



UNAPPRECIATIVE

To The Editor:

Our faculty is small but significant; unlike hypochondriacal artsmen we seldom send letters to the Gateway but !!!

The annual ice figurine contest of VGW is no longer justified. Walking onto campus by way of toxic shop—one could see a huge block of ice with a lump on top! Don't laugh. This won first prize. What are the judging standards? worktime? detail? accuracy? novelty? In all of these, the cranial masterpiece prevailed. But away with judges, let's be democratic. What do you suppose most guests took photos of? And what do you anticipate was talked of? And what were radio and TV people mentioning?—the skull indeed, even a professor of the Anatomy department photographed it (lecture material, of course).

Any casual observer would have seen dents working on this Monday night, when most faculties left things to the last night.

Of course there is one possible reason, two years ago we won first prize, and last year were runners up. Anatomically, someone missed the boat! There is grief in our faculty—we shall reciprocate by raising the price of hot dogs and closing with our favorite word—SCABS!

Yours truly,
Dent. 4
P. R. McQueen

P.S. The curse of occlusal equilibration on you all.

Again the DUS speaks out! Several thousand people processed by the small sign in front of the engineers building. The DUS is shown as one of the lowest percentages in blood donations and yet our calculations result in 95% attendance. As one of your columns says—what the hell! We have problems enough with apathy—don't feed it.

Now follows Chinese curse number 2: erythroblastosis fetalis, may it strike you all!

UNKIND

To The Editor:

I should like to express appreciation of the excellent concert presented by the University Symphony during Varsity Guest Weekend. It was for me the highlight of the whole affair.

Unfortunately, the evening was marred by an unfortunate incident. In the middle of a fine rendition of the Paganini Violin Concerta by Robert Klose some NERD (KNERD?) (NURD?) (TWIT) with

a movie camera to which was attached a searchlight shambled onto the stage, pointed the stupid thing in Mr. Klose's eyes and proceeded to record for posterity the artist's discomfort. Would it be possible to have the knuckles of the person(s) responsible rapped **WITH A SLEDGE HAMMER?**

Sincerely,
A. G. Sherwood

GOOD BATTLE

To The Editor:

To win is a wonderful thing but to have fought a good battle is also a wonderful experience. My sincerest thanks to all who supported me and a special "thank you" to those beautiful nine who sang, danced and skipped classes for me last week. Without the hard work of these people, along with the enduring efforts of two grand fellows who acted as my campaign managers, I would be unable to feel as proud as I do today. I hope that we will have the opportunity to work together again.

Good luck to all the successful candidates and my best wishes and congratulations to Doug McTavish.

Dan Thachuk

Single Male Enjoys Tea At Sorority

VANCOUVER (CUP) Leslie Laronde and 400 girls went to a sorority tea at the University of BC—and Leslie Laronde is a male.

Making its perennial error the girls sent an invitation to the male with the female name.

"The girls were very hospitable," he said. "They gave me tea and cookies and tried to make me feel at home.

"I enjoyed looking at them all." The first time he tried to get in the doorwoman turned him away, claiming only girls were invited.

"But I was invited," he protested showing her the invitation.

"Can you prove you're a girl?" came the reply.

"That wasn't stated on the invitation," Laronde said. "It just said you had to wear campus clothes. These are campus clothes."

He wore a sports shirt and a pair of corduroys.

MacEachran Essay

Democracy No Longer Possible

(Continued from Page 5)

in its widest sense, cannot be taught, but must be induced. By this choice of language I mean to indicate that the directness of the means by which factual knowledge can be given is at least one degree closer, and perhaps many degrees closer, to an immediate mind-to-mind contact than is the means by which understanding is imparted. The discrepancy is so great that there is some indication in the sort of results our educational system is producing that we still know next to nothing about the way in which a society can cultivate understanding in its citizens. Even on the university level, representing what should be the top six or seven per cent of the nation's youth, the level of factual knowledge outstrips human understanding by an uncomfortable margin. Some courses, and the way in which many examinations are set up, serve to intensify this overbalance, and yet it is not by knowing facts alone, but by a broader understanding of the situation of man, that rational management of society is achieved.

Is it possible that this is true, that many of those who are called educated are not even rational? The evidence on campus alone is monstrous. The well attended student functions are non-rational pursuits; dances, parties, and the like. The well-favoured courses are those of which the rumor-mill reports that little outside thinking is required—simply an assimilation of notes given by the lecturer. The student who is considered smart is usually the chap who has his eyes firmly fixed on the acquisition of a degree by the easiest possible route. Intellectual effort is just too much bother. When such a person gains the franchise he will vote not on principle, if he votes at all, but in the way that seems easiest and most fashionable.

I need not belabour this point any further, but will turn to our larger society in which fear and lust seem to form the motivating principles. Extremist societies abound, not dedicated to the building of a better society, but to the destruction of some counter-group. This is not to say that there are no organizations which are not rational societies, but they are so few, and so relatively impotent, that one is reminded of William Golding's terrifying novel, "Lord of the Flies", in which the horror of The Beast fills the hearts of the society with such fear that when Simon finally drives himself up the mountain and returns with a heartening truth, the divided society turns on him, and destroys its salvation.

