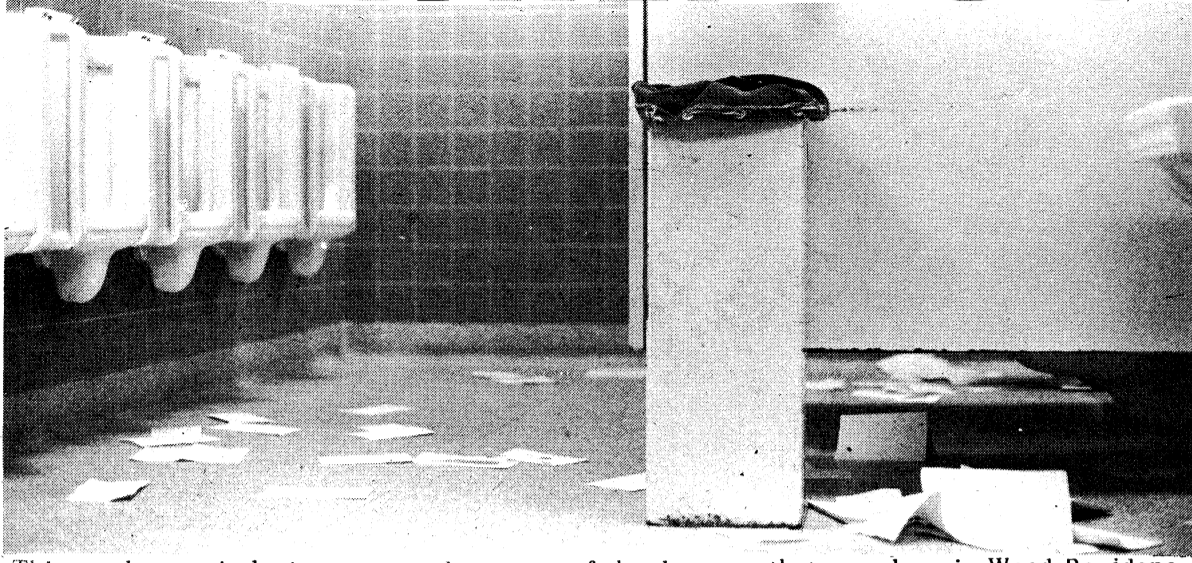


MISCHIEF ROCKS CAMPUS



This washroom is lucky compared to some of the damage that was done in Wood Residence A-House washroom.

by Cindy Randall

Vandalism is not a problem at Glendon, however petty mischief can result in enough damage and expense to make it of concern to the community. Last year the problem was costly when some typewriters were found missing from various offices. This year there is a new concern: the washrooms in the basement of York Hall and the basement of A wing are often littered with paper towels, and the cisterns plugged with them. This is not something which causes great damage but there is certainly expense involved: it required two men and a whole afternoon to clean up.

A more serious danger concerns the Bell Telephone kiosk in the basement of York Hall, which contains the main phone wires for Glendon. This area is apparently accessible since twice during the week of Christmas there was evi-

dence that a celebration of some sort had taken place. Wine bottles and coke cans littered the area and paper towels were spread around. It is obvious that this mischievousness does not represent an immediate danger, however it has great potential as a fire hazard with one carelessly thrown match.

Mr. Horner, Head Caretaker at Glendon, wished this problem to be exposed in Pro Tem so that, in his words, "the students could deal with the students". His only way of alleviating the situation would be to stop putting paper towels in the washrooms, however he doubts this would solve anything. An obvious solution would be to have security constantly patrolling the area, however as we are all aware there is a shortage of staff based on those inevitable budgetary considerations. As Mr. Horner pointed out, also,

Glendon is a very accessible campus; but he feels that it is neither outsiders nor residence students who are causing this damage. Considering the area of the problem the lockers in the basement of York Hall - the first conclusion is that day students are causing the trouble.

Mr. Horner is anxious to note that Glendon students as a whole are a good group; he says he works well with Ted Paget and generally gets cooperation all round.

But these small violences do cause an unnecessary waste of time and money and create a potential danger for us. Even on my own floor in residence, I am made aware today of another incident of the same nature: our phone is gone, very cleanly removed, wires and all.

Late Flash

News broke after this article went to press that PRO TEM now hastens

to bring you up to date on. Saturday night was a memorable one for negligent behaviour. A house party which eventually became drunk, was accidentally productive of a broken washroom sink. Someone just sat on it that's all. The sink then broke and water began flowing freely. The PRO TEM reporter on the scene, noted that a crew of well wishing decadents remained on hand in an attempt to prevent the water from flowing into the hall. The house party gave its signal around 12:30 a.m. It was a happy sound as a cherry bomb rocked the A House

stairwell.

Not so acceptable was the performance of another group, who stole four telephones, smashed in the condom machine in the vending room (D House basement) and left a trail of blood from the violated machine. There was even blood on one student's door. This second groups of actions must be considered in the judgmental light of the un-fun and destructive. It is this disturbance rather than that of the first group that should be a matter of concern to this community. GRAB



VOLUME 14, NUMBER 16

JANUARY 15, 1975

Board Fights Back

by Larry Guimond

Last term the Pipe Room Board, appealed for help from the students. It could be said that we begged students to get out and help. Thanks to Pro Tem we were able to mount a large campaign in asking for volunteers. It worked, for about one or two days. As quickly as people came out to help, they disappeared. Ted and I offered our resignations as a move to spark interest but we might as well have kept quiet.

The second term has just started and the Pipe Room Board is back in its original dilemma. Ted and I have both decided against resignation. Entertainment has become too much a part of our student lives to get out. Hopefully with the few people that vo-

lunteered in the fall and stayed to help us we can make entertainment both interesting and pleasant. To the few people who cared enough during the first term to help, our thanks. To the rest, you probably could not care less so I will leave it at that.

Many people have found occasion to bitch about the new pricing system for second term. The prices we charge for admission for the first term were feasible when we were able to have a larger crowd. Under the new liquor license, attendance is limited so the prices have to be set higher so that we can break even. Or as is usually the case, not lose too much. If anyone can find the same calibre of entertainment at a lower price some where else - please let us all know, we would be happy to join you.



Maximum Speed brought their fine sounds to Glendon last Saturday.

Oxfam Shafted By Administration

Monday night the Glendon Student Union sat until after 11:00 p.m. to deal with a lengthy and important agenda.

External Affairs commissioner Gord Clark reported that the Guelph Student Association wants information on our Food Services programme; a request designed to assist their own community. Simon Fraser University is going to have a Women's Conference in June for those who might be interested.

Academic Affairs Commissioner Shirley Wales asked the Council if it was prepared to use last year's evaluation questions again this year. Council thought this was acceptable.

Marc Duguay moved that Faculty Council be asked to set up a sub-committee to look into the problem of the academic evaluation process. This sub-committee would then deliver their findings to next year's Council assisting them to improve the process as it now stands.

Jitske Moll, the vice-president of the newly formed Psychology Course Union addressed the Council

requesting funds for her Union (the deadline was December 2). Council moved to grant the usual \$50 upon reception of a budget, and applauded Mrs. Moll's efforts in the creation of a new Course Union.

Chuck Eisel, the G.C.S.U.'s vice-president, has been forced to withdraw from Glendon College, and Marc moved that we accept his resignation from the Council with our thanks for a job well done and our best wishes for his future.

Claude Filion then moved (in absentia by proxy) that the Council formally approach Jennifer Kasper, (Chuck's running mate...remember?). Bob Becker hastily talked to the motion with the information that he'd already spoken with her informally. After much thought she regrets that she cannot now assume the responsibilities of vice-president. Council felt that there was no point in having an election so close to the February election. Marc moved that the Council move a motion that would welcome Larry Guimond as Vice-President.

Sapsford thought that it would be better to make the motion non specific and that the Council simply open nominations for the post among the Council members. Marc C. Duguay felt there was no point in offering the job outside the Council as what Council needs is a chairperson for the meeting, and therefore it should be someone familiar with the workings of Council. Peter Russell agreed and Bennett said that such a move was at variance with his definition of democracy. The debate raged, and in the meantime Larry Guimond will continue as interim V.P.

Council Business Manager Arthur Roy presented an up to date budget, which indicates that the G.C.S.U. has \$8,701.70 left for the rest of the year. Bob Becker moved on Arthur's advice that \$3,000 be put into an auxiliary contingency fund until April 1, thus buying the Council \$3,000 worth of non-commissioned insurance money against disasters and acts of God. The motion passed.

Peter Bennett suggested that the Council look further into organizing the question of the Beder Estate, rumoured to be earmarked for the G.C.S.U.'s use upon his death.

Peter Russell moved that \$1,000 be given to the Pipe Room Board to set up the capital goods expenditure fund that was introduced by Larry Guimond. Marc spoke against the motion taking the view that to give our money without a budget being presented would establish further precedent for other groups to approach Council with similar requests. Marc felt that with only \$8,000 left it would be unfair to consider the Pipe Room Board ahead of other financially desperate institutions on campus. Debate raged and Peter decided to withdraw the motion on the understanding that all needy organizations would be dealt with next week when presented budgets would make it possible to properly assess and relate priorities.

