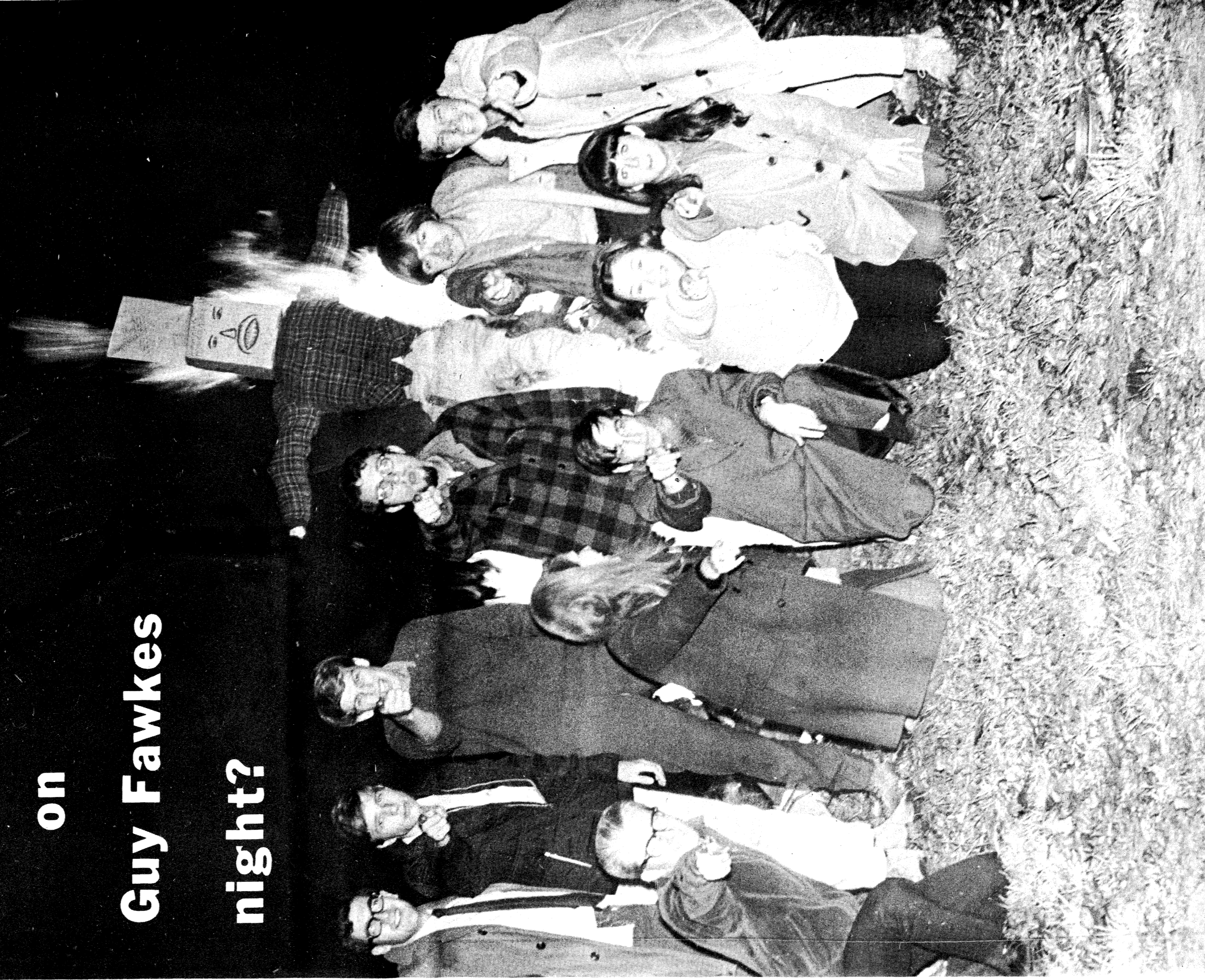


PROTON

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**Where
were you
on
Guy Fawkes
night?**



Beard and a balloon

A haunted, solitary man is fighting to salvage his identity from obliteration. Visions of the endless reduplication of his simplest gesture drive him into a strange and tantalizing nightmare. In this nightmare he is arrested and fingerprinted. For a time, his fingerprints confer on him the sense of uniqueness he has been pursuing, but this dream, too, turns sour.

This is SOLIPSE, a film by Atkinson lecturer Bob Fothergill, shot largely in dark corners around the York campus, and starring David Beard. Twenty-five minutes long, in colour, the film was completed in August of this year.

SOLIPSE will be receiving its York premiere on Wednesday, Nov. 13, in Room 204 at Glendon, in a program of Underground films presented by the Canadian Film-makers' Distribution Centre. There is a possibility that the star will be in attendance.

So far, SOLIPSE has been seen once by the public (at Cinecity), once by the Censor (who was with some difficulty persuaded not to cut a pink balloon, to which he took offence), and once by the judges at a National Film Board festival, where it won second prize.

Structurally, SOLIPSE is a dream. Not a dream in which an actor is shown falling asleep, but a sequence of paranoid visions with the intangible but compelling logic of nightmare.

Adding a screen debut to his multifarious distinctions, David Beard gives a remarkable performance. He appears in practically every frame, perplexed, tormented, manic, despairing. He is SOLIPSE. Through a barrage of soundtrack, which includes electronic music, John Coltrane, Wilson Pickett and (even) Mantovani, his gamut of expressive bewilderment pervades the film.

Opens here Monday

Last year for Treasure Van

By MARILYN SMITH

COMING! COMING! COMING! NOV. 11-15. TREASURE VAN. A SALE OF HANDICRAFTS FROM AROUND THE WORLD. IN THE THIRD FLOOR SCIENCE LAB (ABOVE THE FRENCH LAB).

Treasure Van is sinking. So stock up on exotic items (from over thirty countries) while the sale goes on 'one more time'.

World University service of Canada are the sponsors of Treasure Van. At a September conference in Edmonton, W.U.S.C. passed a resolution shifting its

accent from fund-raising to actions more politically oriented. They have moved 'farther Left'.

Their new stand is, they feel, a reflection of current student opinion.

Consequently, interest in fund raising projects such as Treasure Van has fallen off. University of Toronto will not hold a Treasure Van sale. Glendon, along with York and Scarborough College, is one of the few who will be sponsoring the sale this year.

The money from Treasure Van sales goes to the Secretariat of W.U.S.C. for salary allotment. This is

their only source of funds.

W.U.S.C. is a world-wide charitable organization involved in projects aiding University students. Scholarships and student housing projects have been provided through W.U.S.C.

The demise of Treasure Van will bring repercussions. Supplies are made by individuals operating independently. With no market for their goods, these individuals will lose their source of income.

W.U.S.C. is trying to avoid this backlash by selling Treasure Van to a non-profit charitable organization.

Committee for new bursary fund starts asking for donations today

By BARB WORTH

There has been a growing concern at Glendon that financial difficulties would prevent many students at the college from finishing their year. The student council solution to this problem, the creation of a bursary fund with a seven dollars of a

ten dollar fee increase was turned down in the recent referendum.

With these considerations in mind a people-generated committee sprang into existence last week. Consisting of two students - Lee Worthington and Barb Worth - and two faculty members - David Clipsham and Brian

Bixley - the committee wishes to provide members of the college with an opportunity to translate their concern into tangible financial assistance.

Today they are going to begin asking people to contribute ten dollars or whatever they can afford to a fund that would provide students with bursary and loans when they are needed.

The fund is intended as a last resort after all other possibilities open to the student have been investigated and found insufficient.

It will be administered by a five member board - the Dean of Students, one faculty member and three students. Any member of the college who wishes to serve on this board should contact one of the members of the committee.

The committee feels it would be inadvisable to lay down any rigid regulations for the distribution of the money especially since they don't know what amount will be raised.

In general, however, the board will examine each application on an individual basis taking into account all the resources available to the student. There will be a means test to ensure that the money is distributed fairly and where it is needed most but this test will be kept as informal as possible.

There will be a booth set up outside the J.C.R. today and tomorrow to receive your contributions. The necessary steps are being taken to allow the contributions to be income tax deductible. If faculty members wish to contribute by means of a payroll deduction there will be forms available.

Andy Brown finally drinks

27 year old second year student Andy Brown is not allowed to drink in the Senior Common Room unless invited by a member of the faculty.

Last Tuesday Brown entered the room and asked for a drink at the bar. Professor Albert Tucker approached Brown and asked if he were a member. When Brown said no, Tucker said,

"It's not our fault this is a private club. The liquor laws say you have to be a member or the guest of a member to be served."

Brown then asked for a membership form to fill out but in a recent vote, the members of the Senior Common Room decided to exclude students who are over 21 as possible members. Professor Michael Gregory added, "This isn't a private club because all people who meet the conditions of membership are eligible." The conditions of membership are that you be over 21 and a permanent, full-time salaried employee of the university.

Tucker suggested Brown ask Gregory to sign him in as a guest. Brown replied, "I just thought it was inconvenient if I had to be a guest of a faculty member everytime I wanted a drink."

Gregory replied "Sure it's inconvenient but this is a club financed by the members and only the members and their guests may drink here . . . any student over 21 who wants to use the club just has to ask any faculty member to invite him."

Gregory then signed Brown in as his guest and Brown got his drink after all.

Faculty Council requires 4th year courses.

By JOHN KING

Every fourth year student at Glendon College must take a symposium in Social Ethics or Philosophy and one in Canadian Studies. This was the decision reached in Faculty Council's first open meeting on October 31.

Continuing debate on the issue of compulsory fourth year seminars (see PRO TEM Oct. 24) Principal Escott Reid again stressed that he wanted two compulsory courses in Social Ethics and Canadian Studies in fourth year.

David Copp, GIII, a student faculty council member said he supported non-compulsory courses in these subjects "for educational reasons".

He refuted Reid's argument that without compulsory fourth year courses Glendon would not be distinctive and would not receive grants from organizations like the Ford Foundation.

Copp said that Glendon was distinctive with or without compulsory courses. "The key . . . is more in recruitment than in compulsory courses," he said.

He said that students should be capable of choosing whether a course in Social Ethics would be good for him or not be fourth year. "I think our loss is greater than our gain" if we make the courses compulsory, said the student rep. He said that lasting, meaningful education can only be had if the student is internally motivated, which means that no courses should be compulsory.

HARRIS, FOWLER OPPOSED

An amendment was tabled making the fourth year courses non compulsory. Dean H.S. Harris, speaking against the amendment pointed out that for a college stressing public service, one third of this term's third year class were taking honours English courses. "We must make clear what kind of college we want it to be," he said. He said that the college would have a "Frankenstein's monster" on its hands if the amendment was passed.

Terry Fowler, Political Science, speaking against the amendment pointed out "the remarkable amount of freedom the proposal does give to the student: if he takes advantage of it." He said that he was against compulsory courses as a whole but that there is no required course outline in Social Ethics and Canadian Studies.

He said that the compulsion is far greater now, where the student has to choose among courses in which he has no say.

HORN SYMPATHETIC

Michael Horn, History, said he was sympathetic to the students' desires to take any course combinations they would like, but he said that students are not normally given this freedom. He said that the tendency now is to take as much of one subject as the student can.

He said he was sympathetic to the amendment but that he must oppose it so that the course would be inter-disciplinary and so that students could have a wide range of symposia to choose from.

Professor A.V. Tucker, History, speaking against the amendment said that he was in sympathy with Copp and that the student is presently "boxed-in in the university".

He said that there used to be at least ten required courses in the university but that since then there have been changes. For example, English is no longer compulsory in first and second year. "In the past we have worked from requirements to greater flexibility" he said. Making the courses compulsory "will enable us to put Canadian Studies in a world context."

Graham Muir, GII, supporting his amendment admitted that students need government support but said that this should not be a main priority. He said that educational arguments must come first.

