

PROBLEM

Volume VIII
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Toronto, Canada
le 4 Oct., 1968

When the music's over
Turn out the lights
When the music's over
Turn out the lights
Well the music is your special friend
Dance on fire as it intends
Music is your only friend
Until the end

Cancel my subscription to the
Resurrection
Send my credentials to the
House of Detention
I've got some friends
Inside!

The face in the mirror won't stop
The girl in the window won't drop
A feast of friends
"Alive", she cried
Waiting for me
Outside!

Before I sink into the
Big Sleep
I want to hear
The scream of the butterfly

Come back, baby
Back into my arm
We're getting tired of hanging around
Waiting around with
Our heads to the ground

I hear a very gentle sound
Very near yet very far
Very soft yet very clear
Come today come today

What have they done to the Earth?
What have they done to our
Fair sister?
Ravaged her and plundered her and
Ripped her and bit her
Stuck her with knives in the
Side of the dawn
And tied her with fences
And dragged her down

I hear a very gentle sound
With your ear down to the ground
We want the world and
We want it
NOW!

Persian nights!
See the light!
Save us!
Jesus!
Save us

So when the music's over
When the music's over
Turn out the lights
Well the music is your special friend
Dance on fire as it intends
Music is your only friend
Until the end
Until the
END!

Jim Morrison
When the Music's Over



photo by WALLER

The nigger speaks out

By LIONEL KOFFLER

I am ashamed. I am ashamed of what I have become and I am ashamed that I have not spoken up sooner.

I am sick of rolling with the punches. I know where they come from, and I am skilled at the art of evading them. However, most people do not know when to duck. It hurts me when I silently watch them get hurt. That is why I write this article. I know that by this admission I am inviting the largest fist that exists here, "what everyone will think", to nail me. Anyone who thumbs his nose at mendacity dares that hovering grey fist to smash him. Now is the time for all good men to stick our their chins.

I was disgusted by scenes such as the one in the cafeteria in January when four folksingers tried to sing for us during lunch, only to be drowned out by the animal racket of three hundred students who were too rude and swinish to listen to anyone but themselves squealing over cards, grunting over chips with gravy, and whining about cold toilet seats in the washrooms. I was burning to leap upon a table and scream for silence. But I was afraid -- of how I would look, and quickly turned my back and walked away. Once outside, I felt real, bitter self-contempt.

I tried to discuss the situation with the people who seemed to count in the school. They too were afraid to do anything to rock the boat. We just would not have looked "cool". Letting an issue like this slide and dissolve is a "nice" way of running away and hiding. Resigned and cynical, we had warped our sense of the meaning of "honesty". We took the safe position of not caring.

I have always been shocked that so many teachers turn their backs to academic fraud, choosing to mutter furtively about it only when it is safe. Then they may smile benignly and state, with a tinge of sarcasm, "Well, YOU'LL just have to beat the system, won't you?"

They give characteristically passive approval of our decision to ignore unfairness or inequity simply because it is poor public relations to fight for what is right. But may a Shakespearean curse fall upon us all for silently condoning all that galls us, all unfairness, all injustice. We have taken the easy way out: to turn away and say, "What do you expect me to do?"

We are chained by fear and our own impotence to destroy what we see in ourselves -- and loathe:

And praised. AUSHWITZ. Be. MAIDANEK. The Lord. TREBLINKA. And praised. BUCHENWALD. Be. MAUTHAUSEN. The Lord. BELZEC. And praised. SOBIBOR. Be. CHELMNO. The Lord. PONARY. And praised. SKARZYSKO. Be. BERGEN-BELSEN. The Lord. JANOW. And praised. DORA. Be. NEUEN-GAMME. The Lord. PUSTKOW. And praised ...

Yes, at times one's heart could break in sorrow. (1)

But a broken heart is not enough. It changes nothing. It helps no one. We must not suffer and say: "THEY did it. Who can fight the powers that be?"

And the grass turns brown, the boy disappears ...

And rain keeps falling like helpless tears
And what have they done to the rain? (2)

FIGHT THE "THEY"

We must fight the cancer-spreading, pseudo

omnipotent "They", the "Powers that be", with vocal demonstrations of protest.

Censorship, the attempt to muzzle us, must be sneered at as flagrantly as possible. It is wrong. It deserves only contempt. It is the protection of fat cats everywhere. By that, I include all cozy cliques and "in-groups", and Forest Hill flows with coziness, bought at great expense and with little feeling. "The man who dares to be known by integrity alone" does not exist here.

Nobody with a serious gripe will air that gripe, unless it is one common to all, for fear of being excluded, of being ostracized from his "in-group". I include everyone in the frightened group, from members of the administration, through the staff, down to the newest student. All of our society is frightened. The fact is, we are afraid.

But that fact is no excuse. The fact that a parliament of lepers deems their condition healthy does not make it the truth. We are moral lepers, unwilling to recognize our disease even in secret; but it must be shouted from the rooftops: "We are sick!"

Let us face it. Our leaders are preachers of what is safe to preach, and the only place that they are leading us is down the garden path. Provincial Education Minister Davis is a good example. He admits that the educational system has glaring faults and huge gaps; then he gets himself off the hook by saying that twenty-five years or a revolution is needed to make the necessary changes. That means that for the next twenty-five years learning will remain drudgery for we poor suckers, unless the "Revolution" comes about.

But we must create the "Revolution" ourselves. How? Dissent openly. Disapprove loudly. Do not fear public opinion. Public opinion is the collective voice of cowards, bigots, and mealy-mouthed frauds. They make fools of themselves, not the honest men who stand up and speak their feelings.

You may be told that you are like one small grain of sand, compared to the multitudes around you, compared to your leaders. I was once told that, by my favourite uncle. In return, I had to tell him that he, as well as our leaders, and the powers that be, could take a flying leap. The powers that be are powerful only if we submit. There are times when we MUST cast stones, but we cannot do it anonymously, in the midst of a crowd.

WE FOLLOWED

Once the first stone is cast, and someone must do it, others will join. Then the powers that be will crack and fall, for they have not only feet of clay, but also hearts and heads of clay. Unfortunately, we choose to submit; we are even advised to accept and submit to what is wrong. I quote from a Grade Thirteen assembly regarding university entrance procedure.

Student: "But the whole thing is unfair to us, isn't it?"

Staff Member: (with finality) "Yes, it's unfair but that's the way it is."

The subject was changed and the matter closed. The advice from a guidance counsellor to two-hundred-and-fifty students was to submit to an unfair decree from the University of Toronto. We submitted, quite docilely, like contemptible sheep being led to the meat-packer's; they smell the blood, bleat a little to

themselves, but walk through the doors, anyhow. They think, "Our leaders know the route; it is best to follow." We followed.

My shame has not yet diminished. It has increased with each phrase, as I see more and more clearly how, in eighteen years, I have sold my honesty and integrity for acceptance among you. Prostitutes are better; they sell only their bodies, not their souls.

You may scoff, saying that things are not so serious, that I am a corny bleeding heart. You will only be repeating absurdly shortsighted platitudes, as did Neville Chamberlain on the eve of World War II. "There will be peace in our time," he cried. He was emotionally shattered when he realized the magnitude and tragedy of his mistake.

You too, as Chamberlain did, may want to "look on the bright side of life." How long will you ignore the slimy, malodorous, gloomy side of life? Who will be the first to have enough courage to stand up before the apathetic masses, the cozy cliques, the insulated snobs, and the taciturn, self-righteous hypocrites and hurl curses on them? On US?

I have been in the Forest Hill system for thirteen years. For most of them I have yearned to run far away, forever. In spirit, I have run away. I have hidden within a shell; I have chosen to see, but not to speak; to hear, but not to reply; to absorb, but not to react. The fact that I am only one of many such wretches does not console me. If I were now in Grade Twelve, I would run for the Presidency of the school.

SUPERMAN AND SCHOOL SPIRIT

I would lose, by a landslide, for I would not be able to flash a smile at you. I would not be able to recite humbly a platform of encouragement of "school spirit", for I know that a cheerleader and football players do not instill spirit. They are manifestations of spirit. They are participants. The spirit lives within them, not, evidently, within you. What do I expect you to do?

What would you do? You, who would rather eat than listen; rather chase status than give to the hungry; rather read "superman" than see the school play; rather elect a "cool" Council Representative than a clever concerned one; rather chain smoke than support anything worthwhile. You are sick, you are irresponsible, but you are in the majority. The majority always approves of itself, blindly approves.

So what do I expect you to do! Burst out of your warm cocoons, stop carping, raise yourselves from your mute, garden-slug state. Speak. Act. Get involved. Do not let the fat cats ruin your lives. Live, with your eyes and ears open.

And remember, leaders are developed, not born. Arise, true leaders of youth, and replace the synthetic ones, who were created as merely graven images of those who care.

I care. My disgust remains, as does my defiance of those who mock me, or try to shut me up. My feeling of worthlessness and uselessness has vanished. I have no shining reward--only a new sense of honesty.

How sharply our children will be ashamed taking at last their vengeance for these horrors. Remembering how in so strange a time Common integrity could look like courage.

Sock it to me Sock it to me Sock it to me

By DAVID HOLLINGS

After a fun-filled night of grooving to some solid hard-core Gregorian chants, I got to thinking about a few of the things that are going on around us that we are taking for granted, accepting as part of everyday life. C.B.C. news, the other night, showed murder being committed; Life Magazine, a month or two ago, showed in two-page, full colour, first ever, spectacular, photographs of a man actually being attacked by a shark; The Toronto Daily Star ran a picture of a Biafran woman carrying her dead baby over her shoulder, and the Tely, (which Cares) ran an equally terrific photo of a man being mauled by a lion. Pro Tem ran a reprint from the Thunderbolt which described gang rape in detail.

Perhaps I'm jumping to conclusions, but it seems to

me that a new trend is being dictated to us by our beloved media.

