

The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—And he found, inscribed upon the wall, these names: Marvin Bjornstad, Gail Evasiuk, Judy Samoil, Randy Jankowski, Robert Conarroe, Randy Langley, Joe Czajkowski, Jim Muller, John Blackwell, and Brian Campbell. Knowing there were none to follow, he added yours truly, Harvey Thomgirt.

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GFC should be open

Dr. Johns' opposition to open meetings of General Faculty Council emphasizes exactly what he is fighting against—the need for open discussion between all segments of the university community.

While there are arguments justifying closed meetings of GFC and the Board of Governors, these are insignificant when one considers that open meetings lead to a more informed public, and that the public must be informed in order to make intelligent decisions, and it is the public who finally makes all decisions.

Dr. Johns says of GFC, . . . "a great majority of the matters considered are not of general interest to the student body at all". This is obviously not an argument but merely an observation, for how can one person decide with any degree of certainty what is interesting, and also of importance to another person?

In the same vein, Dr. Johns says The Gateway would not understand the issues involved. With all due respect, sir, if there is not someone on our present staff who understands the issues, then we will find someone who does.

Dr. Johns says open meetings would . . . "reduce the ability of the council to deal with its problems".

If the members of GFC or the B of G are so weak in their convictions

they cannot function properly in the view of the public then such persons should be exposed to the public and disposed off.

However, it is not true to say all the proceedings of these bodies should be brought before the public. There are many matters such as the acquisition of land or appointment of personnel which should be discussed in closed meeting to protect speculation or harm to individuals.

This can be done quite readily, by declaring the body a committee of the whole for the period of the discussion, during which time only committee members could be present. It could be left to the integrity of the body not to abuse this procedure.

The request for open meetings of the B of G and GFC are not entirely out of line with current thinking on the question. McGill University and the University of British Columbia have recently opened their senates to the public; and consideration is being given the matter at the University of Toronto.

Finally, while arguments against open meetings are aimed at The Gateway, we contend open meetings would not only be of benefit to the public through the press, but they would also permit any individual interested in a specific issue to be present when it is being resolved. This is just as important as having the press present.

The S in SDU means 'secret'

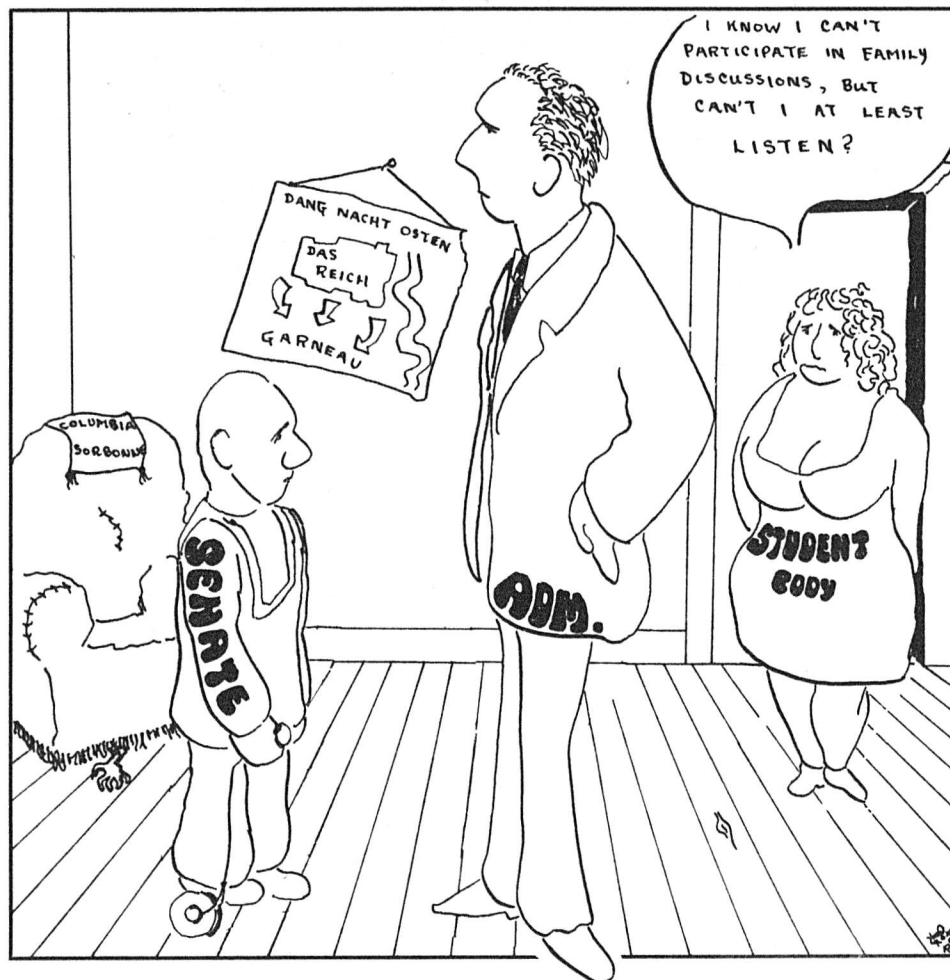
While on the topic of secrecy, it would seem the Students for a Democratic University are not quite practising what they preach on this matter.

