

pro tem

VOLUME 13, NUMBER 16

TORONTO, JANUARY 24, 1974

Dear Serpent,

This letter is to inform you of an activity in the near future to which you might object. On the afternoon of February 2 of this year 1974, a canoe race will be held on the Don River. Needless to say, we are sorry for any inconvenience we might cause you, but before you make any rash decisions let me enlighten you as to the details of this outing.

In 1492 Christopher Columbus sailed across the Blue Atlantic, defying the elements, in a desperate search for Cathay (that mythical land where they produce fortune cookies and opium) and instead he found the West Indies (that fine place where they produce despots and marijuana). Hot on his heels was Amerigo Vespucci, that dauntless Latin adventurer, whose name our continent now bears (VespucciLand).

Now Amerigo was not your average celebrated and renowned explorer à la Marco Polo, Captain Cook and Sherpen Tenzing. He was not unlike the young men who are entering this canoe race. These men are courageous, loyal, far-sighted, and above all fearless. Like Amerigo they didn't care if the world was flat, round, or square, they had a mission (divinely inspired if you wish).

Amerigo's mission is still not clearly understood and why these young men in their frail canoes wish to brave sub-zero temperatures in the raging Don is not very clear either. Yet one important fact remains. They are going to do it; and "Do it we will," said Herman 'Skidlid' Kaiser. They will brave the elements, the rapids, the mighty Proctor Falls, the cruel, savage, and ravenous dimensions of the Deep and much, much more. And for what you may well ask again. For the satisfaction of knowing that they've done something and done it well.

So you see Mr. Serpent if you don't let them use your river and threaten to kill and/or maim all those who try, the races will go on. They must to on.

If you try to sabotage the races and eat the contestants, we will let the shole world know of your evil and subversive activities. Like the time you indecently attacked the Lusitania. Remember the Lusitania? How could you forget?

Or how could you forget that poor little tadpole in Holland Marsh who is now an orphan? You Cad! And worst of all, Moby Dick is still having trouble trying to adjust after that vasectomy you and Captain Ahab performed on him.

Yes Mr. Serpent, we've got the goods on you and don't you forget it. We've even got Lloyd Bridges and Flipper on our side should you get any funny ideas. And don't forget that the races are going to be televised, so if you don't want 10 million people to see your galloping acne you'd better not show up.

Respectfully,
From one who knows you well

The canoe races are part of Glendon's Winter Weekend Jan.31 - Feb.3.

pro tem

NO FINES FOR THE FACULTY

But the students pay!

Sometimes a problem is solved and a lot of people are benefitted if certain injustices are brought to light. Hopefully this will be the case here. This article will make some students aware of a situation which affects them, but of which they may not be aware. More importantly, who make this article necessary in the first place.

It has been the policy at Glendon and at York Main Campus to allow faculty members to return books to the library late, and be exempt from the 15 cents per day fine to which all students are subject. This procedure was established, says James Quixley, Librarian of Frost, because the "faculty were considered to be responsible members of the academic community, perhaps more responsible than the students. But", he adds, "this has not been proven to be the case."

Every year Mr. Quixley sends out at least one memo to the faculty stating the number of books out and how many have been out from previous years. (There are actually some books which are several years overdue) The response to this appeal, Mr. Quixley told me, has been virtually nil. He feels that stronger measures are needed and has suggested publishing a list of the names of those faculty members who have books overdue. Apparently about one third of these overdue books are in the hands of faculty at the main campus. We must be fair though and add that some Glendon faculty members have overdue books from the Scott Library.

At the last meeting of the Library Committee, members of that body tried to establish a system of fining faculty members for overdue books and they agreed in principle to the idea of publishing the names. I talked to Greg Cockburn who sits on that committee and he personally feels that the guilty faculty members should have library privileges suspended.

Dean Ian Gentles attended this last Library Committee meeting and suggested that before taking any radical procedure such as publishing names, the personal approach should be given a chance first. So during the week of January 9th, 1974, Dean Gentles sent the following letter to the concerned professors (quoted in full).

"Dear---

According to Mr. Quixley, the Frost Library's records indicate that you have a book by ----- that is long overdue.

The library committee is considering taking stern measures against faculty member with overdue books. The first proposed step is to publish a list of faculty members who have failed, after receiving several notices, to return their overdue books. To me this is a disagreeable procedure and I would like if at all possible to avoid having it used.

The Frost is a small library with a large clientele. Besides the 1400 or more students and faculty members at Glendon there are another 900 Atkinson students who use it regularly. Then too, a sizeable number of people from the York campus make occasional use of its resources.

Faculty members who keep their books many weeks past the due date set a bad example and do a disservice to students, whose education is seriously hampered by the unavailability of certain books. The library staff is also compelled to put in an enormous amount of wasteful work, repeatedly checking the shelves with the records to make sure the books are still not returned, and then making out and sending overdue notices. Time and money is wasted which should be used to help the library's users.

On behalf of the students at Glendon College I appeal you to return your overdue books as soon as possible.

Yours Sincerely,

Ian Gentles,

Dean of Students."

A copy of this letter went to 12 faculty members who had a total of 64 books overdue. During the week of the 21st of January, copies will be sent to concerned faculty members at main campus. Mr. Quixley says that to date (Jan 17-74) he had received "a couple of dozen books" as a result of Dean Gentles letter, and he is hoping for more. Dean Gentles plans to do a phone follow-up reminder to those faculty members in his conviction that the personal approach is better.

Mr. Quixley urges faculty to bring overdue books so that the library can better serve the Glendon community. Some professors apparently claim that a certain book is obscure, that the undergraduate students wouldn't use it anyway. Some insist that the student will request the book if he/she wants it. But how many of you are aware of the library's request procedure? And even if you are, if you have an essay or assignment to do you can ill afford the time to wait til you fill out the request card, til the prof is notified, til he/she gets around to returning the book and til the library calls or writes to tell you they have the book. (Finally!)

The University of Guelph has a system which Mr. Quixley

says he would like to see here. Fines which are not paid go before an appeal committee and if they can't be settled there, a collection agency is brought in. Sounds rash, but it works. With this method, fines would be handled by the accounts department and not by the library itself. If this programme were adopted it would first require the approval of the Senate Library Committee, composed of the Director of the Library, Faculty representatives, students and librarians.

So if faculty members at Glendon who have overdue books are not sufficiently inspired by these various appeals - from James Quixley, the Librarian of Leslie Frost Library; from Ian Gentles, Dean of Students and Master of Residences; and from PRO TEM, as a medium through which students can express their views - there may well have to be a 'radical' approach taken. If these faculty members do not respond, it is a very real possibility, says Mr. Quixley, that their names would be published. This list would appear in the library and if it were published, PRO TEM would have access to it also.

I personally feel that if this radical action does present itself as the only recourse, it shows a serious irresponsibility on the part of these faculty members: a minority, of course, but a harmful one.

by Cindy Randall

Pinball crackdown

WATERLOO (CUP)--

Waterloo regional police are cracking down on pinball machines under the guise of a directive from the Attorney-General's office. The Attorney-General's office has denied issuing any such directive.

Walter Heinrich, Chief of Police in Waterloo admitted the crack down was announced December 5 to Waterloo University Student president Andy Telegdi. Last week the directive had come not from the Attorney General.

The local morality squad told Telegdi the federation would be prosecuted if the campus pinball parlour was opened. Telegdi threatened to open the centre and try a test case,

but changed his mind after talking to the police chief.

The federal government is expecting to pass legislation later this month removing pinball machines from their illegal status.

