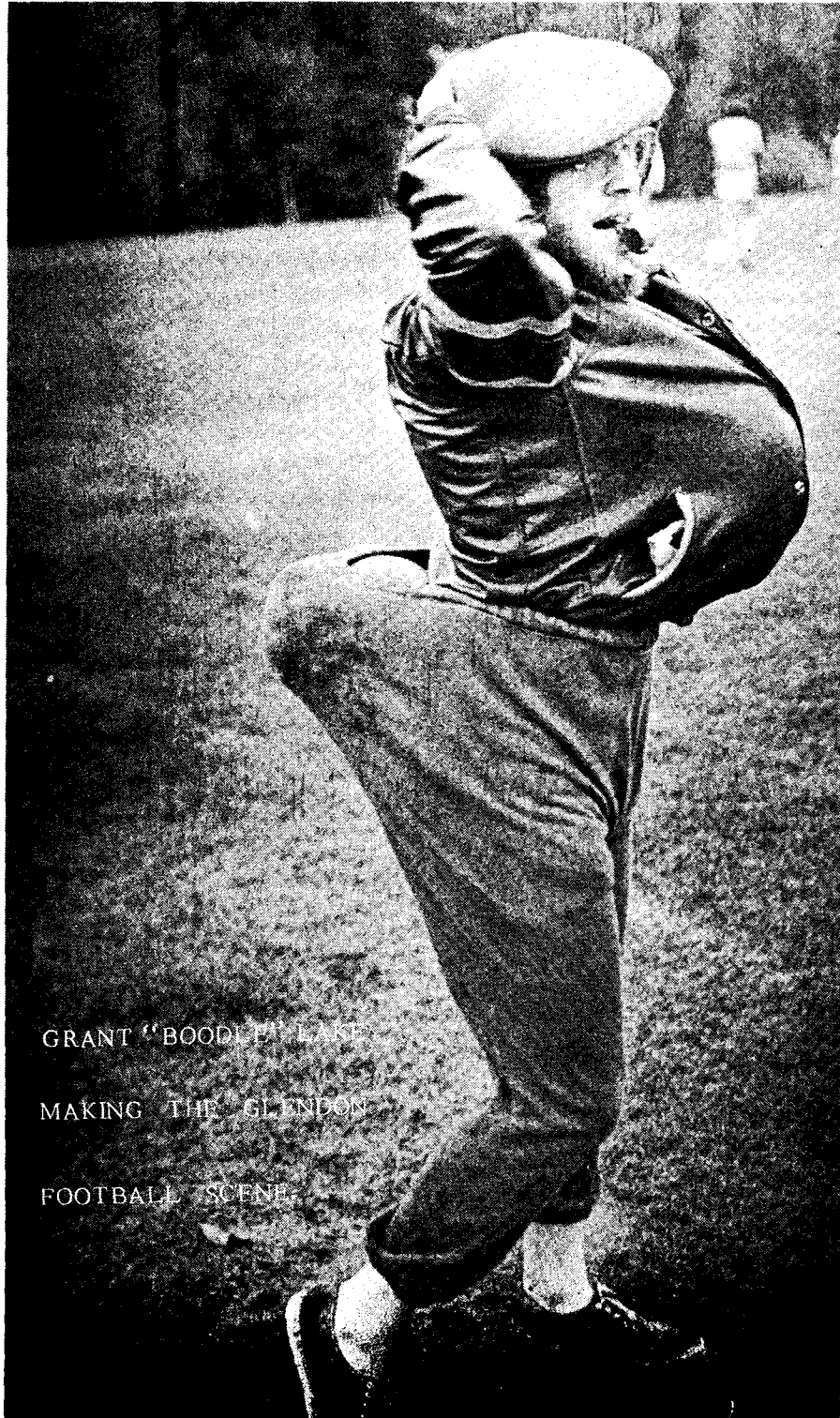


pro tem

VOLUME 13, NUMBER 8

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 1, 1973



GRANT "BOODLE" LAKE

MAKING THE GLENDON

FOOTBALL SCENE

Students outdraw faculty in F C

by Peter Russei

At 1:25 p.m. there were more student members than staff members of Faculty Council seated in the Senate Chamber. There wasn't a quorum and hence the meeting was cancelled by Chairman Sabourin. The material

on Thursday's agenda will have to wait until next month.

This is an interesting situation. You all know that you student representatives on Faculty Council have long been pushing for voting parity on Council i.e. one franchised student member to one franchised faculty

member. This is really a bit of a move towards "rep. by pop.", (although not quite as radical and dangerous a social phenomenon).

Parity will be discussed in Council this year, when the forum gets a quorum so to speak. But until then,

all student reactionaries who don't feel their peer group is responsible enough to carry parity off, must remember that Thursday their colleagues outnumbered the faculty. It might be safe to assume that our student representatives are prepared to take these meetings seriously.

pro tem

We're doing something

by Charles Laforet

Every year, the question is raised, "What is Residence Council doing?" In the past, the question has almost invariably remained unanswered.

This year, things are different. The Council is composed of many of the people who have themselves asked this same question. So far, this semester, the Council has passed resolutions which make it more effective a body, and now it is ready to concentrate on issues which will affect the individual resident student.

One plan in the embryonic stage is

the idea of establishing a sort of banking system near the end of the year to buy and sell Beaver Bucks to students, in despair. Other ideas include a Residence-Council-sponsored marathon dance, as well as off-campus weekend outings (tobogganing, skiing, etc.).

Anyone who might have ideas on the enhancement of residence life is welcome to submit them either to their house president, or to Residence Council at one of their meetings. Meetings are held the last Thursday of each month at 7:00 p.m. in C-202, York Hall.

Eve didn't eat the apple

TORONTO (CUP)--

"Eve didn't eat the apple because it was advertised but because it was prohibited," argued Sid Green, Manitoba's NDP minister of mines and resources in a biblically sprinkled speech at U of T.

Green was speaking at the kick-off lecture of a ten week series sponsored by the Ontario New Democratic Party on the theme of Liberty and Equality.

Taking restrictive labor legislation as his major theme, Green elaborated his own personal argument one unpopular even in NDP circles. Green is in favor of completely free collective bargaining under all situations. He opposed compulsory arbitration or back to work legislation in the same way that he would oppose forcing capitalists to invest in losing ventures, or legislation restricting a company's "right" to hire strike-breakers.

Illustrating his argument with anecdotes from Adam and Eve--from the failure of prohibition and censorship to eradicate evil--to the impossibility of third party arbitration of marriage problems--he pointed out that legal coercion could never substitute for individuals working towards a solution. Comparative evidence from countries with varying degrees of coercion in labor legislation indicated, he argued that compulsory arbitration consistently increases the number of strikes.

When both labor and management representatives are aware of and count upon government intervention, their tendencies to irresponsibility are intensified. For they know that if an agreement is not worked out harmoniously, responsibility can be passed on to the third party. It is this "mind-set" he argued which

results in the irony of compulsory arbitration leading to more rather than less industrial unrest.

A member of the audience pointed out that there could be no "equalitarian" concept of the law in a social environment where "the dice are loaded for management". Green thought the contrary, however, speculating that in a free fight with no legislation restricting either party in an industrial dispute, labour would come out ahead.

