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pro tem
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OUS and high schools

Support from grades 9-10

By ANDY MICHALSKI

Remember back in the old days, - when you were in high school. You know, the institution of higher learning no smoking and hand up before you ask a question. The Ontario Union of Students believes that Ontario high school students must gain equal rights as human beings, and not be regimented for corporations.

Two years ago, a simple resolution was passed that the union should involve itself with the high school situation. There was no set program. In some areas it aided HUS, the high school students union. In others it broke fresh ground.

According to Brian Switzman, president of OUS, "You don't do dramatic work. It's slow steady, quiet work to first build a base. You don't go out to support a movement. You try to adapt a viewpoint or analysis to programs and crisis. This is the logical step. You talk and read about dictatorships...then, apply it to your own situation."

The first test case came at Castle Frank Secondary School. In sociological terms, these students are 'culturally deprived'. Many of the students are from the Regent Park, and generally from low income homes. They are placed in technical courses in order to 'learn skills to fit them for good jobs in service industries'. On the average they are 13 years of age and

in Grade 9 when selected for the school. However, there is the case of one student who was in Grade 6 when chosen.

Wilbert Bush is the principal. He enforces practically every rule applicable to a high school, from no possession of tobacco, to no mini-skirts. There is no student council. A woodworking student summed it up when he stated "They tell you to make a table. They never tell you why." A few of the staff have voiced support for student rights but only privately. Staff turnover is 150 per cent the Metro Toronto average.

The incident arose when Doug Hamburg, a commercial art student was barred from classes. His hair was too long. Despite the fact that there were others in the school with longer hair, Bush explained Hamburg's hair would get caught in the machines. (The only machine used in commercial art is a pencil sharpener.)

Hamburg refused to cut his hair. The Toronto Globe and Mail ran the story. The Toronto Star's editorial condemned his regulations. Hamburg was offered and accepted OUS support. The next day, support from his fellow high school students ranged from a 45 per cent boycott to an active group of 70 student protestors. (The high school has an enrolment of 777.)

When a list of grievances was made up and signed,

it was presented to Bush. He ripped it up and explained: "This is my school, I don't take demands."

The outcome of the talks with Ying Hope, schoolboard chairman were token. By most results, Bush had won. Hamburg, had cut his hair and disclaimed any affiliation with the protestors. All those who had taken part in protests were subjected to individual haranges, detentions, and intimidations.

But what is O.U.S. policy for high school involvement? Switzerman explained that it was 'hand's off', but to say that the OUS should stay out completely "is like saying the Allies couldn't have entered Germany until a guerilla movement had been established there."

Switzerman described high school programs as "corrupt and bankrupt in content that give no practice in organizing. The school suppresses these things. They say 'no politics'. They (the students) have no apparatus for communication. The high school student is a threat because he has no political rights."

When questioned as to where the bulk of the support came from, he revealed that it was from the Grade 9's and 10's. They had yet to be fully regimentalized. In the school lengthening, "they're going to get up tight with another two weeks of school for the next five years. The government would rather let them rot in high school as it can't afford the government university (student) aid program."

The seniors, he further explained, had learned to accept things and were slow to react, as "They have been success oriented...and they don't want to risk losing anything."



Brian Switzman, President of OUS

OUS rejoins CUS on Glendon motion

By ANDY MICHALSKI

The Ontario Union of Students has decided to re-join the Canadian Union of Students. At the OUS conference last weekend, Glendon introduced the motion with the backing of Carleton University.

Bob McGaw, president of the Glendon College Student Union, said that the motion read "To accept in principle that OUS re-integrate with CUS" and basically build CUS over again.

The OUS would become known as ORCUS, the Ontario Region of the Canadian Union of Students. It would be one of four regions of Canada. The three others are the Atlantic, Prairie and Pacific regions.

Ontario was a part of CUS several years ago. However, it withdrew when it felt that it would be able to attract the Applied Arts and Technology Colleges to an Ontario union. This has failed. Therefore, says McGaw, "the reason for a separate OUS has gone."

There were other reasons for re-integrating. McGaw claimed "The rationale is that there is no justification for unionism to end at the provincial level. Provincial problems have to come to the national level. In a crisis situation, you can bring far more financial resources and manpower from the national level. Problems are national, not provincial."

He went on to say that "now, it was a question of

whether there should be a student union...on university campuses at all. The fact that in the last elections, the people wished to retain OUS but drop CUS is an indication that they do want a union."

In the future, the OUS will still maintain its offices. They will be kept as sub-offices of CUS. As well as these, there will be the CUS national office in Ottawa. According to McGaw, there will be a great amount of work to be done during the summer "to keep in touch with the universities."

Despite the passing of this resolution, McGaw felt that there was a basis of non-communication. "They were afraid to talk to each other."

Conservative, social democratic, liberal and radical elements attended the conference.

"When it was suggested that the conference 'get real with the Canadian scene', nobody dared to answer the question. It was worked around."

The union has now begun to work along 'social democratic' lines. The colleges will not elect a national organization of radicals. Therefore, they will have to form their own union."

McGaw was elected to the executive as a member-at-large. Jim Keogh, an American student from the University of Windsor, was elected as the new president replacing Brian Switzman.

"I will learn in about a week some of my duties," McGaw said.

*Congratulations to all the Graduates,
And we look forward to seeing all other
Glendon Students in the fall...
After a well earned Summer holiday.*

TORONTO DOMINION

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Council sets up National College Committee

By **TIM ANDERSON**

Glendon students have a rare opportunity to be the founders of Canada's only bilingual national college. Anyone concerned with Canada as a viable political economic and social unit cannot help but realize the need for a centre like Glendon.

The irony of the whole situation is that Canada's own constitutional hang-ups are preventing the formation of just such a college.

Roy Hanna, a third year political science student recently initiated the formation of the National College Committee. This group, whose purpose is to investigate and encourage the ideal of Glendon College

as a national college, has a founding membership of five students.

Authorized by Glendon's student council, the N.C.C. intends to achieve its aim by a program of action calling for the recruitment of students on a national basis, the publicizing of Glendon's Canadian identity, and the investigation into the financial aspects of developing Glendon as a national college.

Low money grant

The accomplishment of the first two objectives presupposes the existence of a large supply of capital.

Even though the 14 provincially subsidized universities in Ontario

called for a 11 per cent increase in operating funds for the 69/70 school year the Department of University Affairs announced last week a meagre 5 1/2 per cent increase. This represents a \$250.7 million grant which is only one-half the amount requested by the universities.

The fact that William Davis, Minister of Education gave more financial support to Colleges of Applied Arts and Technology and the institutes for studies than to universities suggests a couple of things.

Either industry considers technical training more advantageous to their interests or the Committee on University Affairs thinks

universities are not giving the people a good return on their money.

As a direct result of the small grant increase 14 universities in Ontario will experience set-backs.

The most harmful in so far as the quality of education is concerned, will be the increase in the number of students per faculty member. In an educational system where professor-student dialogue is considered to be an important educational experience, a development of this genre is foreboding.

Dr. John Macdonald, executive vice-chairman of the Committee of Presidents of the Universities of Ontario, complained that inadequate provincial grants will also result in a reallocation of capital from new construction projects into the completion of existing ones.

"This will adversely affect the universities capacity to provide for increased enrolments in the years ahead" Dr. Macdonald said.

Glendon not helped

Glendon's special ethos is obviously not nurtured by the provincial government's present capital grant system.

Glendon needs money and lots of it, in order to recruit students from every province. In order to erase the spectre of an 'elitist college' it also needs substantial grants and loans from federal sources to provide promising students

from the underprivileged classes with the means to come to Glendon.

"The constitutional hang-ups of our government" are exposed when appeals are made to the federal government for assistance.

The Hon. Bora Laskin of the Court of Appeal, recognized the problem - "Many of the provincial programs, such as those in the fields of health insurance and education require heavy financing. This cannot be secured without the provinces coming to some agreement with the federal government on the sharing of tax revenues."

Laskin goes on to say "I borrow a phrase from my friend Professor Frank Scott 'provincial autonomy (means) national inactivity' and I would add, the more we have of one, the more we have of the other."

Glendon's future as a unique educational experiment appears to be all the more precarious in the light of recent rumours that hint at the transfer of Glendon to the main York University campus.

"The distinctive aspects of our curriculum, its fourth year symposia and French content would in all likelihood be diluted or entirely lost," says Glendon's student and faculty councils about such a physical transplantation of Glendon.

Hanna reiterated, "The administration of Glendon can give us the structure of the college but we as students must make it a success."

Committee waffles over Strumecki

By **GRAHAM MUIR**

"The real issue here is not so much Al as a case but rather Al as an abstract," said Mark Dwor, student faculty councillor, at Friday's long delayed Bookstore Committee meeting.

He was speaking in a discussion concerning the firing of Al Strumecki, former Glendon bookstore manager. Committee chairman Walter Beringer tried to circumvent discussion of the case on the grounds that it would not be in Strumecki's best interests to make his case completely public and that the committee had no ability to enforce any of its findings. Beringer was overruled by the committee.

Since his firing, Strumecki has reportedly gone to Winnipeg in search of employment. Beringer wrote him a letter asking him if he wished to appeal his case. There has been no reply.

N. S. Tryphonopoulos, a faculty member on the committee, twice pointed this out, urging the committee to ignore the matter for this reason. Glen Williams (GIV) and Chris Wilson (GII) countered by saying that Strumecki possibly hasn't received the letter because of his change of addresses.

"What's really at stake, though," Wilson argued, "is not just Al's case, but rather, which concepts of authority are going to reign in this university."

J. R. Allen, Business Manager of the university, said, "You must realize that once you put people in a position of responsibility you must give them the power to act."

Faculty member David Clipsham told Allen, "Even if you were fired, Mr. Allen and the firing was suspicious or hazy, I would demand due process and an open hearing for you too. I oppose arbitrary authority."

Victor Berg, chief administrator of the college and a member of the committee, said, "I don't want to stay here and talk about this any longer. So far all the students that I have heard talk have no business experience whatsoever. They're always taking the far left side of things."

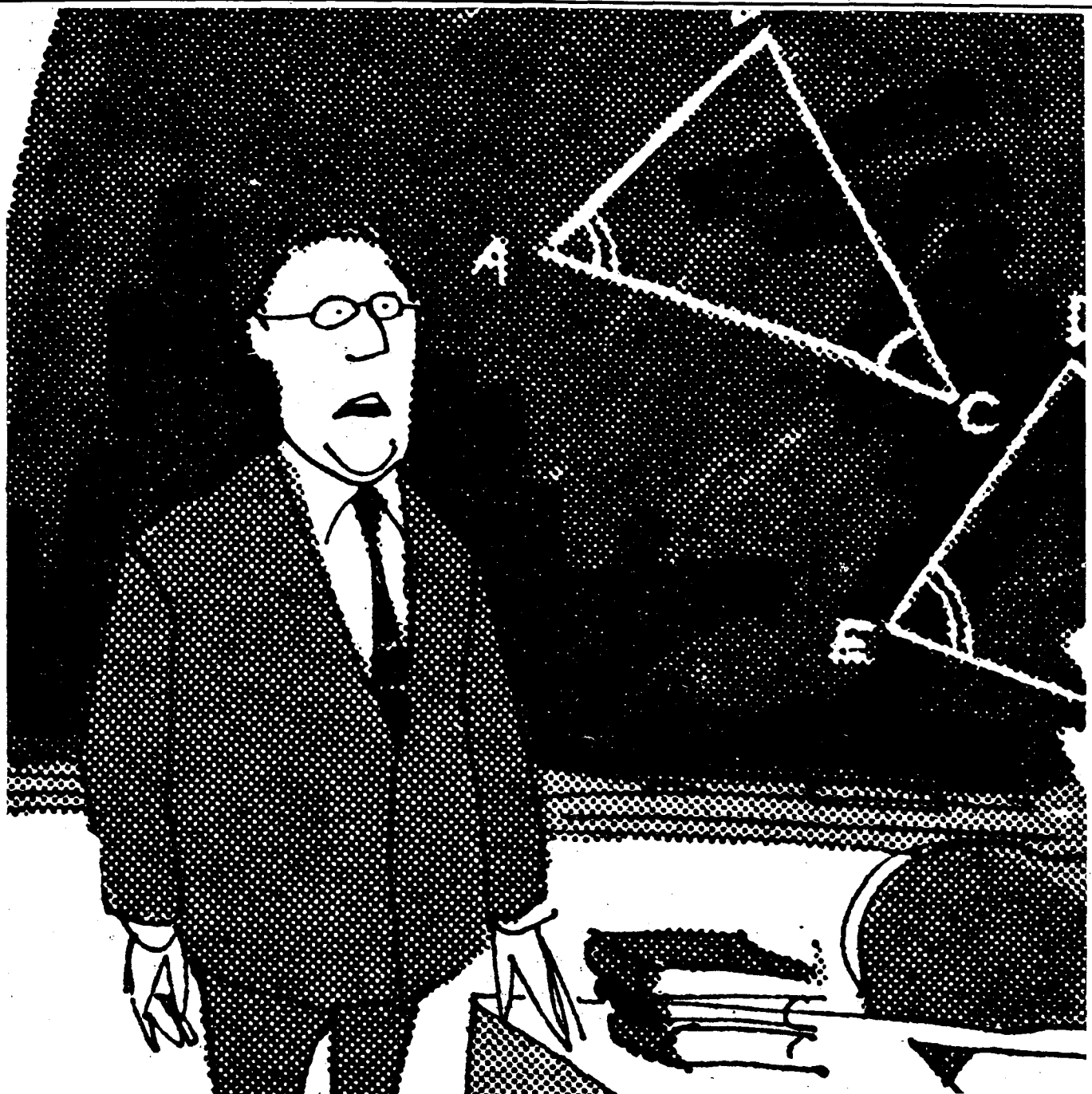
Clipsham inquired about severance pay for Strumecki. D. J. Mitchell personnel director for the university, explained that if a university employee is fired because he is judged not to be meeting the conditions of his payment, then he is not necessarily entitled to severance pay.