Ottawa police pressed and lost a show-case suit against the machines last fall when the owners of Regent Vending convinced a court the machine was not a gambling device. A pinball wizard was flown in from the United States to demonstrate skill and experience were necessary to play optimally.

However, the Waterloo campus centre is still without the flashing lights and the ringing bells of pinball.

Print-outs or...

For welfare recipients in Metro, 1984 is arriving ten years early: their personal life histories will go on secret file in a metro computer which will belch out everything from common law relationships to clothing needs.

The ghost of George Orwell's "Big Brother" must be roaming through Metro as the section of the bureaucracy putting together the new system is called the Management Information Section of Metro Chairman Paul Godfrey's office.

The computer system already handles the issuing of welfare cheques, pension data for all civic employees, and road survey information.

For those on welfare it will keep track of the following: name of recipient and all family members; all addresses; health of recipient and all family members; reports of previous work records; notes on educational level; marital status, including whether a single parent, divorced or widowed; a record of common-law relationships what sorts of social services being received in addition to routine cheques, such as homemaking and day care centres.

In return for storing the information, the computer will set out budgets for the recipients based on the information stored in the memory banks.

The computer will tell recipients how much can be spent on rent, food and clothing and write the welfare cheque for whatever sum the computer calculates as appropriate.

There is no indication that this computer will be tied into the federal government's unemployment insurance computer in Belleville, Ontario, but Metro officials say one reason the welfare computer is being brought into existence is to cut down on welfare fraud.

Senior Metro officials say the computer is designed to contain a complete case profile on each welfare recipient.

But the file in the computer is to be confidential, according to Metro social services commissioner John Anderson.

Even members of Metro council will not have access to all information, reserved for employees of the welfare department.

The computer will also house files on any person receiving any sort of assistance from Metro.

This will include a new programme being phased in by Metro to assist the working poor by providing drugs prescribed by a doctor, surgical supplies, moving allowances, dental and optical services, artificial limbs, vocational training, and funerals.

Once the new welfare scheme assisting the working poor is brought into effect, the total number of people on the Metro computer will number in the tens of thousands.

All or Nothing Part 2

Historical violence is an irrational force that either creates meaning or destroys meaning. This distinction separates the rebel from the revolutionary and the revolutionary from the fascist.

Violence committed by a rebel represents no more than a defiant gesture, "an incoherent pronouncement" against the inhuman and unjust. The terrorist attempts to violently destroy that which tyrannizes and degrades human beings. He knows that "the passion for destruction is also a creative passion." From the sacrifice of a life for a life for the love and dignity of human beings "springs the promise of value" of meaning. To Albert Camus "real rebellion is a creator of values."

Revolutionary violence differs from the violence of rebellion. It is not

spontaneous but rather a calculated revolt. The revolutionary does not excuse violence; he uses it as a bloody prelude to the creation of a new society. The revolutionary is not prepared to give a life for a life, but for one life, many. The revolution as rebellion demands "all or nothing". Both attempt to create unity and impose limits, values.

However, the revolution can degenerate into nihilism. If the revolution changes from a necessary means of achieving value to the end itself violence becomes purposeless. When unity becomes totality and when the slave replaces the master, the revolution has lost direction as did the Russian Revolution under Stalin. "That is why rebellion kills men while revolution destroys both men and principles."

All revolutions through violence have attained meaning, value and reason for struggle and almost all have lost this value in continued violence.

Fascism contains no value. It begins as it ends as an "act of contempt" for life. Violence is acting and acting is all. Violence propels fascism like a driverless car. Nihilism is erected king of the dead, and the living are reduced to discardable entities.

Thus we can employ violence as a "necessary yet inexcusable" means of achieving value (rebellion) or we can use revolution at the risk of losing control of violence to create a new society and thus new values. While violence employed by these two groups is ironically yet realistically motivated by love and faith

in man, fascism is not.

When violence "allows itself to be contaminated by resentment; it denies life, dashes toward destruction, and raises up the grimacing cohorts of petty rebels, embryo slaves all of them, who end by offering themselves for sale, today, in all the market-places...., to no matter what form of servitude."

Violence like death has a time, a place, a season and value, like all things it has limits. It is "All or nothing."

Many of the ideas expressed in this essay came from Albert Camus's *The Rebel*.

by Andrew Nikiforuk

A plug

Just got some essays back with rough grades and caustic remarks from Glendon professors?

You might end those blues with some effort at an essay-writing workshop sponsored by the Glendon Counselling Centre.

Help in essay writing will be given from 1 p.m. to 2 p.m. every Monday and Tuesday in the Hearth Room.

"We're stressing an individual approach," says workshop director Toni Silberman, "since each person usually has a different problem."

From the basics of tackling an

essay to the mastering of verb structure, the workshop will be open to all Glendon students.

More information is available from Ms. Silberman at the Counselling Centre, Glendon Hall.

Effective Reading course will be held Mondays - 2:15 - 3:15 p.m. in the Counselling Centre or Tuesdays - 3:15 - 4:15 p.m. in Room B 215. If you have not already registered for either group, please see Toni Silberman in the Counselling Centre before Monday noon.

WE DESERVE

...a break today

NEW YORK (CUP - LNS)--

What fast-food chain uses enough energy annually to supply the cities of Pittsburgh, Boston, Washington, and San Francisco with electric power for a whole year? If you thought of the ubiquitous arches of McDonald's, you're right.

According to the University of Illinois computer scientist Bruce Hannon, the packaging of McDonald's hamburgers, french fries, and other products consumes three billion kilowatt hours worth of electricity per year, or the energy equivalent of 12.7 million tons of coal. For each customer the energy equivalent of 2.1 pounds of coal is expended, on the average.

In addition, McDonald's uses 174 million pounds of paper yearly, which is roughly the sustained yield of 315 square miles of forest. Each Mc-

Donald's patron discards 2.4 ounces of packaging, including paper cups, bags, plastic lid covers, burger boxes, was paper, straws, and napkins.

McDonald's is the fourth largest food server in the U. S. trailing only after the army, Kentucky Fried Chicken, and the Department of Agriculture. "McDonald's is probably no worse than Burger Chef, Dairy Queen, and all the others," says Hannon. "They are a symbol of nationwide waste of material and energy resources."

Don't think the McDonald Corporation isn't doing anything about this waste however. In an attempt to help school children develop "environmental awareness", McDonald's is distributing its own "Ecology Pack" designed for fourth through sixth graders.

A great disgrace

OTTAWA (CUP)--

Toronto's Rochdale may be a "festering cancer in the centre of Metro Toronto...but Ottawa doesn't currently have the power to shut it down and/or evict the drug users.

Urban Affairs Minister Ronald Basford told the House of Commons last week the government is awaiting a court decision on a Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation action seeking the closing of Rochdale for a lapse of mortgage payments.

Basford's statement followed a coroner's jury recommendation, the fifth in three years, that the college be closed down.

Basford said he hopes the courts will award the government possession of Rochdale so it can act vigorously to protect the safety of the people in the building.

The coroner's jury, headed by K. R. Baxter, recommended the eviction of all tenants so police could deal more easily with narcotics dealers and users.

Metro police detective Sgt. George Crease said Rochdale was the "southern Ontario outlet for drugs".

Since its opening in 1969, Rochdale has been the scene of at least nine deaths--including four suicides, two drug overdoses and one murder.

From January to March, 1973, 795 people were arrested on drug offences and 1,103 charges were laid, according to Crease.

Baxter called the figure outstanding, and asked, "Is it fair to say Rochdale is costing Toronto taxpayers thousands...in police protection?"

