

pro tem

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DENVER (CUP/CNS/ZNS) —

Warning to students

Cramming for exams may be hazardous to your health, according to a study by medical students at Volgograd in the Soviet Union.

The medics measured the pulse rates and electrocardiograms of students who were ill-prepared for their tests and found the pulse rates of students who had crammed were raised to levels of up to 180 beats a minute, and that intense nervous strain persisted throughout the exam and for a long time after.

The study concluded that too much cramming for exams might actually shorten a person's life.

High level debate in FC over reappointment

At the monthly meeting of Glendon's Faculty Council held last Thursday in the Senate chambers of York Hall, a rare exercise and example of debate of a fairly high level was witnessed by those present with the passage of guidelines for the reappointment from lecturer to assistant professor.

At the previous meeting of the council, the college's tenure and promotions committee had been instructed to prepare guidelines for reappointment and only after long

protracted, and often bitter debate was the committee's report prepared.

Evidence of the division of opinion within the committee was clearly demonstrated throughout the debate as various people used various methods, tactical, emotional, or otherwise in order to make their feelings prevail. Debate seemed to focus around two issues: whether a faculty member has the right of appeal to the Tenure and Promotions Committee if he fails to gain the support of his department, and sec-

only, whether a Ph.D. or a research equivalent is equal to or superior to "scholarly research motivated toward teaching and the classroom."

Eventually, the guidelines were adopted with the added provision that a faculty member does have a right of appeal to the Tenure and Promotions Committee.

The newly adopted guidelines are the satisfaction of one of the following:

- 1) possession of a Ph.D.
- 2) scholarly research of an equiv-

alent nature to a Ph. D.

3) demonstrated scholarly potential in the preparation and successful teaching of specific courses.

4) service to York and the outside community.

The one constant in all these guidelines is satisfactory teaching ability.

The meeting was adjourned after this because no time remained, so the December meeting will have the business of October, November, and December to deal with.

pro tem

NUS to fold like CUS?

VANCOUVER (CUP)

Many member universities are threatening to quit the National Union of Students (NUS), charged the UBC representative to the Association of Universities and Colleges in Canada (AUCC).

Pempe Muir, who is also the faculty of nursing representative on the student council, said many of the AUCC delegates from universities also in NUS believe that the national student organization is overly concerned with politics.

According to Muir, the universities complaining are McMaster, Carleton, Simon Fraser, Toronto, Manitoba, Lethbridge, Calgary and Alberta.

"Representatives from those universities felt the political things could be better handled through their own schools. NUS does not need its budget of 30 cents per student - a total of \$35,000," Muir claimed.

"The NUS central committee consists of old political hacks and a lot of people are in the organization for what they want for themselves," she charged.

There is a danger of NUS going the route of its predecessor, the Canadian Union of Students (CUS),

which died because members found it was concerned with politics and not serving them", she said.

CUS collapsed in 1969.

She had no plans to propose the UBC's withdrawal from NUS because that would require an amendment to the council constitution. UBC students voted to accept the NUS fee levy, a total of \$5,400 this year, at a general meeting last spring.

Some councils dismissed Muir's charges and defended NUS, saying it is not overly concerned with politics and is providing valuable services.

Council president, Brian Loomes, felt that Muir is rumor mongering. He said he has not heard of any moves to change NUS policy, currently directed at student demands regarding housing and financing.

External affairs officer Bonnie Long, a delegate to the upcoming NUS national conference, said that while over-politicizing is a problem in NUS, some lobbying with governments on such important issues as housing and financing is necessary. Some dissent is to be expected from the more conservative student councils at Alberta and McMaster.

At least one university mentioned by Muir as being dissatisfied with NUS's politics seems to disagree.

Stephen Moses, vice-president of Toronto's Student administrative council, said on his return from a recent NUS conference, "I was a very good conference. I was very pleased."

It was at that conference that NUS approved such political resolutions dealing with housing and student financing policies.

Moses admitted that, while the decision making structure of NUS is slow and admittedly bureaucratic, it ensures that NUS is in touch with its student bodies.

Before a resolution can become an NUS policy, it must be circulated by mail to student council, he said and the various student elected bodies must send back their yes or no vote. A majority of the schools in NUS must approve a policy or resolution before it becomes a part of NUS.

For example, Moses explained, the resolutions passed at the conference require a mail-in ballot scheme to become official. But, Moses claimed, that will probably be an academic exercise in this case mainly because there was an overwhelming approval of the resolutions at the conference.

Under Attack

For the first time at Glendon College, Under Attack is appearing on Wednesday, the 5th of December. Under Attack is a national television programme, that tapes at different universities across the country. The format for the show is to have one person defend his views for an hour under questioning from a selected student panel and the general student audience.

Two programmes will be done at

Glendon. Our first quest is the Honourable Robert Lorne Stanfield, leader of the P.C. party and leader of the Opposition. As a man who is only a snap election away from being our next Prime Minister, Mr. Stanfield will attempt to present himself as viable alternative to the Liberal government. He will be defending his Party policies and his role as a political leader.

The second programme will have Keith Rapsey, president of the Canadian Manufacturers Association, as a guest. Mr. Rapsey will defend the views that strikebreaking should be legalized, scab labour should be hired to break a strike, and that there can be no right to strike in essential services.

Both programmes are an hour long, with questions from the audience comprising half of each show. Be there and be heard. Admittance is free, in the Old Dining Hall, Wednesday, the 5th of December, doors open 6:30 PM.

From pm

A NEW JOB FOR PIERRE?

To pr

BURNABY (CUP)--

In its efforts to get a "superstar" to take over from Simon Fraser University administration president, Kenneth Strand, when he retires next September, the university's presidential search committee may have found its "Bobby Hull".

According to the Simon Fraser student newspaper, the Peak, two of the three people being considered in the Committee's "superstar" category are former Canadian cabinet minister, Eric Kierans and American economist, John Kenneth Galbraith, although neither has expressed interest in the job.

But The Peak said November 16 that another "superstar" has submitted an application and has the best chance of getting the job. The student newspaper reported that prime minister, Pierre Trudeau, will be the next Simon Fraser administration president.

Trudeau, who reportedly submitted

an application just before nominations closed last week, will apparently retire from politics because some of his cabinet and some liberal riding associations do not think he can win another election.

The Peak said John Wheatley, Simon Fraser's dean of graduate studies, has been in contact with Ottawa during the past few months and Strand talked to Trudeau in Ottawa recently.

The presidential search committee has apparently been sworn to secrecy in the presence of RCMP officials. The Peak said it got its information from a "usually reliable source". Frank Rotering, editor of The Peak, said he is "99 per cent sure" his information is correct.

Trudeau's cabinet held a special meeting two weekends ago apparently to discuss legislation for the current parliamentary session and possible topics for the liberal convention. A CBC news report, said that minister of agriculture, Eugene Whelan, had

been called back from a conference to attend the meeting. But an official in Trudeau's office said that Whelan's return was not specifically for this meeting.

All cabinet ministers except external affairs minister, Mitchell Sharp, who was in Moscow, attended the meeting.

Rumours of Trudeau's impending resignation have been circulating in Ottawa in the last few weeks. According to Claude Bellone in the November issue of Last Post magazine;

"The bourgeoisie french canadian grapevine in Montreal is circulating a rather interesting story concerning Pierre Eliot Trudeau. This grapevine, which is Trudeau's milieu, says that the prime minister intends to resign shortly at the end of November, and 'return home to academic life.'"

But a source close to the Trudeau cabinet said rumors of his resignation were "nonsense". "He has

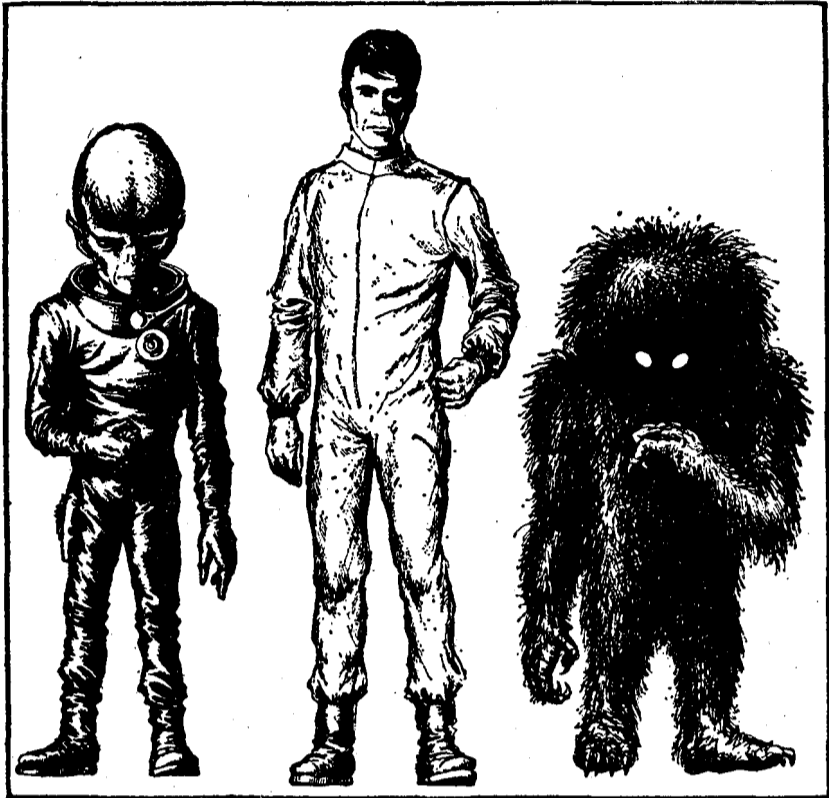
just begun some programs he'll stay to finish."

Other sources contend the lack of confidence in Trudeau's leadership, growing economic problems, and the lack of a cohesive liberal energy policy will be enough to force Trudeau's resignation. Many people said they were skeptical of the stated reasons for this weekend's special cabinet meeting.

One source said that Margaret Trudeau owns a house in Vancouver (her family lives there) and has been buying household effects in Ottawa in the past few weeks.

The Simon Fraser presidential search committee will probably make its final decision next spring. There are four students on the 16-member committee. Their position is unknown at this time, but a quiet census does reveal a very strong leaning towards the opinion formerly expressed. Being, of course, of sound mind and body, their decision will be final.

The latest in Canadian political fashion



From left to right: L. Trudeau, P.C. Stanfield, and N.D.P. Lewis

by Andrew Nikiforuk

The Honourable Pierre Elliot Trudeau dons the newest in men's fashions. (Note: pointed ears, beady eyes, liberal sized brain, and machiavellian smile.) Mr. Trudeau is wearing a Nixon imitation space suit. Liberal price only \$173.45. Inflation price \$293.63. Complete with lazer gun for October crises.

P.C. Stanfield keeps warm with the newest in underwear comfort. Complete with iron shod shoes. (Note: Canadian pose) Conservative price

only \$84.52. with banana \$97.84.

N.D.P. Lewis has recently abandoned socialist attire for the newest in Liberal men's clothing. (Note: the absence of good taste) This appealing costume at compromise price \$105.02 Cheap!

It appears political fashions have not changed on the Canadian scene with inactivity, stupidity, and apathy selling out once again. (Note: These fashions are also available in the United States and Japan.)

LIP GRANT FADES AS GROWERS BLOOM

TORONTO (CUP)

Working on an LIP project can be frustrating if you live in the Northwest Territories, Dr. E. Lidster, of the Interdepartmental Committee on Youth in Yellowknife, told delegates to the recent forum on youth held here by the Ontario government.