The highlight of this weeks meeting was the unofficial news that Marilyn Sapsford obtained through the Dean's office, which would indicate that York University would sue Beaver Foods if they convert to cash any of the donated Oxfam scrip. This means Oxfam may not get as much as \$400. President Marc Duguay said Monday night,

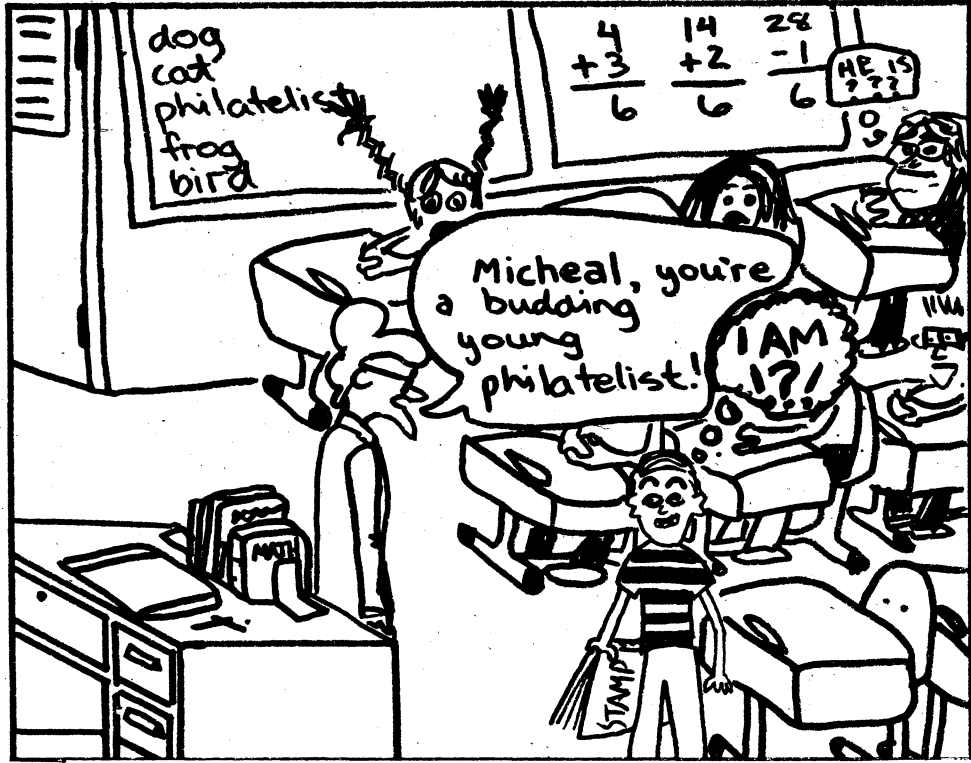
"The G.C.S.U. will take any action necessary to insure that Oxfam are paid. Marilyn Sapsford moved the following motion which was passed unanimously: "The G.C.S.U. takes strong exception to, and will consider public action against, any move by, or on behalf of York University, that would thwart the conversion of scrip to cash, thereby making the donation to Oxfam impossible." Council feels that the Glendon community would like their Council to take a strong stand against this type of administrative caprice.

Out of the Mouths of Babes

by Doug Graham

Don't you just love holidays. I love them so much that I almost forgot to write this. I am writing it just under my personal deadline. I had three whole weeks and waited till now to put some ideas on paper. Holidays make me procrastinate. During the school year, I prided myself on my punctuality with assignments and readings, but as soon as the holidays come around, anything is a good excuse to say to hell with it. I can't read this book this afternoon because they're giving away a car on Let's Make a Deal. I can't start that assignment tonight because the beer store closes in two hours. I can't possibly do any work today because it's the fifteenth anniversary of my snapping turtles death.

I was nearly thirteen before I knew what procrastination meant. When teachers accused me of procrastinating I would get very embarrassed, because I figured I must have done something just short of mortal sin. The word sounds so sinful. It should be on the wall of the john. "Terry Quigly procrastinates every night with a flashlight." (if there is a Terry Quigly reading this, I do apologize, it's nothing personal.) No wonder I fostered an idea like that. I once had a teacher that put a sign up on the blackboard. "Thou shalt not procrastinate." I figured it really was one of the Ten Commandments under the same category as coveting your neighbour's ass. (Incidentally, that was another one that took me some time



to figure out.)

Little kids have a tough time with big words and profanity. When we heard our teacher reading that Jesus rode an ass into Jerusalem, we heard the call from the back of the room, "I bet it was Terry Quigly." When the science teachers told us a female dog is called a bitch, somebody wrote on the wall, "Terry Quigly is a puppy." The clincher was one day when a teacher told me I had pulled a real boner on my math test. My God, how could she say that, in front of the whole class. Everybody got a

good laugh out of that, except the teacher, and a few sucks, and me of course.

Big words used to attract the same kind of attention. When Michael showed the class his stamp album, the teacher called him a budding young philatelist. That's strange, I thought his collection was pretty good. Later we heard how Wilfred Laurier accused his political opponents of jerryman-dering. How did he find out?

You see, when you're small, you attach your own meaning to a word that you don't know the meaning of, and whenever you hear it, you as-

sociate it to whatever your idea is. For example, philatelist sounds nearly the same as a practice common among homosexuals, hence the laugh in regards to Michael. But when our teacher went on to explain that there are country wide Philatelist's Societies, and Michael should consider joining, we didn't hang around with him any more. We were also surprised that such people would actually make up a club for philately, and advertise.

We came to associate jerryman-dering, with manhandling. That's a hell of a think to say in parliament, in front of the Governor General. Thank God the Queen wasn't there, she probably would have fainted.

Once a week, our teacher announced, we were to have lessons in normal social intercourse in our health class. Good Lord, I hope we have movies. They'd beat hell out of "How Billy Keeps Clean." Our first topic was to be Lester Pearson. I could see no use. I also wondered if he could put us all in jail if he found out what we were discussing about him.

I guess you can imagine our great disappointment when we went into class and only talked to Ruthie.

It all boils down to one lesson. Watch what you say in front of kids. You chew your food, you don't masticate. Men are men, not homosapians. Something strange is strange, not perverse. Your girlfriend is teaching you the dog paddle, not the breast stroke. Henry shouted, he didn't ejaculate. Mary's new boyfriend gave her applause, not a clap after she sang. Mary shows all her friends her crustaceans.

Students Abroad; An Advantage Offered to Glendon Students

by Gordon McIvor

Every student dreams of spending a year in a foreign university soaking up culture and seeing how a people different than his (or her) own spend their waking hours. For students in the bilingual program at Glendon College, this dream can become reality in their third academic year. Glendon is one of the "approved" colleges which may participate in academic exchanges with certain franco-phone universities in either Québec or France.

Very little is known to the prospective candidate about study overseas, and he will often stop and ask himself if maybe he should forget the whole thing. For there are many discouraging words which will come his way. The standards are much higher, there is no communication between professor and student, the methods of education often seem old fashioned and impossible to follow, and the total bureaucracy seems to separate the student and the solution by a sea of red tape. But if you are thinking of going abroad next year, hang in there. Others have done it

before you with great success, and it can be a very rewarding experience both academically and socially. Just think...even if you don't pass, you may fall in love and have babies before you come back! But seriously the year abroad can be magnificent. I have just read some letters from a girl in Montpellier who is absolutely thrilled with the whole idea. She says that she isn't crazy about the "analyse de texte" method of teaching, and she wishes she had been more prepared for the culture shock which she received at the beginning of the academic year, but overall she wouldn't have it any other way. So how about that...there are some encouraging words about study abroad after all.

Those going to Europe for third

year will register in the franco-phone university as students of first year. They will register in the section of the college which offers their major discipline (being liberal arts students, it would probably be in the "lettres" section). Then the student orients his program, probably taking "lettres", "langues vivantes étrangères", "histoire and géographie", and "philosophie and sciences humaines". Generally the student takes one subject from each one of those categories in his first year, but since the Glendon third year student will have all ready chosen his major, he would probably get special concession to take more than one subject under his major discipline (if this was french literature, you would choose the "histoire littéraire

in the "lettres" section). Does all this sound complicated? Well it is, but once you have your courses chosen and approved, you can settle back and concentrate on your studies and having fun. That's right, I said having fun! After all, you are on the glorious continent of Europe, and should make the most of it. If things get you down, you can always retreat to the local café for a pernot.

Incidentally, the colleges or universities approved in Québec are Laval, Sherbrooke, and Trois-Rivières. Those approved in France are Montpellier, Bordeaux, Dyon, and Aix-en-Provence. To everyone thinking of going away next year, I wish you all the best of luck. I think we're going to need it.

New Year's Eve With Charlie

by Peter Crane

Meeting the famous Charlie Farquarson at a New Year's Eve party resulted in the following conversation.

"Charlie, ol' boy, how are you?" I said excitedly.

"Not bad, thank ya, gee

they tell me youse a student back at yer university."

"That's right, Glendon College," I replied with a grin.

"Oh yea, Glendale College, ain't that part of yer Yuk University?" he snorted

"We are, Charlie, but we have our own campus."

"Now, I remember, Glendale is a small campus which tries to promote yer bilateralism!"

"Yea and still trying," I said while trying not to laugh.

"You know it's all coming back to me now. I used to go on walks through yer campus. I would walk past yer Hill-yard residence, yer Frosted library and then round yer Wooded residence."

