

# The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—Either none of our staffers can overcome their modesty and sign the staff issue list, or they're afraid to admit an association with such an evil, slanted rag. The following staff list is, therefore, subject to some error. Any mistakes are purely intentional. Lorna Cheriton, Brian Campbell, Homer Smythins, Peter McCormick, faithful old Boom-Boom, Peppermint Patty, Gerry Buccini, Fred Finster, King George, Dennis Fitzgerald, Judy Samoil, Old Man Adams, Peter Parker, Alex Ingram, Grandma Moses, Susan George, Shirley Kirby, Fester Bestertester, and wide-eyed and willin' Harvey G. Thomgirt.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1967

## it happened . . .

By RICH VIVONE

This is what happened on a particular day four years ago.

A few people were in the basement of the Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity house (University of North Dakota chapter) trying to clean up the mess from a party the night before. It had been one of those impromptu deals which are usually the liveliest.

There was beer on the ceiling and on the walls and the dead keg had been turned over and the left-over booze had trickled over the entire floor. The odor was next to unbearable especially if you had a bloated head.

The mess was the result of a beer-flinging session started by some conspicuous individuals who knew they would not have to clean it up because only the members of the pledge class have such privileges. Luckily, everyone had been in grub clothes and no respected mates of the clan had outfits ruined.

I figured nothing could happen

today and be worse than this. Eventually, we unionized and the floor was clean. Someone suggested the rest be left until after dinner but I suspect all had the same idea which was to leave for several hours and come back when the room was nearly liveable.

On my way out, I picked up some trash and was dumping it into the garbage can when an active named Jim Coleman came hustling across the yard.

Coleman is a pretty good guy as the saying goes and besides, he had a tomato face and short curly hair. He smiles half the day and sleeps the rest.

"Hi, Jim," I said as he chugged up to me. I threw the garbage in the container.

He said one thing and the day turned into a disaster. Beer stained halls did not exist any more.

"Some son-of-a-bitch shot our President," he said breathlessly. No more. No less. The sun disappeared from the sky, minds turned black. Hatred took over as king of the day.

## . . . just four years ago

Coleman clomped into the men's dormitory which was just a couple yards away and I followed. He was looking for someone with a radio and had no trouble because everyone in the world was hunched over one.

"Who did it?" Coleman asked no one in particular.

"They don't know," a pimply freshman answered. "They haven't said anything anyway."

The unentertaining music was cut short and the announcer said, "Here is a flash from Dallas, Texas. The President of the United States of America has been shot and wounded. He was shot by an unknown rifleman during a motorcade through the streets of the city. Please stand by for further announcements."

Something is insane here, I thought. This is the 20th Century and things like this don't happen in civilized countries. No, this is crazy. I looked around and saw

many young people who did believe it.

My gaze fell on the calendar and the date—November 22—was circled in red and above it was written in neat letters 'math exam'.

Then the music stopped again. A voice from the radio said, "We have further news from Dallas. Please stand by."

Then a person with a voice indescribably horrifying said, "Ladies and Gentleman, President John Fitzgerald Kennedy of the United States of America has been shot and killed in Dallas, Texas. The president is dead. I repeat, the president is dead."

People broke down all over the place. It was unreal.

Later, I sat down against the wall in that beer-stained room and stared at the inverted keg.

It was a strange place for a Canadian to be on November 22, 1963—the day the 34th president of the United States was assassinated.



## what is black power?

By GABOR MATE  
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Ultimately the roots of Black Power spring from the soil of Negro exploitation and oppression, but its direct political basis can be identified as: 1. the racial separatism of the Black Muslims, and 2., the civil rights-integration movement.

The Black Muslim contribution is the notion that the Negroes must themselves be the instrument of their own liberation, that they cannot expect white America to be the agents of Negro freedom.

Black Power, however, rejects the Muslim idea that the Negro must establish some sort of a separate political entity somewhere in America where segregation of races would be total. The late Malcolm X himself wrote in his autobiography, completed shortly before his murder, that he was beginning to realize Negroes and white must be brothers.

Black Power thus accepts the civil-rights-integration view that the liberation of the Negro must take place within the context of American society as

a whole. What it does reject is the assumption made by Wilkins, King, and other Negro liberals that the Negro can gain his freedom within the existing structure of American society. That is, Black Power says Negroes cannot be liberated so long as they depend on the good-will of the existing power structure, and its legislative representatives.

For, say Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown, it is this very power structure which keeps the Negro in his second-class status.

Black Power, as enunciated by Carmichael and Brown, sees as its enemies the same people who profit by oppression in Latin American and who find it necessary to wreak destruction in Vietnam — American imperialism. Black Power is a call for action against imperialism on its home base, America. In short, Black Power sounds the clarion call social revolution in America. Necessarily this would imply co-operation with white revolutionaries, but the organization and leadership of the Negroes must come from within the black community. This, then, is the meaning of Black Power.