

The Gateway

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—Only three people showed up to sign our staff list, and two of them don't even work for the paper. Marcia (Peppermint Patty) McCallum was here, as was the Great White Daddy, and The Cat. The Cat didn't do much (which is probably a good thing—the office is usually messy enough) but did turn out to be a most co-operative model. Thanks pussy from your old friend, Harvey G. Thomgirt. (P.S.—Great White Daddy didn't do much either, but that's expected—he's old enough to know about such things.)

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intellectuals . . .

By DR. GEORGE HAGGAR
Reprinted from The Cord Weekly

The fundamental issue facing university faculties in Canada is whether our "intellectuals" will continue to act as sales clerks or begin to act as intellectuals. Doubtless, most of them as "liberal-minded people" consider the question before us irrelevant as a social issue, but significant as an academic exercise in this world of liberal harmony and "fellowship".

The exponents of harmony in this country have of late discovered that students in fact have passions and those untutored minds are people.

What is amazing, however, is that those consumers are raising questions about the quality of the sold products and sometimes the manufacturing skill of the producers. And most irritating of all, is the fact that the students are asking the higher clerks—the administrators—about the conditions of work for the producers, the environment in which they are shopping and above all, they are demanding a share in the management of the factory system.

As catalysts of the coming revolution, the students are the harbingers and the heralds of a new civilization—a civilization that asserts that man is not a speck in the cosmic dust, nor a chattel to be bargained about, nor a child to be assuaged by a pacifier. They are saying no to dehumanization, no to pleasant platitudes, no to programmed education; they are proclaiming their humanity in a debauched milieu and they know who is responsible for this monstrosity.

In their quest for self-discovery, human commitment and social emancipation, the students have put their seniors on the defensive and the latter have reacted in a typical ruling-class manner.

They have either withdrawn into their shells hoping that this "generational gap" is a temporary phenomenon; but having noticed the mounting tide of the onslaught, they tried to harness it so as to reinforce the existing order and demonstrate their liberality. Thus the new "public relations" in the universities, the commissions, the joint committees and the new "fellowship." But all this utilitarian activity and this "humanism" seem to have whetted the appetites of the consumers who are no longer satisfied with "joint partnership" and are seeking the substance of power, not its shadow.

Here, I think, is the crux of the matter. The students have learned here and elsewhere that in fact, the supporters of the status quo have no intention of sharing in the government of the university and do not plan to abdicate or surrender. Moreover, the faculties have become the Girondists in "this best of all possible worlds." And since they do not want any basic change; they simply want to be "in" on the secrets of empire and to achieve this "historic mission" some of them would like to have a united front for the students. Though most professors are contemptuous of "student power", they think that the "radicals" are a small but a useful minority whose immense energies could best be channeled to advance professorial interests.

. . . or clerks

Put bluntly, professors have no regard for student radicalism and have not examined its contents. But they want to use it as an instrument to club the administrators with rather than use it as a means of opening new fields of student-faculty relations or broadening the existing sources of co-operation and communications. This opportunism is being slowly detected by the students but as accredited clerks and members of the new priesthood the professors will go on demanding a role commensurate with their functions in the eternal design of the contemporary university, thinking that they can call in the troops if the occasion requires them. Meanwhile they will rely on "reason" to persuade the administration that the "machine" can be operated more productively and more efficiently if they sat in on more non-accountable and non-functioning committees.

To illustrate this principle, let us cite our campus—the best of all possible campuses. Here we have no social community. We merely have an ecological community—a personalized environment of monads linked together by a physical plant and a "benign" administration whose members prepare and distribute the monthly "diet" and hope to bridge the lagging two-year gap between the national and local diets. The faculties protest and they grumble in their "palatial" faculty lounge and they even

talk about "power," but the moment someone has access to power, his information becomes privileged and it cannot be divulged, etc., etc., etc.