Muir said that a student should be forced to realise his freedom. He emphasized that what makes this college unique is the people -- not the course outlines.

He said there was a long way to go in creating a more flexible curriculum. "Give them the freedom," he said.

AMENDMENT DEFEATED

A vote was taken on the amendment so that the motion should read, "Every Honours candidate shall be recommended to take (a) either an inter-disciplinary symposium in Social Ethics or a Philosophy course approved by their honours department; and (b) an inter-disciplinary symposium in Canadian Studies."

The amendment was defeated 35-12.

The original motion, that "Every honours candidate shall take . . . a course in Canadian Studies was passed 33-3.

The motion that "Every honours candidate shall take "a course in philosophy or Social Ethics was passed 35-9.

MUIR RESIGNS

At this point Muir told the council that he was resigning as a student faculty council member.

He said that he was dissatisfied with what he termed "our contemporary repressive society and that Glendon College was a purveyor of this society. "A democratic society can only come about by democratic means," he said. He said that he hoped he could one day take part in liquidating faculty council and in incorporating it into one common college government with student council and residence council.

Michael Horn said that he would move at the next meeting that student membership in the council be increased from five to 12 members.

The next meeting will be on Thursday November 14 from 1:00 - 3:00 P.M. in the Board Senate chamber (C Wing).

All you

Last Monday, after a stimulating weekend in my residence, (for those of you who don't know, I live in Rochdale) I arrived on a bright and sunny though slightly chilly, fall morning, breezed through the campus gates down the golden tree lined walk to Herman the Cop's house and said "good morning," n stuff and shuffled through a pile of leaves and told a squirrel how dumb he was, (you know, just generally digging things) across the grass into the big willow tree outside York Hall. Then, it happened!

People. Glendon People. They were everywhere, bored, suspicious, smug, arrogant, and uptight. "Maybe it's me," I thought. So I said "Hello" to one of them and it grunted at me and plowed onward. But these are people, I know some of them others I know to see them. But I'm a people too. "I'm one of them!" I screamed.

Just about then I asked myself that age old question, "Just WHAT is going on? What is happening here?" People, my fellow students, friends, yes, YOU! I know most of you and most of you know me (for those of you who don't, I'm the Freak in the black hat and noisy cowboy boots who tries to make it with all the girls)

By David Hollings

Perhaps, at this point, it would be a good idea to tell you a little about myself to aid your understanding of what I'm trying to say. I'm 6' tall, have brown eyes etc., etc. Also I worry a lot about where my species is headed, I am prone to occasional violent attacks of conceit, easily depressed, and a generally hung-up 21 year old product of our beloved North American Middle Class who doesn't want to see harm come to anyone. (Even you, Peter, who sit and daydream of suspending me from a high place by my groin) and I like the Cream and Hendrix and cool clothes and girls-----just like you do.

Also, just like you, I get frustrated now and then and I have to do something about it. My frustration stems from my inability to reach you people. Yes, you sitting there in the coffee shop, or you in your room or you there on the bus.

People, you are fast turning into a bunch of insensitive, unfeeling, non-thinking zombies.

Do you care--honestly--about this school? Do you care--honestly--about the guy beside you? You don't, do you? Unfortunately, it follows that you can't care about yourself either.

Then how the hell can you claim to be PEOPLE if you've forgotten (or never learned) how to care?

University should be a place to find yourself (except that, you have to do some looking) not a place to flaunt your insecurity (or shyness; whatever you call it, it's the same thing). A University should be a place to discover the secret that is life, not a place from which to scream that you already know what life is all about.

Glendon is an IDEAL University setting. We have peace and quiet, beautiful grounds and enough people for you to choose good friends from, enough variety of people that you can probably learn a hell of a lot from the guy beside you, enough people that you can find someone to lean on, all that and more, without the hangups of the Multiversity scene such as the one at York Campus.

Well, here you are in these beautiful grounds, still only 20 minutes or so away from another major university (2 in fact if you want to count the hourly inter-campus bus thing) downtown and all the

possibilities that are opened up by these things and still you're Bored? You are Alienated, Isolated, Apathetic and Bored - or is "alienated" an Out word now?

"Yeah. I wonder what happened to that "Alienation" thing Quite the craze for a while, I hear. Still, now we've got words like "power structure" and "fuck you".

Surely dear readers, sociological problems don't disappear if you stop talking about them? Of course they goddam well don't. Well, what are we going to do about it? I know, let someone else worry about it, 'cause you've got a class now, or you have to meet your mate or any one of a thousand other things. Hold it my friend, my brother. "Getting involved" is a beautifully rationalized form of escape, just like alcohol or dope.

Why are you searching for heroes? Is it for reassurance of your own beliefs (those of you who have beliefs)? That's fine then, but why

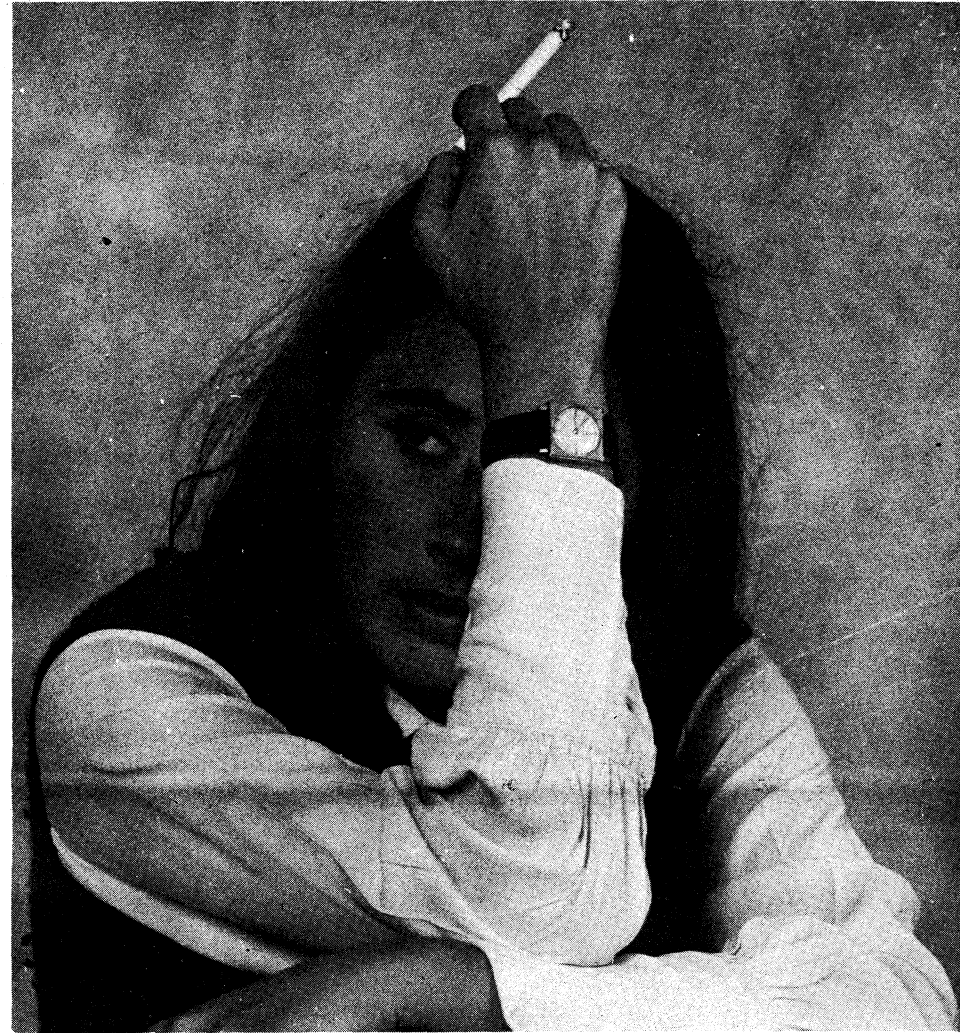


Photo by MICHALSKI

do we have to lean on heroes? Why do you need them? Why don't you have any faith in yourself?

For me to say through this medium, "People, please believe me, I love you" would I guess, mean sweet fuck-all to most of you. You are the very people I'm trying to reach. How does someone go about getting through to you?

need

Where are you going? What are you doing? Who are you? Do you give a shit -- Honestly? The answers to these questions?

(1) "I guess I'll get a degree and (a) settle down (b) see the world," Question (2)? "Gee I don't really know" and question (3)? "I dunno" and the answer to the last one (do you honestly care) is generally, "Huh?"

The important thing is not that this is fact but that it is unquestioning acceptance of the fact as "Well, that's Life" and nothing is going to be done about it because all you have to do to "Live" is (a) Put it off 'till you graduate or retire, or (b) get the following: one wife, x kids, two cars, one T.V. (maybe two, preferably colour), one nine to five job and one house.

NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO! "Life" is giving nice things to someone you've never even spoken to before, it's waking up with someone you love beside you, it's not having to worry about what They Think of

You. Just being a human being, a homo sapiens, a man, an honest to god, real, live man - and loving it. And it's just a whole bunch of other FANTASTIC things. I could

REALLY

go on for hours about how much I like living. Could you? If you can why aren't you?

Why do I care about big abstract foggy ideas and maybe you don't? Well, maybe I'm smarter than you are. There's nothing I can do about it. But then again, just maybe that's Bullshit, eh? I'm no smarter than any of you. I'm just like everyone else here, an "above-average-intelligence-potential-honour-student-in-university".

kids, desperately trying to prove ourselves and we'd all really dig, more than anything else, to have someone sing us to sleep.

Our "cause" could be for Understanding, not "Justice, Peace, and the True American Way": we should be asking not telling.

But I fear I may be getting a bit obscure and hard to follow. I'm sorry.

At the time I'm writing this, there is a big question mark hanging over Glendon. "What is happening at Glendon?" An unusually large number of stress symptoms are in evidence. Just plain "not being able to take much more of this". Bob Waller was in the Infirmary; where was Sam Carriere? How come no more happy faces? (There were some a short while ago, remember?) More and more Glendon Students are seeking "Professional Assistance".

Why? The only conclusion I could come to was that maybe the identity we have chosen for Glendon is far too much of a strain for the people who are Glendon (i.e. You and me) to carry. Rather than "White Knights of Justice for All", "Aggressive Political Force", "Niggers" etc. we could all have a much easier, more enjoyable AND productive one as, say being one of the world's most open and HONEST colleges, a bitch of a place to be, what a University should be like.

Think about it: 1000 people, beautiful grounds; not a bad start in the way of raw materials. Think what a hell of an impression we could make if we, Glendon College, (hippies, radicals n' everything) were the first college to officially jump off the student power Revolutionary/Reactionary bandwagon because we realize that it is not going to do anybody any damned good at all, and that we got our problems to figure out first.

Basically, it boils down to Friends. Put this paper down and walk over to the first person you see and show her/him what he/she thought about it, tell her/him your views and be prepared to engage in a conversation. If you're stuck for something to say, how about be prepared to ask (or be asked) WHY you or he/she got up and did what I suggested.

Like, 'Communicate with Somebody, anybody, it doesn't matter, just communicate. It ain't hard, all you do is forget to go through all the hassles of impressing people with how pretty you are, how cool you are, how much you can drink, how you've read more, or heard more or been more places (MORE! MORE! MORE!) 'n all those things you know, how generally speaking, you're better than everyone else. (We all go through it.)

And you stop bullshitting yourself and be Honest.

Could somebody Please explain to me, (I suffer a deficiency in understanding, you see.) What are we all afraid of? Dear me, the only thing I can think of is that it must be the Beast. We are also splitting up and forming little tribes (or cliques, if you like).

"Sir, why is 'Lord of the Flies' a 'great book'?"