"Well, they're all still there," I said while making a quick translation.

"Sometimes I would even go down to yer Pockmarked Fieldmazin'."

Figuring he meant Proctor Fieldhouse I said, "I never knew you were the athletic type?" (He didn't look it.)

"Oh, I never went in the buildin, besides don't they grow squash or something in that place?" he seemed puzzled.

"I don't know, Glendale seems a might strange. I mean, I was sittin' down in yer Nude Dinin' Hall and e-

very once in a while a Beaver would come up from yer basement and yell ouha whole bunch o' numbers. Why can't they play Bingo after eatin' like normal folk?"

There was a pause and I was going to say something but Charlie had more comments.

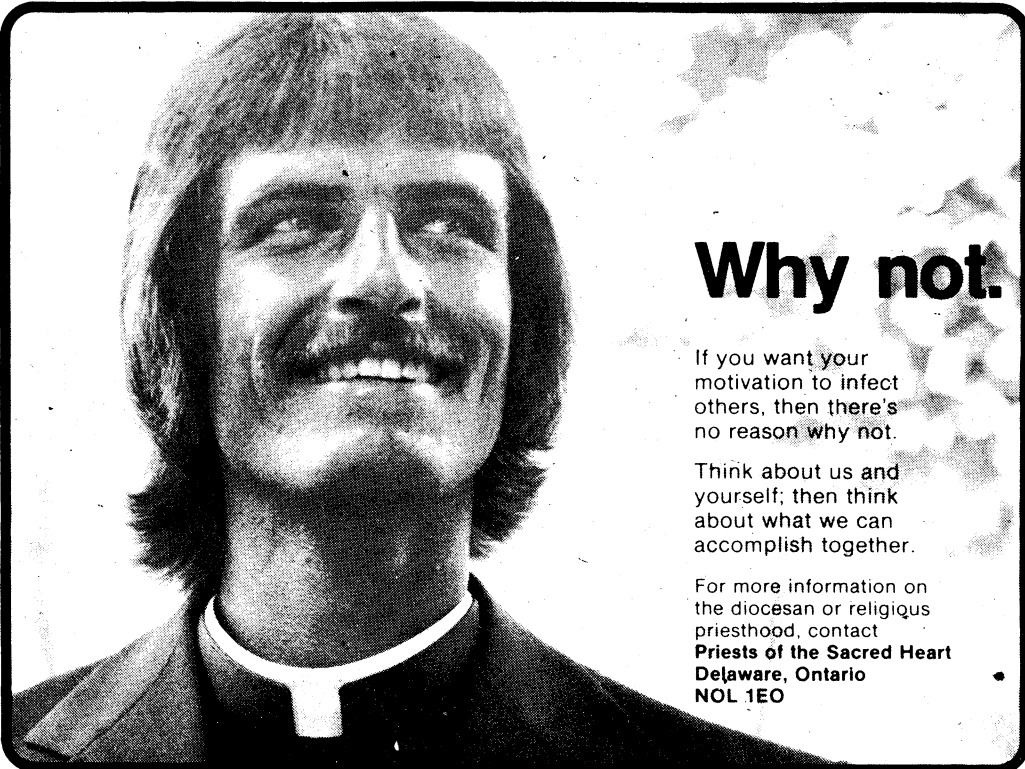
"Ya seem to have a real zoo at that place. I mean you got Beavers that serve food, yer Frogs that drink beer, and they even tell me ya got a Wolf that teachers yer holy Macro-economics!"

"All right let's take yer Pipe Room. I can't wait to tell mother about yer recipe for yer 'Brussels Sprouts'." Charlie was laughing hysterically.

"Charlie, you have a lovely way with words."

"Yea, I know it. Hey, it's midnight, we have to bring in yer Nude year. Would you turn off Guy Lumbagel, I want to say somethin' to everybody,

As old Lang's sign used to read; have a happy new year and on your way home tonight, don't drink and drive, you might spill some."



Why not.

If you want your motivation or infect others, then there's no reason why not.

Think about us and yourself; then think about what we can accomplish together.

For more information on the diocesan or religious priesthood, contact Priests of the Sacred Heart Delaware, Ontario NOL 1EO

pro tem

Only as good as the community it serves.

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 Entertainment Editor: Peter Russell
 Layout: Paul Dowling
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 Photography: Al Lysaght, Nancy Bloom, Bruce McMulkin,
 Tony Caldwell. Cartoons: Ron Munro
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 Northcote, Liz Brittain, Robin Peterson, Patricia Phillips,
 Anne Meggs, Jan Penhorwood, Sharon Kelly, Catherine
 Cooper, Larry Mohring, Roberta Powers, Cathy Scott,
 Milana Todroff, Marney Gattinger, Gillian King.

For The Sake Of The Subject

I saw the tape of a very enjoyable comedy sketch the other day on a television show that was viewing the evolution of the comic. It has been done by a young comedian, Albert Brooks, who has gained wide spread popularity in a relatively short period of time. While talk persists that the belly laugh went out with the now legendary comedians, (Marx Brothers, W.C. Fields, etc.) Al Brooks is quickly changing that state of affairs and will soon be joining the other comic giants of our era at the top of the applause meter.

It may seem strange to consider such a subject as this in this space but it was the nature of Mr Brooks' material that struck an ironic chord. You see, his act began with him sitting pensively in a large chair, viewing his audience with an anxious expression on his face. He immediately stated that he had found himself at this early point in his career with no more material. He had nothing funny to offer his fans.

He was completely frank with them and was just asking for their understanding and trust in this very pressing dilemma. He shrugged and then intimated that he could do the standard funnies that anyone could do. It was at this point that Brooks brought the house down. He quickly began running through all the standard slapstick humour gags that were performed so long ago. He jumped from his chair and undid his pants, saying that anyone could drop their pants and get a laugh. Or he could have had a funny face painted on his chest, he removed his shirt and there it was, but that just wouldn't be his type of humour.

He then reached back for a cream pie (a real old and golden goodie) and then explained that if he was really desperate for laughs he could throw the pie in his face like this. Then with pie all over his face he stated that he could go a step farther and cover himself with whip-

ped cream but that, as he sprayed it all over himself, was way below his standard as a comedian. Of course, the seltzer bottle would guarantee a few chuckles but he couldn't expect his audience to accept that kind of gag. He then poured seltzer on himself.

Finally he reiterated the point that he wanted to be honest with the people, he wanted their trust and understanding and would never allow himself to resort to those kinds of pranks to get laughs. He knew, he said, that the people would understand his temporary lack of material and would patiently wait for its return. It wasn't necessary for him to sacrifice quality.

If you can visualize the way he appeared at the end, undressed, covered in cream and seltzer with this stupid face painted on his chest, lecturing the audience on his apparent lack of humour, you can understand the great amount of laughter he got. He certainly broke me up.

But the ironic chord that I mentioned earlier is the real point of this story. The whole idea behind this very funny performance was that Al Brooks had nothing funny to offer. That is what he said, and then he immediately went into one of the most humorous sketches I've viewed. He used the idea of not having any subject matter as his subject. It worked brilliantly.

So it brought to mind that idea, of producing a talk or a written work by saying for writing that you have nothing to say or write. It goes hand in hand with that major rule about talking or writing about subjects you are familiar with. If you've got nothing to say or nothing to write about or no funny jokes, I guess you should just say that, write that down, or make jokes about that.

Who knows, unless something interesting comes along for next week, I may be forced to write that I have nothing to write about. I wonder if I could be as funny as Al Brooks?

GRAB BAG

It is impossible to ever have full and complete communication between two people. What we settle for always is a form of compromise. People only organize themselves into groups of acquaintances because they have to. The people they move with are the people that fall somewhere inside their own limitations. This makes for enough contact to sustain some form of relationship.

We make enemies when we have too much faith in the reachability of everyone, for beyond our personal frontiers we are treading on someone else's territory, where the language is accented very differently. There are no rights and wrongs in this no man's land, only un communication and schism.

The same rules of compromise apply to the lover, who having given himself has nothing more to give. The difference here is that the desire is stronger. The lover may not be able to believe in his eventual failure, and so he continues his pursuit by offering the beloved evenings of entertainment and games rather than just his bed. To offer the games is the compromise and the lie. It creates the stasis in which he will burn himself out eventually at no inconsiderable cost. To offer his bed again, having once been refused is to push towards

resolution and possible agony. The true romantic can never let go, and if he doesn't kill himself like Romeo he will experience a death in life, albeit a romantically heroic one. The true cynic will never push for resolution, hardly believing that people can ever get close enough to one another to make the experience in any way worthwhile.

