Easier Work With New Machines Coming This Week

In our efforts to improve the quality of PRO TEM and provide this College with the finest newspaper possible, this organization has found a way through which the purchase of new typesetting and heading machinery can be made. Late last week, the diligent efforts of business manager Peter Russell paid off when he was able to close the deal that will finance the new hardware. He negotiated a loan with York Main. With the new machines, PRO TEM can offer 18 faces of type, quicker typing (about twice as fast as the present equipment), better justification and a more reliable working capacity.

Not only will the newspaper have a more impressive appearance as a result of the new machines, but this organization will be able to handle larger printing tasks, bulletins, handbills, and even the College calendar if the University is so inclined to typeset it on our machines. All in all, it promises to be a frightening experience for some of those that send shivers up your back and should leave everyone on this campus smiling proudly with head held high.

INSIDE THIS WEEK

Easier Work With New Machines

CAN YOU HELP?

Any articles of clothing, dishes, appliances and bedding would be greatly appreciated. My cousin is 24 tall, slenderly built about 5 feet 1 inch. His wife is 22 also tall and slim 5 feet 8 inches. Please contact Lisa Padanyi Hilliard 12 Haywood, Hail Bruin.

FOOTNOTES: A PLEA TO PROFS.

By: Sheila Young
For: Glendon Professors
(1) Wish(2) I had(3) a home in the country.
Footnotes:
1. Primal Therapy, (New York, summer 1974)
3. First introduced to the small letter i at birth. (Ancestor 1956)
4. Variation on the Proverb: To have is to hold (Author Unknown)
Dear Profs: Need I go on? I am indebted to all great thinkers before me. (But it is only 1975) (5)

WHY NOT!

Pick Up Your Button In The Café

International Women's Year

COURSE EVALUATIONS: AN ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM

It's that time of year again when students are subject to a storm of paper from the form of course evaluation. Prof. X gets a 5 out of 10. Prof. X gets 3, is it interesting, if so article.

The interview with the professor was generally a box affair for the teacher to pat himself on the back. Real information was only gathered by observing a classroom situation. The interview included the students spoke with remarkable candor. It was decided however by the history department to make all evaluations confidential and semi-secret. Therefore this information will never be public nor can the general body of students have access to it. The method of evaluating courses and teachers can however be adopted by the History student unions to give us a very clear view of teaching at Glendon College. This should be done every year and kept in the files of the Course Union with open access to all. While other departments at other colleges have become interested in evaluating our history department remains adamant. For the time being the students here will have to go it alone. Perhaps in the future more democratic professors will change their minds and share the burden of responsibility. The experiment in the department however should serve as a model to other departments at this school as the best possible method of finding important information.
I’ve done it again. I had a whole week holiday to write a column. I didn’t until now. Only this time it is worse. It is now two a.m. on the last day. I have just got home from a gala bop up to celebrate a friend who is leaving for the Northwest Territories. I once told someone I never write a column unless I have at least twenty four pints of good beer eating my stomach lining. Well, tonight it’s true. Twenty six is too exact. I ran out of my case a while ago. I’ve had a couple since then. I feel rather bloated and I’m glad my John isn’t a pay toilet. I’d hate to piss away my life savings.

I’m really sorry to see my friend go. I’ve known him since I was four. I was best man at his wedding, and I was even there when his wife tried to murder him. She grabbed his tie and pulled on it till it ripped (luckily). He turned very red and passed out. We poured beer on him to revive him. I was there when he offered his clients. It was four thirty. I gave him forty dollars to go out with the guy. He accompanied him back to his apartment and fuck him blue. The next morning he was forty five. He breathed some air and opened his mouth. He was happy. My friend got his money, the girl got hers, and the man got his date, elephant and a prostitute? why him. The cops caught up with Miss Body. He would also pay her forty dollars to go out with the guy. The girl would then go out on the town with this guy and allow him to pay the shot. All she had to do was accompany him back to his apartment and fuck him blue. The next morning the guy usually called the dating service and signed on for a six month membership at two hundred bucks. Then my friend would start matching him up with the old bags that were his own age, after he had signed the contract. This is, without a doubt, the most bustproof method of prostitution I ever came across. Business went well until his girl got the gonk and quit. It was shot to hell after that. I know there are probably quite a few people out there right now climbing walls about how he exploited lonely middle aged men, but everyone was happy. My friend got his money, the girl got hers, and the man got his piece, which was all he was after in the first place. The cops caught up with my friend after a while and charged him with fraud. He breathed a sigh of relief when he read the charges. He figured the girl had told the cops all about her new job after she got burned. He couldn’t wait to pay the fine. He went bankrupt not long after his fraud charge. He laid low in the city for a while and then took off to Manitoba, where he promptly dumped his newly reconciled wife for a stacked waitress he met. Leaving his wife and child to fend for themselves, he brought the waitress and some big fat guy back here with him. The three of them set up housekeeping with a cat that climbed the curtains and a dog that would only drink out of the cans. I visit him often. He doesn’t get around much because he lost his license. He was caught drunk driving, caught again while waiting to answer the first charge, and picked up two months later for hit and run and driving while his license was under suspension. He still drives, but he is more selective about where and when.

If you’re wondering why I am not mentioning his name, it’s because everybody in town is after his balls for one thing or another, hence his move to the Northwest Territories, where he figures nobody knows him. I’m going to miss the guy. He taught me a lot of tricks, like picking locks. He gave me my first cigarette, my first beer, and generally taught me to think that it doesn’t matter a damn what you do, as long as you have a good time. The “fuck it” philosophy is the one I live by, and I’m glad I do.