The difficulties of the professors are compounded by their lack of collective consciousness as a group and thus their relationships with the students cannot be any more than transactional. For these reasons, the faculties are half-victims, half-accomplices and therefore half-human beings. And this leads me to say: unless the intellectual replaces the clerk, both the administrator and the teacher will become superfluous clerks in this great private enterprise of ours. Therefore, it follows that the intellectual as the interpreter of the "tradition" must become the author of the tradition and if he does not, or refuses to, he, like his predecessors, must be consigned to the dustbin of history.

Knowledge is pain and the demands of virtue are onerous and only the great create great deeds. And this epoch is a time of greatness, a time of quest, and a time of love; a time of spring and a time of passions; a time of brotherhood and a time of integrity; a time of choice and a time of authenticity; a time of man becoming man and a time of freedom and her majestic unfolding.

It is a time of revolution!



dave, if you don't quit wavin' your belt around like that, your pants'll fall off

rich vivone

a very special gift

People have been bugging me all week to succumb to the pressures of society. They insist that this is the jolly old Christmas season and that each and every one of us should be happy and grateful, etc., etc. This means, they say, to be a trifle exuberant and also to give gifts. Nothing gives so much pleasure as the giving of gifts. Ask the magi.

Okay. But this must be special. Gifts are rare birds, and must be given to those who appreciate them, who need them and who make the best use of same. Also, you should give them to people you like.

After much soul searching, I consented to make the grand gesture. To the beautiful young ladies of this campus, I humbly dedicate this piece of literature. It surely deserves a title, and that shall be "One of 12 Million easy ways to Snag a Husband."

Please, it is especially for the University of Alberta femmes who have been seeking such for a couple years but have met stubborn resistance.

A female must attack this problem in a very systematic manner. Catching a guy is like catching anything else. You must plot, prepare a trap, inject a very alluring stimulus, and spring the trap when the victim least expects it. In short, she must be cagey about the whole thing.

Let's begin by methods usually reliable in attracting the eye of the victim. He may be the guy across the aisle in class, the kid who lives next door, your boyfriend's friend, your sister's boyfriend's friend, or somebody that just happened to walk by.

Now the young lady must first rely on her instincts and figure the best way to catch his eye. So she must first be absolutely positive her hair is neat. That is essential. Attractive girls and bad hair are bad news. An average looker plus neat hair are attractive. Take it from a connoisseur.

Face is next. Go easy on the powder, the rouge, the mascara and

the rest of the grease. Look natural. Be yourself and hope you are among the beautiful. If not, even God couldn't help you.

Don't chew cigarettes or other forms of tobacco. Don't chew gum or toothpicks. If you must chew gum, refrain from blowing bubbles. Above all, don't be afraid to smile. Lipstick? Whatever kind you wear, don't overdo it.

Now, clothes. If you wear a girdle, don't wear a mini-skirt. If you wear a mini-skirt, don't wear a girdle. If you wear those new sexy coloured stockings (?), make sure you take advantage of this. If you are flat chested, hide it in one of the many clever ways young ladies conceal these things.

Now you are suitably decked out. When you see the target, smile, flutter your eyelids and pucker your lips in a juicy smack. That's effective.

So now he's impressed. He asks you out. You accept after much humming and hawing and debating.

He takes you to supper, a movie, and bowling. Of course he will attempt conversation. If he talks about physics, rattle off a few of Newton's Laws and their most notable applications. Don't forget to add the part about the laws being useless where gravity is a potent force.

If he talks about football, tell him why the Eskimos want to trade Jim Thomas, why Frank Cosentino got a raw deal from the Esks, and why the Golden Bears used Gil Mather as a defensive back when he had never played defence before in his life.

If he talks hockey, blast Punch Imlach and his theory of diminishing returns. If he talks philosophy, mention Karl Jaspers and Jean Paul Sartre. If he talks about nice guys, mention Rich Vivone.

When he takes you home, show him how appreciative you are. When he lets you out of the car, you will never see him again cause he's no fool. He knows what you are looking for.