Just as members of the audience were ready to challenge this, the meeting was concluded by the Chairman, Gordon Vinchert, provincial secretary of the Ontario NDP. He announced that the precise relationship between equality and liberty would wait for continued "examination" in the forthcoming lecture.

The series is being sponsored by a bequest from the late Francis Eady, a longtime activist and educator in the NDP and Labour movement. It is an attempt to philosophically and politically locate the party in the still tense aftermath of the Waffle crisis.

The Waffle, said Des Morton, one of the initiators of the series, fed upon and reflected a deep seated unease among party members as to the political philosophy of the NDP.

Rapid growth and expansion of new members in the sixties eroded the Fabian social-democratic heritage and traditions of the CCF. Local issues and enthusiasms were forced into developing in an "intellectual fridge" and vacuum.

This, he felt necessitated a re-examination of political fundamentals, defining the NDP relative to both liberal capitalism and the so-called "undemocratic left." He hoped that the series would explore these issues.



Robert Sidi (not shown) has so far racked up the highest and best score on the pin ball machine. He picked up six free games with a first ball score of 4,436 and a final score of 7,670.

I've
played
the
silver
ball

Ever since I was a young boy;
I've played the silver ball;
From Soho down to Brighton;
I must have played them all;
But I ain't seen nothing like him
In any amusement hall.
That deaf, dumb and blind kid
Sure plays a mean pin ball.

He stands like a statue;
Becomes part of the machine;
Feelin' all the bumpers
Always playing clean . . .

The pinball wizards suddenly began to come out of the Glendon woodwork last Thursday when the Student Union installed a pinball machine for your added enjoyment.

With supple wrists and great concentration they have come from the far reaches of Glendon's residences and Toronto's TTC bus stops to try their luck on the machine.

They put all distractions aside. They cannot hear those buzzers and bells and are not blinded by those flashing lights as they attempt to attain the highest goal, the six thousand point game.

There is a choice

Dear Student:

At the basis of a democratic system of government is the unqualified assertion of the value and equality of all human life. In our century, this ideal has been fought for by students all over the world. We have consistently supported people who were being denied rightful protection of the law because their interests happened to conflict with those of the dominant class in society. We have worked with blacks in their struggle for equality with whites in North America, workers in their efforts to unionize and women in their search for equal rights. Now we must come together again to protect the most basic right a human being possesses - his right to be allowed to live.

When someone seeks to take the life of another person in a democracy, they must be accountable to the state for this action. Pressure is now being put on our government to remove this traditional protection from the unborn child. If this pressure is successful, not only will one of our fundamental democratic tenets cease to exist, but our most basic human value, upon which all others are built, will be knocked out from underneath us - that is, respect for human life in all its entirety. The justification given for taking away the life of an unborn

child is that he/she is not a person, the same phrase used by the American Supreme Court in 1857 when they decided that black slaves had no legal rights.

We hope that you will join us in a Lobby for Life. Our aim is to find as many people as possible from ridings across Canada to come to Ottawa with us to meet with their Member of Parliament and discuss the need for greater protection of the unborn child in our laws. There have been very few lobbies in the history of Canada, so if ours is successful, it will be an important event.

The Lobby will take place in Ottawa on November 1 and 2. Accommodation is presently being arranged for lobby delegates in Ottawa. Transportation will be provided. Our office will make an appointment with your Member of Parliament for you and put you in touch with another delegate who will hopefully also be from your riding and will accompany you on your visit. We will send you a kit of information and will have an office in Ottawa that will be ready to give you any help you may need to become fully familiar with the situation.

If you are interested in joining us on this vital project, get in touch with me at 226-2617. Or write Coalition for Life, No. 606, 12 Rich-

mond St. East, Toronto M5C 6N1.

Yours sincerely,
Diana Sepejack

The accompanying letter has apparently been placed in various letter boxes around campus. A reply is in order. The first paragraph of this letter causes no conflict and appears to be a right and justful assertion. However the second and following paragraphs are perhaps of a more doubtful nature.

Abortion is and always has been a moral issue. There are those who believe that the foetus is a human being in its own right at conception, other at six weeks, others at six months, other at that time when the foetus can sustain its own life support systems outside of its mother. Everyone of us has the moral right to believe what we want, and to act accordingly in a calm and responsible way.

Unfortunately issues in life are rarely black and white, certainly not in a democracy which by definition implies considered choice of actions; which "leaves everyone freedom of expression and opinions." (Petit Robert)

One of these "choices" concerns abortion: each of us must decide according to circumstances whether the life of the foetus is more or less important than the future economic and psychological effects on the mother and affected persons after the decision at hand has been made. In a society where women are not free to have abortion on demand, those who opt illegally for abortion are not adequately informed of the possible effects of their act. A shot in the dark, as it were. This can and does this, it is unnecessary to further expound upon this view.

Some people suggest birth control methods as a viable alternative to abortion on demand. This obviously is of vital importance since taking birth control is certainly a less traumatic experience than is undergoing one or more abortions. Unfortunately, contraceptive methods do not always work one hundred percent of the time, the older a woman becomes the less sure she can be of the effectiveness of any given type of birth control

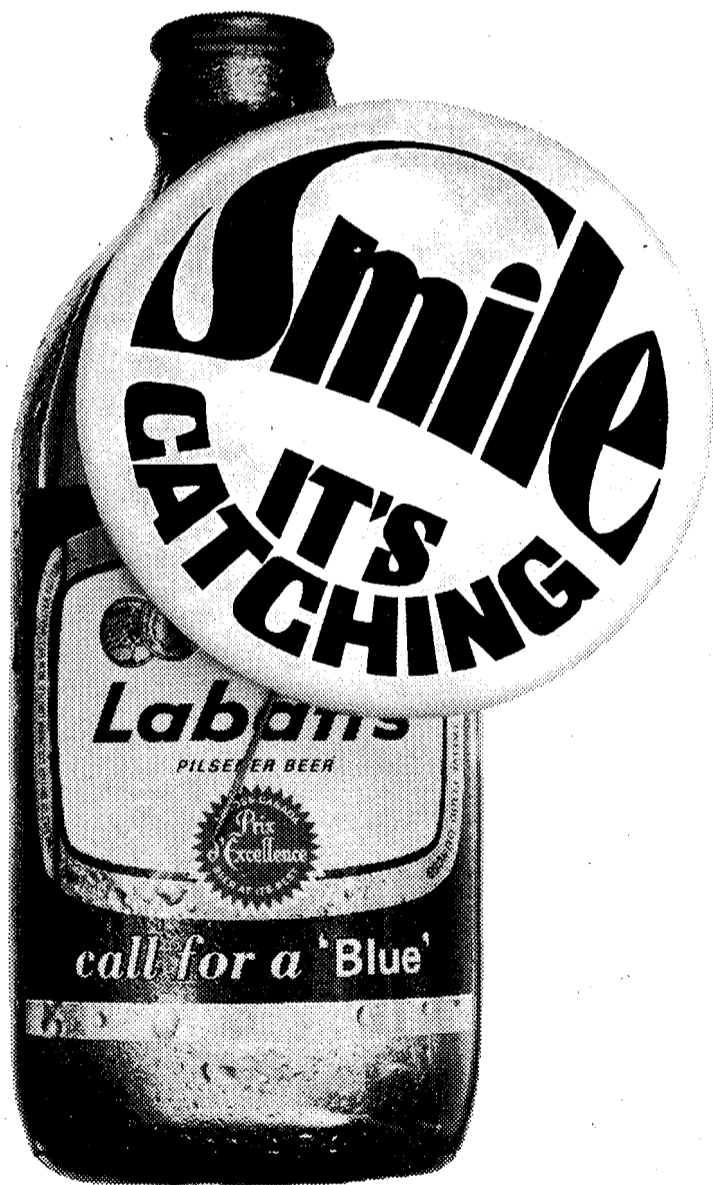
now available. So while contraception is a very important aspect of the abortion question, it does not completely or effectively solve the problem at hand.

