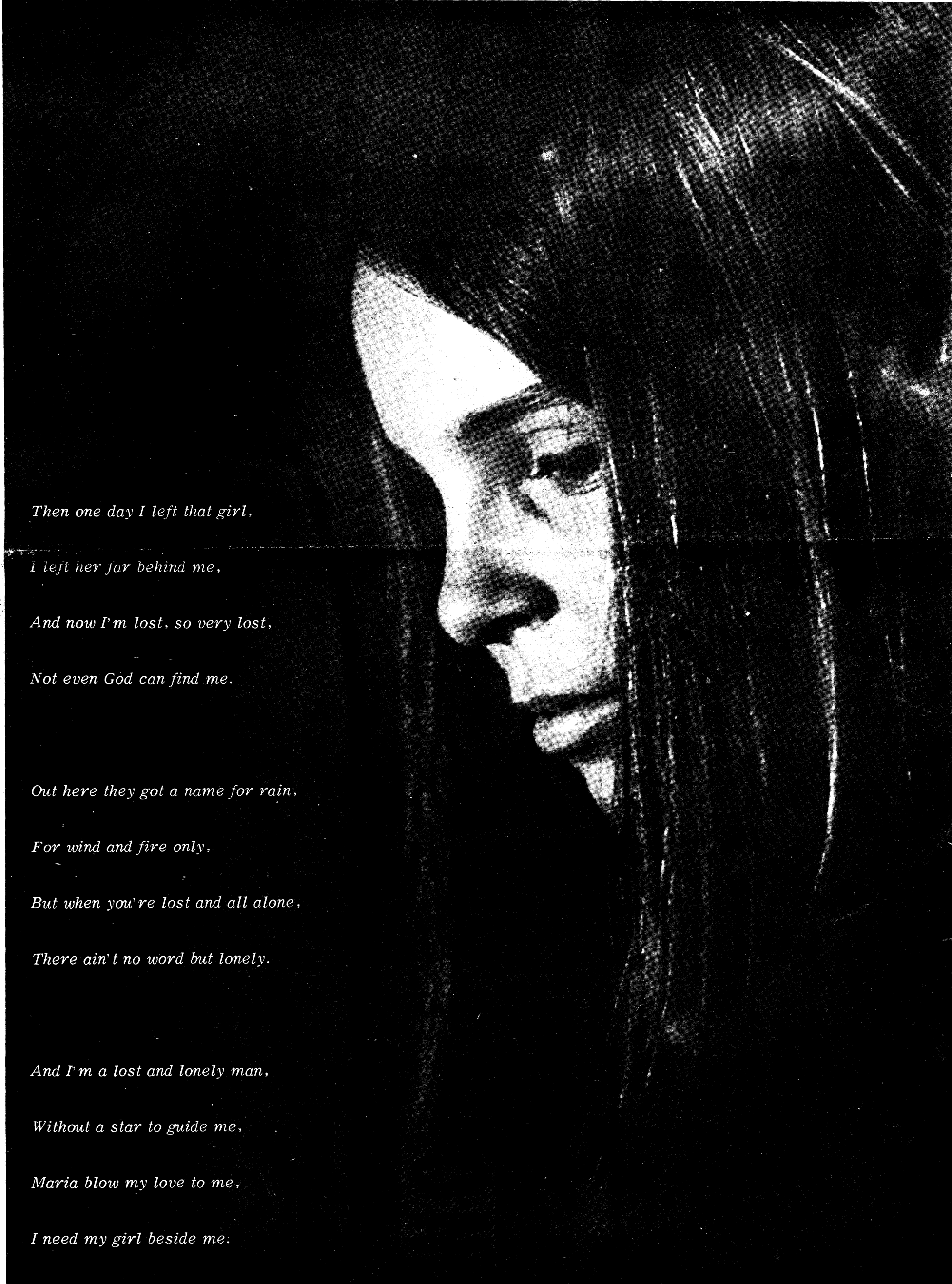


PROTEM

Volume IX, Number XIX, Toronto, Canada, March 4, 1970.

*'When I distributed alms to the poor
they called me a saint, but when I ask
for social justice they call me a
communist.'*

*- Dom Helder Camara, Archbishop of
Recife, Brazil.*



Then one day I left that girl,

I left her far behind me,

And now I'm lost, so very lost,

Not even God can find me.

Out here they got a name for rain,

For wind and fire only,

But when you're lost and all alone,

There ain't no word but lonely.

And I'm a lost and lonely man,

Without a star to guide me,

Maria blow my love to me,

I need my girl beside me.

Tucker states views on french proposal

The proposal of the French Department must be examined, first of all in the light of the question: "Will it strengthen or diminish the bilingual and bicultural nature of the college?"

I believe that the bilingual aims of the college must remain central to our development, and that Glendon must continue to strive for additional character. The virtues and advantages of a small, liberal arts college are obvious; but Glendon is not unique in providing this particular academic environment.

The bilingual and bicultural goal gives to the college a special character, one that can be fully justified in the context of a limited liberal arts curriculum in a country that is seeking to expand the freedom of its citizens to communicate in the two founding languages.

Glendon not bilingual

At the same time, after four years of existence, the College does not yet have the bilingual or bicultural environment that must eventually develop. There are many reasons for this continuing anglophone predominance, the most notable of which can be listed as follows:

Not enough francophones

(1) The College has not yet attracted enough French-speaking students from different parts of the country who will give to the other students an inducement to speak French outside the classes given formally in French.

Bilingual faculty

(2) Attracting bilingual faculty, especially from Quebec, continues to be difficult. In the past year, an increasing number of faculty who are able to converse and even to instruct in French; but the prevailing language among the faculty as a whole continues to be English.

French: not only interest

(3) Many of the students who come to Glendon choose the College because of its bilingual aim, but the opportunity to learn French is simply one of their interests. The others, whether they be aspects of the Humanities, of English literature, or of Canadian Studies, tend to absorb the interest in French, sometimes to dilute and overwhelm it in the prevailing unilingual environment.

Funds not yet forthcoming

(4) While the aims of the college have been publicly stated by Escott Reid and by others within York University, the financial means have not been forthcoming to subsidize students from outside of Ontario, nor to establish exchange programmes with French, all of which are essential expenditures if the bilingual character of the college is to become a reality.

None of these difficulties is insuperable. They can and will be

overcome in time. The number of francophone students will grow; the number of bilingual courses has increased even during the past year; and the faculty are both aware of the problems and willing to work at resolving them.