Untitled

To the Editor of PRO TEM

Dear Sir:

I have waited a good month or so before attempting to express my opinion on the cartoon which adorned the cover of your Christmas issue. I wanted to be sure that my thoughts were not momentary or inconclusive. However since I sincerely feel that there was something wrong with the illustration I must now voice my opinion.

Firstly, as a Glendon student, I feel that the cartoon was in the poorest of taste. It was neither artistic nor funny and its ultimate point (if there was any) escaped me. The artist himself tended to confuse me even further when he explained in his apology that "the object of that cartoon was to satirize the commercial aspects of Christmas that have obscured its sanctity." I wonder whether he came to that conclusion before or after the cartoon was drawn. I

wonder further whether anyone on the editorial staff asked him what the point of the cartoon was "before" they allowed it to be published on the cover of PRO TEM.

Secondly, as a Canadian Jew the question of what the cartoon meant goes even deeper. I have never seen a cartoon of that sort before in Canada. If I were to see a similar illustration in a Russian or Polish publication I would immediately recognize it as anti-semitic. The long-nosed, bearded Jew all set up to kill the spirit of Christmas, Santa Claus! However since it appeared on the cover of my own college's newspaper in Canada, what am I to think? I would ask you, Mr. Editor, to consider that question carefully before you allow any more cartoons of that sort to be published.

Yours sincerely,
Michael Shain.

SUNDAY JANUARY 27 is COLLEGE NITE

Professional Hockey at a Price Tailor-made
for Students!

\$3.50

buys you a regular priced

\$5.95 ticket

VANCOUVER vs. TOROS

at VARSITY ARENA Bloor St. at Bedford Rd.

Sunday January 27 7:30 p.m.

*Show your student I.D. at the Box Office



GOOD HOCKEY!

GOOD FUN!

pro tem

Only as good as the community it serves.

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The Polar Express

Have you ever taken a ride up to York Main on the inter-campus? If you haven't, those of us who are forced to take this bus regularly taking your life in your hands, or at the very least, like a lesson on how to withstand prolonged exposure to freezing temperatures.

To be more specific—the red Volkswagen van hardly has any heat. (The heater had been fixed almost as many times as it snows in Toronto, and is continually breaking down.) As a result, the windows steam up, or are frosted over, and it is impossible to see through the back or side windows, not to mention the front windshield. The driver is forced to open his side window whenever he is about to turn at an intersection, which causes the already freezing temperatures in the bus to drop another ten degrees. Sometimes the heater does work, but a faulty exhaust pipe forces us to go without heat again, for fear of carbon monoxide poisoning! Also, at various times, the windshield wipers do not operate, and the doors often refuse to close or lock properly. (It may be funny to climb awkwardly over the front seat to the passenger seats because the side door refuses to open, but having the driver hold his door shut all the way

up to York is just plain dangerous.) What makes the trip on this bus (better known as the Polar Express) even more irritating and outrageous is that we “passengers” pay 25 cents for each painful trip in a bus which even the driver says should be driven “to the junk heap!”

The blame for the uncomfortable trip may be put partly on the York administration, and partly on the inferior quality of the Volkswagen buses themselves. We, the regular passengers on the Polar Express would like something done to improve our lot. (And the lot of the driver too, who makes eight trips a day!) Those of you who are sceptical about the truth of our complaints— we invite you, at your own risk, to take a ride on the Polar Express.

Marney Gattinger
and
John Simpson
Anne Wiles
Sally Trusler
Dave Coombs
Mary Egemenari
Paul Reinhardt
Stephen Godfrey
Henry Wood
Greg Martin



“The principal says you have to put it back...”

As a member of FC

Dear Sir:

I was very interested to read Professor Beringer's letter in Jan. 17th's PRO TEM concerning the defeat of a motion to admit administrative, secretarial, and support staff personnel to Faculty Council. I have the utmost respect for Dr. Beringer's academic qualifications and while we may disagree over matters more “political”, I just wish he had the same respect for us “adolescent member(s) of Faculty Council”. Since I am the above mentioned “adolescent

member of Faculty Council”, I would like to comment on his letter.

Professor Beringer neglected to mention that it was two of those adolescent members who persuaded him to amend his motion to include secretarial and support staff personnel. The tone of the letter accuses me of being undemocratic and reactionary by voting against their inclusion. If this university was a democratic institution, I might be offended, but I will only answer by saying that if I had voted for their inclusion, students would have been

entitled to one or two more members of F.C. Therefore I (and some of my student colleagues) must have had some motive to vote against the motion.

At issue, of course, was the inclusion of the office of the senior administrator as an ex-officio, voting member of F.C. It is true that I alleged that the office already had too much power and therefore shouldn't be given a vote. I have yet to be convinced that any lines that have been drawn between the Principal and the Senior Administrator a) exist or b) are followed. The mover of the motion (Dr. Beringer) was not open to compromise on the issue, so I had to vote against the whole motion. Perhaps I was right, maybe I was misguided. In either case, I agree with the senti-

ments expressed by Dr. Beringer in the last part of his letter when he calls for an education of all F.C. members by making more hitherto confidential or usually unpublished documents available for public perusal. Perhaps we should go one step further and allow more students into F.C. (as well as other personnel) so that we have a better knowledge of how to work with decision-making bodies. Allow a greater participation by students and secretarial personnel in the decision-making process. Make the formulation of the budget an open process, with input from all levels of the college. Then I would or would not be able to substantiate any allegations.

Sincerely,
Peter Bennett

“Business unions” must be smashed

OTTAWA (CUP)---

Canadian workers must struggle to destroy “business unionism”, the author of “(Canada) Ltd.”, a new book on Canadian economics, said in Ottawa January 13th.

Bob Laxer was in Ottawa to address a meeting of Waffle Party supporters.

Laxer described business unions as those that encourage professionalism among their executives, emphasize negotiations rather than struggles for workers' rights and are usually part of the large American unions.

Business unions are alienated from the workers they represent, Laxer said. “The business union attitude is: ‘We may not be as good at dealing with the ideological questions as you people on the left, but we are able to negotiate with the executives of large corporations. We can negotiate well because we drive the same expensive cars as they do, wear the same expensive suits and stay at the same expensive hotels.’”

He said business unions presently represent most Canadian workers but “the basis for business unions is breaking down and the movement for Canadian unions is growing”. The problems between the Canadian Union of Public Employees (CUPE) and the Canadian Labour Congress (CLC) is an example of workers' struggles to make their unions more responsive to them. CUPE president Stanley Little has said CUPE may withdraw from the CLC unless the Congress becomes less dominated by the large American unions.

Laxer said increasing numbers of the working force, especially those in the public service industries, are becoming unionized but “organizing the unorganized will not happen on a large scale under the present CLC, business union leadership.”

The capitalist economic system encourages competition among those who sell their labour power, he said. The value of unions is that they reduce this competition and provide a focus where workers can engage in

a collective struggle against those forces that affect them all.

As well as increasing numbers of public service workers becoming unionized, many members of the petit bourgeoisie, those who own small businesses and stores, are being forced to sell out and join the ranks of those who have only their labour power to sell. From 1946 to 1968, there was a 26 per cent drop in the number of Canadian petit bourgeois, Laxer said.

He criticized Canadian unions for not being more militant when, for the first time since 1940, the absolute purchasing power of the average Canadian has dropped. Laxer said that despite propaganda that the current economic problems affect everyone equally, the gap between the rich and poor is widening.

Laxer said the union movement must be the focal point for the socialist struggle and, by advocating a 30 hour week and a \$4 per hour minimum wage the Waffle Party recognizes this.