People, let's get ourselves together, let's get to know one another. It unavoidably happens that we get to know ourselves. That's nothing for anybody to be afraid of. If you should happen to need support, then by Christ, you'll get it.

Anyway, now that I've shot my mouth off and got a whole bunch off

is Love

Sorry to disappoint you -- at the Star and Telly, but we really don't want to riot, we just want to go home to Mummy. And for those of you Guardians out there, who are ramming the thing down our throats. Face facts -- most of tomorrow's true leaders are, almost to a man, making it SANS degree.

In the main, we are really just a big bunch of lost, afraid little

my chest, I will be more than willing to receive the subsequent uproar and epithets, and insults that are liable to come my way. So if you've got anything you'd like to say, go ahead, stop me on campus and let fly or write to the paper, or whatever, and maybe we can at least learn something from one another.

Love,
David

Whores & hypocrites: IV

MAN: excluded
alienated
exploited

"Civilized man... is always moving, sweating, toiling, and racking his brains to find still more laborious occupations: he goes on in drudgery to his last moment, and even seeks death to put himself in a position to live, or renounces life to acquire immortality."

- Rousseau, *A discourse on the Origin of Inequality* -

"The meaningless expansion and the excluding are different things, but in our society they are essentially related. Lack of meaning begins to occur when the immensely productive economy overmatures and lives by creating demand instead of meeting it; when the check of the free market gives way to monopolies, subsidies, and captive consumers; when the sense of community vanishes and public goods are neglected and resources despoiled; when there is made-work (war) to reduce unemployment; and when the measure of economic health is not increasing well-being but abstractions like the Gross National Product and the rate of growth."

- Paul Goodman, *The Moral Ambiguity of America* -

IIC TERM ESSAY

Topic: Henry IV Part 1

Any of the review questions 1-14, pages 204-207. Sign for your choice on the sheet provided by the teacher. No more than three students may write on any one question.

Length of Essay: approximately 600 words.

Due Date: Wednesday, November 6, at 10 A.M.

Presentation of Essay: Write or type the essay on 8 1/2" by 11" paper, using one side of the paper only. Write on every other line, or use double spacing if typing your essay.

Clear writing and standard margins are essential.

The question to be discussed will be stated first. The essay will follow, in good paragraph form. Obviously, the length of the essay itself must be 600 words, exclusive of the question quoted.

Number the pages in the upper right hand corner. Write your initials below the number.

Fold the completed essay lengthwise. Write your name, class, and date on the outside sheet.

Reference Material: If reference material other than the text of the play is used, include a bibliography on a separate page at the end of your essay.

All material quoted in your essay must be placed in quotation marks and the source must be named.

It's autumn now - almost winter

And we are cold and shivering - but the Shivering

Is not so much from the wind and the freezing Rain

As it is

From our own fear of ourselves.

We are afraid so we hide within ourselves.

We cling to each other in the night as a

Baby

Clings to a blanket.

We are killing ourselves with impassioned pleas for Organization.

But it is OK.

They

Yes - They -

Say it is OK - yes, even healthy.

But you tell us that we cannot change anything.

No.

But we want to change our world.

But you tell us that we are not qualified to change

Our world.

But it's our world.

We cried last night underneath the blanket, where it was Dark.

The blanket is warm when it is dark.

But it is smothering us.

We have been smothered all our lives

With love.

But we only realize it when aren't loved anymore

We are sick - sick to Death.

We are pre-Eliot men...women...children.

We are excluded from living by a dying society

Which we have just begun to claim.

We are alienated from good

Because we are born of evil.

We are not, however, exploited,

We exploit.

And that is why we are

Sick

Condemned.

"But now a great fear is upon us, a fear not of one but of many, A fear like birth and death, when we see birth and death alone

In a void apart. We

Are afraid in a fear which we cannot know, which we cannot face, which none understands,

And our hearts are torn from us, our brains unskinned like the layers of an onion, ourselves are lost lost In a final fear which none understands."

- T. S. Eliot, *Murder in the Cathedral*

"La pecheur est au coeur meme de chretiente... Nul n'est aussi competent que le pecheur en matiere de chretiente. Nul, si ce n'est le saint."

Peguy, inscription to *The Heart of the Matter* by Graham Greene.



photo by WALLER

guardians of Glendon

Next to the concept of the philosophizing, the idea of a class of "Guardians", auxiliaries of the rulers and defenders of the state, is central to the workability of Plato's Republic.

Plato writes at great length on the care needed for the Guardians' education - how they must be pure and good in thought and deed, how they must place loyalty to the state above everything else.

He also notes that the educational system must perform as a sifting device - the farmers and tradesmen are weeded out first; then the people judged fit to be Guardians go on; and finally, out of it all the rulers are developed; the rulers, by that time, having all the correct ideas and attitudes.

Without going too far into Plato, let's just state one more thing about his ideal state. It was drawn up to try to form a blueprint for a just society, to form an environment for the expression of the highest sentiments of man, and to further the security of a nationality (the Greeks) - among a myriad of other related purposes.

But you don't have to read Plato to learn about some of those purposes. In fact, the Glendon College calendar will do.

In it, if you read the statements of the Principal and the Dean, and then look at the curriculum, you will find references to our dedication to the good, true, just Canadian goals of bilingualism and spark-lingness, otherwise known as an "informed and active interest in public affairs" and "the domestic and international challenges that face Canada."

And Pierre Trudeau, the ideal bilingual product of Glendon College, according to the above formula, has referred to it all as the just society.

But, to make this work, to keep it from turning into some putrefaction of the ideal there has to be, as Plato realized, rulers to supply the truth, and auxiliary Guardians to enforce it. Since Glendon already has the truth given to it, what it needs is a bunch of good, loyal Guardians.

Recognizing this need, a body of men and women have been brought together who have previously professed their loyalty to the above stated goals. They call themselves collectively the Faculty Council - the de facto legislative body, realizing the need to ensure the interests they so trustworthily support, feels obligated, as surely any good Trudeau Canadian would, to make sure that everyone acquires an active and informed interest in Canadian public affairs and also, in the process, becomes a whole man.

So they readily agree and enforce compulsory French, compulsory General Education, and compulsory fourth year seminars in Social Ethics and Canadian Studies.

Therefore, in our opinion, they have earned the title of the Guardians of Glendon, always on the look-out to see that the majority of us do not stray too far away from our true Canadianism. They have kept the faith.

Plato would be proud of them.

Trudeau would be proud of them.

(Trudeau serait fier d'eux.)

We should feel very thankful for having such kind, conscientious, well-meaning people taking care of our education. They will surely make us aware of our responsibilities. They will certainly teach us compassion and goodness the true Canadian way.

Never did such undeserving students receive the keys of truth so gracefully.

In time, we will have the honour of becoming Guardians also.

Within you without you

There are walls between us all. Walls of our need to preserve the unique consciousness of being 'I', a breathing object in a vast existence of objects. This is the elementary wall; we use drugs and alcohol and sometimes religion to overcome this wall of fear of life.

There are other walls, not so easy to understand, yet easier to dissolve. The wall of social prestige - the wall between 'I', a Glendon College student, and the 'Thou', an old man on Bloor, a policeman at City Hall, a 'criminal', a 'hippy', a professor, the 'Thou', another Glendon College student. The wall of labels, 'I' one car, 'Thou' two cars - can and must be dropped, if we, the human tribe, are to survive, both physically, and psychologically.

The wall of logic - "Logic has its place, but not in the home", nor in the constant reach of 'I' to 'Thou'. Frameworks, yes, we do need them, and definitions, for the efficient workings of technological survival, but existence has no framework - 'is' is limitless and undefinable.

The words on this page are another wall, between us all, not only people you can't talk to, but those you do, the people you work with, who share common beliefs, on any grounds, who share experiences, who share love, - we are all separated by the words between our minds. D. H. Lawrence wrote:

Oh we've got to trust one another again in some essentials.

Not the narrow little bargaining trust

that says - "I'm for you

if you'll be for me" -

But a bigger trust

These walls all come from fear, fear of our world, of other people, of ourselves. We must learn to stop measuring ourselves, in the terms of our society, our ideologies, our beliefs. We are, and will be, no different than ourselves as we exist.

"This above all - to thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man."

- Shakespeare, *Hamlet* -
(Act I, Sc. 3)

It is ironical, that these words were spoken by Polonius, a rather pompous and favour-mongering old courtier, but when the labels just applied to him are taken away, we can see that he had something important to tell us.

Let's all, now, and here, try not to be afraid of one another, and take down some of those walls. This world belongs to 'Thou', an extension of existence, and 'I', another.

I am not a man

By **ROBERT McGAW**

At the closing banquet of the Indian Forum, a beautiful thing happened. The "uncomfortable mirror" finally came into focus. For the first time since I've been at this tree-dotted paradise (ignorance is bliss), people had taken off their clothes and seen that great enveloping thing that we have in common - hatred.

I said that it was a beautiful thing in itself - no matter how ugly is that thing which is thereby reflected. The ugliness had a name - it was called hypocrisy in an extreme form. And hypocrisy in turn had a name - we call it Glendon College.

Some Indians came to visit us that weekend.

SOME TALKED ABOUT VIOLENCE

This is a great campus for talking about violence - because of all the Glendon radicals - and we all know what a Glendon radical is - at least the Indians knew.

A Glendon radical, you see, comes from the middle class - and has a life style to prove it. He usually throws around a fair bit of money on clothes, and such, but he is ashamed of it. He runs around in a little group in which the only usual distinction is between "thinkers" and "camp-followers".

But the Glendon radical is different - he believes in equality. So everyone is this little group is a "camp-follower". And a Glendon radical does not believe in working with the poor, or even in constructing a machine to destroy the oppressive structure - hell, he's got to polish his vocabulary, and change the world if he has time. The Glendon radical loves to talk about violence, because he knows that as long as he keeps acting the way he does, he won't be involved in any. And yet he still feels as if he is relevant to the violent overthrow (of himself?).

Unfortunately, poor boy, he does not realize how irre-

levant he is. One doesn't understand violence until one has been a part of it - or until one has watched the historical assassination of one's people. Violence, therefore, is something one gets out of a book.

While reading, the Glendon radical might notice that in every decolonization process in the world, violence has been the prime mover.

For a colonial race to have oppressed a native people by violence, means that the eventual, inevitable overthrow of the colonial race will in turn be violent. And when the middle class moderate asks if it is not possible for Canada to do things differently, for the racial and cultural equality to be brought about by peaceful means, the Glendon radical can justifiably answer that Canada's history of dealing with the Indian and the Eskimo, is not one which deserves optimism for a future that will be different.

But the Glendon radical will most likely not bring it up at all -- for he knows (or has read) that the scorn of the poor has always been harshest for the sweet-tongued intellectual who has mouthed exhortations to the poor while dancing his pantomime, and kicking them stale crumbs from the tables of the tolerant rich.

SOME TALKED ABOUT WHITE LIBERALS

And they saw at Glendon one of the most blatant characteristics of a white liberal -- someone who points his finger at someone else. They've seen it for years as Canadians have pointed their fingers at the U.S.

They saw it recently when Canadians looked at Biafra rather than into their own back yard. And they saw it at Glendon College when each of us transferred our hatred to the Indian Affairs Branch, as each of us refused to recognize that the I.A.B. is only an extension of ourselves, both in the politi-

cally structured sense, and in the honest emotional sense.

Now, to expand that last statement. The I.A.B. is in a politically structured sense, an extension of ourselves. The first sense of this statement is the obvious one -- in that it is a department of our government, and responsible through our Parliament to us (or so the representativity lie goes).

wants the Indian to be assimilated? The answer: we do.