Lister, speaking about some of the problems involved in projects that take place in the Canadian north, cited the case of a group of Eskimo women who had received a grant to make their own clothes rather than

to rely on the drab Hudson's Bay fare.

As spring approached, the women were becoming particularly enthusiastic about the possibility of making dyes from local wild flowers to brighten their clothes.

However, funds were withdrawn on schedule just before the flowers came into bloom and the project ended abruptly without the clothes being dyed.

The grant was not renewed.

The smell of grease The roar of engines

by Steve Greene

With the amount of nostalgia running rampant around Toronto these days, I suppose that I can be forgiven for indulging myself in it a bit. Movies like American Graffiti and the current rock'n roll revival always take me back a little to my care-free innocent high-school days.

In the town where I grew up there was only one centre of activity for my friends and I. That was the A & W drive-in. This establishment served as the social, cultural and in many ways the intellectual focal point of my high-school career.

On any given Saturday night I could be found cruising the main drag with my friends. I must admit that I cut a pretty dashing figure in my old '62 Pontiac, (commonly known as Percy), with its fringe around the roof, its leopard skin seat covers, its furry steering wheel and its muffler dragging behind.

That doesn't mean though that I was lost without Percy. I mean I always dressed in my ankle length black jeans, my sloppiest white socks with the elastics broken and of course my penny loafers. But this takes me away from my topic.

The A & W drive-in. Every town had a place like it. At around ten o'clock we'd all rumble into the parking lot and order our hamburgers (no onions) and chocolate shakes. This was the place where the action was.

If we were lucky a car full of girls would pull up alongside. My friends and I would act suitably nonchalant. We'd look the other way, comb our hair, talk among ourselves, comb our hair, listen to the radio, comb our hair, and finally roll down the window and say: "Haven't we seen you girls before" all the while combing our hair. At this point the young ladies would giggle suitably and then act nonchalant. Heavy Stuff!

The A & W also gave us a chance to appraise every body else's wheels. Of course the Corvette club got the best spots in the parking lot, but that was only a matter of inevitability. You don't push a guy driving a Corvette around.

Then there was Ethel! Ethel Guznowski was the most beautiful, the best, the dreamiest, and the swellest car hop in the whole world. I was in love with Ethel. Of course Ethel didn't know that. (I don't think). Nothing ever developed between Ethel and I, she was too busy with the Corvette guys.

A friend of mine was recently in my home town. He was taking out the piano player from the local bar and was accosted by some of the home town boys. The way he tells it, they laid a strip of rubber twenty feet long down the main drag, cut off his volkswagen, and then called him sissy.

I guess nothing has really changed.

WANTED:

An enjoyable, kind, generous, refreshing companion.

TO BE FOUND:

The next time you put your hand on a '50'.



Enjoy yourself...

pro tem

Only as good as the community it serves.

PRO TEM is the student weekly of Glendon College, York University, 2275 Bayview Avenue, Toronto, Ontario () Opinions expressed are those of the writer. Unsigned comments are the opinion of the paper and not necessarily those of the student union or the university. PRO TEM is a member of Canadian University Press and an agent for social change. Phone 487-6136.

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COLLEGE RADIO: A necessity?

Every weekday from the morning hours through to the dinner hour, a group of Glendonites attempt to provide musical and comic entertainment as well as relate matters of interest and concern to our student body. This group constitutes Radio Glendon. Recently, there has been some criticism of the radio questioning the need for it, pointing out the expense of it, as well as citing the institution's lack of involvement within the community. Only the last criticism is warranted, and there is at present a move to rectify that situation.

In its basic form, radio is a communications medium, just like a newspaper. The latter promotes written, visual expression to a set of ideas. The former gives aural expression of music as well as ideas. And the function of both is to entertain and inform the campus community. It is this function, I felt, which justifies the existence of Radio Glendon. Not only does it reflect the community it serves, but also it strengthens the individuality of our campus.

Some argue that we should utilize Radio York, as we did in the past. I disagree with this attitude. Glendon is small college with very few ties. This demands that we foster our own internal activities and functions, rather than be acted upon by outside sources. In monetary terms, that argument is also wrong (it cost the college \$90 a month for the bell-line). At this point in time, the station, in its second year of operation, has paid for all of its equipment. Despite the recurring financial problem, the radio has made great strides since its inception, and is now contemplating further expansion of its services.

These monetary factors have hindered Radio Glendon's involvement within the campus life. As a result, the executive is now fostering an impetus to an overhaul of the radio's former self: improved programming, radio-sponsored dances, and possible expansion next spring, hopefully generating an increase in college spirit.

Does Glendon need its own Radio? I would suggest that the obvious number of people involved in its programming, news, and organizational departments indicates a campus interest, and justifies its existence. Moreover, it represents an inducement to student involvement which can combat an apparent growth of campus apathy.

Many Glendonites, of which I am one, feel that we need a radio station. It was this feeling that prompted this article. I would be interested to hear any comments and/or response to this opinion.
Larry Mohring.

Yes there is!

Dear Editor:

This letter is a response to the article entitled 'Is anybody there?'

I wonder if you would consider the following as constructive criticism. I found the article (referred to earlier) to be on the whole, quite valid. However, I felt that there were some points that had not been considered.

I realized that it is discouraging that only a small percentage of such a large number of students contribute. Perhaps these twenty-five regular contributors enjoy writing articles for the paper - not everyone does.

I don't believe that there is a method by which you could encourage "the lazy, apathetic or scared student" to write.

Another possibility might be that the student does not feel that he has anything worth writing and as a result he doesn't.

There are those students who prefer to think loudly (via Protem) and others who think quietly. Yes there is somebody out there who thinks!

B. J. Haig

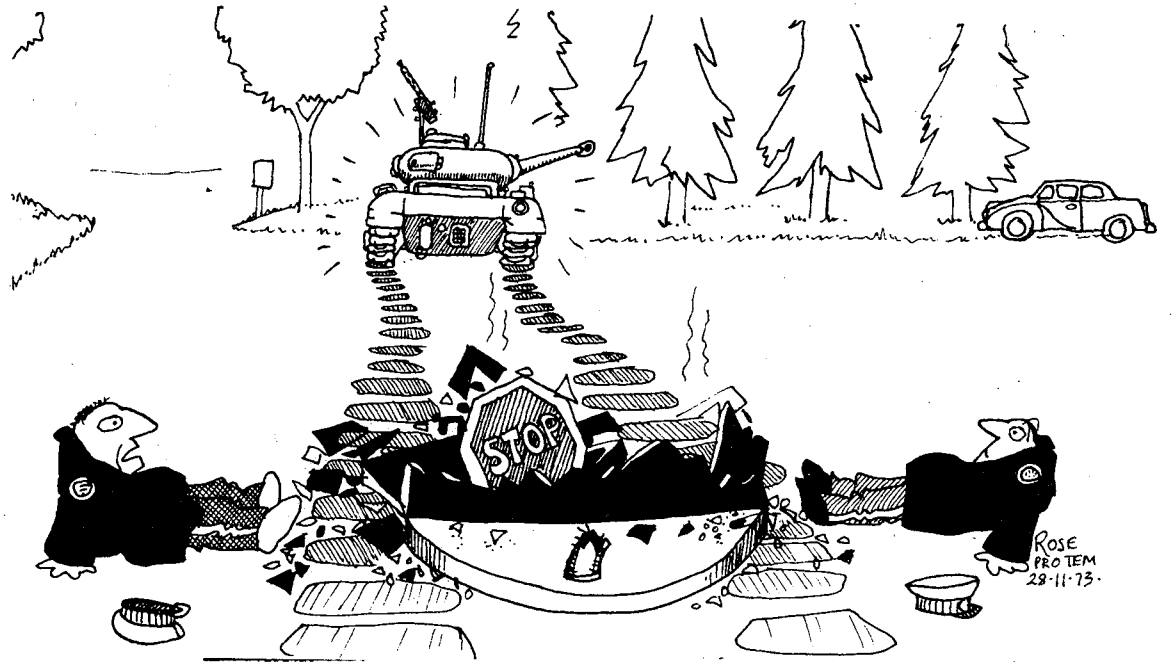
Rip-off!

To the Editor:

The shuffleboard that was put into the pub last week is a rip-off. Isn't 25 cents a bit much for such a short table with a time limit. While I realize the student council is trying to bolster their coffers, there is no excuse for such a rip-off. A

second-hand table with no pegs allowing free use would have been much better. The table could have been used as an attraction to get people to the pub to have a beer as well as play shuffleboard. I can't afford to do both.

Gary Lamb



"Me? I thought you were going to ask to see his permit.!!!"

THE MEAL PLAN EXPLAINED

I want to comment on last week's editorial about the residence meal system. While there is always room for improvement, I think that our present caterer (Beaver Foods) is doing a good job. It is true that prices have gone up - about 9 or 10% for the full course lunch or dinner. But it is also true that retail food prices went up 16 to 17% during the 12 months ending September 1973.

It is true that resident students are obligated to buy a certain amount of food to a minimum value during the course of the year. \$420. buys about 8 or 9 meals over a 30-week period. In order for the food operation to be financially feasible the caterer must be guaranteed a minimum income. The scrip system provides this minimum but gives the individual a good deal of flexibility. Under the old system you paid in advance for meals whether you ate them or not. Now you eat when you want and pay only for what you eat. You can use scrip to buy meals for friends, or you can sell it. Scrip is transferable and can be used by anyone. Towards the end of February the Residence Council plans to set up an Exchange where people can sell their scrip, and other people can buy it at a discount.

With reference to the Food Committee, there is nothing mysterious or impersonal about it. It is simply a group of students who meet with the caterer from time to time to offer complaints and suggestions. Meeting times are announced on the Dean of Students' Bulletin Board. Of course there are limits to what the Food Committee can do. It cannot order prices to be lowered for example. But many suggestions have been implemented. For example the buffet table at lunch time originated in a Food Committee suggestion. Other examples include the introduction of whole wheat bread for sandwiches, better yoghurt, fresh sundaes on Sunday, the banning of as many Kraft products as possible, and a second cup of coffee for 5 cents (to begin in January). There is also a small group on the committee which advises the caterer on menu selections.

In short, if you really want to improve the food, come to the Food Committee. You will also learn about some of the difficulties the caterer faces.

Yours sincerely,

Ian Gentles,
Dean of Students.

"I can hide it!"

To the Editors of Pro Tem

re: the Kennedy cover

Thank you PRO TEM for jumping on the cliché bandwagon of nostalgia and sticking Kennedy's picture on the cover. I am glad such a hero of the Canadian people was chosen instead of your usual groovy people pictures. He looked really great also, you know just like on the ashtrays and the cheapie wall-plaques you can buy in smoke shops. The quotation really brought tears to my eyes too. Who wrote it? My copy must have been a misprint because there wasn't a signature even near it. I especially liked the last part that resembled something out of "The Book of Common Prayer".