However far more important than these arguments is the following. Abortion as I said above is essentially a moral issue. Ms. Sepejack apparently is seeking a democratic solution to this problem. But is her suggestion a democratic one? She believes that to "take away the life of an unborn child" will lead to a lack of "respect for human life in all its entirety." She believes this and of course she is entitled to her opinion in a democratic society. However does she or should she democratically have the right to impose her moral beliefs on others? Should anyone have this right? What should give her the right to play god to that extent? If she really desired a democratic society would she not moreover advocate the freedom of opinion and expression (orally, physically, and in every other way), which, as we have seen above, is the definition of democracy?

If truly this person were seeking the most responsible and democratic stand on abortion, would she not in fact agree with pro-abortion, that is the idea that abortion is a private matter of the individual as is, say, sexual intercourse, and that it has no place in our criminal laws at all? If she really wanted a democracy would she not advocate freedom of individual choice? Free abortion on demand is never going to force those who do not want to have abortions to undergo them. Rationally, logically can there be any choice in a truly democratic society other than to let people choose what is best for them, themselves? It is up to every one of us, as responsible mature people to decide what our moral beliefs are, and to act in accordance with them. It is truly undemocratic for anyone to presume his opinions are better or more right than anyone else's.

Shouldn't a "Lobby for Life" be concerned with bettering present life here on earth, rather than indiscriminately trying to create more?

Peg Carswell



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A shot in the dark Tennis anyone

by Gord Clark

I was asked by Pat Chuchryk to write a critique of Ms. magazine but seeing as I haven't one idea as to how one reviews a magazine (from the point of view of a 'liberated' male), I've decided instead to show the gains that women have made in tennis during the last decade; as seen by Billie Jean King in an article from Ms. magazine, (copy courtesy of Ms. Chuchryk).

"When did you start beating your husband?" - an opening line that made me stop and think. Reading on I discovered that Ms. King has only beaten him at tennis and could probably beat most of the world's male tennis players (excepting those near the top of their own division, and that only because of actual physical strength).

Billie Jean King has probably done more for women's tennis than any other woman so far. As you probably know, she was the first woman to earn over \$100,000 at pro tennis. She was also one of the main moral supporters behind the launching of the Virginia Slims Women's Tennis Circuit. Ms. King has often lashed out at the sports media and is seen as a type of radical by some people.

However Billie Jean King doesn't mind the publicity; good or bad it helps tennis gain more recognition. Ms. King is winning recognition for women's tennis not only through the sports media but also through the various tennis associations. Most of

these associations are male bastions of power. The only woman with any influence in these associations is Gladys Heldman, the publisher of World tennis magazine and principle founder of the Virginia Slims circuit. The reason she wields this little bit of power is that she formed the Women's International Tennis Federation (WITF) which posed a direct threat to the other tennis associations.

Through this pro tennis circuit Billie Jean King and the other women pros have been able to show that their tennis is worth watching. The women proved that they had the ability to play tennis. They demonstrated this in a way most Americans would understand i.e. by making a lot of money in one year. When Ms. King and the other players started their radicalization of women's tennis, the prize money often just covered expenses, if that. Women's prize money was often as low as one tenth that of the men's prize money for the same tournament. Now the purse at Wimbledon, and Forest Hills etc. is improving but the Slims circuit still offers the most profitable among women's tennis tournaments. The total for this circuit was over a million dollars in 1972, but it was still a far cry from the total men's prize money of \$4 million on their pro circuit for the same year.

Now and in the future, thanks to Billie Jean King and Margaret Court et al women's tennis will continue on its road to eventual equality.

pro tem

Only as good as the community it serves.

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APATHY: A fashionable cry

Recently it has been fashionable to cry out due to the seeming apathy of people in regards to many of the issues of the day. Undoubtedly this outcry is justified to some extent but one must question it a little more carefully prior to dismissing the problem with a blanket statement.

First of all one must realize that it is impossible to become involved with ALL issues that surround us today. To try is to practice tokenism for there is no way one can conceivably have the time to accrue the necessary information on all the current, local and world wide issues. What this means is the individual must establish his interests and objectives in deciding what he is to be 'concerned' about.

This may sound selfish but it makes sense that one should be concerned with that which affects his(or her) as an individual. To a certain extent, mass media has been responsible for people ignoring the issues that genuinely concern themselves by sensationalizing all the events of consequence (and some of no consequence) throughout the world thus affording the populace substitute problems.

Bandwagons are all too prevalent today and it is very easy to let the media which assaults us daily, prefabricate our concerns and ideas. This bad for our society and helps foster the 'herd mentality' which we all possess to a certain extent.

Priorities must be established by the individual so he can then proceed to obtain a clearer picture of a given situation for one cannot study everything in depth. As a result, it is inevitable that people will be apathetic to some issues; there is no viable way around the dilemma.

What is most detestable is the person who is not concerned about anything (in short the truly apathetic individual) In the same league is the person who is concerned superficially with everything. We are all too keen to label a person as apathetic if he isn't concerned with what we think is consequential. Let us remember his concerns are equally as important as ours: we all must have the liberty to make our individual choices.

Stephen Barrick



No thanks, I don't want to get involved.

Then there were two

The York University presidential race has been narrowed down to two candidates. The names of Ian Mac Donald, Deputy Treasurer of Ontario and Brian Wilson, academic vice-president of Simon Fraser University will be submitted to York's Board of Governors.

The new president is likely to be chosen by early November and will assume his post by the summer.

MacDonald and Wilson were the only two candidates of the remaining six to receive majority votes from the Senate last Thursday.

There had been originally eight candidates vying for the presidential post, however, Fraser Mustard, dean of Medicine at McMaster and Sylvia Ostry of Statistics Canada decided to withdraw their names.

The origins of conflict

by Andrew Nikoforuk

With the defeat of the Ottoman empire at the close of World War I, the middle east fell prey to British and French interests. A declaration by the two powers in 1918 guaranteed "the final liberation of those people so long oppressed by the Turks" and the establishment of national governments. The two nations had previously reached an agreement which designated the geographical limits of each other's "sphere of influence". Thus, in the peace treaties conducted by the league of nations in 1819-1920, France obtained mandates over Lebanon and Syria, and Great Britain mandates over Iraq, Trans Jordan, and Palestine. The league of Nations had awarded to these two nations in the form of mandates the responsibility of fostering political independence for these Greater Arab States. Not until the late 1950's had these Arab States completely deposed the political and economic vestiges of European Imperialism.

