Council moves to Jolly Miller?

by PAUL WEINBERG

The student council of Glus­ton College met last night to en­roll another exciting chap­ter in its continuing debate over the contradictions in the capitalist society.

In his first intelligible speech of the year, Dave Moustanole introduced a mo­tion that would have all future council meetings start in the Jolly Miller, since they end up there anyway. This was quickly approved by the coun­cil 20 to 2.

Student: President Paul God­son disapproved, contending that the Nga’s head was a better pub. Newly-elected first year rep. Barry Weis­troter voted against it because as he put it: “Neither Marx nor Lenin made any provision for pub­bing nor noose in the dialect­ical process.”

Suddenly Jay Dingdong and his army of groupie followers marched into the room and demanded a $1,000 grant for his Liberal club. Therefore it’s clear that we need more readers for this paper.

“We are in a great leap forward towards the Just So­ciety, as Chairman Trudeau has taught us in one of his most enlightening quotations: ‘Money can’t buy happiness but it sure can buy women.’ We are a growing movement at this college; yesterday I signed up over 60,000 mem­ber. Therefore you cannot de­ny my request. No more, we’ll use the War, Measures Act against you!” said Jay Dingdong.

After that, the council de­bated a resolution by Weis­troter that would convert the council into a Central Com­mittee. The Glus­ton Central Committee will take over the school. We’ll abolish elec­tions; everybody knows they are a farce anyway — elec­tions usually involve bour­geois opportunists who be­come immersed in self-in­dulgent-adventurism.”

At this moment, he climbed upon the table and started shouting: “We will become a dictatorship of the students! Why bother with elections? We are the vanguard! We have the right time! We know what is, and is not, correct! No one else does! Why not allow us to rule indefinitely? Yes — forever — forever…”

After that, he had to be restrained by Allan Groper. For hours poor Weis­troter kept mumbling to himself: “Let’s have a purge, Joe.”

Paul Godson introduced a compromise motion that would have himself designated as ‘saviour’ instead of ‘Presi­dent’. He stood upon the table, shook his peach fuzz and yelled: “My fellow Gluts, I have a vision.”

Moustanole whispered: “This is no time to hallucinate.”

Facing the heavens, he re­peared: “I have seen a vision!”

Student’s council resolution

“Let public debate Metro Centre”

“Why bother? I think Union Station is an eyesore anyway!”

blurted Beth Light in reaction last Monday to Gary O’Brien’s anti-Metro Centre resolution presented to the student coun­cil. After some debate the council endorsed a watered down resolution, in which it simply voiced concern over the speed with which the city’s Metro Centre plan was being discussed in City Hall.

O’Brien’s motion originally voiced three concerns: Inade­quate public debate over the proposal; lack of proper pro­motion for public housing, par­kland, and good transportation facilities; and the preserva­tion of Union Station.

Ms. Light felt that the old building was not worth pre­server. She subsequently submitted an amendment to delete everything in the resolu­tion except the provi­sion regarding insufficient public di­scussion.

Gary O’Brien defended his motion by saying that either the grandiose ambitions of the Metro Centre plan are the vanguard! We are the vanguard! We have the right time! We know what is, and is not, correct! No one else does! Why not allow us to rule indefinitely? Yes — forever — forever…”

Facing the heavens, he re­peared: “I have seen a vision!”

Whiz Bang

That on the red hills of Glus­ton College, there will be a vic­torious confrontation be­tween us, the students, and the administra­tion of Yokel Uni­versity, led by David Slacker and Victor Turt.”

The meeting ended abruptly when Claire Elkaart, Beth Bopkins, and Steve Geek made a dramatic attempt to stage a coup d’etat. This however produced few results, as ev­eryone presumed it was just another campus play full of make-believe.

Student’s council resolution

“Let public debate Metro Centre”

“Why bother? I think Union Station is an eyesore anyway!”

blurted Beth Light in reaction last Monday to Gary O’Brien’s anti-Metro Centre resolution presented to the student coun­cil. After some debate the council endorsed a watered down resolution, in which it simply voiced concern over the speed with which the city’s Metro Centre plan was being discussed in City Hall.

