

Spectrum

Fabius's Parting Shot

Our masters are still our masters.

Despite murmurings to the contrary, the Students' Union elections were by no means a revolt against the Establishment. The Fraternity elite still rules. The president and three quarters of his executive are frat members, and it looks like most of the council will be too.

Although the frats lost the Arts rep position, they regained control of the Science seat. They have also won most of the other council seats so far contested.

It seems certain that, as usual, the fraternity-dominated awards committee will give well over two thirds of its Gold and Silver keys, pins and awards of other types to other frat members. No doubt the brotherly council will make sure that the majority of Students' Union committee members will also be drawn from the ranks of their brothers.

The campus frat machine is as well greased as ever. I think, however, that the grease smells.

Many fraternity members have an attitude of superiority—several letters from brothers and sisters this year explained this by claiming they are superior. Perhaps some of their superiority rubbed off the other night.

In righteous indignation one fraternity accused another of dumping a drunken member on the head table at the offended fraternity's banquet. An outrage! Especially since the young inebriate was in the nude altogether except for a light covering of molasses and feathers, and small trunks.

And how bad for the fraternity image? No longer can the smart young ivy-league gentleman step forth, clean cut, white, Protestant, Anglo-Saxon. No longer can he smile at young girls and charm old ladies. For who knows what lurks beneath the shining exterior?

With a few honorable exceptions, fraternity members don't give a very pleasant impression. Rather than the bright young blade cutting a swath through the world, we see a prenatal parasite, living a life of group snobbery and clannish closed mindedness. Shielded from the icy blasts of independence by a beery and blissful womb of collective conformity, the frat member withdraws from reality. He lives in a milieu far more refined than we mere mortals—until the civilized veneers rubs off to show a gooey mess of molasses, feathers and beer.

FABIUS

Adam Campbell



Short and Sour

In light of the recent unrest regarding our existing censorship setup, I began a diligent search for some objective method of selecting a suitable censorship committee. While delving into one possible source of pertinent literature I came up with such a thoroughly enjoyable legend that I feel compelled to share the experience.

The study concerned a totalitarian state, whose moral policy was summed up in the phrase: "Ye must become as a child again." (quoted from their chief source of morality—*The Libel*).

Strict adherence to this maxim became the primary concern of their beloved leader who, to realize this end, appointed himself to high positions in his government. In his spiritual advisory capacity he fervently conducted his weekly radio broadcast, "Back to the Beginning."

As Minister of Culture he realized the people's basic need for freedom of communication (plus his own inability to thwart the influx of morally subversive media from other countries) so he selected a committee to review all foreign materials.

First he visited the state mental hospital where he collected a group of physically adult persons with a mental age of three years. From this group were selected other individuals on the basis of their skill in cutting out paper dolls. This latter group was shipped to a conditioning lab where they were conditioned to cut frantically in response to certain audio and visual cues. When they heard words like "liquor," "sin," "bastard" . . . or saw any skin other than that of the head or hands, their cutting behavior was positively reinforced.

At the peak of conditioning, several of the more astute members, through a system of E.S.P., could actually detect even faintly immoral insinuations in the materials. These Elite were appointed to a "Board of Film Censorship" and in this capacity they were responsible to nobody (not even to themselves).

As a result, whole reels of filmed art were not infrequently transformed into beautifully neat strips of paper dolls.

And so it continued that upon receipt of any foreign film, beloved leader, after consulting his Minister of Culture would place the film in the scissors of his censors. In this fashion the people of his state were protected against subversion and they lived blissfully in peace and enlightenment.

This is, of course, something of an apocryphal fairy tale and such a system just couldn't be tolerated or even envisioned in a democratic society like ours. Pity!

Varsity Voices

Aw, Poor Davy

To The Editor:

It is not my duty to defend Mr. David Jenkins. As president of the Canadian Union of Students and formerly both President of the Students' Union and Editor of The Gateway at this university Mr. Jenkins is, I'm sure, quite capable of replying to your near-libelous editorial of last issue, "Dave Jenkins Strikes Out."

However I do feel it necessary to defend the reputation of CUS from the blatant, malicious, and flippant attacks that it has received recently in your columns.

The reason, as you are well aware, that CUS has suggested to the Federal Government alternative schemes to relieve the tax-burden on university students is that the Liberals seem to have reneged on their campaign promise of \$10,000,000 in scholarships. Instead they have proposed legislation to establish interest-free loans. Such loans, as well as the scholarships—if and when offered—may or may not be constitutional. In the case that such schemes may be unconstitutional, CUS suggested a plan involving tax relief.

In suggesting to the government that such loans are unconstitutional, we are all aware that Mr. Jenkins may be bowing to pressure from the French-speaking members of CUS, who maintain that such aid would be direct interference in a provincial matter.

Perhaps Mr. Jenkins is bowing to the French demands; or perhaps CUS is making such a large fuss in the open so that the French will see that they have a voice in the organization. In the meantime CUS is prodding the government into action.