Any student who takes a university education seriously is bound to be let down when he finishes. NOTE: The exclusive interview with God will have to wait until I feel better.

DOUG GRAHAM'S INSPIRATIONAL FORCE

THEBEGONE

Big taste, big satisfaction

What do you get when you cross an elephant and a prostitute? (answer on page 4)
GRAB BAG

As there is some truth in the observation that the most accepted people are the people who have no secrets, I am going to let myself be the exception to the rule. I am consistent with my desire to assure my avid readers that I am not quite human. Here are a few of my observations.

Do you find it hard to dislike people that like them? Anyone who does is a sadist. I have never known them very well, or doesn't want to get to know them. I usually find them quite interesting, and very good, but they are not the people who don't like me. Most of them, in fact, just can't remember their names.

Doug Coupland's course on deviance has a good deal of best, getting high praise from the majority of his students. One of the points that is made during the year is that one's sanity or insanity is usually quite obvious. So for those of you who like living life on your own terms, and think that freedom of thought and spirit is a good thing, just remember that you are not generally loved by the people that dislike you. They're all you've have when the ones whose tender sensibilities you have offended are anxious to have you put away. The man is usually acting on their expectations because they make the majority look like the conformist assholes that they usually are.

After the play on Saturday I went to a party in a friend's house to meet her friends from Quebec. After talking to all of them at some length, and noticing how good their English was, I went to bed. The next day one of them asked me if I knew French. I thought about it, and realized that I was an insaince I was. I had talked in French. It turns out that I am very good, and probably unlikable. Looking back on it now I just am glad I hadn't washed the grey out of my hair and that I was wearing a trench coat. Listening is the best way to make people smile, not to mention that they are usually good, and not bad, people. A person who will form an opinion about someone or some situation without knowing that person has true value.

In a fairly monotonous job like being behind the food counter, I find it surprising that the staff smile as often as they do. The letter seems to me to misquote the vast majority of the staff by not including the sarcastic. Perhaps they realize that the face a friend's room to the editor seems to come more often than it should.

In contrast to the above-mentioned letter, it was great to see the interesting description of Glendon's history in the same paper. Ivan Archie is to be commended on the research he did to present the unique background of our institution. Some more articles like Apple's "Thanksgiving Memories" and a few less cut-ups like Service with a Smile, we could use all over.

So don't blame them for that, blame the management.

EDITOR

LESS CUT-UPS

With regard to the letter by "Fed Up (PROTEM, February 26), in which the staff of Beaver-Foods are for 'negative' reasons are that they feel it seems that "Fed Up" must eat the way they do. The writer has never always found the people behind the counters to be friendly and helpful. People I've spoken with have felt the same way.

It has become monotonous job like being behind the food counter, I find it surprising that the staff smile as often as they do. The letter seems to me to misquote the vast majority of the staff by not including the sarcastic. Perhaps they realize that the face a friend's room to the editor seems to come more often than it should.

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By Allan McPherson

NICE GUYS

To the Editor:

In reference to "Letter to the editor," February 26. "Service with a Smile." One is often helped when the author of the anonymous writer of his letter, is himself (or herself) a "grouch". The work of experienced cafeteria staff is in snide and sarcastic.

As Glenda Green vs. Bifications eats a great many of his meals in the cafeteria I have found that in general, as friendly as possible, a grouch, tend to get by our students.

On the other hand, for the benefit of all, the "Security Guard" embossed on their shoulders, were just attempting to confirm that the majority of the Glendon populace suspected: that the title earned in giving away for free.

There is still something inconceivable that anyone would accept a position of responsibility and then treat it casually that he imperils the safety of that which he was hired to serve.

(continued on page 4)
Letters

(continued from page 3)

guard that the woman thought that a group of seemingly mature men could prove to possess the irresponsibility so often found in coeds and boys.

Gentlemen! Your ability to perform your duties in an effective manner was suspect previous to the latest act was suspect as is the latest incident. Your ability has now been laid bare for all to scrutinize and has proven insufficient to fulfill that which is required. It is hoped that you realize this and will avoid before causing yourselves further embarrassment and the students of Glendon further expense.

by Kevin Fulbrook

Still Not Please

To the Editor:

In his reply to my letter, (Pro Tem, February 12), Mr. Duguay states "we could have done better as a council this year". (Pro Tem, February 26).

Mr. Duguay should realize that you cannot change the past. What is happening is exactly what the students at Glendon expected this year, when the Student Union Council was elected.

Let us examine the budget Mr. Duguay tells me to examine. There are approximately seven budget statements and six more comparisons. Apparently no one on the present student council can do elementary book-keeping and the records are all out-of-town gone the usual fashion. As a matter of fact, we are faced with a dilemma. While I have found the academic part both enjoyable and enlightening, the campus life is found both dull and expensive. And, as a out-of-town student, the resident life is forced upon me. Hence, my dilemma, do I return to Glendon or not?

During the Christmas holidays, when I could look back retrospectively on Glendon, I initially felt that maybe Glendon was typical of University life. However, after comparisons with other campuses, I could no longer justify this. The variety of facilities, the numerous activities and the cafeteria does not offer such an enjoyable and enlightening setting is when other University systems are compared.

Carleton's Queen's, to name a few, use a card system where the student is allowed doubles, even triples and, as much fruit as he wishes, all for the same price as we pay. In my opinion, reform in this area is necessary. If only we had a student council with enough courage. In fact, to me, an easy solution would be, since Beaver is a company seeking profit, to replace it with a supermarket similar to the University of Waterloo. The large profit Beaver is now making could be put back into the system. The future of this will probably sound "radical" for conservative Glendonists.