I also noticed in your usual one-sided approach that no mention was made of the Bay of Pigs or the Cuban Missile Crisis among other things. Where were the stories of the Grape

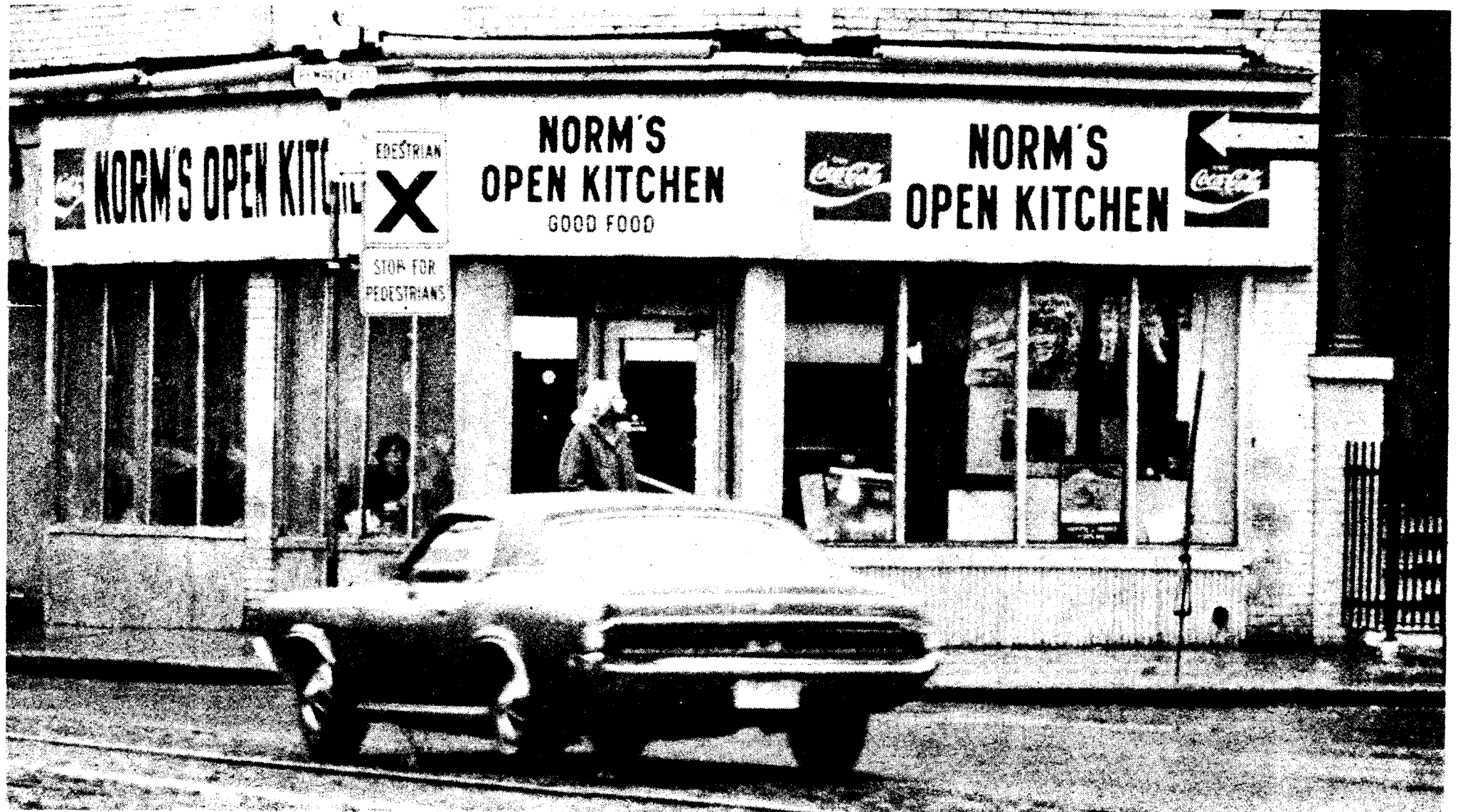
pickers? Have they left Toronto? And the Artistic Woodworkers are they still on strike? Or perhaps you have just moved on to better things and the Kennedy portrait is just a hint of what is to come. Perhaps in a forthcoming issue there will be a blurb on "Richard Nixon, How he launched Viet Nam into the 20th Century". Or perhaps your series will be about great American capitalists who got it on the way to power.

Oh yes I am also supposed to mention that your paper isn't worth the tree it came from. I don't agree, I think you are just a fine representation of the hordes of stupid people who inhabit this world. I should know, I'm one of them, but I can hide it better than you.

I remain
yours truly

Chris Gennings

Hot off the grill: Norm's Open Kitchen



Balcerzak

by Vince Blain
of the eyeopener

Angry eyes, flashing eyes, glazed, crazed and unseeing eyes, swollen red rimmed, hooded and dim eyes. Eyes behind coke bottle thick lenses, eyes behind midnight shades. The eyes of Norm's Open Kitchen, leering, squinting, shifty, and challenging. Eyes that demand, you're in Norms now, what's your number, what's your racket, what are you looking for. Eyes that suggest that you might get what you need. Norm's offers what you want, anytime, it's open 24 hours a day and Norm's moves when the city sleeps.

All night, any night, some figures, come stumbling out of the dark, into the evershining lights of the pedestrian cross-walk at the corners of Pembroke and Dundas St. E. On that corner, it always seems a little cold, a little windy, numbing. But there is a Norm's waiting with arms open, from the outside it's a cosy little lunch bucket. Then in the steamy, close quarters come the eyes. The eyes and raised voices, shouting, laughing, slurred and snarling.

All the derelicts are inside, sprawled on stools, slumped over the counter, squeezed into tiny box booths. It's Saturday night and packed to the doors, no place to sit, up against the wall. There is one seat beside, a tough looking tattooed

woman. Someone fills the seat and the woman sneers, "that seat is taken buster", the newcomer doesn't mind, and the woman repeats it again in a shrill voice that pushes the intruder away from her.

The night is a series of such incidents, personalities smoldering like little fires. A battered, beaten up old man, reminisces aloud of his long-past arrival in the city and his old days on the coast. Some sort of cowboy is saying how bad the Indians are around the Sault, and a burly lank-haired Indian is swearing that no white man goes into the Six Nation Reserve alone.

A nodding derelict site pouring shots of Southern comfort into his coffee. He's just taking in the voices and sights all around him. He gets to his feet and searches in his pockets for juke box money. Elastics, butts, matches, pencils, and finally dimes and quarters emerge from his pockets. During the search a five dollar bill is pushed out of his pocket. Before it hits the floor it has disappeared. He looks dazedly down at where it should have landed. A voice beside him says "What are you looking for?" The music man looks into the eyes of the questioner and realizes where the five dollar bill went. The belligerent eyes offer a direct challenge. "Try and get it back". He scans the face

of the robber, a scab covers one eyebrow, an eye lid twitches and the lips are swollen like sausages. To retrieve the fin would mean a similar job on his own face. He shrugs and turns back to his Southern Comfort.

The door swings open and a chattering, purse swinging, dressed to kill faggot saunters in perches on a lap. "Well how are you all. such a lovely night, just a little chilly". He's dressed in matching gold halter and hotpants. He orders an extra special ice cold orange, and as he demurely sucks on the straw, a surly drunk yells, "aw, why don't you stick it Queenie". He says it just as the juke box dies, and Queenie shoots back with, "Oh ho aren't you just mad at the world tonight, well that's alright sweetie, I'll just fix you up like I did last week". At this affront, the drunk starts to head for Queenie, but a number of arms push him into his seat. The air is still and tempers are on edge as sides draw up. Queenie's friends and the drunkies yell insults back and forth. Someone wisely puts a quarter in the juke box, and suddenly its "A dead skunk in the middle of the road". The crisis is averted and as the music fills the restaurant, Queenie says, "Well, I would've just hit that mother with my purse and ha ha. Oh You".

Sometimes music doesn't simmer things down, and that is when 53 Division comes in. On Saturday night, particularly at the end of the month when everybody has received their various cheques, from welfare, pogeey and pensions, the police have to come in. The police call the operation "hosing down", five squad cars converge on the restaurant, and a group of constables shoulder their way into Norm's. "O.K. everybody out, parties over, move along, outside now, closing up." The crowd is pushed threatened and cajoled into the street. People linger on corners in little knots taunting the police. The police patrol around for about twenty minutes, breaking up the groups and booking the more obnoxious drunks. When the police drive off, the lights in Norm's go back on, and everybody goes back in to half-finished cups of coffee.

The hosing down has had a good effect, a few drunks are now guests at 53 Division, and nobody is mad at anyone except the police. The arrival and departure of the police creates a big happy family at Norm's. Most of the clientele un-animously begins to discuss various indignations suffered at the hands of the police.

There's a glimpse of a night at Norm's. You want breads, pills,

booze, trouble, get it at Norm's. Interested in a little cooking, spoon cooking and needle eating? It just might be on the menu, it's an open kitchen.

At present Norm's is on the line, it's repute is under assault. On Nov. 7 there will be a hearing at the Metro License Commission to review the renewal of the restaurant's license. The Health Dept. has tried numerous times to have the place closed, but it always seems to open up again. The sugar is in open cups and the ashtrays are merely yellowed plastic saucers, but the place is not dirty enough to warrant closing by the Health Dept. The only way to close it is by revoking the license. Due to the imminence of the license hearing, nobody wants to say much about Norm's. The owner says, "I don't want to talk about it, speak to my lawyer". Officers at 53 Division are saving all their information for the hearing.

Alderman Dan Heap has his fingers crossed until the hearing. He is worried that some people will be afraid to testify at the License Review. Until the 7th, the same old action will be going down at Norms. After that, who knows? Some people say there are valid social needs fulfilled by Norm's, everybody needs someplace to go.

Norm won his case, and so Norm's Open Kitchen is still open. When asked his reaction Norm said, "Why shouldn't I stay open."

books: COACH HOUSE & blewointment

Antlers in the Treetops

Ron Padgett and Tom Veitch

Coach House Press

"Antlers in the Treetops" begins as a space-age western, quixotically narrated by a character who calls himself Cassaba and who claims to be a "Seeker of the Flesh Eaters". Any expectation of a continuous plot-line, consistency in character or narration dissolves long before the book's first chapter has elapsed.

For the most part, the countless disconnected episodes are told in a jaunty ironical tone, turning playfully and unpredictably to comedy, or horror. Whoever it is that speaks treads throughout a thin surrealistic line between fantasy and wilder fantasy: all pattern, aesthetic, ethic, or otherwise tramples itself doggedly to smithereens. As some unidentifiable "I" says to Cassaba: "How well do I understand! You weep for tu madre with one eye, while the other eye directs traffic in a nightmare world of murderous intentions and perverse sexual designs!"

Tenuous, very tenuous association makes up the dual narrators' thin surrealistic thread of continuity between calamities cosmic, historical, sexual. Images are selected not so much as warps and wooves weaving giant symbolic tapestries, as they are vivid chaotic odds and ends, chosen to visually shock and eventually to construct an overwhelming sense of apocalyptic confusion. Here, for example, are three consecutive sentences:

"Martha's eyes were pits of gravy in her cheeks.

In America the stars wobbled over the golf course. And when Spring came and the eaves dripped a steady tattoo, strange birds cheeped in the wet trees around the school, the ice went out of the Missouri with a roar."

One minute Martha in Spring in Missouri; the next Custer in October, leaping into eternity; the next Rawson Clivedale watches Swiss guides throwing dummies over a precipice. Although the shifts in narrative voice, character, setting, tense, tenor, are rapid and unrelenting, there finally emerges an underlying obsession with perception. With growing frequency as the "novel" progresses, surrealistic narrative pranks are interspersed with quizzical ontological queries into illusion as it relates to human behavior. By the closing chapters, the juxtaposition of elaborate, straight-faced philosophical explanation and berserk fantasy ends up as a play-off between equally nonsensical jargons.

"The Cosmic Tone is not of one wave-length, but that it embraces all wavelengths, like an um-ditty-wah-wah. So we gain a new understanding of the Infinite. . . And when the whatness of the world and its meaningfulness merge into an insoluble unity the Cosmic Tone is heard...or should I say the Cosmic Tune?"

"Antlers in the Treetops" seems, illogically as it sounds, to be a prose attempt at projective verse. The message relayed, however seriously or ironically, is that statement in previous conventional and unconventional experimental modes has atrophied; relativity must be gotten around. "Small objects," says a narrator, "feel considerably heavier than larger objects of exactly the same weight. I would prefer to simply pick up an object and have it be its own weight."