Let's face facts. Those of us who didn't actually see the Chicago cops club the demonstrators sure as hell sat up and watched our T.V.'s the following night and hoped like hell, didn't we? Don't we all just love auto accidents? And isn't it true that violence is wearing off to the point that, ho hum, another beating? We want Realism! Better Violence!

Oh, true, the adjectives are "shocking," "incredible," "awful," but aren't they the words which assure sales? Ever notice how the words "revolting," "disgusting," "repulsive," are avoided? These words are the ones which truly describe the situation. What is shocking, incredible, and awful, is the way that these things are

lapped up by the "consumers." The general public is becoming increasingly cold and inhuman to conditions in our beautiful 20th Century world.

Oh, you may hop up and shout, "What about what we're doing for the Indians and crippled kids and aren't we raising money for Biafra?" That's true, that's very true. In the first two cases, about as much as can be done is being done. In the third case, however, the situation is far too deeply rooted for any aid from us to be of any use, except, of course, to keep a couple of people alive so that they can die tomorrow. The whole attitude seems to be a patronizing one, to my anyway. Something I want to ask is, what about equal rights for, say, Italians, Poles, Greeks, or Chinese? Ever walked

around the U. of T campus around dawn and seen the 65-70 year old men raking in the garbage cans for food?

My complaint is not with what is being done, so much as with what is not being done. The intentions are wholly commendable, just a bit misplaced, that's all. If we want to do something for freedom, and justice, and stuff like that, we're going to have to do a lot more than scratch the surface; we're going to have to be sure that what we're doing is right for everybody, including ourselves. Good intentions can often do more harm than none at all.

Well, so much for the negative criticism and stuff. What suggestions do I have for the improvement of these situations? Gee, all I can say is, "Think, friend, use your head, look inside your-

self." We are concerned with people; let's find out what makes a "people" tick; you are a people. (That's what it means when it says we are all brothers.)

A society can't improve until the individuals that go to make it up do. It all begins with the individual. Go inside yourself, find out about You, then we'll all be in the same place together. Maybe then we can find out what words like "Justice" and "Freedom" and "Happiness" and "Love" are all about. They're all very basic to the human condition, you know. Hopefully, one day, there won't be any wars, suicides, prisons, drunks or junkies.

Understanding is the only way that this can come about.

Understanding one's self is the only possible starting point.

Reid, Bixly to clash

By BRIAN BIXLEY
ProTem cub reporter

A savage territorial struggle over areas of authority and jurisdiction can be expected to explode shortly between Principal Escott Reid and Dean of Students Brian Bixley.

Whilst (ed. note - whilst?) Reid has been comparatively absent from the campus scene this year, Bixley has been creating a new empire for himself.

He has been seen wander-

ing about the grounds as early as 7:30 am and often as late as midnight. Speculation has it that Bixley will not be friendly towards any overt attempt to break up his control over his new areas of operation.

There seems to be no doubt that Reid will react strongly when he returns to the campus.

When interviewed in Ottawa yesterday, Bhutu Reid said, "Jake Bixley can expect real trouble when I return!"

Temple Dragon in the Garden Orange and Oriental Greet the Ritual as Ridiculous with Faint Defiance



Our responsibility

By BARB WORTH

The Indian Problem in Canada is not a new one but it needs new answers. The traditional solutions to Indian difficulties involving such concepts as reservations, welfare payments and a paternalistic Indian Affairs Department do not meet the needs of the Indian people of Canada and cry out for abolition or drastic revision.

At the Indian Forum dinner last Thursday Mr. Walter Currie, a well-known Indian Speaker said, "There is no way that the situation will change unless Canadians become aware of the problem, understand it and insist that something be done." This fall, we have the opportunity to become informed-then we will have the responsibility to insist.

There is something wrong with a society that causes men and women to become ashamed of their Indian heritage. There is something wrong in a society where three out of four Indian families exist on less than \$2,000 a year. There is something wrong when 87.5 percent of Indian children drop out of school at the end of grade eight.

Education is perhaps the key to the problem. What happens today in the education of Indian children? There are no high schools on reserves and there are grade schools only on the reserves in isolated areas. Consequently the school children are boarded out for ten months of the year at the government's expense to get an education.

How long would you have stayed in school if you had had to leave home for that length of time every year? And education changes people. Any child who spends the greater part of his life among strangers will not retain much of his mother culture. This is the road to assimilation. Is it any wonder that Indian parents do not encourage their children to continue their schooling? Situations arise like the one in the small railway town of Armstrong in Northern Ontario.

Twenty-three Indian families there moved off the reservation and are squatting on Crown Land just outside of the town. Their children go to school in Fort William, a good distance away, because the school board in the area says it does not have enough money to include these children. They are also afraid that coming from such squalid environments the Indian Children might spread disease among the other children.

Recent inquiries by the Ontario Human Rights Commission have caused the board to relent and to allow the children of the one family that complained to enter the school next year. This may be a step in the right direction but this sort of discrimination should never have taken place to begin with.

So long as we have incidents like this Canada is not a land of opportunity for all. We have a responsibility to make it so.

Last Thursday Mr. Currie recalled a conversation he had had with a man who had listened to one of his speeches. The man came up and apologized for the way the White Man has treated the Indian. Mr. Currie replied "Don't apologize for what they did, apologize if you do nothing."

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N.B. Only first year students may vote for first year representative.
Larry Leonard C.R.O.

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On irrelevance II

On almost every campus across the country the student newspaper has been the most consistent proponent of real change in the university society.

While playing that role, the campus paper has often found itself at loggerheads with the student council, either in the form of highly critical editorials or in actual confrontation over a paper's editorial policy.

To be honest, one might correctly place most student newspapers left of most student councils on the traditional political spectrum.

Since PRO TEM was established about seven years ago, it has been in the above situation. It has consistently badgered, cajoled, and argued with the policies and programmes of either reactionary, apathetic, or liberal councils.

At least this was the case until Liberaction '68. We returned to Glendon to find a council that had, as a unified group, taken about ten quick steps to the left. They appeared to have shaken off the twin albatrosses of time-consuming bureaucracy and lack of any theoretical base from which policies of real change could originate.

It appeared that Glendon had a student council which was no longer on the defensive; a council which was exercising real control over the issues at hand.

In other words, the council was providing honest leadership for the Glendon Student Union.

It is not too much to say that the PRO TEM editorial board was ecstatic over the change in direction. No longer would we have to write an editorial every other week condemning the council for not doing anything outside of playing the popular game of amateur politician (and badly, at that).

As a matter of fact we were a bit worried about the new direction the paper should take now that we no longer had to skirmish with a reactionary or apathetic council.

The bubble has gradually broken up over the last two weeks.

You can analyze it briefly in a couple of ways. First, you might say that the members of council were cranked with a type of mental STP during Liberaction '68 and have not come down yet; a type of vegetable lethargy has resulted.

You might also say that Reid's counter-revolution in the week following Liberaction '68 was effective beyond the administration's wildest hopes. The council was thoroughly vanquished and now cannot regroup; again lethargy and an inability to act in a positive manner.

Finally, you might analyze the present situation as being completely normal; that is, everything that was said during Liberaction '68 was merely flamboyant rhetoric to liven up the traditionally dull Orientation Week.

If this last analysis is correct, than council has been fairly successful. To paraphrase Escott Reid, the events of Liberaction Week has eased considerably the work of the Ad Hoc Committee on Publicity for Glendon College.

A close comrade of PRO TEM's made the following observation about the council situation:

"Too bad Liberaction '68 didn't accomplish all it might have -- but then the revolution will never come all at once. And as long as people are still keen it should work out all right. What usually happens at times like this is that the people who were most committed have put so much into it that they are afraid to continue for losing what they have gained. What I am trying to say is that they become revisionists."

Regardless of how and why council got where they are presently at, the fact that their continued lethargy is allowing them to become more and more irrelevant to the student union they pretend to lead is now brutally apparent.

Furthermore, what is so frustrating about it all is that it appears that most of the council members are making no effort whatsoever to shake the lethargy off. They seem content to sit in their offices and metaphorically watch the world in all its misery pass by unchanged.

There is but one option for the council if it wants to remain in office - to get off their rhetorical lethargic asses and start providing positive leadership for the union.

If this does not happen within the next two weeks, PRO TEM itself will attempt to impeach the council on the grounds more or less mentioned above.

Before closing we shall reprint part of an editorial we ran November 23, 1967. It still applies.

What has
the student council
done lately
to further the ideal of
a democratic university?
Nothing.
Who cares?
Last year, nobody.
This year, a few...



Editorial orgasms

There are no radicals at Glendon College - only varieties of liberal social democrats...

There is no such thing as a closed meeting...

The more you think about the university, the more you want to blow it up...

Perhaps Ken Johnstone is right when he says that the contemporary university is obsolete...

Somebody please tell us where the last man in the world is hiding at Glendon...

We hate nice people because they really aren't...

It's true, Warrian never told us to burn the buildings...this year...

Drat, oh drat, the common cold...

If they won't join us, we'll smash them...

Reality is not marxist as Che once said... reality is actually the white man's burden...

The only reason pot has not been legalized is because the RCMP haven't caught Trudeau smoking up yet...

It's not hard to believe in God...it is hard to believe in God in man...

It is better to light one molotov cocktail than to curse the darkness...the time has come...

Vous avez la parole

PRUFROCK AT GLENDON

Dear Sir:

A Frosh experience at Glendon
As written from a cafeteria wall
Sit alone, project pity my fellow mate
Pray it lies sovereign to disgust
Watch the laughter freeze
As it leaves frosted lips which know not pain
Writhe as they turn and watch you
And wonder who let you in?

Is it worth cold tea and fishcakes?

Your clothes bought in bargain basements
Are burned in their fire eyes

UNFORTUNATE PASSENGER

Dear Sir:

Our Toronto. So much to see....So much to be heard.

