

Ah, woe is man and child

A question, often posed by those self-righteous, "I'm bourgeois and hope I'm proud of it" members of the accomplished middle class, is that query most often heard at weddings or Bar-Mitzvahs, when the rich, slightly sloshed uncle from the garment industry ropes the radical nephew with the long hair, as he emerges from the men's washroom.

"Tell me, my young radical hippie friend, what happens to all your university ideologue types after a couple years of this Ho Chi Mao stuff that they fill your heads with up at that big, fancy college you go to with your father's money?"

Well, after a serious sociological study undertaken on this campus, I talked to an old radical yesterday, and apparently all the old Marxists become cynics. After any gathering where the silent masses gather either to discuss political issues or just to get drunk, the radicals mope about lamenting about the sorrowful head space of the average York plebeian. The evolution of the masses has now become the revolution in spite of the masses. The masses are simply too boorish to handle their own revolution.

As much as I hate to admit it I too have been swept up in this

great "Jesus, is the average person a dumb boor" syndrome. This radicalism turned cynicism trend has seemingly engulfed me.

Take the birthday party I went to last Saturday afternoon. Here was this innocent four year old girl having an innocent birthday party. Here I was looking forward to this innocent good time. But did I get it? Of course not. First, I had to criticize the child in her wild-eyed materialistic tearing open of the presents. Then I went on to criticize the whole batch of youngsters in their annoying, never satisfied, in short-bitching mannerisms.

Such classics as "I don't want any chicken." and "Do I have to sing Happy Birthday? I hate birthday cake anyways." And from here I went on to criticize the adults for their complacency in perpetuating this whole birthday mess. Ah, woe is man, and child!

My next bout of cynicism occurred later on that evening when I attended that monument to love and peace and groovy things. HAIR. Ah, I can hear you cynics now.

"So the fink spent \$10, \$20 if he's a male chauvinist and took a girl, to see a play on tribalism, a play on where it's at in the communal, anti-capitalism world! Well, you cynic radicals, if you must know, I

ripped off the Ed Mirvish system and went to see the play for free as a friend of mine is in the cast. But alas, cynics, do not despair. For here again I joined your ranks.

Despite a truly entertaining performance, I spent the whole intermission berating the audience for coming too well dressed to the performance. You would think that people would see HAIR as an excuse to come dressed in jeans to the Royal Alex. Ah, Woe is man, and garment!

And if that did not convince me

how sick the masses are, then yet one more event happened that evening to submerge me even more into my cynicism.

It is 3 a.m. and five of us are walking down Yonge Street. Saturday, being Hallowe'en, is the night on which all the female impersonators in Toronto gather for the annual transvestite and homosexual ball at a bar near Yonge and Wellesley. Across the street from the bar, even at this hour, were hundreds of people gathered to hoot and jeer every

time another one of the gathering walked out of the bar. "Hey Harry, look at the knockers on that one". Well, I thought, are these hooters and jeerers about to make the revolution? Have the masses nothing better to do than whistle at fags on Hallowe'en? Ah, woe is man and Hallowe'en.

Those damn masses. Those cold, insensitive, boorish, dumb clods roaming about our streets and universities not capable of seeing any further than their own noses. But the revolution? Ah, woe is man and nose!

Apathy at Atkinson

A candidate seeking to improve "mediocre" courses at Atkinson college was elected president of the Atkinson student assembly Saturday.

Peter McGoey told the assembly of over 70 students "the biggest problem is apathy" and if students did not participate in college activities they would continue "to get mediocre courses."

"Unless you're part of the solution, you're part of the problem," he said. He suggested 80 per cent of assembly members were "part of the problem."

Newly elected vice-president Sid Kimel agreed with McGoey. Other officers elected were Marlowe Dickson, assembly chairman; Ruth McRae, secretary; Pat Clute, corresponding secretary.

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