In all, then, the only solution to Glendon's "folks home" atmosphere, in my mind, is a new student council. And if President Marc Duguay, as he said in his statement that Mr. Drache is spreading "usual political propaganda one uses for an upcoming election", Mr. Drache will have my vote. For maybe through him, my dilemma can be solved.

Rick Periard

Student Union critic Mike Drache on financial transactions have become extremely muddled. One budget should be made for the fiscal year of 12 months and followed with proper records kept of revenues and expenditures. Aside from this technical stumbling the Council has misspent its paid members excessive salaries. How many students realize that $3000 was spent on Orientation week? Close to $5000 was spent on Council salaries, and $5,500 going to the President.

The Student Handbook was written into a ridiculous waste of paper consisting of 90% advertisements and little useful information. The total expenditure on all "social affairs" was close to $10,000, surely this sum could have been used in a wining fashion. Student Council should provide us with services not offered by the school.

the present Student Union has not given us a weekly film program on the filmly excuse that last year's program was $400 in debt. They expect to take in $5,000 from the pinball machines but they can't spare a dime for the students who fund those machines.

The one conference that Duguay lamely dredges up for public mention is reserved for student bureaucrats. What about a conference on Canadian Film-makers, Women's Year or Nationalism or Quebec or anything? I mean a three-day conference and something people can get involved in. All this was never been proposed at any time during this year.

Glendon also has another problem, it has one of the worst food services of any university in Canada. Lougy food, poor quality, forced meal plans and generally overpriced in terms of nutrition and taste. What has the Council done in this area? Absolutely nothing.

The cost of rent for residence students is very high and will become higher – Has this Council done one day?... has been Carleton, Queen's, to name a few. Only a reform student government can act to change the mistakes of the past Council. Let us hope this happens.

Mike Drache

Answer to Today's Best

You get a 2000 lb hooker who will do it for peanuts and never forget you!

More than an Engineer

Our Military Engineers are very specialised people. They design and build bridges, airstrips, base facilities, supervise and maintain all kinds of equipment on our bases around the world.

It's a very special job. One that involves working with men. Guiding them. Training a job where you can apply your knowledge in all kinds of challenging situations.

If you're into engineering, we can get you into something more than just an office job. If Project Officer's job, where you can develop your full potential. Give it some thought. We can give you plenty of opportunities to test your specialised knowledge in some very unusual ways.

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Directorate of Recruiting & Selection.
National Forces Headquaters, Box 8989, Ottawa, Ontario K1A 0K2

Please send me more information about opportunities in the Canadian Forces for Military Engineers.

Name

City

University

Course

Year

Address

Postal Code

Phone

Receive my mailing list? Yes

No
The exploitation of child labour is a concern of Farmworkers.

LE CRISÉ D'ÉTÉM 1971

par Gordon McIvor

En 1969, Glendon avait une population de 1,050 étudiants. Bien qu'on n'ait prévu que 1,000 étudiants pour cette année là, le collège se trouvait déjà dans des ennuis financiers. Il fallait accueillir la population du collège, mais personne ne savait comment le faire. Albert Tucker, le nouveau "principal" du collège (Escott Reid venait de prendre sa retraite), songeait de changer ou bien "modifier" les exigences d'entrée pour avoir une population plus nombreuse. Auparavant, il fallait prendre des cours en français si on était anglophone, et des cours en anglais si on était francophone. M. Tucker, durant l'automne de cette année (1971), a fait passer une nouvelle loi... maintenant, plutôt que de prendre des cours en français, l'étudiant anglophone pourrait prendre un cours de CIVILISATION CANADIENNE - FRANÇAISE. Pour sauver la vie de notre collège, M. Tucker était forcé de sacrifier le "principal" de Glendon... le bilinguisme et le biculturalisme qui sont propres aux étudiants du collège. Au fur et à mesure (entre 1971 et 1975), Glendon est devenu de plus en plus unilingue, et aujourd'hui on est arrivé au point de n'avoir qu'une garnison d'étudiants... et d'être encerclé par les attaques de l'Université. Ce que je propose comme solution, c'est la publicité. Oui, vous l'avez lu... publié en Ontario et au Québec... de fiche dans sa ville, et les collégiens sont de plus en plus nombreux à se rassembler dans des écoles bilingues au collège-universitaire Glendon. Les anglais arrivent et quittent le collège sans avoir la capacité de teir une conversation dans leur deuxième langue. Les francophones viennent au collège et quittent après un ou deux ans parce qu'ils croient en choisissant Glendon, que c'était vraiment une communauté bilingue. Donc eux aussi n'apprécient pas l'anglais. Évidemment il faut faire quelque chose, et après des heures de contemplation, je vous propose, chers lecteurs, une réponse. Peut-être que c'est une réponse simple et pas trop brillante, mais dans notre cas désespéré, on est prêt à essayer n'importe quoi. Il n'est pas possible de répondre à cette inadaptation. En effet, il faut prendre des cours de conversation dans leurs deux langues. Pour vous proposer une solution, je n'irai pas plus loin que l'Université. Je ne saurai pas si c'est un "Glendon", mais je suis absolument convaincu que là-bas, il y a une solution qui serait... une solution. Les étudiants ontariens pourraient faire exactement la même chose, peut-être même en discutant avec des élèves des écoles qui s'intéressent à une université avec une atmosphère bilingue. Ils pourraient donner un coup de main à l'Université, et les collégiens pourraient s'inscrire dans un cours de conversation bilingue à l'Université. La répétition la plus belle pour les lycéens pourrit dans les marécages d'unilinguisme.