Dwor moved that the committee "view unfavourably the actions of the administration in regards to the firing of Al Strumecki." Berg asked Dwor what he meant by the motion. Dwor replied that he meant it as something of a 'censure of the administration' and as a signification that the committee would like to know

more about the hiring and firing practices of the university and possibly control them in part.

The motion passed by a vote of three to one. The student members, including Vianney Carriere, and Clare Graham voted for the motion Berg voted against. The three faculty members present, Tryphonopoulos, Alain Baudot, and Roger Gannon, abstained for lack of knowledge of the issue. Beringer, as chairman, couldn't vote.

The committee will meet tomorrow at 3:00 p.m. in the Fireside Room to discuss the bookstore budget and the possibility of an independent Glendon bookstore.



"Some of you students have urged me to teach that bourgeois society is corrupt, so here goes. Bourgeois society is corrupt. Returning to the question of congruent triangles..."

reprinted from PUNCH

20 beautiful reasons to work on PRO TEM

- 1) *You shall learn to write in swell English and shall learn a lot of synonyms and words that mean the same.*
- 2) *Long editorial meetings in Dee's room.*
- 3) *You may get a byline in Varsity (like John and me).*
- 4) *"The time mocking unreality of a bus ride through the night."*
- 5) *You can dress and act like a hippy and maybe even think like a hippy and nobody will bug you about it.*
- 6) *Nicely wrapped small packages.*
- 7) *Winning a hockey game against the student council.*
- 8) *Learning to share without thinking "Aren't I good cuz I'm sharing."*
- 9) *Pouring very cold water over your Editor's bare chest in the Westbury Hotel late at night and not being yelled at for it.*
- 10) *Some very nice Breakfasts.*
- 11) *Great Granddaddy who is supposed to be Mean, Evil, Rude and Nasty — but who fails on every count.*
- 12) *Helping Ron Thompson get his job at CUP. ("But he won't be able to breathe with that in his mouth!")*
- 13) *Sharing a very small couch with the sunlight pouring in your face because the curtains fell down — or were never up.*
- 14) *Varsity parties ("And of course everybody from PRO TEM is invited.")*
- 15) *Learning how to think at 3:30 in the morning and learning how to write what you're thinking and learning not to be angry when the story doesn't get in anyway.*
- 16) *Losing a part of all your pens.*
- 17) *Talking to the RCMP on the telephone before you dial.*
- 18) *Pizza every Monday night.*
- 19) *Celebrating Guy Fawkes night with an Official Burning.*
- 20) *Love — which is the reason for all the other reasons.*

— JOAN SHIRLOW

PRO TEM

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PRO TEM is the student weekly of Glendon College, York University, 2275 Bayview Avenue, Toronto 12, Ontario. Opinions expressed are those of the writer. Unsigned comments are the opinion of the newspaper and not necessarily those of the student union or the university administration. PRO TEM is a member of Canadian University Press, the fourth estate, and an agent of social change.

Vous avez la parole

Why I stayed in a closed meeting

Dear Sir:

This letter is in response to the opinion piece by John King entitled 'Student elite screws academocracy at Glendon' which appeared in last week's issue of PRO TEM. This letter is written not so much as an attack naïve views, as an attempt to discredit once and for all the assumptions which he makes. They are, after all, not uncommon assumptions.

By stating that the students who participated in the closed meeting of the Executive Committee of Faculty Council on March 10th have 'screwed' the students of this college, Mr. King does them a severe injustice, and one that must be clarified. Mr. King's article also typifies the narrow-mindedness of those interested with problems than with solutions.

Early in this term, when a full meeting of the Faculty Council moved into private session to debate a ridiculously trite issue, I protested this move by writing in part to the secretary of faculty council: "I for one, as a student member will never again agree to participate in a closed debate of this council over issues of this sort."

In principle, I am opposed to closed meetings of any sort, and I am on record as such. But I submit to Mr. King that in politics, only a fool binds himself to a hard and fast rule. No one can predict everything that might happen. There are always situations where even the highest principles must be over-ruled for the common good, and on March 10th, this college faced just such an unpredictable issue.

The students who participated in the 'in camera' sitting of the Executive Committee last Monday did not screw the students of this college. Rather, in offering student participation rather than rigid adherence to principal in working well, and quickly alongside members of the administration and of the faculty, they did the students of this college a very great service.

Mr. King overlooks the fact that student representativity at this college was an issue long before open meetings were ever anticipated. The administration on March 10th faced an unforseeable crisis, and it is a tribute to the students of this college and to their elected representatives, that they were brought in for consultation.

Mr. King makes a great deal of these students as representatives of the student body on the campus, but he shows a remarkable ignorance of what the concept of representativity entails. The student members of faculty council have never been secretive; rather they have been faced with overwhelming apathy. Had Mr. King come to me on March 10th and asked for an account of what was happening in the closed meeting, I would not have violated my oath of secrecy. I had already foregone

that right by agreeing to participate in the meeting. But I would have explained to Mr. King that an issue has arisen which put the future of this college in jeopardy, and that the details of that issue must not be allowed to leak out until they had been checked for veracity and until they had been clarified. I would have told Mr. King that a violation of my oath to secrecy was not in the best interests of this college, and had he then persisted in trying to obtain information from me, I would have accused him of trying to screw the students of this college.

Representativity, Mr. King, consists of serving your constituents as well as you can, even before catering to segments or sections of the constituency, and certainly before catering to the PRO TEM staff in order to supply them with the lead story of the week.

I am appalled that Mr. King should tell the student members of Faculty Council that they have no right to take an oath of secrecy in the name of representativity. In the name of representativity, they have right to do anything they deem fit and in the best interest of the students, and that includes, in certain instances, denying them information. The Student Council released a detailed account of the events of March 10th as soon as it was possible. The students' right to be informed was not denied them.

Mr. King exaggerates grossly when he says that the secret meeting blew rumors out of proportion. Apart from those who were expelled from the Executive Committee when it moved 'in camera' and their friends, few people on Monday had an inkling that the college faced a crisis. Had the students risen en masse demanding to know what was going on, then another course of action would have been imperative but this was not the case. Mr. King misrepresents the facts by stating the contrary.

Mr. King is in error when he says that Monday was a sad day for Glendon. Monday was a marvellous day! It was a day when some students elected by the student body for their presumed competence were informed of a grave crisis and consulted in various courses of action.

It was a day when quick, effective action was taken and when it was shown as never before to my knowledge that the three estates at Glendon work well together. None of this screwed the students. None of this was anti-democratic. And none of this pre-empted the students' rights at Glendon.

Vianney Carriere G III

(ed. note — "Better to preserve what few democratic ideals we possess than to save a few buildings." — anon. (J.K.))

Other campus unions

Dear Sir:

I read with some interest the article on unionism by Andy Michalski in the March 5 PRO TEM. While the article probes the question as it is relevant to York, I feel I might be able to provide information on unionism on other universities which might help to round out the picture. Various universities in Canada

are completely unionized, usually through Civil Service Organizations (Alberta and Calgary) or the Canadian Union of Public Employees (Victoria and UBC). The union at Saskatchewan is unique in that it is directly chartered through the Canadian Labour Congress.

The story of unionization at Victoria is representative of at least one approach to the question. In 1965, wages being paid to clerical and outside staff at the university were simply not competitive and, after a concerted effort by interested staff and C.U.P.E. organizers, the employees were organized into two bargaining units, one for outside employees (i.e. gardeners, janitors, carpenters, and security staff) and one for inside employees (i.e. technicians, non-professional library staff, and stenos).

This certification meant that all employees (excluding faculty, professional librarians, and senior administrators) with less than one year's service when the union came into effect had to join one of the two locals. Staff with more than one year's service could opt out, but all employees within the bargaining units, whether they are members or not, are required to pay \$2.50 to the locals as specified in the Rand formula. The Rand Formula also means that all new employees have to join the union in order to work for the university, until union membership reaches 80 per cent of the total

Vandalisme

Dear Sir:

Une exposition de photographies, la semaine dernière, s'est terminée par la destruction de deux photos.

Deux semaines plutot, on a volé le tourne-disque du Pipe Room, sans oublier tous les actes de vandalisme qui sont commis régulièrement a Glendon et particulièrement a la Galerie d'Art.

Nous ne voulons pas ici condamner tous les étudiants de ce college mais seulement les avertir qu'il y a certaines têtes folles cherchant a détruire le bien communautaire.

Nous voulons que Glendon favorise un plus grand déploiement d'activités culturelles et sociales, comme une visite a McMichael 'The Group of Seven' bientôt, mais c'est chose perdue, si nous ne nous unissons pas, tous ensemble, pour empêcher ces incidents déplorables.

En esperant que ces accidents désagréables ne se renouvelleront plus.

Michel Pampalon
 Cultural Affairs Director

See Letters, page 5

Injuries, racism and wanton firings

It's 'pure hell' inside Detroit auto plants

By ROBERT DUDNICK

DETROIT — Anybody who thinks workers are bought off with colour television and two cars hasn't worked on an auto assembly line lately.

You may make maybe \$130 a week on the line. But you'll bust your ass doing it. Compulsory overtime is as certain as model changeover layoffs.

And if you're black it's three times worse.

Rose Logan, a black woman, worked in Dept. 25 of Chrysler's Eldon Ave. gear and axle plant here. She was run down by a forklift driven by a white man. The company doctor gave her a quick examination and sent her back to Dept. 25. Rose Logan finished out her shift, then went home.

A few weeks later she died from her injuries.

Bomb suspected

There is more. Injuries, racism and wanton firings occur every day in every plant. The following is a review of some instances:

One Friday night, Curtis Lee, a black man, was crossing the street in front of the Dodge Main plant in Hamtramck when he was hit by a car and thrown 100 feet. Plant guards refused to help, saying they did not know if the bleeding man in the street was a Dodge employee. Black workers went to his aid, but Hamtramck city cops told them to "move along." When Lee finally got to the hospital he was in critical condition from internal injuries, a fractured skull, three broken ribs, a broken arm and two broken legs.

On the night of Sept. 7, 1967, Willie Brookins, father and auto worker, was returning to Dodge Main from his lunch break. He had a paper bag with two

sausages in it and showed the contents to the gate guard. Inside the property a second guard demanded to see the contents, hinting that Brookins had a bomb stashed in the bag. Brookins ignored him and went up the elevator to his third-floor work area. The guard and his captain went up too, took the sausages from the bag and threw them to his floor and stomped on them. A fight broke out. Brookins was sent home. On Sept. 11, 1967, he was fired and denied unemployment compensation.