O’Brien’s motion originally voiced three concerns: Inade­quate public debate over the proposal; lack of proper pro­vision for public housing, par­kland, and good transportation facilities; and the preserva­tion of Union Station.

Ms. Light felt that the old building was not worth pre­server. She subsequently submitted an amendment to delete everything in the resolu­tion except the provi­sion regarding insufficient public di­scussion.

Gary O’Brien defended his motion by saying that either the grandiose ambitions of the Metro Centre plan are the vanguard! We are the vanguard! We have the right time! We know what is, and is not, correct! No one else does! Why not allow us to rule indefinitely? Yes — forever — forever…”

Facing the heavens, he re­peared: “I have seen a vision!”

Whiz Bang

That on the red hills of Glus­ton College, there will be a vic­torious confrontation be­tween us, the students, and the administra­tion of Yokel Uni­versity, led by David Slacker and Victor Turt.”

The meeting ended abruptly when Claire Elkaart, Beth Bopkins, and Steve Geek made a dramatic attempt to stage a coup d’etat. This however produced few results, as ev­eryone presumed it was just another campus play full of make-believe.

Student’s council resolution

“Let public debate Metro Centre”

“Why bother? I think Union Station is an eyesore anyway!”

blurted Beth Light in reaction last Monday to Gary O’Brien’s anti-Metro Centre resolution presented to the student coun­cil. After some debate the council endorsed a watered down resolution, in which it simply voiced concern over the speed with which the city’s Metro Centre plan was being discussed in City Hall.

O’Brien’s motion originally voiced three concerns: Inade­quate public debate over the proposal; lack of proper pro­vision for public housing, par­kland, and good transportation facilities; and the preserva­tion of Union Station.

Ms. Light felt that the old building was not worth pre­server. She subsequently submitted an amendment to delete everything in the resolu­tion except the provi­sion regarding insufficient public di­scussion.

Gary O’Brien defended his motion by saying that either the grandiose ambitions of the Metro Centre plan are the vanguard! We are the vanguard! We have the right time! We know what is, and is not, correct! No one else does! Why not allow us to rule indefinitely? Yes — forever — forever…”

Facing the heavens, he re­peared: “I have seen a vision!”

Whiz Bang

That on the red hills of Glus­ton College, there will be a vic­torious confrontation be­tween us, the students, and the administra­tion of Yokel Uni­versity, led by David Slacker and Victor Turt.”

The meeting ended abruptly when Claire Elkaart, Beth Bopkins, and Steve Geek made a dramatic attempt to stage a coup d’etat. This however produced few results, as ev­eryone presumed it was just another campus play full of make-believe.
**LETTERS**

**Women called rude**

On Thursday, Dec. 2, the Glendon women's liberation group held its organizational meeting. As an interested person and a strong supporter of women's rights, I attended the meeting. Much to my surprise I was told "go away," stop making a nuisance of yourself" and "we don't think it's necessary to tell you why, just go away."

Of course I didn't need to be told why. I'm not a woman so I wasn't welcome at the meeting. Perhaps these women, who argue against discrimination on the basis of sex, need to re-examine their reasons for excluding males from their meeting. Women claim that they wish to be respected as human beings rather than thought of as mere women. Well, Naomi Lyons, I can only say that you will never gain my respect by being rude to me merely because I am male. Despite the rudeness of two members of the Glendon group of women's lib and the cowardice of two others in not speaking, I can still say that I support women's liberation, if not the Glendon women's lib group.

Paul Dowling

**Bell wants free ad**

There's a liberal association on this campus and we're trying very much to do something for the college and the community. There are a lot of misconceptions about our organization, unfortunately. Some people see us as an election propaganda machine. Glendon's cheerleaders for Robert Nixon and Pierre Trudeau. Well, there's no denying many of us did work in the last election. We knocked on doors, we went to meetings, and we talked to people. But there has to be more than that to being a political club on a university campus, because if there isn't anymore then eventually it will degenerate into a social clique; a tea or beer party group and then eventually it will disintegrate. After the last election the members of the Glendon Liberal Club, there were only 10 of us then, decided we did not want to disintegrate. We wanted to continue to exist and do something productive.