But is the cause a just one

by Susan Elliott

For some year now a big union struggle has been taking place in California over the rights to represent the grape pickers, most of whom are Mexican, and thus secure for the union treasuries the dues of these disenfranchised workers. Cesar Chevez, a well-meaning Chicanos under took to organize the workers in a Chicoan-mexican based union. In the meantime the Teamsters, the wealthiest and most powerful of all the unions in the USA, discovered a real source of revenue and further power if they could organize these farmworkers. Both groups undertook organizational programs. The Te amsters won.

However, Cesar Chevez, by this time, having grown beyond the point of concern for the poor farmworker had come to believe his own press releases as written by himself. Cesar began to visualize himself as a "Cesar" and nothing would do but that he represent the grape pickers. There are those who regard Cesar as the selfless and altruistic leader of his fellow Chicanos. The Teamsters, however, regard Cesar as a strong organiser in the union movement. He is in their competition. This then, identifies the issue; who is to represent the grape pickers, the Teamsters or Cesar Chevez.

Meanwhile back on the farm, the poor small farm owner is confronted with incredible financial demands and on the other with Cesar and his followers who are organizing grape boycotts throughout North America. Even many of the workers themselves have become disillusioned with Cesar and his efforts, and would quite willingly return to the fields.

It is essential then that one become aware of both sides, as to up now, most of our information has been painted with the white brush of the boycotters. The situation is not quite as simplistic as Viva Steinberg's (which is now taking part in the boycott) and down with Dominion (which is now being harassed by the boycotters).

The boycott issue is one of union control and, I'm afraid, has become an issue whose salient parts are founded in the human love of altercation and not that of altruism.

The Organizer (1971) a fait passer une mesure (entre 1971 et 1975), le college se trouvait off the day, Perth County
des

BILINGUALISM.

GLEN Don

The glorius beer of Copenhagen is brewed right here in Canada. It comes to you fresh from the brewery. So it tastes even better than ever. And it's available at regular prices.

So let's hear it, Carlsberg lovers. "One, two, three... Cheers!"
MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL

Editor's Note:
It is a rather difficult position that I find myself in regarding to Pro Tem's coverage of this year's D.A.P. production, "Murder in the Cathedral". It is certainly impossible for me to claim objectivity in my approach as an editor due to my involvement in the play. Hence, I have not made any of the decisions regarding this page. The ideas for its format, the implementation of that idea, the page's layout and the actual content presented has been left totally to the discretion of the staff of this newspaper. The opinions expressed by the various people cited below were prompted by the question "What do you think of the show, the contrast between the play and the way the play was carried off quite well." I have ever seen at Glendon. I simply enjoyed the sense that one had of a production being created from the floor up, and it really did give you that sense. That became more evident as the various actors went up to the top. I think also what impressed me was the diction. Eliot is in many ways wordy, basically a poet, not really a playwright. I think this is probably the most dramatic of all his plays, and I have very mixed feelings about it as a play. I didn't go expecting to enjoy it; I was really quite surprised.

I think the acting on the whole carried Eliot's poetry. Even though I was sitting at the back, I could hear every word. I think the most dramatic moment was the immediate contrast between the play and the way the director caught that contrast on commentary of explanation, by turning the four Knights into modern political journalists. I think some people in the audience were really quite surprised, but of course if you know what Eliot was doing, there is even a Shavian touch, and I think that was carried very well, especially by Ted Paget, Bruce Linnard, Bob Sherman, and Peter Ruskell. In terms of acting I think what John Frankie did was to hold it together. He tended to be very conscious of his function, as an actor, to receive and to hold together the responses of the diverse group around him. It seemed to me that what he was working at was a kind of understatement so that he didn't cause a kind of fingers-pricking apprehensiveness.

The Chorus, the women of Canterbury, expressed that apprehension so you knew it was there, and it seemed to me to be implicit in the others. I think that what John Frankie was doing in the way he used his voice was to try to reassure the people around him. Of course when it came to the scene of the confrontation with the Knights, everyone expects the inevitable, the play built to that so that it comes as no surprise that he is going to die. That is part of the play, it seems very inevitable, and John caught that very well in the sense that his death was inevitable; he is fully prepared for it. I think that the only hesitation for the play I have is in some of the acting and I do prefer not to single people out, but in some cases I felt that the lines just sort of came out and fell on the floor. I have very mixed feelings about a major production, because I thoroughly enjoyed productions like "Brussels Sprouts." It went very well and the set there was just as impressive in its own way as this one, but I guess you just can't go on doing that sort of thing throughout the year ...

As student productions go, I think this play was one of the best I have seen.

Jane Couchman (Head of General Education)
Well, I mostly liked it (the production), best of all the balance between the technical side and the acting side. The set was absolutely superb; everyone will say that, I'm sure. Also the mastering of the ritual and the rhythm of ritual by the actors as a group impressed me very much. I didn't think I would mention anyone in particular. I think the general tone was good. I don't see Becket quite the same way as John Frankie portrayed him, but it was a poor interpretation, a distant interpretation.

Doug Watson (fourth year History)
Very generally speaking, as far as the audience goes, I thought the set and lighting were excellent, at least from where I was sitting. I thought it was difficult. I think the thing that bothered me was that I didn't think we got the full benefit of the lighting from where we were sitting. I thought the acting was excellent, and that John Frankie performed his part very well. I think the three Priests could have had a little more confidence in their voices. Their parts could have had a little more emphasis. Everybody has seen the movie (BECKET) or read the play, but you have to really go into the background of it before you can understand and like the movie. I think that the big problem with that play, perhaps it should not have been the major production of the year for that reason.