Office locked

A white superintendent at Dodge named Little had a black worker, Floyd Daniels, suspended for sleeping in a rest area. A month later, Little caught a white union steward named Syl sleeping in a first-floor work area. No action was taken.

In Dept. 9160, where 60 per cent of the workers are black, Dodge supervisory personnel locked the door to their office during the hottest part of the summer. The reason: their office had the only working Coke machine in the area.

There are other little things. Dodge suspended Ray Johnson for leaving a pair of safety glasses in a lunch area. John Matthews Jr. was fired for being seven minutes late. Plant guards at Dodge Main are packing Mace.

These are individual manifestations of general company and union policies.

To get the broader picture, it helps to know that Ford, for example, fires about 600 black workers a week, who then hire on at other auto plants to be fired again. This gives the companies a revolving pool of desperate workers. It also allows Ford to replace the 600 with 200-300 new workers, thereby doubling

and tripling the workload on those who are left. The 600 discharged workers usually are fired on their 89th day of employment, one day short of gaining seniority. Meanwhile, the United Auto Workers has already taken out its \$20 initiation fee and three months dues (\$7 a month). This means the UAW is getting at least \$30,000 a year in all plants from 89-day-and-goodbye black workers.

Collect poverty money

On top of that, Ford and other companies collect poverty-program money for training "hard core" people parolees and welfare mothers. They are told to do the job or have their parole revoked or welfare cut off. There are women working underneath cars on the line in pools of oil and grease. DRUM calls all this "niggermation."

Until recently, the only acceptable excuse for absence was a doctor's note saying the worker was ill and under treatment. Black workers needed two notes. The policy has been changed somewhat: Ford no longer accepts notes from black doctors.

Chuck Wooten, one of the founders of DRUM, who was fired from Dodge Main, worked in the body shop there, making components for Dodge Chargers. He had to assemble three pieces of stock and do 24 spot-welds. "Now most of the metal in the body shop is very sharp and gloves are hard to get, you understand," he said. "See, what it is, foremen get a bonus - I think it's on a quarterly basis for the less safety equipment they have to use, such as gloves and aprons, and if you've got a foreman that's profit-conscious, you're gonna have hell getting gloves." Gloves sometimes last a week, when you can get them.

'Avoid the hole'

"On the spotwelding line upstairs on the seventh floor," Wooten said, "there's a heavy concentration of smoke and workers are constantly inhaling this day in and day out. You might be working over a hole in the floor (the plant was built in 1924), you're constantly walking, you have to avoid the hole in the floor."

Many jobs involve making several spotwelds on cars from the bottom. This means the worker stands in the pit bent over backward, reaching above and behind him, all day. Between 56 and 64 cars come through the pit each hour. There are four workers in the pit. Each handles two spotwelding guns. They do this for the entire shift, except for lunch and two 23-minute breaks. "Usually on these jobs there's not time enough to even light a cigarette. This is a fact," Wooten said.

"The thing that sticks in my mind mostly," he said "is the incident that happened two years ago when there was

a black inspector who worked next to me, inspecting the stock I put on the line... and they came up to him one day and told him that 'We're laying you off because there's an overabundance of inspectors and we're going to put you on the line.' And the next morning he was on the line and the next morning there was also a new white hiree on his job as inspector." The white man had never worked in an auto plant.

In the four years Wooten worked at Dodge Main, he saw the assembly line chain break at least 15 times. This is the chain that propels the cars on dollies down the line in somewhat the manner a carwash chain works. When the chain breaks, the force hurls the dollies together at 60-80 miles an hour. Many workers labor in the foot and a half space between the dollies. Last time the chain broke, a foreman was caught between dollies. Both his legs were cut, off below the knees.

And so on.

letters

(continued)

number of eligible staff.

At this time, the union locals are negotiating new contracts, but fringe benefits are already better than those for equivalent positions at Glendon. Employees at Victoria work a 37 1/2 hour week from September to May and a 35 hour week in the summer.

They receive nine statutory holidays with pay and 12 days sick leave annually which, if unused, can accumulate to a total of 120 days. In addition, they also have a special sick leave bank which allows an employee up to 66 days for serious illnesses and operations incurred after their normal allotment has expired. Finally, all employees receive three weeks holidays after five years service, and four weeks after 15 years.

Wages at Victoria also compare favourably. The lowest salary which could be paid to a non-professional librarian is \$3200, but the ceiling for a non-professional librarian is \$7300. At the time the agreement was reached, this was \$300 more than inexperienced professional

librarians began at. Janitors and cleaning women receive a minimum of \$2.72 per hour while night watchmen and traffic patrolmen receive \$3.00 per hour. Of course, time-and-one-half is paid for all overtime.

The very real advantages of the Victoria employees has not resulted in the restrictions or employer-employee antagonism, which some people see as the results of unionization. In the year I was president of the inside workers' local I received no real grievances from either union members or the administration. The fact that the members do not have the right to strike means little because all differences on wages or working conditions eventually go to an impartial board for a binding decision.

The same situation could occur at Glendon. To my knowledge, C.U.P.E. is the official bargaining agent for non-civil service public service positions in Ontario, as it is in B.C. Because it is a Canadian union, it is also a big union (some 100,000 members are in 1967) which means that its member locals are in a good bargaining position.

While unionization may not be the ultimate answer to the Glendon non-academic staff, I think that

membership in an organization which has already shown that it can work successfully in similar situations should be considered more strongly than it now seems to be. Steven Horn, University of Toronto

Should I vote?

Dear Sir:

Do you think its right for F.A.S. students to vote in a Glendon election? How many of them do vote? How many do give a damn if they are voting for the good of Glendon?

I'm an F.A.S. student at Glendon. I feel that I should not vote in your election. We are not a part of Glendon, we are just boarders for one year. Hence is Glendon getting true voting by the F.A.S. students this year. I think that the F.A.S. students don't care what's going to happen to Glendon next year. So you politicians at Glendon should restrict us from voting. We are not a 'Part of You'; we don't have to stay here another 2 years, you do. So lets wisen up and have a better voting system. Maybe it will improve Glendon for your sake.

Ivano A. Manias G I



Photo by MICHALSKI

...and while away the sands of time.

LAST STAFF MEETING!!!

TODAY 2:00

PRO TEM office

Tucker Report proposes superficial reforms

By TIM ANDERSON

On January 12, 1968 the Faculty Council of Glendon College established a "Committee on Undergraduate Instruction" headed by Professor A. V. Tucker of the History Department. Its main purpose was to study the relevancy of the learning process at Glendon in respect to the total environment.

Composed ultimately of six Faculty members and three students the Tucker Committee quickly discovered that questions such as "whether teaching and learning are actually taking place at Glendon" or "is the liberal arts education of Glendon a satisfactory preparation for an understanding of the forces behind social change" led in a philosophical circle.

Therefore Tucker thought that the committee "should overcome this tendency to discuss issues in general terms." This superficiality is one of the main weaknesses of the University of Toronto's Macpherson Report. Recognizing that "the curriculum from the outset was conventional and rigid" the committee strived to produce specifics so that Faculty Council could act on them as soon as possible.

Acting as a check for the recommendations of the committee on undergraduate studies is the "Critical Supplement" submitted by Professor Walter Beringer head of the Humanities Department of Glendon, also a member of the committee.

He wrote in his Minority Report that "if all the recommendations of the Tucker Committee Report were instituted...the quality of education would be lowered."

Ungraded degrees

One of the more radical ideas of the committee is possible awarding of ungraded degrees at Glendon. The recommendation reads, "A small number of students be admitted each year on an experimental basis...taking whatever courses they choose, at their own pace and with no evaluation or listing of courses anywhere on their record."

Beringer compared an "ungraded degree" to "diplomitius hippius". He explained that "Where there is no checking of...certain requirements and standards, there can be no certification."

Dave Cole, a third year political science student on the committee said that the implementation of such a degree "is feasible if the pitfalls are made plain to the student deciding to enter the program." The pitfalls include the probability of the rejection of 'ungraded students' by graduate schools and a general reluctance of society to accept their learning as legitimate.

The rationale behind the committee's idea of 'Supervised Individual Study' is closely linked to the ungraded degree proposal. The committee recommends that "opportunities be opened up for qualified students to do supervised independent study for one-course credit in the first, second and third years of the curriculum." In addition there would be summer courses offered for second and third year students that allowed independence in choice in subject matter.

The committee has made some comment on the possibility of reducing the number of courses taken at Glendon in a given academic year. However, the enrolment is limited by the rule that 'under-achievers' cannot participate in the plan.

But any of the committee's suggestions that attempt to alleviate the rigidity of curriculum are more pittance in contrast to the demands of the Glendon Student Council made in their manifesto called "A

University is for People." It calls for "the abolition of the formal course structure."

Pass-fail system

The feasibility of one of the schemes of the Tucker Committee, "The Pass/Fail System of Grading" will be presented this May to Faculty Council by the Committee on Examinations and Academic Standards.

Professor Robert Snow, the head of Glendon's Natural Science Department, along with Professor Terry Fowler of the Political Science Department played an important role in the formulation of ideas about the proposed system.

Snow commented that "for any given course or any given examination," it is easy to tell when a paper is exceptionally good or exceptionally poor. The large grey area, is where it is hard to make distinctions."

Professor Beringer, in spite of his opposition to the system, very succinctly expressed the need for a reasoned evaluation as a supplement to a two-term evaluation system. "A sentence and a comment speaks but a number and a letter does not." In other words a written critique shows the student how and where to improve.

As the Committee on Undergraduate Instruction notes "there now exists at Glendon some confusion among students and faculty as to the purposes of the 'general education program'." The committee calls for an examination of 'the pedagogical purposes' of general education courses by another committee of Faculty Council.

The majority of the committee is of the opinion that general courses should be included as part of Glendon's program because "if the student is really confused it is better for him to take a larger spectrum of courses." In first year these courses would allow a student longer to build up a perspective.

However, research still needs to be made into the causes of the disinterest in general education lectures: whether these lectures do act as an additional source of knowledge for the student besides his reading or are just a lead-up to an exam; and whether a survey-like introduction is really a good means to accustom one to an academic world.

Faculty advisors?

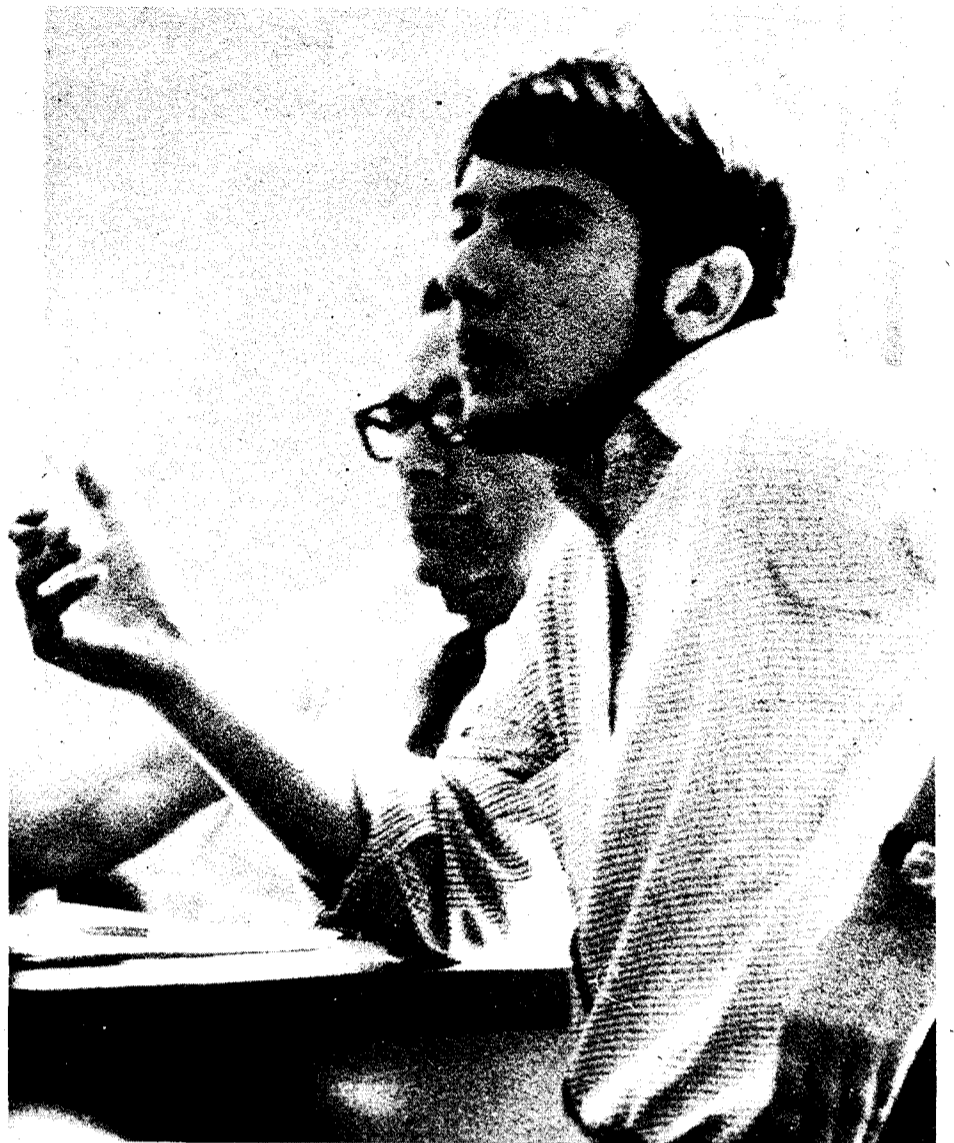
Clear-cut schisms in the opinions of members on the Tucker Committee arose over the recommendation that all members of Faculty no longer be assigned a number of first year students as advisees.