The clattering noises of our T.T.C. subways and the gnashing of street-car wheels against the tough steel rails. Trolley cars hold up traffic jams as they drag themselves through the streets and combustious monoxides pollute the air and dirty our houses.... But Toronto is full of people, and people moving around and that's when T.T.C. comes in handy....Yeh? Unlikely!

To get to the core of the matter I would like to comment on the punctuality of our transit commission. Let's face it. Everybody knows how strictly T.T.C. keeps its time schedules - even the drivers know that. It so happens that whenever one is late, one always tends to blame it on the T.T.C., and that's true. Winter is almost with us again, and believe me Mr. T.T.C., people feel cold, and moreover, since the day is shorter than the night one has to make the most out of it, so let's not be late, eh?

Joseph Muscat

That melt you into oblivion
And watch the golden hair and silk shirts
As they rustle quickly past you

Past you

And notice as they come and go
Speaking of Michelangelo

Yes let us go then you and I
Where poverty bears no ill tidings
Where we are not laid like corpses
Etherized upon their gold plated tables.

Anne Waring

first 12 pager of the year we were a little rusty as expected but the staff was enthusiastic and they were ehad twice as much copy as we needed ed by sunday five good copy too flak from the theatregames people over secret photos monday night so that feature will beheld off a week Gordon T. and Graham sweated out the centre Bof G spread but it is worth deciphering Geloires Chris and Genevieve were angel on layout and not just because they are girls John King and David on copy desk monday night only trouble was John hadn't beent to sleep for 40 hours low on as this issue cause Garry went to quebec city good feature from Mark and diff erent review from Martha-Martha ah choo! staff to ORCUP in two weeks should be fun if news ceases to exist in past week then we will continue torun magazine journal. AH CHOO!!!

PRO TEM

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Ponder

BY TOBY FYFE

Editor Perry Waller in brusque, busy manner: Clark, how's about an article on the Indian Forum, hah? By Monday five, on my disk? desk?

Mild-mannered cub columnist Clark Fyfe with suitable servility: But, Masa....

Editor Perry Waller in brusquer, busier manner: Shaddup, I'm busy... Get it done, by Monday or else. On the Indian.

Mild-mannered cub columnist Clark Etc.: How...?!

Very Important Guest Speaker I: On behalf of Canada's first people, may I welcome you to this country...

Audience: (Slightly embarrassed laughter)

Very Important Guest Speaker I: ...and may I remind you, those of you who are 'bilingual', that Canada's first languages were Indian...

Aside Comment over Breakfast by Important Personnage: We at the Indian Forum don't necessarily want to "help" Indians; many of them just want to be left alone. We'd like to do what is right...

M.m.c.c. Cl. F. etc.: Don't you feel that the Indian Forum (including the build-up and follow-up) as well as the week-end itself is a bit artificial? I mean, it's another armchair discussion; we all learn a lot, sure, but isn't it all impersonal and a little bogus...

Important Personnage (buttering toast): M. m.c.c. Cl. F. etc.: Bogus?...

Important Personnage (swallowing toast): Well, you seem to be bringing in the non-typical Indian, the mobile one, into the affluent College atmosphere...

Important Personnage (swallowing toast): No, you've got it wrong. Granted we're bringing in Indians, but the purpose, remember, is to make us "aware"; we're bringing in both city and reserve Indians so we can meet, make friends, and understand each other...

M. m.c.c. Cl. F. etc.: And after, what about "action"?

Important Personnage (with ill-concealed impatience): What about it? After, there is another Important Personnage who hopes to organize interested

Friend:

people through our own Social Action programme... maybe we'll have another week-end, on a smaller scale, for those interested...

*

My brother spent two summers living on a reservation. It took him a lot of time to overcome the suspicion of the Indians, many of whom considered him a spy. One day he and I went into an Indian house and just sat down; for at least twenty minutes the Indian family and ourselves stared at each other...finally we were offered some grapes, and the ice was broken...

*

Important Personnage (again):

People talk about the shacks that the Indians live in, and presume them to be a mark of poverty. But many Indians don't believe in things like paint for what they consider to be temporary houses. For those who want permanent homes, the government will pay half of a \$15,000 home for a reserve Indian...

*

Very Important Guest Speaker II:

So I consider myself lucky if I can get a few concessions out of the magistrate for Indians; some of our girls come back after a few days, and I do my best for them...they aren't aware of their legal rights...some soon want to go back to the reservation, others don't...

*

Aforementioned Brother of aforementioned Friend:

Probably the best way to help the Indian would be to go, a few at a time, to the Indian Centre in Toronto. But, if you want to learn about the Indian and why he acts as he does, get into a reservation for a while...it will be tough to gain their confidence, but if you can, it'll be worth it...

*

Very Important Guest Speaker I:

Be careful not to take one example and use it as a whipping boy. I can give you lots of other examples of inequality and injustice on this level...know what you're talking about...keep your feet on the ground...

*

Question to Speaker in Europe:

What can we do about the apartheid problem in South Africa?

*

Answer by Laurens Van der Post: M.m.c.c. Cl. F. etc.

Clean up your own mess first.

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How...?

Qui sera chef ?

Par ROBERT BÉDARD

La mort soudaine du Prime Ministre du Québec, Daniel Johnson, marque plus que la fin d'un grand homme; les répercussions de sa mort se feront sentir dans tout le domaine de la politique québécoise et canadienne. Qui succèdera à Johnson et qu'elles en seront les conséquences politiques sont deux questions auxquelles il est impossible de répondre pour le moment. Nous ne pouvons que construire des hypothèses.

Un fait est certain, cependant. Jean-Jacques Bertrand, Ministre de la Justice dans le cabinet Johnson, prendra les rênes du pouvoir, du moins temporairement, c'est-à-dire jusqu'au congrès qui choisira un successeur à Johnson. Et il semble déjà y avoir divergences d'opinion au sein de l'Union Nationale à ce sujet. Un groupe préférerait que ce congrès se tienne dans les plus brefs délais car, semble-t-il, la présence de Bertrand à la tête du parti ne leur est pas acceptable.

Ce groupe favoriserait un chef plus extrémiste, tel Marcel Masse, Ministre sans Portefeuille, ou Jean-Guy Cardinal, Ministre de l'éducation. Un autre groupe, dont la force est difficile à estimer, préférerait un candidat plus modéré en la personne de Paul Dozois, Ministre des Finances, ou Jean-Jacques Bertrand lui-même.

Cette confrontation des forces souligne l'une des deux dimensions du problème, la dimension idéologique. En effet, plusieurs membres de l'Union Nationale ont déjà exprimé des opinions extrémistes en matière constitutionnelle. Seule la forte personnalité de Daniel Johnson a évité une confrontation publique sur ce sujet. Cette confrontation, maintenant, semble inévitable.

La seconde dimension du problème en est une purement politique. La vieille garde de l'ancien régime Duplessis exerce encore une profonde influence sur les destinées de l'Union Nationale. Johnson, à la suite de sa victoire surprise de 1966, s'était vu forcé de s'assurer un appui solide chez cette vieille garde. Sa mort procurera peut-être la chance pour une victoire totale des forces nouvelles au sein du parti. Cette victoire résulterait fort probablement en une vigoureuse prise de position en faveur d'une plus grande autonomie pour le Québec.

Mais quel que soit le successeur de Johnson, les prochaines élections provinciales constitueront un point tournant pour le futur de Québec et du Canada.

Face à deux partis traditionnels grandement affaiblis par des divisions internes, le Mouvement Souveraineté-Association de René Levesque se voit offrir une chance inespérée. S'il réussit à attirer le vote indépendantiste, René Levesque fera des gains importants. Ces gains ne seront minimisés que par la présence d'un chef fort et vigoureux à la direction de l'Union Nationale. Espérons que l'unité se fera bientôt parmi les membres du parti. L'avenir du Québec en dépend.

A hangover is ok but this is ridiculous

BY JOAN SHIRLOW

There has been a very distinct change in the Glendon College Student Council in the last two weeks. At the time of Liberation it was a philosophical council. The members felt that any worthwhile idea that was developed would be automatically accepted by the student body and acted upon. Because of a lack of effective communication however, this did not occur.

There were smokey two and three hour meetings in the union offices every night during Liberation week. Good ideas were tossed around, developed, and polished. But then they were left in the offices when everybody went home and not picked up again the next morning.

The student body knew nothing of this. Only those who worked closely with the union or were involved in these mental hassles were a bit affected. A philosophical union during Liberation could not and did not give the students the immediate action they wanted, nor did it bother proposing action for them to take.

An example of this would be the issue of evaluation. What the council wanted was for someone to stand up in each and every class and ask what type of evaluation there would be and seriously question the teacher as to why he had chosen that particular method and ask if the students could give suggestions as to what method they thought was most appropriate for that course.

For most courses, especially first year, this was not done. And it wasn't done simply because the students didn't realize it was their responsibility to stand up and do it. They all seemed to think this vital question was being handled by the council in some way other than direct action.

But it wasn't. And this mishap was the fault of the union, because it didn't communicate with the students.. It didn't bother telling them to get up in the classes and

ask. It didn't even bother saying, "OK You know what should be done. Why don't you try doing it?"

They got into this bind over the summer. During the three council retreats held, ideas were thought up, expressed, added to, tossed around, sometimes rejected, and sometimes accepted. But nobody, except President Jim Park, had to act on them. At the end of each weekend, members went home feeling they had had a nice mental exercise, but that was it. Nothing more had to be done until the next retreat.

Park, however, went home and began writing the manifesto, 'A University is for People'. From the mental hassles of the union retreats, Park developed a solid theoretical base for the union to work on, and proposed a programme of concrete action for the student body.

During liberation, the council continued to toss ideas around, the way they had been doing all summer. But the time for that had passed, without the awareness of the union.

During the last two weeks, the union officers have slowly started to wake up. But the student body needs them now, not in a few more weeks when they have regained their ability to react as fast as they did during last spring's Ontario College of Art crisis.

