

**Emergency Services
Centre - 3333**

University

Administration backs down

Kidnapping sparks attitude change

These pages have attempted this year to spotlight groups of people or parts of the University not normally in the news. One important segment remains to be discussed.

It has particular relevance because of the recent kidnapping of a senior administrator — an incident only now being revealed to the public. He was released three days ago.

Part of his ransom was an agreement to recount the chilling tale of his time with "The Animals", and to publish their grievances with the human inhabitants of York's 600-acre site.

His story follows.

By A.P. RILFOOL

It's easy to assume the bricks and mortar of the York campus have driven out our fellow creatures, leaving us sole occupiers of this piece of real estate.

But living on campus as I do, it's possible to come in contact with a world of beings that were here long before man made his mark, or tried to exert his domination.

They live in the woodlots that once were vast forests, the creek that once held salmon, and the landscaped lawns that once were fields.

They've lived and fought on this land for untold generations, gradually developing a harmony with their environment and each other. That harmony, they feel, now faces final extinction.

Otter, fox, pheasant and skunk populations are seriously depleted, with squirrels and rabbits barely holding their own and pigeons almost non-existent. They are being replaced by dogs, cats and others who have sold their souls for the crumbs from their masters' tables.

The night I was captured, I was on my way home from a presidential



"They said to get off their land or they'll shoot!"

party-cum-wake held in honor of the historic freedom facing death at the hands of the Wright Report's recommendations.

Power of the grape

The power of the grape was upon



Before construction began on the York campus, fields, trees and marshes provided homes for vast numbers of animals. Now, the animals claim, their ranks are seriously depleted and threatened with extinction by the "crass deity complex"

me, and my thoughts were turning alternately to the warmth of my bed and the intricacies of university politics.

That's when they sprang the trap. The feather brigade dropped a net, squirrels tied it, and Toronto's only surviving eagle — named Mortimer, I found out later — whisked me to their headquarters deep in the Osgoode woodlot.

Called before the Grand Council of the Wilds, and still shaking from the unexpected flight, I was forced to remove all trappings of civilization — rings, watch, even suspenders.

When I complained of the cold the council head explained brusquely it was man's own fault for letting his body reach the stage where it could not stand alone. "Besides," he added, "the foul spirits you reek of should keep you warm long enough."

The question: Long enough for what? crossed my mind, but he was right. The thought of the bottle brought a glow. (It's a strange characteristic of university types that the severity of the problems confronting them diminishes in inverse proportion to the amount of booze consumed. — ed.)

A Skunk, the head explained the council was made up of representatives of each of the surviving species on campus, democratically elected by their constituents.

They meet as required to deal with

problems common to the community, and allocate foraging territory on the basis of the needs of the various groups. Surplus supplies are also distributed at the meetings, with special packages going to dependents of those recently killed or injured.

Overhearing growls of "Yeh. And they say they're civilized", or "Tell us about your kind of democracy," I braced myself for what was to come.

But instead of attacking, they presented me with a long list of grievances drawn from each of the groups' experiences. The head introduced me to those present, and proceeded to explain the reasons for my capture.

An elderly Skunk

"We do not intend to harm you, my son, (he was a very elderly Skunk) unless you force us to. We want simply to explain the grievous crimes you and your fellows are perpetrating on this land that is our home.

"When I was young, our children could play in the fields, drink at the creek and walk without fear of any save our natural predators. Unlike man, we do not attempt to prolong life artificially, nor mourn those who die as their forefathers died.

"But when our numbers die at the hands of automobiles, or from foul air, or because their homes are wrecked by digging machines and

shown by the human species. They are being replaced by seedy creatures like the one at bottom right, who have "sold their souls for the crumbs from their masters' tables".

concrete, then do we mourn.

"For nature completes itself with beauty and reason. When the circle is broken, all those within are threatened.

"For a long time, we thought a place of 'education' and 'enlightenment' justified the rape of our land. But now the wheel is breaking beyond repair, and we can no longer wait for you to overcome your stupidity.

"So these are our problems. The list is not complete but will show you their nature. Emissaries are now speaking with your compatriots and superiors about your release. Once we have firm commitments to rectify our most serious grievances, and once you have agreed to speak on our behalf from this day forth in the councils of your fellows, then shall you be freed."