Prior to the granting of mandates Great Britain announced its official policy towards the state of Palestine. In 1917 in a diplomatic communique from the Foreign Secretary, Lord Balfor, to Lord Rothschild, a Zionist

and financial tycoon, was sent. The statement read as follows:

"Her Majesty's Government views with favour the establishment of a Jewish National Home in Palestine, on the understanding that nothing will be done which might prejudice the civil and religious rights of the non-Jewish communities in Palestine."

The Balfor declaration, upon the approval of the allied nations was incorporated into the league of nations mandate for Palestine. The declaration also provided for the unrestricted colonization of Palestine by immigrating Jews.

The document represents an historic contradiction for how could such provisions be implemented without prejudicing and depriving the native Palestinian people of their civil rights. The tactful diplomacy of robbing Peter and giving to Paul has only resulted in armed conflict and generations of hatred.

In 1920 Arab hostility to an increasing Jewish presence forced the British to restrict Jewish immigration. By 1931 "Jews represented 175,000 of Palestine's population of 1,036,000."

Hitler's rise to power in 1936- was accompanied by a mass exodus

of some 200,000 Jews to Palestine. In the same year tension reached a climax and armed struggle ensued between the British Authorities, Zionists and Arabs. The British government responded to the situation by recommending the portion of Palestine into a separate Jewish and Arab state. The Jew's rejection to the proposal has been attributed to Zionist propaganda which favoured an all Jewish Palestine.

In an attempt to dampen Arab fears of a Jewish take-over in Palestine, Great Britain restricted Jewish immigration to 75,000 for the period of 1939 to 1944. The British also assured the Arabs that all further immigration policies would be subject to their approval. 1949 was set as the date for the independence of Palestine.

The appearance of facism in Europe had only increased legal and illegal Jewish immigration to Palestine for some 153,000 Jews entered Palestine during the war years, despite the immigration policy.

Meanwhile hostilities continued with the Jews creating a Zionist independence movement with the object of establishing a Zionist state. In 1947, Great Britain somewhat exhaus-

ted by the conflict it originated, announced that she would withdraw from Palestine on May 15, 1948. The responsibility of Palestine was passed to the United Nations. The U.N. decided to divide Palestine into two separate states with Jerusalem serving as an international capital. The Palestinian people were not consulted of the plan.

The Arabs immediately rejected the U.N. proposal on the grounds that they had already lost enough land. They resented the amputation and parcelling of land that they had inhabited for several centuries.

The ferocity of the conflict now attained new heights with the Jews attempting to defend and consolidate the land they had settled. Acts of terrorism appeared often on both sides. In 1947 a Jewish commando detachment "subsequently disavowed and condemned" butchered the inhabitants of the village Deir Yassin, 254 people killed. The raid was an attempt to terrorize Arabs into leaving Palestinian land.

"On May 14 in 1948, Ben Gurion proclaimed the birth of the state of Israel, the following day Arab armies invaded Palestine."

Next Week: Refugees and Resistance.

books in brief:

Don Gutteridge, "Coppermine".
Oberon Press; designed and printed
at Coach House Press.

Reviewed by Ruth Cawker

Don Gutteridge's book of poetry, "Coppermine", is subtitled *The Quest for the North*. Like Atwood's "Journals of Susanna Moodie", it draws ostensibly from Canadian history, and deals with the problem of exploration. But Samuel Hearne, the central figure of "Coppermine", is a seasoned naval officer turned explorer. Richard Glover, writing the introduction to Hearne's "Journey to the Northern Ocean", draws a picture of a hardy, knowledgeable traveller, an artist who was exceptionally familiar with the Indians and the animals of the north. His technique of Barren Grounds travel served as the model for later sportsmen and explorers, and (this also according to Glover) his technique of Arctic exploration was unsurpassed until the advent of air travel.

What Gutteridge does with Hearne is perhaps what Hearne did with the Arctic land and its inhabitants - that is, observe as an artist. In "Coppermine's" four sections, the poet intersperses mostly subjective events. The prose, like Hearne's mapping, is deficient (from a strict poetic standpoint), but serves to give a sense of bearing to the detailed insights into a landscape characterized by vastness that is irrational and into a temperament characterized by extraordinary violence. Mapping Hearne's movement with the guide Matonabee becomes for Gutteridge an exercise at once objective/external and subjective/internal. This is because the travel cannot be clinically separated from the traveller: man and land are mutually contingent:

Death is a
reference-point,
birthmark on
the map of this
annihilating space.

Man and map, analagous to poet and book, are equally mutually contingent: "if I lose this/ book map page/ where have I been?/ where do I go?" "Space", as Gutteridge repeats and repeats, "is the enemy." The layout of the book testifies to the poet's obsession with space: several pages have fewer than five lines; the rest glares whitely, ominously at the reader. (The cover is so shiny and penny-coloured, it's hard to believe it's paper and not copper.)

As an observer, Gutteridge's persona Hearne develops a schizoid talent for detailed description. Witnessing the atrocities of the journey, he shows himself torn between fascination, even attraction, and humane pity. Just how much the explorer is to chronicle and how much he is to participate in is the real boundary line Gutteridge wants to chart: "Do we keep/ the world out/ or in?"

In part three, "crossover", Hearne appears to have left his white British perception for the more immediate, if more brutal, Indian perspective. The blood of massacre, as well as the explorers' lifeblood threatened by Arctic temperatures, eventually runs more liberally through Gutteridge's poetry than the vein of copper, the boal which grows to mean less and less as the journey progresses.

Watching Matonabee beat one of his wives, Hearne observes how the combatants' brutality liberates them:

"feet sustain/ their own lust/ thrust themselves free/ from rage." The climate, Hearne reasons, is responsible: "What winter/ to bend man to such/ unhumanity/.../ Cold is crueller." Hearne's internal arguments about the Indians' behavior shocks almost as much as the painfully violent accounts of rapes and slaughters. Yet though the consequences of his logical processes chill the reader, they demonstrate the kind of honesty that is only possible from a direct, intimate observation of man reduced to zero and faced with an irrational landscape.

Logic is finally carried to its illogical extreme as perception of map and perception of landscape refuse to coincide: "On every sailor's map/ North was at the top . . . how can it be/ I am going/ down North?" As for other immigrants and explorers in Canadian literature, the re-adjustment of perspective liberates: "Geese going North/ on the wind's kite,/ we pull the longitudinal string and the/ geese swim/ free." Finally, the movement into space, which can refer here to both Hearne's expedition and Gutteridge's poetry, defines the mover; the mapper is mapped by his terrain in a process of mutual definition.

For all this - vastly white pages, shifting sceneries, shifting perspectives - the poetry is not without structure. In a catalogue of the winds, Gutteridge achieves a short, stomping cadence, a systematic repetition of sounds, that demonstrate a crafty resonance between the poet and the poem. And though not all the poetry strikes as strong a clear note as this catalogue of winds, Gutteridge's *Coppermine*, especially in reference to Hearne's *Journey*, should be as attractive to the historian and the general reader as its namesake was to the original discoverer.

Fords Eat Chevs
by John Sandman
Oberon Press
123 pp
Reviewed by William Marsden

Nicky is a young Torontonian of twenty who is suddenly confronted with loneliness and an accompanying desperation against which his only defense is his youthful determination and sound common sense.