But the evidence is not conclusive that compulsory French in the second year has succeeded in making all students bilingual by their third year. For some students the difficulty arises from lack of ability; for others it comes from loss of motivation and interest. For these students the study of French in the second year involves little more than going through futile motions that induce frustration and apathy. Because they do not benefit themselves from the compulsory study of French, both they and the college suffer an intellectual inertia. Maintaining the compulsory second-year French does nothing to remove their disappointment. To make it optional will add to their incentive and their individual responsibility, without detracting from their interest in Glendon as a bilingual college.

Bilingual aim will not diminish

Nor do I anticipate that the bilingual aim of the college will be diminished by this action. All students will continue to study French in their first year, and some first-year students with inadequate preparation will now be enabled to study French for a two-course credit if they so choose. They will, in other words, take two years of French in the one year. Most students will continue to take French in their second year.

Number of francophone students will increase

Other circumstances must also be taken into account. The number of francophone students will increase; they will encourage a more informal French-speaking environment both within and outside of the classrooms. The number of bilingual courses in each department and division will grow. Where ever possible, bilingual faculty are being appointed, and existing faculty will be encouraged to study French.

Scholarships must be found

Every effort will continue to be made to find scholarships for students from across the country who wish to study in a bilingual environment. Conferences and forums will be conducted in both languages, and French-speaking visitors will be invited to lecture. All of these steps have been and will continue to be more vital in developing the bicultural and bilingual character of the college, than will be the maintenance of compulsory, formal second-year courses in French for students who have neither the ability nor the motivation to take these courses.

All of these I would consider sound academic reasons for removing the compulsory nature of second-year French. On two other grounds, however, I would consider it advisable for faculty council to refer the proposal to the executive committee for further discussion.

Broad college support needed

(1) The public generally and York University in particular have associated the bilingual aim of the college with compulsory French. Any proposal for modifying that programme should be carefully formulated and defended in such a way that it is apparent the proposal has broad

support in the College. This issue is especially relevant to the pending appeal for a financial supplement towards the bilingual programme.

Carefully formulated plans needed

(2) Some planning must be made in the curriculum to prepare for those students who may drop the second-year French and take other courses. No estimate has been made as to how many students are likely to be involved, what courses they might choose, and whether or not other departments will be prepared for this additional enrolment in second-year courses. It will be unfair to both students and faculty if these plans are not made.

Students offer alternative

At the faculty council meeting of February 26th, Mr. Robertson, the chairman of the French department, came out with a proposal whereby students of Glendon would no longer be required to take French at the second year level.

We have here outlined a proposal whereby compulsory French would be dropped completely without endangering the future of Glendon as a bilingual college.

Le but de cette proposition est d'améliorer les cours de français en deuxième année afin de sauvegarder l'intérêt des étudiants qui les suivent avec l'intention de continuer dans des cours supérieurs dans ce département; on désire aussi avoir plus de cours enseignés en français dans les autres départements. La seconde partie de ce but permettra au département de français de fonctionner avec un corps professoral réduit et ainsi plus de professeurs bilingues pourraient être engagés par les autres départements (ou plus d'argent serait disponible à ces départements pour enseigner le français à leur professeurs qui ne l'on déjas pas).

Ceci ferait de Glendon un college vraiment bilingue en transférant la responsabilité de l'enseignement du français au système d'éducation de Glendon en général.

Objections to

Robertson's proposals

There are many things we object to in Mr. Robertson's proposal, but none as much as the easy way out this proposal represents for the French Department. The aim of this proposal is to prevent students from wasting their time in second year,

when they have lost interest in the first. The point is a good one; however, instead of reacting in this way why not endeavour to make the first year of training in French an interesting one. This, of course, would demand a lot of effort from the people concerned, but the restructuring of this course is of immediate importance.

As this is only a proposal, one we think to be better than the one presently before faculty council, we feel that an ad hoc committee should be set up to study it. This would permit discussion between interested faculty and students alike, and give democracy a chance to work.

Think about it... and if you agree we would appreciate your support.

Approuvant de ce projet

Andé Foucault
Dave Cole
Denis Massicotte
Charlie Stedman
Helen Sinclair
Bob Gibson
Alain Picard.

FRONT PAGE TODAY
The poem is from the film 'Paint Your Wagon' with the photo by MICHALSKI.

Staff meeting for all PRO TEM members at 4.30 pm. Wednesday in ye olde PRO TEM office.

The faculty council curriculum committee has voted in favour to drop compulsory French for second year students. The move is supported by the principal of Glendon College, Albert Tucker. Several students have offered an alternative. Both statements are found above.

PRO TEM

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Forum resigns
Applications wanted

Forum resigns

The three co-chairmen of the weekly Glendon Forum have resigned from their positions after having been in charge of the weekly affair for one year. They want to leave it open for other students who are interested in these positions for the coming year.

The weekly Glendon Forum invites personalities to come and speak each Thursday. The forum was organized by the student council of Glendon College to fulfill a particular education function. To do this, the forum attempts to present to the college the mem of ideas or the men involved in the issues for the diffusion of information and values.

These positions are not elective. The student council appoints them after having in their hands the names of people who are interested in the position of chairman. One person is selected as chairman of the forum, and he chooses as many others to facilitate his work.

If you are interested, fill in the application available at York Hall or at the polling booth, election day, March 13.

Il nous a fait extrêmement plaisir de travailler avec vous et pour vous et souhaitons bonne chance à nos futurs remplaçants.

Sincèrement vôtre: Chris Hawkes Paul Sloan
David Ellis Mara Arndt
Alain Picard

Forum resigns
Applications wanted

A city lives in fear...

By NICK MARTIN

Los Angeles is not a sane city. It lives in a schizophrenic world where a smiling Jekyll disguises a frightened Hyde lurking in the shadows, and the tragedy is that Los Angeles is but one of many American cities that are living in this terrible fear.

On the city streets, in the stores and theatres and arenas, in the laughing faces of the young and the not-so-young at Disneyland, there is one Los Angeles. The whites and the blacks and the chicanos live and work and play, not as people forever separated by colour or race, but as people. Even the Black Panthers hawking their newspapers downtown look harmless, and there is no sign of the police bothering them. Life harmonizes the way the civics books and the great orators picture it. But that's not the way it is.

