



# The World Tomorrow

By GARNER TED STRONGARM

Good day, ladies and gentlemen. The awesome potential for revolt and upsurgent insurgency is yet again raising its scaly and reptilian head. Even since last week, when all seemed relatively serene and calm, the minions of anarchy and bogus 'humanism' are back on the prowl, hunting down all that dares to oppose them. It is a dreadful spectre which confronts us, but we must roll up our sleeves and get to work eradicating its noxious and multiform presence, lest we are swallowed up.

To many good Christian folk outside our ivy-lathered camp, the imminent elections for President of the Dalhousie Student Council may, and indeed probably do, seem insignificant. It is unbelievably disheartening to know that so many souls have sold their allegiance to the Devil. For it is plain for all to see that what is at stake is of the utmost importance; if we as Christians are defeated at the polls on the forthcoming election day, then it is not just our shirt that we will lose — the very panty-hose of Christ will be violated. We cannot allow the faggot leftist fruits looming before us to have that satisfaction, so it is imperative that you follow my sage counsel even more closely than usual this week.

Last week there were only two contenders for the crown. Since then one has dropped out of the running, and two more have entered the political rink. Moe Barkhaus left off his pursuit of the highest office this University has to offer; witnesses say that he "came out of Bruce's office bawling like a baby. It was really hard to understand exactly what he was saying, what with him standing there blubbing and dripping all over everything, but he seemed to keep repeating 'Bruce wouldn't . . . but he just couldn't . . . but he did . . . so I can't . . .'" According to another witness at the scene at the time, "Moe sort of walked off in a glazed daze, muttering something about how Giltedge was blackmailing him or was a niggerlover, or something like that. It makes sense, too. If there are two things that Moe can't stand, that's them."

The general tenor around Howl Hall, home riding for the apparently vanquished Barkhaus, seemed to be more one of relief than disappointment, frustration, anger, or don't know. Scott Swinebin was heard to comment by this writer that "gee whiz, we're sure lucky Bruce threatened to do whatever he threatened to do, 'cause now we've got Moe for our very own. We love him even if he doesn't talk about his past much." Prospects are good that Mr. Barkhaus will accept a post with the patriotic jock junta currently ruling, and ruling firmly and decisively, I may add, Howl Hall. A George Munroe fellowship with an eleven year tenure has been mentioned. Thanks be.

But the real menace hove into view on Wednesday. A mustachioed limey pinko ex-Gazette staffing technocrat offered for the presidency. His name: J.P. Goldbrick. His platform: revolution. There is little that is foul and/or dastardly that this perverted exponent of "staff democracy" and "a truly people's, truly proletarian paper" has not done, or failing that, would not do to further the insidious grippe of Asiatic Communism within our young people's otherwise healthy and lithe and supple bodies, and in some cases minds.

Lest it be mooted about that this column is nothing

but a compendium of character assassination and slander, I should proffer proof perhaps, of this character's nefarious past and iniquitous present. Born in Odessa in 1917. Of his past, everything is rumor, little is substantiated fact. But this is an existential world, son, and we have to make do with what we can. It appears that Goldbrick adopted his pseudonym to dovetail more closely with his revolutionary persona. His impenetrable facade of solidity and trustworthiness required that his name inspire trust and solidarity among Goldbrick's adoring yet foolish devotees: hence Goldbrick.

What most Halifax natives fail to realize is that J.P. is doubtlessly the most subtle agent of the Kremlin ever to attempt to subvert the students' union of Dalhousie. Who would ever suspect a person who seemed as guileless, as earthy, and as unabashedly candid as Goldbrick? Who would ever believe that the cheerful "Greetings and hallucinations!" that split the morning air day after day was a coded password-of-the-day to urge his flagging hordes of co-staffers on to more frenzied levels of work propagating dissension and open senates? Who, but who, could have surmised that the natty little mustache on his well-scrubbed face was a crude attempt to usurp the legitimacy of our own Bruce Giltedge, and to belittle Bruce's patience and dogged persistence?

Well, the truth is out. Clear minds cannot fail to register their disapproval at Mr. Goldbrick's duplicity and daring deceit by going out on election day and crushing the monster of the polls. This has to be done in a totally democratic manner if we are to be able to assert our moral superiority over creeps and wreckers of Goldbrick's ilk. I would suggest that this be accomplished by everyone drawing straws to see who will have the honour of driving the ceremonial steamroller.