Park realizes this. In a memo to council members, he said, "It's reached the point now where we'll have to shift into another gear if we're not to lose much of whatever gains were made during the first two weeks. We all have a hell of a lot of work to do particularly in the next three or four weeks, especially at the individual and classroom level...if someone finds himself immobilized for some reason into prolonged inaction, then get off council"

The council has a responsibility to the student body to start acting now. If it fails to do this, it should abolish itself immediately, for it will be of no more use to the Glendon students they represent.

THE TOP 22: YORK'S RULING ELITE

<p>LUMBERS, L.G. (Pr) Noranda Manuf. Ltd. (Pr) Norcast Manuf. Ltd. (Ch) Canada Wire and Cable Co. Ltd. (Ch) Noranda Copper Mills Ltd. (Di) Canadian Copper Refiners Ltd. (Di) Coulter Manuf. Co. Ltd. (VP) Wire Rope Industries of Canada Ltd.</p>	<p>EATON, Mrs. J.D. connected with Eaton family which controls Eaton Retail empire</p>	<p>EMMERT, T.J. (Pr) Hawker-Siddeley Canada Ltd. (Pr) Dominion Steel and Coal Corp. Ltd. (Ch) De Havilland of Canada Ltd. (Di) Industrial Acceptance Corp. Ltd.</p>	<p>SCOTT, W.P. (Ch) Wood-Gundy Securities Ltd. (Di) Hawker-Siddeley Canada Ltd. (Di) Federal Grain Ltd. (Di) Simpson's Sears Ltd. (Di) Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Ltd. (Di) Great Lakes Power Corp. Ltd.</p>	<p>POWIS, A (Pr) Quebec Smelters (VP) Northwood Mills (VP) Northwood Pulp (VP) Wire and Rope Ind. of Canada (Di) Gaspé Copper Mines (Di) Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce (Di) Noranda Copper Mills (VP) Noranda Mines Ltd. (Di) Noranda Sales</p>	<p>LEITCH, J. (Pr) Upper Lakes Ltd. (CB) Maple Leaf (Di) Canadian Imp Bank of Com (Di) Dominion Fo and Steel Ltc (Di) Massey-Ferg Ltd. (Di) Canada Brea</p>
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1 resources

2 retail

3 indu

Lumbers influences policy of at least seven subsidiaries of Noranda Mines...a case in which one corporation controls much more capital than it would appear to have leading to centralization of real power...when this happens it becomes easier for foreign interests to control domestic policy: vis SCOTT and EMMERT are connected with subsidiaries of Hawker-Siddeley of England such as Hawker-Siddeley of Canada Ltd. and Dominion Steel and Coal...POWIS, like LUMBERS, is an influential voice in the operations of Noranda (six of the firms listed beneath him are controlled by his company)...TAYLOR and BARRON have oil and gas interests...SCOTT is a part of Great Lakes Power which is American owned...Canadian resources in general are heavily controlled by foreign interests...1963 figures show that 59% of Canadian mining and smelting is foreign owned (52% American), for instance.

Eaton's of Canada also controls subsidiaries in the fields of pharmacy, loans, real estate, and life insurance, in addition to its tremendous retail connections...Noranda operates a retail outlet for its own products...POWIS is involved in this subsidiary also...LEITCH is a policy maker for both Maple Leaf Mills and its retail subsidiary Canada Bread Co...LAMBERT is connected with the Canadian outlet for Westinghouse (American owned). Simpson's-Sears is 50% controlled by Sears-Roebuck of the U.S. Looking at the whole Canadian scene, foreign concerns have a great deal of control over the retail markets especially in the areas of food, beverages, tobaccos, rubber, leather, textiles and wood...

Hawker-Siddeley makes trans such as cars for the T.T.C. rican warplanes in Viet Nam another American firm, Mass ral motors of Canada contro dian' subsidiaries...G.M. of se, an American subsidiary. licy maker of Robertson Man owned by Union Tank Car of is director of Union Carbide, huge Union Carbide Corpora States...Mahoney represents is the only representative c man board...ROSS is connect Can Company of CANADA owned firm...R.H. WINTERS Liberal government to beco dogs in Brazilian Traction, F which is busily exploring ar EMMERT is connected with makes plans for American others...According to the Wa imately 60% of our industry ... if present trends continue figure will probably be 85%.

<p>TAYLOR, J.H. (P) Liquifuels Ltd. (Pr) Weaver Coal Co. (VP) North American Life Assurance Co. (Di) Atlas Development (International) Ltd.</p>	<p>GERSTEIN, B. (Pr) People's Credit Jewellers</p>	<p>GARDINER, G.R. (Pr) Gardiner Watson Ltd. (Pr) George Gardiner Ltd. (CB) Skyway Hotel (CB) Miami Springs Villas (Di) James United Steel</p>	<p>BARRON, A.E. (VP) Canadian General Investments (CB) Robertson Manuf. Co. Ltd. (Ch) Canadian Tire Corp. Ltd. (VP) Great Canadian Oil Sanda</p>	<p>LAMBERT, Z.T. (Pr) Toronto-Dominion Bank (Di) Canada Permanent Trust (Di) Union Carbide Corp. (Di) Canadian Westinghouse Co. Ltd.</p>	<p>MAHONEY, National director: Canadian United Workers of America (VP) Canadian Lab Congress</p>
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COMPILED BY
GORD THOMPSON

LEGEND
(Pr) - President
(VP) - Vice-president
(Ch) - Chairman
(CB) - Chairman of the Board
(Di) - Director
(Pa) - Partner

Editor's Note
This is based on the latest available information. It is meant to show a few of the specifics of the term "corporate elite". It also shows some of the international (imperialist?) connections of York's governors. Hopefully, it gives an idea of how powerful the rulers of this university really are. Only the most important of their affiliations have been listed.

<p>LEITCH, J.D. Upper Lakes Shipping Ltd. Maple Leaf Mills Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce Dominion Foundries and Steel Ltd. Massey-Ferguson Ltd. Canada Bread Co.</p>	<p>WALKER, E.H. (Pr) General Motors of Canada Ltd. (Di) General Motors Acceptance Corp. of Canada (Di) Frigidaire Products of Canada Ltd.</p>	<p>PROCTOR, J.S. (VP) Bank of Nova Scotia (Di) General Accident Assurance Co. of Canada (Di) The Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Canada (Di) Holborough Investments Ltd. (Di) Scottish Canadian Assurance Corp.</p>	<p>LITTLE, A.J. (P) Clarkson, Gordon and Co. (P) Woods, Gordon & Co.</p>	<p>GRAY, J.M. (P) Macmillan Publishing Co. of Canada Ltd.</p>	<p>LASKIN, B. Former Justice, Ontario Supreme Court</p>
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industry

makes transportation equipment the T.T.C. and parts for American Viet Nam...LEITCH is with firm, Massey-Ferguson...General Motors controls numerous Canadian...G.M. of Canada is, of course, a subsidiary...BARRON is a power-tion Manufacturing which is an American Car of Chicago...LAMBERT on Carbide, a subsidiary of the General Motors Corporation in the United States...he represents Big Labour... he is a representative of labour on the 22nd... is connected with Continental Traction Canada Ltd., an American subsidiary... WINTERS dropped out of the race to become one of the top executives in Traction, Power and Light Co. exploring and exploiting Brazil... connected with De Havilland which is an American imperialists among... to the Watkins Report... the industry is foreign controlled... and continues for 15 years, that... will be 85%.

4 finance

SCOTT has become involved with many of his other affiliations thru Wood-Gundy Securities...to give you some idea of how financial strings are interwound among the elite...it might be the reverse process for POWIS...his industrial positions may have helped him become a director of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce...a position also shared by LEITCH and MACLEAN... WALKER, with the abundant funds of General Motors behind him, serves as a director of General Motors Acceptance Corp...PROCTOR is vice-president of the Bank of Nova Scotia...TAYLOR'S money source is North American Life Assurance Co...BARRON'S is Canadian General Investments Ltd...LAMBERT serves as a President of the Toronto Dominion Bank...MANSUR has a buck or two in various companies in which he is a director...direct foreign financing in the formation of Canadian Net Capital Assets for developing firms is 43% of the total financing... Canada's economy is dependent on the American, of course...finance is the glue which holds Canadian subsidiaries of American firms together... control of capital is concentrated among a few Canadian oligarchs (including the majority of York's governors) who are also American satraps.

