

"I am a Capitalist!"

This article may cause considerable outrage. I hope it does. The title may offend. I hope it does, as I stand or fall on the principles of the above type of individual.

The inspiration for this article came from my attendance of a students' council meeting on Dec. 8. At this assembly the council saw fit in their omniscience to abolish the Gold and Silver key awards for service to the union. This in itself does not bother me. The logic behind the move, however, does.

At this meeting, it was decided that people should not be rewarded for their services with these awards. The reason cited was the inequality of the awarding of the same. This was the inequality: It was felt that those students who were marginal and therefore could not serve in the union were being discriminated against by the awarding of these things to the students who could

A letter to Trudeau

by Winston Gereluk

It is senseless to feel proud of Canada, unless I have somehow helped to make it the country that I am proud of. Political freedom is fully dependent on its exercise, and it is frightening to think of how little I have asserted my freedom in the last little while.

Therefore, I decided to express myself on the disgusting way in which my government has handled the Biafran horror. Among other things I addressed and mailed this letter to Mr. Trudeau (although really, we are all Trudeaus in this matter).

Mr. Trudeau:

Allow me to express my horror towards the complete lack of humanitarianism displayed by you and your government in repeatedly deciding to ignore your responsibilities in the Biafran issue.

Your government has repeatedly denied having to take any action on the Biafran War. Worse yet, your semantical magician, Mr. Sharpe, has had the gall to tell us that since there is no evidence of genocide in Biafra, there is no reason for us to worry. Now we learn from him that the Biafrans don't even want our help, and that, in any case, we have no right to intervene in this 'internal' matter.

While I know that you are out of sympathy with secessionist provinces, it still surprises me that you allow the spectre of a separated Quebec blot out any sympathy for starving Biafran children.

Use some of that power that we invested in you, Mr. Trudeau, or leave your post to a better man. Because of your inaction I am now in sympathy with the Vancouver youths who would not let you speak last summer.

Yours truly,

Perhaps the above seems a perfect exercise in futility, but surely, if nothing else, it is worth something to express yourself on such subjects.

If the letter seems crude and precocious, that is because I have written it according to a personal Code on Politicians which reads in part:

1. When writing letters to a politician, don't bother dispensing with any information on the atrocity you are protesting. The politician has more information than you do, and has actively chosen to do nothing.

2. Merely let the politician know that you know that he knows, and further, that you resent his knowing so much and doing nothing.

3. Understand that you are talking to power-brokers who don't make decisions on the basis of ethical standards, but only on the basis of how they will predictably enhance or endanger their political careers.

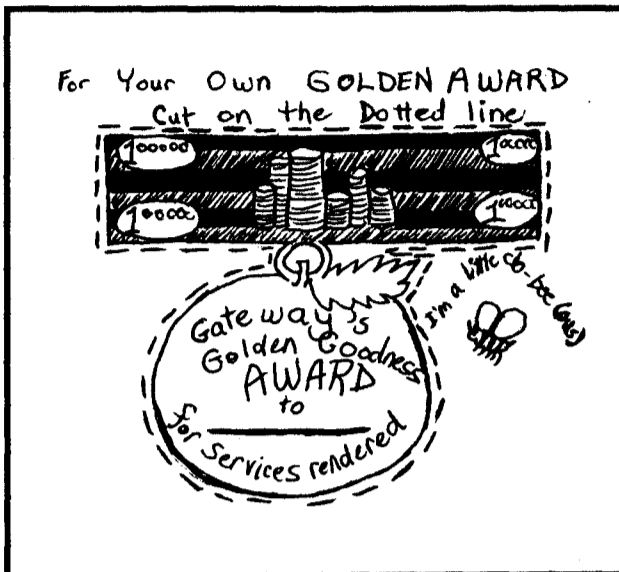
4. Let the politician know that you know that there is a political expedient behind his inaction, and that you resent it.

5. Discount the possibility that the politician is powerless (as Mr. Trudeau has repeatedly claimed). Let them know that you resent his even resorting to such an excuse on issues like Biafra.

6. Talk to the politician as you would to any other freak-out. He also goes to the bathroom three times a day and, therefore, has no right to treat your accusations as those of a subordinate.

7. When writing to a politician, blame him for all the vices and follies of all politicians, insofar as he embodies them.

8. Finally, fellow students, do thou likewise, do it repeatedly, and do it now.



serve. In other words, the people of ability are in effect being punished for their ability to succeed in their scholastic endeavors as well as serve. It was argued that the reward for service should be the intrinsic satisfaction of the service, with a shake of the hand solely as reward. When this was done, the person who had served would disappear into the anomaly. This disturbs me.