The first person you meet in Los Angeles, as you pick up your baggage at the airport terminal, is a state trooper sergeant. To call him a policeman would be doing a disservice to all the fine men in Canada and the U.S. who go by that name.

He swaggers as much as his pot belly allows him to, and from behind the sunglasses and the wad of gum, and the huge pistol hanging low on his hip in an open holster he asks you to prove that the bag you're picking up is yours. Maybe he treats everyone the same, or maybe he's just being polite because the person he's asking has short hair and a suit.

More than anything else it is that gun, ready for instant use, that tells you something is wrong. For in this city, after darkness descends and the friendly faces are gone from the streets, the people disappear into homes that are rapidly becoming armed camps.

In Inglewood, two blocks from Jack Kent Cooke's magnificent forum, is a new housing project called Briarwood. The houses along Manchester Avenue are protected by a stone wall topped by iron railings, attractive and decorative, but they are not there for aesthetic purposes.

There are two streets leading into Briarwood 10 feet in from Manchester, huge iron gates

bar the streets, stretching from one corner to the other and preventing the entrance of any vehicle or pedestrian that doesn't have the necessary pass key. 50 feet beyond the gates, in the middle of the street, sit well-lighted guard-houses. Nobody gets into Briarwood that doesn't belong there.

The bus driver taking you to the forum tells you that he can always tell a tourist, because tourists try to buy bus tickets. There were so many hold-ups on the buses that the drivers asked for guns. Instead, the transit company took away their money. You only ride if you have the right change, and you drop it into an iron box for which the driver has no key.

There was hope in Los Angeles several years ago, because Thomas Reddin was the police chief. He was celebrated on the cover of TIME, and a lot of people thought he would restore rationality to a troubled city. But Reddin grew weary of attacks on his men and of what he saw as a rapidly-decaying society, and felt powerless to really say what he felt. Reddin quit his post to become a newscaster on the leading conservative station.

UCLA protest march erupts

At the Los Angeles campus of the University of California there is a protest march over the Chicago conspiracy trial. The police are there, minding their own business, just making sure that everything stays orderly; but the police are nervous, because two days before someone threw a bomb into a San Francisco station, killing an officer, and now governor Reagan has ordered all stations turned into guarded fortresses. The march proceeds in orderly fashion, but suddenly as happens often in California, the violent elements in the march break loose and begin to riot. Reddin's cameramen follow.

Suddenly the rioters discover that their actions are being recorded. They turn, and Reddin's men are badly beaten. That night, on his newscast, Reddin shows the films, and his beaten crewmen, and announces that the films will be turned over to the police so that they may identify and charge the guilty.

Editorials are written, and a disc jockey sug-

gests a police appreciation day, and through it all, neither the people applauding Reddin nor the lawless rioters cast a single glance to the problem that precipitated the whole affair.

What the city needs is a leader, a man willing to listen to all sides, and bring all the elements together. The man is not Mayor Sam Yorty, not was it his defeated opponent in the last election, Thomas Bradley. Outside of John Lindsay, Yorty is probably the only mayor with a foreign policy. Yorty is a right winger.

In the last election, Yorty was in trouble and apparently resorted to racist feelings in the white majority. Bradley, a Negro, was no better. He put it on a basis of vote for me or you're a bigot. Yorty won. From such men, rational approaches do not come.

The times they are a-changin'

At night, the golden sidewalks of Hollywood Boulevard belong to the hippies. Passing them on the bus, an old lady laments to her friend, "It never used to be like this." And in those words she gave voice to what Briarwood and the riots and the hidden fear is all about. Things are changing, and changing too fast for many people to adjust.

Thomas Reddin is a decent man, and so are most of the police, and the people in Watts and Inglewood and Maravilla. But Reddin sees an America he cherishes, and sees forces attacking it and seeking its destruction. But the enemies he imagines are simply people reaching to share his ideals, people for whom the treasures of America have never really existed. They have waited too long, and will wait no longer for their share of America. And in their ranks are those who want it so badly that they may destroy it before they get it, which only polarizes further Reddin and his majority.

The smiling Jekyll of the day is the way Los Angeles and America must be. But the Hyde of the night is the way it is, the fear of those that have that they may lose everything, and the impatience of those without who now move beyond the law to get what they deserve. It is a time when America needs to move together, but instead it is moving apart, and it is a cancer that is eating America alive.

...but the children may lead them

If the names Hal Jordan and Oliver Queen touch some faint memory in you, then you can remember what being a kid growing up in a golden world was all about in that infinite time before we heard of ghettos and poverty and wars were something that dad won a million years ago.

Hal Jordan was the Green Lantern, the earthling chosen by the immortal Guardians from the planet Oa to defend justice with the super powers of his ring which he charged up daily at his green lantern. Oliver Queen was the Green Arrow, the master archer with more trick arrows in his quiver than Batman has secret gases in his utility belt. They were the super heroes, and though our parents frowned and our teachers ranted, we lived for each month's new supply of DC comics.

There was Superman, of course, and Super boy, and Lois Lane and Lex Luther and Bizarro and kryptonite and countless other things that were all part of the Superman family; Batman and Robin, and Commissioner Gordon and Batgirl; the Flash, who could run at the speed of light; Aquaman, who lived in the ocean and could talk to every type of fish; the Hawkman, from another galaxy who flew on eagles' wings; Jonn Jonzz, the green man from Mars, who could turn invisible and was vulnerable only to fire; and the Atom who could shrink at will.

They had no great literary merit, but they taught us virtue and honesty and truth in their own simple way. They taught us vocabulary, and although every sentence ended in an exclamation mark, they taught us grammar, too. But above all, they fired young imaginations, and opened up a thousand new worlds beyond the classroom.

But for all the good they did, the DC comics lied to us. They showed us worthy character traits, and provided exciting adventure, but the worlds they gave us, even the 'real' worlds, were far from reality.

In Metropolis, and Gotham City, and Coastal City, there were no ghettos, no racial minorities, no starving children sleeping among rats



Green Lantern and Green Arrow, like all the Superman family of DC Comics, have thrilled children for decades, but they ignored the reality of America. Until now.

and cockroaches. Suddenly, one day, we grew up, and found that the world we lived in was not the perfect world of Superman where the only problem was an occasional mad scientist. There are a lot of things wrong with this world.

But a funny thing happened on our way to adulthood. Julius Scwarz and Carmine Infantine were working all the while, turning out their DC comics for a new generation of children. The superheroes performed their valiant deeds as always, and as always another generation of children got an unreal view of our world. Until now.

