

Fraternity booze

"Candy is dandy but liquor is quicker" ceased to be the credo attached to fraternity rushing, when the administration decreed that rushing be "dry" last year.

Since that time, fines have been levied and much mud slung. The party-minded fraternity system has seen rushing turn into a grisly annual ordeal — with fraternity members vacillating on the border between legality and tipping.

Alcohol tends to blur the perception of both rushee and fraternity member, at a time when analysis and assessment should be lucid — at least so goes the old argument. Valid though this point be, it is merely a post hoc rationalization of an action forced upon the Inter-Fraternity Council by an administration conscious of the Alberta Liquor Act — particularly the section dealing with the supplying of liquor to minors.

Indeed, arguments have been raised in favor of "wet" rushing. Drinking is a part of fraternity life, just as it appears to be a part of university life and life in general. The fraternities have discovered a drunken individual often displays his true character, be it good or obnoxious.

More than one rushee who has been rated number one and subsequently pledged has turned out to be insufferable once he has imbibed a few drinks. "Wet" rushing is said to

eliminate such cads from fraternity membership, as most rushees can at least be coaxed into a partially boiled state if sufficient free drinks are handed to them.

Regardless of the pros and cons of dry rushing, IFC has attempted to enforce it as the existing order. Implicit in such regimentation is the assumption all fraternities should play the game according to the rules.

If one fraternity chooses to cheat, it should be rapped and rapped hard. A gentlemen's agreement broken implies one of the parties to the agreement was not a gentleman.

While there is no definite indication the number of drinks poured has any bearing on the size of a pledge class, it is intriguing to observe the fraternity charged also garnered the largest number of pledges.

The Inter-Fraternity Council is to be commended on its courage in daring to charge one of its group, and its attempts to police the actions of its members. It is to be hoped the decision will not be altered or diluted by reduction of the proposed \$200 fine to a meaningless sum, as was the case last year.

And it is to be hoped no one loses much sleep debating whether one fraternity feeding liquor to rushees damns the fraternity system — or whether the house-cleaning attempt vindicates it.

Best free show on campus

Students' council meetings, it has been announced, henceforth will be conducted in West Lounge of SUB. Overcrowding forced the move — what used to be council chambers will become extra students' union administrative space.

Although it is a move of necessity, it is a good move. It may have the effect of encouraging students to take a greater interest in student government simply because the bi-weekly Tuesday night meetings will be open and accessible.

Council meetings are usually open to the student body — and, to give credit where credit is due, are generally conducted on a

far lower plane of efficiency and effectiveness than meetings of other student organizations.

There was something forbidding about the closed door to council chambers, and the small room within. The small room may have had the effect of making council feel chummier but it also had the side effect of making non-members feel they were interlopers stumbling into a rite of the Masonic lodge.

Students interested in improving the calibre of their participation in university activities would do well to take advantage of the new situation in West Lounge. Council meetings might even become bi-weekly evening seminars on student administration for those students interested enough to care.

Our efficient library

No wonder Alberta produces such a meagre number of top scholars. The students can't get any books.

They try, mind you, they try. They stand in the mob before Rutherford Library's main circulation desk anxiously brandishing their host of laboriously completed book request slips.

They wait most patiently, and wait. Eventually, later in the afternoon, one of the two girls serving 35 similar scholars takes their call slips and shuttles them to the stacks via a vulgar sounding tube and air affair.

Again they wait, and wait — through classes, supper, and the early movie — until, triumphantly, the call slips arrive back. No books however, just the call slips. The books — and any others worth reading about the topic

at hand — are out. They all have been usurped by senior students with stack passes.

"But I have an essay to do on this topic, due in two weeks," says our scholar. "The books will be back in two weeks," replies our library worker in a voice something like Shelley Berman's airline stewardess.

"But surely there are two copies of the more important ones — like those general texts outlining the whole courses which will be constantly in demand?" asks our book-requestor. "Oh no!" blurts our worker, a little horrified at someone questioning the sanctity of library administration.

"Are there ANY books on my topic?"

"Nope."
"I think I'll see the late movie," mumbles our ex-scholar.

Tier tears

The Touch of the Poet needed a touch of the carpenter.