Many of the incoming faculty as well as existing faculty are reluctant to spend a great deal of time learning the intricacies of the curriculum set-up at Glendon. The dissatisfaction on the part of the instructor with his obligations usually puts the student on the receiving end of uninformed and insincere advice.

The members of faculty who recognize the inadequacy of the present advisory system feel that the future of Glendon College depends to some extent, on their degree of responsibility to their advisory duties. An elective system whereby only those faculty who felt capable in an advisory capacity would hopefully eliminate the apathy of faculty advisors.

Another region of dissent in the committee was a proposal that a study should be made of the possibility of qualified fourth year students teaching their fellow students.

Walter Beringer stated in his 'Minority Report' - "The interests of those students wanting to be



David Cole (student member) and A.V. Tucker (chairman)

introduced to scholarship by the professional scholars have to be protected, and no instructor has the right to turn some students into guinea pigs for other students."

At any rate those agreeing with the thought behind the proposal felt that the system should receive much deeper analysis before any positive action would be taken.

"Many students at Glendon have expressed concern at the relative isolation of their academic environment from the wider society beyond the college." In the light of this statement the Tucker committee has suggested that full academic credit could be given, "for a project of service to, or of learning in, the community."

This clause is tied intrinsically with the description of the nature of Glendon College in its calendar - "Glendon College...is oriented towards the development by its students of an informed interest and concern about public affairs and particularly the affairs of Canada."

Rescheduled year

One of the more favoured recommendations of the Tucker committee calls for the rescheduling of the school year. Its implementation is feasible even by the beginning of the 69/70 school year.

The school year would commence with the orientation of students in the second week of September. Orientation would be a more intensive process than before involving seminars for the discussion of summer reading and a better introduction to bilingualism.

The use of the first week in November as a study break would give students a chance to consult with faculty and use language laboratory facilities.

A second orientation period would be offered in the first week of January but regular classes would be continued. Discussions about the college's structure and function

In the last week of February and first week in March the students would receive another reading period. They would again be would be more applicable after the

student had been at Glendon for three months. encouraged to consult with their faculty advisors.

Many of the recommendations of the Tucker Committee Report such as the sketchy ones on lectures and seminars have been referred to an 'Academic Policy Committee' for further study. It would be created 'to periodically examine and review the underlying assumptions, the quality, and the variety of teaching and learning at Glendon and the facilities and environment in which they take place.'

There was a mixed reception to the possible formation of this committee. Harris thought that "the bureaucratizing of Glendon" has gone far enough. He felt that the existing academic committees of Faculty Council are well equipped to make judgements on the report.

Dave Cole, a student member, stated that the biggest weakness of the Tucker Committee Report is its disregard of the library. He said that "the quality of learning" is tied unequivocally with the need for a good library. "If there are no improvements in the library particularly in the realm of French books the recommendations of the Tucker committee are castrated."

A wide-spread feeling of pessimism was expressed by the members of the committee in regards to the working habits of Glendon's students. "The major educational problem is not any of the things dealt with in the Tucker Committee Report", said Professor Snow, "but that many of the students lack the desire to learn."

Dave Copp, another student member of the committee, emphasized this problem. "Structural changes won't really change the educational process. The key thing is to change attitudes."

The aims of the Tucker Committee Report demand that research be done into the psychology of learning. It is evident that an understanding of how attitudes are formed towards education is a prerequisite before structure can fit the needs of students. Only then will Glendon College or any other educational institution be 'For People'.

Photo by MORGAN

Graham's Crackers

(Editor's note - a crumby title)
P.S. Is John King for real ? (No.)



Photo by HIRSH Composite by KING

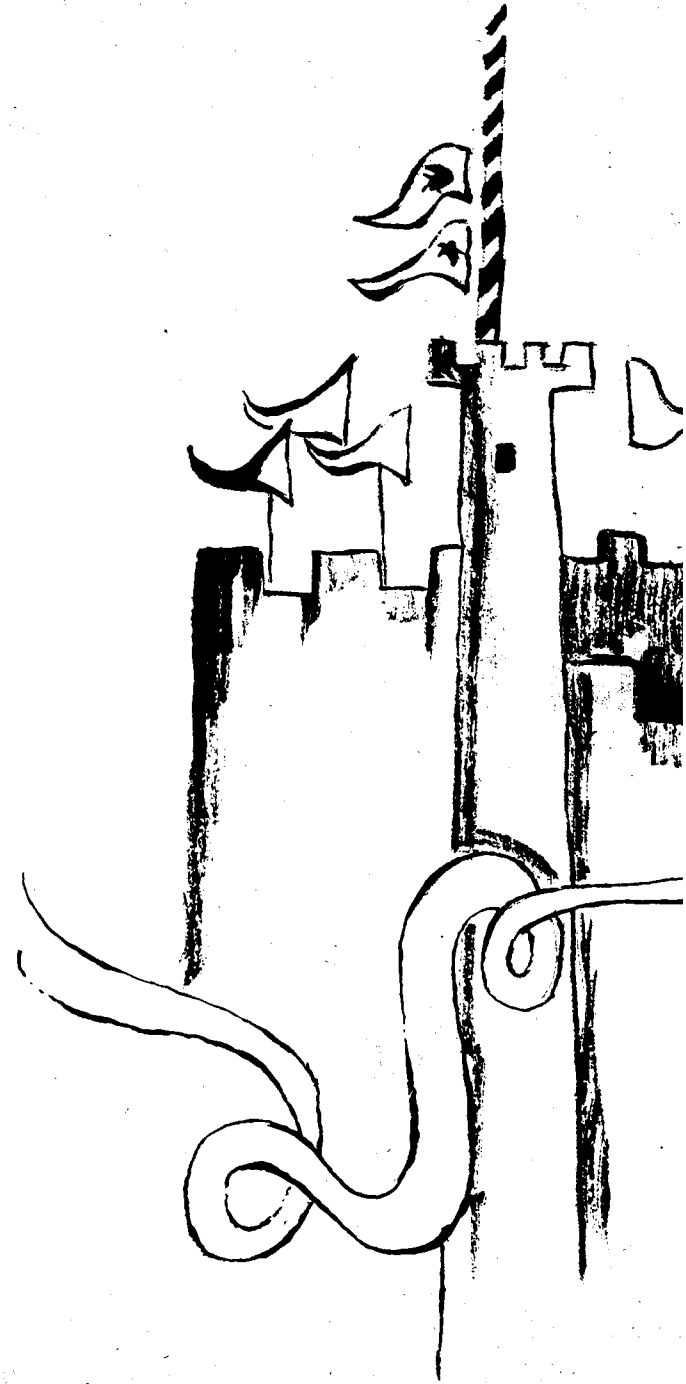
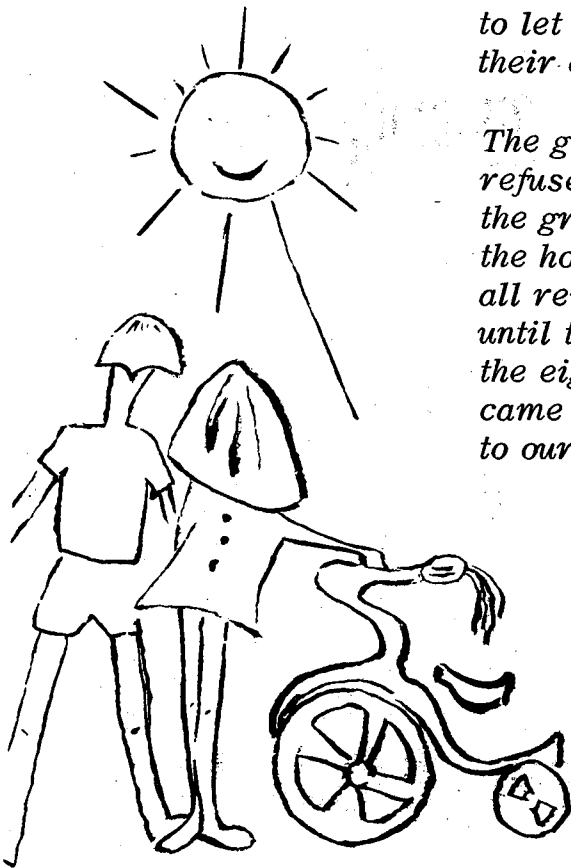
- David Weatherston
- Val Brent
- Graham Muir
- Genevieve Steed
- Toby Fyfe
- Lynda Beaubien
- Marilyn Smith
- Brian Pearl
- Max Marechaux
- Anita Jordan
- Tim Anderson
- Paul Scott
- Andy Michalski
- John King
- Joan Shirlow
- Jim Weston
- Delores Broten
- Sandy Stewart
- Larry Scanlan
- Jim Weston
- Delores Broten
- Stew Simpson
- Bob Waller
- Gord Thompson
- Harve Hirsh
- Maureen Adamache
- Lia Tamme
- Vianney Carriere
- Nick Martin
- Harold Jamnison

a child's carousel

*In that
dark, filtered-green garden,
we wore wooden crowns,
and ate bitter purple plums
leaning against the damp bases
of moss-covered satyr-statues.
When we scraped the moss away
to let them see,
their eyes were empty.*