One of "Antler"'s characters is torn by the "wanton desire to abdicate one's freedom in return for a little security this side of the grave." The whole book represents an attempt to stifle this desire, to be as free as (im)possible.

STREET FLESH. BERTRAND LACHANCE. BLEW OINTMENT PRESS. \$2.00

'street flesh' by bertrand lachance is a book of poems and photographic collages about the relative values of new(?) Canadian pastoralism and the urban syndrome. Lachance goes a long way to avoid being "poetic"; his work evokes a rock-music mood. Even the format of the book - thin with a pale green slick cover, big print, unnumbered pages - seems to mark it out for mass consumption, instant impact.

The country/human/city conflict's expression in rock terminology places the perspective as a young one. The hip hitchiker voice becomes clearer as the book progresses, until in "we shud never have taken this trip", the juxtaposition of alternatives is displayed as if seen from a car going 75 m.p.h.:

only two days a thousand miles
to nothing but worries n pain...
small town bullshit evrywher
no they say they wudint live in
big towns
and are ripping the hell out of
ther scene

Here the oppressive inhumanity of the city, the intolerant regressiveness of the small town, and the over-popularized back-to-nature options are all impossible: all conspire to incite a poetry of defeat, a plea for the apocalypse: "god/strike/ make us all one/ in death". The two extremes manage to coexist but only because driven "by each others madness". One version of the conflict portrays birds, which having hit the walls of city buildings lie on the ground "like lone gunners/ up against the fedz". Lachance's answer is not, as one might expect, a retreat into the backwoods. Nature gets a comicbook portrayal as not only vicious but absurd.

Structurally, the poems follow a calendar/chronological order. Dates, times, and seasons provide the frame of reference for a journal-like progress of thought. These constant allusions to time serve as pivot-points between abstractions and concrete images, creating a tension between technology-time and everyday-time, and so creating a tension between the "street" and "flesh" of the title. In one poem, the persona, a worker for a "wake up service commercial" company, declares:

"there is no dial code for day/
month year decade century yet".
So perhaps there is some hope after all.

As spring advances and splenetic winter recedes in the calendar chronology, Lachance tends to pastoralism and a renewal of faith: "march 18th/ romantiks we are/ . . ./ wild horses ravens foxes castle/ by a lake/ bricks fire furs opium/ are not lies". And with the upswing, a surrealistic humour in the photographic collage: horses grazing on the front lawns of high roses, driving away two parked cars. Truth, for Lachance, seems to depend on date, for his winter is full of illusions, perversions, and insatiable hungers.

As a result, the poet's status in his environment is always ambiguously shifting, and often violently, irrationally hostile. Even his attempts at cooperation (through writing poetry) are violent, as if frustrated, not knowing if the enemies are the victims of technology ("th sound of people being/ louder than th sound/ of cars") or the technology itself. The poetry becomes a shouting match with society: the slang-packed, mechanical quality of the verse reveals an entity determined to go to any level, any medium in order to fight the pack on its own terms. "yu cant bitch at anything/ yu just gotta bark with it". This accounts for the persistence of an urban setting to which the poet is wildly antipathetic:

i wonder why i stay in this town...
what desperate creatures we must
be
to stand here like peacocks in snow

For Canadian poets since the twenties, the writer's relationship to the audience and to the critic has been a chronic concern. Here the poet works in defiance and in absence of "pressure from the outside/...quietly raging away/ . . ./ when they ignore you they dont bury you".

'street flesh' belongs to a wholly alienated era of poetry. The family, the gods, the consistency of nature or society are all delusions belonging to an irretrievable past. The poetry proceeds only on the impetus of advancing calendar dates:

such children without a world we
were
such deadly angels we must have
been

An overwhelming feeling of transience, of instant culture, permeates these poems. Even the historical sense that replaced previous generations' gods has dissolved in an era of "fresh graves/ covered with plastic flowers". Thanatos dictates the imagery to poetry, one-time art, now a jiffy-member of the mass media:

life is like a cigarette
and then life is not

If it is to survive among the people, poetry must compete with popular, haste-oriented leisure activities.

Formal experimentation becomes a desperate attempt at direct self-expression, at a current, hip-conversation tone. But in 'street flesh' the experiment is "killing more than giving". This is because the rock-music talk tenor shows itself to be very constricting: Lachance's quest for freedom and unity, but never gets much beyond unshocking restricted-adult-movie imagery or hip monosyllabic philosophizing. One thing that might help this poetry would be a regularization of spelling: the "yu"'s and "nd"'s have the paradoxical effect of dating 'street flesh' to the heyday of Olson and the Beats. Rather than drawing the audience in, this minor archaism acts as an irritant, distancing the reader from the poem and so undoing the poet's main objective of unification.

The "april 21st" of the last poem is long gone: here's hoping lachance is faring forward, and out of frustration.

Reviewed by Ruth Cawker

MUSIC & COMEDY & TRAGEDY

DON'T SHOOT ME I'M ONLY THE PIANO PLAYER: ELTON JOHN: MCA 1972

Several months ago Elton John cut another album by the name of Don't Shoot Me I'm Only The Piano Player and it seems at least as good as his previous offerings. (Rumour has it that he has a double album in the works for the near future.)

The question is: can he keep producing albums at this rate or will he eventually saturate his fans? If the relative quality can be maintained then he'll probably continue unabated.

Don't Shoot Me has some very good tunes on it, in fact Elton John seems to have reverted slightly to some of his earlier style material. One major difference on this album is the strong nostalgia trend towards the '50's. 'Crocodile Rock' is the most obvious but several other selections have a very strong old rock and roll flavour.

Two of the best cuts (but for different reasons) are 'Daniel' (beautiful and haunting) and 'Teacher I Need You' (a good rocking tune.) Most of the other songs are pleasant to the ear and the only cut that doesn't seem to make the grade is 'Midnight Creeper' which just never gets off the ground.

Elton John has given us another interesting, solid album with a fair amount of variety but to REALLY appreciate him you must see him in concert!

by Stephen Barrick

Record Review:

Elton John is back again (did he ever really leave us?) with an ambitious double album. This artist has gone through many changes since he arrived on the music scene just three years ago and the innovations continue in 'Goodbye Yellow Brick Road'.

As an example of a true artist Elton cannot stick with one bag and churn out album after album, he must experiment and grow; he does just that within the confines of his new release. Some of the cuts must be regarded as experimental to some extent and they certainly are different from what Elton John has done before. In particular the instrumental 'Funeral for a Friend' is interesting due to the fact that it is the first wholly instrumental cut Elton John has produced. It is a good selection and probably is the sort of song which grows on the listener after several playings.

At any rate the album goes through many moods most of which are easy to listen to and technically tight. One factor apparent in this album which has not been all that obvious in his previous recordings is a certain edge to his style; a certain degree of toughness. This aspect is not all-pervading but it creeps in often enough to give the material a bit more power and life.

While all this experimental stuff is going on, the album still excels in what Elton John has recently become famed for; his hard rocking tunes which seeth with vitality and energy. Paramount among these are 'Your Sister Can't Twist (But She Can Rock 'N Roll)' and 'Saturday Night's Alright for Fighting'. Both of these songs are strongly reminiscent of old

rock and roll and they are the highlight of the album. (Also harking back to earlier days are tunes like 'Harmony' and the title song both very beautiful, melodic cuts.)

It seems that Elton John has produced yet another winner though perhaps some of the material will take some getting used to; altogether another fine album.

by Stephen Barrick

Cockburn

Cockburn at Massey Hall:

One Friday was a drab, rainy evening outside. But to the sell-out crowd of 2,700 inside Massey Hall, it was merely traditional for the annual Evening with Bruce Cockburn.

The concert proved to be a very relaxing and highly enjoyable evening. One music critic described it as "one of the most polished ever in this city." Cockburn, one of the few artists that performs entirely solo, displayed why he has received two Juno awards as Canada's outstanding music performer. Incredibly talented and adroit, whether utilizing the dulcimer, or piano, or guitar, he created beautiful moods throughout the concert house, either by lyrical imagery of Nature, or with a soothing bluesy style.

Like Nature, Cockburn's style has been changing throughout the seasons, the change being most noticeable on his latest album, Night Vision, True North II. Most of his songs last Friday were from the new album, with several as yet unrecorded songs, and only a couple of early ones. Explaining why he was concentrating on his new material, he said: "Sometimes the old songs have to be put out to pasture. Some just don't come back..." With his new material there is increased use of the dulcimer, resulting in a sound that is musically intriguing, but lacking the melodic sounds achieved with the piano.

But can a performer afford to be static? Change is inevitable, and only time will tell how the new material will be accepted. Bruce Cockburn's concert was a very fine evening; we already anticipate next autumn.

Larry Mohring.

Little

Rich Little, impersonator par excellence, was in town at the Beverly Hills Motor Hotel Hook and Ladder Club for two weeks recently.

Little has long been widely-acclaimed for his talent as a mimic by all and sundry critics and is every bit as good as they claim. There is something about live entertainment (personified by Rich Little) that somehow simply cannot be captured on television or in movies.

No doubt readers of this article have heard all these adjectives applied to Rich Little before, but it is very difficult to speak of him without using words like versatile, brilliant and just plain funny. The number of different characters Little can convincingly portray is simply astronomical and the ease with which he changes from person to person has to be seen to be believed.

His repertoire contains practically every celebrity, movie star, entertainer, politician and personality that is known to Canadian and American audiences. They are true to life audiences. They are made true to life by his remarkable facial expressions, characteristic walks and distinguishing mannerisms.

To list the outstanding individual impressions would by nest to impossible but some of the extraordinary ones must be noted. John Diefenbaker reading a speech to the people of Quebec (complete with translation) was uproarious and Richard Nixon on the Johnny Carson Show (with a new image allegedly contrived by Bob Hope!) was simply side-splitting. Add to that some tremendous singing imitations of Tom Jones, Elvis Presley, Johnny Cash, Glen Campbell and you have one fabulous show.

Rich Little is an entertainer in the true sense of the word, he seems able to make people laugh (uncontrollably) while using a minimum of crude humour (though enough to add some spice) in order to captivate his audience. In an era where a large percentage of humour is merely gross Rich Little is a pleasant change.

by Stephen Barrick

Strindberg

by Peter Russell

Strindberg's 'Dance of Death' opened last Tuesday at the St. Lawrence Centre. Director Albert Millaire tackled only Part One probably due to the time both parts would take in uncut form.

Part One is quite satisfying without the conclusion.

The action takes place inside a fortress on a island off the coast of Sweden in the 1890's. Edgar and Alice are a married couple whose marriage has quite apparently been in a twenty five year degeneration and state of collapse. It has been terrible for so long that they have grown into one another in despair and misery. They are bound to frustration and defeat of all kinds as they are married.

The Strindberg growth medium for a realized hell on earth is very much present. The interesting difference here being that for once it isn't all the woman's fault. In what can only be described as one of Strindberg's juster insights we see Edgar portrayed as the one responsible for the emptiness of life in the fortress.

The production was enjoyable but fell short of instilling in the audience an appreciation of the masterpiece of honour so possible with much of Strindberg's work. As usual the play's theme is dominated by an atmosphere of paranoia and frustration and the sense that time and life have simply been lost rather than terminated.

Edgar, played by Anthony Palmer, should be portrayed desperate in his impotence, maddened by life's challenges and his failures, so we can understand why he spends his time wallowing in the cyclical misery generated by the constant attempts to destroy his wife. Palmer undercuts the demands the role exacts and contributes to the sense of the play's having been watered down a good deal.