The O'Neil play, produced last week by U of A's Studio Theatre, was excellent. The staging was superb, the directing skilful, the subtle yet significant, and the acting thoroughly professional.

The only persons who saw it, though, were those in the front row. The seats aren't tiered in Studio Theatre's shabby home in the educa-

tion building auditorium.

Who ever heard of an auditorium without tiered seats? Billy Graham perhaps, or Con Hall architects. The five-degree incline in that auditorium makes a horrible fiasco of drama.

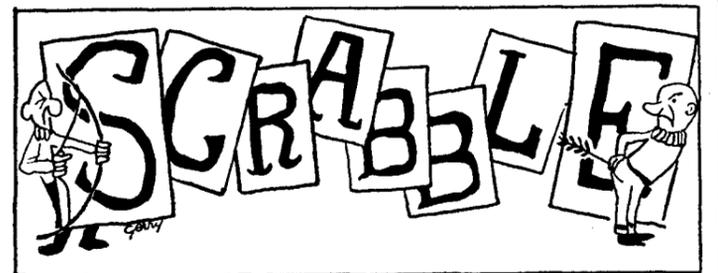
The acoustics, moreover, are akin to those of the university rink when full of skaters or overpaid musicians.

Out with the hammers and wallboard, thespians!



"THE FRATERAL SPIRIT"

rentiers



By Chris Evans

Upp laste morne and to SUBB, there to finde one Kupsche bashynge his fisticuffe uponn the deske and actinge the foole in a mannere moste unseemlie whilst scoffinge at Scrabble and gigglynge and gloatyng the while on his newe founde pow'r, he seems. Where upon yr. obt. serv't. contended himselfe by merelie suggestinge thatt more scholares do reade Scrabble then do reade Kupsche Tooche, to which the aforesaid Angrie Younge Manne tooke umbrage. Learn'd colleague Wm. Pepys, Esq. hath me thinks surmised the situation in his observations thatt Younge Dicke "doth destride his narrow worlde like unto a collassal boobe."

UAC, Calgary's answer to Ross Sheppard Sheep School, has made a frantic bid for permission to add a new color to insipid green and gold in order that its members may be distinguished from their more scholarly northern contemporaries as they leap madly about the Cowtown in their blazers, beanies and pennants.

I am all in favor, but is this distinguishing enough? Might I suggest that all UAC students tatto 'UAC' across their foreheads so that the next time we meet them on the street we can remind ourselves not to know them. Yes, I think I might suggest that.

NFCUS conferencing, juicy car-buncle, comes to a poisoned head each year at a gathering where student Empire Loyalists and radical nationalists meet the Frogs and talk shop. Between 'alleviating gaps' and 'judging values' this year's eight free-wheeling freeloaders from U of A managed to come to the conclusion that East is snob and West is best. They forgot to take an interpreter and were unable to communicate at the conference . . . apparently the Frogs cleaned up because they spoke only in French or Eastern Canadian.

NFCUS (in case you didn't know) tried to promote better understanding, greater co-operation, and more serving of peacing between eight students from each Canadian campus every year. The rest of us don't get a damn thing out of it. If you know

the 'right' people, you too can go, fella', and provided you do not go beyond the opinions of the group you can discuss "The Individ. Individual in Society."

O, to be in the goode olde dayes when students overturned busses and burned campus coppers and MLA's in large bonfires. Recently, at Ottawa U, the students saw fit to stage a strike over the removal of telephones from their building, the attitude being that any excuse is better than none for a strike. Now that is the Right attitude, and the Scrabblers lends hearty approval.

Surely the U of A deadheads can do better than Ottawa. I wouldn't want to put any ideas into any unstable heads around here, but all the same I know that I am sure as Hell not caring to pay money at a toll gate to park my heap on or about the campus. I think a strike is in order. Let us organize and march upon the Administration, cheering wildly and looting and burning and stealing many things and murdering Registrar's secretaries (in their o'so snobby short cat fur coats in which they strut in the SUB cafe impressing I know not whom) and being generally foul-mouthed like so many subversive elements in the Early Roman Empire. Take heed, Individ. Admin., ere the clarion call rings out on a sour trumpet and the walls of your red brick bastion come tumbling down. Jericho! Geronimo! Jubilation! There is something horribly creative about destruction.