David Whalley, a CUPE organizer, told the meeting most union leaders are alienated from the rank and file. He criticized the fact that there is no ongoing educational process within the union movement. He said that people are encouraged to join the unions and leave matters of pay and working conditions up to the union executive. He said there have been few attempts to educate union members about the nature of unionism.

The Waffle Party now “has a class analysis of society” and is in the process of “forming a new socialist political party”, John Smart, an executive member of the Ottawa Waffle told the meeting.

The Ontario Waffle recently formed a political party separate from the NDP, following the lead of Saskatchewan. In 1972, Ontario NDP leader, Stephen Lewis, and the party executive expelled Waffle members from the NDP.

Smart criticized the federal NDP for supporting the Liberal government.

F. P. GROVE: a Fabrication of the Highest Order

FPG: THE EUROPEAN YEARS

Douglas O. Spettigue

Oberon Press, \$8.95 hardback.

It would not be presumptuous to state that most teachers and students recognize two diverse approaches towards the understanding of an historical figure, whether he or she be of the literary world, political, scientific or what have you.

The first and most common would be that which looks sternly upon a man as one of many others, as part of a class self-contained by its related characteristics of thought and deed. It objectively pictures the figure as part of a whole, as a part of some composed order and unity of thought.

The second approach recognized a figure as of a life all his own, and creating from the life, without and within him, a world of his own conception. It is the pleasure of the student to discover the order of that figure's conceptions, and, as a critic, to interpret it and appreciate it as a whole and a purpose in itself, quite apart from his own private ideas.

It would be nothing less than pedantic to inveigh against either approach in favour of the other. Nonetheless, one cannot help but suspect that the former finds its prominence in our present square-minded fascination with categories and what historians like to call 'major problems'. Somewhat like the Greek and Roman preoccupation with the symbol, i.e. the minotaur as a monument to the savagery of Venus, or our own image of Augustus as the true exemplar of leadership, this approach is fancy or fantasy, and bears little or no resemblance to the imagination--to deep emotion and thought.

However, we find that the latter approach gains considerable ground in the investigation of exceptionally great men. Men such as Caesar, Shakespeare, Napoleon, Beethoven (we have given so few a chance) are paid a special homage by the application of this 'approach' and thus also by the extra thought, which, surprising as it may seem, becomes far less a labour and more a joy. Of course these figures do not escape membership in this -ism or that -ism, but all classes and epochs aside, they stand there erect, alive and well, mighty imagines in our 'imaginations'.

Meanwhile, the lesser hero, where is he? Alive and happy in his own right, I'm sure, but for most of us, trampled to death by the clumsy hoof of mediocrity--our category conceiving fancies which wrongly tell us that a wishy-washy conception of a movement or century of figures is more of an improvement on our minds than a perfect sympathy with one figure, nay, even one thought conceived by one figure no matter how 'minor' he may at first glance appear.

So, happy is the man who has done as Mr. Spettigue has done: more or less investigated the true life of one of those substantially 'lesser heroes' and then offered all of us an account of his labours, whereby we find someone of interest, unstained by fancy, pure and whole.

Most of all though, the experience he offers us is rare. Not so much because the truth about Frederick Philip Grove is now to be unveiled, but more because we now contemplate the truth (as far as we can see it) juxtaposed with legend. This offers many hours of fond pondering and imagining for two reasons.

In the first place, the true life of any man, whether he be Alexander the Great or Joe the Schmoie, is inevitably coloured with the hues of his personal mythology--his conception of his life and the universe as he would like both to be. Who then can best say whether or not he had achieved his imagined likeness if it is not both his or our fulfilled imaginations. The very fact that Grove has given the world his private dreams (in the form of two alleged autobiographies which we once thought to recount the actual details of his early life, but which we now know to have taken the form of pure legend, Grove's legend,) is a blessing. Especially so when we realized that most intriguing souls, by their failure, are admitted into no less than the dark caverns of obscurity; or by their so called 'mediocrity' become mere foundlings of the word 'minor' or some already fixed category; or, finally, are so stunningly successful that their dreams are overshadowed by their successes, as if to say, "All my dreams are fulfilled--can't you see--I have invented the atom bomb", which is usually not the case. Their personal mythology is hidden under the formulas. Thus with Grove we have a man, who in his early years failed--and a very sad failure too--but left us his dreams and aspirations, his mythology, as a sort of intimate calling card.

Secondly, this pondering of truth and legend can, by way of the lofty wings of our imagination, be a profitable source of insight into our own strengths and weaknesses, since, as the Greeks were so fond of demonstrating, it is between truth and myth where we are forever finding ourselves.

Thus, Mr. Spettigue strives to blend legend and fact in the attempt to unveil the man who created them.

Perhaps his greatest problem was to construct a character out of a mass of vagrant dates, opinions, records and certificates, a few scattered letters and notes, and of course, Grove's two novels. The danger here is in the composition of a book which merely delights in trivial examples, turning the figure into a plastique hero instead of honouring his right to remain a part of human civilization. But this Mr. Spettigue utterly avoids what is well proven by an account both attractive and authoritative, written in a fine prose style, felicitous and, at times, artful.

The Grove legend arises from his alleged autobiographical novel, "A Search for America", and his would be autobiography, "In Search of Myself". It tells the story of a boy of Swedish-Scottish descent who grew up in the luxury and elegance of a large estate in Sweden. The youngest of eight children, he described his mother as a "Junoesque lady of very pronounced likes and dislikes", and his father as an overbearing but sympathetic and generous man with three

ideals: "social prestige, liberal culture of the mind, physical prowess". Educated at all the best universities of Europe, possessing an expertise in classical languages and a fluency in five modern languages, wonderfully well travelled, accepted in the leading literary circles, he suddenly discovered that his father's fortune was gone and was now forced to make it on his own. At the age of twenty-four he sailed to America to begin again.

It is enough to say that this is a fabrication of the highest order. For the word 'fabrication' implies both a construction (and in the sense in which Auden uses it, a construction of an art object), and also a forgery, a lie. Thus it emphasizes "that a capacity for 'bluff' is his (Grove's) most evident characteristic", but more so, it shows that, being thus an art object and also a forgery of his early life, it probably reveals a special sympathy with old situations and problems. Out of his mythology of former years, Grove built a legend in his later years, which Michael Wood, was far more than nostalgia.

What Spettigue gains from all this is an understanding of Grove's wider aspirations. He clearly illustrates the intense idealism and texture of genius coupled with the wild energy and desire to become a recognized writer which urged the young Grove towards his naughtiness, his irresponsibility. He is very much concerned with Grove's abnormal impressionability, his reading of such English and French decadents as Beardsley, Dowson, Gide, but, above all, Wilde on whose life he was to publish a pamphlet in 1903. And he persuasively argues that Grove's failure was due primarily to the flippancy with which he regarded his own individuality believing that the famous predilections of those writers he so admired must, of necessity, be his own. The implication seems to be that Grove's desire to become a writer was inspired more by the outward charm of his ideal literary man which he saw in such accomplished men as Wilde and George than by any sincere urge to 'fabricate' an accepted literary work. His aspirations appear as more a product of fantasy than of an inventive imagination--true genius.

But this obviously changed. "In search of myself", and, "A Search for America", are monuments to his transition into the world of true imagination.

What did he become when, in 1909, he feigned suicide and fled his creditors by escaping to Canada, besides Mr. Grove instead of Mr. Greve? Most likely a red-blooded realist. No doubt it was a pretty frightening situation where fantasies immediately fell to pieces, and quick, sound, codd'n pick'n thought took their place just to keep such poor blighters alive.

A different country, different language than the English he had been so familiar with, altogether different ways, and on top of it all, he was dead broke. He could not return home to Germany, or anywhere for that matter. So the situation probably served him with a good swift kick in the pants causing a blessed revelation.