Never the same again

The latest supply are just out on the newstands, and to a person buying a handful for old times' sake they seemed the same as ever, as childhood memories fondly recalled. But the April issue of Green Lantern promised that this was a new Green Lantern, that it was something totally different than ever before. Any child that read that comic will never be the same again.

Green Lantern (GL) on a patrol over

Star City, when he is forced to preserve law and order by protecting a man from attack in the slums. Encountering his friend Green Arrow, GL expects praise but gets, instead, scorn. For the man is a slum land lord, and his attackers were the tenants he was evicting from the tenement in order to build a new parking lot. This is not the Green Arrow we remember- he has longer hair, and a hip beard, The two argue over law and order and anarchy, and then Green Arrow takes GL on a tour of the slums. It is the first time he has ever seen them; undoubtedly the same can be said for the children reading the comic. Green Lantern is astounded and ashamed.

The pair, using their incredible powers, discover the landlord has underworld connections and expose him. He is arrested, and the tenement is saved. But life in the ghetto is still as bleak as before.

Green Lantern is confronted by his masters, the immortal Guardians. He is chastised for involving himself in something unworthy of his super powers. Suddenly, Green Arrow turns on his friend. In a

powerful speech the likes of which no child has ever before been exposed to in a comic book he says, "Forget about chasing around the Galaxy, and remember America... it's a good country, beautiful, fertile and terribly sick... some hideous moral cancer is rotting our very souls!" Turning on the Guardian he charges him with not caring about people as human beings, then pleads, "Come off your perch. Touch taste, laugh, and cry. Learn where we're at, and why!"

This is not the anarchistic radicalism of Abbie Hoffmann or Jerry Rubin, but the sincere human cry of a Bobby Kennedy, a recognition that America, for all that is wrong about it, is still a wonderful country in need of a cure for its ills. The publishers of DC comics have always been highly patriotic and they are no different now. But they know things are wrong, and they will make this new generation of children see it, in terms that they can understand while still retaining all their magic qualities that their superheroes have always had.

In search of America

It is easy to see what, in this particular story, the Guardians represent. They are all the affluent who have turned a blind eye to what was really happening. But, unlike the purveyors of radical hatred who would destroy such people, the DC people plead with the affluent to join the struggle for a good world for all. They want the children to know that their parents, and yes, even Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew are decent people who need only to be reached and made aware.

There will still be mad scientists and fantastic new worlds. But when this generation of children see America, they will see it as it is and will know what must be done.

At the end of the story, Hal Jordan, Oliver Queen, and a disguised Guardian set out in a pickup truck, like Easy Riders, to discover America. But unlike the anarchists and those that would destroy America you know that in the issues ahead, they will find America.

Glendon College students have traditionally suffered from second year slump, February neurosis, and fourth year psychosis. However, this year there seems to be a peculiar lethargy, beyond apathy, breeding indifference and hopelessness.

It is important that this is not just happening inside Glendon's golden gates, but seems to be pervasive, as is indicated by the growing and often destructive use of drugs in the high schools. Drug use, I believe, can be creative, relaxing and entertaining, but too often the drugs are simply a quick and annihilating escape route. What is wrong?

I have no intention of coming up with a cultural and political analysis of society, to say why people are bored, emotionally exhausted, non-creative and neurotic. However, I would like to look at some of the reasons Glendon College has affected me in similar ways.

My interests have always lain with English literature, writing, media, particularly print, and people and politics. Naturally, I majored in English.

However, I soon found that the academic study of literature was only to be borne if I actively worked on poetry magazines, the newspaper, so in fact, I found that my education at Glendon consisted of doing these things, with the odd essay thrown in when my professors got restless. Not to deny that some interesting concepts and tidbits of knowledge did manage to escape into the classroom, but my priorities and active education lay elsewhere.

This illustrates what I believe to be the major problem facing the universities to-

day--one of the definition of education. I can see that academics and preservation are valuable and necessary functions for an on-going society, however, many of the middle-class people now entering the universities are simply in search of experience and a place to stay before they enter the already crowded job market. I can see many benefits to the co-existence of the two kinds of education.

There are, of course, many structural reforms which Glendon could and should make now, such as pass-fail, action/theory social involvement courses, the active teaching of democracy through a college government system, the freeing of professors so that they would participate more in the college outside the classroom, architectural re-design, so that rooms and halls were not square grey boxes, courses structured to start from what students wanted to know, the end of the tyranny material production (professors must publish papers, student produce essays and exams)...

Peculiar to Glendon is the lack of senior students-- being an undergraduate college, the third and fourth year students here do not have older students to use as examples and contacts for self-development.

Many of the problems of the college, such as its self-definition, its governing structure, etc., could be solved with some energetic thought and action on the part of both students and faculty, but it seems that the process will not occur until the place undergoes a psychological and cultural blow-up.

- anonymous



All the lonely

people

Five views - of life within the ferrous gates and ringing halls

If the over-riding tone of these comments be one of confusion and general lack of rational insight, then it seems to me that this is in itself but a direct reflection of the perplex which I am attempting to investigate.

The point of the matter is that something is happening at Glendon College this year, and we don't know what it is, (do we, Mr. Jones?). But I have seen it, and probably a good number of you have seen it. I have been perplexed by it, as others have been, but perplexity brings us no nearer to understanding, nor to the formulation of what might loosely be referred to as a 'solution'.

It seems to me that to dismiss this new phenomenon by pigeonholing under the tired heading of 'apathy' is to miss the point entirely. Anyone who has been at Glendon as long as I have has learned to recognize that particular beast at five hundred yards, and automatically rattle off a dozen or so impressive sounding reasons for its existence. We all know what five years of highspeed packaging in a high school does to our minds; we know the results of twentieth century cultural anaesthesia.

But it seems to me that there is now an entirely new factor in the equation, something basically foreign and anonymous. No one I have talked to in the course of this academic session has been able to isolate or define it; all that anyone seems to be able to do is to point to a number of symptoms.

It would be altogether too easy to pick a symptom at random and lay the blame there. But this accomplishes nothing. I do not believe that the fact that a large percentage of this college is doing nothing, or virtually nothing (either academically, politically, or culturally) can be traced to the collapse this year of the established - albeit ineffectual - student government, difficulties with faculty and administration, or the massive increase in the use

of psychotropic drugs among the student population.

