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*The Student Weekly of York University*

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November 28th 1963



On Monday, the staff and students of York University formally acknowledged their own personal grief at the death of John F. Kennedy in a brief but poignant service.

There have been many thoughts expressed about the President's harsh and premature death.

We wish at this time only to add our prayer that he who laboured without rest for peaceful understanding will find his rest in the peace which passes all understanding.

John F. Kennedy  
1917 - 1963

## PRO AND CON....

There are several arguments for banning bridge and chess in the common room. These generally take the following forms:

1. Bridge players monopolize the Common Room.

This is just not true. The bridge players take up relatively few of the sixty-odd seats (usually about ten or twelve) and we have never noticed students unable to find a place to sit down in the Common Room.

2. Bridge players stifle the atmosphere. People refuse to come into the Common Room because there are people playing bridge there.

This is not a valid argument. If it is true then we suggest it is a fault of the people who are turning away, and not of the bridge players, who certainly show no hostility. We so do not understand exactly what atmosphere is trying to be engendered but we have never found a lack of discussion in the Common Room; we have never been barred from "intellectual discourse"... or from playing bridge, for that matter.

We seriously suggest, that if a group of people quietly playing cards can inhibit a discussion, then the discussion itself cannot be very worthwhile.

3. There are other facilities provided for bridge.

This is true, but it is not valid for two reasons. First, you are being asked to ban not only bridge, but "chess and related games" for which no facilities have been provided. Secondly, the facilities that are provided are small, ill-ventilated, ill-located and uncomfortable. In short--completely inadequate.

4. Bridge creates a false impression of our University, and so should be "hidden" in Glendon Hall.

We must remember always that the Common Room is our room, for our enjoyment and convenience. Surely we do not have to deny ourselves, just to create an "image".

## IN DEFENSE OF FUN....

The student body of this university is being asked to vote on the question of whether or not "chess, bridge and related games" should be banned from the student common room. We would like to examine some of the implications inherent in this question.

The major argument advanced in favour of this move is that the purpose of the common room is a place for the students to gather so that they may engage in "intellectual discussion," and that since games in the common room detract from the atmosphere necessary for this sort of activity they should be removed.

If you vote in favour of this attempt to restrict student activities in the common room you will be supporting this view. But there is a greater danger implicit in this. You will also be establishing a precedent for future restrictions on activities which are said to "lower the tone" of the Common Room. It can then be reasonably argued that great clouds of smoke in the Common Room inhibit the intellectual activities of non-smokers, and since the rights of this group are being impinged upon smoking should not be allowed. Provide facilities elsewhere for those who feel they must smoke! There is no difference in principle between these two arguments; there is no reason to suppose the theory of restriction, once authorized by the student body, should stop with bridge.

We feel that the purpose of the Common Room is just the opposite: that it should serve as a sanctuary for the student from the intellectual atmosphere that pervades the rest of the campus. This is not an argument against intellectualism or scholarly activity. The purpose of the university is to promote just this sort of atmosphere. But any educator will inform you that this atmosphere, if not broken from time to time by some form of recreation, will clog the intellect, rather than liberate it. We are arguing for some place on this campus where the student may escape from the esoteric atmosphere, to recharge his emotional batteries before he returns to the round of class room, lecture hall, seminar room, discussion group, and library. We are asking for a place where the student may, to paraphrase a popular advertisement, "pause refreshed".

No one can seriously claim that there is a scarcity of facilities for the expression of intellectual activity on this campus. But for the non-resident students in particular who have not access to the residence common rooms, there is a scarcity of facilities for the relief of this atmosphere.

