

# Audrey ●by Mel

Mel is a lecturer in mathematics and philosophy at U of T, and is currently sketching, doing pottery and writing some poetry when he's not playing badminton.

I like to learn about myself through others. I don't know much about myself, and I certainly know even less about others. Sarte has a lot to say about it and so does Mordecai Bober (you probably know him as Buber). I don't claim to understand either, but of the two I think Jean is the better. Read "Anti-Semite and Jew," if you have the time.

So here was Audrey sitting on the floor of my apartment and talking to me about "I and Thou" and I felt "nausea".

I guess I loved Audrey because:

1. She was from Pennsylvania.
2. She was an orphan.
3. She was already spoken for.
4. She loved to teach children.
5. She helped me understand myself better.

I walked her back to the Barnyard (sister college of Columbia) and I guess I felt kind of alienated all the way down Broadway past the shops

and shows, the shoe stores and the sham. The negroes lying in the streets, and Puerto Ricans with their all-night grocery stores. Back to the Windermere Hotel.

Several months later, Audrey received a phone call that Mel, (remember him?) was leaving town, and that he didn't have room in his trunk for Freud, Malamud, Mailer, Salinger or even Fiedler. So she came from 116th St. with her laundry hamper on wheels and took my 68 books.

She left me my Chinese dictionary and my Russian grammar book.

Next year, I was starting on my Ph.D. (Papa has dough) when I heard that I could leave messages in her mail box. I left them there. She didn't answer the messages, though she took them.

Audrey, where are you? (Leonard Cohen is coming back to Toronto in a few weeks to look for Suzanne). I don't particularly care about the books, I just want to know what she's doing, what she's thinking and most of all, if she's happy. I care.

Her silence speaks louder than my ignorance. Audrey-Silence-Mel.

I guess now I understand what Robert Graves meant by "The White Goddess".

## Copy flow

by Bill Novak

It's that time of year again, during these harsh and bitter weeks, when you've got to re-establish your own sense of priorities. There's too much to do, and too many possibilities for getting uptight. Whether man's greatest fear is loneliness, or whether it is death, doesn't matter in the end. It doesn't solve the problem of how to be.

I have a friend who is a happy person. He really enjoys being. What's more, he enjoys the enjoyment. I tried to discover how it works, and how people can be and stay happy. Finally I asked him outright, and he attempted an answer. Happiness, he said, is achieved by being happy. Sensing a tautology, I inquired further: what do you do to get happy?

It's really very simple, he repeated, to be happy you've got to be happy. This didn't help very much. Then he smiled and he elaborated in one soft and slow line: "If you want to be happy, you've got to make up your mind to be happy, and if you can do that, you are."

Most people, it appears, are not happy. They are all busy doing things, and even being things. Happiness is just not on their list of things to be.

But since happiness is the result of a conscious effort, it implies a change from the personal status quo. And to effect a change you've got to confront a process. The most natural one to confront is the process of easiness.

A body, said Fig Newton, remains at rest or in uniform motion until something happens. Since things just don't happen (unless you're a fig like Newton) you've got to overcome the process of easiness by making them happen. That's when you run into the sphere of importance.

Most people have long ago decided to do important things. If they're lucky, the important things will make them happy. But more often than not, important things have little to do with being happy, and sometimes even bring on unhappiness. This is hard to understand, and naturally the unhappy ones worry about why they're not happy. This worry makes them really unhappy.

But the converse is not true. The people who are doing happy things do not worry very much about whether or not their things are important. And that's the whole point.

Now the reason the second group is happier than the first may have nothing at all to do with what they're doing. The reason that the ones doing happy things are themselves happy and not uptight is because they've made their decision. They're too busy being happy to be important; the others are too busy being important to be happy. You pays your money and you makes your choice.

You don't have to take my word for this, but on the east shore of iceland there's a shrink who never makes house calls. His office is very cold, and so is the shrink. Nor is the shrink particularly happy (he's too busy being important). But as the really wise man learns from everybody, you should read the sign hung above the snowy entrance to his door. The letters are carved in dry ice, and form the legend:

"Don't provoke and don't be provoked."

The shrink in iceland has helped a lot of people switch from importance to happiness. Those who have converted don't claim that they're better off. And what's more, they don't even bother to worry about it.



Dead Martian.

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