

Columnist quits

"escapist paper"

The end of a love affair

By GABOR MATE
Reprinted from The Ubysey

This, loyal fans—both of you—is my last regular column for The Ubysey. My leaving is hardly of cosmic importance; in fact—except for a smaller number of vituperative letters to the editor—the difference will scarcely be noticeable in the pages

exemption from the shame and from the responsibility. No less than anyone, I have contributed to the never-never land world view The Ubysey consciously or unconsciously helps to foster.

For the sake of personal recognition, and as a personal escape from reality, I have compromised the truths I believe in by contributing to a paper I have long known to be trivial, irrelevant, and thus

People might accept you more easily if you can evoke an occasional laugh—but they will not accept what you see—what you know—to be the truth.

And they will accept you only because you have compromised and somehow intimated that the truth, after all, is not very important.

There are some who will fight truth until they die as human beings, and with these you do not need to laugh and compromise—they are incapable of accepting truth.

Those ignorant fools, for example, who know nothing of the history and politics of Vietnam, nor of the nature of our society's involvement in that and other conflicts, those idiots who possess not a fact, not a shred of historical evidence, and who are content to parrot lies, slogans, and more empty lies and slogans to protect their full bellies—with these you need not laugh and compromise, for they are incapable of accepting truth.

(Are you sick, friend, of constantly hearing about that war? Go ahead and retch then, or turn your eyes, and tell yourself you are not a murderer.)

And those animals who can behold the picture of the bleeding and scorched flesh of a Vietnamese child and then, even as a "joke", carry a "bomb the Cong" banner—with these insensitive, sadistic, civilized cannibals you need not laugh and compromise, for they will not recognize the truth until it visits them in the form of burning napalm clinging to the backs of their children.

You can have pity for those unfeeling, dehumanized products of our society, but you need not compromise with them.

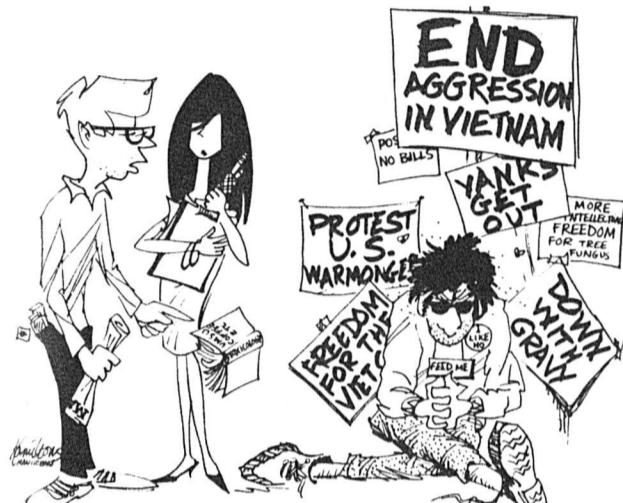
But there are some, perhaps a minority, who have not been sufficiently brain-washed to cloud their vision of reality. And with these I can laugh freely, and mock at all the absurdity and hypocrisy that abounds in the world—but these people need no gimmicks to lead them to reality. They need no compromises, no trivia, no irrelevancies.

They need not occasional glimpses of the truth buried in utter trash—they demand the truth itself.

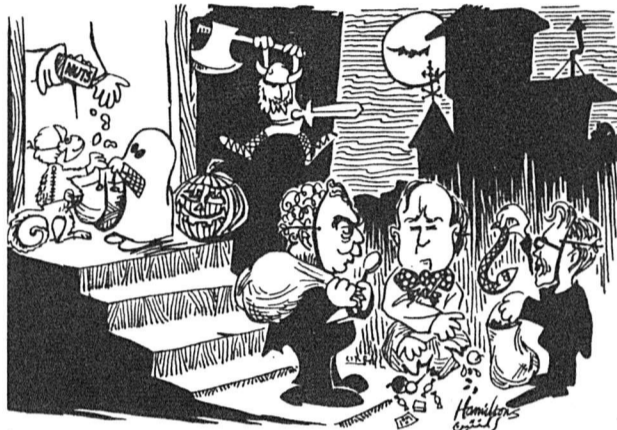
The Ubysey, I know, will not provide this truth. So I am leaving The Ubysey.

Others are leaving too, and there are some who remain only because they lack the courage to act on their own beliefs and kick hypocritical, meaningless success in the face.

As I have rationalized until now, they will continue to rationalize their compromised position.



SO MUCH FOR THAT
... now lets get ready for model parliament



"MUST BE SOME SORT OF CENTENNIAL PROJECT"

of the "greatest college paper in Canada." But my quitting, although the result of a personal decision, is concerned as much with the nature of The Ubysey as with purely personal factors—and for this reason I feel compelled to provide an explanation.

