

# What do you give to the man or woman who has everything?

By **SHELLEY RABINOVITCH**  
What can play dead, dive into your swimming pool, and race down hills? Why, a pet rock!

For \$2.50, any member of the York community can buy a pet rock until December 12 in Central Square.

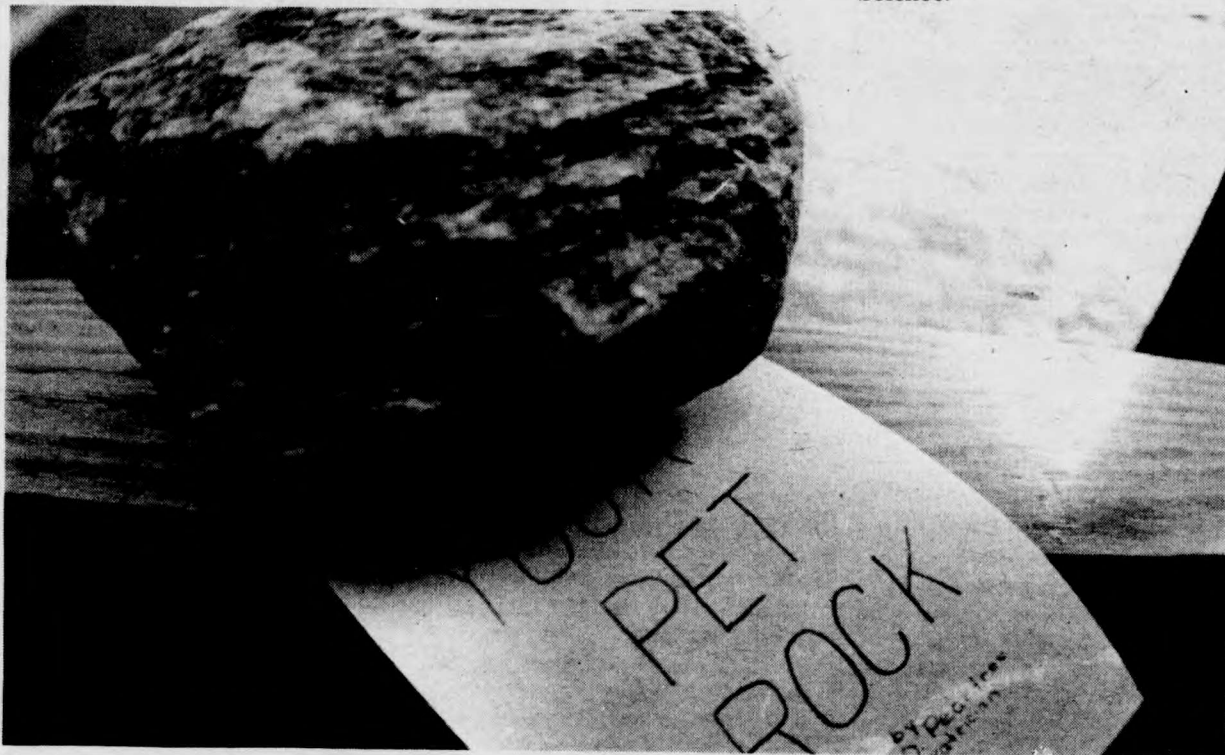
The rocks come in all shapes and

sizes, including one with an 'imitation diamond necklace'. All are pedigreed and toilet trained.

If cared for properly, the rock vendors claim they will live for three million years or more. They breed only if crossed with a pickaxe, and the rocks do not bark or bite.

For the single woman living alone, the vendors suggest a razorback rock as protection. These rocks are extremely sharp and will fend off attackers if thrown.

Gary Stoimanoff, a student at York, has been selling the rocks as part of a class project in Social Science.



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## BOOKS

### Poetic image explodes in *Laurelled Petals*

By **OAKLAND ROSS**

The finest image in *Laurelled Petals* (the second issue of *Direction*, the Founders College journal of student poetry and graphics) is located midway through an otherwise lack-lustre poem by G. Gilbert - Gray. A woman's "arching belly" welcomes her reluctant lover home.

The image works the way poetry should work; it explodes. The image fills the reader's mind. It lucidly and powerfully describes a woman greeting her lover in bed. But it also sets off a series of connotative echoes. The "arch" suggests the arch of a church, a bridge, a passageway, an entrance. The word "belly", in addition to its sexual associations, suggests fertility and maternity. Together, the words become more than the sum of their meanings.

The explosive tendency of carefully combined words is among the basic properties of poetry. It is a property which is conspicuously absent from *Laurelled Petals*. Still, despite this and despite its unfortunate title, *Direction No. 2* is a distinct improvement over *Direction No. 1*.

There are some strong, finely-crafted poems, notably *Silence* by Richard Hayles and *the-pring-is-here-poem-april-18-75* by Michael Todd.

*Pose* by Brenda Brooks is a fine, ironic piece. It describes a woman showing old class-pictures of herself to her lover. But that dispassionate third eye, the camera, has discovered something in her which no one else has seen. And she is not sure she wants her lover to know. The pose is not in the picture; the pose is the woman outside the picture.

The *Lower West-side Sonnet*, by co-editor David H. Jorgensen, is a tough, bluesy throwaway poem:

*For twenty blocks, the clowns, they call me 'Sir': All hip'd to pass on callin' out my shiv*

*By seein' its maucho scars in every cat's fur.*

*But you 'se, you're clean, am' decent like they ain't;*  
*To get you babe, I'de square, an' be a Saint!*

It's a light, melt-in-your-mouth bit of poetry, but it's ten times better than the tiresome, solemn sermons Jorgensen usually delivers.

Coupled with a frequent sloppiness of craft, that very solemnity is what is chiefly irksome about *Direction No. 2*. Judging by the tone of many of the poems, you would think that the contributors read nothing but *Desiderata* for inspiration. It is *No Ordinary Thing* by Stanley Reid and most of the contributions of co-editors Jorgensen and Gilbert-Gray seem unnecessarily ponderous and stilted.

Nevertheless, the good pieces in the booklet make it worthwhile. In addition to those already mentioned, there is a delightfully jumbled piece by John T. Kellhauser entitled *An Evening at Pyotr Illich*—an ode to the clumsy gusto of the amateur.

Weapons by Marco Fraticelli and *Neverduntant* by C.J. Park also stand out.

The graphics, particularly *Oceanic Consciousness* by Jerry Silverberg, and an untitled portrait by Kathi Doody are excellent.

The design and lay-out of *Direction* are, once again, professional and attractive. *Direction No. 2*, unlike its predecessor, justifies its cover price (\$1.50) and augurs well for the future of Founders College Student Publications.

The only other (minor) quibble is with editing and proof-reading. There are several unintentional grammatical errors and one momentarily confusing typo: The third word in the second stanza of *It Is No Ordinary Thing* by Stanley Reid should be "insulation"; there is no such word as "insultation" though, perhaps, there should be.

## The taxman cometh

LONDON (CUP) — An Ontario government tax audit may cost the student union at the University of Western Ontario between \$30,000 and \$60,000 in back taxes. Council chief accountant Rick Stocking got a call from the government which referred to entertainment taxes that have not been paid. He said there is some question as to whether or not Western's council is exempt from these taxes.

"The audit might go back a long way" Stocking said, "it's a question of interpretation of the provisions of the Ontario sales tax laws."

## Best Wishes

for

**Christmas & the New Year**

to all

**Members of York University**

from

*Campus House of Beauty*  
in Central Square