

Someone is taking advantage of you

... but no one can help you, man, you are stuck with the system

By RONALD YAKIMCHUK

You don't care who spends the \$27.50 you put into the students' union.

Nor do you care who will spend the more sizeable sum you will pay in provincial taxes and even more sizeable sum in federal taxes.

Oh, sure, you're glad Al Anderson went out and got you two extra days for Christmas holidays, but what the heck you say, that's what he is paid for. A nice cool \$3,300 he is costing you.

Now a person can't say that Al is not a pretty good administrator, but I'll bet you two to one that half the girls who voted for him did so because he was the best looking one of the bunch and the other half voted for him because

they hadn't ever heard of the other candidates before.

But then look at the way we run our elections.

No one may do any campaigning more than a week before the election.

No self respecting candidate runs for election without a kickline of some sort.

No one has ever won an election by taking a stand on an issue unless he was already sure his viewpoint was favourable with the electorate.

A person would like to call this sandbox politics—except for one thing—the big leagues do it almost the same way.

Draw your mind back to the last national leadership convention. Now if we take that as an example

of what politics should be, I suppose you could call ours sandbox anyway, but only because we have a limit on the amount we can spend on entertainment.

The pros don't.

That particular convention was a regular vaudeville show with dancers and musicians, both amateur and professional. The last thing anyone had on his mind, it appeared, was selecting the man who may be our next prime minister.

Issues were not going to get a man anywhere—look at what happened to Mr. Diefenbaker when he did try to raise one. He was shot down in flames.

What was important was the amount of booze each candidate had in his back room.

Or how powerful a certain candidate's friends were.

Because what happens in the end is the man who presents the best image (antagonizes the least number of people) and has the best machine backing him will win regardless of how little he has said in his platform or how much better for the job his opposition may be.

So I suppose one cannot blame our student politicians for engaging in these trappings of politics. They are merely emulating their elders, and that is as sure a road to success as writing a better jingle for the Ford commercials.

This also indicates that you don't really care how good a person you are electing to office (if you vote at all) but so long as he does not disturb any sacred cow of yours you will vote for him.

Doesn't this make you feel that a politician has to be a slimy sort of individual?

He must be able to make nice little nothing remarks on any question. His answers must be those you want to hear.

He must know enough good looking and talented girls to make up a kick line.

He must have a solid machine backing him (in campus politics a fraternity will do perfectly well).

He must be a good friend of the previous administration—how else can he get his name known across the campus?

But you don't care what sort of a guy he is; so as long as he fulfills these requirements you will vote for him.

Perhaps you deserve this sort of a leadership—one that takes your money, divides it up and spends it on its own salary, on a nice building for itself, on a newspaper which no one reads, and various such things which benefit the elite at the expense of the incomprehending masses.

For that is the role you will be playing when you get out of here—you will be a captive spectator of your superiors who will be throwing around your resources and you will be content with whatever garbage they throw to your little mind so long as your stomach doesn't get empty and you can watch it on your 26 inch color television set.

You probably think that I am now going to get mad at you and tell you to get off your fat asses and do something about this mess. Well I am not.

Because if you don't get mad about it, why should I? I am just a bit smarter than all the rest of you. You are going to stick around and let all these slimy people run you. You are going to sit around here and enjoy the next kickline because your small mind can't enjoy anything else. You are going to sit here and rot till that hungry punk from across the street or a bunch of hungry punks from across the continent or a multitude of hungry punks from the next continent come storming in and wipe the fat right off your bones.

And those slimy politicians of yours aren't going to be able to do a single thing about it because they will be so soft from running a pushover like you that they won't have the guts to try and do anything to someone who wants something so much he is willing to die for it.

But me; I am not going to be anywhere near here. I am going to be off in some corner of my own where neither slimy politician nor hungry punk can touch me. I am going to opt out of this whole mess. Fat lazy people bother me so why should I hang around them?

casserole

a supplement section
of the gateway

editor

ronald yakimchuk

features editor

lydia dotto

associate editor

richard vivone

interim photo editor

b. s. p. bayer

arts editor

terry donnelly

This week our feature story is an analysis of this week's top rock tunes by an aspiring English student. We hope the department doesn't kick her out for this venture. It seems that Donne, according to Leona, is schoolboy stuff compared to what today's rock writers are coming up with.

Also in the middle we have a column by Rich Vivone on student demonstrators and some of the things he thinks they should demonstrate on, right along side a story on the Dow demonstrations in Toronto. It seems Rich reacted to this sort of thing, and not entirely positively.

And on page three you can all bich with Ritch as he presents us with some of his pet peeves. Seems like you just can't stop that guy from saying something about anything.

Beside that we have a short description of Paul Krassner, another man who can't stop talking about anything and everything.

Finally (or is it firstly) we have a harangue by our editor on elections and their meanings, or lack of them.

This week's cover is supposed to work into our feature story because it has a picture of a guitar player on it. Then we threw in a picture of a guy hollering about something—it must be good because he is waving his arms. Then we added a picture of a couple who seems to have a lot going for them, because we thought those other two people would like everybody to be happy and have a lot going for them.



A NICE SMILE AND NICE LEGS

... the basis for campus politics?