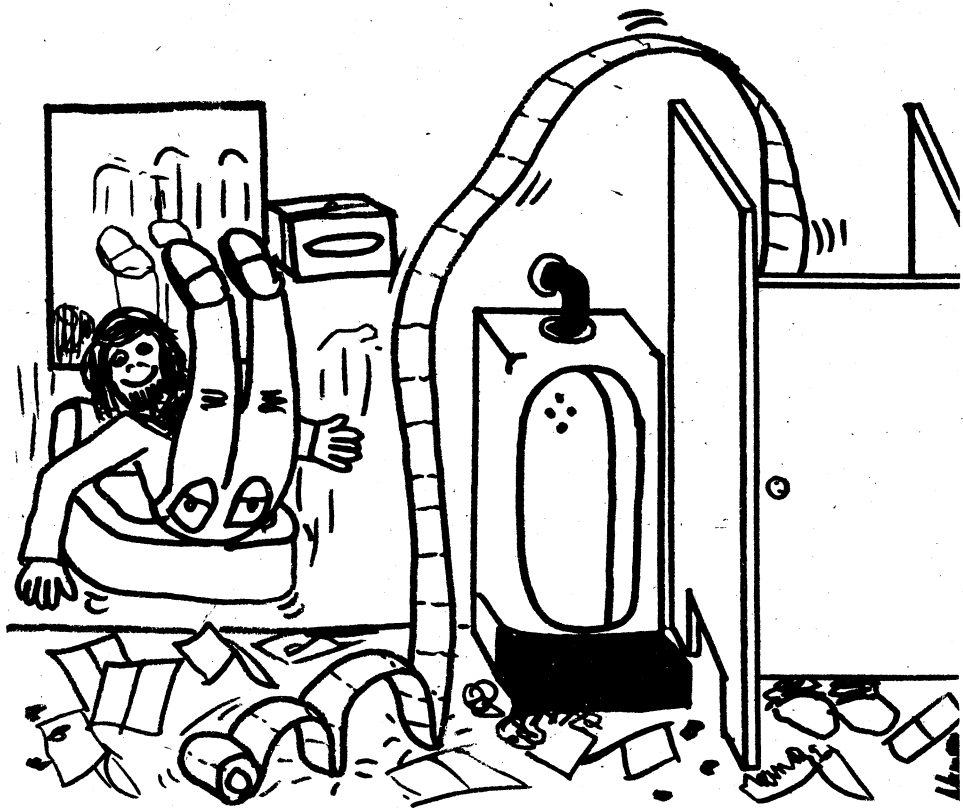
Somewhere in between these two extremes lies most of the human race. When you see one of your friends unable to tear themselves from a continually failing relationship, don't be too hard on them. If they are the type who can cope with everything else it just means they really are in love. Chances are you won't hear about it from that type of a person. And when you hear from the cynic who has never known what it is to love; someone who never gave themselves to anyone, have support for them likewise, for although they seem to be masters at life, their time has not yet arrived. When you want to talk to someone, you shouldn't, and when it doesn't matter, there is no need to talk.

If you're in love and can't let go, you're too left of centre. If you are too cold for love you are too far right of centre. The centre is a very big grey swamp of human mediocrity. Here endeth the lesson.

Dean Applicants

Candidates must be able to function in both French and English. Enquiries should be directed to E. Hopkins, C214, York Hall, (487-6195).

Applications must be received by January 15, 1975.



Mischief and madness reign supreme as this week's big issue was vandalism.

Letters to the editor

COME FORWARD

Editor's Note:

I received a letter this week addressed to the editor of PRO TEM. The author requested that I print it in the newspaper, but, at the same time, conceded that I would not. I can not print this letter since it is of a personal nature, challenging me and my personality and has nothing to do with me as the editor or with any other aspect of PRO TEM. However, I do wish this person would make themselves known to me so we can at least discuss the allegations that are made in the letter. Failing that I would hope that you'll continue your anonymous correspondence with me, allowing me to answer your claims by mail. If you are thinking of dropping the entire matter I ask you instead, to exhibit for me, some of the concern you display for others by being more honest, open and specific about your claims regarding me. I await your response.

BILINGUALISM

To the Editor:

It has been rare for me to find fault with the editor up to this point in the school year. Last week's few lines about bilingualism I believe show an indifferent attitude to the whole problem. While you are not the only one to adopt this passing the buck attitude I feel it is important for the paper to reflect a position on the question. If a few more people would take a stand and do something the problem could be aided and maybe even a solution can be worked out.

Hopefully the paper can give a push to the whole question so that one of the college's *raison d'être* does not pass away. Please do not let bilingualism die like so many others are doing.

Larry Guimond

GREAT DEBATE

To the editor:

While discussing the Arab Israeli conflict with my Israeli friend Moshinsky, whom I met at Glendon, I was challenged to a public

debate based on our differences. Without hesitation, I accepted the challenge, and the date, the time, and the place of the debate was set with the agreement of the Student Council. However, it was agreed that before the debate, both sides would meet to define the format of the debate. Also, it was agreed that each side would have three persons on its panel.

On Sunday, January 11th, the meeting took place at the Glendon Old Dining Hall. After resolving minor difficulties, concerning the length of the debate, etc., a deadlock occurred, concerning the nationality of the debaters. When I was asked about the personnel on our panel, I replied that one of them was an Israeli. I responded, stating that our side has no limitation at all on the freedom of the personnel composing the panel, and that they may bring any person they desire, regardless of their nationality. Still, my opponent, whom I also found out to be a representative of the Jewish Student Federation at York may bring any person they desire, regardless of their nationality. Still, my opponent, whom I also found out to be a representative of the Jewish Student Federation at York University, insisted that my Israeli colleague has to be removed from our panel. Also present at our meeting was Marc Duguay, the president of the Student Council, who tried his utmost to have a compromise reached. His efforts were in vain. Consequently our opponent desiring to place limitation on our presentation by trying to control the individuals on the panel, and not able to do so, retreated from the debate. Our side, however, remains firm on its commitment, and plans to proceed with the debate, challenging any individual or organization which 6 members prepared to participate.

We await a response from any willing party including the Jewish Student Federation, and if there is none by Friday January 17th, we will be proceeding alone, with the support of the president of the Student Council, soon after that date.

Vahi Ketenjian



ON TAP

on campus

Mercredi: "Happiness" (URSS 1924) presente par Hum. 373 dans la salle 204 a 4 h 15; entree est libre.

Friday and Saturday: Lisa Garber returns to the Cafe; at 8:30 p.m. each evening, \$1.25 per person.

Watch for Winter Weekend upcoming at the end of the month.

movies

At the Roxy Theatre, Danforth at Greenwood; 461-2401, 99c each evening.

Wednesday: 'West Side Story' at 7:00 and 9:45 p.m.

Thursday: Cagney's 'Public Enemy' at 7:00 and 9:45 p.m.

'Little Caesar' at 8:15.

Friday: Jagger in 'Performance' at 7:00 and 10:35 p.m.

A film about Hendrix at 8:50 p.m.

Saturday: 'Yellow Submarine' and 'Batman and Robin' at 2:30 p.m.

'Pink Flamingos' at 7:00 and 8:30 p.m.

'Hendrix at Berkeley' at 8:25 and 10:50 p.m.

'Pink Flamingos' at midnight.

Monday: Ingemar Bergman's 'Shame' at 7:00 and 10:15

'Cries and Whispers' at 8:40 p.m.

Tuesday: 'Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz' at 7:00 and 10:30 p.m.

'The Magic Christian' at 9:00 p.m.

GUNGA DIN (1939) at the Bristol Place Hotel (950 Dixon Rd.) on Sunday at 7:30 P.M. Admission \$1.50

By LARRY MOHRING

The events of the so-called 'crise d' octobre' were very frightening and sad. It was a time when "an apprehended insurrection" was perceived to exist in our country. A time when civil rights were suspended. A time for fear for the lives of two men. A time when one would be brutally murdered. A time when, indeed, "Canada lost her innocence".

As one who was in Montreal during those hectic days, I will long remember the sight of soldiers and armoured cars in that city. But no "bleeding-heart" and I: for I will neither forget my sadness and shock following the discovery of the body of Pierre Laporte.

How could this have happened in Canada? A brief examination of Quebec's separatist movement during the 1940's and 1950's, a look at the Quiet Revolution, and a view of those events of October 1970, are revealed in a new 90 minutes NFB production entitled ACTION—THE OCTOBER CRISIS OF 1970.

This film has been produced and directed by Robin Spry, an accomplished 34-year-old film-maker who joined the National Film Board in 1965, wrote and directed a television drama two years later called ILLEGAL ABORTION, directed a documentary of the Yorkville district, FLOWERS ON A ONE-WAY STREET (1968), and subsequently co-directed PROLOGUE, which was acclaimed at the 1969 Venice Film Festival. ACTION was originally screened last fall at the Strat-

ford International Festival and was deemed "The most important documentary the board has produced (London Free Press). Negotiations to have the film released by the CBC seem to have stalled, and as a result Spry has elected to release the film via open forums to attain a certain amount of exposure. The Toronto premiere will be tonite, Wednesday at 8:00 p.m. at the St. Lawrence Centre. Admission is free.

The film, of course, focuses on the kidnappings of Cross and Laporte and the subsequent events: the debate over the War Measures Act, the futile searches for so many days, culminating in the release of James Cross. What does the film reveal that was not known before? Very little, which comprises its major drawback. However, what it does do, it vividly recaptures the feelings and events of the period in one piece. Historians will debate the merits and failings of the various individuals. But what the film-maker has done is present a visual documentary chronicle of what transpired: LEST we forget.

What transpired during October, 1970, forced Canadians to re-evaluate their society: the role of government, the value of civil rights, and the limits to which citizens will permit the judiciary and police to go to protect the fabric of their society. (The encounter between Trudeau and reporters on Parliament Hill concerning "weak-kneed bleeding hearts" has always been vivid in my mind.)