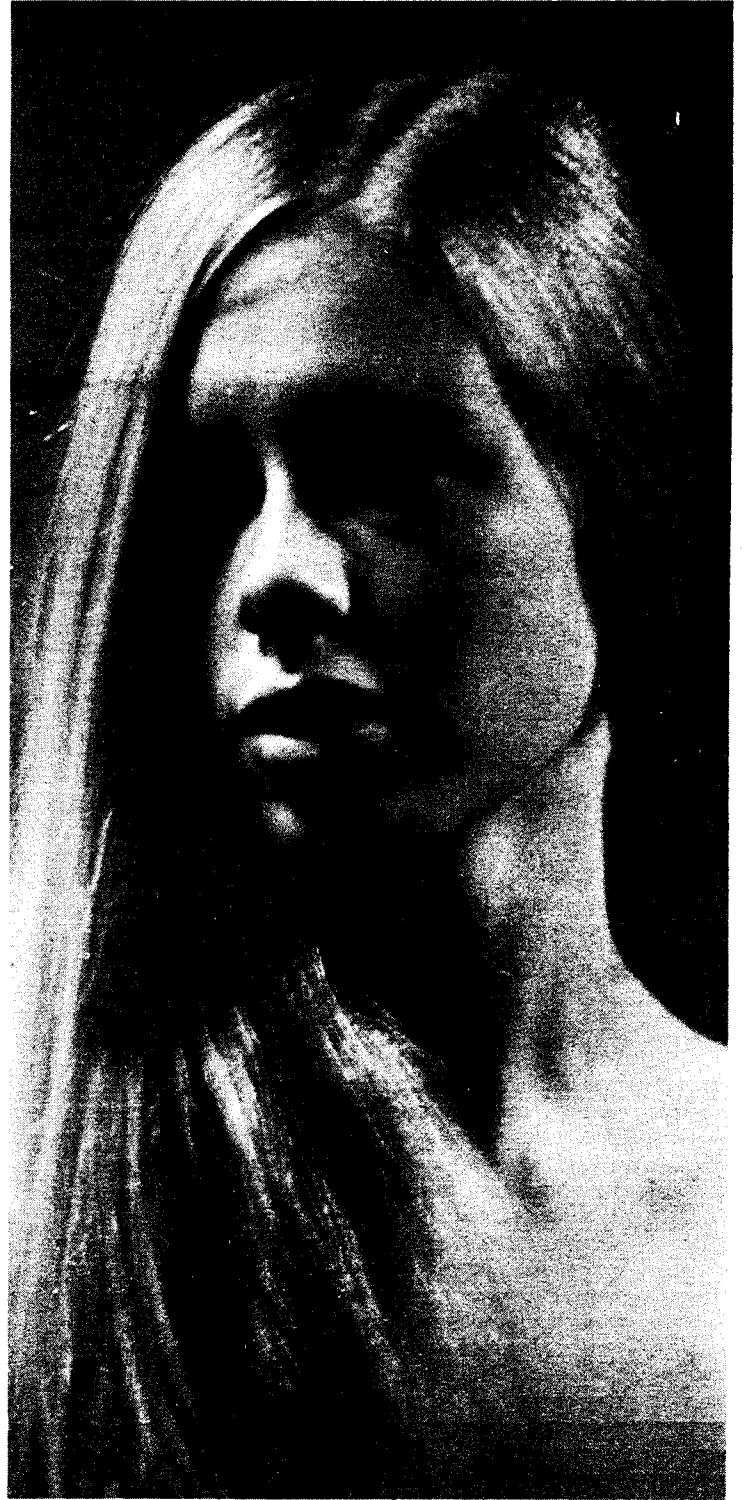
5 communications

GRAY is President of Macmillan Publishing Co... CHALMERS is Board Chairman of Maclean-Hunter which puts out Maclean's Magazine (Canada's National Magazine)...Chalmers also influences the policy of radio stations CFCN and CKEY...he also was formerly connected with CTV...these communications outlets are what is often referred to as the "establishment press"...they have their own interests to protect.

<p>MAHONEY, W. General director for the Canadian United Steel Mills of America Canadian Labour Congress</p>	<p>ROSS, M. (Di) Continental Canadian Company of Canada Ltd.</p>	<p>MANSUR, D.B. (Pr) Kinross Mortgage Corp. (Di) The British American Assurance Co. (Di) The Western Assurance Co. (Di) Royal Insurance Co. Ltd</p>	<p>MACLEAN, W.F. (Pr) Canada Packers (Di) Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce</p>	<p>CHALMERS (CB) Maclean-Hunter Publishing Co. Ltd. (Di) CFCN Limited (Di) CKEY (Shoreacres Broadcasting Co. Ltd.</p>	<p>WINTERS, R.H. (Pr) Brazilian Traction, Light and Power Corp. Former Cabinet Minister</p>
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Les
jeunes
filles



Photos by MICHALSKI

SWEARING AND ALL THAT JASS

I'm going back to the frozen North
Where the pricks are hard and strong
Back to the land of the frozen stand
Where the nights are six months long.

It's hard as tin when they put it in
In the land where spunk is spunk
Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream
But a solid frozen chunk.

Back to the land where they understand
What it means to fornicate
Where the dead sleep two in a bed
And babies masturbate.

Back to the land of the grinding gland
Where the walrus plays with his prong
Where the polar bear wanks off in his liar
That's where they'll sing this song.

They'll tell this tale on the Arctic Trail
Where the nights are sixty below
Where it's so damn cold
That the Johnnies are sold
Wrapped up in a ball of snow.

In the valley of death with baited breath
That's where they'll sing it too
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle
And rotting corpses screw.

Back to the land where men are men
Terra Bellicum
And there I'll spend my worthy end
For the North is calling: "Come".

splatter, zap, crunch and belch show a remarkable quality the language has for conveying exactly and directly the sound which it is describing. Don't such words as fart, shit, crap, and possibly even fuck qualify the same way? What images do these sounds conjure up in your mind? As for precise descriptions - to lapse into worse rhetoric - doesn't a record player play records; an athletic supporter support you during athletic endeavours?

Why not call a prick a prick? Doesn't a pecker perform a similar function as a woodpecker, only not on wood? Assuming that words have a function, might it not be said that a word's function is to describe

Swearing and

its function as succinctly and vividly as possible? Also, as in the woodpecker situation, what barnyard animal and its function is the word cock derived from? Finally dealing with functions, does not the word screw connote certain physical activities.

Profanities and vulgarisms are, to put it mildly, very common. But why are they not used as other common words? What's wrong with them? Is it because they deal with certain bodily functions that are, for most intents and purposes, outside the public realm? Must we use language that

IN FAR GLAMORGAN

There was a young fellow whose name was Dick
Who had, poor fellow, a corkscrew prick
He spent his time in lifelong hunt
To find a girl with a spiral cunt.

He finished his search in far Glamorgan
When he found a girl with such an organ
But on his wedding night he fell down dead
'Cause he found the girl had a left hand thread.

all that jass

is, in fact, not ours?

If I think in terms of cunts and assholes am I not doing, sometimes, something basically wrong in describing them as pubes and recti? Or, to misuse Bentham's arguments, just what is the difference between these statements - "Pardon my puddenda"; "She's got one of those new low slung European vulvas"; "She's got a seventy cent spread"; and "She's got a cunt from point A to point B (asshole to belly button)"?

This list is infinite, but the rest tend to the acrostic.

Are all our basic thoughts and actions inherently base? Because we all share these bodily functions. They are so much a part of our physical makeup it seems as if these words are personally emotional. Because of this emotional value these words exist as a linguistic oddity. Because they constitute so much of our shared reality they are to some extent, and in many instances, the languages major lubricant.

Perhaps the fact that these words are emotional and vague explains two things. The first is their use, especially the word "fuck", as a member of just about every grammatical category. The second is their amazing comprehensibility, without analysis, when they are used in so many different ways. That is, if I say "I'm fucked up", even though the terms, usage, and desired effects upon the listener may be contradictory, you know what I mean. More about this later.

Its boiling down now to, as with most things, a matter of personal taste. If I have intimidated a factual structure for profanities, I certainly would not go so far as to say they are good or bad. I'm not even sure that I would like to get involved with such terms as "appropriate" and "inappropriate". "What kind of precision do we need in life?" and "How much does this precision detract from our emotional requirements?" are two questions worth thinking about.

If I must describe my opprobrium or verisimilitude and either I don't know precise enough terms or think that my precision will maybe misconstrue what I'm trying to put across; one obvious solution is to go back to our old preconscious roots and swear.

Because of spatial and contextual difficulties, it would not be appropriate to include a dictionary, as such, in this article. How-

ever, there will be a small discussion on the emotional implications and changes in meanings of a few words.

The first word is "cocksucker". Its meaning is obvious, but its use is often, as with "fuck", pejorative and contradictory. If I, in my constant search for truth and warmth, call a girl a cocksucker, there is a fair chance that that is, among other things, one thing which she most definitely is not.

The second word is "shit". This word now has two meanings; one, fecus, and the second, narcotics. In the following statement, "narcotics agent" is represented by "narc". "You're a narc, huh? No shit". This is an obvious example of where intonation and stress drastically affect the meaning and implications of the final two words.

The third and most common over all word is "fuck". This is probably because it means the act of sexual congress and is therefore of central importance to the human condition. For those of you who are interested in more intensive research than I can offer, please check the following books in the reference library: PE 3721 F4 p.80; PE 3721 G7 p.154; PE 3721 P3, p.305; and PE 3292 U5, p.203.

It might be assumed that copulation is a good thing, but the word "fuck" is not usually used in that manner. Take the statement "How, in the name of all that's good, are you?" But if you're a real non-believer, you wouldn't consider that strong enough, so you'd probably say "How the fuck are you?"

When you say "I'm fucked if I know" what you are saying is that you certainly do not know. This bit of knowledge adds some humour to the following joke.

Male: "Do you know what this thing in my pants is for?"

Female: "Fucked if I know".

Now back to an expression used above, "I'm fucked up".

This is really interesting. First it could be an exclamation emanating from a fuckee (male) during anal intercourse. Second it could be an exclamation emanating from a fucker when he is in the inferior position. This is taken from the active connotations of "I got fucked last night".

Third, it could be an exclamation emanating from a fucker or fuckee when either one has been bronzed in media res. Complications must surely arise in the statement "His mind's all fucked up".

Now we'll turn slightly to the expression "Oh fuck" which contextually stands by itself. First it can be good, as in "Oh fuck, isn't that beautiful". Second, it can be bad, as in "Oh fuck, isn't that shitty"; or rank shifted into "That's fucking beautiful".

This brief discussion omitted such conundrums as "Fuck me", and "Fuck face", and for that I humbly apologize. This article ends the same way it began, with part of a poem. I'm asking you, after having read this far to please consider the implications and assumptions in the last verses.

ODE TO THE FOUR LETTER WORDS

Banish the use of the four letter words
Whose meaning is never obscure
The anglos, the saxons those hardy old birds
Were vulgar obscene and impure
But cherish the use of the weasling phrase
That never quite be known for your hypocrite ways
Than as vulgar, obscene and impure.

By Mark Dwor

So banish the words that Elizabeth used,
When she was a Queen on her throne;
The modern maid's virtue is easily bruised
By the four-letter words all alone.
Let your morals be clean as an Alderman's vest
If your language is always obscure
Today not the act but the word is the test
Of the vulgar, obscene and impure.