Doug Watson (fourth year History)

"I liked the sets and costumes very much. I felt that the three priests were weak. And, there was not enough contrast between the leader and the Archbishop. I felt that there was not enough contrast between the powerful and the compassionate, but generally I thought that the production was very tight and obviously a real director's chore to stage and I thought it was carried off quite well."
The People on Campus Take Over

Anne Savoy (second year Sociology)

"T. S. Eliot is a fine poet but is lacking as a playwright. The play failed to "click" for me mainly because it was predominantly poetry. It was caught up in the lines, not the acting. A play's main purpose, I feel, is to entertain in a relaxing manner and since I found it necessary to concentrate so much on theme, I failed to appreciate the acting.

"One part that necessitates reference was the dressing of Thomas by the Priests. John Frankie projected a great sense of power and beauty in this scene. However, it was one of the only times I got any feeling at all."

Tony Bauer (Library staff member)

Well, I decided that I don't like Eliot. The other bad opinion I got was that people pronounced too clearly, for my liking. I suppose that's the problem with the poet: they didn't slur the words enough, they clipped the words, left spaces, etc. It's certainly as good as anything I've seen here... and as good as the other of Gregory's productions.

John Anderson (fourth year French)

I was very impressed with the play. The set was really imposing, it contributed to the imposing nature of the acting. I was especially impressed by the interplay of sentiment, as between the Canterbury women and between the Knights/Temporers and the clergy.

The lighting was marvelous, especially in the murder scene, technically I am not considering our present facilities. The set led to amazing profiles. Generally a tight performance which left the spectator much to ponder.

Anne Meggs (third year French)

I was favourably impressed; I thought it was very good—a great improvement on last year. The acting generally speaking was excellent. Improvements I would have made: the blocking was very poor, and positioning of the stage was poor—having to watch the sound and lighting people make their signals and switch on and off their tape recorders, etc., is a distraction if you were sitting in the wrong end of the theatre. I thought the set was too high because you had to look up and see all the lights when you were watching the people in the pulpit. But generally speaking, I think the production was excellent. The problems could have been overcome if we had a theatre. This place needs a theatre, no doubt about it.

Paul Dowling

I was actually disappointed by this year's production. The acting was good, I thought, especially Bob Sherman as the Fourth Tempter. However, there were a few moments when I thought that the actors seemed not to be on the same wavelength; there were a few moments when I thought that the actors seemed not to be concentrating on their own lines merely waiting for a cue.

The set was excellent; however, the ramp was a little too high, I thought, for while watching Becket's speeches from on high, I was very aware of the presence of lights, chandeliers, etc. I did not feel that the play was well-chosen—it may have been a learning experience for those who participated but it was not very entertaining.

Christopher Hume

This year's Glendon Dramatic Arts Programme (DAP) production, "MURDER in the Cathed ral," is from many points of view excellent. A number of roles, notably those of the Second Priest and the Four Temporers/Knights were highly successful due largely to the strong acting abilities of the respective players, thus the high point of the play occurred when Becket's assassins appeal to the audience for a fair and understanding hearing this, despite the damage done to the drama by the abrupt change from poetic historic to colloquial present.

By breaking up the Chorus' lines, Professor Gregory most certainly managed to avoid a sure source of monotony. Caroline Gregory's costuming contributed perhaps more than any other single factor to the success of the play. This is a very important point, as Eliot has himself noted, "Pictureque period costume renders verse much more acceptable." Certainly in the case of Eliot's own verse play, this would appear to be especially true. Maybe in the exceedingly religious and ritualistic atmosphere of events like the Canterbury Festival, an audience does, in Eliot's phrase, "expect to be patiently bored," however, the suggestion might be offered that the DAP, in 1975, is not the best location for the necessary "willing suspension of disbelief" to take place.

Of course there are limitations involved anywhere, and no one expected a mock Canterbury Cathedral. But why, to bring up the obvious, would the set be designed so that at its highest point an averagely tall individual would be at most a foot or so below the ceiling while sharing the spotlight with a rather distracting chandelier? Becket's sermons were delivered, it seemed, from a third-floor fire escape, not from the pulpit. Unlike many of the problems, this one COULD have been avoided.

The play itself is less than great, and is of interest probably as poetry more than drama. Rhymes like "strains the brains," "madness, madness, gladness" tend to clang a little less when read silently to oneself. Lines such as "pleasure and power at palpable price" are more tongue-twisters than poetic alliterations and detract accordingly. Eliot's play also assumes (somewhat vainly) that the audience already knows the story of Thomas a Becket, and that it can therefore appreciate the ritualistic enactment of his martyrdom as "meritorious" boredom. Such a high-minded and religious subject might be better received by some audiences more than others. As mentioned, a typical Glendon audience, for all its powers of discrimination and intelligence, may have been more receptive to something other than T. S. Eliot's rather priggish version of High-Anglicanism.

The question is then posed, what is the purpose of the major production? Is it to give the participants an opportunity to gain experience or to provide entertainment for the community? Unlike some, I don't believe that this boils down to a decision between the serious but dull over the entertaining but empty. There are a number of works that are perfectly capable of satisfying the demands of both groups. In this instance, the members of the DAP may have stood to profit a little more than did the audience; indeed they may have done so at the expense of the audience.
A SERMON ON THE EVILS OF LIBERALISM

by A. Nikiforuk

To attribute the anxieties and crises of "modern civilisation" (the boogeyman) to one ideology, liberalism, would appear to be an intellectually vacuous presumption. Not so!

Liberalism, as the philosophical rationalization of capitalism, pervades every aspect of Western society. Like the elusive prime it assumes many shapes, manifesting itself in Western culture, politics, and social values. It is a "corrosive" that corrupts and alienates all human relations.

