Province town

By Mel

Cape Cod is shaped like a sickle. Since I had a few days off, Sherry told me (while we were at the Poor Alex watching a play) to go to New England, since she had spent some time there. Bill didn't want to go, so I went alone.

Now to get from Boston Railway Station to the tip of the Cape one must take a bus. They didn't tell me about the stop at Hyannis where you can go to Martha's Vineyard (that's an island). Since I only drink tea I got a cup (Feenjohn) and asked a lady siting beside me in the restaurant what the situation was.

'You can sleep on the beach," she said.

"I prefer a bed, since I slept on a couch last night at Gene's."
I got to Provincetown just in time for high tide and I found a shower, room, and victuals within a matter of seconds.

Next morning, I bought "Love and Death in the American Novel." by Leslie Fiedler (who I met later in Montreal). I would read a few pages from the book behind one of the discotheques, and then go in for a swim. It was high tide again, you see.

Later that night, they saw me sitting in my blue P.O. jacket (which my brother wears now) on the brick side street in front of another rock club. I went in later, since I was over twenty-one, but Norman Mailer wasn't coming till another week.

Now to get from Boston Railway Station to the tip of the Cape in totality (i.e. Gestalt).

Many people have asked me to describe the "Warhol" scenes in Provincetown. I can't do that. I just remember drinking some soda (that's pop in Canada), and buying funny articles in a marine shop, and watching old men in the white ducks trying to look like teeny-boppers.

The town is an antique shop full of the old who wish they were young and vice versa.

Love is when (?) you gain pleasure in the knowledge of others. I love the Cape because I enjoy understanding it.

Cod-Fraud-Mod.

I flew in a rickety Wilbur and Orville Wright plane which seated 10 to Boston and I hope to go back there soon.

(Mel currently is singing in the Cock and Bull and is studying Talmud.)



Examinations, in the academic sense of the word, are strictly a human cultural hang-up....Alfred North Whitehead.

Snoopy's Corner

Joel Shuster, first year McLaughlin student, plans to write mainly on academic matters under the title 'Snoopy's Corner'.

by Joel Shuster

THIS UNIVERSITY BELONG TO THE EXAMINATIONS. As exam paranoia strikes perhaps it would be worthwhile to ponder this.

1) What if everyone told the examinations to go blow? (I felt like saying F.O. but I just couldn't)

2) What if people started to decide things for THEMSELVES? Yes, I mean all by your little lonesome. Might EXAMS be a place start? (but alas! I am a dreamer).

3) What does it mean to be a HUMAN BEING?

An answer to two weeks past, poeme WHY (which appeared on page 12)??? Is it because PHDs are smarter and can decide things?

Is because GRAD students are smarter and can decide things?

And is it possible that faculty (the old fohgys) are smarter and can decide

Could it be that undergraduates haven't got the guts to make a moral decision?

Are all undergraduates jERKS? (YES! jERKS, j-E-R-K-S)

It's no great shame to be a JERK, but its no great honour either.

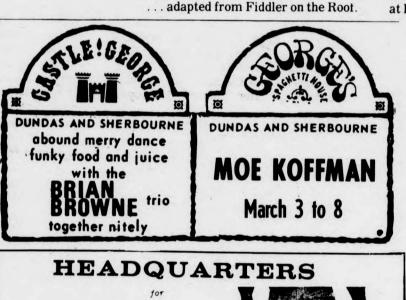
jERK as jERK What are you? . . . Are you an A? . . . Oh! for shame only an F. Tsk! tsk! that is a pity . . . But still the question remains; Who are You? What is it that separates you from the others on that meaningless list of marks and timetables. Don't cry because your alienated from your environment, you deserve it. What was the last thing you did to grow with and create your own environment? Think harder there must have been something? somewhere? once even? In childhood perhaps? . . Well! got to leave now I should walk through the study halls and giggle at the people studying for their exams.

ANYONE interested in going away on a camp-out for a weekend and having a mock war game (blank guns, mattel shootin' shell guns, etc.) please drop me a note with your name, address, phone (measurements) etc. to Joel Shuster c/o Excalbur Office

THIS MIGHT BE AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY FOR SOME BUD-DING MOVIE MAKERS TO DO SOME "SHOOTING" . . . check the pun?

Students interested in setting up and running a students charitable foundation please contact the above as well. In this regard we need M.B.A. students, Lawyers, Sociologists, secretaries, Office boys, Boards of Directors. in short People. The basic precepts will read something like the 10 Commandments (hereinafter referred to as the 10 Big Ones). It is hoped that such an endeavour would involve the students in the affairs of the community at large





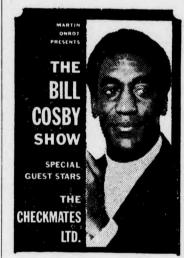
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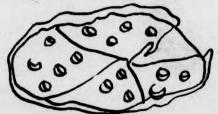
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