My whole ethic says that I deserve recognition and reward for those things I do. If I can achieve more, I deserve a greater reward. If I do nothing I deserve no reward. The degree of achievement should be the arbiter of the prize won. Our council now has passed the motion that we deserve no reward for our service to the union.

We must add in fairness that the awards of Gold and Silver rings were maintained. Apparently these awards for achievement were, in some perverse logic, regarded as acceptable.

My question is why should we not be rewarded for our service. We should be given a more valuable reward for greater achievement, and for lesser ones, we should indeed have a lesser award. Our society is based on the principle of being awarded for your achievements. This is a powerful motivational tool for individuals. If we are not to be rewarded for our service, then why should we who achieve serve? I shall take my intelligence elsewhere, where I will be rewarded if I am not to be rewarded here. The poem given below sums up my position. All of the things in this poem may not be necessary to one's very existence, but to some degree they are the measure of success. The intrinsic reward in achievement is good, but man must have the exterior trappings also. Here are some of the reasons why I work.

The sweet sounds of success

The rustle of currency,
the clink of silver,
the crinkle of registered stocks and bonds,
the sports car's roar,
the limousine's purr,
the full throated roar of your own private jet,
the respectful murmur of a maître d's bow,
the thunderous applause at the close of your speech,
the voiced approbation, the plaudits of fame,
the whispered approval of someone you love,
These are the sweet sounds of success.

It is for these external rewards, above and beyond my own appreciation of my service that I work. I cannot accept the statement that man should not be rewarded to the degree of service. The only fact that I accept is that man only deserves those things he earns. If he does not work, he does not receive for doing nothing. Those who achieve should be rewarded. They should be rewarded both by their satisfaction of the job and external trappings. They have earned it, they deserve it.

We must take care that the rewards we earn are honest ones.

The award given for reasons of inside pull or influence has no value at all, but the reward given for honest service is very valuable. They are deserved, and they should be given out as a measure of recognition for achievements that are of meritable note.

Students should advise their representatives of their opinions on this matter. If you do not know who he or she is, write to our president, David Leadbeater.

Thomas Payne
science

Globe and Mail staffer hits brain-washing jerks

I don't know anything about the latest cliché, The New Journalism, but I appreciate two of your recent editorials—Behind Closed Doors and The Whitewash.

There is nothing new, of course, about bureaucratic jerks hiding behind the phony pabulum press release. At university, as everywhere else, journalists are used as conduits for brain-washing the public. If the journalist has so few balls that he let himself be so used.

The only reason I stayed in journalism, I think, is that an early-day Gateway editor told a union president who wanted me fired to go to hell. The column I did got stronger because the editor, Dick Sherbanuk—1949, supported me against a user.

The motherfuckers you refer to are also everywhere. Especially in sport, which is the squarest of all our microsocieties. Any attempt to discuss the sociology of games is decried by promoters who only understand an Uncle Tom, in a sloppy, patronizing way.

But good luck. This is the best business there is, when you're allowed to holler about it like you think it is.

Dick Beddoes
Globe and Mail
editorial dept.

Print Shop misses a choice bit to censor

Re: The cartoon on page four of the Dec. 5 issue.

Well, Gateway, you did it. You managed to get an offensive cartoon past Printing Services. Congratulations. I'll bet they didn't even realize it was in bad taste, even though it was so explicit, with that tidy little explanation up there in the corner so's nobody could miss the point. It was even pretty sexy—I'll bet even the Kinsey people never thought of measuring "masculinity" and "femininity" (in quantitative units, yet) and then putting it on a graph. Just in case anybody did miss the gist of the whole thing, or else was overwhelmed by its witty perception and clever satire, I'd like to enumerate its salient points:

- Femininity consists in being able to synchronize twirling one's parasol and fluttering one's eyelashes—both highly useful accomplishments.

- Meter maids have flat feet. Moreover, writing parking tickets requires a man's strength, force of character, and besides, give a woman that much power, where'll it all end? Next they'll want all the cushy jobs, like collecting garbage, digging ditches—meter maids are definitely a subversive element in our society.

- Liberty consists in being chained to a desk. It also upsets a woman's hormonal balance, causing her to develop the secondary sexual characteristics of a male.

For your next effort at dodging the censor, why not have a graph depicting a black man's journey towards "liberty"—showing his progressive shades from black to white, and the "good old days" of, say, 1859 (1869 was about four years too late). Yessir, in those days, everybody knew his/her place—to hell with "liberty," "equality," "justice"—keep 'em in the kitchen, barefoot, pregnant and beardless!

Margaret Calder
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