The Ubysey, despite what its self-laudatory editorials so glibly assert, is not a good newspaper. It is not good, and it is not even mediocre—it is trivial.

For the most part it is concerned with trivia, with matters that are unimportant, insignificant, and unreal. It contains no message, no information which has the slightest bearing on issues which are important significant and real in this world.

It says nothing which is relevant to the life of any one of us.

No one is less ignorant for having read the Ubysey, and no one is more ignorant for not having done so.

The best college paper in Canada is but another escape from reality in a society which already uses too many easy escapes.

Because it is an escape for reality, it is also an escape from truth, for it is a falsehood to present an unreal picture of the world.

The belief that "Joe Student" wants to read trivia, that he needs an escape from the "rigors of university life" is not a valid moral justification, but a convenient myth to justify our snobbery and our inaction.

This "Joe Student" does not exist—and even if he did, one does not supply unlimited quantities of opium to a drug addict merely because the latter feels a craving for a mind-soothing, stupefying drug.

Winning the Southam Trophy for six years is not an achievement The Ubysey's staff should be proud of.

The selection is made by the men who publish the lie-filled, hypocritical, trivia-concerned propaganda sheets known as the daily papers—instead of pride, we should all feel shame that such men have found our work worthy of honor.

Unfortunately I cannot claim any personal

background

The student press has been condemned many times, but the charge rarely comes from its own ranks. In this article the best ex-columnist in Canada, Gabor Mate, damns UBC's Ubysey as "unimportant, insignificant, and unreal," since it "contains no message . . . and . . . no information." The cartoons are the work of the Hamiltons, cartoonists at The Manitoban. The two-man team doesn't compromise and has produced a series of award-winning cartoons. They are idea-man, David Hamilton, 21, in fourth-year architecture; and illustrator Andrew Hamilton, 20, in third-year agriculture. Sometimes they change roles and both are from Winnipeg.

CAVORTER CATCHES COEDS UNAWARE

By LIN TSE-HSU

Two UBC co-eds were injured over the weekend when they were attacked by a man described as wearing a Scottish kilt and a white T-shirt.

The attacks were identical to an incident two weeks ago when science student Winona Ford was accosted and grabbed by the bottom of her skirt into a barn.

Latest attacks occurred late Saturday and late Sunday. All three attacks have taken place in the northern end of B-lot.

Saturday's victim, Rita Hallyer, arts 2, was still recovering Monday when interviewed by a Ubysey reporter.

"I was cutting across B-lot to Totem Park when I saw this man in a skirt running toward me.

"I stopped and looked at him and he came up and grabbed me on my bottom with both hands," she said.

Miss Hallyer, a romance studies

major, said as the man grabbed her he yelled: "Yummy."

"I was wearing a white T-shirt," she said. "I felt a high, shrill voice. Then he ran away."

Miss Hallyer, a five foot, three inch girl, said she was barefoot. "When he grabbed me, I heard a high, shrill voice. He must have stubbed it," she said.

The arts student said she is unable to sit down without discomfort since the attack.

"It's still sore," she said. "And my boy friend says there's a bad bruise." Second weekend victim was Jennifer Sanders, arts 1.

Miss Sanders, also pinched in B-lot, said she fainted when her attacker yelled "yummy," and bruised her ankle. "I only fainted for a few seconds," she said Monday. "The pinch itself



WINONA FORD
... identifies evidence

didn't hurt much — I was wearing a thick girdle."

In another development Monday, authorities allowed a Ubysey reporter-photographer team to view a piece of kilt torn from the phantom pincher a week last Thursday. A physical education co-ed had chased the man after recognizing him from a Ubysey description.

"I was wearing a tartan as he disappeared over a construction fence.

Authorities had refused permission for a press release last week.

"It's an important clue and we had to study it," one said. "We are expecting word this week from an expert in Victoria on what clan the kilt represents.

Authorities say they can't account for the man's use of the word "yummy."

often directly harmful.

Although I have enjoyed writing them, my humorous articles—humorous at least by intent—have been mostly a gimmick to draw attention to my political views. But I know now, as perhaps I knew a long time ago, that gimmicks are no substitute for reality, and that there are no gimmicks to reality.

A few of us will bring out a new publication in a few weeks. It will be read by far fewer people than The Ubysey, but at least it will not compromise our consciences.

I am aware, finally, that many will think this last column overdramatic, overemotional, extreme, and extremely ridiculous. But you see, loyal fans, you can't please everyone.