stop such mindless acts. People will continue to hurt each other for whatever reason they can find; personal or political: but, is freedom actually worth the ultimate price of life taken by fanatics?

Wake up folks. News reports from Washington, Rome and Cairo can quite easily centre on Ottawa next.

By Larry LeBlanc

SPEAK EASY

A SHORT COURSE ON EFFECTIVE
SPEAKING FOR U.P.E.I. STUDENTS

WHEN: Monday, October 19, 1981

TIME: 2:30 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.

PLACE: Audio Visual Studio, Robertson Library

HOW LONG? 6 weeks

Please pre-register at: Dept. of Student Services
1st floor
Main Building

The Professor's Diary

Monday: Still worried about my promotion. I heard a nasty rumour today that the Promotions Committee is changing its terms of reference, and from now on promotion will be on merit. Apparently, just being around for years and years is to have nothing to do with it. This is most distressing.

Tuesday: The essence of appearing to be well read, and therefore worthy of meritorious promotion, lies not in reading a lot of books but in having a lot of books. The essence of appearing to have a lot of books is to have more books than one's shelves can hold. This is why the offices of professors with a formidable reputation for scholarships are always so messy. Accordingly, today I took the unheard of but fiendishly clever step of having one of my bookcases actually removed. The books it used to hold are now scattered in impressive confusion on chairs, windowsill and floor.

Wednesday: The idea of improving my professorial image for promotion increasingly preoccupies me. Hence, further thoughts today on the art of shelf-manship. When a student sits in the usual seat in front of one's desk, his or her eye naturally falls on a certain shelf before any other. Hence the books that fill this shelf must be chosen with great care. In my view they should not be books on one's special subject. Rather they should show unexpected breadth or hidden depth. A humourless mathematician presumed monolingual should display a complete set of *Asterix le Gaulois*. A jolly French professor, on the other hand, should invest in a shelf of second-hand textbooks on statistics perhaps buying these from students, well thumbed. Perhaps I should buy a set of *Penthouse*.

Thursday: The size of one's office is surely a further aspect of image. After much reflection, I have decided today that mine is the wrong size. It is merely average. A successful professor would have either a very big office or a very small one. The former connotes power, the latter diligence. The former can be divided into separate areas for working, meeting guests, holding seminars, and so forth, thereby suggesting a gracious command over a multi-faceted career. The latter should be big enough for only two hard chairs and a desk. The guest's chair should rock unevenly. Devotion to pure scholarship is the obvious message here.

Friday: It occurs to me today that the office decor should follow the same principle as office size. To paraphrase Oscar Wilde, one's walls should hold either everything or nothing. The problem with mine is that they hold merely something. If one cannot display a hastily tacked-up sheet from one's latest computer print-out, combined with a facsimile of the Bayeux Tapestry, a salacious print by Rowlandson, and a skiing poster from Innsbruck, one should display vacancy. Asceticism, after all, is a saleable commodity. Look at Trudeau