

# The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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**STAFF THIS ISSUE**—Swill my dempsey hass is another contribution to Gateway lingo from Colin Gedling visiting us from the Emery Weal, SAIT, Calgary. He came to help fill the pages after a survival-for-the-fittest weekend. Those who made the long march back from Pretoria were Joe (who marched all the way back from Saskatoon) Czajkowski, Brian MacDonald who didn't, Ellen Nygaard (the suffer-gette), Dan Carroll, Randy Selby and Peggi Jankowski (the inseparable twosome), Judy Samoil, Ken Bailey, George Drohomerecki (Smith), Steve Makris alias Markis, Cathy Morris, Ina van Nieuwerkerk, Bev Yacey and Bob Anderson (a sporty couple), Loveable Hutch, Gina Acampora (chief of the Editor-in-Chief), Marjibell (evicted Mother Sebastian with accent on the bast), Dale Rogers, Catriona Sinclair and for those who can't get Gateway lingo, your vainglorious vinshiled viper, Harvey G. Thomgirt will tell you—it's an inebriated "Fill my empty glass."

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## The books will reveal something like this

An excerpt from *The History of The At Least The Entire World—* which has as of yet not been written. Its title—*How We learned to Hate Administrators No Matter What They Say or Do.*

In the year 1968, a strange craziness infested the campuses of the land. This plague carried with it a profound hatred by the young learners for those older and wiser who had, for all practical purposes, ceased their formal learning and were now in the process of gaining knowledge through experience.

The disease spread quickly and had such an effect that soon young learners were seen wearing long hair which covered their ears so they couldn't hear the words of the elders, strange dirty clothes which had such a pungent odour that no one would come near.

These young learners became, in time, very militant and it became a common everyday events to see them marching to certain campus buildings and present lists of demands to almost everyone. They especially became proficient in annoying fascist student leaders and administrators.

At one particular school, far to the north, several militants learned that their administrators were using computers to punch grade points on progress cards. One day, a young learner discovered that the computer punched a grade he hadn't received on his card. They immediately held a sit-in beside the computer and presented it with a list of demands. Some said this was anarchy. Soon they demanded everything for everyone.

One educator at this school held a press conference and said knowingly, "I don't think the present education system is adequate. We aren't getting through to the students. Somehow, the present system is not preparing young people for the outer world. Thus, on my recommendation, the Board of Governors has voted 14-2 in favor of opening a school of revolution. Its purpose would be to produce instant revolutionaries who would be a success and it would be called Revolution U.

Revolution U flourished. Its enrolment multiplied and many noted that the young learners wakened in the morning by throwing bricks through their tent flap, shouting four letters words at no one in particular and rubbing mud on their boots.

The president of Revolution U was overjoyed with the success of his first venture.

One day, he called a demonstration and spoke to the students.

"I have called you here today to tell you how proud I am of your good behavior since coming here. We have no washbasins, no bedclothes, no hockey team and we have run out of matches and bricks. This is indeed a fine accomplishment," said the alleged administrator.

Hearing these words, the young learners turned upon him. They threw whatever they had.

Immediately they stormed the local establishments and asked for some wash basins, bedclothes and paid for the matches and bricks they had used up.

Some even got together and started a hockey team. In a few days, the Revolution U was the neatest, cleanest most orderly campus in the country. It was just like everywhere else.

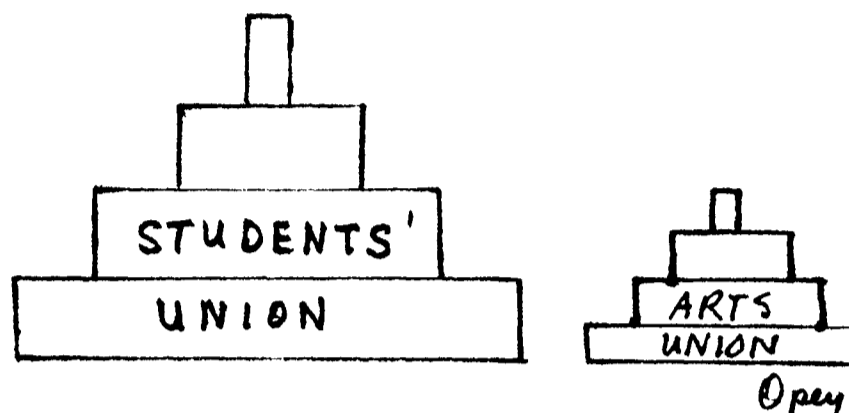
Then someone discovered that those who wanted to be militant had no place to release tensions. An explosion was imminent.

Some time later, a certain administrator from some obscure university let it be known far and wide through his campus that he did not want certain individuals on his campus.

He said students should be good people and not bitch about conservative institutions and silly structures. He said young learners should not smoke in class and girls should not chew gum and young men should visit barbers more often.

And Revolution U returned to whatever it was in the beginning.

"Whereas the existing power structure is undemocratic, unrepresentative, and out of touch with the students, our proposed union is not only different...."



## "I want to throw up" . . . and other things

By BRIAN CAMPBELL

I am sitting in the back of a theatre. I am consuming Shakespeare. I am listening to the clock. "And Lear is . . ." And Caesar is, and Titus Andronicus, and Richard III. But I don't care. I am thinking how nice it would be to crush the well-washed, well-comber, well-dressed head two rows down. Slowly, so I can hear the snap of the cranium; catch the individual drops as they fly; watch the growth of clean red and clean black.

And then do it over again on instant replay so I can comment on her defence—her arms and fingers exploding slowly and falling back; watch one eye as it shocks and closes through a fine shower of blood.

I am sitting in the cafeteria consuming coffee. I am not listening to anything. The noise level is anesthetic. I attain isolation and the rumble-clink-rumble stretches out of focus like a cheap filmmaker's trick. Absolute silence eats away. A girl three tables over strikes a pose and moves but the pose has its own existence, hanging there like a puppet caught in a bomb-blast. I analyze. I memorize the folds and creases around the top of the thighs. Autumn-orange coloring etches inward, and when my con-

centration fades she is fixed.

I look into the cup. It is a gaping manhole with a black bottom.

I watch a Friday talk. An Indian girl is trying to tell a story; her voice shakes and the story is getting away from her. No one leaves. I feel breathing on both sides and pulsing in the row in front. Dust colliding would deafen us. It doesn't; the floor is carpeted. We wait for her to fragment. We are disappointed. We leave.

Next week The Scalpel meets The Club. We will be satisfied. Wash in an oasis of torn guts.

My stomach full—my mind dead. I hum no tunes. I can't hum. The Capitalist over-consumed; the Cannibal over-ate. I wonder if I can eat a Ford and get better ideas. Vinyl trim makes poor gravy.

I don't want a job. Science can't manufacture the painting I want from the acid-eaten feces left at the end of the production line. I want to throw up and learn to be a cook. I look for an airline bag.

All I get are a few mutilated chunks and a painful quart of bile. I find no recipes to help me so I put the remains in my coat and cry.