The I.A.B. merely represents our culture's traditional reaction to something different. One could call it a superiority complex. But in the brutish sense, I think that it is more of an inferiority complex, a lack of sense -- response to our culture's roots, with the inevitable alienation from the moving forces of our society

ination reveals a situation that would not be as funny if the victims were white. By this I mean that we have, in reality, forced the Indian to the bottom of a deep hole, then sealed the top of that hole with a mixture of I.A.B. and indifference born out of racial prejudice. And when he cries out from the bottom of that hole that he wants to be given a chance to choose his own destiny,



"You are the naive kids...the future establishment"

It is at this point that the paradox of the I.A.B. comes into focus. The I.A.B. is in the ridiculous position of supposedly defending the rights of the oppressed minority, but in so doing is responsible for its direction to the government of the oppressive majority.

In other words, when the white majority says jump, and the Indian majority says wait, the I.A.B., while still masquerading as defender of Indian rights, heeds its legal master -- and jumps. This explains the continuing policy of assimilation, despite the fact that the Indians obviously do not want it. This also raises the question: who

--and consequently an uneasiness about meeting another culture on equal terms. It is the human condition, I suppose -- at least it is the western condition. It is not one that we deserve to be optimistic about correcting.

When you say to yourself that you are sympathetic to the cause of the Indian, but that you believe their's to be a lost cause, remember that these words are also used by the men who shape policy for the Indian Affairs Branch.

The white liberal's response to the native's criticism is typical. He can take it in, agreeing and nodding his head apologetically, because he knows that the native has not enough power to affect his life style, his basic concepts. He can nod, he can apologize for a weekend. And, with a heavy heart he will return to the mould on Monday and cut his business associate's throat.

That, people, is why we got so upset that Sunday night when the conduct of the Indians fell into our category of "improper". We had been apologizing for several days, but enough was enough. Hell, it may have been actually getting to us for all we know. And when they began to heckle, and thump the tables, that was the last straw. "DIS-AGREE WITH US," we said, "BUT NOT SO LOUD THAT WE HEAR YOU."

AND THE INDIANS SAID THEY WANTED TO BE LEFT ALONE

In our response to that plea, they witnessed one of the most blatant of white liberal cop-out attempts. "You heard them", we said, "they just want to be left alone, so let us allow them to do their thing so that we can get back to talking politics - its more fun - and it is so comfortably impersonal." A slightly deeper exam-

we say, "if that's what you want, boy, its OK by me". And we walk away.

It's about time that we stopped to consider the fact that if we do believe that the Indian cannot stay in that hole forever - if this consideration can possibly be fit into a category of our already prostituted ethical indignation - then we had better work at removing that obstruction from over the hole imprisoning the Canadian Indian. And we had better give him the things that he says he needs to help himself out of that hole - or he might be forced to take them from us. And, as we know, it is obviously better to give than to have something taken from you. It solves our middle class conscience to give something to the poor native - even if it is something he wants, and not something we want him to have. Besides, if he did take what he wanted from us, we would have no choice but to kill the savage.

And so we have it at Glendon College. For too long it has been easy to condemn our society from our tower of purity. For too long have we been striving to become a national college - because we now suffer from the national sickness. Uncomfortably, we may have learned the truth too soon - we may still have enough time, and no choice but to change. The Indian, you see, after we had shoved ourselves down his collective throat, turned on us, turning the mirror so that we were blinded into seeing ourselves. If we are lucky, of course, the native will not be able to do that for long. If all goes well, we will smother him and his truth into the history books.

And, unfortunately, we are all forced to bask uncomfortably in the reflection of our collective ugliness. All of us. For I, too, am a Glendon College student. I, too, am not a man.

Vous avez la parole

Some description

Dear Sir

For those of you who didn't attend the Indian Forum, some description may be necessary. A good example of the social interplay, of course in a general sense, may be heard on "How to Relay Your Coloured Friends at Parties" by Lenny

Bruce.

For those of you who didn't attend the Indian Forum, some description may be necessary. Evaluation, as we all know, is detachment. Study, observe, judge all the facts, make judicial decisions on properly do-

cumented briefs, texts, speeches. Detach yourself, analyze the facts. Get rid of the surds. They're incalculable.

For those of you who didn't attend the Indian Forum, some description may be necessary. The uninformed, biased prejudice was transferred to the government. Hatred, of course remained a constant in both quantity and quality.

Si illam offendeas, Tentanda Via,

Mark S. Dwor Gil

Entwash

Dear Sir

A bucket of Entwash to the one who interpolated that Enting into my letter last week.

Peter Robertson Gil

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 opinions 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.

Taking a beard home

By VIANNEY CARRIERE

I will file this column under the growing wad of little irrelevant anecdotes I've been doing for this space lately. Mr. Editor will be pointing out to me one day soon that this type of column was not the kind of thing we had agreed I should do, and he will point out that quite a few of my columns recently have been rather irrelevant, but in this case I don't quite agree.

It is, I think, a proven fact that a very high number of university students who are male and who have hair on their face, decide at one point in their university career to grow a beard. I made the big switch well over a month ago now, and last weekend, I was home for the first time. Needless to say, I have some misgivings about how my parents, and some of the people I know would react.

When I got home, I found that my parents had gone out for the evening and had locked the door. So in a rare frenzy of social warmth, I decided I might want to visit the neighbours until they got back. (It's cold up there.)

They didn't recognise me. Not wanting to explain who I was, (the guy who had lived next door for most of his life), I merely borrowed the phone, and then adjourned to the only bar in Iroquois Falls.

My parents reacted in a somewhat predictable way. My mother, who had always wanted to see what I would look like with a beard, was pleased to be able to know what I looked like with a beard. My father maintained a stoic silence about the whole thing, refusing to concede the fact that there was something different in my appearance.

I went to see my old high school principal, who commented slyly that I had come north dressed appropriately for the winter.

On the Saturday, I went shopping for a jacket. I knew the salesman only slightly. "What's the idea behind the beard?" he asked. "There's nothing behind the beard, I just felt like growing one." . . . Silence. "There must be something behind it." . . . Silence. "Do many people in your class have beards?" "Well, we're not a majority yet, but there are some, yes." I could just see exactly what was going to come next. "You know, if I were your professor I wouldn't allow that." (I had been right) "Oh, why not?" "I don't like them." "Well, then I probably wouldn't go to your class . . . if you were my professor." "After all, we have to put up with looking at them."

That did it. In a considered put-down which I had rehearsed for just such an eventuality, I struck. "My dear Sir, since I have to put up with your ignorance, it's only fair for you to have to put up with the hair on my face."

I didn't buy a jacket there.

"Well well, come in and have a beer."

On the Monday afternoon, my father, resigned at a form of peaceful co-existence, took me aside manfully, and lectured me on the heightened possibilities of skin infections. I thanked him. He then wondered what had happened to the new razor which I had been given for my birthday. I still used it, I said, pointing out three inches on my neck where no hair grew.

One of my aunts, whose justification in life is making absolutely superb chili sauce, took a long look at me and decided that I wasn't getting any unless I shaved. I must admit that at that point, I had second thoughts about the whole thing. She'd been giving me some of her chili sauce ever since I was so-high. But my principles won.

There is no sense in denying it, I returned to Toronto rather shaken by the whole thing. But my confidence was quickly restored. For when I learned that Jim Park and Bob Waller were in the infirmary I make a bee line to inspect the situation. They, who had not seen me in over a week, were very flattering. As President Jim pointed out, "It's coming along fine." And then added "Well, now at least it doesn't look like pubic hair quite so much."



The Light Brigade — bloody different

By GARY HENDIN

Vastly different from the Errol Flynn epic of the 1950's the new Charge of the Light Brigade by Tony Richardson captures only that chivalry and courage which seems to heighten the stupidity of the charge itself and the men who directed it. Whereas Errol Flynn was the epitome of all that was brave and heroic, David Hemmings plays the anti-heroic role of the professional soldier seeking only greater efficiency at his job.

It is this desire for an army that could respect itself rather than fear its officers that is the key to the biting social criticism that sets this movie apart from the common colour spectacle. Through the use

of animated figures, juxtaposition of slums and dazzling ballrooms, Richardson holds to light and laughter all that was dear to the myth of Victorian England.

Technically, the movie was superb. With colour by Deluxe to accentuate flashing spurs, dazzling uniforms, and the blasts of blood in battle, the roar of war was effectively brought to the screen.

Yet for all its magnificence, the total waste of the charge could not be ignored. Nor did Richardson intend that we ignore it. That is what this Charge of the Light Brigade is all about.

Playing at the Capital Theatre on Yonge, this edition of Light Brigade will be talked about for a long time to come.

Myra: queen of the queens

By VIANNEY CARRIERE

Myra Breckinridge by Gore Vidal; Bantam Books of Canada Ltd., 277 pages \$1.25

One gets the impression that Gore Vidal's main source of inspiration is Sigmund Freud. After dealing with the death wish in 'Messiah', which despite the success of his more recent works I still consider his most beautiful book, and after dealing with power in 'Washington, DC', it is not surprising to find him writing a book dealing with latent homosexuality, latent lesbianism, latent sodomy, latent voyeurism, latent everything.

The plot of the book is simple enough, except for the twist ending which is really too precious and clever to reveal here. Myra really wants three things. Half a million dollars from her deceased husband's father, revenge for every woman ever oppressed by man, and a place in the glamorous world of the movies. And she's got only one ploy to get all three, and that is sex.

The marvellous thing about Myra is that you never really get to know her, despite the form of the novel, which is written as Myra's journal on the advice of her analyst. Somehow, she is always so busy with plots and theories about movies, that you just never get to know her until the very end, when from one page to the next, she is suddenly crystal clear and a classic case . . .

The form of the book is another excellent feature. The chapters are kept very very short (something which I always appreciate personally), and the journal is interrupted just often enough

by supposedly taped memos by the father-in-law, Uncle Buck. The spacing of these interludes is perfect, and seems somehow to create suspense in a very unsuspectful book.

The other thing which I appreciate is the complexity of the action. The plot itself, is, as I have said easily enough, but the road taken is so circuitous that one can easily get lost in the tangled mind of Myra Breckinridge. The contest with Uncle Buck, the game of chess with Dr. Montag, (the analyst), the seduction of Rusty, a budding drama student, the lesbian affair with Mary Ann, who is also Rusty's girl friend, the classic third party, in the form of Letetia, an agent, . . . well all that is summed up with room to spare in the three hundred

pages.

But what really makes the book worth reading is the twist ending, which comes as somewhat of a shock, although using hindsight, I can tell that the reader is subtly prepared for it. Hint? If you get the soft cover edition, take a very close look at the face on the front cover . . .

That's what Myra Breckinridge is all about: sex. All forms of it. And anti-sex too. Frigidity, castration, you name it, and it's there, all related to the one character, Myra Breckinridge, whom, as she asserts in the opening lines of the book "no man shall ever possess." And that's the beautiful thing about Myra, for although Vidal may be neo-Freudian, he's neo-American too. Myra is the typical female supremacist, franchise and all.

The playboy dines out

By

From the Last Chance Saloon, through a corner of Paris, past the South Seas, to Caesar's Grotto, the Ports of Call can't help but give you an impression of being carried away to a fabulous world of make believe.

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Next to the st date, Elaine, sta that bubbled b MacBeth. I was filled with rum. Bora Micki on with Koko Head incomprehensible

The service w doubt that having helped a little, least two waiters

The presence o room was unmis understand since covery of the e' inexpensive price had.

The Ports of C nor a totally inacc -about heaven tha

Despite the cos tainly ranks with Toronto. For any it's a must.