It is this undercurrent of irrationality which has drawn those thinkers who are not bound in the cords of intellectual conformity to see in man

an element which seems destined to frustrate his realization of the greater good for himself. It resists the good influences of education, by which a measure of success has been realized, in a way which drives us back in reminiscence to Plato's myth of the charioteer, in which he pictures the tripartite soul of man in the figure of a charioteer and two horses, one of the horses being the outworking of passions in such a way that the whole man is prevented from ascending into a clear understanding of the Good. In a more contemporary vein the Norwegian philosopher, Zapffe, has pictured the predicament of man as that of a child whose home has been destroyed by the conflagration of life, and whose attempts to rebuild the milieu of his life are forever frustrated from taking on a comfortable image for him by forces over which he has no control. So, says Zapffe, it is with man, who sees clearly now the terror which lurks just behind the once comfortable constructions of his own mind, and unless a person is great enough to live with a full realization of the instability of human knowledge he will slam shut the door of his mind, ignore the other forces, and live an irrationally one-sided life. Every counter-opinion will become an enemy, and every genuinely new idea a threat to the stability of his structured system of understanding.

Because this clearly says that the sort of knowledge about human affairs which can produce a man of wider understanding is the very sort which will drive the average man to adopt the attitudes of an intellectual recluse, the explanation is pessimistic and remains in disfavor. But, if I may borrow a contention of Alisdair MacIntyre's in his recent lectures on campus, that one who objects to a difficult thesis ought to be prepared to offer a superior alternative, I would say that something like Zapffe's thesis must be accepted. I can see no better explanation of the fact that side by side with the educational system which is dedicated to produce people capable of running a complex democracy we find an increasing number of coercive institutions which are devoted not to the greater Good of Everyman, but the exclusive good of their various ideological adherents.

In times past the problem was not so acute, for it was not necessary, in order to maintain a democracy in a more simple society, to produce such complex people possessed of rational understanding over a vast range of knowledge. But today, and into the foreseeable future, the complexity of society, and the accompanying problem of providing a competent leadership supported by an acutely conscious population, will become increasingly enormous.

We have said that the democratic institutions, because of their imperfections, were incapable of being identified with the democratic ideal of man: that he could realize by self-control of his political destiny the greater good of Everyman. It was this realization, of the ideal behind the defective machinery, which led Marx to visualize a Utopian situation in which the imperfect device of the state had dissolved, leaving the field to the unmediated operation of society by the rational will of the people at large. Karl Marx had a worthy vision which is not represented by any modern super-state.

But our predicament is worse today than in the nineteenth century, because our institutions are still dependent upon a rational populace, yet rational balance seems incapable of attainment in the foreseeable future, and the rapid advancement of knowledge in every other area of endeavor has put man's inept government under increasingly greater strain. Is the solution to abandon democracy? I think not, for other forms of government seem even less capable of symbolizing the

ideals of "Everyman". They are usually institutionalized forms of one sided thought processes such as we have seen in facism and communism alike.

The impossibility of embodying the ideal in the democratic forms seems not only incapable of maintenance at the present level of discrepancy, but to be destined to degenerate still further. I believe I have indicated the truth inherent in the topic as stated, but I feel powerless to devise a ready solution. But there is at least one first step towards remedy that I know of, and that is for men of understanding to conspire, if necessary, towards the end that present media of education and communication might be devoted to truth on its highest level. I do not believe, for instance, that newspapers are justified in following a one-sided editorial policy; nor, on another level entirely, do I believe that the present infatuation with science should cause us to distort our schools into mere fact-giving asylums from truth. Truth, above all else, is best found in articulate, reason. Rational man and truth-loving man are the same creature. If there is any hope in our time for the ideals of personal fulfilment and liberty for which the same symbol of "democracy" stands on both sides of the iron curtain, it will be found in the undergirding of the state with a rational populace. The tensions of full truth are terrifying, as Zapffe and other have pointed out, but if our fathers bought a shining ideal with their blood, perhaps we can convince our generation that it is worth while to restore the sheen to the ideals of democracy at the price of a ravished soul.

Notes On Notes

(Continued from Page 5)

The Wagner was the lowlight of the afternoon. The revolutionary, even orgasmic, work emerged an amorphous chromatic blotch. The tension was entirely dissipated by a heartthrob approach that was inappropriate. About the techniques of leadership; one should say that Mr. Canarina's niente collapsed at a mezzo piano. Ordinarily, nothing could or should have followed this Transfiguration; as it was it really did not matter.

The Falla was a summary of the conductor's weaknesses. It is not an especially difficult work to bring off. The metrical changes add a pungency to the already colorful ballet. In this performance it was often difficult to detect a basic pulse. Whereas the concert might have ended with a colorful flourish, it closed amid crude blaring.

The orchestra was admittedly performing under trying conditions. But if this level of performance persists, it will be fortunate for Beethoven's peace of mind that the composer predeceased the next Edmonton Symphony concert, as it will be for my bodily safety that the Gateway will have ceased publication.

THE GATEWAY

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