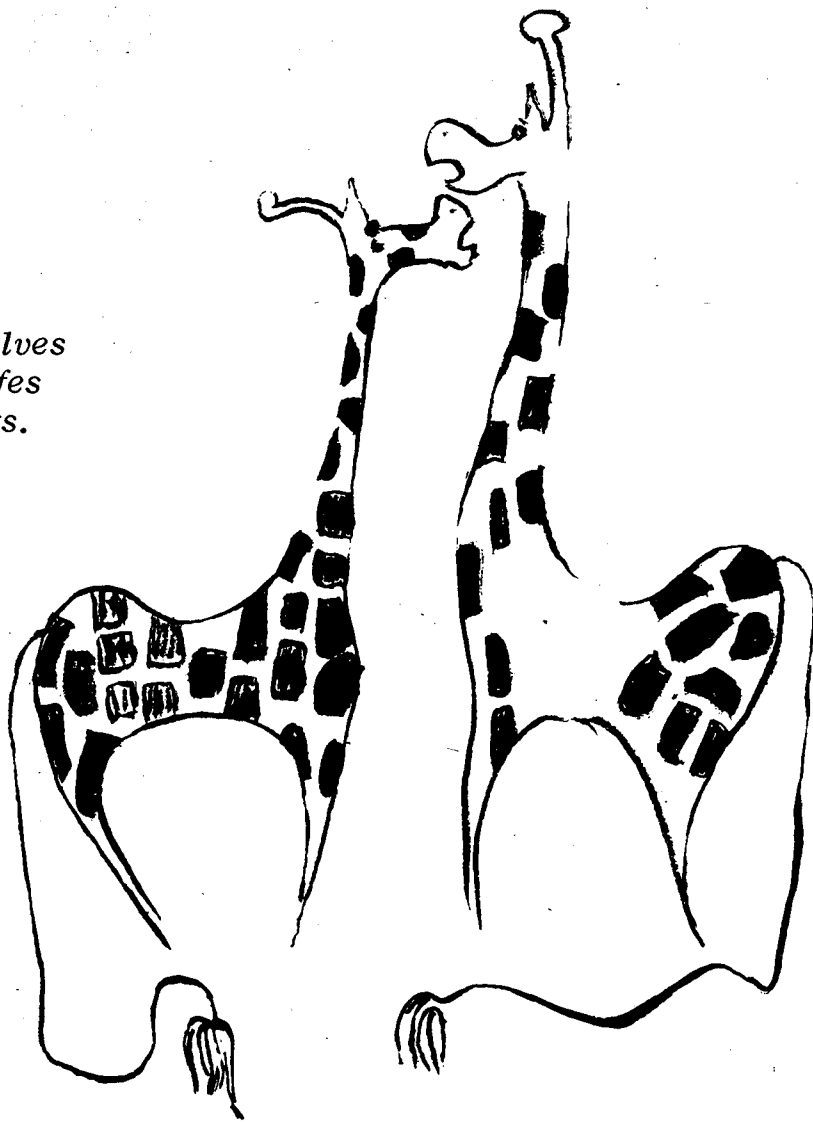
*The gold-fish, shadow-sliding,
refused to answer our cold pink fingers,
the green, the moss,
the hole we dug to China—
all remained silent,
until the wind that blows over
the eighth sea
came and wispered the answer
to our hollow ears.*

- Fee



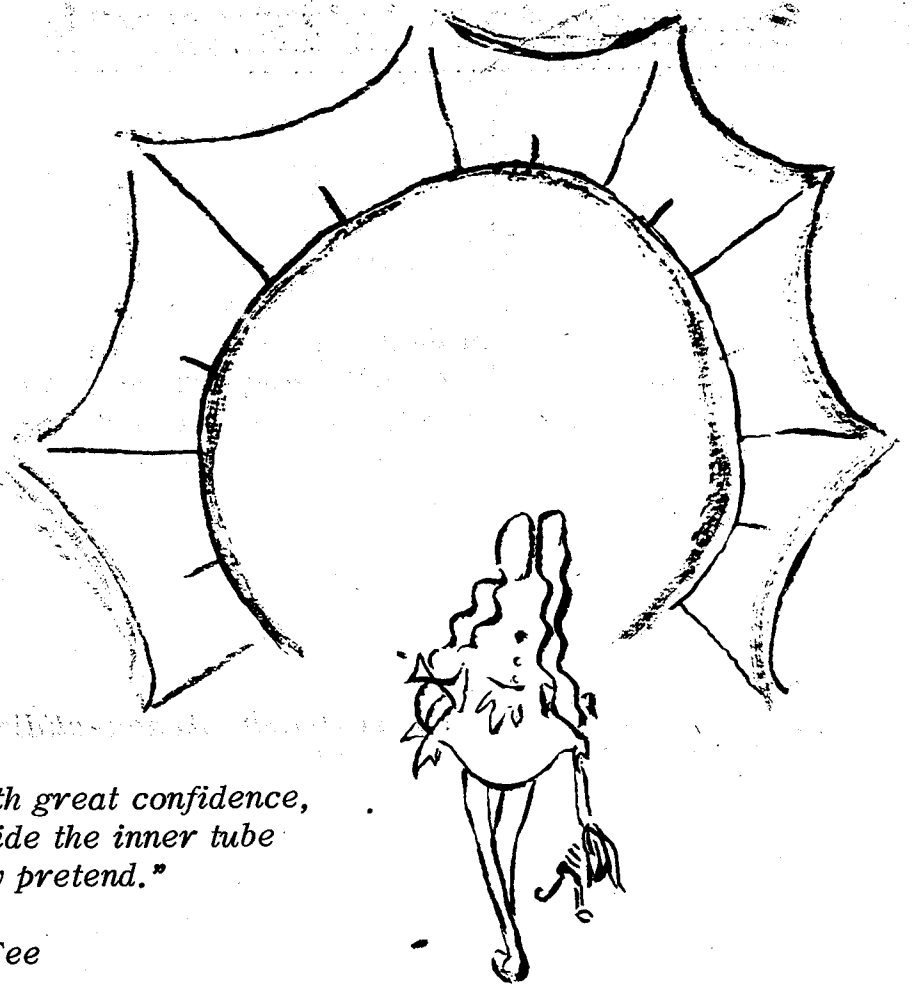
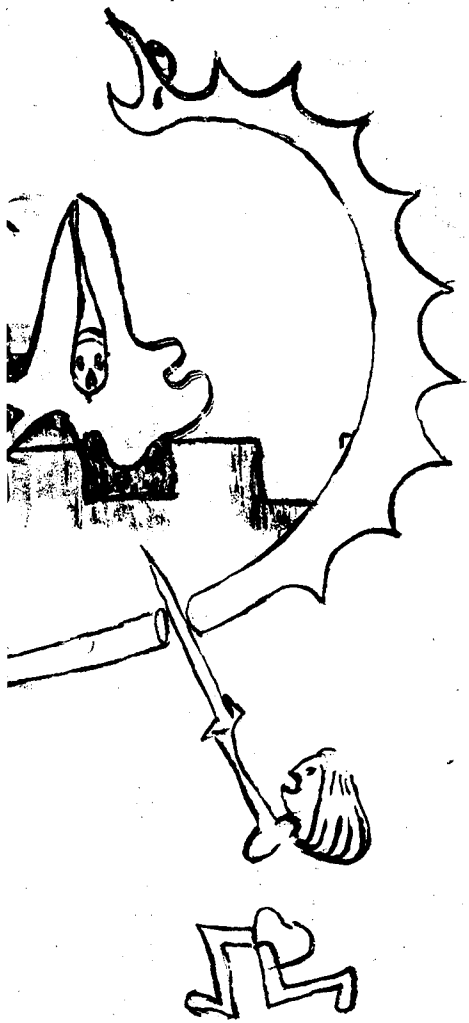
*only by following themselves
can the horses and giraffes
return to their beginnings.*

- vinnie



*Time was when life was ful
when carpets grew to contin
on spacious battlefields
marbles waged a pre-deter
time was when lower paths
still lost their form in elev
direction was accepted
and maneuvered by impuls
who were forgiven
and whose proofs were ofte
left below,
when suffering made one cr
or, too clear, was painted
red and gold with silly mar
to dream aloft once more.
time was when peoples' fac
decked my upper halls
and their eyes were yet
religion bright horizons
when windows, made high to
viewed softly far below.
time was when knights and
meaning stalked imaginatio
shunning other worlds.
and time was
not a chain but liberator
promises
and sunrise after
dark
time freed my hands
to rearrange the pieces
on my gameboard
stretched to life
and all glittering in a heart
trustful dawn.*

- Warren Gribb



*she said to me with great confidence,
from her seat inside the inner tube
"Dragons are only pretend."*

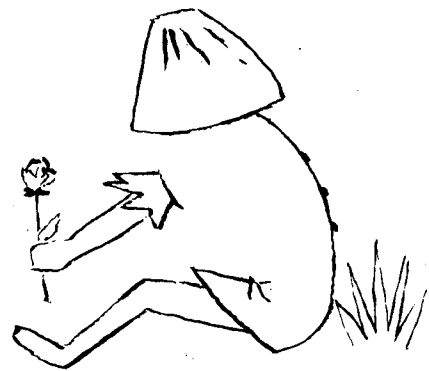
- Fee

*and sometimes the mind wanders back
to times when all you did was magic
you don't remember when you changed
and all that went before was good
you never knew that love was hate
or all the flowered worlds were false
you never thought the spell would break
that all you dreamed would never be*

*and now you dream
you dream
and dream
you look into the mirror
the enchanted mirror of childhood
but you don't see yourself*

*now you are the reflection
the imperfect image
distorted
false
like an artificial rose
that cannot wither
not alive enough to die.*

- Helen Aitkin



COMPILED BY WARREN GRIBBONS
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARGO ROTHWELL
AND STEW SIMPSON

*Now when wind and sunlight
Silver the edges of the day
Saddening into night.
As time slides its oil
Round your pain,
The storm forgotten
Again we'll see,
At the foot of each
growing thing lies a shadow.*

- Terry Kelly

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gilded
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UP-f

'The Committee'

Satire still good as film

By BRIAN PEARL

'The Committee' is a terrific stage review turned into a great T.V. show which has become a good film. Needless to say, something has been lost in the translation. The satire is still there, but the production techniques have removed most of its sting. Even so, 'The Committee' still smarts pretty heavily in spots.

The cast of eight Los Angeles players dash through the script of 19 skits showing great talent and freshness. The show itself was written and staged by all of them, and the effort has knit them together into a cohesive, effective troupe never working at cross purposes to each other but leaning heavily on one another for support. They succeed because no one falls, possibly carrying the others with him.

'The Committee' turns remorselessly on pitifully vulnerable society and with subtle instead of garish humour, lays bare the bones of the hoary structure. But they clearly avoid the all-to-easy condemnation. Instead, they get to the roots of the problem-people.

And this sharp focus on the basis of the American dilemma—the American-gives 'The Committee' a humanism and decency that most satirical reviews evade through mock anger and a disturbing sense of frustration at the bottom of every

joke. 'The Committee' has a desperately needed "that's all right, Ma, it's life and life only" attitude to the American way of life.

But sometimes even the committee seems slightly angry. The 'Greed Game' a take-off on T.V. game shows, is clearly a case of emotionalized overkill. 'Greed' (pronounced with a malicious grin, beady eyes and hands curved like claws before one's stomach) is the game for all the family in which contestants beg, threaten, throw tantrums and die for valuable gifts.

Don Sturdy, a standout in this fine cast, warms up the audience and introduces guests with Hugh Downs-like rotten sweetness. Carl Gottlieb is the M.C., bouncing and totally repulsive. Garry Goodrow is the champion player, who is reduced to a "quivering hulk of infantile, emotional jelly" by the end.

Melvin Stuart plays a black Poverty Program director who offers bribes with federal funds and passes out threats, but loses when the champion attempts to pull down his pants, 'exposing himself before 40 million people'.

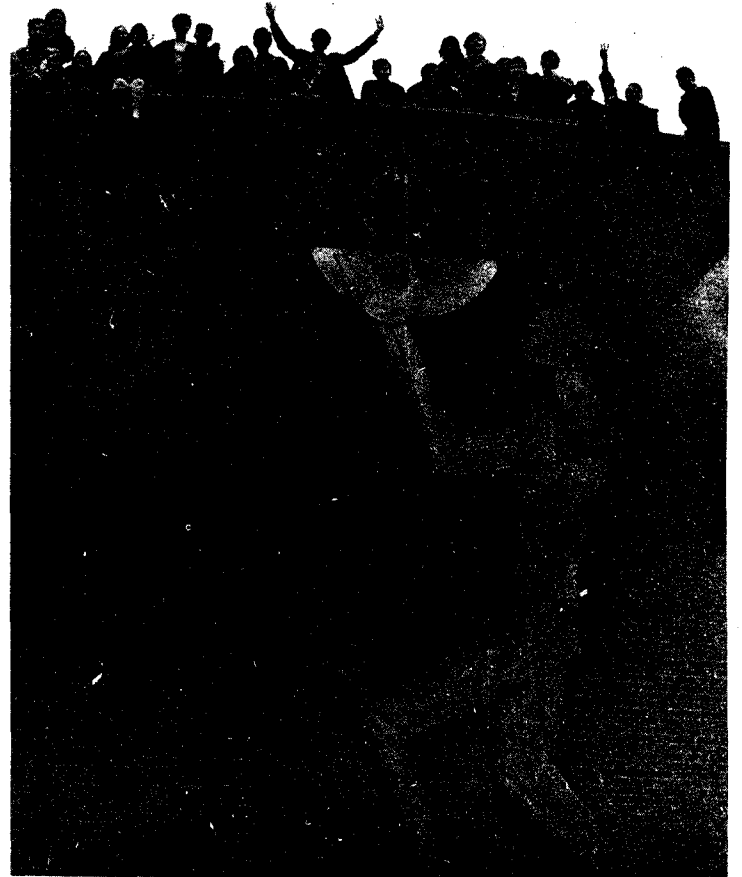
The only skit where the Committee completely loses sight of the human element is the final one, entitled the 'Star Spangled Banner'. While the American anthem is being played, one poor citizen, who

refused to stand up, is nugged, tugged, pushed and finally dragged from his chair and beaten up by his 'fellow countrymen'.

