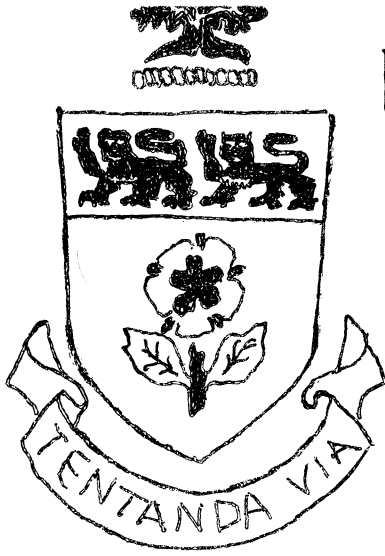


PRO TEM



The Student Weekly of York University

VOLUME III, number 5

TORONTO CANADA

October 24, 1963

A PPEAL FROM THE STUDENT PRESIDENT

Dear Fellow Student:

When you reach the age of 21, society gives you two important privileges: the opportunity to tipple (alcohol) i.e. the right to drink, and the privilege to topple (governments) i.e. the right to vote.

University education, after all, is a preparation - the last stage in your training for a life in society. For some university students this means even before you are 21 you should learn how to drink. My concern here is with the other privilege and I ask how can University teach you how to vote?

"Voting" is not taught in Humanities I, Political Science or in any other department of this university. The answers to the questions, "Who to vote for?", "What party to support?" might already be found in your family tradition, in your personal prejudices or in your circle of friends. But what if like many people you haven't by now been persuaded to vote consistently one way or the other? Are you going to apathetically renounce your right or are you going to honestly try and make the important decision? Either way, all political parties are going to try to persuade you to vote for them.

At other Canadian Universities, the political contest is an integral part of campus life. At U. of T., cabinet ministers make speeches. Campus P.C.'s, Liberals, N.D.P.'s campaign strenuously for the student's vote in the annual Model Parliament at Queen's Park. This year, we are no longer affiliated with U. of T. and I fear that the excitement of the U. of T. political contest will never reach York again.

So I appeal to you all to kindle political interest, give expression to political controversy, fire some political action into York. How? First, let those who have initiative start political clubs at York: P.C.'s, Liberals, N.D.P.'s, Communists, whatever. The National parties themselves will be most glad to help you organize and will send speakers to address interested students. The Student Council offers financial support. Once established, start raising issues; invite speakers and tackle and heckle them as well as support their policies. Let's culminate with a massive no-holds-barred election fight. Let's see which party gains a York majority.

This is my appeal: for political action and reaction at York. Why? Because whether you are 21 or under, whether you drink or not, society demands that you make political decisions. Where better to practice than here?

Sincerely
Anthony D. Martin

TWO BLIND MICE

The Pro-Tem needs a third editor. All students of York are eligible for this office of distinction, not only those who have worked on Pro-Tem before but also those who read it every week.

As many of you have no doubt noticed, Pro-Tem is not living up to its potential - there are many resources left untapped, many talents not yet developed. One reason for this is the fact that each staff member must perform two functions at the University - that of student and that of journalist - and we, the present editors feel that a third editor could take some of the load off our backs, as well as bringing a different outlook to the editorial page. In short, we need new blood!

But managing Pro-Tem is not always tedious. It can be fun; also it allows a student to express his opinions and test his newspaper ability before the student body. This is what we offer. Those who accept the challenge can apply in writing to F. Gorbet or G. H. Rust-D'Eye before Monday noon.



INSIDE PAKISTAN ...

Fourth in a series of articles by Miss Williams describing her summer in Pakistan, as a delegate to the World University Service International Student Seminar. Miss Williams is a third year Political Science major at York.

July 10, train from Quetta

The bogie is most comfortable, especially our "purdah" compartment, which sleeps six. This means quite a spacious room, more so than the four sleepers. Funny how popular our room has become! We girls immediately set in to feather our nest: mattresses unrolled, plastic cosmetic kits on racks, windows adjusted. The next step is to fill the water-jar. It is a beautiful terra-cotta jar with a black design about the throat. Like a Pop-Eye punching bag, it wobbles and rolls with the train's motion, but never tips. One boy fills it at the station fountain, another puts in the purifying tablet --all set!