After being railroaded out of his job as a runner for Canada Packers, we discover that, in addition, Nick has been cheated by his friend, and tossed out by his father to whom he owes money for a new car he recently bought and immediately wrecked. Jobless, almost penniless, and with no one to rely on, his subsequent journey in search of work leads him first to Sudbury and then to Vancouver which, by the way, he imagines to be just up the road. There are, amongst others, hookers trying to hook, hippies trying to 'blow his mind', mooches after his money, and crazy cowboys trying to kill him. Still, he keeps his hopes above water, and, primarily through instinct, manages to hang on.

Mr. Sandman presents Nick as a positive cap who, though generally unknowledgeable and decidedly narrow and crude in his interests (beer, cars, 'broads'), is never rude, unhealthily compromising, or cowardly. On the contrary, he knows his mind and in his determination to act upon it, he is not consumed by the onslaught of longhaired cant which crowds the roadside; nor is he paralysed by the essential terror of his

predicament which otherwise would cause him to lose sight of his general goals, and blandly sink into the gentle repose of illusion.

Mr. Sandman's convincing insight into the mental rhythms and thought progressions of his protagonist, along with a delicate ear for colloquial dialogue, and a welcome sense of detail, are such that they bestow on his characters those elements which make them interesting. Best of all, Mr. Sandman is determined to move his novel along as swiftly as possible. He uses a sort of run on commentary in the 3rd person, which, though at the beginning rather monotonous, soon contracts a rapidity which lends an overall amusing and, at times, hilarious air to the novel.

By example: the scene is inside a panel truck owned by two Americans travelling across Canada. Baby Face is a 17 year old Yankee mooch in bare feet and suspenders who Nick and the Americans picked up along the road. They have been travelling together for a few days now: "... Nick trying not to listen to Ritchie tell Baby Face that he was hip to all the hassles that were going down on him but how did he feel about living off of other people's money and taking other people's food like he was doing here? Baby Face just gave him the high sign and said it was a stoned gas and a groove and what did it to him most was people who knew where his head was at, just groovin' down the line making it his own way and anybody who could dig it like Ted or Ritchie could lay bread on him and be his stoned brothers--Oh wow, said Ritchie, embracing Baby Face, too much..."

No one character is particularly sacred to Mr. Sandman. Each falls prey to his satirical mind which would seem somewhat abrasive at times if it was not for his general air of good humour. Nick, however, is closer to sacredness than the others, in that, though he is a constant source of amusement for the author, one feels Mr. Sandman has sincere respect for him, because of the shape his youthful character has taken in the wake of a despairing situation.

Had we the sensitivity to discern that dreadful loneliness and despair which causes many, much older than we, to regard all unhappy experiences as inflictions, we would not regard Mr. Sandman's novel in so fanciful a way as to think it only light humour; instead, we would seriously investigate the notion of eternal youth. For to look at those who do not have Nick's defensive mechanism--who do not possess the traits of youth--is to see those harsh forces to which so many unlike Nick sadly succumb and, in succumbing, unhappily lose their historical natures because they cannot change but only experience.

A Palaeozoic Geology of London
Ontario
by Christopher Dewdney
Coach House Press
Reviewed by Ruth Cawker

At a lecture last Wednesday given to students at the U of T drama centre, George Steiner outlined the four basic order of problems the reader (or the audience) might have to face when he is confronted with a piece of literature. Now Steiner was talking to drama students about what HAS happened and what is GOING to happen with an appreciation of Shakespeare's plays. What I want to talk about here is a very strange book by a London poet/artist, Christopher Dewdney, called "A Palaeozoic Geology of London, Ontario." Hoping the connection between Steiner's lecture and Dewdney's very

strange book will become apparent, I'll just briefly and simply try to go over the four problems Steiner mentioned:

- 1) There are words in the text which are unfamiliar (but which "can" be looked up somewhere).
- 2) The form or ideas are disagreeable, or boring, or hard to understand (but an understanding and even an appreciation of which "can" be acquired, by studying them.)
- 3) The words, form, and ideas are not unfamiliar, yet seem to be deliberately confusing (but can be reduced to a few possibilities - as in the case of puns.)
- 4) The author seems to be talking about experiences which are too personal to be communicated, and/or the language he is using doesn't/don't make sense.



Of these four problems, Steiner said the fourth one (which he called *Privacy*) is the main problem the reader faces with modern poetry. And as far as Dewdney's "Palaeozoic Geology" is concerned, *Privacy* may well be the largest problem facing the reader. It could be argued though that all four problems are present.

From the book's pale grey government-document-style cover - complete with a slightly darker grey illustration of a supposedly prehistoric landscape, regulation-size type, government-type crest - and its very government-ish title page, the reader will probably expect to turn the page onto some dusty account of somebody-or-other's dusty research on some split geological hair in the history of Ontario. But this is not the case. On turning the page, one finds the same illustration from the cover only smaller this time and more obviously black on white, and below the illustration is the subtitle "August in Hungry Hollow". Looking back up at the illustration - which has just been glanced at as a predictable follow-up to the government formula (because who ever reads fine print anyway?) - a big beetle is seen floating up into the air behind what appear to be giant furry or winged or tentacled weeds. The vegetation is slightly credible; the floating beetle is less credible, and the sub-

Recent Publications from COACH HOUSE & OBERON

title "August in Hungry Hollow" is best described as non-plussing. Now just to challenge the philistine temptation to close the book then and there, I showed it to three people. And all three double took. One was disgusted and the other two were mostly surprised and confused. They had all assumed it was a government publication, until they got to "August in Hungry Hollow".

Surprise as an opening technique is, in a way, always an original technique. Reading and looking on, one expects the original surprise to explain itself, at least to the point where the "joke" can be shared, or until certain comprehensible ideas become apparent. What meets the eye upon turning the page is an almost blank page with the word "their" printed in small case in the lower right-hand corner. Hm. Is

personalized metaphor (geology). He seems to be in search of "pure memory", via evolution of form....

Fine as theory, but in the poetry and collages, it is difficult to see exactly what innovation or study of past innovation Dewdney's working with. Subtitles on the collages are cryptic - "Crinoid generates maze to startle a Coelacanth", "There shall be mutt natching of teat", "Archaeopteryx lithographica"; the poetry, loaded with geological or pseudo-geological jargon and sprinkled with the names of scientists, empirical philosophers, and poets, reads somewhat less rhythmically than much of the prose, and makes little immediate sense:

Our form is sacrificial
and there is no movement.
We

go through the motions
while the poems are eaten,
line by line
vice or water assuming the shape
of any vessel.

What is the reader left with, amongst these shards and splinters of visual and verbal signs?

Obviously, Dewdney's found a clustered metaphor that he can fit his ideas about science and art and form into: prehistory, excavation, evolution, archaeology. And though he uses words without automatic meaning, there's nothing genuinely startlingly new in the ruptures of conventional diction and grammar. I find Dewdney's book opaque to the extent that I doubt looking the words up would lead to a much greater understanding. As a contribution to jargon in an age of technical mystification, these poems neither contribute information nor do they help clear away the strata of confused descriptions hiding the information. What is set up here is a secondary mystification - not art, not science. And since it can't be seen altogether as laziness (for in its opaque, ingrown way, the book is a strangely beautiful, curious object), Dewdney's work might be best described as perverse. Private, in Steiner's terms.