Liberalism is essentially based on the fallacious principle that individual freedom is anterior to all society and that "man is a complete being, absolutely independent, apart from and outside society." Liberalism individualizes the individual, and, by doing so, perpetuates the myth that each individual is a sovereign individual, distinct from and separate from a collectivity. The liberal sees freedom, any type of freedom, as a means of glorifying and accentuating the individual, of demonstrating his separateness. The liberal dehumanizes the individual, and, in so doing, his own human nature, his own individuality, is destroyed.

Liberalism is only one type of individualism, and its antithesis is a social individualism that recognizes a society's existence and realizes its freedom by engaging in social relations. It is not the consciousness of men that determines their being but, on the contrary, their social being that determines their consciousness. "When the freedom of development of each is the condition for the free development of all," freedom ceases to be privilege and irresponsible bourgeois caprice.

Liberalism regards the freedom of the individual as a hollow right removed from the interests of the society. The products of unlicensed and unprincipled freedom are money and property. These material gains are a reflection of "natural human desires." The fulfillment of these desires produces an euphoria known as happiness. Everything that produces happiness must be utilized and accepted, and everything that produces pain must be discarded. To achieve this blissful state of happiness, one must compete with others so that "I profit myself when I harm someone else." In expressing my freedom to exploit, degrade, and use other human beings, I shall acquire wealth and increase my happiness. This is the essence of liberalism. It is ungodly and unholy, and it is not a matter of whether one is a centrist. The liberal values and property is threatened even then political reform is granted like manna from heaven. Let us remember that the philosophy of the bourgeois liberal is "a rain drop in the ocean, lost in the falling." Liberal humanism is not aimed at solving problems but at appeasing them. It is directed toward short term wants and not long term needs. It is a destructive action. It is a "corrosive" that corrupts and alienates all human relations. It is a "barbarous indifference, hard egoism," and it is an "unfeeling arrogance, and crush materialism." Liberalism reduces all aspects of life, including human relationships, to the function of a commodity whose value is determined by the amount of pleasure it provides. Man is not a deprived consumer nor is he naturally inclined to desire money and property. His means of production, the way he produces and labour, determines his consciousness and needs. In a capitalist society, everything is oriented towards achieving material gain and glorification. In early Christian communities, asceticism and the renunciation of material goods were the characteristics of liberal societies. Liberalism merely exploits and exacerbates man's potential to be greedy and inhuman.

Liberalism attempts to redeem itself by embracing and championing the statement which has just been stated. It is not the only one. Most of liberalism's adherents have already acknowledged that there is something wrong, to be worldly wise and to work as possible. Even those who would not agree will acknowledge that there is something wrong, to be worldly wise and to work as possible. Liberal humanism is a "corrosive" that corrupts and alienates all human relations. It is a "barbarous indifference, hard egoism," and it is an "unfeeling arrogance, and crush materialism." Liberalism reduces all aspects of life, including human relationships, to the function of a commodity whose value is determined by the amount of pleasure it provides. Man is not a deprived consumer nor is he naturally inclined to desire money and property. His means of production, the way he produces and labour, determines his consciousness and needs. In a capitalist society, everything is oriented towards achieving material gain and glorification. In early Christian communities, asceticism and the renunciation of material goods were the characteristics of liberal societies. Liberalism merely exploits and exacerbates man's potential to be greedy and inhuman.

Gods of the Modern World; a mural by Jose Orozco

THE NATIONAL WAY TO GO

BOOGGYMAN LOSES GROUND IN LATEST SURVEY

Los Angeles (ZNS/CUP)—A study of fear has found that children are less afraid of the boogeyman or ghosts. Instead, their greatest fears are of killers, dying, and the atom bomb.

A team of researchers from California State University Los Angeles and the Western Psychological Association Conference has included children in the third through-sixth grade children to rank their 94 greatest fears.

NON-BUMBLING BUMBLE BEES

Sydney (ZNS/CUP)—As if things weren't bad enough already, an Australian researcher is out with the word that bumbees don't really bumble.

Doctor Graham Pyke, after spending two summers chasing through the Rocky Mountains after the insects, found that bees follow a straight going course.

Pyke says the bees go directly to the heart of the flower.
on campus

1) Mercred: Humanities 373 presente "Le Retour D'Afrique" (Gueuse, 1973) de Alan Tanner, dans la salle 204. L'entree est libre.

2) Thursday: Perth County Conspiracy in the ODH at 9:00 pm. Admission $3.00.

3) Friday: Cafe de la Terrasse will be open to midnight tonite. Why not drop by?

4) Sunday afternoon: Orpheus Choir in the ODH: Free Admission.

5) Mardi (le 11 mai ) : Humanities 383.3 presente Noel et Juliette de Michel Bouchand dans la salle 204 a 3 h 15. L'entree est libre.

movies

The 99 cent Roxy Theatre (Danforth at Greenwood) 461-2401.
Wednesday: They Shoot Horses Don't They? at 7 and 10:55 pm. Straw Dogs at 9:00 pm.
Thursday: The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie at 7:00 pm. The Buling Class at 8:45 pm.
Friday: Magical Mystery Tour at 7 and 9:30 pm. The Magic Christian at 7:50 and 10:20 pm.
Saturday: Those Magnificent Men and Batman and Robin #12 is a 2:30 pm Matinee. American Graffiti at 7:30 and 10:20 pm. Pink Flamingos at midnight.
Monday: M. Huiles Holiday at 7 and 9:45 pm. Buster Keaton in Seven Chances at 8:30 pm.
Tuesday: The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz at 7:30 and 9:30 pm.

music

El Mocambo (464 Spadina; 961-2258): Willie Dixon to Saturday.