ACTION is well worth seeing. It re-examines an important social event and the actions-reactions of our politicians, a spectrum which is as dynamic as it is fascinating. The film allows one to relive what transpired only four short years ago, events which already seem like an eternity past. It is recommended viewing.

music

The Colonial (203 Yonge St.) Gary Burton entertains to Saturday. 363-6168

El Mocambo (464 Spadina) The Turtles play to Saturday; check for cover charge. 961-2558

The Chimney (579 Yonge St.) Burton Country Line. 967-4666

The Riverboat (134 Yorkville) Dan Hill to Sunday. 922-6216

John Hartford: Friday, January 17 at 7:00 and 10:00 p.m. in Bethune Dining Hall, York Campus. \$4.00; 667-3579

theatre

1. FACTORY LAB (207 Adelaide): 'Hurray for Johnny Canuck' 864-9971

2. SECOND CITY (110 Lombard): 'Anyone for Kelp', 363-1674

3. TARRAGON (30 Bridgeman): 'The Donnelley's, Part II—final week, 531-1827

4. TORONTO WORKSHOP (12 Alexander St.): 'You Can't Get Here From There', 925-8640

ANNOUNCEMENTS

ECONOMICS

TUESDAY, JANUARY 21 AT 4:15 PM ROOM 350

SUBJECT: SEMINAR ON "SECOND LOOK ON

RECENT DEVELOPMENT IN CAPITAL THEORY"

HISTORY

HISTORY COURSE UNION MEETING

THURSDAY, JANUARY 16th

1:30 IN THE HEARTH ROOM

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Housman

"Shoulder the sky my lad, and drink your ale".

(Last Poems)

Shakespeare

"For a quart of ale is a dish for a king".

(The Winter's Tale)

Borrow

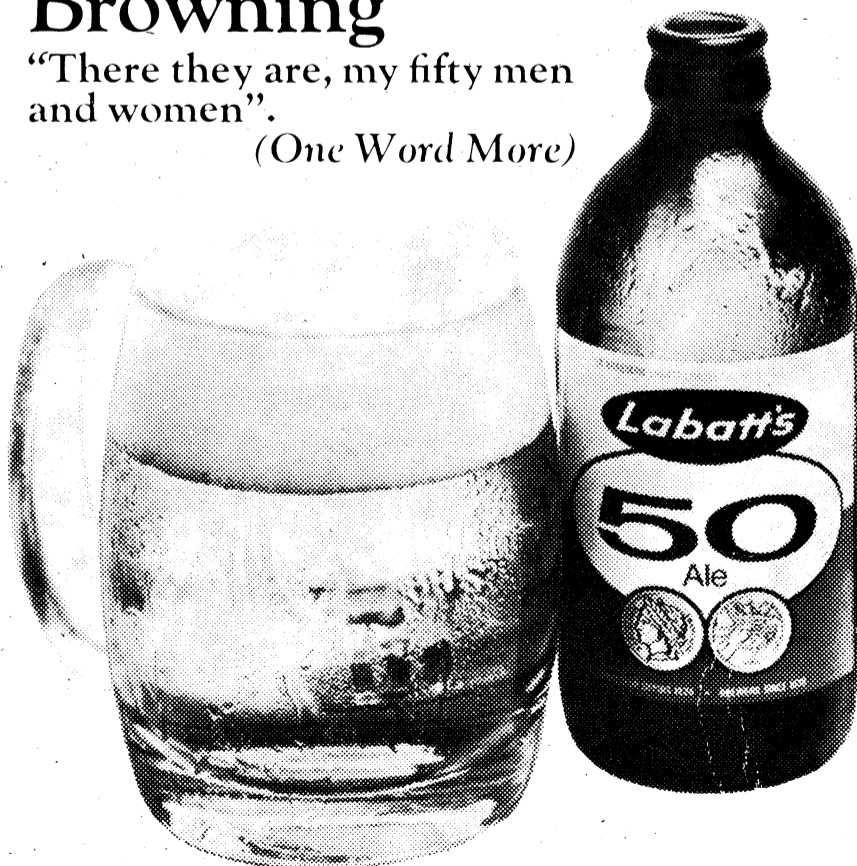
"Good ale, the true and proper drink..."

(Lavengro)

Browning

"There they are, my fifty men and women".

(One Word More)



poetic justice

ARGENTINA: A VIGOROUS PROTEST



Dead man in Argentina

by A. Nikiforuk

Dear Companero,

Life in Argentina does not go well. There have been many killings and there will be many more killings. You have probably read of the troubles in my country. I believe you read the paper and like so many educated bourgeois wonder in disgust why there are so many bombings and killings. Let me satisfy your wonder. Let me answer the questions you must have.

I will not deceive you friend. I am a guerrilla and my answers will justify and explain my actions as a guerrilla. My answers will give meaning to some of the killings. Just the other day we shot Ramon Samaniego. He was a personal manager for Cantabrica, an industry that makes tractors and trucks. We machine-gunned him in his office. He was a bad man and a despot. It was a just killing. I work at Cantabrica and should know!

Now already I have answered one part of the question. There is war in Argentina against the gamonales, the bosses. There is war between the trabajadores and gamonales. There is no time, no place for bourgeois sentiments. If a man must be killed, he must be killed. Class war is not a war of roses, friend. We are not fighting for a piece of the pie, as you say, but for the whole pie. We want to decide what will go in the pie and to make sure everyone gets what they need. The people of Argentina want to shape their own destiny. To do this they must wipe out capitalism and its gamonales.

We are selective killers, carefully choosing those who should die. We fight mostly against the Armed Forces and foreign imperialists. We fight the Army because we know the Army in Argentina is very right wing. If the people ever hope to win in Argentina we must first weaken and demoralize the Army. The Army is the protective blanket of the landowners, the Church, the industrialists and middle classes. Strip away this blanket and you have a bunch of naked gamonales; you have all but defeated the traditional ruling powers.

In Argentina there is this thing called stalemate. There have been for many years, several groups contending for the political control of Argentina. The Armed Forces are strong, but not strong enough to wipe out the big unions the industrialists, and middle classes. The same

goes for the unions and everybody else. A year ago Peron, broke the stalemate but Peron could not hold everyone in line. The old times were gone. Peron couldn't repeat the past. So, when he died there was a stalemate again. What we wish to do is break this stalemate by putting things in the trabajadores favour. By attacking the army we can do this. So far we have assassinated nine officers of the Armed Forces. This is to avenge the death of sixteen comrades in Catamarca last August.

You know it is a very strange thing. The papers cannot report revolutionary activities in Argentina. The government fears that if the papers report our actions, support for our cause would grow. When we shot Captain Paira at his home in Buenos Aires, the paper read that "he ceased to exist all of a sudden this morning at 7:20." I remember that in 1969 the Uruguayan government did a similar thing. They would not allow the papers to print the words Tupamaro or guerrilla. It was always "they who shall be nameless" did that and "they who shall be nameless" did this. (Note: The author here refers to an Uruguayan guerrilla groups known as the Tupamaros. The Tupamaros named themselves after the famous Inca rebel Tupac Amaru. Although the movement persists in its struggle against the Uruguayan dictator Juan Bordaberry, the majority of its leaders have been either shot or imprisoned.)

Let me tell you a little about the People's Revolutionary Army. I am a member of this Marxist organization. We believe that armed struggle is the only road to revolutionary socialism. Salvador Allende thought differently and Salvador Allende is dead. But armed struggle is not an end in itself; it is only one phase of the revolution. It is important to remember that the revolution continues even after the violence has stopped. Armed struggle is useless unless it is part of a mass movement. The People's Revolutionary Army is the protecting arm of the revolutionary mass movement in Argentina. Our job is prepare the people for revolution. Our job is to raise the people's consciousness. In all frankness I can say that "there is nothing more moral than to retrieve for the People's Liberation the wealth stolen from them by the exploiters" (Note: In this passage the author has expressed awkwardly the revolutionary philosophy of Leon Trotsky. The quote is by Hugo Blanco a Peruvian revolutionary and ear-

nest disciple of Trotsky).

In Argentina, as well as your country, the actions of my comrades are called terrorism. This is a misused word. A university friend tells me that it is used to discredit us, and that it is a very expedient term. My wife believes that it is a word that applies to everyone else except one's own self. Well, I have a few things to say about this too. Here in Argentina we are fighting a revolutionary war. And perhaps you know that revolutionary struggle is very much like a holy war. The greatest victories are psychological ones. Terrorize your enemy and he will lose faith and fall. The same university friend told me this was how the walls of Jericho fell. But here in Argentina we pull the blankets away from the gamonales. We have put holes in the blankets. We are destroying the faith and confidence of the gamonales. We are undermining their ability to rule. In this sense we are terrorists. But this in not how the word is understood.

I am almost weary of writing you, and you I bet, are almost weary of reading. Just a few more words.

The Argentine Anti-communist Alliance are wild dogs in the streets, dirty gusanos fed by the government. The AAA has killed many good men and women, perhaps fifty. They are thugs hired by the CIA to terrorize the people. Sometimes they dress as policemen when they murder people, sometimes not. We know for a fact that many members actually are policemen. When there is a political prisoner to be tortured the AAA is called in and always does a good job. This way the police save face. It is to be expected that the government does not arrest members of this group. A government of tyranny does not arrest its tyrants.