We should not deny them the use of these facilities

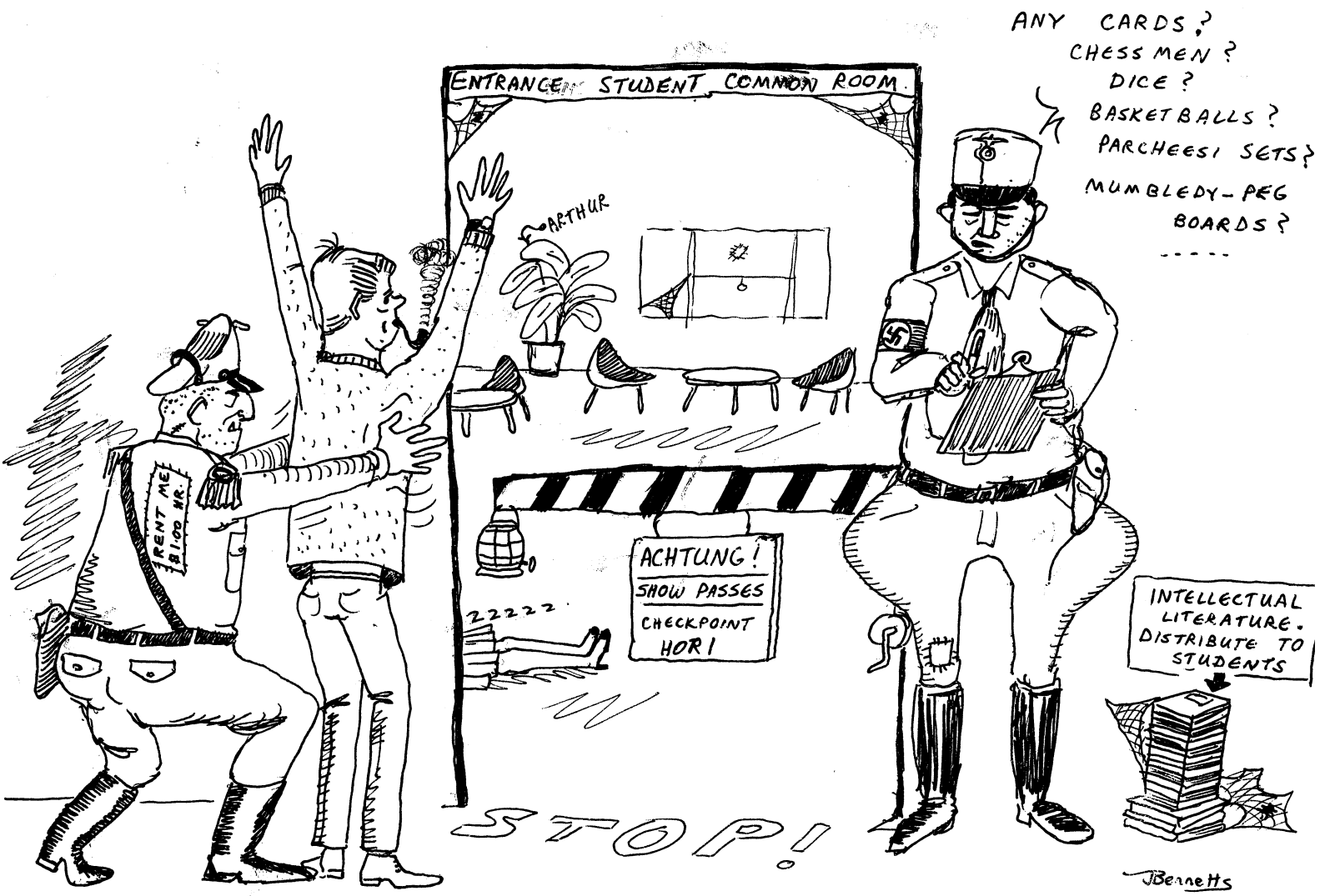
# Black Nativity

## THE GOSPEL JAMBOREE

### ROYAL ALEXANDRA THEATRE

NOVEMBER 25 to 30

NEWS ITEM: BRIDGE AND RELATED GAMES TO BE BANNED FROM STUDENT COMMON ROOM.



## POWER STRUCTURES AT YORK PART VI

Dean Tudor

"There is a twilight zone between sanity and madness which few dare to tread: laughter."

In this approach to power, much emphasis has been stressed upon the structure of the organizations already existing on the college campus. The newspaper and the Student Council provide the framework for any aspirant to power. But not to be forgotten in any survey of power on the campus are the individuals. These individuals must work against tremendous odds if they are to make themselves known to the student body. The lack of a structure upon which they can lean is sometimes detrimental to their ends.

Some of these individuals tend to be charismatic. They use their talents to effect interests that seem superficially ridiculous, and these ends are reflected in the social life that they revolve in. Power comes indirectly from the surrounding sycophants. These individuals are party-giving non-joiners. Witty, articulate, and possessing an air of mystery, they never seem to participate in organized activities. They must always have their own. On top of the social scale, they are free to do what they want, especially in mundane habits. They give distinctive parties, pull stunts, and are otherwise congenial students who possess some secret of passing their exams. Many try to be friends with a lot of girls, but leave the impression that they are having affairs with faculty wives.