You have just read some of the final verses of what is, to me, Canada's epic poem - Eskimo Nell. However, you may notice some words you don't know, such as "Johnnies", which is British slang for condoms. To fully appreciate the last verse, you might be advised to read "The Pearl", Grove Press. As you can see, we're dealing with a language problem. Have you ever considered the linguistic possibilities of this statement - "I'd like to tell you to fuck off, but I haven't got the proper words for it"?

This article will attempt to give some signposts as to what the proper, in Quirk's sense, words might be. The question as to whether profanity, as it is termed, is a means to an end will not be discussed below.

If you're interested in the sexuality of "shit", read de Sade's "120 days of Sodom".

Also I will not be dealing with cultural-linguistic assumptions such as the liting insouciance of merde or the abrupt boorishness of sheis; or why the English call condoms "French letters" and so on. Nor will I deal directly with the relevance of contemporary language meanings - as in Chaucer, John Donne et al.

If you're interested in that for our own times read the books in the reference library, PE 3721 to PE 3729, or Gillian Freeman's "Undergrowth of Literature", Nelson, London; "The Penthouse Sexicon", Penthouse Magazine; "Why Was He Born So Beautiful and Other Rugby Songs" and "More Rugby Songs", Sphere, London; or listen to "Bawdy Blues" on Bluesville. Nor will I be dealing with the problems of cross-reference vulgarity - as in Elias Canetti's "Auto Da Fa", where 'upta' (Spanish for cunt) is the operative word in a brilliantly developed pun.

Even with such a negative blueprint, just what this article is to do is not clear, because the topic is broad and like most topics shouldn't be treated as an entity, but rather as a series of interlocking and overlapping parts. This is especially true when discussing what is essentially virgin territory. It's very conceivable then, to term the above paragraph as mystically fallacious horseshit. In the following paragraphs when I use blatant rhetoric, it's mainly because the questions raised don't have neat answers.

English seems to be an overtly onomatopoeic language. Such words as pow,

Modus Vivendi, etc

By VIANNEY CARRIERE

People do strange things. It's an old adage, but one that comes to mind quite frequently when the personal closeness of a strange thing is strong enough.

When I started writing this column, I was given about three do's and don'ts by my editor. I added quite a few myself, and one of them was not to bore my reader with personal anecdotes à la Richard Needham. Well, just this once I'm going to deviate from that maxim because I observed so many strange little things over the summer which I would like to relate to people.

With a background somewhat removed from Toronto, I suppose that I have an advantage in observing Torontonians. Remember 'A University Is For People'? Well a city is for people too, and these are some of the Torontonians which Glendon students who have not forgotten the world beyond the gate are likely to run into some day.

Taxi drivers: They all like to reminisce about the time when University Avenue was residential. Sometimes last summer I came home from work so late at night, that the only way for me to get back to Glendon was by taxi. I remember how late one night, one driver and I got to talking about the chronic poverty of students. When we got home, this driver insisted on cutting my fare in half. "You're a student" he said. A reversed tip.

I met an elevator operator in the Globe and Mail building who told me that he had once gone to school with Escott Reid.

I was fascinated throughout the summer by a breed of Toronto men and women who literally risk their lives in order to make a subway train, so that they won't have to wait a minute and a half for the next one. I got to wondering why it was that everytime someone made an ass of himself by hurling his body through a closing subway train door, he or she always assumed an angelic grin before sitting down. I saw a little dog on a leash who didn't quite keep up with his master, be decapitated when the doors closed on the leash and the train took off. I saw a man once who dropped a small parcel on the tracks and jumped down to retrieve it. He was killed. Later that night, I phoned the police to find out what had been in the parcel. They hadn't found it.

For weeks I was amazed by a tulip in front of Sunnybrook Hospital that never closed its petals because it was right in the stream of a spot light illuminating a monument. It was the first tulip in that patch to die.

There was a man I once had the honour of talking to, late one afternoon, who had built a small hut beside the Don River down by Queen Street along the Don Valley Parkway. He was a philosopher, and we spoke for the better part of an hour about everything from government welfare to the drunks on Dundas. He had once spent several weeks working in a logging camp out by Iroquois Falls and I found we had a lot in common. Jim Park, who as the Toronto Star says 'dreams of a little cabin in the Rocky Mountains' would probably have liked him.

I saw a man on Yonge Street one night. He asked me for a cigaret, and since I have a lot of patience at two o'clock in the morning, I gave him a light too. Panhandlers are the loneliest, but the friendliest people in Toronto. So this man started telling me about Vancouver where I have never been, and about what it was like flying a fighter plane over Britain in World War II. The man was worn out, and I suppose that he was very little. But he was nice, and I believed every word he told me, right down to being shot down over France. There are good drunks, and there are bad drunks. He was an excellent drunk. I wound up buying him another drink, and a pack of cigarets.

On the phone, I spoke to a lady who was outraged because she had picked up a rumour that the Toronto Dog Pound was selling little puppies to universities for lab work.

There was a member of the Toronto Board of Control who ate bananas during meetings, and a man at the police station who was explaining to somebody that he like to cut himself while shaving.

I suppose that Toronto's isn't an unusual city. I suppose that every city has its taxi drivers, and its politicians; its little-old-trouble-making ladies, and its paranoid cops. But Toronto is a city with a gigantic heart to go with a gigantic pocket book.

Like I said, Toronto is a city for people.

LES

LEVINE

EXHIBITION OF DISPOSABLE ART
A CANADIAN ORIGINAL

UNTIL THE END OF OCTOBER
IN THE GLENDON ART GALLERY

Studio laboratories--a compound reaction

By MARTHA MUSGROVE

It was a giggle all the way. From the time we got our spiffy new press card til we saw the drunk dancing with the lamp post on the way home.

Editor Bob had said, "I want news! Get out there on the streets and review the Studio Lab Theatre production of 'Fando and Lis' by Arrabal. And don't come back til you've got the whole story."

Well, that sounded scary and artsy-fartsy so we bought some peanuts along the way to fortify ourselves. When we finally found the place (it really was at the rear of 41 Collier St.) the nice lady sitting outside selling tickets told us that Studio Lab was a non-profit foundation and that they usually did children's theatre but they had been experimenting with adult stuff too and that they need support.

We accepted our programmes and trooped inside to find an atmosphere reminiscent of those "happenings" the New Yorker used to talk about.

The theatre itself is in an old warehouse and can comfortably accommodate about thirty people. Each of the seats had a tin foil muffin cup, presumably to serve as an ashtray. A girl with long hair was selling coffee and a man with even longer hair was painting the appropriate signs on the wash-room doors. (He had just finished painting MEN when a girl popped out from behind the door. We giggled.)

Everyone in the audience seemed to know each other, except us, but we felt better when we noticed that the Production Manager was Mina Orenstein. Mina used to go to Glendon and was the first girl on campus to use four letter words -- out loud.

As we sat there admiring the leather pants of the man next to us, the play started. It turned out to be not "Fando and Lis" but "Comings and Goings", a theatre game.

A man with a beautiful smile hopped up on the stage and welcomed us. He was like

a Y.M.C.A. recreational director and he had a Dairy Queen curly-top ice cream cone whistle about his neck. He explained that once the play began he would, at intervals, hold up a card with a number on it and blow his whistle. The person having the same number on his programme got to change the direction of the play by replacing one of the actors with another. It sounded pretty complicated so he gave us a practice, then we started to play for real.

"Comings and Goings" by Megan Terry consisted of a string of skits, flowing into each other. Each skit in itself was very original and very funny. Compounded with the constant changing of actors, hence mood, the effect was hilarious.

In addition to everyday scenarios and the inevitable fag routine, there were two really clever scenes when the actors formed a kinetic sculpture while giving an order for breakfast--marvellous.

This is just one type of theatre game but it has tremendous potential. Given four actors and thirty skits any statistician can tell you that the number of combinations and permutations are infinite. Theatre becomes an organism, always growing, never twice the same.

This format allows the actors especially to show their versatility. They must know every part to perfection as they are called upon to perform at a second's notice and the size of the theatre makes prompting impossible. Our actors for the evening were great. They never missed a beat and kept the show moving at the necessarily fast pace. But it wasn't too polished, you know, sort of homey, everybody laughing at in-jokes, so we finally worked up enough courage to eat our peanuts during the show.

Afterwards, when we went up to one of the actors to gush about how super he was, and how much we enjoyed it and how we got so excited we almost missed our number. He smiled and said that that, quite simply, was the purpose of theatre games. To have a good time.

We're still giggling.

'Own Thing' -- new Playhouse hit

By JUDITH PERLY

"Your Own Thing" is a trend. It's theatre. It's a rock musical. It's a whole environment.

It's playing at the Playhouse Theatre on Bayview and is produced by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar.

The theme and the story are adapted from Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night"; songs and dances are added, the entire package thrown into a "Now" machine, and bang, we have "Your Own Thing".

The story concerns a brother and sister, Viola and Sebastian, who are separated on a boat. Sebastian, sick in the hospital, thinks Viola has drowned, but in the meantime Viola is posing as a boy in a rock band. Her brother recovers and (you guessed it) gets the same job in the same rock band.

The manager of the band, Orson, thinks that Sebastian is Viola because they look very much alike. To complicate things further, Viola falls in love with Orson and Orson thinks he loves "Charlie" (Viola) which sends him into a panic. Of course Sebastian has fallen in love with Olivia, the woman Orson thought he loved. Whew!

This little bit of chaotic fun is set upon a background of mixed media: slides, different recorded comments, movies, and even a short light show. The entire effect is supported by a modern Shakespearean type of set, which is all white, built in, and is not changed during the one act performance.

These different effects made the show very funny, exciting and original.

One interesting thing about this musical is the way it has been adapted from Shakespeare. Although the entire format and plot has been modernized and adapted to the "hip" generation, relevant quotes from the original play have been interspersed very skilfully, making it even more "zangy" (especially for those people who had read the original play).