The AAA have attacked many universities threatening leftist professors with death if they do not resign. In one instance they scattered the heads of dogs and chickens around the homes of two university teachers. They left a note saying "This is an example of what you can expect if you don't resign." I think they resigned. The AAA shot the famous lawyer Silvio Frondizi. They dragged him into the street and shot his head apart. A car bomb killed General Prats, a Chilean exile. They also killed former Deputy Governor of Cordoba Atilio Lopez and many others.

You see the government has lost faith in itself. It calls upon the CIA and street criminals to defend itself. The gamonales have shown us their true nature. They have always been a "dictadura de los moscas." (Note: "A dictatorship of flies" - P. Neruda).

Now you know what it is like here. There is a state of siege. There are no civil rights. The only law is the law of the AAA. Soon the government will establish security zones, where the military and AAA will work together murdering the people for the CIA and the gamonales.

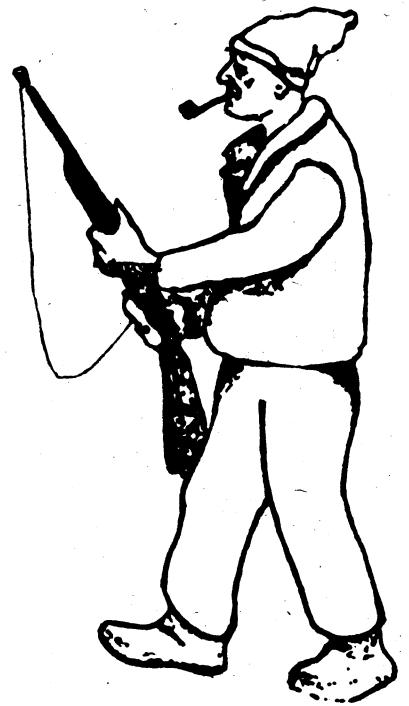
I have said all I really need to say. I hope I have answered some questions. Is our struggle just? Only experience and history will tell you. My words cannot convince you, but only help you understand better the way things are.

I have but one last story. Several years ago a movie came to Argentina called "Jesus Christ Superstar". It was a crazy movie that mocked Our Saviour. So we bombed all the cinemas where it was playing and burned the theater where it was to start as a play. We called this "an act of cultural hygiene." The movie never played in Argentina because of what we did. You know Jesus was no Hollywood gusano but a simple man who worked with the people. He was a good leader who showed people how to be strong. In Argentina we have respect for such people.

Patria O. Meurte

Venceremos

Campanero "José de San Martín"



Revolutionaries Answer With Guns

Answering the Outcry

An international public outcry is needed to help pressure the Peronist government to lift the state of siege and to take measures to stay the hands of the right-wing murderers. We urge you to join CLA's campaign to defend democratic rights and the lives of those threatened by signing the following telegram and sending \$1.00 to help cover the costs.

The telegram has already been signed by Lisa North, Chairwoman, Political Science Dept. York University; Chandler Davis, Mathematics Dept., U. of T.; Ken Walker, Clarke Institute; Ian Lumsden, Political Science, York U.; Trent Brady, History U. of T.; Mr. Pellier, the Chairman of the Social Action Committee of the First Unitarian Church; and the Committee to Defend Soviet Political Prisoners.

We also urge you to get church, civil liberties organizations, trade union locals and student councils to adopt resolutions demanding an end to the state of siege and that the Argentine government take measures to defend the victims of the rightist terror, to hold picket lines at Argentine consulates or other appropriate places and to hold teach-ins

and forums on the subject. All messages should be sent to President Isabel Martinez de Peron, Casa de Gobierno, Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Protest Telegram

Send \$1.00 to cover expenses to Canadian Committee for Justice to Latin American Political Prisoners, Box 38, Station B, Toronto, Ontario.

Vigorously protest wave of murders of prominent opponents of Argentine government including Silvio Frondizi, PST leader Cesar Robles, Former Deputy Governor of Cordoba Province Atilio Lopez and many others. Demand immediate lifting of state of siege and full restoration of Democratic rights. Condemn inaction of government in face of right wing Terrorist attacks. Call on Government to halt these attacks and punish those responsible.

/s/.....

New Year's Dance Strikes the Right Note

Glendon opened the New Year last Saturday night on the right note with Maximum Speed. The band, one that has performed here before with success, lived up to their reputation. The difference between having a good time and simply pleasing an audience was evident as the band did both.

Maximum Speed has changed their sound slightly since the last time we saw them but if anything it enhanced their performance. When the night opened, the band had to tell everyone who did not know that they were actually a dance band. By the end of the night the situation had changed to the point where you had to fight your way to the dance floor.

The band may have slipped out of time in a few places but other than that I do not think you could find much else that was bad to say about them. Maximum Speed is one of the few commercial rock bands around today that does not have to wait to get better, they already are.



With a few more than two hundred people at the dance we were finally able to break even on the door. To the people who are still bitching about the price increases I will be glad to explain to them why the new prices are in effect. The whole concept of volunteers both before and after the dance is something that seems to have come in with the New Year and I hope it remains. It made the whole night more pleasant for the people in charge and those who were working. If it continues we could have a great second term.

Weekend Needs Spirit and Snow

by Larry Guimond

There is a certain spirit that invades Quebec when it is time for the winter carnival. Anyone who has been there knows exactly what I mean. With a bit of participation Winter Weekend on January 30, 31, and February 1 will be like that here at Glendon. To date a few things have been planned but the Student Union's new social person, Tony Caldwell is open for ideas, suggestions and help. If you can not find him, try André Rousseau or Marc Duguay. They will be happy to set the wheels in motion for you.

It is hard to write about winter weekend because it is sunny out today and about 50 degrees but winter is really here. The plan of events now appears to run like this. On the Thursday night Radio Glendon is putting on a sock hop in the O.D.H. Friday is outdoor day with football (maybe even in the snow), traying down Glendon's own treacherous slopes, and snow sculpturing. One of the new

additions this year will be the Carling O'Keefe caravan. With this huge truck, we can have an outdoor café and outdoor music. Larry's Light Lunches has agreed to switch to this new location for the weekend. His feature will be hot pancakes which will be something different.

The entertainment for Friday night will be Les Sequins which are one of the most highly respected folk outfits from Québec. They have performed at Glendon over the years and it is always great to have them back. Saturday night ends the festivities with a dance featuring a good dance band. (Sorry we are not sure who yet.) The boat races have not been finalized yet but anyone foolish enough to be a judge is asked to contact Tony.

The rest of the outdoor activities are in the planning process but Tony could use ideas and suggestions. An outdoor weekend can be one of the best times to be had so plan on making it a good time.

A Production of Talent

Fellini's *Amarcord* is perhaps best described not in terms of a movie, but as an experience. For two and a half hours the audience finds itself totally immersed in the life of a small Italian town, where absurd, tragic, and often poignantly inexplicable elements combine to form a vivid and complete whole.

There is no plot to speak of, but rather a succession of short scenes from the lives of a small number of the inhabitants. One family in particular is focused on most frequently. It consists of an implacable and much resented uncle, an endearingly lecherous grandfather, a constantly feuding husband and wife, and their son, who is given to fantasizing over the village beauties.

When the film begins it is early spring. The villagers are gathering together to burn a straw witch, symbolic of the fading winter. One by one we become familiar with the town's characters; the blind accordion player, a movie-owner who thinks he's Ronald Coleman, the immense tobacco shop proprietress, and one well-dressed, obviously more affluent and educated gentleman. The latter's attempts at relating the grandeur of the village are invariably cut off by some hidden rude noise, or a well aimed snowball.

Many of the dream-like sequences, aside from their numerous symbolic interpretations, have a tremendous visual impact. For example, in a suffocating fall fog, a young and very frightened boy heading for school encounters a stray, white bull. Fur-

ther away his older brother and his friends dance dreamily before a large and opulent hotel. Later, participants in an animated snowball fight are frozen into silence by a shrill, ominous cry. Snow falls soft and thick as they watch, a peacock alight and slowly spread its impressive tail. Then, again in spring, amidst a great deal of singing and shouting, the villagers climb into their shaky wooden boats and head out to sea. Here they wait until well into the night. The laughter has died, and many sleep. Finally they awake to the sight of a huge, powerful ship, ablaze with lights, which they praise and cheer, then return to their village. The movie is full of such strangely significant and moving scenes.

Another interesting point occurs when Mussolini makes a short visit to the village. It is still, (presumably) pre-World War II, and ninety-nine percent of the villagers are avid fascists. The sight of them all saluting and cheering wildly before a large and ridiculous replica of "Il Duce's" face is less a horrifying contradiction than it might have been, for it only seems to further illustrate their rather child-like qualities - a naive enthusiasm for pomp and show.

Amarcord is a difficult movie to assess. While it is hard to think of the villagers as actors, or the photography as particularly outstanding, (though it was) one is somehow conscious of the director as a man of extreme talent and vision. It is the kind of film that, though seen several times, would always reveal something new.