At one point, there's an image of poetry as an electric circuit: "must be remembered that the Poem always seeks the shortest distance between two points. One has to be careful about choice of conductors." But in Dewdney's case, he seems to be talking to himself, and admittedly so. (This is why I used the word "perverse".) Here are two passages:

It was completely impossible to systematically reason if we had awakened from our dreams on a collective or individual basis.

Men are powerless but to obey (form's) command and build palaces and cathedrals which to the FORM are tiny distorted lenses of a mirror in which it can satiate its eternal narcissism.

For someone concerned with evolution from aquatic to air-breathing, Dewdney is oddly obsessed by a narcissistic reversal from common, comprehensible speech to drowning in esoteric images and modes of expression. Reversal may be the answer: if it has taken five centuries for the works of Shakespeare to become difficult enough to understand the critics like Steiner are needed to categorize the difficulties, then perhaps a modern work, almost incomprehensible in its own age, will make sense to an audience five centuries from now.

The Strange Odyssey of Howard Pow
by Bill Hutton

Illustrated by Ken Doll

The Coach House Press
183 pp.

Reviewed by William Marsden

When I had finished this collection of short stories one of the things I wondered about was my sense of humour. Had it sunk completely into distortion, I pondered. Well, I decided to go into the kitchen and munch on it for a while. There I discovered the innocent piece from down the hall sitting at the table drinking tea. I opened the book to the third story, "The New American Seduction", and ordered her to read. As she obediently began, I paced the floor behind her, every now and then darting a glance over her shoulder to see how far she had gotten, and then cackling like a prankster watching his game develop...

"...I love you, American sexboy, said the voluptuous figure opening her arms to him..."

I chuckled loudly as I imagined her approaching that part, and then glanced over her shoulder to see just where exactly she was...

"...Make love to me, Gillette Blue Blade strong, great lover!"
...I burst out laughing and glanced at her. She giggled slightly...

"Your Oldsmobile body rock endlessly on," moaned Patrious Flagg."

I was at her side in fits. I knew, to the word, what was coming next...
...She was finishing now and I was smirking away, but then I became serious for she was telling me how well written it was: The story of a young boy whose loss of innocence

is broadcast coast to coast on the "Crazy Pop American Dream Seduction Show!", without him knowing it. And how did he lose it? As he, Homogenized Dextros, read from the teleprompter, "...I had no trouble at all with Miss Flagg tonight. It was like picking daisies. You see, I used Fino Boot Polish on my shoes... and, well, the opposite sex don't have a prayer when you use Fino..."

"This is a book of innocence", writes Hutton, where it doesn't matter if it's 1965 or 1865, if George Washington had four sons and feuded with his neighbour Garcia Gomez, or if Howard "Pow" really does travel the rivers of America on a target; where values change as quickly and with the same detachment as a change of clothes and are, in fact, obsolete; where everything is possible and there is no thought as to whether or not it makes sense. Time and space have slowly melted away, and in their place, a dream world the texture of "Twists, red cinnamon sticks, toffee brittle, Tootsie Rolls, Blue Bonnet Margarine, M & M Peanuts, Mickey Mantle, the Beatles", and so on, everything mixed into the same pot and deprived of its individual beauty, all implying innocence itself mere timelessness and spacelessness. No life, no death, nothing but visions-- macabre and absurd.

A humorous view from a writer once as naive and submissive as you will find Homogenized Dextros or Howard Pow. A Book of fifteen short stories ostensibly of pop art but with greater clarity and continuity of form. At times, monotonous in its repetition, but with stories, most of which unfold into complete compositions as funny as they are intended to be and as I found them, to be sure, To Be Sure, TO BE SURE!!!



his supposed to be a merger of "their" and "your" or of "their" and "year"? "Their-your" subjective, second-person characteristics. "Their-year" might point to a new word for "history", his-story pluralized. Dewdney perhaps is thinking of digging down into the roots of language in the hope of fishing up something "new": in the process we might find a metaphor and figures of speech that the reader ("your") will recognize himself in ("their"). This just may be pushing a bit far.

The "Author's Preface" on the next page tells us that in the Paleozoic era, "aquatic creatures...evolved into vertebrate, air breathing reptiles.. and plants arose and the first forests appeared." Already, in this neat discursive prose, the initial shock fades. We are at home in the familiar, if ancient, Canadian bush, and the evolution from aquatic to air-breathing projects us into comfortable speculation about a parallel evolution from silence and submergence to speech. But when Dewdney goes from scientific prose to sentences rather more aesthetic, the malaise returns: "A man's entire experiential memory exists only unto himself, is fractionally communicable and chronologically ephemeral." Apparently, the difficulty of communicating subjective, particular memory leads Dewdney to an extremely de-



American Graffiti

by Steve Godfrey

The fifties craze of the past few years had been dying down lately, partly replaced by a nostalgic reminiscence of the forties, as exhibited by the success of Bette Midler, the Pointer Sisters, and Class of 44. But the arrival of American Graffiti, at the Uptown Theatre, should revive the revival for some time to come. Even though it takes place in 1962, close enough for us to remember, just a year or so before the Beatles and the English music revolution, the film has the feeling of the mid-1950's from the very first scene. The rolling credits are written in a garish, slightly luminescent yellow neon, accompanied by the really first vintage Rock and Roll song, Bill Haley and the Comets' 'Rock around the Clock' (circa 1952); the camera rests on Mel's Drive-In, a typical burger-city of the fifties, complete with waitresses in black tights and roller skates. 1962 was never like that!

We then meet the four main characters at Mel's, and they are all symbolized by the way in which they arrive. Steve, the class president, is leaning calmly on his white Chevy, waiting for his friends. One of them, known by one and all as Terry the Toad, arrives and nearly wipes out himself and his horn-rimmed glasses when his Vespa scooter doesn't stop on time. Steve's best friend Curt, the intellectual of the group, drives his blue Citroen carefully and slowly to the curb. He is followed shortly by Big John, everything that a greaser should look like, screeching to a stop in his souped-up Ford. This is the last night Curt and Steve have in their small hometown before they are to go to college back east, and the whole film follows them and their two friends for the next twelve hours as they chase, win and try to lose various girls of the town.

Up to now, the best fifties film was 'The Last Picture Show', but alongside 'American Graffiti' it pales by comparison in its evocation of the period, and (except for a few pointed references to the coming of television and the sexual prudishness of the girls), it could take place in a small town today. The most successful recent stage show about the fifties was a musical parody called 'Grease', which hit Toronto briefly last year. In that play, the fifties references were fast and thick, and never let you forget what the time was, but the whole thing was like an in-joke, and the temptation to be condescending and take a "weren't we young" attitude was never resisted. It was also not much fun for anyone who didn't grow up in those years, and all the humour stemmed from the deliberate 'quaintness' of the dialogue, like a satirical cartoon.

Remembering these examples makes us appreciate 'American Graffiti' even more. We never forget that what we are watching is past history. There are a lot of lines that are quaint and dated, but most of them are a means to an end in revealing a way of thinking. "Those guys are just horny", says a horny blonde to Terry the Toad at one point. "That's what I like about you. You're different." And The Toad's crestfallen face shows how much he loathes the distinction. Later on, Big John and a rival car freak are hurling insults at each other's car, revving up their engines, psyching each other up. Finally, Big John's date for the night, a kid-sister type he just can't get rid of, yells "Your car is uglier than I am", and both are struck silent at this reversal, as they try and figure out which couple should feel most insulted.