Curt, the visiting cousin, played by James B. Douglas so emasculated the part that when the production reached the stage where we realized he and Alice had become attracted to each other, the effect produced was ludicrous-the audience did indeed laugh. Humour is not at all

necessary to a faithful rendering of this play. Its generation as a result of a humorous situation is always a delight, but never advised at the expense of a play's overall concept.

Denise Pelletier as Alice is the play's bright spot. She gave a very convincing performance as the desperate and ruined wife of a desperately ruined man. She, unlike her husband, achieved a successful degree of brokenness. Her gradual attraction to Curt was brilliant; never once betraying the concept of futility in enterprize her whole marriage had been characterized by.

The set designer did an equally admirable job on the set. It follows Strindberg's direction to the letter. Wind was responsible for the french doors blowing to and fro in the wind might have spent more time observing how in fact the wind does treat unfastened doors.

This applies to the soundtrack as well. Highly convincing in most places it was turned off abruptly several times when fading down was called for.

Sea-side buildings of the 1890's were never soundproof and if one hears seagulls and surf through an open door, one would hear less of both after the door had been closed, not total cessation of environmental sound.

For those who like Strindberg, the play is quite worthwhile. Its not a bad production-it just lacks a needed heightening of intensity and thereby credibility in several places.

MEMO TO MANKIND

"Should anyone ever tell you that there is no meaning in life, listen closely for they know whereof they speak!"; so spake Phil Schockhardt an old friend and underachiever like myself. But he was wrong. There is meaning in life, lots of it. The world is just full of small and insignificant little phenomena that have yet to be explained.

For example, (and this might seem silly to some and totally disgusting to others) there are turds or as some would say, feces, or just plain shit. Most people try to ignore the subject entirely. Some of the coarser elements of society have taken this wonderful product of nature and used its name in vain completely disregarding the fact that without it we would all bloat out of all proportion and explode, reeking havoc in most major urban centers.

But there is more to be learned about this innocuous little product of our vitamin deficient diets. Have you ever wondered why a) some turds float and others sink? Striking isn't it? Yet you still don't know. b) that your own turds don't smell as bad as others', in fact your own even smell "interesting" at times? c) no one has ever taught you how to clean yourself after you've done what you set out to do? How many feet or inches of toilet roll is it proper to use? Just think that these days when energy conservation is so vital, not one solitary soul has yet to come up with a formula or method for conserving toilet paper. d) Now that you've thought about it add your own whys and fill in no.'s e) f) and g).

Even now that you yourself have come up with three new whys can you see that there must be more studies in other fields; that there are other questions to be answered such as: How did you first discover your testicles/tits you little perverts, you? Why is toe-jam considered disgusting? And last but not least, why did this article ever get printed?

Cordially,
Maurice LaMerde

ROLF HARVEY: Toronto Poet

The Perfect Suicide

Rolf Harvey New Press 2.50

This challenging, coherent and near perfect first book by the young, yet in many ways, mature poet, Rolf Harvey, is to the Canadian literary scene what television is to the mass-media. It's hard to say with honesty which poem surpasses which, for the collection reads like a book: each poem adds to the other and reappears in the final exorcist's chant, "May Day", where sleep and death inter-mingle to bring a sharp diminuendo to the nearly audible ravings of a nightmare (the nightmare, of course, being the product of our everyday existence).

I say this book is challenging because many of the new folios of poetry pose the question to me as to why they were written, or at least, why they were published. Harvey's book doesn't seem to fit that mold at all. This puzzles me. Is he simply a new voice, a come-up-ance, another ambitious young Layton like so many others; or is he to be set apart, waited on while he finishes his work on a second and a third and perhaps a fourth book? I mean to say, should judgment be withheld for the moment or should praise and fortune be heaped, thrust, upon him for fear he may become discouraged and discontinue what appears to be an unfolding talented career? In all fairness I think we should wait for further publications and not attempt to compare him to another contemporary poet because truly a VanGogh can never justly be compared to a Gauguin.

But for now let us look into the content of the book, over-looking the mechanics of the poetry. It is probably easier to say what Harvey's book is not than to say what it is. It is not like others' works. It is not about women. It is not about himself; though he crops up in a few poems disguised as the average man unluckily involved in the writing of poetry. It is not about Canada. It is not about the sea. And so on. But, one might ask, just what the hell is it about. And I guess a simple enough answer would be that it is about death. Not an heroic Death, with its capital "D". Just death. Only it gets mixed up with life: capitalized or not, life seems to be confused with death.

The book starts with a fast glance backward in "Paradise Last" (the only poem in the book that almost rimes). Is the poet reminiscing about his childhood, the death of his childhood or the poetic style (now almost ignored by contemporary poets) that he perhaps first confronted during his childhood: for the very following poem, "Canoeist", is a salute to Canada, rather early Canadian poetry, with an introduction by William Dow Lighthall from his introduction to "Songs of the Great Dominion" published in 1889. If juxtaposition is intentional then Harvey's poem "Canoeist" weighs its introduction against its existential content. One expects Lighthall's introduction to be followed by something according to Archibald Lampman or Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, but what happens is that Canadian poetry in its historical context

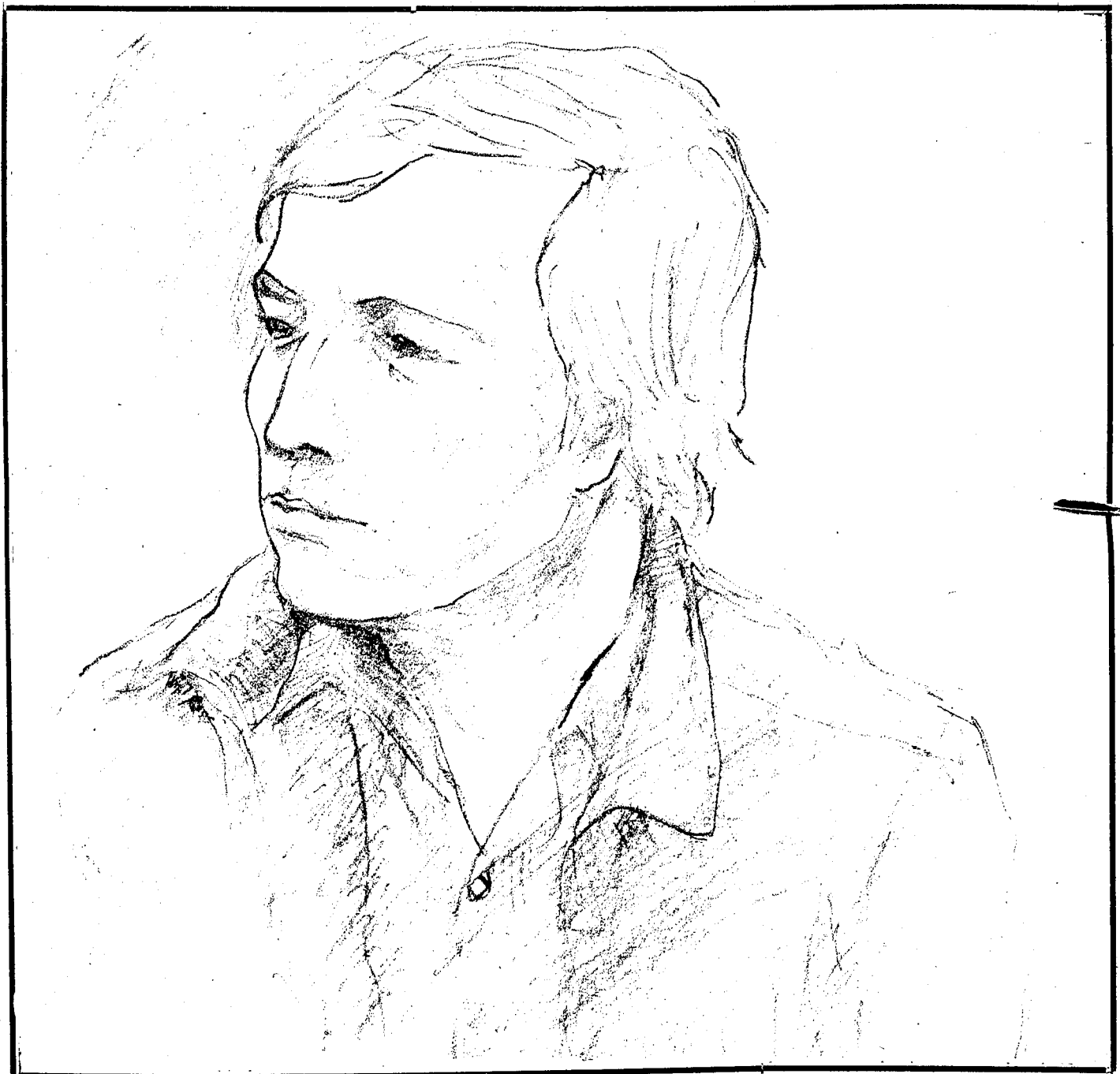
is shredded by the free verse and modern philosophical content: "The record of a journey destroys itself in the calm ripples. Nothing behind him as slowly moves the canoeist further on and down.

And from there the book fragments. Or it seems to fragment until the very last poem where each of the preceding poems' themes are re-introduced and answered coherently.

a number of poems: to catch her attention, to receive her approval to assault her with more poetry? And there's one poem titled "Woman (vision of the bones)" that shifts from the poet's idea of the perfect woman to a male-chauvinistic kind of statement of power:

But one more thing should be said before cauterizing the wound: "The Perfect Suicide" is not a depressing book, it does not, or should not evoke depression. The fact that Harvey realizes the futility in writing poetry, in working at jobs, in living, loving, dreaming and planning, and yet still comes through with a book of such calibre only goes to show his courageous self-analysis. As he says in

"I imagine them all as bombs and myself the spark from flint or clay."



There's a little something for everybody in this book: quasi-religious poems bordering on naive Christian ideas, materialism, occupations...yes, and even a piercing look at the act of love-making and poem-making as something akin to the Thanatos urge.

Either Harvey has a good editor (John Bemrose at New Press) or his sense of timing is better than average: but this is something each of you must experience by reading his forty-three paged first book.

While it isn't about women, his book does address women, or in particular one woman, his wife, Anna, who he seems to cry to half way through

Still, his is a human voice ("clay") and though self-consumed for the most part he is self-observant the way a schizophrenic brags then apologizes.

One poem that struck this reviewer as less than perfect but more than great is "Long John and Luke". Thinking back I seem to remember a chain gang song called "Long John", forgetting the biblical references... does this poem hark back to the third poem in the book, "Anchor Chains and All"? or are all the poems inter-relating? Questions the reader must decide for himself. Just as one must make a decision to buy the book on such meager evidence as this biased, semi-literate review.

"The Lyrics":

"When I'm sad perhaps that's not the word, I've got to remember Sartre, I've got to remember Tillich, I've got to remember to sing about W. C. Fields, Major Hoople,

Fatty Arbuckle, Dylan Thomas, Emmet Kelly, Malcolm Lowry, comedians, artists, musicians, strippers, prostitutes, drunks;

feeding from themselves the kindness they need to imagine will cure them."

"The Perfect Suicide" is published by New Press and sells for \$2.50: well worth the price. And besides it's the first of a trilogy: the second of which will be released next spring.