The film itself has colour which are too bright and an unusually coarse grain for a colour production. But the photography was highly scrupulous in its use of either full stage or close-up shots, with no 'zooming in' but only straight cuts. This technique preserved some of the feelings one gets at a live performance with a fixed point of view (your seat) and consequently small repertory of 'shots' on the stage.

'The Committee' is a funny, highly enjoyable and human satirical review. The film of the review is chopped-up by the black-outs and natural separations between skits, but each one is still a gem, with the brilliance only slightly diminished.

Photo by GELLER



The entertainment staff

Electric Circus is not so nice

By MORGAN

This article is primarily a reaction to an article which appeared last week in PRO TEM entitled "Electric Circus--Everything Flows" because my experience with the Circus is something different.

This originally started as an abstract critique of the Circus' technique, but the editor would probably delete most of it and you wouldn't care anyway. Better you should figure it out for yourself. I think I will just describe my reaction to it all.

I went to see Jeff Beck last Sunday, straight. After the usual hassle of getting in (which increases in direct proportion to the surrounding inclement weather), I entered a long narrow hall full of neon food stands, coat checks, and a lot of incidental messages in the Circus' 'residual-image' script (if you really believe in the Circus this

will look like money-changing outside the temple).

Waiting for admiration

You walk up a Day-Glo staircase, which is as psychedelic as lace curtains ("Pretty colours! Yeah! Wow!"), into a bunch of tables arranged coffee-house style where there are a lot of people waiting around for you to admire them for something or other ("OOO, my hair's getting good in the back!").

Passing farther on, you can look into the back of the main light-sound bay, with its flashy control board. Then there are tubular niches all over the wall where you can sit and amuse yourself, and a Day-Glo body paint shop.

Downstairs there is a room which is padded with foam rubber.

On leaving the rubber room, I did a couple of somersaults, stood up, and inadvertently did one over the drunk in the door.

Yes, Kiddies, the Electric Circus pursues a deliberate policy of attracting the aged and infirm of mind. These creeps were dressed in their idea of hip clothing, i.e. the army bit, noisy and offensive (real "drunk").

The prime problem, though, revolves around what is projected on the walls. A good light show should be full of motion and colour, with a constantly changing array of low-definition images. About one quarter of the wall has this, the rest of the show consists of very nice static mages of high definition.

If they changed quickly, it would be alright, but they may stay 5 minutes or longer, by which time they become merely distracting.

The prime mistake in the Circus becomes apparent

when you compare it to other manifestations of the hip scene in Toronto—the Rock Pile and Yorkville the late great. This last was sort of a battleground of the cool where you couldn't really do anything except be cooler and hipper than anyone else. This is the situation in the circus.

No sense of community.

Everybody walks about in their latest 'beautiful people' clothes, doing everything the 'cool' way, talking drugs, talking records, talking Eye Magazine, but not really doing anything but being cool because if you should really like to do something and you do it, and it looks like you're really too involved in it to be cool people will stand around you and think that you are creepy and watch you funny.

There is no sense whatsoever of community, the emphasis being on displaying stereotypes rather than a sense of group interaction as at the Rock Pile.

At a big show at the Rock Pile, people are shoved so close together that all you can see is faces. It's sweaty and smelly and your cologne will wear off - but it's people and not people's clothes, or mannerisms.

Given about 15 minutes of this and you can't talk to anyone. Archetypes break down, and the person beside you is not an x or a y, but an individual who has his own interests and life forces some of which may be compatible with yours. This makes people a lot more sexy and interesting than the plastic dolls at the Circus.

Granted the place is not the totally free paradise we would all like but, given the choice between that and the inflated, unsteady egos of the Circus, I'd take the Rock Pile any day.

THURSDAY	glendon college
MARCH 20	bayview & lawrence
7:45 P.M.	487-6107 or 6108
OLD DINING HALL	
FACULTY OF MUSIC STUDENT TRIO	
ADELE ARMIN	VIOLIN
DAVID HETHERINGTON	CELLO
PATRICK LI	PIANO
<u>PROGRAMME</u>	
Trio #1 Op. 1	Beethoven
Allegro	
Adagio cantabile	
Scherzo	
Finale presto	
Dumky Trio Op. 90	Dvorak
Lento maestoso	
Andante	
Allegro	
Lento maestoso	

front



'HAMLET' good as amateur production

By VIANNEY CARRIERE

It is not too harsh a statement to say that Michael Gregory's production of 'Hamlet' has to be judged on the simple basis that it is an amateur production. The role of Hamlet is one that has to inspire a great deal of soul searching and a great deal of dread in even the most accomplished actor.

Added to this, a production on stage, as opposed to a film version, poses many technical problems, and the treatment of each of these problems goes a long way in the presentation of an 'interpretative' Hamlet.

Gregory's production was neither deplorably bad, nor brilliant. It hung between, with occasional vascillations to both extremes, and left the spectator with the simple reaction that the play, after all, had been an amateur production.

Someone who wished to see Gregory's 'Hamlet', but was not prepared for several dissapointments should have left the theatre before the play began. The set itself was superb; it allowed for both the pomp of certain court scenes, and for the stoic majesty of Elsinore. It could be spacious or intimate, and in the single monochrome colour was neither overpowering nor distracting from the action.

Likewise, many of the considerably technical problems of 'Hamlet' were handled with a great deal of wit. The Ghost for instance although I disapproved of the lighting gimmick, spoke in a shockingly impressive voice, and with the stereo effect provided by the amplification system, the audience was made as aware of his presence as the characters on the stage.

Taylor not introspective

Where there were bound to be dissappointments in the play, was of course, in the area of acting. I should point out that I saw the play only once, on Saturday evening, and I have been told that the acting calibre of several people varied greatly from performance to performance. That in itself is indicative, since I can only conclude that the actors were either too tired or too inexperienced to freeze their parts adequately.

John Taylor as Hamlet is open to many criticisms. The interpretation which he presented of the Danish Prince is, in my opinion, a very questionable one. The problem of Hamlet the procrastinator, or Hamlet the tormented introspective youth was not attempted. Instead, Taylor came on as a schemer, intent on the killing of Claudius, but intent above all on justifying himself not to any specific characters, but to the audience.

Taylor throughout appeared to be trying to sell the purity of his intentions and his dilemma. Where this was most obvious was in the soliloquies, the interpretation of which I felt was unjustifiable. The soliloquies should be introspective but even after the first few lines of 'To be or not to be', Taylor immediately turned again to the audience and resumed his attitude of shouting at them so that they would be convinced.

I also objected to the voice modulation that John Taylor used. This, I have been told, was to overcome certain problems of projection, but the impression was created that Taylor was simply

willing to present anything except a Hamlet with a Canadian accent. As it is, he spoke for a while with a Canadian accent, then with a British accent, and sometimes even with a rather crude American accent. The problem of voice is a considerable one in Hamlet, and in this particular production, the audience was too much aware of it. It is a part of the play which I found consistently annoying.

A cold Claudius

Where Taylor was spectacular, was in the intimate person-to-person scenes. The bedroom scene with his mother was played to perfection by both characters, and was the only part of the play where anyone rivalled Trish Nelligan for attention on the stage. The torment and the agony of Hamlet at this point was touching and commendable. Commendable also, was Taylor's parting scene with Ophelia. Here again, he showed great understanding for the emotions which he portrayed, abandoning for the moment the role of the Prince, to adopt that of the anguished lover. In his relations to Ophelia, John Taylor was superb.

So too was he superb in the scenes where he exhibited humor. The manner in which Taylor repeatedly made a fool of Polonius and foiled the plots of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern was sympathetic and entertaining.

As Claudius, Peter Stephens played one of the most controlled roles in which I have ever seen him. He was however, cold through-out the play, and without passion, even for his queen. He appeared as the type of man who might have killed his brother for a woman and a throne, and he too, in his moments of anger was extremely convincing. The major flaw in Stephens' performance was in the play within the play scene, where he failed completely to respond as he should have. Claudius' performance at this point is more important than the play which he is watching, but Stephens seems to have been unwilling to detract from it. The first time the audience is aware of the effect which the mime has had upon him is when he storms out, and this should be a great deal more gradual.

Trish Nelligan as Gertrude, on the other hand, was the only performer to maintain a standard level throughout the play, and that was brilliant. She was constantly attractive whenever she appeared, and never seemed while on stage to be standing back and watching. She started off confused and vaguely quiet, and then as she was repeatedly attacked by her son, By Ophelia, and later by Laertes, she managed to communicate her inner torment in the most graphic way possible.

Throughout the play she was a queen, even when a whore, and her movements alone were words without words. When emotions were called for, Trish Nelligan provided them with an almost uncanny perception and understanding, and in the end of the play, she seemed so old and tired and broken that the audience could only wonder whether she was capable of appearing for the curtain calls.

Humorous scenes best

Peter Small as Horatio provided a calm and interesting contrast to his friend Hamlet, and although I was sometimes annoyed by his shuffling movements he was convincing and attractive. Peter



Photo by MICHALSKI

Jerry Shoot as 'The Mime King'

Small interprets all his roles with a certain amount of mystery, and in Hamlet he gave what is basically a functional character a soul.

Polonius operated with only one flaw, and that again is a slightly grating voice. Like Hamlet I felt that Len McHardy was at his best in scenes of humor.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern were Rozencrantz and Guildenstern played to perfection. Ron Holgerson especially, in the combined roles of Guildenstern and the grave digger, is worthy of special mention.

Ophelia is in my opinion one of the most tragic secondary characters in Shakespeare, and there again the performance was erratic but commendable. Rita Davies started off slowly, and built up to what were superb scenes, AFTER Ophelia went mad. Her costume in these scenes was not half as convincing as she was, but on stage, she was beautiful and pathetic. In a role where any actress faces the temptation to over-play, she neatly avoided this and gave a virtually perfect portrayal.

If Rita Davies avoided this trap Laertes her brother plummeted into it. Alain Montpetit gave the most erratic performance of the play, at times very good, and at times very bad. Montpetit failed in his attempt to present the emotions which Laertes should feel but he failed in a tremendously interesting way. His voice however was a very pleasant surprise with a depth and richness that Hamlet could well have used.

Minor technical flaws

The extremely minor characters I felt, were somehow forgotten in the otherwise extremely careful direction. Both Bernardo and Francisco were at times almost unintelligible, and the priest, who was dressed like a small Rasputin spoke in such a tranquil and high pitched voice that I wondered if

he was reading cue cards.

The members of the court were quiet and carefully planned so as to avoid detracting from the action and from the major characters. In one scene however, this was carried to a ridiculous extent. This is the last scene, with the fencing match between Hamlet and Laertes this scene begins fairly quietly and should end in chaos. I felt however that too much composure was maintained by everyone, and especially the ladies of the court who should expectedly have exhibited a great deal of shock as body after body fell. They remained poised and regal throughout.

On a technical level again, the play was good, but by no means perfect. Several aspects of the sound were disturbing. The Ghost when he spoke was accompanied by a loud hum which distracted from the otherwise extremely realistic effect. The air conditioning system in the theatre proved to be extremely noisy, and in the quiet scenes especially competed with the actors for attention.

I appreciated the carefully planned economy in the use of props, which together with the spot-lighting technique focused attention specifically on the characters and the action. There were two scenes where the lighting was perfect: the mime scene with the violet hues, and the mad scene where Ophelia distributes her flowers. After Ophelia exits in this scene, Gertrude comes forward to pick up the flowers that she has dropped and is herself covered by a lighting pattern in the shape of a flower. The effect was very touching.