The potential stereotyping of the characters is also played down. Terry the Toad is on first sight the obvious loser of the group, but he is clearly not that way because of any cruelty from the others. And Big John is not just a typical greaser.

He treats the kid-sister better than average, and he becomes sincere when he says that rock and roll "has been going downhill ever since Buddy Holly Died." Touches like these let us laugh with the characters and not at them, and this is perhaps what makes the film so convincing and likeable.

The automobile is the real central character of the film, and the kids spend half of their time moving back and forth from one end of the strip to the other: looking for action or something to do by cruising the town's main street in order to proposition anyone who happens to be in the next lane. But no matter which cars the film follows, the radios are inevitably tuned to the local radio station, which gives the filmmakers an excuse to play some of the better songs of the decade. Consequently, there is probably not more than five minutes of silence in the whole film. The credits at the end list about thirty songs by different artists heard throughout, ranging from Bo Diddley to the Platters to Beach Boys. The songs are often ironically linked up with the action; we hear "Smoke gets in your eyes" as Steve and his cheerleader sweetheart start the snowball dance at the school hop, blinded by a white spotlight; or "Johnny B. Goode" when Big John and the kid sister type puncture tires and spray shaving lotion on the windows of a car full of screaming girls on the main drag.

'American Graffiti' is not "the film you've been waiting for", as some critics say it is. Although it never exploits its subject, the ending is a heavyhanded, pointed epilogue which tells us where the four friends are today. The lives of both Terry and Curt have been, influenced, we are told, by the Vietnam war, and their final outcome shows us where the script writers sympathies lie. If we did not admire Curt in the film, we will when we see where he is

now; if we didn't think that the Toad was a loser then, there will be no doubt when we see his future. The epilogue sums up the four so neatly that we see them finally as typical representatives of certain types, and we lose any curiosity or interest in them.

The climax of the film, if there is one, is a drag-race between Big John and the newcomer, and once again the ensuing dialogue between Big John and Terry the Toad is "preachy" and out of place. Throughout the film, there is some pretty lousy acting and the occasional adult is represented as a cartoon character.

It is hardly a director's film, and the only ideas in the film, apart from the cameraman's emphasis on the endless, hypnotic motion of the cars down the strip, are clearly in the script. But these small complaints don't take away from the enjoyment or appreciation of the film as a whole. For these or other reasons, the film will probably not be consi-



Howard and Williams and Edsel

dered as a 'classic' or surface as one of the future greats. But 'American Graffiti' is a movie that is "fun" as well as funny, and is certainly one of the most entertaining films in Toronto. If you do not go to films very often, this is definitely the one to see for a good night out.

A good whodunit

by Eleanor Bates

For those of you who like "whodunits" and don't have time to read them anymore, you missed a good show. The English 253 production of Story of a Dead Woman by John Kirkpatrick was worthy of the approving comments it received after the final curtain call.

A typical murder mystery, which kept you guessing till the end, was well handled by the cast. A brief plot summary would go something like this:

On an eerie windy night Primrose Duval was murdered. Strange noises woke several members of the household. The first to arrive was Janet (Anne Sleeth) followed by the owner of the boarding house, Mrs. Wallingford (Renate Zechner). A banging window led to the discovery of the body and a scream from Annabelle (Priscilla Cole) led to the arrival of the other boarders, Mr Coravely (Martha Snow) and Miss Fibbee (Linda Hosso). Mrs Wallingford then ann-

ounced that not only was Mrs. Duval dead but that she had been murdered and the police were on their way.

When the police arrived, Charlie (Philip Booth) and his deputy Ernie (Gord McIvor) it became obvious that almost anyone of the boarders could have committed the crime. Mrs. Wallingford, after questioning Annabelle and sending the others to the kitchen announced that she knew who had done it and a trap was set. After the lights came up we learned that it was Charlie "who done it". Mrs. Duval was really Charlie's wife and she was there to stop his relationship with Janet, so he killed her.

In my estimation the actors succeeded in maintaining both interest and suspense in this melodrama by being comic and serious at the appropriate times.

"Who is Edgar Bottle?" Come and find out for yourself! Nov. 7 and 8; in the Pipe Room 8 p.m. It promises to be an interesting show.

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PASSE LE MAUDIT PUCK...

or The Maple Lys forever

by Mark Anderson

And passing the puck they are. Spirit and teamwork are alive and flourishing at Glendon in the form of this year's hockey team. Under the inspirational guidance of coach Yves "Gunner" Gauthier, ably assisted by Denis Massicotte, Renault Maurier, and trainer Michel "Willy" Lachance; the Maple Lys (former the Glendon Gophers) parlayed spirit, discipline, and hard work into 9-0 and 3-2 victories over Vanier and Osgoode in exhibition play last week.

The Glendon pucksters, perennial hopes to knock off Osgoode for the inter-college marbles in the past, managed to flounder each time because of a lack of co-ordinated teamwork. Gauthier has taken the situation in hand this year. After an initial look at his charges, he decided to concentrate on disciplined passing and consistent coverage of the opposition. Such a coaching policy is advisable irrespective of the personnel available. It becomes an absolute must with a team whose fortés are speed and tenacity, and whose weakness is a lack of size.

On the first line Laurie Munro is flanked by John Frankie and Terry Tobias. In Frankie and Tobias, the Maple Lys have two of the fastest and most experienced wingers in the league. They both see duty on the power play and penalty killing units, as well as taking a regular shift. Either player is a threat at all times to come up with a game breaking move or shot. Munro is a hard working, strong skating pivot whose intelligent play-making compliments the speed on the wings.

The second line is Glendon's own "French Connection". Marc Duguay at centre skates all out every second he is on the ice. Duguay is a master at moving the puck from the Maple Lys' zone by way of the lead pass, and is selfless in feeding his wingers in the offensive zone. He does, however, need work on his shot.

On the left side Roger Lacasse, a thinking man's player, supplies the line with needed muscle and a sizzling shot. He also holds down a point

position on the power play.

With the arrival of Lacasse, Alain Fecteau has moved from the left side to more familiar territory sur l'aile droit. Fecteau is a strong skater and tireless back-checker who also provides the "Connection" with a hard accurate shot.

On the third line, from left to right, the Maple Lys sport David Melvin, Greg Cockburn, and Pierre David. Melvin is an unspectacular player who has shown a valuable knack for being in the right place at the right time. When given the opportunity he can pick the corners beautifully; his size is also an important plus for the third trio.

Greg Cockburn has been the most pleasant surprise on the team thus far. He is a consistent harassment to opponents in the Maple Lys' zone, and has provided heads up, cool-headed generalship for the line on offense. It might be added that the team hopes that Greg's friend will be a regular supporter. Everyone was aware of his muscular performance in her presence at the Osgoode shoot-out on Thursday night.

On right wing Pierre David supplies the line with fire and speed. Pierre is a strong skater who can throw the puck around with the best of them. He also has a wicked shot.

Mark Benson and Denis Gosselin are strong substitutes for the forward contingent. Benson is a steady, dedicated performer of the Cockburn mould who may be the best positional player on the team. Gosselin also gives his utmost, and is capable of accurate work near the opposing net. Neither of these players will spend entire games picking slivers on the bench.

