

Another View of the GOOOB

By CHARLIE BOYLAN

Ships are launched with champagne. Your sub was launched with vomit. As students heaved their guts at the all-night drunken orgy-dance marathon, sub came alive. The official opening took place the morning after. Naturally, no students came to hear Governors, Deans and other dignitaries tell students how responsible and jolly they were for footing the bill for sub.

As another front for this bacchanalian festival, student hacks organized hack intellectuals to pose and ponder worldly problems. But the panel program flopped. Students weren't fooled for a minute. They know what sub is all about. Only six showed for the panel I was duped into—three were sub committee members, one was the AMS secretary and two stumbled in on their quest for the pub.

Our topic for the evening "How Sub Relates", provoked me to write the following, which I publish for all those who forgot to come:

Let me relate first to another sub opening; one which I attended at Dalhousie in Halifax when I was still editor of Scan Magazine in November. It was a circus of self-promotion and self-congratulation performed by 200 bureaucrats, millionaires, "bright young men on their way up," lackeys and prigs. They crowded together in what was, I guess, the "speakers pit" — covered with a two inch piled green rug there to drink fine scotch and wine magnanimously donated by the student body so that this very special group of people could celebrate on their behalf — I guess. The sophistication and intellectual depth of conversation evoked poor Prufrock's blanched and effeminate squeak of despair:

In the room the women come and go

Talking of Michelangelo

This illustrious gathering in Canada's city with the largest Afro-Canadian population boasted two black men. Both wore white and served the booze.

Later at dinner the comedy degenerated to farce. Scripts were provided eagerly by President Hicks, father president of Dal, a dottering Board member and two student bureaucrats who kept tripping over themselves whilst they pinned medallions and other trophies of honour on their illustrious colleagues. Hicks took the opportunity of speaking briefly — after all, "This is student's night" he beamed with that "ah, if only every father should have such obedient children" smile which must be the envy of every campus president in Canada.

But Hicks thought it necessary to take time to defend the Board of Governors. "They've taken quite an

attack these days," he said, "by those who would destroy and not build like you here who created this lovely tribute to our university."

He grins and a nervous giggle breaks the silence. Everyone knows the Board members portfolios amount to corporate incest. "No sir, that's just not true. Almost all our Board members are graduates of Dalhousie and we're proud the way they voluntarily serve our little community." Which says more about the origin of Dal graduates than it does to refute the truth of big business domination of Canadian universities. But anyhow the applause is thunderous. After all they are proud of the Board. Just look at those rows of beaming, button-down smiling idiots. Just like their parents — white, middle-class, with enough concern and initiative to be on sub committees. Yes, student initiative, such a good word "initiative". More digestible than power.

"Of course your students have had your problems with the Board" continued Hicks, flush with frankness. "Goodness knows, negotiations for this building have been trying." (Smiles and nods abound). "But that's democracy; give and take. And the result is this lovely building, a tribute to the students of Dal."

"Bravo, bravo" — solid clapping — clap, clap, clap. Clearly audible and no doubt re-assuring to President Hicks even if the Third Estate hadn't been invited to dinner.

Next to speak was Gov. McInnis, namesake of Dal's new sub building with vision. McInnis stumbled to the mike; he can't see too well. Slightly slimmer than our inimitable and sprightly Chancellor Buchanan, McInnis has — how shall I say — history. You see, in the Maritimes blood line counts more than here in the open rugged coast. Here you just pay cash; there it helps if your ancestors were United Empire Loyalists before Columbus discovered America from the native inhabitants.

Anyhow, the younger more aggressive set there knew Gov. McInnis was irrelevant, but they nodded smugly as he pratted on about family virtues and his great aunt Elsie or Bertha or who ever who was the first woman graduate from Dal. And so they pinned a medal on him, and on the architect, and on the contractor and on all the past student sub chairmen who had all grown up to be successful lawyers and real estate men and one was even an engineer which shows how important sub's are to interdisciplinary unity.

The only ones who didn't even get so much as honourable mention were the workers who built the god-damned place or the 30 or so black men and white women who served them dinner at 90 cents an hour (only slightly below the poverty line).

At evenings end Hick's proud and cherub-face beamed to a Dean: "I didn't want to say too much. Let the students take the spotlight. It's their building, you know."



Cameron bows out gracefully

KIM CAMERON CONCEDES DEFEAT:

"The democratic process has run its course. The people have made their voice heard. This is not the time for hard feelings; this is not the time for bitterness; this is not the time for a deeper schism. This is not the time for recriminations. It is rather the time for unity, the time to move forward, to do God's great work."

"The people have made their choice, which can only lead me to assume that their choice will be well deserved. I know this because of my indefatigable faith in the democratic process. History is not reversible; one must not look backward but ever forward, with hopes for a better future. The dialectics of democracy are not monotonously a progressive and static — they are, rather, in an historical conceptual matrix, groovy."

"The task which confronts us is formidable. Let's bridge the political chasm. Let us close ranks BEHIND the political bleeder."

"I console the losing candidates, and all those who have supported me. It was a clean election, and I know, that even if not accepted, the suggestion for democracy was heard."

"We must all now unite for progress, we must bring ourselves together. My wife and I, tired as we are, ask all of our voters, to throw their immense weight behind our striking new leader, Mr. Gillis."



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