William Marsden

A Woman of Her Age
by Jack Ludwig

McClelland & Stewart.

\$7.95.

Jack Ludwig's novel "A Woman of Her Age" is a carefully constructed mosaic of six characters. Its twelve chapters have for titles the names of these characters, some appearing once, some twice, and the two main ones appearing three times. One of these main characters, an old Jewish Montreal woman by the name of Doba Goffman, catalogues the evils she feels have been gradually grinding down her mind. These evils are also six in number--"roleplaying, silence, good taste, religious positions, self-pity, and miscellaneous (confusions of every other kind)". Each of the six characters in the order they appear in the first six chapters might be seen as taking on each of the evils in the order in which Doba lists them.

The half-dozen pitfalls warily perceived by the wily old Doba correspond also to possible bogeymen the novelist has to wrestle with, novelistic pitfalls which might be called stereotypes: inertia, propriety, prejudice, neurosis, and Life in general.



Construction invades every move made by the characters, invades the imagery they move in. What results is a microcosm of Jewish life in (of course) Montreal. But this microcosm's not a mere urban-studies model as much as a vast feudal tapestry of life in that stereotype of cities. Ludwig won't let his reader forget the conscious artistry involved in his slice of life: the whole gamut of painters and sculptors is unrelentingly alluded to--from Michaelangelo through Rembrandt to Giacometti. And on to movies via one of the characters, Neville, the mediaman. Contrived?

Contrivance comes in strongly enough in Ludwig's style if not in his subject and in the structure at the core of his subject. Take these sentences:

Mitchell the butcher, number one sentimentalist, she thought, and sailed aggressively toward his shop. Fresh-kill poured out Mitchell's doorway into the streets, his windows cried shabbies, throatslit ducks and cuckoo-eyed chickens plucked naked, geese like magicwhite Picasso doves, one beautiful long white feather tied to the dark vein skin. Upsidedown the slaughtered hung like Biblical criminals...

The same perpetual shunting back and forth of pace takes place on the larger scale of the actual events related. As in the nouveau roman events are digested and redigested and re-digested at different times by the same characters, and at the same time by different characters. The

n brief:

reader's put in the shoes of the screwed-up psychoanalyst visited by Neville and Shirley, a Westmount couple: he's always hearing the same traumas warmed-over, told from different, often neurotic points of view. Or again, the reader's in Neville, the mediaman's screening room, watching take, splice, re-take, watching new shots adding new dimensions, introducing complexities to a basically B-movie. Perhaps the reader's wondering if all this editing finally adds or subtracts from the formula.

But the danger in getting preoccupied with technical details is that the reader might miss out on a story that tries diligently to be entertaining. Doba's grass-roots humanism acts more as a foil and eventual remedy to Shirley's parvenu hang-ups than as a serious philosophical onslaught. Also the misguided matriarch hovering over Sidney, the Woody Allen-ish son; also the failed anarchist hunting down rich runaway Socialist teenagers in a chauffeur-driven limousine, Doba represents the comic possibilities of self-deception, just as the book's bigoted poor and neurotic rich show the dark cloud behind the silver lining.

As a comment on old Doba or schizo-long-for-liberation Shirley, "A Woman of Her Age" doesn't come up with much that's going to shake up the world. After all, in their quests for peace of world or mind, both women end up just that much closer to the status quo than they started, for all their drastic plans of escape. Basically, "A Woman of Her Age" is slick, busy, bulging with ethnic-ness, sexy, and funny. And unfortunately, expensively hardcover at the moment.

Reviewed by Ruth Cawker

The Unquiet Grave by Palinurus (Cyril Connolly)

Harper

Colophon Books 1973.

"There is no happiness to be obtained by the destruction of someone else's. To take a wife away from her husband, or a husband from his wife is a king of murder; guilt turns lovers into bad accomplices, and the wrecking of homes destroys the wreckers. As we leave others so shall we be left."

"The Unquiet Grave" by Palinurus (alias Cyril Connolly) has been republished though originally written in 1945. "The Unquiet Grave" is an odd book in many respects but nonetheless well worth reading; Connolly's work is quite remarkable.

Richard Needham (daily columnist for the Globe and Mail) has been, in part, responsible for the resurgence of "The Unquiet Grave". This in itself is interesting for the book is a series of ideas on just about everything in life through the eyes of Cyril Connolly. In fact, Needham's own style is markedly reminiscent of Connolly almost to the point of blatant copying in some instances. (Having read a good deal of Needham I was inclined to react this way on reading "The Unquiet Grave"; "So this is where Needham got his ideas!")

"The Unquiet Grave" is the sort of book that contains many 'ultimate' statements (some of which are quite obvious) thus the reader usually finds himself either passionately agreeing or violently disagreeing with the author. Consequently "The Unquiet Grave" is a very controversial book and Connolly carries off the work

admirably. (S-HADES OF Connolly Richard Needham again where Needham seems to attempt to inject out-spoken opinions into his columns: sometimes it appears as merely controversy for the sake of controversy.)

Perhaps Connolly's scope of perception in writing could be criticized for sounding so irrevocable but his ideas (if you agree with them) carry a convincing forcefulness which many authors are rarely able to convey. A number of Connolly's statements are like axioms, however it is fascinating to ponder whether the author found his own ideas as rigid and binding as they seem to be presented.

The secret of happiness (and therefore success) is to be in harmony with existence, to be always calm, always lucid, always willing, 'to be joined to the universe without being more conscious of it than an idiot' to let each wave of life wash us a little farther up the shore."

Often the statements one finds in "The Unquiet Grave" are similar to ideas one might find in a great novel (created by a formidable mind) but there is no novel or story surrounding the statement simply the bare 'fact'. "The Unquiet Grave" is less than 150 pages long (large type for those who may be considering reading it) but Connolly covers so many diverse subjects that, at times, it is hard to keep pace. (He also extensively employs notions from great writers which make his book even more idea-packed than ever.)

"To live according to nature we should pass a considerable time in cities, for they are the glory of human nature, but they should never contain

more than two hundred thousand inhabitants; it is artificial enslavement to the large city, too sprawling to leave, too enormous for human dignity, which is responsible for half our sickness and misery. Slums may well be breeding-grounds of crime, but middle-class suburbs are incubators of apathy and delirium. No city should be too large for a man to walk out of in a morning."

Many of the remarks which Connolly makes (though written nearly 30 years ago) are very pertinent and applicable to our times. "The Unquiet Grave" underlines the fact that Cyril Connolly was an extremely perceptive observer of life; what is more, Connolly was able to distill his observations into a brief, meaningful form. His writing is concise, direct and above all Connolly takes a definite stand. This positive attitude is refreshing though it could well be debated with heat in many cases. (This 'hot-cold' aspect is perhaps the chief attraction of the book, when Connolly is on he is REALLY on!) Hence Connolly's writing carries a great deal of weight; "The Unquiet Grave" is nothing if it is not pointed and stimulating. (Even more so for readers of French and English since a number of quotations from French authors are untranslated.)

"From now on specialize; never again make any concession to the ninety-nine per cent of you which is like everybody else at the expense of the one per cent which is unique. Never listen to the False Self talking."

When Cyril Connolly wrote "The Unquiet Grave" he was exercising his individuality. He is right, so should we.

Stephen Barrick

The Dweller on the Threshold by Patricia Joudry

McClelland & Stewart

Hardback; \$6.95.

