

## LET'S GO RUSHING

"Oh, rushing, dear old rushing,  
With all its gold-plating and four-flushing . . ."  
—old maxim

One of the more irksome Gateway practices in the eyes of those who wear the Greek Badge of Status is the annual editorial concerning RUSHING . . . its care and feeding. The reason for the friction between the former non-group and the latter ethnic groups is that what purports to be an objective discussion invariably ends up on the editorial page as a cesspool of subjective slashing. And not without just cause in the not-so-long past.

"Oh, to be in Russia," quoth Will Pepys, "Now that Rushynge's here!" and at once the reader envisaged a host of faceless frosh in three-button seer-sucker suits being sucked into the void of vacuum-packed brotherhood. But there is danger in taking a random sample and from that propounding a sweeping generalization. It is no-one's business to condemn a society or a system just because some (and very few) of its adherents are less mild than the average man accepted by nine out of ten doctors.

Clinical tests have not yet shown that fraternities are (1) normally, spiritually, and non-intellectually detrimental to their members, and/or (2) a serious threat to the Security of the nation. Nobody knows about sororities. That's another editorial.

So why all the criticism? It is easy to slap on the familiar label "exclusive and discriminatory," but to suggest that a society whose admitted objects are primarily social and residential should open its doors to all who knock, regardless of whether or not they know how to eat asparagus, is as inane as saying that all men are equal. To condemn fraternities as sinners and hell-fire clubs is characteristically infantile on the part of those who inflict such

verbal censorship. Compared to the average Gateway party, a fraternity function is kids' day at the zoo . . . on this campus. Finally it is a fact that practically anybody on the U of A campus can join a fraternity if he wishes. If not, he can start his own without impediment from either the Administration, other fraternities, or anyone else.

Since the Inter-Fraternity Council has instituted a strong central control group policy—sadly lacking in the past—and the mockery that was dry rushing has become a rigidly enforced reality today, the rushee has a far better chance to see fraternities in their truer light than he did two years ago. And the fraternity member has a far better chance to evaluate his guest. The result is that future friendships and—pardon the expression—brotherhoods, are rooted in dry-mouthed but honest appraisals as distinguished from liquid and volatile insincerity. "Who goes there? Friend or fraternity brother?" may yet become a cry of the past. Nowadays, most fraternities try to combine both.

Therefore, although the rushee is hereby given his annual and oft-true warning about the lurking insincerity and hypocrisy behind the gilded curtains of the Rushing Theatre, at the same time he must realize that those who cry "conformist", or "status seeker", "fink", et al, are doing so with a big mouth full of sour grapes.

A fraternity is the sum of the individuals in it, and if the man who elects fratnie, selects his companions with care and foresight, he is making a wise choice in joining the society, and we wish him all the best. If the criteria of his choice are the size of the house, the sparkle of the pin, the aggregate wealth of the members, and the number of cars, then damn him for the spawn of Babbitt. A way of life should be based on the acquisition of values, not valuables.

## Guest Editorial

## LET'S GO CO-ED

by Anne Geddes

Hi Doll! Let's Integrate!

It is time this campus put aside its inbred shame and juvenile embarrassment. This university should relinquish its hold on the old-fashioned beliefs regarding segregation of the sexes in the planning of the new residences.

Co-educational residences would be an education in themselves, encouraging a constant exchange of ideas between beings who will never understand each other, but who will never stop exerting the effort. Separately, feminine conversation entrenches itself in three topics: fashions, diets, and boys. But with some mental stimulation from the male sex, it can dig itself out and return to a relatively higher level. This type of mixed bull session leads, not to romantic interest (mind you, this is possible) but to a more subtle "platonic" relationship.

For the record, co-educational does not mean co-habitational.

Ideally, males and females would be housed in different sections or on separate floors: separate facilities, but mixed lounges. Adequate supervision would be provided. However, the rules would only seriously limit

noise, clutter, and alcohol. The other obvious control, at this stage of life, would be a conscience—if not yours, then your roommates'.

According to Iain Macdonald, this idea is being successfully practised at Cornell University. Here in Alberta, the Banff School of Fine Arts had one of its residences mixed and experiences no problems. Many off-campus quarters take both males and females: no questions asked, and none needed.

With Pembina's rigidly enforced time limits, a ludicrous situation is now apparent. The early curfews can not be considered guardians of Pembinita chastity as any number of sleep-outs can be obtained without difficulty. Any extra-curricular sleeping can be done discreetly elsewhere by those who do now and who would then.

What will public and parental reactions be if the question of mixed residences comes up? Probably they will run the gauntlet of varying degrees of shock. Definitely, a more mature viewpoint must be developed so that this idea will not only become acceptable, but be put into effect as soon as possible—even if it takes twenty years.

