

the multiri



Ken Mills

confronted

Arts Dean Smith

and declared

'The Emporer is naked'

Jon Bordo

thought there would be a student strike

And remember—oh wow—Marilyn Pilkington?

Fall Arts Teach-in—1968

by Jim 'Bozo' Adams

Despite the visually obvious presence of hirsute males, bra-less females, dope-takers, work boots, embroidered jeans and bell bottoms on campus, the population of the University of Alberta finds itself enmeshed in its traditional conservatism—only this time around the garb is hipper. Styles which once were representative of rebellion or at least non-conformity are now vacuous exercises of hip consumerism; in other words, one is witnessing the phenomenon of style without substance. Black Sheep Boutique and Rolling Stone magazine call the piper's tune: you too can buy a life-style. And what was once unpredictable and vibrant in the youth culture has been successfully and predictably co-opted into the capitalist maw. Now one finds Engineering and Commerce students listening to Humble Pie and smoking phenomenal amounts of dope. Yet has any one of them seen God?

Yeah, it's pretty easy to grow your hair; pretty easy to fade your Lees; pretty easy to suck that sweet smoke down your trachea; pretty easy to say "man" and "fuck". Too easy, in fact. But that's university: a pleasant enclave from the get-a-haircut-wear-a-tie- image concerns of Imperialist Oil and Coca-Colonialism. However, it is kind of reassuring, in a perverse way, to know that similar forms of ass-kissing go on here just as they do Out There.

Yet I can remember different days when both governments and educational administrations quaked before their once-servile acolytes. Remember the May Days in France? Remember the Berkeley Free Speech Movement? Remember Columbia? Or the Harvard Strike? Remember the University of Alberta 1968-69?

I first came to campus the fall of 1968, initially frightened by the notion of attending university today; I cannot find any re-

behind those days of the 1960s. Prior to my arrival, I had read a long article in a magazine about a new student movement cropping up on campus—less concerned with rushing to fraternities than with projecting qualitative change in the operation of the university. This fine by me: I thought if schools could not control the social blocks of the academic community which they themselves created, then they should develop a sense of responsibility over their own members of the larger community.

Apparently, the administration here had also read the article. In addition to being abreast of the student movement throughout the world, for example, when President John F. Kennedy said "it" could indeed be here" at the commencement ceremony, the session he whipped up was known as the John F. Kennedy Memorandum, which I attempted to compare with some nasty phenomena at radical building occupations.

The memorandum indirectly directed the group of so-called university known as the Students' Democratic University (SDU), never joined

SDU; they were the gods me-hairy, rumpless gods; admired their own hair; their praxis; their brush-cutted fresh in sundry frustration; academia appreciated the ability to bear on the shoulders of university. Yet I never brought myself to form into the ranks. I simply felt inferior to their intellect; they doubt had read the M. Herbert Marcuse, Hayd Cohn-Bendit, etc. I had recently read Marx's Communist Manifesto, the first time in high school; I result lacked some essential theoretical construction; student activism; at the end of the series



Jon Bordo