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PRO TEM

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TODAY

2:00

Glendon Hall

Front

Mexico after 50 years of continuous revolution

By PHIL RUSSELL
College Press Service

*I am a communist
Because I see humanity in
pain,
Under the boot of imperialism
Because I see the peasants
suffering,
And because the braceros
are leaving.*

*I am a communist
Because the people don't
even have the right
To ask that they be treated
justly,
And because the salaries
are meagre,
And because there is no
equality.*

MEXICO CITY (CUP - CPS) -- Although these words, taken from the wall of a strike-bound Mexican university, reflect the politics of only a few students, they do reflect the surroundings of every Mexican student. In a country which makes the American press with its annual report of a 7 percent gain in gross national product and its elections every six years, this may seem a contradiction.

This seeming contradiction is, however, a reflection of the great inequalities which have long existed in Mexico. Even as far back as the beginning of the 19th century, a visitor to Mexico called it "the land of inequality".

STILL INEQUALITIES

A century later the Mexican Revolution was fought to eliminate these inequalities. In this struggle most of the fighting was between rival factions, not between revolutionaries and the old guard. Early in the war the landed aristocracy which had been governed by Porfirio Diaz was defeated. What followed was a struggle between the militant agrarian reformers, Pancho Villa and Zapata, and the emerging entrepreneurial class led by Carranza and Obregon. The

eventual triumph of the entrepreneurs set the stage for both the successes and failures of Mexico in the last 50 years.

In 1927, ten years after the end of the revolution, the dominant faction founded a political party which has grown into a monolithic structure known as the PRI, Partido Revolucionario Institucional. The PRI, which has never lost an election for president, governor, or senator, is the dominant factor in the Mexican political scene.

The PRI's domination has had its rewards, but the price has been high. The PRI has given Mexico stability and economic growth which can be equaled by few other Latin American countries.

One obvious price of this domination has been the inability to effect change from outside the PRI. Since the results of the elections are a foregone conclusion, the PRI holds the power to choose officials through nominations which take place behind closed doors. Similarly the labour movement offers little opportunity for change, as it is made up of government-controlled unions.

LABOUR CRUSHED

In the few instances in which the labor movement has become a force of change, it has been brutally crushed by the government, as was the 1959 railroad strike. In the past the student movement has also been impotent, due to both government control and brutal repression.

The PRI has also been unable, or unwilling, to cope with rural poverty. (Ironically, this was the main issue of the Mexican revolution) The government's program of land reform has consisted of giving landless peasants small plots of land in agricultural communities called ejidos. In these communities the peasant has use of the land and its crops, but may not sell the land. Combined with this land distribution is a program of government technical and financial aid to the peasant.

In actual practice the program has largely been a failure. Most of the peasants receiving land have had little education and don't adjust readily to modern agricultural techniques. More important, the government has failed to put sufficient resources into technical aid and agricultural credit. Rather than diverting resources to agriculture, the government has promoted investment in more lucrative industrial projects.

The net result has been to divide the land into small, often inefficient units, which have done little to raise the standard of living of the rural population since the Mexican revolution.

In addition, the land problem is heightened by population increases. There

is little land left to distribute to the increasing population, and what is distributed is often of poor quality. The recent growth of large farming operations has taken up much of the productive land. As a result there are still two million Mexican peasants without land.

This situation, has resulted in the country dwellers having an income only 1/4 as high as the city dweller. However, inequalities do not end here. The working class is divided between those who are members of the government-controlled unions and some ten million who have no union representation at all. Confronting the workers are the wealthy and the powerful who

have the backing of the PRI. As a result, the benefits of a rapidly expanding economy have remained mainly in the hands of politicians, the professionals, and property owners.

AMERICAN DOMINATION

Another price paid for stability and rapid industrial development is the increased control of the Mexican economy by American interests. The result of this is that more than half of the top 400 corporations have strong foreign interest - in many cases controlling.

Although American domination has long been a sore point in Mexico, during the term of the PRI's incumbent president Diaz Ordaz, American investment has

been flowing in at an increased rate. Criticism of American financial control and Diaz Ordaz's furthering of it are two of the topics drawing the loudest cheers at student rallies.

The current student movement is the first nationwide organized opposition to the establishment. At present, the students' liberal demands do not threaten PRI control. However, many students have gained a radical political perspective and may come back to haunt the government, just as a young lawyer named Fidel Castro did in Batista's Cuba.

In the meantime, Diaz Ordaz will stay in power and his successor will almost certainly be the PRI candidate for the 1970 elections.

The Subject Was Roses: an apple core

By LINDA BEAUBIEN

Somewhere very close to the end of *The Subject Was Roses*, Patricia Neal associates her adult life with an apple core. For some reason this idea sticks in my mind as a particularly fitting description of the film itself.

To come to any sort of conclusion about the movie is somewhat difficult. Artistically, it is almost flawless. The three central characters are played with such finesse that it is almost impossible to see them as individuals apart from their roles.

Jack Albertson and Martin Sheen were culled directly from the stage play and transplanted intact to the movie. This may be why they are so at ease in their parts as husband and son to Patricia Neal. Whatever the case, they are clearly professionals, so adept at their art to make one believe that they ARE what they seem to be.

Patricia Neal rightfully deserves a paragraph to herself. Although I am not one of her many idolizing "fans", I must admit that I, too, was curious to see her in her "first role since the stroke which paralyzed her" three or four years ago.

She has made an impressive recovery. Aside from a slight dragging limp in her walk and an occasional slurring of words, there is no evidence at all of the brain damaging illness she has mastered.

I am thoroughly convinced that no other actress could have portrayed the misunderstood - misunderstanding wife-mother as well as she. Perhaps the publicity blurb is right in stating that "through her own suffering Miss Neal has come to understand the tragedy of life in a way which brings an even greater poignance and depth to her usually excellent performance."

Paralleling the excep-

tional quality of the cast is the screenplay itself. Frank D. Gilroy's *The Subject Was Roses* won the 1965 Pulitzer Prize plus the Antoinette Perry Award for best play of the year when it was first presented in New York. Odd as it may seem, someone in Hollywood actually allowed Gilroy to transfer his own work to the screen. I would imagine that the play has lost none of its original impact in its transition to a movie.

It is a very uncomfortable film. Sitting through it is not at all pleasant. Gilroy has so clearly brought his insights of the terrible tensions within the family unit to life, that I believe it would be impossible NOT to identify at some point with the three people on the screen.

Oh, you laugh at times-- but rather than real, honest laughter it is a nervous, hiccupping type of giggle, because there is something grotesque in seeing the ridiculous in a situation so pathetic. The people up there on that wide-screen panorama are tearing each other apart. They love each other, and they are destroying each other.

The most upsetting aspect of all this is that, unlike Albee, in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolfe*, Gilroy keeps his characters on such a low key and such an everyday plane that it is impossible to dissociate yourself. The experiences of the twenty-one year old son coming home after a three year absence are probably terrifying in their ring of familiarity.

The Subject Was Roses bites through the crisp skin of the apple, consumes the fleshy parts and leaves exposed only the barren, dried and ugly core of the tightly-knit, yet widely diverging family group. It is a movie to appreciate but it is definitely NOT a movie to "enjoy".



By GARY HENDIN

surroundings, the food itself most unbelievable item. My started with a huge red drink better than any brew by s confronted by a pineapple n. After that came flaming n a Pupu platter mixed up ad beef. It was all totally ble but delicious.

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Bali Hai has always been my favourite so we ate there. It was in the Fisherman's room of Bali Hai that the Alice-in-Wonderland impression was the strongest. To get to our table was an adventure in itself. Through a walk in jungle garden, past a Singapore night club, beyond a ship called the Star of India which really appeared to float in the restaurant, we found ourselves seated on wicker chairs under a huge Tiki god. Amidst the roar of the sea and the obvious bustle of a huge restaurant complex, the intimacy of our table and privacy it accorded was almost perfect.

Next to the surroundings, the food itself was the next most unbelievable item. My date, Elaine, started with a huge red drink that bubbled better than any brew by MacBeth. I was confronted by a pineapple filled with rum. After that came flaming Bora Micki on a Puppu platter mixed up with Koko Head beef. It was all totally incomprehensible but delicious.

The service was remarkable. I have no doubt that having the manager sit with us helped a little, but watching revealed at least two waiters per table.

The presence of the young swingers in the room was unmistakable. It wasn't hard to understand since the most surprising discovery of the evening was the relatively inexpensive price for which it all could be had.

The Ports of Call is neither a Harvey's nor a totally inaccessible only-to-be-talked-about heaven that students can only dream about.

Despite the cost, the Ports of Call certainly ranks with the best restaurants in Toronto. For any self-respecting playboy, it's a must.

And because there is no equality.

MEXICO CITY (CUP - CPS) -- Although these words, taken from the wall of a strike-bound Mexican university, reflect the politics of only a few students, they do reflect the surroundings of every Mexican student. In a country which makes the American press with its annual report of a 7 percent gain in gross national product and its elections every six years, this may seem a contradiction.

This seeming contradiction is, however, a reflection of the great inequalities which have long existed in Mexico. Even as far back as the beginning of the 19th century, a visitor to Mexico called it "the land of inequality".

STILL INEQUALITIES

A century later the Mexican Revolution was fought to eliminate these inequalities. In this struggle most of the fighting was between rival factions, not between revolutionaries and the old guard. Early in the war the landed aristocracy which had been governed by Porforio Diaz was defeated. What followed was a struggle between the militant agrarian reformers, Pancho Villa and Zapata, and the emerging entrepreneurial class led by Carranza and Obregon. The

had its rewards, but the price has been high. The PRI has given Mexico stability and economic growth which can be equaled by few other Latin American countries.

One obvious price of this domination has been the inability to effect change from outside the PRI. Since the results of the elections are a foregone conclusion, the PRI holds the power to choose officials through nominations which take place behind closed doors. Similarly the labour movement offers little opportunity for change, as it is made up of government - controlled unions.

LABOUR CRUSHED

In the few instances in which the labor movement has become a force of change, it has been brutally crushed by the government, as was the 1959 railroad strike. In the past the student movement has also been impotent, due to both government control and brutal repression.

The PRI has also been unable, or unwilling, to cope with rural poverty. (Ironically, this was the main issue of the Mexican revolution) The government's program of land reform has consisted of giving landless peasants small plots of land in agricultural communities called ejidos. In these communities the peasant has use of the land and its crops, but may not sell the land. Combined with this land distribution is a program of government technical and financial aid to the peasant.

In actual practice the program has largely been a failure. Most of the peasants receiving land have had little education and don't adjust readily to modern agricultural techniques. More important, the government has failed to put sufficient resources into technical aid and agricultural credit. Rather than diverting resources to agriculture, the government has promoted investment in more lucrative industrial projects.

The net result has been to divide the land into small, often inefficient units, which have done little to raise the standard of living of the rural population since the Mexican revolution.

In addition, the land problem is heightened by population increases. There

members of the government-controlled unions and some ten million who have no union representation at all. Confronting the workers are the wealthy and the powerful who

The Subject Was Roses: an apple core

By LINDA BEAUBIEN

Somewhere very close to the end of The Subject Was Roses, Patricia Neal associates her adult life with an apple core. For some reason this idea sticks in my mind as a particularly fitting description of the film itself.

To come to any sort of conclusion about the movie is somewhat difficult. Artistically, it is almost flawless. The three central characters are played with such finesse that it is almost impossible to see them as individuals apart from their roles.

Jack Albertson and Martin Sheen were culled directly from the stage play and transplanted intact to the movie. This may be why they are so at ease in their parts as husband and son to Patricia Neal. Whatever the case, they are clearly professionals, so adept at their art to make one believe that they ARE what they seem to be.

Although American domination has long been a sore point in Mexico, during the term of the PRI's incumbent president Diaz Ordaz, American investment has

Patricia Neal rightfully deserves a paragraph to herself. Although I am not one of her many idolizing "fans", I must admit that I, too, was curious to see her in her "first role since the stroke which paralyzed her" three or four years ago.