Any of these would be a beautiful scapegoat, but analysis along these lines would be perfectly futile, a classic case of confusing the malady with its symptoms.

Far too many people this year seem to be doing very little in a highly repetitive fashion. - going through the same tired movies every day, and the movies we're showing are all re-runs.

The political and quasi-political groups on campus are strangling themselves with yards of theory and recapitulations of theory - to my way of thinking, they have gotten so confused trying to determine what they should think that they've forgotten how to move, how to act.

Women's Liberation have gone completely off the deep-end: now they appear to have become just as sectarian and chauvenistic as the oppressive systems they once set out to change. The creative people on campus seem to be spending their time brooding, producing nothing of artistic value.

And as for the remainder of the college population, god only knows what they're doing to pass the time.

So what's wrong at Glendon? I'll listen to any hypothesis. Whatever it is, it has made us more than merely apathetic, it has made us lethargic, and just maybe it's well on the way to lobotomising us completely.

What are you doing at Glendon this year? Why are you doing to? Doesn't it seem a little strange? I don't know what anyone else is doing about this, but I'm going to Montreal this weekend, and that is probably one of the things that is wrong at Glendon this year - the only solution seems to lie in flight.

- Paul Shaw

Depuis quelque temps je me suis arrêté a considérer ce qu'était la vie étudiante et sociale des résidents de ce campus.

Il semble que la majeure complainte des étudiants soit la façon dont les cours de français sont enseignés. Sans attaquer le département de français qui fait un effort sincère pour rendre les cours intéressants, il serait temps que des recherches soient faites en vue d'une amélioration de leurs cours.

Le département attribue des bourses a un certain nombre d'étudiants qui pourraient avantageusement contribuer a la formation d'un intérêt plus marqué pour la langue française de la part de nos confrères anglophones. Mais il ne faut pas se leurrer et croire qu'en bâtissant un tel programme, tous y seront intéressés. Il faut essayer de motiver les élèves de langue anglaise et de les encourager a ne pas s'avouer vaincus au premier échec.

Un premier essai en octobre a donné de piètres résultats, mais a-t-on essayé de motiver les anglophones?

Et vous mesdames et messieurs les anglais, vous êtes vous rendus compte de l'effort fait en ce sens? Il serait temps que les étudiants tant français qu'anglais se décident a agir sur ce campus.

L'apathie étudiante est rendue au point où je me permets de me demander si Glendon College est un collège universitaire ou simplement un "country club" où l'on essaie d'avoir du bons temps.

Les fervants du bilinguisme et du biculturalisme devraient se lever et le crier au lieu d'accepter les faits tels qu'ils sont. Par exemple: expérience très intéressante survint lorsqu'ayant reçu un chèque écrit en français, on refusa à prime abord de l'accepter à l'"accounting office". Il semble bizarre qu'une place qui





Glendon - beautiful, quiet and secure. This is the world that is found when you walk inside the gates. You are confronted by a world so different that it seems almost the perfect world. Inside the gates, it is so easy to forget that anything else exists - except life as it is at Glendon.

The people are peaceful, kind and insecure. They grasp at what is offered here. It is a place to forget all anxieties and cares and it's so easy to slip away from little worries by floating away on a cloud without leaving campus.

It's easy to be yourself here and yet, at the same time, you never stop playing roles for the people you live with and know. How easy it is to slip into this role and even, you yourself, sometimes believe that you're real and not playing games.

This peaceful air about the people and the land is so easy to get caught up in, and soon you're on your lackadaisical flight and classes become forgotten.

People become real and interesting and yet, so confusing. What great actors we are. What purpose are we serving?

Do we fulfill our own desires and yet remember that there are others that can't be forgotten. So safe is our world and yet, it's so easy to get fucked-up in the reality that is not being presented.

Glendon is so safe and secure and occupies a nice period of time in our lives where we don't have to worry about what's going to happen say, within the next two years.

What do we want to do with our lives? Many shrug it off and hope that that decision can be postponed still another year. Anything, except to leave the security of Glendon. Stay here as long as you can.

That's a cold world outside and it's not waiting for us to make up our minds on our future. The great moment will come when we're least readily prepared and know not what to expect.

- anonymous

prône le bilinguisme refuse un chèque simplement parce qu'il est écrit en français.

Et que penser des activités sociales sur le campus?

Depuis que le conseil étudiant a démissionné de ses fonctions, aucune activité importante n'a eue lieu sur le compus excepté le forum et le carnaval d'hiver. Je ne peux me résoudre à croire que la majorité des étudiants soit contre le fait d'avoir un conseil étudiant.

Ayant sur le campus des étudiants avec des vues si différents, il serait intéressant de les voir dépenser leur énergie à la construction d'une meilleur ambiance sociale à Glendon. Etant si petit, le campus se prête bien à un nombre énorme d'activités qui pourraient faire revivre la vie sociale sur le campus.

Etant un étudiant de deuxième année, je m'aperçois de la grand différence entre avoir un conseil étudiant et ne pas en avoir. Je ne vous demande pas d'être toujours d'accord avec le conseil étudiant car chacun a droit à sa personnalité; ce que je veux c'est vous ouvrir les yeux sur la crise actuelle à Glendon.

Si par le fait d'avoir écrit cet article j'ai pu réveiller à la réalité quelques étudiants mon but est atteint. Essayons de regrouper nos forces pour construire L'avenir de Glendon et non le détruire.

Emmettez vos opinions, parlez-en, et lorsqu'un référendum sera tenu demandant si vous désirez un conseil étudiant, allez voter, pour ou contre, mais voter. Montrez qu'à Glendon le monde peut penser s'il s'y arrête. Bougez, criez, hurlez, redonnez vie à Glendon.

- Renault Marier



Where do they all come from?

There is sometimes a futility I feel when walking down Glendon Halls. It arises from the knowledge you're part of an experiment to which you know neither purpose nor conclusion. Something has been misplaced and forgotten at Glendon. This something is 'challenge', the challenge of the Glendon experiment.

There is a terrific potential amongst both faculty and students, but the challenge of Glendon has been lost; as a result faculty blames student and student blames faculty ad infinitum.

Let's begin by faculty not as 'bookmen' but as challengers. Challenge the student by making him aware that he thinks and his opinions and ideas count. Let the challenge be that in the seminar and lecture hall. The voices are equal whether it comes from the group leader or pupil. Show that it's not only winning but how and that you participate in the game.