We could have established ourselves as a political discussion group. The idea, however of sitting around and listening to ourselves talk, simply reinforcing our own views, didn't appeal to us. There's already one group on campus like that. Instead we decided to set up a programme for the campus as a whole. We hope to present some of these programmes on campus next term.

We are negotiating with the head of the Glendon Forum to bring in R. Lévesque. He has already indicated a willingness to come. We want to set up a programme to make people aware of what's going on in urban politics, to discuss issues such as the multi-billion dollar waterfront scheme of Toronto centre. There are politicians in city hall making the decisions about your future. We think we should all know what's going on. These are only two of the programmes we are planning. We are bringing in speakers to spark discussion and to spread propaganda. We have other programmes in the works, social action programmes, and community-government communications.

Any way we must be doing something right because since the election our membership has almost doubled. If you're interested in finding out more, in learning about politics or in giving us a hand, come to our meeting this Wednesday at 4:00 in the hearthroom.

Jay Bell

---

**The Glendon Urban Affairs Club is arranging to have a collection box installed in the junior common room, Thursday, December 9, for donations. We hope that you will reach into your heart and offer what you can. We need practically everything but especially clothes, canned goods, toys and money. Let us make this Christmas truly a time of giving.**

---

**NOTICE**

**Women's Health Centre**

**Birth Control Products**

The finest protectives made by Julius Schmid...

It's FREE...

**The How-Not-To Book**

Reliable contraception is a matter of vital concern to the majority of the world's population. The purpose of this booklet is to make people familiar with the wide variety of contraceptive methods available and to emphasize the need for responsible use of birth control. A booklet for men and women.
THE CONTINUING STORY OF GOD

Jay Gaulding & Dennis Harper

HOP IN, STRANGER. THANK YOU, MAM.

DONT YOU WORRY ABOUT PICKING UP STRANGE DUDES?
NOT ME, HON.

OH CRAP, ITS THE PIGS. IF YOU GOT ANY STASH PUT IT IN MY SEWING BAG.
I'M CLEAN.

OH MERCY, WAS I SPEERING YOUNG MAN?
NO MAM, WE JUST SAW THAT HIPPIE IN THERE, HE MIGHT BE TRAVELING,
MAYBE YOU WERE IM TRAVELING.

OH HE'S JUHHH.

GET YOUR HANDS OFF THAT. ITS MY SEWING BAG.

ALRIGHT MAN, SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHATS IN THESE PLASTIC BAGS. IT LOOKS LIKE DOPE!
YOU NAUGHTY BOY. THATS PARSLEY FLAKES.

I DONT KNOW..... OLD LADIES ARE WEIRD, IT COULD BE PARSLEY FLAKES.

CHEER IT WOULD BE EMBARRASSING TO BUY AN OLD LADY IF IT IS PARSLEY FLAKES.

...BAGS AND BAGS OF PARSLEY FLAKES.

WELL, THERES ONLY ONE THING TO DO.
WE'LL ROLL A JOINT.

YOU GOT ANY ROLLING PAPERS, BOY?
WHITE OR WHEAT STRAW?

PRETTY GOOD SHIT, EH?

BLESS YOUR HEART CHILDREN, YOU COME BY ANYTIME. TAKK THE RO. ICH ALONG WITH YOU, HONEY-POT.

I HOPE THEY REMEMBER TO TURN THEIR RED-LIGHTS OFF.
"WELL... AT LEAST WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ANARCHY ANYMORE...."

"IF YA GOT SOMETHIN' IT'S CAUSE YOU'RE GOOD.
IF YA GOT NOTHIN' IT'S CAUSE YOU'RE BAD... ASK SANTA CLAUS"

"WHITE MAN'S BURDEN..."

