

# The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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**STAFF THIS ISSUE**—It is my pleasure to announce the following appointments: CUP Bottle Editors, Western Bureau—Neil Driscoll and Jim "Surfer" Rennie; Official Gateway Gate Opener—the real Sheila Ballard; IUS Poster Editor—Jim "Pops" MacLaren. The following loyal souls joined the celebration: Maureen Gunn, the co-operative John Green, Ken Hutchinson, Ekkehard Kottke, Steve "Wayback" Rybak, Elaine Verbicky (B.S. editor), Ron Yakimchuk, Bob Jacobsen, Marion Conybeare, John Thompson, Don Moren, Lawrie Hignell, Don Holmes, Sharon Wingenbach, Forrest Bard, Al "my esteemed pal" Yackulic, Popsicle Pete, the peerless Princess (a Cohen fan), and yours affectionately, Harvey Thomgirt.

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## in my heart, i know i'm right

Attention, RCMP!

Recent history suggests that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. And, according to U of A students' union president Branny Schepanovich, the Canadian Union of Students is in imminent danger of falling into the hands of subversive agents.

In seeking affiliation with the obviously Communist-influenced International Union of Students, CUS is risking contamination by association. Or so Schepanovich suggests.

The thought that Canadian student leaders may succumb to the Marxist disease frightens our president. Indeed, it frightens, or should frighten, all right thinking individuals.

Dialogue with the Enemy is unthinkable. We must protect ourselves from the external threat by complete isolation. Civility is a sign of weakness.

Enlightened confrontation and association with the Enemy Without constitutes treason.

We must not let the minds of our student leaders in Canada be eroded by the Communist doctrines espoused by the leaders of the IUS conspiracy. To do so is not sane.

After all, Canada's future lead-

ers will be found within the ranks of our student leaders.

And just think, they may be pink.

Can we afford to risk the future of this great country, on the eve of her 100th anniversary of Confederation, because of unnecessary association with the Enemy?

The answer is obvious.

An immediate investigation by the RCMP into Schepanovich's charges.

The matter is of utmost urgency—it supersedes, for instance, the present prosecution for the illegal transfer of maps to the Enemy.

Once this investigation is complete, right thinking people will be able to relax, knowing the Red tinges of CUS, announced and exposed by Schepanovich, and gained from IUS through osmosis, have been revealed and that CUS will suffer for this.

But they won't relax for long. For, by implication of Schepanovich's recent charges, his next move will be to announce that CUS is fundamentally controlled by Moscow-oriented activists bent on destroying Canada's sovereignty.

And in our hearts, we'll know he's right.

Contrary to popular belief, Senator Joseph McCarthy is not yet dead. He lives—and spends his nights patrolling the halls of SUB.

## the waiting game

Campus males, are you among the hordes who while away several minutes every Friday and Saturday night waiting for your date in Lister Hall's women's residence?

Do you just sit there, doing nothing, while your prospective date applies the finishing touches to her false face?

Girl-waiters of the campus, unite. You have nothing to lose but your wasted time.

If these women continue to insist on keeping you waiting, as evidenced by the mob of young campus stalwarts grinding their teeth in the lobby of the women's residence, let

us insist on some changes in the aforementioned lobby.

We suggest the women's house committee set up some equipment to keep the waiting men occupied. Like, for instance, some pinball machines.

Or, how about putting out some interesting magazines to read? Playboy, for example, would be a good choice.

Maybe some of those old-fashioned nickleodeions, with those . . . er, ah . . . well, you know what type of pictures, would while away the time in a more interesting manner.

Or, how about being on time, girls?



but no goods from south africa or rhodesia this year, we've just discovered they have apartheid laws, and we're not that organized.

ralph melnychuk

## in praise of younger women

Are English majors human?

Maybe, but an even more profound question has often disturbed me.

Are female English majors human? The Second Coming (i.e., Leonard Cohen's recent visit to our fair campus) has proven the answer to this latter question to be an unequivocal yes.

I base my conclusion on the outburst of sexual energy generated by Cohen. Normally cool, level-headed, and rational (frigid, in the terminology of the masses), literature-oriented females reacted to the poet like a mob of teenie-boppers leaving a performance of that modern teen-age aphrodisiac—the Beatles.

And the normally disturbed, swollen-headed, irrational, "turned-on" members of the literary "in" group found their normally violent energies increased to a state of almost Dionysiac frenzy.

This phenomenon is significant, in that it removes from the engineers the stigma of being the only people on campus whose intellectual judgments are governed by their emotional reactions.

Throughout living memory, the plumbers have been accused of every conceivable failing an inhabitant of these sacred halls of learning could possess.

The stereotype engineer is accused, not only of limiting his conversation to such menial topics as building bridges (as if building bridges were a purely animal function), but also of mangling the Queen's English to such an extent that he is incomprehensible. All this means is that the engineer is not fluent in the jargon and eternal truths which emanate from such shrines of higher learning as Assiniboia Hall.

But the cruelest taunt of all is that engineers are immature, overgrown adolescents, whose only aesthetic values are the emotional satisfactions stimulated by flesh and fluid. This suspicion probably arose from the observation that the engineering building mural, viewed from a particular angle, looks like a vertical shelf of Safeway meats.

The universal symbol of the engineer is a giant monkey-wrench. And every honest-to-God English major knows that a monkey-wrench is a phallic symbol.

But there's an old saw to the effect that people in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. And the spectacle that greeted the eyes of some of the more detached and "callous" individuals during Cohen's performances lead one to the conclusion we "sophisticated, intelligent and mature" English majors are just as prone to irrational, emotional excitement as any other human being—engineers included.

Young ladies — pardon, young women — apparently took one look at Mr. Cohen's mystic countenance, heard one word spill from his magic lips, saw one seductive roll of his soft, brown eyes, and then suddenly began to feel the pulsating heat of animal passion coursing through their veins.

From the contorted writhings and soft but passionate moans which emanated from the audience, I would not have been surprised if, after the show, Cohen had been mobbed in true Beatle fashion.

Oh well, I suppose if Mr. Cohen were Miss Cohen, I might be reading a similar column by a female member of our editorial staff.

Which all goes to show that English majors really are human.