

The Gateway

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—A few bodies showed up to help get out our super-extravaganza twenty-page special. Peter McCormick, Brian Campbell (you can't keep the old vets away), Ken Hutchinson, Margaret Bolton (still sleeping in English), Alex Ingram, Shirley Kirby, Marjibell (finally got it right, I think), Boom-Boom Bernie Goedhart (who's California dreamin') and irrepressible, irresponsible Harvey Thomgirt, your fraternal correspondent.

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1967

shape up . . .

With the current rash of complaints and accusations of offence, incompetence, and poor judgment being levelled by and against various members of the students' union, The Gateway feels it is only in keeping to get on the band-wagon.

A number of student councillors Monday night gave a brilliant, more-outstanding-than-ever display of genuine, unadulterated ignorance.

It seems that every year, certain councillors show up who either don't have a clue as to what is going on at their meetings or else are so narrow-minded that they cannot allow themselves to listen to any views other than their own.

The discussion about payment of the \$203.22 CUS fee was a classic example.

We suggest that most of those people who opposed payment of the fee were not so much influenced by facts which they had received from reputable sources, or even by their honest opinions; they were influenced by the sour grapes, "use our rules or we won't play" attitude towards CUS which seems to be the only opinion most people have about CUS.

Surely, "we can't pay because CUS president Hugh Armstrong is just waiting for us to pay so he can say 'Aha, I won'" is a pretty poor excuse for anything.

Perhaps, Mr. Armstrong will gloat when he receives our check, but similarly, Mr. Sinclair would have gloated (probably much more vociferously) if his point of view had won out.

. . . or shut up

The same sort of attitude continued to smell up the council chambers during the discussion about disbanding the CUS Liaison Committee and setting up an External Affairs Committee to replace it.

Comments like "External affairs isn't the right name for our dealings with CUS; it's collaborating with the enemy" and "Well, it should be easier to get along with them now that they've got our money" suggest the speaker is a spoiled child.

Not so; these statements were made by a councillor—a member of the executive, to be more precise.

Miss Trussler and a few of the "more-enlightened" councillors made it quite clear that the function of the committee would still be

good luck

We wish to congratulate the students' union new vice-president, Judy Lees.

Miss Lees has a formidable task in filling the very large shoes of her predecessor, Dave King.

Our only regret is that Owen Anderson is not sitting on students' council again this year. He was enthusiastically in favor of more women in student government.

the same, whether it was called CUS Liaison or External Affairs; changing its name would only give it more areas in which to work.

What we find difficult to understand is any councillor's inability to grasp even a vague idea, after having a fact pounded home.

These kinds of attitudes and statements appear at every council meeting, but Monday's meeting was worse than usual.

Even *d i p l o m a t i c*, politically-smooth Al Anderson was astounded by some of the things his council said and did, for after a particularly ridiculous, but apparently sincere statement by one member, Mr. Anderson said "That is the most stupid argument I have ever heard."

Truly, students' union general manager Marv Swenson, who has been sitting through students' council meetings for years, must be commended for his high level of endurance.

We have only one thing to say to the kinds of student councillors who make council meetings a farce: if you can't say something at least semi-intelligent, do everyone a favor and keep quiet.

There is no display of ignorance more glaring or revolting than boorish and unfounded remarks.



'the silent protest'

for one day, let us forget the future, and remember the past

the advantages of welfare

By JACK MACDONALD
Reprinted from the Martlet

My English prof came up with a rather intriguing idea the other day. He was wandering out loud what would have happened to tragedy in English literature if England had always been a welfare state.

For example, take Othello. Shakespeare would have had to rewrite the whole ending. Instead of all those deaths and tragic soliloquys, Othello would have hired a private investigator to follow Desdemona around and the whole sordid affair would have ended up in some state marriage counsellor's office. And probably everyone would have lived happily ever after, except Iago, of course, who would have been committed to a state hospital. Even he may have been rehabilitated and gone on to live a useful and productive life.

Look at MacBeth. His conscience would have been alarmed before he did the fateful deed, he would have committed himself to psychiatric care, and in the end he would have come to a realization that his political ambitions were caused by a childhood affection-deprivation. In all likelihood he would have then divorced Lady MacBeth, renounced his peerage, and contented himself with a self-sacrificing life as a petty bureaucrat serving the people in some government office in Edinburgh.

Hamlet, on the other hand, would never have gone beyond the first act. All those people who saw the ghost would have been quietly led away by an understanding nurse and her two husky assistants. They would never have been heard from again.

In The Mayor of Casterbridge, by Hardy, the whole ending would have to be reconstructed. Instead of Hen-

chard stumbling off into the heath to die a tragic and lonely death, there would have been some kind of Welfare Department representative at Elizabeth-Jane's wedding who would have given Henchard an on-the-spot means test. He would have then hustled off to England's equivalent of Fort Lauderdale and the book would have ended with him happily playing shuffleboard with a sweet little old widow lady from Manchester while he gummed contentedly on his fudgicle and the sun sank slowly in the west.

The examples are endless, but the point is easily seen. Had the English social conscience been awakened before it was, English department programmes throughout the world would have to be drastically revised. Literally thousands of thoughtful, sensitive professors would have been cruelly thrown out of work. There would not even be any deathless prose (or poetry) for shiny-eyed, idealistic students to memorize.

And the authors, oh, the authors! They would have had nothing more to do than write dry departmental annual reports to parliament in stilted bureaucratic, a turn of events that would doubtless have crushed their souls.

But not to worry, all would have been well. After all, the welfare state would have found secure, moderately-paying positions in some branch or another, and everyone would have been a happy, obscure government functionary.

Free mental health clinics and care would mean that everyone would be well-adjusted anyway, so there would be no need for soul-searing tragedies in the first place. And most importantly, hurried students would not have to write penetratingly analytical or lucidly insightful essays every term.

What an intriguing idea!