A recent attempt by a Gateway reporter to cover one of their meetings was met by a firm request for the reporter to leave.

While the meeting may have been

discussing major tactics which would not work if made public, how can these people deplore the secret manipulations of the beaurocracy on one hand, and then set up an inner governing body of their own which operates in a shroud of secrecy.

One must question what they believe in, and even how much they know about what they believe in.



Good old Harv was just happy

By BRIAN CAMPBELL

When Harvey Smith came to university the world was rich and gold and brown. It was not that old Harvey knew all the things there were to know or anything, he was just happy. When Harvey walked into the students' union there were people packed everywhere. All jammed around the machines and the staircases and the tables and stretch-on the lounge couches. Harvey didn't even care when the milk machine was empty—there was so much color. He didn't even care about his sawdust sandwich which he ate dry. He looked. He watched.

Yellow hair . . . yellow dress . . . sunlight down the stairwell . . . round medical collar . . . climbing slowly . . . sort of a black strip over one almond-shoulder down over the swelling breast. Harvey watched the lighting in slow-motion. Her head twisted to talk and Harvey watched the light drop in her eyes. She turned to talk to a companion. The hair made slow waltzes across the sun and swirled back. The bluish stockings pivoted on clean shoes out of sight. Harvey wondered if the people around him could hear the last of the sandwich as he chewed. It was so dry. He reached in the bag for some grapes. Someone cursed the empty machine and Harvey apolozized as the curser pushed past to the stairs.

Harvey was thinking he wanted to say something. He only had ten pages to say it. His tongue was furry with cigarettes, so he cleaned it off on his teeth, but that didn't cure the growth-like dryness. He looked at his glistening palm and followed the life-line and the little river of sweat. The bowl around the scored pathway sparkled white diamonds. They were too small to sell.

That is irrelevant, he thought, still staring and making the scene go in and out of focus. Only ten pages and maybe he was disorganized like the professor wrote on his paper when he turned it in last time. He thought of the stream with the little dead fall branches up by Medicine Lake. He liked to lie and watch the ants explore the twigs in the light overflowing the forest crown. He

looked up at the mountains and listened to the fast flow, relentless and soft over the rocks. It faded.

When Harvey came back he was bored. He didn't look at anything, and when he was forced to look he was never happy. He worked all summer putting labels on bottles. The product went into a tank and it went through a filter and it went through six prongs into six bottles and it was capped, labelled, sealed, cased, and shipped. You could wash bottles, bottle, label, seal, or case. Harvey labelled. Everyone made Freudian jokes about the bottler and its prongs. That soured soon and so did the joke about safes—the seals they slipped over the necks of the just-washed bottles' necks. He labelled wine he used to drink and think of Provence, until he confused wine with turpentine. He didn't even care after awhile. The bottled fluid on the endless belt was just bottled fluid on the endless belt. Colorless, odorless, endless, useless. Harvey tried to keep alive.

He took courses from freak profs, he joined the Maoists, he went to football games. He even took a girl with auburn hair and green eyes and a nice sloping nose up to his room. He followed the dress off, moulding her shoulders with his hands, and watching the patterns of blue street-light through the venetian blinds. He thought of white sand, hot sun, blue sea, trees. They thrust through a curve on a sea-cliff highway with the soft ocean spray in their throats. They talked and she was thinking about a three-bedroom grass-in-front-garbage-behind, fence around, suburb, tract house, and Billy and Barbara and Susan. Of course that was what they would call the children.

Winter came. Harvey's skin cracked in the steamheat dryness. Harvey noticed the freak profs could be bad TV actors when you only looked and didn't listen. When the class was over the coffee machine wouldn't take his quarter. No change. Harvey cursed and went outside to the black buildings and the white snow. He kicked the snow, but it ignored him and fell away.