Added to all of this, we have an impressive musical score, with excellent jazz-rock accompaniment. The singing was good, especially in "The Now Generation", "She Never Told Her Love", and "Do Your Own Thing".

In general the cast played well, although the acting of Michael Stoddard (Sebastian) and Steven Weston (Orson) sometimes left much to be desired.

Jill Choder (Viola) acted and sang well. An excellent singing and dancing performance was given by Mark Allen III, one of the members of the band.

Dinah Christie (Olivia) made it clear that she was the old pro of the troop. Although her singing numbers were powerful, her condescending attitude detracted a little from her performance.

It is unfortunate that this original type of musical did not appear unified.

Perhaps it was due to the sketchiness of the plot and the rushed acting in order to accommodate the eighteen musical numbers that "Your Own Thing" seemed to me like a series of very funny, generally



Gene Masoner, Marc Allen III and Bob Jeffrey play the roles of a rock group called the Apocalypse in "Your Own Thing" at Toronto's Playhouse Theatre.

well done skits, effectively produced with the use of mixed media, but not well held together.

If you have an hour and a half to spare for sheer enjoyment, lots of fun and a new experience in theatre, I would definitely recommend "Your Own Thing".

PRO TEM staff meeting today at 2 pm in office. This issue will be cut up, trip to Western for ORCUP to be discussed in detail. BE THERE at 2.

'Hell, they don't build 'em this solid anymore!'

BY MARILYN SMITH

A bronze plaque at Glendon's main gate reads:

GLENDON HALL
ORIGINALLY THE HOME OF
EDWARD ROGERS WOOD
AND HIS WIFE AGNES E. WOOD
BY HER GENEROSITY
DEvised TO THE
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
1950

-but between those sparse lines there remains the untold history and background of Glendon Hall. What is Glendon Hall's heritage?

In 1922, the now defunct firm of Molesworth, West and Second undertook the designing and building of Glendon Hall. They were commissioned by Edward Rogers Wood, a wealthy Toronto financier. Wood had purchased some ninety four acres of land in what was at the time, Toronto's frontier. A market garden originally existed here, and Wood decided to convert it to a pastoral estate.

The construction of Glendon Hall required two years and craftsmen of many highly specialized skills. Flooring of Italian marble, walnut and oak was laid down, piece by piece in intricate pattern. Wood panelling of mahogany and walnut was fitted and formed over walls. Skilled artisans worked out carvings round door jambs, floors and ceilings. Ornate gault was incorporated in the molded plaster ceilings. Outside, wrought iron and tinted glass graced the entranceway in a protective arch. The surrounding grounds included a formal English garden, a lawn bowling green, an eighteen hole putting green, and a greenhouse. Down on the lower level, a full scale farm existed, allowing the estate to be totally self-sufficient.

The interior decorating of the hall was left to Mrs. Anges Wood, who make it her hobby. Antique furnishings, purchased on annual trips to England, were set perfectly against the backdrop of the mansion. Most impressive of all was the central Great Hall. Parkay flooring accented the staircase which swept down and around a molded walnut railing. Crystal chandeliers threw muted light on the scrolls of the plaster ceiling and the thick Oriental carpets scattered across the floor. Chinese tapestries, prints from the coronation of George the Third, Gainsborough and Renoir oils, candelabra from Italian churches - everything that was monetarily possible went into making Glendon Hall the proverbial "mansion on the hill".

The scene was set. Glendon, in all her splendour and opulence was like a young debutante awaiting the whirl of society and all its grand events.

But the Wood were a family of strict Methodist background, so Glendon Hall was not allowed the frivolous balls of a 'coming out'. Instead of heightened social activities, the hall became a base for business luncheons and afternoon musicales. An annual tea for the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario was staged on the estate. The Billiards Room on the second floor was a popular area.

For the most part, life at the Hall was slow-paced, revolving around the agri-

cultural functions of the estate. To this end, a dairy was operated in the west corner of the basement. Grandchildren made for any disruption as they played in the immense attic or rode the dumb waiter up and down between the floors.

After the death of Edward Wood, the hall became a quiet retreat for his widow. An era was also ending. The formal meals with a butler in attendance seemed quaint but dated. Glendon Estate was too grand and large to be maintained as in the past.

The estate passed to the University of Toronto in 1950 at the death of Mrs. Wood. She had hoped that it would become part of the Faculty of Forestry, with experimentation sustained by the agricultural facilities present on the grounds.

Instead, the Faculty of Law was established here, with Glendon Hall the nucleus for the administration offices.

In 1961, York University purchased the estate from the University of Toronto for one million dollars. In those embryonic days of York, Glendon Hall housed the York offices and the Physical Plant. With the establishment of Glendon College as a separate entity, the function of the hall changed.

Today, Glendon Hall is very much a part of the life on this campus. An apart-

ment on the second floor of the Hall is 'home' for Principal Escott Reid. An infirmary occupies the east corner and the Glendon Bookstore has the west wing.

The offices of Pro Tem and the Toronto-Dominion Bank occupy what was once the servants' quarters.

The student union offices are located just off the Great Hall. This area at the north side of the building was at one time partitioned into cubicles for the U of T Faculty of Law. Who is not familiar with the Pipe Room - that base for so many entertainment endeavours - located in the basement of Glendon Hall? The Terrace Room, on the north side of the basement is also utilized for student activities.

Glendon Hall is still in sound shape - solid testimony to the money, materials and labour spent in building her. Electrical and plumbing facilities are adequate for any future needs. The basement underwent a \$20,000 refurbishing this past summer. And the original Spanish tile roofing will withstand any deluge the years may bring. Andy Bevin, director of the Physical Plant summed it up with: "Hell, they don't build 'em this solid anymore."

Glendon Hall has her second wind. She is an integral part of the beauty of this campus.

Toronto Life recently featured a full page ad for Cadillac with the car parked on the driveway in front of Glendon Hall. There is unrealized potential; room enough to expand and to utilize the Hall for any range

of activities.

Glendon Hall presents a paradox. She has the grandness that was built into her, but a usefulness born of the farm-girl life she led.

She can meet any demands this college makes of her.



The Great Hall, looking west. The floor is oak of varying shades. It was restored this summer to its former beauty. The ceiling still exists as in this photo.

Glendon Bi - Bi Committee revives after silent spring, will attempt to create a French atmosphere on campus.

BY JOHN HARTI

In view of the aims of Glendon College and of the increased interest in making the college truly bilingual, the Bilingualism and Biculturalism Committee is one of the most important groups now working on campus. Organized toward the end of last year's spring term, it has only begun its specific investigations during the last week.

Until recently, the interest shown in the work of the committee by the students and faculty had been very poor. Interested people were asked to submit briefs last Spring. To date only two briefs have been received. Public meetings on the future of Glendon, however, have stirred up some interest. Two recent open meetings were attended by forty-five and seventy people respectively. The discussion was lively (and bilingual), and many indicated that they were willing to work on various projects with members of the committee.

The committee membership represents a fair cross-section of the college community: There are four professors (including M. Baudot and Mme Nemni), and eight students. A member of the Board of Governors who is especially interested in bilingualism will also be asked to sit on the Committee.

The committee's broad aim is to investigate means of making Glendon a truly bilingual and bicultural community. This requires an analysis of previous work done on similar subjects, a search for new ideas through

briefs submitted by various members of the community, and investigation of specific areas relating to bilingualism and biculturalism. Discussion will not remain on a theoretical level. Using certain aims as guidelines, the committee hopes to make concrete proposals on how bilingualism can be achieved.

BILINGUALISM BOTH WAYS

One of the committee's first goals is to determine students' attitudes toward the entire idea of a bilingual college and toward specific aspects which are significant to the individual student. Although not interested in looking at the community in terms of 'classes' of people, Committee members feel that the attitudes and ideas of day students require special consideration. Their contact with the college organizations is usually not as close and, therefore, their views are not as often known or considered.

The committee is now concentrating on a number of specific areas. A detailed questionnaire, asking students to comment on many aspects of bilingualism, will be prepared. A scholarship plan, to induce French-speaking students from Quebec to study here for three or four years will be considered. The committee will also investigate the feasibility of an exchange programme with a Quebec university. Glendon students might take their third year in Quebec and vice versa.

Students would probably require special intensive

language training before studying in Quebec; perhaps some financial help could also be given. Many French-Canadian students would need special help to improve their English; the English Department is prepared to offer an intensive programme of English instruction for such students.

Another important area to be considered is the creation of a 'bicultural' atmosphere or spirit. It is assumed that bilingualism cannot succeed without some sort of a French atmosphere being created first. This would involve increasing the activity of the Cercle Français, showing more French films, inviting French and French-Canadian speakers etc. One member of the committee is making contact with various French-speaking cultural organizations in Toronto to see what help they could give.

FRANK BRIEFS NEEDED

The committee will consider the possibility of having at least a high proportion of the administrative staff bilingual. One step toward this goal was taken last year, when the French Department offered French lessons to members of the faculty, the administration and the secretarial staff.

To demonstrate the practical need for bilingual Canadians, a survey will be made of some areas where bilingualism would be an asset. One such area that immediately comes to mind is the federal civil service. Suggestions may also be made on means of recruiting more French-speaking professors.

As one of its major guidelines, the committee will examine the B & B Report carefully, and consider their background papers in certain relevant areas. An attempt will also be made to see how other universities (such as Laurentian and Ottawa) implemented bilingualism.

The final success of the commission depends, however, on student and faculty support. The commission needs briefs immediately; a sustained interest in bilingualism must be maintained; and people must be willing to consider the final proposals which it makes.

The committee wants to know what you really think. If you have fears, reservations, or a great idea, voice them. Everything from beefs about the French programme to a desire for more French-Canadian entertainment is pertinent. Briefs need not be works of scholarship or art. All that is necessary is a frank statement of your views. Briefs should be submitted to Vianney Carriere (Wood Res. C301).

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Bulldogs ready to bite

BY NICK MARTIN

Miracles don't happen. New football teams don't just take the field and go to the College Bowl in their first year of play.