"IT'S WILL DESTROY INCENTIVE WORK..."

"IT'S THE GENIUS ON COBB"
PRO TEM is the student weekly of Glendon College, York University, 2275 Bayview Ave., Toronto 12, Ontario. Opinions expressed are those of the writer. Unsigned comments are the opinion of the paper and not necessarily those of the union or the university. PRO TEM is a member of Canadian University Press and an agent for social change. Phone 487-6136.
Bullfighting - struggle of mind over might

by CLIVE HOBSON

Bull sports are as old as man himself, and certainly they have been the centre of controversy for almost as long. Even the sports that fringe on the very edge of the ill-defined "bull sport" are often under a barrage of debate favouring their abolition or at least curtailment.

It is not easy to define a bull sport, the old axioms and eddies about sports don't always fit the bill; boxing is often pointed out as presenting and perpetrating man's basic carnal instincts in their worst form; yet by the same token the bloodbaths that often flare up in N.W.I. bloody games can hardly be deemed any more civilized than the man to man conflict within a ring.

However, what is probably the most controversial of all the bull sports, and perhaps the most misunderstood, has weathered years of criticism, and still retains its ranking as one of the world's most popular sports.

No one can be really neutral when describing a Spanish bullfighter. Either you betray a certain amount of sympathy with it, and so incur the abhorrence of all animal lovers, or else you unwittingly offend the feelings of the Spaniards. The bull fight is a sharp divider. You either find it revolting, a barbarity that disgracees Europe, or you become an aficionado. Either way, no one can really pass judgement or make a decision as to his side, until he has witnessed the spectacle.

The aficionado always knows that he will witness a corrida with all the grace, agility, strength, courage and grace of a man and beast. Man and beast are the sport, agility, strength, courage and simply estocada, the death blow of the matador. It would be useless trying to perform an elegant kill and demonstrate good care work with a badly injured bull. The banderilleros must place their barbed darts in the neck muscle ridge from a head on position - never from the side, and certainly by the gods and all that is not fair, nor from behind. The banderilleros curb the animal's tendency to be impetuous and induce it to concentrate its fury on trying to slay its main enemy ... man. The matador must not anticipate its reaction, but let fate take its course, like the bullfighter, his every move must look like as if it is merely a survivor of dead bullfights.

One moment man and beast are fused; the next second the man either brings death to the beast or himself comes in the bull's head upwards will leave the man impaled.

Nearly all of the great names of Spanish bull fighters have enjoyed the estocada. The great Luis Freg was gored an average of three times a season. He never missed aa slightest jerk of the bull's head upwards will leave the man impaled.

The bull's side or throat, or between the shoulders while running past, or without coming within range of the deadly horn tips ... all that is not killing the bull but butchering it.

The matador's sword is too short to pierce the animal's heart, but half the length is enough, if properly placed, to sever the aorta.

There is nothing to do save to kill, the left hand with the muletas must hold the bull's head down and a little to the right, while the right hand crosses above and slowly drives the sword into the bull's heart.

One moment man and beast are fused; the next second the man either brings death to the beast or himself comes in the bull's head upwards will leave the man impaled.

The arena is abandoned to the bull and the matador with his assistants, the matador takes the muletas, a heart shaped scarlet silk banner hanging from a cane. With this he will execute the culminating faena, the cape work leading up to the death stroke.

Many people suppose that the red colour of the cape irritates the bull. In fact, bulls react only to movement. They are capable of honing a moving object with deadly accuracy and lightning speed. The matador agitates the muletas with only a twitch of the wrist, causing the bull to thunder past within an inch or two of his own immobile body. Not until one has actually seen the unwaveringly accurate with which an inspired master handles the bull can one fully appreciate what it means to be an aficionado.

The "estocada", the death strike, can ruin everything that has gone before. Thrusting the sword into the bull's side or throat, or between the shoulders while running past, or without coming within range of the deadly horn tips ... all that is not killing the bull but butchering it.