As competent faculty are there any who would admit that their fields are narrow? I would hope for a 'no' answer. This answer is important for it is the largeness of your field that should allow each student to follow his interest in an aspect of the field.

There would have to be a deeper obligation in knowing your student. A student should not be that space in that room at 9:30, 11:30 or 2:30.

In an interview between professor and student, the student would reveal a lot, maybe proving that he was alive. There are sufficient grounds where the student-faculty communication has broken

down. Perhaps a half-course or full-course with a theme, "The Student and Society" would do the trick. I suppose the main message is become aware, aware of the self, group, sex, drugs. There are enough topics for such a course.

There is much more besides student-faculty that requires change. The Dean of Students should be just that, not some administrator or hotel clerk bogged down with assigning rooms. We need a Dean who is young, close to the students, bilingual. Not someone who spends half the time in administration problems. A dean who has control of the dons. Yet, let's not neglect the dons. Dons are pleasant people who, for a little police action, get free room and board, I am really curious of their full responsibility for I don't think it should be just a convenience as it is now.

There are many ingredients which go into an experiment; a lot more should go into this one from everybody who comes to Glendon. I don't think for a minute that I have provided any or all the ideas required. That has not been my purpose. All I know is that I offer a ball that should be kicked around and that something should be done. now. It would be good to remember the 'Tucker Report' has been around since last year and it hasn't even kicked around. It's only collecting dust, maybe like Glendon.

One thing is certain, I haven't seen a successful experiment, only the nothingness of the Glendon experiment.

- David Koch

Rampant chaos to lauded finish

— Oedipus breaks

By CLAIRE ELLARD

It's incredible the way people glamorize working in the theatre. You work like mad until you're finished; you may never see a performance of the play.

Last week the Glendon dramatic arts program presented 'Oedipus the King' at Brock University, St. Catharines, and construction of the set had begun since Christmas. The stage crew went down to Brock five days early to put the set together. Most nights we didn't leave the theatre before 3 a.m.

Mad chaotic affair

Putting up a set as big as the one for Oedipus is a mad chaotic affair. The whole thing stands about twenty-five feet high. As we raised the columns which support the roof I decided which direction I would jump if the whole set collapsed.

Renault Marier managed to confuse things by yelling incomprehensible directions en français to all the English majors who had dropped out of French 150. Somewhere the calculations had gone wrong and six inches had to be chopped off the sides of the set. Apart from that, the whole thing went up amazingly well.

The designer wanted the floor covered with squares of carpet to give the stage a flagstone effect. So in one night we cut 1000 pounds of industrial carpet by hand.

In the middle of the set there stands a pair of 12 foot doors. They had to be covered with toilet paper and wallpaper paste to give them the right texture. So there was a wallpaper paste fight in the workshop one night. (Wallpaper paste is more fun than water - it sticks.)

The Brock theatre has a sound system which lets the actors hear what's happening on stage so that nobody will miss a cue. This excellent system even extends to

the washroom - there's no escaping it. And when all you want to do is sleep, the last thing you want to hear is the sound effects of Oedipus gouging his eyes out.

By the time the cast came down on Monday afternoon the set was about two-thirds finished. Our working hours were rescheduled around the rehearsals which were in turn scheduled around the Brock bar hours. On Monday night there was an endless technical run-through. And then pizza.

We went through an incredible amount of pizza in two days. And then there was the day we had to starve because the English department decided we had already spent too much money on food. Adding to this catastrophe was the strike by the Brock cafeteria workers which closed down the dining halls.

Not enough incense

As Wednesday drew closer, problems began to arise. For the opening scene there had to be bowls of incense burning around the stage. And we found out we hadn't brought enough incense with us - St. Catharines, swinging town that it is, has a very small supply of incense which we somehow managed to unearth.

Paper - machéing the throne had been left to the last moment. Wednesday afternoon the throne was still wet. But by the hour of the first performance all these problems had managed to iron themselves out - except the throne was still wet. I had beautiful visions of Oedipus sitting down only to stand up with wet paper maché and sick pink paint stuck to his gown. Much to my personal disappointment it didn't happen.

After the set is finished, everything else is anticlimatic if you're on the stage crew.

The first performance seemed to go fairly well. I don't really know. I didn't see much of it. Somebody had knocked over one of those incense holders and I was wondering how long it would take for the whole theatre to burn down. But a member of the chorus somehow managed to pick the thing up and step on the incense before any disaster happened.

And the play

Backstage Elliot Allen and Dave Weathersone were opening the doors when the actors made their entrances and exits. There was also a dressing room backstage for Oedipus to have his make-up changed when he gouges out his eyes.

The make-up crew had this down to a fine science. After his make-up is on, John Innes is really blind. He has plastic patches covered with goop over his eyes. (Think of that when you see him at Burton).

I think there was a full house for the second performance. Anyway, most people thought it was better than the first. Nothing irradeful happened. Jocasta caught her gown in the door in her first entrance, but everything else went smoothly. The audience really liked it. So did the St. Catharines critics.

And the party

Before the party afterwards, the set had to be struck, and everything had to be cleaned up. Everybody worked. It's a lot easier taking things down than putting them up, especially when you have all the actors helping as well.

I still don't know why the same people, year after year, work like maniacs to build sets, make props and costumes, and do lighting. But it's a wonderful feeling to look at a finished set, and think that you helped build it.

Production - "impressive"

- St. Catharines Standard

A stunning and most impressive production of one of the great tragedies of theatre was presented last night in Brock Thistle Theatre for two performances.

It was a production by the Glendon College dramatic arts program group of York University of the Sophocles drama Oedipus The King. It is a pity the production could only be here for the two performances, for many more people would get to see it and thrill to it if it was here longer.

I have not been so deeply moved by a production since seeing the Stratford Festival presentation of this same Oedipus in the 1953 and 1954 seasons. It is a monumental work and enthralling to behold.

This was a student production here last night, but needs no apologies on that score. It was superb theatre superbly played...

The title role was played by John Innes, a graduate of the National Theatre School in Montreal and now a student at York after a summer in the Stratford Festival company. He gave a powerful and most moving performance of the tragic Oedipus... the focal point of the stage every minute, for he has that rare gift of presence on stage. He spoke with utmost clarity and strength and moved supremely well.

He was matched by Angie Pawlowski as Jocasta in another powerful performance that was most moving... Jeff Ramson was an impressive Creon and Ron Holgerson good as Teiresias who begins to unfold the ancient story, then appeared again as the shepherd who adds to the bloody tale in which horror heaps upon horror.