The intellectual non-joiner, on the other hand, takes on the role of Atlas: he has the weight of the world on his shoulders. He is the rebel without a cause. At other times, he holds power which comes from detachment: he belongs to no apparent group and seems to press for no special interests of his own, but is rather admired and hence powerful because in him people sense the power of discrimination unhampered.

He is the one who dates the Beauty Queen, but doesn't shave for the date. He is the one who writes on the final exam that he doesn't approve of the question, and then answers his own question brilliantly. He epitomizes the desire of other students to do something unique, without recrimination. Perhaps in admiration, they listen to what he has to say.

Directly opposite is the non-intellectual joiner. He joins as many as campus organizations as possible; conducting himself in a non-intellectual manner at all meetings. After he becomes well-known, he may be recognized as an undercover genius and carried into power by the organizations to which he belongs. Or, he may be recognized for what he is by a power-seeking element of students, pushed into power by using his well-known face, and then used as a front man for the power-mad element that found him. In either case, it is to his advantage that, as soon as he gets swept into office, he does an about face and emerges as a strong man.

Extremely valuable where power is concerned is the out-and-out crackpot. To become one is very difficult as he might get expelled. As a precaution, many of them get friendly with the secretaries of the Dean and the Registrar, who nearly run everything. Crackpots are powerful because few educated people can escape the occasional feeling that some "crackpot" sometime may be right. He appeals to the imagination. He is also a convenient means of attaining a sense of one's own superiority in relation to them and hence has power because some depend on him for a definition of themselves. In a society with "democratic" ideals about individual rights, crackpots have special powers. They usually stand alone and to safeguard the right of the wise to be heard, the right of the foolish must also be protected.

A crackpot must perpetuate his own myth. He must make others laugh at his own expense. He must let others run him down and he must toss their insults off with a leering sneer. He usually admits the one thing that nobody else would, such as being sexually inadequate. He must always change his major, such as from History to Islamic Studies. But most of the time he must stand alone and be pitied.

Next week, the conclusion will be attempted.

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## WHY INTERNATIONAL AID

The need to wipe out poverty is perhaps the most important fact of our time. Hundreds of millions of people are involved in a "revolution of rising expectations." What had been a distant dream has now become a passionate demand. There is general agreement that the industrially developed nations can no longer ignore this demand - in their own interest. For, if the yearning of these people for better lives are ignored, the future promises violent outbreaks. On the other hand, if effective assistance helps these people achieve better lives; the world may become better than anyone has ever hoped. More than any other single factor, the response to this demand will determine the political and social complexion of the future.

The economics of international aid are difficult to separate from the political factors which govern them, for aid in large measure is an extension of diplomacy - an attempt "to make friends and influence people." Thus when it is remembered that governments tend to stress to their aid-granting parliaments the more realistic and to the aid-receiving nations the more altruistic arguments, it is small wonder that the whole range of activity called international aid tends to be clouded by suspicion and confusion.

International aid is complex. Development programs have to take into account long-term forces and be related to the social milieu, the cultural background, and the national economy, particularly at points where it is growing, of the aid-receiving country. Even where there is external assistance, development has to be co-operative; it should not be something doled out to a passive recipient. The primary responsibility for the formulation and operation of a programme should,

WHY INTERNATIONAL AID con't.

as far possible, be that of the people concerned. Development involves not merely techniques and skills but also states of mind.

Next week's article will delve more deeply into the problems surrounding aid in recipient countries.

Steve Marmash  
CCIA

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FROM BONAVIDA TO VANCOUVER  
ISLAND...

The week in review at universities  
across Canada.

LILLIAN HALE

University Newspapers across the nation this week echo sentiments of world in expressions of respect for late President John Kennedy and grief at his untimely death.

\* \* \*

Massive student sit-down protesting death trap at access to Carleton University cancelled indefinitely. Both city and University Administrations hastily adopted new Safety measures when informed of the proposed demonstration.

\* \* \*

Canadian Union of Students to send a cable of support to National Union of South African Students. N.U.S.A.S. is a multi-racial students' organization, which is fighting Apartheid and has appealed to Worlds' students to protest the actions of the South African Government. Recently its Head Office was raided by security police as part of continuing attack against N.U.S.A.S.

\* \* \*

Student's Council at University of Alberta, Calgary, strongly supports motion of Autonomy from U. of A., Edmonton. At present both universities are under direction of one Board of Govenors, in Edmonton.

\* \* \*

Combined Universities Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CUCND) advocates complete Canadian withdrawal from N.A.T.O. at Federal Conference in Montreal.

