

The Gateway

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—It was a tough grind getting into the office tonight, because of all the chewed bubble-gum in the foyer, but at great risk to shoes, socks (it was a lovely day out today), and personal health, a few glorious gateways came in the doors. They were Dale Rogers, Bob Blair, Brian Campbell, Dennis Zomerschoe, Marcel Lambert (retired), Judy Samoil (the candidate), Darrell Colyer, Beth Winteringham, Beth Nilsen (who came in to turn green), Winston Gereluk (who won't explain his own parable), Barry Nicholson, Ron Dutton, Ellen Nygaard, Ronald Ternoway, Mary Van Stolk, Elsie Ross, Dan Jamieson, and your aging worm, Mrs. Harvey G. Thomgirt, who is sitting in until her idiot son gives up his mad political ambitions.

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Gateway editorial

"Enter at your own risk"

Congratulations: if you picked up this issue of The Gateway on the U of A campus, chances are that you have either "got it made" already, or else you are waiting in the wings for September when you attain that big dream of every red-blooded Alberta high school student, and get into university.

This is the sneak preview, kids. This is your chance to prowl around and get a glimpse of the big scene. But don't look too hard. There are cracks in the walls and cobwebs in the corners, but if you rush right by, and keep your eyes on the ice sculptures, why, maybe you won't even notice the holes in the curtains. And of course, by really working hard and not asking too many embarrassing questions, you can learn your first lesson in "Academic Survival 201: The Art of Getting a Degree Without Being Contaminated by Anything Like Education."

Just lean back and enjoy. Let the big Marshmallow Mommy take you in her embrace for about four years and pretty soon you'll be in a position to take advantage of all those opportunities that await the good little graduate: the carpeted office, the framed degree on the wall, the second car, frat brothers who remember the big drunk when you and what's-her-name got pinned, all those golden memories of U of A. Do you detect a note of cynicism, laddy? That isn't quite what you had in mind, Suzy Q.? Let's hope so, because if the above sounds acceptable to you, then you are beyond help and maybe you better stop reading.

For those who are left, a single question: why do you want to go to university? Don't give yourself the same answer you gave to the guidance counsellor, because you know it was a lie. The truth is, probably, that you don't really know. It's just the next logical step, maybe? Or it sure beats working? Or perhaps you think of that all-important degree as a ticket to better things? Or maybe, *just maybe*, you think that at a university, a real universe-city, you'll find all those answers that were always just out of reach when you were back home in Lacombe, Lethbridge, or Grande Prairie.

Well don't get the idea that the answers are here. You see, you've got to bring them with you. Those big stone buildings are not filled with knowledge and all those goodies like truth and beauty and so forth.

Most of the time, they contain large, impersonal classrooms full of bewildered students watching a prof who would really rather be holed up in his office or doing research. Oh sure, there are some who really enjoy teaching and who take an interest in undergraduates, but they don't always last. Ask someone about Prof Ted Kemp, for example. You know, the one who was denied tenure (read, got fired), because he taught too much and researched too little.

And check into the number of people who drop out about half-way through the term, about 600 or so this year, and that doesn't count the number who just stop going to lectures and coast until the administration terminates the relationship. And mention, maybe, those who *want* to quit but just can't. These are the worst off of all, perhaps. Some of them emerge from the process with minds so split up that they never do really figure out where they stopped being a person and started being an un-person.

It doesn't sound like the sort of place where you can find out just exactly who you are, does it. Don't let the Marshmallow Mommy get to you before you know your own values, or you may end up being smothered by that big sweet sugary mass. Have you ever thought of telling Mom or Dad or whoever is responsible for bringing you to VGW that you would just as soon go out and work for a year, or just hole up in a library, or hitch-hike across the country before you expose yourself to that dangerous disease called "higher education"?

On the other hand, you could just play along, and maybe next year they'll let you help with the ice sculptures.



Professor attacks Law Proposed composition Summons-serving un

At first reading, the report of the Ad Hoc Committee of the General Faculty Council to Review Discipline, Law and Order on the Campus appears an elaborate spoof, but the report is presented seriously. The committee must feel that our campus has been too tranquil or that to substantiate our claim to being a major university we, too, must have campus riots. Otherwise, the repressive measures proposed in inflammatory language become incomprehensible.

This campus has an enviable record of amicable resolution of differences, but this report seeks to institutionalize here the very practices that have proven most productive of conflict elsewhere. The committee assumes the value of discipline, law and order as ends in themselves. But discipline has value only if it produces useful results; law is of value only if it is wise and just; and order is the product of reasonable compromises, not a repressive instrument through which tranquility can be maintained. A Committee to Protect Rights and Property on the Campus might receive a better hearing, for students *do have* a right to be disinterested, and the community *does have* a right to defend its property. The present report, however, is unacceptable on several grounds.

First, if ever an issue demanded wide involvement of the university community, this is it. But the report is the product of a nine-member committee, five faculty members chosen by the General Faculty Council rather than by the faculty at large and four student members appointed by the students' council and the graduate students' association rather than elected by the students at large.

Further questions are raised by the coy but unexplained admission that some of the members resigned during the deliberations. Modern activism involves a disproportionately large number of Arts students, but the only faculty member from Arts on the committee is also the provost of the university; despite a well-de-

served reputation for fairness, his dual response as well as a very limited representation from Science, Anthropology and Philosophy — noted for fielding committees sometimes over-enthusiasts?

Secondly, the proposition of the discipline is inexcusable. Despite the importance of avoiding the appearance of bias, the boards would be essential. Ad hoc committees ch-



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