She has made an impressive recovery. Aside from a slight dragging limp in her walk and an occasional slurring of words, there is no evidence at all of the brain damaging illness she has mastered.

I am thoroughly convinced that no other actress could have portrayed the misunderstood - misunderstanding wife-mother as well as she. Perhaps the publicity blurb is right in stating that "through her own suffering Miss Neal has come to understand the tragedy of life in a way which brings an even greater poignance and depth to her usually excellent performance."

Paralleling the excep-



did in In Ordaz his s certai date f tional the sc D. Gil Roses Prize Perry of th first j Odd a in H lowed own v would has k impac a mov It is film. not at has s insigh sions to life be i identi the t scree. Oh, but ra laught hicco because grotes culous pathet on th orama apart. and th other. The of al. Albee. Virgil keeps a low day pl sible The twenty comin year terrifi famili The bites of the fleshy posed and u knit, family to app itely "enjoy

Shall we socialize?

By TOBY FYFE

The student council of our College has been very dynamic and devoted this year. It has endorsed a policy of active social change within the university and thus, it seems, within society at large. It has done this by questioning the validity of the existing structural systems and deploring the tendency in them to foster complete and automatic socialization of the individual; it has offered an alternative and has enthusiastically promoted the plan to what seems to be a largely uninterested student body.

When I re-read the above paragraph, I was struck by one fact in particular: I had been referring to the student council as 'it', thus treating it as one body with one single mind, instead of as a forum composed of eleven student and three faculty members who are all separate human beings and who all presumably have separate ideas on something.

The question that interests me is this: why is it that the students on the student council agree on all the major premises underlying this body's activities this year? Granted, as some will be quick to point out, disagreement among council members does occur at their meetings, but it seems to me that these become differences on relatively small matters, on points of order and of policy implementation. What is intriguing is that everyone on council seems to agree, certainly in public, with the goals of that body, and while they may disagree on the means, the ends are accepted as absolute.

The reason for this could be due to a 'socialization process' that occurs on council, a process very similar to that which 'it' deplores in our society. Members on council do not disagree publicly with the aims of this body because they have all seen the light and therefore they have all been, in effect, socialized into agreement.

The results are unfortunate, for we can see two units of interests and ideals forming at Glendon College: the student council and the student body. For that reason, council is becoming irrelevant to the students whose interests it ironically professes to serve; instead it has become an august body that as a group urges its own values on the students, trying to 'socialize' them into its way of thinking - council urges you not to register; council urges you to support the referendum.

This irrelevancy has been caused, in other words, because the so-called rightists and moderate liberals (yes, Veeb, they do exist!) think that they are unrepresented and thus have lost all interest in activities they feel are effectively out of their sphere of influence. This in turn leads to specific council aims, such as the referendum, being regrettably defeated because the students consider a rejection of it to be, in effect, a vote of non-confidence against what they feel to be a council that is following its aims and not those of the voters.

Thus, I suggest that we have, very generally, two groups of students: the council and the non-council. The former professes to be representative, but in reality has chosen to play an executive role. As such, within itself comfortably 'socialized', it is trying to socialize the students, many of whom are retreating behind a barrier of bored apathy and scepticism.

The situation then becomes one of two groups that are becoming dogmatic, the former frustrated over trying to impose its views on unreceptive students, the latter simply retaliating in the only way it feels it can. At the University of Waterloo, the majority of 1500 students at a special general meeting... voted non-confidence in the council, charging it with radical actions. Could it happen here, or can council make more of an effort to be more representative of the students it says it serves.

The Great Pumpkin is past, but
Saint Nicolas is yet to come

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You silly twisted campus

By DAVID COLE
and TOM WEST

We believe that there is something rotten in the state of Glendon. We don't know what it is. We don't know how to solve it. We are convinced, however, that the only method of discovering any solution must arise out of debate and discussion both at the individual and collective levels.

This article springs from a deep concern for the ideals of this college and for each and every member of the community. We fully realize that this malaise is a reflection of what is taking place throughout society; consequently, we are naive enough to think that if we can solve our collective hangups here at Glendon, that we will have a better understanding of society at large.

Perhaps the phrase 'solving' our problems is too much of a panacea. All that any social group can hope to achieve is to create an atmosphere within which the individual can best search for truth. But we are most concerned with the depression which exists on campus and which is currently manifesting itself in diverse forms of nihilism. Our intention here is to merely point out some of these manifestations and the potential effects which they are having on the Glendon ideal.

YOUNG LIFE

Although we have very serious reservations about this group -- about the absence of professional consultants and its potential links with off-campus groups which have a history of authoritarian tendencies -- we are much more concerned with the persecution involved. We are certain that many of the people who criticize this group do so without full information. Furthermore, we wonder whether the 'witch hunters' have fully questioned their personal motives.

We are angered by the fact that much of the criticism of the members of the group has passed far beyond the permissible level of intellectual disagreement, with the result that a significant degree of social ostracism is taking place, especially within the residences. Nor can we excuse the members of the Theatre Games group; part of the suspicion evident on campus stems from the apparent unwillingness of its leaders to describe its functioning and basic philosophy.

RESIDENCE DAMAGES

The total of residence damages during the last two months has already exceeded the entire total for last year. Perhaps Professor Simmons is right when he suggests that this may be one of the symptoms of people trying to operate in a freer atmosphere. Similar problems are

being encountered at Rochdale.

In a parallel vein, complaints have been voiced that few people within the residence are willing to respect the privacy of others. This is especially noticeable in the women's residence, and it has reached such an extent that a number of girls are

'confrontation', 'nigger', 'apathetic', 'give a damn', 'get involved' - must come to realize that the majority of people already understand them.

The politics of confrontation are extremely useful for limited purposes, but we believe that people are much more interested in

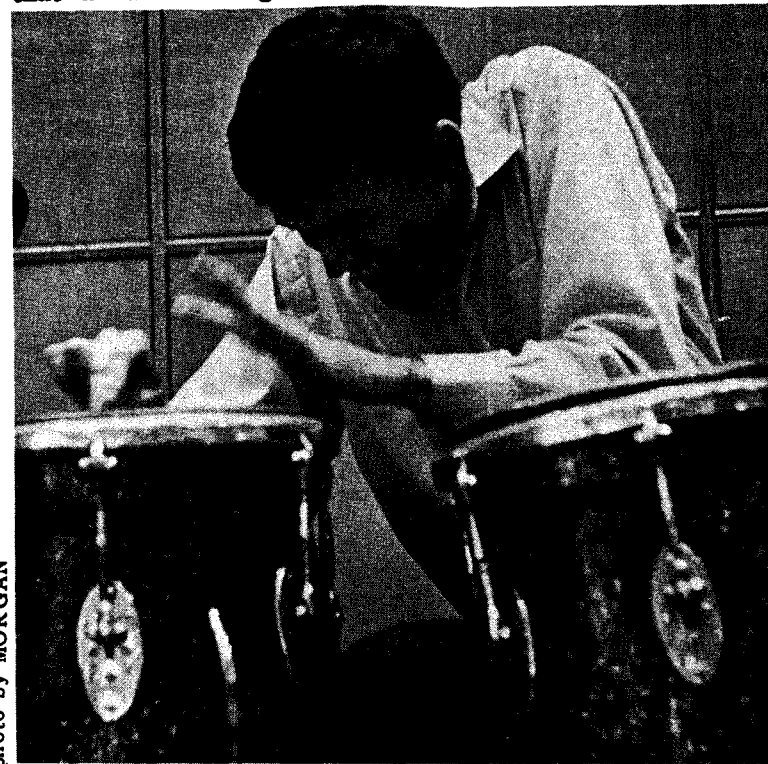


Photo by MORGAN

Stoned and flying right away...

contemplating moving out, and others, in desperation, wish to reinstitute more extensive control by dons and porters.

Whatever the reasons for this, we feel that this is another reflection of an unhealthy situation.

POLITICIANS

There exists on this campus a very basic mistrust of politicians of all kinds, be they federal, provincial, or student. This kind of mistrust seems to be manifested by two different phenomena.

The first is displayed by some very active students who seem to be involved in every kind of confrontation possible with the government and with the power elite, without ever expressing constructive solutions to social issues. One week they are involved in a march for Biafra. The next day, they are emoting on the state of the Canadian Indian.

The second phenomenon is manifested by the majority of students on this campus. Exercising a kind of circular apathy they refuse to listen to any kind of proposal put forward by those in positions of power and, consequently, they are totally alienated. Unfortunately, the tragedy of this situation lies in the fact that many students who are honestly trying to understand the complex role of the student in society, (but, who, for a variety of reasons, do not wish to be actively involved), are being turned off by the kind of language which emanates from the student newspaper and has come in the past from the Students' Council.

Those who shout slogans

looking for constructive solutions to issues, which deal with reality rather than with philosophical abstractions.

Unfortunately the paper radicals have their day. Escott Reid is a 'son of a bitch'. We are all 'elitists', 'niggers', or 'mandarins'.

As a result, the referendum fails. We hypothesize that both groups are looking for a messiah, a pet if you wish, who somehow will lead us out of the valley of the shadow of confusion into the rosy dawn of revelation.

UGLINESS

This is by no means a complete list. We can only derive the following sketchy conclusions.

First the nature of confrontation has been misunderstood. Intellectual conflict has given rise to personal distrust. If you don't agree with someone, you cannot be his friend - cliques form haphazardly around ever-narrower ideologies.

Second there is little human contact on this campus. Nihilism has extended down to the personal level. The interchange of ideas has become the battleground of personality conflicts.

Third we believe that the Glendon ideal of individuals striving to create the kind of society in which they want to live is being twisted and perverted. No one seems to want to find common solutions.

We must rekindle the embers of mutual trust that have existed in the past. It is only this kind of respect for and love of the individual which can make Glendon into a compassionate society based on the concept that a university is for people.

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The sun's light's blown about the wind
tossed among the trembling shadows
through a net of green light leaves
light soars.

a
lot
to be
done modulating
the world: I
have much to
do.
negotiating the dust
cloud lifting
rock breaking
long held turnings
Tightly.

a lot of existentialist talk
about being what
you do
action for the
is talk about loosing . . .
Tightly.

a lot of goals:
feet tense quick
actions
matadors
bulls, held
Tightly.

outside the
arena anywhere
a peon sees
the sun
yellow, on the reddish dust, and stucco wall,
on his feet
upon the earth.

warren Gribbons

something for all our politicians reactionaries and revolutionaries

—edited
by
msm

DAY OF DEATH

Thumbles
In pain
To the ground
The dying
World
Whirls
Round,
Trying
To fly
In
Hot wind,
In
Cloudless
Sunless
Sky;
Comes crashing
In to clear glass
Flying
Flutters
In dying grass
Snowing
Of blackish
Feathers
Flies
Into side
Of siding,
Sky
Of white,
ground of grey
Dry
Deaths' day,
Cry
Of need,
Plead
For help,
Can't fly
Anymore
No walls against
Horror
Immense,
Rumpled wings
On the floor,
Of penance;
Can't soar
To perch
On the fence
Because it can't
Find the wire,
In the day of fire
Day of death;
Death of day;
The small bird
Is only
A little one
Learning to fly

But it seems
So like
Death.

msm

In all the rooms of night
there are no walls
built firmly 'gainst
the universal stars in motion.

What cost,
to fly to thinking heavens
in sweet mother's arms,
whose magic strength is past.