Ruth Cawker

'The Way We Were'

best of its kind

by Stephen Godfrey

"The Way We Were" at the York I sometimes gives the feeling that it was manufactured solely to be a box-office hit. It seems that the producers have taken three currently popular elements (Barbra Streisand, Robert Redford, and nostalgia for the 1940's) and built a story around them, not the other way around. The great thing is that it works; "The Way We Were" is very corny, but it is also enjoyable and even genuinely sad. It is a subdued tear-jerker, never claying or embarrassing like, for example, "Love Story". For anyone who has never liked sentimental movies, "The Way We Were" is hardly likely to change anything and should be avoided, but it is one of the very best of that kind of film I have seen.

The plot is even more implausible than in most such films, because the two principals are made to appear so hopelessly mismatched right from the start that at first it taxes our ability to believe in them. Katie Morosky and Hubbell Gardiner are students at the same Ivy League college in 1937. Katie is a politically involved member of the Communist party, making impassioned speeches and distributing pamphlets about France and the Russian involvement in Spain. She is humourless and lonely, spending her time off campus either studying or working at one of her many part-time jobs. It's all part of "the fight" and she never gives up.

Hubbell is the epitome of the Big Man on Campus. With the most beautiful girl by his side, he is rich, popular, an athletic star and an academic whiz. The audience never sees him alone or unhappy like Katie, and throughout the movie we never really get to know him. He is just an image of a very easy success, someone who is never able to involve himself.

It is a mystery why Hubbell takes any kind of curious interest in Katie at college. The audience sympathizes with her, but she is incessantly harsh or jumpy whenever she sees him, and we can only think that he has the patience of a saint. Their touchstone is an autobiographical short story Hubbell writes about an all-American boy containing the line "Everything came too easy for him." When it is read aloud in English class as an example of good writing, Katie begins to fall in love.

Nothing really develops between them at college beyond a mutual admiration. In 1944, they meet by chance in New York, and she chases him. Somehow they get together, although on his part it seems more a case of being pulled into it. Katie's unabashed pursuit is an embarrassing show of idol worship. "Why can't I have you?" she wails, "Is it my style? Tell me what's the matter.

I'll do anything, anything at all." She is in every way the kind of girl guys have nightmares about, but Hubbell lops it up. Since "Everything has come easy to him", perhaps he needs a difficult challenge; in that respect, Katie is just the girl.

They spend most of their time trying to settle their many differences. At parties with the young married couples from college, the slightest joke about Roosevelt of the situation in Yalta sparks Katie to mount her soapbox and give angry, derisive speeches to the guests about the seriousness of politics. Hubbell tells her: "You spend so much time fighting, you never stop long enough to understand anything". She makes no effort to be accepted, and the result is no surprise. "Why do I always feel that I've been invited for drinks and everyone else is staying for dinner?" she asks, but she knows the answer herself.

The movie traces their subsequent marriage throughout the Forties and Fifties, as they go to Hollywood for Hubbell to work as a scriptwriter. The crisis comes during the Red Scare and the time of investigation of un-American activities. There is a purge in Hollywood, and Hubbell and Katie must decide whether they are willing to actively protest and run the risk of being black-listed.

In a way, "The Way We Were" is a very political movie. Katie is a political animal and we see the personal reasons for her involvement and what results when she loves someone completely apathetic. Arthur Laurents, the author of the scenario, has said that the original film contained twice the present number of scenes involving the Commie scare and Katie's reaction, but because a preview audience found them boring they were subsequently cut. Katie's protesting sounds so vague and sincere that we cannot help agreeing with her, even when we see the extent to which she quickly throws it over once she's happily married. Nevertheless, the use of politics is a good contrast and balancing element against the emotional tone of Katie and Hubbell's arguments.

The script of the film is not great, but it sounds fairly witty when you're hearing it. The characters seem to be gently making fun of themselves and everyone except Katie appears slightly self-conscious and casual about their opinions and feelings. No one gets verbose or pompous, to such a degree that sometimes the dialogue is ambiguous. The best scenes give the impression that what is being implied is perhaps as important as what is actually being said, like the significance of pauses in Pinter's plays. So much is understated, or perhaps deliberately avoided, that you have to guess at what is underneath (for example, what motivates Hubbell to



Redford and Streisand in 'The Way We Were'

marry Katie? Is it the easy or difficult thing for him to do?) All the emotions and answers aren't laid out for you, and if you think about the movie when it's over, you actually get more out of it. It's a second level that most corny movies don't ask for.

Barbra Streisand as Katie is always entertaining and convincing (not surprisingly, since the part was adapted for her, and she sometimes sounds like a cranky Fanny Brice all over again), but she twitches her mouth to show emotion so self-consciously and so often that we never get the impression of seeing her off-guard. She can never be accused of under-acting, and she still gives the impression of having more star quantity than quality, but she's a great character and gives even the weakest scenes lots of life. One scene in particular, involving a single take of about two minutes, when she is begging Hubbell, her "best friend", to come over and sit with her, trying not to show that she is crying, is just fantastic acting, both touching and funny at the same time.

But Robert Redford as Hubbell gives the overall better performance of the two in what is a pretty dull role. His timing is great, and in some scenes that could be banal,

such as one where he is pleading with a director to let him keep his job, or another where he sadly looks at an old film of himself and Katie at college, he keeps control throughout. He is the anchor of the movie, and it sometimes seems like he is standing still keeping Streisand in line while she flaps and squawks all around him. If anything, he underacts, which makes the two of them in comparison seem even more improbable. It may even be the very unlikeliness of their getting together that makes us finally accept them. Movies usually make sense when they pair off two people, so this couple seems too crazy not to be true.

What also makes "The Way We Were" different is the sense of period. Not just casual references to Edward abdicating the throne and the death of Roosevelt, but the depictions of the old radio shows, the attitudes towards Communism, the idea of fun in the old Hollywood parties (including one in which everyone comes dressed up as one of the Marx brothers), and just a general feeling of the way it was to be young, married, or lonely then. "The Way We Were" leaves a lot of sentimental, wistful images about a period and a lifestyle in a way that gives "nostalgia" a good name.

Mini-plays best of the season

by John Cowan

Last week's English 253 presentation of seven "mini-plays" (five by Harold Pinter, two by Michael McClure) was, without a doubt, one of the best seen in the Pipe Room this season.

Roberta Denton and Margaret-Ellen Dowling opened the evening with Pinter's "The Black and White". Despite its brevity, this surely is one of Pinter's best works--two tired, pitiful working-women passing the small hours over soup and bread in an all-night café. Pinter's mastery of small-talk can present problems to amateurs inclined to over-do what at first seems absurd or insane. Directors Brian Maltman and Stewart

Mather (not to mention the cast) avoided this pitfall throughout most of the evening. Only in this way can Absurdist plays be effective.

Of the other Pinter works presented, "Last to Go" with Brian Maltman and Stewart Mather, and "The Applicant" with George Faggi and Suzanne Krizance were the best. "Last to Go", a non-dialogue between a newspaper seller and a barman, was beautifully done save for some script changes which I found puzzling. Geographical names mentioned in the script were "Canadianized" -- to make the audience feel more at home I suppose. Why the directors felt this necessary is

beyond me -- such changes made a distinctly English dialogue appear out of place indeed.

Suzanne Krizance gave an excellent performance as a frigidly efficient secretary in "The Applicant", a chilling skit mocking psychological testing techniques used by employers on prospective employees.

The two short plays by Michael McClure, "The Authentic Radio Life of Bruce Conner and Spoutburler" and "The Shell" were well done as well, although the messages of each were somewhat obscure to traditionalist viewers. The "Star" of "Radio Life" was a large loudspeaker, alone on the stage spouting forth a dialogue between Bruce and Lois which

included a lot of heavy breathing among other sounds. "The Shell" featured three flowers fretting over the disagreeable effects of snails on the plant world. Roberta Denton gave an amusing performance in this skit as a well-intentioned earthworm, regrettably too obtuse to help the unfortunate flowers.

Worthy of special mention in the evening's performance is Steve Atall, who looked after the lighting. Incompetent lighting did not mar this production as it has in so many others staged in the Pipe Room this year. Rather, it contributed unobtrusively but effectively to this solid presentation.

'Thieves carnival'

by Jane Martin

A production of a play about their-very complicated by romance will be playing at Toronto Workshop Productions (925-8640) every night except Monday, at 8:30 for another two weeks.

One of the most important themes of Jean Anouilh's *Thieves' Carnival* is the sameness of the human condition despite individual differences or the superficial differences of wealth and position. Yet if you go to see the Toronto Workshop's production of the same play, I doubt very much that you would recognize this message. With respect to age and marital status, this point was made, but only in a few of the speeches between a large and discontented Lady Hurf (Diane Dugalss) and her anxious niece, Juliette, (Deborah Rotenberg).

According to the text, (which may be an unfair comparison, but let's first see what they do to it) the scene is the public garden of a watering place which saw its heyday in the 1880's. As far as I could make out, the production was indeed set in the 1880's, but certainly not in the public gardens of a watering place. It had much more the air of a gypsy camp with washing and bird cages hung on lines. This explanation certainly solves the problem of an umbrella-shelter-maypole affair, which formed part of the set, but it still leaves one wondering how to account for the stairs and platforms. Certainly they could not be two different scenes as they were both used at the same time. Perhaps we were on a rooftop. Who knows?

Then there were the costumes in which there was rather a sameness: they all looked ragged and worn. Infact everybody seemed to belong to the same class—the poor one—with the possible exception of Dupont-Dufort Senior (Bill Peden) and Junior (Richard Payne) whose purpose in the story was hard to imagine.

Another theme of the play by Jean Anouilh is the incertitude of human identity which manifests itself in such things as relationships and emotions. The Toronto Workshop Productions'

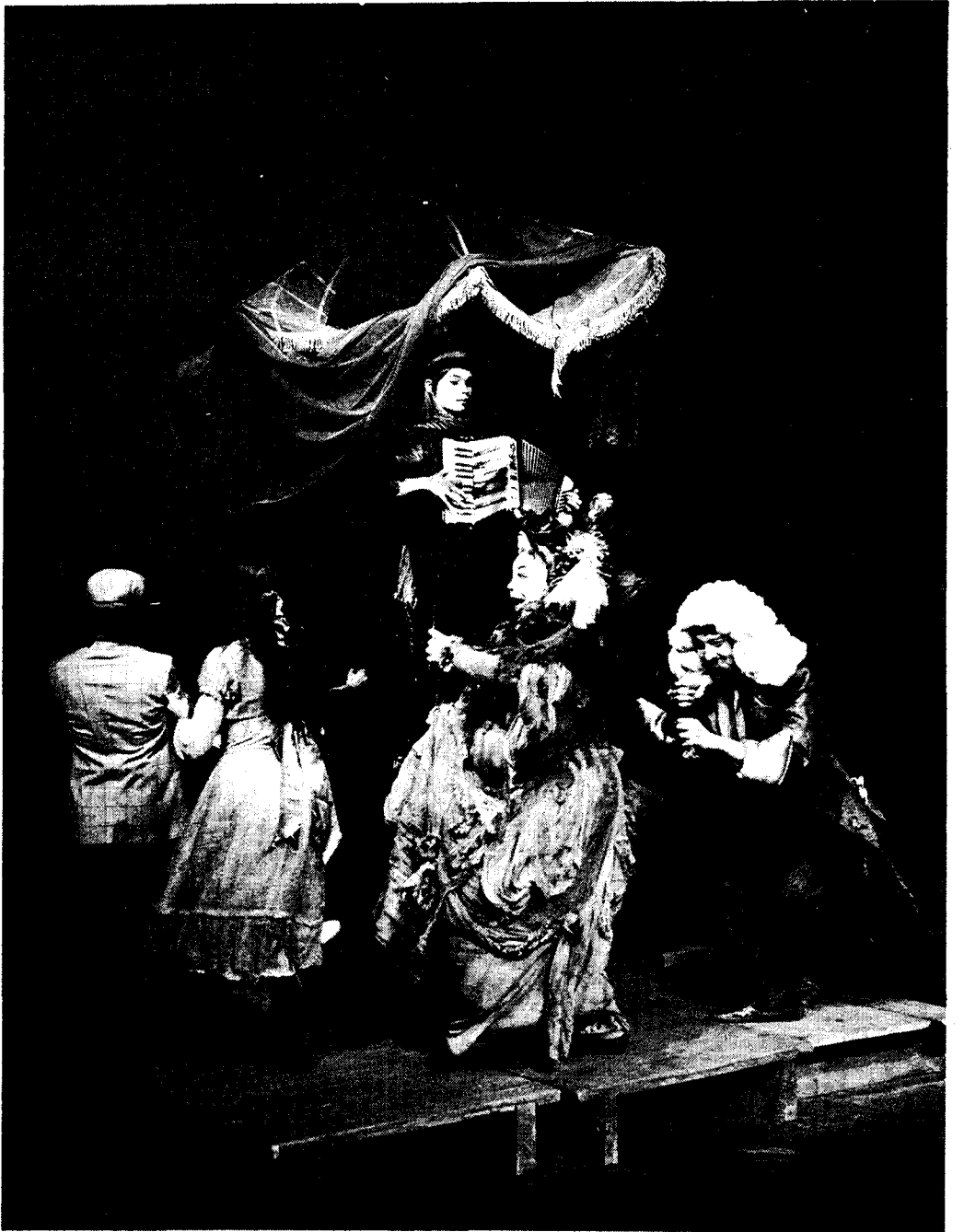
performance eliminated two of the most important characters in the play so that instead of having two couples among who affections were continually being redistributed, their was only one couple. This unfortunately destroyed this theme completely as there was no possibility for the love of either of them to be re-directed to someone else. As there was just one couple, they were either in love or not in love and thus never unsure of whom it was they loved.

