

Rummaging through campus publications

Oft meseems the night deepens round us — and never more so, than when Your Servant inspects the wares of the newsvendors. Even here in bucolic Alberta, I find offered the sophistries of *Time*, the crude medacities of *Newsweek*, the Benthamite ravings of *U.S. News and World Report*, crowding out such worthier publications as *Farm and Fireside*, *Alberta Report*, and *The Michigan Fruit and Vegetable Reporter* — doomed, I fear, to go the lamentable way of *Colliers*, *The Dilineator*, *Nile's Register*, and *The Poundmaker*.

Alas! I had almost rather find displayed the polychrome pornographies of *Hefner et al.* For surely these "news" magazines and journals are as dangerous to the moral fibre of our Province as the "girlie" periodicals — nay, more so, for are not buxom wenches one of the enduring norms of Western civilization?

But say not the struggle naught availeth, for Your Servant

has hopeful tidings. Journalists who offer healthy alternatives to the shoddy received wisdom of the age are everywhere a-bustle. In this morning's selection, for instance, I find Volume 13, Number 71 (?) of *The Bridge*, the roughly-hewn journal of an undetermined number of Faculty Associations.

The editor of this estimable little publication (whoever s/he is), to judge from the content, is no hirsute ranter of Behemoth U. Its prose, although marred somewhat by infelicities consequent upon a Dick-and-Jane education, is nevertheless infused with sturdy patriotism and humble piety. Its recent well-informed essay, "How Marx was wrong about God," is especially worthy of notice.

Nor ought I to overlook a slim item I discovered the other day whilst languishing in the waiting-chamber of my chirurgeon: the September issue of *Folio/New Trail*, published by

the University of Alberta's own Community Relations Branch (and operated by the propagandist team of Chris Simpson and Ron Thomas). Where else could one find such instructive and relevant articles as "George Aiken — Threat of Menace?"; "The Songs

of Solomon: Zionist Forgery to Pervert our Sunday Schools?"; and "Alberta Universities: Red Road to Speedy Conquest."

Then there is this charming little bi-weekly lately risen in journalistic firmament: *The Gateway*. Its editor, Peter Michalyshyn, is one of the sights of

spot an Engineer at fifty paces; he inveighs against such perils as gambling, strenuous dancing, and the eight hour day with the vigor of a man twice his age.

I might go on but must be off and packing, forasmuch as I, my little girl-daughters, my lady-wife, and Your Servant's servant, the

redoubtable Grimp (fast fellow with a Toddy, Grimp, and death on poachers), depart on the morrow for our annual pilgrimage to the remote isle of Lesser Calgary suburb, where we maintain a ruined Castle of great age and impressive dimensions.

There we will take our fleeting rest, far from the getting and spending and the dark Satanick mills where change and decay in all around I see, and be lulled by the crash of the surf (as it were) and the moans of the starving crofters (as it is).

I shall have more good news upon our return to these United Emirates of Alberta, and pray that till then the publishers of journals that merit the attention of my gentle readers will address copies to me in care of my solicitors, Chaos, Oldnight, Grymick, and Buckley, Number One, Boyle Street.

Russelled Kirk
c/o National Review
& Arts III

Charlie Darwin

First impressions

Reading Beckett, Hughes, Silkin, Phillip, Douglas, Thom and resting on the seventh, Saturnalia, slightly cardiac and the colour of English lamb, I was blue and hungry for senselessness.

Her name made my mouth water: Anne Manihoolikin. "I want you to meet Anne Manihoolikin," this other girl said. I don't know whether you ever get dragged to a party in Clifton Gardens, down Abbey Road, NW something or other. There's a crowded kitchen where the booze is, people fighting for dubious glasses. Crowded hall and passages stiff with about five people who seem to have been talking since school or kindergarten. You are the only person nobody knows. Every now and then you nearly enter this very dark room at the front and people sitting on the floor all round the walls turn up faces at your appearance like a lot of damp postage stamps. Music everywhere, like rats.

And then suddenly you are given, as it were, Anne Manihoolikin.

"What's your name?" she said. "Pretty never thinks of that."

"I'm Charles Darwin," I said, anxious not to be outdone.

"The same as the actor?"