Willy Dixon sings the blues.

Colonial (203 Yonge Street; 365-6168): Jimmy Castor to Saturday.

The Chimney (579 Yonge Street; 967-4666): The Climax Jazz Band.

Paul McCartney Special: Friday at 8:00 pm on Global TV.

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Dr. Ellerslie, at 260 University Avenue, Toronto, 481-4774.

Shaw 1950 - The 1950's have returned.

So What?

MARCH 5, 1975 PRO TEM 9

David Silverstein's oil abstracts are on display at the Canadian Fine Arts Gallery, 92A Scollard St. Mon. 8 to 22. He also sculpts his own wooden frames. 922-7007.

What's Going On?

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I Love Baby Blue!

7) On Demande un Merco: Theatre du P'tit Bonheur (95 Danforth 466-8460).
8) Man for all Seasons: (Studio Theatre 1750 Finch Avenue: 491-8877)
9) Anyone for Kelp? Second City (110 Lombard St. 363-1674).
10) Homemade Theatre: Factory Lab (207 Adelaide Street 864-9971).

Mireille Mathieu: Saturday to Monday at Massey Hall.

The Wine Cellar

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1212 Weston Rd., (a block North of Eglinton downtown at the Queensbury Arms)
702-8455.
QUESTION TIME? INCOHESIVE AND FRAGMENTARY

by B. Williams

If you've never read anything by Robertson Davies and have never seen one of his plays, don't begin with "Question Time" playing at the St. Lawrence Centre. You'll become disillusioned. The best of intentions run amuck in a play that is incohesive and fragmentary.

The theme of "Question Time", in Davies' own words, is "power — what power may do to a man, and what that man in his turn does to the people around him, and to the country he leads." Prime Minister Peter Macadam of British ancestry — Davies apparently loves symbols — played by Kenneth Pogue, is the sole survivor of a plane crash in the Montagnes de Glace in the Canadian arctic. On the brink of life and death, he rises from a comatose state to determine his fate. The task before him, as pointed out by guide Stephen Markle in the role of shaman, is to come to terms with his inner self. Is it strange or not that the coldest place in the country is chosen as the "play's backdrop", the "center of the self-examination and regeneration of the country's leader? Anyway, there isn't too much substance there to restore the Prime Minister's character lacks depth, and such statements as "I want to be valued for what I am" ring hollow.

And then there is the minister of External Affairs, the secretary of State and the Prime Minister's wife — all mentioned by Davies as "the country's second minister of External Affairs" and "the Prime Minister's wife." If you've never read any of Davies' works, "Question Time" will probably leave you confused. The Elk River, the Shakespearean allusions, and the "other hand" remark don't begin with "Question Time" playing at the St. Lawrence Centre. You'll become disillusioned. The best of intentions run amuck in a play that is incohesive and fragmentary.

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by Stephen Barrick

A number of years ago while traveling from Toronto to Montreal I stopped at a roadside restaurant for lunch. Being an insatiable reader I tend to check every book stand, rack, counter—in short, any place that sells books. It so happened that this particular restaurant had a revolving wire book rack so I busied myself perusing the titles. A single book stood out from among the usual drivel. The book was entitled CONAN by Robert E. Howard. I must confess I too, had the appearance of pure, unalloyed garbage yet the cover painting (by Frank Frazetta) looked so fabulous that I simply had to lay out the seventy-five cents. Even if I read no further than the cover I reasoned it would be money well spent. I was not entirely correct. The book turned out to be even more fascinating than the cover. Thus, I embarked on an eventual eleven volume love affair with the books about Conan.

From time to time every individual needs an escape of sorts from the real world. This can take on many forms, some far more harmful than others. Emerging oneself in a book when a change is needed is perhaps one of the least harmful modes of escape. What this article is dealing with is a peculiar kind of escape literature.

There are many diverse forms of escape literature, we all have our personal preferences. Mystery stories, Agatha Christie, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, science fiction, westerns, even humour. All fall in the broad category of escape literature. Within science fiction exists a little known branch referred to as heroic fantasy or sword-and-sorcery. Robert E. Howard pioneered this genre with his barbarian hero, Conan.

Robert Ervin Howard was born in Peaster, Texas in the year 1906. Howard was the first writer in his region to make a living solely by his pen. Of this he was extremely proud. Howard wrote copious quantities of romance, westerns, horror stories and heroic fantasy. The Conan saga, which was published during the 1930’s in popular pulp magazines. The Phantagraph, Weird Tales, The Fantasy Fan and Fantasy Fiction were among the more prevalent of the type. The stories were originally published by Howard himself. Conjunctions by de Camp and Carter have been published by Lancer Books and the Complete Conan series. (At one time these books were readily available; unfortunately, they are now difficult to obtain. Apparently though, the books are still being printed.) The complete list consists of Conan, Conan of Cimmeria, Conan the Free­rider, Conan the Adventurer, Conan the Buccaneer, Conan the Warrior, Conan the Usurper, Conan the Conqueror, Conan the Avenger, Conan of the Isles. Conan of Cimmeria was a gigantic barbarian who roamed a world entirely of Howard’s invention. The saga deals with this epic character adventuring his way through the ‘civili­zied’ world. Howard created his own world divided into many strange coun­tries. He also set his stories in his own fictitious “Hyborean” age before recorded history. The Conan saga is the complete work of imagination. Conan himself is depicted possessing incredible physical attri­butes. He is enormous, powerful, lightning-fast, part animal. The distinct­ion Howard always stresses is the fundamental difference between the barbarian and the civilized man. “He saw a tall, strongly made youth stand beside him. This person was as much out of place in that den as a grey wolf among many rats of the gutters. His cheap tunic could not conceal the hard, rangy lines of his powerful frame, the broad heavy shoulders, the massive chest, lean waist, and heavy arms. His skin was brown from our­sland suns, his eyes blue and smolder­ing; a shock of ruffled black hair crowned his broad forehead. From his girdly hung a sword in a worn leather scabbard.”

