

# The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

editor-in-chief ..... Al Scarth

managing editor ..... Ginny Bax

sports editor ..... Joe Czajkowski

news editors ..... Sid Stephen,

photo editor ..... Dave Hebditch

Peggi Selby, Dan Jamieson

**STAFF THIS ISSUE**—It's late at night and the news editor is (hopefully) contemplating suicide and the editor is pacing back and forth, looking in the corners and under the rug for editorial ideas. Here to help these tired snake-fingers are Beth Nielsen who is getting a heart-to-heart talk from Dan Jamieson, Peggy Selby, Joe sumpin, Heather Colyer, Barry Carter, Beth Winteringham, Brian Campbell who did not, as rumors suggest, slip on his way to the Tory Building and bruise the inside of his thigh, Norm Clarke, Bob Anderson, Dale Rogers, Ken Campbell, Ina Van Nieuwkerk (I hope that's write), various and sundry including Ron Dutton who wears a sign on his days off (which are many), and the Great Nile Spector with the poop of beaten scales, yours ever, Mr. H. G. Thomgirt, who does not objectify his wife (just his kids).

The Gateway is published tri-weekly by the students' union of the University of Alberta. The editor-in-chief is responsible for all material published herein. Final copy deadline for Tuesday edition—6 p.m. Monday, Advertising—noon Thursday prior; for Thursday edition—6 p.m. Wednesday, Advertising—noon Monday prior; for Friday edition—6 p.m. Thursday, Advertising—noon Tuesday prior; Casserole—copy deadline 6 p.m. Monday, Advertising—noon Friday prior. Short Shorts deadline, 3 p.m. day prior to publication. Advertising manager Percy Wickman, 432-4241. Office phones 432-5168, 432-5178. Circulation—15,000. Circulation manager Brian MacDonald.

Printed by The University of Alberta Printing Services.

PAGE FOUR THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1969

## Love-hate is as close as black-white

By Al Scarth

It just might have been the week that was.

Well, there was a yearbook and the question of beauty queens and if in that remarkable perspective called hindsight, they might be perceived as sparking the rescue flare of involvement, they were still shallow explosions.

Those star-shell bursts suddenly paled last week in the face of a slower burning but mounting excitement.

They arrived Tuesday night, those aloof black cats. They brought with them that undeniably feline air. You could pet them and soothe them and cater to their needs and just when you thought you could coo "here pussy, rub against my leg and tell me what a nice master I am," they spat and disappeared from their press conferences and arranged dinners.

They spouted three-year-old rhetoric and worshipped their ministers of culture, information, defense (they had a minister for everything) like the Lord Aberhart himself had never been fawned upon in that crazy fascist phenomenon called dirty thirties Alberta.

But they spoke the truth, as did Bible Bill, about a country sore in need of the most drastic of changes. And 2,000 people responded—at times violently.

In effect, they tore away the liberal shroud which suffocates an isolated academia with such ease—love or hate, there was little space for a middle ground.

Thursday, in marched what passes for white soul.

Complete with unrestrained body painting (something sold with utmost ease to the male chauvinists as well) and uninhibited satire on the supposedly "real" Poets and Critics Conference, the anti-conference flung itself to a wee-hours high.

And a thousand people cruised along for shorter or longer sojourns from "reality."

Ah, but Friday.

If the panthers clawed you into submission and submerged you in the violent depths of the black soul, The Preservation Hall Jazz Band catapulted you to the heights of that ecstasy that can only be felt (indeed, only exists) because of the deepness of the despair.

And a thousand people snake-danced their way to the Gates, only to return to "reality."

Then came the thinkers and the politicians. That was Monday. And the students saw that it was good.

There was an old-time Liberal there, the man so adept at walking the middle of the political tightrope, it could be stretched over Niagara Falls without causing a quiver in his life insurance premiums.

They didn't like Paul Martin and he knew it. Once you have primed and fired the political engines of the mind, they are not fussy about throttling back, in neutral yet.

By this Tuesday, 5,000 had been taught-in.

Education, involvement, escape.

Whatever happened, I wanna be in that number when it comes this way again.

## We were fleeced by the Panthers—unless we want another Montreal

Talk about American interference with Canadian internal affairs! I have never seen it demonstrated quite so blatantly as when the Black Panthers tried to stir up the flames of revolution here on campus. This time we were really fleeced by our good friends to the south. It was all give and no take.