In other compartments, fellows read, eat watermelon, put on their bathing suits, and pop out on the platform at every stop. A holiday mood prevails: life is hot and dusty, and certain to become more so, but we're on our way, and ready to take on the world.

It gets increasingly hotter, and our crazy spirits become more subdued, conversation more cryptic. Witticisms cease, for it takes energy to create them and energy to laugh at them. It takes all our energy to act "normal" --i.e. not to complain continually about the heat. This development is part of our daily cycle in moods: from about nine PM to eight AM, we are bright and bouncy; from eight to eleven we're getting hot but still in control; from eleven AM to six PM we're absolutely crushed; from six to nine PM we're timidly recovering. Last night, however, was an exception. Coming down from Quetta, the temperature naturally rose as time went on, rather than fell. Mike got out his thermometer, and now announces that it is 102 degrees in his compartment. At 11 PM. But then, we're lucky: it reached 123 degrees in this town during the day.

Dinner was served, both Pakistani and English style. The food service is wonderfully efficient. Food is brought on at some station, and train simply stays there until the meal is finished. The white-turbaned bearers serve deftly and cheerfully; the food is good, but too abundant in such heat. I refuse an offering of dinner, and, with a borrowed plate, ask for "donations". I touch my forehead and imitate the beggar's whine. Laughter. Actually, no-one could eat so much: my problem was too many offers, not the reverse!

Finally we don housecoats and fall on our mattresses. Stifling heat in the dark is somehow worse than stifling heat by day. It is like a heavy, panting animal, whose hot breath envelops you, but whose body you cannot see. No position is comfortable. The

mattress is soon wringing wet, and your body is clammy. The walls of the compartment are warm; the metal trim is hot; the fans, with their gusts of hot air, are an irritant. Everyone lies in exhausted silence. For there is nothing to say.

The train stops frequently. At one stop, I was sitting quietly with Mrs. M. on her bunk. Through the open window we could see a refreshment stand. The kerosene lamp was part of the torture because of its blazing flame. Worse was the sight of the drinks being prepared and hawked the length of the train--drinks we dare not sample. Worst of all, was the sound of ice: the splitting sound as the waiters broke it into convenient chunks, the cool tinkle of the iced mixture being poured.

We sleep and wake without realizing it, the one as smothering as the other. Suddenly, my mind sluggishly notes that I am no longer hot. The relief is glorious, and I fight sleep just a little--if I sleep, I will lose awareness of being cool! But I do sleep again.

Then it is daylight and we awake. We splash our faces eat an orange, and, being comfy, display great high spirits. Laughter and jokes. The train halts; Dr. Ghys appears.

"Good morning Dr. Ghys. Will we get breakfast?"

"I don 't know, because we are on the wrong train."

"What" (in chorus)

"We are going in the right direction, but we are attached to the wrong train."

"Oh well." Pakistan teaches philosophical spirits.

Later we learn that Prof. T. has been getting off at every station from five AM on (when he discovered the mistake) and has been in contact with every railway official from Karachi to Lahore, trying to straighten things out. No luck. Our bogies were attached to a local train instead of to the express, and would stay attached to that local train. It means that we will arrive at Montgomery at 11:30 PM rather than at 3:30 PM (in time for a swim.). Someone hopefully suggests a midnight splash party!

But we do get breakfast. The tea is excellent. We happily accepted a second cup.

Bridge is again in full swing. So is diary and letter-writing. We are cool and unreasonably high-spirited. The temperature is undoubtedly in the high 80's already, and on its way much higher. Despite our sure knowledge of the heat and dirt waiting for us in the course of the day, we are happy.

Live in the present, censor your letters home, and never mention your summer cottage. Excelsior!

KULTUR KAMPF . . . by Erol Reid

This month an album of twelve tunes from musicals which have played at the O'Keefe Centre over the past three years, was released across Canada. It's called "Show-stoppers from O'Keefe Centre"; it may be obtained in Stereo and Mono and is a Capital Records release.

Dr. William McCauley musical director at O'Keefe (and also musical director at York) arranged, orchestrated and conducted the selections.