## LET'S GO CONCRETE

Granted the purpose of leadership seminars is discussion: discussion by organization heads of the problems affecting the students of the University of Alberta. But certainly something concrete should evolve from these ses-

sions.

Last year, some 70 leaders spent two days resolving to bring foreign students more closely into campus life and activities. Did anyone see any foreign students at Sunday's seminar?



We're still here! The big boom didn't come off after all. Most of us are relieved, it seems, but I had coffee this afternoon with a frustrated lad who had been quite eager for the fireworks to end his troubles—now that things have calmed down he sees no alternative but to face life again.

Aunt Pheobe of course is jubilant. She assures me that virtue, truth, justice and motherhood have been thoroughly vindicated, for Mr. K (the bad) has bowed to Mr. K (the good). The world perceives that the "big stick" still works, and applauds wildly. Headlines scream VICTORY FOR U.S., and perpetuate the ugly concepts of war; fight; force; coercion.

I like to think that if the "victory" concept is at all a *propos* it is so, not in the "dramatically successful application by the U.S. of its military power," but in the hope that "reason" has taken a small faltering step forward—by the soviet refusal to take up the military challenge. Because as long as there must be "victory" for one or the other of our protagonists I see none for humanity.

**But I am at this point emotionally exhausted from arguing "the crisis" for a week and more, so I have temporarily abdicated my vapor patch; Aunt Pheobe is sitting up there waving and throwing kisses.**

Beside A.P. is the Edmonton Journal.

It is difficult, as Mr. Nugent can testify, to stand for humanity first when that esteemed voice of Edmonton labels us "Indiscreet and Silly." I refer to the editorial of October 26 which profoundly informs M.P. Terry Nugent that he is parroting the commie line and that while "it would be pleasant" to govern ourselves by international law "the fact is that we don't." (Are you finding your cloud, sir—like mine—a little slippery?)

Before we leave this crisis chorus—and I promise you a new song next week—I want to commend to you the stateside report in this issue from Peter Hyndman (U of A Students' Union President, 1961-62).

Ralph Bat is hovering here next to my ear inquiring whether or no I see any subtle symbology involved in the juxtaposition of Hallowe'en

and Hon. Mr. Freedman's lecture on "law and liberty". Ralph seems to feel that Hallowe'en is something analogous to Friday the 13th—a bit spooky—a bad day to attempt anything, except perhaps a bit of astrology or witchcraft, such as the fates will countenance.

I tell him that our administrators probably planned it so to liberate us from the antiquated notions of ghosts and ghouls. Aw shucks Ralph, what did I say that has wounded your pride?

**Our guest edit, this issue, is so much fun that it is likely to put me back up on my cloud again. (Move over please A.P.).**

I could have said this co-ed piece myself of course, for I believe it. But it may be that a few of you will take it a bit more seriously from a woman than you would from my sky-high male orientation. And I do mean for you to take it seriously. It is fun—but it is sober too.

le baron.

P.S. Through various subterfuges and devious manoeuvres I have managed to be asked by a sweet feminine person to the big 4-line Wauneita episode, come Saturday.

Aforementioned sweet thing will doubtless be embarrassed by this unwonted publicity, for she is—like me—basically rather shy. But she will be reconciled, seeing that it is all in the line of journalistic duty. Because I am not merely parading my good fortune—I am "aiding in the promotion of student activities and functions." A, 2(b)—Publications By-law.



## ON SKIRTING FENCES

To The Editor:

This campus is crawling with skinny wire fences, that are invisible at night.

Staggering home last night (under a load of books) and after drinking a cup of Tuck coffee (need I say more), I tripped over one of these damn things, broke my neck, and ripped my skirt. Upon picking myself up, (broken neck and all), I glanced down the length of this fence, to see a little white rag (of truce perhaps?), in a very obscure place.

Jumping over chasms caused by construction (dear English professor, please note alliteration), is bad enough, but must the Works Department place these obstacles in our way?

Should I Sue?

Ed. Note: Suggest you leave ripped skirt impaled on damn (skinny) fence to warn all of us who follow you.

## POETRY ON POET

To The Editor:

I wish to commend Marie dal Garno for her excellent and courageous review of the poetry session last Friday with the Montreal poet Irving Layton. It takes courage to criticize well, as she did, not succumbing to the pseudo's attitude of "since the guy's a well-known poet, his stuff must be darn good, and if I didn't enjoy it, it's because I'm stupid, so I'll write that it was great."

I found that Layton tried to appeal to a "very responsive audience" (as he told me afterwards) by reading low-grade dirty jokes in salacious verse form. Does Layton think that because we are from Western Canada, and therefore of lower cultural standards than the "Almighty East", we should be so accepting and

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