As these; setting, costume and script, are essentially the technical problems of a director (which do, nonetheless affect both the acting and the meaning of the play), one must still consider the actors themselves.

I think the actors, individually, were good. They really did have a very definite idea of what their character was like. But as a cast, most, with the possible exception of the lovely Juliette and Hector (Howard Cooper), they did not seem to be acting together. They were too tense, often anticipating responses or else not really aware of each other at all.

Dita Paabo was the musician and her performance was exceptional and it was a difficult one too. Her function was similar to that of a Greek Chorus. While she was rather a separate entity, she was at the same time, very much involved. Thorough reflecting the mood of the play and reacting to the actors themselves she was both a part of, and yet also outside the play: a link between the cast and the audience. Her expressions were certainly a delight to watch and her music one of the nicest things about the play.

I was disappointed with what happened in this production to Jean Anouilh's play. What they did was to take away from it so much of its complexity and meaning to that it turned into a very pleasant but simple tale. Still, what they did was really entertaining and their production had a few really nice touches such as the musician and the happy ending which has now become such a rarity.



Do you want to make something of it?

Book review:

by Stephen Barrick

Russia's foremost living author Alexander Solzhenitsyn, has finally had his second play, *Candle in the Wind*, translated into English. Although the play was actually written in 1960 this is the first time it has been available to English speaking readers.

One must always keep in mind that this particular work is a play for it is easy to ignore that aspect and concentrate solely on the philosophy Solzhenitsyn is expounding. In fact the translator (Keith Armes) mentions in his preface that this play has certain flaws which would make it quite difficult to produce on the stage however it is Solzhenitsyn's ideology that makes *Candle in the Wind* worthy of study.

The most important idea is voiced by the highly autobiographical central character, Alex Coriel. The gist of this idea essentially deals with science being out of control; technology de-humanizing mankind. (Beautifully alluded to in the title; the candle representing the human soul and the wind representing the force of science.) Solzhenitsyn speaks out vehemently against this process arguing that the soul is of prime consideration and must survive:

'Suffering is a lever for the growth of the soul. A contented person always has an impoverished soul.

It's our job to build little by little.'

The anti-technology philosophy of Solzhenitsyn permeates the play, however he is not totally against it; he seems to be seeking more moderation or balance. Thus the play stands up as a criticism of modern science to a great extent, this condemnation is no doubt justified for science (as Solzhenitsyn envisions it) is not the cure-all for mankind that many have purported.

Candle in the Wind is a play concerned with the human condition, but the theatrical aspect is really pushed into the background to stress the important philosophical question with which Solzhenitsyn deals. The fact that this instruction appears in play form does not detract in any way from the message for Solzhenitsyn makes his point vividly clear throughout *Candle in the Wind*.

This short, simple play helps any reader of Alexander Solzhenitsyn to better comprehend his ideas on one of his chief concerns: the human soul. Solzhenitsyn accurately sums up the main reason for modern man's alienation:

'No time for anything? That's the scourge of modern man. You have no time?—that means you are living wrongly. Stop living like that, or else you'll perish!'

Where are we rushing to?



Manischewitz Concord Wine is for people who find the taste of dry wine about as pleasant as smokers' tooth powder. Make something of it. Like:

Manischewitz Purple Cow

Stir together equal parts of Manischewitz Concord Wine and vodka. Serve on the rocks and add a twist of lemon.

Manischewitz Hi-Boy

Fill a tall glass with ice cubes. Add 3 jiggers of Manischewitz Concord Wine, and fill with ginger ale or club soda. Top with lemon slice. Stir.

Manischewitz Party Punch

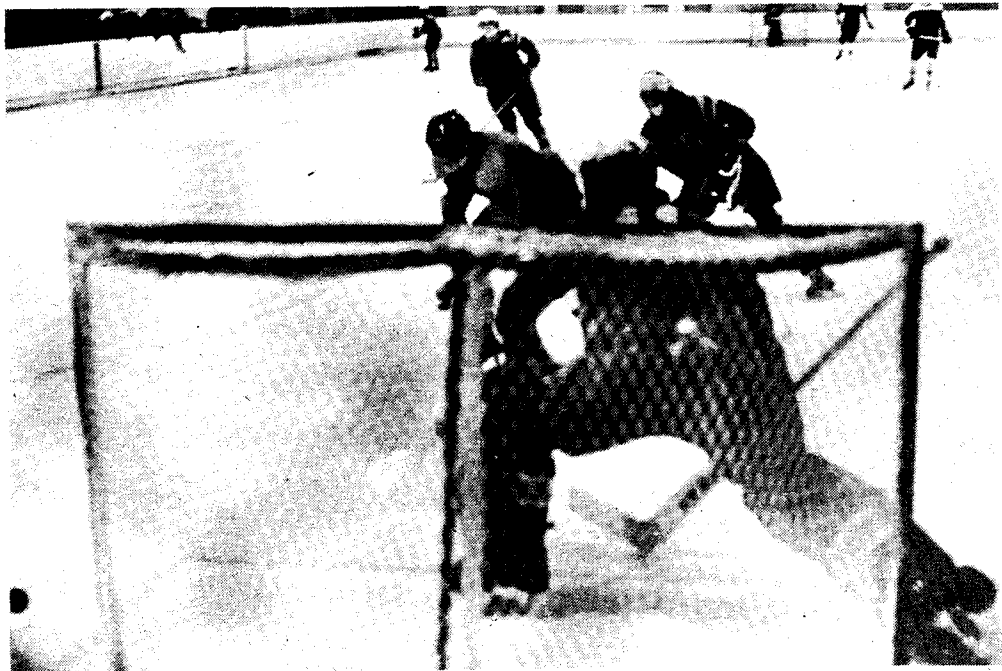
A knock-out. Dissolve 3/4-cup sugar in juice of 6 lemons. Add tray of ice cubes, 1 bottle Manischewitz Concord Wine and 1 bottle of club soda. Stir gently until very cold.

For other interesting Manischewitz recipes, write Suite 800, 234 Eglinton East, Toronto.



Manischewitz.
The start of something great.

THEY DON'T DARE BEAT THE BEAR



Ken Bear staves off another vicious Grad attack by steering de puck into the corner in order that Maple Lys infamous rushing defencemen Jim Barnes can set up another scoring drive. Ken Bear became Tony O in this game when he picked up his first career YHL shutout.

THE GLENDON AND DISTRICT DOWNHILL BEAVER-TRAYING SOCIETY ANNOUNCES TO ALL INTERESTED STUDENTS AND TO THOSE WHO ARE NOT IN THE LEAST INTERESTED THAT GDDBT CLUB SHIRTS ARE GOING ON THE MARKET. ONE CAN BUY THEIR GDDBT CLUB SHIRTS AT THE CLUB'S OUTLET IN THE STUDENT UNION OFFICES TODAY AT 1:00 p.m.

A Day for Day

Despite the number of defaults and the fact that C-house Hilliard dropped out of the league for bigger and better things (like academics?), the women's intramural basketball league continues. "There are still enough teams in the league and enough women taking advantage of it to justify its existence," said Anne O'Byrne, Assistant Director of Athletics, last week in a special press conference with this Pro Tem reporter.

In last week's schedule F-house Hilliard met the Day students in which, after a hard-fought battle, the Day students managed a 34-8 victory.

Leading in the scoring for F-house was Caroline Cunningham with four points, followed closely by Joan Findley and Marian Treen with two each.

Scoring for the Day students were hot-shots Marion Milne with fourteen points, Bev Josling with twelve, Wendy Hoover with six and Sue Mahoney with two.

This leaves the Day students in first place standing as they are the only undefeated team. It also makes them very possible contenders for the GWBA Dixie Cup, which is comparable to the Grey and Stanley Cups. However, unlike the Grey and Stanley Cups this cup does not bear the name of its donor, but rather bears the denotation of the style of the donor who, incidentally happens to our own Michael Horn.

Correction and Apology

In last week's column I gave credit to Wayne Bishop as the originator of that infamously hilarious expression "not too shabby" when actually it belongs to Mr. Peter Jensen.

"I have a hard enough time as it is being funny," said Mr. Jensen as he stormed into the Pro Tem offices last Thursday morning, "so why don't you put the credit where it belongs!"

What can I say? My apologies, to be sure.

Sylvia Vanderschee

No more coaches

The females hit the ice last week in what was supposed to be an exhibition game against the Grads. The gutless Grads didn't show. Contest!! Win a jar of Nadinola. Are there any female Grads at York? Send answers to Griselda Grizzly c/o P.T. Barnum.

Sixteen garrulous girls showed up as well as five, count 'em, five coaches. "A good looking club" said all round nice guy and head coach, Greg Cockburn. That Genoese genius, John Frankie, added that the

genesis of the team isn't complete. "We still need players to germinate a winner" he added, "we'll take any genotype."

"I think we'll nip any problems in the gemmule" said millionaire tycoon and owner B. Lamarr Phillips.

It's not a big hockey club but they will make up for it with skating and what we believe will be good goaltending from Marnie Stranks who had her first lesson in cagework from Boodle, Brock, and Bear. "Gee, volleyball sure is a great game" giggled Bev Josling.

Football Gerbels are shafted

by Bev Josling

According to main campus policy, the girls intercollegiate football team, the Gerbels, have been ousted from the finals. Needless to say, this was a traumatic blow to all participants, who have been working towards that goal all season.

Apparently when there is a three way tie for first position the "authority" on "heads" (whoever they are) add up the total points scored by the three teams who have played against each other.

We won four out of our five games, (two by default) and for all of our games, whether at main campus or at Glendon, we had never less than ten girls turn out. Putting aside other obligations, we always managed to come out for the games. The enthusiasm was tremendous this year.