Each and everyone in the cast added to the effectiveness of the production, for director Michael Gregory had seen to the smallest detail of characterization.

Set design and lighting was done by Donald Acaster, technical director and manager of Thistle Theatre. The set utilized the entire playing area of this flexible Thistle stage, thrust into the audience in the Stratford manner. Huge columns flanked great carved doors with smaller side doors, a throne and an altar on either side, all done in a glowing sandstone effect, most impressive, with the stage floor done in realistic paving blocks.

Costumes were flowing and most effective, using plain materials to good effect, with Oedipus and Creon in velvet robes edged with Greek key designs.

The chorus, in hooded robes, were virtually faceless as they moved in ritual slowness, all the more effective.

Yet when faces could be seen, of any characters, in the lighting, it could be seen that the makeup was done in a mask-like manner almost larger than life. It gave a weird emphasis to the tragic story.

Altogether one of the most remarkable productions to ever play in St. Catharines at any time.

If this is what Glendon College has to offer, it is to be hoped another production can be brought here again.

This is the first time a Glendon production has been taken away from the college, a new practice that hopefully will benefit St. Catharines and Brock University again.



oedipus
the
king

burton
auditorium

march
14-15

6 and 9
p.m.

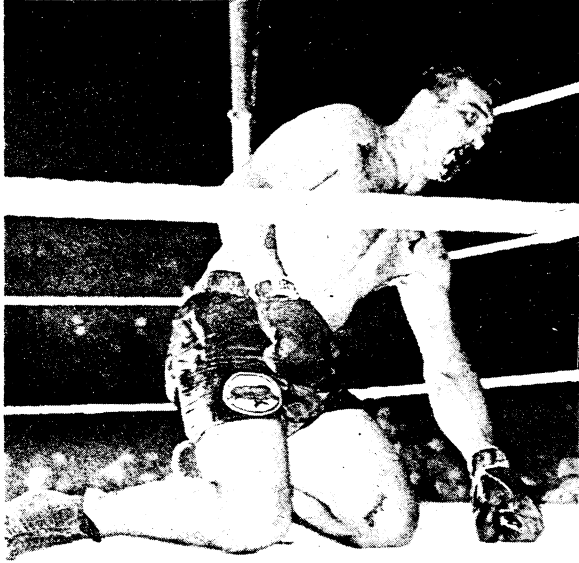
astra '70

Requiem for a blood sport

By NICK MARTIN

Clyde Gray moved in, flashing the blurring left jabs that cut like a surgeon's scalpel, then skipping nimbly out of reach as Luigi Colavita fired back at empty air. There were two minutes gone in the fight, yet Luigi Colavita, a Montreal welterweight who had won twenty-three of his twenty-five professional fights, knew that it was all over.

Colavita crouched, covering his face with his gloves as he tried to stop the fury of the daggers in Gray's left hand. Clyde Gray is a reincarnation of Ray Robinson, moving with the fluid grace and punching with the devastating power of the Sugarman in his prime.



Primo Carnera, covered in his own blood, is destroyed by Joe Louis.

Now, at 2:38 of the first round, Gray feinted another shot at Colavita's head. As the Montrealer moved to block the blow, Gray hooked off the jab, slamming Colavita in the heart with as hard a body punch thrown since Jose Torres took away Willie Pastrano's lightweight title.

Luigi Colavita collapsed against the ropes, staring at the rafters as the referee counted ten and out. Clyde Gray danced in his corner: his third one round knockout, another step towards the title and fabulous wealth. Irv Ungerman, Gray's manager and the man who handles George Chuvalo, helped his young contender into his robe and through the cheering crowd to the dressing room. And still Luigi Colavita had not moved.

The workmen climbed into the ring, and started taking down the ropes and corner posts so the ringside customers would have a clear view of the giant screen for the big fight from New York. Colavita's manager and a guy from Sully's gym who had been there and understood picked him up and propped him on a stool.

The workmen had cleared the ring, and were standing around waiting to get rid of the stool. Twelve thousand people in Maple Leaf Gardens had drifted into the corridors for a smoke; Luigi Colavita had served his purpose, to amuse them until the big one started, the one they'd paid their \$6.50 for.

Fifteen minutes after he had hit the canvas, Colavita staggered to his feet. They helped him slowly to his dressing room, through empty chairs and a cavernous silence. No one cheered and no one wept. No one cared.

Bathed in their own blood and sweat and tears they dance to the rat-tat-tat of the ceaseless leather rhythm beating on their brains. They are the ancient gladiators dueling to the death on the coliseum floor before the screaming multitudes, the old gunfighters facing each other on a dusty street. They're fighters.

They're poor kids, coming out of the jungles of Maravilla and Harlem and the Lower East Side, learning at an early age that you have to fight to survive. Then one day they discover they can get paid to do what comes naturally, and they blast their way into the dream of a better life. Like Rocco Barbella, a two-bit punk who got drafted and went AWOL after punching an officer who had tried to give him the discipline he had never known. He changed his name and took his fists into the ring, and now he is Rocky Graziano, ex-champ, a respectable gentleman with a few rough edges.

They're ordinary kids, kids who would have made it in any sport they tried. But someone turned them to amateur boxing, and they became stars, and suddenly there was a bankroll waiting to set them up with easy touches and they head for a world title. The Cassius Clays, the Joe Fraziers, the George Foremans, move fast and far.

For every boxer who makes the top ten, there are a hundred who hang around the gym, looking for fifty bucks for a club fight. They're the set-ups, they're the men who hit each

other to fill out the under card when the big boys get together for a big payday. They're the men like Billy Marsh, who won two and lost fifteen last year; Dick Wipperman, who hasn't won a fight in four years; Leslie Borden, who won the Canadian lightweight title in 1965, and has been one and twelve since.

If you hit the top in boxing, you're a rich man. Even then, you'll probably blow it on booze and broads and the ponies. The rich ex-champs like Floyd Patterson, Jack Dempsey and Max Schmeling are few and far between. The others drift from town to town, like Joe Louis and Willie Pep, refereeing about here, talking old times there, living off a person who died long ago.

But for most fighters, it's a long grind in a gym, tapping a speed bag and skipping a rope long into endless nights, rising before dawn to run six miles through empty streets before the morning shift at the factory, just so they can be a punching bag for someone just a little bit better. And when it's all over, all they've got to show is a ten and twenty record, with nothing in the bank, and lost years of youth that can never be reclaimed.

