NAKED CAME POLONSKY:

The original intent of this column was to allow its columnist to comment weekly on the comings and goings of the York University scene. Unfortunately, as many of you have probably noticed, there is no inordinate number of comings and goings.

It is very tricky at times to criticize, i.e. condemn, an institution such as York University in an objective fashion, as one's tenuous ties with the institution are of a strictly

subjective capacity. It is also quite difficult to write on subject matter such as "Why I loathe York University" without sounding terribly hackneyed. Yet, despite the risk that the following may emerge as nothing but a systematic synthesis of cliches, I shall nonetheless pursue the chosen topic with great zeal. Oh yes, I should mention just one other difficulty which must be entertained when writing on York University. The problem being that the very mention of the place, tends to cut one's potential reading audience in half.

One of the more essential philosophical questions man is faced with today (especially if that man happens to be in third year university) is whether to go on to fourth year of an honours course, go to professional school, or to go out into the real world and find oneself an honest to goodness job. Discounting for moment the Osgoode Hall Syndrome, this leaves one with either fourth year or unemployment - the commonly used synonym for finding a job.

Considering the alternatives then, it would seem patently absurd not to choose going back into the warm and cosy womb of Mother York. So why is it then, that as of Jan. 18, as opposed to the Jan. 1 decision, this third year man seriously doubts whether he will be making the Central Square scene, come the golden days of autumn?

York University is an anti-scene. Let me discount from the beginning that my alienation from my environment is in toto. Not that at all, it is rather the result of inner turmoil in my head, and that in fact, I as an individual case study have had a poor case history of adapting to my surroundings. But as any sociologist worth his state would tell you, I have a good behavioural record as far as adapting to my environment goes. And this even holds true for my first two years at York. Therefore I do not think it is an anti-scene because of my personal neurotic inclinations for thinking everything to be an anti-scene.

Rather I prefer to think the fault lics with the

Womb at the top

institution. York is stagnant. From the muddy waters of the Ross Building fountains, to the palatial O'Keefe Centres of the new lecture hall, one can yawn his way through seven months. Other than the excitement of being caught for thirty minutes in the occasional stalled elevator, or the excitement of finding a gold filling in your Versafood, or the ex-citement of being kicked out of the Green Bush Inn because you are underaged, nothing much happens. I have not even seen John Saywell in his white pants once this year.

Jerry Rubin subtitled his book SCENARIO OF THE REVOLUTION. Can you imagine the average Yorkian even if he were hip on the revolution, EVEN having the energy to drag himself from the Hum. Building to Winters Dining Hall to attend a pleasant protest rally?

From the coffee houses to the student councils to this newspaper to Radio York weather reports, there is, for a university, a frightening lack of imagination in almost every undertaking. But rumours from the industry newspapers do indicate that there is a good chance that the next Erich Segal movie may be shot right here at York. Only this time, Ali MacGraw dies of boredom.

I must admit at this point, that there are perhaps some personal reasons for this winter of my discontent. After all, I as a Westernized, materialistic political science student am not quite ready to cope with quitting school and doing nothing, with my eye towards the days of guaranteed annual income, so that I can do nothing but eat as well. And yet I can not see myself as a professional poly scientist. Although a few of us had thought of renting space in The T.D. Centre and giving out political advice at 10 dollars a head. And, value judgments aside, I cannot see for myself a future with the rest of my third year, political science, Jewish peer group in the halls of Osgoode Hall Law School.

But perhaps the most frightening thing of all is the fact that this last year of B.A. turmoil is not limited to the occasional EXCALIBUR columnist. So I would like all of you out there parading about the York wasteland to consider this a tribute to your plight. Just think, maybe if we all get too bored, we will CONSIDER a future for ourselves in the Revolution. You can check this paper for when the Revolution's recruitment officer interviews here at York. It could be the most dynamic thing that has happened to you since you attended the last Yeoman football game.

Special survey Monday

In an attempt to discover how students feel about the issues in education, students from Soc. Sci. 178 will be doing a survey in Central Square all day Monday.

One of the areas to be probed is tenureship. Students will be asked whether they agree with the fact that due to the relative security of tenured positions teaching standards may fall.

Also, they will be asked whether the high cost of educating a student is worth it in light of the jobs

available to graduates.

Opinions on summer jobs and the duty of government and industry to find jobs for graduates will be solicited. The surveyors will want to know what students think of letting government and industry, those who must take the finished product from the universities, have a greater say in university education and grading.

Also related to the job question, opinion on the co-op system is desired.

YAVNEH PRESENTS Rabbi S. Gold lecturing on Philosophy and Impact of one of the personalities of Jewish life, mainly CHAZAN ISH Sun. Jan. 24, 8 p.m. Stedman Lecture Hall C



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