\* \* \*

Everyone hates their bookstore. Papers at Western, U.B.C., Toronto, Carleton and others have recently carried complaints about bookstore service and high profits. At U.B.C. one student, also a chartered pilot, flies texts to other students, direct from Tokyo and London.

\* \* \*

BELL'S BULLPEN..... by Dave Bell

Mid-term is almost here and the time has come to take a look at this year's freshman class.

Our freshmen seem to have settled in extremely well, their apathy only rivalled by their high degree of alienation and disillusionment. Faced with a new, difficult curriculum, and a get-tough policy directed against lazy students, the freshmen have generally decided to abandon hope of setting York on fire extracurricularly in favour of passing their exams. This, despite high hopes to the contrary.

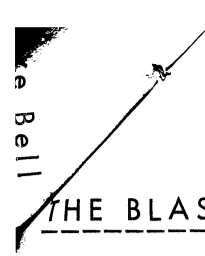
Most freshmen have shown surprising acceptance, regarding especially such outrages as the election of no first-year judges. I feel certain that there are many grievances peculiar to first year but the masses, if dissatisfied, are remaining silent or operating through established channels. There has been no unified resistance to anything; unlike previous years first year grievances have not found expression. I wonder...why not?

Probably the size of the class has prevented the intimacy that is a prerequisite to a feeling of unity. Moreover, the solemn pronouncement of 'thou shalt nots' at the beginning of term undoubtedly instilled a sense of restriction that has no place in a university. More appropriate would have been an enumeration of the signal freedoms of a university students, even though these freedoms are often overlooked or ignored here at York. The prevalent attitude here seems to be that of the High School student faced with the threat of being taken to the Vice-Principal's office if he turns the wrong way. A third factor accounting for the acquiescence of freshmen might be the many students who believe that marks are the criterion of an education. These same people who condemn the U. of T. as a degree mill, avail themselves of nothing more than the factory-type lectures in our crowded theatres.

The result--the freshmen feel little 'togetherness'; they are apprehensive of perpetrating any form of prank; they view their lecture attendance as compulsory; they produce nothing distinctive, leaving a vacuum that is partially filled by publications such as The Rival. They are not the instrument of criticism and progress that they should be. They are content to be led.

But all is not yet lost. Maybe a few bold young men will still band together to startle us out of our complacency. I sincerely hope so, and to them I say in all earnest:

"Nulle Illegitimum Carborundum"



THE BLASTED PINE.....

If you can ever get over the fact that Canadian poets have managed to fill two books - one of love, the other of satire - you'll probably never survive the shock of discovering how brilliantly they have done so.

In his introduction to the Blasted Pine Mr. Thompson writes "I am still fairly incredulous - this is after all Canada, with its vast army of self-satisfied citizens. Here political parties are in competition rather than opposition; television antennae grace the tar-papered shack; the poor are decently huddled out of sight; the exactions of the greedy and corrupt are perfected to the point that they suck our blood so painlessly it is more comfortable to pretend they don't exist."

Yet despite this, the pen of the Canadian poet is swift and true to see what Canada is really like. In one poem Irving Layton describes Canadians as,

"A dull people without charm or ideas,  
settling into the clean empty look  
of a Mountie or dairy farmer  
as into a legacy.  
One can ignore them  
(the silences, the vast distances help)

Wilson MacDonald's "A Member of Parliament" cuts neatly

"in years he hadn't read a book  
and boasted this at every chance  
.....  
And wrapped himself in England's flag  
And sang "God Save the King" like Hell.

F.R. Scott writing much more bitterly about Mackenzie King

"Truly he will be remembered  
whenever men honour ingenuity,  
ambiguity, inactivity & political longevity.

Let us raise a temple  
To the cult of mediocrity  
Do nothing by halves  
Which can be done by quarters."

Alexander McLachlan frustrated "The Workman's Song" ridicules the worker

"The great, the greasy multitude,  
Should neither think nor feel,  
They've but to lick the hand that holds  
Their noses to the wheel."

These are only very few lines from the more gaily sophisticated poetry. Deeper felt is E.J. Pratt's grim told "Text of the Oath" of the lad who "scarcely had outgrown the child before they put the toxin in his blood and bulges were blowing everywhere breathing romance on sleet and mud." There is an extremely bitter enditement of war's mindlessness and hollowness in the lines

"he wrote his lesson on a slate  
Composed of foreign names, to spell-

These to defend and these to hate,  
And at the barrack learned it well!"