Yet the very ones who are usually screaming about the Americans meddling where they have no business seemed to welcome them with open arms. There were earnest pacifists who listened intently as the necessity of resorting to force in order to gain political objectives was explained to them. There were sincere humanitarians who nodded approval as they were told that some people are "pigs" and should be treated as such. There were serious "conscientious objectors" to all forms of violence and warfare who suddenly found themselves in complete agreement with the very group that has initiated much of the violence in the United States today. The general conclusion seemed to be: "If only we had

something like this in Canada!"

Before anybody gets the brain-wave that the source of violence is "police brutality," let us ask ourselves what would happen if we went for just one day without a police force. We have only to look at what happened in Montreal to get the answer. If this is the kind of world we want, I believe that the Black Panthers could help us achieve it, but it will not be the bright, shining new world they had hoped for, cleansed of all human meanness. They will still have to deal with people who

have been known to resort to the very same kind of violence they have sought to suppress.

How can theirs be truly a part of "all the people," as Fred Hampton says, when he goes around calling some of the people "pigs"? Will he have to eliminate these before his is truly a party of "all the people"? If he does, he should remember that his own Willy Calvin has defined pigs as "people who have no regard for the law, justice, or the rights of people."

Roger Armbruster  
ed 2

## The 'gentlemanly' action of anti-Panthers lauded

I too, like M. Kemp and Y. Kemp (see The Gateway, Friday, Nov. 21, 1969), went to hear the Black Panthers last Wednesday night—but didn't come "home, in-

censed enough with hate." During the panthers' speeches, I had the honor(?) of being in such a position as to overhear the "educated, respectable, knowledgeable, sincere, honest . . ." comments of those "two respectable, educated, knowledgeable, sincere, honest gentlemen," that M. Kemp and Y. Kemp eulogize. I must say, I was truly impressed by their "knowledge . . . sincerity . . . honesty . . ."—especially when describing Fred Hampton and his ancestry. I was further impressed when the "golden gloves prize boxer" kindly requested Fred Hampton's presence for a quiet "outside man-to-man style" discussion. But, what really impressed me about those two "knowledgeable, educated, sincere, honest, respectable . . ." gentlemen was the "educated, sincere, honest, knowledgeable, respectable" manner in which they rationally discussed their disagreement with a certain few students—clearly, their superior "education and experience" along with their "sincerity, honesty, respectability" left a "gentleman's impression. I only wish we had more of these "knowledgeable, sincere, honest, educated, respectable . . ." provocateurs—pardon me, "gentlemen," so that we "artsy" and non-"artsy" types could follow their example of "sincerity, honesty, respectability . . ."

Andrew Joo  
arts 3



## Students should be happy that U.S. keeps Communism away

I hope you are happy now that your filthy cartoon is displayed in the SUB.

Three cheers for men like Mr. Grant and Mr. Tyndall, who stand up for principles.

Students in this university should be thankful to the U.S.A. for trying to keep communism away from our door. We can also be thankful that our country isn't involved in some senseless war.

I believe that those who dwell on obscene things and use profane language are trying to cover up for some lack in their makeup. Any really important people that

I know, never stoop to using profanity or obscenity.

What a person thinks—so he becomes.

A word about the letter from George Stud-ent. Doesn't he know that the only safe contraceptive is abstinence? Don't blame the students' union. If one plays with fire, one can expect to get burned. I suggest that, instead of spending money on a lawyer, save it to support the baby—after all, he or she deserves a university education too.

E. H. Andrews  
ed 1

## On the Teach-In or the Triumph of the Shril

They have cooked up an answer for evil,  
For roasting the Old Yankee Devil:  
Take social and national,  
Add heaps of irrational—  
The dish? It's half-baked . . . and not novel.

It has been used before, Dr. Mathews,  
And it's hard to believe when we see you  
Translating the slogans  
That launched all the pogroms:  
"Byei zhidov i spasai Rossiya!"

Some speeches, with hate so infected,  
One hoped would be coldly rejected.  
But the crowd roared for more.  
They've not heard it before?  
Dr. Goebbels, you've been resurrected.

How can any sound, sane academic  
Condone the learned doctors' polemic?

Is the price of the I  
That the next man should die?  
Is this sore localized, or systemic?

M. Mote  
pol sci