Old friends' presence
warm and laughing light,
chants the endless peace,
In all the rooms of night
for that which-is, shall be.

delores Broten

NOVEMBER

november
and its wind outside the cherished doors
raging down the conquered street
thrashes the trees frantic in their shame

an old blank man at his attic window
pulled up the blind
presses his palms against the glass
spies with eyes stopped

three forgotten leaves

once they were proud

alone against november
twisting as it lashes them

once they covered the street in blood
and he walked in their naive passion
but october abandoned them

clean white street shining in triumph
holding a meek sun
clouds move in sometimes and the sun steps back

alone the leaves lost their lust
and gave up to abandoned yellow and november

a sparrow limps in the strange snow
jerks its wings
jumps up to fight the mocking wind

palms forever pressed on the glass
and his lips slowly stretch to a smile
once he fought and yet laughed
trees were proud
he learned their passion
and he fought november winds

now three forgotten leaves flutter

but she gave up one winter and forgot
his glory words

the wind saw the sparrow
his wings flapped slower and then gave up
dropped to the icy road
and lies still

a familiar tear
twinkling in long ago promis smiles
days when he cried for november's victims

his fist now had to crush the teardrop
but his eyes kept on burning
he lowered his head and snapped down the blind

outside
three tombstone stems break the snow

russ d' Agostino

I
Would
Sooner
Die
Then
Be
Dead

msm

THE APARTMENTS

The world's full of people all selling themselves
All searching for ways to be free
They clamber and shuffle to fit in their shelves
To live substantially

They sit in their kingdoms of stereotype
Owned for a common fee
As individuals they all lead a common life
Ruled economically

A common pattern, a common goal
Typical of man
To find creativity in a pigeon-hole
And call it home.

Everyone acting independantly indentially
To remain independent
A meaningless vacuum of equality
The net resultant

Everyone thinking of themselves
Thinking not of me
Row after row they build their shelves
And I am trapped yet they are free.

Rusty

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HELP

New religious cult converting Glendon are stressing absolute obedience to God

By JOAN SHIRLOW

Many people have been hearing rumours about a religious cult on this campus. These are not rumours. There is a religious group at Glendon who call themselves pure Christians. A few of these people belonged to Young Life in high school.

According to a Young Life

Eat-out for Biafra today

Today and tomorrow (Friday) a number of resident students will not use their meal cards in the cafeteria. For each of these people Versafood will donate two dollars to the Red Cross to be used for relief in Biafra.

The "eat-out" was partly organised by Jane Bow, GII. Participating students can eat all the food they want, but they are not allowed to use their meal cards.

pamphlet, "Young Life is the uncovering of personal worthwhileness through relationships that dare to be real...Young Life is the process of pulling together the fragments of life among Jesus Christ as the permanent center. Young Life is a prophetic voice in a prophetic voice in a confused, depersonalized world, crying "This is the way" to teenagers who want to make life good...to demonstrate a nurturing quality of love that frees them to sort out life, and catch a glimpse of what they have to give.

"Young Life people have personal convictions about... introducing young people to the God who lives them personally and forever...They recognize that to be a follower of Christ means to care about people, to go out of one's own concerns in order to understand what is going on in the heart and mind of another, to catch a glimpse of the eternal beauty in the locked-up life of a

friend, and to help him find the key."

In Toronto, the three largest Young Life centres are Don Mills, York Mills and Earl Haig collegiates.

Dan Scott, a third year Glendon student, was and still is active in Young Life. He has spent a week at a Young Life camp in Colorado and a week at another in British Columbia. Over three years ago he was converted to pure Christianity, which had many of the same tenets as Young Life.

The converts are called young children to emphasize that they are to become children again in terms of their acceptance of and trust in God. They are told that Jesus is a vehicle to let them discover God in their everyday existence. They feel they must totally surrender their will to God's will in order to communicate with Him and share His love.

David McMillan, a third year Glendon student, was converted to pure Christianity last May, and Murray Coolican, also in third year, was converted during last summer.

In the present group of pure Christians at Glendon, many have been converted since school started this year, by a man named Louis Capson. During Liberation week he stayed in Wood Residence and has been back for varying lengths of time since then. He is an evangelical type of man who is also very charismatic. He personally converted about 15 students at Glendon.

According to the Canada Council, Louis Capson is a 24 year old Toronto playwright. He has received a Canada Council grant of \$2920 for the period between May 1968 and April 1969, and is entitled to travel expenses besides this.

The Canada Council said, "Capson is highly regarded as a playwright. He has written a number of plays, among them "The Potter's Field" which was presented in Victoria by the University of Victoria Players in January, 1967.

Dan Scott and Murray Coolican took an eight week actor sensitivity training course from Capson this summer. The two are now giving such a course at Glendon called Theatre Games using a book called Improvisation for the Theatre by Viola Spolin. When Capson is at Glendon converting people to pure Christianity, he helps them in leading the games.

The people involved in these games find they are learning a lot about themselves and their reactions to others. Some also feel a greatly increased awareness of the world around them.

The games also produce intense emotional releases for the individuals involved. People occasionally break down into hysterical crying during or after the game and have to be comforted by the others. All this is a part of their sensitivity training.

Reverend Beech of the Psychological Services department said "Theatre Games is a pretty good sensitivity process. Anything that lets you come to grips with yourself is pretty good stuff."

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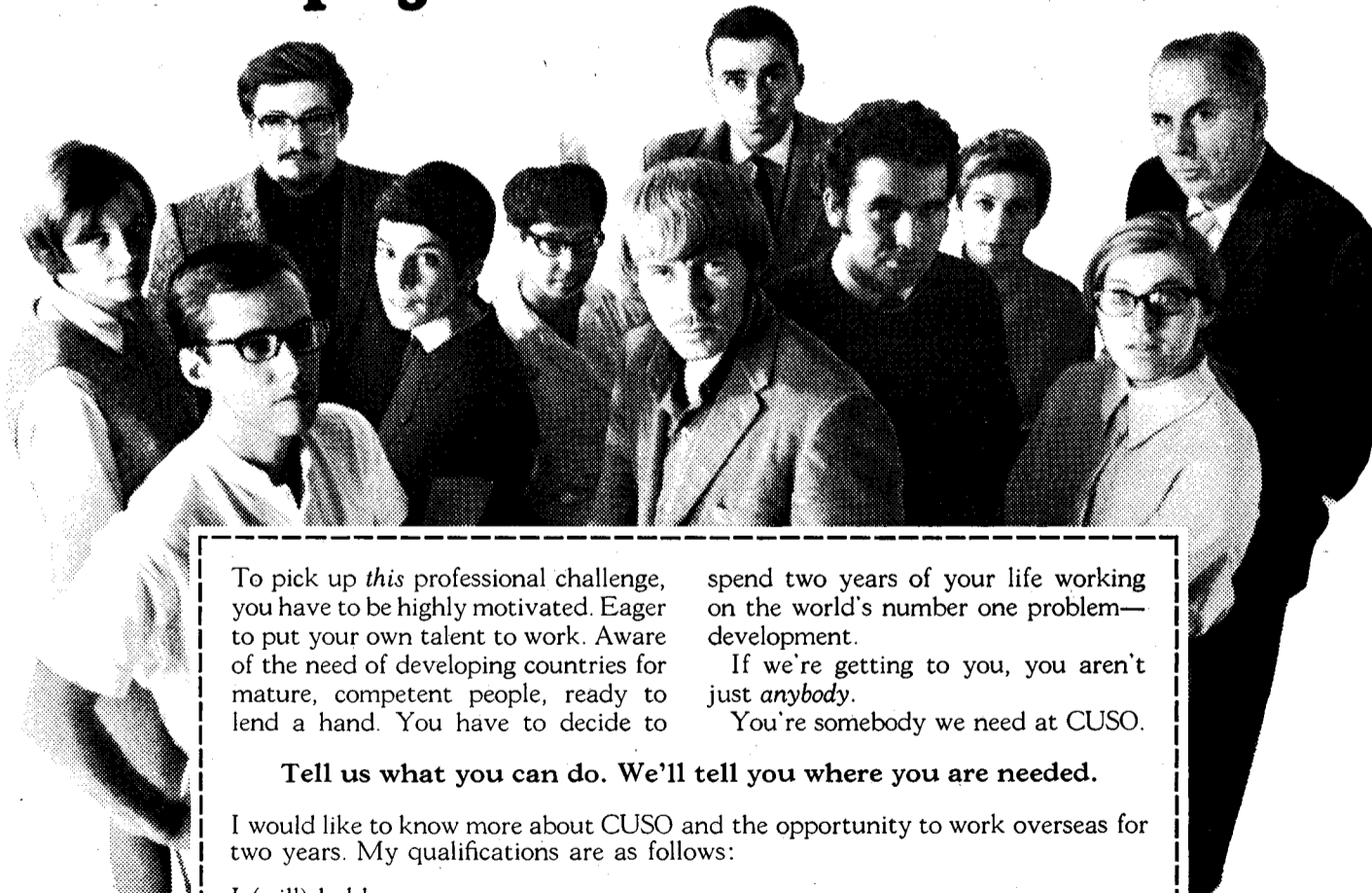
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Indian Affairs' Chretien waffles in Face of Cardinal's Charges

Following a Liberal Party meeting at Leaside High School a week ago Wednesday night which he had addressed, Jean Chretien, Minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, denied charges that the Indian Affairs Branch had been expanded during the recent departmental reorganization in Ottawa.

Glendon students, Robert McGraw (Glendon Indian Forum chairman) and Graham Muir, taking their cue from Harold Cardinal's speech of the previous Sunday night at the weekend Forum, pressed the minister for an answer to Cardinal's charges.

ANSWERS CARDINAL

In his speech, Cardinal had said that the government had broken faith with the Indian by making what he

termed a very important reorganization of the department without consulting the Indians.

Cardinal maintains that the Indian Affairs Branch has in effect been bolstered from 1,000 bureaucrats to 2,300 and thus it will be harder for Indians' complaints to reach the top.

More importantly, however, for him, it indicated that the Government was not serious about its words to cut down the activities of the Branch.

Chretien, however, when pressed by Muir, said that "no, there has been no expansion. What we've done is simply make our service in the north which was being duplicated before due to departmental division, more efficient now."

Chretien said that the Indians he knew of were not bothered rationale of the decision, but, rather, simply from the fact that they weren't consulted.

When it was pointed out to him that Cardinal had criticized the rationale of the decision, too, he replied, "OK, sure, but there are many Indians in Canada. They don't all think alike. I talked to a few Indians before doing this. Not all of them think like Cardinal."

"I can't go on what he says alone, even though he is representing the Indian Association of Alberta. Look, I could have put this thing off to a royal com-

mission and then you would have had the intellectuals walking around for five years wondering what to do. But I wanted action now. Besides, there is no change on the individual band level."

EDUCATION DISCUSSED

He restated the government's intent to keep on with the present consultation scheme with a view towards the complete revamping of the Indian Art.

Earlier in the evening, during the question period of the Liberal meeting, McGraw asked Chretien about educational changes for Canada's Indians particularly in regards to the teaching of native languages.

Chretien replied that the government was considering action in this regard in areas where the Indian native language is still spoken. In areas where it has been obliterated due to white influence, the Minister thought it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to revive the language.

Later, McGraw commented, "In my question I gave Chretien a statistic which I really think is wrong (he had referred to an 87% dropout rate for Indians after Grade 8) and he didn't pick me up on that. It's this kind of thing that makes me wonder whether he really knows what is going on. If not, I hope he wakes up in time."

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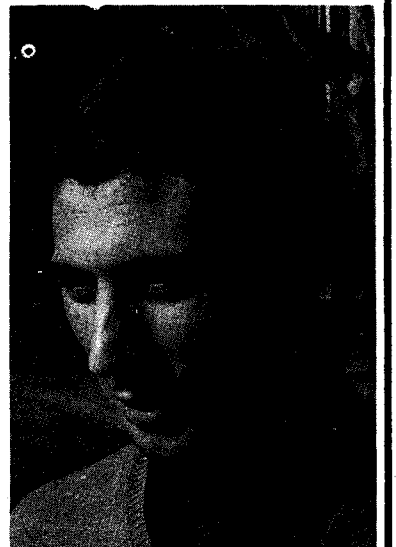
glendon dialogue

By MARILYN SMITH

Two weeks have now passed since 'The Canadians' Conference. PRO TEM wanted to know the general reaction to it now that the excitement has lulled. The question "What is your reaction to The Canadians Conference?" was posed to several individuals on campus.