James Wreford's Kirkland Lake has the same tone as he speaks of men who only want "a chance for more than daily bread- who with their usual logic see they die for freedom that are free."

Souster's "To the Canadian Poets," Mandel's "Estevan, Saskatchewan" and Marriott's "Prairie Graveyard" give the reader a new, perceptive glimpse of the vast snow bound lonely country they belong to.

Love Where the Nights are Long tries to answer some of the questions in the Blasted Pine. The editor sees Canadians "as isolated from one another by the fears and repressions engendered in a materialist society almost wholly given to the worship of money and status, hoodwinked by egomaniacal poltroons among politicians and business executives; and robbed of their birthright of joy and intensity by any prude or long faced puritan that can shake shake a finger at them. This is a cold country. The drag of the middle-class mores is strongest here. The Canadian is a born sucker for anything that will tie him up in knots. If a mediocrity is someone who unthinkingly lives by rules made for him by others, then this country can boldly lay claim to being a paradise for mediocres. Yes, he continues, this is a cold country cold with the snow, and frost that have entered into the bloodstream and packed ice around the heart; cold with fear, ignorance, repression, denial.

Yet how does this editor explain the excellence of the poetry in his anthology. He comes up with an answer that is quite interesting even if bears tones of sophistry. "Canadians write some of the best love poetry in the world because they are a backward folk; they have not yet learned that love is dead. "In brief, in the world of egocentric individualism, we do not yet kill and mutilate and torture each other as is done in the more advanced countries. We have not let our sprawling monstrous megapoli convert fields and healthy forests into acres and acres of neurotics (though the editor admits we are trying hard.)

And too he feels that in the vast empty spaces of Canada in the white blandness that we live for six months, love defines us, gives us a habitation, and a name. No matter what one thinks of his theory, it is necessary to admit, Canadians have indeed written some of the most beautifully stirring love poetry- not the insincere frippery of the romantics, with the artificiality nor the witty wrought conceits of the English Metaphysicals but the deeper, more meaningful expression of one who has perhaps realized that love is the only significant force of life. For those who worry about a Canadian image, a Canadian culture a Canadian people, he can surely see its form in the poems here. In them images of the lakes, the green hills, the white solitudes, the long prairie are present. This is Canadian and it is good.

Tina Paar

## AL'S ALLEY.....

Alan Offstein

First item - correction. Last week I stated that the Don Thompson Band had appeared at York. This is a lie. The group that did perform here was a thirteen piece unit under the leadership of Mr. Rob McConnell, the valve-trombonist, and it is he to whom Dave Bell spoke just recently. Peace, bretheren.

Soo-00-hoo-hoo-hoo, yea-yea, yukayukay/eep - eep. If you can sing this in five off-keys at the same time, there is no excuse for your remaining at York. The entertainment world is waiting with its fortunes. However there are certain rules for success.

1. allow you hair to grow shoulder-length, then cut it off one inch below the collar line. **DO NOT COMB!** Arrange the vegetation in such a way that it resembles the retreating end of a Canada goose. Coat liberally with any high grade motor-oil such as is used in auto suspension units.

2. give up all previous attempts to learn music - this is totally unnecessary, and often becomes a hindrance in your search for true expression. After all, recording dates offer an excellent opportunity to practise. It is evident that those artists who have foolishly kept up their studies have remained relatively unknown, eg. Yascha Heifitz and Glenn Gould.

3. change your name. Instead of common names like Oscar Peterson or Gerry Mulligan (which sounds like some kind of stew) adopt a handle which has a unique melodic ring, which smacks of poetic originality. Here are some suggestions:

Elgratz Flam; Prinkly Funk; Moishe O'Schmaltzski.

4. true success does not usually come to the solo artist. Symmetry is essential and can best be obtained by allying yourself with a group of musicians to accompany and complement your vast vocal talent. Remember some of the famed combos just the mentioning of which brings back fond nostalgic memories of past musical sublimities:

Shotgun Kelley and his Nine Sticks of Dynamite;  
Hugo and Luigi; Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

With your new personality and appearance you are now fully prepared to enter the rich universe of the performing arts. Join the ranks of the famous who have entertained at such famed opera houses as the Lincoln Centre, Massey Hall, and the Polish Young Peoples' Hall of Sheboogamu, P.Q.