The picador must frustrate and tire the bull before the matador makes his kill.

The picador must frustrate and tire the bull before the matador makes his kill. The banderilleros must place their barbed darts in the neck muscle ridge from a head on position - never from the side, and certainly by the gods and all that is not fair, nor from behind. The banderilleros curb the animal's tendency to be impetuous and induce it to concentrate its fury on trying to slay its main enemy ... man. The matador must not anticipate its reaction, but let fate take its course, like the bullfighter, his every move must look like as if it is merely a survivor of dead bullfights.

The bull's side or throat, or between the shoulders while running past, or without coming within range of the deadly horn tips ... all that is not killing the bull but butchering it.

The matador's sword is too short to pierce the animal's heart, but half the length is enough, if properly placed, to sever the aorta.

There is nothing to do save to kill, the left hand with the muletas must hold the bull's head down and a little to the right, while the right hand crosses above and slowly drives the sword into the bull's heart.
We can't keep it a secret any longer. After 4 weeks of swirl, the biggest and most important story has been brewing, and during the week, we have decided to reveal it. It is a story about the Gophers, who are about to become the Glendon dining hall heroes, making a Christmas Jean over to Holland. (That's in Europe, for all you non-geography majors.)

In the past few weeks K.C. Haffner has been holding secret meetings in the library, making phone calls to Holland, making private phone calls from a public line and checking on Versa-food (a far worse than death) showing his excitement. Because K.C. should know that one should not chock on Versa-food to come up with this trip sponsored by KLM (Royal Dutch Airlines of Canada and Glendon College).

It's hard to believe that this all started when that Gopher climbed out of his hole on Groundhog day many February's ago and had the view of his shadow obscured by the Glendon Gardens. After watching the players on the rink that day the gopher took up hockey and developed into the fine hockey player you see before you. If you go down to Glendon Gardens or up to Arctic Arena, or even over to Holland, you can see the Gopher's play. (K.C. has been acting as the rightway for some time)

Some people are probably wondering what a gopher was doing trying to find his shadow on Groundhog day. This question is— what was that gopher doing trying to cut in on Groundhog day? What you are deep thinking of is— what was K.C. up to at Groundhog day?

There are two more games to New Year Monday, but the opponents have been kept a secret for security reasons.

On January the 4th they hope to be welcomed home as heroes at a large gathering on Dutch National Television, which would be something in itself.

On Wednesday the 22nd the Gopher's opponent is a Urcluche Croquet Team and Wild Bill Wade's another former Glendon great team.

It's off to Gren on Boxing Day (The day probably has no relation to the game that is going to be played.) They play against Thialf again on the 29th.

For the super fan who can't hear to miss a Gopher game, BS Incorporated has a travel now pay now trip to Holland.

The company says that their canoe can be boarded at the bridge near the fieldhouse on the 13th for the trip down the Mighty Don to Lake Ontario where the passengers will be transferred to their trans-Atlantic row boat.

Bonnie Stanton, one of the presidents of the firm, said that the trip would be priced for the student in financial difficulties, and is excellent for the gopher who wants to get into excellent condition.

A final word for the team. We all wish them good luck on their up-coming tour. This is a great opportunity for Glendon to receive some Canadian wide and maybe worldwide, and win a lot of games.

---

**Gopher girls remain beaten**

Getting back to this side of the Atlantic, the Gophers fought their way through a snowstorm to visit their old team in the hopes of finding that Vanier was also in a fighting mood. The final outcome was a 2 to 2 tie. Angle Dicelement and Danny King were the only ones who offered Glendon's goals. On Tuesday playing with the flair more accustomed to Gopher teams, the Gophers climbed out of their hole on Grounding day in a 5-1 victory. (goals J. Daw - Brocko), and John Frankie with 2. Single goals came from Georgy Coldborn, Larry Scanlan, Wilson Resource, K. Kemp, and Terly Walser's old team. This game was 2 to 2 tie. Angie Dieclement was the cleaner and most sportsmanlike player of the second.