

THE SEARCHING MIND - REVISITED VIEWPOINT

by WAYNE ANDERSON

"You write cryptic essays," said the professor, handing one back to me.

"Thank you," I agreed, beaming modestly, and soliloquized, "It's a talent I've felt developing since early childhood." Then I went straight to the library and looked for 'cryptic' in the 'Shorter Oxford', which is an ironic name for a dictionary that weighs more than the average librarian. My happy feeling deserted me, partly because I couldn't lift the dictionary, but mostly because I discovered that, between the prof and I, the fooling was mutual. Neither of us knew what the other was talking about. But then who does know what any particular person is talking about?

I might clarify one point here by backing up my sweeping generalization about librarians with a little factual evidence. Although I couldn't lift the dictionary, I once succeeded in picking up a librarian, even after she had emphatically confirmed that she was on reserve and for reference only. But pity the student who foregoes the books in favor of their keeper. Even when in circulation, on overnight reserve, she is a theoretician, and what the pent up male wants is practice. Besides, it's ten cents an hour if you don't get them in on time. For mere stimulation it's cheaper to take out a book. For Plato you don't have to buy a lunch.

See. You thought I was attacking librarians. Actually, I was lamenting about all women. They are inhibited. They show their knees and discuss free love, but before you put your hand on

that knee, take off your glasses. "But she seemed so sophisticated, so wicked" . . . "you'll muse as you rub the indentation of a pointed toe in your shin. The more sensitive among you have already discerned that I love tempting chicks, even though they are intimidated chickens. What I was really criticising was the society which makes them that way. You knew it all the time. But society is an abstract thing, so my real target is the men and women who make it—all of us.

We're a bunch of dull, conservative clods. You might paraphrase, the whole paragraph by saying, "Why can't we be like the Samoans?" That was the point. Did you get it? This is not a reference to the pointed toe. I got that.

The theme of this whole essay is that everything is cryptic. No two people see a thing the same way. They see what they expect and want to see, and they understand and interpret everything according to their own prejudices. They are afraid to understand your point of view because such broadmindedness would weaken their own comfortable bias. They pick up a point here and there, but they ignore the overall theory or understanding which relates these points.

This is where cryptic satire and all that jazz comes in. Instead of making a point by point direct statement which would be ignored or laughed at, you pass by the details and in some ridiculous way try directly for an overall impression. You try to trick people into really understanding your point of view. From then on, it's easy. Converts on all sides, but this is all theory, and what I really want is practice.

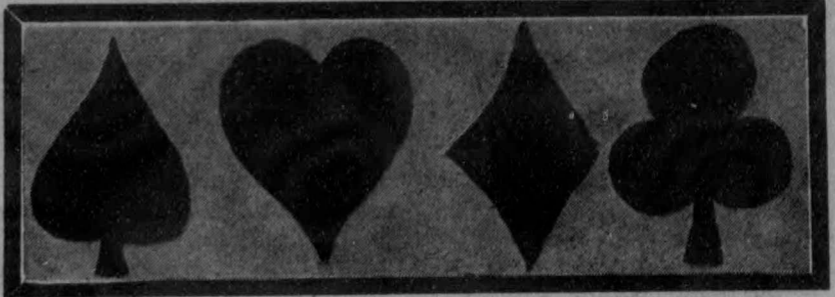
By the way, you usually make a pass on a cryptic essay because there is no single detail which a professor can unequivocally label wrong. The only red ink will be on his scalp as he rubs it reflectively and gives you a C-. Then he'll worry and chew that red pencil, because he'll never be sure if you really are a fink.

The S.R.C. members were quite surprised at the lack of applications for the coming election. But to most students it was no surprise and they couldn't care less! Mainly because the S.R.C. has become an untouchable group and as long as it did not infringe on student rights, its life did not matter. This fostered indifference and when that sets in, the future of the institution is in danger.

Unfortunately the S.R.C. has really a great responsibility and its doings should be of interest to every student. As, ideally the S.R.C. is the student executive power on the campus, therefore it should be everybody's business. Yet this lack of interest was caused by the S.R.C. itself. For to create enthusiasm it must take a leading position not crumple into the abyss of making amendments to amendments to amendments and so forth. So that every member of the council gets his or her name into the record book.

The proof for my statements can be simply shown by how many students bother to come and watch an S.R.C. meeting. The few that did come were disgusted or never came again. Once the feeling that such a meeting is a bother or a waste of time sets in, the council loses confidence of the students.

One can not blame it on apathy or earlier election schedule. Let's face it, students didn't give a damn. My only hope is that the next S.R.C. does create interest in student affairs.



by Dave Whitworth

BEWARE OF THE DISTRIBUTION

As any good bridge player will tell you, distributional features of your hand can change it from a relatively weak mess into a veritable powerhouse. By the same token bad distribution can kill you. Looking at just the North-South hands below, 4 Clubs seems to be a lay down if the King of Clubs is on side. With luck game might be made. The team is lacking the high card points necessary, but distributional features seem to compensate for this.

Now look at the East-West hands,

S-8 6
H-K Q 10 9 6 3
D-6 4
C-A J 10

	S	
E	N	W

S-J 10 9 7 5 3 2
H-A J
D-5
C-8 7 4

S-K Q 4
H-
D-K Q 10 8 2
C-Q 9 6 5 2

S-A
H-8 7 5 4 2
D-A J 9 7 3
C-K 3

North—dealer
East-West—vulnerable

The same distributional features made the hands look good no longer appear so good. East-West can cast four quick tricks holding you to three Clubs. On the same hand, North-South can make 1 Heart or 2 Diamonds or 3 No Trump. While East-West can make 1 Spade.

As the hands are set up, while three No Trump is the best contract, it is also very difficult to bid. Alter the cards slightly and it doesn't have a prayer although 3 Clubs could still be made.

As a general rule when you see a misfit stop the bidding at a low level before you're doubled. No Trump is generally not a safe place to play.

NO TASTE!!

Coeds!! The woods are swarming with them. There was a time when a fellow could go into the woods and drink his beer in the quiet and sanctimonious seclusion of the woods. What makes it worse, they're drinking beer, kept cool beneath the swaying spruce, and worse still, more of it. But what really breaks my heart, is that they are drinking that vile Upper-Canadian stuff and not that fragrantly-flavoured brew, chemically concocted in the vats in Saint John.

Girls, it's our woods, but then, I guess it's YOUR stomach.

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