In Wilson Ross, André Rousseau, Serge Leclerc, Jim Barnes and Steve Ressor, the team has a solid blue-line corps. After returning from a year in Europe, Ross supplies defensive leadership, penalty killing skill, and quarterbacking ability on the power play. He can also shoot the puck.

Rousseau provides muscle and heads up play in moving the puck from the Maple Lys end. Further

conditioning should improve a lack of speed.

Leclerc is a tireless worker whose muscle and shot from the point are big pluses; yet he must work hard at keeping his cool under fire.

Barnes and Ressor are players of a similar mould: tough, cool, and adroit at feeding their forwards. Each gets tougher as the action moves closer to home territory.

In goal, Peter O'Brien, the Maple Lys have a real find. A product of the Oshawa minor leagues, Peter saved the bacon with two sparkling saves when the score was tied at 2 each during the waning minutes of the Osgoode game. A solid stand up goalie with a lightening fast mit, he undoubtedly will be the difference in closegames this season.

The back-up is Gary "The Bear"

Lamb, a veteran who, although admittedly not of the calibre of O'Brien, is steady under fire. Gary handled the most difficult chances in impressive fashion to preserve the shut-out over Vanier.

You might say that this article contains a lot of superlatives and little criticism. Well, if you had seen the Osgoode game, you would have found it difficult not to be enthused. I have participated in and watched a lot of sports. Rarely before have I seen every member of a team give 100% for an entire game as the Maple Lys on Thursday against the Osgoode Owls. This team deserves support. Wilson Ross is even working on his french so that he can tell André Rousseau (with the same spirit as can his coach), "passe le maudit puck!"

Easy sailing for Axemen

by Frank E. Yofnaro

It was all hands on deck as the A and D House ship finally came in and sailed the Axemen to the final of the G. F. L.

The Axemen are only two out of three wins away from the now slightly soggy Grey Saucer. They will meet the winner of the 3rd year vs C House sea battle which will be played as soon as Noah's Ark comes to dry land. (Don't play unless the field is properly lined"-Big "G")

The memorable confrontation began with Mark "marked for stardom" Anderson taking the opening kickoff all the way for a touchdown.

Anderson, out of retirement for the fourth time this year, decided it was time to show the boys how they used to play when Glendon College really was part of York U.

On the very next play from scrimmage, Doug, Wat's son, intercepted Mike Lustig's errant pass and "shuffled off to Buffalo" all th way into the endzone.

These big scoring plays, right at the beginning of the game, made

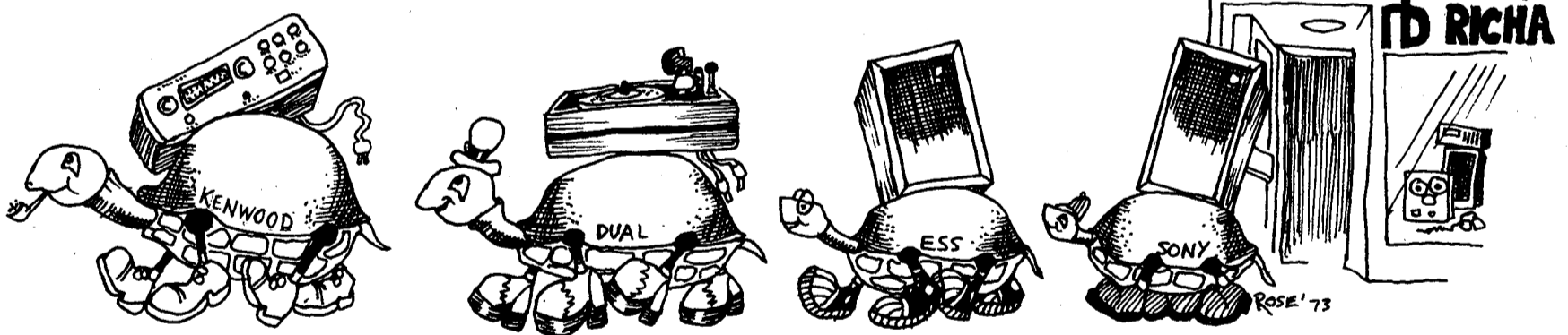
playing almost a ritual. But fourth year finally got on track and struggled back to make the game somewhat interesting up until th final few minutes when A and D House scored to again put the game out of reach.

Greg "Cock" burn was a big plus for the old boys. Playing in what could be his last G. F. L. football match, (he has committed himself to this year's Snow Bowl) Greg scored two touchdowns. The first on a pass interception return from his own endzone to the other endzone (the only real way to score a touchdown), the second on a long bomb, pass and run play that encompassed almost the same distance.

Another outstanding competitor for the 4th year team was Mike Frisenbruch whose name was very appropriate since almost everyone on the field was Frisen.

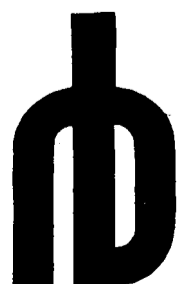
Everybody was too cold at the end of the game to make any post-game comments. Paul Big G. simply said "We'll just let the football do the talking for us." But someone had lost the ball and I doubt it would have said anything at all any-ways--stupid Picard.

RICHARD BRACK STEREO



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on tap

thursday

An Analysis of the Québec Elections by Richard Cleroux, P. Q. Bureau Chief of the Globe and Mail In Room 204, 3:15.

Roxy: Heat at 7 and 10:35; Teorema at 8:50.

friday

Roxy: Zachariah at 7:00 and 10:20, Night of the Living Dead, 8:40 and 12:00 p.m.

Bill Clint sings Folk-Blues in the Café at 8:30 p.m. Admission 75 cents.

saturday

Bavarian Party sponsored by F-House Hilliard and C-Wood, at 8:30 in the ODH; 75 cents admission if not in German costume.

PROTEM: Wishes to welcome SYLVIA VANDERSHEE and FRANK E. YOFNARO to the paper's staff.

**PROTEM
WANTS
YOU**



Roxy: Son of Tutti Frutti: 7:30 and 9:30.

sunday

Glendon Film Society presents Tristana at 7:00 and 9:00 p.m., Room 204 York Hall.

monday

Two Medieval Plays Directed by Barbara Parfit in the ODH at 8:00 p.m. Admission 50 cents. Last show Tuesday evening.

Mon. Nov. 5: Men's Novice Squah Tourney-4:00 p.m. - sign up in the Fieldhouse,

Roxy: Woman of the Dunes, 7:30 and 9:30 p.m.

GENERAL MEETING :
Glendon Downhill Beaver
Travelling Society 4:15
Student Union Board Room

POETRY READING: with George Johnston Rm. 227 at 11:00 AM

tuesday

Tues. Nov. 6: 3:30- Men's Basketball Practice.

wednesday

Wed. and Thurs. (Nov 7 and 8) English 253 presents five one-act playlets, Who is Edgar Bottle? at 8:00 p.m. in the Pipe Room, Admission 50 cents.

coming up

Thurs. Nov. 1: 1:30 Men's B-Ball Practice in the Main Gym.

Friday at 8:00 p.m. in Senior Common Room, a Philosophy Club Meeting with U. of T. Professor Mark Thornton. Discussion focuses on 'Personal Identity.'

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