...and when the time comes, as it does for all of us, for you to take your place in that great big Peppermint Lounge in the sky, mankind will long cherish the memory of your contribution to musical evolution, and echoing through that great big Fender amplifier in the clouds, the music of the spheres will be heard by a thankful world, such traditional lyrics which have warmed the hearts of generations, soulful phrases like, "uh-huh, "bom-bom-pa-bom-bom-pa-bom,....."

## KULTUR KAMPF.....

ERROL REID

With Leland Howard as Henry Higgins and Gaylea Byrne as Eliza Doolittle, "My Fair Lady" is at the O'Keefe Centre for 3 weeks, having begun on November 25.

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Juan Serano, flamenco guitarist, reportedly as good as Montoya, will be at the Purple Onion until this weekend.

\* \* \*

'Black Nativity' at the Royal Alexandra until Nov. 3 is a moving portrayal of Christ's nativity in song and dance by an all-negro cast. Marion Williams and her group of singers and Alex Bradford and his ensemble sing such Christmas songs as "Joy to the World," "Go Tell it on the Mountain" and "O, Come All Ye Faithful". Two dancers, Matt Cameron and Hope Clarke dance the roles of Joseph and Mary respectively.

The second act is a church meeting. The word of the King is spread. Two of the singers went into the audience while singing spirituals and shook hands with many people. I felt rather sorry that their audience was not too receptive or responsive. It no doubt was the case because of the sad and somber weekend just experienced.

One little girl, Judy Wilcox, of the Alex Bradford singers had one of the most powerful, vibrant voices I have ever heard. No microphones had to be used, but even as they sang softly, every word and note was distinct.

\* \* \*

Go to 'Fairyland' at Casa Loma. 27 of the rooms of the old castle are decorated with toys and enchanting Christmas adornments. It will run until Christmas.

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## SYMPHONY CONCERT.....

The first in a series of Symphonic Programmes will be presented by the York University Student Council, on Friday, Nov. 29th 1963. The concert will take place at York Hall, beginning at 8:15 p.m.

The concert will include such selections as Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in G. Major (Bach), Suite Provencale (Milhaud), Serenade in E. Flat (Strauss), Symphony No. 103 E-Flat (Haydn), Egmont Overture (Beethoven).

There is no admission for the concert and parents and friends are particularly welcome.

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## GENERAL EDUCATION: A CHALLENGE FOR CREATIVE SCHOLARSHIP.

Professor Alexander Wittenberg last night inaugurated a series of lectures which will be continued throughout the year by new members of York's faculty. Speaking on the topic, General Education: A Challenge for Creative Scholarship, Professor Wittenberg presented a masterly analysis of the problems which face a broad and liberal education, and ended by relating his ideas to the new York curriculum.

One of the words which can be used to describe our age is specialization which makes less and less provision for the synthesis of ideas. Localized competence is but a rationale for overall ignorance on major questions and allows the practice of intellectual inbreeding, giving rise to orthodoxies which tend to stifle unconventional thinking. An example of the "Barbarism of Specialization" is the Soviet Union where Math and Physics flourish to the detriment of other disciplines. The same traits can be seen in our own civilization. The modern University has become in many ways a MULTI-versity to and from which parts can be added or subtracted with little harm done or notice taken.

There is now a crying need for creative general scholarship, which has two overall tasks. The first is a creative synthesis of all the various disciplines. Involved in this whole pattern of our life in a continuing effort to see the mutual context of special fields and their relationship to the perennial questions which led to their foundation. In the same way the second task must be achieved. The very striving for creative synthesis must contribute to the individual disciplines themselves. Cross-fertilization of the various disciplines must replace the intellectual inbreeding for a healthy, flourishing creative imagination to flourish. A spirit of non-conformity must be maintained within the special disciplines. A measure of detachment is very necessary to the scholar. He must keep alive an awareness that the scholar himself is a legitimate object of inquiry as part of the whole scheme of things.

Within a specialized field, protections are available which are not available to the general scholar. A general education requires a sense of intellectual values, combined with an uninhibited and unsophisticated wonder and a large grain of common sense. The specialist need not answer for the ramifications of his work in other fields; the general scholar must continually tie in the special knowledge with overall questions and values. Prof. Wittenberg went on to emphasize the role of general education in the academic world. It is necessary to proceed from the specific problem to the general or great one, not the reverse. A general education must not be a kind of academic United Nations where the conflicting disciplines can be brought together to air their differences. It must be super or non-disciplinary, as

opposed to inter-disciplinary.