The play as a whole was certainly worth seeing. But it was an ambitious project, and as I said in the beginning, it was an amateur production, as such perhaps an exceptional one. 'Hamlet', however, does not lend itself well to amateur productions, and so it is easy to conclude that were it being presented for a long run, it would probably fail.

You say you want a revolution

It was supposed to be a trip toward "freedom" of self-fulfilment after perhaps too many years of educational determinism in his sunny countryside...

It was supposed to be running away from an environment full of priests driving Mercedes and people riding mules when they do not walk...

It was supposed to be an escape from a country rich in empty churches decorated with white marble and crowded shacks without a bathroom...

It was supposed to be a rejection of a life based on middle aged prejudices and the nauseating 'dolce vita' of Via Veneto in the summer and Cortina in the winter...

It was supposed to be a search for many

other things as well but I cannot be more precise to you because my friend is still too busy and often confused in looking for what his trip was also supposed to be that he could not even be precise with me - his best friend.

Perhaps, you might be tempted to find out some of his reasons yourself, if you have the time and if you want to, but my advice is that you are going to be wrong for sure. The reason is very simple.

When you have a friend you are supposed to talk to each other and this is what we have done recently because we could not stand any longer to be just acquaintances as we do with most of the people around us. We all need a good friend and not just people who seem to care about you with their, 'How do you do', knowing that they do not give a damn about how we do. When you talk to a friend very often it is very difficult, rarely impossible to keep secrets. Along this line, little by little, I have discovered that my friend was a great actor far better trained than the ones who play by profession.

Actors are individuals too complex to define. They are so submerged by the various roles that they lose a fixed identity in exchange for a pluralistic one. I imagine that you are quite shocked to realize that I have decided to become a great friend of an actor. I know that you are a man of integrity and that you do not want to belong to the 'acting club' where my friend is a member, but if by any chance you are passing by sometime, please drop in as I have done already many times.

You might enjoy it. You might even try to play a small part and you'll find out, in surprise that you'll manage quite well with your inborn experience! If at this point you still want to discover the unmentioned reasons of what my friend's trip was also supposed to be, you are free to do it. What else could I do to prevent you? I have done my best already.

Illegal protest

I hope that you are not yet bored with my writing; I know that it is not at all the best English but you should keep on reading otherwise you are going to miss all the rest and you might be sorry for it.

Let us go back to my friend, your friend. As you might know, since 'Orientation Week', he spent with me most of his free time. Probably because he did not know too many students around and furthermore everyone was talking in a language that he was not familiar with. I remember that in spite of his loneliness he was supported by a strong faith in the educational system of our campus.

He was so fresh from his country, where his illegal humanitarian protests were always erroneously interpreted as a kind of communist-oriented radicalism and then rejected as a social extremism. He was telling me continually how marvelous it was here for the students to have the legal freedom to criticise the academic life and to propose new alternatives. He would have joined the most active students in the campus straight away if he could perceive what they were talking about.

Everything went on smoothly till the Indian Forum came. The closing evening after the banquet and its hysterical dessert, he came to my room to tell me that the Indian Problem was a consequence of 'a white man's problem'. After Christmas when I came back from my holidays in Florida I was quite surprised to notice that my friend was rapidly changing.

One day he told me:

"Here we are given the opportunity to criticise constructively but very little is done to change the university into an humanitarian community. I was hurt in the past when I was forced to leave my country for my repulsion to use violence as a form of protest and knowing that it was the only alternative; there I was dreaming in the last few months and now I am getting hurt again. Here the people who judge, control and determine my education let the students speak but they do no pay attention to what we propose, because they are too busy doing the opposite."

I could not really understand him because everything did not seem to me as black as he was picturing it. In my opinion it was a matter of colourlessness. When I saw him before 'skiing week', he was even angrier. He was increasingly dissatisfied with the academic structure to the point that for the first time he was taking into consideration violence as a means to reach his ends. Unfortunately, I could not talk to him long enough because the same day I had to leave the campus to join my parents in Jamaica for ten days.

For them I was really in need of relaxation because my bloodshot eyes were the clear evidence of academic overwork. What a laugh!

By
**TONY
SIGNORONI**

My parents could never believe that their well behaved boy was not doing any work at all but just smoking pot with most of the residents' kids.

Actually I did not enjoy my holidays in Jamaica. My friend with his poisonous ideas was in my mind day and night. The most persistent idea that I had was that if my friend pacifist by nature was thinking of using violence something had to be really wrong with the educational system of the university.

Virgins and educated gentlemen

If something is wrong we have to fix it but how could I help him to do the job when I could not even see what was wrong? How could I see? Everything was always fine for me with my father behind me all the time. Step by step before the end of my holidays I was able to convince myself that I had to face reality for the first time.

Back on campus, social action that I did not support during the students' council election, in spite of my friend's pressure, was becoming meaningful. For me it could be the only way to get in touch with the subculture of poverty in the slums. I met my friend by chance the same evening when the virgins and educated gentlemen of the upper middle class of the campus were formally dancing together. It was not a very cold evening, so we decided to take a walk.

After a while I asked him: "Do you really think that violence is inevitable? I want to be a campus activist myself but only if violence is not part of the game."

"I do not like violence myself", he replied "but the 'university vatican' is not going to give us other alternatives. You know that I and most of the students around here do not like the idea of violence; some because they are too smart the others because they are too rich. You are too young, often too romantic, always too idealistic. I was just as you are but since a few months ago I've changed for the better. Can't you understand that there are no other universities to go to; no other countries to emigrate to? Can't you understand that we cannot wait any longer because it is already tremendously late? Can't you understand that society can only be changed by the students and the artists?"

"The difference between you and me," I said "is that you understand everything while I don't. How could I accept violence when I know that everything is a game, life itself, in its absurdity and lack of meaning. Only death and the unjustifiable suffering in every part of the world is not a game but the sad reality which most games generate. For me games are a means to reach an end - survival. I accept them because they are part of our human nature. But as a good game player when a game becomes too dangerous I turn to another one. I always control the games that I play because I know that I am playing games. For you everything is different. You are controlled by the game because you are a bad game player. You are a loser. The game has become an end in itself. This is a form of damnation or, if you want me to be more sophisticated, a kind of dangerous alienation."

"You do not know what you are talking about," he replied. "It might be true that most people are game players as you are, but this is not my case. I've never been playing any game, I know who I am. I know what I want. You might be schizophrenic but I am not."

"I would like myself to be in the world of your 'delusions'," I said, "but I cannot. I do not really know who I am and I never could find out what I want. What I know for sure is that I like to play different games and most of the time I do not even know why because I am always searching for the real reasons, not for the good ones which please you."

"Now for instance I'm playing the game of being a student. Do you think that I study for the sake of knowledge? I wish I could! No. I study because I feel I am an idiot. I study because I'm dreaming of becoming great, I



... but it ended up to be...



You don't know what it is like to be hungry and penniless. You don't know because you waste food while most of the time I have to be satisfied with a bowl of soup and a glass of milk. I know that you waste the food that I don't have because I wash your dirty dishes. But, sometimes it will be your turn. Be ready for it! If we do not fight society it means that we accept Trefann Court, the carbon monoxide in the atmosphere, the D.D.T. in the oceans, the Biafran genocide, the Vietnam war, the discrimination against French-Canadians and Indians etc. Can't you understand that? You still don't want to hear me?"

"You should already know my answer," I said. "I like the protesting game but not to the point of using violence, after all it is only a game and I take games for what they are."

"You should already know my answer" I said. "I like the protesting game but not to the point of using violence, after all it is only a game and I take games for what they are."

God cannot judge

"You bastard" he replied. "Can't you understand that we're running toward the catastrophe because men are not human any more but just objects. I'll give you an example. Soon we are going to write exams and at the end the judges in our educational system are going to decide the kind of marks that we'll receive as a label. How can I accept it? How can you accept it? How can anyone accept it? I do not want to be judged by anybody, not even by you, because man is a determined animal. What is the point of judging when we are not guilty. Even God, whose existence I doubt, cannot judge because I can only dream to be free. The marks that we receive are a form of judgment even if they are 'A'."

"Emotionally I love 'A's.' I enjoy receiving them but in the meantime I reject them because they are a form of judgment. Furthermore nobody has the right to classify a man with a fixed label. Labels subdivide the students in 'honours' and 'failures' in the same way as society gives someone the chance to live in Rosedale while others enjoy the attractive life of the slum! The university does not help the students to understand each other. Furthermore I reject marks and all sorts of judgment because as someone gives us a label we become a piece of property within the pattern used by the judge to define us qualitatively."

"This process destroys us as men in our relation with other human beings, because we become objects. But man is primarily existence he is not essence. Essence is secondary to existence. Since existence does not belong to anybody, people cannot be owned as pieces of property. Can't you understand yet that something has to be done? What are you waiting for? Why do you not help me to support the California Grape Boycott instead of going around quoting Milton in protest against the violation of the individual's right to make his own choice in moral decisions? Can't you realize that you are wasting your time? You trust ideas. I am a pragmatist because I cannot respect Milton's ideas when people like the picers in California are starving."

"Emotionally, I am with you," I said. "You're right. Logically, I am against you because your head is full of shit. I can prove that you're wrong using your own premises. I agree that society should not judge us but what right do you have to judge society. If society objectivises you, you in turn objectivise society. If society is wrong you're also wrong. There is no way out. It is part of the game because we don't have any more absolute systems of reference. Life itself is a contradiction. Everything is absurd! Secondly, if I'm not wrong, then you're dreaming to abolish all sorts of judgment. Is that true?"

"Yes."

Really full of shit

"Well" I said, "Your head is really full of shit and you should take care to make some place available for more fertile manure sold in front of the rose garden. You cannot abolish judgment because judgment is in the language itself. Every word is charged with a value-judgement."

"You are opinionised by the dirty books that you read," he replied. "And by the friends who suggested that you read them. They are all crazy and you are becoming crazy too."

"They might be crazy for you," I said, "But they are great for me. They are existing; you are not, because you cannot be objective any longer and they are."

He said, "I don't care if I am existing or if I am not, if I am objective or subjective. What I know is that I am myself. For two hours I have been begging you to help me but with all the books that you have read you are incapable. Please, help me to achieve what I am looking for. If I cannot even convince you to help me, how can I pretend to recruit other students for the revolution that I am dreaming of. Please tell me, are you going to be logical or emotional?"

"I do not know," I said, "But please tell me something else. What is going to happen when we have a society with a B.A. without marks, assuming we are going to overthrow the establishment."

"It's very simple indeed," he replied. "As you know, in my system all compulsory courses marks, exams should be taken out. Only essays should be written. The topics should be chosen by the student under the possible but not necessary advice of the teacher. Everybody should do what they like because this is the way to fulfill yourself, otherwise you fulfill the others. If, when we leave the university I'm talking about and fighting for, society is willing to employ us, (students with a B.A. without marks) If they are anxious to know what we think, they can read our papers. This would be very positive indeed because it can keep them busy and furthermore they might learn something that they do not yet know. So, do you want to help me or don't you? I need you. You're my best friend. We're late but we're still in time to boycott all final exams if we organize ourselves and if they don't want to make the changes we are proposing in the near future."

For a few minutes I did not answer, then I remember saying: "I don't know. How could I know? I don't know anything. There is chaos in my mind and partly it is because of you. Why do you not leave me alone? Why don't you disappear? What are you doing close to me all the time? I hate you. Go away. You drive me crazy."

Slowly my friend left me.

I have not seen him since, but soon we will. We need each other so much to the point that we depend on each other. So far we have been judging each other but now we have the duty to understand each other if we want peace within ourselves. Unfortunately, understanding each other in our case means dreaming revolution for him and for me a life of inactivity and isolation in a cold library with only the love of books.

It was supposed to be a bilingual and bicultural college but it ended up to be...

It was supposed to be a quiet campus but something happened and it ended up to be...

It was supposed to be a game but it ended up to be...

It was supposed to be a story to be taken seriously but it ended up to be...



study because ambition is my sickness. For you it is exactly the same because you are as ambitious as I am; otherwise you would not be a campus activist. I know that you are selfish as all of us even if you are trying to prove the opposite. You do not give a damn for academic reform or social action because the only thing you are really concerned with is to become a famous politician. This is your game. The violence that you are taking into consideration is part of another game. You need to be violent to get rid of your aggression but once again you justify it for the sake of a better university."