"Yes!"
She thought Charles Darwin was the name of the actor in the Charles Darwin series on television. At last I had found somebody I could dominate. She knew absolutely nothing. She thought Roosevelt was a field. Our conversation recorded would have made us both rich. Pretty kept filling our glasses with red stuff, relieved each time to find us where she had stuck us, on the stairs, like a pair of unlikely ornaments.

"Who do you know here?" she asked.

"Nobody."

"Who brought you here?"

"Some chap in a pub."

"I'm a friend of Pretty's. That's the girl who keeps filling up our glasses."

"She's nice," I said.

"Yes, she is nice."

"I thought it was going to be awful," I said.

"So did I! It's always awful, isn't it?"

"Do you live very far away?"

"No. Do you?"

"I don't know. Where are we?" I had forgotten we were in Clifton Gardens again, and she told me. We both lived somewhere in Willesden.

"I've got a car," she said.

"What sort is it?"

"It's a Morris."

"Say that again. It sounds nice."

She laughed and said it a number of times and then said: "I think I'll call you Morris."

"Let's get married and have some children," I said.

"All right, then. Do you love me?"

"Yes, I do."

She said: "Say — I will!"

"I will!" said I. Pretty came up and filled our glasses and told us the potatoes were out of the oven but we'd have to rush. And she said: "Are you two hitting it off?"

"She really cared about people," Anne Manihoolikin said when Pretty had passed on. I said: "Have you known her long?"

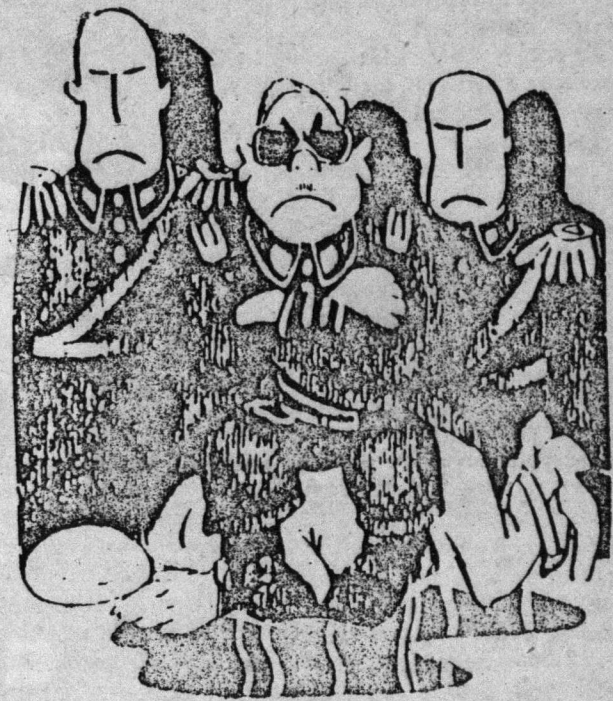
"Only tonight," said Anne Manihoolikin. Then she was suddenly sick all down my trousers.

Punch

The Gateway needs columnists, humorous, serious, or merely brilliant doesn't matter. Bring samples of your work to Rm. 282 SUB and we'll immortalize you.

"I DON'T recommend you read this rag."

Now, don't get me wrong. I really like a newspaper about students' affairs. You know, fraternity news, socialite gossip columns, the works.



But this *Gateway* drags in all kinds of unrelated stuff. Economics. Politics. International issues. Women's rights. GAY rights! Labor news. University (under) funding. What do these things have to do with the way people live anyway?

And it's so *negative*. Criticizing the government, the university, the Students' Union, even the students! Very unpleasant. And there's never a good word about hardworking people like me, trying to do a job on... er... for, the people.

If you ask me, they're just a bunch of subversives eating away at the foundations of Christian civilization and democracy. If I had my way, we'd no longer tolerate that kind of talk. We'd make it illegal. **OUR PEOPLE THEN COULD READ UNBIASED NEWS IN Reader's Digest, Time, and the Edmonton Journal.** They're a lot more predictable.

Trust me, I've burned a lot of newspapers.

The Gateway is published every Tuesday and Thursday, more often when illegal. Pick it up anywhere on campus. Better yet, come to Room 282 and join the revolution.