There is nothing sillier and, at the same time, more annoying than a Harlequin novel dressed in literary garments, i.e. a photograph of the 'supersensitive' writer staring out into that distant "otherness" novelishly (forgive us OED) positioned on the back inside leaf of the jacket, accompanied by a brief resumé of the writer's life. It makes one wonder when and where the publisher lost his sense of proportion. Pre or Post Berton? I must warn Mr. Britnell and SCM.

To further the ridiculousness of this pretension, on the front inside leaf we find, "In a gabled house by the sea...two young lovers discover one another in the bittersweet ecstasy of first love." Needless to say we have heard it and its numberless variations many times before, just as we've heard, "It is a brilliant first novel that bursts with life and intense beauty, and will have special meaning for every reader whose awareness has expanded beyond the everyday." (the everyday what, golden dipper laundry? must be a fascinating book.) But this is only an indication, a clue, to the incredible deluge of displaced platitudes on life and love which "rain down on our heads till our teeth chatter", (clicking away) throughout most of this weatherbeaten story.

The platitude is an old human concoction. When seriously invoked it is inclined towards pure sensuality, pretentious in its settling and resolving sensations, and in its gener-

ality and lack of implicitness, weak, empty of life--bedridden. The platitude gives the speaker delusions of importance, the feeling that by expressing something affecting the 'absolute truth' about the solemn complexities of life, he is in full control, has life under his belt, so to speak, feeling himself a real giant among men, all of which is rubbish. A lull in the conversation, the storm ensues; 'Life', with her legions of contradictions, crashes through the weaknesses, defines the emptiness, and devastates the speaker. So to 'novel' these banalities only demonstrates a complete insensitivity to the exact shades of meaning in words and set phrases, and, sad to say, a lack of insight or even interest into the "wider life of men".

What's more, the author is inevitably forced to shroud the void with storm clouds of imagery and descriptions which someone has so aptly called "flab". Such detail, by its plump nature, takes imprecise forms, and thus instead of enhancing the images, only obscures them. By example, Madame Bashir is an East Indian who has already been described as of a peaceful and simple nature. She hardly needed the following:

"Madame Bashir was ablaze in a cerise sari trimmed with gold; gold earrings swung gently at each stately move of her head."

Sounds more like millionaires at Monte Carlo than a simple family dinner party.

It is also a matter of too much imagery; since, owing to its excess, it is inclined towards the too frank and too obvious, heaping example upon example of one theme, whereby it ceases to tell a story and becomes more like an imaginative schoolboy's essay. "The Dweller on the Threshold" carries the theme of a collision of opposites, men and women, conservative and liberal, mystic and

scientist, Sea and Earth, East and West, and on and on, all piled into one novel and the edges smoothed out by, "Love". Somewhat like a persistent host, the author is inclined to ram things down one's throat, "Pray, take it--it's very good--let me help you--eat more!"

The novel is in the historical present. Hedleigh, its hero, has returned to his childhood home set along the Pacific coast and begins to reminisce. This technique is, in this case, fairly tricky for the reader to handle since he is usually never quite sure whether the older Hedleigh is remembering events, thoughts and impressions which occurred as a young boy of thirteen (in which case he would have a phenomenal memory), or whether he is now only interpreting the impressions and sensations which he remembers occurred to him as a boy, and interspersing them with the remembrance of exact events and conversations. It is quite dilemma and, in this instance, is furthered by the "unique" revelations which occur every few pages until the final, "Who do I love? Or who is it that loves? For if I who love am not, what does the love amount to?" -- the straw that breaks the camel's back. One is never sure who is having the revelation, Hedleigh the older or Hedleigh the younger.

There is no doubt that Patricia Joudry is a talented writer. This explains both why her novel was published and why it is not completely devoid of any merit. However, the genius of conception is utterly lacking and therefore makes the novel of little interest to the discerning reader.

William Marsden

Globelles outclass Vanier

Sylvia Vander Schee 14
Louise Regan 2
Marion Milne 2
Farrell Fluke 2

Court #1 at Proctor. However, the Globelles maintained dominance of the game and Marion Milne and Louise 'Louie Eggroll' Regan scored two points each and Sylvia Vander Schee scored another two points.

Although second string players Nancy Scott, Ann Holland, Ann Marziluk, Bev Josling and Sue Mahoney failed to find their scoring eyes "At least they didn't let Vanier into their zone to score" - Anne O'Byrne.

On-the-spot cheerleader Steve Chadwick commenting on the game, noted, "Well, then, I would like to say that the Globelles looked cute in their lovely yellow tunics."

Marion Milne was not pleased with the Globelles' performance. "I am not pleased with the Globelles' performance," she stated in a post-game interview.

"The level of competition in this league is just atrocious," added Wendy Hoover, "and it just brings us down to the calibre of our unworthy opponents."

On Monday, January 28, the Globelles will host the Don Mills Collegiate Junior Girls in an exhibition game at Proctor Fieldhouse at 7:00 pm.

Meanwhile, the Intercollege league continues and the Globelles will travel to Tait McKenzie tonight to meet the Osgoode Owls.

Last Tuesday night the Glendon Globelles, Glendon's women B-Ball team notoriously known for its cheap wins by default, journeyed to Tait McKenzie to meet Vanier. After three months of practising, the Globelles met Vanier, the first team to make an appearance since Stong last November, anxious to try out those superb plays Peter Jensen is always raving will never fail.

During the first half of play the Globelles dominated the game and scored twelve points on fast breaks by Sylvia Vander Schee and assisted by Marion Milne, Wendy Hoover and Sue Mahoney.

The second half began with a change of direction for the third time since the game began. Highlighting this half was a player standing 6 feet and weighing 180 lbs., just inside the centre line, from Vanier College who fluked two points. This threw the Globelles off a defensive tactic for this had not been studied during practice and Anne O'Byrne was unable to reach Jensen as his phone has not yet been installed in Squash

Let the play-offs begin

This evening at 8:30 at York University arena the Glendon Maple Lys will begin the playoff round robin series against arch rivals, Osgoode Hall Owls.

Six teams are entered in this section of the playoffs with each team playing the other once. After this, the top four teams compete for the championship in an elimination series.

With the Lys in such spirits, you're bound to see some good hockey. So lend your support for the upcoming games, particularly tonight's, will be prove to be tough and all help would be appreciated. After tonight's game on Monday, January 28 at 8:30 the Lys will be taking on undefeated McLaughlin College.

The team is looking forward to

meeting and beating the lawyers, a club which has had it pretty well its own way over the last four years.

Coach Wilson Ross explains his feelings: "I came back from playing in Holland with one purpose in mind, beating Osgoode and taking this Glendon club all the way to the Championship."

Captain Terry Tobias added: "This is my first year at Glendon College, but already I carry the same view as the veteran Maple Lys, defeat of the Osgoode Owls by Glendon tonight is imperative."

Stalwart Greg 'the cock' Cockburn as usual summed up Maple Lys' sentiment: "I'm still suffering from a very painful knee injury, but I'd play against those lawyers even if I was wearing a cast."

Jingles stars in upset

When Sidney Duck predicted a Sons of B victory over the Axemen, he wasn't kidding. Axemen star Charles Laforet complained that they didn't have enough players. "We didn't have enough players," remarked the BMO. Actually the B and E team was so powerful that Pete O'Brien got cold feet in goal. Only 'Howie' Kulach could beat him for the two goals scored by the Axemen.

The Axeman goaler Mark Anderson made a number of good saves, but he couldn't hold the fort forever. The lack of a steady defence didn't help so consequently the Sons of B had many chances. With Yves Gauthier in the penalty box a lot of the time, the Axemen lost the effectiveness of their only quality player. This is not to say that the rest of the team didn't try extremely hard.

