

The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—We had to nurse the paper to bed and here to frolic with us and give us back rubs were first and foremost Carol Brimacombe and Betty 'darkroom' Frohlich, two willing and able nurses and also Dan Jamieson, Terry Pettit, Joe Czajkowski, Misselaineous Verbicky, Peter 'the socialist' Boothroyd, Brian (Brain?) Campbell, Bob 'Goalpost' Anderson, Randy Jankowski, Walter 'the pollack' Rappak, David (i am the walrus) Ragosin, Catriona Sinclair, Al Scarth, the person we were going to tub Friday, Rich's Jeanie and last and least, the snake who never studies, Harvey G. Thomgirt.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1968

Editorial

All you are taught to do for 13 years is listen

Far back in life when you were in elementary school system, you were literally afraid of teachers. You were taught this from the first day you entered. You were told that the teacher was the supreme authority and what he said was the "the word". You were told you lived in a democratic system but that authority in the school system was not only a good thing but also a necessary thing. So you listened to everything, quietly took notes and read the texts and were assured that what was happening was absolutely correct and essential.

Years later in high school, the situation changed slightly. That is—you were a few years older and more aware of what was happening

in the world. But the teacher was still at the front of the room and giving you all this garbage but you had to listen because he still marked the papers and put the essential grades on report cards. And he said that if you weren't a good guy, he would make sure your report card wasn't so influential. But you still had to raise your hand and ask to relieve yourself. All in the name of democracy with an essential authoritarian structure. It's like Jerry Farber wrote in his article "Student as Nigger"—they sit there and swallow the shit with greedy mouths. And it's this way because you were trained to sit there and listen to the tape recorder that is unilaterally almighty.

... and then the shock

One year or so later, a kid comes to university and finds the same old thing. A prof (not a teacher, which is a great advancement) instead stands at the front of the room and plays The Great One. He marks the papers so he has the last word and is correct as usual. You learn to take notes and read the texts and raise your hand when you want to leave the room—just the same as in grade three.

But one day, you hear about a meeting of the sociology department and the faculty. You drop in and listen for four hours while about a half dozen of them clean their souls while some 300 students eagerly listen.

You hear three different views of what happened at a meeting attended by all three people. The three faculty members sat at the same table and listened to the same conversation. Then they tried to contradict each other's views of the events at that meeting and refrain

from calling each other "liar".

Suddenly everything a student has learned in about 13 years of dictatorial brainwashing is crushed.

The student sees that the profs can be wrong and they do disagree on principles and ideas and some absolutely do not hold opinions commonly entertained by others.

The student learns that "the shit" he receives is in the main the views of one man with a slant dictated by the textbook and the department and the university.

The student learns that profs are humans and have bitter grievances with each other and sometimes their differences can be menial and trivial.

The sudden revelation is almost shocking. But it is more than welcome.

It should happen somewhere about grade one and all teachers and profs should be humanized—all in the name of the democratic system.



"We can't wander through the forest much longer without some smart-alec teaching assistant or student asking us where we are going."
from The Chevron

How to make a dent in the \$25 million campaign

By Brian Campbell

So the appeal has gone out for canvassers to collect \$25 million for our financially starved universities and I would be the last to hinder this noble effort to collect funds for a worthy cause.

In fact I have a few suggestions to help the workers towards their goal. It is obvious the standard "gimme a hand-out" routine won't work. It has been done to death by the United Community Fund and anyway it just isn't our thing. Here are a few suggestions which may be more in line with the current scene.

Marilyn Pilkington has always been ready to give her all for the university and its students. The way she grinds it out week after week at council meetings is something to behold. Perhaps she should try grinding it out for someone who would be prepared to pay for her efforts—say the Yellowknife or Fort Smith Junior Chamber of Commerce. It would give old Marilyn a chance to show a little soul, what with the hard-line music and all. And just think of the p.r. value in Fort Smith when they see the 42, 40-watt bulbs with MARILYN TAKES THE WRAPS OFF THE UNIVERSITY right out there on Main Street.

Admittedly this may not work, but take it off or leave it on, the money must be raised.

Another plan might be called the **SIT-IN SOLICITATION**.

For this one the students' union compiles a list of young executives on the way up with attractive wives. You know the type—the wives have tailored, modish clothes and like to get a lot of sack time. Well anyway you get about 30 friends, drop in unexpected, and liberate the bedroom. Just put a few Jimi Hendrix records on the component set, sit around and smoke a few cigars, have a couple of free drinks and wait. When they're ready to come out of the kitchen and settle, they will. Until that happens just lie around and do your thing. This one can't fail.

Any campaign needs **SOME SPECIAL EVENT** to set it off. For us Hallowe'en is the best time, and this tactic takes almost no work to set up. What you do is collect a few gross of empties from 97th Street, fill them with gas, cork them, and tie a little gas soaked rag around the neck. The other nice thing is it won't require any expense for costumes, just don't get your hair cut for a month and forget about the shaving that morning.

Then everyone sets off in groups of six with one member carrying a sack full of bottles and the others holding one at the ready. At each house ring the doorbell, and when they answer, one member lights a cigarette while the other five sing—sweetly and innocently—"Burn Baby, Burn . . . or treat."

But back to more serious business. This week Casserole is publishing an article by Matt Cohen originally titled "The Second-Class Student." The article is the best argument I have seen for linking the university to society, and therefore meaningful university change with change in the society as a whole.

Regardless of how biased and slanted I am, I feel this article needs a rebuttal, so I challenge Marilyn Pilkington or Dr. Johns (for it is they the article most directly affects) or any other interested student to write a reasoned, pointed, and critical rebuttal to Mr. Cohen's arguments. If only one article is forthcoming, we will publish it; if more than one appears, we may publish them, but we reserve the right to publish only one.

If no rebuttals appear we can only assume that Marilyn is going to tell us to rejoin CUS and Dr. Johns is going to stop telling us about his university's great first role—that of turning out the liberally educated man—which he says it is now fulfilling. Mr. Cohen holds that a liberal education is no longer the top priority at the multi-versity. Read the article, people, and then tell us your thoughts.