Once again, ladies and gentlemen, this has been Garner Ted Strongarm bringing you the plain truth about the world tomorrow. Good day.

O GOD NO!! Ladies and gentlemen, the ultimate horror has befallen us! The ogre is at our front door! We find ourselves faced with the final, ineluctable conflict. Just as I was wrapping up and about to leave my office, one of my faithful emissaries came running up with the shattering, devastating, grotesque news that I suppose we all knew deep in our bones would sooner or later occur. It is with a heavy heart and a tremendous amount of trepidation that I tell you that Kim Cameldung has submitted nomination papers to place himself in the race for the top. This is a provincial emergency. I have up until now refrained from going into the sordid story of this yokelish dialectical fiend, but our tactical-strategic situation is worse than grim, so we must brace ourselves, plunge resolutely into a cesspool of demagogic mire, and know our enemy. Please, if your wife or girl friend is reading this column with you, tell her to leave the room. Don't give her any explanation, for it might confuse her delightful and wacky feminine mind: just send her out of the room.

Cameldung is a monster, make no mistake about that. Tall and emaciated, he could often be seen furtively scurrying around in the numerous and dark shadows cast by our splendid University buildings.

For the past thirteen years he has amassed a cumulative record of counter-Christian activities that would make Beelzebub blush. He started off on his path to ruin and eternal damnation the predictable way: when he was a tender eight years old, he collected the largest aggregate of smut and pornography that the Maritimes ever saw. Despite a hopeful sign developing when he was about nine and a third (he refused to share his hard-earned filth with all his lazy sibling buddies), his course ever since has been a continual downward spiral. By eleven he had graduated into hard-core perversion, and was assiduously reading the Jew Marx. Two years found him involved in an abortive plot to "nationalize" a large quantity of surgical alcohol from the V.G. An untraceable rumor has it that this alcohol was to have been used in certain unspeakable nocturnal rituals involving "puns and pattycake."

It is obvious for all to see that these nightly orgies affected young Cameldung's mind and body. Reliable medical authorities, who must go unnamed here for obvious reasons, state unequivocally that the end result of his periodical dissipation was to leave young Cameldung mentally unbalanced and the proud possessor of a complete set of utterly demolished chromosomes. The second instance cannot be empirically proved at this time, for Cameldung has not yet bred; however, it can be proved conclusively that he is a wee bit nuts in the head by reviewing the further path his activities took.

At the age of sixteen, Cameldung organized the Harvey Schwartz Memorial Rod & Gun Club, a devious and yet ominous revolutionary Communist front group whose activities consisted solely of stick fighting and target practice. There was an unduly high attrition rate, however, due at least partially to young Kim's avid zealotry, and the club was soon thereafter disbanded because of persistent difficulties in raising a quorum.

We know little of Cameldung's activities during the very formative seventeen-to-twenty period. There are covert whispers of a pretty psychedelic transformation in his budding personality, but as SUPA has long since disbanded and the membership rolls are no longer extant, we can only hypothesize.

This brings us pretty much up to the present, largely ignoring his peripheral yet significant participation in the Cuban Sellout and his role in the decision to build the infamous, all-too-concrete Berlin wall. You all have read my devastating expose of Cameldung's notorious editorship of the Dalhousie Gazette and the exorable manipulations he perpetrated upon the hapless Pharos staff members, so there is no need to go into detail over that.

I do not need to emphasize the magnitude of the disaster that would befall us all were either Cameldung or Goldbrick to be elected next week. We cannot afford to have our administrators' student union ruined and befuddled. Now, there are certain socialist-inspired laws which bar me from advocating what I feel, and rightly, I may add, must be the final solution to the electoral question, but I have enough faith and confidence in your intelligence and imagination to leave it up to you. Together we shall triumph for Giltedge and God.

Good day, my flock.

Editor's Note: Point and Counterpoint is to become a regular feature in the Gazette, a vehicle for expressing your particular point of view on any subject whatsoever.