Sons of B 7 Axemen 2

Scoring for the Sons of B were Serge Leclerc, Denis Gosselin, Steve Chadwick and Keith Caddy. Caddy missed a number of chances, obviously because of a long layoff. Lorne Prince was outstanding defensively by stopping 'Flash' Melvin on three one on ones.

B and E house, with many of the Maple Lys on the club seem to be the favourites at the moment. Incidentally John H. (Jingles) Riley scored three journeyman goals for the Sons of B.

Goalies' duel fizzles

What promised to be a battle of the contenders turned out to be a rout when only six players from the highly touted 3rd year Beaver Shooters showed up. We hope the fellows that did not show up had good hunting.

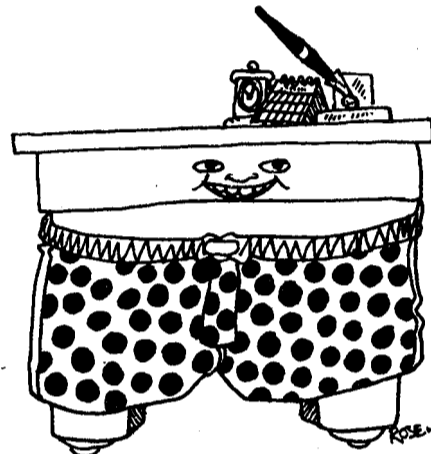
The 1st and 2nd year Animals got off to a quick start when Fred Bates connected on a breakaway by scoring on the 3rd year goalie who shall hereafter remain nameless. Also scoring for the Animals were Jimmy Dickins with a pair, Greg Grayelle a hatrick ("That's 3 goals, ladies") and Bob 'Hot Dog' Kellermann and Barry Howard with singles.

Animals 8 Beavers 6

Grayelle's feat was simply amazing when you consider that the Bear had not had a htrick scored on him since his kid brother beat him at air hockey last week in the Bradford pool hall.

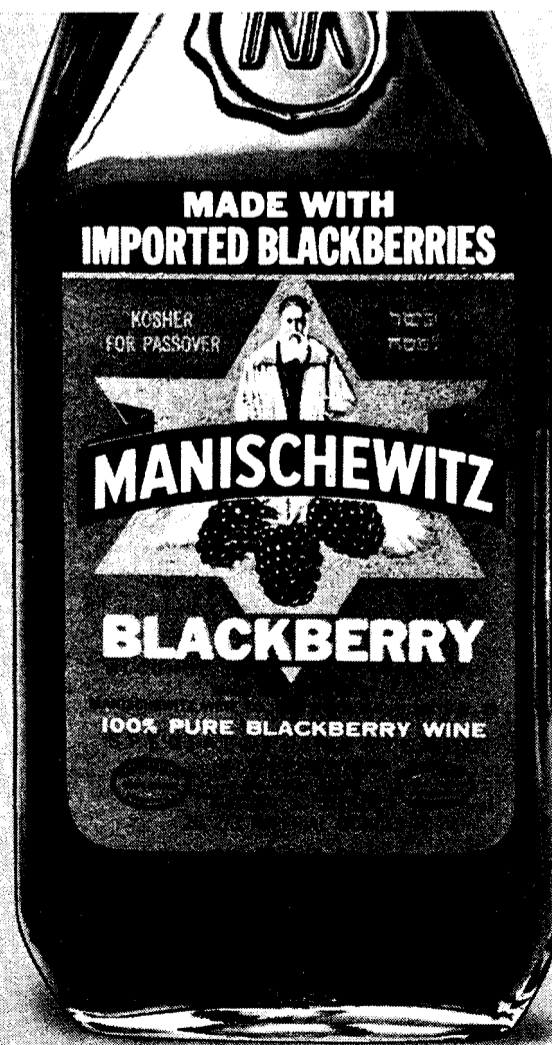
Though badly outshot, the 3rd year crew even held a 5 to 4 lead at one time before the roof fell in. The Beavers were led by Bob 'Dimmer' Dimofski with 3 goals ("That's a hatrick, ladies") followed by Steve Balderstone with a pair and a single by John 'MVP' Frankie. 'Shorty' and Martin Gorman also skated the full game for 3rd year. The Beavers didn't even have a player to replace the goalie when the score was 7-6 with a minute left.

ROSEWURST No 70



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CAPTURE BASKETBALL CROWN

Axemen finally victorious

by Brock Phillips

"We've won, we've won, we've finally won," screamed Paul 'Ernie G.' Picard, as he hopped through Proctor Fieldhouse and Glendon Hall

faster than he ever has in his Glendon life, announcing to one and all, and some uninterested people on the side, that the A-house Axemen had finally won a major championship. Indeed, after at least four or five years of trying, numerous finals ("A-

bout 20," says Ernie G.); after being picked as the favourites more times than the New York Rangers and having ended up second on more occasions than William Jennings Bryan and Adlai Stevenson combined, the Axemen were finally rewarded with a major championship.

Former Axeman turned jugitive now living in exile at the Arctic Circle, Tom 'Terrific' Kemp mentions that the Axemen have won something in the last few years. "It was the 1972-73 Golden Jock Award, but it does not carry as much prestige as a championship, and besides the players don't get small trophies for winning it. I suppose that's why we all participate."

The Axemen won this most amazing championship with an upset victory over the 4th year-alumni-faculty Veterans in the Glendon Basketball Association final last Thursday.

"We thought we had them," said Veteran Bob Gibson. "We had experience, stamina, pay-off money and we knew how to cheat, but we just couldn't beat the defence led by Dave 'Artis' Sullivan.

Sullivan, who won a gold medal in the turnover championship at the last Pillsbury Bake-off, stuck to basketball this time, and foiled many of the Veteran scoring drives.

Jon Husband had the hot-hand for the Axemen in their 40 to 32 win. He dunked 14 points to lead the Axemen. Paul 'Ernie G.' Picard broke out of a career-long scoring slump to swish for eight points. Coach, general manager, director of player personnel and team spokesman Mark Anderson was on the heels of Picard's Red Ball Keds as he hooped six points. Grouped at four points each were the Amazing Doug Watson, Dave 'Artis' Sullivan and Jimmy 'the Greek' Snyder. Kareem Abdul Fred Kulach, the Polish-Arab wonder of the basketball court, was pointless.

The Vets were led by the triumvirate of Mike Lustig, Tim Moore and Peter Hagaraats who accounted for 22 points. Lustig and Moore

accounted for 16 of the points and Hagaraats had the difference. Ron 'Comeback' Maltin and Bill 'Wild Man' Rowe divided four baskets equally, and Bob Gibson, in the twilight of his long and undistinguished career as a top professional squash player, finalled with two points.

In the winning dressing room (which was also the losing dressing room - community living due to budget cuts) where the water flowed (it's usually champagne, but in this case no one could figure out how to turn off the water fountain.) Jimmy 'the Greek' Snyder told PRO TEM's Mallard J. Duck, who was having the time of his life, that for once in their lives, the Axemen did not choke. "We got tired of being the bridesmaid. Now that has changed. We can hold our heads high like real champions, at least once we clear up all our debts to the bookies because we bet against our own team. With our track record it looked like a pretty safe bet. However, you can't win 'em all."

"They couldn't have done it without me," said team inspirational leader BMOC Charlie Laforet (known to his fan club as Charles the First). "Without my vocal support and clock fixing," continued the shy introvert and winner of the François Allard dining hall table jumping award, "4th year never would have become upset andblownthe game."

