

Varsity Voices

Students write letters about semantics, toilets, frosh week, paintings and humanism.

Humanism

To The Editor:

Last week my girlfriend, her boyfriend and I headed towards Convocation Hall to see the Travellers. My companions both had tickets and understood that I could get one at the door. However, this proved to be impossible, and I, like many others, was turned away because it was too crowded.

Disappointed, we sat on the steps wondering what to do. Should I go home since they had tickets, whereas I didn't? Or should we go to the show.

Then just like a fairy tale, a certain Mr. X, who had been sitting beside me handed Don a ticket saying, "Hold this for a minute," and dispersed into the crowd before we could say a thing.

We were astonished, so we decided to write to you, Mr. Editor, to ask if we could print our thanks to the anonymous Mr. X in the Gateway. Will you let us?

Sincerely,
J. McMaster
S. Neyck
D. McFarlyn

P.S. It was a darned good show too! Those folksingers are terrific.

IBM and Registration

To The Editor:

In the last two editions of Gateway there have been various critical articles written about the registration procedure followed this year. I realize that some of this was just in good humor to rub the idea of a more mechanized life (IBM cards and all), but far too many complaints criticized the administration officials for not caring about the individual student.

The officials are not "sitting back placidly, declaring straight-facedly, that registration has been improved." They are looking for loopholes in the new system and are already planning improvements for next year. In contrast to what one editorial stated, the officials do "venture out of their offices for a while, and collide with students, etc." If one strolled around campus a few months before and up to registration time, they would have often seen the lights of the Administration Building shining until midnight

or even 1:00 a.m. while persons inside were sweating it out only because they cared about the students and their reactions to registration.

The advantages of this new system are numerous and far outnumber the complaints of a few. For one thing, there is no more of this waiting in the Ice Arena for two hours to obtain one class card only to find when you finally get to the front that the class you want is full. The efficiency has been greatly improved, and the students who could read went through the procedure quite easily. For the ones that couldn't read, well—they shouldn't be here in the first place.

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Frosh Week

To The Editor:

Recalling my Frosh Week, and having observed what went on this year, I'm convinced that the Week has been interpreted by a lot of groups and individuals as a fertile time to drag out the campus Who's Who.

This is the time to whip into shape those blue blazers with the embroidered left-side pockets, this is when we start evaluating the metallic contents of a lapel, and start looking for familiar names on the backs of programs; this is when we're likely to be run over by really busy people who fly in and out of committee rooms with a fistful of important-looking documents, and looking really quite harassed.

Before anyone gets indignant, let me say that I've got nothing against work. As a matter of fact, I'm all for Work and Busyness. I can't help but respect those talented people who have justly earned (in most respects) those blazers, those impressive titles, and those reputations of uninterrupted sacrifice and toil. I've heard about how long and hard a fight it is to the top. I've heard about the knocks and shoves you get, and about how you have to knock and shove right back. These people have stamina and I admire them for it.

Not that all this resoluteness and talent doesn't have its obvious rewards. The student body is undergoing a constant bombardment of publicity designed to

provide the maximum amount of noise to the greatest number of students most of the time. Our bulletin boards, radio society, yearbook, program notes, and student newspaper all do a pretty thorough job of keeping us informed as to who's what and why. And we all jump up and listen. You've made it, Kid. You're a name.

I've said it already—you worked to get there. But it's about time someone said something for all those others who maybe don't want to spend three years in one big long fight to the top; who have other things to do besides spending their time being seen with the right people in the right places.

No, I'm not talking about those hundreds who pass into and out of campus life rather unproductively. I'm talking about those people on this campus who think that, just because they aren't brilliant social successes and aren't much in demand, and because they aren't particularly interested in being famous, that this doesn't mean that they can't be helpful and perhaps even necessary somewhere along the line.

They know that they are intelligent and energetic, that maybe they play a violin excellently or write pretty good poetry; or perhaps they're just good workers.

But for some reason or another—perhaps they don't make the right contacts, or don't wear a fraternity pin, or just don't have the personality that forces you out into open field—they're not selling themselves, and no one's buying.

It's time we stepped away a few miles and years from the campus and looked at it in the correct perspective. It's time we realized that, removed from the security of the university, the campus demagogue isn't any more likely to shake the world than is the unassuming, industrious student, who, in his chosen profession, succeeds quietly.

It's time we started looking for worth in an individual far deeper than the noise he makes in the not so great here and now.

Chloe

Paintings Scarce?

To The Editor:

This university owns very few good paintings, but one of them is a very fine canvas by the distinguished Canadian artist, A. Y. Jackson, one of the original group of seven.

In view of the relative scarcity of such works, it might seem reasonable for the painting to be hung in an easily accessible place, such as the library. But where is this particular work to be found?

In the foyer of the office of the president of the university.

Why?
Surely the president's artistic appreciation is not so delicate that he could not take a short walk when he feels the urge to see a good painting. And surely it would be a lot more convenient for most of the students and staff to see the same painting in a relatively accessible place, rather than traipsing up to the third floor of the administration building to be met by a secretary demanding what they want in the president's office.