Pieces heard on the album are from: Gypsy, How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying, West Side Story, Carnival, Camelot, The Unsinkable Molly Brown, My Fair Lady, No Strings, Fiorello, Bye Bye Birdie, The Sound of Music, and Jamaica Farewell from Harry Belafonte's show.

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The Guild of Canadian Folk Artists presents nine informal talks on folk music, which began Wednesday October 23 at 8 p.m. at 34 Prince Arthur Avenue:

- Oct. 30 British Ballads (1)...Peter Wyborn
- Nov. 6 British Ballads (2)...Judy Orban
- Nov. 13 Blue Grass and Old Time Music... Ed Cowan
- Nov. 20 Ethnic Songs.....Judy Orban
- Nov. 27 Canadian Folk Songs..Merrick Jarrett
- Dec. 4 New Song Writers....to be announced
- Dec. 11 The Blues.....to be announced
- Dec. 18 Instrumental Styles.... Amos Garrett

FEEES: for non-guild members \$10.00/series; \$1.50 per individual talk.

* * * *

University Concerts Series, sponsored by the Canada Council, at the University of Toronto take place in the concert hall of the Edward Johnson Building at 8:30 p.m. All York University students are invited. Admission is FREE.

November 15.....Fernande Chiochio--contralto

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The Crest Theatre has a "larger stage (which means a larger playing area for the actors and depth and intimacy for you) and a beautiful new blue curtain..." Under the new repertory system, production will be given a minimum of two performances a week over a three month period.

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK by Sean O'Casey, unfolds a warm and moving story of an Irish family during the revolution. Maureen Fitzgerald and Robert Christie are starring.

OF MICE AND MEN by John Steinbeck, of two roving farmhands in the South who demonstrate the universal need of men to belong.

BORN YESTERDAY by Garson Kanin, about the antics of a dumb but loveable chorus girl and her racketeer boyfriend.

THE YOUNGEST DRUMMER: AN INTERVIEW WITH ART BLAKEY...
by Al Offstein

The First Floor Club is on Asquith Avenue, number 39. But for the week of Oct. 14-19 it was on another planet. Art Blakey was there. And Wayne Shorter; and Curtis Fuller; and Freddie Hubbard; and Cedar Walton; and Reggie Workman.

As you walk in the door a photo-mural of a pensive G.B. Shaw wheezes, "The truth is the one thing that nobody will believe." Inside the club are small tables surrounded by not over four people: they resemble carnivorous flowers in two attitudes: the petals closed and devouring a hapless Coke, or open, enticing the prey. Judging from the smoky atmosphere of the dimly lit cubicle, you might reach some conclusion regarding the effectiveness of Readers Digest cancer reports. Puff and talk: "...too much..." "...Brube.." "John Col..." "Trane.." Then quietly a man appears on stage. Dark suit, dark skin, white shirt. Five others follow him. They carry a bass very mellow, golden trombone, saxophone, lethal trumpet. One man sits at the piano. Then Art Blakey takes his place behind a set of gold-flake drums. "Star Eyes", he says. Explosion.

This is not Mr. Blakey's first visit to the Queen City. He was here in 1959 to play a jazz concert at the C.N.E. It's been a long time. The sextet's next stop is Town Hall in New York City, then to Washington, D.C., Philadelphia and across the pond to Europe on tour.

I asked Mr. Blakey about the current group appearing with him at the First Floor Club: "The greatest!" If you talk with anyone who attended the concerts I'm sure they will give you the same reply. The present Jazz Messengers are hard-driving as a unit, relentless in their attack on up-tempo tunes, and when it comes to ballad they are firmly insistent yet gentle in approach.

Where has today's jazz come from? From Dizzy Monk, Oscar Peterson, Gerry Mulligan, Miles Davis, Dave Brubeck. Has Brubeck really contributed that much? I asked. Some claim that he is too civilized, too academic. "Dave Brubeck", said Mr. Blakey, "has done a great deal for the advancement of jazz. He is a very important man in the jazz of today."

And where have all the big bands gone, long time passing? "Public opinion has had a lot to do with the loss of big bands. With all this rock'n'roll around, people have forgotten how to dance. A guy stands on this side of the room and his chick over on that side and they shake. I think that a real dancing public is the only hope for the bands".

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