York's fans are starting to realize this as the Bulldogs have played twice and lost twice to two of Ontario's weaker teams. Yet, although beaten on the scoreboard, the Bulldogs have come away with two moral victories.

In their first game with Laurentian Voyageurs, the men of York were hurt by costly fumbles and interceptions, yet handled themselves extremely well. Only their relative unfamiliarity with each other cost them the game. Most of the players felt disdain for the Voyageurs, and felt that they could easily beat Laurentian if they were to meet later in the season after York has begun to gel.

Three days after the Laurentian game, York met the University of Guelph Gryphons, and although they lost, the Bulldogs demonstrated that they will be a force to be reckoned with within a very short time. With only three days of rest, the Bulldogs met a team that had beaten Laurentian 62-0, and who were expected to break all their scoring records against York.

It didn't quite turn out that way. Garney Henley's boys won 23-3, but York could conceivably have had their first victory if three key plays had turned out differently.

Late in the second quarter, John Abbot of York made his second interception of the game, and ran it back to the Guelph ten yard line. The Bulldogs drove to the two, and on third down, quarterback Larry Iaccino swept left on an option play. Electing to pitch back to his trailing half-back, Iaccino made a wild lateral, and Guelph recovered.

With a minute left in the first half, Guelph fumbled at their own forty, and York linebacker Ken Woods found the loose ball right at his feet. Rather than picking it up, he elected to dribble it, a play that was popular many years ago, but is generally forgotten in modern football.

Two kicks later the ball was on the five yard line, where Woods could easily have run it in for a touchdown. However, not realizing there were no Gryphons near him, he kicked it again. The ball went through the end zone, and instead of six, the Bulldogs had to settle for a single point.

The third major scoring opportunity came in the third quarter. After Abbot's third interception, York moved to the Guelph ten yard line on a pass interference call against the Gryphons. A dive was unsuccessful, a handoff was fumbled and Iaccino was dropped for a loss after recovering it, and a third down pass fell incomplete.

Had York scored when they had these golden opportunities, they could have beaten Guelph. However, the offense never really got moving all night, in part due to the rainy weather and in part due to the fact that it is much harder to get a new offense working smoothly than a defense.

The Bulldogs were unable to establish their ground game, which is essential to a winning effort. They amassed only 74 yards on the ground, 31 of these by Iaccino. Their next leading rusher was Shelly Pettie, with 13 yards.

On the other hand, the Bulldogs showed the makings of a strong air attack, although it was hindered by the wet conditions. Iaccino has a good arm, and has some outstanding receivers in Pettie, Roy Hanna, and Steve Clark. For much of the night, though, he was forced to run for his life as his pocket broke down, being dropped for a total of 68 yards in losses.

However, line coach Ken Ruddick and backfield coach Uly Curtis are fast improving their charges, and the results should be evident soon in an improvement of the offense.

If the York offense had their troubles, then the Gryphon offense could sympathise with them. The Bulldogs' tenacious defence gave the Gryphons fits all night long. Guelph passers could complete only four of eighteen passes for 43 yards. Three passes were picked off, all by John Abbot.

The Gryphon runners had their troubles too. Except for three long bursts, the Guelph backfielders were held to an average of less than 2.5 yards a carry. The three long runs were a 33 yard reverse for a touchdown by Dave Montgomery, a 21 yard jaunt off tackle by Steve Stewart, and an 18 yard run for a score by quarterback Ken Smith late in the game. As it was, the Gryphons could pick up only 11 first downs, four of those on penalties.

The play of the defence is what assures York of a good team in the future. It is a well-known fact that a defence can be put together more quickly than an offense. If the defence is already this good, what will the whole team be like once the offense begins to operate?

Coach Nobby Wirkowski has several more games tentatively planned, with the possibility of a game either in Toronto or Oakville this weekend. Check with the athletic bulletin board for any further developments later in the week. If you're interested in the statistical side of football, the stats for the Guelph game are posted on the bulletin board, and will be posted there for most varsity sports.

Should any games be played at York, there will be no admission price, a sharp contrast with Guelph, where tickets cost \$1.50. Contrary to a rumour being carried by Excalibur, there will be no admission charges for any York sports this year.

Cost or no cost, there is no reason why every York student and faculty member should not be on hand when the Bulldogs have their first home game. They set out this year to prove themselves to the officials of the various Ontario leagues, and their performance should certainly merit admission to the Central Canada Conference, of which Guelph and Laurentian are members. In any event, this is going to be an outstanding team, and you should be on hand to see it happen.

victors, with Mike Eisen crossing the goalline for the vanquished.

In a real cliff-hanger last Wednesday, D House struggled past A House for a 16-15 victory. The game was highlighted by a dazzling interception and touchdown trot by Vinnie Del Bueno. Bill Elkin added another while Vic Borychesh and Bill Rowe scored majors for the losers.

On the other side of the field, 3rd and 4th Year over-ran a weak 1st Year team that suffered its second resounding defeat.

The old age pensioners had a field day, with veterans Schwalm, Faye, Fenton, and Wilfen all scratching the scoresheet.

Hewson, with his squad's only major, and Shields with a two point safety touch replied for 1st Year, making the final score 26-8.

On Monday, 2nd Year regained its composure to down E House handily in a 33-14 shellacking.

1st Year continued its losing ways, bowing to a strong C House team, 35-13. Powered by the running of quarterback Pat Flynn who notched 18 points and the sure hands of Vernon and Raven, 2nd Year were simply too much for the disorganized losers. C House, who must be recognized now as a power in this league whitewashed the hapless frosh with Mackenzie recording an amazing 24 points for the winners.

sports

SRO for rebels

BY NICK MARTIN

For those of you who were looking forward to sitting in York's new arena this year to watch the Rebels you can forget it.

The arena's there all right, and so are the Rebels, but there's one other little problem: there are no seats in the arena.

"We couldn't afford any seats this year," explained Dr. Bryce Taylor, York's Athletic Director.

Nor will there be any seats in the new arena at any time in the future. It is only a part of the arena complex that should be finished sometime in the 1970's. Another arena is scheduled to be built then with permanent seats. At that time the present arena will become a skating rink.

And how much did York pay for this skating rink? "Approximately \$640,000," said John Ezyk of the Campus Planning Department.

"It's only the first stage in the arena complex, and to have added seats to it would have meant having to redesign the whole building."

For those of you going to the games this year, you're advised to get there as early as possible. Spectators will have to stand alongside the

boards behind the screens, which means only those in the front row will have any kind of decent view.

With the proximity of the walls to the boards there is the added danger of pucks ricocheting back into the crowd, although Dr. Taylor says that the danger to spectators is no greater than that at Maple Leaf Gardens, or at Doublerink Arena, where the team played last year.

Maybe so, but at least Doublerink had seats for the spectators, including a large glassed-in area where you could watch the game in heated comfort. Doublerink is only a mile away from York, and could have been used until the permanent arena is built.

\$640,000 is a lot of money to pay for an arena that will serve its purpose for only a few years, and, because of the absence of seats, will not be able to serve that purpose.

If an adequate arena could not be built now, then Doublerink should have been used in the meantime. It may be off campus, but after all, having the Windigoes play on campus certainly has not boosted the crowds.

It's a lot of money to pay for just a skating rink.

We're /number one

Reaction to Pro Tem's sports coverage this year has been overwhelming in its enthusiasm. "It adds a dynamic new dimension to

We got a letter

Dear Sports Editor:

In a recent issue you stated that a Second Year player had made several tackles. I thought tackling was a no-no.

Sincerely,
Lyndon Baines Jackson.

Dear Mr. Jackson:

To answer your query, I'll now turn you over to Dan G. Lingerund, Pro Tem's Euphemisms Editor - sports ed.

Dan: Of course it's a no-no, you silly goose! When I was correcting the sports editor's prose, as I must do to ensure that it bears a semblance to the English language, I saw that he had written 'tackles' and naturally I was horrified. Naturally I immediately changed it to 'rent myriad flags asunder', but the big oaf changed it back again. He said 'tackles' sounds more footballsy. I'm sure you'll join with me in saying 'pooh to him.'

journalism!" said Vince Lombardi, general manager of the Green Bay Packers. "I would have to say it's the best sports page in Toronto," commented George Imlach, known to us sporty in-types as Paunch. "Sports editors are a dime a dozen," enthused a Pro Tem staffer. "Naturally I support it. What did you say it was again?" said R. Nixon. "I'm pleased as punch about it!" chirped H. Humphrey. "It don't pussyfoot around none!" said G. Wallace. "Where's this field house place he keeps talking about?" chimed in a fourth year student.

Naturally we are pleased by such reactions. We are printing this page for you every week, and we like to know what you think about us. If you think we're doing a terrific job, well, we already know it, but we sure do like to hear it. If you've got any beefs, be warned! We can't stand criticism, as was discovered last week by the late Freddy Frosh, who came into the office to point out a spelling mistake in our previous issue.

Let us know how you feel. Just mail your comments to Pro Tem Sports, c/o Mount Olympus.

ATHLETE OF THE WEEK

JOHN ABBOT

John Abbot intercepted three passes as York bowed to Guelph Gryphons 23-3.

* * *
Varsity Basketball and Hockey tryouts begin at the Main Campus. Phone 635-3734 for more information.

* * *
Protem Sports Staff meeting at 1.00 Thursday in Pro Tem office. New Staffers welcome.

C House machine chalks up two more wins

BY LARRY SCANLAN

In Friday's sporadic downpour, a powerful C House machine built up a healthy first half lead to withstand a late surge by the 2nd Year men.

A standout for C House was McKenzie who penetrated the somewhat porous 2nd Year defence for 3 majors, while Vernon and Scanlan with two each led 2nd Year's belated onrush. Final score: 39 - 32.

At the same time, B House and E House played a hand-bought game, with B House grinding out a 13-9 victory on the slippery field. Scoring was divided between Van Horne and McAskile for the