Not schizophrenic, just paranoid

"I still do not believe you," he replied. "Your problem is seeing everybody else as a projection of your neurotic personality, but remember, I'm not sick."

"You are right," I said. "You aren't sick, as I am. You're not schizophrenic. You are just paranoid. You see rejection and blackness everywhere because you reject yourself. Travelling and going places all the time is an expression of it. You can't adjust yourself in any community because you feel rejection everywhere. You cannot even love anybody not because of them but because of you. This is why you don't believe in marriage, faithfulness and so on, because you cannot enjoy all this. You are a psychiatric case."

"Stop it," he replied. "Who gives you the right to judge me? You, my best friend, my only friend! Why are you doing that? You shouldn't. Why do we go on judging each other, accusing each other? We don't have the right to do this. I might be a failure, you might be successful but you shouldn't be proud of it and I shouldn't be blamed for it. We're not free. Existence itself is the denial of freedom because it happens in spite of us. We didn't ask for existence. Is this freedom for you? For me it sounds like the opposite."

"Even if I am a determined animal I keep on living but unfortunately, as I do not like the surrounding society and being an aggressive animal as you said, I fight to adjust society to myself. I do this in order to be affected by what I have determined. Using your jargon so far I have played the games that society made available for me, but now I want society to play the games that I like. Can't you understand to play the games that I like. Can't you understand yet? If I had been educated as a human being why should I protest? I am angry and full of hostility because our technological society is attempting to destroy what is left of humanity in our species. How could I like the university the way it is when it is the blue-print of a society I cannot get along with?"

"You like society more than I do because you are rich as most of the students, but I am poor. I am short of everything, you have everything."

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TRY' NO. 2!
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Sports round-up

Spinsters and Ye Greene Machine triumph

By NICK MARTIN

"Parting is such sweet sorrow" a guy named William Shakespeare (a quarterback for Notre Dame in the thirties) once said, but despaireth not, for we'll all be back in September, God and our profs willing, to dangle our gerunds for you again.

"This has been another great sports year for Glendon," he said chauvinistically, as we edged out Founders to take the inter-college title for the third straight year. On the local level, the Glendon Shield was won by the 3rd and 4th Year girls, while Ye Greene Machine of C House won the Glendon Cup, and were also awarded the Athletic Supporters' Cup as the fans' favourites.

Last week we gave you the men's first colour winners, but we were unable to give you the girls' as our secret courier was overcome and devoured by a rabid squirrel while coming up the stairs from Proctor. Those worthy young ladies are Sandy Ratcliff, Frannie Stone, Lee Worthington, while achievement plaques go to Sue Bielecki, Irene Cochrane, Mary Scottie, Sandi Stevens, and Nancy Tarsey, who all proved to be a bunch of two-timers.

Which reminds me, whatever happened to Mike Goliat?

In archery, Barb Perry bulled a few eyes to take the girls' title, while Jim Daw won the Robin Hood Flour Power Award for the men.

Lesley Barnett good-mintoned her way to the women's single title, and teamed with Mary Ann Proctor to take the doubles. Terry Irie won the men's singles, and added the doubles title with Bruce Lee. Sue Ward won the women's singles #2 (whatever that is; we haven't broken the code yet) and Carol Hanna and Mary Ann Proctor won the doubles birdieball championship.

Whatever happened to Hector Rodriguez?

Les jeunes filles of E House were the best basketball players among the women, with Shirley Booth being their captain, while Mel Macleod's 3rd and 4th year team were the men's champs. We apologize to those worthy gentlemen for not giving them any publicity this year, but we were afraid their aged hearts would be unable to stand any excitement.

Which

Henny Youngman?

Terry Kelly was crowned as Glendon's middleweight boxing champ, and dropped a close decision to Rick Smith at U of T. Percival "Oh, I potherfully adore clinches." Excelsior, Glendon's heavyweight champ, slapped his way through another undefeated year, and plans to take on George Chuvalo next (an old vaudeville song, "Chuvalo to Buffalo").

Killer Kelly got in shape for his ring feats by winning our cross-country and captained the team of Alan Hamilton and Larry (Krotz and Scanlan) - (cf. basic calculus, chapter 8

on grouping techniques) - to victory in the inter-college trots (an uncomfortable condition caused by taking too many Ex-Lax).

On the curling scene, Pete Barnes skipped the rink of Judy Thrasher, Rick Mackenzie, and Joyce Whitehead to the intramural diadem, and the intercollege crown was captured by Dave Stone, Marg Lanskail, Kingsley Brewster and Maureen Fraser. Their alternate player, Lancelot Golightly, didn't get any curling, but he did manage to get a thimply marvy set and tease.

Whatever happened to Archie Wilson?

73 year old veteran Graham Powell quarterbacked the Pensioners to a Grey Saucer victory, beating D House in the finals. The Octogenarians are anxiously awaiting the arrival next year of Septiquintillius McBee, a star halfback who is transferring from Hog Callers College in Pig City Idaho.

Whatever happened to Lew Morton?

Don Young won the golf title with a score of 75 (he did even better on the second hole), and captained our intercollege winners of Mel Macleod, Barb McCormick, and Rives Dalley.

Oh, that

Henny Youngman

Glendon's first baseball championship will be held at Talbot Park shortly after the exams, with a team now being organized by Mike Patten meeting the cream of the crop from the UBFC (Union of Baseball Fanatics of Canada).

Whatever happened to Tim Thompson?

The frosh won the hockey championship, with Dan Matheson captaining the team and Mike Whinton being the big star. The youngsters took their victory very soberly, returning straight to their studies immediately the game had ended.

Commissioner Dave O'Leary will return to his old duties again next year, and has announced that all games next year will be played in the new Lefty Little Memorial Arena.

The big game of the year came when the PRO TEM Penpusher slaughtered the villainous student council 4-2. They'll meet the new council (equally dastardly) in a basketball game at 2 o'clock on March 26.

Bulletin: A hockey player was arrested today at the World Tournament for investigating the opportunities of after-dark fun in Stockholm. Everyone knows there's no bawdy checking in international hockey.

Whatever happened to Riverboat Smith?

Yes, Virginia, there is

a Morris Mott

Jim Jack and his cohorts ruggedged their way to an intercollege championship (guess which one from the lexical markers). The Jai Alai title was won by Timothy Tripper, who used the Grass in front of Wood Residence

to get jai (got any worse than that, Fyfe?).

Whatever happened to Humberto Robinson?

Sandy Ratcliff squashed her opponents, Murray Shields noviced his, while Phil Jones did all his dirty work in the open. (We cannot tell you which sport they did this in, as our informant was ravaged by a herd of stampeding beavers, and is now an intrical part of a dam on the Don). Jones was a real hot dog, also winning the intercollege singles squash title, and captained the team champions of Tim Minton, Henry Wood, and Murray Shields.

Whatever happened to Lynn Lovenguth?

Marilyn Smith and Murray Shields were out top aquathletes. Individually, Bill Rutledge won the backstroke, Pat Flynn was a breast expert, and Murray Shields won the free style and medley. In a special event, the serpent of the Don edged Morgo the Friendly Drouid in a fifty yard glug-a-lug.

Whatever happened to Ray Rac?

You've got what?

Sandi Stevens and Bob Edwards pinged their pongs better than anyone else. Our soccer team, the Red Guards had such a great season that they forced the Falcons to fold. Coach Keech D. Ball has announced that the team will be strengthened next year by the addition of Brazilian star centre forward Dooit Indarode.

Whatever happened to Niles Jordan?

Sandy Ratcliff and Mike Boyko were the singles tennis champs, and Henry Wood and Tim Minton teamed up to take the doubles. Boyko also won the inter-college singles, while Wood and Paul Westlake were the meilleurs doubleurs (Hungarian expression meaning 'The mayor of Dublin').

Phil Jones turned out to be a big racketeer by winning the OIAA tennis crown, and Frannie Stone won the OQWCIA (a secret formula for the rejuvenation of senile beavers) championship.

Whatever happened to Ebba St. Clair?

The Oldtimers dominated volleyball, with Sandy Ratcliff's squad leading the women and Gary Thompson's Ancients topping the men, although Ye Greene Machine got more points by entering three teams. Ron Maltin and Sandy Ratcliff captained their teams to intercollege wins.

Whatever happened to Sam Jethroe?

The water skiing tournament against the University of Newfoundland had to be cancelled because the Newfies couldn't find a lake with a hill in it.

Dingaling! Featurette.

I would now like to give out some kudos, if only I could get the slimey things to stop sticking to my fingers.

I would like to thank our layout staff for making our page look good every week. All spelling and grammatical mistakes were their fault,



Photo by HIRSH

The Sportsies: front row - Val Brent, the Masked Beaver, Marilyn Smith and MVP John King; second row - Nick Martin and Larry Scanlan. Who is the Masked Beaver? Perhaps we were never meant to know.

since our copy were always spelt real good and our grammars was awful perfect.

I would like to thank myself for my wonderful photography. It was brilliant of me to always use the wrong shutter speed and lens setting in order to get those artsy blurred photos. Thanx also to Andy Michalski, who always used the right settings (some of us have it, some of us don't

too bad, Andy).

I would like to thank my great staff, namely Val Brent, Bruce Kidd, Sandi Stevens, John Vernon, and especially the late Larry Scanlan, who unfortunately was caught in a web and devoured by a giant black widow spider.

And a special thanks to all you jocks, without whom we would have been just as brilliant.

Keep your beavers up.

sports

Free money

We bet that when you saw that headline you thought we were giving away money, didn't you? But we lied, hahahoho! Yes, we lied by giving you one of our typically sensational headlines to trick you into reading this crummy article that you wouldn't have noticed otherwise.

So many reader has asked us for more information about our mysterious letter-writer that we are now organizing a nationwide hunt for this scoundrel. No more classes will be held and no examinations will be given until this menace to society is brought to justice.

Here are the clues: he uses an electric typewriter (the sort that prints in italics), mails his letters from Guelph, and claims to have been a member of this year's intercollege football team. Important: the envelopes were addressed by hand, and he crosses his 7's in French style.

Inform on your neighbours and betray your friends. Drop into the office and help us torture suspects. Bring this criminal to his day of reckoning.



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The Hollow Men

We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together

Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!

Our dried voices, when
We whisper together

Are quiet and meaningless

As wind in dry grass

Or rats' feet over broken glass

In our dry cellar

Shape without form, shade without colour,
Paralysed force, gesture without motion;

Those who have crossed

With direct eyes, to death's other Kingdom

Remember us—if at all—not as lost

Violent souls, but only

As the hollow men

The stuffed men.

Eyes I dare not meet in dreams

In death's dream kingdom

These do not appear:

There, the eyes are

Sunlight on a broken column

And voices are

In the wind's singing

More distant and more solemn

Than a fading star.

Let me be no nearer

In death's dream kingdom

Let me also wear

Such deliberate disguises

Rat's coat, crowskin, crossed staves

In a field

Behaving as the wind behaves

No nearer—

Not that final meeting

In the twilight kingdom.

This is the dead land

This is cactus land

Here the stone images

Are raised, here they receive

The supplication of a dead man's hand

Under the twinkle of a fading star.

Is it like this

In death's other kingdom

Waking alone

At the hour when we are

Trembling with tenderness

Lips that would kiss

Form prayers to broken stone

The eyes are not here
There are no eyes here
In this valley of dying stars
In this hollow valley
This broken jaw of our lost kingdoms.

In this last of meeting places
We grope together
And avoid speech
Gathered on this beach of the tumid river.

Sightless, unless
The eyes reappear
As the perpetual star
Multifoliate rose
Of death's twilight kingdom
The hope only
Of empty men.

Here we go round the prickly pear
Prickly pear prickly pear
Here we go round the prickly pear
At five o'clock in the morning.

Between the idea
And the reality
Between the motion
And the act
Falls the Shadow

For Thine is the Kingdom

Between the conception
And the creation
Between the emotion
And the response
Falls the Shadow

Life is very long

Between the desire
And the spasm
Between the potency
And the existence
Between the essence
And the descent
Falls the Shadow

For Thine is the Kingdom

For Thine is
Life is

For Thine is the

This is the way the world ends

This is the way the world ends

This is the way the world ends

Not with a bang but a whimper.

Thomas Stearns Eliot

