

The continuing story of struggle

by the GAZETTE
collective

This is it...number 24...the last GAZETTE for this year. Some people are probably glad to see the last of it for a while; well, we'll be glad when we've seen the last of some of you, too. And we're tired. Sick and tired of all the petty-politicking going on in the university setting and among those that foster its growth; we're fighting against that the best way we know, through the paper, but we're tired of it. So now comes the time for some self-analysis and criticism. It's for all those who read this feeble attempt at politicization — the GAZETTE readership.

A NEWSPAPER EXISTS FOR A NUMBER OF REASONS, depending on who controls it and who works on it. We believe that collective management and staff co-operation make a better product than a structured body. There's more struggle involved with a collective and that's what turns out the end result; it isn't just a paper that is better or worse than another. It's a group of people who have struggled to be able to work together, to take responsibility together, to be glad or sad together.

We've failed so many times in this aim that it isn't a novelty anymore; even now we can't say that we're together in most of what we do. But we try and keep on trying (right up to the last word on the last page of this last issue) and someday we'll have done it. Because we believe in it. This staff has as wide a variety of beliefs and desires as the community around us, but we see the need for people to work together to effect some changes in the world and others in it — that's what keeps us together when we'd like to say "fuck it" and go home.

If we're often wrong, it's because we won't wait until we're perfect. And all the liberally oppressive administrations, unions and ass-sucking students in the world can't prevent us from reaching that goal in the end. We're gonna keep on strugglin'.

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PERHAPS THE THINGS WE WRITE are an indication of our progression (which we'll judge ourselves thanx). This year has seen us change somewhat: from university oriented news to a news feature format centered in the community. Neither is exclusive but we've come to realize that students cannot hide in this little multi-billion dollar glass house forever; it is time to look outside and see what the world is leaving to us. It's not a hell of a lot.

For every precious dollar our tuition rises, the taxpayer is hit double; and he has more to lose. If all else fails WE can crawl softly away to the library and read about the theory behind this in a book. The worker has to get out and figure how to keep on living.

After the years that we have spent at various universities there is only one conclusion among us: essentially they're all the same. When you get right down to it, SMU and Dal are screwing the same kinds of people for the same reasons (one just has more money to do it with while the other must be more blatant about it). Both are producing people to fit into something. If it isn't a specific job, it's a life-style perpetuated by every society that can't afford to admit it has succeeded in all the wrong ways.

THE ACCENT HERE IS ON "SMOOTH OPERATION"; so much so, that no one remembers to think about their direction, except in the terms already laid down for them. You want to be a teacher because you were taught that it's an honorable profession; but who says it's honorable? Teachers and those supported by education — the structures that need people/products.

What if you had your way? Couldn't you think of some drastic changes? Or have you been taught not to think about change that could be relevant to a mass of the people? Do you think you have a choice in what you are and do? Try stepping out of line for a while; try being serious about effecting some big changes. If you do you'll feel the strings around your neck being pulled and you either get back in rhythm or be a criminal.

"Don't rock the boat; you could screw it for all of us." Ever wonder who the "us" they're talking about is?

If you do not believe in the strength of the liberal ethic, try to organize a demo on exam day, or during Orientation or Winter Carnival. Forget it. After all, everyone knows the revolution won't come unless it's a sunny day.

The university cannot be separated from the community and the people around it; nor can we pretend it doesn't soil its hands in the dirty water of capitalism.

Universities are corporations: their raw material just happens to be people, the production process is called education and the products are liberals. They'll never believe that they can't change the world through the established means (IF they decide) but no one thinks about

WHO established those means in the first place, and WHO has already made the decisions for them.

Without higher education there could be no liberals; there would be no institutions to teach the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake allowing people to bury themselves in books vainly looking for answers that are on the streets and in the factories.

The only thing a newspaper like the GAZETTE can do is to point out where we people stand and we better realize our place is on the bottom right now). Maybe if we see it in print often enough we'll remember what we are. **WE ARE PEOPLE AND WE DON'T BELONG TO ANY STRUCTURE THAT FUCKS OVER MOST OF THE PEOPLE IN THE WORLD!**

If we allow this system of life destruction to continue we're our own worst enemies; we're helping to destroy the bit of truth and freedom left in us, the bit that even now is wasted in fruitless campaigns against the superficialities of capitalism — we don't have much of that spark left and it's going fast.

We've said it before, but once more won't hurt. We want to work for an end where universities and students see and un-

derstand the REAL world that will be their home before long (what's left of it). The world where people have to struggle to live, without time to study the theories that keep them dying; the places of darkness and light where we'll have to go when this dream is over.

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HATE US FOR THAT IF YOU LIKE; it's too bad but frankly we couldn't care less. We hate ourselves when we quit too soon, when we don't understand, when we cop out of this struggle for our own ends. You could never hate us that much.

WE'RE NOT FINISHED WITH OUR STRUGGLES; there's so much to learn. But we've started and we'll keep it up. But what about those who haven't started? The ones who'll come back whatever the tuition spiral; the ones who write the exams anyway; the ones who don't have time for thought unless it has a footnote; those who go away this summer to toy briefly with construction, never noticing that a labourer's life is different; the ones who will allow the world to go on as it has so far?

HOW CAN YOU START WHEN YOU'VE FORGOTTEN HOW?

This is a note stuck in by two very tired and bewildered editors; we can't believe it's over for a while. Somewhere in this university there are walking, talking individuals who belong to this paper (one may be with you this moment!) and we're glad they were around when they were. We'd forget some of you if we tried to list the names, but you know who you are. We love you for what you tried to do.

And then there's the GAZETTE collective; a shrunken, dishevelled few who somehow managed to stay together throughout the year and grew on this office: Marg Bezanson, Emmi Duffy, Stephen R. Mills, Don Retson and Jim Tesoriere. And someone who'll never get away because she made one of us a little bit human again — Debbie Mathers. Eventually the JOURNAL corollary wormed its way in here and now they can't leave, cause we won't let them.

This bunch screamed and hollered and struggled together all year, trying to find a place to fit and a way to get it on. We could talk about the struggles they've had trying to keep us together, trying to work out the power and ego problems common to editors — with never a hateful word.

We could talk about the way these people came to love and understand those around them, learned to care for them and each other.

We could talk about what they've done for a couple of struggling misfits like us. We could tell you how much we love them all — but you don't have to understand. They already do. They already know.

And now we feel better, we've said it in print. Now we can go home.

by

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The Dalhousie Gazette

CANADA'S OLDEST
COLLEGE NEWSPAPER

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