Professor Wittenberg advocated a thematic approach to teaching and hopes to illustrate its value in the York Curriculum. By this method, a whole course would be focused upon a single theme, exploring it through all the paths it may follow. However, he emphasized that this approach becomes non-sensical if it is an invitation to any theme whatsoever and that only through the choice of appropriate theme can it be made meaningful. There are many concrete issues which challenge both student and educator to come to grips with them; themes of immediate, vital concern rather than academic and detached interest. If the new curriculum works out, York will provide the freedom and opportunity to follow this novel approach. It will also serve each specialized discipline well, as it will show them as parts of a coherent attempt to deal with our existence.

Professor Wittenberg concluded with several suggestions of such themes. He felt that ideals such as Truth, Justice, Peace and the Rationality of Man, could be among them.

The problem facing the educator is how to devise an education which really matters both to the student and to society. This is easy in elementary or professional education. The greatest difficulty comes in the general liberal education which derives its meaning from the overall questions and problems which confront man.

Lillian Hale

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## Bahá'í Teachings

What is the Baha'i belief in God?

It is the same as in all great religions. To see the sun rise each day, to see the spring, summer and winter come each year is, in itself, proof that there is a plan. Where there is a plan, there must be a planner. This planner or Creator, we call God.

God is unknowable and only through the Divine Prophets, who reflect His attributes and His will, is it possible to have any true knowledge of God or to worship Him.

These Messengers always unfold a greater measure of truth ... the same truth, that there is but one God.

If there is only one God, why are there so many religions?

Baha'u'llah taught that there is in reality only one God and only one religion. Baha'is believe in and love Christ, Moses, Krishna, and the founders of all the world's revealed religions. These religions are all part of God's plan for the continuous guidance of mankind down through the ages.

— advertisement —



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR....

The comments expressed in this column are not necessarily the opinions of the editors. Letters received must be signed and will be printed subject to available space. We strongly urge all students to make use of this column.....

The Common Room  
Nov. 22 1963  
2:00 p.m.

Dear Sirs:

From the radio behind them came the announcement, "President Kennedy is dead."

And they still played bridge.

Angela Pritchard

Dear Sirs:

The highlight of last week's Student Council meeting was the heated debate on a motion to ban card games from the Common Room. The debate ranged on two levels: first that of the actual card-playing; and second, the very important question of Council's authority and ability to enforce such legislation without referring it to a general referendum. In debating this latter question, I declared that Council was there to represent the interests of the students, and that if it was not within its competence to decide this question itself, nor within its power to enforce such legislation one passed, then Council was a meaningless body and should resign.

The motion was subsequently defeated and the margin of defeat was the number of members who voted against the motion in order to have a referendum held.

The reason I did not resign is that I feel that the Student Council, as the elected organ of the student union, has a definite function to fulfill, and that I can best serve this function by remaining a member of Council. The Student Council has a duty to legislate and to act in accordance with the general interests of the students as it interprets them. In this case, two or three members felt the matter should be put to a referendum because they didn't know how to vote, and it was too important an issue on which to abstain. The fact is, that if they had abstained, as they should have, they would truly have been representing the feelings of a large body of the student union, who themselves wouldn't know how to vote. I believe my colleagues who voted against the motion in order to get the referendum, have failed to recognize and to accept their responsibility in this matter. In declaring the referendum, they have expressed clearly their belief that Council has no right to

legislate in controversial matters and no power to enforce its enactments. In expressing its lack of faith by supporting the referendum, the Student Council has established a dangerous precedent: in the future, any Student will be justified in questioning the right of Council to legislate in any matter without directly consulting the students first. Before such a situation develops, which could mean the end of the Student Council as such, I urge Council to make a thorough examination of its position, to determine the extent of its powers of legislation and enforcement and the implications of its representative nature.

To the students who are being inconvenienced by this ludicrous referendum I apologize for a Council which was too weak to accept the burden of its own responsibilities.

Don Kantel  
2nd Year Rep.

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Dear Sirs:

There is a fable about three bankrupt merchants, wandering the countryside and moaning their losses all the while, who came upon the end of a rainbow with its promised pot of gold. The first merchant, being blind, could not see the gold and passed by as though it were not there. The second merchant could see the gold well enough but was so convinced it was an illusion that he refused to recognize its presence, and he passed by with the first. The third merchant, though no less skeptical than the second was not so bigoted, and he decided to investigate the vision. On so doing, his eyesight was confirmed and he was able to start a new business which flourished as never before. The other two merchants, weakened by malnutrition, died soon after.