And it cannot be denied that CUS has taken action successfully several times on behalf of university students; since 1961 for instance, the average student has saved over \$100 by being able to deduct tuition fees from his income tax—legislation resulting from CUS representations. And in Monday's budget address, Finance Minister Gordon said that the interest-free loans "would be discussed with the provinces at the federal-provincial conference on March 31 at Quebec City, and with the Canadian Union of Students."

What further evidence, (and much is available) do you need to convince you Sir, that it is indeed NOT "a pity that the threatened disintegration of the last annual meeting was not permitted to become a fact?"

Certainly CUS is not perfect. No organization is. Yet it is the most effective voice which we as students have anywhere in Canada. What CUS needs is support where needed, criticism where

Thanks—Monsma

To The Editor:

I would like to offer my sincere congratulations to Dave Estrin and my best wishes for a successful year as chairman of the local committee of CUS.

I would like to thank my campaign committee, especially Garry Goth my campaign manager, who all worked so hard. To those who voted for me, I thank you for your consideration and support.

I would also like to congratulate the other candidates that ran in the past election. I feel very proud to have met them.

Ed B. Monsma

The editors of The Gateway take this opportunity to thank the many "Varsity Voices" who have expressed their opinions in our columns by way of letters and "Spectrum" articles.

necessary, but please let's have constructive criticism.

Rest assured Mr. Editor that as CUS Chairman on this campus in the coming term the Canadian

Union of Students will get just that. "And let the whole campus take note."

Dave Estrin
CUS Chairman-Elect

Richard McDowall's Musings



Since this is the last copy of The Gateway this year, I thought it might be fitting to "muse" for the last time. I've had a lot of fun writing for The Gateway this year and enjoyed all the various sorts of comments from Gateway readers.

Sometimes I've been disappointed in my column (as far as expressing what I wanted to say) and sometimes I couldn't find the words to write, (especially when my sister kept telling me I didn't work hard enough at my column).

I've liked working for Branny Schepanovich and his staff and would like to thank all those girls who got "conned" into typing my column every week. I suppose I should also thank Wayne for tying my tie the proper length every 403 class and all the guys in my Physical Education classes who made the year worthwhile.

My friend Adam wrote, in my opinion, the most consistent column this year and I wish him well in his one-man fight against ignorance. We need more students around our universities like him.

As for myself, I probably will be back again next year, but that remains to be seen. I hope everyone is looking forward to the summer as much as I am, and anyone down Pincher Creek way this summer is more than welcome at the McDowall's. In closing, I would like to add that it really doesn't matter "who you know" as everyone thinks, but what you know.



What the hell

by Jon Whyte

A Valedictory

We're finished. We're through. What were the words we sang in public school . . . no more teachers, no more books?

That's the point, isn't it? We've been to university. The last paper has been finished. The books have been closed. As we have been prepared for the world, the world has been prepared for us.

Certainly "vista" speeches have been the note for valedictories from the early days of Oxford, but I don't think the situation is quite the same.

We've been cultured for three or four years. We've learned a lot. And now the period of forgetting must begin.

If we don't forget what we learned, the world might seem just a little too nasty. Who would dare face the world with anything like ideals today?

While we were at university we got a little too close to Dulles' brink at least once. The opposition to our provincial government got a little weaker. While the Christmas bells were pealing "joy to the world," the nuclear weapons arrived at North Bay. Who wants to remember these things?

We've accomplished a lot while we've been here. The Indians of the province are no longer treated as second class citizens. We can see the same movies in Alberta as the rest of Canada can. Our cabinet ministers have spoken in favor of freedom of speech. Without us, "the people who will be running things," I believe the phrase is, these changes could never have been effected.

We've added a few words to our vocabularies, too. And forgotten some. Who knows the meaning of kike, sheenie, bohunk, chink, gook, wop, spiv, nigger, hebe, hunky, dogan, frog, nip, kraut? You never knew the words. Good for you.

We've been to university. Some of us have used the university. Three years for a lifetime of security isn't much of a bad deal. I don't think the university has used us. It was only there.

A lot of us have found the answer we came to university to find. God knows, there were a lot of answers here. But a lot of us never learned to ask the questions. Now, of course, with the letters after our names we'll never have to worry about disturbing questions again.

We've got standards of excellence now we gained at university. We'll never listen to rock'n'roll again. We won't spend a lifetime watching television. No, not us.

And, of course, we must extend thanks to our suffering parents and teachers. They tried to infuse us with life and vitality, with enthusiasm and energy; and if they have failed, it is not their fault.

We've been presented with the old proposition; this is your world, you didn't make it, (that was someone else's responsibility), now you live in it. The old line used to be: and boy are we going to raise hell, we'll change it and make it a liveable place. But we've done so much already, I think we can relax for the next seventy years or so. The world has improved so much just by our presence.

Now that we have learned, and have our scrolls, we can take them home in comfort, hang them on the rumpus room walls, and take pride in our fait accompli.

And we won't have to worry about the dusting of books anymore. The suburban home I've seen have been taken care of. Though they are inhabited primarily by university graduates the houses are constructed without bookshelves. Someone knows what we are.

So go forward into the world. Shut your eyes, keep your mouth closed, your feet on the ground, and you won't have to worry. You'll be safe and secure and happy. But start forgetting now. Five years from now it might be a little late to start.