Seldom has a controversy been given such wide attention by the mass media as the revolt of students and the New Left. Never have so many said so little at such length. Mr. Vince Hubley, in his article "Student Activism and the New Left" Dal Gazette January 30, is no exception. Rarely has such a self-professed liberal radical depended so much on a reactionary syntax, and if the medium is anywhere near the message, the content is contradictory.

A Hubley cry from the wilderness asks, "Whatever happened to the cool reasonableness of the Liberal radical? . . . which is followed one line later by "Although I believe in some radical actions, I remain in sympathy with liberal values. Reason, Democracy, Tolerance, and Truth." . . . and one line later, "This is not a revolutionary period". Essentially what Mr. Hubley is saying is he is a reasonable, democratic, tolerant, truthful, radical, without the perception to discern anything revolutionary about our present age. And he's a liberal to boot. May "Bonanza" and bubble gum please preserve us from this cool liberal vanguard of which Mr. Hubley maintains he is a charter member. Sympathy with liberal values couldn't be more conservative. As Messrs. McLuhan and Marcuse have often noted, this is an age of empathy, not sympathy. Mr. Hubley's perception has the fine ring of a Saturday matinee Hopalong Cassidy serial, as he attempts to comment on an age in which change is immediately visible for the first time in history. Possibly he could whip his horse and buggy and catch up with Apollo Eight.

The article further wonders why the Left badly confuses cultural and political values, which he maintains are completely divorced. If the author has

## Point and Counterpoint

By CASEY BALDWIN

spent the last ten years at a non-stop Rotary Club meeting reading the Mail-Star and the Dartmouth Free Press this myopia is perhaps understandable. One of the Lefts principal objections to the status quo is the great vacuum allowed many Canadians by our politics. Culture and politics are inseparable. Our economic and political values have led to money and power being amassed by a tiny minority, a natural progression. The result, again naturally enough, is that this minority wishes to establish and maintain a culture promoting values which will enable it to at least maintain this position of considerable self-interest. However these politics and their attendant culture leave a shocking number of Canadians in want to one of the richest countries in the history of the world. Not in want of a new car either, but half decent food and reasonable shelter. Take a slow walk through Hastings St. East Vancouver, East Toronto or Montreal, or for that matter, a mining community in Cape Breton. I don't doubt for a minute that many people, including Mr. Hubley, are sincerely sympathetic with the plight of three to four million fellow Canadians, but it isn't enough. Only the politics and economics of providing for all the people in Canada will be enough.

The reaction to this is usually reactionary. "This is a free country; let them pull themselves up by their own bootstraps. We aren't going to support a bunch of lazy good for nothings with our tax money" . . . an all too common cry. What is even sadder is that this charge is often true. But who is responsible for this cultural inheritance of the poor. We all are. Our politics and economics allow those who already have to acquire more, be it education, money, or power. It is difficult to make something

from nothing. Our politics and culture should provide the means, motivation and education, to help the have-nots help themselves. Mr. Hubley states that a university education is a privilege, which it is; an all too hallowed privileged preserve of the middle class which is jealously guarding its means of access. In order to maintain this idyllic state of affairs the goals, not the means, of the working class are carefully educated to be moderate and vocational, so as to avoid an unseemly crush at the Registrars office in the fall. Christ Vince, if you educated the means, you would suddenly have to compete with all kinds of bright working class kids hungering after knowledge and executive positions. There isn't any reason in the world why the taxpayers of Canada cannot afford to give a university education to a kid, be he rich or poor, who has worked hard to get into and through university. The taxpayers of Canada can't afford not to. Granted, with increased demand the standards would go up, but is that so bad.

As to Mr. Hubley's charge that student unrest in Canada has been fostered by Americans; it hardly deserves an answer. It smacks of Senator McCarthy's intensive hunts for a Red under every American bed during the fifties. He admits to possible error when stating he can't understand why the "New Left" feels it has the right to comment and pass judgement on society. Please Vince, this is a democracy. Lastly Mr. Hubley says until the Leftists present some concrete proposals their arguments will remain hopelessly devoid of meaning; a complete mystery to him. Considering the depth of understanding illustrated by his article the last line was unnecessary. And I am a conservative.

Articles for this column should be addressed to - Point and Counterpoint, Dalhousie Gazette, Student Union Building, Halifax.