In our last game we were defeated by Stong who had yet to play their final game against Winters. If Stong had played they undoubtedly

would have beaten Winters and the finals would have been between Stong and Glendon, with our college having a good chance of winning.

However as it turned out, Stong defaulted. That's right! They didn't even turn up for the game and the result was a three way tie for first position. Glendon, Stong and Winters each having won four games. Whether through apathy or planned manoeuvre, Stong's default left Glendon out in the cold.

This method of solving a three way tie was unknown to all the Gerbels, coaches and organizers alike, until we were informed by main campus that we weren't in the finals. We feel that Stong's default was a much more serious offence than our lack of points and if a team doesn't show for a game, that should be the prerequisite for eliminating a team. Leaving Glendon out was a great let down to all the girls, but what can you do when the main campus says no?

Heidelberg

Brewed from pure spring water.



And that's the truth!

Sylvia stings Stong

The Stong College basketball team was no match for the Glendon Globals (yep, that's their name. We don't like it either, but we couldn't think of anything better on the spur of the moment. If you can think of anything better, go ahead. This, however, is not an officially sanctioned contest.) as the defending intercollegiate champs annihilated their opponents 31 to 2 last Thursday before a wildly enthusiastic crowd of nine fans and one stray cat. The victory was never in doubt as Sylvia Vanderschee mounted a 17 to 2 half-time lead.

In the second half, Stong quickly tired under the ever-pressing Glendon squad, and was no match for the ferocious fast break of coach, general manager and father-figure, Peter Jensen's Globals.

The Glendon onslaught, which included an amazing exhibition by referee Paul 'Ernie G' Picard, was led by centre Sylvia Vanderschee with 27 points. Hustling Marion Milne had 2 big ones and Ann Marsuluk ruffled the webbing for another 2.

In a post game session, Coach Peter Jensen analyzed his team's strengths and weaknesses for Pro Tem. "We are alright on offence, we make it clear what offense is, and what defense is, but on defense we will certainly have to tighten up. We can't go around giving up 2 points every game."

Highly touted rookie Bev Josling was asked how she would grade her first performance. "It was great. Volleyball is a great game."

Go-nads remain defeated

The Glendon Go-nads, Glendon's intercollegiate basketball team swept to its third successive defeat last Thursday before another sell-out crowd at Proctor Fieldhouse.

In losing 51 to 27 to Stong, though the Go-nads came up with by far their best performance to date, Coach Peter Jensen seemed to agree with this statement as he told Sydney I. Duck in a pre-game squash court interview that "Though the Go-nads lost 51 to 27 to Stong, they came up with by far their best performance to date."

Jaffey Baganetti, colour man on the Hockey Night in Glendon broadcast from Arctic Arena, however, did not agree with Jensen's pre-game analysis. "I was not impressed," said Mr. Baganetti, "when they were practising they had it sowed up, but when the game started and those referees went to work, there was not much hope."

All round great guy Joe Tuzi, though, told Pro Tem later that all was not bleak. "There was one ray of sunshine early in the game. The Go-nads came within four points of capturing the lead when they came up with a fine display of shooting, passing and calmness. But I guess success got to them for they quickly proceeded to throw away the rest of the game."

Glendon started off the Go-nad -Stong battle by breaking into their usual 2 to nothing lead. Their defence however failed to protect the commanding lead and ten seconds later the score was 4 to 2 for Stong. The rest is history.

The Gunner of the Game Award went to Bob 'Hot Dog' Kellerman, who for the second successive game was leading scorer. He was the hot-hand among cold fingers as scored a number of points. He was backed up by the Amazing Doug Watson, who was subsequently forced to make a quick exit from the game, and Barry Howard, Michael Wilson and Dave 'Artis' Sullivan. "I was pretty good too," said Steve Chadwick after the game, "But I'm not a flashy player. I'm the kind of player coaches like. I don't go for the headlines, I go out there and get the job done."

Dave 'Artis' Sullivan, who is listed in the pro scouts' reports as having good hands, good speed, good spirit was awarded the Gutter of Fame Award for his fine individual effort against all odds. ("My God, the guy's got concrete hands. He made so many turn-overs he should enter the Pilbury bake-off" - Peter Jensen.)

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

It has been reported that Vince McCormack has won the Johnny Sample Award for being "blackballed" out of the league. It appears that the Commissioners' double standard rule is once again in effect despite a recommendation from the umpire in Chief. Vince said, "I went all through training camp only to be the last cut." The league governors all claim that he is pro calibre but none of them want him on their team.

John H. Riley will receive at the same affair the Wilbur Wood Memorial Trophy. This trophy is emblematic of twenty wins and twenty losses in the third month of the season. Need we say more.

It has been reported that Paul 'Ernie G' Picard came out on top in an altercation with a Stong player in a recent basketball game. The phantom puncher got him, though. "His head was x-rayed," reported Sydney T. Duck, "but nothing was found."

Sons of B overwhelmed

The B and E house Sons of B and the 3rd year Beavers came close to destroying an ancient defensive record in Glendon basketball Association action last week. However their opponents let them off the hook in order to make them look respectable in the eyes of their fans and families, and also in order to meet the point spread. What would have happened if the Quacks and the Vets had gone for the juglar. "The mind boggles," commented one veteran GBA observer.

The first fame of Monday's double header saw the 4th year-faculty-alumni veterans walk away with a 47 to 20 victory over the 3rd year Beavers.

The Beavers were on the ropes from the opening whistle of the game ("We were close in practice, though." - John Frankie) and had moved to 27 to 4 half-time lead before they were overcome with compassion.

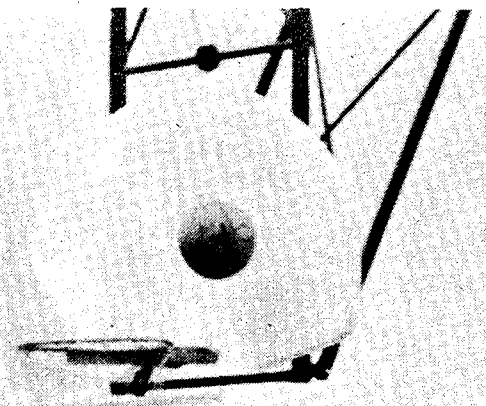
"It came right up behind us, and hit us over the head late in the second half," commented former BMOC Greg Cockburn. "From then on we were a new team."

Charlie Neis was the Vet's scoring leader as he seized, Old Pro Ron Maltin dunked dixed, Ian Macdonald huited, Mike Lustig septed and Joe Gonda quatred. The Math majors among the readership will realize at a glance that only 45 points have been accounted for. Amazing isn't it?

The Beavers were led by their captain, inspirational leader and all round great person, Joe Tuzi who swished for 8 lucky ones. The hot and cold Paul Hazlett hooped 7 points, while Berry Hawkins and Ian Cooper were splitting 5 points. John Frankie was blanked for the second successive game. "I'm not hot," Frankie told Frank E. Yofnaro after the game. "I just can't put it in the net."

In the second Monday game, the C-house Quacks came from a 21 to 2 half-time lead to quell a Sons of B uprising 53 to 17.

L. Allen and G. Chadwick (Why don't you #\$\$&*? guys put you *&#\$\$% first names on the scorecard like we want you to? Send you answers to Contest c/o Pro Tem. Winner gets to throw out the first capitalist at the next Friendly Radical Organization meeting) skyscraped/or 18 points and clunked for 17 points. D. Fenneman dozened and G. Borden



Former BMOC Greg Cockburn gives us a classic example of why he is now a former BMOC. In this action photo Greg, who is all alone in front of the basket, is missing the basket by a good three feet. John Frankie stares

on in disbelief as he watches the GBA's all-time worst scorer bring the fans to their feet with another fine individual effort.

did half as well. Steve Chadwick kept the Sons of B respectable by bagging 8 points, while Peter O'Brien fired for 5 points. Grant 'Boodle' Lake was poetry in motion as he sleazed in 4 points.

The Greg Haslam Star of the Game Award was awarded to Sylvia Vanderschee, the timer for the Quack and Son of B game, and a recent drop-out of BS Incorporated School of Intramural and Intercollegiate Timers. Award spokesman Mallard J. Greaser said that Sylvia won for humanitarian reasons. "She went above and beyond the call of duty in assuring that the Sons of B were not totally annihilated." (She fixed to game-Jimmy 'the Greek' Snyder)

There were two other games this week in the GBA, but the official results are not available. It seems that the official Glendon carrier pigeon was ambushed on Escort Reid Walk by squirrel cammandos. The pigeon was saved only by the timely arrival of the Masked Beaver who saturated the area with Beaver mung. However, the official results were lost when they were dissolved by the Beaver mung.

"Arriba alittledownrayleg cucumbers moosoonenugafrebug ayale," commented the defender of good and champion over crime and/or evil after hearing that Viet Squirrel was not among the casualties.



Charlie Neis goes up and over in attempt to get his picture on Sports Illustrated. Good luck, Charlie.

on tap

thursday, November 29
8 heures PM Le Bal des
Voleurs de Jean Anouilh,
Entré 50 cents.

7:00 and 9:00 PM at the
Roxy, Buckminster Fuller
7:35 and 9:45 PM at the
Roxy, the Hellstrom Chronicle
VALLIERES continues to
December 23 at the Toronto
Free Theatre, 24 Berkeley ST
For reservations, call
368-2856.

Opening of ONCE IN A LIFE-
TIME at the Firehall Theatre,
70 Berkeley St. For reser-
vations, call 364-4170.

Friday
8:30 PM Square Dance in the
ODH with Eleanor Moorehead.
Admission 75 cents.
7:30 and 10:45 PM The Magic
Christian at the Roxy.
9:10 PM The Sisters at the
Roxy.

STICKS AND STONES' a play
about the Donnelley's feud, at
the Tarragon Theatre, 30
Bridgman Avenue. 531-1827...
to December 23.

Saturday
7:00 and 9:00 PM at the
Roxy, Hendrix at Berkeley
8:00 and 10:30 PM at the
Roxy, Let it Be.
12:00 midnite, at the Roxy,
Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid.

Sunday
10:00 PM on Channel 6, Part
Five of CBC's The Days Be-
fore Yesterday, 'For King and
Country'.
8:30 PM, Lenny Breau at the
Actors Theatre, Students \$2.

ROSENGURST ☆

NO. 8



A STAPLE DIET....

Monday
7:00 and 10:20 PM, the Roxy
Theatre presents The Seventh
Seal,
8:40 PM the Roxy presents
open City.
At the O'Keefe Centre, Big
Bad Mouse, featuring Eric
Sykes...to December 15th.

Tuesday
7:00 and 10:40 PM at the Roxy,
Danforth at Greenwood, The
last Picture Show,

9:05 PM at the Roxy, Fat
City.

Wednesday
7:00 and 10:40 PM at the Roxy
Fat City.
8:40 PM at the Roxy, The
Last Picture Show.

C. O. S. A. is looking for applications
for the position of DEAN OF STUDENTS
and MASTER OF RESIDENCE.

This position becomes vacant on JUNE
30th 1974.

Interested persons should submit their
name and a résumé to the chairman of
C. O. S. A. C 214 before JANUARY 31st
1974.

On NOVEMBER 23rd 1973 C. O. S. A.
passed the following resolution :

" That the ABSOLUTE
REQUIREMENT for the DEAN
be a working knowledge of both
FRENCH and ENGLISH."

Opening of Listen to the
Wind, by James Reaney, at
the Actor's Theatre, 390
Dupont St., 967-6969...to Jan-
uary 5.

Coming up
The Christmas Banquet in the
ODH on December 13, starting
at 6:15 PM.

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in 1974-75. Think about it now.