LISA GARBER

Listen to Lisa

by Larry Guimond

There is something about Lisa Garber when she performs that almost places a hush on a crowd. To anyone who has not seen Lisa before this feeling is hard to pinpoint and explain. While she is compared to Joni Mitchell, Joan Baez, and Bonnie Raitt, she has a quality all her own in the material she does. Her songs range from Joni Mitchell, the Eagles, and Neil Young right to the Beatles. If we are lucky enough she may even do some of her own material or some of her brother's songs. Whether it is Lisa's charm, or her excellence as a performer that keeps people in a trance when she performs, I do not know. But somehow the lady works her way into an audience and never lets go until the show is over.

Mike Elder, Lisa's manager contends that Lisa should develop a following in an area before she moves on. She certainly has that type of following here at Glendon. She appeared here, during orientation week and the response she received was overwhelming. Lisa finds a certain charm about small, intimate clubs so that could be why she agreed to return to the café. Whatever her reason for coming back, it will be a long awaited treat to see her again. She will be playing both Friday and Saturday night so even with our limited attendance everyone should get a chance to see her. The door opens at 8:30 on both nights with admission being \$1.25. Hope you can drop by.

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Latest In Disaster Plots

by Stephen Godfrey

Every so often the phenomenal success of one particular picture spawns a whole breed of lesser films in the same genre trying to cash in on the qualities of the original. After "The Sound of Music", we were besieged by a slew of big budget, but low profit, musicals. After "Easy Rider" came a succession of low budget "youth oriented" films (like "The Strawberry Statement" & "The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart"), which failed miserably in their attempts to become cult pictures. And now, two years after the original release of the money-making "Poseidon Adventure", came the "disaster" pictures.

Beginning modestly with Richard Lester's "Juggernaut", the next year will see the release of among others "The Hindenberg", chronicling the birth and fiery death of the biggest of all zeppelins; a suspense film about the invasion of an army of ants (for which reportedly, some seats of the major theatres will be installed with "feelers" to tickle the unsuspecting audience at appropriate moments); and, perhaps inevitably, "Beyond the Poseidon Adventure", in which the incredibly unlucky survivors of that opus will find themselves trapped in a cable car high in the Swiss Alps.

But for now, two of the most expensive of the disaster picture are playing in Toronto. In spite of the fact that "The Towering Inferno" is getting less publicity and less sensational reviews than "Earthquake", there is little comparison between the two. "The Towering Inferno" is superior in almost every category.

"Earthquake" takes place in Los Angeles (where there has been real and serious warnings over the years of the future possibility of such an event), and aided by the particular new process of "Sensurround". When major earthquake scenes are being shown, four huge speakers in each corner of the theatre emit low-frequency vibrations, which make everyone's chest feel like it is reverberating violently, and gives the impression that the whole theatre is about to collapse. It's a very realistic effect, because we feel as if we are being moved in the same helpless way as the people being swept away on the screen. After the first such scene, the audience at the showing I attended began whispering and giggling and generally showing their excitement, and did not calm down until the picture was almost over.

About a third of the film is taken up by the earthquake scenes, and some of them are spectacular. Los Angeles skyline sways and crumbles before our eyes, those famous Hollywood homes perched on stilts on a hillside keel over like a pack of dominos and we see scores of people in close-up being crushed by falling buildings and every kind of debris. The panoramic scenes of the smoldering city after the attacks look like modern-day paintings of the Apocalypse, and they are fantastic.

However, when these action scenes are not being shown, the movie is lifeless. The plot is even more token than usual in such productions, and it gives the "stars" their big scenes so mechanically and hurriedly that we never really mourn or rejoice their respective fates. Ava Gardner, Lorne Greene and the erstwhile herculean, Charlton Heston, are not the kind of people you particularly enjoy in a movie and they do badly with their miserable lines. The only actress who is at all sympathetic and genuine is Genevieve Bujold, even though she seems to be about five times more intelligent than her character and for some curious reason, she is always made to wear an ugly shade of pink. Because of her, the most suspenseful (not the most spectacular) scene in the film is one in which she tries

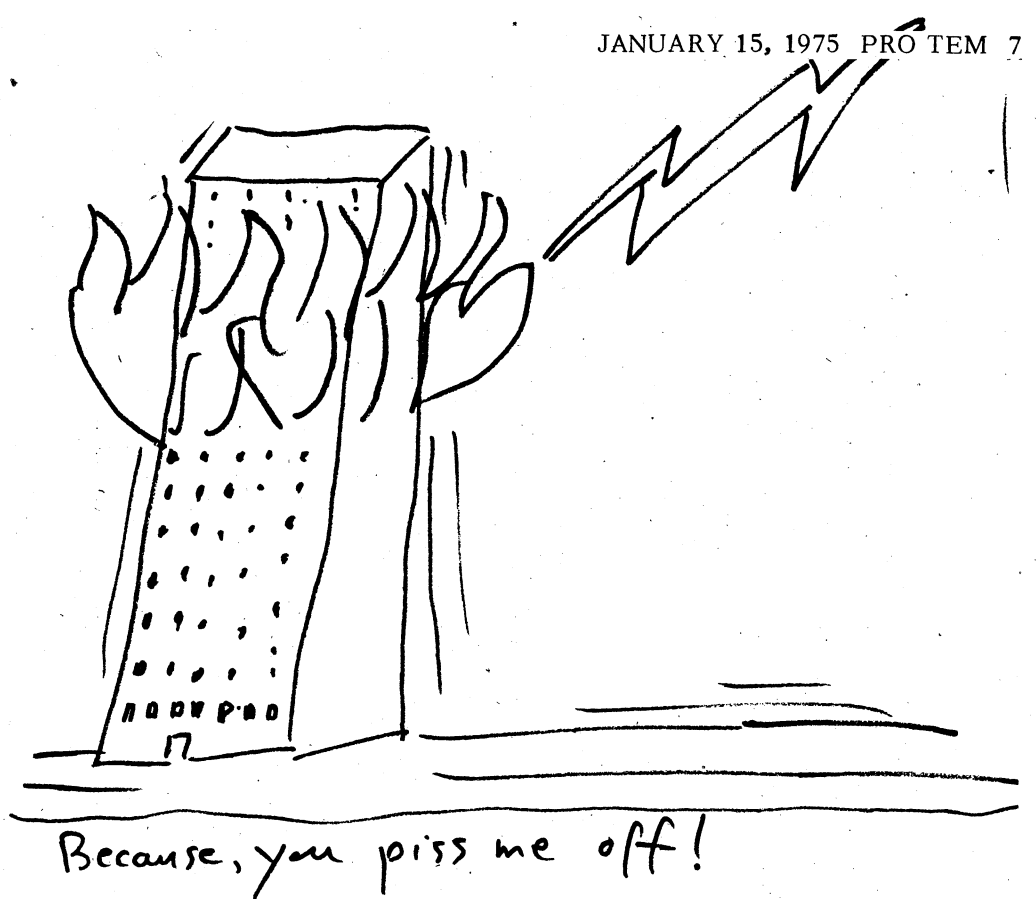
to rescue her little boy from among a tangle of snapping snake-like and fiery high voltage wires.

Although an earthquake seems to be a far more versatile and breathtaking cinematic vehicle than a fire, "The Towering Inferno" is so much better made that the effect is actually greater. Technically, the sets and costumes are far more attractive and convincing than in "Earthquake", and the players are either very big and appealing stars (Paul Newman, Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway), or respectable, at least interesting actors (William Holden, Richard Chamberlain, Fred Astaire). The plot is really quite tight and sensible, and the stereotypes (when there are so many actors, there have to be stereotypes) are more skillfully developed. The budget for the film, about \$14,000,000 is twice as big as that for "Earthquake", and it really shows. The major special effects scenes, in which we see whole rooms bursting into flame within seconds, as well as various close-ups of bodies walking slowly through the fire until they are engulfed in flames, and falling through the windows to the street far below, are far more effective than the corresponding ones in "Earthquake", because the director has taken time to introduce us to these men and women who are going to die, and we feel their agonies far more.

Whereas "Earthquake" involves several sets of people scattered throughout Los Angeles, some of whom have no connection to each other, "The Towering Inferno" is more powerful because the situation is focused in one place. The scene is the official opening of the 135 story skyscraper where the fire takes place, so there is a wide variety of guests celebrating in the Promenade Room at the top, 50 stories above the floor where the fire begins. Perhaps because a fire is considered to be a disaster usually started by humans (though it is only indirectly in this case), unlike earthquakes, we feel that somehow there is more chance of their being able to stop it as well. "The Towering Inferno" is able to work so well because we feel more confident about the ways to handle a fire, and so are forced to feel responsible and very involved when the standard solutions everyone thinks of don't work. Combined with the gruesome fact that, unlike "Earthquake", we know for sure that the party guests may all be burnt to death, and that the experience of being caught in an elevator or an upper story due to mechanical failure has happened to most of us at some time, we feel a plausible and far stronger identification with this particular disaster.

So in spite of the epic proportions of both "The Towering Inferno" and "Earthquake", the former is more successful, because ironically it appeals to us on a personal basis, both as participants and as observers. In "The Towering Inferno", the most awesome scenes (apart from the spectacular finale, in which every character's fate is on the line) involve very likeable people, whether it is a fireman whose fear of heights goes through an incredible test, or an executive and his lovely secretary who are trapped while making hay after hours. Character is still primary in these disaster pictures, and it can't be supplanted by special effects, contrary to what the producers of "Earthquake" thought.