Most of Conan’s adventures contain numerous bloody battles. A quest for great treasure or reward is usually present accompanied with multitud­inous beautiful women. A strong over­tone of the supernatural pervades many of the stories. The battle scenes have to be read to be believed. The narrative is head­long, compelling, fast-paced. Howard invokes battle scenes with unbe­lievable carnage. Conan is a fighter among fighters, a towering warrior. The reader is drawn into this fantas­tic world where all men are strong, all women exceedingly beautiful and life is a constant adventure. In spite of the tremendous violence one can al­ways remember, yes, this is just fantasy. Howard makes it compelling enough to involve the reader totally.

"The great black wings rose and fell. Livia, dumb with horror, saw the Cimmerian enveloped in the black shadow that hung over him. The man’s breath came pantingly; his feet stamped the beaten earth, crushing the white blossoms into the dirt. The rending impact of his blows echoed through the night. He was hurled back and forth like a rat in the grip of a hound; blood splashed thickly on the sword, mingling with the white petals that lay strewn like a carpet."

And then the girl, watching that devilish battle as in a nightmare, saw the black-winged thing waver and stagger in midair; there was a shrieking beat of crippled wings, and the monster had torn clear and was soaring upward to mingle and vanish among the stars. Its conqueror stag­gered dizzyly, sword poised, legs wide-braced, staring upward stupidly, amazed at victory but ready to take up again the ghastly battle.

As pure entertainment the Conans of Cimmeria books are without equal. There are no great earth-shattering morals perpetrated, no profound philo­sophy expounded. This is reading for the sole purpose of entertainment. Howard was the natural story-teller, and Conan is his perfect vehicle. The reader could easily imagine Howard seated by a fire, the gloom of the night all around, spinning his fantas­tic yarns of the gigantic barbarian from the north. Perhaps this is merely appealing to the childlike qualities in an individual, to be spell­bound with the world of unimaginable bound with the world of the unreal, merely appealing to the child-like qualities in an individual, the need to be told unimaginable happenings, to be spell-bound with the world of the unreal. Everyone still has much of the little girl or little boy within; it is for this facet of the individual that Howard’s stories hold their appeal. Let your imagination run free. Stride through the incredible world of Conan in the stories of Robert Howard. There is no such thing as “outgrowning” stories such as these.
The Shiny Canadian

Close checking and sound positional play was the story behind the Leafs astounding successes.

STONG SHORTBREADS CRUMBLE

Dateline: Le Barn des Vaches. Le Campus Centrale, nord of Toronto, home of more massage parlours than Carter's has pills.

Joel last, or Wednesday past, Glendon's own Suffrage Jets really put the StrongShortbreads to the Crisco Oil test and came up winners by all but one tablespoon.

In a pre-game play, the Shortbreads' goalperson (WHY NOT?) ate a clove of garlic, hoping to throw the Glendon team off the mark, but most of our players, being of ethnic descent, were not bothered by this and in any case they seemed to rather enjoy it. As they buzzed around the StrongShortbreads' net for the entire game. This game also marked the return of Marion Treene who not only scored two goals but acted as the team leader both on and off the ice. Other Jet marksmen included Jane Clappison and Lindy Arnoff with yet another two and Linda Northcote, has enabled the 'Jets to be-

ishing the Bull To The End

The czars of international hockey have finally agreed to terms which will enable that long-awaited match between the staff of this metropolitan daily, PRO TEM and those individuals who are presumably giving you an education, the "Faculty." This match will surely create about as much excitement as a slap on the wrist with a wet noodle. For those of you who are fond of this form of S/M, the game will transpire on Thursday, March 13 (is that the Ides of March) at 1:30 p.m.—Nord Toronto ice rink. If we don't see you there, so what?

• Mark Shannon, Springfield College basketball star, asked what he would do if he were a coach: "I'd be demanding, stern, happy, concerned, encouraging, respectful, gracious and aggressive. I'd be a bell of a coach."

• David Owen, Toronto Zoo executive, explaining the zoo's intention to get more animals: "We are acutely conscious of the high profile of the low animal count."

• Eddie Sutton, Arkansas basketball coach, commenting on the decision of the Southwest Conference to use lie-detector tests during investigations of recruiting violations: "If you stripped a couple of coaches I know into a polygraph chair, they'd be electrified."

Well, that's neither here nor there, but then again what is. Simply allow me this, in the future, it shall be my endeavour to snoop about as never before, unearthing stories that will undoubtedly disgruntle some, mystify others, but on the whole, will be entirely meaningless, or is that meaningful. Ah! it matters not. I am what I am and that's all what I am, I'm Haywood the Fantasy Man.

S P O R T S

IS THIS A TRAGIC ENDING TO THE BRUIN STORY? WILL THAT BIG BRIGHT PROCTOR BUILDING BE BLOWN SNOW HIGH UP? WILL THE CROWDS IN THE YORK ELEVATOR BE GOING UP? FOR AN ANSWER TO THESE AND OTHER IDIOOT QUESTIONS EITHER READ NEXT TIME, OR PUT AN AVALANCHE IN AN ENVELOPE AND SEND IT TO BOX 93-4-29, NEVSKI PROSPECT.