Perhaps a little more concern for culture, and a little less concern for the adornment of offices would be more in the tradition of a university.

Robin Hunter
Arts 4

Human Rights

To The Editor:

I wish to take a stand on behalf of human rights.

There are those, hitherto unpublicized, in our province who are this very minute being deprived of those essential human rights which we all hold dear.

For some reason, their cause has not yet been championed by the press; and I consider this fact to be a gross indictment of the press, as it stands today.

There is a group of underprivileged, downtrodden human beings in our society about whom we have apparently forgotten. I am prepared to speak for them.

I refer, of course, to the people who use this province's men's rooms. (I am not, as yet, in a position to speak for those who use the province's ladies' rooms).

How many people today appreciate the ordeal that our loyal men's room users endure daily?

I will illustrate their plight. In the men's restrooms of the Red Deer Bus Depot (and, I am assured, in the men's rooms of countless other centres), loyal citizens are daily being subjected to a degradation and oppression which no humane society would tolerate.

It costs a nickel to use the toilets.

But what of the lowly who cannot afford a nickel? Do we merely ask them to "hold it," until they reach a more provident depot (say, in Saskatchewan)?

No—we provide them with a "free" stall: **A STALL WITHOUT A DOOR!**

We condemn them to an agony of personal shame and embarrassment.

This ruthless and premeditated attempt to embarrass and degrade the unfortunate of our society is a callous blow to equality of opportunity.

It is a blow to human dignity, and the last straw.

Yours,
Socialist

Semantics

To The Editor:

Thanks for the publicity provided for The Travellers. As I'm sure everyone knows, now, they were a success and Stan Kenton is now wiped from our memories, except as a skeleton to act as a gentle reminder.

A point that Paul Peel brought to my attention in last Tuesday's edition, in the article re entertainment, it was noted that: "The Travellers received \$1,300 . . . to produce." We would like a correction of this reporting please.

These performers did not receive this amount, actually considerably less. The amounts quoted are to produce and present the whole show which includes auditorium, advertising, communications, a whole host of small items, and the amount which we have presented is actually a very liberal amount, based on The Travellers' show presentation.

We don't want people to think we are paying that much money to these performers, especially non-university people connected with show biz who are already chiding us, sometimes in public—see Journal for paying too much.

Adrian B. Jones,
Entertainment Committee



What the hell

by Jon Whyte

Last year at one time I wrote a song parody which was run in this column, but unfortunately no one knew the melody. This year I will try again. Ian Pitfield, Campus Liberal Leader, has promised to sing it at the Yardbird Suite some Saturday night. See you at the suite.

Oh, Dr. Vant (to the tune of Oh, Dr. Freud)

Oh, it happened on the campus not so many years ago,
When females first discovered there was sex,
That a charming obstetrician
Tried to better his position
By telling girls what they need as checks.

Oh, Dr. Vant, Oh, Dr. Vant.
You gave the girls a thousand reasons why they can't
You have given them the reason
Why men are out of season
And when it comes to pleasin', why they shan't.

You have filled their heads with bits of gynecology,
Revealed their individual differences they never see,
Now their personal psychoses
Have become a mass neurosis,
They now need individual psychotherapy.

Oh, Dr. Vant, Oh, Dr. Vant.
You gave the girls a thousands reasons why they can't,
And now the sex that once was weak
Reads Betty Friedlan's "Feminine Mystique,"
Now they're oh so smooth and sleek; but they shant.

Now they regard every man as a bit of a beast,
Though every single one desires to be chased.
The essence of their savoir
Is from Simone de Beauvoir,
And some desire their past to be erased.

Oh, Dr. Vant, Oh, Dr. Vant:
You gave the girls a thousand reasons why they can't.
They are taking psychometrics
So they'll understand obstetrics,
But even if you get tricks, well they shan't.

All apologies to all concerned. And may Ian have fun.

Richard McDowell's Musings

I climbed out of bed this morning and looking out the window, thought how dull and dreary the day looked. I decided to go out for a walk down the river road. It was cold and I was glad I had my scarf.

Walking down the path to the river bottom, through the turning leaves, I couldn't help wondering why more people don't take walks. My brother tells me that while touring Scotland and England it was a rare sight not to see people walking in the country; sometimes whole families would be seen.

The river paths surprised me. They are indeed pretty this time of year. I didn't seem to notice the coolness of the morning, but just walked aimlessly.

It was very surprising therefore, to come upon a young girl also walking, but in the opposite

direction. Surprising, because I thought I was alone.

However, the most interesting thing about our meeting was that she was whistling, and as we passed each other on the path she smiled. Not a forced smile that seems to be a convention of our day, but that warm smile that can brighten up one's whole day.

After we had passed, I thought how applicable this short meeting was. Have not we all remembered at one time or another, someone's smile? Whether the smile is quick or lasting, innocent, or knowing, sad or lively, it is one reaction which seems to be lacking these days. People do not want to smile at one another, especially strangers. On days like today, (and there are many) the sight of a smiling face is a wonderful tonic. And you know—it's free.