This type of movie will probably have as limited a life as all the other trends of the past few years, but it is interesting to try and gauge their appeal. Having seen these two, I would say that they can both be recommended for their stunning special effects alone. The technology involved is quite incredible and you find yourself asking throughout, "How on earth did they do it?" At their best both films



are top-notch entertainment, and you leave them feeling you've really gotten your money's worth.

But even more important is the fact that they offer something that television cannot offer in terms of size, scope and star appeal, and they also present violence and gore in a far more interesting (and less obvious) way than traditionally violent films like "Straw Dogs" or even "The Godfather". In other words, the nature and magnitude of the di-

aster films let us pretend that all these sensational deaths are somehow more meaningful and respectable. We don't see people killing each other, we just see them dying under fairly plausible circumstances and this fine difference makes death seem less gratuitous to us. Whether it is good for an audience to be deluded in this way about a film's real intentions over and above box-office appeal is another question.



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sports Bruin Baby Bruin

Good afternoon sports fans, and welcome to that special section of the journal which I know you eagerly await, eye-witness sports, brought to you each week with my heartfelt condolences. In any case, let us dispense the necessary credits. That is to say, Ms. Stiff, her K-Tel Record Selector, and our man on the make, Henry Longhurst, all prove to be integral components in the tabulation of all necessary data. And, always at the helm, Hail Bruin (or Haywood as my boxer shorts are monogrammed). After more than nine, but less than ten weeks of careful and considerable deliberation, my selection committee of one is pleased to present to you, my avid reading and viewing public, my choice of Female Jockette of the year, none other than the infamous, Toots Sweat. What you say? You have yet to hear of the inimitable exploits of the lovely and talented gracious and charming Miss Sweat? Then let me refresh your memory with Certs (Certs is a memory mint). No, Certs is the national mint.

Recall how in Septembre of '56, at the tender age of 3, Toots suddenly assumed the power and the strength of someone at least 4 months her senior. Faster than a speeding tricycle, more powerful than a rotten diaper, able to leap her playpen in a single bound, and who disguised as Abigail Sweat, assumed the role of the cute little girl next door, fighting a never ending battle for truth, justice, and the Canadian Way!

As the years passed by, and with a

promising inter-collegiate career approaching, the young Miss Abigail was forced to make that fateful decision of which Collegiate institute she would not attend. In the end, the choice lay between the University of California at Santa Rosa, U.C.S.R., and Glendon College, at the corner of Bayview and Lawrence, G.C.B.L. The rest is history, and let me recount it to you. At the outset, the offer from U.C.S.R. seemed too good to refuse, but, upon entering the edifice, Toots, much to her chagrin, found that the walls were made of masonite, the one substance which renders her athletic prowess powerless. And, thus it was that she winged her way to Glendon where the students are higher than the trees, and the buildings are fortified by that unbeatable combination of one part chicken wire, two parts pigeon dung.

One day week passe, I journeyed down to La Proctor Maison for this exclusive interview, and Toots offered these comments. "Hail Bruin, I perspire to be one of the all-time greats!"

And without further ado, for that would be much ado about nothing, I present to Toots Sweat the Golden Shower Head Award. Mitchum anti-perspirant, which sponsors this great honour, has also given our heroine a two week, all expense delayed vacation at the Bay of Pigs Inn, down Cuba way. Toots, as one great sports personality to another, I raise my arm-pit to you. Your presence has taken its toll on all of us! Now to eye-witness sports 1975.



In this action photo Mayor McChee moves in to shoot while Too Far Gonda, Brian Burns, Peter Jensen, and the always popular Kareem Abdul Kulach watch in amazement and Stuart Too Tall Spence attempts to block.

Suffragettes Fail To Gain Vote

3-0 Decision

DATELINE: Le Barn des Vaches, Le Campus Centrale, nord of the Provincial Seat.

Yesterday matinee, our Suffrage Jets the titans of tea-time, ventured northward to the barren wastelands of Winter-wonderland. Their opponent was none other than the Biz Buck's from a yet to be named college, that organization which exhibits great financial and ankle support. There they were

face to face with the Biz Buck's awesome line-up of two forwards, two defense persons, and, in the nets, none other than No-Skate Kate.

Despite a slow, lethargic start, the Suffrage Jets were determined to get slower. And as the Biz Buck's poured player after player over the boards, the outcome was never in doubt as the Jets weakened and then crashed. Queen Visine offered this breathtaking comment, "Not now Hail Bruin, I'm winded!"

In spite of the efforts of the net minder, Marnie (Little Pirate) Stranks, and a sometimes retiring defense, the flawless technique exhibited by the Biz Bucks prevailed in the outcome.

And so, in closing, I, Hail Bruin, (or Haywood as Ms. Stiff sometimes calls me in a fit of passion), say to the Suffrage Jets, "Chin up, one loss does not a precedent make, although in your case I have my doubts."

Spinemen Meet Flames For GBA Crown

Dateline: Glendon Hoop Hall

Semaine last, GBA post seasonal activity began in earnest down at the Glendon Hoop Hall, in the premier encounter, the Bayview Oilers met defeat straight in the eyes as they were stared down fifty-five to fifty, by the First Aid Faculty Flames. Led by Wild Bill Irvine, and weighed down by the presence of Too-Far Gonda, the Flames prevailed both on and in the court.

In the second half, the Axe-Men of A House fame, were less gracious in defeat, but nevertheless the Spinemen rode the waves of triumph and established themselves as possible if not probably favourites for the G.B.A. Crown. Their formidable offense, led by M.V.P. candidate Greg Roberts, quickly established its supremacy and the outcome was

never indebted to anything.

In the second round of action the Axemen won one for the Gipper as they overcame an over-the-hill Oiler squad. In what can only be considered a battle highlighted by offensive ineptitude and lousy defense, the game was ho-hummed by all in attendance. After being down by five at the half, an unexpected offensive burst saw the Oilers capture the lead for the first and final time. The Axemen never lost their poise and with the experience of George (Big Band) Hewson and the shooting prowess of Stuart 'So Tall' Spence, they pushed off to victory. The final result, Axemen 21, Oilers 16.

In the third round of this seemingly unending playoff, the Axemen did battle with the Flames. Troubled by the absence of almost everybody, including several of the

players, notably, Barry 'Wilted-Stilt' Nesbitt and 'Journeyman' George, the Axemen could not cope with the unceasing attack of the Flames. Under the leadership of former G.B.A. flake Peter 'Jocko' Jensen and under the boards with the 'Spanish' Moore, the Flames soared upward and onward, defoliating the Tree-toppers 67 - 16.

Thus it is that in the very near future, indeed before this week will have passed us by, that the First-Aid and Faculty Flames will enter the arena against the Spinemen from Chiro City to determine which equipe is to bring an end to this very confusing, unending, although extremely playoff. See you there, sportsfans. This is Hail Bruin (or Haywood as I am known to friend and foe alike), signing off.

Limericks to Lunch by

poetry corner

poetric licence no. 447-627-118

Ian gentles by name is our dean
some say he is nasty and mean
but if truth be known
it's his kids who are shown
in the yard to be gross and obscene.

a young restaurateur name of Larry
runs a café that often gets hairy
when the beer has run out
and the crowd starts to shout
he offers them milk from the dairy

a big man on campus if firman
to harass everyone he's determined
if you park night or day
you may be towed away
or the least you will get is a sermon

there was a sportscaster named hail
addicted to dope and to ale
when he called for ms. stiffer
to hand him a riffer
he instead got a piece of her tail.

Do You Know Any Outstanding Teachers???

1975 OCUFA Teaching Awards

Each year the Ontario Confederation of University Faculty Associations identifies a number of outstanding teachers in the universities of Ontario. These teachers are presented with citations at the OCUFA spring conference. If you have had such an outstanding teacher recently, we would like to hear about it. Please note the following guidelines for submission of nominations.

CATEGORIES

Teaching, in the context of the OCUFA Awards, need not be narrowly defined. Proficiency in teaching may extend beyond the lecture hall, the seminar room, the laboratory or the faculty member's office. Activities including a number of those sometimes classified as *administrative services* — e.g., course design, curriculum development, organization of co-operative teaching programs, thesis supervision — and other significant forms of leadership are often important contributions to the instructional process. Those who excel in any of these are eligible for the OCUFA Teaching Awards.

NOMINATIONS

Are invited from individuals, informal groups of faculty or students, or both, and such organizations as local faculty associations, faculty or college councils, university committees concerned with teaching and learning, local student councils, departments, alumni, etc.

CRITERIA

No standard form of submission is required, but sponsors should provide as much evidence in support of the nomination as will make it clear that outstanding work deserving of recognition has been done.

PROCEDURE

Letters of nomination, with supporting documentation, should be sent to:

Dr. S.F. Gallagher
Chairman
OCUFA Committee on Teaching Awards
40 Sussex Avenue
Toronto, M5S 1J7

The deadline for receipt of nominations is: March 15, 1975

DIME BAG WANTS:

POETRY, PHOTOGRAPHS, PROSE, DRAWINGS, CREATIVITY

by February 15th, put them in C222- or leave them in Tony Hopkins' mailbox.