Which of the first two merchants best describes Mr. C. I do not know, but it is certainly not the third. That Mr. Corvese arrowed the insults of last week's letter at two other's and myself is not important, nor is the letter important as an expression of his own bigotry on the subject. It must be refuted, however, as a plaint voiced by far too many of the unperceptive elements in our society.

Hangers-on and quasi-artists have been present in all societies at all times - they are an inevitable product of human nature. But their handiwork, once subjected to the trial of Time, is soon lost and forgotten by future generations. It is only reasonable that the "purified" art of former ages, strained of this pseudo side, appear far more masterful than the indiscriminated mixture of contemporary works. One must not commit the error, however, of identifying all contemporary art with quasi-art, and so proclaiming that all modernists are either fakes or misguided culturites. For if all modernists are fakes, where are the real artists hiding? Surely not all of them are painting realistic art and composing romantic

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR...

music!

I am confident that I need not outline the tremendously difficult and often fruitless struggle that a new art form (or new anything) must undergo to be accepted by society, certainly everyone is well aware of such a struggle. Modern art has fought the battle and has won; Mr. Corvese and his sympathisers are part of a rearguard reaction. Modern art is seeping down toward general acceptance, and works such as Marcel Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase", once described as a "explosion in a shingle factory", are now hailed as masterpieces.

Before criticizing any artist or art movement, one should try to appreciate their beliefs. Every artist is confronted with the challenge of interpreting and communicating his experiences as an individual, not as society or a particular school would have him communicate them. Unfortunately, few artists succeed in doing so, and those who do are not met with approval but derision. The modernist creed, which seemed to arise in many places and in many art forms almost simultaneously, recognizes possibly the most important discovery in all of art history: surface intelligibility must be sacrificed if one is to even attempt to communicate emotions. This is not to say that there is no meaning, but that the meaning has been subordinated to the expression of emotion and is probably more difficult to find.

But I have said enough and since it was Cummings' poem which started the controversy, I feel that he should be given some chance to defend his poem and his beliefs. Mr. Cummings? "A poet is somebody who feels, and who expresses his feeling through words. This may sound easy. It isn't. Because nothing is quite as easy as using words like somebody else. We all do exactly this nearly all of the time - and whenever we do it, we're not poets."

Bill Brown

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## SOCCER FINISHED.....

The soccer season for York is now over. In this, its first season, the team won more than one game, in spite of popular opinion. More important than victory or defeat this year was the forming of a nucleus around which a future team could be built. Plans are being made for a six-team league for next fall. Enthusiasm was not lacking in the players but rather in the student body.

We hope to see you in September, either to play or watch; either way, both you and the team will benefit.

Joel Palter

## POET'S CORNER.....

Oh Joy, the soul of sun and song, are you  
The face that shines beneath the brook so bright  
Or like sunlight do you shimmer as blue  
Soft rays that greet the morn with golden light?

A year today or eons hence will joy  
Still shine so bright, casting off morn's misty  
Shadow and will man's work still stand a toy  
Beside the trees and lakes of his own industry?

For kings have sought this prize and merchant too,  
With golden coin, a prayer, a sword to buy.  
For joy must lie within the heart of you  
Loving all such beauty beneath the sky.

Oh Joy, you are the torch that leads the way  
Across this windswept desert of the day.

Roger Rickwood

## TO BRIDGE OR NOT BRIDGE

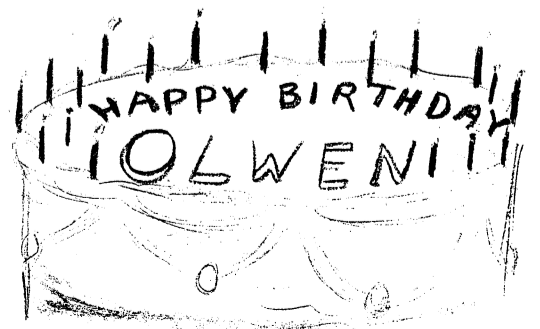
It happened on a Thursday  
A week ago tonight  
That our own Students' Council met  
To place a ban on bridge, and yet  
Unable to agree.....

They put the Question off  
Until a future date  
'Til tempers fresh and points revised  
They might be able to advise  
You wonder when? We'll see!

But this alone should not detract  
From other prize decisions  
For in the face of much unrest  
The Council tried to do its best  
This we all could see.

But if you judge - as many do  
That their order fails  
You'll never be equal or even be able  
Clustered around a Common Room table  
With thirteen cards in your fist.

Mary Lynn Fairbairn



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TENTANDA VIA