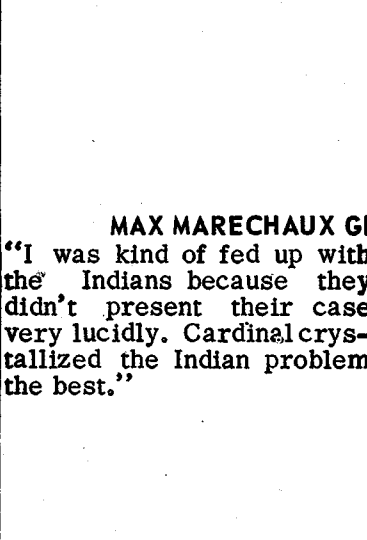
ANNE BLACKBURN GII
"I benefitted from it by learning so much about something I didn't really know about. I got the general impression that it wasn't much help to the Indians who were here."



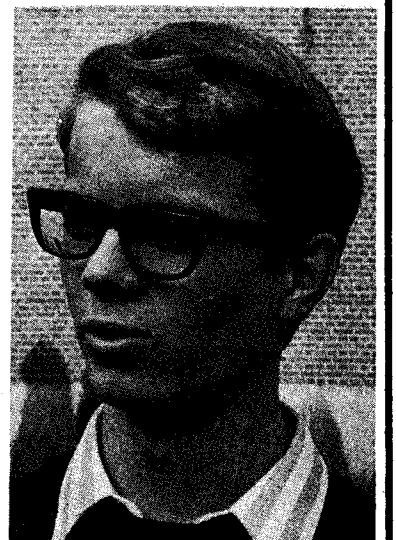
TONY SIGNORONI AT.I
"My reaction is a positive one. I felt that I learned much about the Indian problem. But I am disappointed - after all the emotion of Sunday evening, we are doing nothing concrete."





LEE WORTHINGTON GIII
"There was too much optimism coming out of it. It wasn't as exciting as last year's conference, but you can't really compare the two. If only one good thing comes out of it, it was worthwhile."



MAX MARECHAUX GI
"I was kind of fed up with the Indians because they didn't present their case very lucidly. Cardinal crystallized the Indian problem the best."




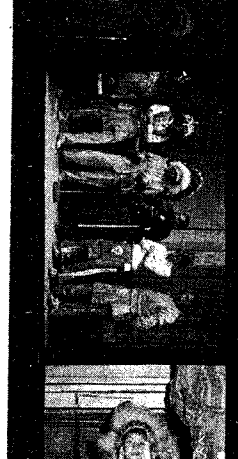
What a skit this week. Dave dropped over Tuesday and we celebrated Guy Fawkes Day. Too bad most of the res kids were too tired to join us at the bonfire later, but...well...they're young yet...Some interesting articles this week - about a sick Glendon... people seem to be independently crystallizing an analysis of things. In bed by 3 on Sun, Mon, and Tues... Dee selpt off and on; Joanie and Morgan pasted up bulletin board; Andy rushed P.I print. Radical Hendin raged; Nervous Joan sweated over rewrites copy while all prayed that Man. Ed Muir made it back from US safely with election story; Marilyn writes beautifully.


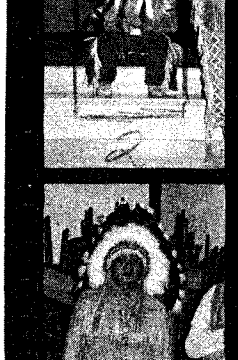



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GLENDON
HALL

sports

Not invincible now

All-stars crushed 33-7

Guards goalie goofs again

Saturday, the Glendon Red Guards went down to defeat again against Hillfield from Hamilton, 3-1. This year's team, although more skilled than last year's conglomeration of football players, has been unable to break its single goal scoring jinx, scoring only once in each of its last three games. However, most of the credit for this Saturday's fiasco goes to yours truly, goalie Bob Hall Brooks, for allowing two weak shots to trickle in. Recently the Red Guards lost 5-1 to Scarborough College and 6-1 to Erindale, but are showing steady improvement.

Powder Puffs show power

The first co-ed success of the year! Last Saturday the Intramural Executive Council sponsored a Powder Puff Bowl, fielding flag football teams consisting equally of men and women. The victorious team was manned by Geoff Scott, Cliff Randolph, Charlie Steadman, Vic Borycheski, and Eric King, and womanned by Nanci Bailey, Carol Ann McDonald, Sara Clenyg-Jones, Marg Chatland, and Iva MacClausland. For their valiant effort they received a bottle of good wine generously donated by the IEC.

Coming second was a team featuring the wellknown gridiron stars Sue Radley, Louise Belley, Francine Sarazin, and Barb McCormick. Refereeing was provided by Mike Salter and Martha Seban, with Maryanne Proctor serving as scorekeeper. Under consideration at present is a co-ed hockey game to be followed by a dance in the gym.

Racketeers come second

Glendon came up with an extremely creditable performance last week to finish a strong second to a well-balanced McLaughlin team in the Intercollegiate Tennis Championships, held at the York campus. Despite not winning the overall championship, three members of the Glendon team displayed strong performances in winning individual events.

Henry Wood, team coach and general all-round organization man, and Paul Westlake were undefeated in men's doubles, and Mike Boyko won all his matches in capturing the singles championship. Other members of the team who played well were Tim Anderson and Rives Dalley.

Sandi sparks Glendon

If last Wednesday's invitational women's volleyball tournament is any indication, it appears Glendon is on its way to winning this year's intercollegiate championship. Glendon hosted teams from Founders, Erindale, Scarborough, and Ryerson. Each team played four matches, consisting of the best two out of three games.

Glendon handily defeated Founders, Erindale and Ryerson. Sandi Stevens accounted for most of Glendon's points with her powerful serves. In one game against Erindale Sandi scored Glendon's entire 15 points.

Glendon met its match in Scarborough, winning the first game 12-8, but dropping the next two games 14-5 and 9-7. As Scarborough had lost one match, this created a tie for first place.

By LARRY SCANLAN

The supposedly invincible Glendon College football team, the 'all-stars' that 'curdled York's cream' only two weeks ago, were themselves creamed last Thursday, by visitors from Mc-

Laughlin College. Glendon's offense, previously listed as 'sporadic', sputtered to a dead halt. The adequately solid defence proved all too inadequate. For when the dust had finally settled, a glum group of Glendonites walked off the field, trounced sorely 33-7.

On the very first series of plays, McLaughlin's Dave Robertson (a former Glendonite as were most of his team-mates) got behind the defence to snare a touchdown bomb and kicked his own convert.

In retort, Glendon's first pass, a well-thrown ball by q.b. Graham Powell, was bobbled and found its way into the hungry hands of Dave Robertson. Again he kicked his own convert.

The ball once more in their hands, our boys showed their one and only sign of life in the game as Bill Elkin finally connected. Murray Shields booted the single.

Still Glendon tried to close the gap with an on-side kick. An alert John Vernon dived into a maze of feet and knees to retrieve the ball, but to no avails the ball was hospitably given up. Receivers could not spring loose; when they did they either dropped it or it was poorly thrown.

So McLaughlin drove forward and it was Dave Robertson, that deceptively fast back who notched the major to make the score at the half 20-7.

The 2nd half was just the continuation of a trend as McLaughlin rolled for two more t.d.'s, run by Turner and Cotroneo.

The game did have its moments however and there were times when all the spectators were in stitches. Glendon borrowed a trick from the Toronto Rifle legend and the name Emperor Tom Jones came to mind. Al Hamilton tottered precariously atop the shoulders of two of his kneeling compatriots and leaped to block one convert. The other was blocked in similar fashion.

Rumours had it that the Glendon squad was defeated because our spotters up on the deck of the swimming pool were asleep on the job. The truth is we got our creams mixed up. Vanier wasn't the cream; McLaughlin is --- that game showed Glendon so be sour pretenders to the throne.



photo by WALLER

Bored already with next summer's job? Try Formula V racing at Mosport.

D House wins pennant

By LARRY SCANLAN

The final week of regular series play for the intramural football league, may well be known as the week of the cliff-hanger. Final standings and playoff positions were left undecided until the final games.

On Monday, 2nd year outlasted A-House for a 30-24 win. 3rd and 4th year won by default as B-House failed to show for their scheduled game.

The next day, C-House defeated A-House 27-20 and D-House 25-20.

1st year was again in action on Wednesday as they eked out a 33-32 overtime win

over E-House. This win coupled with their earlier defeat of 2nd year gave them the final playoff spot. The other game was more lopsided with B-House on the losing end of a 31-12 lambasting by A-House.

On Friday, E-House went out in a blaze of glory, recording an impressive 44-26 scoring duel over big touchdowns. In the final game of the season, C- and D-House clashed in still another overtime heart-pounder. D-House won it 21-20.

The 4 squads that go into the playoffs are: D-House, 3rd and 4th year, C-House and 1st year.

Hockey officials ready for trouble

By NICK MARTIN

In a few weeks the intermural hockey season will be starting, with those in charge determined to crack down on any possible recurrence of the troubles that beset the league last year.

DISCRIMINATION ON ICE

Last year players on one team were told that they weren't showing much team spirit by asking to go on the ice, and could best help their team win by being somewhere else during the game.

Last year one team held tryouts for its players, and actually made cuts, denying some students of any opportunity at all to play hockey.

Last year one team signed a non-athletic student to its roster, a student whose face wasn't known at the fieldhouse, so the team could bring in a ringer to play under his name. Fortunately they never tried to pull it off.

Last year several teams benched

their weaker players for the entire game if the score was close, and allowed them only token appearances at other times. In several cases the starting six played the entire game.

Not that it was that way with all teams, of course. A House in particular is to be commended for allowing all their players to participate, regardless of their ability. However, several other teams didn't feel that way. In their greed for trophies and glory, they completely disregarded their responsibility to any player who didn't measure up to their lofty standards. The concept of the intermural program, as opposed to intercollegiate and varsity, is to provide recreation for those not skilled enough to participate at a higher level, yet who nevertheless wish to play just for the love of the game, with competition secondary and the score kept just as an afterthought. For a few team captains last year this concept was secondary to their desire to win at any cost. It won't happen this year.

HEADS WILL ROLL

Dave O'Leary of 2nd Year is in charge of the intermural program this year, and is adamant about seeing to it that everyone plays. "If there's any trouble this year, we intend to bring the whole team in front of the athletic council, and then the captain's head will roll."

Athletic Director Mike Salter also feels very strongly on this subject. "Naturally we can't expect all the players to get equal ice time, but we are going to make sure that they all play a reasonable amount of time. The referees have instructions to report any captains who aren't playing all their players; if any captain does this, he'll be replaced immediately." Salter is expecting trouble early, since each house and year is restricted to one team this year, which could compound the problem by simply swelling the benches.

He is hoping there will be so many players that two teams can be

created for some units, but at the moment this doesn't seem likely. Another possibility might be the creation of two leagues, with the better players in one league where they can battle it out among themselves for their precious trophies, and those playing just for fun in another league.

Salter also thinks that the council may be persuaded to allow players from an overcrowded team to play for another undermanned unit, even though this might involve a day student playing for a house.

In any event, things will be different this year. Every player, regardless of his ability or lack of it, is assured of the opportunity to play hockey this winter.

PRO TEM extends its sympathies to John Pollard, Director of Glendon Security, who suffered a sudden heart attack on Tuesday.