"I really do believe we could have won the game," commented a sober Peter Jensen in a postgame squash court interview. "I don't think we ran out of gas like the experts said. Our legs were still strong. I think we lost because we just didn't score enough points." (An amazing deduction. "No, I'm Amazing, and I didn't make that deduction." - Watson. "Basically, though, it is elementary my dear Watson," commented an intruder smoking a pipe, carrying a magnifying glass and wearing a deer stalker's cap.)

Alas, thus ends the 1973-74 G.B.A. season.

Veterans edged

The reigning G. H. L. champions, the 4th year-faculty-alumni Veterans, kicked off their 1974 season by losing to this year's top contender, the B and E house Sons of B.

"We were cold," said Wilson Ross vainly attempting to explain away the 4 to 3 loss. "We couldn't get adjusted to the ice and weather conditions."

"Who was cold. I sure wasn't," disagreed Ian McCaskill. "I was toasty warm all over. I had no problem adjusting to the ice, I just had trouble seeing it."

The Veterans began to defend their crown by breaking into an early and late two goal lead after convincing Pierre David that hockey at night was not his cup of tea. The first goal came off a shot by the team's policeman Bob Brown. However Ian McCaskill, Brent Stacey or Ron Maltin could have scored, but it is highly unlikely.

The second goal was steered in by Greg Cockburn. An outraged Son of B fan described it as a workmanlike goal. Cockburn described it as a picture play goal. Mallard J. Duck was too cold to care.

After the Cock's goal, the roof of Glendon Gardens fell on the Vets. (That is figuratively speaking. Unfortunately Glendon Gardens does not come equipped with a roof. This is however analogous to the sky falling.-Chicken Little)

The Sons of B scored four consecutive times highlighted by Denis Goselin, Keith Caddy, John H. 'Jingles' Riley and someone who is anonymous now, but will not be so when he fails to see his name in the paper.

Jamie Anderson put the Veterans right back in the game with a high, hard shot that had Son of B goalie Pete O'Brien handcuffed. Ron Maltin was pulled for an extra attacker, but time ran out on the charging Veterans.

In a postgame Café de Terrasse interview non-partisan fan Sue Powell predicted that the 4th year-faculty-alumni Veterans would triumph over evil and take the Stanley Saucer. She told PRO TEM's Ynevy Yehetsev, who did not understand a word, that Veteran fans should not be disheartened.

"They're in good spirits," she said. "I'll drink to that," replied Wild Bill Wade. "Ah, that's some beer."

Leafs bombed

The Fleurs de Leafs Glendon's highly touted women's intercollege hockey team, went into their second regular season game last Thursday against Bethune as two goal favourites, but retired as the losers by five.

"We just couldn't seem to get untracked," said Leaf spokeswoman Sue Powell recounting the 6 to 1 loss. "We were the clear favourites before the opening face-off, but they were the clear favourites once the puck was dropped. They had this peculiar knack of the putting the puck into the net. I believe, though, they describe that as being the name of the game."

Mary Perkins opened the scoring for Bethune; then Mary Worth popped in two in a row. The girls in 3 G. rounded out the scoring with three high shots into the bottom of the net.

Bethune had built up a 6 to 0 lead and had pulled their goalie before Fleur de Leaf Jane McCarthy was able to streak down the ice and tuck a high, hard shot by a retreating Bethune defence woman. The Fleurs de Leafs however could not score again as Marnie Stranks kept the game within reason by kicking out numerous sure goals.

Hockey star and some time radical, Marilyn Burnett told PRO TEM hockey reporter Jaffey Baganetti, who recently returned from the North Pole after attending the Santa Calus-Inuvik Pro-Am Golf Tournament, that she felt the Fleurs de Leafs had reached their lowest point. "The only way is up, we couldn't get much worse. What a piss-off that game was. We didn't give goalie Marnie Stranks any protection. She faced breakaways all game. I think though with a little more practice we'll find out what those damn sticks are used for and what importance that little round black thing has, and then we will be unbeatable."

"Gee basketball is great," exclaimed Bev Josling, "only I still can't figure out what is offence and what is defence. Oh, I'm sorry. I'm in the wrong sports story."

"I thought the team had jelled," said coach Cockburn in a postgame interview. "I believe we'll improve with time, more practice, more of my famous chalk talks, bigger gate percentage, and once we return to Fleur de Leafs Gardens. I'm mildly pleased with our road trip. We gained a split. We're tough at home though."

The Fleurs de Leafs meet Flounders on Fleur de Leafs Gardens ice today at 4:30. Advance ticket sales have been going well and team owner and Gardens president B. Lamar Phillips predicts standing-room -only tickets will be the only tickets available at game time.

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on tap

THURSDAY

Glendon students read their poetry in the Café at 8:30 pm
Free admission

Hart House Theatre presents 'Peer Gynt', a play by Henrik Ibsen, until Saturday, Jan. 26th; evenings at 8:30 pm. For reservations call 928-8668

'The Toronto Pixie Caper' continues until Sunday at the Theatre Passe Muraille, 11 Trinity Square, 366-3376

The 99 cent Roxy presents 'Sunday and Cybelle' at 7 and 10:30 pm, 'One Potato, Two Potato' at 8:55

FRIDAY

On Campus: Classical Concert with Michael Strutt on guitar in the Café de la Terrasse at 8:30 pm. Admission 75 cents

COSMICON: the third annual comic/sci-fi convention runs from 5 pm. Friday to Sunday at York's Winters College. Weekend tickets are \$5 advance, \$7 at the door, or \$3 daily. 667-3888

The Roxy, Danforth at Greenwood, shows 'Live and Let Die' at 7 and 10:55, and Roman Polanski's 'Fearless Vampire Killers' at 9:05 pm.

SATURDAY

On Campus: House Party Night; you are welcomed by both Hilliard and Wood; watch for further details

Murray McLauchlan appears at Massey Hall at 8:30 pm.

'Sinister Harvest' and Mystery of the Leaping Fish at 7 and 9:25; Mick Jagger in 'Performance' at 7:30 and 10:00; 'Night of the Living Dead' at midnite; all at the Roxy Theatre.

11:43 pm, CBC: ROCK CONCERT features Richie Havens Van Morrison and Mott the Hoople

SUNDAY

New Chamber Orchestra of Canada presents Sheila Henig, pianist, in the Great Hall of Hart House of U. of T. at 8:30 pm. Students \$2. 928-5524

MONDAY

Ingmar Bergman's 'Cries and Whispers' shows at 7 and 10:55, John Cassavetes appears in 'Faces' at 8:40 at the Roxy

TUESDAY

David Freeman's 'You're Gonna Be Alright Jamie-Boy' continues for an indefinite run at the Tarragon Theatre, 30 Bridgman Avenue. 531-1827

At the Roxy: 'The Conformist' at 7 and 10:55, Malcolm McDowell in 'If' at 9:00 pm.

Poet George Bowering will be at the York Campus at 12 noon in S869 Ross Building

WEDNESDAY

The Roxy Theatre presents 'If' at 7 and 10:55, and the 'Conformist' at 8:55 pm.

'Big Bad Mouse' with Eric Sykes makes a return engagement to February 2.

COMING UP

Glendon's Annual Winter Weekend takes place from Thursday, January 31 to Sunday, February 3:

THURSDAY: Dance with Chester at 8:30 pm. in the O.D.H. Admission 75 cents

FRIDAY: Glendon Night featuring 'The Brass Studs', 'Croak Cabaret', Boat Races, and more; in the O.D.H. at 8:30 pm. Admission 75 cents

SATURDAY: Boîte à Chansons dans le Café à 8h30; Entrée 75 cents

SUNDAY: Wine and Cheese Party in the Students Council Offices at 7:00 pm.; Free, courtesy of the Student Council.

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