Somewhere in the back of their minds they know what it's really all about when they start. But the reality gives way to the dream and it's a hard road to the end of that shattered dream. Sometimes, if they're smart, they get out early when they see they just don't have it. Mostly, they hang on, for the one lucky punch that will shoot them into the big time.

They come out of it with broken hands and broken faces, and sometimes, broken brains. Gone are the days when a man fought four times in a week, and a boxing commission asked only if he was breathing before letting him in a ring. The commissions are quick to root out the stumblebums and the medically unfit. But the punches are just as hard and the brain just as soft as ever. And sometimes fighters don't get up.

Ulric Regis was a journeyman heavyweight with an eight and five lifetime record. He was one of



The power of the human fist: Rocky Marciano KO's Jersey Joe Walcott.

a handful of fighters on Trinidad, but he was heavyweight champion of his homeland, and he walked tall. They took him to London, and fed him to Joe Bugner, the latest golden boy of British boxing. Regis was hopelessly outclassed and knocked out early. That night, in a cheap London hotel room, thousands of miles from his homeland, Ulric Regis collapsed and died.

Joe Bugner went on fighting, just as Emile Griffith and Primo Carnera and Sugar Ramos and Ezzard Charles and Sugar Ray and others had done before him when men died from their hands. They knew that it could just as easily have been them dying on the sawdust and canvas, and they accepted it.

They know they could die every time they step in a ring, yet they keep coming in a never-ending stream. Ring Magazine places the number of professional fighters in the world today at around 5,000, and there are undoubtedly many more in Asia and South America who never make the record books. They fight because there is nothing better. Even if they don't become rich, the few pesos they make are riches in their family's eyes.

Boxing nearly died in North America in the sixties. Two champions, Benny Paret and Davey Moore, died after title bouts. Television had overexposed the fight game and it was saturated with hoodlums. But they took the fights off television and they threw out the hoods, and when a bigmouthed kid named Clay came out of Louisville to back up his words with flashing fists, the crowds started coming back.

Clay saved the fight game, just as Babe Ruth did baseball after the Black Sox scandal. But it was not just Clay but boxing itself, that brought it back. The smaller clubs are expanding all the time, and new ones keep opening up. There are

weekly cards in New York, Los Angeles, Las Vegas, New England. In every part of the States, and in the Maritimes, Montreal, and Edmonton, you can find a fight being staged at least once a month.

Violence is part of the times. As much as we deplore it, it is a part of us. Boxing is the most elemental form of violence, the basest of human emotions: one man trying to destroy another. You can recognize the pain and the danger, the degradation and the humiliation of the fighters; you can see everything that is wrong and indecent with the fight game; yet for all this you keep on paying your five dollars and waiting impatiently for the next big fight. It says something about the human condition, and what it says isn't very pretty. But you can't lie to yourself. People like the fights, and they'll go on liking the fights in all the dirty gyms and all the sparkling arenas on the continent.

Masaryk Hall is an old Lodge building, hiding behind a fire station and factory smoke in the old part of Toronto. It is there that Al Breaux goes to defend his Canadian junior welterweight title against hometown boy Colin Fraser.

The junior welters are lost men, too big for lightweights, too small for welters, but a thousand people crowd into Masaryk, drawn by the magic lure of a title fight, no matter how hollow the crown. In the fourth, Fraser's right booms thunder, and Breaux is felled four times. At the end of the round he is carried to his corner, and in the fifth shoved at Fraser, senseless. A thousand people scream for the kill. Fraser winds up with all his force, then stops, and gently taps Breaux mercifully. Breaux falls, and Fraser has the title.

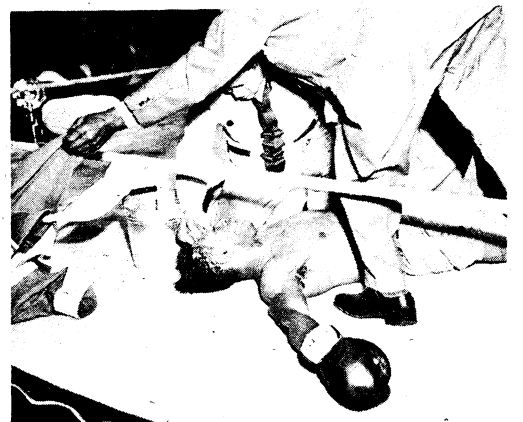
The name of the game is pain

The Los Angeles Sports Arena is a circular paradise set in a sunken tropical garden on the edge of the campus of the University of Southern California. But inside is no paradise, where sixteen thousand people are in a frenzy as local favourite Mando Ramos chases Teo Cruz around the ring. Cruz, ten years Ramos' senior, is the lightweight champion of the world, and Teo Cruz is bleeding. In the eleventh round, the ring doctor stops the slaughter, and Ramos has the title. Sixteen thousand people go wild, because a man's eye is gored so badly that he can no longer see to defend himself.

Paul Sauvé Arena is a medium sized plant in north-east Montreal. When Armand Savoie was the number one contender for the lightweight title, he fought in the Forum before packed crowds. That was the year I was in kindergarten, and he lost. For Armand Savoie, it's been seventeen long years downhill. Balding and slow, he drops a decision to Luc Pivin, a youth who could not have carried Savoie's gloves in his prime. But his prime is decades behind, and for Armand Savoie there is nothing else.

For most of them there is nothing else, but they see Joe Frazier earning half a million dollars for twelve minutes work and they forget the reality and chase the dream through five years of dirty gyms and ropes that burn a man's back as he falls to the floor.

The hopefuls will chase Frazier: George Foreman, the Olympic champ with fifteen straight; Mac Foster, the ex-marine from Fresno



In a nothing bout with Ezzard Charles in Chicago, 1948, Sam Baroudi dies in his corner.

with 24 KO's in as many fights; Al Jones of Miami; Boone Kirkman of Seattle; Ken Norton of San Diego; Jerry Quarry of California; Joe Bugner of London; and George Chuvalo and one more chance.

And behind each man lie 20 men or more, lying on a cow town canvas, their blood and sweat soaking into the sawdust that chokes them as they fight for consciousness. Only one of them will reach the top, and the others will be gunned down.

It's a dirty game, but it's been going for a long time and it'll go on a lot longer. One man hitting another. People want to see it. It's part of being a human being, and however inhuman that may sound, that's the way we're built.