Soft grumblings

With that he handed me a scroll and sat down. All eyes were upon me as I unrolled the paper, and soft grumblings could be heard in the background. Some appeared to doubt my honesty; others felt I should be ripped apart as an example to the rest of us.

But discipline prevailed and I began to read. These are excerpts from their text.

" — indiscriminate plowing and plodding through snow-covered fields has trapped mice in their tunnels, injuring many and leaving families homeless

" — pheasants have become neurotic and unnecessarily paranoid because of increasing numbers of drunks and others wandering through the Osgoode woodlot late at night

" — motorized vehicles speeding

around campus are keeping families awake nights, causing domestic quarrels and illness

" — concrete buildings are nothing more than a denial of the rights of the mice community to a decent home. If you're forcing us to join you, at least make it feasible

" — wholesale slaughter of pigeons with poisoned grain, as well as being barbaric, indicates a crass deity complex dangerous to all. Which group is next?

" — garbage deposited outside colleges is unfit for consumption and has caused frequent epidemics of food poisoning among the raccoon population

" — over-zealous construction of roads and walkways is furthering your already incredible dependency on metal monsters, ruining drainage patterns in what's left of the woods, and spreading the poison fumes over ever-more of the campus

" — planting of trees close to roads, as well as being a stupid waste of effort since their life-span is shortened by pollution, entices our children, particularly squirrels, to play near them and run the risk of death or injury under the wheels of your maniacal vehicles.

Those are just a few of the problems outlined. They acknowledged that the planting of 6000 trees slated for this spring was generally beneficial, but labelled it "too little, too late".

Raven negotiator

As we talked, Arthur Raven, a Glendon resident called in to deal with University authorities, returned to say all demands had been met. York had agreed to cease construction of roads in favour of a truly pedestrian campus, remove the poisoned grain, ban cars after dark, and designate certain parts of the campus "Nature Havens".

Authorities were skeptical about the possibility of improving garbage quality but promised to try and to put "some wooden partitions" in future buildings for the mice.

A murmur of approval went up from the assemblage. Members of the various groups began reviewing the night's events with the young Turks demanding I be held until some concrete action had been taken.

But I reminded the old Skunk of his pledge, promised to defend the rights of all creatures at every opportunity, and with a reminder that I could easily be recaptured at any time, he gave me my freedom.

Blindfolded, I was led out of the woodlot — on foot this time with Mortimer at my side. Dazed and somewhat delirious I wandered until found by a patrol out looking for me.

It had been an incredible evening. A scenario out of a fairy tale that would have been unbelievable had Mr. Raven not spoken with authorities. Even now, no one will talk about the night's events, even as they plan the implementation of their promises.

This story is my part of the bargain, and I, for one, will never be the same.

Summer courses for grad students

Three graduate courses will be offered this summer by York's Faculty of Graduate Studies, through the Institute for Behavioural Research. These courses are available to graduate students at all Canadian universities and to other students with permission from the Graduate Studies Officer.

1. Statistics for the Social Sciences — This course will teach an understanding of the everyday uses of statistics to enable students to apply the relevant literature when dealing with particular problems. Listed in the Graduate calendar as Sociology 606, the course will run from May 1 to July 7, 1972.

2. Quantitative Methods in the Social and Environmental Sciences — Intended to familiarize students with a broad range of quantitative methods that will be of use in both basic and applied research in the social and environmental sciences, this course is listed in the Graduate calendar as Sociology 506 and will run from July 3 to July 28, 1972.

3. Survey Research Design and Analysis — This course is a research seminar considering the several phases of survey design and analysis. Listed in the Graduate calendar under Political Science 606, Psychology 617A, and Sociology 606, the course will be held from May 15 to June 23, 1972.

For further information and application forms, contact Mrs. Magda Davey, Admissions Officer, Faculty of Graduate Studies, at telephone local 2426.

Quote of the week

If every day in the life of a school could be the last day but one, there would be little fault to find with it.

—Stephen B. Leacock,
College Days 1923.

Who has the why?

Established practice of archaic journalism has been to attempt to combine the who, what, when, where and why of a story in the first one or two paragraphs.

Somewhere on the eighth floor of the Ross Building sits a group of people — would-be journalists all — who can report with pride their success in mastering this technique to the point of being able to write with confidence the who, what, when and where.

They are stuck, however, on the why of the matter. Anyone having a successful why is asked to communicate their discovery to the Department of Information and Publications by April 1, 1972.

In the meantime, happy spring.